

Choice Poetry.

THE ORPHAN.

The fashions of this world pass away...

When is thy mother? once I asked
A little fair-haired child...

Who taught thee then, my angel boy?
He lived, in accents low...

The fashions of this world pass away,
And all its joys decay...

Select Tale.

MICHAEL ALLSCOT;

THE SHOT IN TIME.

A STORY OF MARION'S MEN.

BY J. W. KEVIN.

(CONTINUED.)

Lovely indeed was the maiden whose
heart followed the young soldier to the
camp...

Her father dying when she was a mere
child, her mother contracted a second
matrimonial alliance...

Her sorrows, poor creature, had of
late been greatly multiplied by the dis-
turbances which ensued from the contest
with the mother country...

considered the folly and crime of the
whigs entering into a contest with the
mother country. The undignified senti-
ments of his fair step-daughter...

The visits of Michael to his house had
long since been forbidden, and latterly he
had met his betrothed only by stealth...

Michael well knew how anxiously Dora
longed for his coming, and whatever
dangers beset his way, he seldom failed
to hasten to her side...

The sun was within an hour of his
setting, when the line of hazy vapor which
had long lain motionless on the western
horizon...

As accustomed as Michael had been to
scenes of peril and danger, a feeling of
superstitious awe came over him...

Michael would fain have turned aside
to seek a shelter from the storm in some
of the scattered habitations that lay by
the roadside...

As the road, however, emerged from
the forest into an open clearing of consid-
erable extent, he found himself within a
few rods of a house...

Everything about the place wore a de-
serted and cheerless aspect. The mag-
nificent shade trees around, which seemed
the growth of centuries...

or pole, cut from the woods and placed
as a prop against it. The hand railing
around the piazza was partially gone...

His first summons failing to attract
attention, Michael knocked more loudly
than before, and in a moment after, a firm
and masculine step was heard advancing
through the apartment...

The furniture of the room into which
Michael was ushered, was of the most
costly and luxurious description. Indeed,
considering the time and condition of the
country, it might have been esteemed
elegant and tasteful...

Michael laid down his glass, and calmly
regarded his host and his companion,
while they tossed off the toast gleefully.

Advancing to a chair pointed out to
him at the farther side of the fire-place,
Michael seated himself, while the individ-
ual who had admitted him into the house,
resumed his place at a table a few feet
distant...

But these two were not the only tenants
of the room. Immediately before our
hero on the opposite side of the hearth
was a small, wiry, pug-nosed, red-headed,
ferrety little individual...

The other individual who sat with sev-
eral papers scattered before him, which
he was arranging, as he hurriedly glanced
at their contents, was evidently a man
who had seen somewhat of the world...

Meantime the storm was raging in all
its fury. The old house rocked and tot-
tered in the gale as though its decaying
timbers were about to yield to the shock
of the tempest...

As wild as was the contention of the
elements, Michael felt that it would have
been far more prudent and safe to have
encountered the tornado upon the high-
way...

Michael already began to suspect that
the two individuals before him belonged
to that reckless class of marauding tor-
ies that infested the country...

determined to take advantage of the first
pang of the storm to withdraw from the
shelter of a roof, which offered so precau-
sion a hospitality...

"Well, my friend," began the better-
looking of the two individuals, thrusting
his papers into a drawer, and taking his
seat in front of the fire-place...

"I give you a toast," said Michael's
host, with a meaning and malicious
smile, as he raised his glass...

Little Bill Stoker, almost petrified with
astonishment at the audacity of our hero,
looked from his companion to Michael...

"But my friend," said his host, aver-
ting his eyes from his fixed and steady
gaze, "do I understand that you are not
a friend to King George?"

"A friend to King George?" he ex-
claimed with honest indignation. "Nay,
God forbid that I should be the tool of so
odious and despicable a tyrant..."

"My good sir," answered his host,
"you suffer yourself to speak too freely.
Such language might not prove agreeable
to every company into which chance
might throw you..."

"But have you no fear of the failure
of your rebellion," asked the other red-
dening with irritation, "no visions of
halters in perspective to such of you as
the sword may spare?"

"Rebellion, sir! do you talk to me of
rebellion!" responded Michael, while an
angry flush began to burn upon his cheek...

The eye of the tor-—for such he indeed
was—quailed before the firm and angry
glance of Michael...

"I might well object to the tone and
manner in which you demand my name,"
answered the other, shifting, as if casu-
ally, his position...

Little Bill Stoker was overcome with
joy at the surprise which the tor leader,
Harrison, had prepared for Michael...

the extremity of bodily terror, he clasped
his hands gleefully and shouted aloud
with laughter.

"Up, Bill, and to your horse!" gasped
Harrison, in a voice hoarse with rage, so
soon as he had regained his feet...

A deep gash had been inflicted upon
the cheek of the tor by the sudden blow
of our hero...

With his renegade follower, he put foot
in stirrup, consumed with a thirst for
vengeance, and soon the old crazy build-
ing, the scene of their late discomfiture,
was left behind them cheerless and unten-
anted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miscellaneous.

BRIDE OF THE TUSTENUGGEE.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

Halloo! Tustenuggie is a name particularly familiar to
the Regiment U. S. Infantry. On some one occa-
sion he remained his position against the opening col-
umns, until the retreat of his fellows was secured...

Away, away! The drollish bear
The drollish bear, at last has come;
The white man's drum awakes his power...

Away, away! The bolts above
The tender frame had better scatter,
Than should he wait, oh! bear of love...

Away, away! no warmer, sweet,
The soft alien thy lips would tell;
With words to great my lovers meet...

Away, away! that wait'd to see
The warm love-love to light in rain;
Another more, and he shall be...

Instructions to Governor Denver.
DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
WASHINGTON, May 7, 1858. }
J. W. DENVER, Esq., }
Governor of the Territory of Kansas, }
Leecompton.

Sir: I transmit to you a copy of the
Act of Congress approved 4th May, 1858,
"for the admission of the State of Kansas
into the Union..."

The eye of the tor—was indeed
was—quailed before the firm and angry
glance of Michael, and for a moment he
looked around at his companion, hesita-
ting and doubtful as to the manner in
which he should reply to the peremptory
and menacing language of Michael...

the President of the United States, as
soon as the fact is duly made known to
him, shall announce the same by procla-
mation; and thereafter, and without any
further proceedings on the part of Con-
gress, the admission of the State of Kan-
sas into the Union on an equal footing
with the original States, in all respects
whatever, shall be complete and abso-
lute...

Under the second section of the Act,
yourself, the District Attorney, the Sec-
retary of the Territory, the President of
the Council, and the Speaker of the
House of Representatives, are constituted
a Board of Commissioners, to conduct
this important election. The President
has entire confidence that so far as in you
lies, the election will be fairly and prop-
erly conducted...

At the same time, you will provide for
an early meeting of the Commissioners,
so that the election required by the Act
may take place without unnecessary de-
lay, and that all suitable arrangements
may be made for this purpose...

The Act for the Admission of Kansas
ought to be extensively circulated among
the people, because the question to be
decided by them is one of vast impor-
tance, and may involve the welfare and
prosperity of their fine Territory for a
long period of years...

You will not probably convene the
Board until after the appointment of a
new District Attorney for the Territory.
A nomination for this purpose will be sent
to the Senate on Monday next. Should
you deem it advisable, you are at liberty
to publish the whole or any part of these
instructions. The President wishes to
give every assurance to the people of
Kansas, that he desires, above all things,
that there shall be a fair expression of the
popular will at the election; and that the
result may be to produce peace and har-
mony among themselves, and promote
their lasting welfare.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.
LEWIS CASS.

THE DIRTY LITTLE PIG.—The Pass
Christian (Miss.) Monitor says:
Going up the street, a few days ago,
we saw a sight we didn't expect to see,
nor do we expect to see again in a great
while. It was nothing more nor less
than a little negro boy, about four years
old, stretched out upon the ground beside
a poor, mangy looking sow, and sucking
away as though it were his mother...

A SAD END.—The Nebraska corre-
spondent of the St. Louis Democrat, writes
that Governor Cumming's illness was pro-
tracted several months, and that no dis-
ease is assigned as the cause of his death,
"but it is an undeniable fact that he died
of 'rot gut' whiskey and licentiousness."

The St. Louis Leader thus acknowledges
the appropriateness of Kansas as a field for
Parson Kalloch's labors: "The Parson
has chosen well. As a divine, he was an
excellent preacher where there is no gos-
pel; and he is just the lawyer where there
is no law."

The Washington correspondent of the
New York Tribune, under date of May
12th, wrote:
Gen. Shields has taken his seat on the
Republican side of the Senate, and voted
to-day with the Republicans.

A REGIMENT OF SOBS.—Olson Hyde,
the Mormon High Priest, says that "if
the Lord spares him and he has good
luck," in ten years he will have sons
enough to make a regiment by themselves.

The New York Tribune says that Mr.
English's land bribe is not so large as
that which the Devil is reported to have
offered in vain, on a memorable occasion.

THE EMIGRATION.—The tide of em-
igration Westward continues to flow in
upon us at about the rate it opened at
the commencement of the season. There is
no jam but a continual movement. The
Leavenworth Journal says: "We have
every reason to believe that the mass of
emigration this year has been much greater
than that of any previous year. We do
not mean in this connection that class
of persons who come West for the mere
purpose of making investments for spec-
ulation, but of the actual bona fide settlers
of the country—the bone and sinew of
the land—the only class upon which we
can in the end rely for permanent pros-
perity or steady and substantial progress."

DOUGLAS' PROSPECT IN ILLINOIS.—The
Chicago Democrat says in relation to
Douglas' re-election to the Senate:
The Republicans of the West are de-
termined to have an out and out Phila-
delphia Platform man to represent them.
If they cannot do this, they want a square-
headed Cincinnati Platform man. They
want no man like Judge Douglas, who
gets to be a great free-soiler on the eve
of every Senatorial election; then ston-
es for it by beating Southern men themselves,
in devotion to the slave interest.

LIBERTY OR DEATH.—Boll Brittain
writing from Richmond, Va., says: One
of the most interesting spots in Richmond,
and which all intelligent strangers desire
to visit, is the little church in which Pat-
rick Henry made his great speech for
"Liberty or Death," and the ancient
grave-yard in which it stands. It is situ-
ated on one of the highest hills of the
town; and commands the view which
gave the city its name—so like is it to its
namesake in the old country.

The State of Illinois is said to contain
the most extensive coal deposits of any
country of equal extent on the globe. It
is more than is contained in all Europe.
Nearly fifty thousand square miles of sur-
face rests upon basins of coal, at depths
convenient for profitable mining, and very
often coal is found at the surface, and is
obtained by stripping or casting off the
layer of soil above.

The last wish of Col. Benton was that
Congress would make an appropriation
for the purchase of his works, which he
desired might be distributed among the
public libraries of the country. His last
paragraph note is one complimenting
Henry Clay, which is appended to the
deceased's account of the Compromise
struggle of 1850, and to which period this
work is completed.

A Washington letter writer remarks,
that to the inquiries as to the meaning of
the English Kansas bill, and whether it
submits the Constitution to the people,
the answer is like that given by the show-
man, when asked by the little boys which
was the lion and which the tiger—"Just
as you please, little boys; you have paid
your money, and can take your choice."

Forney, in his paper, says: The man
who would undertake to prove that Ches-
nut Street did not extend from Ches-
nut to the Schuylkill, would be voted a
lunatic; and yet such a man would not
be more insane than any other who un-
dertook to prove that Leocompton was
not the controlling element in our late city
election.

It is rumored that Mr. Raley, the Amer-
ican horse tamer, uses a file of Congres-
sional speeches to subdue the refractory
animals put under his charge. After
reading about a quarter of an hour, the
quadruped gives up, and promises an en-
tire amendment of morals and manners if
he will only stop.

Mr. Buchanan and his two commis-
sioners to Utah, Messrs. Powell and Mc-
Callough, are all unmarried men. We are
afraid they will not be able to cope with
Brigham Young. A man with a hundred
wives must certainly be an overmatch for
two old bachelors and a widower.

A correspondent of the Charleston Mer-
cury, attending the Southern Commercial
Convention at Montgomery, writes: "I
have not met a single man, except the Vir-
ginians, who approve of the late com-
promise on Kansas. It is denounced with
great bitterness."

Speaking of James B. Clay's supporting
Buchanan, who so shamefully betrayed
and slandered his father, Fremont says:
"Mr. Clay was the author of a great
many glorious things, and of only one that
he had reason to be ashamed of—and that
one is now in Congress."

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English's land bribe is not so large as
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Hon. James Guthrie, of Kentucky, late
Secretary of the Treasury under President
Pierce, is named as the next Democratic
candidate for the Presidency.

Bob O'Blennis and Bob Stewart are
both in the city. We do not know where
either of them are putting up at.—St.
Louis Herald.