——Oberfeldt groaned aloud, and buried his face in his hands. It seemed as if some revulsion took place in Mabel's mind; for after a pause she dropped her fearful tone of irony, and continued with less of fury, and more of sorrow: 'You turned the kindness of my nature into gall—its good into evil—its fondest of affection into the very spirit of hell!' To this hour of triumphant vengeance I have looked for the repayment of years of horror! I am repaid!' a pause followed 'I am indeed repaid?' added she in a choking voice; 'If any thing can repay me for all I have suffered—for all I have *done*?' She was again silent. When Oberfeldt looked up she was stretched on the ground covered with blood. Passion had claimed its victim. In the storm of her emotions a bloodvessel had burst.—The Bohemain lay dead in her Bower!'

From the Boston Gazette.

The following humorous article we copy from the Dramatic Mirror, a spirited little theatrical paper published in this city. It is one of the best things of its kind that we have seen for many days, though evidently based on the old and familiar story of "Monsieur Tonson." The fact that there are five or six respectable individuals of the name of Jones, attached to the Tremont company is known to all who take ny interest in matter connected with the drama. The article will explain the rest.

"MR. JONES."

I was considerably amused the other evening at the theatre. It was a night when all the Joneses had a finger in the dramatic pie. A French gentleman with frizzled hair and white kid gloves who sat in the same box appeared to take an intense interest in the performances. Being a stranger he addressed himself several times. He was wonderfully delighted with the versatile talents of "Mr. Jones," "By gar, said he, "he is de wonder of de world."

First the gorgeous Turkish pavilion of Jones No. 1, excited his admiration. He inquired the name of the artist. "It is "Mr. Jones." "By gar, he is von grand painter, Mr. Chone he is called. He is great man? I will write down his name."

Presently Mr. Jones, No. 2, made his appearance in tasteful costume, and sung "March to the battle field." The French gentleman was in extacies. "Sare, that is a fine singer. He appears like Napoleon before the imperial guard." What is his name? It is "Mr. Jones." "Monsieur Chone," he replied with extreme surprise, "by gar? he is great man—he paint, he sing—I write down his name again."

Not long afterwards Mr. Jones, No. 3, appeared on the tapis as Gobble. The gusto with which he fed and licked his lips, attracted his attention. "There is one grand acteur. What is he!" "That is Mr. Jones." The Frenchman stared with doubt and amazement? "Monsieur Chone come again! By gar he is every body! He paint, he sing, he eat like one cat without choking? By gar I am surprize! I will write down his name once more."

In the course of the piece, which was Paris and London the Frenchmen was interested in another character. A young exquisite held back his head, shut his eyes and flirted a white handkerchief with all the grace of Brummell. It was the character of Froth. "Sare, I trouble you; but who is that acteur who lisps like one sucking pig?" "It is Mr. Jones." "*Monsieur Chone!!!* All the world is Monsieur Chone! By gar! he is every body! I hope Sare, you no impose on *me*. By gar! my head is turned! Monsieur Chone again! but I will put down his name!"

Soon after he asked another gentleman sitting near, the name of an actor more youthful than any of the others, who appeared to give promise of some comic merit. It was Mr. Jones No. 5. "Who is that Sare, if I not trouble you?" "It is Mr. Jones," was the reply. The Frenchman jumped from his seat, "By gar! all the acteur in this house is *Mr. Chone*.—He play every thing. He sing, he paint he eat, he vapour, he scamper—by gar he is every body and every body is him. I will ask his name no more. All the gentlemen are Mr. Chone. I will look no more but at the lady. I have wrote down nothing in my book but Monsieur Chone!"

Presently Mrs. Sally Trott, the cook, arrested his notice, and looking carefully around to see no one observed him, he inquired the name of the actress. "It is Jones," was the reply. The poor French gentleman lost all patience. He looked fiercely in the face of his informant, uttered a passionate "tam," and slammed out of the box. "By gar," said he, "I will have no more of Monsieur Chone. He has got in my head and I shall get him out *nevare*."

From the Hartford, Con. Mirror, Oct. 24.

LOOK OUT FOR WOODEN NUTMEGS.—We understand that a large quantity of *Cast Iron* Axes, will in the course of a few days be offered for sale simultaneously at New York and in various other parts of the United States. They are of very handsome appearance, being ground and finished so as to resemble closely the most approved *cast steel* axes used by woodchoppers. The *cast iron* axes are doubtless made like Peter Pindar's razors, *to sell*, and are probably intended principally for the use of our Southern and Western brethern who have formerly been purchasers of wooden nutmegs and horn flints.

Our distant friend who asked our insertion of Mr. Miner's excuses for President Jackson, as a token to old federalists is requested to see what a genuine Jackson editor says of him and his friends in the 'Eastern Argus" a true Jackson paper.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

That our Federal friends may see how ungrateful the conductors of the Jackson papers are for the important aid the General received from their party in the late contest for the Presideney we annex from the "*Eastern Argus*" published in Portland, Maine, the following abusive article. The remarks it contains are of a piece with the weekly effusions of that paper, which is acknowledged to be under the controul of Judge Preble one of General Jackson's newly appointed Ministers. Those who have intelligence and honesty enough to look at things in their true light know that General Jackson never could have been elected had it not been for his letter to Mr. Monroe recommending him to select his cabinet officers from the then two great parties of the country. For whether that intimation was thrown out as a bait or not, it had the effect to rally around General Jackson a large body of the most influential members of the Federal party, at the very onset of his first canvass, who, indeed may be said to have been the nucleus around which his party was originally formed. This being the case, it shews a want of correct feeling now that the election of the General is secured that his subsidized presses should be questioning the patriotism of those who have rendered them such efficient service. These vituperative attacks are not confined to the Eastern Argus; but may be found in almost every Jacksons paper located in parts of the country where the Democratic party is the strongest as also in the "*Organ*" at Washington whenever it suits the convenience or inclination of its editor to gratify his appetite in that way.

From the Eastern Argus.

THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

The assumption of the name of *Washington Federalists* by the old Federal Party, was no despicable finesse in point of cunning. Washington's was a sainted name. No sound was sweeter to the ears of the American people; and there can be little doubt but the stratagem had some effect upon the public mind. It served to hold their party together and perhaps brought to them a few new adherents. Men of sanguine but unreflecting minds, would very naturally feel themselves impelled toward any political party whose members claimed to be the exclusive followers of the great Father of his country. Though the insidious title qualified, it could not destroy the reproach which the Administration of John Adams had brought upon the name of Federalist. Whatever the artifice effected in their favor its results fell short of the effect desired. It failed to give them a majority in the nation. After having been for several years loudly trumpeted through the country, printed in Newspapers, stamped upon badges, and repeated in ten thousand popular harangues it was finally discarded to give place to another.

The next *good name* by which the Federalists sought to mark their principles and give a colouring to their aristocratical designs was that of *Federal Republicans*. This mongrel appellation proved as poor a passport to popular favor as the one they had just cast aside—This name was much in vogue among them during the last part of Mr. Madison's administration and the early part of Mr. Monroe's. But it was a spurious title, contradictory in its terms—one half of it at war with the other—and the more open and honest of the old Federalists always scorned to wear it. It was too much like the coats sometimes given to convicts in the penitentiaries, one side made from cloth of one colour and the other side from cloth of a different colour it was a robe of delinquency; and honorable men of all parties disdained to put it on.

This name like its predecessor has been consigned to the "tomb of the Capulets;" and federal necromancy has raised another from its ashes. For the few past years the Federal Party have chosen to be called *National Republicans*.—It is a high sounding and unctious name. It heads with a mock gravity the columns of the old Boston Centinel, and figures with equal grace upon the pages of the old Portland Gazette. Yes, the very oracles of Federalism have now become *National Republicans*. Harrison Gray Otis is a *National Republican*. So is Josiah Quincy; and even so is that "God-like" man Daniel Webster! "All honorable men." But what claim have the humble admirers, the professed disciples of John Adams and Alexander Hamilton to the name of Republicans, whether standing alone or coupled with some theatrical and unmeaning adjunct? Neither of these gentlemen, (all of whom a few years since were among the most violent and bitter enemies of Republicanism in New England,) has ever made a penitential renunciation of the obnoxious faith of Federalism of which they were so late the open friends and armed champions. The last named of these, Mr. Webster is the acknowledged leader of the National Republicans in this section of the country. For the principles of a party you must look to their head. Their political creed is to be learned from the responses ofhim whom they have set up as a leader or a mouthpiece.

To show that the political principles of the National Republican Party in New England are the same as those which the same men held when known by the Federalists, will be the subject of future remark.

From the National Journal.

The Postmaster General.—Samuel Jayne, the Postmaster of Monticello, in the State of Mississippi, has been removed, and Samuel Stamps has been appointed in his stead. Mr. Jayne's fellow townsmen having heard of the attempt to procure his removal, addressed the following letter to the Postmaster General:—

To the Hon. W. T. Barry, Postmaster General of the United States.

"We, the undersigned, citizens of the town of Monticello, and vicinity, in the county of Lawrence, and State of Mississippi, having received information that a clandestine attempt has been made for the purpose of effecting the removal of our fellow citizen, Samuel Jayne, Esq. from the office of Postmaster in this place; and having the most entire confidence in the integrity and impartiality with which the duties of said office have been discharged, we feel well assured that any change, at this time, would be in direct opposition to the wishes of the people; and would be an evil attended with much inconvenience, without any prospect of benefitting the public."

This decided expression of popular opinion has not, it is understood, produced any effect on Mr. Barry, although, when it was necessary to assign some reason for Nortonizing the newly appointed Postmaster at Neville, in Ohio, Mr. B. said that his predecessor had "the good wishes of the whole population." We have before remarked, that if this motive really operated on the Postmaster General, the old Postmaster at Neville would not have been dismissed. Of Mr. Barry's insincerity in declaring it to be the ground of reinstatement in that instance the case of Mr. Jayne is one among almost countless illustrations.

The Kennebec (Maine) Journal of the 30th ult. contains a letter from Japhet C. Washburn, late Postmaster at China, a small town in Maine, to Mr. Barry.—The writer expresses his surprise that he should have been removed, "after the strong remonstrance" against the measure which had been preferred to the Postmaster General by the citizens of China.

"I had supposed," says Mr. Washburn "and had cherished the belief, that you would be governed by principles truly Republican, (i. e.) that the voice of the people should govern, but in this I am disappointed. I have no idea that twelve persons could be found in this place, who wished for my removal from the Post office; and should that number of names be obtained to a petition, it would not be upon a fair principle, nor for any neglect of mine, or inattention to the duties of the Post office, for I defy any person to bring a just complaint against me in that capacity; while, on the other hand, I can as I have already done, bring hundreds to certify their entire satisfaction with my conduct in the Post office.

Now, Sir, after having forwarded to you this evidence, and also of my distressed circumstances, in consequence of sore misfortune, why should you remove me from an office which the people among whom I have lived for a quarter of a century wished me to retain! and more especially after a remonstrance having been made to you in the most feeling terms by many gentlemen of the first character and respectability of both political parties, both ministers of the gospel and magistrates as well as the citizens generally against it.

For several years the Post office was a bill of expense to me; but for a few years past the emoluments have been gradually increasing, so that it had become of some little benefit and that little was all I had left by the unrelenting hand of misfortune.

Several years ago, I enclosed a considerable sum of money which I deposited in the Post office in ——, but have never heard of it since. I name this as connected with my other misfortunes.—In December, 1826, in consequence of having fire in my counting room for the purpose of attending to the mails, my store was consumed by fire, together with my goods, which reduced me to poverty and distress, with aged parents, a wife and four children, dependent on me for support."

Mr. Washburn states that he had "earnestly requested" the Postmaster General to appoint (at Mr. W's. expense) "some suitable person to inquire "into [his] official conduct," and propounds to Mr. Barry the following pertinent queries, viz:—

"Why did you not grant this reasonable request? Are you a republican? If so, why did you treat the voice of the people with contempt? Why disregard the circumstances and reasonable request of a faithful servant?"

Who can believe that if Mr. Barry had felt any respect for the opinion of the people, he would have disregarded it, as he has done, in this additional case of Mr. Washburn? A Postmaster of unquestioned competency and fidelity, who had spent years of loss in his office, is discarded, just as it promised to repay his sacrifices, oppressed with penury and misfortune, and charged with the support of a wife, four children, and aged parents! He is discarded, too, against the earnestly expressed wishes of his fellow citizens? Is it possible that, with this case of cold-blooded inhumanity, of injustice and of contempt for popular opinion, staring him in the face, Mr. Barry will hereafter pretend that his course, as to removals, is regulated by "the wishes of the whole population," or by the character and conduct of the incumbent?

The cases of Jayne and Washburn are fair specimens of the use of Post Office patronage, since Mr. Barry was placed in the department to do services from which the integrity and independence of his predecessor recoiled in disgust. The case of Mr. Danforth, at Pittsfield, is the single set-off provided by faction against its hundreds of naked proscriptions; and the case at Neville illustrates the subterfuges and prevarications with which cunning seeks to excuse foolish precipitancy.

MORE REFORM.

The following, from the St. Louis, Missouri Republican, of the 20th ult. furnishes another instance of the Reform which has been inflicted, by General Jackson and his advisers, on the People of the United States. Thieves, vagrants, and professed and notorious Gamblers, are selected to fill Offices of trust; and are rewarded by General Jackson, for their services to him, with the People's money. The editor of the Missouri Republican, in reference to the article we copy, says:—"Mr. John Ward can take no exceptions "to this article The facts stated are admitted by him in an 'address to the public,' published subsequent to his imprisonment last spring."—*Nat. Jour.*

From the Missouri Republican.

A Jackson compliment to the people of Missouri.—When the Washington papers announced that John Ward of Missouri was appointed Consul at Chihuahua, in New Mexico, I thought there must be two men of that name, for I could not believe that President Jackson would knowingly fill an important commercial office with a professed and notorious gambler. But on inquiry, the shameful fact is forced into belief. I learn that the new Consul is the same identical John Ward who lay in the St. Louis jail some weeks, last spring, rather than testify against the keeper of a faro bank, because, as he alledged, he could not testify without criminating himself. A gambler by trade, a man notorious for many years past as the habitual keeper of gaming tables, is honored with the confidence of the present Administration, and is selected from among the citizens of Missouri, as the most suitable person to represent this country in its commercial relations with one of the chief towns in New Mexico The inland trade to Mexico is considerable, & daily growing into importance, and some of our most respectable citizens are engaged in it. What will they think when they find their merits overlooked, and see a man taken fresh from the faro bank placed over them in the Consulate? Perhaps the President did not know that by the laws of Missouri *his Consul* is liable to be presented by the Grand Jury, and sold as a vagrant! But what of that? He may defy the moral sense of the public. He has the *game* in his own hands, the *odd trick* and all the *honors!* W—HIST.

The Maryland Journal thinks that as the People of Pennsylvania have refused to reward "Honest George," General Jackson is bound to do so. We think so too. If there is no vacancy which his talents qualify him to fill, let him be appointed Secretary of legation to the Honorable Thomas P. Moore. Many believe he would make a better Minister Plenipotentiary than the Honorable T. P. M., and have considered it ungrateful in the General to have overlooked him, when Gen. Harrison was removed.

Nat. Jour.

[From the Maryland Journal.]

"Honest George Kremer" has been defeated in the late election for a seat in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, by a vote of more than two to one against him. This is the same man who occupied a seat in Congress for some years past, not only to the disgrace of the State which sent him but to the whole Union; and the same that was made the cat's paw, by unprincipled politicians, in bringing forward the charge of bargain and corruption against Messrs. Adams and Clay. The Jackson party used him so long as they supposed he could be of any service to their cause; but now, when they have no further use for him he has been "literally kicked out of their company." Is not General Jackson bound in gratitude to make some provision for "Honest George?" As the system of "rewarding friends and punishing enemies" has been pretty generally adopted would not the claims of George Kremer be equally as strong as those of any other man for either Mr. Eaton's or Mr Branch's place, (which is shrewdly suspected by some of the knowing ones in Washington that changes in both their Departments are in contemplation?)—We say, that if devotion to the Hero be alone the test to office, have we not good grounds to believe that Kremer will yet be well provided for?

A Roman being about to repudiate his wife, among a variety of other questions from her enraged kinsmen, was asked.—"Is not your wife a sensible woman? Is she not a handsome woman? Has she not borne you five children?" In answer to all which questions, slipping off his shoe, he held it up and interrogating them in his turn, "is not this shoe," said he, "a very handsome one? Is it not quite new? Is it not extremely well made?—How is it then that none of you can tell where it pinches?"—Plutarch.

ELEVENTH HOUR MEN.

We published in our paper of yesterday, an extract from the speech of Mr. Dunlap, delivered a few years since, and before he became infected with the Jackson fever—he, as our readers are aware, has received the appointment of District Attorney, probably as a reward for *his conversion*. We give below an extract from a communication of a writer in the "*Boston Bulletin*" under the signature of "*A Yeoman*," which purports to give the *real* sentiments of Mr. David Henshaw as late as 1828, towards General Jackson, by whom he has been appointed Collector of the Port of Boston. One can hardly believe, that at the very moment that Mr. Henshaw was entertaining and avowing the sentiments ascribed to him below, he was advocating the election of General Jackson; such, however is the fact. If all that those eleventh hour men who have subsequently received offices at the hands of the General have said and thought of him were compiled, it would form a curious volume, and furnish melancholy evidence of the instability of human opinions.

Balt. Chronicle.

"I will remind you of a few inconsistencies which must be fresh in your memory. Whenever I advocated my long favorite candidate, Andrew Jackson, as the only man of the day who was eminently qualified to fill the office which he now holds, your invariable reply, down to the summer of 1828, was,—and you will blush to think of it now, if you are susceptible of the least feeling of shame—that Gen. Jackson was a cruel and arbitrary tyrant, richly deserving the gallows. As late as the Summer of 1828 when conversing on the glorious victory at the battle of the Horseshoe, which reflected so much glory on the commander, you told me that Jackson, for his conduct there, deserved to be publicly executed. You observed that you supported him from necessity only; that he was not qualified to fill the office, that his cruelties were unparalleled, and cited the old stories of the six militia men, Arbuthnot and Ambrister, &c. in support of your allegation. You stated that after the battle of the Horseshoe, he ordered the throats cut of several who had surrendered and tortured an Indian, who was found in a hallow log, till he died. Such sir you cannot deny, was your common conversation with me, and I am surprised that you should expect to dictate to the President in his appointments or that you should consent to hold an office under a man so despicable as you have ever represented him to be."

If all stated in the above paragraph be true, Mr. Henshaw has said nor done no more nor less than hundreds of other individuals who now spout "*hurrah for the hero of two wars*," for the sake of holding some petty office. Mr. Henshaw undoubtedly spoke his real sentiments when he said that General Jackson was not "qaulified" for the office he now holds. But an office worth $5000 per annum has shut Mr. Henshaw's mouth. He now speaks of the man who "ought to have been hung" one year ago with "veneration and profound respect."

Providence Patriot.

CIDER.

To bottle Cider.—To fine and improve the flavor of one hogshead take a gallon of good French brandy with half an ounce of cochineal one pound of alum, and three pounds of sugar candy; bruise them all well in a mortar; and infuse them in the brandy for a day or two; then mix the whole with your cider and stop it close for five or six months; after which, if fine, bottle it off. The brandy will prevent the bottles from bursting.

To restore Sour Cider.—If cider gets sour mix a quart of honey with a quart of brandy or pure spirits, to which add a little salt of tartar, all mixed together, and put into the cask of cider.

To fine and purify Cider.—When the juice of apples has not been well purified it soon corrupts; the drugs which remain mixed with the liquor, being small pieces of the apples, which give the cider an unpleasant rotten taste. In order to purify it, use isinglass finings; and to prevent the cider from growing sour, put a little mustard in it.

To cure Cider which is pricked.—To prevent cider from becoming pricked or to cure when it is so, put a little pearl-ashes or other mild alkali into the cask. A lump of chalk broken in pieces, and thrown in, is also very good. Salt of tartar, when the cider is about to be used, is also recommended.

To refine Cider aad give it a fine Amber colour.—Take the whites of six eggs, with a handful of fine beach sand, washed clean; stir them well together—then boil a quart of molasses down to a candy and cool it by pouring in cider, and put it together with the eggs and sand into a barrel of cider and mix the whole well together. When thus managed it will keep for many years. Molasses alone will also refine cider and give it a higher color, but to prevent the molasses from causing the cider to prick, let an equal quantity of brandy be put in with it. Skimmed milk, with some lime slacked in it and mixed with it, or with the white of eggs with the shells broken in, is also good for clarifying cider and all other liquors when well mixed with them; a piece of fresh bloody beef cut into small pieces, and put into the cask, will also refine the liquor, and serve for it to feed on.

N. Y. Farmer.

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