THE FREEMAN.

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FREMONT FREEMAN:

J. S. FOUKE, Editor and Publisher.

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Poetry.

OUR CHILDREN.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

"The beautiful vanish and return not."

They are stricken, darkly stricken;
Faint and fainter grows each breath;
And the shadows round them thicken,
Of the darkness that is Death,
We are with them—bending o'er them—
And the Soul in sorrow saith,
"Would that I had passed before them,
To the darkness that is Death!"

They are sleeping, coldly sleeping,
In the grave-yard still and lone,
Where the winds above them sweeping,
Make a melancholy moan.
Thickly round us—darkly o'er us—
Is the pall of sorrow thrown;
And our heart-beats make the chorus
Of that melancholy moan.

They are waking, brightly waking
From the slumbers of the tomb,
And enrobed in light, forsaking
Its impenetrable gloom.
They are rising—they have risen—
And their spirit-forms illume,
In the darkness of Death's prison,
The impenetrable gloom.

They are passing, upward passing,
Dearest being of our love,
And their spirit-forms are glassing
In the beautiful Above:
There we see them—there we hear them—
Through our dreams they ever move;
And we long to be anear them,
In the beautiful Above.

They are going: gently going,
In their angel-robes to stand;
Where the river of Life is flowing
In the far-off Silent Land.
We shall mourn them—we shall miss them—
From our broken little band;
But our souls shall still caress them,
In the far-off Silent Land.

They are singing, sweetly singing,
Far beyond the veil of Night.
Where the angel-harps are ringing,
And the Day is ever bright.
We can love them—we can greet them—
From this land of dimmer light,
Till God takes us hence to meet them
Where the Day is ever bright.

Miscellaneous.

PATCHULY, OR TEST OF THE LIPS.

CHAPTER I.

It is known to all lovers of sweet aromas that there is a very costly and fashionable perfume bearing the unseemly-looking term which we have placed at the head of our story.

But as much in vogue as this charming scent now is, it is not a very long time ago since it was first introduced upon the toilets of the fair ladies this side of the Atlantic. Its origin is Parisian, and as the first, its rare and delicate odor, with its costliness, united it exclusively to royal patronage.

It is at this period that our story opens; the scene however, is not laid in Paris, but in Boston.

By a window in a drawing room of a handsomely furnished house, sat a young married woman, her cheek resting on her fair hand, and her eyes set upon a small parterre of flowers that intervened between the mansion and the street. The roseate glow of twilight lent a glory to her brow, which was lofty and beautifully shaped. The lady was dressed with simplicity and taste in white, her dark brown hair bound around her head in a graceful band of folds, with a tress or two falling beneath her ear and resting upon her snowy neck. Her beauty was without fault, save that her cheek was something pale, and her look disturbed and anxious.

She sighed heavily, and lifting her eyes from the parterre for an instant let them rest upon the moulded arm which had supported her cheek. The arm was bare in its loose sleeve, and clasped at the wrist by a bracelet of golden links. The shape of it was incomparable. A painter would have done homage to its faultless outline. She regarded it a moment or two and sighed heavily.

"What is beauty to me if no longer binds Edward to my side?" she said sadly. "We have been but a year and a half married, and already his heart is estranged—his love is another's. He once praised my arm and called it faultless. He once called me beautiful beyond all my sex. He used to tell me that one hour of my society was dearer to him than whole years would be, in the prescence of others. But now how changed is his conduct from these protestations, I know he no longer loves me. He cares but lightly for my society. I know that another has taken from me. That love! Oh, that he had never beheld her.—Her beauty has ensnared him, and my power over him is gone. At this moment, instead of sitting here by my side or walking with me abroad enjoying my society and sympathising with me in beauty of the scenery and of the hour, he is with her. Perhaps at this moment she leans upon his arm, and looking up into his face with her deep blue eyes, listens enraptured to his voice as he bends tenderly towards her and discourses of love. That low voice which is mine only to listen to—that arm, which it is my wifely privilege to be sustained by, at such an hour and time."

'Sister Clara,' said a voice near by her.

'Ah, Frank how softly you entered,' she exclaimed with surprise and a slight confusion.

'No, I came as usual, but you were so much engaged in taking to yourself, that you did not regard my step. Are you jealous of Edward!' said the young man, laughing as he threw himself upon the ottoman by her, and took her beautiful hand in his.

'I am not jealous, brother; but I don't like Edward's attentions to Miss Lawrence."

'Why it is nothing, Clara. You know he was at College with her brother, and they were very intimate, and he looks upon Emma only as a sister."

'No, Frank, he does'nt only look upon her as a sister. His manner in her society is not the same as it is in her sister's.'

"What is it like then?"

'It is like his manner to me when we were engaged. He regards her with the same expression with which he used to look upon me. You need not smile Frank. It is to me a very serious matter. I am satisfied that Edward loves Emma Lawrence."

"Folly! Emma, you know is a clever girl; she is very fond of literature, and so is Ned: she writes poetry and so does he; she'—

'I know all that you can say, and it is these very accomplishments which, added to her beauty, have ensnared his heart. Why should he so often seek her society and leave mine? The husband's prescence will be where his heart is. Edward scarcely passes an evening with me."

'I am sure he does.'

'Do you know it sis?"

'Where else should he go? Besides he is so confused or else angry when I ask him. I am certain he passes more of his time with her than he does with me.'

'Well, it may be. Emma is very interesting, and I know that Ned delights to hear her converse. Be assured their acquaintance is merely intellectual. Ned's heart has nothing to do with it. I know he loves you. I could not be made to believe to the contrary. His attentions to you are as lover-like now as they were before you were married. As to looks at you without making love-eyes. The truth is, Clara, you are too monoplizing. You are suspicious of any other lady's admiration of him, and tremble if he speaks in civil terms to any lovely girl he sees. This active, wakeful selfish love annoyed your husband, who has more than once spoken to me about it. He is of a social turn, and likes intellectual conversation, you know you are very taciturn, and do not call up the resources of your mind as you ought to. You read very little, while he reads much. Great readers love to interchange ideas upon books and authors.—You care little for books, and such conversation can never be long continued between you. If Edward meets with a lady like Miss Lawrence, for instance, in whom he discovers a mind congenial to its sympathies with his own, it is natural that they should seek an interchange of the treasures of intellect. This alone is the basis of their friendship, and be sure you have nothing to fear from it as a wife.'

'If Emma were not so beautiful!"

"Your own beauty is his protection. His heart will ever be yours.'

"But I do not like this close intimacy. It robs me. It vexes me that she should share his society. I envy her, nay I almost hate her. I confess that it is with difficulty that I can speak to her with civility. She seems to me as if she knew she held a power over my husband."

'This is all your imagination, Clara.'

'Do you think it possible that Edward can be so much with her and feel a deeper emotion than a mere intellectual friendship? She has fascinating eyes, and dangerous voice and smile for such a susceptible person as he is.—If I was sure he never took her hand when he was with her, I shouldn't care so much.'

'It would be no great harm if he did.'

'I should never care to have him take mine after. An intellectual conversation does not require that the hands should be locked together.'

'Do you suspect him of this amorous offence?'

'You may ridicule me Frank, but I don't feel like smiling. I know he takes her hand. Last evening when he came home after nine o'clock, he sat by me and lifted my hands to his lips. He seldom does it. He then began to play with my fingers, and to admire and speak of their shape; he would turn my hand over and then look at my arm all in such away that I am sure that he was mentally comparing me with Emma Lawrence; and so snatching my hand from him, I told him plainly that if he wanted to dally with pretty hands and arms, he had better go back to the society he had just left.'

'What said Ned to that?'

'He blushed, was silent and then laughed as if he would treat the matter lightly.'

'You take the course, Clara, to make him do just what you told him to do. If you really think that your husband loves this fair girl, your proper course should be to surpass her in attractions. In beauty, beautiful as she is, you are her superior; in every quality of the head and heart you are her equal. If you fear for your power over his heart you have only to rival her, your fear is your rival. Read the books that he loves and talk with him upon them. Study his tastes and meet him with smiles and not suspicious looks. He sees only smiles on Miss Lawrence's face. Let him see smiles on yours. It is no way for a wife who would retain a husband's love to make her face and herself as disagreeable as possible. He will be sure to contrast it with the brighter face of her rival. She loses by the comparison. The rival gains by it. His affections are hardened by it. He is rendered indifferent, and reckless as to your frowning, and out of opposition will perhaps give you real cause for jealousy. I do not believe that Ned has either pressed the hand or lip of Miss Lawrence, but I believe you would make him resolve to do both the very next time he met her.'

'You are in conspiracy with both of them against me.'

'No, I am your friend, Clara. I know that Edward's acquaintance has been honorable. Did I suppose it to be otherwise, I should be the last to defend him.'

'I do not doubt his honor; I do not question her purity. No! but if I knew that he had but kissed her it would render me miserable.'

'You are very foolish. I have seen Ddward kiss at least two young ladies in your presence.'

'Those were my cousins; and my particular friends. I don't mind that."

'Then I will tell you how to put this jealousy of yours to death.'

'How?'

Make Miss Lawrence your friend. Seek her society, and treat her with affectionate interest. Know her good qualities, and you will love her. Once you are good friends, you will no longer mind Edward's attention to her, nor take it very much to heart if he should kiss her. But as it is you treat her coldly, and he sees it, and sympathising with her, will be sure to treat her the more tenderly to atone it. You make yourself see a bad matter worse. Make your rival your friend, and she will then have too much generosity to suffer your husband to take a liberty with her that she would not take in your presence. But treat her as an enemy, you have no such protection from her gratitude, and every thing to fear from sympathy from her, and resentment at your jealously. But I must go. I have brought you this little bottle af Parisian scent, that I by the merest chance succeeded in getting before I left Paris. It is probably the only one in America.'

'It is delicious!'

'Yes, it is the most exquisite perfume in the world. *Au revoir.* To-morrow I will dine with you. Heed my advice, and be assured you will destroy all cause for jealousy.'

'Now,' said the jealous bride, as the door closed on her brother, 'now I will put the test. I know that their meetings are not purely intellectual. Emma loves him, for I have discovered it also in her looks. Never maiden loved her lover more than this beautiful, dangerous, talented girl loves Edward. I will think of what Frank has said, if, after this trial, he proves innocent.'

CHAPTER II.

The following morning about eleven o'clock Emma Lawrence was practicing upon her qarp a piece of new music, on the top of which in pencil was written, "To Emma, from E." A servant announced Mrs. Cleves.

The lovely girl blushed deeply between surprise and pleasure, and putting aside her harp, rose to receive her visitor, who of late had been estranged. Emma met her with frankness, and would have kissed her, but Mrs. Cleves slightly drew back. The interview was for a moment or two mutually embarrassing. Emma had long felt Clara's coldness, and she hardly knew how to treat her. At length Clara, glancing at the harp, asked her to play. Emma, happy to put an end to the constraint, seated herself by her harp, and sang several songs with exquisite effect, accompanied by the rich music of the skilfully touched strings.

Gradually the restraint wore off, and they conversed easily and cheerfully. Emma was delighted. Clara was all the while envying her grace and beauty, and trembling for her husband's loyalty. She turned the conversation to Paris, and then to her brother's return.

'By the by, Emma, you are very fond of scents. Frank has brought home one very rare, that is only used by royalty, I have a little bottle that I can spare, and beg that you will accept of it. It is called the odd name of patchuly.'

'You are too kind to remember me. But I cannot take anything so valuable from you.'

'It would afford me great pleasure for you to accept it, Miss Lawrence. Frank says it is used only on the lips, to which it gives a charming red, while it makes the whole breath fragrant as the perfume of the rose.'

The gift was accepted, and the fair conspirator took her departure.

CHAPTER III.

The evening of the same day Edward Cleves rose from the table and took his hat.

'Where to-night, Edward?'

'I am going to walk, Clara.'

'To see Miss Lawrence, I dare say. I think you had better divorce me and marry her at once.'

'I shall not go there.'

'Will you promise me?'

'No—not if you are so jealous as to make me promise.'

'I have reasons to be jealous."

'You have not. I never said a word to Miss Lawrence, or comported myself towards her in any manner different than I should have done in your presence. Yet you accuse me constantly of it. You will soon weary my forbearance, and I may do that out of revenge which your suspicions are constantly charging me with. I shall call and see her, Clara, now—your jealousy makes your company distasteful. Your beauty is marred by it. You watch with an active eye all my movements. If I am ten minutes absent, you accuse me of having passed the time with Miss Lawrence. Try to make yourself as agreeable to me as Miss Lawrence is and I shall never seek her society or that of any other person.'

Thus speaking, the flirting husband left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

About half past nine the young wife heard the footsteps of her husband.

'Now I shall know,' she said with a feeling of painful triumph.

'Good evening Clara,' said the husband approaching her.

'Good evening Edward,' she answered, rising and kissing him on the lips.

'I am glad you meet me so, instead of with reproaches.'

'Reproaches! do you not deserve them, sir?' she demanded with vehemence for she had detected proma of pachuly on his lips.

'No!'

'No! How dare you answer me so innocently?' You have been to see Emma Lawrence.'

'I told you I should go, because you were in such a jealous mood.'

'Fine intellectual interviews! Very philosophical, I haye no doubt!' said she, scornfully.

'What is the matter?'

'How innocent! Pray, which kisses the sweetest?'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean that I have found you out!'

'Me?'

'Yes—ME!'

'What have I done?"

'You have kissed Emma Lawrence.'

'Kissed her?'

'I dare say you would call it extracting the dews of wisdom from her lips.'

'Upon my word, Clara'—

'You may laugh—but it is true. You have kissed her. Deny it if you can. Kissed her on the lips too!'

The husband stood a moment in a state between laughter and vexation. At length the former prevailed, though he colored from conscious guilt.

'Confess it, Edward. Tell me the truth; I won't be so angry.'

'I will tell you the truth, if you will tell me why you suspect.'

'I do not suspect—I know. Am I not right?'

'Yes. But it is the first time. I did it out of revenge upon you, for having so often charged me with it. I ask your forgiveness, as I had to do hers. But how did you know it? Were you peeping in at the window, by some tell-tale crevice?'

'No. I knew Emma was very fond of perfumes. Frank brought me a new and costly one from Paris; there is none like it in this country. I suspected you. I made a present of it to Emma, telling her that it was used for the lips and breath. When you kissed me just now, I found your lips as fragrant as doubtless hers were when yours met them. This is the way I have discovered your treachery to me. It has been, you will confess, a successful test.'

The convicted husband laughed heartily at this development of the plot against him; and promised his ingenious wife, from that hour, she should never have reason to doubt the loyalty of his love.

'And I, too, Edward,' said Clara, 'will endeavor to consult your intellectual tastes, and to charm you with my society, that yon will never seek that of others for mental recreation; for you have been in great danger. The love of the intellectual of a beautiful woman, in a man of imagination, may be transferred to the person; and the friendship that had its beginning in the head, may end in the heart.'

Beauty is God's hand writing—a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face—in every fair skin—every fair flower—and thank him for it; the fountain of all loveliness; and drink it in, simply and earnestly with your eyes.

From the Scioto Gazette.

"GOVERNOR WOOD."

A Doleful Ballad about Doleful "Circumstances."

The Locos all met at Columbus,
In a fretful and quarrelsome mood;
To heal up their former dissentions,
And nominate "Governor Wood."

The Committee of Safety's bright Chairman,
Was chosen to rule o'er the brood,
As 'twas known be was death on Bill Allen,
And favored, for "Governor Wood."

"Come boys," he then shouted, "come ORDER,
We'll not allow quarreling here:
You, Whitman, stand back in that corner,
And Myers, sit down in this CHEER!

"Our business, my dimicrat brothers,
Is contained in the shell of a nut:
'Tis to nominate Wood for our Gov'nor,
And go him without IF or BUT.

We must straddle the fence of Free Soilry,
And tickle both Spalding and Burns,
Must wheedle the boys in Coondom,
('Tis a lesson that each of us learns.)

"Judge Bierce may as well keep his mouth shut
And Summit will please to sit still;
While I regulate this here party,
Every rascal must do as I will!"

But the boys would not mind Sam Medary.
But ranted and roared as they could,
Refused to endorse long Bill Allen,
And certified "Governor Wood."

The Judge, amid "noise and confusion,"
Accepted the honor with grace,
Saying—"Friends, I've come to the conclusion
To seek for the Governor's place.

"You know very well how I labored,
To reach to the Senator's gown,
But whenever I ventured my head up,
The party would ballot me down:

"Some called me as soft as a 'mushroom,'
And others, 'as hard as a rock',
That on Slavery they thought me too fishy,
And on banks, 'a suspicious old cock.'

"I referred to my speeches at Cleveland,
(Considerin' all very good,)
But they twirled on the noses their fingers—
'You can't come it Senator Wood!'

"'You're living too far up in Cheesedom,
To suit us white boys to a hair:—
We had rather a Whig be elected,
Than vote for a Dusen up there!'

"But now, boys, I'm sure to be Gov'nor,
And rule o'er Ohio's free sod;
For I've made a fair bargain with VICTORY—
As once did our 'Governor Tod.'

"I can straddle the fence on Free Soilry;
Can tickle the North and the South—
Know where to put on the long pompous,
And where to place a lock on my mouth.

"So my principles friends are quite easy,
(The 'honors are easy.' I'm sure:)
And I'll do my endeavors to please ye,
The Governor's seat to secure."

When Reuben had ended his story,
The Locos broke up in a row;
Sam Medary secured the State printing—
The great object with him you'll allow.

The delegates, home, in a hurry,
All wended, through wind, hail and mud,
Each shouting, "Long live Sam Medary!
And longer live Governor Wood!"

Music vs. Death.

Strauss was a man of remarkable genius, and not only developed the powers of the German dance, in an unprecedented degree, but influenced the whole of modern music. Composers of no mean note, although not of the first class were known to visit Vienna, to get themes for new operas from Strauss' new waltzes.—His decease reminds us of capital story which appeared in some German paper, shortly after the cholera of '22. We heard it from a clever Viannese musician, and wish that we could give it with the spirit of his side-splitting recital. Here it is, as we remember it:

When the cholera was at its height, *Death* knocked one morning on the panel of Strauss's chamber, having an old woman by his side, whom he picked up at the next door.

"Come, Strauss," said the grim sherriff who collects nature's debts, "you must go along with me."

"With you," exclaimed the terrified musician, "no, I can't, I won't I am only thirty years of age. Spare me a little longer.

"No Strauss, you must come, don't keep me waiting; I have an immensity to do these stirring times."

"Oh! I can't go; I am making thirty thousand thalers a year, You can't be so hard hearted as to take away from Vienna a man only thirty years old, with thirty thousand thalers a year."

"None of your nonsense. Hard-hearted Don't you see through my ribs that I have no heart at all? Come along, Strauss, come along!"

"But consider, Death, what the Emperor will think of you, and how the whole court will vote you a bore, if they get no new waltzes next winter."

"Pshaw, for your emperor! I'll take *him* off if he says much. I should like to see them put death out of fashion.

"Well, then since I must go, let me play one more waltz before I leave my darling instrument," pleaded the poor trembler.

"So you may; but see that it is a good one answered Death, cocking his e r like a connoissuer.

Strauss played the waltz, Death marking the measure complacently; and saying when it was done, with a patronizing air—

"Pretty well, Straus, you may play another."

Strauss began in a more spirited strain.—Death kept the time with hand and foot; the old woman kept time also: until, unable to resist the more than magical impulse, he threw his arm around her, and around and around spun Death and the old woman. Strauss, playing for the little remnant of his life, showed no signs of wairiness, but Death was getting exhausted and giddy.

"Stop, Strauss! stop!" he cried. Strauss played on. "Stop, I say, Strauss only put on a *crescendo.* "Strauss!" Strauss!" I can't stop myself unless you stop—so stop I say!"

"Will you release me clear, if I stop?" asked Strauss.

'I cant—do—that," says Death, pitiably gasping out his words.

"Then you shall waltz on," answered Strauss, exulting in his power to create a soul under the ribs of Death. At last Death, beaten out, says, still whirling like a dervish:

"I'll make—a bargain—with—you—ou."

"What is it?" replied Strauss, playing yet more furiously.

"You—shall live—for years longer—if you —will pay me—instead—of your life—the lives of—fifty thousand other—peo-ple—each year!"

"Done!" cried Strauss.

So, ever since, fifty thousand people have each year killed themselves dancing Strauss' waltzes.

☞ Sooner than be a modern whig, we would say to corruption, 'thou art our father.' [N. H. Patriot.

And thus tell the truth for once in a course of a pretty long life. [Lou. Jour.

From the Boston Museum.

THE WILMOT PROVISO IN HORNBY!

Immense Marse Meetin!!

Important Question afore the Meetin-us!!—Phrenologically reported for the Museum, by ETHAN SPIKE, Esq., orther of the "Fust Visit to Portland," "His own Letters," etseterer.

When in the coarse of hewman events—no, that's not the way I meant to begin. That ere, ef I don't disrember wrong, is a ordashus sentiment invented by old John Adams to head the Hartford Convenshun.

"*Tempus fewrioso, ipsy dicksy.*" That'll dew better. That ere is jarman text, an' means "The devil to pay an' no pitch hot,"—which is pertickerly impertinent to the okashun. Besides, I like to see furrin potations interspersed in writin', no matter whether orthor or reader understands 'em or not; it looks larned like.

"TER THE RESKEW!

The sittizens of Hornby, without respects to pollyticks or religion except Comeouters Shakin quakers an' other unsurcumsized disturbers of the pease—is requested to meet at the Red Skule-us termorrer nite. Subjects of great nashunul consarn an' distracshun will come afore the meetin'. A gineral turn aout is desired."

The aforegoin' is a fact-simmyle of a notis stuck onto Ben Kyer'e sine post, last Sabbarday. It made een jest as much stir and talk as though a ralerode had come inter taown without nockin'. Every body asked every body what on airth it meant, an' nobody knowed nothin' about it. Ant Judy streaked it around so much through the slosh to talk abaout it, that she took the rewmytiz properly, an' couldn't go to the meetin' in consequence. This, however, father says was a proverdenshul dispensatory; as ef she'd gone to the meetin', she'd probibly spoken tew the bisness, an' when she does get a talkin', she's *some* an' it takes a few to hed her off.

When I got to the skule-us it was chuck full, the meetin' organised, Squire Israel in the cheer, an' Elder Peleg Pepperel, jest a risin' to speak

"Is this here a great meetin'?" began the Elder a speakin' thraough his nose. "Is it a sponteraneous bustin' aout of feelin'? Aint it a preternashus bubblin' an' bilin' of publick exersises of hewman indifferance? What is this here Wilmot Proviso that's naow roarin' thraough the land like a ralerode or a magnectic panygraph broke loose? That ere is what we've met to consider. What is it then? Why, it's abaout the ugliest thing ever skeered up in a free onmittygated country. It's agin' the constitooshun! its agin' all natural an' aleenyble rights an' parquesits, kalkulated to onhang the instertooshuns of the hull world an' the rest of mankind in gineral. An' onless we take hold on it at onct, an' gin' it ——, as gineral Taler did the Mexicans at Buny Gardy—then I say, our free instertooshuns haint worth a —— ahem! that is, they haint worth nothin', so to speak! It's a heethenish abomination of desternashun! it is an' it haint nothin' short.

The fust accounts we have out, we find that ere onholy, black old Egipshun, Fre-e-oh king of the niggers, a tryin' it on tew the children of Isril, somers in the old country, to gether with pentytewks, levitety-cusses, &c. But, consarn his old picter, he couldn't come it! an' I was ollers propper glad when he got drowned an' come to an ontimely eend."—"Hear! hear! hoora," from the ordinance. "Daown with yet Fare-e-ohs an' pentetewks! Give it tew 'em Elder!" an' other tokens of enkuridgement an' reprobation.

The Elder bowed an went on. "It has bin practysed more or less from that time till the last tew hundred years when it went aout with the rain of Jewdus Mackaboys, last king of Jewbilee. I've bin studdyin' the classicks, an' know all about it!" screamed the Elder, a stickin' his thums in the armholes of his wescut and struttin raound the platform. "I've been thraough the hull mess," says the Elder, says he, "constitooshuns, dewteronomys, an' what nots! But why linger in the onmittigated shades of the dusty futer? Haow come the perviso agoin' agin? Thems the question! Feller sittizens, this here is what I've bin abel to larn abaout it. It was dug up about tew years ago, sumers in Varmount, by William Lord Garrison an' Gineral Cass, an is naow spredin' over the land with the speed of an iron locofotive with the cars onhitched, an' I hear that Gineral Taler's orderd aout the standin' army to hed it. An' well he might, for it's abaout the pisonest thing, ackordin' to all acaount, that was ever set agoin' an' thretens to onderpin the very tenderhook of hewmanity, sap the faoundashuns of onsofisticated distinckshuns of indervidooal generations, besides breakin' things generally! Let us rise, then, feller sittizens," says Peleg, a windin' up his pearoration, "let us rise like—like—like all possesst an' dew aour darndest!"

"Hooray for Elder Peleg! Three cheers him!" says I when he sat daown. An' three cheers was gin'.

The follerin' resolootions was then reported:

Resolved—That all Pervisos is rank pison, an' haint good for free instertooshuns.

Resolved—That ef Gineral Taler needs it, the Hornby Falanx be offerd to help him fite this here Perviso.

This ere one was opposed by Cap'n Isaiah Wiggin, who's cap'n of the falanx. Haowseves, when the cheerman stated, that this beein' a free meetin' anybody who undertuck to oppose rosoloötions would be put rite aout of the haouse, the Cap'n gin in.

Resolved—That copies of these here reserlooshuns an' the Elder's speech be sent to Gineral Taler, the gineral court an' the Emperor of Rooshy.

Resolved—That when this meetin' ajerns it sings "Hale Kerlumby." Then ajerned Syne dye.

A trew copy, Attest ETHAN SPIKE.

P. S. I forgot to put in that atween the eend of the Elder's speech an' the reserlootions, Dea. Obed Jinkins stated he hoped everything would be done right eend foremost, as the eyes of the hull universal woold is sot rite on us; an' that figgeratively speakin', we was sot up as a sort of ennmylation to light the dark places of airth. The deacon also offered a resoloötion that "We go the hull agin wimmin's rites." This here raised a storm among the female wimmin present, an' the way they squalled was onairthly. But the deacon stuck aout till his wife Mis deacon Obed Jinkins—tuck the old feller by his cue an' gin it sich a twist that he squeaked rite aout. Then he got up an' with tears in his eyes, said, that *on reflection,* he withdrew the reserlootion, an' wished he hadn' sed nothin' abaout it. E. S.

☞ Lamartine has contracted to write twenty volumes of romances, for the sum of $100,000.

The President's Plan.

We entirely agree, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, with the Republic in the opinion that there is an increasing disposition among the people and their representatives to fall back upon the plan proposed by President Taylor, in his special California message, for disposing of the slavery extension question. It has less of detail, so to speak, than other which have been proposed, but it seems to talk hold of the broad principle on which any arrangement can be justly, amicably and permanently settled; and, taken in connection with Mr. Webster's exegesis of constitutional requirements, meets the whole difficulty. The plan is set forth with so much directness and lucid brevity, and is of itself so entirely practicable, as to commend itself to all reosonable men who have not resolutely eschewed compromise. As the able Senators who have taken the most prominent part in the discussion have recently had the most leberal circulation given to their views, perhaps it may not be amiss to republish President Taylor's views also; readers will then have before them ample means for forming their own opinion upon the relative feasibly of of the various propositions. It is as follows:

Under the constitution, every state has the right of establishing and from time to time altering it municipal laws and domestic institutions, independly of every other state and of the general government, subject only to the propositions and guarantees expressly set forth in the constitution of the United States. The subjects thus left exclusively to the representatives states were not designed or expected to become topics of national agitation; still, as under the constitution, Congress has power to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territories has led to discussions of the question wether the system of involuntary servitude, which prevails in many of the states, should or should not be prohibited in that territory.

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It is understood that the people of the western part of California have formed a plan of a state constitution, and will submit the same to the judgement of Congress.

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If the proposal constitution shall, when submitted to Congress, be found to be in compliance with the requisitions of the constitution of the United States, I earnestly recommend that it may receive the sanction of Congress. The part of California not included in the proposed state of that name is believed to be uninhabited, except in a settlement of our countrymen in the vicinity of Salt Lake. A claim has been advanced by the state of Texas to a very large portion of the most populous district of the territory commonly designated by the name of New Mexico. If the people of New Mexico had formed a plan of state government for that territory as ceded by the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo and had been admitted by Congress as a state, our constitution would have afforded the means of obtaining an adjustment of the question of the boundary with Texas to a judical decision. At present, however, no judical tribunal has the power of deciding that question and it remains for Congress to devise some mode for its adjustment Meanwhile, I submit to Congress the question, whether it would be expedient, here such adjustment, to establish a territorial government, which by including the district so claimed, practically decide the question adversely to the state of Texas; excluding it would decide it in her favor, in my opinion. Such a course would not be expedient especially as the people of this territory still enjoy the benefit and protection form their municipal laws, originally derived from Mexico, and have a military force stationed there to protect them against the Indians. It is undoubtedly time that the property, lives, liberty and religion of the people of New Mexico were better protected than they ever were before a treaty of cession. Should Congress, when California shall present herself for an incorporation into the Union, annex a condition to her admission as a state, affecting her domestic institution, contrary to the wishes of her people, and even compel her temporarily to comply with it, yet the state could change her constitution at any time after her admission, when to her it should seem expedient.

It is expected that any attempt to deny the people of the state the rights of self-government, is a matter which peculiarly affects themselves, will infallibly be regarded by them as an invasion of their rights, and upon the principle laid down in our Declaration of Independence, they will certainly be sustained in their resistance against it by the great mass of the American people. To assert that they are a conquered people, and must submit to the will of their conqueror in this regard, will meet with no cordial response among American freemen. Great number of them are own countrymen, not inferior to the rest in intelligence and patriotism; and no language of menance to restrain them in the exercise of an undoubted right, substantially guarantied to them by treaty of cession itself shall ever be uttered by me or encouraged and sustained by persons acting under my authority. It is to be expected that in the residue of the territory ceded to us by Mexico, the people residing there will, at the time of their Incorporation into the Union as a state, settle all questions of domestic policy to suit themselves.

No material inconvenience will result from the want for a short period of a government established by Congress over that part of the territory which lies eastward of the new state of California; and the reasons for my opinion that New Mexico will at no distant period ask for admission into the Union, are founded on unofficial information, which I suppose is common to all who have cared to make inquiries on that subject. Seeing then that the question which now excites such painful sensations in the country will in the end certainly be settled by the silent operation of causes independent of the action of Congress again submit to your wisdom the policy recommended in my annual message, of await g the salutary operation of those causes, in believing that we shall thus avoid the creation of geographical parties, and secure the harmony of feeling so necessary to the benefical action of our political system.

☞ "I say, Pete, some rascally Whig stole half my pig last night.'

"How do you know it was a Whig?"

"Because, if it had been a locofoco he'd have stolen the whole of it. Locofocoism always 'goes the whole hog.'"