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THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

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POETRY.

TO MY WIFE.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE.

Afar from thee! The morning breaks
But morning brings no joys to me;
Alas my spirit only wakes
To know that I am far from thee!
In dreams I saw that blessed face,
And thou wert nestled on my breast;
In dreams I felt thy fond embrace
And to my own thy heart was pressed.

Afar from thee! 'Tis solitude,
Though smiling crowds around me be;
The kind, the beautiful, the good—
For I can only think of thee.
For thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest, and my only one;
Without thee I am all unblest,
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee! The words of praise
My listless ear unheeded greet;
What sweetest seemed in better days,
Without thee seems no longer sweet;
The dearest joy fame can bestow,
Is in thy moistened eye to see
And in thy cheek's unusual glow,
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! The night is come,
But slumbers from my pillow flee;
I cannot rest so far from home,
And my heart's home is, love, with thee!
I kneel before the throne of prayer,
And then I know that thou art nigh;
For God, who seeth everywhere,
Bends on us both a watchful eye.

Together in his love embrace,
No distance can our hearts divide;
Forgotten quite the mediate space,
I kneel thy kneeling form beside;
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
But soars the spirit far and free;
O welcome be night's slumbers deep—
For then, dear love, I am with thee!

A NIGHT WITH THE JACOBIN CLUB.

The following is an extract from a powerfully written paper in a late number of Blackwood, entitled "Mars on, or the Adventures of a Statesman." The narrator has just escaped from death by the guillotine, and in dashing along through the dark lanes and alleys, suddenly encounters a crowd of San Culottes who are on their way to the meeting of the Jacobins. He is compelled to join them and in their company observes what follows:

We now plunged into the darkness of a vast pile, evidently once a convent, and where the chill of the massive walls struck to the marrow. I felt as if walking through a charnel-house. We hurried on; a trembling light toward the end of the immense and lofty aisle was our guide, and the crowd, long familiar with the way, rushed through the intricacies, where so many feet of monks had trod before them, and where perhaps many a deed that shunned the day had been perpetrated. At length a spiral stair brought us to a long gallery, where our entrance was marked with a shout of congratulation; and tumbling over the benches and each other, we at length took our seats in the highest part which, in both the club and the National Assembly, was called, from its height, the Mountain, and from the characters which generally held it, was a mountain of flame. In the area below, once the nave of the flames, sat the Jacobin club. I now, for the first time, saw the memorable and terrible assemblage. And nothing could be more suited than its aspects to its deeds. The hall was of such extent that a large portion of it was hardly visible, and the few lights which hung from the walls, scarcely displayed even the remainder.—The French love of decoration had no place here; neither statues nor pictures, neither gilding nor sculpture, relieved the heaviness of the building. Nothing of the arts was visible but their rudest specimens, the grim effigies of monks and martyrs, or the coarse blackening carvings of a barbarous age. The hall was full; for the club contained nearly two thousand members, and on this night all were present. Yet, except the occasional cries of approval or anger when any speaker had concluded, and the habitual murmur of every huge assembly, they might have been taken for a host of spectres; the area had so entirely the aspect of a huge vault, the air felt so thick and the gloom was so feebly dispersed by the chandeliers. All was sepulchral. The chair of the president even stood on a tomb, an antique structure of black marble. The elevated stand, from which the speakers generally addressed the assembly, had the strongest resemblance of a scaffold, and behind it, covering the wall, were suspended chains and instruments of torture of every horrible kind, used in the dungeons of old times; and though placed there for the sake of contrast with the mercies of a more enlightened age, yet enhancing the general idea of a scene of death.

It required no addition to render the hall of the Jacobin fearful; but the meetings were always held at night, often prolonged through the whole night. Always stormy, and often sanguinary, daggers were drawn, and pistols fired—assassinations in the street sometimes followed bitter attacks on the benches; and at this period, the mutual wrath and terror of the factions had risen to such a height, that every meeting might be only a prelude of exile or the axe; and the deliberation of this especial night must settle the question whether the monarch or the Jacobin club was to ascend the scaffold. It was the debate on the execution of the unhappy Louis XVI.

The arrival of the crowd, among whom I had taken an unwilling seat, evidently gave new spirit to the regicides; the moment was critical. Even in Jacobinism all were not equally black, and the fear of the national revulsion at so desperate a deed startled many, who might not have been withheld by feelings of humanity.—The leaders had held a secret consultation while the debate was drawing on its slow length, and Danton's old expedient of "terrors" was resolved on. His emissaries had been sent round Paris to summon all his banditti; and the low cafes, and every haunt of violence and every drunkenness of crime had poured forth. The remnant of the Marseilles—a gang of actual galley slaves who had led the massacre—the paid assassins of the Marais, and the subrears of the Royal Guard, who, after treason to the king, had found profitable trade in living on the robbery and blood of the nobles and priests, formed this reinforcement, and their entrance into the gallery was recognized by the clapping of hands from below, which they answered by a roar, accompanied with a significant sign of clashing their knives and sabres.

Danton immediately rushed into the Tribune. I had seen him before, on the fearful night which prepared the attack on the palace; but he was then in the haste and effective savageness of the rabble. He now played the part of the leader of a political sect; and the commencement of his address adopted something of the decorum of public council.

In this there was an artifice; for restless as the club was, it still retained a jealousy of the superior legislative rank of the assembly of national representatives, the Convention. The forms of the Convention were strictly imitated; and even those Jacobins, who usually led the debate, scrupulously wore the dress of the best orders. Robespierre was elaborately dressed whenever he appeared in the tribune, and Danton abandoned the *canaille* costume of the time.

I was struck with his showy stature, his bold forehead and his commanding attitude, as he stood waving his hand over the multitude below, as if he waved a scepter. His appearance was received with a general shout from the gallery, which he returned with a profound bow, and then stood erect till all sounds had sunk. His powerful voice then rang through the extent of the hall. He began with congratulating the people on their having relieved the republic from its external dangers.—His language at first was moderate, and his recapitulation of the perils which must have befallen a conquered country was sufficiently true and even touching, but his tone soon changed, and I saw the true Jacobin. "What," he cried, "are those perils to the honor of domestic perfidy? What are the ravages on the frontier to the poison and dagger of our fireside? What is the gallant death in the field to assassination in cold blood? Listen, fellow citizens; there is, at this hour, a deeper plot laid for your destruction than ever existed in the shallow heads, or ever could be executed by the cowardly hearts of their soldiery. Where is that plot? In the streets? No. The courage of our brave patriots is as proof against corruption as against war." This was followed by a shout from the gallery. "Is it in the Tuileries? No; there the national sabre has cut down the tree which cast its deadly fruit among the nation. Where then is the focus of this plot—where the gathering of the storm that is to shake the battlements of the republic—where that terrible deposite of combustibles which the noble has gathered, the priest has piled, and the king has prepared to kindle? Brave citizens, that plot is—" he paused, and looked mysteriously around, while a silence deep as death pervaded the multitudes; then, as if suddenly recovering himself, he thundered out—"the Temple."

No language can describe the shout and the scene that followed. The daring word was now spoken which all anticipated, but which Danton alone had the audacity to utter. The gallery screamed, howled, danced, flourished their weapons, and sung the Marseilles and the Carmagnole. The club below were scarcely less violent in their demonstration of furious joy. Danton had now accomplished his task; but his vanity thirsted for additional applause, and he entered into a catalogue of his services to republicanism. In the midst of his detail, a low but singularly clear voice was heard from the extremity of the hall, "Descend, man of massacre."

I saw Danton start back as if he had been shot. At length, recovering his breath, he said feebly—

"Citizens, of what am I accused?"

"Of the three days of September," uttered the voice again, in a tone so strongly sepulchral, that it palpably awed the whole assemblage.

"Who is it that insulted me? who dares to malign me? What spy of the Girondists, what traitor of the Bourbons, what hireling of the gold of Pitt is among us?" exclaimed the bold ruffian, yet with a visage which even at a distance I could observe had lost its fiery hue, and turned clay color.

"I!" replied the voice, and I saw a tall figure stalk up the length of the hall and stand at the foot of the tribune. "Descend!" was the word which he spoke; and Danton, as if under a spell, to my astonishment, obeyed, without a word, and came down. The stranger took his place; none knew his name; and the rapidity & boldness of his assault suspended all in wonder like my own. I can give but a most incomplete conception of the extraordinary eloquence of this mysterious intruder. He openly charged Danton with having constructed the whole sonspiracy against the unfortunate prisoners of September—with having deceived the people by imaginary alarms of the approach of the enemy—with having plundered the national treasury to pay the assassins; and the last and most deadly charge of all, with having formed a plan for a National Dictatorship, of which he himself was to be the first professor. The charge was sufficiently probable, and was not now heard for the first time. But the keenness and fiery promptitude with which the speaker poured the charge upon him, gave it a new aspect; and I could see in the changing physiognomies around me, that the great Jacobin was already in danger. He obviously felt this himself, for starting up from the bench to which he had returned, he cried out, or rather yelled:

"Citizens, this man thirsts for my blood. Am I to be sacrificed? Am I to be exposed to the danger of assassination?"—But no answering shout arose; a dead silence reigned; all eyes were still turned to the tribune. I saw Danton, after a gaze of total helplessness on all sides, throw up his hands like a drowning man and staggered to his seat. Nothing could be more unfortunate than this interruption; for the speaker poured the renewed invective, like a stream of molten iron, full on his personal character and career.

"Born a beggar, your only hope of bread was crime. Adopting the profession of an advocate, your only conception of law was chicanery. Coming to Paris, you took up patriotism as a trade, and turned the trade into an imposture. Trained to dependence, you always hung on some one till he spurned you! You licked the dust before Mirabeau; you betrayed him and he trampled on you; you took refuge in the cavern of Murat, until he found you too base for even his base companionship; and he, too, spurned you; you then hung to the skirts of Robespierre, clung on to ruin. Viper! known only by your coil, and your poisons; like the original serpent, degraded even from the brute, even to the reptile, you already feel your sentence. I pronounce it before all. The man to whom you now cling will crush you. Maximilian Robespierre, is not your heel lifted up to tread out the life of this traitor? Maximilian Robespierre, do I not speak the truth? Have I not stripped the veil from your thoughts? Am I not looking at your heart?" He then addressed the Jacobin leaders in a brief appeal. "Billaud Varennes stand forth—do you not long to drive the dagger into the heart of this new tyrant? Billot d'Herbois, are you not sworn to destroy him? Couthon, have you not pronounced him perjured, perfidious and unfit to live? St. Just, have you not in your bosom the list of those who have pledged themselves that Danton shall never be dictator? that his grave shall be dug, before he shall tread on the first step of the throne? that his ashes shall be scattered to the four winds of Heaven? that he shall never gorge on France?"

A hollow murmur, like the echo of the vaults beneath, repeating the concluding words. The murmur had scarcely subsided when the extraordinary apparition, flinging around him a long white cloak, which he had hitherto carried on his arm and which, in dim light, gave him the look of one covered with a shroud, cried out in a voice of still deeper solemnity, "George Jacques Danton, you have this night pronounced the death of your king; I now pronounce your own. By the victims of the 20th June—by the victims of the 10th of August—by the victims of the 2d of September—by the thousands whom your treachery has sent to perish in a foreign grave—by the millions whom the war which you have kindled will lay in the field of slaughter—I cite you to appear before the tribunal, where sits a judge whom no one can elude and none can defy. Within one year and a month, I cite you to meet the spirits of your victims before the throne of the Eternal."

He stopped; not a sound was heard.—He descended the steps of the Tribune, and stalked slowly through the hall; not a hand was raised against him. He pursued his way with as much calmness as if he had been a supernatural visitant, until he vanished in the darkness.

This singular occurrence threw a complete damp on their regicidal ardor; and as no one seemed inclined to mount the tribune, the club would probably have broken up for the night, when a loud knocking at the door, and the beating of drums aroused the drowsy sitters on the benches. The gallery was as much awake as ever, but seemed occupied with evident expectation of either a new revolt or a spectacle; pistols were taken out to be newly primed, and the points and edges of knives duly examined.

The doors at length were thrown open and a crowd, one half of whom appeared to be in the last state of intoxication, and the other half not so far from insanity, came dancing and carousing into the body of the building. In the midst of their troops they carried two busts covered with laurels—the busts of the regicides, Ravaillac and Clement, with flags before them, inscribed—"They were glorious, for they slew kings!" The busts were presented to the president, and their bearers, a pair of poissaders, insisted on giving him the embrace, in sign of fraternization.

The president, in return, invited them to the "honors of sittings;" and thus reinforced, the discussion on the death of the unhappy monarch commenced once more, and the vote was carried by acclamation. The National Convention was still to be applied to for the completion of the sentence, but the decree of the Jacobins was the law of the land.

The Slanderer.

"He who steals my purse steals trash,
* * * * * * *
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed."—*Shakespeare*

All that is damnable in the black catalogue of guilt, all that is foul and corrupt in the store-house of human iniquity, all the demon-like traits of moral deformity, and the blighting mildew of detraction and defamation, are treasured up in the base and cowardly heart of the malicious *slanderer*.

The individual who aims a pistol at my breast, with the threat that "death's leaden messenger" shall cut the "brittle thread of life," or tells me his sword shall smother its vengeance in my bosom, gives me at least the *privilege* of defending myself against his atrocious assaults; but he who, from the dark recess of his perjured soul, pours forth the venom of the asp to poison my reputation, whose breath is like the sirocco, and tongue the "destroying angel," who can sport with my "good name" as a "trifle light as air," and blast at one fell stroke all that I hold most dear, then turn and smile upon the ruins, deprives me of the *power* of acting on the defensive, until character is a wreck, reputation gone to the four winds, and honor as though it had not been. See the degraded wretch, as he issues from the charnel house of sin and pollution, the green earth is too pure for his unhallowed step, the light from the "glorious orb" of day has no charms for him, virtue and innocence fly from his approach, or are crushed beneath the wheel of his ire, and he slinks back again to the society of congenial spirits, whose unholy communion is more horrid than the "mingling" of Macbeth's witches.

Human Frailty.

Life is a fountain, fed by a thousand streams which perish if one be dried; it is a silver cord, twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish so suddenly and surely at last. We are encompassed with accidents ever ready to crush the mouldering tenements that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by the hand of Nature. The earth and the atmosphere whence we draw our life, are impregnated with death: health is made to operate in its own destruction. The food that nourishes the body contains the elements of its decay—the soul that animates it by the vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its action.—Death lurks in ambush along our paths—"in the midst of life we are in death."

Back-Biters.

Every community holds in its bosom a species of viperous bipeds called back-biters, eaves-droppers, or slanderers, who go about doing evil continually. They introduce discord where peace before resided—they wake up ill-will between peaceable and friendly neighbors—excite suspicion in trusting hearts, and substitute bitter controversy for social amity and quietude. They malign private character with impunity, because they are too cowardly and hypocritical to make their assaults boldly and manfully, so that those whom they traduce can have a chance to defend themselves. They run up behind you and strike in the dark, and then fly to elude detection. They put on great suavity and friendliness to your face, but when your back is turned, look out for them for they will cling to your heels like a rabid dog. Avoid them as you would a poisonous reptile—refuse their company—and above all, do not admit them to your happy family circle—do not induct them into your fireside secrets; for if you do, they will leave the baneful stain of their footsteps on your very threshhold, and happiness will flee before them as from a deadly foe. For the love of peace, of order and of friendship, do not countenance their slanderous imputations against your friends and neighbors.

Capital.—A good story is told of a fellow who had spent hundreds of dollars at the bar of a certain groggery, being one day feeble and out of change, asked the landlord to trust him for a glass of liquor. "No," was the surly reply; "I never made a practice of doing such things."

The poor fellow turned to a gentleman, who was sitting by, and whom he had known in better days, saying, "Sir, will you lend me a sixpence?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

The landlord with alacrity placed the decanter and glass before him; he took a pretty good horn and having swallowed it, replaced it with evident satisfaction; he turned to the man who had lent him the sixpence and said, "Here sir, I owe you, I make it a point, degraded as I am, always to pay borrowed money before I pay my grog bill!"

Pious Fighting.—At the battle of Gainsborough, Cromwell told his men in a general order—"Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry." On the eve of the battle of Naseby, he issued another order to his infantry saying, "Call upon the Lord and trust in your pikes." Before the battle of Dunbar, he said, "Seek the Lord and look to your flints."

Before the battle of Worcester, he said, "The prayers of the godly to scatter the wicked are heard by the Lord. Then trust in the Lord, take good aim and strike hard."

The following 'scrap,' going the rounds of the papers, may be found to have practical application in every community.—Let ladies read it, attentively and candidly, and profit by it so far as it may be adapted to their particular cases:

"Female Sarcasm.—Few things are more liable to be abused in society—especially by young ladies—than the gift of liveliness. No doubt it gains present admiration while they continue young and pretty, but it leads to no esteem—produces no affection, if it be carried beyond the bounds of graceful good humor.

She for instance, who is distinguished for the odd freedom of her remarks—whose laugh is loudest—whose wit is the most piquant—who gathers a group of laughers around her—of whom shy and quiet people are afraid—this is a sort of person who may be invited out—who may be thought no inconsiderable acquisition to parties of which the general opprobrium is dullness—but this is not the sort of a person likely to become the honored mistress of a respectable home."

Joseph Mazzini.—This illustrious triumvir of the Roman republic is a son of Dr. Mazzini, of Genoa, where he was born in 1809, and educated for the law. While at the university, the government seized him; he was tried for holding principles subversive of order, found innocent, but thrown into prison, and then banished. He established an Italian press in Marseilles, but Louis Philippe ordered him to leave France. In Switzerland he organized an expedition against Savoy; it failed; Austria demanded his expulsion, and the Swiss drove him out. For thirteen years he was in exile in England, laboring day and night for Italian liberty; wrote in the press much and well; educated numbers of his countrymen; had his letters secretly opened, copied, and their contents revealed, by the British government (see our almanac for 1849, p. 54;) joined the revolution at Paris, Feb., 1848; thence entered Lombardy, and conducted an Italian journal; had to fly to Switzerland, whence he was again expelled, in time to be elected deputy from Leghorn to the Roman republic, where his talents soon placed him at the head of the triumvirate, which France, the instrument of Austria, Russia, and the British aristocracy, has suppressed. He is thin, good-looking, and of middle height.—*Palmer's Business Mens' Almanac for* 1850.

They Say.—"They say," tells that which is not true, at least three quarters of the time. He is about the worst authority you can produce to support the credibility of your statement. Scarcely was there ever a suspicious report put in circulation, but this Mr. They Say was the author of it; and he always escapes responsibility and detection, because, living just nowhere, he can never be found.

Who said that Mr. E., the merchant, was supposed to be in a failing condition? Why "they say" so. On what authority do they affirm that neighbor F. has been in bad company? Why "they say" so.

Is it a fact that Miss G. is not so chaste and circumspect as she should be? Why "they say" so.

Plague on this Mr. They Say; he is a half-brother to Mr. Nobody, who always does the mischief, and who lives nowhere, but in the invention of those who, undeserving respect themselves, are desirous to pull down others to their own level.—We always suspect the truth of a report which comes from the authority of "They Say."

From California.

We have the *Atla California* newspaper of Oct. 1., from which we make the folloming extracts:

The Convention.—This body, up to our latest dates, had been in session a little over three weeks. Most of the provisions of the proposed constitution had been acted and passed upon in committee of the whole.

The Bill of Rights, as adopted in committee of the whole, embraces twenty sections, of the usual character of such provision,. The only point which it was supposed a controversy would arise—the question of slaveroy—passed without debate, *and unanimously*, utterly prohibiting slavery. Some few were in favor of submitting the matter to the people for a seperate vote; but it was not contended for with any show of strenuosity, and was voted down almost unanimously.

The sufferage question was the source of considerable debate: but was finally disposed of by admitting all male citizens of the U. S., six months resident in California, and twenty one years of age, (Indians, Africans, and the descendants of Africans, excepted,) to the privileges of electors.

The Legislature is to consist of two branches, an assembly and a senate, with such general powers, privileges, and duties as are usually given to such bodies. Banking corporations and lotteries are prohibited, and all other corporations, except for municipal purposes, are to be established under general laws, the stockholders to be individually liable for all debts. Some considerable debate occurred upon a provision which allows corporations to be formed for receiving deposits of gold and silver. It was urged that, under such a provision, an irresponsible system of banking might grow up; but the section was finally so amended as to answer all objections, and in that shape passed.

The members of the assembly are to be elected annually, and the members of the senate is to hold their offices for two years.

One half of the senate is to be elected each year. No person can be a member of the legislature who has not been a resident of the State one year, in addition to other qualfications.

The number of members of assembly is never to be less than twenty-four, no more than thirty-six, until the number of inhabitants in this State shall amount to one hundred thousand, and after that period at such a ratio that the whole number of members of assembly shall never be less than thirty nor more than eighty.—The senate is never to consist of less than one-third nor more than one-half the number of the assembly.

Some division of opinion arose on a proposition made by Mr. McCarver, to prevent free persons of color from settling in California, and also to prevent slave-holders from bringing slaves into the State for the purpose of liberating them. It finally passed in committee of the whole; but it has been looked upon since as jeoparding the ratification of the constitution by Congress, and as this feeling was gaining ground the House probably will strike it out.

A Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney-General, and Surveyor-General, constitute the executive department. They are all to hold their offices for two years. The Governor and Lieutenant-Governor are to be elected by general ballot; the Secretary of State is to be appointed by the Governor, and with the advice and consent of the Senate; the Comptroller, and three other State officers are to be elected by the Legislature on joint ballot for the first term, and afterwards by the people at the general State Election. The Governor has the usual powers, including the veto, and the privileges and duties of his office do not vary materially from those of all other States in the Union. The other State officers correspond in duties and powers with those generally ascribed them.

The article relative to the military as passed in committee of the whole is substantially such as found in other Stat Constitutions, as is that also relative to amendments.

It was supposed the convention would adjourn in all the first week in October.

The following boundary for the new State is proposed:

Commencing at the northeast corner of the State at the intersection of the parallel of latitude forty-two degrees north with the parallel of longitude one hundred and sixteen west; thence south, upon and along that paralel of longitude to the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, estallished by the treaty of peace, ratified by the said governments at Queretaro on the 30th day of May, 1848. thence west, upon and along the said boundary line to the Pacific ocean; thence in a northrely direction, along the course of the Pacific coast to the parallel of forty-two degrees north, extending one marine league from the southern to the northern, and including all the territory, and islands adjacent to, forty-two degrees north.