

are in Vermont. Your hand: welcome—welcome tew the

'Land of the free and the home of the brave.'

Robert Kane fell upon his knees, and, with uplifted eyes, returned thanks to Heaven for his escape.

The farms upon the shore of the lake presented a lovelier appearance; the rays of the sun shone more brightly; and the mountain summits were shaded with a softer and more dream-like atmosphere than he had ever seen before.

As the boat landed at the dock in Newport, he sprang upon the shore, and pressed his lips upon the soil of freedom.

DOCTOR.—It was a crowning mercy for Mr. desserter Kane that his hue was not that of Othello. Had it been he might haply have received his primary welcome to the "land of the free" from a "pack of negro dogs!"

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' you, Sangrado! Deil tak' me if you are a bit better than lecin' Lucien Chase! Did ye mean to insinuate that in the present year o' grace men, ca'ing themselves Christians, hunt down their coom-complexioned fellow-creatures wi' dowgs? Na, na; I can swallow muckle, but sic a tough morsel wad choke an ostrich, or Dando the oyster-eating glutton!

DOCTOR.—To demonstrate that I have not used the language of exaggeration, I will read to you an advertisement which I cut from a southern newspaper scarcely two months old.

NEGRO DOGS.—The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken charge of Ruff Perry's celebrated **PACK OF NEGRO DOGS** for the present year, and will give his undivided attention to the business of hunting and catching runaway negroes. Every call will be promptly attended to when I am not professionally engaged. Terms as follows:—

Hunting, per day, \$5

Catching runaways 25

INVARIABLY CASH, OR ITS EQUIVALENTS.

Persons under the necessity of calling on me will please give me a fair showing at the trail, as it will be greatly to their interest to do so. *Marshall* (Texas,) Feb. 11, 1854. JOHN DEVRUEL.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, after that ony thing! Od, I'll never look upon a soothern Yankee again without grewin' and scunnerin'. Confound the vagabonds, wi' their "land o' freedom," and "model republic!" I hae often joked wi' the Major, honest man, for threepin that democracy was invented in the place "I daurna name," but I'll never do sae again. I say, Major, what buiks are these before

you in the royal uniform? My certy, but they are braw in their scarlet and gold claes!

MAJOR.—Tallis's illustrated London, one of the best got-up works of the sort that has been produced. See, Laird, there are four volumes, with two hundred and fifty steel engravings, and over three hundred pages of letter-press.

DOCTOR.—A very handsome work, certainly; but of what does the letter-press consist? that is a very natural point, as most of these works are mere picture books.

MAJOR.—That is not the case in this instance. A full description of each place of note is given, with a brief sketch of the different guilds, and the whole is interspersed with very amusing anecdotes. In the chapter devoted to the Theatre especially, you will find much information.

DOCTOR (*who has been looking over the book*).—But I see no map. Surely that is a great want.

MAJOR.—A very good colored map is given to each purchrser, so that the old Londoner may amuse himself by wandering through the mazes of the great metropolis.

LAIRD.—Is the book very dear?

MAJOR.—Cheapest thing possible; six dollars and a half is all the sum required to enable you to become the happy purchaser. These are not the only books that I have received from Tallis. Here are the third No. of their "Flowers of loveliness," "Finden's beauties of home," and "the Life of Wellington."

DOCTOR.—I hope the "Life of Wellington" will meet with a ready sale. In these days, when a false halo is attempted to be thrown round Napoleon, the careful study of Wellington's character will enable the person, who has been dazzled by the glare of that great adventurer's career, to correct any erroneous impressions that may have been formed, and will enable him to form a just estimate of what really makes a great man.

LAIRD.—Rax over the "Flowers o' loveliness." Weel, here are a braw set o' lassies. Doctor, look at this wean, who, I suppose, is meant to represent the lily; are no her little hands natural? poor bairn, sleep on. I'd give Bonnie Braes, dear as it is to me, for that sweet innocence which is discernible in your face.