

The Welcome.

A gem from Denis's Irish Ballads.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning.
Kiss and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oft'er you come here the more I'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them,
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

O! your step's like the rain to the summer-veged farm,
Or mine and shield to a Knight without armor. [et
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the path on the track of the fairy.
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.

O! she'll whisper you "Love as unchangeably beam-
ing,

And trust, when in secret, most tunelessly streaming,
Till the starlight of Heaven above us shall quiver,
And our souls flow in one down Eternity's river."

So, come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning.
Kiss and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oft'er you come here the more I'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
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Marshal Ney.

A NATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES.

We condense, from the Southern Literary Messenger, the following very interesting and not improbable identification of the celebrated Marshal Ney, Prince of Moscow, with Michael Rudolph, a distinguished soldier of the American revolution. Further inquiry may yet unravel the mystery, and give to the western continent the honor of having furnished Europe with one of her greatest modern heroes.

Michael Rudolph was born at Elkton, in the State of Maryland. His parents were either German, or of German extraction.—They are represented as very worthy people, but in humble circumstances, and not able in consequence, to confer upon their children many of the advantages of education or society. Michael grew up hardy and promising in person and spirit; eager, intelligent and bold, but illiterate. He joined the American army at a very early period, as a common soldier, when he was little more than sixteen years of age. We have reason to believe that he was with a corps under Lt. Col. Lee, while that brave partisan was only a captain, and sometime before the formation of the celebrated Legion. To have been a captain in such a body of men at its formation, argues a reputation already well recognized, and the possession of qualities for service which were well known to the Commander in Chief. This was the commission held by Rudolph in the Legion, when our attention is first drawn to his achievements. In 1790 he was chosen as the leader of the forlorn hope when the British post at Paulus Hook was to be attacked. This post was held by a strong body of British and Hessians under the command of Major Southerland. The fort was taken by surprise and storm, and the conduct of Rudolph, at the head of the assaulting party, amply justified the confidence of his commander. The Legion being ordered to the south, Rudolph assisted Marion in the descent upon Georgetown. He led one of the attacking parties, and was successful, though the expedition partially failed. The British commandant of the place was taken in his bed, many of his troops were slain, but the lack of efficient co-operation baffled the full desires of the assailants. The part played on this occasion by Rudolph was true to his well known skill, courage and audacity.

Garden, a lieutenant in the same command, writes: "There was not an officer of the same grade in the southern army whose activity and daring spirit produced such essential advantages to the service: yet, in the page of history, he is scarcely named.

At the battle of Guilford, under Greene, his bravery was the subject of special applause. At the siege of Fort Grundy he was the first to occupy its principal bastion, and, passing from this point towards the post of Ninety-six, then under Col. Cruger, with equal rapidity and succeeded in surprising it. He afterwards assaulted and captured Fort Galphin, an Indian trading post, filled with royal presents for the Indians.—He followed up this success by the capture

of Forts Cornwallis and Grierson. With the Legion, under General Greene, he participated in the attack upon the British fortress of Ninety Six. The storming party, led by Rudolph, succeeded in entering the fort, but the other was less successful, and the Americans were forced to retire. At the battle of Eutaw he led the Legion Infantry, and broke the British line, and in numerous daring feats afterwards signalized himself, among which was the capture of one of the enemy's galleys.

With the retiring of the British from the south, Rudolph's career in the American revolution closes. In 1793 we again trace him, at the head of the cavalry, with Wayne in the northwest, where he again served with distinguished reputation. From there he returned home, and the revelation of a domestic calamity, of the most humiliating character drove him forth on the very next day. In a small vessel, laden with tobacco, he sailed from the Chesapeake for St. Domingo or France, and here he is lost sight of during the turmoil of the revolution. At length a letter is received from him by Major McIntosh, of Georgia, urging the latter to seek fame in revolutionary France; and here all trace of Michael Rudolph is lost, and the before unknown 'Michael Ney' appears, as a meteor, in the military history of France.

Gen. Pickney, while in France, learned that there was an American officer in the French army, in Italy—he was in Kleber's German Legion—and Rudolph, born of German parents in America, spoke the language of his father. Ney's character in war was the very counterpart of that of Rudolph, and, like him, he was unfettered. On the trial of that celebrated Marshal, his council called upon the court to remember and make all allowances for one who was a 'foreigner.' Many wondered why the Marshal did not fly to America with the rest of Napoleon's followers: but it may well be supposed that the causes which drove him from home prevented his returning, and made him rather resolve to front the storm. Marshal Grouchy, when in this country said that Ney agreed in description with Rudolph, and that he 'spoke English well.' W. H. Crawford, of Georgia, was often visited by Ney; while the former was in Paris, yet in all his conversations with him, he would converse in nothing but French; and the reason assigned for his friendly regard for Crawford, is attributed to the fact of his coming from the neighborhood, where he was born and raised.

Genet, who was driven from France in 1792, and never after permitted to return, denies the identity of the two persons; but in 1792, Ney was unknown, and of him, afterwards, the citizen Genet had no opportunity of knowing. General Lallanand, who resided in Philadelphia in 1818 and 1819, fully concurs in the identity of the two persons as described. It is also well authenticated that Marshal Ney spoke very bad French, and was frequently styled, sneeringly, 'the tobacco trader'—Rudolph left America with such a cargo. Young Count Ney, accompanied with the Duc de Montebello, a few years since paid a visit to the neighborhood where Rudolph was born and raised; he did not reveal his mission, but it is generally believed his object was the obtaining of facts in regard to his father's early history. A nephew of Michael Rudolph now commands a cutter on the Georgia station, and all who are intimate with the portrait of the Marshal, and have seen the young American revenue officer, agree in recognizing a striking resemblance.

These facts make out a strong case in favor of the supposition that Marshal Ney was the brave American, Rudolph. The writer who gives forth these facts purposes to pursue the interesting inquiry to a satisfactory termination; and for the honor of our country, we hope he may establish the identity.

It appears by late discoveries, that the Leverier planet is continually approaching the earth. When first discovered, it was with difficulty seen with the most powerful telescope; but it is now nearly visible to the naked eye. It is said to travel at the rate of a million and a half miles in twenty-four hours, and as it is believed by some to partake of the nature of a comet, some philosophers apprehend serious results from its approach. The most learned professors in England and France are anxiously endeavoring to solve the mysterious problem.

From the Buffalo Pilot.

Powers, the American Sculptor.

A ROBBER STORY.

Lester in his Artist, Merchant, and Statesman, a work which we noticed a few days since, tells the following capital story of our countryman, Powers, as he had it from the artist's own lips.

Powers, who was born in Vermont, had found his way to the west, at an early day, and while trying his hand at sustaining life by honest means, found himself abroad, on horseback, upon a collecting tour through the half settled west; and it is into the chapter of that eventful ride, that he throws the following scene.

"I must tell you a robber story. Many a wild scene, you know, passes in those old woods. During this tour of collecting, I had arrived one afternoon, at a log tavern, too early to stop for the night; but it was nine miles to another house, and the road lay through a dense forest; I should arrive long after nightfall, and not unlikely encounter some danger, and I thought I would stop. I had a large sum of money in my saddle-bags, principally in silver, and as I dismounted the host took off the bags and seemed somewhat surprised at their weight; I replied I would carry them to my room as I wished to take out something for immediate use.

"Two suspicious looking men were witnesses of all this, as they stood by the corner of the house, leaning on their rifles, and it was evident I was the subject of their conversation, which was carried on in a suppressed voice, with more than one wink and shrug of the shoulder, which would not have come with an ill grace from an Italian bandit. There was no lock on my door, and that looked a little suspicious, for I could have sworn, as I examined the door carefully on the inside when I retired, that a lock had been recently removed. But never being much given up to the control of my fancy at any period of my life, I half persuaded myself it was groundless suspicion, and pulled off my clothes to go to bed. But I had not reasoned away my fears so completely as not to bethink myself of the means of defence in case of need. So I barricaded the door as well as I could with the few chairs and stools the room contained. But contrary to all expectation, not a noise was made around the premises, and my testimony on this point ought to be pretty conclusive, for if there had been, I think it more than probable I should have heard it.

"But I was not a little annoyed, as I was preparing to start in the morning, to see those two men at the door leaning on their rifles. One of them stepped up, and with what seemed to me an affected manner—

"'Stranger,' says he, 'we seem to be going the same way, suppose we keep company, as the gals say—for I kinder reckon my legs won't fall much behind your beast's—I and this neighbor I've fell in with, are going down about half way to the settlement, down yonder, and then we go off the road for a hunt.'

"I didn't I now exactly what to do, as you may well imagine. But I did not hesitate long—neck or nothing—thought I; and so I immediately replied—

"'Oh yes, company shortens the road; we'll go on together.'

"The truth of the latter sentiment I felt the force of; for whether we went in company or not that time, depended upon the walkers and not upon the rider. But there was no backing out; so off we started—one of the said gentlemen with a shouldered rifle walked on either side.

"Now," thinks I to myself, "is my principal chance. Go it Rosinante!"

"But neither jerk, whip, nor spur could urge her into an inconvenient gait for my companions. It was a new road, through what was called the Beech flats, where the soil being thin, and resting upon a hard clay pan, the roots formed a kind of web-work just beneath the surface, which the traveling had laid bare, and rendered dangerous for rapid movement.

"Finally they left me—one to the right and the other to the left, assuring each other as they did so, that they would rendezvous at Hog hollow," which was not put down in the Geography I had studied. "Bandit hollow," says I to myself, "you'd better call it." I now plied the implements of war upon my steed with increased activity, hoping I might gain upon the fellows, and defeat their infernal plot, which this, as we say in Yankee-

dom, *sham*, only rendered still more evident. But I found the roots thicker, and the mud deeper, of course, just in proportion as my exigencies increased, and, on the whole, all my twitching, and spurring, and beating, only acted upon my beast, like so much friction in machinery, to diminish the motion.—The only living things that I saw for the next mile or two, were a large flock of wild turkeys standing on a log, with the gobbler strutting before them; a moment after a slight noise in the woods to my right, gave me an involuntary start. The bushes wove and the sticks cracked—Rosinante stopped short, and began to prick up her ears, and for the first time in many years, perhaps, assumed a somewhat serious attitude. I looked steadily, and saw a cap moving slowly from behind a tree, at less than a rifle-shot; it was followed by just enough of a man's face to give me a glimpse of his eye. I felt my hair lift from my head. Suddenly the cap dodged behind a large tree. I knew escape was impossible, and it being more honorable to receive a bullet before than behind, I determined to await the result where I was. In a moment or two the cap and face appeared again, with the end of the rifle pointed pretty nearly in my direction.

"Fire away, my boy!" thought I, "you must be a great shot if you miss." The cold sweat ran down my breast, and Rosinante trembled. I looked as steadily, however, towards the man, as though my life depended on dodging the bullet. He beckoned me with his hand to go on: but I shook my head with a sort of an expression which I intended should say,—

"Blaze away where I am! for a few paces to the north or south, makes very little difference to me in the place where I fall."

"The man repeated the gesture with a dreadful, I might say, an infernal expression on his face, and then pointed with his finger to some object on the other side of the road.

I looked slowly round, expecting to receive a ball from him, or one from his murderous companion opposite to him; but you may judge of my surprise when I saw instead, six fine deer, nearly in range with me and the man skulking behind the tree, I saw the plot of the hunters in a flash.

"Well, said I, as an involuntary blush burned on my cheek, 'aint it strange I should make such an extraordinary ass of myself? I put spurs to Rosinante, and had hardly got clear of the shot of the honest hunter, before I heard a rifle-ball whistle by me, which struck a fine buck just about the instant I heard the report. The deer made a single leap and fell dead.

"So much," says I, "for the difference between an honest hoosier hunter and a highwayman!"

"It shows what suspicion will do when once excited; but I must confess suspicion was pretty natural under the circumstances."

NOVEL SPECULATION.—An enterprising Yankee at Canton, has recently built a Chinese junk of about 300 tons, fitted and rigged entirely after the Chinese model, which he intends taking to New York, loading her with every species of Chinese nicnacks, curiosities, etc., to be sold on board after her arrival at that city. He takes also a China crew, a theatrical and juggling company, males and females, and everything curious, illustrative of the manners and customs of the Celestials. It is expected she will make the passage in five months. The cost of the whole affair will be about \$30,000, and the proprietor will undoubtedly realize a large fortune. After having exhausted the United States, he has been offered \$20,000 to deliver his junk in England. The junks are said to be good seaboats, and nothing worse than delay is feared in the voyage. We only wonder some one never thought of it before.

The reply of Mr. Jefferson, to an enquiry of an eminent functionary, on his presentation at the Court of France as Minister of the United States, was in excellent good taste: 'You replace Dr. Franklin, sir?'—'I succeed Dr. Franklin,' was Mr. Jefferson's prompt reply—'no man can replace him.'

'A splendid triumph of science,' said Muggins to his wife; 'a Mr. Hartford has given a boy a new lip, which he took from his cheek.' 'That's nothing, pa; I saw a doctor take two from Patty's cheek, the other day, and the operation didn't seem to be painful either!'