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POETRY.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY CHARLES J. JONES.

'Mid sighs and tears,
'Mid doubts and fears,
When Sorrow's darkling clouds,
With sombre hue,
Appear in view.
And grief my heart enshrouds:

A beauteous star
From worlds afar,
Comes piercing through the gloom,
And whispers rest,
Among the blest,
Beyond the yawning tomb.

Its cheering ray
Proclaims a day
Beyond all fear of night:
Where spotless truth
And endless youth,
Bask in eternal light.

It points me where
A shepherd's care,
With pleasant pasture feeds
His chosen flock:
While from the rock
The stream of life proceeds.

From 'neath God's throne
That stream hath flown
For endless ages on:
For sin unsealed,
That all who yield
Their hearts to Christ the Son,

May sip beside
Its silvery tide,
And watch its ceaseless flow;
May freely drink,
And cease to think
Of what was mortal woe.

This star proclaims
That what remains
Of life, is but a span;
That endless rest,
Among the blest,
Remains for rebel man.

Bright beacon thou!
My soul e'en now
Expands with holy joy,
While thy bright rays
Invite my gaze
To bliss without alloy.

Dear star of Hope!
Still guide me up
To where bright angels sing
Of love esteemed,
And hosts redeemed,
Exalt their Heavenly King.

Then—hope's bright gleam
No longer seen—
I'll hail fruition's sun.
There I'll complete,
At Jesus' feet,
The work on Earth begun.

THE DESOLATED HOME.

BY R. T. TRYALL.

I've seen the wife, once loved, and blessed,
With every prospect bright,—
Heart-broken, haggard, soul-depressed,
A living, ghostly blight!
I've seen the mother's blooming grace,
All radiant, smiling, fair:
Again, I've look'd upon that face;—
Despair was written there!

I've heard her "little children cry—
"O, mother give me bread;"
But ah! what anguish swelled that sigh;—
"No food—no fire—no bed."
Why, why those weeping ones consigned,
To hopeless grief control?
A husband, father, once so kind,
Now drink the poison bowl.

Oh! father! husband! break the chain!
The maddening draught resign,
Wife, children, all may smile again,
If you the pledge will sign.
Once more the tint of rosy health,
Their pale, wan cheeks may kiss,
And you recover home and wealth,
With friends and long lost bliss.

From Heath's (London) Book of Beauty.

THE OLD BROWN COAT,

AN AMERICAN STORY.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R. N.

"I reckon you see nothing very particular in this, do you?" said an American acquaintance of mine, bringing out the cuff of an old coat, and holding it up before me, dangling it between his finger and thumb.

"I can't say that I do," replied I, "but I presume it has some secret merit which remains to be explained."

"Ex-act-*ly*," replied my acquaintance, pronouncing each sylable of the word apart; "yet the coat, of which this is the remaining cuff, was the occasion of my being just now pretty considerable well to do in the world; I guess I'm right, ain't I?" continued he, appealing to his wife, a very pretty young woman, who stood by him.

"So you seem to think," replied she, smiling; "but I am not convinced, as far as I am concerned in the business, that the coat had any thing to do with it."

"Well, then, I shall just tell my story and leave you to decide," said he, turning to me. "You must know that there was a time when I was rather hard up, and how to go ahead was the business. I had tried at mercantile speculation, and sunk an immensity of dollars. I had turned lawyer, but that would not answer in any way. I took to farming—no luck there. Went out supercargo; ship went on a reef and lost cargo. Returned to New York, speculated a long while upon nothing; did'nt lose much, that's certain, but did'nt realize; at last I gave up business and resolved to amuse myself a little, so I went South and joined Bolivar; I fought with him for three years, and a good officer he was, but he had one fault as a general, and that was, his army never got paid. I wanted my three years pay, and finding that there was neither pay nor plunder, I got tired of it and made my way home to the States, and at last arrived at the Capitol with only one extra shirt, and not a cent in my pocket. I happened to meet with a tailor, whose customer I had once been, when I had money and paid my bills; and he observed that my coat was rather shabby, and that I could not appear in it. I knew that very well, and that all he wanted was an order for another; but as I had no chance of paying him, I thought it advisable not to take the hint.

"'I think' said I, 'that with a new velvet collar and brass buttons, it might do very well for an evening party.'

"'I see,' says he, 'that's an old country custom, wearing an old coat to a ball: I guess you're going to Mr. T.'s to-morrow night. A regular flare up, I am told. President there, and every body else. It's hardly worth it,' continued, touching the thread-bare cuff.

"'Yes it is,' replied I; 'there'll be a regular jam, and a new coat would be spoiled. I'll send it to you to-night, and you must let me have it in the morning, so good-bye.'

"Well,, the coat came home the next day, not early in the morning, as I expected, but past meridian and I walked up and down my bed room in my trousers, thinking what I should do. At three o'clock I called u; on Mrs. T., and left my card; went back again and waited two hours for the invitation—no invitation.—Called again at five, and left another card, telling the nigger that I had not received an invitation, and that there must be some mistake; whereupon an invitation came about an hour after my return, just as I was putting my hat on to call again and leave another card, in a very fierce manner, I reckon. Well, I went early to the ball, and my coat looked remarkably gay. You could see that the velvet collar was new, and the buttons glittered famously; but you could not see that the cloth was not a little the worse for wear; in short, my brown coat looked very smart, and I was a considerable smart fellow myself just at that time.

"Well, I stood near the door, looking at the company coming in, hoping to know somebody; but I presume that I had grown out of all recollection, for nobody knew me; but as the company were announced I heard their names, and if they did not know who I was, at all events, I found out who they were.

"This won't do," says I, as the rooms became quite full. I may stick against this wall till daylight, but I shall never go ahead; so at last, perceiving a young lady speaking to a daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, after they parted, I went up and bowed to her.—Having heard her name, I pretended to be an old acquaintance, and accused her of having forgotton me.—As I was very positive and very bold, she presumed it was the case, and when I gave her my name, which I refused to do till we had been talking for some minutes, as it happened to be a very good one, she considered that it was all right, and in another quarter of an hour we became very intimate. I then asked her if she knew Miss E——, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy. She replied that she did, and I requested her to introduce me, and offering her my arm, we walked up to the young lady together, and I was introduced. Now, thought I, I am going ahead a little. After the introduction I commenced a conversation with Miss E——, and a gentleman fortunately relieved me of my first acquaintance, whose arm I had dropped.—I continued my attentions to Miss E——, exerted myself to the utmost, and on the strength of my introduction and agreeableness, I was soon intimate with her, and she accepted my arm. As I paced her up and down the room, I asked her if she knew the daughter of General S——, who was near us. She replied in the affirmative, and I requested an introduction, which was immediately complied with, and I offered Miss S—— my other arm, and paraded then, both up and down the room, making them laugh not a little.

"Now I'm going ahead, thinks I, and my old brown coat looks remarkably well.

"Here is the President coming up,' said Miss E—— 'Do you know him?'

"'I once did a little, but he must have forgotten me, since I have been in South America so long.'

"The President came right up to us and addressed the young ladies; I made a sort of a half bow.

"'You don't recollect Mr. ——?' said Miss S——.

"'I recollect the name well,' replied the President.—'You are well supported, Mr. ——; you have the Navy and Army on each side of you.'

"'And the highest officer of the State before me,' replied I, with a low bow. 'I ought indeed to feel proud. It makes amends for all the privation that I underwent in my last campaign with General Bolivar, for the general and his aid de-camps fared no better than the meanest soldier.'

"That last was a hit. I did not say that I was aid-de-camp to Bolivar, but they thought proper to fancy so; the President made me a low bow, and, as it appeared, he wanted to have some information from that quarter; and he asked me many questions, all of which I was able to answer with precision. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, during which the whole room were wondering who it was that was so intimate with the President, and many were trying to catch what was said, the President presuming, as Bolivar's aid de-camp, that I could give him information on a certain point, and not wishing to have the answer public, said to the young ladies, 'I am going to do a very rude thing; I wish to ask a question which Mr —— would not like to reply to except in strict confidence; I must take him away from you a minute or two. I beg your pardon, Mr. ——, but I feel and shall be truly grateful for the great sacrifice you will make in giving up for one moment such charming society.' I fear the loss will only be on my part, said I to the young ladies, as I dropped their arms and followed the President to a vacant spot near the orchestra. The question which the President put to me was one which I could not well answer, but he helped me out of the difficulty by answering it himself according to his own views, and then appealing to me if he was not correct. I replied that I certainly was not at liberty, although I had left the service of General Bolivar, to repeat all that I knew; 'fortunately,' continued I, bowing, 'where such clear sightedness is apparent, there is no occasion for the question being answered.' 'You are right, Mr. ——, I wish all those about me had your discretion and high sense of honor,' replied the President, who had one of my new brass buttons between his thumb and finger; 'and I perceive by your reply, that I was also right in my conjecture. I am much obliged to you, and trust I shall see you at the Government House.' I bowed and retired.

"I am going ahead now, at all events, thought I, as every one was looking at me as I retreated. I had been walking arm-in-arm with the daughters of the two first officers of State; I had been in confidential communication with the President, and that before all the *elite* of Washington. I can now venture to order another suit of clothes, but never will forget you, my old brown coat.

"The next day the tailor came to me; he had heard what had taken place at the ball, and I amended my wardrobe. Everybody came to me for orders, and I ordered every thing. Cards were left in showers; I was received every where, the President was my friend, and from that moment, I went ahead faster and faster every day, till I am, as you now see, well off, well married, and well up in the world.

"Now I do pertinaciously declare that it was all owing to the old brown coat; and I have kept this cuff, which I show now and then to my wife, to prove I am grateful, for had it not been for the old brown coat, I should never have been blessed with her for a companion."

"But ——," said his wife, round whose waist he had gently encircled his arm, "the old brown coat would have done nothing without the velvet collar and new brass buttons."

"Certainly not, my dear."

"And they would not have effected much without they had been backed by—"

"What?"

"*Impudence*," replied the lady, giving him a slight slap on the cheek.

THE OREGON QUESTION—MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH.

At a meeting of the Whigs of Boston held at Faneuil Hall on Friday evening preparatory to the State Election, the Hon. *Daniel Webster* was one of the speakers. His remarks are given at length in the Boston Journal of Saturday afternoon. On the subject of the Oregon Question, Mr. Webster expressed himself as follows:

"Gentlemen, one of the most prominent and most important duties confided to the General Government is the care and preservation of the foreign relations of the country. The foreign relations, in a peculiar manner, are entrusted to the discretion, the authority, and the power of the General Government. At the present moment all perceive that in regard to our foreign relations there is one, and I am happy to say but one, question of exciting interest. It is of a nature so delicate and important that while they rest upon it, it is nevertheless a question upon which it is not easy to speak with security and care, before a public audience. I refer gentlemen, to the question now pending, as a question of main interest, between the United States and Great Britain on the subject of Oregon.

I suppose it is the sentiment of every sensible and just man, that the preservation of the peace of the country on honorable terms, and under circumstances favorable to the great interests of the country is an object in itself highly desirable. I suppose I may take it for granted that, in the judgment of this assembly the public peace of the two great commercial countries, which hold together a daily intercourse exceeding that between any other two countries in the world, shall not be lightly disturbed. And upon the foundation of these general ideas I desire to say a word or two upon a subject which seems within a few days to have excited considerable alarm.

The only question now remaining out of all these which have excited attention between the two countries, is the question of the Oregon Territory. What is that question? How does it stand? The Oregon Territory embraces that part of the country which lies West of the Rocky Mountains and between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. It is not necessary to go into the history of the discovery of the territory, or the rights which one or the other party find to it. It is enough to say it is in dispute between England and the United States; and has been in dispute for forty years. This controversy seems now to be approaching a sort of crisis; and there are from time to time, symptoms of alarm on one side of the Atlantic or the other, as to the consequence of the course of policy which either Government may pursue. Let us look fairly and calmly and see how it stands. The territory, as I have said, has been the subject of the claim, in whole or in part, by both Governments for a great many years.

It has constantly been subject of negotiation, and yet the governments have not been able to agree. As far back as 1818 not being able to come to terms of agreement, they stipulated by a convention, which is in force at this moment, that the whole territory should be thrown open to both countries until the boundary was finally settled. That was the provision of the convention which was confined at first to a limit of ten years; afterwards continued by agreement indefinitely, —or until one of the two nations expressed a dispostion to terminate it. That signification of a disposition to end it has never been given by either party, and the whole country of Oregon at this moment is open to the hunting, the settlements, the commerce and the ships of both nations, under treaty stipulations.

Now, gentlemen, I desire to speak with the utmost care, and I hope that I may not be in the slightest degree misunderstood, while I proceed to make a few remarks on this subject. And in the first place, I say to you and through you to the country, what all know, that in the whole scope of this question, it appears that this is a subject for negotiation, for discussion, for amicable settlement; and so it has been regarded by both Governments for the whole length of time. It was because the two could not agree as to the proper division of the territory, or upon any other satisfactory arrangement that in 1818—they determined on joint occupation until they could come to some understanding about it. And with the same spirit, this government, at three different times, in 1818, in 1824, and in 1826 has proposed to the British Government a straight line of division, the parallel of 49°, all north of which should be assigned to England and all South belonging to America. While the English Government did not accede to this proposition of our government, it did not insist upon any right to the whole of Oregon.—Therefore the position of the question is that by the admission of both Governments through this long sesies of years, is that of a question for discussion and negotiation and compromise and amicable settlement. [Prolonged applause.]

Now, gentlemen, I read with interest of course, the discussion upon this subject in the House of Commons three months ago, resulting in an expression of opinion from the British Premier which received the sanction of that house. I am willing to avail myself of the language of that minister upon this subject, and apply it to our side of the question as he did to his. I have nothing to complain of as to the temper of that language; I am free to say that it was a temper becoming a large minded, liberal and just statesman. But what the British minister said in the House of Commons—in its sum and substance—was that England had rights in regard to this question that must be and would be respected. I adopt the same language on our side, and say that we also have rights that ought to be, must be, and will be respected. [Cheers.]

Now gentlemen I do not purpose to express to you an opinion upon this subject. I have no better opinion than any one of you as to the manner in which this adjustment ought to be made, but I have full confidence, that the utmost confidence that *can* be made; that it can be made by wise and moderate measures in a manner perfectly consistent with the honor and with all the rights of the parties. [Cheers.]

I am the more confident of this when I look a little forward and see the state of things which is not far in advance. Where is Oregon? On the shores of the Pacific, three thousand miles from us and twice as far from England. Who is to settle it? Americans mainly; some settlers undoubtedly from England; but all *Anglo Saxons*; all men educated in notions of independent government and all self-dependent. And now let me ask if there be any sensible man in the whole United States who will say for a moment, that when fifty or a hundred thousand persons of this description shall find themselves on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, that they will long consent to be under the rules either of the American Congress or the British Parliament. They will raise a standard for themselves, and they ought to do it. I look forward to the period when they will do this as not so far distant, but that many now present, and those not among the youngest of us, will see a great Pacific republican nation. I believe that it is in the course of Providence and of human destiny that a great State is to arise, of English and American descent, whose power will be established over the country on the shores of the Pacific; and that all those rights of natural and political liberty, all those great principles that both nations have inherited from fathers, will be transmitted through us to them, so that there will exist at the mouth of the Columbia, or more probably farther South, a great *Pacific Republic*, a nation where our children may go for a residence, separating themselves from this government, and forming an integral part of a new Government, half way between England and China; in the most healthful, fertile, and desirable portion of the globe, and quite too far remote from Europe and from this side of the American Continent to be under the governmental influence of either country.

This state of things is by no means so far off as we may imagine, by no means so remote from the present time as may be supposed; and looking to this state of things, this question becomes one upon which intelligent and well disposed men might very readily come to an agreement.

But, gentlemen, in this point of view is this a subject upon which it is proper by popular appeal, or by loud representation of patriots, or by a sort of stormy defiance of the power of a great nation on our side—is it proper on the other side by cries about the maratime ascendancy of England, the great wealth the dignity, the power, the martial prowess of England, is it a question on which, by outcries of this sort on either side of the ocean, these two great communities are to be embroiled and plagued in all their commercial and friendly relations,—or to be compelled to run into the horrors of war? No, gentlemen! the spirit of the age is against it.

I have said I will not undertake to express an opinion as to the manner in which the question may be settled. I will say, however, what appears to be natural. It is well known that the 49th degree of North latitude is the boundary line, between the Western part of this country, and the British provinces, as far as the foot of the Stony Mountains. It seems to be natural enough if the two governments contemplate a change, that they should agree to an extension of this same line westward; that the two should keep on a breast, side by side with the same line of division till they reach the Pacific Ocean. It is well known, that about where the Columbia river crosses the 49th parallel, it makes a turn and flows nearly Southward. Very well. Suppose it made as sudden a sweep to the North ward. England would then naturally say,—this river, which has been making Westward, sweeps to the Northward;—instead of making with it a great bend to the North, we will leave it and go on straight to the Pacific Ocean on this parallel of 49 degrees. For the same reason, it is not unnatural for the United States to say, since it proves that the river makes a circuit to the South,—instead of following that circuit, we will go straight upon the 49th parallel till we meet the shore of the Pacific Ocean.

This very proposition has been made to the British government three successive times. It was made in '18, in '24, and in '26,—again and again, to follow up the 49th parallel, westward from the lake of the Woods, not only to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, but over the mountain and onward to the Ocean.

I am not about to say whether this is a proper division of the territory or not. But I do say, that as it has been so often repeated in this manner twenty five and twenty, and eighteen years ago is an admission that there is something to negotiate about, and treat about for either side;—that it is not a question free from difficulty on either side. (Applause.)

Now, gentlemen, who is the man at the head of either government, who will take upon himself the responsibility of bringing on a war between two nations like Great Britain and America, upon a question of this kind, until he is prepared to show that anything and everything that he could do, has been done to avoid such a terrible ultimate result. [Mr. W. was interrupted here by renewed cheers.] If a British Minister under whose administration a war should ensue on the question, cannot stand up in Parliament and show that it is not his fault, cannot show that he has done every thing which an honest and sensible man can do to avert the conflict, I undertake to say that no power or popularity can uphold his shaking position for an hour. [Cheers.] And in the same sense and spirit I say that if in this country any party shall, before we are aware of it, plunge us into a war upon this question, it must expect to receive a very severe interrogatory from the American people,—must expect to prepare itself to show that it has done all it could without any bids from the pride of success or the love of war—all that it could do to keep the nation safe from so great a calamity, with the preservation of its rights and its honor.

Gentlemen, it appears to me that any man, Prime Minister of England or President of the U. States, who should unnecessarily, light up the flames of war upon such a subject, (flames let me add that will burn over the whole globe) may well consider the genius of his country addressing to him the works which the orator of Rome supposed the genius of his country would address to him if he did not quell the Cataline conspiracy,—"An cum bello vastabitur Italia, vexabunter urbs, tecta ardebunt; tnm te non existimas invidiæ incendi conflagraturum.'* (Applause.)

No, gentlemen! the man who shall, incautiously, or led on by false ambition or party pride kindle those fires of war over the globe on this question, must look out for it,—must expect to be himself consumed in a burning conflagration of general reproach. [Prolonged cheers.]

There will be a public indignation before which no popularity, public or private, can stand,—it will melt down every monument of the dead: it will destroy all respect for the living; it will burn up every vestige of respect for individual worth, if unnessarily, if recklessly, if ambitiously it has plunged the subjects of two civilized Christian States of the world into war,—a war which shall cause the loss of millions of wealth,—shall turn cities to smoke,—shall cost thousands and hundreds of thousands of lives,—and those smoking cities, and that destruction of property, and that sacrifice of life shall be found over the whole globe, in every latitude and longitude, surrounding the ball on which we live.

Now, gentlemen, I do not propose that on this subject we take any alarm. I propose that we keep ourselves cool and calm. In some of the Southern cities there is now some agitation for fear of war. I regret this much. I hardly say I regret the feeling—that is natural. But I regret the cause. It is a common mistake of men not in the most elevated position, that they think they can play the small patriot safely, in a small style. [Laughter.] There are those who think that they can talk of a war with England and any other nation, and get credit for their patriotism and lofty love of country, but keep the game in their own hands. That may not happen. At any rate that is not the way nor the course which just and lofty and respectable men feel on the great question of peace or war.

This constant speculation, this supposition that war may come, is half as bad as war itself. It interferes in all the buisiness and arrangements of life. It confounds and confuses men in regard to their own business plans. What we want is settled peace, and the conviction that peace will remain until there is some just and sensible cause for war.

On this subject I have only farther to say that, while it is our duty not to take or to spread alarm, to believe and trust that the government, that the country will act solemnly and wisely and justly, it is a less difficult thing than some people imagine to begin a dispute whose result no man in the end can control.—Let the government only be sure that it is right,—in the words of one of the late Presidents of the United States, let us claim all that is right, and ask for nothing that is wrong, freely and magnanimously, and without any particular array of patriotic decralation.

*Then Italy shall be desolated, her cities plundered, and her temples on fire, do you not think, that then you will be consumed in the blaze of public indignation?

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