

and ordered him to depart immediately for the domain of the dowager Queen, and to conduct old Alice to London. Another was dispatched with an order for the Marquis of Dorset.

The second day after Clara's interview with the king, he and the dowager met in the apartment of the young Queen, whose sweet features glowed with delight for her husband had met her with a greater appearance of tenderness than she had ever before noticed. Timidly she ventured to follow him to the seat he had taken and to express her gratitude for the clemency he had shown to her half brother. Henry was not capable of appreciating the happiness he conferred when he drew her gently forward and pressed his lips to the little hand she had unconsciously extended. The dowager, who was not particularly partial to the society of her son-in-law, was about to withdraw, when, for the first time since his entrance, he addressed her. "Stay madam," he said, "we shall have some business anon, that will require your presence." Reluctantly and with a frowning brow, the haughty woman returned to her seat. Soon after, Dorset and Clara entered the apartment, by opposite doors.

The dowager instantly guessed something of the nature of the business referred to. She cast an angry glance at her son, not having had an opportunity of conversing with Clara, and she was consequently ignorant of all that had passed, and naturally supposed himself summoned to answer to the charge on which he had been imprisoned.

The king left the side of his wife, and addressed the dowager. "Madam, we are informed that your consent to the union of these young persons is withheld on account of the low birth of the maiden—is this your only objection?"

"A laughing boy was the reply."

"We are glad to hear it, as it is one that can be easily dispensed with."

"Not by letters patent my lord—it is a noble birth, not conferred nobility I require," said the dowager hastily.

"And nobly born we are informed she is, though we have not yet learned her family," said the king, stepping to the door and giving some whispered command to an attendant, who went out in a few moments returned with old Alice.

"If that is your witness," said the dowager, "I have already questioned her more than once, or Dorset had never received even conditional promise of mine."

"Our questioning may be more successful," said the king, with a calm smile, and turning to Alice, he demanded if Clara was her child.

"She is not," was the firm reply.

"Not mine!" almost shouted the enraged dowager, while Dorset and Elizabeth uttered an exclamation over her features. "It may be so," she said in a hoarse whisper, "it may be, but then she is illegitimate!" and with a smile of insolent triumph, she tapped the burning cheek she had been scrutinizing. Exasperated at this insult to her foster child, Alice rushed forward and tore her from the dowager's grasp; and the honest indignation laboring in her features was ennobling, as she retorted, "Had her mother lived but one hour longer, thy own children had been so. Eleanor Talbot was the wife of Edward the fourth."

"The mightiest anger of the dowager choked her utterance. "The proof! the proof!" she hissed forth.

"Here, here," said Alice, taking a packet from her bosom, and bending her knee, she placed it in the hands of the king. "They were wedded by the Bishop of Bath, who is since dead. I was the only witness."

Henry, scarcely less agitated than his mother-in-law, took the papers, and read them through. "The evidence of the marriage is conclusive," he said, "but the child—how are we to be certain that this is the Lady Eleanor's child?"

"I was present at her birth," said Alice, "and there are other proofs, if necessary."

"When and where did the Lady Eleanor die?" inquired the king.

"Even on the day that king Edward married that woman; while he was swearing constancy to one wife, the heart he had broken stopped its pulsations. Here she died, in this very palace, in this room. Forsaken by her husband, she had pined and sickened in this her solitude. Day by day I saw her, still she lay on her broken heart, and for her child's sake. My child the world thought it. For it she struggled with anguish and bore up against neglect."

"Alone all the day long would she sit with the hot tears pouring over the sweet babe she dared not call her own, yet she lived. At length a rumor reached her that her husband was about to wed another. I thought it would have killed her, but it did not. She gathered up her strength and went to the Bishop of Bath. On her knees she brought him the written proof of her marriage with Edward. He gave those in your highness's possession. Straightway she, a few attendants, myself and the little Clara came up to London; to this place, where she had first seen the king. It was her intention to seek an interview with him, though for what object she did not inform me. This palace was then only occasionally occupied by Edward, and in this room we waited the return of the messenger Lady Eleanor had sent him. A slight noise drew her to the window. I followed her to the little Clara. In the street below, an open chariot had been checked in its progress. It was Edward and a lady of splendid beauty—but how unlike the dove-like loveliness of my poor mistress. Edward was addressing the lady; and the same bright smile was on his lips that had wrought such wretchedness to the Lady Eleanor. He raised the fair hand of his companion to his lips, and we could even hear her gay laugh. I looked on the Lady Eleanor—her face was turned away from me, but the bright vision of her neck and shoulders working and swelling fearfully. In an instant she staggered back and I caught her in my arms. Her face was like marble, and drops of blood were oozing from her pale lips. As I bore her from the window, I again heard the gay laughter of the king and his companion. Lady Eleanor too heard it, opened her eyes, and closed them again with a shudder. She revived a little, soon after, and made me swear to rear the child as my own; and unless it was absolutely necessary to her happiness, never to inform her of her parentage. I swore solemnly she should never claim her birth-right. That night, it has been since known, Edward was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Grey. I know not how he received the news of Lady Eleanor's death, but his child he supposed dead also."

During Alice's narrative, the king had been traversing the apartment with a troubled brow, but his mother-in-law had regained her tranquillity. "Material for a new web of intrigue had been presented, and she was busily weaving them in her mind. Clara was in truth the heir to the throne. Wedded to Dorset, his claims would supersede Henry's. "I am contented that they should be united."

Henry read her thoughts, and with a smile of

scorn turned to secure the proofs of Lady Eleanor's marriage, but Alice had repossessed herself of them. The dowager noticed it, and reaching forth her hand, demanded them. Before Henry could speak, to prevent her gaining possession of what would have been his ruin, Alice had torn the documents into a thousand pieces, and cast the fragments out of the casement. Henry's eyes sparkled with delight, but the baffled dowager was mad with rage.

Alice, unmindful of either, approached Clara, and commanded her to kneel, and swear on the cross which had been her mother's never to attempt to claim her birth-right. Clara pressed the curiously wrought golden cross to her lips, and took the oath. Dorset, as her future husband, knelt by her side, and joined voluntarily in it.

"In return for this sacrifice," said Henry, "Clara may claim of me the title of Countess, and the estates which were her mother's."

"And think you," said the dowager, "that I will permit this? The betrothed of my son is a king's daughter, and such I will proclaim her."

"And who will believe it," said Henry, "the proofs are destroyed."

"Then," answered she furiously, "I withdraw my consent to the union."

"Ha, say you so," cried Henry, and bending to her ear, he whispered a few words. She turned deadly pale, when he drew forth a package of papers, and held them before her. Clara knew them to be the dispatches she had given him at the camp.

"Have you your consent to the immediate union of these persons?" said Henry sternly, tapping the papers with his finger.

"To the surprise of every one present, except Clara, the queen dowager bowed her assent."

"AN ODOR OF NATIONALITY."

This was the phrase Mr Webster applied to the United States Bank, in his speech in Wall street, just before the election. Wonder what he thinks of that odor just now? He might exclaim with Prince Hamlet—

"O, it is rank, and smells to Heaven!"

Or he might have told the merchants of New York that they would shortly find out the value of the United States Bank bills by their odor, as Prince Hamlet told the king he might discover the dead body of Polonius—

"But, indeed, if you find him not this mornk, you shall nose him as you go up stairs into the lobby."

Your city banks (said Mr Webster, in Wall street) pay specie. The Bank of the United States does not pay specie, and its paper is consequently at a discount here of three, and I believe, at five percent. But how is it on the frontier? I undertake to say you may go to Arkansas or Missouri with a note of the specie paying banks of New York, and with another of the non-specie paying Bank of the United States, and the latter shall be preferred. And why? Because it is in the name of its national predecessor. There is an odor of nationality which hangs around it, and clings to it, and is long in being separated from it.—[Loud cheers.]

These cheers probably came from some of the wise men of Gotham, who have been duped by the managers and lawyers of the United States Bank, to keep this national odor in their pockets, until it smells so rank they can keep it there no longer.

We have seen various plans suggested for a national bank that is to regulate trade, destiny, and the laws of trade, and the universe, and all out of nothing. Some have proposed to take Biddle's stock, with out consulting the stockholders, and put that in for capital, to avoid the trouble of the ordinary ways there are to make a national bank with anything, viz: either by drawing all the specie out of the state banks and breaking them, or by borrowing specie from Europe, and running up a national debt to tax the people. Either of these plans would be ugly, and would trouble the federal managers.—The shortest cut is to take Mr Webster's notion, and make a bank without a dollar of specie, just filling up its vaults with a plenty of "national odor."—Boston Post.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

QUERIES.

1. What has become of Mr Crittenden's prediction, (made in the Western part of Virginia,) that the moment Gen. Harrison was elected, it would add one hundred millions to the value of the property in the U. States?

2. What has become of a similar prediction of Mr Preston?

3. What is the mighty "change" which Mr Webster foretold, in all directions?

Almost every body is complaining of increased pressure—pinching poverty—And, indeed, these sanguine prophets ought to have foreseen that the election of W. H. Harrison could not operate, like magic, upon the embarrassments of the banks and of the People. Can he expect to pay my draft or yours? Was he to pay what each customer owes to the banks, and what the banks owe each other? Was he to furnish a new market for our productions; new capital to conduct the business of the country; new funds to raise the wages of labor? Was he to raise the value of the stock of the Bank of the U. S., weakened as it was by its own wild speculations? When the Banks resumed specie payments, was he to supply them with additional resources, in order to extend their accommodations, and supersede the necessity of their calling in more than they gave out? The General is not the great magician which his friends represented him. This immediate change in the market proves to be all a humbug; and the People begin to wonder at the delusions which have been practised upon them.

TIPPECANOE TEXT-BOOK—TO FREE MASONS.

"I beg leave to assure you that if elected President of the United States, I would, on no account, nominate any man to office who held the opinion that his obligations to any secret society were superior to those which he owed to the laws and Constitution of his country."—Gen. Harrison's Letter to Thad. Stevens.

To Political Partisans.—"I am opposed to the practice of making appointments to office the REWARD of PARTISAN SERVICE."—Gen. Harrison's Letter to J. M. Berrien.

To federal office seekers in general.—"Among the principles proper to be adopted by any Executive sincerely desirous to restore the administration to its original simplicity and purity, I deem the following to be of prominent importance: That in removals from office of those holding appointments during the pleasure of the Executive, the cause of such removal should be stated, if requested, to the Senate, at the time the nomination of a successor is made."—Gen. Harrison's Letter to Hermer Dentie.

OMENS.

The Washington Globe, in the closing parts of its account of the reception of General Harrison, gives the following incidents:

"Amidst all this ceremonious, parade-like progress, there were, however, and signs which attended the steps of the General from the start to the end of the journey. The journals friendly to him announced an earthquake at his setting out, and the explosion of the banks welcomed him in Baltimore. From Baltimore he brought with him a snow storm, and no sooner had he put his foot on the Pennsylvania Avenue, than the rolling commenced, and a wind-tornado had their pockets picked in the course of five minutes. These indications presage that the President elect is not likely to make the times better after all—in making them better for rogues, he must make them worse for honest men.

The General's arrival was signaled with another omen, which we could not help associating with those noticed by us on the coming in of the new year—the fall of the scroll from the talons of eagle in the Senate chamber, bearing the motto of the Union, *E pluribus unum*; and of the hand of

the Goddess of Liberty, in front of the Capitol, bearing in it the Constitution of the United States.

The unfortunate accident which occurred to-day, and blending itself with these, was the breaking of the cord which, stretched across the avenue, bore all the flags of the States which voted for Harrison. They were separated about the center, fell North and South, and when we saw them, tarnished and dragging in the mire, some awkward members of the Tippecanoe Club were busied in the effort to bind them together again with the rotten rope."

The Spirit Of The Age.

To check ACHILLES and to rescue TROY.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 5, 1841.

COUNCIL OF CENSORS, &C.

Having gained, all we proposed to ourselves, when we commenced speaking on the subject of Council of Censors we give the whole ticket, and leave it to the people to support it or not as they please.

The plan which we adopted, in relation to the matter, was devised by several friends, of both political parties. The whigs in this section are in favor of the proposed Reform, and were, with ourselves, anxious to know whether the candidates in nomination would favor it or not. We proposed and adopted the only feasible plan for ascertaining. We addressed a note to the candidates, respectfully asking their views, and proposing to them, as the democratic party had seen fit to make no nomination, to support so many of the candidates selected by the whigs as were in favor of the Reform. The democratic party it would seem did not look upon the matter as a political business, neither did we. The candidates, with a single exception, have treated us in a gentlemanly manner, demeaning themselves as men are bound to do who are candidates for the suffrages of the people. One of the candidates handed our hasty note to the editor of a whig paper who has published it, with many, and to us it seems, foolish remarks about "loco-foco tricks and hobbies." True people of the States are confident, are in favor of the Reform, and if by any possible trick an entire "Locofoco" ticket could be elected, nothing that we can see would be gained. The gentleman alluded to, and his friend the editor, have already made themselves sufficiently ridiculous in the eyes of honorable people by the boyish course they have taken. Let them go.

We are inclined to think that a majority of the men composing the ticket now in nomination will favor the Reform, though we have reason to believe some of them will not. Those who choose, can of course support the ticket, and those who do not can stay at home. The views we have given on the subject are entertained in common with a large, very large majority of the people in a party light, and regret that we have a class of demagogues who cannot live unless in a bitter party strife, and whose jaundiced eyes see tricks and contrivances in the waving of the trees that happen to grow by the doors of their neighbors. For ourselves, we have to say, that the goodly State of Vermont, is cursed with a wretched set of narrow-minded, bigoted, illiterate lazardos. They must have party feeling in every thing, every question, so that they, being by descent, &c. the only men that are fit, can fill all the offices. State Paupers! The State feeds them, the State clothes them, the State is taxed to find the lazy, idle political vagabonds in the air they breathe, and if she be not soon compelled to answer for them the ordinary calls of nature, she may think herself a free and a happy commonwealth. Ruled by this greedy grasping, beggarly and unprincipled cabal, who clutch every office, seize every emolument in her gift, with the convulsive gripe of starving mendicants and the iron grasp of death itself, how can the State ever move off with the freedom and power of which her giant energies are capable? With the lean, cold, palsied hands of this breathing incubus lying night and day upon her vitals, who wonders that her noble heart labors and staggers, and that her pulse beats low and languidly? Goaded and galled to frenzy, the State has mounted every spavined and wind-broken hobby that a band of bankrupt jockies could palm off upon her. They warp and strain all her energies to advance their interests; they keep her in a continual race, from one end of the year to the other. Pray God she may not, some time, in an uncontrollable fit of madness, like the man in the play, mount her shadow and ride it to the devil.

No matter. The people can pamper and feed these blood-suckers as long as they please. They can, till they are tired of it, go through the ordinary form of holding meetings to vote them into office. They can submit to take their word for everything to be drilled and whipped into the traces of party, for their benefit, till doom's-day for aught that we care, but so long as we happen to breathe the air of Vermont, we shall raise our voice against this shameful prostitution of her energies and her resources to supply her public beggars with the luxuries which the white slaves of the State are toiling to throw away upon them.

As there is but one ticket for Council of Censors, and we have given the public all the information we can about that, it would not seem to be necessary that we should occupy our columns with it after this week.

MARTIN C. DEMING, Bennington Co.  
AUSTIN BIRCHARD, Windham Co.  
JOHN A. PRATT, Windsor Co.  
GORDON NEWELL, Rutland Co.  
LUTHER CARPENTER, Orange Co.  
PETER STARR, Addison Co.  
HEMAN ALLEN, Chittenden Co.  
HEZEKIAH H. REED, Washington Co.  
EPHRAIM PADDOCK, Caledonia Co.  
—Franklin Co.  
ALVA R. FRENCH, Orleans Co.  
DAVID HIBBARD, Jr., Essex Co.  
WALLIS MOOT, Grand Isle Co.

The Levithan New World, about to be published, will contain an original story by the popular author of "May Martin," and the "Green Mountain Boys," entitled the "Shaker Lovers."

Kendall's Expositor has made its appearance. It is all that was to be expected from its distinguished conductor. We most cordially recommend it to the people. A specimen may be seen at this office.

That was our musical ear that was friz?

WHAT WILL PLEASE THEM?

It will be recollected, we presume, that, during the late political canvass, the assumed *wasteful extravagance* of Mr Van Buren's administration, was a great argument in the hands of such creatures as Ogle and other federal demagogues.

But, now, *presto!* the tune is pitched upon another key, and Dell of Tennessee, denounces the administration as "mean, and niggardly parsimonious!" What consistency! When it would seem to be for their advantage, Ogle comes down upon Mr Van Buren, in full cry, for EXTRAVAGANCE in his wardrobe, in his kitchen, and in administering the affairs of the Nation, and again, when it would seem for their further advantage, Bell turns upon him and accuses him of being "NIGGARDLY PARSIMONIOUS!"

Now, we ask the people which of these accusations is true? It would seem rather difficult for Mr Van Buren to administer the government with wasteful extravagance, in every thing, as the federalists asserted, and with a niggardly parsimony, as they now say he has, at one and the same time. Yet this paradox must be entertained, if the assertions of the federalists are to be credited.

CERTAINLY!

Every one of the federal papers, which during the election, so bitterly maligned Mr Van Buren for appointing members of Congress to public offices, is mum as a stone, upon the late utter and shameless disregard of the pledge of the Old Tipplers, that no such *avultery* should occur under their sway, as is exhibited in the selecting of four of the six members of the Cabinet from the halls of Congress; and worse, as if to show with a distinctness that cannot be mistaken, the utter profligacy and complete disregard of all their principal pledges, the *N. Y. Express* boldly denounces Gen. Harrison in his course! Into what hands has the republic fallen!

FROM A FRIEND IN WASHINGTON.

FEBRUARY 15, 1841.

Dear Sir,—Gen. Harrison has arrived, and a more sorry concern for President of the United States than he, could not possibly have been selected. I have seen him, and I was mortified as an American citizen, that such a poor, weak, stupid, and imbecile old man should have been elected by the people, to the dignified and responsible station of President. His countenance has no other expression than vacuity and imbecility, and his common conversation is remarkable for nothing but emptiness, vulgarity, and profanity. Were it not that he falls from his horse, and can be authenticated by the most respectable authority, I should not be credited. The Whigs themselves are mortified, and some express it openly. Others keep mum. The speeches you see reported in the newspapers, as emanating from Gen. Harrison, are fixed up for him by the editor.—He is a garrulous old gentleman, and he opens his mouth only to exhibit his weakness, imbecility, and vulgarity. You may rely upon it, he will not only disgrace the country, but the very men who have imposed him upon the nation, and hope to rule it in his name. I do not believe he could be elected Selectman in any respectable town in New England. Strange as it may seem, I tell you the truth about the old gentleman. The shrewd farmers of Vermont would be disappointed and disgusted, if they could once see him, at the imposition which has been put upon them. You may just say to the Abolitionists of your State, who went on "Tip and Tye," that the old General in conversation with a gentleman, recently said, "I am coming out in my inaugural against the abolitionists as profane." Were it not that I could repeat a good many more of the *excesses* of the *very old* *over* *old* man, but they are too profane and disgusting to be put upon paper.

The National Intelligencer and other prints attempt to glorify the old man, and for a time they will succeed in making the people believe, that Gen. Harrison is a second Washington. But the truth will soon get to them. In his election the American nation has most fully disgraced, and a stigma cast upon the elective principle of our government, which is the very basis of liberty itself, that years cannot efface.

The *Sunbeam*, is the title of a new paper, published at Hartford, Ct., by Melzar Gardner, Esq., of which we have received four numbers. This paper seems to be devoted to the laboring classes, and is conducted with signal ability. There can be but little question that a large portion of the laboring classes in this country are struggling with a slavery, mental and physical, as absolute and degrading as that which hangs like a mill-stone about the necks of the galled and crouching serfs of Europe. There is a class of self-styled, arrogant and haughty nabobs, who look upon the sweating and toiling millions as their property. To elevate the laboring classes to their just and inalienable privileges should be the aim of every true republican; for, upon that class, whose suffrages control our popular elections, the perpetuity and well-being of our institutions rest. This end, however, is not to be accomplished by inspiring them with false notions of their true position. They are just as good, but no better than the rest of the people.—Their power for good or evil is tremendous, and its exertions should be governed by the laws of morality and chastened by education. It is a thorough understanding of their true position, not moody and undefined excitement, developing itself in insolent broils and lawless mobs, that they need. Whoever takes it upon himself to become a confidential teacher of this class, assumes a fearful responsibility. They are not to be the tools of their passions, wrongfully excited or easily controlled. Their first victims are always those who deceive them.

May the editor of the *Sunbeam*, feel his responsibility and discharge the duties he has assumed, conscientiously and in the fear of the right.

DEATH OF JUDGE BARBOUR.

Philip P. Barbour, an associate Justice of the Supreme Court, died suddenly at Washington during the night of the 24th ult. He had retired at his usual hour, in apparent health, but in the morning was found dead in his bed. It was evident from the placid expression of his features, that he expired without a struggle. The *National Intelligencer* says: "Judge Barbour entered Congress in the House of Representatives, in the year 1814, and soon signaled himself by his ability in debate. He remained in Congress for a number of years, during a part of which time he filled the honorable office of Speaker of the House. Since retiring from Congress, his life has been devoted with great assiduity to the judicial duties which he had been called to perform."

In its last struggles.—U. S. Bank stock sold in Philadelphia on Friday, and New York on Saturday for \$16 per share. The bills of the bank which have been considered "better than specie" were down to 18 per cent. discount.

A communication from Townsend is received and shall appear the moment we can find room.

We don't know who is the author of the following paragraph:

"What is passing in the heart of another, seldom escapes the observation of one who is as strict anatomist of his own."

Whoever he may be, however he has spoken a fine truth. If some people, would think of it, when they are daubing soft soap upon their associates, without much reference to quantity or quality, they would save themselves from ridicule and contempt. The man who studies men, in books, can be handled with comparative ease, but be cautious how you deal with the men who study human nature in the book of their own hearts. You will find them, what is vulgarly denominated "hard customers" and two to one but that they know you better than you know yourself.

That excellent journal the *New Yorker*, will commence a new volume, on the 20th proximo. It is one of the best periodicals in the country, and richly deserves the extensive favor with which it is received. The price of the *folio*, is \$2.00, a year, three copies for \$5.00, and the quarto \$3.00, in advance, in all cases, two copies for \$5.00.

By-the-way, we have heard that HENRY J. RAYMOND, Esq. is at present in the office of the *New Yorker*. If so, Mr Greeley has secured the aid of a young man of fine attainments and first-rate talents.

A specimen of the paper may be seen at this office.

Recorder of New York.—The nomination of F. A. Talmadge, for Recorder of the city of New York, was confirmed by the Senate of the New York Legislature, on Wednesday last week.—Do the federalists ask, in the language of Jefferson, "Is he honest, is he capable?"

Senator in Congress.—The Legislature of Massachusetts have made choice of Hon. Rufus Choate, to be Senator in Congress, in place of Hon. Daniel Webster resigned. In the House of Representatives, the votes were for Mr Choate, 244, Hon. Nathan Willis 93, John Q. Adams 7, and 5 scattering. In the Senate, Mr Choate received 32 out of 36 votes. The term for which Mr Choate is chosen will expire in 1835.

A NEW UNITED STATES BANK.

Will the federalist, if they have the power, which we much doubt, dare charter a new bank at the extra session of Congress, should it be called? If so, then, business men, look out for brokers during the present year. The effect of the creation of a bank on the money affairs of the country, is thus described by the New Orleans Courier:

"Admitting that Congress will charter a United States Bank next spring, let us enquire what effect the first operations of such an institution may have on money matters, and the business of the whole country. There are thousands now living who can recollect the pressure caused by the creation of the U. S. Bank after the war—they can remember the depreciation of property, and the number of failures which then took place. Congress would not tolerate any National Bank that should not pay specie; and yet to enable it to do so, not a little of the precious metals must be taken from the vaults of the State Banks, albeit the public would look to them for specie payments too. Now let any one reflect on the consequences of such a demand for specie, and ask himself where it is to come from? The Bank of England has little in her vaults—the mines of Mexico and South America do not furnish much; and there are, perhaps, no more than twelve millions in all the Banks of our great cities. If a National Bank goes into operation, if the State Banks resume, will there not be forced reduction of the circulating medium of the country—instant of the hundred millions it is now reckoned at, may not the circulation be reduced to forty or fifty? Would not the contraction of our currency in so violent a manner, and at such notice, prove most disastrous, to all those who have any property, and millions to the Banks, but to a vast number of men, out of debt it may be, but still dependent for occupation and business, on the general welfare, and the usual circulating money, without which no one work to much profit?"

For the Age.

YOU HAVE HURRAH'D ENOUGH DEAR, NOW EAT YOUR TATER.

FRIEND EASTMAN, I was highly diverted with the following remarks made in my hearing the other day. Calling at a house in Orange County, to visit a sick man, one of those cold days this winter, as usual, on such occasions, some of the family friends were present; and among others there was a little urchin scarcely able to speak a sentence, with a huge, baked potato in his hand, on one side of which some dental impression had been made. A lady, who was aunt to the little chap, was frying pan-cakes by the stove and occasionally assisting several others whose business seemed to be to learn the little fellow with the potato to Harrah for old Tip. As an inducement they promised him a fine cake they held up to his view. The little fellow holding fast the potato in one hand, swung the other and hisped out, "Hurrah for Tip!" He received the cake, and being told if he would go it louder, he should have another, he sings out at the top of his voice, "Hurrah for Tip!" He was thus treated till the company had been sufficiently amused.—After a little time, the boy thinking he should like another cake, approached the lady, swung his hand and cries out, "hurrah for Tip!" But alas! the lady turned and said to him, "you have hurrah'd enough dear, now eat your tater!" The little fellow was sorely disappointed. He looked down, then at his aunt, then at his big potato and seemed to say to himself: "this potato has got cold now, while I've been hurrahing for old Tip, and still I must eat it or go hungry. If I had eaten it while it was warm, I certainly should have had a share of cakes with the rest. But now my share is eaten, and while they are making a meal of warm cakes, I must sit in the corner and munch a cold potato." Now, if to the people, hurrahing for old Tip is only being stuffed by their masters, with a warm cake or two when they are wanted for tools and finishing off with a cold potato, I am satisfied. This is the way they are coming out who have hurrah'd for old Tip. Now that their employers have neither amusement, or interest, to seek from them, there are no more warm cakes—it is, "eat your tater now!"

Hickory.

Married.—In Manchester, N. H. the other day, the *Peoples Herald* to the *Manchester Memorial*. We saw the face and eyes of the happy couple yesterday. They looked very nice and lovin'.

How ore that twisted out-cake?—Boston Mail.

It are where you'll never nibble it; so, be aisy.

"Drop me a line," as the man said when he fell overboard.

The Spirit of the Age, is about the best paper we get. Who are you, Mr. C. G. Eastman, "any how."— Knoxville (Tenn.) Argus.

Well, well, if that is n't queer! Our namesake of the *Argus* must have lived pretty much out of the world, not to know an individual so—hapless! confound that mace-boy!

"A fellow, feeling!" as the man said when the loafer was picking his pocket. That is our best.

"Well done!" as the cook said to the burnt Johnny-cake. That's ours too.

WIFE WANTED!

A good-looking, well-dissipated girl, not over twenty years of age, who is comfortably provided with clothes, can wash, cook, milk, feed the pigs, and take care of children, may obtain an excellent husband by leaving a line at the Freeman Office, Concord, Mass., addressed to "G. P."

We cut the preceding from the *Concord (Mass.) Freeman*. The editor enquires if "there is any body up in Vermont, who will answer the purpose." Hold your ear friend Gourgis; nater! so, there!—we don't know nothin' 'bout the gals!

CONGRESS.

Flare-up among the Harrisonites.—Mr. Wise, *flirt*—In the House of Representatives on Monday (15th), the general civil and diplomatic bill was taken up in the Committee of the Whole, during the discussion of which an animated debate occurred, and some pretty strong personal remarks were interchanged between Messrs. Wise and Jenifer. Mr Jenifer, it seems, took occasion to comment pretty severely upon Mr Wise's recent course in the House, relating to Whig or federal interests. The Journal of Commerce gives an interesting account of the flare-up, but we have room only to give a few striking sentences from Mr Wise, remarks—*Buy State Democrat*.

"He himself took his stand with the old State Rights party of Virginia—the party in which Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Giles were brought up. His party were entitled to be heard."

"I, says he, am called *eratic* by my whig friends, because I cannot now turn and go for strong ultra federal measures, such as some of the small party leaders here have assumed to dictate to the whig administration. But I warn them that if they bring their party screw to bear on me, I will rebel against their authority."

"I stand independent of either party of you—as free as the eagle of our country. I will not be drilled in the political camp as in a military camp. I tell the Richmond people and the Richmond Whig, that all the castigations of the whig editors shall not drive me. We will see who will have to take the back track."

"I can point to long service in the ranks of the party, said he, and if my sword is now to be taken from me and broken over my head, let it be done by the commander-in-chief, himself, and not by his pigny representatives here."

No other transactions of importance occurred in the House.

In the Senate, a memorial was presented from a Quaker settlement at Plattsburgh, Penn. urging upon Congress the necessity of doing something to place the maritime frontier in the state of defence, and to build steam vessels.

The Senate took up the pension bill for 1841, and a long discussion took place on the Florida War, brought up by the provision in the bill to appropriate \$100,000 to close the contest. A motion to strike this out was lost, and the bill was passed.

From the Boston Post.

THE NEW APPOINTMENT.

A new apportionment, based upon the late census, will produce important changes in Congress. States like Michigan, Illinois, and other new States) which have now few representatives, will have their delegation increased, in consequence of the rapid increase which they have experienced in population, during the last few years; while others, (embracing some of the old States of the North & South) if the ratio of representation is fixed much higher than at present, must lose some members. That the ratio will be increased there can be no doubt, for, with the present one, Congress would soon become a body too unwieldy for useful action; and however much States may dislike to part with a portion of their representation, the necessity of the measure cannot be avoided.

The following table will show the changes made from time to time in the ratio of representation and how the several States have been benefited thereon, since the adoption of the Constitution. By the instrument, in 1789, the number of representatives was fixed at 65, as given in the table below. The first deviation from that number took place upon the basis of the census of 1790. Delaware, it will be seen, is the only one of the old States which now retains its original representation. The original thirteen States will be found first in the table; after the thirteen new States we have placed the date at which they were admitted into the Union. Making a calculation upon the apportionment of 1841, will be the ratio of apportionment adopted by Congress, on the basis of the last census, it will be seen that the House will be increased 8. The N. England States will lose 4; the Middle States 1; the Southern States 1; and the Western States gain 14 members. The slave holding States will have only 96 members, to 154 from the non-slave holding States—losing 4 and the others gaining 12.

Year.	1790	1791	1802	1812	1822	1832	1842
Ratio.	65	82	135	226	333	476	660
New Hampshire,	3	5	6	6	5	4	4
Massachusetts,	8	14	17	20	18	15	12
Rhode Island,	1	2	2	2	2	2	1
Connecticut,	5	7	7	7	6	6	5
New York,	6	10	17	27	34	41	40
New Jersey,	4	5	6	6	6	6	6
Pennsylvania,	8	13	18	23	26	28	28
Delaware,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Maryland,	8	8	8	9	9	9	9
Virginia,	10	19	22	23	23	21	17
North Carolina,	5	10	12	13	13	13	11
South Carolina,	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Georgia,	3	2	4	6	7	9	9
Vermont,	1792	2	4	6	5	5	4
Kentucky,	1792	6	6	6	6	6	6
Tennessee,	1796	2	3	6	9	13	12
Ohio,	1802	1	6	14	19	25	25
Louisiana,	1812	1	1	3	3	4	4
Indiana,	1816	1	3	6	9	11	11
Mississippi,	1817	1	1	1	2	3	3
Illinois,	1818	1	1	1	3	7	7
Alabama,	1819	1	1	1	3	5	5
Missouri,	1820	1	1	1	3	8	8
Michigan,	1821	1	1	1	1	2	3
Arkansas,	1836	1	1	1	1	1	1
	65	107	142	181	213	242	270

When the Vermont Watchman says we are "unfortunate" because the mercantile year for imports and exports ended in June prior to the final passage of the Independent Treasury, and consequently that it had no effect upon the business of the country, as evidence in the increase of our domestic exports, we are induced to believe that the editor is making a distinction without a difference, for it is a well known fact that the influence of the Sub-Treasury was nearly as satisfactory and efficient previous to its final adoption as afterwards. In a strictly legal sense it could not be so considered, we admit. But we must suppose it was virtually in operation, or else have resort to the only alternative left us, by giving the Whigs credit for making a deal of noise respecting that which the Watchman would insinuate—after election!—as never having existed. We should hardly think the editor would be willing to eat his own words.

We wish, however to make one inquiry of the Watchman? He says there has been a great amount of specie exported during the last mercantile year. Can he inform us of the precise amount, and if so, whether it has not gone to pay the interest on State debts rather than the facilities of our merchants? We hardly believe the editor can answer the first part of our query half as well as he can inform the public—if so disposed—what amount of specie is at present remaining in the vaults of banks throughout the several States.—*North Star*.