

Spirit of the Age.

M. D. Harwell

BY E. A. KIMBALL.

"Freedom of Inquiry and the Power of the People."

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Poetry.

THE BELLS OF SUNDAY MORNING.

Up, up, the day is broad awake,
The stars have gone to bed,
The glorious sun is spreading fast
His banner o'er our head;
And, hark, from the bright merry bells ring,
'Tis a message from heaven to earth they bring:
'Up, up, from your sleep break away,
The morning breeze wafts the chiming song;
Arousing the birds to their morning song;
'Think of the Lord—
Who has given another day.'

The mother wakes her little one,
And teaches him to pray;
And praise the Lord who has begun
Another blessed day.

The night has gone with its chilling fears,
And the warmth of the cheerful light appears.
And the bells ring merrily;
She bends with a pious heart to hear
The voice which the chiming are wafting near—
'Praise ye the Lord,
Praise ye the Lord,
Who has tenderly guarded thee.'

The sick man tosses to and fro,
Trying to vain to pray;
The cheerful sun but comes to show
A sad suffering day.

'Who cares for a friendless soul like me,
Who cares for the sick in their misery;
Alas, there is none to hear.'
Then suddenly burst from their heights above,
The chiming of the bells with their voice of love,
'Rest on the Lord,
Rest on the Lord,
Who treasures up every tear.'

The rich man on his bed of down,
Is scarcely roused to hear
The merry chiming—alas! they fall
Unheeded on the ear.

Thou idler, awake, each moment of time
Is a talent but lent by a Master divine;
Be ready the bond to pay!
Then hark to the chiming as they're floating past,
They tell thee thy moments are flying fast;
'Think of the Lord,
Think of the Lord,
And the awe of the judgment day.'

Oh, holy, blessed Sunday bells,
Ye bring us from above,
The tidings which each bosom swells,
Of God, the Father's love;
Long may your echoing chiming rebound,
And over the heathen land resound,
Till all in one harmony blend.

Then arouse to the voice when the matin bells ring,
For a message of love from the heavens they bring.
'Think of the Lord,
Think of the Lord,
Who prizes and loves to the end.'

From the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Advertiser.

BREAD FOR IRELAND.

Bread! bread! bread for the dying!
The fainting, the gasping and sighing,
The heart of poor Ireland is crying
For bread!

Bread! bread for the weak Man,
So stalwart before,
Who ghostly and ghost-like
Now crawls from his door;
And bread for the Maiden,
Who fainting ere while,
Was waked into life—
With a lunatic smile!

Bread! bread for the Mothers,
So helpless and pale;
Whose offspring cling round them
With a sorrowing wail;
Hear ye not a shriek?
How it pierces the air,
The voice of the famish'd—
The cry of despair!

Give something for Hrs.,
Who has blessed here our store,
And who looks with deep love
On the friends of the poor.

Bread! bread! bread for the dying!
The fainting, the gasping and sighing,
The heart of poor Ireland is crying
For bread! J. O. M.

*A young girl of Guerin went to her parent, and when
found almost dying for want of food, she was taken care
of, only to awake a nation.—English paper.

Miscellaneous.

Cary Wharton.

'A BACKWOOD SKETCH.'
BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CARY, or, more properly, Caroline Wharton, was the beauty of Matagorda, which, considering that there were, out of some four hundred inhabitants, little more than ten per cent. women, is paying her but a limited compliment; but, both relatively and in reality, she was beautiful, with all the grace and winning ways of a young American girl, who did not set up to rival Parisian ladies in their costume, nor despise every thing which was not imported from Europe. Cary Wharton was, therefore, charming, and an heiress, besides, to the magnificent estates of the major, her father, who owned half the township. With all these varied advantages, it is therefore not wonderful that at one time most of the unmarried men were candidates for the favor of her hand, and that she owned as many subjects as there were susceptible hearts within fifty miles, which in Texas is no very considerable round. Such a number of suitors argues always one of two things: great insensibility on the part of the lady, or much of coquetry. To this serious fault, we may say, in many instances, Cary Wharton would have pleaded 'not guilty,' but the unanimous verdict of maid, man, or matron, jury, would have been considered 'guilty.'

Yes, with all the great and manifold graces, the heiress of Burensville—so was her father's estate called—united the opposite quality of allowing any number of men to dangle at her side, giving preference to none, and seeming encouragement to all. The southerners are proverbially gay, and fond of balls, parties, pic-nics, &c.; and here the Matagordians at all seasons were keeping up the national character.

* This sketch is founded on facts which occurred about four years since, at Matagorda, in Texas. The circumstances are well known to that section of the United States.

It was on these occasions that Cary's numerous followers were made publicly manifest, and that she seemed to shine in all her glory; though we should only be using a word some few shades too strong if we said in all her shame! The affection which leads ultimately to union through life with one of another sex, which places woman in the prospective light of widow and mother, is a sacred thing; and making it one of the amusements of the passing hour is deserving of severe condemnation than we are inclined at present to venture on. With Cary the result was natural, and in accordance with all rule. After two years' residence in Matagorda, she found herself reduced to two admirers—the rest having wearied of the pursuit, some from fear of disappointment, others from utter hopelessness. Paul Dalton and Edward Knox were the two rivals who contended for her hand; the former an officer in the republican navy, the latter a young lawyer of very excellent prospects. Two more opposite characters are seldom placed in juxtaposition. Dalton, quick, ardent, and impetuous, full of courage, and even daring, fond of doing things which not only else thought of attempting, presented the most perfect contrast to the quiet, unassuming, but clever and devoted lawyer, whose anxiety to succeed in his profession was only equalled by his desire to share his success with Cary—Both were disappointed with the then State of Texas, and determined that, as soon as their love suit was brought to an end, they would return to the more congenial sphere of action presented by northern States, where talent and industry is always rewarded. Both had sought the lads' favor for some time, Paul by his loud and merry talk of himself and his deeds, by endeavoring on all occasions, to prove himself a brave, gallant and smart fellow; Edward in a more quiet manner, by a gentle and unobtrusive attention, by sending books and papers for the heiress to read, and in short, by all those nameless nothings which constitute a lover's art.

Which had succeeded in gaining Cary's favor, or if, indeed, either of them was to consider himself more fortunate than the other, was still doubtful, and, indeed, might long have remained so, but for the course of events which took various turns upon a certain 4th of July of glorious memory.—This anniversary, sacred to every American was at Matagorda to be celebrated by a review in the day, and ball at night, according to the received usage. Cary, of course, was to be a prominent character, and accordingly at an early hour, crossed from the opposite side of the bay where her father dwelt, and entering a rude vehicle, drawn by two as rude ponies of the prairies, proceeded to view the military display. By her side was Paul Dalton, mounted on a showy horse, while Edward Knox took up a position at the head of a volunteer company which he commanded. Now this was an occasion which rarely occurred, as the rivals were generally in presence together, and Paul was as much elated as Edward was vexed. Indeed, but that Cary Wharton gave him no encouragement to dismount and seat himself beside her, there is no doubt the gallant son of Neptune would have ventured a declaration on the strength of the opportunity; but in vain he looked beseechingly at the seat, complained of the badness of his nag; Cary heard him unmoved. Edward, meanwhile, several times excited the ire of Major Wharton, the command, or by his unusual blunders—he on all other occasions, the pink of volunteer officers; while the Stopping Hawk, a young Indian Chief, much attached to the young lawyer, could not forbear schooling him on the point.

At length the review was over, and Edward, released from his irksome duties, entered into a brief conversation with the Stopping Hawk, to whom he freely explained the causes of his mistakes. The Indian smiled, half in pity, half in contempt; and bidding him dangle no longer after a pale faced girl, but speak his mind out at once, said, in parting: 'Talk to the gray beard; ask him for the young lily; he has a tongue, and knows what he wants. The rose of the whites is very beautiful, indeed, but then she has two faces.'

'Hawk!' replied Edward, somewhat sharply, 'I cannot hear you talk thus, Cary is a sacred subject with me.'

'Good!' exclaimed the chief coldly; 'white man hot; but if white rose not two faces, why have two lovers? Two face girls make bad squaw.'

Edward Knox turned away, being too sensible of the truth of what the young chief said to dispute the matter with him. But a few minutes brought him to the presence of Cary Wharton, in the contemplation of whose sparkling eyes and lovely features, in listening to whose joyful laugh and quiet sensible remarks on the events of the day, he quite forgot for a while that she could, as the Indian said, have 'two faces.' Edward knew that a girl was not to blame because many women came; but the fault was, she encouraged two, which was deceiving both. The party at dinner, which took place at the Lone Star Hotel, the vast barn of which had been fitted up as a ball room, consisted of Major Cary Wharton, with the two rivals. The conversation was general and varied, though both lovers were inwardly thinking on one important question—who was first to dance with Cary.—Neither liked to ask to soon, yet both feared that the propitious moment might slip by. At length, when a pause in the dialogue left an opening, Paul Dalton, following his usual somewhat reckless method, said, 'I say, Knox, a picayune for

your thoughts. You are thinking of asking Miss Wharton's hand; so am I. Well I'll toss you for the first dance.'

'Sir,' said Cary, evidently much outraged, while Major Wharton, who was rather thick headed, allowed the idea to come into his head that he ought to kick the offender out of the room. Before however he had effected a lodgment, his daughter had quietly settled the matter. 'Sir,' said she, 'I think I have had quite enough of you all day, and I mean, therefore, myself, to ask Mr Knox to open the ball with me.'

Paul bit his lip, and looked offended, while a rich smile of pleasure illumined the face of Edward. 'Go thy ways for a canting sneaking lawyer,' muttered Paul in his wrath, as Edward escorted Miss Cary to the door, 'you may dance but Paul Dalton will win the bride, and that ere a week be over;—and complacently looking back to Cary's kind manner all day, he made up his mind to have a decision that evening.'

The ball was opened by Cary and Edward, who, emboldened by the preference which his fair partner had shown at the dinner table, ventured to speak much plainer than he had ever done before, his hopes, his wishes, his feelings. He was met as usual, by playful disbelief in his protestations, by declarations of being perfectly heart-whole, and even the faintest implied suggestion that how could he, considering another—a girl here Cary blushed, and did not conclude the sentence. For Edward, this was enough.—He was manly straightforwardness and truth itself, and he fully understood that Miss Wharton was engaged, and at once determined to cease all further pursuit where his case was hopeless. The Stopping Hawk, who stood near the door gazing curiously at the scene, saw the deep dejection with which he quitted her side, and remarked it to him. Drawing his Indian friend away from the festivities, Edward explained all, and added 'that with Cary Wharton he had done forever.'—The Indian bent a grunt and a laugh, hoped it was so, and they parted—Edward Knox to seek his quiet home, the chief to return to his village, which was situated about two miles from Matagorda.

Paul Dalton was now in his glory.—Certain encouraging words on the part of Cary, in the morning, reverted strongly to his memory, while the precipitate retreat of his rival tended farther to encourage him. He could not but feel that Edward had been dismissed; and if so, what stood between him and happiness? Accordingly he danced with his fair partner in high glee, spoke to the Major, and received his permission to propose; and in order to facilitate the question, was allowed the inestimable felicity of seeing Miss Wharton home when the ball was over. As the Major was really tired, this was no great favor after all. In no country are women rated so high as in America, accordingly in no country are they left so much to protect themselves. There was nothing whatever, out of the way in a young man like Dalton seeing a young lady home, even though it was past midnight, and accordingly no remark was made when they left the ball room, and certainly to Cary's surprise, prepared to perform the journey in Dalton's canoe.

It was a beautiful night. Not a ripple moved the surface of the bay, which shone in translucent splendor beneath the light of the waning moon. Miss Wharton felt the influence of the hour, and was silent; perhaps she knew from Paul's manner that her fate was nearer being decided than she before expected; perhaps she thought with regret of Edward Knox.—They entered the graceful boat, and Dalton bent to the oars with zest, until they reached the centre of the bay; he then paused, and allowed the boat to drift slowly to sea. Cary trembled; her little heart went pit-a-pat; for she could no more, in that mighty temple of God, with myriad stary eyes shining down upon her have equivocated as she had done in the ball-room, amid the factitious glare of oil-lamps, than she could have changed her whole nature.

She was not mistaken. Paul Dalton had chosen this singular time and place for his declaration, and he made it in terms of warm and ardent devotion. He was firmly and calmly rejected, in tones which left him no doubt of the speaker's sincerity. For some minutes he was silent; then he spoke—and let every trifle with a man's heart; remember his words.—'Miss Wharton, a man is ever hopeful.—When he is not discouraged openly and straightforwardly by a woman, he will always have hope, if he thinks well of her sex. No woman can say with truth that a lover's declaration came on her unexpectedly. It never did. No woman ever received the offer of a man's hand, with hope on his part, who had not encouraged him. Miss Wharton for more than a year you have kept me in a fond, a delusive dream. I have lived but in the hope of your love, and now you must marry me.' Astonished, confounded at this change in her lover's tone, Cary answered pettishly that she was not to be schooled. Dalton, who was lividly pale, replied, 'In life or in death we shall be united,' and he quietly drew forth the plug from the bottom of the boat, which served to drain it when on shore, and the canoe began to fill with water. 'You have ten minutes to decide. Swear solemnly to be mine, and I will return the plug; refuse, and the boat will fill with water, and both be drowned.'—Now it was that Cary felt her folly. That she had for more than a year, without ever intending to accept him, led Dalton into hope, she knew well. She had, however, no time for speech; for at that in-

stant a huge Indian canoe, filled with warriors, shot alongside, and, ere either could resist, made them prisoners.

Both were petrified with astonishment, and Dalton with rage; for his mad hope of depriving others of any chance of wedding her who had refused him was thus frustrated, and it is believed by all who knew him, that he fully intended to have carried his threat into execution. The Indians spoke not, but impelling their boat with energy, soon reached the shore, some miles above the residence of Major Wharton, who, ignorant of the events occurring, was sleeping off the fatigues of the day. The spot chosen for landing was a thick wood, where a huge deserted shanty served as an extemporaneous camp.—In this, in separate rooms, Cary and Paul were confined until morning. Neither slept, Miss Wharton revolving in her mind her wonderful escape from death, and the singularity of her capture by the Indians, while Dalton brooded moodily over the probable triumph of his rival, whose friend, the Stopping Hawk, he felt quite sure had prevented the completion of his dreadful purpose. Paul Dalton was, therefore, utterly miserable; his evil passions awakened by the folly of Cary, having now full sway. If she at once, in the early stage of her acquaintance, had let him see his attentions were vain, so foul a thought of suicide and murder would never have crossed his mind.

Morning dawned, and with its earliest summons Cary and Paul were led forth into the presence of the Stopping Hawk, his hand of painted warriors, and a minister of the gospel, who stood a puzzled and perplexed spectator. Paul looked around him in surprise, while Cary, who, as she thought, saw through it all, stood indignant and disgusted.

'Father,' said the Indian chief, mildly, 'these two pale faces wish to be married. You are a medicine man of the whites; unite them.'

'I protest against the whole proceeding. Cannot it be done in a regular way? Am I to be dragged out of my bed?'

Several of the Indians laid their hand on their shining knives, and the priest was silent.

'It is useless,' cried Cary; 'I will never consent—never. Paul Dalton, this is unworthy of you.'

'I declare, Miss Wharton, that I am as ignorant as you of what this means.'

'Ugh!' exclaimed the Indian firmly; 'talk no good. Father begin. White girl no speak truth. She love Paul Dalton.—Indian hear her say so?'

'Can this—is this true?' cried Paul.

'I say again,' said Cary proudly, 'that no power on earth shall compel me to marry Paul Dalton.'

'Why?' inquired the Indian.

As Cary replied not, he continued, 'Red man master here, and he say white couple shall be married. White Lilly choose.—Marry Paul Dalton, or go to the wigwam of the Indian chief. White Lilly make good squaw.'

'I am in your power, Indian,' cried Cary, 'do as you will.'

'White Lilly speak truth—would she refuse to marry Edward Knox?'

Miss Wharton started, her eyes flashed indignantly, and advanced towards the Indian, she cried, 'I see it all. Mr Edward Knox has employed you to bring from me some declaration in his favor. Tell him he has taken wrong means—'

'Edward Knox all truth—he speak for himself—he know nothing of what Indian do. All Indian plan.'

The tone of the chief admitted of no doubt, and Cary Wharton saw at once the true object of the red skin. Drawing him aside she said, 'Stopping Hawk will believe the White Lilly. She has learned much in one night. She sees his object clearly. The Indian is Edward's friend, but he will be the White Lilly's also.—Promise never to breathe one word of what has passed to a living soul, to take Cary home to her father, and if Edward Knox ever asks the hand of Cary Wharton, she will not say no; and Cary, blushing, bowed her head; then continued, 'but Indian, he must not know this. Cary must, at least, have the pleasure of telling him herself.'

The delighted chief, who loved Edward as a brother promised everything she asked, and even to secure the silence of others; and the giving her a staff and two red-skin boy-men, despatched her at once to her father's house, which she reached long before any one was up.

Paul and the minister having been solemnly cautioned by Stopping Hawk to keep silence, were then liberated, and the chief delighted with his errand, hastened towards the abode of Edward Knox. He was up and at breakfast, pale and downcast, but calm, as he brought to his mind many sources of consolation. He loved Cary Wharton sincerely, but not selfishly. His was a manly, generous love, which sought the happiness of its object more than its own. He remembered, too, that he had a widowed mother and orphan sisters, who were far away, and who would be delighted at his return; who would welcome him with joy; and make a jubilee in York county, Mass., at his taking possession of his father's home and business connexion, which he had left, deluded by the ignis fatuus of Texas. He resolved, therefore, to depart, and at once. At this period of his cogitations the Indian entered. The greeting was cordial, and then Edward explained his plans. The Indian granted, but made no opposition. He then said, 'Go—say good bye, White Lilly.'

'No,' faltered Edward, 'I would rather not.'

'White man mad. Indian say go.—Perhaps White Lilly change her mind.'

There was something like a tone of confidence in the Indian's manner which made Edward's heart leap. He looked inquiringly at him, but his face was stolidly itself. Upon the hint, however, he acted, and to his great surprise the Stopping Hawk accompanied him on his visit.

It was afternoon, ere they reached the picturesque mansion of Burensville, and as they would their way down a hillock in front of its door, Edward saw Cary walking alone, in a grove beside the house, which could be reached from that side. In a few minutes he was by her side. Cary had seen them approach, and conceiving, from the Indian's presence, that the young man came in triumph to accept her acknowledged love, she stood proudly and laughingly awaiting his coming. He saw this, and his whole manner was even more despondent and deferential than usual. Cary felt that the Indian had not betrayed her.

'I come, Miss Wharton,' said Edward, 'to bid you good-bye. I am weary of Texas, and wish to return at once to Massachusetts. The charm which has bound me here so long was last night rudely broken.'

'Edward Knox,' said Cary, with an affection of solemnity, 'I have a great mind in revenge for being called rude, to say Good-bye. God bless you. But,' added the arch girl, blushing, and gently bowing her head, 'I will say, don't go Edward. If you do, you will leave one sad heart behind.'

'Cary,' cried the young man, 'may I—'

'Don't interrupt, sir. It is of no use my disguising from myself that you love me; and that you are not indifferent to me, I am afraid your red-skin can prove too clearly for me to deny it.'

'Cary,' again cried the lawyer, who was so overcome as to be anything but fit for a cross-examination, 'to what do I owe this happiness?'

'To Heaven, Edward, if it be happiness, which in one night has changed me, and made of a giddy girl, a woman.—Listen.' And in a few rapid sentences she told her night's adventure, to which Edward Knox listened with gravity and pain, until his friend Stopping Hawk was introduced, when he could not forbear a smile.

'At what do you laugh, dear Edward?' said Cary.

'At the Indian, dear Cary. He loves me as a brother; and I am quite sure intended for my advantage, to bring from you an acknowledgement of affection to be used against you. Well, I must confess, though it was a strange proceeding, we have both much to thank him for.'

That day Edward Knox dined with Cary and her father, and after dinner 'popped the question' to the Major, who though he had an indistinct recollection of having promised his daughter to some one else the night before, yet, as Cary was on the present suitor's side, he shook his future son-in-law's hand, and expressed himself highly delighted. About a month after, Major Wharton, and Mr and Mrs. Edward Knox started for Yorktown, Massachusetts, having sold all they had in Texas, and Edward realized the picture of his reception on his return. Nor was he any the less welcome because he brought with him a wife. He at once, from his wealth and talents, took a high position; and, no doubt, whenever a vacancy occurs, will be returned to Congress, to make his eloquence and sound sense available. Stopping Hawk returned to Upper Texas, where Edward has promised to visit him often, when he can find time for a shooting excursion. With regard to the rival, we should not have given publicity to this narrative but from reading the following lines in the official record of the battle of Palo Alto—'Killed before the enemy, Captain Paul Dalton, volunteer.'

It will be seen that Cary Wharton suffered not in the end for her fault. But, her escape was narrow, and but for one of those Providential occurrences which happen at times, her punishment would have indeed been terrible. The brightest charm of women is truth and candor, and coquetry is but another word for deceit and falsehood.

ARMY BILL.

The following is the bill passed, entitled

An act to raise for a limited time, an additional military force, and for other purposes:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That in addition to the present military establishment of the United States, there shall be raised and organized, under the direction of the President, for and during the war with Mexico, one regiment of dragoons and nine regiments of infantry, each to be composed of the same number and rank of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, buglers, musicians and privates, &c., as are provided for a regiment of dragoons and infantry respectively, under existing laws, and who shall receive the same pay, rations, and allowances, according to their respective grades, and be subject to the same regulations, and to the rules and articles of war: *Provided*, That it shall be lawful for the President of the United States alone to appoint such of the commissioned officers authorized by this act below the grade of field officers, as may not be appointed during the present session: *Provided*, That one or more of the regiments of infantry authorized to be raised by this section may,