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DEVOTED TO POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, THE USEFUL ARTS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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## POETRY



## ENDYMION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The rising moon has hid the stars,  
Her lovely rays, like golden bars,  
Lie on the landscape green,  
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,  
As if Diana, in her dreams,  
Had dropt her silver bow  
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,  
She woke Endymion with a kiss,  
When, sleeping in the grove,  
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unask'd, unought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought;  
Nor voice, nor sound betrays  
Its deep, impassion'd gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,  
The crown of all humanity—  
In silence and alone  
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep  
Are like the oblivion, the soul's sleep,  
And kisses the closed eyes  
Of him, who, slumbering, lies.

O, weary hearts! oh! slumbering eyes!  
O, drooping souls, whose destinies  
Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accus'd by fate,  
No one so wholly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own.

Responds, as if with unseen wings  
An angel swept its quivering strings;  
And whispers, in its song,  
"Where hast thou staid so long?"

## THE FLOWER.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

"The mother gave in tears and pain,  
The flowers she must did love;  
She knew she should see them all again,  
In the fields of light above."

Bright beneath the eye of Heaven  
floated a fair and fertile garden, em-  
bellished with all that was varied and beau-  
tiful in nature. It was called the Garden  
of Life, and it was peopled with a multi-  
tude of mortals, that they could not be  
numbered. The Lord of the garden was  
an all-wise and all-powerful being, who  
governed and governed this countless host  
of mortals, and assigned to each their own  
particular duties and employments. All  
had a portion of the vast garden to cul-  
tivate; and every one had some plants en-  
trusted to his keeping, which he was en-  
joined to nurture with attentive care. It  
frequently happened that each individual  
became so fondly attached to the beauti-  
ful flowers which he cultivated, that he  
forgot they were not his own, and cher-  
ished them with an absorbing and almost  
idolatrous affection. Then the Lord of  
the garden would take back the treasures,  
which he had only lent for a season, and  
to which mortal love was clinging too  
fondly, and remove them to his own fair  
and far-off home, where they bloom for-  
ever in un fading loveliness. It was a sad  
and bitter trial for mortals to resign their

cherished flowers, and oftimes they mur-  
mured at the loss, and mourned despair-  
ingly over their bereavement.

It was thus with a young and gentle  
woman who dwelt in a portion of the  
garden called the Bower of Hymen. She  
there cultivated many flowers, but among  
all those entrusted to her keeping, none  
claimed so much of her untiring care and  
devoted love, as a little plant called In-  
fancy. It was a fair but fragile blossom,  
requiring the utmost tenderness, and the  
foudest nurture to bring it to perfection.  
One breath of neglect—one shadow of the  
cloud of unkindness—one moment's  
withdrawal of the sunlight of affection  
might have blighted its beauty, or endan-  
gered its existence for ever. But she  
who guarded it was faithful to her trust,  
and never, for an instant, did she neglect  
her duty to her precious charge. For  
many spring-times she had striven to  
rear plants similar to this; but ever some  
evil blight had fallen upon, and destroy-  
ed her cherished favorites. Each time  
her heart was touched with indescribable  
sorrow, as she was called upon to resign  
her treasures, and to each succeeding one,  
her spirit clung with an affection deeper  
and fonder than that she had bestowed  
upon its predecessor. Many had perished,  
and now she hung over this last, love-  
liest, and only one, with a love which  
passeth the power of words to describe.  
She watched it high and day with the  
deepest devotion, she guarded it from all  
hurtful influences with the most unwar-  
ring care. Her smile of love was the first  
sunlight that broke over it at morning,  
and her words of endearment the last music  
that floated around it at eve. Even in  
the still watches of the midnight hour,  
when others were sleeping around, she  
would bend over her budding treasure,  
and bedew it with the tears of irrepres-  
sible joy. Often would she raise her stream-  
ing eyes to the blue sky and beaming  
stars above, where she had been taught  
to believe the Lord of the garden held his  
abode, and breathe a fervent petition that  
he would in mercy spare the treasure he  
had so graciously bestowed.

For a season the gentle woman's pray-  
er was granted, and all her devoted care  
rewarded. She saw her tender flower  
growing in beauty, day by day, and giv-  
ing promise of perfection. Then her  
bower was illumined by the presence of a  
radiant being, called the spirit of Hope,  
whose smile was like the sunlight of heav-  
en, and whose voice had the ravishing  
sweetness of a gem minstrel's. Ever  
this beguiling spirit pointed to the open-  
ing beauties of the cherished flower, and  
whispered such sweet tales of its future  
loveliness, that she who claimed it for  
her own, felt her heart expand to more  
than mortal happiness. But, alas! this  
happiness might not continue. The Lord  
of the garden was displeas'd with the  
deep idolatry, the almost frantic worship  
bestowed upon the perishing flower of  
earth, and he resolved to take it home to  
himself. He sent to the bower a pale vi-  
sitant, called Sickness, who touched the  
delicate blossom with a blighting hand.  
Then there was a sudden and sorrowful  
change—its freshness and bloom faded  
away—its fragile leaves drooped, and its  
slender stem bent under the power of dis-  
ease. She who nurtured the plant, mark-  
ed the change with an aching heart, and  
redoubled her vigilance and her care. She  
hung over the fading flower with looks of  
the deepest love—she raised its droop-  
ing head, and watered its parched lips with  
her tears. She sent the most eloquent  
petitions, the most impassioned pleadings  
to the Lord of the garden, entreating him  
to spare her cherished treasure. She did  
all that mortal power could do, to save it,  
but it was of no avail. There came a  
solemn and shadowy being, called the  
"Reaper," and with a scythe which he  
carried in his skeleton hand, he cut down  
the tender plant, and bore it triumphant-  
ly away. And when the poor desolate  
mourner saw that the flower of her love  
had indeed perished, and passed away for-  
ever, she resigned her soul to the burden  
of an utterable woe. She wept incessantly  
for her lost treasure; she neglected all  
her duties in the garden of life; she would  
not be comforted, but refused to listen to  
the voice of consolation, and she mourned  
with a bitterness that was endangering  
her existence.

When the Lord of the garden saw that  
the woman's reason was sinking beneath  
the stroke of affliction, he sent to her  
bower, a ministering angel who had power  
to comfort. This was a being of pure  
and perfect loveliness, clad in snowy  
and spotless raiment, and wearing in every  
feature looks of holy love and kindness.—  
This beautiful being was called the spirit  
of Religion, and with gentle words and  
winning accent, she soothed the trou-  
bled heart of the mourner. She directed her  
attention to the far-off sky, where count-  
less stars appeared in their never-fading  
splendor, and pointing to one pure and  
glorious, which shone with peculiar brilli-  
ancy, she said:

"Look, mourner, thy tender flower is  
ransplanted from earth to heaven—thy  
bud of promise has become a star which  
shall blossom henceforth, in un fading  
loveliness. Rejoice that he storm of  
earth can reach it no more—rejoice that  
the many perils which threatened it in

the garden of life, are all escaped, and  
that in a clime where sunbeams never  
fade, and flowers never perish, thy own  
sweet plant will flourish ever more in  
endless, beauty, and undying bloom."

And thus the mourner's heart was com-  
forted. No more she wept or murmured  
at her lot, but wandered over the garden  
of life with a tranquil and uncom-  
plaining spirit. And even in after years,  
when the clouds of care gathered darkly  
over her, or the storms of sorrow rudely  
assailed, she had but to look up to the  
loved and lovely star, and bless the be-  
acon who serene and holy light guided  
her safely through all the tempests of  
life!

## "THE MILFORD BARD."

The following in relation to the MILFORD  
BARD, we extract from the N. O. Crescent  
City:

We know the unfortunate subject of  
this article, ten years ago he was the cen-  
tre of the most brilliant circle in his na-  
tive State—now a degraded drunkard, is  
thrust into the society of alms-house pau-  
pers!—His story is soon told. He was  
young, rich and generous, possessing the  
strong impulses which form the fountain-  
head of the silver stream of poetry, his  
life one continual stream of music—one  
long vibration on the harp of love.

"Then came the curse of by-gone years."

In the rich halls of fame there glided  
in noiseless beauty a creature of heavenly  
brightness. The old tale the poet told  
of the spirit of his soul, and she looked  
upon her worshipper with the cold un-  
winking eye of pride. Few of us are blessed  
with the moral courage to survive disappoin-  
tment like this, and madly we fly to the  
dark waters of the Lethe, even though  
they drown but for a single moment the  
burning thoughts which press their scor-  
pion stings deep into the brain. Far be  
it from us to advocate the cause of im-  
temperance, but even while we deprecate  
it, we must look with pity on those who  
have been smitten with the plague-spot  
of the horrid vice. Blindly he dashes on,  
reckless of the future day, forgetting in  
his delirium the green old days passed in  
the glorious sunshine of youth, he was  
then the broken hearted man—the dying  
sobs of his once rich song floated upon  
the ear like the sigh of a wounded spirit  
at the gate of heaven. The object of  
his early love married. With a glazing  
eye and faded hopes he sees the last plank  
torn from his grasp and hears the livid  
waters gurgle in his ears. Then comes  
madness, and the poet revels in the splen-  
dor of the lurid ball. The dream is over,  
he has passed through the ether of the fire  
into Babel, but he is scattered—stated  
to the quick! Step by step, he walks on  
to perdition, one by one his friends de-  
sert him. Still he clings to her memory  
—still the sweet sad song of the past is  
borne upon the dark waves of sor-  
row.

Some two years ago an attempt was  
made by some of his friends to endeavor  
if possible to save him from utter degra-  
dation, by placing him for a voluntary  
period in the Baltimore jail. I called  
one evening to see him, he was gay and  
cheerful but happiness was the thin up-  
per crust of his feelings. There was one  
sentence which I can never forget, it was  
late and he jailer informed me that Mr  
—was rather unwell and was about  
returning to rest. Yielding to my im-  
portunities, however he led the way to his  
apartment. Peeping through the key  
hole I saw him engaged in prayer, his  
hands were raised in mute supplication to  
Heaven, and tears were rolling down his  
cheeks.

"Men call me a drunkard! but, Oh!  
God! forgive MEER who caused this  
wreck!"

The friend and companion of Thom-  
as Moore—he whose society was courted  
by the first of the land, and around whose  
brow fame would have thrown his richest  
wrath—is now the inmate of an asylum  
for paupers!—He will go down to the  
tomb unhonored and the hillock growing  
with weeds above his head will be point-  
ed out by the passer by, as "THE BRUN-  
BARD'S GRAVE."

England saved by an Old Lady. A  
southern paper says:—"McLeod has been  
acquitted; the alibi was sustained. Old  
Beisy Morrison saved the United States  
from a war and England from a beat-  
ing."

Tennessee.—By the State Treasurer's  
report to the Legislature we learn that the  
receipts of the Treasury for the two last  
years have been \$659,359 22, and the  
disbursements \$469,744 75, leaving a  
balance of \$189,594 47.

Col. Wood, late representative for the  
city of Natchez, has sailed for England,  
with documents sufficient to prove him  
the rightful heir to the great Wood estate.  
The Colonel will only be worth about  
\$13,000,000.

## From the Magnolia. VISION OF AMERICA.

BY MARIA GERTRUDE KYLE.

It was night, the summer air was full  
of holy calmness, the lightest winds were  
asleep in their unknown resting places—  
even the tremulous leaves of the mimosa  
were still, and the lily's bell of purity  
hung without motion. The moon was  
not in heaven, but the innumerable stars  
were there—in undimmed brightness they  
shone forth; not even the tiniest cloud  
threw its light drapery around the burn-  
ing thrones. No frown hung darkly on  
the mighty brow of the tamed sea, for  
the song of the sea nymphs had lulled  
the storm-spirit to rest in their  
coral caves, and its water kissed the sil-  
ver sand so softly, that echo failed to give  
back an answering kiss. The green world  
of woods filled not the air with the mel-  
ancholy music of its unquiet leaves; it was  
still as every other fold of nature's robe.

On this night of undisturbed repose, I  
was alone, if solitude *cap* dwell where  
the million tongues of earth, sky and  
ocean, speak a language to the heart which  
hath a mysterious power to calm its  
happiest passions. The universal spir-  
it of stillness had covered me, also, with  
his invisible wing, and as I yielded to its  
dreamy influence, behold! his twin sister  
meditation stood before me. Her coun-  
tenance was inexpressibly beautiful, and a  
majestic grace dwelt in her perfect form—  
her brow was peaceful as a infant's dream  
and yet there was a strange brightness ab-  
out it—it seemed as if through its mir-  
able and transparent whiteness shone forth  
the radiance of some unseen source of lustre.  
She was arrayed in a robe like the  
mantle of twilight—half sunshine and half  
shade; and the rays of priceless diamonds  
threw the rummy light on the darkness  
of her raven hair. She placed her hand  
gently on my head; and turned her  
thoughtful eyes on the ocean—mine fol-  
lowed the gaze. Lo! a change had taken  
place. Nature had flung aside her drape-  
ry of silence, and the lion roar of the  
vexed sea came upon my ear. The oceanic  
smile of its calm had disappeared, and  
its waters dashed in foaming waves against  
the strong sides of a stately ship.  
One form was alone visible on the wide  
deck, but when my eye rested on it, it  
forgot to seek another. He was above  
the common height of man—strength  
swelled in his lofty proportions, and the  
hand of symmetry had moulded them all.  
Genius had stamped his princely signet  
on the broad brow, and there also the soar-  
ing schemes, high thoughts, and glorious  
fancies of many years, had left their im-  
pressions in deep lines. The compressed  
and arched lip spoke of a firm and mighty  
soul, while its carved lines showed that  
smiles were no stranger there. In the  
clear light of the oriental eye, the beauti-  
ful spirit of his mind dwelt as in a dia-  
mond shrine, before whose magic power  
the common herd bowed as to a divinity;  
but, no, over his radiant face, was drawn  
a veil of deepest melancholy, and the clear  
olive of the cheek was pale as with watch-  
ing. Though night had now reached her  
starry noon, he was still gazing out upon  
the ocean and the sky,—caught else-  
where in his vision, and as he looked on them  
his thrilling sound came from his lips, and  
he was borne on the night air to my ear.  
Oh! majestic sea! long, long have I vainly  
sailed on thy vast and unquiet bosom,  
long has the wild music of the crested  
billows been, to me, as the song of angels;  
for I trusted they would, ere this have  
borne me to that unknown land toward  
which the departing car of day urges its  
weary wheels, that land whose existence,  
so many have denied, but which has been  
the golden sun, around whose beautiful  
centre the many worlds of my varied  
thoughts have so long revolved, and which  
I believed would have formed an un fading  
basis, on which to rear the splendid temple  
of an immortal fame. But night has  
been my portion, and the sick fever of the  
heart—hope deferred. O! has the morn-  
ing risen on the golden wings to meet the  
day, and no distant shore grown bright  
beneath her smile. Night after night have  
the stars stolen with silent steps upon my  
watching gaze, but the star of my hope  
rose not from her ocean bed, and now, if  
with the returning day comes not on my  
view this long wished for land, the mag-  
nificent vision of a life must be unrealiz-  
ed, the iron fetters of the will of com-  
mon men must bind down my soaring aspi-  
rations—on another brow will be placed  
the gem of the western world, and the rest  
of my existence will be only lighted by  
the sun of my eternal hope.

As the echo of these melancholy words  
were borne from mortal hearing on the  
light wings of the air, I turned away and  
when I again looked a other change had  
come.

The dim twilight of the early dawn, the  
infancy of the day, was struggling to free  
the world from the dreamy arms of dark-  
ness, but in vain, anon day's laughing  
childhood, the merry morn sprang up, and  
threw her veil of sunbeams on the brow  
of the solemn night, and darkness fled.—  
The image of that gorgeous veil was mir-  
rored on the bosom of the deep, and each  
snowy wave blushed crimson as it reflect-  
ed its burning hues. But the ocean re-  
joiced not alone in the beauty of the morn-  
ing. Land, fair and un sullied as that

fresh from its Maker's hand, met my view,  
and surely never did ocean cradle in its  
giant arms a more lovely creation. My  
eye wandered with delight from the ma-  
jestic woods, whose green and dewy leaves  
sparkled like emeralds, in the glad light  
of the sun, to the streams clear and pure  
enough to mirror the face of angels; from  
the dark mountains to the verdant glades,  
where flowers gloried in their rainbow be-  
ing. I turned from this scene of enchant-  
ment to look once more on the lonely  
watcher of the deep, but he was no lon-  
ger alone, many were around him, and he  
stood among them as stands the lordly  
oak amid lowliest shrubs. The night of  
doubt had passed from his soul, and the  
bright day spring of certainty had burst  
upon him. His right arm of triumph was  
extended towards that new world, and  
the lofty exultation of the flashing eye  
which drank in its fair beauty, spoke a  
language, which my heart found it not dif-  
ficult to read.

My hand has added a virgin page to the  
history of a world, and displayed a new  
and priceless gem in the coronal of Na-  
ture—and the echo of its name will only  
cease when the last wave of the stream of  
time mingles with the boundless waters  
of eternity. Contemplating the radiant  
joy of this noble son of mortality, the  
spell of my beautiful companion caused  
another scene to appear.

This sunny land was before me, but oh!  
how changed. The woods had bowed  
to the power of the glittering sea, and the  
sun now looked with unchecked eye on  
the flowery earth, which for ages had been  
shadowed. Nature had fled with angry  
brow from many a spot, where she had  
reared the polished structures of architec-  
ture.—The vast lakes whose waters had  
been ruffled only by the wing of the hur-  
ricane, or the stroke of the light paddle,  
now foamed and boiled in the wake of  
many a proud ship.

The tameless children of the forest, they  
on whose haughty brow the sun looks  
with a redder and a hotter gaze than on  
ours, where *ar-tory*—the scattered re-  
mains of their tribes which the white man  
had failed to mingle with the dust, had  
fled covered with vengeance as with a  
mantle, to deeper wilds, where their in-  
fernal voice had never echoed. The de-  
mon of war was passing from the land,  
but his dark shadow of desolation still  
hovered over it. The sons of this infant  
world as if catching the inspiration of the  
free air which they breathed, had just  
thrown from their souls the golden fet-  
ters of kingly sway—long had been the  
struggle, for those fetters were fastened by  
the iron rivets of superior power, but the  
bold spirit of freedom in their breasts, had  
with the overwhelming force of a moun-  
tain cataract, leaped over every barrier,  
and now they stood a free and independ-  
ent people.

Once more the scene changed, and the  
pure starlight disclosed in this beautiful  
land a crowded dwelling place of men.  
The bright clusters of mighty world,  
which form the magnificent diads of night  
were wanting in the west, as the hoarse  
thunder of cannon fell upon my ear.  
Long and loud it swelled, until morning,  
as if its call drawing aside with respec-  
table hand the curtain of her eastern  
bed, looked forth with glad and sunny  
eye. It seemed as if Nature and Art,  
those rival sovereigns for the dominion of  
mind, had extended the hand of fellow-  
ship to enhance the beauty of the scene;  
but neither had now the power to attract  
my attention—it was fixed with eager  
wonder on a multitude as unquiet and al-  
most as countless as the leaves of the fore-  
st, which filled the wide street of that  
Capital. The cold North had unchain-  
ed her gates of ice, and sent forth her har-  
dly sons; the sunny South had opened a  
passage through budding leaves and  
springing flowers for her favored children  
—the bright East, the gem and galle y of  
arts of this new world, gave her intellec-  
tual offspring, and the vigorous dwellers  
of the fertile West strode across the giant  
trunks of the monarchs of the forest,  
which their strength had laid prostrate  
with the dust—to swell the mighty num-  
ber. And there, also, were gathered man-  
y from the Eastern Hemisphere—the lofty  
ones of the far-famed kingdom of the  
green and sister isles—the fur-clad noble  
of that vast Empire stretching across two  
quarters of the earth, and the gay child  
of the land where the lily blooms in embroi-  
dered beauty on its waving flag. These  
were arrayed in princely and ermined  
robes, while the sunbeams flashed back  
from the dazzling rays of the jewels which  
adorned them, but they who worshipped  
at the shrine of liberty had no ornament  
save her princely mantle, and the un fading  
gems of the mind. On, on, swept  
the vast throng—triumphant and warlike  
music measured its stately march, and  
snowy plumes and countless banners  
tossed and waved in the clear air. And  
now a lofty and marble structure rises  
before me, and at the base of its broad  
steps the unquiet sea of human beings is  
stilled. Its waves are suddenly parted,  
and behold a manly figure is seen. Age  
has silvered his locks, and slightly furrow-  
ed his cheek, but the eye flashes with  
much of the fire and energy of youth—his  
dress is simple, but the more than imperi-  
al dignity of a brave and generous soul  
regulates his movements. With calm

and firm tread he passes onward with those  
whom the people have chosen to feed the  
flame of the undying lamps which burn  
on the altar of Liberty. The marble steps  
are ascended, and now they stand in a  
room of state. Corinthian pillars, adorn-  
ed with damask hangings support the lofty  
ceiling, while the light steals with a  
richer hue through crimson draperies.

With noiseless steps, and hushed voice  
the train goes around him, who stands  
in the shadow of the outstretched wings  
of the golden eagle—the thick folds of  
the star-studded banner floating above  
him, and his hand resting on the open  
page of the book of life. His brow is  
solemn and his voice full of awe, as thrill-  
ing words pass from his lips. They  
cease—the seal of a nation's destiny is  
given him, and he passed from that cham-  
ber its inaugurated head. As he reaches  
the marble platform around which the  
multitudes are gathered, and stands in  
simple dignity above them in the zenith  
of his power, a stillness, deep as midnight  
spreads its wide wings over the welcom-  
ing thousands—his voice alone is heard,  
and from it pours a flood of eloquence,  
full of passion, of beauty, and of feeling,  
which falls on the ear with the thrilling  
power of wildest music. The master  
chord of patriotism is struck in every  
breast, and its tones rise in loud and tri-  
umphant shouts into the echoing air. I  
gazed—I listened—and said, this is the  
sunshine of life. Has the shadow already  
come?—Who is that in the distance?  
A giant and terrible form—his drapery is  
a sable pall. Tied to his dreaded chari-  
ot are the drooping figures of earthly hope,  
and joy, and love, and on the banner,  
whose ebon and heavy folds fill the sur-  
rounding air with darkness, is inscribed  
the one tremendous word, DEATH. His  
mighty bow is raised—the unerring ar-  
row poised—it moves with the over-  
whelming power, and the dread silence  
of heaven's fiery bolt! Who is the mark  
of this "King of Terrors?" A weeping  
nation answers—HARRISON!

Savannah, Geo., 1841.

## CURIOUS LOVE AFFAIR.

The following circumstance has happened  
a few miles west of Middlemore North,  
several months since.—A young man and  
woman, quite strangers to each other,  
were accidentally placed by the sexton of  
a parish church in the same pew. During  
the course of the sermon, the young man  
read love in the eyes of the lady, which  
made a greater impression on his mind  
than did the lecture of the pious minis-  
ter. As love, although blind, is never at  
a loss for expedients, he presented the  
maiden, whose character had so attracted  
him, with a strip of paper, bearing the  
following portion of Scripture, taken  
from the second Epistle of St. John, 6th  
verse:—"And now I beseech thee, lady,  
not as though I wrote a new command-  
ment unto thee, but that which we had  
from the beginning, that we love one an-  
other;" after reading which, she selected  
another portion and returned it to him,  
from the 1st chapter of Ruth, the 16th  
verse—"Entreat me not to leave thee or  
to return from following after thee: for  
whither thou goest I will go, and where  
thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people  
shall be my people, and thy God my  
God." From that time they became ac-  
quainted with each other, and in less than  
ten months after they were married and  
now they live very comfortably to-  
gether.

The Secretary of State.—A rumor is  
in active circulation that there is shortly  
to be another modification of the Cabinet;  
and that Mr. Webster is to retire from the  
post of Secretary of State. This rumor,  
we have reason to believe, is entirely un-  
founded. It was started by a gossiping  
letter from Washington, published in one  
of our morning papers—which letter, we  
have reason to believe, would not have  
been published had the editor seen it be-  
fore it went to press.—Since that publi-  
cation a graver aspect has been given to  
the rumor by the comments of the press  
in various quarters. But we repeat our  
entire conviction that it is wholly and in  
all respects unwarranted by anything that  
has taken place, or that is likely to take  
place, between the Secretary of State and  
the President. On the contrary, we have  
reason to believe that the utmost confi-  
dence and cordiality, both in their per-  
sonal and official relations exist between  
them.—We can certify of our own knowl-  
edge that when Mr. Webster passed  
through this city, on his visit to Massa-  
chusetts, where he has been ever since, he  
had no purpose of leaving the Cabinet,  
and we have since that seen other and  
stronger evidence of the confidence re-  
posed by the President in Mr. Webster,  
from the highest possible source.  
N. Y. Com. Adv.

TENDER CONSCIENCES.—Some people  
have consciences so very tender that they  
make no use of them whatever.

GOOD NEWS FOR TEXAS.—General  
Hamilton, the Texian Agent in England,  
arrived in the Columbia, bringing the a-  
mount of the loan effected, in pure Gold.