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POETRY.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

Morn on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flashing of light!
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel, goes gallantly on:
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennant streams onward, like hope in the gale!
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along!
Upwards she points to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily, aloft in the shrouds!
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!
Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky;
Treading its depths, in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone in the shadowy main,
Like the heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep—as the the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty!—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within!
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,—
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever!
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave!
'T is thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled;
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs!
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles are put on—just to cover our tears,
And the withering thought which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childeood are vanished and o'er.

From the Michigan Telegraph.

THE LOVER'S REVENGE.

BY BYRON BALLOU.

CHAPTER I.

It was early in the Spring of 1827, that Mr. Morton with his family emigrated to Michigan from the State of Vermont, for the purpose of seeking a home in the West. Often had he heard of these fair Praries and oak forests that peculiarize the western territories. Often had he listened with thrilling interest to the daring deeds of some brave hunter, which had been performed in that noble country, until at last he resolved to emigrate thither, where he arrived after a long and tedious route. After looking at a considerable part of the territory, he made up his mind to settle in the western part, and finding a situation that suited him on the Kalamazoo, he built his hut, and soon, by dint of hard labor, had made quite an opening in the forests. Charles, his eldest son, was twenty years old—William eighteen, and Mary, the only daughter, fourteen.

These, with his companion Mrs. Morton, constituted his whole family. The country was then new. Every thing seemed as nature had formed it, and it was beautiful in the extreme. The tall forest tree rose in majesty almost to the clouds. The deer bounded through the quiet groves, or gazed upon the broad prairies in perfect security, and this too was the red man's home. Here he pointed the deadly shaft at the bounding game—here he erected the rude wigwam, and here he assembled in council; and from these rude children of the forest, Mr. Morton could expect but few favors.

The next Spring a family by the name of Brown moved in and settled half a mile from the Mortons.—They had but two sons. Horace the oldest, was twenty one, Henry the youngest, eighteen years old.

Henry Brown was not handsome, yet he had a noble soul, a generous spirit, and with his friend Mary Morton, had many a pleasant interview.

Mary Morton was indeed a beautiful girl. Her dark auburn hair fell in glossy ringlets upon a neck of snowy white, and her penetrating eye peering from beneath the dark silken lashes, sparkled like a diamond of the most brilliant hue. She had lived in retirement some time, and with joy did she witness the arrival of the Brown family into their neighborhood. Many a pleasant evening did Henry Brown spend with Mary Morton until he felt that he loved her, and well did he know that his love was reciprocated by her—yet never had either of them spoken of love, but actions speaking louder than words told them that they were not mistaken. Often had she listened with much interest to him, as he poured forth in manly eloquence the beautiful scenes of the past, and pointed to the most exhilerating prospects of the future. And under these circumstances, it was not strange that Henry Brown was foremost in all her thoughts. Thus time rolled on until she had attained her seventeenth year, and still the subject of love was by them left to the darkest recesses of the mind.

CHAPTER II.

"Will you walk out with me this evening, Mary?" said Henry, on entering the room where she sat poring over the pages of Ancient History.

'Yes, indeed I will,' she replied in the tender tones of affection, "for it is tiresome in the extreme to lull away the sweet hours in reading on so pleasant an evening as the present."

"What a beautiful evening," said Mary, as they left the house.

"Yes it is indeed beautiful, to take a pleasant walk on a fine evening with so fair a companion as Mary Morton."

"Come, none of that," replied the blushing girl, for I cannot but return the compliment to you."

It was indeed a beautiful evening. The moon shone forth in all it splendor, and seemed to illuminate the most retired retreats of the western forests. No sound was heard to disturb the stillness of the hour except the low murmur of the fair waters of the Kalamazoo, gliding along towards the mouth, interrupted only now and then by some huge rock raising itself above the surface of the water.

The frosts of November had brought the leaves to the ground, and the autumnal winds swept gently through the mazes of the forest.

"Who would wish to exchange these, our rural scenes, for all the wealth and fashion of the city life? It would not be me to wish for an exchange, I assure you, Henry."

CHAPTER III.

"There is indeed something interesting in the romantic scenes of a retired life—something so enchanting in the shady forests that tend to bind us to them, but still, dear Henry, if the Indians should chose, all our happiness would be blighted, and in one short hour every brave spirit in our small neighborhood would fall a victim to savage cruelty and barbarism.'

'Heaven forbid!' cried Henry, in ecstacy, 'for he that robs us of the noblest of all, Mary Morton, that one shall die; yet dear Mary, these are nought but idle fears, banish them from you.'

Perhaps so,' said the noble girl, 'but is reported that Black Hawk, the celebrated Indian Chief, is trying to influence all the Indians against the whites, and if so, Henry, our small band would fall as soon as any; for their numbers are like the leaves of the forest."

'I do not apprehend any danger, for they have always come freely among us, and your fears cannot be true. Come Mary, let us walk to the house, for you appear melancholy this evening. But still, you must banish these as idle fears."

At this juncture a slight rustling among the leaves drew the attention of the lovers, and Kyaka, the well known daughter of the Black Eagle, chief of the Ottawa tribe, stood before them. It was with some emotion that she told her tale, that her father was against the whites and would attack that neighborhood the next night at midnight. "But Kyaka is a friend to the whites, and a friend to the white maidden."

"Will not Kyaka the maiden of the forests, walk to the house, for perhaps she is weary? The forests are dark does not the Indian maiden fear to be alone with no companion?"

"No, Kyaka fears no danger, she will be missed and must return to the camp of the Indians in the dark forest."

"Farwell," said Henry as the maiden turned to retrace her steps. Her answer was a wave of the hand. Soon she bounded from them, and was lost from view amidst the surrounding thickets.

It was then and not before, that Henry thought of his companion, who had sank to the ground upon hearing the tale of Kyaka. He raised her dooping form and helped her to the house, where he stated in a few words their brief interview with the Indian girl.

It was with considerable emotion that the family heard the tale, and what could they do? They were in a dark forest, surrounded by Indians. Their first motive was to leave the country, but this they could not do, for it was then almost winter. So they resolved to prepare themselves, and in case of an attack to defend themselves as well as possible: so they cleaned up every old gun, and all prepared for the anticipated conflict.

They watched that night, but no Indians came, and they began to think that it was a false report.—But Kyaka arrived, telling them she had been missed the night previous—had been accused of betraying them, and confessed the truth. Consequently they had determined to defer the attack, to wait for a favorable opportunity, and murder all at once.

It was with great fear that they passed that winter. Spring came and all were so busily employed with work that the Indians were forgotten.

CHAPTER IV.

It was on a dark night in the ensuing spring, that Mr. Morton was aroused from sleep by the sound of footsteps in the adjoining room. He bounded from bed and grasped his sword as the door burst open and the tall form of an Indian warrior entered, but one blow from the sword of the strong man brought him to the floor, as two more rushed in to his assistance, the first of which fell stunned with a heavy blow, but others rushing in, they bound him and hurried him to the woods, and then returned for the rest. Mary had been aroused by the noise, and was about making her escape, when she was siezed by the strong arm of an Indian warrior. Her first impulse was to scream for aasistance, but seeing the hatchet raised above her head ready to strike, she desisted, and was soon bound and placed by her father.

They returned for more but none were to be found, for Mrs. Morton on seeing her husband dragged from the room had escaped through the window, and Charles and William had jumped from the chamber window and were hastening to the house of Mr. Brown to warn them of their danger.

Henry Brown did not wait for them, but seizing his gun, and a bow and quiver, with no companion but his faithful dog, he bounded in pursuit. On reaching the house of Mr. Morton, he found it no worse than he expected. There lay the forms of two Indian warriors with the blood still oozing from their wounds, yet one was still alive. But with one blow he despatched him, and he was soon numbered with the dead. But she whom he loved best of all on earth was gone—the prisoner of those reckless beings.—His mind was soon made up what course to take, and as he emerged from the house, he could have been heard to say "Revenge or death!" It was indeed quite dark, yet the moon gave a faint light as the clouds withdrew from before it. They had been gone scarcely half an hour, yet in what direction, or how many in number, he could not tell; he resolved to do his best. "Here Rover, seek, seek," said he pointing to the ground. At this the dog took a circle until he struck the trail, then a low howl served to tell his master that he was on the track. "Quit Rover, not so fast." said he to the dog as they bounded through the dark forests. It was indeed a strange thing to see one undertake to pursue a band like this, but the thought of Mary nerved him on to the task. He often saw her in imagination, shrinking from the uplifted tomahawk, or hurred thro' the forest to elude pursuit. But still he bounded over the ground he knew not whither, keeping close to the dog.

"They cannot be far off," said he, as he proceeded with more caution, and that moment a sound struck his ear—he could not be mistaken, it was the defying whoop of an Indian warrior. On, on like the wind he flew; until he could distinctly hear their infamous gabble, yet he knew not what they said. As he drew himself cautiously behind a large tree he could distinctly see the forms of six Indians sitting around a large fire in the gully below, not over ten rods distant.

Between him and her was a small stream, and just beyond lay Mr. Morton bound hand and foot. Mary had been permitted to remain unbound, and was seated upon a log with head reclining, perhaps thinking of him she loved most of all; or perhaps thinking of the dark prospects of the future. At this moment one of the Indians seated himself near her, and drew himself menacingly close to her. She shrunk from him—he raised his hatchet as if to strike, but the voice of one who commanded with authority, caused him to desist, and withdrew to the fire and joined his companions.

Henry's first motive was to rush from concealment and rescue the maiden, but remembering that his all was at stake, he determined to wait, and if they offered any violence to Mary, he would rush forward and defend her to the last. Soon he could perceive that they were making preparations to retire for the night. They bound the prisoners, appointed one of their number to watch, laid themselves down and were soon lost in sleep from the cares of the day.

Henry could see by the light of the fire that the watch was awake. He thought sometimes that he would rush from concealment and rescue the maiden, but the Indian would give the alarm and then all would be lost.

Slowly passed away the hours, each moment seeming like an age. He often thought if he could be sure to hit the mark, he would try his luck with the bow and arrow. But he too well knew that he was too far distant. Soon, however he perceived with much pleasure that the Indian was coming for water to the brook that lay between him and the camp.—"Now for the task, said he to himself, as he grasped the bow and quiver that rested against the tree. It was with a firm and steady hand that he plied the shaft to the fatal bow, and then an awful stillness reigned. At length the Indian stooped to dip the water from the brook, and then with a firm and steady hand he pulled the string. Swift as lightning flew that fatal arrow until it marked the victim for which it was intended. Not a groan was uttered, but a low splash in the brook served to tell that the watch of the camp had fallen.

Soon was he by the prisoners, those fatal bands fell from those fair hands, and they were locked in a long embrace.

"But Mary there is much remaining yet to be done No noise upon our peril," he said, as the cords fell from the strong arms of Mr Morton. "This is no time for explanations, but you and Mary are free—fly for your own safety, and I will dispatch the remaining five."

"No never will I leave you," he replied, as a tear stole down his cheek "until all is finished."

Mary was removed a short distance, and now for the dreadful task. The Indians had stacked their arms against a tree, and to secure these was the first object. This done, they advance with tomahawk in to dispatch the sleepers. They could have spared them if they would, but revenge nerved them on.

Strong was the arm with anger as they sank the hatchet deep into the skull of the two first. An awful groan was all that escaped from them, but that was enough to rouse the sleepers, and with a horrid yell they bounded to their feet but two fell beneath the unerring aim of the western pioneers. Yet one remained unhurt, and with the fury of a demon he advanced to Mr. Morton. He was unharmed. But they grasped each other with the fury of madmen.

The Indian's superior strength gave him the advantage, he hurled Mr. Morton with herculean strength to the ground, and was about wrenching his hatchet from his hand, when Henry seized a pistol from his belt and laid the Indian dead at his feet. And now all was accomplished.

There lay the huge forms of five Indians in the last agonies of death, and a few rods distant they found the one in the stream a lifeless corpse. He lay as he had fallen, with his face downward, and the fatal arrow had pierced his heart.

Henry stated briefly how they had been saved, and nothing remained now to be done but to find their way back to the settlement where they arrived about one o'clock. All were astonished at their escape, as they had supposed they were lost. It was then and not before, that Mr. Morton offered Henry a compensation for the heroic deed. "You shall have anything in my power, only name the gift."

"I ask nothing, said he nobly."

"Well, if you will not name the gift allow me to select for you."

"Yes and I will honor the present."

"Then I give to you the hand of Mary Morton."

"Hold father," cried the blushing girl, "I must give him a token too, for I am interested. My gift is the heart and hand both!"

"I honor the gift," said Henry.

Soon after, Mary Morton became the wife of Henry Brown.

My tale is told, if it has been interesting to any, it has accomplished the object for which it was intended. And thus ends the romance of the Lover's Revenge.

LETTER FROM HON. L. SEVERANCE.

Giving his reasons for refusing to vote Men and Money for the War.

House of Representatives, May 12, 1846

To the Editor of the National Intelligencer.

Gentlemen—Being one of the fourteen members of the House who yesterday voted against the bill appropriating ten millions of dollars to be placed at the disposal of the President, to enable him to carry on the war against Mexico which he has commenced, and having been unable to obtain the floor to give any reasons for my vote, I ask favor of part of a column of your paper to explain those reasons. I had no objection to vote any supplies necessary for the relief of our army, but I regard the very first line of the bill as a palpable misstatement of the fact. I believe the Mexicans upon the Rio Grande, have been acting in self-defence, and, if they have made a manly resistance to General Taylor, they are to be honored and applauded for doing so. Without now calling in question the mode by which the Mexican department of Texas was converted into our Union, I do deny that General Taylor, since he advanced beyond the Nueces, has been either on the soil of the United States or on that of Texas. He has been, and was at the last accounts, in the Mexican department of Tamaulipas, and it is there on Mexican soil that blood has been shed. The war has not been commenced by Mexico, but by the President of the United States, without the authority of Congress, and without any necessity. It was not required by any sound policy, and it was totally forbidden by the Constitution of the United States, by a regard for justice, and by inter national comity and good faith.

It is very true that the Texan Congress resolved its limits up to the Rio Grande, and so conveyed it on paper; but nothing is more clear than that they had no more right to convey any country beyond the Nueces than they had to convey New-Leon, Zacatecas or Durango. They do not pretend, I believe, that the State or Department of Texas originally extended beyond the Nueces, but they say they have extended the Texan Republic to that river by their victorious arms; that they hold it by the same title that they hold Texas proper—the right of conquest, the right of revolution. This I do not believe is true. As far as my information extends, every expedition which they sent to the valley of the Rio Grande, upon its upper or lower waters, was a complete failure. The people on that river, who are nearly all Mexicans, never submitted to Texan authority, civil or military. I know it is all included *on paper* in the western Congressional District of Texas, but it is actually represented in the *Mexican* Congress. Our revenue collection laws, too, as the President says in his Message of yesterday, are extended over it. If so, there is a strange confusion in our laws, for we have also in force a law allowing drawback of duty on goods imported from Europe or elsewhere, and carried over land via St. Louis to Santa Fe (which is on a small river emptying into this side of the Rio. Grande.)—This act is a positive acknowledgement that Santa Fe is not in the United States—a law, if I mistake not, signed by President Polk himself. Moreover, the Santa Fe traders have continued up to this time to pay impost duties to the Mexican Treasury for both foreign and American goods thus carried over land and sold in Santa Fe.

Mr. Senator Benton was strictly correct in saying, two years ago that the Texan Congress had wrongfully included, on paper, parts of the Provinces or departments of Tamaulipas, Coahuila, Chihuahua New-Mexico. A very little attention to Geography and the history of the operations of the emigrants from the United States to Texas, will show that they have no right whatever to any country west of the Nueces or North of Red River, having never brought it under their authority. They attempted to do it several times, but always failed.

Their first movement was in 1836, soon after the Texan declaration of independence. An expedition was sent to seize the custom-house and public property at Metamoros, but before it reached the Rio Grande it was met and driven back by Santa Anna's army, then advancing. After the battle of San Jacinto, in Eastern Texas, in the same year, I recollect no movement upon the Rio Grande until 1839, when I see some mention of a small marrauding expedition which penetrated as far as Saltillo in Coahuila, and whose greatest boasted exploit consisted in its masterly retreat and escape into Texas, avoiding the pursuing Mexicans as skillfully as Xenophon's ten thousand Greeks did the armies of Persia.

The next movement was the Santa Fe expedition in 1843, when President Lamar sent three commissioners, with an armed civil posse of three hundred men or more, to organize the Mexican settlements on the upper waters of the Rio Grande, and bring them under Texan authority. These men were treated as invaders, all captured and sent to the mines of Mexico. Thus matters stood until the summer of 1842, when Gen. Cos, or Gen. Woll, crossing the Nueces, advanced eastward into Texas as far as the river San Antonio. The Texans having rallied a considerable force, he retreated, and a Texan army of seven or eight hundred, under Gen. Somerville, went in pursuit. They crossed the Rio Grande at Laredo, and sacked the town. Gen Somerville, unable to restrain their rapacity, ordered a retreat, being entirely without funds with which to pay for supplies; but between five and six hundred men refused to obey, elected a new leader, declared they could help themselves to what they wanted in an *enemy's country*, seized all the boats they could find on the river, burnt those they they did not want, and set off down the river to Mier of which they got possession in the night, but were next day all captured by Gen. Ampudia, and marched off into the interior of Mexico as captives. Some were confined in the castle of Perote and some employed in paving or repairing the streets in the city of Mexico. I do not know whether all of them have yet been liberated. This was in January, 1843, and was the *last* Texan attempt upon the Rio Grande, or on any point near it.

* I believe the right of *conquest*, is generally acknowledged but I never before heard of a country being acquired by successive and unvarying defeats yet such is the title which Texas conveys to us, and which the President has ordered Gen. Taylor to the Rio Grande to maintain. The bill which passed the House yesterday sanctions his proceeding, and endorses his manifesto of the cause of the war, throwing the odium on the Mexicans which justly attaches to himself.

I have another objection to the bill. It virtually authorizes the President to make requisitions of militia, to be marched beyond the limits of the United States, in violation of the Constitution.

Among the enumerated grievances which the Presidents set forth against Mexico is her neglect to pay claims for spoilations acknowledged to be due. If this were cause of war, it would be the duty of Congress to declare it, and not for the President to commence it without a declaration; but, considering the distracted condition of Mexico; considering in how many hands the government has been when these spoilations were committed; considering, too, that Santa Ana made a forced loan to pay up some of the installments of the treaty, at a time too when we were despoiling Mexico of one of her fairest provinces, I do not think it very manly or generous in us to commence hostilities because Mexico, has failed to pay these claims from an empty treasury; at least, while we, with a full treasury, have neglected to pay our own citizens for French spoilations for which we became responsible nearly half a century ago, and whilst, too many of the States of our Union, enjoying profund peace, are refusing to tax themselves to pay the interest on their debts, and one or more actually repudiating them.

When some one remarked to Talleyrand that Napoleon had been guilty of a crime in putting the Duc d'Enghein to death, the wily old politician remarked that "it was worse than a crime; it was a blunder." Unless the President desires war, and looks to the conquest of Mexico, I submit whether he has not committed both a political crime and a blunder, and I will wait for an answer on the results of the measure.

L. SEVERANCE.

Dead Letter Office.—A Washington letter to the N. York Journal of Commerce says:

A recent brief inspection of the mysteries of the Dead Letter Office, shows that the business of that branch of the Department is constantly increasing. Fifty dollars per day on an average is the amount of money discovered in letters. The sum taken out of letters one day recently was $250. In such a case, when the amount is large, a letter is addressed to the Post Master, at whose office the money was mailed in these words: "Sir, there is in this office a letter containing property of value, written by ——at——and addressed to——at——.—The number of the letter on our register is——.—Do either of the parties reside in your town or vicinity? Please direct your answer to "Dead Letter Office," and name the address of the letter in your answer, and the Register number." When small sums are found, they are sent to the post office where they were originally mailed, with instructions if the writer cannot be found, nor the person addressed, in 40 days, to return it with the inclosure, accompanied with any information that may be obtained concerning the parties. If no claimants are found, the money at length goes into the United States Treasury. The most accurate registers are kept, so that when ever the owner can "prove property," he can "take it away." Piles of bank notes are stowed away in the iron chest. Sundry articles, gifts, ribands, book marks; and even photographic likenesses in frame are among the dead deposits. These are thrown into a common mass. The miniature of a handsome youth thus drawn from the sun is sent to Miss——, with a postage of nearly two dollars—unpaid.

Woman's Sphere.—The celebrated Fontenelle said, that woman have one fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain, than men.

Women, in the course of action, describe a smaller circle than men, but the perfection of a circle consists not in its dimensions, but in its correctness. There may be here and there a soaring female, who looks down with disdain upon the paltry affairs of "this dim spec called earth," who despises order and regularity, as indications of a grovelling spirit. But a sound mind judges directly contrary. The larger the capacity, the wider is the sweep it takes in. A sensible woman loves to imitate that order, which is stamped on the whole creation of God. All the operations of nature are uniform, even in their changes, and regular in their infinite variety.

As the dew lies longest and produces most fertility in the shade, so woman in the shade of domestic retirement, sheds around her path richer and more permanent blessings than man, who is more exposed to the glare and observation of public life. Thus the humble and retired often yield more benefits to society, than the noisy and bustling of earth, whose very light of unconcealed enjoyment deteriorates and parches up the moral soil it flows over.

Murder.—A horrid stench was lately perceived to proceed from a house in Newark, N. J. On entering the building the dead body of a woman, far gone into putrefaction, was found, and on the bed was her husband, named *Mahan*, much exhausted by rum, hunger and long breathing of an atmosphere so polluted. He was immediately arrested on the charge of having murdered his wife, of which crime he has confessed himself guilty.

New York and Liverpool.—We learn that the Post Master General has made a conditional arrangement with E. K. Collins, Esq. of this city, for a line of steamers to run between New York and Liverpool.—These in connection with the semi-weekly Cunarders will give to New York and Liverpool a steamer twice a week.

☞ The abolition party of Illinois have nominated Richard Eels for Governor and Abraham Smith for Lieut Governor.

CITY OF YPSILANTI HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS