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Cassius and Corwin.

Some time since, says the Statesman, we clipped from an Eastern paper a fragment of 'table talk,' in which Thomas Corwin, formerly of Ohio, now, or about to be, of Kentucky, was chief speaker, and the Abolitionists his subject.

Cincinnati O, April 3, 1853. To the Editors of the Enquirer:

In the Enquirer of this date you have the following extract, from the Southern Patriot, of the 'piquant saying of the inimitable Tom.' 'He said they were a whining, canting, praying set of fellows, who kept regular books of debit and credit with the Almighty. They would lie and cheat all the week, and pray for their sins on Sunday.'

Whether Thos Corwin includes me, who have contended, in my own State, for the emancipation on the soil among the Abolitionists I know not. It is the policy of the slave party and their rascals to render odious the most ultra of the opponents of slavery, and then use that odium for the overthrow of all the friends of justice and liberty.

When Mr. Clay was the candidate for the Presidency, in 1844, Thomas Corwin and I spoke daily for a long time through Ohio in company. That battle was fought in the North at least upon anti-slavery—abolition' principles, the friends of slavery perpetuation being avowedly in favor of the annexation of Texas, with a view of keeping up a balance of power in the Senate, by the acquisition of more slave States;

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idea of his adated ire when they review his celebrated speech in the Senate, where he awarded me and other volunteers in Mexico his aspirations of 'bloody hands and hospitable graves!' But what struck me as most remarkable in 'inimitable Tom' was his indulgence in 'whining, canting and praying' in his speeches—I have been in the furor of revivals, and the wild enthusiasm of the bivouacked camp-meeting, and never did unctious Methodist parson move me to tears like the 'inimitable Tom.'

The truth is, Thomas Corwin is nothing else but a mercenary renegade. Of humble origin and a professed Whig, there has been no time in the last twenty years that he could have been elected to office without the votes of the Abolitionists and laborers of Ohio.

'It is rest that you want,' his wife said soothingly. 'You have been working too hard these two or three months.'

'No,' he answered despondingly, 'no rest can bring back strength to this arm. It is not overwork that has brought on the weakness. Wife look here, and a sickly smile came over his lips as he clenched his hand again, he turned it to her. 'Look—a child might open it. Try you (her first efforts unclasped his fingers.) I thought so,' he said bitterly. And again they were both silent. There were tears in Madam Reimer's eyes, and she held the weakened hand closely in hers.

'She has been asleep an hour or more,' Karl answered quickly. 'If it were not for her we could bear up bravely enough. We have worked hard, both of us, these seven years past—seven—ay, it's more than seven since the lightning blinded her—near eight years now—we have worked hard to try and save up for her, and what will she ever be the better for it? There's not a week passes but we have to draw upon our slender stock; for of all we have worked and saved, there are not twenty guinea left. She will be a beggar, our child—our Berthalde!'

'Hush, hush Karl, it will not come to that—we can work for her yet—it is all in God's hands.'

'How pale she is,' madame Reimer whispered; for she had followed her husband, and stood now with her hands leaning on his arm, and her eyes fixed upon her child.

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THE BLIND GIRL, Or Berthalde Reimer's Voice.

'That'll do, wife,—that'll do; it's not a very cold night,' Karl Reimer said with a sigh; and his wife looking a little sadly for a moment in his face, replaced the fresh log of wood with which she meant to replenish the half-burnt embers on the hearth.

'Your work has not made you hungry to-night, Karl,' she said presently, with an effort at cheerfulness in her voice, and she glanced at a little table standing near, on which a very homely supper of brown bread and sour milk in a thick curl lay scarcely tasted.

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But that was the one sweet memory of her life; sweet, yet full of wild, deep sadness unutterably beautiful, as is the memory of a glorious dream. Often in the long silent nights she lay awake, and thought of it weeping then when she was all alone, as she was weeping now to-night; but to-night another, and a different thought was in her heart. A thought many a time had risen there before; but never with the strength and bitterness that it did now; for, as she lay awake she thought that there was not one thing in all the world that she could ever do to help or comfort any one she loved.

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use of scolding me? Lisa exclaimed with real delight. 'But,' he went on quietly, without heeding her, 'you have no love for music—no true feeling for what you sing—no perseverance in study.'

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How Murat met his Fate. The sentence of the military commission was read to him with due solemnity. He listened to it as he would have listened to the cannon of another battle during his military life, exulting without emotion or bravado. He neither asked for pardon, for delay, nor for appeal.

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