

# THE YAZOO CITY WHIG AND POLITICAL REGISTER.

J. A. STEVENS, Editor and Proprietor.

YAZOO CITY, (MI.) FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1839

VOL. 4, No. 2.—Whole No. 158.

Yazoo City Whig and Political Register, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY J. A. STEVENS.

(CITY PRINTER.)

On Jefferson Street, opposite the Washington Hotel, and on door below Messrs. Hoff & Wright's Store.

TERMS.—The Whig will be furnished to subscribers at \$5.00 per annum in advance; \$5.50 at the termination of six months, and \$6.00 if not paid until the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each week thereafter—ten lines or less, constituting a square. The number of insertions required, must be marked on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied with the cash, or good reference in town. Announcing candidates for office will be \$10.00 for county offices, \$10.00 for State offices—in advance.

Notably Advertising.

For forty lines or less, reasonable at pleasure \$5.00. No contract taken for less than one year—and payable half yearly in advance.

The privilege of annual advertisements is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, sent in by them must be paid for by the square.

Professional Advertisements.

For 10 lines or less, not alterable, 3 months, \$12.00. 6 months, \$20.00. 1 year, \$35.00.

As the above rates are the same as those established in Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Gulf and elsewhere in this State, no deduction will be made from them in any case whatever.

ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

\* Letters on business must be post paid, or they will not be taken out of the Post Office.

## NOTICE.

JOSEPH HOLT, of Vicksburg, Q. D. Gibbs, of Yazoo City, and R. S. Holz, of Benton, have associated in practice in the Superior Court of Chancery, at Jackson, in all cases, from Yazoo.

April 19 41—1f

## NOTICE.

DR. A. W. WASHBURN has removed his office from Main to Jefferson-street. His house and office being united, he will at all times be found at home, unless professionally engaged. April 19—41—1f

April 19—41—1f

## BATAILLE & HAMER, LAWYERS.

ADDRESS. JOHN BATAILLE at Benion, Mississippi. C. F. HAMER, at Yazoo City, Mississippi. Feb. 22, 33—1f

## JAMES W. MCKINSTRY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

AUG 24—7th MANCHESTER, MI. QUACKENBOSCH & MURDAUGH, LAWYERS, MANCHESTER, YAZOO COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI.

May 24, 1837. 50—1f

## A. W. G. & J. W. DAVIS, LAWYERS.

OFFICE AT GREENSBORO, N. C. Will practice in the several Courts of the 2d Judicial District for this state. Nov. 23—20th

B. F. Carruthers, W. C. Clark.

## LAW NOTICE.

Carruthers & Clark, HAVING associated themselves together in the practice of Law, will attend the Circuit Courts of Yazoo, Holmes, Carroll, Choctaw, Yalobusha, and Tallahatchie; and the Superior State and Federal Courts at Jackson and Pontotoc.

Office of Carruthers, Miss. January 17, 1839. [Enquirer.] 28—6m.

## NEW GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale by the subscriber, a new and fresh assortment of White and brown linen drill cottons and pants, do. " " " " Coats and Jackets, White and figured Marcelline Vests, Fine fancy figured Satin Scarfs, Black and fancy Cravats, Bl'k and white silk and Russia Hats, latest styles.

All of which will be sold low, for cash only, by A. S. PERKINS. Yazoo City, May 17, 1839. 45—3w.

## NOTICE.

THE firm of CUSACK & DABBS and S. B. CUSACK & DABBS, in this day terminated and dissolved. I will be absent during the summer, and in my absence Mr. Dabbs is not authorized to use the name of the firm in removal of any paper whatever.

S. B. CUSACK. Yazoo City, May 1, 1839. 48—3t.

## STATE OF MISSISSIPPI, Probate Court, YAZOO COUNTY.

AGREEMENT to an order of the Probate Court of said county, Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the lands, tenements and hereditaments of JAMES COOK, deceased, to be and appear before the Probate Court of said county, to be held on the fourth Monday of July next, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why an order should not be made for the sale of the real estate of said deceased, lying and being in the county of Yazoo and state of Mississippi, known as the south-west quarter and south-west half of the north-east quarter and the north-west quarter of Section No. 20, Township 11, Range 2 East. And it is further ordered that publication of this citation be made in the Yazoo Banner, and Yazoo City Whig, for six weeks successively.

Witness, the Hon. Robt. C. Campbell, Judge of Probates, the fourth Monday in May, 1839. Issued, the 31st day of May, 1839. GEO. CROCKETT, CLK.

## LUMBER FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale a fine lot of lumber of the following description:

Weather boarding, Shingles, Rafters, Joists, Scautling, Flooring, Plank, Oak Joists, Posts, &c.

All of which will be sold low for cash. J. N. GLASS. Yazoo City, May 12, 1839. 46—1f.

## MUSE'S DOWER.

"The man that has no music in his soul, And is not lulled by concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for stratagems, treason, spoils."—SWANE.

STANZAS, BY RICHARD BOWELL.

Oh, were I but a drop of dew, A pearl upon the dewdrop small; Suspended o'er the bosom true— I know where I would like to fall.

Were I a moonbeam of the night, That wanders through the silent air; With kisses white would I delight, Upon one sleeping forehead fair.

Were I a rose, had I the power, Yet sweeter roses would I seek; And there would wave from hour to hour, And dash the dew upon her cheek.

ODE—BY RYAN.

The Fifth Anniversary of the Inauguration of Washington.

Great were the hearts, and strong the minds Of those who framed, in high debate, The immortal league of love that binds Our fair broad empire State with State.

And ever hallowed be the hour, When, as the auspicious task was done, A nation's gift, the sword of power, Was given to glory's unspooled son.

That noble race is gone; the suns Of fifty years have risen and set; The holy links, those mighty ones Had forged and knit, are brighter yet.

Wide—as our own free race increase— Wide shall it stretch the elastic chain, And bind, in everlasting peace, State after State, a mighty train.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Soldier's Son.

BY MRS. DUMONT, OF VEVAY, INDIANA.

"Shall I take your baggage, sir," said an intelligent-looking boy to a traveller, who had just landed at one of our eastern cities. "My servant takes charge of it," replied the gentleman, but struck with the peculiar interest of his countenance, as the boy retired he threw him a piece of money. The boy looked at it with hesitation, and his pale cheek reddened to crimson. Picking it up at length, he approached the traveller with an air of embarrassment. "Excuse me, sir, I sought employment, not alms." "True my little Don," said the gentleman, laughing, "but you will not return so very a trifle on my hands?" The boy stood a moment in silence. His young spirit evidently recoiled from the idea of accepting the humiliating gift, and he remained twirling it in his fingers. There was an expression of mingled haughtiness and gratitude in his rough features, and his slender form assumed all the irregular attitudes of indecision. At this moment a beggar approached them, and his countenance brightened. "Permit me," he said, gracefully bowing to the traveller, "permit me to transfer your bounty," and presenting the unlucky coin to the humble mendicant, he instantly disappeared. This little incident made a strong impression on the mind of the stranger, and two days afterwards he distinguished the elastic figure of the boy among a group of laborers. Pleased at again seeing him he immediately approached him. "May I ask your name my young acquaintance?" he inquired in a tone of kindness. "Alvah Hamilton," replied the boy, and he still continued to apply the instrument of labor with diligence. Our traveller, whose name was Courtney, looked at him with increased interest. The extreme beauty of his countenance, its marked expression of high and noble feeling strongly contrasted with the coarseness of his dress, and the rudeness of his employment. "Have you parents?" inquired Mr. Courtney. "I have yet a father. He is a worn out soldier, sir, of the revolution," and the boy applied himself to the task with an intensity that seemed intended to prevent further interrogation. The tenacious Courtney, however, was not to be shaken off. "Do you live with your father?" he continued. "Certainly, sir." "And where?" The boy pointed in silence to a decayed and miserable looking dwelling. Mr. Courtney sighed. A keen November blast, which at the moment whistled round him, told the inadequacy of such a shelter. "A soldier?" he mentally exclaimed, "and perhaps his blood has been shed to secure the rights of those who revel in luxury?" A few hours afterwards he knocked at the door of the shattered habitation. If an interest in the father had been awakened by the son, it was at once confirmed by the appearance of the old man now before him. He had raised his head slowly from the staff on which it had been leaning at the entrance of the stranger, and discovered a countenance in which the lines of sorrow and suffering were distinctly traced. Still there was something in his high though furrowed brow that told his affinity with the proud Alvah, and the ravages of infirmity had not yet altogether robbed his wasted form of the dignity of the soldier. "Will you pardon the intrusion of a stranger?" said Mr. Courtney. "I have been led hither merely to chat an hour with a revolutionary veteran. He who comes to cheer the solitude of darkness must be welcome," said the old man. As Mr. Courtney perceived that he was utterly blind, the scenes of the revolution furnished an easy clue to conversation, and they chatted without effort. "I would," said Courtney, that every one who assisted in our glorious struggle might individually share the prosperity it has confirmed to our nation. I fear, however, there are many whose blood even has cemented the proud fabric of our independence, that are themselves left in want and obscurity." "True" said the old man, the decayed soldier whose strength was wasted in the conflict has but little for himself to hope; but I trust his posterity will reap the harvest he has sown. "You have a son," said Courtney, "worthy of such a harvest. Is the youth called Alvah, your all? All that survives of a large family! He alone, the child of my old age, has been spared to save public dependence."

"Have you long been deprived of sight?" asked Mr. Courtney. "Only two years." "And during that period you have had no resource but the labor of your son?" "None, but the wants of a soldier are few and the filial piety of my boy renders him cheerful under every privation that affects only himself. He labors incessantly, and I have no regret but that of seeing him thus fettered to servitude." "I would," said Mr. Courtney with enthusiasm, "I would that I could place him in a sphere more suited to his worth. With the advantages of education, he would become an ornament to society; he cannot have had, even in an ordinary degree." "But his taste for learning," said the soldier, "he must have been utterly destitute. There are hours, however, when he has respite from labor; in these, which he invariably devotes to study, he has gradually acquired its common principles."

The entrance of Alvah himself interrupted the conversation. He had bought some little delicacies for his father; the avails of his day's labor. "I have just been thinking," said Mr. Courtney, "of making some arrangements, with the approbation of your father, for your future establishment. I grieve to see a boy of promise thus losing the spring time of life." "You forget sir," said Alvah, respectfully bowing, "that I can embrace no proposal that would separate me from my father, however advantageous." "Certainly not in his present situation; but I have friends here, who will readily assist me in making a suitable provision for his support, and you may then be put to business that will secure you in future competence." "I claim no sir! My father can have no claims like those on his son." "This a short season only since my weakness required his support, and shall I now transfer the duties of filial gratitude to the hand of charity?" Mr. Courtney knew not what to reply. "Do you think me ungrateful of your proffered kindness," continued the boy, while his dark eyes swam in tears and every trace of pride suddenly gave place to the lowliest expressions of gratitude; "I feel most deeply your benevolent solicitude for my interest, but indeed, sir, I am perfectly happy in my present condition. My father, too, is satisfied with the slender provision my labor affords, and should it hereafter become insufficient, I will not scruple to ask the aid of benevolence." Mr. Courtney was affected. The soldier had again leaned his head over his staff and was probably invoking blessings on the head of his son! A storm had commenced, and the sleet was even then dripping through the broken roof. Mr. Courtney rose to depart—"Must I then go," he exclaimed, "without rendering you any service?" "Will you not even accept," and he put his hand into his pocket—but Alvah drew back with an expression, that answered the unfinished sentence. The old man gave him his hand with a smile of benignity. "Accept my thanks, sir, and suffer me to crave the name of him who has thus sought the dwelling of poverty." The stranger gave him his name and address, and received a promise that they would seek him in future need, reluctantly left them.

Mr. Courtney was a man of feeling, but he was also a man of pleasure; and with the votaries of dissipation, the soft and holy whisperings of benevolence are too often lost in more seductive strains. The scene he had now witnessed had however awakened all his better principles. The dignified submission of the father—the proud humility of the son, preferring the most servile labor to the shadow of dependence—his deep but quiet tenderness for his unfortunate parent and his perfect exemption from selfish feeling—all were vividly impressed on their visitant. If, in an intercourse with the good, influences even cold and torpid hearts, (as is beautifully exemplified by the Persian fable of the piece of clay that by the contact of the rose,) that influence must be strong indeed in the soul of feeling. The breath of a corrupt world may dim the native gems of the heart, but let the language of pure and elevated sentiment be heard and the chords of responsive feeling will at once awaken like the sleeping tones of a harp attuned by the winds of heaven. For a time the pageantry of the world lost its power on the mind of the gay Courtney and the haunts of pleasure were forgotten. He shuddered as he contrasted the elegancies that surrounded him with the destitution he had witnessed. The straw pallet of age and infirmity—the scanty fuel—the precarious supply—the picture memory drew, seemed even yet more vivid than the reality.

The following day Mr. Courtney had left the city, but a blank cover enclosing two hundred dollars, had been placed by an unknown hand in that of the old soldier. Years passed away, and the glow of unearthly pleasure that the traveller then experienced was gradually forgotten. The wanderings of pleasure resumed their wonted influence—her glittering wave again held him onward without the power of reflection, and if a momentary wish had led him to inquire the further fate of Alvah Hamilton, the bright phantasma that surrounded him diverted his purpose. Death had deprived him of an amiable wife whose influence might have won him from the sphere of illusion, and his only child, early accustomed to the round of fashionable pursuits though not of opposing them. The exalted sentiments, however, which even in childhood she had imbibed from her mother, preserved her from their contaminating influence; and amid the brights of a gay world, the purity of her character remained stainless as the

snows of the unapproached cliff. Gentle as the reed of summer she yielded to the impulse of those with whom her lot was cast; but her mind, supported by high and frequent communion with the memory of her sainted parent, escaped the thralldom which habit might otherwise have secured.

At the age of fifteen, Isabel accompanied an invalid friend to the medicinal springs of Ballston. This village, at that time, was a place of fashionable resort, and to a mind like that of Isabel Courtney's afforded themes of limitless reflection. The buoyancy of health was here contrasted with the languor of disease—the hectic of death with the laugh of revelry—palpable images of mortality mingled with the votaries of pleasure—the listless who strove to annihilate time, and the dying, who sought to add a few days to those they had to number. Soon after the arrival of Isabel, she was one day struck on entering the common sitting room, by the appearance of an old man, who sat alone and apparently unnoticed. His sightless eyes, his palsied limbs, and the white locks that were thinly scattered over pallid temples, all at once riveted her attention. Her heart throbbled with pity, but reserve mingled with compassion as she marked the settled and placid expression of his countenance. At no great distance a group of idlers were indulging in bursts of levity that at this moment struck most discordantly in her ear. She felt that the presence of unfortunate age should at least inspire respect; and involuntarily approached the unheeded old man, she was half resolved to address him. Her natural timidity, however, still withheld her, till at length she was called by one of the hoyden group to partake of some strawberries. The irrelative expression of her countenance at once changed to that of pleasure. "I will beg some," she said unhesitatingly presenting her work basket, "for this old gentleman!" and she now approached him without embarrassment—"Will you accept some strawberries, sir?" The voice of Isabel was like the low, dying notes of an instrument; it touched every chord of the soul. The old man received them with a smile, that spoke a benediction, while an elegant, though youthful stranger, who stood reading a newspaper with his back towards them suddenly turned round and fixed his eyes on the blushing girl with mingled admiration and surprise. She immediately rose and joined the group she had hitherto shunned, and mingled in their trifling. Soon after the youth himself approached with the basket. Presenting it with a look of indescribable import he said, "accept Miss the thanks and blessings of age for your delicate attention." He then disappeared. In a short time he returned and addressed the old man in a tone of respect and tenderness. "I have at length found more quiet lodgings, sir, and will attend you whenever you feel able to walk." The old man rose and leaning on the arm of the youth, left the apartment. "They are then to be temporary sojourners in the village," thought Isabel; and a sensation of pleasure, which perhaps she was unconscious, arose from the idea of again meeting them. They met the next morning at the spring—and again, and again met! Who shall describe the mingling of kindred spirits—Who shall trace the intricate and delicate sources of that mysterious passion which at length sweeps like a torrent over the human soul? Scarcely a word had passed between the youthful strangers—they knew nothing of each other beyond the limit of a few short days, the years that had preceded had become to them as a tedious dream, the present was their all of joyment, and resembled the renovated state of the chrysalis, when it sails on new wings, through the summer air.

As yet, however unconscious of the dangerous source of this new sense of enjoyment, they met without embarrassment. The blush that had the cheek of Isabel in the presence of the stranger was the abstract pleasure, and that the light which flashed from his eye at her approach, was as brilliant as the rays of heaven. The failing health of the blind old man, whom he daily attended to the spring, afforded their only clue even to a passing remark. The deep interest which his appearance excited in the bosom of Isabel conquered the scruples of reticence, and she frequently ventured a timid inquiry respecting the good invalid. There are a thousand nameless attentions too trifling for description, that come with a cheering influence over his feeling heart like the imperceptible breeze that stirs the delicate leaf. Such were the attentions which his misfortune invariably elicited from the hand of Isabel, no matter how narrow her sphere of action. Her voice—her step was already known to the discriminating ear of the old man, and if his cane was dropped, or a seat was brought to him, he knew the ready hand that presented it. He was, however, indently and rapidly falling—and at last Isabel met the interesting stranger no longer. Three days passed, and her attendance on her friend became a penance. A walk was proposed, and weary of herself, she gladly became one of the party. As they passed within view of the village cemetery, her gaze was arrested by a funeral procession. Their duties were finished and soon were returning—but there was one who yet lingered, and with folded arms leaned over the new made grave! Could it be? Yes, it was the youthful stranger—and Isabel at once comprehended the reason. The party proceeded, and ere the return, the surrounding landscape was flooded with the silver light of a full moon. The feelings of Isabel was tendered yet more intense by the softening influence of the hour and almost unable to proceed, she leaned on the arm of her friend, whose strength was yet but imperfectly restored, and fell behind her gay companions. Again her eye was turned

to the last asylum of humanity—the solitary mourner had left the spot, and with a melancholy step, was slowly returning to the village. Their path intercepted, and he was already before her. He bowed, and both were for some moments silent. He at length said, in a voice of suppressed emotion—"The causes which have brought me hither, are terminated in the grave. I leave this place to-morrow. Suffice me then, Miss even at this moment of sorrow, to thank you for the interest you have evinced in the sufferings of any departed father—for the soothing attentions you, have paid him; if the cup of affliction is ever yours, may some spirit gentle as your own, temper its bitterness—some being, bright and lovely as yourself, hover round pillow." Isabel could not reply. Her party had now halted, and as she rejoined them, the young stranger uttered a stifled farewell, and striking into another path, disappeared. On her return, the subdued Isabel was pressed to the bosom of her father. If anything at this moment could have given her pleasure, it was his arrival, as she panted to leave a spot that was now to her, utterly devoid of interest. The light adieus of ceremony were easily concluded, and early the following morning she was equipped for departure.

As her father handed her into the carriage he stopped to speak with an acquaintance, while a young man, who was passing at that moment, suddenly paused and clasping his hand, exclaimed, "Mr. Courtney, my benefactor!" "I do not understand you, sir," said the astonished Courtney, "I know no one who can give me so flattering a title." "Ah!" said the young man, whose countenance and voice was but too familiar to the trembling Isabel, "am I so changed? I am Alvah Hamilton, the soldier's son, whom seven years ago you rescued from extreme poverty." Mr. Courtney pressed his hand with emotion. "You mean my young friend, the scornful boy whom I would have rescued but for this intolerable pride." "Oh, sir, evasion is unavailing. We could not mistake the hand that relieved us. Have you not some interest in hearing—will you not suffer me to tell you what has been the fruits of your bounty?" "I shall gladly listen to what you are concerned," said Mr. Courtney. Alvah proceeded: "Two days after you left me, my poor father was removed to a more comfortable shelter, and I was entered at school. I could yet attend to personal wants of my father, and incited to exertion by every claim of gratitude and duty, I could not but progress in my studies. I was soon a ready penman and accomplished, and a year afterwards was received in a wealthy mercantile house as an under clerk. My wages enabled me to make immediate provision for my father, and they were yearly augmented. And now," he added, in a subdued tone, "since he is at length called to receive far higher wealth than that of earth, my first exertions shall be to discharge the pecuniary part of that obligation which has so greatly influenced my present destiny." "The obligation which you speak of," said Mr. Courtney does not exist. An ample equivalent was at once received in the pleasure of assisting indigent virtue. Do not then wound me again by so unjust an allusion—tell me is your father no more?" Alvah briefly sketched the late events, and Mr. Courtney now shook him warmly by the hand. "Farewell, dear Alvah. My carriage has been some time waiting, believe me I rejoice in your prosperity, and may always command my friendship." Alvah looked wishfully after him as he departed, but the form of Isabel was not visible. She had shrunk back into the carriage at his approach, and had thus escaped observation. For her father was too much excited to notice the agitation of his child, she now heard a description of his first knowledge of Alvah Hamilton. She made no comments—but every word was treasured up in her heart, and though years passed away without a single event to recall his memory, every vision of her fancy, every idea of moral excellence in the imagination of Isabel, was identified with his image. This imperishable attachment, however, partook of the high tone of her mind. It was a deep and sacred principle, hidden in the recesses of her heart, and leaving no trace on the service of her character.

Isabel was too lovely to remain unscathed, and Mr. Courtney was astonished at her decided rejection of repeated and splendid offers. He expostulated, he entreated, he taxed her with perverseness. She depreciated his anger with scrupulous gentleness. She anticipated his every other wish, but her firmness remained unshaken. His attention was apparently turned to objects of yet deeper anxiety. His love of pleasure, his boundless expenditures, his recklessness of gain, had gradually wasted an estate, which though sufficient for all the chaste elegancies of life, was inadequate to the support of prodigality. He now stood on the verge of ruin, and those who had shared his substance looked coldly and calmly on his wreck, while the unhappy Courtney, driven almost to madness, could scarcely believe the poverty of the world he had hitherto implicitly trusted. He was not however, without a comforter. At this hour of trial the virtues of his child became more fully developed, as the gem gleams brightest through the shades of darkness. Her affection deepening in the intensity of its object was deserted by others, her fortitude, her cheerfulness now came over his schorched and withered heart with balmy influence. Their family seat was to be publicly sold, and the fearful day arrived. While it was yet crying, a new purchaser appeared, appearing from a distance. His horse dripping with speed, and his countenance was pale and agitated. The property as is frequent in such cases, was going at half its value,

and the stranger bid it off. Mr. Courtney was still the occupant, the new proprietor called on him immediately. Isabel had at that time left her father for some domestic call; and the unfortunate man was musing on their immediate expulsion from the present residence, when Alvah Hamilton stood before him. "Welcome, most welcome to my heart, dearest Alvah," he exclaimed, "I can no longer welcome you to my home. You have come but to witness my removal from all that was once mine. I am here only on sufferance. To-morrow I may have no shelter for my head." "Not so," cried Alvah, "you have shelter; your present home is still yours, and no earthly power can expel you from it!" "What mean you?" said the breathless Courtney. "Fourteen years since," he replied, "you presented my father a sum which then preserved him from want and secured me subsequent wealth. He received it but as an loan, and that debt devolved on me. True, you disclaim it, but it is yet uncanceled. Reluctant to offend you, I delayed its payment, though the amount was long since appropriated in my imagination for that purpose. It has now, however, laid idle. The profits of the house in which some years ago I became a partner have been considerable. Your little capital has acquired its share, and its amount this day redeemed your forfeited estate. By a mere accident I had seen it advertised, and I lost no time in hastening hither. And now," he added, taking the hand of Mr. Courtney with a radiant smile, "will you not welcome your Alvah to your home? It is long since you gave me a check on your friendship. I have come to claim it, and surely you cannot longer refuse the tide of my benefactor, when from your bounty I have derived not only wealth, but the unutterable pleasure of this moment." Mr. Courtney wept. The thoughtless "man of the world" wept at the sacred triumph of virtue. Alvah himself was overcome with the scene, and paced the floor in silence. A portrait of Isabel hung directly opposite him, and it caught his eye; starting back with amazement, he gazed upon this thing of life—the blue eye seemed to beam with expression through its long dark lashes, and there was surely breath on the deep red lip. Just as the sun's hair was parted on her white forehead when he last saw her—just so the shining ringlets strayed over her snowy neck. "Tell me," he at length exclaimed, turning to Mr. Courtney, "who is the original of that picture?" Surprised at the agitation of his man, Mr. Courtney replied—"Have you ever seen her?" "Seen her! O yes! her image has been long engraved on my heart—but of her name I am yet ignorant." "Her name is Courtney," said the astonished father; "she is my only child." "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Alvah, "what new excitement awaits life!" "May I ask the cause of this emotion, Alvah? How or in what manner have you known my beloved Isabel?" Alvah gave a wild and passionate description of their early and limited acquaintance; and the long concealed attachment of his daughter was at once revealed to the heart of Mr. Courtney. "Tell me," he said, taking the throbbing hand of his friend; "tell me, Alvah, in secret faith, if this imperfect knowledge of my child has awakened a sentiment of tenderness?" Alvah flung himself into his arms. "Ah, sir, have I not cherished her memory through the long season of hopelessness? Has not my spirit turned from the allurements of the world, to commune with the recollection of her virtues?" Mr. Courtney left the room in silence and returned with trembling Isabel. "Ye are worthy of each other," he said and joining their hands, he invoked the blessing of Heaven on the dearest objects of his heart. He then left them to pour out his gratitude to Him who had thus redeemed their promise—"Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days."

Well, talking of gals, I reckon it is about time Pete was looking out for a wife; some how or other they don't fancy the Devil's Fork, for I sorter hitched up long side of one and commenced singing.

"Patty Patty, pretty Patty, you said-by is rich, And I have not a fortune to trouble me much, Will you leave your old man—your daddy also And round the wide world with your darling boy?"

Don't you think the little critter said so, and she didn't so slick, just laying her thumb on her nose, says she "you can't come it Pete," and then she laughed and jumped off like a fawn, leaving me a good likeness of a rough specimen of the five arts.

Pete Wastons.

The arrogant air of foppish indolence always denotes a man of common sense. One honest, industrious mechanic, is worth the whole herd of premeditated exquisites, who infect the public streets with their collars turned down, and not a cent in their pockets.

We occasionally hear a simpering dandy refined young lady, boasting that she never labored, and could not, for the life of her, make a pudding; as though ignorance of those matters was a mark of gentility. There can be no greater proof of silly arrogance, than such remarks.

"Have you Goldsmith's Green?" asked a gentleman on entering a bookstore in Broadway. "No sir, but they have some excellent hair's oil in the next door," replied the counter boy.

Lets one evening a drunkard, after spending a day in the streets, set out for home—"Well, says he, 'if I find my wife at home, I'll lick her—what business has she to set up her head and light; ah! and if I had her bed, I'll lick her—what business has she to go to bed before I get home, eh?"