

One of the first things you do to the Dead Boxer, one that pines and respects his unfortunate wife, and one who, as I said, can serve O'Rourke.

Read and take, then, if you can, the story, for there's little time to be lost; said Ellen.

Give him this message, replied the man, and he whispered half a dozen words into her ear.

Is that true? she asked him, and may he depend on it.

Ha, may, as there's a God above me, — Good night! He passed on at a rapid pace.

When Ellen entered his aunt's humble cabin, Lamb Lauther had just risen from his knees. Devotion, or piety, if you will, as it is in many cases, though undirected by knowledge, may be frequently found among the peasantry associated with objects that would appear to have but little connexion with it.

When he saw her he exclaimed with something like disappointment: Ah! Ellen, dear, why did you come? I would rather you hadn't crossed me now, darling.

His manner was marked by the same melancholy sadateness which we have already described. He knew the position in which he stood, and did not attempt to disguise what he felt.

His apparent dejection, however, had a dreadful effect upon Ellen, who sat down on a stool, and threw back the hood of her cloak; but the aunt placed a little circular arm chair for her somewhat nearer the fire.

She declared in a manner that argued something like incoherence, which occasioned O'Rourke to glance at her more earnestly. He started, on observing the wild luster of her eye, and the woe-begone paleness of her cheek.

Ellen, said he, how is this? Has anything frightened you? Merciful mother, aunt, look at her!

The distracted girl sank before him on her knees, locked her hands together, and while her eyes sparkled with an unsettled light, exclaimed: John! — John! — Lamb Lauther Oge — forgive me, before you die! I have murdered you!

Ellen, love, Ellen — Do you forgive me? do you! Your blood is upon me, Lamb Lauther Oge!

Heavens above! Aunt she's turned! Do I forgive you, my heart's own treasure! How did you ever offend me, my darling! You know you never did. But if you ever did, my own Ellen, I do forgive you.

But I murdered you — and that was because my brother said he would do it — and I got afraid, John — that he might do you harm, an' afraid to tell you too — an' — so — so you promise me you won't fight the Dead Boxer! Thank God! thank God! then your blood will not be upon me.

Aunt, she's lost, he exclaimed, the brain of my colleen has turned!

John, won't you save me from the Dead Boxer! There's nobody able to do it but you, Lamb Lauther Oge!

Aunt, aunt, my girl's destroyed, said John, her heart's broke! Ellen!

But to-morrow, John — to-morrow — sure you won't fight him to-morrow? If you do — if you do — he'll kill you — an' 'twas I that — that —

O'Rourke had not thought of raising her from the posture in which she addressed him, so completely had he been overcome by the frantic vehemence of her manner. He now smothered her up, and placed her in the little arm chair alluded to, but he had scarcely been seated in it, when her hands became clenched, her head sank, and the heavy burden of her sorrows was forgotten in a long fit of insensibility.

Lamb Lauther's distraction and alarm prevented him from rendering her much assistance; but the aunt was more cool, and succeeded, with considerable difficulty, in restoring her to life.

The tears burst in thick showers from her eye lids, she drew her breath vehemently and rapidly, and, after looking wildly around her, indulged in that natural grief which relieves the heart by tears. "In a short time she became composed, and was able to talk collectedly and rationally.

This, indeed, was the severest trial that Lamb Lauther had yet sustained. With all the force of an affection as strong as it was disinterested, she urged him to relinquish his determination to meet the Dead Boxer on the following day.

John exhorted her, and even bantered her, as a cowardly girl, unworthy of being the sister of Meehall Neil, but to her, as to all who had attempted to change his purpose, the was immovable. No — the sense of this disgrace had sunk to deeply into his heart, and the random illusions, just made by Ellen herself, to the Dead Boxer's villainy, but the more inflamed his resentment against him.

On finding his resolution irrevocable, she communicated to him in a whisper the message which the stranger had sent him. Lamb Lauther, after having heard it, raised his arm rapidly, and his eyes gleamed with something like the exultation of a man who has discovered a great secret that he had been intensely anxious to learn.

Ellen could now delay no longer, and their separation resembled that of persons who never expected to meet again. If Lamb Lauther could at this moment have affected a show of cheerfulness, in spite of Ellen's depression it would have given her great relief.

Still, on her part, their parting was a scene of agony and distress which no description could reach; and, on his, it was sorrowful and tedious for neither felt certain that they would ever behold each other in life again.

To be Continued.

Several of the Nobility of England have contributed largely in money, clothing and food, for the relief of the sick and destitute poor in the villages and hamlets.

A drunken youth got out of his resolution, and was doing in the street, when the bell rang for the evening service.

JAMES BUSHMAN, Candidate for Governor.

DAILY MORNING POST.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1842.

See First Page.

Hon. W. W. Irwin.

We have been remiss in doing justice to the liberal conduct of this gentleman, in relation to Gen. Jackson's fine.

The question came up as to the disposition to be made of that portion of the President's Message, which urged restitution to the old Hero, Mr. Irwin moved its reference to the Committee of the whole on the state of the Union.

The effect of this motion would have been to hasten action upon the subject, and accomplish an act of justice which, perhaps, if delayed for a few short months, will be done too late to soothe the injured feelings of the old general, whose health grows more precarious, as his years increase.

The ultra whigs, however, whose malevolence towards Gen. Jackson, no time nor circumstance can subdue or soften, defeated Mr. Irwin's motion. Mr. Irwin deserves great credit for his manly and liberal course, which will be properly appreciated by those who regard that fine as a stain upon our annals.

Connor and Mrs. Sefton are doing a fine business at New Orleans. It is time their luck should have a change, for since leaving this city, a series of unfortunate accidents have attended their progress, including some two or three "breadth scapes by flood and snags," in the Missis-sippi.

Cutting the World in Two. The Canal Company, says the N. Y. Aurora, chartered by the government of New Grenada, have commenced excavating their big ditch through the Isthmus of Panama, and in a few years our whale ships, instead of rounding Cape Horn, will pass from ocean to ocean, through the mountains which Pizarro and his followers found such difficulty in climbing over.

The line of the canal, however, follows a less rugged route than they did. The country through which it passes has a mean elevation of only thirty-seven feet above the level of the sea at high tide. The entire length of the canal will be about forty-nine miles, of which twelve and a half miles only will be excavated, the river Chagres and Grande supplying the necessary navigation for the remainder of the distance. There will be a sufficient depth of water for ships of fourteen hundred tons. It is supposed that within five years the two continents will be divorced and every thing prepared for celebrating the nuptials between the two oceans.

M. J. Alexander. The Phila. Times of the 26th says, that Alexander would probably receive his sentence the next day. Judge Barton wished to give him the benefit of the doubt, and placed him in the little arm chair alluded to, but he had scarcely been seated in it, when her hands became clenched, her head sank, and the heavy burden of her sorrows was forgotten in a long fit of insensibility.

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The Legislature of Maryland says the Balt. Sun of the 26th, commences its annual session at Annapolis to-day, and a large number of the members have already gone on. Many subjects of interest will come before the legislature, but the commanding subject is the present condition of the finances of the state. A U. S. Senator is to be elected.

Two convict negroes at Baton Rouge, La., showing a disposition to escape on the 10th inst., were instantly shot dead. Another slave met the same fate for raising his spade at his master.

Providential Escape. On the late passage of the Britannia from Liverpool, as Capt. Hewitt was standing near the wheel, the steamer was struck by a tremendous sea which stove in her wheel-house and bulwarks. Capt. Hewitt, in endeavoring to grasp the mizen rigging, missed his hold and was carried by the force of the sea over the stern of the ship; most providentially he seized hold of the iron railing at the stern of the boat, which saved his being washed overboard and almost miraculously saved his life, but not without some severe bruises.

On Tuesday the 20th inst. there were fifteen hundred sleighs from the country in the streets of Rochester.

The number who have applied for the benefit of the bankrupt law in Massachusetts, is 2,202. In New Hampshire, says the Newport Argus and Spectator, the number amounts to nearly 1,500. In Connecticut the number has reached 1,340.

The Boston Despatch says that wooden pavements, when well greased, make capital sleigh-roads.

In election times you may hear of a man "filling the public eye," but see him in a tavern near the polls, and you will fancy that he is rather filling the public mouth.

A party is about to be formed down east, who are opposed to the extreme principles and proceedings of both parties. They call themselves the Anti-Clam-Meeting-and-Cruelty-to-Consuming Society.

Sudden Death.—The Atlington Virginian of the 17th says: "Departed this life, on Tuesday evening last, at the residence of Mr. M. Gardner, in this place, Mr. Peter Dyerley, aged about 45 years. Mr. D. was a resident of Roanoke county, in this State, and arrived here on Monday evening, in fine health and spirits. He ate an unusually hearty supper some 15 minutes before his death, and was whileing away a social hour with a friend, when he fell back in his chair and expired without a struggle. How true is it, that in the midst of life we are in death!"

Death of Gen. Evans.—The Indiana Statesman of the 17th says: "We learn that Gen. R. M. Evans, an old resident, and one of the first settlers of Evansville, died on Wednesday afternoon last; aged about 55 years.

A. A. Adams is in Louisville. The Phila. Times of the 26th says, that Alexander would probably receive his sentence the next day.

Side.—The St. Louis Republican of the 14th says: "A man, supposed to be an Irishman, and a sailor, having picked on his arms the initials, T. W. M. C. committed suicide last week, by cutting the arteries of both arms. The body was found in an untenanted house, about two miles from Alto."

The "Texicans."—It is said that they have two rows of teeth and tails like a monkey.

A young woman never looks so pretty as when she has on her cheek apron making warm biscuits for supper.

Quite Popular.—Mr. Clay is becoming decidedly popular, he says, "I have conceded to our opponents the term Democrat, out of mere politeness." That is very nice of Mr. Clay.

Governors of Canada. An eastern paper says that Canada seems destined to the grave of British Governors. They do not thrive when transplanted. The Duke of Richmond was bitten to death, by a Canadian fox or mad dog. Lord Sydenham was kicked out of Creation by a Canadian horse or mule. Lord Durban returned to England with a broken constitution and broken heart—lingered a few months—and left his titles and coal mines to a little child. Lord Halhouse frequently declared that a Canada winter had done more to undermine his constitution, than even the East Indies. He is dead. Sir Charles Bagot, formerly minister from London at Washington; holds the reins of power in Canada just now—and he, too, is about to quit his hold. At the last advices his decease was daily expected.

The London papers mention that Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Butler will return to the United States in the spring, being now detained by the ill health of Mr. Kemble, whose late experiment in the management of Covent Garden Theatre resulted disastrously, as he knew one thing, that it would, in fact as these enterprises generally do now—a days.

Direct Taxation in Georgia.—The amount raised by direct taxation in the State of Georgia, is \$223,000. We observe that the tax on slaves is 31 cents each, on free negroes \$1 each. The tax on first quality land is 1 cent, 2-1/2 mills per acre; on second quality 7 1/2 mills per acre.

A Tyler paper has been started in New Orleans called the "Republican."

When we have no paper money, we will have an abundance of specie. The steamer Britannia brought upwards of a million of dollars in specie.

Henry Bowler, John J. McCague and John Ryan, are the candidates for the Clerkship of the Senate. The former is a member of the Senate, and the latter is a member of the House of Representatives.

The contest for Speaker of the House, as far as I can learn, will lie between Mr. Elwell and Mr. Barnett. The former seems the most prominent. They are both good men.

For Clerk, Maj. Andrews and Jacob S. Miller, are the candidates. I have no doubt of the election of the former. For Sergeant-at-Arms, Door keepers, &c. &c. of both Houses, here are applicants, such as Blackberries.

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Why is a dance like beef?—Ans. Because it is made up of hops.

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Pigs have very good teeth. Reason— they are very little used.

Do not be ambitious of an early fame, it is apt to shrivel and drop under the tree.

There is a boy in the western part of the state, who is growing so fast that his shadow can't keep up with him.

There is a man in New Orleans, whose shadow refuses to keep company with him.

Plattery is often a species of barter. Each party flatters the other, in hope of being flattered in return.

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