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Poetry.

OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG.

BY HON. GEORGE LUNT.

"Our country! right or wrong,"
What manly heart can doubt
That this should swell the patriot song,
This wring the patriot shout!
Be but the foe arrayed
And War's wild trumpet blown,—
Cold were his heart who has not made
His country's cause his own

Though faction rule the halls
Where nobler thoughts have swayed
One sacred voice forever calls
The patriot's heart and blade!
He, at his country's name,
Feels every pulse beat high,
Wreathes round her glory all his fame,
And loves for her to die!

Where'er her flag unrolled
Wooes the saluting breeze,
Flings o'er the plain its starry fold,
Or floats on stormy seas—
All dearest things are there,
All that makes life divine,
Home, faith, the brave, the truth, the fair,
Cling to the flaming sign.

Oh, is this thought a dream?
No! by the gallant dead,
Who sleep by hill, and plain, and stream,
Or deep on ocean's bed!
By every sacred name,
By every glorious song,
By all we know and love of fame,
"Our country—right or wrong!"

Written for the Phil. Saturday Courier.

THE BEAUTIFUL KENTUCKIAN;
OR
LOVE AND COURAGE.

A TALE OF THE DICTATORSHIP.

BY J H INGRAHAME

CHAPTER I.

At the close of one of those gorgeous tropical days peculiar to the low latitudes in May and June, a majestic steamer was ascending the Mississippi. The green forests on either shore echoed back the thunder of her escape-pipe, and the shrill cry of the eagle answered it again from the very clouds. The sun had just set in an ocean of fiery gold, gathering about his couch as he descended into it, curtain of purple and saffron clouds richly lined with silver light. A mellow fusion of colors mingled together and softly blent one in the other like the delicate and varied hues in a sea-shell, spread upward over the heavens, over-passing the zenith, and lending a glory to the orient like the roseate dawning. There was no wind in motion. The broad lake-like bosom of the river seemed a mirror of polished steel, set in a border of emerald, save that it caught here and there, when the shadows of the shores did not darken it, the iris-splendor of the skies.

Steadily ascending the river with majestic motion, the noble steamer moved swiftly along amid this fair scenery of sky and earth; her wake glittering and sparkling far astern, and heaving in the air, as she went, a long path of dark brown smoke like a banner flung out!

The decks were thronged with gay groups of passengers. Some promenaded the hurricane deck gazing upon the shores and enjoying the motion of the vessel as she glided past them. Others sat in parties conversing. From a group at the stern rose the clear notes of a sweet singer's voice mingled with the rich bass of a contralto. Some walked alone and apart from the others, smoking and musing, or with their thoughts winging their way to homes left behind or in anticipation.

Among the various groups that were dispersed over the spacious deck of the steamer, walked one alone. His air was sad, and he seemed to shrink from observation; yet he scarcely turned or returned in his slow walk that eyes were not closely and with a strange curiosity observing him. He seemed to be particularly an object of attention and conversation. Yet he never or very seldom raised his dark eyes to glance around, as though conscious of the observation which centred upon him.

He was a man of very elegant exterior, tall and slender, with a dark foreign face, marked by a singular union of gentleness and fire.—There was about him a certain air of command that could not fail to arrest the attention of the merest observer. Although he was dressed in a suit of plain blue cloth, his bearing was decidedly military. His hands and feet were remarkably small and beautifully shaped, and upon a little finger of the former blazed a magnificent diamond of great size. He walked with his hands behind him, and as he walked he seemed to be unconsciously unrolling and rolling up in his fingers a small paper cigar.—His step was slow, grave and thoughtful, though at times he would impulsively take two or three rapid and sudden steps as if yielding to some quick and impatient emotion within.

The glorious beauty of the skies gradually blent into the gray of evening, and still he paced the deck in the same space which, as if by common consent, the rest of the passengers had left unoccupied for his use. He had all this time spoken with no one. He seemed to have companionship with none on board.

At length a young girl of about fourteen summers, with bright hazle eyes and soft brown sunny hair, came upon deck leaning upon the arm of a lady. There was just light enough lingering from the skies to show how surpassingly lovely was this sweet child. The purity of a good and generous heart shone in her face, and the maturity of a woman's deeper and holier feelings reposed there. She was both a child and a woman: with a soul full of sympathy and emotion, yet with the artlessness of expression and air that belongs to girlhood.

As she appeared on deck, the solitary stranger quickly lifted his eyes and rested them upon her—for he seemed to have heard her step and recognised it. As he beheld her, a smile of incomparable sweetness lighted up his sad, dark face, and approaching her, he bowed to both ladies with grace and dignity, lifting his hat and standing before them uncovered. He there remained conversing with them a few moments, and then offering his arm to the young girl, they together promenaded the deck, while the lady seated near seemed to regard them both with interest. The tones of the deep rich voice of the stranger occasionally fell upon her ears as he discoursed with his companion, who seemed to listen with entranced delight.

"Madam," said a gentleman advancing and taking a seat by the senior lady, and addressing her in a low voice, "I think you act very imprudently in permitting your daughter to form an acquaintance with that man! If she were my child I should lock her up in her state-room before I would have her speak to him!"

"Anne is so very young there can be no danger," said the lady, smiling. "Besides, she is the only person whom he speaks to. I deeply sympathise with him in his fall from power, and a prisoner, as it were: and if Anne can, by listening to him, alleviate his misfortunes, I shall not forbid it!"

"Sympathy for him! He merits the detestation of every honorable mind! I am sorry to see you so blind! You will one day regret this confidence and pity for him! Besides, madam, it makes you and your daughter the subject of much conversation on board. You are getting very unpopular!"

"I am sorry it is the case, Colonel," said the lady, calmly. But you know the incident which led to this acquaintance, and called forth his gratitude!"

"Yes; and it is a pity he was not shot! It would have been a blessing to the world! It is singular that she should have thrown herself in the way as she did, and at such risk! Did she know him before?"

"No. We never beheld him until we came on board the boat at New Orleans; and, when he was pointed out to us, we gazed upon him with interest. As we came up the river, and noticed the deep hostility manifested against him, Anne's pity was awakened; for she is one of those who never remember injuries, and who instinctively take part with the suffering. She knew his character and knew that he merited the reproaches of men; but when she saw how fearfully raged the hatred against him, and observed his mild, patient bearing, under such an ordeal, her feelings were enlisted in his behalf, purely from pity. Two days ago, as the boat was leaving Natchez, Anne and I were standing upon the guard, watching the shore.—He stood within seven feet of us, leaning against a column, with his head drooped upon his breast. I was at that moment gazing upon him and recollecting in my mind the extraordinary character and wonderful life of this man, when Anne sprang from my side with an exclamation of terror, and threw herself before him. At the same instant I heard a loud oath uttered from a window on shore, not fifty feet distant, and saw a man in the act of dropping a rifle he had elevated to his shoulder.

"'You may thank the quick eye and quicker foot of that young girl, senor,' said he, coarsely, 'that you are not a dead man! I had covered your heart with my rifle bore, but she has saved you for this time! But beware the next.'

"Thus speaking, the man disappeared in the window, and the boat at the same time shot rapidly away from the pier. Anne's act was impulsive, like herself. She told me that she saw the man within the chamber level his rifle and bring it to bear. That she had no time to cry out, but trusting that the sudden intervention of her person would prevent him from firing, she sprang forward as she did! The deep gratitude of the Chief, when he saw how imminent his danger had been, you should have witnessed!

"'It is a pity she caught sight of the Tennessean's rifle. That man had a brother shot by this cruel and blood-loving Mexican's order, and was entitled to his revenge. Let me recommend you to caution your child not a second time to interpose her person between the heart of this man and a rifle ball. Even *it* might not again serve as a protection. The Tennessean is vindictive. He will follow his victim like a sleuth-hound, though he may fail to effect his object. A rifle ball can pass through two hearts as well as one!'

"Thus speaking, the Kentucky gentleman rose and left the lady. A few moments afterwards, she approached and spoke to her daughter, and the stranger relinquishing her, escorted them politely to the saloon, and then returned to pursue alone his solitary star-lit walk upon the deck.

CHAPTER II.

A few years passed away, and the blooming girl of fourteen had become a lovely woman in the pride of her charms. It was a mellow, twilight hour, similar in beauty of sky and richness of coloring to that described in the foregoing part of our tale.

Anne Murray was seated upon a balcony in her father's villa near Lexington. Around her lay a scene of of exquisite rural beauty. Noble parks, in which the deer browsed or sported, fearless of the hunter's rifle; wide green lawns, belted by sparkling brooks, sunny uplands and pleasant vales, with the roofs of the stately villas lifting themselves from the covert of groves on every side.

A gazette lay upon the lap of the young lady, and her features wore a look of anxiety. A step advanced, and her mother appeared upon the balcony.

"Is not the mail yet in, mother? It is late!" she said, with a tone to which emotion gave depth.

"Not yet, Anne. But do not yield to this sorrow Edward is doubtless safe."

"I fear the worst. The paper which came yesterday, says there is but little doubt that the whole party will be shot, without distinction! It anticipated further intelligence the next mail. I am distressed beyond measure at this suspense!"

"It is impossible that they should take Edward's life. He is not a Texan. He merely joined the expedition to Santa Fe as an American traveller, with an American passport."

"Yes, this paper says that the whole party was taken and bound, and led off to the interior, without distinction!"

"But there is no certainty that Edward Linn was with them at the time of the capture.—The paper gives no names."

"Edward was without doubt with them, or else left behind by illness, which is an equally painful alternative. There is the sound of a horse galloping towards the door. It is the servant, and he holds papers in his hand. We shall now, I trust, hear something definite."

The New Orleans papers were hastily unfolded, and Anne, with a rapid eye, ran over the paragraphs. Her gaze rested upon one headed "The Unfortunate Santa Fe Expedition." She read with rapid glances from period, till her eye fell on an array of names.

"Mother, Edward *is* one of them! See his name! Edward Linn, of Kentucky. Hear what the paper says—'There is little hope that Santa Anna will make any distinction between the American gentleman who accompained the Expedition and the Texans. They have, thus far, received precisely the same treatment with these, and nothing but the prompt and imperative interposition of the United States government will save them from the fate to which we fear the Texans are destined.' Mother," said Anne, rising, and pacing the balcony with a quick step and an air expressive of decision, "Edward must be saved! Every means must be made use of to rescue him from the hands of the tyrant of Mexico!"

"This is strange language for you, Anne!—You once thought him mild and pleasant, and have often defended him from the aspersions of others!"

"But I have now, for the first time, felt the bitterness of his tyrannical power in my person! I have never esteemed his character. It was natural for me to put an interest in one, whosoever he was, whose life I had been instrumental in preserving. But Edward's case admits of no delay. I will write letters to-night to our Senators in Washington, and also to the President, in his behalf. You may term it boldness in a betrothed maiden, mother; but I feel that in such a case as this, the maiden betrothed should act as a wife would act."

CHAPTER III.

Four months passed away, and in the interim Anne Murray, with as pirit and perseverance that commanded the esteem of all whom she interested in her cause, had achieved nothing towards the liberation of her lover. Her impatient love could not brook the delay of negotiation; and at length, disgusted with the seeming indifference of her country, she resolved to take the matter in her own hands. She had received, on the morning of this decision, a letter from Edward, dated at the well-known castle of Perote, in which he informed her that his passports had been taken from him, and that he was regarded as a Texan, and with them was confined in Perote in chains. Although he wrote cheerfully, and encouraged her to hope for his liberation shortly through the interposition of his country, she felt that his situation called at once for the services of love and friendship.

"If Edward waits for the imperative demand of his country to set him free, I fear he will linger there longer than I can endure to think of," she said, with bitterness, "It is now five months since he was captured, and yet nothing positive has been done. This night I depart for Mexico! I will leave a line informing my mother of my intention, assuring her that I go to Mexico to free Edward or share his captivity!"

That night, accompanied by a faithful negro servant, and mounted upon a fleet horse, the fair Kentuckian left her home, and took the road leading to the nearest post on the Ohio. They rode all night, at great speed, to distance pursuit, and by ten o'clock the next morning were on board a steamer, descending the river towards New Orleans.

CHAPTER IV.

The Dictator of Mexico was seated in the private drawing-room of his palace, surrounded by his ministers of state and of war, and a few select friends. His brow wore a cloud, for he had but a few minutes before given audience to the American Minister, and the latter had departed in anger.

"What means this American?" he haughtily demanded, after a deep silence had for some time reigned in the room. "Does he dare plead for pirates and outlaws? Has he the audacity to demand of me clemency towards adventurers from his country who choose to invade the Empire! If the prisoners he pleads for are Americans, let their countrymen come and get them. He threatens me with war!—Mexico fears not war! Her armies are numerous and brave, and the hearts of her children are patriotic! I will not give them up to him. They were taken in arms with the Texans, and they must share the fate of the Texans. How can the President of America of the North have the face to solicit a favor of me when he has laid his right hand upon one of our provinces, and covets to annex it to his own overgrown and ambitious republic! No, I will not listen to his Minister! If he would reach my ears, let him do it with his cannon if he will!"

Thus speaking, the Dictator rose from his seat and walked the room at a quick, limping gait, and under angry excitement. But his lameness soon caused him to resume his seat. As he did so the British Minister was announced.

"Well, Senor de la Inglaterra," said the Dictator, with a smile, "I suppose you have waited upon me to learn my reply to your note of this moruing. I comply cheerfully with your demand. The order for the release of the five Englishmen taken with the Texans is already signed. I trust that the pacific relations now existing between Great Britain and this Republic will remain long uninterrupted."

"It is her Majesty's desire to preserve them inviolable on her part, Senor," responded the British Minister; and I shall not fail to represent to my government your expressions of friendship."

Santa Anna now placed the order for the release of the prisoners for whom the English Minister had interested himself into his hands; and shortly afterwards the British Envoy took his leave.

"If it were only to rouse the indignation of the American government, I would have given him this order," said the Dictator, turning to his minister of state, as the Englishman left the presence. He probably believes that I have complied through fear. Let him think so. I have, however only been influenced by a desire to show to the American Government my contempt of its own demand!"

"Senor," said an officer, entering, "a lady, with a passport from the English Consul at Vera Cruz, urgently seeks for audience with your Excellency!"

"I will see her, Valdes!"

The next moment Anne Murray stood in the presence of the Dictator. Her noble figure, her extreme beauty, the alternately pale and crimsoned cheek, the air of decision, mingled with fear, that she evinced, at once arrested the attention of all present, and awakened the interest of the Dictator.

After he had regarded her for a moment, as she stood hesitating before him, his face all at once betrayed strong emotion. He bent forward and half rose from his chair. His looks showed a doubtful recognition of the lovely girlish countenance that years had not effected from his memory.

"Noble Dictator," she said, gathering courage, "I have to solicit of you a favor!"

"It is, then, my young American friend." cried the Dictator, with a glow of pleasure, as soon as her voice struck his ears. And rising, he warmly welcomed her, and led her to a seat near his own. "To what happy circumstance am I indebted for this honor?" he asked, with gentle courtesy.

"To a painful one, your Excellency. Among the prisoners in Perote, is a friend near and dear to me. He was only a traveller, taking advantage of the escort afforded by the Texan party to travel into Mexico. He was captured with the rest, his passports takes from him, and he now lies in chains in the Castle of Perote. I have come to Mexico to intercede with you in his behalf, trusting that you had not wholly forgotten the young girl who interposed her life to save yours."

"I have ever borne you in grateful rememorance. Your request is already granted- I will at once despatch an officer with an order for his release. His name?"

"Edward Linn, Senor."

"One of those whom the American Minister was so solicitous to have liberated. I grant to you, Senora, what I have refused to your country's Envoy. The world shall never say that Lopez de Santa Anna is destitute of gratitude."

As the fair Kentuckian resolved to accompany the officer back to Perote, Santa Anna, finding he could not prevail upon her to wait for her friend's arrival in the capital, despatched her under the protection of a troop of horse himself riding three leagues by her side and learning from her the history of her adventurous journey.

The next day the brave girl was folded to the heart of her lover, within the walls of Perote; and, in an hour afterwards, under a fresh escort of horse, they were on their way to Vera Cruz. Two days afterwards, they took passage for New Orleans in a United States' Cutter, and in five days arrived at their destination. They were, the next day, united in marriage in one of the drawing-rooms of the St. Charles Hotel, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage of the friends both of Edward and of the lovely Kentuckian, who, in possessing the hand of one every way worthy of her, felt herself richly rewarded for the bold and perilous enterprize which love had given her spirit and courage to undertake and successfully accomplish.

A PETTICOAT CASE.

Our lady readers will be amused with the following report of a most extraordinary case, which we find in an old paper, the Boston Gazette, for 1804. The sarcasm is of course not applicable now.—*N. Y. Sunday Despatch.*

Report of a Case argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Cupid. Hymenial Term ——Anno Amoris, 5808. *Regina* vs. *Agens Sinclair.*

This was an information filed by the Attorney General, founded on the statute against *nudity*- The evidence was in writing, and the facts proved were, that "in a public assembly of both sexes, the prisoner appeared dressed in a gown cut so extremely low before and behind, that many things which ought to have been concealed wholly or in part, were exposed to public view, and also that the remainder of the dress was so thin and traesparent that the form of the lady through all its sinuosities was indelicately percepible;" and also that "the lady at that time wore no petticoat-"

After verdict, Racamer, seargeant of counsel for the prisoner, moved an arrest of judgment upon two points:

first: With regard to the first charge relative to the fashion of the gown, he contended that the evidence was too indefinite to convict prisoner "many *things* were exposed which *ought* to have been concealed." The word "*things*?" is the most indefinite word in the language; it means anything and therefore means nothing; the jury had no right to give it a meaning in this case. Besides, how could the witness determine and swear that the *things* alluded to *ought* or *ought not* to be concealed; that is a question of law; he was not a judge of this honorable court; perhaps your honors might think differently from him, and decide that the gown was not a crimnal one. When it was made, the lady might have expected to be married soon, and then it would at least be, a *convenient* one.

Secondly: With regard to the two last charges, the prisoner could not be convicted upon the statute relative to *nudity*, as the evidence was clear that she was in full dress. However thin and improper her dress might have been, this was not the legal form of correcting those evils.

But the court over-ruled these objections.—They said enough was proved of the first charge to satisfy the jury, (and they were the exclusive judges of it,) that the lady was so *nude*, as to be properly considered *indecently dressed*; and that it had been long settled, that whatever was indecent destroyed the enchantment of love, and therefore in this court to be accounted criminal. With regard to the second point, they said, it was not the intention of the statute to guard *only* against *entire* nudity. The world was not yet bad enough to require such a prohibition. But the statute was intended to prevent that gradual increase of transparency of dress and nakedness, which threatens in the course of time to terminate in the wearing of nothing but gauze or crape apparel, or in the absolute indecency of wearing no clothes at all; a circumstance very much to be dreaded in cold climates, and among virtuous and decent people. The objects of the statute vere the preservation of modesty, and restoration of genuine love—now almost unknown—and the protection of the natural decency which seems to be almost laughed out of countenance by our fashionable people. The dress of the lady was in direct violation of the spirit of the statute, and she therefore must recognize to make appearance here to-morrow to receive sentence.

The next day the court sentenced her to wear, for two months *wild bore gowns*, made to tie close round the neck, and not less than two flannel petticoats at a time; and also to find two sureties to recognize with her, that she shall not appear indecently dressed for one year.

NEWSPAPERS.—The newspapers is the chronicle of civilization, the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, at which every man can come and drink; it is the newspapers which gives to liberty its practical life—its constant observation—its perpetual vigilance—unrelenting activity.—The newspapers is a daily and sleepless watchman, that reports to every danger which menaces the institutions of our country, and its interests at home and abroad. The newspaper informs the Legislature of public opinion, and informs the people of all acts of legislation; thus keeping up that constant sympathy, that good understanding between people and legislators, which conduces to the maintenance of order, & prevents the stern necessity for revolutions.

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