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Poet's Corner.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

The Dying Husband.

Thou art getting wan and pale, dearest;
Thy blush has flown away,
And thy fragile form more fragile grows
Every day—
Every gloomy day that brings
That mournful moment near
When we must part, to meet no more
On this dull sphere.

I feel the hour is drawing nigh
When I must quit this life,
And leave, I trust, for happier one
Its scene of strife.
O, could I steal the sting with me,
'Twill bring to thy fond heart,
Without one pang or tear or sigh,
I could part!

But O! it rends my bosom deep
To watch thy stifled pain—
To see thy efforts to bear up,
And smile again.
While, as thou raisest up my head
And hang'st my pillow o'er,
The tearful eye too plainly tells
An aching core.

Ah! little, little did I dream
The grief in store for thee,
When I invited thee to share
My destiny.
My heart, but young and hopeful then,
Before me only viewed
Bright hours of sunshine to divide,
With roses strewed.

How sadly false those hopes have proved
Thy aching breast must feel—
Torn by affection that might break
A heart of steel.
Had I but known this mournful fate,
Ere wedded life began,
No breaking heart should watch to night
A dying man.

O, what a life of misery,
Partner of my distress,
Thy lot has been since linked with mine;
Worst wretchedness.
To watch me laboring for bread,
My brain and hand outworn,
Till, prostrated by fell disease,
I sank forlorn.

Yet never in my fretful mood
Did angry word or look
Return my ill deserved wrath
With one rebuke.
No; always patient, ever fond,
And bending to my will,
Thy gentle spirit murmured not
One word of ill.

The hour will soon arrive, my own,
When I can wrong no more,
And life for me, with all its cares,
Will soon be o'er.
I need not ask *thee* to forget
Each word or thought unkind;
Thy loving heart I know too well—
Thy gentle mind.

The little pledge that crowned our love,
That smiling little elf,
Dear to my heart because so like
Thy own sweet self;
Ay, bring her near me—let me look
My last in her dear face,
Where all her mother's gentle charms
I fondly trace.

She will be dearer to thee now
That I am torn away;
Poor infant, to be fatherless
Ere one short day.
But thou wilt watch and guide her steps
Into a heavenward road,
And lead her from this world of sin,
Nearer her God.

Nay, let not all the bitter grief
Be stifled and suppressed;
Weep out thy poor afflicted soul
On this fond breast.
'Tis not a hopeless parting, dear—
We'll meet in a world more bright,
And live forever in those realms
Of endless light.

The happiest hours that blessed us here
Were misery and woe,
Compared to those beyond this scene
We yet shall know.
Then live for that bright world of bliss
And feed thy drooping heart
On hopes of that blessed hour when we
Shall never part.

Miscellaneous.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.—We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society, whose department is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distinct from all natural claim as the reluctant, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, the well-off are too apt to manifest, to those a little down, with whom, in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.—*Daniel Webster.*

☞ We hope to grow old, yet we fear old age; that is, we are willing to live and afraid to die.—*Bruyere.*

☞ He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife.—*Johnson.*

☞ Temperance, indeed, is a bridle of gold; and he who uses it rightly, is more like a god than a man.—*Burton.*

☞ The first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, and the fourth for madness.—*Anacharsis.*

☞ He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath a place of profit and honor. A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.—*Franklin.*

☞ Thou mayst esteem a man of many words and many lies much alike.—*Fuller.*

Education of the Heart.

The cultivation of a love for home virtue is an acknowledged purpose of our fireside department. By these we mean those affections which are the light and peace of the family circle—those warm and earnest feelings and sympathies which bind heart to heart—those kind and considerate actions which are prompted by a mind which seeks another's interest and not its own—that uniform thoughtful course of life, which recognizes other's rights, privileges and enjoyments at every step.—When we consider that almost the whole of our rational happiness depends upon the right exercise of the social powers, the proper cultivation of the home virtues become a matter of no little importance. The voice we raise in behalf of them is feeble, but the hope that some heart may be touched by their moral beauty, and swell these faint echoes into fuller tones and more perfect melody, leads us to ask our fireside friends to listen to a few words about the *Education of the Heart.*

In the first place, education is the work of a lifetime—yea, the work of eternity—so long as there is a faculty of the mind which is not cultivated to its utmost capacity, so long as a single power lies dormant, so long as a single virtue of the heart is not called into exercise, our education is incomplete. So long as truth beckons us on to deeper principles and purer beauties, so long as there are chords in our nature which never have been tuned to harmony, we are uneducated.

Education is a threefold work, and when rightly pursued, binds in harmony the intellectual, social and physical powers. The education which is most talked of and legislated about, is that of the mind; while the body is left to the doctors, and the heart to novelists and clergymen. All claim that the mind must be stored with knowledge, while they neglect a culture without which mental acquirements lose half their power. Who has not seen men distinguished for scholarship, of superior ability, and eminent in their profession, who, for lack of self control, or on account of some marked inconsistency of character, are little respected, and exert little or no influence for good! Who does not remember some teacher, who, by a course of harshness and severity made study a task, moved about among his scholars like a dire portentious spirit, and charged the very atmosphere of the school room with the malaria of discontent? Who has not met with persons whose presence was chilling, whose countenance displayed a continual carnival of evil passions, and from whose tongue dropped nothing but bitterness and malignity? Families, rejoicing in all the external signs of prosperity, and possessing apparently every means of enjoyment, are lying in constant unrest and misery because the passions are not restrained, and each one seeks his own and not another's good. Children endowed with the brightest intellects, grow up without learning to rule their own spirits, and while yet young in years, become old in crime. These instances are not few, nor are they confined to the lower walks of life, and they show plainly that the education of the heart is not neglected.

The worst of the matter is, that a quick temper, a jealous disposition, or a phlegmatic temperament, like original sin, are regarded as necessary evils. The morose old man, who occupies his leisure time in sucking the claws of his own misery, derives his only consolation from the fact that his father was as surly as himself, and that it is one of his hereditary rights to be cross. The mother, who has competed with her child till he flies into a passion if he is denied the gratification of a momentary whim, excuses the little innocent on this ground, his father is naturally passionate. We remember a middle aged man, whose head was prematurely gray, and upon whose brow a dark sullen cloud always rested, who more than once acknowledged that he would give his all for an hour of content; but, said he, I can never rise above this gloom, for there is no remedy for a mind diseased; my days of happiness are over. This conviction seals his doom, the shadow rests upon him still, and there is no sunshine in the heart to drive it away.

We believe in no fatality of this sort—in no pre-disposition to social unhappiness, which a proper education and a firm will cannot correct. Temperaments differ, and cannot all be tuned to the same note, but as there is no sound mind which cannot be taught to love some worthy object. As well might one say I am naturally ignorant, and therefore must remain so, as that I am naturally passionate and therefore cannot acquire an even temper and perfect self-control. The stoic, the misanthrope, the fault-finder, and the slave to passion, cheat their own souls of peace, their fellow-men of that companionship and affection which it ought to be their pleasure to give, and their God out of that love which only can be exercised by him who loves his brothers.

The education of the heart is a work of peculiarly one's own, still one which is greatly assisted by early training and early associations. It is a work which, if rightly commenced by parents, and properly encouraged by teachers, will be an easy one for the man, or the woman; but if neglected in childhood, is in mature age, a task of no ordinary difficulty. To preserve a steady, tranquil state of mind, a uniform sweetness of temper, a considerate, courteous manner in all social intercourse—to cultivate the tastes and affections along with the mind, is to live in a perpetual, ever-blooming youth, and to combine in the strength of manhood the loveliness of childhood. This is the perfection of culture, and though we may never reach this fair ideal, it is a noble ambition to strive toward it—a blessed thing to cherish the hope of growing to such perfect stature. It was the wise man who said, 'He that ruleth his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a city.'

Aside from the pleasure of living in a pure atmosphere, there is another reason why the cultivation of the heart is a duty. The tone which a kind heart gives to one's life, rings out loud and clear in every action and thought. Kindness and gentility sparkle in the eye, are blent in the smile that lights up the features, are borne on the voice, and they give a surprising influence over the minds and hearts of others. A man may awe another with his dignity, repulse him with neglect, or overcome him with superior power; but he who combines dignity with affability, and intellectual power with moral and social worth, has an easy access to the heart, and through it to the will. A word spoken in kindness is freighted with tenfold weight; a life of unruffled self-possession has a virtue in it which commands univers l respect and love.

The little instruction which is imparted on this subject, is of a negative rather than a positive character. We are told to restrain our passions, to check our impulses, instead of urged to carry the enthusiasm of feeling into our studies and business, and to educate the heart so as to make all its impulses right. It is by placing the affection on proper objects, by giving due exercise to every faculty of our nature, that the whole man becomes really educated, and the disposition to evil is supplanted by the purpose and the ability to do well. We have only thrown out general hints on the subject which ought to be taken up in detail; for its bearings may be seen in every walk of life, and its importance is second to no other interest in the great work of right education.

As an illustration of what education may do for the heart, the following which came under our own personal observation, may serve as a case in point. A young lady of sixteen years of age, was a pupil in an academy, and noted for the violence of her temper and extreme unamiability. She had few associates and no friends. No one could stand before her angry moods. Her parents never dared to cross her in the slightest thing, for fear she would kill herself in a fit of madness. Her countenance was indicative of spirit, and there was soul in her large dark eyes. You would notice a restlessness in her manner, and the intellectual prevailed in her expression. As she sat at her studies, there was something interesting in her looks, and at times her features would light up with a glow, as a new and beautiful thought flashed upon her mind. The least correction in her recitations would however change her into a fury, and the most trivial remark which she could construe into a reproof would throw her into a rage. She cared for no one, respected no one, and all appeals to her pride and self-respect were entirely lost.

The teacher, who was a gentleman of rare talents, of perfect self-command, and a pleasant winning manner, determined to conquer this prevailing passion. He used to answer her pert inquiries with calm tones, addressed her in the most respectful manner, to manifest the deepest interest in her progress, to show her all possible kindness, and he advised all her classmates to treat her affectionately. In a short time, a change was very perceptible in her bearing, her language became always respectful, and it was evident a severe struggle was going on. The conflict resulted in a victory. The tone of her voice changed, her eyes beamed with a milder light, and her superior attainments as a scholar, soon made her respected in the school. She was not long in making firm friends. She carried the natural impetuosity of her constitution into her social intercourse, and her warmth and earnestness, combined with perfect frankness and sincerity made her a desirable companion. She afterwards graduated at one of our best Ladies' Seminaries, where she was a universal favorite, and won the esteem of all who knew her. She is now a teacher in an academy, and is laboring to teach her scholars that it is a prominent part of their education to restrain their passions, to cultivate gentleness of manner, to acquire self-control, and develope the virtues and graces of the heart, as well as the powers of the mind.

About the best comment on the custom of 'licking' children for small offences that we have heard of lately, was a remark by a little girl, who was told by her mother to retire to bed. She was usually chastised about each day, about sundown, regularly, but on this occasion her mischievous pranks had been unaccountably overlooked, and she could not understand it. Accordingly when her mother told her to go to bed, she lingered. 'Why don't you go to your chamber, Laura?' asked the parent.

'Why, mother,' said the child, looking up with an arch expression, '*you haven't whipped me, yet.*'

The mother gave her a kiss instead of a whipping that night.

☞ A communication was received to-day from William Patterson, stating that the man who struck him while on earth, is rusticating on the other side of Jordan.

Jones says the best voice he heard singing in meeting, last Sunday, reminded him of a rag machine tearing corduroy pantaloons into Fourth of July orations! Classic comparison that.

AUTUMN.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Oh with what glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring—those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times—enjoy
Life's newness and earth's garniture spread out,
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness, the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the cluster'd trees,
And from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillar'd clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purpled wing; and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer—
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where autumn, like a faint old man sits down
By the wayside weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves; the purple finch,
That on the wild cherry and red cedar feeds—
A winter bird—comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazle; whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings;
And merrily, with oft repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing floor the busy flail.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent,
For him, the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice and give him eloquent teaching.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting place without a tear.

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOODS.

BY T. H. LYMAN.

It was a pleasant afternoon, such as August only shows, when, in company with a friend, I left the quiet village of C——, a beautiful spot embowered amid the mountains in northern New Hampshire, to spend a few days upon a fishing excursion to a large lake some twenty miles farther north.

The sun had spent its force, and nature, relieved from the intense heat of noon, was fast resuming her wonted color and donning her evening dress. Our road for a long distance wound along the banks of a small stream fringed and almost hidden by willows; and the sound of the water as it danced along, united with the warbling of the birds, formed a melody indescribably beautiful. On the other side, the mountains rose almost perpendicularly, but here and there the declining sun would suddenly break through some open place, and light up a spot where it seemed as though a giant's hand had forced the solid rock back upon itself and reared a temple, whose massive proportions and sublime yet awful grandeur seemed to picture in imagination the wild glens of Scotland, where alone the persecuted Covenanters dared to meet and worship after the dictates of their own consciences. No wonder their lives were pure and spotless—no wonder they were encouraged to persevere, and their faith became as rigid and enduring as the rocks themselves.—Tell of the sculptured cathedral—what nobler temple than where the mountain circles some quiet vale; what sweeter choir than the feathered songsters; where, nearer to nature's God, than where the eye can gaze on nature's self, in all her bold magnificence? To me such spots always wear a charm—the mountains towering in the air,

——'As to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below."

The rushing stream and the waving foliage all have a soft and subduing effect, and tend to raise emotions which can but ennoble the mind. Happy is he who can

——find tongues in trees;
Books in the running brooks; sermons in stones;
And good in everything."

he is never alone.

But I am digressing. Surrounded by such scenery, and feasting on its grandeur, we drove slowly, unmindful that the shadows were growing long, and unconscious of the threatening cloud that was creeping down the mountain behind us. Soon, however, the echoes of the distant thunder roused us to quicken our pace and seek shelter, if possible, ere the storm should reach us. Pulling up and securing the boot of our chaise, and putting our horse into a smart trot, we left the main road and entered a wagon path, stretching through a deep forest, which seemed to lead in the direction whither our destination lay. Here we must date the commencement of our troubles. Had we followed the old proverb, "never take a by-road when you can have the highway," we should have been spared much vexation and trouble.

For several hours, through the interminable wood, we drove at a rapid rate, but with no perceptible change of scenery. At last our jaded animal came to a dead halt; and, by the light of a friction match—that modern blessing—referring to our watches, we came to the pleasant conclusion that it was about bed time, but no prospect of a soft bed in perspective.

However, something must be done; and leaving my companion in charge of the vehicle, I set out on foot to ascertain if anything like a human habitation was within hailing distance.

The rain was still falling in torrents. Now, albeit I am a great advocate for cold water, yet candor compels me to acknowledge that there are times and places for its use, as well as bounds to the quantity; and the indiscriminate application of immense doses from the shower-bath of a thunder-cloud is anything but conducive to comfort. However, there was no help for it, and no use in grumbling.

After wading through mud and water for nearly a mile, I was brought to a stand by coming in contact with a fence, and directly beyond, I could distinguish the dim outline of a small house and barn. Clambering over a fence—for there was no time to waste in searching for a gate—I found the door and gave a rap by no means gentle or subdued.—As this seemed to produce no effect, rap number two followed in quick succession and an octave above its predecessor. A shuffling sound from within, announced that the inmates were stirring. A gleam of light shone through the chinks between the boards, and steps approached the door. Then the rattling sound of a heavy chain falling to the floor sounded anything but agreeable. Strange, thought I—doors fastened with chains. All through that part of the country I had been used to seeing nothing but latch strings, and you may well imagine that the sound of a heavy chain raised no pleasant emotions.—What sort of people are these? Where have I wandered? But these ideas were cut short by the sudden opening of the door.

A tall, athletic looking man stood in the entrance, holding in his hand a sputtering candle, whose rays hardly reached beyond a circle of two feet in diameter, and served only to render everything more gloomy. To my inquiry as to whether he could find accommodation for the night for two travellers, he returned answer that he "didn't know, but would go and see." And leaving me standing on the outside, he went shuffling off.

After an absence of ten minutes—which seemed to me an hour—he returned, and after very minute inquiries as to who we were, whither we were bound, and whence we had come, said he would try to accommodate us.

Thanking him for his hospitality, I retraced my steps as quickly as possible to the spot where I had left my companion, whom I found was just on the point of starting off himself in search of me, supposing I had lost myself in the darkness.

With much coaxing, our tired beast was induced to move on, and we took up the line of march for our hotel. My friend agreed with me that the circumstance of the chained door was rather suspicious, but we thought anything better than passing the night in the woods, and concluded to venture.

Reaching the house, we found our new acquaintance holding open the gate of the enclosure. The rain, by this time, of course, had ceased; for who ever knew the rain to continue when one was well sheltered. The sputtering candle had changed hands, and was now held by a second individual, similar in frame and appearance to the first.

Together they unharnessed and led the horse into the barn, and then returned to assist in unloading the vehicle.

"Heavy," said one, apparently the elder, taking up our valises.

"Yes," remarked my companion, "we intend to do some sporting, and are well supplied with shot."

I thought a half smile played around the mouth of our host at these words, but I might have been mistaken.

In a very short time, our moveables, guns, fishing-rods, etc., were duly deposited in what appeared to be the "best room," and leaving the candle, which appeared to sputter more and more, as if indignant at such late hours, upon the table, our conductor bade us good night and left the apartment.

The room was furnished very much the same as other rustic parlors. Upon the wall hung a plan of Solomon's Temple, and a spirited colored engraving representing Andrew Jackson upon a milk-white horse. A pincushion and a stone lemon adorned the mantel.—One window looked out upon—we could not tell what, for the darkness. This window was secured by a large nail, which fitted into a hole just above the sash. The door had no fastening, but by inverting a chair and placing it against the door, we made a sort of alarm-clock, which would arouse us all if any one should attempt an entrance.

You may rest assured it was a long time before we got asleep, for all the old stories we had ever heard about robbers and travelers murdered in their beds, were continually conjuring up thoughts not at all welcome.

We criticised every action we had seen and every word we had heard since our arrival at this out-of-the-way place—chained door—the remark about the valises, &c., and came to the conclusion that we were in suspicious hands.

However, despite all watching, we at last fell asleep, and how long we slept I know not, but I was aroused by my friend's shaking me violently by the shoulder with one hand, while the other was laid across my mouth, probably to prevent my calling out.

Whispering me to listen, we could distinctly hear a sort of subdued, grating sound, seemingly proceeding from the next apartment.—Rising and cautiously making our way to the door, we could see, through the cracks in the board partition, by a light in the adjoining room—for it was not yet day—our two new acquaintances seated by a table, one of them busily engaged in whetting a large knife, while the other was taking out the knots and tangling wool of rope. Every now and then the elder, who held the knife, would pause and draw his thumb across its edge, as if to feel its sharpness; then slowly shaking his head, would resume his occupation.

"Not sharp enough yet!" said the younger, looking up from the gordian knot which he was unloosing.

"Hush," said the other, "don't speak so loud; you will awake the travellers."

"No, it takes a sharp knife to cut through muscle and bone." And the whetting went on with renewed vigor.

Again pausing and trying the edge, he addressed his companion in a low grumbling tone:

"I thought we should catch them when I saw them enter the wood last evening; but we must be careful and not spill any blood around, for that would warn others. You must hold the pail while I cut their throats—ha! ha! this will be the best morning's job we have done for many a day."

You may well believe that our hearts sunk within us on hearing these brutal words.

So then there was no mistake about it; we had indeed fallen among assassins, and every moment might be our last.

As there must be an end to all things, so at last the knife was deemed sufficiently keen; and laying it down upon the table, the elder ruffian—for I could call him by no other name—took up the rope which the other had just shaken from the last knot, and winding one end around his foot, was seemingly trying its strength.

"I think it will do," said he, in the same low tone he had used before, "but you know the two bodies will be heavy."

At these words, all doubts as to our being the two who were meant, vanished immediately, and terror almost completely unnerved us. To die so young—away from home and friends, and such a terrible death, too—the thought was horrible!

There seemed to be no means of escape but through the window, and that we dared not attempt to raise, lest the noise should alarm the ruffians and bring them immediately upon us. In this alternative, after a whispered consultation, we resolved to sell our lives as dear as possible.

In my valise was a small package of bullets, which I had placed there so that we might amuse ourselves at shooting at a mark, in case game should prove scarce; but how to get them was a question. The snap of the lock would alarm our pleasant neighbors, who, meanwhile, were occupied in making a slip-noose upon one end of the rope.

However, to our inexpressible relief, having finished their bloody apparatus, they both arose and left the room, carrying their tools with them.

Soon as their steps died away in the distance, snap went the lock of the valise; and fright lending us speed, I venture to say, never were two guns double-loaded, or two individuals dressed quicker than we were.

Placing two chairs abreast and resting our pieces upon them so as to command the door, with by no means pleasant feelings, we awaited the issue. For a long time we kept a vigilant watch till the morning sun streamed through our window, but saw no trace of our expected assailants. Soon a smell of hot coffee and rolls began to penetrate the crevices of the door, and a light step in the adjoining room led us more to our lookout.

Instead of the sanguinary ruffians we had seen before, there was a cheerful looking young female moving lightly about, and preparing a savory-looking breakfast.

"Sure," said my friend, "such a countenance does not look like one used to scenes of blood," and, opening the door, before I could prevent him, was by her side. After the interchange of the usual morning salute, he casually inquired after the men whom he had seen the night before.

"O," said she, "they are in the barn skinning two foxes that they have just killed; they were caught just before you came last night."

The merry laugh of my companion rang out at this explanation of the bloody mystery, and for my life I could not help joining with him, to the no small amusement of our hostess.

We immediately proceeded to the barn, and there, sure enough, were two foxes with their throats cut and their hides almost off. You may believe that we felt as though relieved of a heavy burden.

Soon the breakfast bell summoned us to the house, and after partaking of the good things, settling with our host, and inquiring the way to our destination, we bade all hands good day, and started merrily on again.

So ended our adventure, with the exception that after driving about a mile, we alighted and discharged our guns, riddling a fence with much more satisfaction than we should have felt in putting cold lead into a human being.

Suffice it to say that, after a pleasant ride, we reached our destination; but never to this day can either of us restrain a smile, when recounting that night among the woods.

☞ Two loafers, met upon the wharf yesterday and passed the compliments of the season.

"Jim," said one, "have you seen Hall, he's looking for you?"

"Hall! what Hall?" was Jim's answer.

"Why, Alec Hall, you fool."

"Fool yourself," responded Jim, "that's a poor way you've got of calling me a name, I don't like it, and you wouldn't have taught me it if you hadn't been drunk last night."

"Now, look here, you rum-sucker, you—"

"Don't you, you rum-sucker, you—"

Sandwich Islands.

Among the names of those who are most conspicuous in the movements at the Sandwich Islands, tending to annexation with the United States, those of Elisha H. Allen and Luther Severance are conspicuous. Allen is the Minister of Finance in the new Administration, and Severance is the Consul for the United States; one the chief minister of a native monarchy in one of the far off islands of the Pacific—the other representing the commerce of the United States, and defending its character, interests and dignity against the impeachments of the French and English Consuls. These two men were not long since members of Congress from Maine, way down East—the easternmost State, and from the easternmost part of the State. Within five years they turn up together in the middle of the western ocean, shaping the policy of a vast region and contributing to the spread of American influence and dominion in these remote regions. No wonder the European Consuls got alarmed when they found the two live Yankees about, and remembered their national success in the acquisition of territory.

Without doubt the Sandwich Islands will be, if they are not now, soon ready to be attached to the United States. The British Goverement and the French Government have heretofore signified their opposition to these measures; and these Consuls only follow the known opinions of the home authorities in entering a protest against the apprehended movement for annexation. France and England have, indeed, entered into engagements with each other, by which they agree mutually to refrain from endeavoring to obtain any exclusive privileges or authority over the islands; but to these the United States are no party, and are not all bound by them to do or refrain from doing, anything they may think conducive to their interests. The importance of the islands to the commerce of the Pacific, and their indispensable value to the whalemen, make it a natural subject of jealousy that any maritime power should get an exclusive control of them. These may induce strong efforts to prevent such a consummation by peaceful means, and incite competition in bidding for the acquisition, but afford no reasonable ground for remonstrance with any power for making or accepting offers with that view. And no reasonable ground for complaint if an arrangement should be perfected. It is an open field for all the world to try their chances in; and if Great Britain and France have bound themselves, in their jealousy of each other, to make no efforts for sovereignty or control in the islands, they have no right to treat any other Government as precluded by the action. Their remedy is to annul their restrictive contracts with regard to each other and try their skill and influence separately.—The Islands evidently cannot get along under their present government. They need powerful and energetic supporters—and whether England, France or Russia (a third power which has manifested on former occasions a deep interest in the disposal of these islands) consent or not, their proclivity is plainly and irresistably towards the United States. The establishment of American States on the Pacific coast of America has finally determined the question, in fact; the only remaining point is one of time.

The suggestion of the foreign Consuls, that annexation could not take place without a breach of the treaties which exist between the King of the Islands and their respective governments, because these treaties give to the subjects of these Governments the privileges of the most favored nations, has no force in it. If the sovereignty is merged in that of the United States, the treaties follow the fate of the extinguished nationality; and either new and special treaties in reference to the Islands must be negotiated with the United States, or foreign governments must accept in regard to them the benefit of their existing treaties with the United States, most of which contain the same liberal clause in regard to commercial intercourse. The question of the fate of existing treaties, made with a country which has been absorbed into the United States, has been examined and settled in the case of Texas, with which France and England both had treaties when Texas ceased to be independent and became part of the nationality of the U. S. The national death of all treaties and compacts was recognized as the immediate result of annexation, and the same would be the fate of the treaties of the Hawaiian potentate.

There is something in the remark that the Sandwich Islands are a monarchy and the U. States are republican, and that the fusion of the two is against the fundamental principle of both. Monarchy has no vitality in contact with the constitution of the United States. It is a question to be considered, merely as between the United States and the islanders.—Outsiders, French or English, have nothing to do with it. It would not merely be their right to forbid the union of the two countries, if the United States should consent to the anomaly of having a dependency with a regal form of government, which it is impossible we should do. On the other hand, the proposed annexation implies with absolute certainty, that the Hawaiian form of government is to become republican—that royalty with all its trappings is to be abolished. The right to do this, as preliminary to a consolidation with the United States, is as perfect as that of the English Government to cause to be shot Marshal Ney, and of Louis Philippe, the sovereign, to cause to be executed one of the French princes, and to overthrow the monarchy to make a