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Wilmington Journal.

DAVID FULTON, EDITOR.
GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY.
TERMS: $2 50 in advance.
VOL. 3.---NO. 44.
WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1847.
WHOLE NO. 148.

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OUR CIRCULATION.

☞We mean to keep the following paragraph standing for the benefit of all whom it may concern:

ADVERTISING.—We would commend the following facts to the attention of the advertising community. The "Wilmington Journal" circulates upwards of 1 2 HUNDRED COPIES weekly. Its circulation in the town of Wilmington is as large as that of any other paper published in the place. We would further state that its circulation in the counties which trade to this place is THREE TIMES as large as that of any other paper published in North Carolina, and that its list is daily increasing. We say, therefore, without the fear of contradiction, that it is the best vehicle for advertising which the people of Wilmington can select. One other observation. We think, that although a large majority of the readers of the "Journal" are Democrats, still THEY *occasionally* do a little trading, as well as the readers of the whig papers. We have written the above *merely* for the information of those who are most deeply interested—business men of all professions and all political creeds—WHO WANT CUSTOMERS.

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Post Office, Wilmington.

NORTHERN MAIL, by Rail Road, due daily at 2 P. M., and close at 10 every night.

SOUTHERN MAIL, by Steamer from Charleston, is due daily at 8 A. M., and closes at 11 A. M. every day.

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GILLESPE & ROBESON
Continue the AGENCY business, and will make liberal advances on consignments of
Lumber, Naval Stores, &c. &c.
Wilmington, August 1st, 1845.

THE JOURNAL.

From the North Carolina Standard.

MR. LEAK'S LETTER

We lay before our readers to-day, the letter of Mr. Leak to the Lincoln Committee, in which, we regret to state, he declines a canvass in that District for Congress. He is right as he says in his reply, and probably would have been defeated; but we feel confident, from our knowledge of his patriotism and his self-sacrificing disposition, that he would have taken the field promptly, with the odds greatly against him as they are, but for circumstances entirely beyond his control.

Mr. Leak's letter is not only handsomely written, but it is replete with good sense and sound doctrine, and it will arrest the attention of the thinking portion of the Federal party. His views in relation to the *Raynermander* of the last session, are just and philosophical; and his remarks upon the course of the leading Federalists in regard to the existing War, will meet a warm approval in the heart of every true American. His letter will be read with interest by men of both parties, and we commend it especially to the attention of our brethren of the Democratic press.

ROCKINGHAM, Richmond County, July 1st, 1847.

GENTLEMEN: Your letter of the 9th ultimo, is before me, and would have been noticed as soon as received, but for the hope that the circumstances in which it found me would have, ere this, admitted a different reply. Disappointed in this, I can no longer withhold an answer to your polite communication.

I agree with you that great injustice has been done the Republican party by the whig Legislature of 1846, in re-districting the State; an act indefensible in principle, wrong in example, and pernicious from the instability given to the entire system. I have read with attention the whole of the arguments brought forward by the most able of its advocates, and they amount to this—that in the regular apportionment of representation, the democratic party did wrong; *therefore*, the whig party are justified in doing a greater wrong.

Without entering into a discussion of the first proposition, I will confine myself in a few words to the second. If from the nature of our institutions it is right that the tenure should be restricted barely to a time which shall allow the Representative to become acquainted with the wants of his constituency, the obligation is equally great, that those represented should be allowed some little breathing time to consult together, interchange opinion, and petition for a redress of wrongs.

I hold it wrong, under any circumstances, to accomplish political ends by Legislative means; such shall never receive my sanction. It is a prostitution as well as a perversion of the powers of legislation, not only highly irritating in its effects upon the outraged party, but absolutely humiliating in its origin with the other; for it is a tacit acknowledgment that the principles advocated cannot stand the searching operation of fair argument, but distrustingly call to their aid the "brief authority" with which those in power may be clad. Besides this, if carried out, and carried out it will be, from a principle of self-defence, it looks to an *enlargement* of the tenure, which is a highly objectionable feature—characteristic, it is true, of the "Hamiltonian school," but which should be utterly repudiated by every disciple of Jefferson; for his doctrine was, "that error of opinion might be safely tolerated as long as reason was left free to combat it."

You are certainly right in supposing that the present unparalleled prosperity of the country, with the low price of goods in particular, are chiefly to be attributed to the triumph of Republican principles—a triumph achieved in the memorable contest of '44, when the principle of a "revenue tariff" overcame its antagonist in the person of James K. Polk. Nor was that the only benefit. The voice of the people in the elevation of Mr. Polk, not only condemned a "protective tariff," but likewise a national bank, the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, as well as every other latitudinous construction of the constitution, upon which the prominent measures of the whig party so much depend. With you, I contributed my feeble aid in producing such a state of things, and with you, I recognize in its fullest extent the obligation to stand up in their defence.

In regard to the existing war with Mexico, I believe (although I acquit them of any such intention) that the course of the whig press in general, with that of the leaders in Congress in particular, has been in reality extending "aid and comfort" to the enemy; and although it might not subject them to any want of patriotism in its more enlarged and comprehensive sense, yet it certainly renders them justly obnoxious to the imputation, that for the sake of a mere party triumph they are disposed to *risk* to some extent national disgrace. There are two kinds of patriotism, if you will allow the classification, which every citizen should possess, *both* of which are required in any emergency. There is the patriotism of *instinct*, as well as the patriotism of calculation. While we should carefully take counsel of the "second sober thought" in the progress of a quarrel, yet the fight *having commenced*, the scabbard should be thrown away, and all our impulses should take sides with our country. It is here that they have exhibited a *shameful* deficiency; they have suffered their natural impulses to be suppressed, and, for *party* purposes, diverted from their true channel. Against them I bring no railing accusations; but I must be allowed to say that I admire a patriotism that is both national in its origin as well as in its effects—that is *less* diffusive in its "sympathies"—in other words, that kind of *impulsive* feeling, which adopts fully, cordially, and unconditionally, the sentiment, "my country, right or wrong, my country." That this charge is not gratuitously made, I will simply refer to the past history of that party. When was it that those impulses were allowed to flow in their natural channel, if by suppressing them they thought they could accomplish a *party* end? When was it that *any* republican administration in any of our foreign "broils" was right? We were wrong in the difficulty which we had well nigh got into about the French indemnity; we were wrong in all our Indian wars; wrong with Great Britain about the North Eastern boundary; wrong about Oregon, and now more wrong than ever with Mexico. *Suppose* that we are wrong in our present difficulty, (which I am far from admitting,) what practical good can result in promulgating it from the house tops? None that I can see, but on the contrary, much practical mischief. The idea of withdrawing our troops from the enemy's country, under the hope of obtaining peace, is not entertained by them, or if it be, they *dare* not avow it. Such a course could produce no beneficial effect, and could only end in an expensive and protracted border war; and, in the end, we should be compelled at any cost to recover the advantages we now have, which should only be abandoned when peace was obtained. You might with equal propriety expect a bully, who in single combat had been thrice knocked down and so completely "used up" as to be incapable of resistance, yet who still refuses to cry "enough"—you might as well expect him to surrender after being allowed time to "get his wind." Both parties then, being in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, what other object have they in the "hue and cry" now raised, than the one imputed to them? Yes, gentlemen, while our country calls for the *united* energy of its sons; while patriotic appeals have been made to the nation by its Executive; while the stars and stripes are already proudly waving over the walls of Monterey and Vera Cruz; while our gallant soldiers are suffering disease and death abroad in defence of our national honor, instead of letting our national impulses gush forth like the mountain flood, scooping out their own channel, and spreading both deep and wide over all the plain, we have the mortifying spectacle exhibited that there are those in our very midst, bone of our bone, who, for the furtherance of party, have, to some extent, withheld the full homage of their affection from their country. While the battle rages, union as to the justice of its origin, is an important element of strength; it not only buoys up the national vessel, but gives both physical and moral power.

"Thrice is he armed who thinks his quarrel just."

In conclusion, let me say with you, that principles which are worth professing are certainly worth defending; and allow me to add that no man would more readily gird on his armor and make the sacrifice you require, could it be done consistently with the higher obligations under which I find myself placed. But the present health of my family, with the little probability of a sufficient improvement *in time* to canvass the district, render it out of my power to comply with your wishes; under different circumstances I would have done so, no matter how great the probability of defeat. I might and doubtless should have been beaten, but in defence of principles, and more particularly when called for from such a source I would risk a "flogging" at any time. Your strength, backed by the "unterrified democracy" of the sister spoken of in your resolutions, might not have given success; but one thing is certain, that with Lincoln and the "Hornet's nest" sustaining, I never should feel disgraced.

In conclusion, let me say, that although we have no candidate in the field, let not that betray us into an indifference to our principles, but "follow whithersoever they lead." In politics as in religion, the judgment should become convinced before allegiance is exacted, but when given, there should be no compromise of the fundamental truths of either. The principles of our political faith have nobly conducted the country through the first and second wars of independence, and will not be found incompetent to plant the star spangled banner (if necessary) upon the walls of Mexico. Respectfully, your ob't serv't,

WALTER F. LEAK.

To Messrs. John H. Wheeler, Wm. Lander, and M. Hull, Esquires.

THINGS FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The Westminister Review, in an article upon population, gives the following as the prices of some of the ordinary articles of food in the year 1400:

Wheat per quarter,	8s.	0d.
Barley,	5	4
A Sheep,	5	4
An Ox,	7	6
Beer per gallon,		7½

The following is a table of wages, for the same period:

Threshing grain, per qr.,	0s.	2½d.
Master Mason, per day,	0	4
Reaping, per acre,	0	9
Sawing, per 100 ft. deal,	1	1
Laborer's wages,	0	3

Gough recently defined moustaches to be the upper lip in mourning for the loss of the brains.

THE PRESIDENT IN BOSTON.

During his recent Northern tour, President Polk was received in handsom style in the City of Boston, and was welcomed to the State of Massachusetts by the Governor of that State. The Speech of Gov. Briggs was eloquent and to the point, and the President's reply was in excellent taste. This, be it remembered, was in old Federal Massachusetts, and the act of a double-distilled Whig Governor; but Gov. Briggs knew what his duty was, and he performed it like a man.

But what was the case here? Mr. Polk paid a visit to his native state and to the University at which he graduated; and though every body knew, and all the Whig papers in the State admitted, that he came not to advance political purposes, yet Gov. Graham gave him no word of public welcome, and did not even visit him until Sunday night, twenty-four hours after he had been in the City! Indeed it is a matter of doubt whether he would have called upon the President at all, if he had not known he would have to meet him at Chapel Hill, as President *ex-officio* of the Board of Trustees, where he would be obliged to exchange civilities with him, and treat him with the respect due to his great Office: and so he "broke the ice" here, twenty-four hours after the President arrived. And yet the same Governor had but a short time before, sent his Private Secretary to the limits of the City to meet Daniel Webster, and had entertained that gentleman at his Mansion during his sojourn in the City—in other words, at one time he lavished all the honors in his power upon Daniel Webster, and threw open his doors to a Massachusetts Senator and a native of New Hampshire, while at another he closed his doors against the President of the United States and a native of N. Carolina, refused to extend to him a public welcome on the part and in the name of the people whose Gov. he his, and contented himself with paying him a cold and formal visit at his lodgings. Behold the differenee between the Federal Governor of Massachusetts and the "*Whig*" Chief Magistrate of North Carolina!

It is due to Ex-Governor Morehead to state, that being in town when the President arrived, he called ubon him in his most cordial manner, and left nothing undone, so far as he could do it, to render his visit to Chapel Hill pleasant and agreeable. Such a man is capable, when occasion requires it, of rising above the bitterness of personal feeling and partizan prejudice; and we respect him for it.

It gives us no pleasure thus to allude to the conduct of the Governor of our State, especially after the hearty welcome which the President received at the hands of so many Whigs on the occasion of his late visit to N. Carolina; but seeing what had been done even in old Federal Massachusetts, and remembering what had not been done here, we could not well refrain from presenting to our readers the contrast between the Governor of that State and this.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

The difference between courtship and marriage was never more forcibly explained than in the following 'Charcoal Sketch,' by Neal, of Philadelphia:

"What made you get married, if you don't like it?"

"Why I was deluded into it—fairly deluded—I had nothing to do of evenings, so I went a courting. Now courting's fun enough—I havn't got a word to say agin courting. It's about as good a way of killing an evening as I know of. Wash your face, put on a clean dicky, and go and talk as sweet as sugar or molasses candy for an hour or two—to say nothing of a few kisses behind the door, as your sweetheart goes to the step with you.

"When I was a single man, the world wagged along well enough. It was just like an omnibus; I was a passenger, paid my levy, and hadn't nothing more to do with it, but sit down and not care a button for anything. 'Sposin' the omnibus got upsot—well, I walks off, and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then I must take a wife and be hanged to me. It's all very well for a while; but afterwards it's plaguy like owning an upsot omnibus!"

"Nan!" queried Montezuma—"what's all that about omnibusses?"

"What did I get by it?" continued Gamaliel, regardless of the interruption. "How much fun? why, a jawing old woman and three squallers. Mighty different from courting that is. What's the fun of buying things to eat and things to wear for them, and wasting good spreeing money on such nonsense for other people? And then, as for doing what you like there's no such thing. You can't clear out; when peoples owing you so much money you can't stay convenient. No; the nappe's must have you. You can't go on a spree, for when you come home, missus kicks up the devil's delight. You can't teach her better manners—for constables are as thick as blackberries. In short, you can't do nothing. Instead of 'yes, my duck,' and 'no, my dear,' 'as you please, honey,' and 'when you like, lovely,' like it was in courting time, it's a darning and mending, and nothing ever darned and mended. If it wasn't that I am partickelary sober, I'd be inclined to drink—it's excuse enough. It's heart-breaking, and it's all owing to that I have such pain in my gizzard of a morning. I'm so miserable, I must stop and sit on the steps."

"What's the matter now?"

"I'm getting aggravated. My wife's a savin' critter—a sword of sharpness—she cuts the throat of my felicity, stabs my happiness, chops up my comforts, and snips up all my Sunday go-to-meeting, to make jackets for the boys—she gives all the wittals to the children, to make me spry and jump about like a lamplighter—I can't stand it—my troubles are overpowering when I come to add 'em up."

"Oh, nonsence! behave nice—don't make a noice in the street—be a man!"

"How can I be a man, when I belong to somebody else? My hours an't my own—my money an't my own—I belong to four people besides myself—the old woman and them three children. I'm a partnership concern, and so many has got their fingers in the till, that I must burst up. I'll break, and sign over the stock in trade to you."

Butter for the Million.—In consequence of the high price of butter, the attention of philanthropic chemists has been directed to some mode of affording it at a cheaper rate than that by which it can be obtained from the cow. A physician in New York has made a communication to the public on this sucject of rather a curious nature. "It has furthermore been proved," says he, "that butter obtained from the cream of milk, is not animal secretions, but that it previously existed, in the pure and original state, in the hay or food of the cow; and a skillful chemist can make more butter out of one hundred weight of hay than a cow can, as the cow must appropriate a considerable share of it for the uses and necessities of her organization. Give a cow a hundred pounds of hay, and she will render back eight lbs of butter, but an expert chemists can realize twelve or thirteen pounds out of it."

We shall not be suprised to hear in a short time of the establishment of a company "for making butter without the use of the cow."—In fact, if what the New York physician says be true, it may become a profitable speculation.—*Charleston Patriot.*

LOVE'S DESPERATION.

A ROMANCE OF REALITY.

Beautiful, peerlessly beautiful is the lady Manuelita, the only daughter of Rosas, the famous and powerful President of the Argentine Republic: powerful in the strength of his mind, and in the iron resolution of his character, which has enabled him to control and sway a people whom none save him can keep in order, and to defy the united attempts of England and France to break up his commerce and bend him to their terms.

We say that the lady Manuelita is beautiful, but her talents, graces, and accomplishments, alone sustain and render her beauties perfect and harmonious.

It almost seems a subject of surprise that this fair lady, so attractive in manners, and so elevated in her position, should have arrived at the age of twenty-five years, without a thought of approaching the hymeneal altar, yet so it hath been: not, however, from lack of solication and opportunity; for many a noble and brave cavalier has knelt and sued for the love and hand which might bless a King, but because:

First—of all her suitors, not one, when weighed in the careful balance of her discriminating judgment, but lacked some of those qualities of head and heart which alone could win and fix her pure and lofty affections.

Secondly—Had any cavalier presented himself, possessed of all the qualities which would gain her love, she could not leave her father's side, for as necessary as dew is to the flower, as light in darkdess is to man, was she to him.—She has ever acted as his adviser and confidant; she alone can guide and sway his stern will, she alone can soften his heart when it is frozen in its stern resolves. He could not live without her. She receives his company, writes his private and important documents, keeps watch and ward over his interests and safety, and becomes even as it were a second self unto him. But to our story.

A short distance up the river above Buenos Ayres, Gen. Rosas has a beautiful country seat, where often in the warm summer time he and his daughter retire to enjoy the fragrant perfume which arrives with the evening breeze from the groves of peach, lemon, and orange, which cover it. A few years ago during a heavy gale, a ship was driven high and dry by the winds and swollen waters into the very midst of this favorite plantation of the President's, and when the gale abated she was left in a position from which it was found impossible to remove her.

To please his daughter, Gen. Rosas bought this vessel and refitted her beautifully, to serve the Lady Manuelita as a summer house, and a unique and beautiful one did it make; imbedded not in the azure waves of the ocean, but in a perfect sea of flowers and fruits. In the elegant cabin of this vessel occurred the first scene of this brief but true story.

It was on a lovely afternoon in summer; the Lady Manuelita sat by the stern window of the vessel, enjoying the sweet-breathing zephyrs as they came to her from their homes amid the fragrant flowers. She was alone, and as she sat and gazed out upon the waving trees and bright-winged birds which flew from branch to branch, she sighed, as if she felt she had not been formed for loneliness.

At the same moment the door towards which her back was turned was cautiously opened.

She heard it not. Then, between the rich velvet hangings which hung in crimson folds before it, quietly stepped a noble looking cavalier; and as he slowly advanced towards her, there could be read in his face the written poetry of love, aye, even to a passionate idolatry of her who was before him. He was young, not more than twenty-five, his features regular as Apollo could have desired, his eyes dark and bright as a gazelle's, his lofty brow and neck as white as alabaster, was wreathed by dark and curling masses of jet and glossy hair; a glossy moustache and beard as soft and curling as the hair which crept down upon his broad shoulders, contrasted with the rich rosy hue of health worn upon his expressive and pleasing face. His tall manly form was dressed in a rich uniform, which betokened that he had a commission in her father's cavalry.

Slowly and cautiously the young officer approached the lady, still unseen and unheard by her.

Again she sighed. He knelt by her side, and gazed upon the snow-white hand, which, with its taper fingers covered with jewels, hung down against the arm of the ottoman upon which she reclined. Again she sighed—The cavalier bent down his noble head, and the lady started to her feet as she felt a warm kiss impressed upon her hand.

Not terror stricken did she scream or turn to fly, as other maidens would have done, but with flashing eye, reddened cheek, and frowning brow, as she drew up her stately form in queenly dignity, she proudly exclaimed,

"Who dare intrude"—but ere she finished the exclamation, she saw the sad and respectful gaze of the youth, who still knelt at her feet, and her anger seemed to vanish and her tone softened, as she continued:

"Ah! is it you, Don Edvardo! I might have known none other would have dared the liberty which you have taken."

"Pardon, lady, I could not have gazed upon the hand which I so long have coveted, and refrain from telling it how much I loved its mistress."

"Rise, Edvardo!" said the lady, sadly; "I wish you would never speak of love to me again, at least while—while—"

The lady blushed confusedly, and paused. The youth observing it, eagerly and pashionately exclaimed:

"While!—Oh, what mean you by that word? even it gives light to the hope which alone keeps my heart alive. Oh, lady, for the love of holy Heaven, tell me, have I cause to hope? Am I more to you than the many others who kneel in homage to your charms?"

"Were you not, do you think I would permit him to live who has dared the familiarity for which you but now crave humbly my pardon?"

"Oh, lady, then am I blessed indeed! Oh! when may I call you mine?"

"When I am iree from my present engagements."

"Free! present engagements! Lady, it is cruel to trifle with a bursting heart!"

"I do not trifle, Edvardo, I am willing to acknowledge that I love you, but it may belong before we can unite. I have a duty, a sacred, imperative duty to perform, which love nor pleasure nor aught on earth can induce me to forego. If you love me, your love will not fade, like yon summer flowers, with age. My father cannot alone bear the cares, fatigues & vexations of his office, he cannot spare me, and I cannot marry while he is in office—indeed, he never will consent to part with me, so necessary have I now become to him."

"Lady, cruel, cruel, would be the delay!—Know you not that while he lives the people will have no other President? He alone can please and govern them; they will have no other—oh, for the love you have but now confessed, decide not so, else years and years will roll away, and we will still be as now! His death alone"—

"Oh! speak not of that, Edvardo," said she as the large dew-drops of the soul rose in her lustrous eye; "I love my father."

"Lady, I must obey, and await my time," said the youth, and as he spoke a wild, strange light beamed from his eyes, even as if some desperate conceit had entered his mind. She did not observe it, but rising, said:

"You may now escort me back to the city, Edvardo. The evening dews will soon begin to fall, and I must dress for the tertullia which I give to-night—you will be there?"

"I will angel mia!" responded the cavalier as he led her forth.

* * * * * * *

It was the still hour of midnight, and Gen'l Rosas was in his private chamber, seated beside a table filled with papers and documents, now reading and signing one, and then another. Yes, while his people were enjoying the quiet rest which nature demands, he, the greatest among them, was toiling for their benefit, laboring both in mind and body for their good.

His daughter was beside him, busily engaged in copying a private letter for her father, but started, as a gentle tap at the door announced a visitor.

"Who is there?" said the stern General, as he laid his hand upon a richly mounted weapon which lay near him.

"The sentinel?" was the answer in a low respectful tone.

"What is wanted?"

"I bear a present for you excellency, which has just been left, with strict orders to be delivered to your excellency, alone."

"Enter!—this, methinks, is a strange hour for a present. From whom doth it come?"

"I know not, your Excellency," said the soldier as he laid a neat, square box of rosewood upon the table, and placing the key on the card which was fastened on its top, departed.

"Open it, daughter, I have not time," said the General, as he again turned his eyes to a military report which he was reading.

"Oh, I know who it is from! It is in his hand-writing!" exclaimed she, as she glanced at the card upon its top. Oh, what present could he have destined for the father of her whom he loves?"

"He, whom, daughter?"

"Father, the supscription on this card is in the well-known hand writing of the brave cavalier, Don Edvardo Escudero, and he has in this delicate way sent you some kingly present, I'll warrent me!"

"Well, well, open the box, my child, and satisfy your curiosity"

The lady took the key and turned it in the lock, but as she raised the lid the report of a volley of pistols almost deafened her, and with one wild scream she reeled, and, fainting, fell to the floor, amid a cloud of smoke from the now open box."

In an instant the President sprang to her side.

"Oh, God! my daughter is slain!" said he in agony—but his heart was cheered again as he spoke.

"No—no, not slain, my father, but he—he would have slain you to win me!" and again she fainted. By this time the room was filled with soldiers and officers, drawn thither by the report of arms, and a hasty examination of the infernal machine, for such it was, explained the plot against the General's life, a row of loaded pistols had been so placed along the box that any one standing in front of it to open it, would receive the contents in his body. It had been sent to Rosas, at this late hour in expectation that he would open it himself.

Narrow had been the escape of the daughter. She had stood beside, instead of in front of the box when she opened it, but the fair hand, which her lover had kissed but so shortly before, was now stained in several places with blood where the balls had glazed it; her arms and laced sleeves were blackened with the smoke: but worse than all was the wound her pure heart had received, in the discovery of this horrible attempt upon her father's life, by one whom she loved and trusted, and who would have made her an orphan to hasten her marriage. But she had named him to her father, and within one hour after the discovery of the plot Edvardo Escudero was arraigned before a drum head court martial. Her danger, confession, and the discovery of his hand-writing, had so thrown him off his guard, that when interrogated he made no denial. Brief was the trail. He was sentenced to be shot on the Retiro, or military Plaza, at sun-rise. With haughty composure he heard his sentence, for he yet dreamed that she—she who was all-powerful with her father, loved, and would intercede for, and save him.

But he knew not her high stern sense of duty, if he thought that love and pity would have pardoned him who would have murdered her father. In vain he sent to seek an interview with her. Her answer to his message was brief, but she would deign no other.

"Tell him to ask God's mercy—there is none for him on earth! No, not were he my brother."

"And when at the morning's first light, the weeping mother and sister of the condemned knelt at her feet and prayed for one word of intercession, (for they knew that even yet she could save the son and brother, if she would but ask his life of her father,) when in the agony of their souls they spoke of his youth—beauty-and bravery-all now about to be buried in the tomb of disgrace, with a cold, stern look, as if her innermost veins were frozen, she answered:—

"He would have made me fatherless!"

And while in that energy of despair that would not listen to a refusal, they yet knelt in their tears and supplications, the first ray of the morning's sun cast its soft light upon her pale cheek, a quick rattling volley of musketry was heard in the direction of the Retiro. As its sound struck her ear she gasped, her tall and graceful form quivered like an aspin leaf amid the gale, she staggered toward the window, and as she saw the white wreaths of smoke rise lightly toward the sky, over the spot where now lay the corpse, she murmured:

"God have mercy on his soul!" and fainted.

Duty had triumphed over love and mercy, but terrible had been the struggle.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

TAKE IT COOL.—BY SOLTAIRE.

"Take it cool" is a very common piece of advice, often gratuitously tendered to a young gentleman of warm temperament, when he is about to tear his under garment; but the advice is often disregarded, to the great detriment of superficial surfaces, and the discoloration of exposed parts of the human face divine. In the above mentioned case the advice might be profitably followed, but there are circumstances which forbid the quiet and unmoved contemplation of an approaching crisis. To say to a man who is seated in a falling building—"take it cool," would be a mockery of his situation, or to whisper to three hundred passengers upon a magnificent steam-ship, as is running, with a full head of steam, bows on to the main land, to "possess themselves of a frigid state," would be a downright aggravation of their position. It is also sufficient cause for a hostile rencontre to grin at a defeated candidate, and tell him to "take it cool;" but there are cases which, as a modern romancer would say, in point of downright provocation rise in sublime magnitude above all these, and we will endeavor to make good the assertion by presenting an example.

In the wild days of Missouri—no one, we presume, will dispute its present civilized state—a number of the more excitable and adventurous young officers of our gallant army were stationed at Council Bluffs, to guard the frontier from the incursions of the wild and then powerful tribes which roamed in that immediate neighborhood. In their isolated position they had little to destroy the monotony of life except an occasional march to check some tribe which was warming into hostility, or in inventing and playing off tricks upon each other. It mattered not how outrageous, or dangerous, or ridiculous, any devilment practised upon one officer by another should be, they never for once grew angry; but the victim merely set his wits to work to, if possible, surpass his own case by a retort on his adversary. A Lieutenant who was particularly good at these practical jokes, because his dignified and cool manner made him less suspected than his comrades, had played off one upon a brother Lieutenant who had a delightful lisp. A short time after, at an evening card party in his quarters, the dignified joker was expatiating to several officers, among them his lisping victim, how very becoming it was for a man, under all circumstances, to keep cool, and remarked, moreover, that in his own case it was a constitutional habit, in the face of the most threatennig consequences, to retain a nerve which defied surprise. The advantage of such a temperament was enlarged upon, the chances it afforded of escape from danger particularly pointed out, and a general assent given to its great value in the possession of a military man.

"Well, Jim," inquired his lisping friend, "how would you do, thopothe a thell with an inch futhee thould drop itthelf into a high walled angle in which you had taken shelter from a company of tharp thooterth, and where it wath thertain if you poked out your nothe you'd yet peppered!"

"How?" said the other, winking at the circle, "why, take it cool, *and spit on the fusee!*"

"Yeth, thath true," answered the lisping Lieutenant, apparently perfectly satisfied; and another wink travelled round the circle of optics.

The party broke up, and all retired for the night except the patrols, who continued their rounds, as we believe they generally do on military posts, until morning goes into fragments, when the air of bustle and activity began its hum in the barracks. The soldiers were passing from their several quarters, and soon there were a number gathered upon the parade. Presently several officers assembled, and were talking in a cluster, when along came the lisping Lieutenant; he looked at the group and immediately passed into the quarters of his dignified friend, who was still in bed.

"Ah, is that you, Charley," said the sleepy Lieutenant, lazily opening his eyes.

"Yeth, Jim," said the lisper, "I want to try an experiment thith morning, and thee how d—n cool you *can* be!" saying which he walked deliberately up to the fire burning upon the hearth, and placed in its hottest centre *a powder canister!* and instantly retreated.

There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade ground—the rear being built up for defence against attack. The occupant took one glance at the fire, saw the canister, and comprehending his situation in a moment, he dashed at the door, but his friend had it fast on the outside.

"Charley, let me out, if you love me!" shouted the occupant of the quarters.

"*Thpit* on the canister, Jim!" shouted he in return.

Not a moment was to be lost—he at first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now, dropping it, he raised the window, and out he bounced—*sans culottes, sans* every thing, but a very short under garment; and thus, with hair almost on an end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shout which hailed him brought out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified Lieutenant pulled a tall Sergeant in front of him to hide his parade dress.

"Why didn't you *thpit* on it, Jim?" inquired Charley.

"Because there was no sharp shooters in front to stop a retreat," answered Jim.

"All I got to thay ith," says Charley, "that you might thafely done it, for I'll thware there wathn't a thingle grain of powder in it!"

Under a volley now of the sharpest kind of shooting, the cool and dignified Lieutenant retreated into his quarters, perfectly satisfied to acknowledge that, under some circumstances, it is not very easy to *take it coolly!*

SUCKER'S VISIT TO THE THEATRE.—The following 'good thing' we find in the Reville:

'Well, I've been *thar*, Jim,' said a sucker to his crony.

'Whar, down to St. Louis?' inquired Jim.

'Well, no whar else,' was the answer, 'and I've seed some of the durndest things you've ever heerd on in the hull animal creation.'

'What wur they like?' inquired Jim.

'Oh, all sorts of doins mixed up sorter every way; but the thing that just tuck me straight were seein' a *flying woman!* Arter the flatboat wur hitched, I sot to lookin' round, and pooty soon I seed on big hoss bill, stuck agin houses, that a feller named Dan Soos war goin to cut up some of the tallest kind of shindies. I war naturally bound to find out what it war like, so I axed a feller readin' it; and he laughed—he said it war only the *thea-ter.* Says I, that's a show, aint it? and said he, it ar, but it aint no circus show nuther, but all sorts of a handsome show, held in a place as big as our county seat court-house. I jest made up my mind I'd go ten cents straight. I found out whar they kept it, and up I goes, but thar they told me the lowest notch was a cool quarter; that staggered me, but I gin it. Root or die, when you're in for it, ses I, so up I goes the alfiredest lot of stairs. I thought arter a spell I'd come out somewhar neer the moon; but by travelling a spell I got up whar a lot of folks wur. It looked to me like a meetin' house with three galleries and lit up like all out of doors in daylight. A lot of fellers fiddled away a spell by themselves, but cuss me if I could see whar that feller Dan Soos war, and jest as I wur goin' to ax a chap whar the show wur, up rolled the hull side of the house, right afore me, and out slid a gal on her tip toes, whirlin' about like as if she couldn't keep down on the yearth. The way she handled her pins jest sot me rearin'—it beat Mary Sellers all holler, and she aint slow. I asked a feller next me who she wur, and I'll swar if he didn't says it wur Dan Soos! which, instead of bein' a man's name, wur French for a dancin' woman. I didn't notice at first, but arter a spell I seed the reason she couldn't keep from jumpin'—it made my hair kind o' rise—she wur not only a angel-looking creature, but, Jim—you kin b'lieve it or not, hoss fly—I'll declar she had wings!'

'Here,' says Jim, 'you kin jest take my hat.'

'I knowd nobody would believe me,' said the Sucker, 'I jest knowd it, but I swar I seed her take holt on the tip of her wing, spread it out and jest fly like a bird clean across the hull side of the house. A feller wur chasin her, but he couldn't shine; she shuck her toe at him, and slid right out of sight.'

'Thar,' says Jim, 'that will do; I know'd you could do pooty well a lyin', but the last effort kin take the cakes.'

'I aint goin' to tell any more, but I'll swar I seed it.'

'Seed thunder!' shouted Jim. 'You seed what the doctors call a *alfactory collusion.*'

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The following rather ludicrous, and certainly very *republican* description of one branch of the British parliament, has been contributed to the New York Journal of Commerce by an American traveller. After some tarry in Great Britain, the writer seems aggrieved as a spectator to see a few men raised to wealth and power in church and state, whilst the masses of the wide kingdom are left to countless deprivations. "Tell everybody," he says, "to guard our institutions as they would their lives." He then continues:

The House of Lords,—who has not heard of the House of Lords? those men made up of porcelain, while you and I are made of common clay. Well I went to see them a few days before they moved into their new house. Just as the clock struck five, the Duke of Wellington arrived on his horse, and dismounted with great agility for an old man bent with years. He is a venerable looking man, and in his old age has become quite a reformer.—The next person I saw was the Marquis of Lansdowne,—a dark complexioned man, well looking, carelessly dressed, on foot with an umbrella. Next came was Lord Ashburton, who walked very infirm, and appeared in poor health. A short man leaned on his arm, very old, who could scarce walk. I did not learn who he was. But it was time for me to go up stairs. As I arrived at the landing and was entering the door, I was told to stand back from the passage, for the Lord Chancellor was coming. I thought *that* a reason why I should step forward as I wished to see his lordship. At that moment a fellow came trudging along with a ball-club in his two hands, gilt at the top, (the mace,) another one with a cushion (the wool sack,) another with a long, ill-looking sword, (the Sword of State,) then the Lord Chancellor himself;—and such a wig! My! only think of having two or three sheep on your head, and the fleeces hanging down far below your shoulders!—And then his petticoats! (gown.) A man came after him to hold up his tail (trail) to keep it from dragging. He had to pull pretty hard. I could not help laughing. It looked like a farce,—a raree show. So they marched in, with slow and solemn tread, up the aisle, to the Chancellor's chair! and the fellow hold of his long tail gave it a swing to the right to enable his Lordship to sit down. This he did with all the dignity of a grand Mogul. I thought it was a pity to dress up such a good looking man as the Chancellor, in women's clothes, with such a quantity of wool about his head. And then those "baubles," as old Cromwell called them, suitable playthings for children; but for full grown men it did look ridiculous to me. I entered the stranger's Gallery, and lound perhaps fifty or sixty Lords in the House, many of whom I knew from the prints I had seen of them. I saw an old chap sitting on the very se