was safe.—Gradually becoming more composed, she bade the coachman enquire who lived in the house opposite—it was the name she longed to hear—Colonel Fitzallan. She returned home, and with a tremulous hand traced a few lines, telling him how she had wept his silence and entreating him to come and say she was still his own *Isadore*.

The evening passed drearily away; every step made color flush her cheek; but he came not. Was he indispensably engaged? Had he not received her note? Any supposition but intentional delay. The next morning the same fervid anxiety oppressed her. At length she heard the door open, and springing to the window she caught sight of a military man; she heard his step on the stairs; a gentleman entered; but it was not Fitzallan! Too soon she learned his mission; he whom she had so loved, so trusted had wedded another; the lady she saw the day before was his wife; and unwilling to meet her himself, he had charged a friend to communicate the fatal intelligence Edward B*** gazed with enthusiastic admiration on the beautiful creature, whose pale lip, and scalding tears, which forced their way through the long dark eyelashes, belied the firmness her woman's pride taught her to assume. Shame, deep shame, thought he, on the cold, the mercenary spirit, which would thus turn the warm feelings of a fond and trusting girl into poisoned arrows—could thus embitter the first sweet flow of affection. He took her hand in silence; he felt that consolation in a case of this kind was but mockery.—They parted, the one to despair over the expired embers, the other to nurse the first sparkles of hope. The next morning, scarcely aware what he was doing, or the motive which actuated him—(for who seeks to analyze love's earliest sensations?)—Edward sought the abode of the interesting stranger. He found her with Colonel Fitzallan's solicitor; that gentleman suspicious of the warm feeling evinced by his friend for the fair Spaniard, had employed a professional man, for he was well aware that the letters he had written would give Isadore strong claims upon him. He arrived at the moment when she first comprehended that her lover's reason for wishing his letters restored, originated in his fear of a legal use being made of them. Her dark eyes flashed fire, her cheek burnt with emotion, her heart-beat became audible, as she hastily caught the letters, and threw them into the flames. 'You have performed your mission,' exclaimed she; 'leave the room instantly.' Her force was now exhausted; she sunk back on the sofa. The tender assiduities of Edward at length restored her to some degree of composure. It was luxury to have her feelings entered into; to share sorrow is to soothe it.—She told him of hopes blighted forever; wounded affection; of the heart sickness which had paled her cheek, and worn to a shadow her once symmetrical form. She had in her hand a few withered leaves. 'It is,' said she, 'the image of my fate; the rose fell from my hair one evening, Fitzallan placed it in his bosom; by moonlight I found it thrown aside—it was faded—but to me it was precious from even that momentary caress—I have to this day cherished it. Are not our destinies told by this flower? His was the bloom, the sweetness of love; my part was dead, scentless leaves.' Edward now became her constant companion; she found him a kind and affectionate brother. At length he spoke of love. Isadore replied by throwing back her long dark hair with a hand whose dazzling whiteness was all that remained of its former beauty, and bade him look on her pale and faded countenance, and there seek his answer. 'Yes, I shall wed, but my bridal wreath will be cypress, my bed the grave, my spouse the hungry worm!' Edward gazed on her face and read conviction; but still his heart clung to her with all the devotedness of love, which hopes even in despair, and amid the wreck of every promise of happiness, grasps even at the unstable wave. One evening she leaned by a window, gazing fixedly on the glowing sky of summer sunset; the rich color of her cheek, which reflected the carnation of the west, the intense light of her soft and radiant black eyes, excited almost hope; could the hand of death be on what was so beautiful? For the first time she asked for her lute; hitherto she had shrunk from the sound of music; Fitzallan had loved it; to her it was the knell of her departed love. She waked a few wild and melancholy notes—'These sounds,' sighed she, 'are to me fraught with tender recollections; it is the vesper hymn of my own country.' She mingled her voice with the tones, so faint, so sad, but so sweet; it was like the song of a spirit as the concluding murmur died away. She sunk back exhausted; Edward, for a while, supported her on his shoulder; at length he parted the thick curls from off her face, and timidly pressed her lips—he started from their thrilling touch—it was his last kiss—Isadore had expired in his arms!

From the Alabama Republican.

Timothy Votewell, looking over the Log Book of an old acquaintance found the following '*Recipe to make a candidate for the Legislature.*'—He sends it for publication.

Recipe.—Take of the vine of a runabout in the country, and the root of a slander in town, of each six handfuls; five ounces of politics manufactured at the mill of anarchy, the same quantity of prejudice, one pound of personal scurrility, and double that quantity of nonsense—Pound them with the pestle of ignorance in the '*royal mortar*' of party spirit, stew them with the raw essence of corn, over the fire of '*disorganization*,' till you perceive the scum of falsehood rising on the top.—Strain it through the '*ruffle shirt*' of a '*smooth-faced Lawyer or Doctor*'—put it into the brown jug of infernal malignity and stop it with the cork of eternal envy. Take a copious draught of this decoction, and you will be a fit candidate to receive the *sole, united, worthy and honourable* suffrages of 'a friend to equal rights.'

Influence of Free Principles.

We do not know that we have, in our lives, ever met with a more striking practical illustration of the influence of those principles under which this people took root, and have continued to grow and spread forth branches which more and more widely overshadow the land, than in the facts contained in the following article, copied from a Florida paper:

TALAHASSEE, Sept. 10.—It was in the month of April, 1824, that the first wagon was seen wending its devious way through that part of the wilds of Florida, which now constitutes the Middle Judicial District. The sons of the forest were often arrested while in pursuit of their wonted game, to gaze with wonder at the strange phenomenon, for there was not a being among them within whose knowledge so stange a vehicle was ever seen to disturb the repose of their solitary retirement; nor were they sensible that this was the day star which warned them to prepare to leave the land of their fathers, whose bones for many centuries had mingled with the very soil from which they raised their bread. The weary party (who consisted of two men, two women, two children, and a mulatto man,) at length arrived in the morning of the 9th of the month, by the way of a gentle rise upon the summit of a bold commanding eminence at whose eastern and southern base a beautiful rivulet, meandered its course through a rick Hammock; here they made a halt, and one of the gentlemen by familiarity with the wilderness, was enabled soon to discover (though almost obliterated) the only marks, which the Governor in his proclamation had given, designating the site selected by the Commissioners as the seat of government of Florida. Our party was not long in selecting a camping ground, and pitched their tent about midway of the southern slope, which might well be taken for the land of the fairies: to the southward and westward, the country opened on their view like a magnificent park, gently undulated and studded with beautiful basins of limpid water, at their feet a chrystal fountain, gushing from the declivity of the hill; to the eastward the view was more confined by the thick foliage of the undergrowth, which served to screen the view, though not the sound, of a beautiful cascade, which was formed by the rivulet above described, falling over a ledge of rocks into a deep glen, which forms almost a circle of about seventy yards in diameter, and disappears at the bottom of the same ledge of rocks, very near the cascade.

In the afternoon our sylvan party commenced building, and in two days were enabled to secure themselves and their furniture from the weather in the first house ever built in Tallahassee. The same day in the evening, Judge Robinson and S. M'Call, Esq. arrived with hands and put up three buildings to accommodate the Legislative Council, which were expected to meet in May following, and in a few days a small store was erected, after which very little improvement was made for some time, in consequence of the session of the Council being postponed until November, as also the many and almost insurmountable obstacles which at times seemed to preclude the hope of ever removing the Indians from this section of the country; so firmly were they attached to their native soil that they would make the most frivolous excuses for procrastinating their departure, and nothing but the peculiarly firm and resolute, yet mild and persuasive measures adopted by the Executive, could have removed them without resorting to military force. The act providing for the laying off the town of Tallanassee, &c. allowed the right of preemption to all those who had built houses within the limits of the town, previously to the approval of the bill, which was the 11th December, and when the commissioners under that act proceeded to sell the lots on the 5th and 6th of April, 1825, there were but six claimants for that privilege.

At this time the town contains more than fifty houses, many of which are occupied by quite large families; there is now one house for public worship, one school house, two very commodious hotels, seven stores and one apothecary's shop; the mechanics shops are, one printing office, two shoemakers, two blacksmiths three carpenters, one tailor, three brick yards, &c. Nor has the country in the vicinity of the town been less prolific, although the lands were sold at a very inauspicious season, (past the middle of May) for within five miles of town there are now over twenty farms plantations, &c. opened; considerable corn has been raised this year, and one gentleman about a mile from town has a small field of Sea Island and Upland Cotton, which appears equal to any of the similar kind raised in Georgia or South Carolina.

Gadsden county, which is separated from us only by the Ocklockony river, is settling very fast, the increase of its inhabitants for the last 12 months, is rising of 1000, the crops of cotton and sugar cane appear much more promising than their Indian corn. J. Carnochan, Esq. has about 40 acres in sugar cane, which judges of that crop estimate a yield from 16 to 17 hundred pounds per acre. Judge Robinson, near Little river, has about 16 acres, which is said to be superior to the crops on the Mississippi, and there are several gentlemen in this county making experiments, by which they are already convinced of its succeeding beyond any other crop.

The following is stated to be a chemical analysis of a cheap commodity, sold in England under the denomination of port wine: spirits of wine, 3 ounces; cider, 14 ounces; sugar, 1½ ounce; alum 2 scruples; tartaric acid, 1 scruple; strong decoction of logwood, 4 ounces.

From the American Farmer.

TIDE MILLS.

The subject of the following letter is one of great and increasing concern to the agricultural community. The dryness of the seasons for some years past, combining with the effect of extended clearing and cultivation of the uplands and water courses, has had the effect of exhausting for a great portion of the year, if not altogether, streams that were formerly of great volume and unfailing constancy. So great is the change in the circumstances of the country in this important particular, that it has nearly become a matter of great difficulty, in many parts of the country, to get grain ground during half the year. If then the tide waters, where they flow into small creeks, can be made to subserve the purpose of grinding, as has been shown by Mr. Hambleton, a very serious embarrassment and inconvenience will have been overcome. Such creeks, convertible to this valuable end, may, we suppose, be found along all our river shores, where the tide ebbs and flows. A more minute description of the manner of erecting such mills, with the cost, &c. and the time they will run, and work they can do, &c. is most desirable.

EASTON, Sept. 22, 1825.

Dear Sir—Colonel John Tilghman, of Melfield, and myself, have lately erected on Miles river, near St. Michaels, a tide mill, now in successful operation, on a plan entirely new (at least in this part of the country.) The machine is the same as that of other mills, but the new principle consists in commanding the waters of creeks that have small mouths or inlets by drawing across said inlets. The mill may be placed on either side the mouth of the creek deemed most convenient. A stout framed wheel and waste water race is erected, and substantially planked, with a flood-gate to each, which is closed at low water, when the tide rises, until you have a rise of five or six inches on the outer or river side. The flood-gate is raised, and the water thrown with great force and velocity on the wheel and paddles, (which resemble those of a steam boat.) If the creek has much extent of surface say from fifteen to twenty acres, the rush of the water through the wheel race fills the creek so slow, that the rise on the river side is continually increasing, and consequently the force and velocity of the water. The creek we have contains perhaps twenty-five acres, and we are obliged frequently to raise the waste water gate, to admit into the creek, or let off into the river the surplus water.—When the flood-tide is done, and the creek filled with water, the aforesaid gates are closed until a rise is acquired, the wheel gate is then raised, and the water rushes to the river with the same force it entered the creek. We have a pair of stones separately geared for each tide. Captain Robert Speden, an ingenious and respectable mechanic of this county, is the inventor or the discoverer of the above plan, and has erected and put our mill into operation. He has obtained a patent, and will contract either for the right of building, or will erect them himself, on reasonable terms. In a level district of country like this, where sites for water mills on streams are very rare, and where creeks, such as I have described, are to be found in every neighbourhood, this promises to be a useful discovery.—Should you think the above notice would interest any of your numerous subscribers you are at liberty to publish it.

I am, sir,
Very respectfully, your obt. servt.
EDW. N. HAMBLETON.

INSOLVENT LAWS VS. MORAL JUSTICE.—It is provided by the law of this state for the relief of Insolvent debtors, that on the application of any debtor for a release from his debts, if any of his creditors shall allledge in writing to the Court that he has conveyed any part of his property with intent to defraud his creditors, an issue shall be framed by the Court on the allegation "without the form of an action" and tried by a jury, and if the debtor be convicted of the fraud, he shall be forever precluded from all benefit of the Act. A case recently occurred in Baltimore county Court in which a creditor prosecuted allegations of fraud against a petitioning debtor, and on trial the jury found the debtor guilty of the fraud—the legal costs incurred by the creditor in prosecuting his fraudulent debtor amounted to more than seven hundred dollars; the Court yesterday decided that no costs could be recovered of the debtor on the trial of such an issue.

Balt. Gaz.

New Orleans.—A traveller through the western country, whose journal is published in the Winchester Republican, thus describes a Sunday in New Orleans:

The French population is, I suppose, three to one to the American, and with them Sunday is the greatest day in the week, the morning being devoted to business, and the evening to pleasure. As a specimen, I will give you the following prominent features of a Sunday in New Orleans. You see the markets much better attended; every branch of business moving on with a greater degree of spirit; all the uniform companies of the city elegantly equipped, and on parade, morning and evening; every species of gaming that human invention has discovered; congo dances, and, the French theatres crowded to overflowing. The Americans are gradually gaining ground, and the old forms and customs are giving place to new ones. They now enjoy a well regulated police. The city guards are seen in all parts of the city; and if perchance there happens to land from *Old Kentuck* "a half horse, half alligator, and a little touched with the snapping-turtle," he has to keep himself very cool, or else he is very soon walked into the callibouce. During a residence of eight days in that city, I never saw a fight or heard a quarrel, which a few years ago would have been an hourly occurrence.

THE BRANDYWINE.

[From the National Intelligencer of Oct. 28.]

We have no pleasure in copying the following, although it discloses nothing but a vexatious circumstance, in regard to the voyage of our General. Our omitting to copy it, however, would not alter the fact, which we do not know enough of ship-building satisfactorily to account for.

[From the Democratic Press.]

We regret to learn that the United States' frigate Brandywine had been but a few days at sea when she was discovered to have eight feet water in her hold—Thirty thousand weight of ammunition and a quantity of ballast were thrown overboard; all hands were called to the pumps, and she was cleared of the water, which was found to pour in through the sides where the oakum had washed out. So unseaworthy was this vessel found, that a consultation was held whether it was, or was not, prudent to proceed on the voyage. When last spoke she was within a few days sail of Havre. She will there undergo a thorough repair. Several of the hands had died. General La fayette enjoyed good health; he expected that all his family would be assembled at Havre to welcome him to his native shore. More than once on the passage, the General has indulged in the expression of a hope that he has not left the United States forever.

From the National Journal.

The manner in which this extraordinary rumour is introduced into the National Intelligencer, seems to call for that sort of notice which we should have deemed it unnecessary to take of it, had the paragraph from the Democratic Press been suffered to work its unassisted effect upon the credulity of the public. The Intelligencer more than insinuates its belief in the *truth* of the rumour, though the Editors confess that they "do not know *enough* of ship-building satisfactorily to account for" the reported disaster. Without pretending to be better acquainted with the art of "ship-building" than our neighbours, we nevertheless venture to assert, from our knowledge of the characters of our Naval Officers generally, and particularly that the Commander of the Brandywine, that the rumour as stated *cannot* be true. The pumps on board all our ships of war are regularly sounded *every hour*, and sometimes, during a heavy wind, or gale, *every half hour*; now we are confident that Capt. Morris is too good a seaman, and too careful of his high reputation, to have neglected this important duty. If it was *not* neglected, it follows that the "eight feet water in her hold" must have accumulated *within an hour*, which could only have happened by *such* a *pouring* in of water "through the sides," as would have rendered utterly ineffectual the aid of 'all hands' to save her from going down before the *second hour* had elapsed. Again it is stated, that 'the oakum had washed out.' *How* was it washed out? The ship is *coppered* a foot above the deep water line: could the oakum have been 'washed out' *through the copper?* It is stated, too, that 'so unseaworthy was this vessel found, that a consultation was held, whether it was or was not prudent to proceed on the voyage.' A consultation with *whom?* Are not the Captains of our Navy competent to decide whether their ships are sea-worthy; and did it ever occur that a commander asked the advice of his officers whether to proceed on his voyage or not? The discovery of the leak is said to have been made when she had been 'out a few days at sea.' After she had been 16 days at sea, and had performed *two thirds* of her voyage, Captain Morris wrote to a friend in this city. General La Fayette wrote to Mr. Duponceau, and Mr. Somerville wrote to his friend Mr. Hebb. In neither of these letters is there a single word about a leak, or any other disaster. Would Captain Morris have been so negligent of his duty as to have omitted to report so important a fact to the Secretary? Would he have thrown away 'thirty thousand weight of ammunition' without saying a word to explain why he had wasted so much public property? Would La Fayette, and Mr. Somerville, have been silent on a matter of such interest to their friends, and to the country?

These reflections are such as must occur to every person who reads the paragraph from the Democratic Press. Its *absurdity* is self-evident; and the Editor himself, no doubt, believed that the *mischief* of circulating such a rumour, without the slightest reference to its source, would be sufficiently counteracted by its *extravagance*. But, independent of the argument to be drawn from the *silence* of the letters to which we have referred, there is a direct contradiction of it in the letter of Captain MORRIS to the Secretary of the Navy, which says in so many words, that they had 'progressed thus far, *without any accident*'—to wit: to the 25th of September, and when the voyage was more than *two thirds* completed. We have taken the trouble to make these remarks, in the hope they may relieve any anxiety which the parents and friends of the numerous officers on board the Brandywine might have felt from yielding too easy a faith to a most unfounded story. The following is the letter of Captain Morris:

Frigate Brandywine, Sept. 25, 1825,
Lat. 47° Long. 27°.

I avail myself of an opportunity by a vessel bound to Philadelphia, to inform you that we have progressed thus far without any accident, and that the General and the Officers and Crew, generally, are in good health. We have generally been favoured with fair winds, but as they were strong, accompanied with a heavy sea, and the Ship very deep, we have had a rather wet and uncomfortable passage, though the General has suffered much less from sea sickness than he anticipated. The Ship appears to sail well, but we have not had sufficient opportunity to ascertain her various good qualities.

The Democratic Press says:—

"We have no disposition to enlarge upon the statement we published, but we are called upon to say, that *it is true* and time will *prove* it to be *true*. The letter of the first Lieutenant, 'written 15 days out, says *nothing* of the facts,' and therefore they are not correct. This, every school boy will pronounce a *non sequitor*. The first Lieut. Gregory, was silent on those subjects, because he was apprehensive the publication of them on his authority, might bring him in collision with the Navy Department.—When the Frigate shall arrive at Havre and undergo necessary repairs and the bills for those repairs shall find their way out here, every one will be quite satisfied that what we have stated, is correct in every particular. The consultation whether the Frigate should or should not proceed on her voyage, was held within 24 hours after the Pilot had left her.

From the National Journal.

The following paragraph serves to show to what an extent fortunes are accumulated by individuals in Europe. By their immense property, the Rothchilds are enabled to purchase nobility, and to associate with Kings: they possess an influence, at all the European courts superior to that which is allowed to the first orders of nobility. But when it is considered that the wealth this family has amassed, (equal to 46 million of dollars) would give to *fifteen thousand* persons the means of subsistence for life allowing to each individual 3000 dollars which would yield him an annual income of $180, we cannot but regard it as one of those evils from which we are at present happily exempt. If wealth be power—and who will deny it—the wealth of the Rothchilds may be called the golden lever which moves the old world. Long may it be before we feel so perilous an influence in the new:

"*The House of Rothchilds.*—A banker in Wales who has a son in the house of N. M. Rothchild & Co. London, writes as follows to a friend in Massachusetts:

'N. M. Rothchild, of London, the great Loan Contractor with the European and Brazilian governments, with his four brothers, are said to be worth more than $10,000,000 sterling. In the late European wars, the family of Rothchilds were the agents through whom the vast sums of subsidizing money was mostly negociated and paid: in fact, their and the Goldschmidts' establishments and transactions, are more like those of a government than mercantile concern."

It is said that a Jew who introduced a printing press into Constantinople, was hanged by order of the Grand Vizier, who assigned it as a reason, that one man ought not to take the subsistence of 11,000 scribes. If all the Grand Viziers of the Ottoman Empire act on this principle, Mr. Rothchild must be careful how he shows himself in Turkey. He who monopolizes the subsistence of 15,000, deserves a worse fate than he who takes the bread of only 11,000.

We have received an Illinois Intelligencer, extra, of 27 pages, containing a List of the Lands which are advertised to be sold for taxes, on the first Monday in January next. This bulky list contains nearly a million of acres of land which will thus be thrown into the market, and sacrificed. Some natural remarks suggest themselves to our minds on the perusal of this list. Many of the quarter sections about to be exposed to this summary process, belong to gallant soldiers who have received them, not as the reward of their valour, but as part of the actual stipulated and just consideration for which their services were obtained. Many of this class of our fellow-citizens, at this moment, hold the original patents; some of them are in poverty; many are bowed down with the weight of years. How few of these can ever receive information of the fate which awaits the hard earnings of their earlier life! To a philanthropic and patriotic mind, it might appear not unreasonable that the State should remit the taxes altogether on that proportion of the land which is still in the hands of the original patentee. There is sufficient time yet to act upon this suggestion, as the State Legislature will be in session early in December, a month before the time fixed for the sale. At any rate, it is but equitable to allow ample time for the list of lands to be put in possession of all who may, by even a remote possibility, be interested in the sales. The list bears date October 7, and the day of sale is fixed for January 2—a period embracing an interval of less than 3 months: whereas, it must be well known that it requires a longer interval merely to despatch a letter from Vandalia to some parts of the Union and to receive a reply, in the regular course of mail. By affording time, many a holder of a patent might be induced rather to settle on his land, than to forfeit it, and thus some estimable citizens might be added to the State. Where the patent has been transferred, we may feel somewhat less delicacy, but still a proper notice ought to be given to every one interested, and we hope that the sale will be postponed to some more distant day.—*ib.*

The Harrisburg Chronicle of Monday says: "Tuesday morning last exhibited the mountains covered with snow; and brought us a piercing northwester.—The weather continued very cold until Thursday. Owing to the mildness of the season, the farmers were enabled to get through with their seeding earlier than usual; and the wheat and rye are so forward that in many places the cattle are turned upon them, but cannot keep them down. The crop of buckwheat is abundant. A tolerable crop of late potatoes will be gathered, but they grew too rapidly to be good. Turnips of enormous size are brought to our market."

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