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POETRY.

From the Washington Union.

THE ULTIMATUM.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

A song on the proposition to surrender to Mexican barbarity and tyranny the land between the Nueces and Rio Grande—the battle fields of Palo Alto and Resacca de la Palma.

It may not be! 'Forbid it God,'
Forbid it, all that patriots prize:
That land has tasted freemen's blood;
Their dust within its bosom lies.

'Twere madness to resign the soil
On which the conquering feet have trod;
Battling our way with glorious toil;
It may not be—forbid it God!

Can we relinquish lands where now
The striped starry banners wave?
No, never! We engrave our vow
On every fallen brother's grave.

They could not sleep, (the slaughtered brave
Who in their beds of glory rest,)
And fell the footsteps of the slave
Pollute the soil above their breast.

Resign the field where RINGGOLD fell!
The spot where gallant STEVENS lies!
Where COCHRAN felt his bosom swell
Triumphant in death's agonies!

Where brave and virtuous hearts poured out
The life so dear to hope and love,
Invoking with their dying shout
Our country—and our God above!

No! By our country and our God,
We will not yield that dear bought soil!
We still have hearts with generous blood,
And souls to dare the conqueror's toil.

On! To the rescue! Hearts of steel—
On! To the rescue! Souls of fire—
Let kindred blood inflame our zeal
To conquer—triumph—or expire.

Huzza! Press on where Taylor stands
Invincible in conquering might;
We must prevail where he commands,
And God sustains our sacred right.

Ask Taylor to retrace his way,
And leave his conquest to his foe!
And this broad land, from sea to sea,
Shall echo his emphatic NO!!

No, never! this is holy ground,
Bought and baptised with patriotic blood;
See! with her fetters half unbound,
She lifts her hands to Freedom's God!

By Freedom's God, she shall be free!
Huzza! brave hearts press boldly on;
Strike home, nor pause till victory
Shall put her olive garland on—

Till o'er that land to utmost parts
Our Eagle's sheltering wings are spread;
And Taylor throned on freemen's hearts
Enjoys his laurels in their shade.

AUTUMN.

BY T. J. OUSELY.

The flowers all are fading,
Their sweets are rifled now,
And night sends forth her shading
Along the mountain brow;
The bee hath ceased its winging
To flowers at early morn;
The birds had ceased their singing,
And silent wait the dawn:
The harvest now is gathered,
Protected from the clime;
The leaves are scared and withered,
That late shone in their prime.

Thus when fourscore years are gone,
O'er the frail life of man,
Time sits heavy on his throne,
As near his brow we scan:
Like the Autumn leaf that falls
When winds the branches wave;
Like night-shadows, day light pall's;
Like all, he finds a grave.

MISCELLANY.

THE BEAR AND THE TEA-KETTLE.—The bears of Kamtschatka live chiefly on fish, which they procure for themselves from the river.—A few years since, the fish became very scarce. Emboldened by famine and consequent hunger, the bears instead of retiring to their dens wandered about, and sometimes entered villages. On a certain occasion, one of them found the outer gate of a house open, and entered in; and the gate accidentally closed on him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea-kettle of hot water in the court. Bruin smelt of it, but it burnt his nose. Provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the tea-kettle. He folded his arms round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it; but this, of course, only burnt him the more. The horrible growling which the rage and pain forced from the poor beast now brought the neighbors to the spot, and Bruin, by a few shots was put out of his misery. To this day, however, when anybody injures himself by his own violence, the people of the village call him "the bear with the tea-kettle."

From the Union Magazine.

The Unwilling Bride.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

'Sister, let me take away this ring.'

The speaker was a young girl that might have seen sixteen summers. Her companion appeared about three years older, and sat leaning her arm on the table near the window, in an attitude of dejection that ill accorded with her gay attire. Her dress was of white satin, and fell in graceful folds from her slender waist. Her beautiful arms were bare; and the pearls on her neck and in her hair, as well as the sprig of orange blossom that gleamed in the folds—the appropriate ornaments of a bride—showed that she "wore her bridal robe;" while the cheek that "rivalled in whiteness" as plainly betrayed that she was awaiting no joyous event. Her guitar and fan thrown carelessly aside, were in keeping with her air of sadness and abandonment, in which the younger sister appeared to sympathize.

'Let me take this!' again pleaded the soft low voice of the younger girl.

'No, Juliet, I cannot part with that!' replied the other, in a voice full of melancholy tenderness.

'But, Margaret,' persisted Juliet, 'it is now right you should wear the token—now.'

'I will not part with it.'

'He is utterly unworthy of your remembrance.'

'I know that, Juliet; but I cannot help loving him; no—not him—but the image in my heart—such as I once thought him. The ring he gave me was a pledge of feelings I can never more cherish: I will keep it. Oh if he had not deceived me—deceived us all—I would have sooner died than given my hand to another.'

Juliet kneeled down beside her sister, clasping one hand in hers, while the other encircled her waist. Her drooping face expressed the sympathy she felt.

'But is all over now,' pursued Margaret, with a sigh, and wiping away the tears that had gathered in her eyes. 'I will try not to think so much of what is past. Indeed, I ought to be resigned; for Mr. Berneau is very kind, and my father [illegible] so earnestly wished the match! One [illegible], at least, will be made happy.'

'And more than one might be!' said a stern voice, as an elderly lady entered, having heard, apparently, the foregoing conversation. 'Yes, we might all be happy, if Is it possible you are still weak enough to be grieving after that—'

'Hush, mother!' implored Juliet, looking up anxiously.

'Margaret!' said the lady, regarding her daughter with severity, 'this sullen behavior is more than unbecoming and foolish; it is wicked! Remember you are to be married to-night.'

'I do,' responded the young girl, with a slight shudder.

'Mr. Berneau is your father's choice and mine. He is worthy of you. Meet him as a bride should—you have consented; it is too late to recede—your conduct will but lose you the affection and esteem of your husband, who must feel insulted by it.'

The tone of extreme severity had its effect. The bride rose from her seat, and tried to smile as she received the little box containing her lover's bridal present. It was a superb necklace of diamonds. Juliet busied herself in arranging bouquets from the flowers that covered a table on one side of the apartment.

It is time to give the reader some clue to our little tale.

Margaret Leslie was the daughter of a planter one of the districts of South Carolina.—Beautiful and accomplished, as many young ladies are who pass nearly their whole lives in the country, she had numerous admirers; but her heart was given only to Edward Carlton. This young gentleman had just completed his law studies in New York, and he was on a tour through the Southern States, when he met Mr. Leslie and his family in Charleston. An invitation to spend some weeks at the country seat of the hospitable planter, was gladly accepted, and it was not long before his amiable manners, intelligence and entertaining qualities won the favor of the master and mistress of the mansion, while the impression upon the heart of the fair Margaret was still deeper. How could it be otherwise, when she had never met one who in grace and refinement, as well as in varied acquirements, could compare with Mr. Carlton? He took an interest in all her studies, and enjoyed her amusements; drew with her, sang with her, and rode with her. That exhilarating exercise, in which southern country girls excel; how delightful it was, in the bright winter morning, while Juliet, with some chance beau in attendance, lingered a little behind—and they chatted gaily as they rode.—Or the long, lonely walks in the brown woods, or the sail on the river, or the quiet morning at home, or the evening enlightened by music and dancing, and social converse! It was not to be wondered at, that, the evening before the day on which Edward Carlton was to take his departure, he requested an interview with Mr. Leslie, and asked his daughter of him; nor that Margaret blushed and smiled when he joyfully announced that he had obtained her parent's consent.

Carlton resolved to return North immediately and commence the practice of the law, for which, from his position and family connections, he enjoyed unusual advantages. He hoped in a few months to be able to return and claim his bride. There was some sadness at the thought of Margaret; but the visits of the family to the North every summer would bring them together; and Edward had promised that as often as possible his young wife should spend her Christmas at Woodawna. Then the youthful pair were so happy in each other, and so well suited in tastes and [illegible] There was nothing to darken the prospect. The letters of Carlton were frequent, and [illegible] with glowing accounts of success, even beyond his most sanguine expectations.

Some time passed, and the family were beginning to talk of a visit from their cherished friend, when his letters suddenly ceased. The Leslies had just returned from their annual excursion to Charleston during the season of the races; where Margaret had mingled much in fashionable society, and had received the attention due to a belle, and a reputed heiress.—Juliet, too, had made her first entrance into gay life. They had returned home weary—as they said—of dissipation. Margaret was enchanted to have her music and drawing again and her long rides on horseback. But these soon lost their charms. Anxiety and disappointed hope, "the hope deferred," which "maketh the heart sick," banished the rose from her cheek, and the smile from her lip, while two weary months passed on, bringing no tidings of Carlton.

Tidings at length came. A package was sent them by a friend, containing several newspapers with the intelligence that several forgeries had been detected, committed by one Edward Carlton, who, having eluded the pursuits of justice, had escaped in a vessel bound for France. The description of his person, the locality and circumstances, left little doubts on their minds; and even this was removed by a letter from a person who was acquainted with Edward Carlton and knew of his engagement. Some of Margaret's letters, which he said were found in Carlton's lodgings after his hasty flight from justice, were enclosed to Mr. Leslie.

This blow, sudden as it was, was a dreadful one to poor Margaret; but youth and a strong heart will resist much. Where the sting of disgrace, too, is felt, the struggles of a proud spirit, terrible as they are, have a power to triumph over despair itself. Mrs. Leslie was a woman of haughty temper, and a quick sense of honor; she prided herself, moreover, on what she called the aristocratic blood of her family: and under her schooling the gentle Margaret soon learned to hide the anguish that was gnawing at her heart. Carlton's name was mentioned no more, and a perpetual round of company and social amusements, devised by the sagacious mother, ere long restored the fire to her daughter's eyes, and the bloom to her cheek. It was not until after she had yielded to the earnest wishes of her parents, and plighted her troth to another, that she felt how irretrievable was the wreck of her happiness.

Mr. Burneau was a gentleman of French family, but had lived, as we said, in America since his childhood. He was supposed rich, and brought letters of recommendation to Mr. Leslie, whom he first met in the city.

* * * * * * *

The preparations for the wedding were completed; the guests were assembled in the spacious drawing room, which was lighted up and decorated with garlands and wreaths of roses; the splendid supper-table was laid, and shone with rich plate, and at the doors and windows might be seen rows of black faces glistening with interest and curiosity, while the piazza was crowded with negroes who had come up from the plantation to see their young mistress married. The bride had put on the snowy veil that floated like a cloud over her figure, and was seated in her room awaiting the arrival of the bridegroom. But he came not, though the great clock in the hall pointed to the hour fixed. Another hour—and yet another rolled away. The guests were gathered into groups, talking to each other in ominous whispers.—The bride stood at the window of her apartment, through which the moonlight poured, gazing listlessly upon the shrubbery and flowers that looked so beautiful in the silvery light, while Juliet pale with anxious apprehensions was at her side.

The roll of a carriage was heard coming up the avenue. It stopped before the door.—There was a bustle, and strange voices were audible in the hall. Juliet trembling violently clung to her sister, while the bridesmaid ran to the top of the stairway to see what had happened. A few moments after, Mrs. Leslie entered, evidently highly excited, and ordered the doors to be close. It was in vain, for before the doors could be closed a stranger rushed in. A wild shriek burst from the lips of Margaret: she recognised in the pale emaciated countenance, the features of Edward Carlton. Starting forward at the first impulse to meet him, she recoiled suddenly, and fell fainting in the arms of her mother.

A brief explanation will be all the reader requires. The young man who had committed the forgery and fled, though bearing the same name and even some resemblance in personal appearance, was a very different person from the Edward Carlton who was betrothed to Miss Leslie. He had been long prostrated with one of those typhoid fevers which leave the body and mind for months so debilitated that the subject is incapable of action. Unable himself to write to Margaret, he had, as soon as consciousness was restored, entreated a friend to perform the duty for him. That friend was Mr. Berneau! Edward had met him in different circles, where he was received as a gentleman; was pleased with his bearing, and hesitated not, when Mr. Berneau announced his intention of visiting the South, to accompany him as soon as he should be to able travel.

Not a few will remember the sensation produced in certain polished circles, when it was discovered that the accomplished Mr. Berneau the reputed possessor of wealth, had been in the habit of plundering those who admitted him to their houses on intimate terms of large sums of money. Carlton suffered with the rest, of which such base use was afterwards made, were also purloined from his desk.

The moment he was able to bear the fatigue, Carlton set out on his journey southward.—But it was not until his arrival in Charleston, that he learned the fearful extent of Berneau's villany; that he learned how his own name had been branded, and his affianced bride deceived into renouncing him, and won to pledge herself to the wretch whose deep laid arts had proved on Mrs. Leslie and others.

Edward's pursuit of the felon was in vain; he fled as soon as he became aware that his real character was exposed, and was never heard of afterwards. But it was ample consolation to the injured lover, to find that Margaret was still true to him in heart. Her parents were anxious to repair involuntary injustice, and was not very long before a wedding was celebrated in the mansion at 'Woodlawns,' where lovely Margaret did not figure as the Unwilling Bride.

Yankee Enterprise.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

One day, a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburgh. He was a pure specimen of the genius Yankee; with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trowsers half way up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and ten penny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself by saying, 'I've just come out here to trade with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get sight of the Emperor.'

'Why do you wish to see him?'

'Why, I've brought him a present, all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands.'

Mr. Dallas smiled as he answered, 'It is such a common thing my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I am afraid the Emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?'

'An acorn.'

'An acorn! what under the sun induced you to bring the Emperor of Russia an acorn?'

'Why jest before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension;—and when we was there, we thought we would jest step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there, and I thought to myself, I'd bring it to the Emperor. Think says I he must have heard considerable about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it and I want to get at him.'

'My lad it is not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the Emperor of Russia; and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it.'

'I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our railroads, and our free schools, and what a mighty swell our steamers cut.—And when he hears how well our people are getting on may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and short on't is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the Emperor; and I should like to see how such folks bring up a family.'

'Well, sir, since you are so determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it would be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chancellor, and state your wishes; he may possibly assist you.'

'Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on.'

In two or three days he again appeared, and said,

'Well, I've seen the Emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I give him the acorn, he said he should set a store by it; that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much as he did our Washington.—He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hands; and he did do it—for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our schools, and railroads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again, and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak English better than he could. So I went again yesterday; and she is a fine knowing woman, I tell you; and his daughters are nice gals.'

'Well, what did the Empress say to you?'

'Oh, she asked me a right o' questions.—Don't you think she thought we had no servants in Ameriky! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty o' servants. 'But then, you don't call 'em servants,' said she; you call 'em help.' I guess ma'am, you've been reading Mrs. Trollop?—says I. We had that book aboard our ship. The emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself. 'You're right, sir,' says he, 'you're right. We sent for an English copy, and she's been reading it this very morning!' Then I told him all I knew about my country, and he was mightily pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I bro't over, and I guessed I should go back in the same ship. I did 'em good bye, all around, and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you didn't calculate to see me run such a rig?'

'No, indeed, I did not my lad. You may well consider yourself lucky; for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction.'

A few days after he called again, and said, 'I guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I'm treated so well. T'other day a grand officer came to my room, and told me the Emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities;—and I dressed myself, and he took me with him in a mighty fine carriage, with four horses;—and I've been to the theatre and the museum, and I expect I've seen about all that there is to be seen at St. Petersburgh. What do you think of that Mr. Dallas?'

It seemed so incredible that a poor ungainly Yankee lad, should thus be loaded with attentions that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or to say.

In a short time, the strange visitor reappeared. 'Well,' said he, 'I made up my mind to go home, so I went to thank the Emperor and bid him good bye. I thought I could do no less, he'd been so civil. Says he, is there any thing else you would like to see before you go back to Ameriky?' I told him I should like to get a peep at Moscow; for I'd heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about General Bonaparte, but it would cost a sight o' money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to mother. So I bid him good bye and come off. Now, what do you guess he did next morning? I vow he sent the same man in regimentals, to carry me to Moscow, in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again, when I've seen all I want to see. And we're going to start to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think now?'

And sure enough, the next morning, the Yankee boy passed the Ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his handkerchief, and shouting, 'Good bye! good bye!'

Mr. Dallas afterwards learned from the Emperor that all the particulars of this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed upon foreign ambassadors.

The last tidings of him, reported that he was travelling in Circassia, and writing a Journal, which he intended to publish.

Now, who but a Yankee could have done all that?

A Yankee in a Cotton Mill.

BY "GAMBOGE."

Dear Blade,—Did you ever see, read, or hear tell of "*A Green 'Un*" in a cotton mill?

Pray don't answer rashly; don't loose yourself among "Yankees in Coal Screens," "Yankees in Hot Baths," "Yankees in Restorateurs," and answer unavisedly—*yes!* Mine is a Yankee in a *new phase*. His dilemma is a *Yankee Fix*—"*sui generis*,"—*a live Yankee in the card room of a cotton mill!*

"The plain unvarnished facts in the case," as politicians say, "are these:" A raw, straw-hatted, sandy-whiskered, six-footer—one of the purely uninitiated—came in yesterday from Greene, with a load of wood, for the Factory Company. Having piled his wood to the satisfaction of the "Squire," he bated his team with a bundle of green grass brought all the way from home for that purpose. Then, after investing his available capital in the purchase of root beer and gingerbread at Haun's, he started to see the "city," filling his countenance rapidly with bread, and chewing it vigorously as he went.

He reviewed the iron foundry and machine shop, and was just opposite the warp-mill as the "hands" were going in from dinner. The girls were hurrying in as only factory girls *can* hurry, and Jonathan, unaccustomed to such an array of plaid shawls and hood bonnets, deposited his goad stick upon the stairs, and stalked in "*to see what the trouble was.*"

The clatter of the machinery and the movements of the operatives soon absorbed his whole attention. Being, however, of an inquiring turn of mind, and seeing much that was calculated to perplex one whose observations in mechanics had been mostly confined to threshing machines and corn shellers, he began to push vigorous inquiries in all directions.—In this way he made himself acquainted successively, with the external and internal economy of the "Picker," "Beater," "Lap-winder," "Doubler," and "Speeder." By two o'clock he had extended his researches as far as the "Breakers," and "Finishers."

He reached the latter just as the card-stripper was "Stripping the flats." In this operation the cylinder of the card is exposed to view, and is seen revolving with a very pretty buzz. Not satisfied with contemplating the "poetry of motion" at a safe distance, our hero must needs introduce himself between the cards to get a nearer view. This move brought his "nether habiliments" into dangerous proximity to the gearing of the next card, and "thereby hangs a tale."

'You, I say! She goes pooty, don't she B'a?' said Jonathan, enquiringly. 'She don't do any thing else,' responded the stripper.—'But you must be very careful how you move around amongst this *hard ware*. 'Twas only last week, Sir, that a promising young man from Oxford—a student at the Academy here—was drawn into that very card, Sir, and before any assistance could reach him, he was run through, and manufactured into No. 16, super extra, cotton warp yarn.

'I—s—s—sw! I believe yuer joking,' stuttered Jonathan.

'Fact, Sir,' continued Stripper, 'and his disconsolate mother came down two days ago, and got five bunches of that same yarn, as melancholy relics.'

'By the mighty! That *can't* be true!'

'Fact Sir, fact! and each of his fellow students purchased a skein apiece, to be set in lockets, and wore in remembrance of departed worth!'

'Is *that* a fact, now! *was* he really carded, spun, and set in lockets?' A sense of personal danger here shooted across our hero's mind; he began to retreat precipitately without waiting for an answer.

There was not much room to spare betwixt himself and the gearing of the card behind.—Another step backwards completed the ceremony of introduction. His unwhisperables being of large calibre, the process of snarling them up into a hard knot was no ways slow.—Our hero 'gave tongue' instanter, and by the twentieth gyration of the *embodiment*, the music was melodious. His explosive tones were scientific, and did honor to his knowledge of dynamics. Gen. Scott himself could not have protested more forcibly against an attack on his rear.

'O—h! M-u-r-d-e-r! !—Let go!—you h-u-r-t. Blast your picker—Let go! Aint ye ashamed! Get out—T'aint pooty. Darnation sieze ye! Let alone on me,—can't ye!—do!'

The gearing by this time had wound him up so that he was obliged to stand on tiptoe.—His hands were revolving vigorously behind him, but he dared not venture them near the "seat of war," lest they should be drawn into *hostilities*.

The card slipper threw off the belt, but the momentum of the cylinder kept it revolving and our hero, supposing it in full operation, burst out anew;

'Oh, stop her! stop her, do—I aint well, and I orter be at home. Father wants the steers, and mother's going to bake! Stop the tarnel machine—can't ye?—do!! Aint ye got no feelin' for a feller in distress? Oh dear!—I'll be carded and spun, and made in lockets *fo—r—e—v—e—r!!* How I wish I was in Greene!'

The card was stopped at last, but Jonathan's clothes were so tangled in the gearing that it was no slight task to extricate him. Like Otthello, 'he was not easily moved,' and it was only by cutting out the whole of the 'invaded territory,' that he was finally released.

'What *are* you about here?' said the overseer, entering.

'Nothin' Sir, only *Stripping flats*,' answered the stripper.

Our hero not caring to resume his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, a pair of overhauls were charitably loaned him, and he *scattered* suddenly towards Mill Hill, giving a series of short kicks with either leg, on his way, as if to assure himself that he had brought away his full compliment of limbs, from the 'cussed machine!'—*Yankee Blade.*

From the Hagerstown News.

Life at the Springs.

We clipped the following from one of our exchanges a few days since; but cannot at this moment, recollect to which one belongs the credit as bringing it to the light. Whether the incident happened at Drenton, or Blue Lick, or Harrodsbourgh, we are not advised. It is a "good un," and will create a hearty laugh wherever it is read:

A few days since, an elegantly dressed and handsome young gentleman arrived at the Springs. Curiosity was on tiptoe, nay it leaped into the very aira, to discover all about the stranger. The register was examined, his name was entered in a plain round hand—"*Willie P. Mangum, Jr., North Carolina.*" The sensation produced by this discovery was tremendous and unparalleled. He was the son of a Senator—his father was once President of the United States Senate, and his family connections had long been distinguished for their enormous wealth and unquestionable ability.

The ladies immediately emptied their trunks—spent hours in dressing, and appeared at the dinner arrayed in all the splendor of beautiful laces and costly silk. At the table, all eyes were directed towards the Senator's son, and many a fair one anxiously desired an introduction. The afternoon passed by—evening approached—and an hour before the usual time, the company assembled in the dancing room.

At 9 o'clock, precisely, young Mangum entered the hall, and a buzz of admiration followed. One of the belles fortunately attracted his attention, and he led her to the dance.—His every movement was slowly observed, and from the ladies, such exclamations as, "what graceful [illegible] cent figure! Such graceful dancing! A love of a foot! O, he is a duck of a deer, charming fellow!" and other similar expressions, peculiar, I believe to the sex.

During the entire evening, the favorite belle received the most devoted attention from Mr. Mangum. Many of the ladies, who though they possessed some attractions, were greatly mortified at his marked preference, and two or three of the gentlemen evinced the strongest symptoms of laboring under the influence of envy and passion. Your friends, the witty and graceful Col.——, and the accomplished and handsome Major——, were completely thrown into the shade, and your humble servant, Rustle, was driven from the list of competitors.—The Senator's son was declared victor, and nobly did he bear his honors. The next day Mr. Mangum was again the lion. He was flattered, admired and courted by all the ladies, but the superior tact of the charming belle enabled her to engross the attention of the ardent Southerner. Evening once more advanced, and the company again assembled for the purpose of dancing. Mr. Mangum was again by the side of the unhappy miss; admiring her appearance, and complimenting her beauty in the most extravagant language; when a steamboat captain entered the room. Looking around him for a moment, he remarked to the writer—

"Well, he's cutting it fat."

"Who?" I inquired.

"My steward," he answered, pointing to the Senator's Son.

I replied that he was mistaken—"the individual was Willie P. Mangum, Jr., of North Carolina."

"Mangum, indeed," was the reply; "it's Toney Welch—my steward, and a very good Steward."

The news circulated—Toney saw the captain and disappeared—the mortified Belle took the first stage, and is now at home, deeply regretting that she met and admired the Senator's son!

A brilliant meteor passed over Charleston, S. C., on Saturday morning, about 4 o'clock, and another on Saturday evening, at 10 minutes past 7. The light from the latter says the *Mercury*, was brighter than that of the moon, when in her full and unclouded glory.—The course of both meteors was from E. S. E. to W. N. W.

As a man was driving cattle and wishing to alter their course, he called out to a boy at a distance, to turn them. Says the boy they are right side out, now. Well, head them.—They have heads on. Whose boy are you?—I don't know. I'll go in and ask mother.

'I loved my wife at first,' said a wag, 'and for the first two months I felt as if I could eat her up. Ever since I have been sorry I did not.'

The Boston Post says, 'the only thing that Old Rough and Ready ever retreated from was a Whig nomination for office.'

An axe factory is in operation at Norwich, (Conn.) which turns out fourteen dozen axes a day.