

THE REUNION.

One delightful evening in May, we retired with the cares of the family, I strolled towards the beautiful village of Tuno...

Though dearly I love thee—though deeply deplore thee, since Heaven has decreed it, no longer will I mourn.

For he who with valor his Country defendeth, kind Heaven will grant him a blissful return.

As she sang the last line she arose, and I found that she had been hidden from my view by a cluster of Rose-bushes.

You seem afflicted, lovely stranger, said I, drawing near her. May I take the liberty of asking what this distresses you?

Who are you? she exclaimed—and what brought you here? I briefly related the circumstances that caused my intrusion, and added that I was a child of sorrow, and acquainted with grief.

You a child of sorrow! she exclaimed—could not you escape grief? No, few there are, who have not tasted of that bitter cup, and be your sorrows ever so great, I can sympathize with them.

Then come to my cottage, and I will confide in you the history of my life, for sure deception cannot dwell in your bosom, she added, with a languid smile; seeing me hesitate, she said my cottage is but a few paces off, and my story is soon told.

The sun was nearly set and the scene around me was one, on which the poet and painter might gaze with never ending rapture.—The sky was one complete canopy of blue the moon was just peeping over the trees as if anxious to catch a glimpse of the sun, ere he sunk below the horizon.

The ground was covered with the most luxuriant grass and beautiful flowers. The groves had just burst the icy chains of winter and presented to the eye, every hue that the most glowing fancy could paint, or the most enthusiastic lover of beauty desire.

And the feathered songsters seemed vieing with each other, who should raise the sweetest song or tell the most melting tale to its mate. I had now leisure to survey the being who had so deeply interested me. Her person was tall and elegant, her glossy dark hair was confined by a large sprig of Pearl, her dark blue eyes seemed almost obscured, but their beauty not diminished by the long silken eyelash, and her brow of the finest form, seemed to add whiteness to her lovely forehead.

When she smiled, her face seemed the assemblage of all the graces. Her step was light as air, and seemed hardly to bow the flowers on which she trod. She offered me her arm to conduct me to her cottage.—Do you live alone dear girl? for as yet you have not told me by what name to address you. My name is Luella, said she, and my little sister lives with me; but she is gone to carry some food to a poor woman who is sick and who has no one to minister to her wants—she will not return till late.

We had now reached the garden in which the dwelling of the beautiful Luella stood. She opened the wicker gate, and bade me enter. Nature and Art seemed to have exerted their skill to render the spot beautiful. The furniture of her cottage was of the simplest kind with the exception of a splendid harp that stood in one corner. Luella, said I, it is time you had commenced your tale, as it is growing late, and I have to return home to-night. A cloud passed over her countenance. She hung her head, sighed, dropped a tear, and then proceeded.

Wonder not, when I tell you, that the now humble Luella, was once the idol of a tender father, the life of every polished circle, and the apparent mistress of immense wealth. In early life, I lost my mother—I was his only child, and my father loved in me, the image of a too fondly idolized wife. He gave me every advantage that fortune could procure; my wish was law, and he was never happy but in my presence. Here, she hid her face and sobbed aloud. Yes, she resumed—too tender father! never can I think of your kindness and my cruel desertion, without a pang. Thus blest with every thing that this world could give, I was not happy! I loved—and knew my father never would approve my choice. I loved a youth who was my inferior in every thing, save virtue, person, and a mind, of which an Emperor might be proud. He was the son of one of my father's tenants, and had often in childhood been the sharer of my gambols, in the yard and garden, and of the more useful occupations of the study. There was an elegance of person, and vivacity of mind in him, that early attracted the attention of my father. He was, when first introduced into our family, about eight, and I, about five years of age. My teacher soon saw that he possessed a mind of no ordinary cast, and requested

in those branches of science, that would enable him to become a useful member of society. They accepted his offer with avidity, and my instructor having obtained my father's approbation of his plan, the next morning found us together in the school-room mutually delighted with each other. Weeks, months and years rolled by, and Edward was still my companion. My father, when he had reached his 15th and I my 12th year, discovered that our society was necessary to each other's happiness and dreading the continuance of our intimacy, advised his parents to remove him to some place at a distance, send him to school a year or two longer, and then place him in some situation for providing for himself. They honored my father's judgment, and feared his displeasure too much, to hesitate for a moment to follow his advice. He assured them that he would ever be the friend & patron of their beloved Edward. Every thing was then arranged for his departure from the scenes of his childhood and affections. We both heard the tidings with a pang neither had ever experienced before. Till then, we had been the happiest of the happy, save when our teacher frowned, or rebuked either for a piece of negligence, or an indifferent lesson. In those cases, the innocent was invariably as unhappy as the offender.—There was a sympathy of soul between us, that rendered it impossible for one to enjoy a pleasure, unshared by the other. But to part we were compelled, but not until we had mutually vowed, never to forget each other. Three years rolled round and I was dismissed from the nursery and school-room, to mix in the busy scenes of fashionable life. I had seen Edward but twice since the day he left my father's roof. I saw him then but to deplore more deeply, the hard fate that had torn us asunder. He was when he visited us, the second time, almost a man in size, and surely never was seen a youth of more engaging appearance. He remained with his parents a month, and visited the Manor House every day. I felt he was lord of my heart, and plainly saw, that I was mistress of his.

As soon as he left us, he engaged with a bookseller in Geneva in order to learn a livelihood and to cultivate his taste for reading. Two more years elapsed, and though we often met, neither breathed the secret of our love. I saw that he was unhappy and felt that I was the cause. Lover after lover came and went, without causing me a pang. At length, the Hon. Mr. C.—offered me his hand and was warmly seconded by my father. But though I admired his talents, and respected his virtues, I found my heart was Edward's and resolved never to give my hand to another. I obstinately refused to marry Mr. C. and told my father my heart was engaged, and that I would never consent to give my hand, to any man to whom I could not give my heart. He demanded the name of my lover, and told me that were he respectable, he would not oppose my wishes, for my happiness was dearer to him, than life. I begged leave to delay the information for a few days, resolving to inform Edward of my attachment, ere I made it known to my father. His answer was full of tenderness and ardour, but also of fears lest my father should oppose our union. The first opportunity that occurred, I told my father that I was now ready to inform him of the name of my lover, hoping he would not oppose a union, on which depended my happiness. He bid me feel assured, that that was ever a primary consideration with him. But alas! when I mentioned the name of Edward Wilson his passion knew no bounds. He stamped on the ground, called him names too dreadful to repeat and bid me never think or speak of him, on pain of his eternal malediction; adding that he would compel me to marry Mr. C. Driven almost to frenzy, I wrote to Edward and entreated him to come immediately, promising to elope with him. He came; and we hired a servant to assist our flight, and carry my harp to a neighboring wood for to play Edward's favorite tunes on that instrument, had long been my greatest delight. The little Adelaide whom I took for a pet after Edward first left me, was his favorite sister. She accompanied me to the altar and to this lonely spot. To recount all our difficulties ere we found it, is impossible, as well as unnecessary. Two years we lived here, subsisting partly on the produce of the garden which you just saw. Afraid of being discovered by my angry father, we never left the wood, as the little Adelaide had once seen my father's steward, at the village when she went there to purchase some articles for us, for I had the precaution to fill my purse ere I left home. At the end of 18 months, I became the mother of a lovely daughter. She lived two months and then I lost her. She died in my arms. Here the wretched mother was unable to proceed; she wept aloud, and paced the room in apparent agony. At length she regained her composure, and proceeded. Six months rolled around and blessed with Edward, I had almost ceased to mourn for my lost Anne.

Of my father I had never heard since I left him. But of Edward, I was soon to be deprived. War—War, resounded through the land, and he with others was ordered to march. Oh! the horror of that hour when I heard the mandate. But true to his country and his honor, he obeyed the summons. His name is heard with terror by the foe, and with delight by the brave Swiss, who glory to call him their son. But alas! he may fall in battle, and grief will then destroy the wretched Luella.

It was late, she begged me to remain, but duty called me home. Adelaide was

two miles distant from the place where she knew where the Park was situated. Luella accompanied me nearly home; before we parted, we promised to meet often, and I went to my room to think and dream of the beautiful sufferer.

Two years have now elapsed since I first met Luella, and every interview has added to our affection. After much entreaty I prevailed on her to leave the lonely spot she had chosen, as the war was raging and would probably reach our village. She consented to reside with us, provided her cottage should be kept in repair, and tenanted by a faithful old servant of my father's. My parents loved her tenderly, and tried to discover her father's feelings towards her, but all the information they could obtain was, that he had married and moved to another Canton.

Their wish to restore a beloved child to its parents, was greatly increased by the circumstance of their eldest son when about three years of age, having been lost. Though every search had been made, no tidings had ever been heard of him. He had strayed off from his nurse when near the river, and they concluded he was drowned. Peace was at length declared, and Luella heard that Edward lived and would return in honor. She grew more cheerful as the time of his return approached, and Adelaide was enraptured at the thoughts of again beholding her brother.

At length he came, loaded with the laurels of victory and in the pride of manly worth and beauty. I saw them meet at the cottage, which they had appointed as the place of their Reunion. To describe the scene is impossible. His gratitude towards me was overpowering. But oh! heavens what a scene awaited us at the Park, where all the people of rank and dignity had been invited, to welcome the return of the noble youth.

In the elegant Colonel Wilson, my parents recognized their long lost William. His reputed parents had come hither to meet their beloved Edward, and had told my parents that he was not their son.—That they found him near the ford of the River Aar when about three years old, not many miles from Rose-mont, a former residence of my father's and the very place where he was lost. They also showed a clasp-horn to his belt, that undoubtedly proved him to be the son and heir of Fitz William.

Vain would be the attempt to portray the scene that was exhibited on that day; and vivid must be the imagination that could relate the happiness experienced at the Park.

As the wife of William Fitz William, the unfortunate Mr. James no longer refused to pardon Luella. Though his marriage had been an unhappy one, she hailed a reunion with her father with feelings of rapture, knowing 'twas her desertion caused the imprudent act; while the old man stung with remorse for his cruelty towards Luella, feels that he cannot do enough for his injured daughter.

SAVINDA.

August 6, 1830.

POLITICS OF THE DAY.

The National Intelligencer contains an elaborate and very able article in relation to the course of policy, which has been pursued by the present Administration. These remarks were elicited by a string of Johnson Resolutions recently adopted in Maryland, by certain friends of General Jackson representing him, and his Administration as perfectly faultless. We have only space for the concluding paragraphs:—

"Of all public men, Mr. MADISON is he who has most steadily attracted our admiration, and constantly retained our respect; and the recollections of the two last years of his Presidency come over us, as some one has lately said, like the music of other times. To his administration may be traced the origin of that policy and those institutions, which have given to this government the stability, the credit, and the consequence which it now enjoys at home and abroad. It was the school, also, in which were trained the ablest statesmen living among us, (always excepting MADISON, MARSHALL, MONROE, and their few surviving compatriots, who seem all to have been born either Statesmen or Heroes.)"

First in that school, in which the national honor was vindicated, by the most eloquent appeals to the justice of foreign powers, and finally by a courageous conflict, succeeded by a glorious peace, and by the most wise and prudent measures for permanent munition and defence—first in that school of great men, thus formed and indoctrinated, stands HENRY CLAY. To him with common consent, all, who are opposed to pulling down or undermining the fabric of the national prosperity, now turn their eyes as their Candidate for the Presidency at the next election.

They look to him, not from personal preference merely, for, though he has many attached friends, personally he can be known but to comparatively few of the multitude of the People of the United States. Some, doubtless, who know him only by public report, sympathize with him as a persecuted man, even between strangers. But he is called forth as a candidate by the great body of those who will support him, on other grounds. They know him, from the evidence of his past life, to be

- The friend of genuine Liberty;
The unsophisticated and always consistent Republican;
The eloquent and fearless assertor of his country's rights and honor;
The advocate of free government all over the world;
The champion of Internal Improvement;
The fast friend of Domestic Industry.

ward as a Candidate for the Presidency upon the grounds occupied by the present Administration. Following the example of the Maryland Jackson committee, we invite the opponents of Protection, the friends of Internal Improvement, the friends of commercial reciprocity; the friends to a due protection of our own manufactures, and the opponents of all those unknown "reforms" with which we are further threatened by the organs of the dominant party, to rally around HENRY CLAY as the successor of Gen. JACKSON to the Presidency. The time of the election, it is true, is yet far distant. We could have wished that the opening of the canvass had been deferred. But the friends of the present system, if system it can be called, have sounded the onset; and the friends of what we consider the essential interests of the country, find themselves, in the language of the resolution before us, "reduced to the alternative of again embarking in a political contest, or of surrendering their principles to a party now distinctly organized."

In thus frankly announcing our opinions and our views, in favor of a change in the Administration of the Government, we must not be understood as proclaiming or intending any systematic indiscriminate opposition to the existing Administration. We ever have avoided, and ever will avoid a principle so iniquitous. Justice towards all men, and impartiality in weighing public measures, we have endeavored to make our guides through a career of some duration, and of no little trial; and we shall not swerve from them, even in the extremity to which the public affairs are now brought. No. The Administration shall still, "be judged by its measures," and although our hopes of its amendment are faint, not an iota of credit shall we withhold which justice may demand for any of its acts. If we "nothing exonerate" ought, at least shall be "set down to naught."

RALEIGH REGISTER.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1830.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Johnston. Hollow Wilder, Senate. Josiah Holder and Kezar Whitley, Commons. Sheriff, Allen S. Ballew.
Cramer Richard D. Spaight, S. without opposition. John M. Bryan, Alexander F. Gaston, C. Sheriff, James C. Cole.
State of the Poll. For Commons, Bryan 531, Gaston 495, Wiley M. Nelson 389. For Sheriff, Cole 628, Elph Clark 264, Thomas Sparrow 193.
Town of Newbern. Charles G. Spaight, without opposition.
Beaufort. Joseph D. Hinton S. J. W. Williams and S. Smallwood C. Sheriff, Stephen Owens.
At the election in Pitt county, Dr. Williams, Jr. received 357 votes, instead of 317, as erroneously stated in a former paper.

Supreme Court.—The arguments of Counsel have been closed, and the Judges are now engaged in making up their opinions.

On Monday night we had a thorough drenching rain, which for more than an hour, poured down in perfect torrents. We have rarely seen such vivid lightning or heard such awful thunder. Indeed there seemed no intermission to either.—The whole horizon, as far as the eye could extend, was one extensive sheet of fire & peals of thunder succeeded each other, in almost uninterrupted succession. The wind also blew with terrific violence, bringing forcibly to the recollection, the violent tornados which have recently caused such a destruction of life and property, in the western & northern portions of the Union.

Shocco Springs.—We are pleased to hear that this delightful watering place has been fashionably and numerously attended the present season. To those who have ever visited Shocco, partaken of the luxurious fare, and experienced the polite attention and the indefatigable exertions of the Proprietress, to add to the comfort of the invalid and the pleasures of the gay, no inducement need be urged for a renewal of their visits. To those who have not yet tested the medicinal properties of the water, but have made up their minds for a jaunt during this melting summer, it may be desirable intelligence, that there is now at Shocco, an agreeable company, which is daily increasing. Most persons, we know, like to meet a lively circle at the Springs, and we mention the fact of there being such an one at present, that our distant friends may avail themselves of the information.

The University of Pennsylvania held its annual Commencement at Philadelphia on the 31st July—when the Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on 8 students—of Master of Arts on 16. The Degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on Samuel Roane of Virginia, and William B. Dunn of this city. The Honorary Degree of Master of Arts on the Rev. C. Mead, Assistant Bishop of Virginia.

Census of Baltimore.—The population of Baltimore, at present, is 85,519. In 1820, it amounted to 63,739—increase in ten years 17,781.

but what is all this to the march of Time, connected, as it is, with the improvement of the intellect. On Wednesday morning last, we succeeded in securing a birth in the Raleigh stage, for a beautiful marine Monster, in the shape of a Green Turtle, of the noblest dimensions—live and lively and in fine condition. This messenger, from the "vast deep," will be as great a curiosity, as delivery to the gourmands of the metropolis. Should this experiment succeed, we shall be encouraged to repeat it—but should it fail—the march of intellect, at the Capital is retarded a century!

When the above from the Newbern Spectator met our eye, we laughed a full hour by the Shrewsbury clock, and to every friend who accosted us, our first exclamation was "the Turtle!"—"the beautiful monster!"—"have you seen the Turtle?" and such like phrases. Having talked ourselves out of breath, we sat down to debate whether or not we ought to divide the present, with our brothers of the Star. One difficulty however presented itself. It was certainly intended by the Spectator, to brace us up for the approaching conflict for the Presidential Chair, which seems likely to be contested inch by inch, though the disparity in the number of Editors on our side, is great. We had just come to the conclusion, that it would be best to appropriate the whole to our own use, when one of those busy bodies which infest all Printing Offices, popped his head in at the window and enquired, "have you seen the Turtle yet?"

There was nothing in the question to startle one, but it had that effect. We immediately wondered to ourselves, as the Stage had been in some time, why the driver had not delivered his charge. At once, the impracticability of preserving such a delicacy secure from the officious scrutiny of the Paul Pry's which line the road between this and Newbern, struck us with peculiar force. It occurred to us also, that the Stage having arrived at Shithfield on the day of the Election, it might possibly have fallen a victim to the appetites of voters, who had not dined.—But we cannot record all the horrible imaginings that assailed us. Determined to ascertain however, the full extent of our good or ill luck, we sallied forth in quest of the driver. When we found him, the most that we could get out was "the Turtle." "Amazing! one won't it, said he." Reader, did you ever try to laugh, when you had a fit of the gout? If you have, you may form some idea of the pleasurable sensations we experienced. We now asked in a tone of assumed calmness "well driver, where is the Turtle?"

"Why said he, I delivered him to Mr. ——— to whom it was sent?" We do not know how Priam looked, when at the dead of night his curtains were withdrawn and he was told that Troy was in flames, but we suspect we pre-erited a pretty good counterpart. In fact, the driver's intelligence was too much for our equanimity proverbial as it is, and we darted forward rapidly, to conceal our feelings. That our friends of the Spectator had sent the Turtle to any one in the city, but ourselves, after the manifest indications they have given of their cordial friendship and especially after having tantalized us for months with promises, was so monstrous a supposition, that it had not for a moment entered into our imagination. They must forgive us then, for having exclaimed in the first ebullition of our feelings, Et tu Brute! Our maxim however is, forgive & forget. We soon got the better of our disappointment and have since framed a thousand excuses for our Newbern friends. We wait for an explanation. In the mean time, we repent our rashness in questioning the driver and have come to the conclusion, that "ignorance is bliss."

The Tariff.—Every candid person must admit that the injurious effects of the Tariff upon the interests of the South, have been prodigiously magnified and that mere mole-hills, have swelled to mountains. The Southern States it is true, complain one and all, of the oppressive operations of the Tariff—they view it as unequal in its bearings and unjust in its spirit, but their citizens never admit, if they reflect calmly, that the evils which are attributed to it, are not only exceedingly over-rated, but in some instances, are premises ridiculous. But were the evils which flow from it, ten times as great as they in reality are, they would not be sufficiently grievous to hazard the peace of the Union by an open separation from the confederacy or by the nullification of the constitutional acts of the Federal Legislature.—There is no State where the destructive influence of the Tariff is so much talked of, as in South Carolina, and its seat of government, Columbia, may lay claim to believe, to having been the first, to propose, a calculation of the value of the Union. And yet of this ver Columbia, a writer in the Times printed in that town, says, "the rapidity with which the trade of Columbia has increased within the last few years, has been almost unexampled."