

POETRY.

Song.

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

We meet in crowds, and pass along
Like bubbles floating on a river,
A few short hours of love and song,
And then we part, perhaps forever!
O could we govern fate, and grasp
The kindred soul of love requited,
And to our breast the treasure clasp,
Then hearts were blessed that now are blighted.

O like the waters of the stream
That from the mountains meet the ocean,
So love tasks in its kindred beam,
And heart meets heart with fond emotion:
And yet, Alas! how oft we feel
At parting, all our life-strings sever;
The bosom owns the entering steel,
And love and hope are lost forever!

MISCELLANY.

THE BACHELOR STATE.

A strange curmudgeon, writing in the Farmer's Monthly Visitor, indulges in a selfish strain of self-glorification, because, in sooth, he is a bachelor! Hear him, Ladies, and observe the malicious ingenuity with which he attempts to shed a little sunlight upon the miseries of what is absurdly called, "single blessedness."

"In the first place, I say, I am a Farmer, and I can make as good crops as those of my neighbors who are married. Indeed, I think I do a little better than most of them. I go to my repose, ay, repose, at a regular hour, and am not troubled with propositions for new gowns, new carpets, painting the house, and all that. No children are crying in the same room, or fighting in the next. None of these appendages of the happy state, abounding with smiles, kisses and empty pockets. I get my rest quiet; scarce a mouse stirring; and when the ruddy East shows the time for action, why with real refreshment, and no dialogues about visiting sister Sally or Aunt Nabby in the afternoon to keep me in obedience, I am out with the crowing of the morning cock. You may write as you please on that matter, for I have made up my mind on this subject; and taking one of your saws for my timber, I am content to let well enough alone."

Suppose we have no bosom partner to stretch our collars for us; we are quite easy on that point. So long as we are clean and comfortable, the world may talk while we laugh. When I even think of marriage, I shudder. There is a jealousy—that is alone enough. A married man is lured for life. I never think of it without also thinking of the State convict, with a log chained to his leg to keep him from running away. Happiness, indeed! let the Legislature but give me the power to grant divorces. You should soon see who is the man of money.

The "man of money!" Yes, that is the secret of our Farmer's cold philosophy. He dreads the children's "empty pockets" (forgetful of the rich treasury of FILIAL LOVE in their hearts)—the wife's "new gown," and the social companionship of affectionate "sister Sally," or good old "Aunt Nabby." And what does he gain to compensate for deprivations, which he affects to consider irksome and unpleasant? A few more bushels of corn that the children might have eat—an extra bale of cotton, whose profits the wife's "new gowns" might have absorbed—undisturbed "repose, ay, repose," at night, and the scorn of all womankind! Yes, more: he gains a grave over which affection will shed no tear, around which a mourning offspring will breathe no sighs, nor plant that sweetest tribute of a sorrowing love—the rose, shedding its rich odors upon the clayey covering of the dead. And while he sleeps there, in that grave, enjoying all the "quiet" and all the "repose" which a dead carcass that has lived for itself alone, can ever attain to, some "Aunt Nabby," whom the deceased bachelor mayhap has seen and never cared for, comes into possession of those broad lands and numerous servants which an attached wife and devoted children should have held in her stead. To them everything around and about the heritage would have been a memento of the departed; but to the antiquated maiden, the fortunate "Aunt Nabby," they are but the living proofs that she is comfortably "settled for life," while she easily consoles herself with the fact, that her "dear dead relative" is settled for eternity! Bachelors of East Mississippi! be warned by our homily; take gentle woman into matrimonial co-partnership, and let the firm never be dissolved until "death do ye part." And even death will be shorn of half its terror, for the spirit and the heart of the married man is perpetuated through the generations of his descendants to the last hour of time.

We leave it to the ladies to say whether we are not correct in our every position, and we feel assured that they will join us in deprecating such sentiments as those entertained by the bachelor Farmer, whose sneers upon woman we have copied for the sole purpose of exposing the crusty old fellow and bringing him, if

possible, to an "eleventh hour" repentance and atonement.—Ed's True Dem.

TRAGIC ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—A young woman, named Hoover, arrived in our town, by the cars, on Saturday week last, and from her needy circumstances, claimed and received the aid of some benevolent citizens. With her was an elderly lady, her friend, who accompanied her from Lafayette, Ohio. On their way from Wheeling and Cumberland, the stage in which they were upset in crossing a stream, and a small basket, containing the clothing and all the money they had, was swept down the creek. The morning after their arrival, the young lady hurried on to Cedar Creek, in this county, anxious to see her parents, who had left her seven years ago, in the family of a friend, being compelled themselves, by afflicting sickness, to leave Ohio and return to Virginia in pursuit of health. Her disappointment may be conceived, when she found, on reaching her home, that her father, anxious about her return, having collected some of his little dues and sold some of his property, had just started to the West! But deeper grief awaits her. A letter received by our Postmaster communicates the sad tidings that her affectionate parent, on his return home, on foot, was shot by a man named Marton, who threw himself into his company under the guise of a friend, and murdered him for his little money. The letter enclosed a part of the old man's shroud. The murderer was arrested. Imagination could hardly weave a more tragic tale.—Winchester Virginian.

ENGLISH INTRODUCTION IN THE RIO DE LA PLATA.—If the reader wishes some knowledge of the recent proceedings of the combined French and English Government in the affairs of the Argentine Confederation, let him read the excellent paper of Mr. Cushing on that subject, in the last number of the Democratic Review. This paper presents a brief but satisfactory history of the whole affair, between the several parties, from the beginning—of the relations existing between the Buenos Ayrean Republic and the French, and of the rude and insolent manner in which the English authorities have thrust themselves into a controversy, in which they have not the shadow of a right to meddle. The paper shows also, very conclusively, the adroit manner in which the British officials have contrived to blind and bamboozle the French—a matter, by the way, revealed in the publications of the Buenos Ayrean authorities, which will be very likely to cause a stir in the French Chambers, in no respect grateful to the ears of Monsieur Guizot, with his American balance. These publications admirably display the two-faced course of British diplomacy—the gross duplicity with which they have treated the French authorities, and the simplicity with which the latter—in their strong desire to conciliate John Bull, in reference to the succession,—have suffered themselves to be deceived by their wily neighbor. If we mistake not very much the temper of the French people, the circulation of these facts among them will bring parties to the ears with a vengeance. We shall look to see M. Thiers resigning the attack upon the ministry with much more decided effect upon the final vote. For truly, if these statements be true then have the British officials, paltered in the most shameful manner with the dignity of France. But read this well arranged paper of Mr. Cushing in the Democratic Review. It is full and comprehensive without being tedious, well and calmly urged, and assuming the correctness of its facts, absolutely unanswerable in all its issues. Southern Patriot.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—It will be recollected by most of our readers that Napoleon at his death requested his executor, General Montholon not to publish the papers which, as executor, came into his hands, until twenty five years after the death of the Emperor. Those years have now elapsed, and these interesting papers are now in course of publication in Paris, and will, we understand, be reprinted here by Messrs. Ferret & Co., who have obtained advance sheets. The reading public will no doubt seek eagerly after a work which will reveal the opinions and intentions of such a man as Napoleon, the more so as these memoirs will not be tinged colored by others; but veritable emanations from himself.

People are continually taken in throughout this country by foreign adventurers who visit us with titles of rank attached to their names—by themselves. One who fled over here is thus exposed in a letter from a lady in England to her brother in New York. We find it in the Journal of Commerce, and copy it because it is full of instruction:

"If you have not made any inquiries about the 'Baron' Da Costa, you may now spare yourself the trouble, as he has provided himself to be bad enough. The paper I have sent you does not tell the worst of him; he has not only gone and left his wife, but has also borrowed cash from the family to the amount of somewhere about £500—none of it from her father, however. It was reported that the 'Baron' had carried off all the handsome presents which he had given to his wife; but this is not correct, as he only took her watch. When leaving his wife he told her he was going to Paris, and would return for her as soon as he had secured suitable lodgings. She still thinks he will return, but no one else entertains a similar opinion."

"Does Holson keep Lent?"
"Most certainly—whatever is lent to him, he is sure to keep."

From the Charleston Mercury.

THE HEIRS OF PAUL JONES.

The claims of these persons to the payment of certain sums of money alleged to be owed to Paul Jones, are now before Congress. They have been often before it, and in various ways have met with respectful notice, but nothing more. The Committee on Naval Affairs, in the House, has recently reported, it is understood, unanimously in favor of the acknowledgment and payment of these claims. The report sets forth the nature of these claims, authenticates them beyond cavil, and enforces them by a brief sketch of the brilliant career of the hero, during our Revolution. To the evidence of their justice, nothing need be added, and it is hoped that Congress, under the inspiration of some good angel, may be moved to postpone the gratification of one or other of their darling sins, just for the single session, and so provide means for paying the debts due to a great man, for the illustrious services in the cause of our independence.

The late of Paul Jones, living and dead, has been a strange, and a hard one, and contains as many items of justice as ever fell to one man's lot. Among the foremost and most devoted, he plunged into the struggle of our Revolution, and threw into the common treasury a soul as heroic, as adventurous, as exhaustless of resources, as ever lived—endless labor—and money to the last dollar of his fortune. The only naval officer in the service who showed the intuitive genius of a great chief, he not only was not placed where he belonged at the head of the Navy, but was in rank to a long string of men who had no reputation and never acquired any. Engaged in the most active and successful service, for seven years, he not only received not a dollar of pay, and no rations, but he was almost the whole time in advance to the Congress for money paid out in repairing his ship and feeding his crew. From time to time he occupied himself in giving to the navy department his views, full of sound sense and comprehensive system, of the organization of the navy. But while time has confirmed his views and led to their adoption, it was not till the world had forgotten who was their author.

But far the most heinous wrong done to Paul Jones is found in the popular notion of his character, which seems to have been borrowed from the coarse slanders of the British press, at the time when he frightened the Isles from their propriety, and put Mistress Brittonia in a paroxysm of terror and rage. For half a century he existed in the popular mind as little better than a successful ruffian—a big ferocious savage, with a diabolical eye, whose voice in battle was that of an enraged tiger, whose soul exulted in killing men, sinking ships, and burning towns. The friend, correspondent and companion of Franklin, a ruffian! The idolized hero of the Court of Versailles, a savage! Never was there a more rascally caricature. Paul Jones was a slender man, delicately moulded and organized, handsome, courtly in manner, with a great love of refined society and with qualities to adorn it, given to writing poetry, and as distinguished through life for his humanity as his heroism. And if we consider that, excepting the lion courage and intuitive genius that God gave him, he was in all respects a self-made man—the refinement of his manners, the cultivation of his mind, his comprehensive and profound knowledge of his profession and his power of developing his ideas in logical order and with rare clearness of expression, will seem hardly less marvellous than the successful plying of his action. We cannot find in all naval history a hero with higher and more various claims to admiration than John Paul Jones.

But to the people of the United States he is something more. He is their first naval hero—he more than any other, deserved to be honored as the founder of our navy and the fount of its aspiration—the stellar genius of our wooden walls. He first showed that success was possible, and so unexpected and astounding was the proof that all Europe rang with the capture of the *Scraper*, as if it had been the downfall of an empire. It was in fact the birth of a rival to the proud Mistress of the Ocean. Such is the man to whose memory the Congress of the U. States are called on to do simple justice.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a University, took a walk one day with a Professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct.

While they were walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw some old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was at work in the field, and who had nearly finished his day's work. The young student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, conceal ourselves behind these bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he left his coat and shoes. While he put his coat on, he slipped one foot in one of his shoes, but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it around, and looked again and again; then he looked round him on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to go on to the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when

he found the other dollar! his feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees looking up to heaven and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected and tears filled his eyes. "Now," said the professor, are you not better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"O dearest," answered the youth, you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget. I feel the truth of the words which I never before understood, "It is more blessed to give than receive." We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good."

GALLANT EXPLOIT OF GEN. LAMAR.

It is perhaps not generally known that the celebrated Lamar owes much of his success in the military and political world to a single gallant exploit performed by him at the battle of San Jacinto. Almost all great men have been indebted to some casual circumstance to suggest and guide the course of after life; and so too has it been with Lamar.

The fortunate and glorious chance which led to Lamar's attainment of the highest military rank his country could bestow upon him, and afterwards to the highest civic honors, was as follows:

Mirabeau B. Lamar, a native of the State of Georgia, and an adopted citizen of Texas, entered the battle of San Jacinto as a private dragoon. During the skirmish with the enemy's cavalry, on the day preceding the battle, the horse of Lamar, a wild and impetuous animal, carried his equally impetuous rider at full gallop away from his own companions into the very centre of a body of Mexican horse. The young dragoon was immediately surrounded, and though fighting desperately, was made prisoner and placed in custody of two Mexicans, also dragoons. In this position Lamar remained for some time an unwilling spectator of the fight which was now becoming general.

It was an irksome position to one possessing the feelings of the young Georgian, and he resolved to free himself from his guard, or perish in the attempt. He was still upon horse-back—a huge, dark looking Mexican on each side of him—but he had been deprived of his sword when captured, and was altogether unarmed. Each of the dragoons wore a long sabre at his belt and on one of these eyes of Lamar became fixed. Grasping the belt with a fierce eagerness the young Texan succeeded in securing both sword and scabbard, and then drawing the former, he put spurs to his horse and galloped off towards his comrades, who were, from their position, witnesses of the feat. But Lamar was not destined to reach the Texan lines without fighting for it. As soon as the troops on the ground perceived that he had escaped from his guard, a general rush was made to intercept him, and several horsemen galloped between him and the approach to the Texan lines.

Lamar, brave as a lion, was soon engaged with several Mexicans at once; but having resolved to die rather than be taken a second time, he soon cut his way through the enemy's lines, and amidst the whistling bullets and the huzzas of his comrades, many of whom had been witnesses of his exploit, he was carried back to his friends.

This gallant action was performed on the day preceding that of the battle of San Jacinto. Lamar was then as we have before mentioned, only a private dragoon. On the day of the battle however, Captain Lamar, by the order and appointment of Gen. Houston, commander in chief, led the Texan cavalry, a company of about thirty mounted men, into the fight. Lamar soon rose in the estimation of his adopted fellow citizens—and afterwards, as is well known, became President of the "Lone Star" Republic.

Lamar did not make a bad use of the sword which he had wrested from the Mexican dragoon; for having returned on a visit to his native country, he presented it to Mr. Peale, who deposited it in the Philadelphia Museum, where it is still to be seen among the thousand and one curiosities of the place.—Sat. Cour.

Correspondence of the Picayune. FROM THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION. CAMP, NORTH BANK OF THE RIO GRANDE, TEXAS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—Yesterday, at about half past 11, the "star-spangled banner" unfurled to the breeze was firmly planted on this bank of the Rio Grande, opposite to Matamoros, by the American "Army of Occupation of Texas," and around it were gathered hearts as true as ever beat in the breasts of any men. As it gave its beautiful folds to the winds, no bravado, or shouts, or acclamations rent the air; but silently as firmly, it took its place, while our band struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle."

When we arrived we found the Mexican troops had retired—it was said that a few days since some 2000 were on this side—to the city of Matamoros, previously collecting up the people living on this side, and directing them to burn their houses. But two or three families remain. Their boats were

all on the other side, while crowds of people lined the opposite bank, and companies of mounted men and foot were seen marching in different directions through the city and its skirts. Behind their fences, nearest the bank, we could discover pieces of artillery. The Mexican flag was flying from three points—Gen Mejia's quarters, the barracks of Sappers and Miners, and the Artillery barracks. When our flag went up it was immediately followed by the British and French flags; but we looked in vain for the flag of our Consul—he, no doubt, had some good reason for its absence.

Gen. Worth was ordered by Gen Taylor to cross the river with despatches for Gen. Mejia and our Consul. He went with his staff to the ferry. Some little delay occurred before any response was made; finally a boat came over and the General crossed, but Mejia sent Gen. de la Vega to receive him, saying that he [Gen. M.] being the chief in command, could receive none but our chief in command. Gen. W. having been ordered to deliver his despatches in person, returned with them, and there I believe, all communication as yet has ceased.

While there, Gen. de la Vega remarked to General Worth, that "while the Americans held their present position with respect to Matamoros, his General could not think of treating or communicating," or words to that effect; that "this army should retire before they could think of entertaining any proposition from us." Gen. Worth replied to de la Vega, and requested the interpreter to be particular in explaining his language in its full force: that "the word expressive of the tenure by which we held the north bank of the Rio Grande was eternity."

Last night the Mexicans erected a small breast-work with bags filled with sand, and in the work placed a 12-pounder. This is near the ferry-crossing. The river is about 150 yards wide, and not fordable; but we don't want to cross. I understand the Gen. Taylor is going to throw up a field-work here, and to-morrow sends to Brazos Santiago for six 18 pounders; and the first act of hostilities on their part will be the signal for the town to be "thrown into fits," and our Generals are "the devil on fits."

And now you no doubt will ask—"Is there to be a fight?" I will answer you candidly—"I don't know." They have let two beautiful opportunities slip through their fingers: one at the crossing of the Little Colorado; the other, as we came through the belt of close underwood growth which extends about four miles from this along the road as we approached Matamoros. Should Ampudia arrive with his force, he may give us a *bull*, but our gallant fellows will not be outdone in courtesy.

The land here is splendid, and in appearance like the Mississippi bottoms. The color of the river water is like that of the Mississippi, and perfectly fresh.

THE SUB-TREASURY BILL.—The following are the main provisions of the Bill:

Sec. 5. Provides for the appointment of receivers general, to hold their offices for the term of four years, at the city of New York, at Boston and the city of St. Louis.

Sec. 6. Provides that receiving officers of customs and of lands, and all postmasters, with certain named exceptions, shall keep the money paid into them, without using it, till the same is ordered to be transferred or be paid out.

Sec. 9. Provides that all receivers of public money within the District of Columbia, shall, whenever directed by the Secretary of the Treasury, or Postmaster-General, pay the money received by them into the Treasury; and that all receivers elsewhere shall pay the money received by them to the receivers general, at least as often as once a week.

Sec. 10. Provides for the transfer of the public money upon the order of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Sec. 15. Makes it the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury, with as much promptitude as the convenience of public business and the safety of the public funds will permit, to withdraw the balances remaining with the present depositaries.

Sec. 17. Directs the manner in which the books shall be kept, etc., and provides that any loaning of the public money or conversion of it to private use, shall be adjudged an embezzlement of such money, which is declared to be a felony, punishable, on conviction, by imprisonment for not less than six months, nor more than ten years, and a fine equal to the amount of money embezzled.

Sec. 20. Directs all payments made by receivers to officers or agents to the government, after the last mentioned period, to be in gold and silver only.

Sec. 21. Forbids any exchange of funds by any of the officers or agents of the Government other than an exchange for gold or silver; and directs every disbursing officer, when the means of his disbursements are furnished him in currency legally receivable, to make his payments received for the drafts furnished, unless he can, in either case, exchange the means in his hands for gold and silver at par.

Sec. 23. Makes it the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to issue and publish regulations, to enforce the speedy presentation of all government drafts, and prescribe the time in which all drafts shall be presented for payment, and to guard as far as may be, against those drafts being used or thrown into circulation as a paper currency, or medium of exchange.

Sec. 24. Fixes the salaries of the Receivers General, &c. The Receiver General at New York is to be paid \$4,000 per annum; at Charleston, 2,500, and at St. Louis 2,500, &c.