

CONSTITUTION OF HAYTI.

The new Constitution just adopted in Hayti, provides for the political division of the Republic, and declares that Africans and Indians, or the descendants of either by one or the other parent, may become citizens; but no white person can become a citizen or hold real estate.

All modes of worship are equally free; the freedom of the press is guaranteed; schools are to be established for both sexes, the teaching gratuitous; trial by jury is granted; the people have a right to assemble peaceably and without arms; the powers of the legislature, executive and judiciary, are defined; the executive is a President; the legislature is composed of a senate and house of commons; one third of the senate is renewable every two years. The whole of these, however much resemble those of the same bodies, in the United States. The heads of the four departments are called Secretaries of State. The qualifications of voters are fixed.

The colors of the Republic are blue and red placed horizontally. The arms are the palm, surmounted by the liberty cap, and encircled by the trophy of arms, with the legend "In union there is strength."

Port au Prince is the seat of government, under the name of Port Republic.

The national letters are, the Independence of Hayti, 1st of January; that of Agriculture, 1st of May; that of Alexander Pétion, 1st of April; that of Regeneration the 27th of January. Every stranger in Hayti to enjoy protection to his person and goods.

From the Mystery.

GRATIFYING—MICHIGAN. We learn by the Signal of Liberty, that a petition was recently sent into the Legislature of Michigan, signed by 315 citizens, headed by the Hon. Ross Wilkins, formerly of this city, praying an alteration of the Constitution of that State, so as to strike out the word WHITE as a qualification for voters.

The petition was presented by the Hon. W. Norman M'Leod, a member of the Legislature, whom our citizens will recollect as a talented young man, and an uncompromising enemy to slavery.

Long live the Hon. Ross Wilkins; what a contrast between him and his son-in-law, who is now a great man. Mr. Durham, from St. Nicholas, and 22 others, also presented one for the same purpose, and one from the colored citizens of Wayne co., presented by Mr. M'Leod, and from three other counties for the same object.

Also, eight petitions, from as many different counties, praying for the passage of a law, for the protection of fugitives from bondage. All referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. Truly, Liberty is the according note in Michigan, if we are to take the expression of the people as a criterion.

From the Mystery.

WHO ARE CHRISTIANS?

On last Sabbath evening just as Front St. Church let out, a young woman, Margaret Singh, was coming down the steps, which were icy and without cinders, as she reached the last step, her heels gave and the back of her head fell precisely upon the stone step with full force. She lay insensible, and cold as the night was, none went to her assistance, though every body passing by, both men and women, were looking in her face, asking who it is! when seeing, they would pass on observing that she would soon come to! others observing that

they did not know her, and others that they did not know where she lived. The whole church actually passed off, male and female, leaving the poor girl in that condition.

It is due and it is said to the honor and credit of Samuel Carlisle, but a youth, he stood during this supporting the woman on his arm, as he had raised her when she fell, seeing that she was quite insensible and unable to stand! This woman it will be recollected, is a professing Christian, a member of Front St. Church! this Carlisle, is a sinner. She was actually seen and left in this situation, by all who passed down the steps where she fell, and thus remained until church was entirely out, when Samuel calling another young man, Thomas Baldwin, to his aid, she was taken to Mrs. Ann Wells in Cherry alley, where she was rendered aid and kindly taken care of.

There are three things, perhaps, that operated against her. The first is that she is a poor girl; the second, that she has no other home than a herring; the third we will not mention but only add that her Creator should be charged with that crime! Who are the Christians then in this case? This good act of Samuel and Thomas, saving this poor woman from the death that threatened her, will follow them to their graves. We were not present at the time, but saw the young woman some fifteen or twenty minutes afterwards; she was still insensible.

From the Mystery.

YOUNG WOMEN.

Several persons have spoken to us, and lastly, an esteemed friend who writes to us, saying, "that a good many of our people think that you should not fault our women for living out of service, that we are a poor people, and they must do something for an honest living." This induces us to make the explanation, especially for the satisfaction of our industrious young females. Certain, we say, it is no disgrace, to live out, or to do any honest work for a living when necessity so compels us.

As the generally of our people are unacquainted with the logical meaning of the word necessity, we will explain it here for their express satisfaction. Necessity simply means something that cannot be done without, this is the sole meaning of the word. When we say that we admit that our people doing this of necessity, we simply mean that we admit of them doing it, when they can't do without it. A man eats, and also dies of necessity, that is he eats to keep him from dying, and dies because he can't help it; he would not go to the trouble of either eating or dying, provided, it was left to his own choice. This is necessary; a thing done without your choice, a thing done that you can't do without doing.

But to make this plain, suppose that you know of a young lady and gentleman, the son and daughter of a family in which you live, with all the comforts of life around them, leave their parents' house and their acquaintances, and throw themselves about in people's houses among their domestics, though such hired girls were white, would you not at once revolt at the idea, though they were at service voluntarily, and strongly reprove them for thus trading themselves? Certainly you would. There's not a colored girl, but would feel indignant at the idea, and wish that she had the opportunity of such a thing. This is all we ask of the people; when you can do better, it is your duty to do so, if you can, it is no shame to do the best you can. Yours is necessary, the young white lady's is choice. She's to blame, you are not.

We copy the following interesting letter from the Pittsburgh (Pa.) "Mystery."

Cincinnati, Jan. 8, 1844.

Dear Sir—The traveling agent, M. Johnson Brown, for your paper, is now in this city soliciting subscribers, and has met with some success, as you will see from his return, but not with as much as he would perhaps have done, had it not been for our protracted meeting, which is now in very successful progress, however, the circumstance in the event, will, in my opinion, turn out altogether for the better, as he will not at this time get a public hearing on the subject, he will have the greater inducement to return here again shortly, and then our house will be obtainable for an object of that nature.

Although the object of your paper is already marked out, yet you have I presume, left room for alterations or improvements, in the object of it, when imperious necessity should call for such alterations. And you can best know when this imperative necessity calls, by your agents local and traveling, taking particular notice of the wants and feelings of the subscribers, (for I suppose you are so far as subscribers, for I think that in republican governments the majority should rule) your agents then, some of them at least, are of the opinion, that your paper would best promote the general good of our community if you would devote one of its pages exclusively to the subject of religion, provided you would always avoid the quicksands of sectarianism. Mr. Brown also concurs with me. Yours, &c.

M. M. CLARK.

We like the spirit of the above letter, and wish to see our agents and others take such an interest in the paper, as to notice the wants of the people, and inform us accordingly, from time to time. If by "democrat" Mr. C. means "republican," then we answer that we are one truly in principles. We love counsel and detest dissension.

We shall most assuredly "run clear of the quicksands of sectarianism," and are proud to hear such an expression from Mr. Clark, a leader in the great Rebell. We wish more of the bonds were so he is. We can assure him, as all who are acquainted with our principles will testify, that we never will be grounded on the shoals of sectarianism. We shall most cheerfully comply with the above request, as soon as we can be justified in enlarging our paper, at which time, we shall have a religious department, which shall be free to every denomination, we care not whether they are Wesleyan, Baptist, Presbyterian, Catholic, or what. Our columns are now open to all, but at that time, we shall have a part called the religious department, which shall be especially appropriated to the promotion of religious objects and to the promotion of religion, and the privilege of religious leaders.

REFORM IN NEW YORK.

A report was presented to the New York Board of Aldermen, on Wednesday evening last, on this important subject. Among other radical measures it recommends the imprisonment in the penitentiary of all keepers of gambling houses for one year—common gamblers for two years—adulterers in the city prison for twelve calendar months. All guilty of seduction to the State prison for three years—any person selling liquor to an habitual drunkard, or boy under 15 years of age, to be fined \$25 for the first offence, \$50 for the second, and imprisonment one month for the third! Any theatre manager who admits money of ill fame into his establishment is to be fined one hundred dollars.

PALLADIUM OF LIBERTY.

COLUMBUS, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21, 1844.

"We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created free and equal."

ABOLITIONIST BUT.

I would be an abolitionist but I think I can do more for the people of color as I am, than any other way. I said in putting their friends into office—I go against slavery—I go for the right of petition—all this I do to aid in doing good to those that are bound with them.

This word is applied to every thing when men do not wish to act with that part of community, that differ with them in any enterprise that is or may be put on foot.

Now we propose that when any measure is on foot that is contrary to the wishes of the people, that part that is opposed should speak out like men, in doing this the spirit of '76 will be brought back from its lukewarm state, to that which inspired our fathers in that day.

So it is with all their bays, they are opposed to slavery in any sense of the word; still they are not willing to act with a party that has for its object the abolition of slavery, in Congress has of the government over which Congress has control. We ask in the name of Heaven, is there any thing wrong in that! This can be done too by these bays.

Near sixty years have elapsed since the spirit of liberty has been promulgated among this people, still they are *butting* at the walls of slavery, and continue to but deceitfully until the two hundred and fifty thousand slave holders have managed to get the government into their own hands. We would like to know of our baying friends how long it will take to rid our country of slavery, by the course they pursue? Tell us friend, tell us, we would like to know.

We copy to day from the "Mystery," a very interesting letter from Mr. M. M. Clark, of Cincinnati, to the editor of that paper. We concur in the opinion of Mr. Clark, also in those of the editor, they seem to be of the right spirit.

We would also call the attention of our readers to one, to the editor of this paper, from the same gentleman.

DEATH OF A MEMBER.

Departed this life, on Thursday Morning last, Mr. Bergeant, a member of the House of Representatives—a talented man—well versed in the station conferred upon him by his constituents; no doubt but he has represented their interest with a member of this branch of the Legislature.

SABBATH CONVENTION.

We copy from one of our exchange papers, some of the resolutions, which will be found in another column.

The resolutions are good—they breathe the very spirit of Liberty and Christianity; they ought to inspire every Church of God. Our exchange paper says:

It is universally admitted that knowledge

and virtue, lie at the foundation of the prosperity of a republican government." We propose to add freedom to all men, to come in at the proper place. Then we will be able to agree with our exchange. Because, we think that slavery is an evil, and cannot exist in a true republican government without making a foul blot upon its character. Our government is based on a broad platform, the broadest in the world. All nations flock to its standard. Still we regret that a very large portion of our men are bound to serve the other under a law that is called republican.

Her religion is not restrained by law, and after all this, the bible is kept from 500,000 subjects of the law. Yet subject to all the restrictions that can be devised by man against his fellow man. This is not all, a very large portion of those that are nominally free, living in slave States, are subject to the same restrictions. It seems strange to us that these things exist in a land that boasts so much of her freedom. It is said by some, that this is the home of the oppressed and the land of the brave.

We are oppressed, we are brave, this is our home; still, we are deprived of all the great blessings that are enjoyed by the Europeans, the adopted sons of this republic. In viewing this subject as we do, we do not wish to be understood that we condemn what was done in the Sabbath Convention; because, we believe the object a good one, we hope that our brethren in the north will urge the propriety of holding conventions in the southern part of this country to urge the propriety of keeping the Lord's day holy and undefiled.

Because it is said, this day must be kept holy by all. Of course this command is to all the human beings that tread the soil of this earth. Because, when God created man, he gave him charge over all that he had made; in doing this he could not place one man above his fellow unless, placing him above himself.

In conclusion we would add, that God will not hear the prayers of those that oppress a people. This is plain to every impartial observer. Because, we are commended to open

PALLADIUM OF LIBERTY.

This paper will be conducted hereafter, by an Executive Committee at Columbus, and edited by D. Jenkins. Still it is open for all communications, that may be sent in for publication.

We will state our reasons for changing.—After consulting our friends and those that act with us in this matter, we were induced to alter our course. We hope in doing this, our friends will not think hard of us for striking their names from the Committee. We sincerely hope that our friends will aid in getting subscribers for the paper. The Committee also would request those that have subscribers, to send in their names immediately; and all the money they can raise, as we wish to know our strength.

and let the oppressed go free. We bid our brethren in Ohio God speed in this; we hope that they will buckle on the armor of faith, their breast plate, sword and shield, and boldly march into the field, and there contend until every sin of the world be swept from the face of the earth, then we can dwell together as Christians.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 12, 1844.

Mr. Jenkins—Dear Sir: This letter is a reply to one you wrote me soon after your return from the Buffalo Convention, and particularly to the questions you asked in that letter, which was this: "Where is M. M. Clark?" To which I now reply, by saying, I am engaged in the cause of truth. But before saying any thing more on that point, permit me, Sir, to say that I highly congratulate you on the publication of the Palladium of Liberty; but at the same time, I must confess my ignorance of its publication, until this very day. Such has been my close engagement in another department of moral good, I trust, that I was entirely unacquainted with what was going on in your civil and political department. I went to day to get the Mystery out of the Post Office, and with it the Palladium of Liberty; but the first of my knowledge was presented to me, the first of my knowledge anything about its existence. I highly value your undertaking, and sincerely hope you will share a liberal patronage, and one of the ways by which I can promote your paper is, to forward you one dollar, and request you to forward me your paper, beginning at the first number. I thank you for the number you sent me.

In regard to the above questions, Sir, altho' I have several years since retired from all of our political business, yet I remain an ardent and desirous, for the success of the cause as I ever had, and my prayers God is, that every nerve and energy of your minds, who are engaged in the work, may be strengthened with Herculean might, to fight the battle of our race! The battle has to be fought mentally and intellectually; and therefore, the stronger the mind and intellect engaged in the work, the sooner the victory. We need good and great men in all departments of life among us; editors, civilians, politicians, physicians, law-bellows, and divines—exerting a powerful and influential influence, both upon the colored and white communities, in regard to our condition as a people. And as you are now an editor of a paper devoted to our cause—I hail your cooperation with me in the amplification of the civil, political and religious condition of our race with emotions of joy. You work in that department, and I in this, with an eye single to the glory of our great maker, and ere our heads are cold in the grave, we shall see the black curtain which has long hung over us like an incubus, rent in twain, from the top to the bottom, and we shall look beyond the veil into the inner temple of liberty.

Yours, &c. M. M. CLARK

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS HAVE DECIDED IN FAVOR OF CANNIBAL OIL FOR DRAFFS.—No frequent and extraordinary have been the cases that have come under their observation, and they are now keeping it and prescribing it for their patients as the only medicine that can cure. A physician writes and says that his father who has been dead for a number of years has been cured by using this Oil; and that he, the Dr., and for some time it is his practice as he has seen such wonderful benefits arise from its application. For sale at the corner of High and Broad streets.

A ROW ROOT.—50 lbs. Bermuda Arrow Root (Guaranteed not to be Starch) for sale at the corner of High and Broad streets. J. R. WHEATON.

From the Ohio State Tribune.
Another of these disgusting and demoralizing exhibitions was conducted in our city on yesterday. If our readers are desirous to learn the details of this transaction, they must look elsewhere than in our columns; we have no disposition to gratify morbid appetites. When will our Legislature banish these scenes from the soil of Ohio? Who will they listen to the voice of a humane public opinion and utterly remove them?—or at least, confine them from the vulgar gaze, in the prison walls and the dungeon cells? We deprecate these public execrations altogether; and we are confident, that the great mass of our readers from their hearts echo this sentiment. We are indebted to a correspondent in Dayton for the annexed beautiful sketches.

FOR THE TRIBUNE.
THE EXECUTION.
The morning was fair, and the sun rose bright, Dispel the gloom and the shadows of night, And when through the bars its faint beam was cast, The prisoner awoke, that dream was his last.
He sprang from his couch with a maniac's stare, And paced his lone cell in hopeless despair; The clank of his chains rang wild through the gloom, And he uttered a groan like a voice from the tomb.

He looked on his coffin, and shuddered to think, That his footsteps were then on eternity's brink; He saw his pale shadow, and a tear filled his eye, For he knew no false he shortly must die.
He thinks of a fond mother's precepts once given, As she taught his young feet the pathway to heaven; Remembers her counsel to gentle and kind, And past, present, future all rush on his mind.
Hark! hark! 'tis the drum; how solemn its sound, As its deep muffled notes are echoed around; The soldiers are marching, the moment draw nigh, The signal is given, the prisoner must die.

The sound grows fiercer, as it falls on his ear, He starts and in frantic his death-knell to hear; A feeling comes o'er him, not deep for control, Oh God! what emotions now thrill through his soul.

"A farewell to thee, and all thy bright joys, A farewell to earth, and its glittering toys; My friends and my kindred I bid you adieu, For the light of eternity bursts on my view!"
The minutes roll on, the last one has sped, The murderer's place is now with the dead; He did not so die in the virtuous and brave, But his head is laid low in a felon's grave.

J. M. E.
Dayton Feb'y 2nd 1844.

CHARACTER OF THE MISSISSIPPI.
It has been the fashion with travelers to talk of the country of the Mississippi as wanting grandeur and beauty. Most certainly it has not. But there is no scenery more striking.—The dreary and pestilential solitudes, introduced save by the foot of the Indian; the absence of all living objects, save the huge alligators which float upon the water; the long and hideous drapery of the dark and turbid waters, the vast volumes of the dark and turbid waters, the vast wilderness—form the features of one of the most dismal and impressive landscapes on which the eye of man ever rested. If any one thinks proper to believe that such objects are not, in themselves, sufficient, I beg to say that I differ with him in point of taste. Rocks and mountains are fine things undoubtedly, but they could add nothing of nobility to the Mississippi.—Palms might be piled on Ohio, Alps on Andes, and still to the heart & perceptions of the specta-

tor, the Mississippi would be alone. It can brook no rival, and it finds none. No river in the world drains so large a portion of the earth's surface. It is the traveler of the earth 3000 globe. The imagination asks, whence come its waters, and water tend they? They come from the distant regions of a vast continent, where the foot of civilized man has never yet been planted. They flow into an ocean yet vaster, the whole of which acknowledges their influence. Through what varieties of climate have they passed? On what scenes of lonely and sublime magnificence have they gazed? Have they penetrated the hoary forests, still the bios's screen, Where stalked the mammoth in his sluggish train, Their paths and alleys, roofed with sombre green, Thousands of years before the silent air, Was pierced by whining shafts of hunters' keels? In short, when the traveler has asked and answered these questions, and a thousand others, it will be time enough to consider how far the scenery of the Mississippi would be improved by rocks and mountains. He may then be led to doubt whether any great effect can be produced by a combination of objects of a discordant character, however grand in themselves. The imagination is perhaps susceptible of a single powerful impression at a time. Sublimity is uniformly connected with unity of object. Beauty may be produced by the happy adaptation of a multitude of harmonious details; but the highest sublimity of effect can proceed but from one glorious and paramount object, which impresses its own character upon every thing around.

The prevailing character of the Mississippi is that of a solemn gloom. I have traced the passage of the river, and yet never felt how awful a thing is nature, and I was borne on its waters through regions desolate and uninhabited. Day after day, and night after night, we continued driving right downward to the South; our vessel like some huge demon of the wilderness, bearing its way in lone and desolate solitude, leaving the hoary river god, I know not; nor what thought the alligator, when awakened from its slumber by a vision so astounding. But the effect on my spirits was such as I have never experienced before or since. Conversations became tedious, and I passed my time in a sort of dreary contemplation. At night, I seemed to dream of the sky, the forest and the water, and alone only broken by the clanging of the rattle. All this was very pleasant; yet, still I had reached New Orleans, I could scarcely have smiled at the best joke in the world, and as for raising a laugh—it would have been quite easy to quadruple the circle—Hamilton's Men and Minerva in America.

THE HOARY RIVER GOD, I know not; nor what thought the alligator, when awakened from its slumber by a vision so astounding. But the effect on my spirits was such as I have never experienced before or since. Conversations became tedious, and I passed my time in a sort of dreary contemplation. At night, I seemed to dream of the sky, the forest and the water, and alone only broken by the clanging of the rattle. All this was very pleasant; yet, still I had reached New Orleans, I could scarcely have smiled at the best joke in the world, and as for raising a laugh—it would have been quite easy to quadruple the circle—Hamilton's Men and Minerva in America.

J. B. WHEATON:
DRUGGIST, and Dealer in Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Glass, &c., &c., wholesale and retail, Corner of High and Broad streets, Columbus, Ohio.
CHROME YELLOW.—120 lb. Chrome Yellow, (Orange and Lemon colors) of the best quality, for sale at the corner of High and Broad streets, Nov. 25. J. B. WHEATON.
SHOW BOTTLES, Tumblers, Buttes, Specie Jars, &c., &c., of all sizes, for sale by the dozen or single, and also Dye Stuffs, corner of High and Broad streets, Oct. 14. J. B. WHEATON.
THURSEN—Thompson's Man's Hair's Common and Ivory Hair Tumblers—large assortment—prices that cannot fail to suit purchasers—full instructions given for their application. For sale at the Drug Store on the corner of High and Broad streets, Oct. 14. J. B. WHEATON.

WINDOW GLASS.—A full assortment of Window Glass, comprising all sizes from 6 by 8 to 24 by 36 and set in sash and sash, at reduced prices, at the corner of High and Broad streets, Oct. 14. J. B. WHEATON.

AGENTS.
We have named a large number of gentlemen for Local and Traveling Agents. We will give our reasons for so doing. As this paper is of a general nature, and for the benefit of the whole people, the Committee thought it expedient to select the number that will be found below, with the privilege, at their own discretion, of acting either as Local or Traveling Agents, and as we have proposed their names, we hope each one will act.

LOCAL AGENTS.
W. M. Yancy.
Cincinnati—W. W. Watson, A. M. Sumner, Hamilton, Butler co.—J. Simpson.
Dayton, O.—T. Jefferson.
Springfield—W. Rice, R. Piles.
Urbana—L. Adams, A. Kane.
Chillicothe—R. W. Chancellor, James Leach, J. Moody, C. H. Langston, J. Burnett.
Circleville—W. Scott.
Lawrence—S. Smith N. Smith.
Zanesville—H. Messer, H. Newum, W. Guss way.
Hillsboro—J. Taylor, N. Taylor.
Steubenville—W. Ferris.
Newark—W. Jenkins, H. Robinson.
Cleveland—J. Malvin, J. L. Watson, R. D. Kenney.

TRAVELING AGENTS.
Cincinnati, Rev. C. Satchel, Rev. M. M. Clark, Springfield, Rev. T. Roberts.
Lawrence, Rev. Geo. Coleman.
Cardinal, Rev. E. Cumberland, Rev. Fox.
Xenia, Rev. D. Winslow.
Logan co., Rev. M. T. Numan.
Hamilton, Rev. W. C. Yancy.
Mansfield, Rev. J. Thomas.
Columbus, Rev. W. Shelton, Rev. T. Lawrence.
Mt. Pleasant, Rev. W. Numan.
Jackson co., Rev. T. Woodson.

GLASS.
LARGE GLASS of superior quality for picture frames and for use in sash and sash, at reduced prices, at the corner of High and Broad streets, Oct. 14. J. B. WHEATON.

PALLADIUM OF LIBERTY.

"WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS TO BE SELF EVIDENT, THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED FREE AND EQUAL."
VOL. I. COLUMBUS, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1844. NO. 5.

THE PALLADIUM OF LIBERTY.

This paper will be published under the supervision of an Executive committee of seven persons. I shall be devoted to the interests of the people generally, and not to any exclusive set of individuals.
All communications intended for the paper must be addressed to the Editor, post paid, and forwarding the money for the same shall be entitled to no return of any kind.
Terms—The paper will be published weekly, at 75 cents per annum, to be paid invariably in advance.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Columbus—D. Jenkins, Editor, L. D. Taylor, E. P. Fable, L. Jenkins, A. M. Taylor, G. W. Station, D. Turner.

BEST TREATERWOOD.

Written for the Baltimore Saturday Visitor, BY W. H. CANTRELL.

CHAPTER FIRST.
It was verging towards the sunset of a calm summer's day, when two females might have been seen walking through one of the pleasant and retired lanes in the vicinity of the city of B——. It was a green and lovely spot they had chosen for their ramble, and, perhaps, by being but little frequented by the busy inhabitants of the town, had induced them to make choice of it in preference to the dustier and more traveled avenue.

The eldest of the two pedestrians, was a pale matronly lady evidently in feeble health, and a widow, one might have correctly surmised by the deep mourning in which she was attired. The younger, upon whom shone the sun's beams, was a beautiful girl of some twenty years; pale indeed, but more so it appeared, from care and watching, than from any positive sickness. She was dressed in what is generally called half mourning, and was the only daughter of her father to whom she so sedulously ministered.

"You are clamor, mother!" she said, as the widow complained of slight fatigue—"your steps are firmer, and your eyes brighter than I have known them for many days. Do not fear to lean on me; I am young and strong, and besides, if we return at once, we shall soon reach home."
Thus speaking, the twins were about to resume their steps, when, just as they were turning the bend of the road, a fashionable, but reckless looking young man, met them almost face to face.

Lucy Heathwood, (for such was the name of the maiden,) changed color at the sight of him, and her compressed lips, and disturbed countenance, showed that the intruder was any thing but welcome. The widow Heathwood had also recognized the new comer; and feeling from recent sickness, his sudden appearance caused her to shrink tremulously from her daughter's arm, and seat herself upon the root of an old tree, that jutted out from the bank beside where they stood, gazed a fitting and loving support.

Nothing daunted, however, the young man came towards Lucy, and holding out his hand with a smile said—

"Pardon me, Lucy, for the rude language I've just uttered, pardon me, and let us be friends." "Mr. Ashton," replied the maiden, drawing back, "I pray you pass on, my mother is not well, and as we are anxious to reach home, your presence cannot otherwise than unpleasantly detain us." "So proud and so self-sufficient!" said he, his brow darkening as he spoke,—"You perceive, then, in your rejection of my suit?" "This is neither the time, nor the place," replied Lucy, coolly, "to speak of such matters. If you mean well to wards us, Mr. Ashton let me beg you to return."

"Answer me!" exclaimed he quickly and rudely grasping her by the arm—"Answer me—yes or no?" "Well then," said she, releasing herself with womanly dignity, "if a suit can be rejected, which has never been entertained by me for a single instant, I shall abide by it. Until these few months, I have never met you since you were a clerk for my father, and how you wronged him your own conscience but too well knows."

Ashton turned pale and red, by turns, struggling within him; but when he spoke, it was with low, fervent earnestness, "Pardon, said he, "before you make your decision, you are in my power?" "Mother!" exclaimed the startled maiden, "Dear mother, let us go!"

"Now, what shall you do something to reflect upon?" "You will not deny, I presume?" He produced a neatly folded letter, and opening it with a leisurely motion, read as follows: "Dear Ashton—I will go with you where ever you desire. Yours in haste, LUCY."

"Now, what shall you do something to reflect upon?" "You will not deny, I presume?" He produced a neatly folded letter, and opening it with a leisurely motion, read as follows: "Dear Ashton—I will go with you where ever you desire. Yours in haste, LUCY."

"What think you now?" continued he, "I am rejected, who would have you?" "I am rejected," exclaimed the widow rising up with supernatural energy, "you are a villain!" "Peace, Grace!" said he sharply, "peace or will you cry?" "It must be, then, when I am powerless!" replied Lucy, flinging herself before her mother, and calling aloud for help.

"You shall have it!" responded a manly voice from behind, and springing forward, the stranger, by a well directed blow, felled the assailant to the earth.

With what should constitute a true one, my name—Ernest Walton—is at your service.—Then turning to the ladies, he said respectfully:

"If you will honor me by accepting my protection to your homes, I will do my poor endeavors to see that you meet with no violence by the way."
Lucy Heathwood lifted her large, earnest, fearful eyes, to the countenance of her deliverer, and leaning her hand tremblingly upon his arm, bowed her grateful thanks. Her mother, the clung to him, but could not speak.

"Hark you, said I will have satisfaction for this!" said Ashton stepping up and hissing out the word from between his clenched teeth, "I do not know who you are, but—"

"Ashton! Ralph Ashton! I am not ashamed of my name!" "Well then, Mr. Ralph Ashton!" said Ernest, turning coolly around to the infuriated speaker, "if you have any self esteem left, pray do not urge me to knock you down again, as I am strongly tempted to do. Should you any longer, have any thing to say to me to morrow morning, I am very easily found; and he assured, that I shall take such steps in the matter as may best accord with my office, or your desires."

So saying, and unmindful of the volley of threats from his baffled antagonist, he supported very kindly, and soothingly, the faltering steps of his fair companions until they reached the place of their abode, a neat cottage in the suburbs.

Having obtained permission to call on them the ensuing morning, and received from the ladies such an account of Ashton as entitled him to form a tolerably correct estimate of his character, he bade them good night, and retired to his home in a distant part of the city, where when sleep veiled his eyes, he dreamed the whole night long, a series of pleasant dreams, and in the midst of all of them, was regularly blended the sweet, pale face of Lucy Heathwood.

CHAPTER SECOND.
Early the following morning, Ernest Walton was seated in his small, but well stocked library, seemingly intent upon the pages of a book before him; but, in reality, striving to analyze why it was that the face of Lucy Heathwood haunted him so perpetually. At this time, a servant entered and deposited his reverie, by announcing that a Captain Fitz Allen desired to speak with him; and, shortly afterwards, befooled, and befogged, a *la minute*, made his appearance.

Evidently uneasy, and unassuming as concomitant an air as he could command, he conducted the conversation by saying in a half enquiring tone—

"I believe, I have the honor of addressing Mr. Ernest Walton?" Ernest bowed.

CONTINUED.
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