EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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Written for the Phila. Saturday Cour.

THE OLD MAN AND THE INFANT.

BY H. M. KLAPP.

"Hither! hither! little fairy,
Come and show thine azure eyes;
Flout me with thy form so airy,
Mock me with thy joyous cries.
I am old and sorry laden,
Wasted from each earthly tie;
Hither! Hither! little maiden;
Come and twit me ere I die.'

Thus and thus the aged prated;
Thus and thus he seemed to say;
But the infant, sweetly smiling,
Further, further moved away.

"Hither! hither! careless creature;
Look upon these eyes so dim;
Read thy fate in every feature;
See thy doom in every limb;
Look upon these hoary temples,
Hoary with the frost of years;
On the cheek so wan and wasted,
Wasted with the flow of tears."

Thus and thus the aged prated;
Thus and thus he seemed to say;
Fearless smiling, still the infant
Further, further moved away.
But a shade of purer feeling
Stealing o'er the ag'd one's brow;
Soon he said, in accents winning,
To the infant pausing now:

"Hither! hither! little cherub;
Let me learn a thought of thee;
Emblem of celestial beauty!
Hither! hither! come to me.
Thou art one of whom 'twas spoken,—
Spoken by the Source of Love:
'Such as these, oh, erring mortals,
Form the Father's court above.' "

To his side, without repining,
Moved the little maiden fair;
Round his neck her arms entwining—
Twining neath his silver hair.
Sunlight in the window streaming,
Shed a glory round them there,—
Round the aged mourner kneeling,
With the little child in pray'r.

Philadelphia; 1846.

From the Columbian Magazine for November.

THE FOREST MAIDEN.

BY MRS. D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

It was a low-roofed, humble log house in the heart of a Western wilderness. At its rude doorway stood two beings gazing out upon the wild but magnificent scenery—the proud giant trees with their tall branches rising towards the blue skies; their glossy leaves trembling in the Summer breeze, and forming a curtain through which the bright sun-beams poured over the rich sward at their foot—the wild flowers peeping out from the dark shadows of their huge trunks, and the scarcely trodden foot-paths winding over the velvet turf from the narrow clearing about the cottage. A low, thrilling carol, from a fluttering bird now and then broke the stillness, and far away down the shady ravine was faintly heard the soft murmur of a rippling stream.

The eyes of the young maiden at the door wandered delightedly over the quiet scene, and there was a light in their blue depths and a dimpling smile about the rosy mouth which gave an indescribable charm to her sweet face. One little hand clasped the strings of her straw bonnet which hung by her side, and the other was raised to her white forehead, half shading the laughing orbs beneath it from the bright sun-light, while the whispering winds lightly touched her pure neck, lifting the wavy brown tresses from her shoulders.—She was very young and very beautiful, and every glance of her bright eyes told that her soul was full of love and purity. The lady by her side was many years her senior, and there was the slightest shade of care upon her smooth brow, and a subdued and patient look upon her mild face, which told that her life had not been without its changes and trials. The glance which she cast upon the young girl was full of fondness and maternal affection; and when she looked into the deepening shadows of the surrounding forest or up to the azure skies, the soft light of her dark eyes told of hope and contentment, if not enthusiasm. All at once the little hand dropped from the forehead, and a low ringing laugh came from the lips of the young girl.

"They are coming, mother! See, there is father holding Anna and little Eddy upon my black pony, and Oscar in the rear mounted upon old Charley. Oh, we shall have such a nice ride through these old roads and down by the bank of that quiet river."

And with a joyous bound she started forward to meet the approaching band, the merry voices of the delighted little ones mingling with her joyous shouts.

"Oh, sister Ether!" cried little Anna, "we have had such a grand time; Eddy and I riding round through the forest, with father to lead your dear little pony; and he is *so* clever and steps so carefully over the green sward and pretty flowers. Oh, I wish we had not got home this whole hour yet!"

But the chubby prattler was lifted from her coveted seat and stood dancing at the feet of her mother, while the baby boy clapped his tiny hands and sent out his infant carol from the arms of his smiling sire. Ether had tied her straw cottage over her curls, and sprang gracefully to the back of her favorite; and now he pawed the rich turf impatiently, and shook his glossy mane, as if quite conscious of the lovely weight he bore, and longing to dart away down the mossy patch and through the dim shades of the thick grove.

Her brother, a tall, noble-looking youth of twenty, soon smilingly joined the company, and after kissing her gloved hand to the dear group, they galloped away down the foot-path and were lost to view. After riding a mile or two beneath the drooping boughs of the old trees, they suddenly came to the steep bank of a river of considerable size, and turning to the right had a full view of the open country for many miles around. No obstruction was offered to their progress, and they rode gayly on over a surface of downy moss and yielding sward besprinkled with every hue and variety. Far to the left and on the opposite shore the forest was deep and unbroken, and the steep grassy declivity which rose from the river's pure waters was now and then broken by a chain of massive rocks extending far out into the stream, and losing their dark tops amid the shrubbery and spreading boughs. The cheeks of Ether Dunham glowed, and bright smiles deepened the dimples about her small mouth, while her brother's eloquent dark eyes beamed with intenser light as they rode onward, the musical tones of the one blending with the deep mellow voice of the other in earnest conversation. At last the horses slackened their pace, walking almost noiselessly along over the flowery ground, as if, like their riders, subdued to pleasant thoughts by surrounding influences. Just as they came to a clump of trees, which bent over the stream and threw their dark shadows far out into the sleeping waters, a low warbling murmur not exactly like the carol of a bird—but quite as sweet and full of melody—fell on their ears; and instantly checking their tired horses, they bent breathlessly over their saddles and peered down through the thick leaves; for the sound seemed to proceed from their midst.

A low faint cry of wonder half burst from Ether's lips; but her brother's hand smothered the sound, while he pushed his way nearer to the edge of the bank that he might have a more distinct view of the strange wild creature thus thrust upon their vision. She had grasped with one small brown hand a pliant branch of one of the trees that overhung the dark waters, and swung herself from the slight foothold beneath, while with the other reaching far up amid the clustering, clambering vines, that wound themselves around every limb, she was trying to grasp a bunch of purple grapes which swung to and fro, constantly eluding the clasp of her slender fingers.—Her large wild brown eyes with their thick silken lashes were fixed eagerly upon the capricious treasure, and her full red lips half opened in their impatience, while the long jetty ringlets of her hair, in their lavish abundance fell back from her dark high forehead and hung trembling over the deep waters. The same exquisite music now came again from her full heart, for the extreme peril of her situation seemed unable to restrain its out-gushings of gladness; and the golden bird which had just lighted upon a bough above her head seemed to hesitate before pluming his wings for a flight.

She was strangely beautiful; and as she hung there with only that frail limb for a support, and the notes of joy upon her lip, Oscar Dunham and his sister turned pale with terror. She had just reached the purple fruit, and torn the rich cluster from its vine, when the bended bough broke with a sudden crash, and with one faint cry the daring girl sank beneath the dark surface below. She rose again almost instantly, and the next moment the strong arms of the bold youth had borne her up to the grassy bank, where he gently laid her with her head in Ether's lap. The little hand still grasped the luscious fruit, but the bright drops dripped from the stem, and the smile had hardly left the pale lip and cheek. Oscar bent anxiously over the marble face, and rubbed the cold hands with his trembling fingers, while Ether kissed the lovely brow and put back the wet hair, calling on her to wake. At last a faint color came to the lips, the long lashes trembled upon the cheek, and then the brown eyes looked up with a bewildered gaze; but when they fell upon the eloquent pale face of the stranger youth, she sprang to her feet, while a crimson glow flushed the cheek and brow and a cry of fear trembled on her tongue. It was only momentary; for when she turned her sweet eyes to the beautiful face of Ether Dunham, a smile full of satisfaction and loveliness broke over her features, and she knelt down by her side, clasped her hands in both hers, and gazed fondly into her fair face.

"Was it you who took me from those dark waters?" she said, "Was it you who saved the Young Fawn to her mother's arms?"

"Not me, dear one—but he—my brother," replied the smiling girl. "We were passing this way, and saw your danger.—It was Oscar who brought you to my arms."

"Then he has my gratitude, and I know my dear mother would bless him, for I am her all." And she extended her hand timidly to the admiring youth, blushing and hanging her head in embarrassment. It was quickly withdrawn; not, however, till he had raised it to his lips, and reverently kissed the trembling prisoner. "I know I was careless," she continued, turning to Ether, "but I wanted the grapes so much, and besides I have often gathered them in the same way before without injury or accident. But I shall be more wise in future, for my sweet mother's sake as well as my own."

"And where do you live?" asked her listener, looking about her, "for I see no signs of cultivation, no house any where in this region."

"Oh, no, you cannot see it here," replied the smiling girl, "we live in the dim, deep forest, yonder over the stream, and our cottage is just behind that ledge of rocks. Mother and I dwell in those woods alone; but we are very happy—at least *I* am, only sometimes when I hear my mother sigh or see a tear in her eye. She is very good, and oh, I love her so much. I wish you could see her, you would love her too."

"And is your father dead?" inquired Ether, gazing delightfully over her animated face and still holding the little hand which had been given her. "Oh, yes—my father was a great chief—a mighty king of a powerful tribe; but he was long ago slain in battle, and since then my mother and I have lived alone, though she often sighs for the dear friends of her childhood, who she says are far away, or perhaps dwell in the Spirit-land." A look of sadness crossed the eloquent young face, and she brushed a tear from her cheeks, but it was quickly followed by a smile as she added:—"My father used to call me the Young Fawn, but mother prefers the name of *Nora*, because she says it has been in her heart from childhood, though she cannot remember whence it came.

"Nora," whispered Ether to her brother, "our mother's name."

"If it were not asking too much of you," continued the Young Fawn, "I would take you to our humble home and show you this sweet mother of mine. She is as fair as *you*, for I take not this dark brow and these jetty tresses from her."

"We will go," said Oscar quickly: "It will not take long, and we can tie our horses to one of the trees. The sun is yet high in the heavens, and if we should be out after nightfall, we shall have the full moon to light us on our way."

The horses were accordingly fastened to a tree near by, and left to nibble the fresh grass, while the dark maiden and her companions proceeded to the little skiff which was moored beneath the bank, and were soon floating over the smooth surface of the stream. They landed just where a huge rock threw its shadow over the rich velvety turf, which stretched back from the river's brink, and stepping forth from the fairy barque, the graceful girl bounded around the cliff followed by the young strangers. The scene was lovely, as they emerged from the heavy shade and looked around. Giant trees that had for centuries pointed with their interwinning boughs to Heaven, threw their clustering foliage protectingly over the waving grass and nestling flowerets; and strange beautiful birds with golden wings and fairy like voices were everywhere looking out from the thick leaves, while away through the brown trunks, its humble roof bending beneath the weight of a clambering woodbine, peeped forth the solitary cabin of the Young Fawn. A winding footpath with its soft carpet of green led to the door, and down in a little shady glen near by came sparkling and dimpling the pure limpid waters of a tiny rivulet, creeping like a beam of silver light through the fragrant blossoms which covered its mossy banks.

"Dear mother!" cried the wild, sweet maiden, as she bounded through the open door, and threw her arms about the bending neck of a pale, interesting looking woman, who had arisen from her seat at the first sound of her foot-fall, "Dear mother, I am here, through sadly wet, and here are some friends who saved me from drowning; for I carelessly climbed on the tree for a bunch of grapes and fell into the dark waters. This young gentleman generously brought me to shore, and his sweet sister kissed me back to life, for I believe I was insensible till her soft breath passed over my cheek, and I thought her gentle voice, as she called on me to awake, was the whisper of the kind angels who you say watch over us."

And she drew the smiling Ether towards her trembling mother, looking from the pale anxious face of the one into the tender eyes of the other till her heart gushed out in love and gratitude, and she laughed that soft musical laugh again till the shade passed from the white brow of her parent and her usual calmness returned. She bowed gracefully to the manly youth and returned his friendly grasp, and passing her arm kindly about the waist of Ether, drew her to her bosom and looked with a sad earnest look into her fair face, put back the brown hair from her cheeks and kissed the pure forehead. Her voice trembled slightly as she spoke, but it was low and musical.

"You are welcome, sweet girl, to our humble home, and I feel that I never can repay you and your noble brother for the kindness you have shown us. If the gratitude of a full heart affords you any compensation, it is yours. Nora is all I have to love, and if she were to leave me, life would be cheerless indeed." Tears sparkled in her sad blue eye, and she looked tenderly upon the beautiful child who approached them from the little bedroom, where she had exchanged her dripping garments for dry ones in a twinkling. A soft blush stole over her face, whenever she chanced to meet the dark eye of Oscar Dunham, & a strange thrill passed through her frame when his mellow voice sounded in her ear; put to Ether she clung with extravagant fondness, twined the soft brown ringlets about her slender fingers and kissed the little white hands. She told her of the pleasant haunts about her wildwood home, of her daily sails upon the river and occasional walks to the distant settlement. And in return Ether told of the dear bright home she had lately left, of the many friends she had bidden adieu, and how with her father and mother, and brothers and little sister she dwelt in the bosom of the forest, but a few miles distant. The wild creature clapped her hands for joy and danced about the little room, till the voices of her visiters mingled with her own merry laugh and a smile of gladness dimpled the pale cheek of her pensive mother. She was rejoiced that a companion so gentle and kind had been found for her idol child for since her young heart first throbbed with its gushing tenderness she had had none but her mother to love; though her yearning spirit went out towards all that was bright and glad in nature.

The birds were her friends, and she had listened hours together to merry carols till her own tones had caught the echo and she sang as gaily as they. She loved too to listen to the rustling of the forest leaves when the evening winds whispered among them and they breathed forth their pensive sounds; and then a strange sadness would creep into her spirit and she would gaze with her large earnest eyes up into the starry heavens, and wonder that the sparkling tiny gems could be scattered so lavishingly over the blue expanse. It was at such times that the low tones of her gentle mother had fallen soothingly upon her ear as she told of the Spirit-land and of the angel guardians who hover about the pathway of mortals to guide them to the way to Heaven.

An hour had passed by. The strangers had partaken of the simple meal spread by the hands of their new friends, and the sun was nearing the distant horizon but still they lingered. The wild light of Nora's dark eyes had softened to an expression of calm and tranquil enjoyment and her voice was low and tremulous; but a deeper feeling seemed to pervade the gentle bosom of her mother. Strange pleasant thoughts had taken possession of her soul; and as she gazed into the sweet face of Ether Dunham and listened to her voice, the dreams of early childhood seemed haunting her again, and a dim, shadowy picture of happiness and misery dimly before her. She had said but little, and her eyes rarely left the fascinating face of her visiter; and sometimes when her low, mellow laugh mingled with the glad strains from Nora's full bosom, she would start to her feet and look about her then a rush of tumultuous emotions almost stilled the heavy beating of her heart, and she would bury her face in her hands and try to collect the dim fancies which wandered through her brain and join the broken chain of memory.

It was evening and the sun was quite down, though his golden light flooded the deep recesses of the surrounding forest, when Oscar Dunham arose and turned from the soft glance of Nora's eyes. He walked to the door, looked a moment abroad, then returning said reluctantly: "Come, Ether, we must start; for it will be very late now before we reach home, and mother will be so anxious. You know she is always thinking of lurking red men, and fears that you may be taken captive."

"Yes, brother," replied the fair girl, turning from the entwining arms of her friend, "but you know the reason of mother's anxiety on that ground. She can never forget the dear little sister they tore from her side long ago, but I am sure we need not fear now, and I do want to stay longer with Nora."

None noticed the deadly pallor which overspread the features of the silent woman for the dimness of twilight was in the little room; but when a stifled sob broke from her bosom as she grasped Ether's arm and bent wildly over her, they all looked up in wonder.

Nora screamed in terror and clung about her form, but she heeded her not. The white lips at first moved without a sound and the eyes glanced wildly into the face of the terrified girl; but the unearthly expression passed away a beautiful smile beamed in its stead, and she whispered, as she bent her head down to the shoulder of the sweet child and put her arms about her:

"Did you say the Indians tore her away—that the young sister of your blessed mother was borne from her side a captive? I have been dreaming ever since I looked upon your dear face—aye, for many long years I have dreamed and slumbered on but I am awake now, I see it all—remember all. We were down in that charming valley at play—she had twined a wreath of wild roses amid the curls of my hair, and she left me to go around by the shore of the running stream for a white lily, they came and took me away."

"You!" exclaimed Oscar and Ether, at a breath: "You! and are you indeed the dear sister of our mother? and is Nora our cousin? Oh, how glad, how happy!"

It was indeed a happy moment. Tears were in the eyes of all, and Nora sobbed like an infant upon her mother's bosom.—The glad woman sat down in the rude door-way and brushed the moisture from her smiling eyes; and as the little group gathered about her and raised their happy faces to her's, and the heart of each seemed too full for utterance, she bowed her head again to her hands, and the big, bright drops, fresh from her spirit's shrine, trickled through them, while her whole frame shook with the weight of pleasant and bitter thoughts that came gushing up from memory's disturbed fountain.

She found words at last to tell them all—how she dwelt from the time of her captivity beneath the roof of the great chief—how he loved her as his own child, and how the young chief smiled upon her. She told them of the bitter tears she shed when thinking of the dear friends she had left, of her sleepless nights and cheerless days, and how as years rolled on she learned to love the old chief, who was ever kind and good, and to regard the young prince as a brother.

Then she spoke of her unwilling marriage, and told how tears had drenched her bridal garb, how they bore her insensible from her husband's arms and took the crushed jewel from her hair; of weeks and months of wretchedness and pining for her early home, & then of returning calmness after the last glimmering hope had died away in her heart. Years rolled on, and her husband, the powerful king of a warlike and bold tribe, was killed in battle, and his men taken captives and their vast possessions fell into the hands of the white men; but she and the Young Fawn—her darling Nora—had never been molested; they had lived in the wild home alone and almost unknown, though she had never ceased to mourn for the friends of her early life, nor to remember the low sweet tones that fell upon her ear, and the gentle, loving glance, that had so often met her gaze. True, these remembrances had the shadowy dimness of a half forgotten dream; but still their light had ever been with her, brightening her pathway through life and filling her lone heart with sad and delicious emotions. Not till that day when the sweet face of Ether came up before her had her fond imaginings taken to themselves a form and distinctness, with the vividness of reality; but the fond tones of the dear child and the glance of her deep eyes had touched a string in her inmost soul, which vibrated like the chords of a long neglected harp, and sent forth pleasant melody.

It was late that evening, when Oscar Dunham rode up to the door of his father's house, and he was alone. He found anxious, tearful hearts and tearful faces awaiting him, and when his mother looked in vain for the form of her darling, a smothered cry escaped her lips, but her wild eyes fell upon the smiling, happy face of her son, and wonder and astonishment kept her silent. It was not long before they knew all, and were weeping at the grateful intelligence. Morning dawned fair and beautiful, and ere the sun reached his meridian height, the lone widow of the Indian chieftain and her lovely girl had pressed to their throbbing bosoms the forms of those about whom they had dreamed and communed with painful interest through long years of loneliness and suspense. It was a happy group that assembled that day beneath the low log cabin in that deep wilderness; and the very birds that lingered amid the thick leaves of the blossoming honeysuckle seemed oppressed with gladness, for their little throats swelled with the wild strains that mingled with the low voices within; and when Anna and Edgar clapped their tiny hands, and gazed with their laughing eyes up to the leafy retreat the sweet songsters only answered their many shouts with a louder and gladder strain, and twittered and trembled upon their blooming throne. Oscar and Ether with the happy Nora walked down to the river's brink and unmoored the little canoe beneath the great rock, and as they sailed gently over the bright waters and bent their laughing faces to the smooth mirror, they blessed the fate that brought them together, and looked with a kind of fondness upon the old tree with its dangling limb, which had been the instrument of so much fear and pleasure. And Mrs. Dunham and her restored sister—they had everything to say, and their hearts mingled lovingly together as they told of their past—its joys and its sorrows, and looked fondly to the future with trembling, eager hope.

It is many years since these events occurred; and the great wilderness with the log house of the dark bright maiden and her fair mother have disappeared altogether; but in the flourishing village which is built upon the spot and on the shore of the river Ohio, near where the cabin stood, is a large, beautiful mansion. Its owner, Mr. Dunham, with his gentle wife and dark-eyed children, remembers with pride his noble grandfather, over whose grave the grass is still fresh and green, and the meek and loving partner, who sleeps sweetly by his side—even the Indian chieftain's daughter—Nora, the graceful *Fawn*.

A FINE PORTRAIT.—The National Intelligencer, in a notice of the American Review for October, renders this high but well deserved tribute to one of the great leaders of the Whig party,—the gallant Crittenden.

Prefixed to this number of the Whig Review comes an effigy of one of the ornaments of the party—the fervid, noble, able Crittenden; a true man, amidst all the decay of honor; a gallant man, when chivalry has sunk into only the fanfaranade of what is knightly; a statesman, wanting nothing but ambition enough to make him bestir himself. As a patriot, no man is less forward to assume that much-abused name; which yet his very adversaries would be laughed to scorn by the universal confidence if they denied him. For no man has ever among us, in the midst of the fiercest partisan strife, dealt sharper strokes, when the blood was up; and the very enemies whom his burst of battle has left bleeding and overthrown behind it, follow him through the fight with admiring eyes. It is, indeed, his happiness to reach, without effort or art, by the mere gift of Nature, an eloquence as powerful as it is beautiful; & while, we debate, a merciless slaughterer of every thing that comes in his way, yet never to excite a rancor. No man is so careless of reputation, its arts or its fruits; and yet few are so sure to acquire it. No man thinks less of winning popularity, and yet the unsought affection of esteem of every body follow him wherever he goes, whatever he does.

POWDER MILL EXPLOSION.—About 11 o'clock on Monday morning last two loud reports were distinctly heard in all parts of the city, and a large volume of smoke was seen coming in a North-west direction, as the wind was strong from that quarter. It proved to be two of the rooms attached to the powder works of James Beatty, Esq., on the York road, about 6 miles from Baltimore. It is reported that a large quantity of powder has been lost, but to what extent we have not ascertained. We regret to learn that five lives have been lost by this explosion—four white men and one colored. Their names are James Bush, Francis Woodward, William Brandon, a German named Kanoof, and a colored man named Nelson Winger. They were literally blown to atoms. The concussion in the neighborhood was very great. A number of houses at considerable distances were partially shaken down by the shock, among which were the dwellings of Capt. Purviance and Samuel Barnes, Esq. A small negro hut some 300 yards off was set on fire. The cause of the explosion has not yet been ascertained.—*Patriot.*

A [BALTIMORE] ROYAL YACHT.—The vessel referred to in the paragraph below, was built in this city only a year since, by Messrs. W. & G. Gardner. We have often (says Lyford's Commercial Journal) had the testimony of Americans and Europeans very favorably expressed in regard to Baltimore built vessels, particularly for their fast sailing, but that of a *Hawaiian* is not so common, more especially so emphatically enforced. The following is an extract of a letter from Honolulu, and published among other items in a Boston paper:

"The King has been on a trip to Hawaii in his new yacht, the Kamehameha III.—He is a bit of a sailor himself, and is greatly pleased with the sailing and other qualities of the vessel. His former clipper, the Hookaika, has sunk correspondingly in estimation. The King, in speaking of the Kamehameha, said that *no vessel ever sailed before* at these islands; and the native sailors, in comparing her with the Hookaika, as they were both doing their prettiest before a strong breeze, would jump up in great glee and shout, "Hookaika no sail, she d——d fool now." This will serve to give you an idea of the meaning they attach to some of our phrases, which, unfortunately, are more common than polite. His Majesty visited the volcano and his principal towns, giving audiences to the people, and arranging their grievances. His return was expedited by the illness of the Queen."

The London *Standard* of the 30th October, says:

"Lord J. Russell and Lord Cottenham, at the cabinet council, on Wednesday, urged earnestly the constitutional necessity of an early session, to obtain a parliamentary sanction for the reduction of the 4s. duty on imported grain. The council broke up without coming to any definite resolution. At the meeting of the ministers, on Thursday, the subject was resumed, and on this latter occasion the *opponents of an early session had the advantage of Mr. Bancroft's arrival from the United States*, with intelligence that the supply of grain collected in the American ports for exportation, is so ample as to render extremely *improbable the necessity for a reduction of the duty.*"

So it seems Mr. Bancroft's first act, after reaching England as Minister from the United States, was to *prevent* the opening of British ports to American grain! If this is a specimen of his diplomatic career, he will certainly make a valuable representative. We look with interest for his *next* movement. Probably he will induce the Cabinet to put the duties up to the old mark.—*N. Y. Courier.*

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