THE DISAPPOINTMENT. FOUNDED ON FACT.

A few years since, a country Physician, residing in the good old town of Concord, became deeply smitten with the charms of a young lady, at an even-ing party in Boston. At the time, he had made no avowal of his passion, but swallowed it along with his sweat-meats. However, the sugar plumbs, can-ty-snaps, &c. &c.; soon evaporated, and in a short. space of a week, nothing remained of that eventful hight but the incipient flame which grew brighter and more troublesome than ever, and which he determined to divest, through the medium of a billet-doux. The billet-doux was written on valentine paper, with a dove quill; sealed with cupid darts, and despatched by post to the fair damsel in Bos-ton. It merely contained an encomium to the lady's beauty, and a modest declaration of the "tender passion." To his inexpressible felicity, this letter was answered in such a way that it gave new life to his hopes. It even went so far as to hint, that the his hopes. It even went so har as to hint, that the lady herself had, at first sight, conceived something more than friendship for him, and that his letter had disentangled her from a labyrinth of despair.— These letters were followed by others, "quick, thick, and heavy as a thunder shower," each more bright and ominous than the last; like the threatenings of a volcane, which generally begins in distant rumbling, but progressing in flame and bustle, soon become riper for explosion. Nearly two months e-lapsed since the interview, which time had been defightfully employed in writing love-letters, and drawing similies between eyes and stars-lips and poppies-oheeks and roses-and so forth, when our here received all but the summum bonum of his happiness, by a letter inviting him to Boston. Ma had at length given her consent that Miss should receive the Doctor's addresses; and had added to her list of jewels, and even began to talk of a marriage portion of pin money. The gentleman was farther requested to come as stylish as possible, so as to ensure the old lady's regard, who had a strong hankering after rent rolls and bank stock ; but, above all, to be sure oh ! sacred God ! how soon were my feelings not to come without himself, which was everything changed ! the lips of Plato were never more wor in the world, that had the slightest attraction for his soul's reflection, his devoted Mary. The gentheman lost no time in preparing for his journey; he disposed of some canal stock for a sacrifice, to purchase a barouche, and changed two stalworth plough-horses, with all appurtenances to boot, for a brace of ambling fillies, which seemed intended for the convoys of love. When arrived in town, he drove rapidly down the street of his charmer, intending to bloom forth in full meridian. After springing from the chariot, and extracting thunder from the knocker, the door was opened, and his name announced.

"Walk in, sir-be seated sir-really, sir, I cannot challenge my memory as to your name, but I think I have some slight recollection of your countenance."

"Probably so, madam, but I had supposed that you had been better acquainted with my name than my person; but your daughter-your Mary?

Truly, madam, your astonishment surprises me. I mean your daughter, Mary A. F ______, to whom I have the honor of being husband elect. I am Dr. James S, whom you have signified you will receive as a son-in-law, and have come, post haste, from Concord, to marry your daughter."

"Upon my word, sir, I can only return thanks for the intended henor, but I assure you, my daughter has been married these seven months, and I hope

has no thought of becoming a widow." "Hold, madam—have I not your letters in my pocket? Did I not receive her latest on Thursday last, saying that your sanction was obtained, and

would be delighted at the honor, but for herself, she would be delighted at the honor, but for herself, she dered not permit the visits of a strange gentleman. However, the last sentence was softened by a mile, and a in few moments after our hero took his leave, and (as some persons have hinted) a kiss in the bar-gain, and promised to return on the morrow. The morrow came—the gentleman was true to his word, and love progressed. The next it was established the fifth arranged, the sixth concluded, and on the seventh a morning paper announced that Dr. James S_____, of Concord, had on the day previous, left the accomplished Miss Elizabeth E_____, to the al-ter of hymen. Six months have elapsed since the morrises and as the lady he lost is a noted shrew, and marringe, and as the lady he lost is a noted shrew, and the wife he found a notable housewife, the Doctor every day thanks his stars for his cruel disappoint-

THE BLIND PREACHER. BY WILLIAM WIRT.

ment.

It was Sunday as I passed through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join the duties of the congregation ; but I must confess, the curiosity to hear what the preacher of such a wilderness could say, was not the least of my motives.

On entering, I was struck with his paternal appearance. He was a tall and spare old man. his head which was covered with a light linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice were all shaken under the influence of a palsy, and in a few moments I ascertained he was blind.

The first emotions which touched the breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But thy of a swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man t it was the day of the sacrament, and his subject of course the passion of our Saviour, had heard the subject handled a thousand times. had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did suppose that is the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence, would give this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood cun cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour ; his trial before Pilate, his ascent up to Calvary, his crucifixion and death.

I knew the whole history, but never until then had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored ! it was all new and [seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His voice trembled in every syllable, and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrase had that force of description, that he original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the faces of the Jews, the staring frightful distortions of their malice and rage. We saw the buffet, my soul muddled with a flame of indignation, and my hands involuntarily clenched. But when he came to ouch on the nationce, the forgiging meckness of our Saviour, which he drew to the life, his blessed eyes were streaming to heaven ; his voice breathing to God, soit and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies-" Father forgive them, for they know not what they do"-the voice of the preacher which had all along faltered, grew fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of feelings, he raised his hankerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans and It was a long time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed judging by the usual but fallecious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher; for I could not conceive how he would be able to let the audieuce down from the height he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of the subject, or perhaps shocking them with the abruptness of the fall. But, no, the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had replied :

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier. THE THREE WORDS WHICH FOLLOW ED BENEDICT ARNOLD TO HIS GRAVE. BY GEORGE LIPARD.

He sailed from our shores and returned no more.

From this time forth, wherever he went, three whispered words followed him, ringing through his ears into his heart-ARNOLD THE TRAITOR. When he stood beside his King in the House of Lords t the weak old man whispering in familiar tones to his gorgeously attired General : a whisper crept through the crowded Senate, faces were turned, fingers extended, and as the whisper deepened into a murmur, one venerable Lord arose and stated, that he loved his Sovereign, but could not speak to him, while by his side there stood ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

He went to the theatrey parading his warrior form amid the fairest flowers of British nobility and beauty, but no sooner was his visage seen than the whole audience rose; the lord in his cushioned seat, the vagrant of London in the gallery, they rose together, while from the pit to the dome, echoed the cry, "ARNOLD THE TRITOR." When he issued from his gorgeous mansion, the liveried servant that ate his bread, and earned it too by menial offices, whispered in contempt, to his brother lacqueys, as he took his position behind his master's carriage, ARNOLD THE TRAI-TOR

One day, in a shadowy room, a mother and two daughters, all attired in the weeds of mourning, were grouped in a sad circle, gazing upon a picture shrouded in crape. A visitor was announced. The mother took his card from the hands of the servaut, and the daughters read his name. "Go," said the mother, with a flushed face, while a daughter took each hand : "Go !" and tell this man that my threshold can never be crossed by the murderer of my son, by Ag-NOLD THE TRAITOR.

Grossly insulted in a public place, he appealed to the company; noble lords and renowned men were there; and breasting his antagonist with his fierce brow, he spat full in his face. This antagonist was a man of tried courage. He cooly wiped the saliva from his cheek. "You may spit upon me, but I never can pollute my sword by killing ARNOLD THE TRAITOR."

He left London. He engaged in commerce. His ships were on the ocean; his warehouse in Nova Scotia; his plantations in the West indies. One night his ware house was burned to by the circumstances in which he has been placed, ashes. The entire population of St. Johns ac- and the loss he has sustained was unavoidable. cusing the owner of acting the incendiary to his own property, in order to dofraud the insurance companies, assembled in that British town: in sight of his very windows, they hung an effigy TOR.

When the Island of Gaudeloupe was retaken by the French he was among the prisoners. He and coffee, and an advance on Penney lyanta iron. was put on board a French Prison ship in the At the opening of Congress, a debt of more than harbor. His money, thousands of yellow guineas. fifty millions will stare them in the face, with the accumulated through the course of years, was certainty of an increase of it to more than one about his person. Alraid of his own name, he hundred millions before the war is closed A called himself John Anderson, the name once as- new loan of heavy amount will be immediately sumed by John Andre. He deemed himself un- called for to meet the pressing demand upon the nown, but the sentinel approaching him, whis- Treasury. This will be denied at first, at head pered that he was known, and in great danger -- quarters, but it will be called for in the first week He assisted him to escape, even aided him to en- in the session. So much for the reign of J. K. close his treasure in an empty cask, but as the prisoner, gliding down the sides of the ship. pushed his craft towards the shore, that sentinel looked after him, and in broken English sneered, ARNOLD THE TRAITOR ! There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the blood hounds of the reign of terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage in a ship about to sail for America. He was going, a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor. " Is there any American gentleman staying at your house ?" he asked the landlord of his hotel. "I am about to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World."

"True to your country, what might you have Who shall dare depict the closing scene of this wild drama? Who shall dare paint the ag-ony of his dying hourf. With a trembling hand and hushed, we drop the curtain and turn away from the death bed of Benedict Arnold.

From the Maysville (Ky.) Eagle. We give below the particulars of a horrid affair at Sharpsburg, Bath County, as we have heard them ; On Monday last, Mr. J. C. Robineon, principal Teacher of the Academy at that place, felt compelled -- in consequence of a rebellious disregard of the laws of his school, coupled with insulting language when repoved for it -to expel from the school a son of Dr. M. Q. Ashby, 16 or 17 years old.

Young Ashby vowed revenge, and calling on one of his comrades, a young man named Crouch to aid him, procured a long bladed knife for the occasion. On Tuesday afternoon, while Robinson was locking his school room door, he was set upon by Ashby and Crouch, and defended himself as well as he could with an umbrella, until he saw his opportunity and seized a stone, with which he felled Crouch.

Crouch regained his feet, and jointly with Ashby closed on Robinson, when the latter received a horrible gash with the the knife in the right part of the stomach and staggered. A man named Christian heard of the difficulty, and ran up in time to catch Robinson in his arins, who exclaimed, "I am a dead man," and instantly expired. The guilty young men immediately made their escape, and when our informant left on Wednesday afternoon, he had heard of no efforts being made to arrest them.

The long list of the killed and wounded in the recent engagements before the city of Mexico brings palpably almost before the country the horrors of war. How great has been the sacrifice of life, how lamentable the outpouring of precious blood, how excruciating the agonies of the wounded. This is paying dearly indeed for our glorious victories, and for the renown of our arms. And yet Gen. Scort has been careful of the lives of his soldiers. He has not wantonly sacrificed them for bootless triumph. He has had no battle which was not necessary for the attainment of his object, and he never fought for the mere sake of obtaining fame as a commander .---Hard, close fighting has been imposed upon him

Alex Gazelle.

THE TARIFF, NEW LOAN, &c.- A letter from Washington states that one of the first acts of inscribed with these words : ARNOLD THE TRAL- the Treasury, at the opening of Congress, will be to renew the Tariff proposition of Mr. Walker at the last session, a 20 per cent. tax on tea



RALEIGH, N.C. Wednesday, November 3.

. We are very reluctantly compelled to postpone to Saturday, the able Communication of "Ex-POSITOR." in relation to the recent disturbances in the North Carolina Regiment, in Mexico, and the action of the President of the United States, in relation to the cases of Lieuts. SINGELTARY and PENDER.

LIEUT KINGSBURV

We invite the reader's attention to the Letter of this gallant young Officer, in to-day's paper, responding to the compliment tendered him of a Public Dinner. The estimate in which he holds that glorious old chief, Gen. Tartos, will find a hearty echo in every American bosom.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

We publish in to-day's paper, a Table showing the proportion in which the "nett income" of the School Fund is distributed amongst the Counties of the State. It is worthy of remark, that this is the largest Dividend that has been made from this source.

LIEUT. SINGELTARY. Since our last publication, this young Officer

passed through Raleigh, on his return to Mexico, he having been fully restored to his command by the President of the United States. So far as Lieut. feelings of political hostility. SINGELTARY is personally concerned in the matter, we are gratified at the success which has attended his appeal to the President. We believe him to be a chivalrous soldier, who will distinguish himself whenever an opportunity is presented.

But, certainly, the President has acted most improperly about this affair. We do not question his power in the premises, for as he can remove, we take it for granted that he can also restore. But would any other President have reversed the order of an Officer, so high in rank as General Woot, who was on the spot at the time of the occurrences, which led to Lieut. SINGELTARY's discharge, and must therefore be presumed to have acted on information satisfactory to his own mind-would, we say, any other President have interfered in the matter, without examining into the facts of the case, or consulting with Gen. WOOL ? Mr. POLK's conduct in this business, is a second edition, "revised and enlarged," as we Printers say, of his high-handed assumption of power with regard to the Mutiny in the Mecklenburg and Rowan Companies, last Winter. It appears to us perfect folly, to expect subordination in the Army, when the President, by his mere sic volo,

The "Standard," in publishing the article of Lieut Smeetrier, seems to suppose that, in his great segacity, he foresaw all that has transpired of an unpleasant nature in the N. C. Regiment in Mexico, and that it is all to be ascribed to our "par. tisan Governor and the Mexican Whig Assembly." W. presume it can hardly be contended that this Gor. ernor appointed either Gen. Cushing or Gen. Wool or that the Legislature of 1846 enacted those' Regu. lations for the government of the Army, which it is the duty of every Commanding Officer to adminis. ter. Gen. Cusuing is the present Loco Foco candi. date for Governor in the State of Massachusetts_ whose nomination by a Convention, the "Standar !" lately announced with so much joy, and over whose election, (if by possibility he could succeed,) he is ready to raise a shout that would make the welkin ring. He approved the conduct of Col. PAINE, in the affair of the Mutiny, and therefore gave to it the sanction of Democratic authority.

Of the politics of Gen. Woot, the commander of the post at Buena Vista, who not only gave his approbation to the course of the Colonel, but issued the order of dismission of two Officers and two Privates, which is the immediate grievance of which Lieut. SINGELTARY complains, we have less information. But, as a military authority, we have always understood that there were few, if any, higher in the country. Distinguished by gallant services in the field during the last War with Great Britain, and intimately connected with the discipline of the Army by a long service as Inspector General, he was selected by the President to conduct one of the four separate expeditions against Mexico, which have been made in this War. This he did success. fully, and united his forces with Gen. TAYLOR. shortly before the battle of Buena Vista, where he was also greatly distinguished. At the time of his appointment, the "Standard" and its co-laborers in detraction, objected to Col. PAINE for want of competency for his office, arising from inexperience-This ground, we suppose, is no longer tenable, since so experienced an Officer as Gen. Wool, has no fault to find with him.

Having made these remarks, to show that neither Demogracy or experience on the part of Col. PAINE, would have prevented the occurrences which have unfortunately taken place, we intend to become se parties in this controversy, the existence of which we deeply regret. In the meantime, the "Standard" may as well learn, that accusation is not conviction. and that no good can come from endeavors to foment a personal feud among our Officers, by adding to it

We are not familiar with the Army Regulations, and do not know where the power of summary dismission, which we are told is not without precedent in our service, is derived, but we subjoin the follow. ing Articles of War from the Act of Congress, for the information of our readers:

"Any Officer, or Soldier, who shall begin, or er. cite, or cause, or join in any mutiny or sedition in

that all was waiting !-- does she not love me, and-"Beware, sir, that strikes upon my daughter's honor, the lady must be here forthwith, who must apeak for herself." Accordingly, a lady was introduced; the Doctor

at once recognized his Mary in the lovely form before him; he fainted-no-a lapdog which was ly ing on the carpet, seized him by the nose in his fall whose toeth, operating like "I surgeon's lancet, saved him that extremity. " Madam," said he on rising, and extricating some fifty or sixty billet-doux from his pocket, "are you not the writer of these?" 'God forbid ! exclaimed the seemingly astonished

lady, "letter writing is a thing I have a particular | sobs, and skricks of the whole congregation. aversion to, and with the exception of some few that I sent my mother from school, 1 never wrote three letters in my life."

The gentleman stood aghast. The lady was con-fused—the lap-dog barked, and the husband in re-ality entered. He soon was in possession of the whole affair, and snatching up the letters with an eye lingering between curiosity and jealousy, glanced hastily over the first, and immediately burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"S'death, sir, I see no cause for merriment." " None, truly, in the idea of a man coming to kidhap my wife; but there is some in the fact that he been rapid and enthusiastic. has been courting my mad cousin-in-law, Matt -, for, if those are not his true characters, I'm no true Chris i-n."

Our hero of the billet-dour naused ; such things might be, and have been ; the name corresponded and as he had never used but the initials of the first. at last the truth flashed upon him that he had been all this time the dupe of some sympathizing wag. "Can you tell me where the gentleman you sus-

pect resides ?"

"I suppose sir, as in duty bound, I must; but I would advise you to take things coolly, as he is a real Lucius O'Trigger, powder and ball, and cares no more about shooting a man, than he does about breaking a biscuit."

This advice, however, was about as effective in calming the disappointed lover as the love tear in a body's eye lash would be in extinguishing a volcano. The Doctor flung himself into his chariot and

drove down the street, as if the fillies were mounted by a brace of German hunters. To find the house he was in quest of, to knock-to be admitted-and to be seated almost breathless on a sofa in the drawing room, was but the work of a minute : it was more than ten before he could collect himself sufficiently to explain the object of his visit : and at length when he unfurled his jaws, and raised his eyes to essay, lo ! and behold, they encountered an angel. Yes, the sly laughing glances, that stole archly through a pair of downcast eye laskes, were never emitted by mortal optics; so at least thought the Dector; besides the summer-browned, dimpled cheeked, retiring, fairy form before him, belonged to a higher order of beauty than he had ever before had any conception of. He at one acknowledged the influ-ence of of the charms by one of his best bows, but in the flutter of making it, he brought a flush upon the lady's nose, by coming plump upon it with his nod-lady's nose, by coming plump upon it with his nod-dle. The gentie maiden, however, smiled a forgive-ness, and so charmingly, too, that it completely staggered, or at least changed the current of his pas-sions; for, when he spoke, his voice was more like the supplication of Ersto, than that of a disappointed lover.

"Madam, if this is the sister of Mr.-----, whom I have the honor of addressing, I lament the circumstances that brings me hither and yet it were a li- tion to which I had been transported, subsided in-

"Suraly, sir, I trust my brother has been guilty of nothing that could derange the feelings of so po-lite a _____ here she stopped and blushed, and be-

fore she could begin again, her brother entered. He was an arch looking body, between fifteen and sixteen. so, of course could be no great duellist, as he was represented. Finding the gentleman to be very calm and polite in his enquiries, he made a general confession of the whole, which amounted to this: Going one day, with some of his companions to the post office for letters, he received one with his own initials, which was intended for his cousin Mary; that his companions induced him to since kept up the correspondence. The gentleman heaved several audible sighs, during the confession. The lady shed tears of pity at the tale, and the boy wiping his eye lashes, which trembled with a tear, lest peradventure he should receive the drubbing he deserved, simpered.... I am very sorry for having he deserved, simpered.... I am very sorry for having kept your wife from marrying you; but sure you ean court and have my sister Betty instead.". The Doctor started and sighed louder than ever... the lady turned her eyes towards the window, which came in visionary contact with the chariot at the the door.

The first sentence with which he broke the

awful silence was a quotation from Rosseau, Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ ike a God !"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man. as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I understand what Demosthenes

meant by laying such a stress on delivery. You are to bring before you the venerable fig. are of the preacher, his blindness constantly recalling to your recollection old Honrer, Ossian and Milton, associating with his slow, solemn, well accented enunciation, and his voice-affecting metody, you are to remember the pith of the passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised, and then the few minutes of portentous death-like silence which reigned through the whole house ; the preacher removed the handkerchief from his aged face, (even wet from the recent torrent of tears.) slowly stretched forth his palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence : Socrates died like a philosopher,"--then pausing, raising the hands, pressing them both togeth. er with warmth and energy to his breast, litting his sightless balls to heaven, and pouring his whole sont in his tumultuous voice : " but Jesus Christ like a God 1" If he had, indeed and in truth, been an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, it had fallen far short of the power which I felt at the delivery of the simple sentence. The blood which had just before reshed in a hurricane to my brain, and in the violence and agony of my feelings had held my whole system in saspense, now run back into my heart with a kind of sensation which I cannot describe, a kind of shuddering horror!

The paroxysm of the blended pity and indigna. bel to lament any thing that introduced me to you." to the deepest abasement, humility and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy, for a Saviour as a fellow creature, but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as-a God 1

A MAMMOTH -Our good friend at Red Mountain, Col. Abner Parker, sent us on Thursday last a mammoth Sweet Potatoe, raised by his father, Capt. David Parker, on Flat River, in this County, which is certainly the finest we have ever seen, and we do not remember ever to have heard or read of one equalling it in size. When do it-that they agreed to answer it, and have ever first taken out of the ground it weighed ten pounds, good down weight, and measured full twenty. two inches in circumference and about fourteen inches in length ! They boast sometimes of large Potatoes and other wegetables in Wake and Chatham, can they beat this Polatee ? We think we may safely challenge the State to do it. Flat River can give as fine a specimen of good Whig voting, and produce as good individual specimens of honest-hearted, determined Whige as any portion of the State; and it would seem, from the size of this potatoe, that they have a ge. known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly Madam, said the gentleman, at this ominous nerous soil, corresponding in a measure to the friendless. That his cold brow was unmoistened character of the people. May they ever continue by one farewell tear; that remorse pursued him

The landlord hesitated for a moment, and then

" There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether an American or an Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who in his lifetime was Bishop, Prince, Prime Minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable supplicant, he stood before the etranger's door, knocked and then entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed into Talleyrand's face, with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline, the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will.

His form vigorous, even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark, but rich and disunguished costume.

Tallevrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, solicited his kind offices.

He poured forth his story in eleguent Freuch and broken English.

I am a wanderer, and exite. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or a hope. You are an American ! Give me then, I beneech you, a letter of introduction to some friend of yours, that I may be enabled to earn my bread. am willing to toil in any manner ; the scenes in Paris have filled me with such horror, that a fife of labor would be a Paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter of introduction to one of your friends 1 A gentleman like you doubtless, has many friends

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his head still downcast, his eyes still looking from beneath his darened brow.

He spoke as he retreated backward ; his voice was full of meaning.

"I am the only man born in the New World that can raise his hand to GOD and say-I HAVE NOT ONE FRIEND--NOT ONE --- IN ALL AMERICA." Talleyrand never forgot the look of sadness that accompanied these words. "Who are you ?' he cried, as the strange man

retreated toward the next room. "Your same?" "My name ?" with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression ; " My name is Benedict Arnold.

He was gone. Talleyrand sunk into a chair.

Polk -Baltimore Patriot.

The widow of Dr. Benjamin Rush yet lives, and resides in this city, at the age of nearly ninety years. She retains the complete use of al her faculties--is active, gay and cheerful in the bosom of her family, and commands the profound and universal respect of a large circle of admiring friends. We think she is the only surviving partner of any of the fearless and patriotic men who pledged life, and fortune in Independence Hall-who braved the power of a great Empire, and by that act socured a distinguished place for their names and their country among the nations of the world -- Phila. Ing.

NEW COUNTERFEIT.

A new fifty dollar counterfeit note on the Farmers' bank of Virginia, letter B No. 782, dated Richmond, April 4, 1840, payable to N. C. Whitehead-J. G. Blair, Cashier, Win. H. Macfarland, President, has been seen in Pittsburg. ' Vignette, a farmer reclining near a whent sheaf.

Rishmond Repub.

MONEY LENT AT THE CARD TABLE NOT RE-COVERABLE .- In the Court of Common Pleas, vesterday, a verdict was rendered in the case of William White vs. Asaph E. Buss. It was a demand for \$240, money lent, and it appeared that the money was borrowed at a card table. while the parties were engaged in playing. Un der instructions of the court, the jury returned a special verdict for the defendant, upon the ground that the money was lent as stated above.

Boston Post.

RAILBOAD SURVEY .- Col Childs, having gone through with his reconnuitre between this and Camden, has now gone to Raleigh. We understand that he has maned his price for the survey. and we believe that he has entered upon the arrangement for making it. He sage it will occupy five months time.

We understand that he expresses very favorable opinions as regards the adaptation of the face of the country for a Railroad particularly between Favetteville and Cheraw. Thinks there is no better country, for labor, materials and cheap construction .- North Carolinian.

A BITER BIT -An ingenious down-easter, who has invented a new kind of " Love letter Ink," which has been selling as a sure safeguard against all actions for breaches of the marriage promise, inasmuch as it entirely fades from paper in two months from date, was recently most awfully done brown by a brother down easter, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article, giving him therefor his note at ninety days. At the expiration of the time the ink inventor called for payment, but on unfolding the scrip, found nothing but a piece of blank paper. The note had been written with his own ink.

KEEPING FOLKS IN MEETING. Sewall relates the following anecdote of ' Hankerchief Moody :'

When Mr. Moody wes on a journey, I think in the Western part of Massachusetts, he called on a brother in the ministry, on Saturday, thinking to spend the Sabbath with him, if agreeable. man appeared very glad to see him, and said, 'I should be very glad to have you stop and preach for me to motsow, but i feel askamed to ask you.' . What is the matter ?' asked Moedy. Why, our people have got in such a habit of going out before inceting is cleard, that it seems be an imposition on a stranger.' If that is all, I must and will stop and preach for you," was Moody's reply. When the Sabbath day came, and Mr. Moody had opened the meeting and named the text, he looked around the assembly and said, "my hearers? I am going to speak to two sorts of folks to-day, saints and sinners !--Sinners, 1 am going to give you your portion first, and I would have you give good attention." When he had preached to shem as long as he thought best, he paused 1 'there, sinners, i have

sic jubeo, thus over-rides all military rule and etiquette, and proclaims from the house-tops-"I an THE STATE I We know not what steps Gen. Wool may deem it proper to take, to rebuke this interference by the Executive, but we are confident Col. PAINE will

promptly resign his command, and return home.

The ONDERDONK CASE is settled at last, by not restoring him to his functions. But the Canone of the Church have been amended so as to reach his Case-thus: The power to remit judicial sentences has been given to the House of Bishops, and the authority has been conferred upon the Convention or Standing Committee of any Diocese, whose head is under suspension, to invite any Bishop to serve it, or a Diocese so situated may, by its Convention, be placed under the charge of a Bishop of another Diocese.

NO SUCH THING.

The "Washington Union" denits the report that despatches had been received by the Government from Gen. Scorr, descriptive of the late stirring events at the Mexican Capital, or indeed, any since the 4th of June. The Union also contradicts the report of the arrival of an express from the Rio Grande, with information that Urrea was crossing the mountains with 20,000 troops, for the purpose of sweeping our posts in that direction. Letters have been received from Gen. TAYLOR's camp, but they say nothing of UREEA's invasion. Oh, these letter writers!

TROUBLE AT BUENA VISTA.

The "Cumberland Civilian" has seen a letter from Jas. Evans, Esq., a member of Capt. Alburtis company of Virginia Volunteers, to his father. Mr Washington Evans, of Cumberland. It is dated Buena Vista, Sept. 19, 1847." We gather from it the following items:

A difficulty has occurred between Gen. Wool and Col. Hamtramck, of the Virginia Regiment, the history of which is this: One of the soldiers belonging to Capt. Alburtis' company, Mr. John Jamison, of Martinsburg, was placed under arrest by John K. Cooke, Provost Marshal, for some alleged offence, very trifling in its character. Col: Hamtramck addressed a letter to Gen. Wool, requesting the release of Jamison, and that Cooke, who, it seems, is very odious to the soldiers, should be sent back to his regiment. Gen. W. replied in effect, that Col. H. had nothing to do with the Provost Marshal. The matter was to be referred to Gen.

any troop or company in the service of the United States, or in any party, post detachment or guard. shall suffer death, or such other punishment, as by a Court Martial shall be inflicted."

"Any Officer, non-commissioned Officer or Sol. dier, who being present at any mutiny or sedition. does not use his utmost endeavors to suppress the same, or coming to the knowledge of any intended mutiny, does not without delay give information to his commanding Officer, shall be punished by the sentence of a Court Martial with death, or other wise according to the nature of his offence."

A BEREAVED WIDOW.

Mrs. Hoffman, of Baltimore, lost her husband, while he was serving his country in Texas, less than two years ago, in the capacity of Lieut. Col. to the 7th infantry. In the winter of 1844, she lost a son, Lieut. A. T. Hoffman, of the 2d Infantry, who died of a disease contracted while serving in Florida -At the battle of Churubusco, her youngest and fevorite child was killed, while serving in the 1st U. S. Artillery, in the capacity of Lieutenant. In the same engagement she had another son wounded. Capt. Hoffman, of the 6th infantry, who is represented as possessing superior attainments as an officer and a gentleman.

A YOUNG AMERICAN IN IRELAND. We have been gratified with the perusal of the subjoined remarks, which we extract from the "Galway Vindicator," of the 21st of August, as part of the proceedings at "the Galway Repeal Public Dinner," on the 16th of that month. Mr. W. H. Donobe, who is a native of Washington City, left his home several months ago, in the Barque Gen. Harrison, on a visit of mercy to Ireland. How well he acquitted himself when called on (as we leran, most upexpectedly) to address a public meeting composed of a great number of Ireland's distinguished sons, both of the Clergy and Laity, we leave our readers to judge:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen : With feelings of deep emotion I rise to tender my sincere thanks for the enthusiastic reception you have given-the many happy and grateful allusions to my native land. We have done but our duty; and though we sincerely lament the sufferings of unhappy Ireland, yet that distress is, in a manner lightened, and we are provi of the opportunity permitted us of benefitting a nation with whom our affections are so closely entwined-(hear, hear.) You have mentioned the magic name of Washington; the American Liberator, as would have been the great O'Connell, the Irish Liberator, had he been spared by an all-wise Proridence. Washington carried us through the nobie struggle, and lived to see as an independent and happy people, but alass O'Connell was snatched away by the ruthless hand of death, before he could secure you that peaceable and constitutional freedom which was the fondest object of his mind. We, have said, are a happy people! and why are we so? Because we live under free institutions, and are not fettered with that detestable Union which rivets your misery upon you-(hear, hear.) We were too long subjected to the tyranny of Britain, but, by the blessing of heaven our chains we snapped asunder, and we are now "great, glorious and free." (Cheers.) Your Rev. Chairman has allud-ed in kind terms to the universal interest felt in the U. States for the unfortunate frish. How could it be otherwise, when heart-rending accounts of fever and famine desolating your land, poured on us from every quarter? We were unused to it. That even

one individual should perish from hunger we could carcely realize, but when we heard of hundre

gasping the words.

"AGNOLD THE TRAITOR !"

Thus you see, he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the murderer's mark upon his brow. Even in the secluded room of that Inn at Havre, his crime found him out, and forced him to tell his name | that name the synonome of infamv

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of his tory, to

The manner of his death is not distinctly pointment, if I thought you would not deem the re-newal of my visit an annoyance." Miss Betty gave a silent look of sanction, and answered that mamma dant barvests-Hillsboro' Recorder. ed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever, lolease.' But all tarried aud heard him through. | and calumny."

Taylor. As T us at the bar ar "It is not," says Daniel Webster, "the moisiest waters that are generally the deepest ; nor

and if impudence can go further, we should like to see it for the sake of novelty :

"From the beginning, therefore, every candid reader must see and be convinced that the President has made every reasonable effort to avoid the war before it commenced, and to terminate it since. The lone with you now ; you may take your hats and charge, therefore, that he 'plunged the country into go out of the meeting house as soon as you a war,' is a wilful and malicious misrepresentation

ing daily by the road side, we were almost paraly-zed at the thought. With us all are provided for, all are comfortable, all are happy. The first move-ment in the States was that made in Washington, and has it always been found that that spirit which is most inclined to vapor when danger and disaster are at a distance, is the firmest in breasting them on their near approach." The "Union" has the following paragraph, The "Union" has the following paragraph, tion, and was a prey to constant regret that he could not do more (hear, hear, and cheers) His was the first movement made in the United States, and the worthy example was instantly imitated by the neigh; boring Cities, until oven the smallest village had freely given its mite to suffering Erin. If not out of order, I would conclude by proposing his health -Then, gentlemen, permit me to give you. "His HONDE, WILLIAM W. SEATON, ESQ. Mayor of Washington"-(Checrs.)