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OTTAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river with the Illinois, 200 miles, by water, from Saint Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria. The population of Ottawa is about one thousand.

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Scene the First of an unpublished Drama.

Act 1st.—Scene—a parlour in the Indian Queen Hotel, Washington, D. C.—Time, 20th of February, 1841, 9 o'clock, A. M.—Present, Tyler, Webster, Clay, Slade, Stevens, Rives, Proffit, Wise, Preston, Stanley and Dawson.—Enter Gen. Harrison from his bed room.—they all rise and salute him.

Gen. Harrison—

Welcome my noble friends, most welcome all!
You see the latch of hospitality
Is not pulled in. I but arrived last night
And took the earliest opportunity
To summon you my trusty counsellors,
On great affairs of state, demanding now
Deliberation grave and cool debate.
"Thus far, success attends upon our councils,
And each event has answered to our wish."
The ring-tail 'coon, the emblem of our cause
Succeeded well; and cider barrels from
Their spacious bungs did pour forth liquid streams
Of wisdom on the people's souls, until
O'erflowing quite, they cast up me into
This high estate. The son of York is doom'd,
(Like Diocesian old at his salone)
To Kinderhook he goes, cabbage to raise,
And marshal rows of corn instead of men.

Webster—Trancendentally sapient!

Stanley to Dawson—Ye gods, that "policy" would but allow
One yell of joy!

Harrison—My "ardent friends," you of "the farther South,"
Cork up awhile the bottles of your bliss.

Clay—Hear him, hear him; proceed, General, proceed.

Har.—Yes, my friends, we've triumphed o'er our foes;
And let me say the reason that you are
Convened thus early—o'er the popular tide
Of feeling rushes on to gratulate
Their man, is, that we may good counsel take,
The fruits of victory best to secure;
And first I will mine own opinion give:
Methinks that gratitude of us demands
That we proclaim it as our royal will,
That whoso kills a possum or raccoon,
A bear, an otter or an eagle grey,
Shall, as a felon, suffer pains of death.
That Congress in the marble Capitol
Shall be assembled not, but that proud dome
Be levelled with the dust, and on its site
A *cabin*, spacious, broad and wide be built.
Fit for the Amphictyons of this Union great;
That cider shall be drunk instead of brandy,
And pepper ate instead of sugar candy.
Speak leiges all! and first, thou, Clay,
Thou man of wisdom; what hast thou to say!

Clay—The Inaugural must be written! As for myself
I have no part or lot in your empire;
I'm but a looker on, and come to see
What course you take; what be your "policy."

Har.—Speak Webster, speak, what think'st thou of my plan:
Speak freely, fully; thou art the God-like man;
Thou art the Atlas; the Atlas shalt thou be
On whom I'll rest; I gladly turn to thee.

Web.—With deference great to all our brethren here,
And most of all to thee, thou man of power,
I will attempt the views I hold to give.
Of what's befitting to thy royal state—
What course will best promote the public weal,
Secure our party and exalt our fame.
As to the plan thy highness recommends,
To it I'd heartily subscribe, but that
Philosophy has taught, and now 'tis plain,
That "the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat."
As to the means we used to wrench the helm
Of States from out the pilot's hand, they're such
As no discreet, or wise, or sober man
Can justify; no law can dignify.
All save the ignorant, vulgar, low and base,
Know well the arts we used, were but to cheat
"The swinish herd." Let the humbuggery then
Lie in oblivion's ditch; and Lethe's wave
Roll over it forever and forever,
"Till wrapt in flames, the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunders shake the world below!"

Har.—Oh, God-like man, your voice to me is like
The voice of heaven; your words are oracles;
But must I then in sooth, give up forever,
My possums, 'coons, my cabins and hard cider?

Web.—Forever! so opines your friend and slave.
The path of honor is where duty calls,
"Our country one and indivisible."
Write this upon your banner; give it to
The breeze; and in your inaugural address,
Let not "those words of folly and delusion,"
"Cabins, cider, 'coons and gourds" have place;
But those other words now dear to me,
To you, and every heart American,
Bank, improvement, tariff, distribution
Of public lands, assumption and resumption.

Stanly, Wise, Dawson—Tariff! assumption of state debts!!

Stanley— By heaven
Before such hated measures we agree to,
We'd see the party rent for'er asunder,
And h—ll receive the fragments of our strength.
What! we scorn to argue such a case;
We pledged our friends that Gen. Harrison
Was clearly, fully friendly to the South.

Har.—"My ardent friends," I here must interpose,
Sprinkle cool patience on your fiery zeal.

Stevens—'Tis time that I should speak—the party which
I rule, my Anti-Masonic friends expect,
That you should, in your inaugural, declare
Your hatred fixed, and resolution firm,
Against all Masons who shall dare uphold
Their secret clubs and Morgan killing claus.

Proffit—May it please your Highness, for you servant's sake,
Throw in among your other royal wares.
"Cumberland Road, improvements of the West;"
I've sworn full twenty times you were for these.

Stan.—That suits not us; d—n all such talk say I.

Pros.—Be d—d yourself, you Southern dupe and gull.

[Stanly *draws a digger, which, at the remonstrance of Preston, he puts up, who, taking him aside, says:*]

"Stanly, be calm, remember where you are,
Let's see what course the General takes, and then
We'll be for peace or war, as thrives or fails our cause."

Rives—Recommend a bank, my liege,
And from my party once again I bolt.

Tyler—The right to nullify you must proclaim,
Or never cabinet council will I meet.

Slade—E're that your Majesty adopts your course,
Hear the Goths and Vandals of the North,
The principles that we hold dear, as dear
As life or hope of Heaven. I know full well
That Southern men despise, they say we're mad,
But mad we're not, but boldly speak forth we
The words and truth of soberness; we dare
Debate. We but maintain the rights of man;
By honor, duty, and your sacred pledge,
We do demand, insist, that you make known
That slavery is accursed of God and man;
That in this District it shall not abide;
That gradually you'll buy it out, and root
It from the States; declare these views or else
You are a perjured man; false to your word;
False to your friends; false to your God and truth.

[*During this speech the Southern men rise in indignation and talk apart.*]

Stevens—My Lord, I do endorse each thought just given;
The words are truths'—the sentiments of Heaven.

[Wise *advances in front of the General, looking furiously and gesticulating violently; Harrison trembling in his seat, cries out:*]

Good friends, be quiet; take your seat I pray;
By all the Gods of Greece and Rome; by 'coons
By cabins and hard cider, I, Old Tip,
Implore you to return to amity,
And not by rage and fury ruin all.

Wise—Sir, "discussion's hour has passed away."
We now, in turn, demand, insist, command,
That forthwith from the council board you do
Expel vile Slade and Stevens, wretches both;
Do this, and still your words our wills shall sway;
Do it not, we quit your cause this day.

Har.—I'm Tippecanoe & Hero of North Bend;
The friends you bid me to expel my sight,
I'm bound unto, by rites accurs'd, to do
Their bidding when and as they shall command,
For having got for me my nomination
Through the mighty Harrisburg Convention,
I cannot and I will not yield the point.

Wise—Then King of 'Coons farewell, we'll raise a clatter
About your ears, your name and fame bespatter;
We'll lie against you 'till we bring you low;
We'll ruin you if we can, so here we go.

[*Exit Wise, Stanley, Rives, Tyler and Dawson.*]

Clay—(*aside*) That's it my friends! cut, slash and hack each other.
Reign discord, fury, rage dismay and brother;
Southern statesmen have destroyed the South;
They put by me because I op'd my mouth—*aside to H.*
The people will desert them—mind it I say,
Those men will sink; the dogs have had their day.

Har.—I think so too; and now I will declare
The course I'll take in my inaugural.
All I have said or done the last ten years,
I'll bolt from memory's page, because 'tis said
That earliest impressions are the best;
Besides I find my intellect grown weak;
I'll therefore recommend such "policy"
As I thought best in manhood's vig'rous days;
Law, alien and sedition, shall be first,
To clear the land of foreign vagabonds
And keep inviolate my spotless name.

[Clay whispers to Webster]

"The man is mad, Webster, surely—let us go."

Web.—"When wrapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder ——————"

[*Exit Webster.*

Clay—Twenty dollars to one on the next four years. [*Exit Clay.*

Proffit—Webster and Clay! when they fall out with power,
For *Proffit* sure, has come the parting hour.
[*Exit Proffit.*

Har.—What! are all the fiery dragons gone?
And left me here with friends I know are such?
Then welcome to this throbbing breast my Slade,
And Stevens too; Abolitionists near
My heart. You only shall my council be;
Write my inaugural; my cab'net form;
Say and do in my name what you will,
It shall be right. Now let the people in.

[John C. Wright throws open the door; in rush a motely crowd shouting *Old Tip. Huzza; banks, money; huzza; Old Tip forever.* Conspicuous in the crowd are Col. Dulce and Col. Smith, of Miss. Col. Dulce seizes his Majesty by the hand with all the ardor of a parent recovering a long lost child, and exclaims:]

I'm glad to see you, General; glad to see
You here. *I told* 'em we could beat 'em and
We have; d—n all negro testimony;
So hot did *I* become in our good cause,
I swore I never would allow again
A Democrat to act as jury man,
Nor should a Democrat e'er teach again
My sons—(whispering) Gen'l I want a mail contract.

[*While this is going on, Col. Smut edgeways on the other side, hugs the General affectionately around the neck, holding to his lips a large tankard of hard cider, and sings:*]

Hurra for Tip, hurra for Ty,
For them we go it hip and thigh;
We but raise our children to
Work for Old Tip when they grow;
Seize the tankard with a grip,
Drink deep old boy, drink Old Tip,

(Speaking)—Don't stare old man, I tell you what it is,
We carried you through by drinking and by songs.
At the Whig Convention in our State,
Where we assembled fifty thousand men,
No speech did take effect like to my song. (Sings.)

I met with General Harrison,
He took me by the hand,
Saying, how in Mississippi,
And how does she stand?

'Tis a poor distressed country
As ever was seen,
They're selling negroes——

Har.—D—n you and your country too; Oh Slade!
Oh Slade! Oh Slade! Stevens come to my aid!

[Slade and Stevens, backed by other Abolitionists, cast the two Colonels to the ground; the one vociferating that he fought hard at Orleans; the other protesting that he was a man of standing, and worth four hundred thousand dollars. Gen. Harrison falls back in a swoon dashing the tankard of hard cider to the floor. *The curtain drops.*]

The Discharged Workman.
From the French.

"James," said his employer, "James, you are an excellent workman; I am quite satisfied with your conduct, during the ten years you have been employed in my factory, you have gained the esteem and friendship of every one; but you see how it is—we have nothing more to do, business is at an end. But you must keep up courage; as soon as any thing offers I will let you know; at present I have no occasion for your services."

The workman heard these words, which, although uttered in a tone of feelingness and pity, sounded in his ears like a sentence of want and misery pronounced upon his wife and children. His eyes were mournfully fixed upon the ground and he stretched forth his hand to receive the amount of his last week's wages and a certificate of character.

Unable to answer a single word, he slowly took the road homeward. Big tears dropped from his eyes, and sobbing he exclaimed, "*My wife, my poor innocent children!*"—For he was the father of a family—a son six years old, a daughter just learning to walk, and a nursling in the helplessness of extreme infancy.

James entered his dwelling; the place, his approach to which had ever been the signal of joy to its poor but happy inmates, whose little wants he had always supplied with the two-fold delight of a happiness both imparted and received; he entered, and his wife and children ran to embrace him. James clasped them in his arms, but his sorrowful and desponding looks evinced to the quick discernment of his wife, that some secret uneasiness was preying on his mind.

"Dear husband, what is the matter? Has any misfortune happened you?"

"*No more work.*" replied James, as he sunk upon his chair.

"*No more work!*" repeated the poor mother in a voice of agony. "*No more work!*" echoed little Francis, and the three looked at each other with an air of stupefaction.

James wept no longer; it was his duty to give them an example of resignation; but the burning tears of an anxious mother fell on the hands of the infant she held in her arms, and the innocent smile of the babe re-invigorated the mother and the wife.

"Don't despair, James; to-morrow you may perchance find something to do. God is our Father, and while He is rich in love, we shall not want."

"Ah yes, wife, I will look for work; here are my eighteen francs for the week's work, make them last as long as possible."

Francis was soon dispatched with the ten francs to pay the baker; it was the amount of a whole week's consumption, and the credit of the poor is limited.

Next day James left home very early to look for work, but all his efforts were ineffectual.—In vain he depicted the distress of his family, in vain he exhibited the certificate of his good character; most of the factories were idle. He returned, and his wife asked him no questions; the dejection of his countenance sufficiently attested his want of success.

A week passed in the same manner, and every evening James came home more wretched than the preceding, while the intense coldness of the winter increased the sufferings of his family. The children were kept in bed, for James had no supper for them—it was Saturday night, and the baker had refused any more credit.—Already the mother, deprived as she was of food, could afford the babe but little nourishment, and the restlessness of the poor innocent betrayed its hunger.

Meanwhile the two other awoke, and crying, asked for BREAD. On hearing this, James became desparate. Smiting his forehead with his clenched hand, he hurried to and fro across his chamber, exclaiming, "there is wealth enough around us—superfluous wealth—the unfeeling rich revel in abundance, and prodigally waste more than would suffice to *keep these poor* BABES *from* STARVING. Why do they not search out the dwellings of the needy, and prevent crime by relieving those small but urgent wants which too often prompt its perpetration?"

There was reason in this madness; but James permitted it to carry him too far, and he brooded over it until his disordered mind settled in a desperate and ruinous determination. He sat down looking towards his wife with a vacant stare.

"You look at me," said she, "yet you appear not to see me. James, my dear, tell me what ails you."

"Nothing—nothing, wife, *they weep—they are famished — they shall have bread.*"

So saying, he rushed out of the room, and disappeared. His wife uttered a piercing scream: "James! James! where are you going?" But James did not hear her; the slamming of the alley door announced to her that her husband was already in the street. Poor wife—unhappy mother! your presentiment is just; the thought of crime had entered his paternal heart!

It was eleven—from the severity of the weather, the obscure street in which he lived was almost deserted. The first person James met was a workman, returning from his day's labor, singing merrily. "Ah!" said he to himself, "he is happy, he has work, or at least he has no children starving with hunger; pass on, comrade, you have nothing to fear from me."

He again heard the hasty footsteps of some one approaching—it was a young man wrapped up in a large cloak, the scarlet lining of which was conspicuous at a distance. James rushed upon him, and seizing him by the arm—"Your purse!" cried he with a terrible voice, "your purse!"

"My friend," said the young man, startled at his sudden appearance, "you are following but a wretched business, but I will satisfy you: here's my purse."

"How much is there in it?"

"Three louis, I believe, and two five franc pieces."

James took out of the purse the two five franc pieces only, and gave the rest back to its owner. "Sir," said he in a milder tone, "I only want ten francs," and left him.

The astonished young man followed the robber with his eye, and saw him hurry into a neighboring bakery; he soon came out with a loaf under his arm, and disappeared in the darkness. He really conjectured that necessity had driven this man to the commission of a crime, and he himself entered the shop. "Who is the person that just bought a loaf here?" inquired he.

"Ah, sir," answered the baker's wife, "he is a poor mechanic, burdened with a family; he lives in yonder house, in the fifth story, where you see the light in the window. He owed me ten francs, which he has just paid me; they are very honest folks, but we can't afford long credit to the poor."

"Right, madam," answered the stranger; "here are ten francs more; furnish them with bread till the sum is exhausted. I will see you again."

James went home, and dashed the bread on the table. "There, wife, let the children eat, and eat yourself; as for me, I have no appetite; they will not want for bread this week; I have made arrangement with the baker" — and he went to bed. His slumbers were broken and uneasy, and his wife heard him mutter the words—"*Robber! highway robber!*"

Daylight appeared—James did not go out; he seated himself in the window to breathe freely. It was already ten; but his wife had not dared to say a word to him, so gloomy and dejected did he appear. From the window where he sat motionless, he perceived too men—one of them wore a cloak with scarlet lining! He mechanically drew back into the room and ran towards the stair-case. The two strangers were already coming up—his self-possession left him, despair was imprinted on his features, his complexion assumed the lividness of death, he folded his wife and children in his wild embrace, and passing into a closet adjoining the room, he closed the door after him.

Meantime some one knocked, and James' wife saw two strangers enter. "Madam," said one of them, "you are poor, and I have benefit you [illegible] sistance." "Ah! sir, heaven has sent you! Oh yes, yes, we are indeed poor! —James! come here; I told you so, I said we should not want." But James answered not. His wife rushed into the closet—*nobody was there!*

At the same instant frightful cries resounded in the street: a large crowd assembled around the door—they raised a man who had just thrown himself from the fifth story—*it was the mangled and lifeless body of James!*

WASHINGTON in the Field of Victory, and Chamber of Death

From Custis's Recollections of Washington, we copy the following, relating to the siege of Yorktown, and a domestic scene:

The weather during the siege of Yorktown was propitious in the extreme, being, with the exception of the squall on the night of the 16th, the fine autumnal weather of the South, commonly called the Indian summer, which greatly facilitated the military operations. Washington's head quarters were under canvass the whole time.

The situation of Yorktown, after the surrender, was pestilential. Numbers of wretched negroes who had either been taken from the plantations, or had of themselves followed the fortunes of the British army, had died of the small pox, which, with the camp fever, was raging in the place, and remained unburied in the streets. When all hope of escape was given up, the horses of the British Legion were led to the margin of the river, shot, and then thrown into the stream; the carcasses, floating with the tide, lodged on the adjacent shores and flats, producing an effluvia that effected the atmosphere for miles around. Indeed, it was many months before Yorktown and its environs became sufficiently purified to be habitable with any degree of comfort.

A domestic affliction threw a shade over Washington's happiness, while his camp still rang with shouts of triumph for the surrender of Yorktown. His step-son, to whom he had been a parent and protector, and to whom he was fondly attached, who had accompanied him to the camp at Cambridge, and was among the first of his aids in the dawn of the revolution, sickened while on duty as extra aid to the Commander in Chief, in the trenches before Yorktown. Aware that his disease (the camp fever) would be mortal, the sufferer had yet one last lingering wish to be gratified, and he would die content. It was to behold the surrender of the sword of Cornwallis.—He was supported to the groom, and witnessed the admired spectacle, and was then removed to Eltham, a distance of 30 miles from camp.

An express from Dr. Craik announced that there was no longer hope, when Washington, attended by a single officer and groom, left the head-quarters at midnight, and rode with all speed for Eltham.

The anxious watchers by the couch of the dying were, in the grey of the twilight, aroused by a trampling of horses, and looking out, discovered the Commander-in-Chief alighting from a jaded charger in the court yard. He immediately summoned Dr. Craik, and to the eager enquiry, is there any hope? Craik mournfully shook his head, the General retired to a room to indulge in his grief, requesting to be left alone. In a little while the poor sufferer expired. Washington tenderly embracing the bereaved wife and mother, observed to the weeping group around the remains of him so dearly loved: "From this moment I adopt his two youngest children as my own." Absorbed in grief, he then waved his hand a melancholy adieu, and fresh horses being ready, without rest or refreshment, he re-mounted and returned to the camp.

For a great distance around Yorktown the earth trembled under the cannonade, while many an anxious and midnight watcher ascended to the house tops to listen to the sound and to look upon the horizon, lighted up by the blaze of the batteries, the explosion of the shells, and the flames from the burning vessels in the harbor.

At length, on the morning of the 17th, the thundering ceased, hour after hour passed away, and the most attractive ear could not catch another sound.—What had happened? Can he have escaped! To suppose he had fallen was almost too much to hope for. And now an intense anxiety prevails: every eye was turned towards the great southern road, and the express! the express! is upon every lip. Each hamlet and homestead pours forth its inmates. Age is seen leaning on his staff, women with infants at their breast, children with wondering eyes and tiny hands outstretched, all, all, with breathless [illegible] coming. Ay, and the courier rode with a red spur that day; but had he been mounted on the wings of the wind, he could scarcely have kept pace with the general anxiety.

At length there is a cry—he comes! he comes! and merging from a cloud of dust, a horseman is seen at headlong speed. He plies the lash and spur; covered with foam, with throbbing flank, and nostrils dilated to catch the breeze, the generous horse devours the road, while ever and anon the rider waves his cap, and shouts to the eager groups that crowd his way, *Cornwallis is taken.*

And now rose a joyous cry that made the very welkin tremble. The tories, amazed, confounded, shrunk away to their holes and hiding places, while the patriotic whigs rushed into each others arms and wept for gladness. And oh! in that day of general thanksgiving and praise, how many an aspiration ascended to the Most High, imploring blessings on him whom all time will consecrate as the *Father of his Country.*

The prediction of Cornwallis in the tent of Washington was verified. The 16th of October, 1781, was indeed the crowning glory of the war of the Revolution; hostilities languished thereafter, while Independence and Empire dawned upon the destinies of America, from the surrender of Yorktown.

Industry.

It has been wisely ordered by a beneficent Providence that the necessities of man, properly administered to, should become sources of enjoyment; and though, according to the primeval curse, the field of existence must be moistened by the sweat of his brow, yet that his very labor should give health to the body, and contentment to the mind. It is universally observed, by such as have looked upon life with thinking eyes, that those whom necessity requires to be constantly employed, are the most cheerful among mankind; while, on the contrary, the disciples of sloth, who cling to their couch and loiter their years away, are irascible in temper, and diseased or imbecile in body; unsatisfied with themselves, and unsatisfactory to all around them.

The salutary influence and the necessity of activity, both as regards the mental and corporeal functions, are not denied, even those who purchase ease at the expense of health, and, for a state of unenviable and bloated quietude, barter the spirit and vivacity which industry can only enjoy. Nature, by her secret and mysterious promptings, teaches all who live, that exercise is requisite—the child chases the hoop or ball, in obedience to her *fiat* commands, until his cheek glows, and his brow glisteens from the salubrious pastime—the sportsman wakes the morning with the reverberated thunder of his warfare on the feathered tribe, and toilsome modes of recreation, all unconsciously fulfilling her provident decrees.

Hilarity of heart and hardihood of frame, spirits always jaunty, and limbs always vigorous, courage to face danger, and strength to bear fatigue, can only be enjoyed by him who indurates his body by frequent exposure, and renders it pliant by incessant motion; who, by being employed, gives sadness no time to fasten on his spirit, and earns refreshing slumber by useful oil.

A state of ease is at best but a neutral state of being, alike distant from positive happiness and positive misery. But it is the source of misery; for as the bark that is suffered to lie unattended to on the ocean, its sails untrimmed, and its helm unguarded, may be wrecked by a sudden storm, which vigilance could easily have avoided; so in the bark of life, he who loiters with careless indifference on the stream of time, may be overtaken by the tempest which activity has outspeeded, or be dashed against the rock, that by the exertions of industry had been passed in safety.

Industry prolongs life. It cannot conquer death, but it can defer his hour; and spreads over the interval a thousand enjoyments that make it a pleasure to live. As rust and decay rapidly consume the machine that is not kept in use, so disease and sickness accumulate on the frame of indolence, until existence becomes a burden, and the grave a bed of rest. Industry is the friend of virtue; and indolence the handmaid of vice. The active are seldom criminal; but the most of those who yield to guilty enticement might trace their lapse from rectitude to habits of idleness, which, leaving the heart vacant, gave full opportunity for the evil passions and desires of our nature to exert their power.

This is what we call coon. We caught it in an old newspaper:—

"I aint goin' tew live long, Mammy."
"Why not, you sarpint?" "Cors my