Jno Catrup Jr

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THE THREE HOMES.

[From the Englishman's Magazine.]

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
Who in the morning air,
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild
In garlands for her hair.

"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side
Where soft winds wander free."

O! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When every word is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers?

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one
Who bent with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wild wood's secret place;

She spoke not, but her varying cheek,
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.

Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing!

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim grey,
Who came, with furrowed brow, and wan
Slow musing on his way.

He paused: and with a soleman mien
Upturned his holy eyes,
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,
My home is in the skies!"

O! blest—thrice blest! the heart must be
To whom such thoughts are given,
That walks from worldly fetters free;—
Its only home in heaven.

SONG—By T. H. Baily.

Seek not with gold or glitt'ring gem,
My simple heart to move;
To share a kingly diadem
Would never gain my love.
The heart that's formed in virtue's mould,
For heart should be exchanged;
The love that once is bought with gold,
May be by gold estranged.

Can wealth relieve the lab'ring mind?
Or calm the soul to rest?
What healing balm can riches find
To soothe the bleeding breast?
'Tis love, and love alone, has power
To bless without alloy;
To cheer affliction's darkest hour,
And heighten every joy.

From the Baltimore American.

Audubon's Birds of America.—The National Gazette extracts from the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, "Remarks on Audubon's Birds of America," and "Ornithological Biography." High praises are bestowed on this production of a distinguished naturalist, who is a native of Louisiana, and an honour to the Continent which has given him birth. But we see with mortification, because they are too true in this case, or at least in part, such remarks as the following. "Mr Audubon left America, and came to England. His native country was either unable to appreciate his genius, or unable to aid his efforts, and England did both. The Americans may justly be proud of their achievements, and no people can be more disposed to boast of their good qualities; but although they may boast of an Audubon, they must leave to England the merit of having fostered him."

It must be remembered, indeed, that Mr. Audubon's work is extremely expensive, and that our want of the wealth which gives him patrons abroad, is a circumstance in our condition, not a mark of illiberality. We rejoice at any rate, that Mr. Audubon is enabled to publish his work, a part of the results "of the unremitted labor of a whole life."

Its publication was commenced at Edinburg but difficulties occurring there it was transferred from the first engraver, Mr. W. H Lizars, to Mr. R. Havell, Jun. a London artist The work commenced in 1827, and the first volume consisting of 100 plates, is completed. It will be followed by at least three of equal size, which is gigantic for a book, being three feet three inches in length, and two feet two inches in breadth. Many of the birds are represented of a size to fill their respective plates

The critic says, that any man conversant with birds will pronounce these plates, selected at random, the true representatives of nature. The characteristics of the species are present; the forms and attitudes are copies, the occupations are disclosed, the imagination of a poet has presided over the arrangement.

Thus, in Plate XXI *Mocking Birds,*—

The famed songstress of the America woods has formed her nest in a bush overgrown with Virginia jessamine. A rattle snake has made his way to it.—Twisted round the stem, his tail raised in the air, the horrible reptile is stretching forward his distended jaws, hissing at the female bird, which, in her agony, almost suffers herself to become a prey to the monster. The male, full of courage, has crept upon the foe, and is aiming a blow at his eye A pair of neighbours, attracted by the cries of the mocking birds; are eyeing the snake from the tops of the twigs, and meditating a descent.

Again, in Plate LXXVI. *Virginian Partridges surprised by a Hawk.*—The savage ferocity of the bird of prey, manifested in the glare of his eye, the bill half open in anticipation of carnage, and the outstretched talons with which he is about to seize his terrified prey, seemingly perplexed in his choice by the number of birds which have in their terror become heaped upon each other, is a subject repugnant perhaps in itself, but rendered intensely interesting by the skill with which it has been managed. Almost every possible attitude is exhibited in the group. Some of the partridges are flying off with palpitating hearts; others are endeavouring to evade the murderer's grasp by dashing sidelong along the ground; some are beaten down and hampered by the rest; one upset, and desperate, meets the foe with its powerless claws and open bill. Terror and dismay are depicted in every countenance. Never before did we imagine that the passion of birds could be expressed in a manner so intellible.

A peculiar charm is given to these representations, by the circumstance that the trees, plants, and flowers of the districts in which they occur, are all represented, generally with surprising accuracy, and always with great taste. The flowing festoons of climbing shrubs and creepers, hung with broad leaves, garlands of flowers, and clustered berries, the lichen-crusted branches of the forest trees, and the decayed stumps on which the woodpeckers seek their food, are in themselves objects of admiration.

It is not enough to say that our author has invented a new style in the representation of natural objects; for so true are his pictures, that he who has once seen and examined them, can never again look with pleasure on the finest productions of other artists. To paint like Audubon, will henceforth mean to represent Nature as she is.

Mr. Audubon seems to have been impelled to these pursuits, not with a view to fame, but by a pure passion for studying nature. His method was, to follow the bird he was desirous of figuring, to steal on it unperceived, observe its motions and attitudes, and then shoot it. He restores its favorite or characteristic attitude by a method of his own

"Observing nature with the eye of an enthusiastic admirer, M. Audubon has traversed the dark forests of America following the track of the discomfitted and disconsolate indian, has penetrated her cane brakes and cypress-swamps, teeming with the loathsome and dangerous forms of reptile life, visited her ocean-lakes, wandered by the verdant margins of her magnificent rivers, and paddled his solitary canoe over the floods that have spread consternation and terror among the inhabitants of the alluvial plains of her midland regions."

Accompanying the first volume of the "Birds of America," appears another of smaller dimensions, but still somewhat "on the grand scale," to which is given the title of "Ornithological Biography, or an account of the habits of the birds of the United States of America. It contains as its title-page informs us, "descriptions of the objects represented in the work, entitled, the Birds of America, interspersed with delineations of American Scenery and Manners."

"Surely," says the critic, if orthology so treated, does not excite so much interest as a novel or a romance, it must be owing to the utter perversity of the human race."

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

We have been obligingly favored by the Messrs. Harpers with a perusal of the sheets of this new novel by Mr. Paulding. Is it not our purpose to speak now of its merits, but we have read it through with great pleasure. We have selected for publication to-day a chapter descriptive of the scenery near Albany, and the manners of its inhabitants at a period "somewhere about the time of the French war."

FROM THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

BY J K. PAULDING.

It was a cheerful and inspiring morning as ever shone upon the rich plains of the happy Hudson—happy in being the chosen river on whose bosom floats the tide of fashion to and fro; on whose delicious borders dwell, in rustic competency, thousands of contented human beings, enjoying the fruits of their labors amid the fruiditions of a blameless life and quiet spirit. The day was such a one as I myself prefer to all others; when the sun diffuses his influence through a gauzy veil of semi-transparent clouds, which temper his rays into a mild genial warmth, that, while it takes, perhaps from the vigor of the body, communicates to the mind a delicious and luxurious aptitude for the indulgence of the gentler emotions. In such days, and through such a medium, the beauties of nature exhibit only their softest features, and display their greatest varieties of shade and coloring; the winds are hushed, the waters smooth and glassy; the foilage wears a fleecy softness; the hills appear more beautiful; the mountains magnified in the misty vagueness of distance, seem blended with the skies; the different shades of green that deck the bosom of the earth become more distinct yet more harmonious than when basking in the glare of the sun; and every sound that meets the ear, like every object that attracts the eye, partakes in the gentle harmony that reigns all around. It is in the remembrance of such scenes in after-life, and amid the struggles, hopes, and disappointments which checker the course of manhood, that we are apt to contrast our present cares with our former enjoyments, exaggerating both, and giving a false estimate of the different periods of an existence, which, if we fairly hold the balance, will be found pretty much the same in all its various changes, from the cradle to the grave.

Our little party consisted of master-commandant Ariel, chief manager, factotum, &c. as busy as a bee, as noisy as a caty-did, and as merry as a cricket; Catalina, Sybrandt, and some half a score of the beaux and belles of Albany, who had come to the mansion-house bright and early in the morning, all dressed in neat and simple attire, befitting a ramble among the wild roses and clambering vines of the happy island. This little paradise, to speak in learned phrase, was an alluvial formation of times long past, composed of the rich spoils of the surrounding lands, deposited by the river. It was as level as the surface of the stream in which it was embosomed, and covered with a carpet or rich luxuriant verdure, which, when it was not pastured, gave to the scythe a glorious harvest three times a year. On every side and all arouud, the banks were fringed with the light silvery foliage of the water-willows, mingled with tufts of wild roses, and growths of nameless wild flowers of every hue and various odours; and canopied at intervals with clambering vines, long tendrils sometimes bent down and waved to and fro on the gliding waters, as they passed slowly by. Within this leafy barrier was nothing but a green sward, shaded at various intervals by the vast giants of the alluvial growth—elms and plane-trees, of such towering majesty, that they overlooked the gentle eminences which bounded the flats on either side. The witching murmurs of the waters, as they glided along under the willow branches and nodding vines, mingled with the chorus of a thousand birds, who remained all summer in undisturbed possession; and though the pipe of the shepherd was never heard in these pleasant abodes, it was aptly supplied by the music of harmonious nature; the murmuring waters, and the warblers of the woodlands.

Under the skilful guidance of the active, indefatigable Ariel, the little party arrived at the scene of their anticipated pleasures, all gay and happy, save our friend Sybrandt, who from the moment he joined the group, felt the spell of the demon besetting him sorely. His gaiety was repressed his faculties benumbled, and his youthful vigor changed to a leaden inertness by that habitual shyness and awkwardness, the very consciousness of which prevented all efforts to shake it off. He was always either behind or before the party, and generally too far from it to hear what was said. Thus, when the hilarity of the youthful spirit effervesced into a sprightly laugh, the demon of pride, suspicion and consciousness, whispered that the laugh was at him. The other young men were, indeed, quite as awkward, and without his knowledge and acquirements; but they made an excellent figure notwithstanding, and performed their parts with gay, gallant frankness, such as women in all situations loves. They had lived in the world at Albany, mixed in its business, and dissipated their self love in the pursuit of various objects, while poor Sybrandt had passed his youth in nursing the offspring of solitude—sensibility, pride, and selfishness. It is social intercourse alone that, by calling us off from self-contemplation and making it necessary to remember and to administer to the wants or the enjoyments of others, can make man happy himself, and an instrument of happiness to others.

When they came to the river side, where lay the little boat which was to take them to the island, Sybrandt had sworn to himself that he would offer his hand to Catalina to assist her in embarking. But he was so long before he could screw himself up the dreadful feat, that one of the Albany lads, more gallant as well as alert, was beforehand with him. A bashful man is like a tiger: he makes but one effort, and if that fails, shuks away to his jungle, and essays not another: I myself have my own experience to vouch for this, having in the far off days of my gallantry full many a time and oft, in dining out gathered myself together with gallant ferocity to ask the lady of the feast for the honor of a glass of wine with her But alas! if peradventure the lady listened not to my first demonstration, I was prone to relapse into an utter and an incurable incapacity to repeat the mighty effort. The sound of my voice died suddenly, and the word spoke I never more. So was it with master Sybrandt who having expended his powder in a flash of the pan, sunk only the lower for the exertion he had made.

The little party landed, and pursued their pleasures in separate groups, or couples as chance or inclination prompted. In those days of Doric innocence and simplicity—and thanks to Heaven it is so still in our happy country—young people of different sexes could enjoy the pleasures of a rural ramble, in parties or in pairs without the remotest idea of impropriety, and without waking a simple breath of scandal. If there be any thing in the music, the repose, the fascinating and quiet beauties of nature that excites to love, it is gentle and virtuous love; an awakening impulse rather than an ungovernable passion; and if perchance it works to final mischief, it is rather from accident than purpose—nature than depravity. It is not here that the passions acquire their overpowering energies; but at midnight revels, where dazzling lights, artificial splendor, seducing music; high-seasoned viands, and luxurious wines, pamper the scenes into lascivious longings, and swell the imagitation to exaggerated conceptions of pleasure, which carry us away we know not and we care not whither. Long may it be before it is the fashion to abridge the freedom of virgins, and extend that of wives, in our country.

Catalina having carried her point in making Sybrandt one of the party, was rather in a better humour with him than usual. She plagued him now and then in various ways, and sometimes raised a laugh at his expense. The first fine edge of the feelings, fortunately for mankind both in pleasure and pain, is worn off by the first enjoyment, and the first suffering. Were it not so—but I am insensibly becoming a moralist, when I only aspire to story telling. Sybrandt by degrees already felt like a musical instrument, in better tune for being played upon and two or three times caught himself actually enjoying the scene and the festivity, of his companions. The ridicule of women sometimes make men only more bold and confident; and I have known a most exemplary modest person made downright saucy by the freedom of others. Indeed, there is not in the world so impudent a being, as a shy man forced out of his shyness. The very impulse carries him to the opposite extreme. The bent of Sybrandt's mind had, however, been too long and too rigid to be relaxed all at once.

I pity the most exalted of all created beings who cannot feel the inspiration of the balmy air, the music and the smiles of nature; for he can have neither sensibility nor imagination. It was not so with Sybrandt; though apparently a most unpromising pupil for the school of romance, there were, if we mistake not, certain springs of action, and certain latent fires hidden and buried in his head and heart, which only required to be touched or lighted to make him a far other being than he seemed just now. As the morning passed, he insensibly began to feel less awkward, and his shyness gradually wore away. He ventured to speak to some of the young damsels, and finally had the unparalleled intripidity to attach himself to the side of his cousin in a stroll under the vines and willows that skirted the shores of the little island.

By degress the feelings which nature had implanted in his heart opened and expanded, like the seeds which lay dormant in the deep shades of the forest for years, until the trees being cut down, the warm sunbeams waken them to life and vegetation. The emotions of his heart for a while overpowered his long-cherished timidity, and lent to his tongue an eloquence that pleased, while it surprised Catalina. The rich stores of imagery which long reading and contemplation had gathered in his mind, where they had lain enchained in the icy fetters of timidity, were let loose by the new born warmth that thrilled through his frame, and flowed forth without study or effort into striking observations, tender associations and sparkles of a rich and glowing fancy. Catalina listened with astonishment to the animated statue; and as she looked him in the face while pouring forth the treasures of his mind, and saw the divinity that sparkled in his eyes, she once or twice detected herself in thinking Sybrandt almost as handsome as an aid de camp. He, too, felt elevated in his own estimation; for the first time in his life he had listened to his own voice without feeling his heart beat with apprehension, and for the first time he could look back upon an hour spent in the society of a female, without a pang of the keenest mortification.

"Sybrandt," at length said Catalina, why don't you talk so every day.

"Because every day is not like to-day; nor are you, my cousin, always what you are now."

A silence ensued, from which they were roused by the cheerful joy-inspiring shouts of Ariel, who had prepared his collation, and was summoning all the rambling lads and lasses to command partake of his prudent forethought. To him eating was an affair of the first consequence; he never joined a party, either of business or pleasure, without first reducing it to a certainty that there would be no starvation attending it; and it was almost as affecting as a last dying speech to hear him relate the melancholy story of the ruin of a brace of the finest wood ducks he ever saw, by the "d——d stupidity" of his cook, who roasted them in a pot instead of before the fire. The good Ariel had spread his stores on a snow white table cloth of ample dimensions, laid upon the rich greensward beneath a canopy of vines, that clambered over the tops of a clump of sassafras, whose aromatic buds sent forth a grateful fragrance. Here he marshalled his forces with gret discretion, placing the lads and lasses alternately around the rural repast, and enjoining upon the former the strictest attention to the nearest neighbor. As to himself, he could never sit still where there was room for action He curvetted around the little circle like merry spaniel: cracked his jokes, and laughed only the louder when nobody joined; helped himself and ate and talked, all at the same time, with a zest, an hilarity, and honest frankness that communicated themselves to all about him, infecting them with a contagious merriment. The birds chirped over their heads, the flowers grew beneath their feet, the old summer breezes played upon their cheeks, hope glowed in their hearts, and youth and health were their handmaids, why then should they not laugh and be merry?

But a pgue on nature! she is a female, after all, and there is no trusting her As thus they sat unheeding all but themselves and the present moment, nature had been at work unnoticed by the little crew, gathering into one great mass pack of dark rolling clouds along the western horizon. The banks of the little isle were, we said before, fringed all around by trees & shrubbery, and tangled vines, that quited the opposite shores, making it a little world within itself. The dark tempest gathering the west had therefore escaped the notice of the party, until the moment when a burst of merriment was interrupted by a flash of lining, and a quick, sharp crash of thunder. When the Creator speaks, all nature is silent; and if, as some suppose, the leaping lightning is the quick glancing of his angry eye, the thunder, the threatning of his voice, wonder if every sound is hushed when they break forth from the pitchy darkness of the heavens. The laugh ceased; the birds tame silent in their leafy bowers; the trees stid their sweet whisperings; the insects chirped no longer, and the river murmured no more. There was a dead pause in the air, the earth and the waters, save when the Creator of them all spoke from the depths of his vast obirity.

The merrymakers looked at each other in silenced in silence sat, until Ariel ventured to clear his voice with "a-hem!" which, to say the truth, lacked much of its wonted vigorous energy and clearness. Sybrandt gained a position whence he could overlook the island barriand came back running to announce that a thunderstorm was coming on rapidly—so rapidly, that it would be impossible to cross the river and gain the nearest house in time to escape its fury. The damsels looked at the young men, and the young men looked at the damsels. One had on her best hat, another a new shawl, a third her holiday chintz gowns each and all wore some favorite piece of finery, which, though peradventure Dolithe cook, and Betty, the chambermaid would scorn to wear, even on week days this age of rapid unparalleled improvements still dear to their simple, innocent hearts. The boys, too, as they were called, still are called among the old lords of the manor, had on their Sunday gear, which, as it never ran in debt to the tailor, it behoved them to nurse with special care. What was to be done in this sore dilemma; for now the dark, keen flashes, the equally keen crashes became with them, and the dead, dull calm intervened, announced that the rain and hail was nigh

Ariel was busy as an assistant alderman at a fair about as useful. Being a man that was always in a hurry when there was no occasion, it may be naturally supposed, that when there was occasion he would be in such a great hurry that his resolves would tread upon another's heels, or impede their operation by running athwart each other, and breaking their heads. And so, indeed it happened; he was ten times more busy than when he had nothing to do; swore at the lads for not doing something, suggested a hundred impractic things; and concluded, good man, by wishing with all his soul they were safe house the old mansion.

Cat had been brought up at a boarding-school the fear of thunder. The schoolmistress deed, always encouraged the young ladies precept not to be frightened; but she never failed to disappear in a thunderstorm was one time discovered between two feather beds almost smothered to death. It is to be regretted that this natural and proper fear of awe which accompanies the sublime phenomena of nature should degenerate into fear or irrational superstition. Divested of these, the approach of a thunderstorm is calculated to awaken the mind to the most sublime associations with the Great Being who rides and discharges this vast artillery, and exalt the imaginations into the highest regions of lofty contemplation. But fear is an ignoble, soul-subduing sentiment, which monopolizes the mind, debases the physical man, shuts out every feeling allied to genuine and faith.

Such an idea struck Sybrandt, which was instantly adopted and put into execution. There lay a broad, flat skiff, was drawn up the bank, placed bottom upwards with one side rested by sticks, and the other reclining on the ground towards the west, so that the rain might run off in that direction. The few minutes which intervened between this operation and the bursting of the torrent of rain were employed by the young men in covering the open spaces about the sides of the boat with grass and branches, as well as the time would admit. There was only space enough under this shelter for the young women, though Ariel managed to find himself a place among them. He was in the main a good natured, kind hearted man, but he did not like being out in a storm any more than his neighbors. The young men stood cowering under a canopy of thick vines, which shaded the boat and a little space besides. It was observed that Sybrandt placed himself nearest that end of the boat under which Catalina was sheltered, and that he was particular in the disposition of the grass and branches in that quarter.

A few, a very few minutes of dead silence on the part of our little group intervened before the tempest sent forth its hoards of wind and rain, smiting the groaning trees, and deluging the thirsty earth till it could drink no more, but voided the surplus into the swelling stream, that began anon to rise and roar in angry violence. This storm was for a long time traditionary for its terrible violence; and for more than half a century people talked of the incessant flashes of the lightning, the stunning and harsh violence of the thunder, the deluge of rain, the hurricane which accompained it, the lofty trees that were either split with lightning or torn up by the roots by the wind, and the damage done by the sudden swelling of the river on that remarkable day.

The party that found shelter under the boat fared indifferently well; but the others were in a few moments wet to the skin. The little flexible willows bent down to let the storm pass over them; but the sturdy elms and plane-trees stood stiff to the blast that wrung their arms from their bodies, and scattered them in the air like straws and feathers. The rushing winds, the roaring of the troubled waters, were mingled with incessant flashes of lightning, accompained by those quick, sharp explosions of thunder that proclaim the near approach of the electric power. At length the little party was roused by a peal that seemed to have rent the vault of heaven, and beheld with terror and dismay a vast plane-tree, within a hundred yards' distance, directly in front of them, shivered from top to bottom like a reed. The explosion for a moment stilled the tempest of rain, during which interval the vast dissevered trunk stood trembling and nodding, like one suddenly struck by the head of death. Another moment, and the winds resumed their empire, the vast monarch of the isle fell to the ground with a tremendous crash, and the force of Omnipotence was demonstrated in the instantaneous destruction of a work which long ages had brought to maturity.

The young women screamed, and the youths shuddered, as they beheld this vast giant of nature yielding in an instant to a mightier power. But soon they were drawn off to the contemplation of a new danger. It is well known how sudden, nay, almost instantaneous, is the swelling of our rivers, especially near their sources, and where they traverse a hilly or mountainous region. The little isle where our scene is laid was but a few feet above the ordinary level of the stream and its surface as flat as the stream itself, which now began to dash its waves beyond the usual barrier, until at length the situation of the little party became extremely critical. The land had become less safe than the waters, and immediate measures were taken to prepare for the inundation, by turning the boat upon her bottom again. The party was arranged on the benches to the best advantage, and the young men stood prepared to ply the oars the moment the boat was floated off. Soon the tremendous torrent rolled over the surface of the whole island in one mighty mass of dark waters, speckled with white foam; and the boat was carried down the stream with the swiftness of an arrow. The difficulty was to escape the trees and bushes, which still reared their heads above the waters, since it was obvious that nothing could preserve the boat but her being kept from the slightest interruption in her course. The great object, therefore, was, to avoid all obstacle, and to keep her head directly down the stream, till they met with some little nook, or cove, where the current was less violent. In times of danger the master spirit instinctively takes the lead, and the lesser ones instinctively yield obedience.

Ever since the coming of the storm Sybrandt had seemed a new being, animated by a newly awakened soul. The excitement of the scene had by degrees caused him to forget his shyness, and now the presence of danger and the necessity of exertion roused into action those qualities which neither himself nor others were conscious he possessed. He who had trembled at the idea of being introduced into a drawing-room, and shrunk from the encounter of a smiling female eye, now stood erect in the composure of unawed manhood, with a steady hand and a steady eye, guiding the little skiff through roaring whirlpools and angry currents, furiously conflicting with each other, almost as skilfully as a veternal Mississippi boatman. All else sat still in the numbness of irrepressible apprehension. Even the busy Ariel was motionless in his seat, and his active tongue as silent as the grave. But neither human skill nor human courage could struggle any length of time with the power of the waters, every moment aggravated by new accessions. In turning a projecting point, round which the current whirled with increased impetuosity, the boat struck the edge of an old stump of a tree, just beneath the surface, and was upset in a single instant. The accident was fatal to two of the innocent girls and one of the young men, who sat in the bow of the boat, which, unfortunately, as she overturned, sheered out into the stream, and launched them into the whole force of the current.—They were carried away, and their bodies found a day or two afterwords many miles below. The others, with the exception of Catalina, were shot directly, and in an instan by the sudden angle made by the current, into the little shallow, quiet cove, where they were all preserved. Catalina was not one of these. Less strong, and less innured to the sports and perils of rural life, she became insensibld the moment the accident occurred, and would have quickly perished, had not Sybrandt swam into the edge of the turbulent whirpool where she was floating, and brought her safely to the land.

Sadly the remnant of our little party returned to their respective homes without their lost companions, and sadley they contrasted the beauty of the quiet genial morning, and the happy anticipations that beckoned them forward to sportful revelry, with the uproar of nature, and the gloomy shadows of the evening which closed in darkness, sorrow & death.

From the Delaware Watchman.

A Plain Case.—The opposition Editors are hard pressed to find a ground of complaint against the administration, and to counteract the natural impression that the present favourable situation of our affairs has resulted from its wise and wholesome measures. That the country is in a flourishing and prosperous condition is a fact which is so obvious to the senses of the whole community that they cannot deny it. But being unwilling to give credit to those who are entitled to it for this favourable change in the state of our affairs, they are endeavouring to impress upon the minds of their readers the idea that it is "a change that has happened unto us." But facts are stubborn things; and with an intelligent community as ours is, they will find it extremely difficult to argue—or rather assert—them out of the evidence of their senses. Our commerce has revived to such an extent that the value of shipping is said to have risen in New York from the twenty five to thirty per cent. And is there no cause for this which can be seen? It can be clearly and distinctly traced to the measures which have been accomplished by this administration; among which are the recovery of the West India trade and the opening of the ports on the Black sea to our commerce. The prices of our country produce has increased; and is there no cause to be seen which has produced it. The same causes have evidently produced this effect. There are two branches of business, therefore, the commercial and the agricultural, which have been evidently benefitted to a great extent by the measures of the administration.

The people have been relieved of a considerable burden by the reduction of duties upon articles of necessity; which are Coffee, Tea, Cocoa and salt. This the people can see and feel; and this has been done by this administration.

The manufacturing interest is in a more flourishing condition than it has been under any former administration; and if the party which is now in power had done any thing to injure it, which is alleged by its opponents, this could not have been the case. This is a proposition so entirely self evident that it can need no argument to prove its truth.

The national debt is in a more rapid progress of liquidation than it ever was before; and this is the result of the wise and decided course of the President in arresting the wild and extravagant application of the public money to local objects. There were applications before Congress at the last session but one, for objects of this nature, which amounted to more than the whole revenue of the country for the year, the granting of which was strongly contended for by the opposition; and had their views been adopted and acquiesced in by the President, it is very evident that the payment of the public debt must have been not only suspended, but greatly increased to provide the funds with which to meet the increased expenditures which it would have occasioned.

Harmony has been restored to the country by the arrangement of the Indian question, which, during the administration of Mr. Adams, had brought us apparently to the brink of a civil war. And this arrangement has been made in despite of the most decided and unrestrained hostility of the opposition.

Order and regularity in the transaction of public business has been established by the close attention of the President and the Heads of the Departments, and by the dimissal of unfaithful or incompetent agents, about which the opposition have endeavoured to raise so much clamour.

These are some of the causes to which we may clearly trace the present prosperous state of our affairs; and the people are too wise and too intelligent to fail to perceive it, or to suffer themselves to be deceived in regard to the fact by the efforts of the opposition to deceive or mislead them in a case so entirely manifest and palpable.

Seduction, and Breach of Promise.—At the circuit court in Warren county, N. Y this week, Judge Gown presiding, there were two trials, which must have excited considerable interest: one for seduction, and the other for a breach of promise of marriage. The first was a suit brought by a Mr. Stiles against Thomas Tillford, aged about 50 years, for the seduction of said Stiles' daughter, aged about 17 years—the latter suit was brought by the young lady against said Tillford. In the first suit the jury brought in a verdict of $800, and in the latter $1000—Hay and Baldwin, counsel for plaintiffs. Weston and Clark, for defendant. *Sandy Hill Herald.*

From the Portland Argus.

The late hail storm, which broke, in this town, it has been supposed, 10,000 squares of window glass, has furnished active employment to glaziers in town. They have not been so busy before for years. The house owners and tenants, too complain at their loss and discomfort, but the American System men say it "furnishes employment to hundreds of hands, so it must be a good thing. The employment growing out of a hail storm bears a close resemblance to the "American Industry" protected by the high tariff duties—a single class encouraged at the expense of the whole community.

From the Baltimore Republican, June 14.

LAFAYETTE.—The following simple and interesting letter addressed to our venerable fellow citizen Gen. Samuel Smith, by the illustrious Lafayette, has been handed to us for publication, for the purpose of explaining the reason why the response to the addresses of the People of Baltimore to the French People, has not been received here.

La Grange, 26th April, 1831.

My dear friend.—I have reasons to fear my acknowledgements, and those of the Prefect de la Seine, for the great celebration in Baltimore in October last, the address to the people of France and Mr. Wirt's speech on the occasion have not reached you. My regret would be the greater, as the high sense of public French gratitude united in my heart with the feelings of an American Patriot, and the particular devotion that binds me to the beloved city of Baltimore. Upon you, my dear, General, I depend to do and say every thing that is proper, grateful, and affectionate in the case, such as it will be when you receive my letter. Miscarriages that may have taken place are not to be attributed to the service of the Packets which is admirably done, but to the bustle of affairs at the Hotel de Ville and elsewhere, the consequence of which I would much lament. This letter will be delivered by Gen. Bernard, who will inform you of the state of affairs on this side of the Atlantic—remember me, very affectionately to family and friends, and believe me forever.

Your most affectionate Brother Soldier,
LA FAYETTE.

Hon. Gen. Samuel Smith Baltimore.

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