tion of Dean Swift, is very appropriate here, that, " when a true genius appears, you may know him by this sign, the purcan are all in conspiracy against him." Look at the dashing extravagance and humiliating condition of some of the members in the last legislature, in relation to the Thornton Resolution, and that of the Spec-tator last fall, on the amouncement of the appointments for Oregon by the President, dec., on which latter account, one of our public functionaries appointed by that of ficer, has been bissed or enapped off the tract, leaving the country amidst a war with the Indians, entirely destitute of an officer properly authorised to treat with them in behalf of our government-and who has not heard of the ludricrous farce played of in the name of the people, (but without their consent,) by a previous legislature, to prevent the re-appointment of Dr. B. White, with the vain hope it is generally believed, that one of this little few might be the chosen in his stead. Con trolled in a great way, by a few idlers in our villages and country, "they puff, puff, their friends, and punish their enemies with an unrelenting vengeance, and without the remotest view to qualifications honesty, or independence." Now I ask every candid man in Oregon, if this is not a true picture of some of our political partisans, they are not numerous, but their jealousy keeps them active and conspicuously in view to the public. I need not ask you whether reform in this particular is necessary for the well being of the community, none I am certain will question it. I have been told that it is impossible to rid a community of such an influence, that like contagion it is the bane and scourge of all governments, and particularly that or Republics; but Mr. Editor, the plant is exotic in this region, but finds "aliment I fear in the foreign atmosphere which sur-rounds it;" if I am not much mistaken. every real friend to this country, must regret to see our public men barked or snap ped out of the discharge of their duty in these trying times, to make room for one of these greedy few; this should not be so. they should recollect that suspping and barking is peculiar to certain tribes of animals, and that the chief executive of our nation, is not exempt from these rabid attacks; but let them bark, bark, and snap, snap, egad until their throats are sore: if the assailed have the right kind of firmness. they will be found in the discharge of their duty without regard to what is said or to them, and my word for it, the honest portion of the community will always sustain them.

TIT FOR TAT.

BY UBACK GREENWOOD

The sex to which I have the honor belonging, has from time immemorial been accused of being peculiarly subject to this compound of love and hate, of folly and fury-this Lear of passions, the weak mad dupe of his own creations. In the name of the sisterhood, I deny the charge—I fling it back on our accusers; for the lord-ly sex, it is who yield to the 'green eyed monster' the most loval and ready obedi ence. Does any one doubt the truth of this position?—let him seat himself, with becoming resignation, listen to my proof and rise up convinced.

and rise up convinced.

A glorious girl was my school mate, Sophie Norton, a charming beautiful riddle. She was a blond, of the most delicate description, with a mild, tender, Lucy Astoniah sort of a hoo, and ways so confidingly winning. I would defy flesh and blood to withstand them. And yet, this angel in form and feature, this seeming embodiment of all most exquisitely etherial and spirital, was in truth, the most dashing, daring, care for nought. most dashing, daring, care for naught, gipsey of a creature, dear reader, that ever took your heart by stratagem, or carried it by storm. She was admirably politic, however seldom showing both sides of her persons. Our teacher praised her as a model of propriety and loveliness, while we adored her as the queen of fun and frolic, who led us into the wildest, and most unheard of scrapes, and as skillfully and triumphantly, led us nut.

On leaving school, Sophia spent a few months with a friend in Philadelphia.—I

cannot say that her visit caused any cannot say that her visit caused any "great commotion," in right-angle-doom. She was "beautiful, exceedingly," but here was not the style of loveliness to create a furor. She was very like one's summer dream of sweetness and gentleness, yet few people besides poets, think of falling in love with a dream;—and then she was not an heiress.

At last, as the Garman would are about

she was not an helress.

At last, as the Germans would say, she met her destiny. Wishing to have her miniature taken, a young artist, of considerable promise, was selected by her friends. She found him quite one's idea of a true votary of the divine arts; his lightest words, ithe tenes of his voice, showing an ardent, earnest, enthusiastic temperament. His face would have been of almost too lofty and severe a beauty were it not for a smile of childlike archness and amiability, always denoing atof almost too lofty and severe a beauty were it not for a smile of childlike arch-ness and amiability, always denoing at-tendance on his lips. His form was fine-ly proportioned, but in my eye, suther too pull, by perfect manifesse. Well, Rophie soon saw, by woman's marvelous intuition, that Mr. J. Randolph Richmond, (he waste his name thus, for

Well, Rophic seen saw, by woman's marvelous intuition, that Mr. J. Randelph Richmond, (he waste his name thus, for fear of being called Jack;) was irretrieva-

tile in leve—and with her own sweet self. Yet Rophie was a sensible girl, and kept ther own heart with all diligence. She liked the lad passing well, but in regarding his character, she had one chilling fear. It was that his devotion to painting a crose not from a sincere love for the art, but from personal ambition, that passion which the world has baptized with praise and christened with a glorious name, but which is in trulk but a firey, intense and love, because she was loved;—did not let gratitude load her blindfold to the altar.—I know I should put on my gloves, while handling this dear, pet fault of my sex. But my charming sisters, why are you grateful I Just bring your every-day tenderness, your patient, fond, worshiping, self-sacrificing love; and place man's holiday admiration, his fanciful, patronising, exacting, doubting affection, in the opposite scale, and see in what a passion of haste they will go up! Thank a man for reading you five unauted acus from his drama—for asking an introduction to a rival belle—for saying you are surprisingly like his maiden aunt;—but never for the honor of his preference. Be grateful nating creature, yet I have always thought tile in love-and with her own sweet self. | see to the yield to woman's amiable weakness, and love, because she was loved;—did not let gratitude lead her blindfold to the altar.—I know I should put on my gloves, while handling this dear, pet fault of my sex. But my charming sistors, why are you grateful? Just bring your every-day tenderness, your patient, fond, worshiping, self-sacrificing love; and place man's holiday admiration, his fanciful, patronising, exacting, doubting affection, in the oppesite scale, and see in what a passion of haste they will go up! Thank a man for reading you five unacted sets from his drama.—for writing you an acrostic on your name—for asking an introduction to a rival belle—for saying you are surprisingly like his maiden aunt;—but never for the honor of his preference. Be grateful to him for the offer of his muchoir to hem, or his gloves to mend, but never for that or his gloves to mend, but never for that of his heart and hand. In love matters, fling away gratitude—'tis but a charity-girl sort of a virtue, at the best.

fling away gratitude—'tis but a charitygirl sort of a virtue, at the best.

It was, finally, in no hour of triumph
that Sophie Norton felt all the sweet waters of her heart gushing freely, gladly,
tumultuously, toward him who loved her.
She had accompanied him to the academy
where a painting, on which he had spent
much time and enthusiasm, was being exhibited. There was present one of the
first artists of his country, who, pausing
before Randolph's picture, bestowed upon
it some warm praise, and then criticised it
with terrible severity. Sophie attentively with terrible severity. Sophic attentively watched the face of her lover-flushes passed over his brow, his lips were com-pressed, but he silently drank in every word of the artist. When the ordeal was passed, he left her side, went up to the judge, gracefully introduced himself, and his gratitude with frank and unexpressed his gratitude with frank and un-mistakable carnestness for the valuable, though painful lesson. Sophie is not given to weeping, but when Randolph rejoined her, she was actually in tears. She pledged him her dear little hand that very

sight. There's a true woman for you! Sophie left for home soon after. I sa almost as soon as we met, that she loved; that woman's destiny had floated out of heaven, and hung over her life a cloud of purple and gold. Oh, reader mind, you should have seen some of there letters!— They were tender delicate, glerious, flow vas one thing I noticed—Sophie had evidently not shown her lover the playful, girlish side of her character. Woman, when first in love, seldom deals in persiflage. She really makes a serious, solemn matter of that, which is, at best, but a Divine Comedy.

A few months of the engagement has A few months of the engagement had passed, when a sister of Randolph's visited Philadelphia. He, the adopted of a childless uncle, had not seen her for some years; meanwhile she had come dancing up from childhood and was now poising herself on the threshhold of sixteen—a wild spirited beautiful brunette. Randolph tried in vain to tame her; she would have tricks tell another tricks tell and have tricks tell and have tricks tell another tricks tell and have tricks tell and the tricks tell and have tricks tell and the tricks tell and trick

while springer beautiful ordinetes. Analodoph tried in vain to tame her; she would play tricks, tell anecdotes and laugh aloud and her menter ended at last, by falling in with her shocking, enchanting ways.

Our hero had never written to Sophie of his sister Kate, but he soon told the latter all about Sophie. He enlarged much on the confidence of his lady-love. "Don't you think it strange," said he, "that she never expresses a doubt of my fidelity, though she knows that in walking Chesnut-street I daily meet belles and beauties, who would not care to look farther than—the brother of so fine a girl as you, Kate!" "Ah, has that modest brother of mine, ever as much as intimated to her his knowledge of the existence of those dangerous creatures? that's the question!" "Why, no, Kate," "Then she has not had the shadow of a cause for distrust—give her a hook to hang a doubt upon, give her a hook to hang a doubt upor and she'll—All girl's are alike, an. Just then, she caught a glimpse of her ra-diant reguish face, in the glass opposite, and clapping her hands in ecstacy, cried, "I have it! you say she does not know that Kate-just write her a description of ME!

Kate—just write her a description of MR!
Don't go so far as to pretend you are in love, but tell her all about the lively 145, we live, as master and pupil; and if she doesn't fly into a beautiful passion of jeal-ousy—if your angel don't show the woman I'll be a good girl for a whole fortnight."
Well, they put their wicked heads together, and the next mail bore Sophie Norton the following, from her faithful lover:
"My dear Sophie—Your sweet letter has looked me reproachfully in the face, every time I have opened my sorutoire, for some days. I have no excuse to offer for my silence that will satisfy myself, so it might not you. But you will find one for me in your heart—won't you, dearest? I shall make haste to tell you of a charming new pupil of mine; first premising, ing new pupil of mine; first premising, that you must not be jealous—there is nothing in the world so disagreeable as a jealous woman. You really should see 'our Kate,' for so every one calls her.—She is the most amusing little melange of the artless impulses carriers green and She is the most amusing little melange of the artless impulses, careless graces, and untamed apirits of the child, and the budding affections, and harmless coquetries of the mind, you can imagine. I believe the creature has sentiment. I know she has feeling—but her animating, pervading restless spirit, is mirth. Her very presence is the soul of joyousness; she dances as though her feet had unseen wing—And then her laugh—Oh, it is the slivery gush of gladness! Her face is classical in its centeur, but there are so many pha-

she knows I have only a moderate income, and her face can win her a fortune. Indeed, she is pretty. A brunette is a fascinating creature, yet I have always thought the empire of the blonde over the affections the more enduring.

"Kate is teaching me waltzing, I know it will give you pleasure to hear I am making rapid progress in this delightful accomplishment. Were you a silly girl, now, I should fear your pouting over this and so, to soothe you, say I always fancy you my partner—that it is your dear form I am whirling about in the delicious delirium of the waltz. But I don't tell you any such thing; for I know you to be a sensible high-minded woman, never troubling yourself, or those who love you, with unfounded doubts and suspicions.

"Though my little friend is somewhat in my confidence. I have never told her of our engagement. I fear the madeap could not keep it to herself, and love is something far too delicate for the rough

could not keep it to herself, and love is something far too delicate for the rough atmosphere of the world.

"Kate is waiting for me to accompany her to a concert. Forgive the brevity of this. I know you will; there is nothing in which I have greater faith than in your truth and goodness; they constitute a little heaven, of which I am sole proprietor.—Adieu, love.

"J. R. R."

SOPHIE NORTON'S REPLY,

"Dear Jack—I was surprised, pleased, delighted by your last letter. It is just the most remarkable coincidence, quite a romance in real life—tis both funny and strange. But I must explain. Well, there lately arrived at sweet Brier Cottage Lieutenant Mortimer Lacy, of the army, my own cousin; and a splendid fellow he is, Jack. He has such a faultless form and face, and so imposing an air; and then and face, and so imposing an air; and then he sports such a love of a moustache, and his uniform is so becoming! Mortimer—how nice it is to have a pretty first name. Jack!—says that he was the tallest cadet over on parade at West Point! I wish all ever on parade at West Point! I wish all men were tall; it is certainly more natural to look up to them. I wish all men were soldiers, too; there is something so terri-bly grand in the profession; and uniforms are so beautiful in a ball room. By the way, can't you purchase one, Jack? To be sure, cousin Mortimer's would set on your sure, cousin Mortimer's would set on you like a suit of alderman's clothes on your easel. Not that the Lieutenant is corpulent—he is admirably proportion though large, a very Mars.

though large, a very Mars.

"I agree with you, that "there is nothing in the world so disagreeable as a jealous woman, unless it be a prudish one. Now some people think it shocking for me to waltz with Mortimer, but I smile at their old fashioned notions, and away we whirl! I em glad you are learning, it will be quite convenient when cousin is

gone.

"Mortimer is a splendid horse-man, and we have delightful excursions, a cheval. You were always so fearful the horse or toss me over his would run with me, or toss me over his head, that it really made a pain of a pleasure. Now cousin pays me the compli-ment of trusting to my horse-womanship—gets me mad untameable studs, and teaches me new and daring exploits.— Why the other day, we took a wild gallop

ith our hands close clasped!
"Mortimer is very wealthy, and says that after he has been promoted to a gen-eralship, he shall resign, and spend his eraiship, he shall resign, and spend his life enjoying otium cum dignitate. That sounds like latin, and means, I suppose a house in town, box at the opera, traveling, and giving dinners and fetes. He will be in Philadelphia in August, and if you call on him and are civil, he may prove a patron, though he has no penchant for the fine arts. I hope you'll take his portrait, a la militaire, for us, it will be a pleasure, he is so handsome.

"I believe with you, in the sacredness."

"I believe with you, in the sacre "I believe with you, in the sacrouness of love. I keep our engagement a holy secret. There is not to me a more, ruefully ridioulous figure, than an obviously engaged young lady, in the absence of her beloved. She sits in company, with folded hands and dreamy eyes—puts on a lady abbess look of shooked propriety when asked to walts and shrinks like a Mimona, from the innocent kies of a brother so, from the innocent kiss of a brother—
or cousin. I believe my manners have been free from this school-girlish gauchissement: for to tell the truth, the gallant Lieutenant has already laid siege to my heart, with most soldier-like impetuosity. I know you will be proud to hear your finances has made so considerable a conquest.

coptions, with a thick green cloud. Eato was going out for the evening, but he called her book, and pale and trembling handed her the letter. The glassy levels ed over it, till he threatened to sent

"My dear, too dear Sophie—How could you write so terrible a letter? Mine was a joke, all a joke—Kate is my eleter, my own sister. But yours cannot be mere pleasantry—you never dealt in that; beneath the sparkling foam, is an under current of dark meaning. It is as I have often feared you do not love me; you are lost to me forever? You must have seen that my letter was a jest, but were too happy of an opportunity to break those ties, which to you are irksome, but which bind me to life; those vows plighted before heaven, beneath the eternal stars. Sophie! I would go to you, but I dare not—the place by your side is for another, far dearer. But three short months have passed, since in a delirium of rapture, I first called you mine, and now in an agonny of hopeless love, I write—you are free.

"Oh heaven, my heart is crushed, my brain whirls—I fear I am Ill—yet do not let that give you unhappiness. May love and joy, and peace be around you, like let that give you unhappiness. May love and joy, and peace be around you, like the breath of the blessed angels! J. R. R. He wrote the above in absolute carnest

reader, and in due time received the fel-

"Comedy of errors" we have been acting to be sure! There was but this difference —you wrote in a lover like way of your sister; while I was romancing altogether I have not, I never had a cousin Mortimer, I have not, I never had a cousin Mortimer, but as I manufactured him, "regimentals and all, out of my own brain. I took your letter as an unmitigated hoax, and merely thought to give you a Roland for an Oliver." So, you see, love, you have wasted an immease amount of Romeo-lish anguish and despair. Nor is that the worst feature of your lamentable case.—You have doubted me. In a rash mood you flung me back my holy plighted faith as a thing of little worth. Now indeed is a noble opportunity for me to disalay is a noble opportunity for me to displa the lofty spirit, the inborn digt ty of we man, by proudly accepting the freedom the lofty spirit, the inborn dign'ty of wo-man, by proudly accepting the freedom you offer. But, Alas' there is one pro-voking little obstacle in the way. It hap-pens unfortunately that—I love you:— that it has somehow become quite a habit with me to think of you, and I am sot tragedy-queen enough to punish myself in being revenged on you. Come to us, and bring "our Kate." I am impatient to meet my charming rival, and to have to meet my charming rival, and to have one long, united, glorious laugh over our rommes of felly,

Don't think or use. If there is any accomplisa-use, it is that o such nonsense. If there is any ment I pride myself upon, ministering to the sick. So, as convenient for you please as convenient for you please postpose illness till I am within calling distance you wish to be nursed con amore. Sophie.

And now, patient reader, have I not stratained my first position?

Scraps of Pereine Name

The steamship Washington arrived at Bremen on the 19th of June, decorated with the American flag and the state flag of Bremen. A good dinner was given on board on the 23th, to celebrate her arrival. The Washington left Bremen on the 23th, her regular day of sailing, and reached Southampton on the 27th, in the forenoon, performing the voyage in forty-six hours. In consequence of the cager curiosity expressed to view the interior, the American consul, Mr. Croskey, has resolved to issue tickets of administion, to be sold at 1s. each, the proceeds to be applied to charit-able purposes.

FRANCE.-The accounts from this cou try are just at present of unusual interest.
On Thursday the ministry of M. Guisot sustained a most humiliating defeat on a motion for the reduction of the duty on salt from 3d to 1d per kilogramme, (two pounds,) which was carried, though op-264 to 14. It is manifest that in this division almost all the ordinary supporters of the ministry must have voted against them. It is said that they hope to obtain the rejection of the measure by the chamthe rejection of the measure by the cham-ber of peers, who, on a previous occasion, negatived a similar proposition. The ground on which the government opposed the measure was the loss of revenue which

Spain.—The Spanish government has issued a royal order that has attracted much attention, as it amounts to a declaration in favor of the Duchès of Montpenration in favor of the Duchès of Montpensier's right of succession to the throne, which has been disputed on the ground that the provisions of the treaty of Utreoht reader the Duke de Montpensier incapable of reigning in Spain, and that the Spanish constitution pruhibits the heir/to the crown from marrying any person who is excluded by law from succeeding to the throne. This royal order directs steps to be taken to prosecute any sowspapers that may ques-

the Minister —We regret to learn, says Washington Union, that the Cheva Gaspar Jose de Lisbon has been rece-by the Court of Brazil, as its Envoy traordinary and minister Plenipo to the United States. Mr. Lisboa do the Scoretary of State, on Fri Mr. Felippe Perulan Leal, late St of Legation, as charge d'Affaires S Court of Brazil.

Court of Brazil.

The Union adds:—

"We sincerely trust and believe that the recall of Mr. Lisbon will not expose the amicable relations of the two countries to the danger of any interruption. We are very decirous of preserving the best feelings towards Brazil; and we will not permit ourselves to believe that her government does not cordially reciprocate the sentiment. Mr. Lisbon is recalled, but no passports have been efferted to Mr. Wies. Mr. Todd, our new minister, is now on his way to Rio Janeire; and we cannot doubt way to Rio Janeiro; and we cannot but that frank and mutual explan but that frank and mutual explanations will restore our former relations to the best footing. It has certainly been the desire of our administration to do full justice to the Brazilian government, without compromising either her rights or our own. Mr. Todd will, we have no doubt, egfress this sentiment in the frankest manner. We understand, from the Emperor's late official message to the Deputies, that he is not altegether eatisfied with the arrangement which was made with Mr. Lisbon, and it is also eaid that the late ministry, which had recalled Mr. Lisbon, have been superceded by a new cabiset. A new minister on the part of the United States, and a new ministry on the part of the Emperor, will, we trust, remove every diffi-

peror, will, we trust, remove every de oulty, and restore the best relations ween the two countries." eulty, and restore the best relations between the two countries."

New Zealerd.—The Sydney Chronicle contains news from New Zealand to the 5th of June. The natives of Wangnul had murdered the wife and three children of Mr. Gilfillan, he narrowly escaping with severe wounds. Four of the natives occurred in the murder had been apprehended and executed under marked law.—The fifth, a boy, was sentenced to transportation for life. The natives, headed by Ranghaeata, numbering six or oven hundred, had entirely broken up the settlement of Manawatu, and compelled the inhabitants to retire to Wellington.—Six houses at Otowan had been burned. Sixperal robberias had been burned. Sixperal robberias had been committed by the natives. On the 16th day of May a private belonging to the 58th regiment named Scalthorps was murdered at Public H. B. M.'s ship Calliogs salied from Wellington on the 19th of May, with troops to qualive made an attack upon the sown and stockades at Wangnanui, and were repulsed by the English with the of Ion 1 killed and two wounded. The person killed was a noted chief called Maketu.

Samoa.-The "Samoan Rep

The Samoan Islands have been visited with a severe influenza during the past winter months, similar to the epidemic which prevails here during the wet season. Its course is from east to weet. In a district containing 2800 inhabitants, sixty deaths have occurred; and in some districts a still larger proportion.

UNITED STATES.—Captain H. Paulding, of the U. S. Ship Vincennes, discovered an Island in October last, situated in Istitude 24 degrees, 27 minutes East, which is moderately high, well wooded, and from six to ten miles long.

In compliment to the Secretary of the Navy, he named it Mason's Island.

Sir George Gippe, late Govern colony of New South Wales, den at terbury England, Feb. 20th, in the 57th year of his age.

Sandal wood has been discovered in the violaity of Spences's Gulf, in South Australia.

tralis.

The yearly cost of the British colonies is £4,191646, of which the military and naval expenses are actually £2,825,954 &, 7d. In 1833-4 the expenses of Australia, New Zealand, New South Wales, & Van Diemen's Land, were £195,954 &.

From the last to the 17th, of March last, 29 vessels sailed from Bromes, for New York, parrying out 3,604 emigrants.

A country editor says, will be found a torn coat se." Many as edit

When Mr. Michael Scales was last

There will be a CARD LAW PIRE.

PHYSICIAN & Recidence in the two stary half Drug Store. Ovegree City, Doc. S, 1847.

Sep. 30, 1047.