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BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

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TERMS:

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POETRY.

HEART'S EASE.

Seek not for me in the lighted halls,—
Mine is no garland for festivals,
Look not for me in the wreaths they twine
Round urns of perfume and cups of wine:
Though torn away from my forest lair
To deck their banquets—I perish there,
'Neath the heated lip and the flashing eye,
I smile—but smiling—I die—I die.

And some come there, with their cheeks of bloom,
Like roses wreath'd round a marble tomb,
Or the soft pink tints in some Indian shell,
Lit with the blush of the sun's farewell—
With locks, like the first light clouds at dawn,
With the dreamy gaze of the woodland fawn,
They come to seek me. Alas! for all
Who seek "Heart's Ease" in the masquing hall.

The feast and the feaster have passed away;
The lamps are winking in morning's ray;
And the withered chaplets hang idly down;
And the mirror is mocking its faded crown.
And *they* that stood 'midst the festal cheer,
Like the wounded fawn or the stricken deer,
With their strange bright eyes and their fatal bloom,
Have passed from the revel away—to the tomb!

They found me—they found me—but all too late,
Young hopes had died in the grasp of Fate,—
The bloom had fled, like the last bright streak
In the burning west, from the blighted cheek,
And the pallid taper and holy hymn
Were there for rite and for requiem,—
And grasped in their cold white fingers lay,
"Heart's Ease"—Oh, how calm were those hearts that day!

O, seek ye for me—seek ye for me
In the bowery shade of the forest tree,
Where the far-off tones of the hunter's horn
Rouse not the hare from its rest at morn,
Where the joyous brook glides laughing by,
Feeding the echoes with melody;
And the lilies, like Brahmins at eventide,
Are bent, as in worship, its streams beside.

Oh, seek ye for me—seek ye for me,
Where the summer birds love most to be,
And the worn out breeze with feeble sigh
Comes oft, like a love sick youth, to die—
And gathered the old oak boughs among
The white wood doves—like a vestal throng
In some ancient cloister, all dark and dim—
Are lifting to Heaven their evening hymn.

Oh, seek ye for me—seek ye for me
In the morning track of the joyous bee,—
Follow the streamlet through the wood and glen,
Follow the glow worm—you'll find me then;
For it loves to roam through the bowers at night,
And wave over blossoms its elfin light;
Meet guide for such as would seek for me
In the calm of my forest sanctuary.

YOUTH AND WOMANHOOD.

A TALE OF PASSION.

[*Concluded.*]

I was in my twentieth year when my mother married a second time. She was urged to this step as much by the promptings of necessity as the suggestions of affection. My father died insolvent; and Mr. Woodville was wealthy; at least it was so reported. Our golden calculations were, like most others, unrealised. However, Mr. Woodville was a good liver, although not above the necessities of business.

Mr. Woodville soon commenced talking of a removal to the westward. This country had at that time a most unenviable reputation abroad. I at first opposed any such movement. But when Mr. Woodville assured me, that if we did not like the country, he would return, and when I thought of the possibility of meeting Edward, who wandered no one knew where, my objections were overcome, and I consented. I had heard indirectly from Edward: he never mentioned my name in his letters, but I had been apprized of the reason of his silence. I knew his nature, and fancied he wore an image of myself enshrined in his holiest affections. The tide of his feelings, thought I, gives back the reflection of her, who only needs to taste of its purity, to have her soul's health restored. The possibility of meeting him ripened into hope, as the time for our departure approached; and when it did come, much of the grief incident to bidding farewell to the place of my nativity, was assuaged by that groundless hope.

I will not dwell on our overland journey. We arrived at Wheeling, and made preparations for descending the river. At length, all our arrangements having been accomplished, we embarked, and on the sweeping current of the river, at this time high, we were borne rapidly along. It is scarcely possible for those who pass from Wheeling to Cincinnati in two days, surrounded by the comforts that the cabin of a magnificent steamboat affords, to conceive of the tedium that formerly awaited inland voyagers on board the boats, which, at the time I refer to, were the only vessels that navigated the western streams.

I had supplied myself with books to beguile the languor of the hours; but I soon rejected them for the delights by which I was surrounded. There were the past and future to sustain my mind: the one filled with the sweets and bitternesses of life, the other magnificent in the myriad creations of hope. The novelty and peculiar wildness of every thing around me, affording a strong contrast to those scenes of fashionable dissipation which I had just left. And then, too, that ever glorious sweep of hills—those gigantic bulwarks which have begirt the river for ages—their pathless forests and undespoiled grandeur! What a world of thought! It was an indescribable delight when the shadows of evening had gathered over the face of nature, to sit and muse—to participate in the poetry that was around me; to institute comparisons between what this great valley was and what it promised to become—to mark in fancy the gradual unfoldings of a mighty empire, from the period when the red man stalked forth in his native independence, and his heart swelled in the glorious thought that he was the "monarch of all he surveyed," to that, in which the whole land should ring with the sounds of human industry, and when the deer should not brush the dews of heaven from the prairie grass. I loved to imbibe the air of romance that filled every spot. The mighty hills, raising their forest crowned summits proudly up, and flinging their dark outlines against the misty heaven; the deep and shadowy dells, which imagination peopled with genii; the scream of the night-bird, and the distant plaint of the watch-dog, breaking into a thousand echoes over the wilderness; the gleaming wavelet that curled up to kiss the sycamore that stooped to its embrace; the deer startled in its repose, flinging a rapid glance around to discover why it was frightened, and then leaping away with matchless grace. These and their thousand unnamed auxiliaries gave to my heart thoughts of majesty, and poetry, and loveliness. They developed those feelings of devotion with which I have ever since bowed down at the shrine of nature. And then, again, there was the western boatman, and his wild chorus, waking up the mad pulses of the heart. His life, its wildness and romance, all seeming like the creations of poetry. Every sense was entranced: the benevolence of my nature was expanded; and I felt as if my love embraced every thing.

One night I shall never forget. The moon broke through the light clouds that slept on the verge of the eastern horizon. There are few sights more beautifully grand than that of the moon bursting through eastern shadows, and throwing a broad gleam of light along a line of waving waters. On that night I sat as usual, giving my mind that wholesome sustenance which nature has scattered so bountifully over this wide region. I had indulged my dreamy mood for a considerable time, when my attention was called to the dark and ragged outline of a cloud that was visible above the horizon. I watched its gradual rise: I marked its progress with that pleasure with which I always regard such scenes. There is more astounding grandeur in the gathering of a thunder storm than in any other spectacle I have had the fortune to behold.

The cloud that I watched had made good progress towards the zenith, when a faint sound of distant thunder broke upon my ear from an opposite direction. I instinctively turned, and beheld a frightful mass of clouds journeying up the heavens. The ragged and scudding masses that go before to proclaim the approach of the monarch cloud, had already reached the apparent height of the moon, flinging passing shadows as they sailed rapidly beneath. The scene soon became one of unsurpassed majesty and terror. The wheeling of the clouds in the heavens, preparing, as it were, for battle—the sharp flash and the quick report—the transient gales—the impending shroud—all would have filled the coward heart with fear, and the poetic mind with its sublimest associations.

There was an awful silence for a moment. Nature was shrouded, seemingly in the pall of death. The air was motionless and without sound. All was prepared. A lurid flame streamed from the curtained heaven—a heavy and far echoing thunder shook the very hills. A few large drops of rain spattered the roof of our boat. A squall of wind struck us; it increased to a gale, and soon raged a tempest: The rain dashed down in torrents—the lightning's flash was quick and incessant, and the roar of the elements grand, awful, and sublime. Our little bark tossed and shivered in the rage of the winds and waters: Presently a tremendous shock roused us all with feelings of deep agitation. "We are stove!" was the cry uttered by one of the boatmen, and heard above the din of the tempest. The first impulse for safety was towards the roof of the boat. I will never forget with what feelings I looked out upon the elemental strife. A glare of lightning revealed to me the adjoining shore and the form of the boatman who had given the alarm, on the forward part of the boat. The next instant, and the world seemed on fire. I was senseless A flash of lightning had rended a towering sycamore—against the largest root of which, we had been impetuously driven—and struck down the boatman, whom I had noticed in the revelation of a moment before.

I leave to the imagination the horrors that followed. A sinking boat, already aground—a disabled crew—the angry heavens—the raging tempest—and the strife in our bosoms, consequent on the awful catastrophe already noticed. Midnight had passed when the strife ceased. Every thing about us was dripping. We were aground, and had taken in a quantity of water. We discovered a light in a house a short distance before us. Anxious for better shelter than the boat afforded we sought the hospitality of its inmates. The man whom we had despatched to make inquiries, informed us that the light we observed, proceeded from a sick room, and that we would meet with a welcome. We felt grateful for the invitation, and accepted it.

In the morning the boatmen informed us that the boat was greatly injured, and some time must necessarily elapse before we could proceed. In the afternoon I witnessed the obsequies of the boatman. Beneath the shade of a large sycamore, his comrades scooped up the earth with a shovel, and the body, which was enclosed in a rudely constructed box, made for the purpose, was soon deposited in the ground. After the mound was made up, a board, on which was carved the name of the boatman, and the time and manner of his death, was stuck in the earth at the head of the grave. I witnessed this scene with feelings of a peculiar nature. It was here I first beheld a manifestation of the truth, that where life is most precarious, death is least dreaded

Our hospitable hostess informed us, that the gentleman who was sick was to all appearances very respectable. He was a stranger, who had been taken ill with a fever in the neighborhood. In his moments of delirium, he uttered strange things; and it was the opinion of our shrewd and amiable hostess, that he had been "crossed in love."—From many things I heard, I had great curiosity to see him. For that purpose, I accompanied the lady to the room. Pale and emaciated he lay with a burning fever throbbing in every vein. He was delirious. We entered the room just as he was uttering a strange jumble of words. We approached his bedside There was a magic in the soft music of the sick man's voice, that I had never known equalled. With a throbbing heart, I bent over the couch. He muttered *my* name! I started back! Again I approached. One look satisfied me. There was a shrunken cheek, a withered brow, a glaring eye, an ashy lip—on all of which I had oft gazed delighted. 'Twas he for whom I had prayed—whom I adored.

It is impossible for me, at this lapse of time, and when the fire of my spirit is low, to describe my sensations—to tell whether joy or grief prevailed. I will not attempt it. Edward's disease abated. We deemed it prudent to keep him in ignorance of our presence. I watched over him, but he knew it not. I gazed on him as he slumbered—I fanned his livid cheek—and—and—shall I tell it—yes, imprinted burning kisses on his fevered brow. Oh! how fervent were my prayers for his recovery. With what anxiety I counted over the slow watches of the night, and the leaden hours of the day. All my wishes were centered in his welfare—all my hopes were for his restoration.

My prayers were granted—Edward recovered—our presence was gradually disclosed—we met—we explained—and I enjoyed once more the heaven of his company.

In two weeks we again went on the boat, and Edward accompanied us. We had full explanations, and all mysteries were solved. We had loved each other from childhood, dearly—and none other.

We arrived in Cincinnati, the place of our destination, without further accident. This city at that period—thirty years ago—was scarcely the promise of its present importance. I formed attachments there, never to be forgotten. We removed to the charming spot on which we now reside, some years afterwards. When I recount the incidents of my career, I can but be grateful—for am I not thrice blessed!—blessed in store, blessed in my children, and blessed in the presence of my Edward.

IN SENATE, Monday, June 16, 1834.

Conformably to Mr. CLAY's resolution calling for the state of the revenue, and comparative statements showing the relative amounts of revenue accruing in the first quarter of 1833 and the first quarter of 1834;

The Vice President communicated the report of the Secretary of the Treasury containing the information called for.

The Secretary of the Senate commenced the reading of it.

Mr. WEBSTER moved to dispense with the reading, and refer it to the Committee on Finance.

Mr. BENTON demanded the reading.

The Secretary of the Senate resumed the reading, and completed it.

Mr. WEBSTER moved to refer, and print it.

Mr. BENTON rose, and said that this report was of a nature to deserve some attention, before it left the chamber of the Senate, and went to a committee, from which it might not return in time for consideration at this session. It had been called for under circumstances which attracted attention, and disclosed information which deserved to be known. It was called for early in May, in the crisis of the alarm operations, and with confident assertions that the answer to the call would prove the distress and the suffering of the country. It was confidently asserted that the Secretary of the Treasury had over-estimated the revenues of the year; that there would be a great falling off,—a decline,—a bankruptcy; that confidence was destroyed,—enterprise checked,—industry paralyzed,—commerce suspended! that the direful act of one man, in one dire order, had changed the face of the country, from a scene of unparalleled prosperity to a scene of unparalleled desolation! that the canal was a solitude, the lake a desert waste of waters, the ocean without ships, the commercial towns deserted, silent and sad; orders for goods countermanded; foreign purchases stopped! and that the answer of the Secretary would prove all this, in showing the falsity of his own estimates, and the great decline in the revenue and importations of the country. Such were the assertions and predictions under which the call was made, and to which the public attention was attracted by every device of theatrical declamation from this floor. Well, the answer comes. The Secretary sends in his report, with every statement called for. It is a report to make the patriot's heart rejoice! full of high and gratifying facts; replete with rich information; and pregnant with evidences of national prosperity. How is it received—how received by those who called for it? With downcast looks, and wordless tongues! A motion is even made to stop the reading! to stop the reading of such a report! called for under such circumstances! while whole days are given up to reading the monotonous, tautologous, and endless repetitions, of distress-memorials, the echo of our own speeches, and the thousandth edition of the same work, without emendation or correction! All these can be read, and printed too, and lauded with studied eulogium, and their contents sent out to the people, freighted upon every wind; but this official report of the Secretary of the Treasury upon the state of their own revenues, and of their own commerce, called for by an order of the Senate, is to be treated like an unwelcome and worthless intruder; received without a word—not even read—slipped out upon a motion—disposed of as the Abbe Sieyes voted for the death of Louis the Sixteenth, *mort sans phrase!* (death, without talk!) But he (Mr. B) did not mean to suffer this report to be despatched in this unceremonious and compendious style. It had been called for to be given to the people, and the people should hear of it. It is not what was expected, but it is what is true, and what will rejoice the heart of every patriot in America. A pit was dug for Mr. Taney; the diggers of the pit have fallen into it; the fault is not his; and the sooner they clamber out, the better for themselves. The people have a right to know the contents of this report, and know them they shall; and if there is any man in this America whose heart is so constructed as to grieve over the prosperity of his country, let him prepare himself for sorrow; for the proof is forthcoming, that, never since our America had a place among nations, was the prosperity of the country equal to what it is at this day!

Mr. B. then requested the Secretary of the Senate to send him the report, and comparative statement, which being done, Mr. B opened the report, and went over the heads of it to show that the Secretary of the Treasury had not over-estimated the revenue of the year; that the revenue was, in fact, superior to the estimate; and that the importations would equal, if not exceed, the highest amount that they had ever attained.

To appreciate the statements which he should make, Mr. B. said it was necessary for the Senate to recollect that the list of dutiable articles was now greatly reduced. Many articles were now free of duty which formerly paid heavy duties; many others were reduced in duty; and the fair effect of these abolitions and reductions would be a diminution of revenue even without a diminution of imports; yet the Secretary's estimate, made at the commencement of the session, was more than realized, and showed the gratifying spectacle of a full and overflowing Treasury, instead of the empty one which had been predicted; and left to Congress the grateful occupation of further reducing taxes, instead of the odious task of borrowing money, as had been so loudly anticipated for six months past. The revenue *accruing* from imports in the first quarter of the present year, was 5,344,540 dollars; the payments actually made into the Treasury from the Custom houses for the same quarter, was 4,398,206 dollars. The two first months of the second quarter were producing in a full ratio to the first quarter; and the actual amount of available funds in the Treasury on the 9th day of this month, was ELEVEN MILLIONS TWO HUNDRED and FORTY NINE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND TWELVE DOLLARS. The two last quarters of the year were always most productive. It was the time of the largest importations of foreign goods which pay most duty—the woollens—and the season also for the largest sale of public lands: it is well believed that the estimate will be more largely exceeded in those two quarters than in the two first; and that the excess for the whole year, over the estimate, will be full two millions of dollars. This, Mr. B. said, was one of the evidences of public prosperity which the report contained; and which utterly contradicted the idea of distress and commercial embarrassment which had been propagated, from this chamber, for the last six months.

Mr. B. proceeded to the next evidence of commercial prosperity; it was in the increased importations of foreign goods. These imports, judging from the five first months would be seven millions more than they were two years ago, when the Bank of the U. States had seventy millions loaned out; and they were twenty millions more than in the time of Mr. Adams's administration. At the rate they had commenced, they would amount to one hundred and ten millions for the year. This will exceed whatever was known in our country. The imports, for the time that President Jackson has served, have regularly advanced from about 74 millions to 108 millions. The following is the statement of these imports, from which Mr. B. read:

1829,	$74,492,527
1830,	70,876,920
1831,	103,191,124
1832,	101,029,266
1833,	108,118,311.

Mr. B. said that the imports of the last year were greater in proportion than any previous year; a temporary decline might reasonably have been expected; such declines always take place after excessive importations. If it had occurred now, though naturally to have been expected, the fact would have been trumpeted forth as the infallible sign—the proof positive—of commercial distress, occasioned by the fatal removal of the deposites. But, as there was no decline, but, on the contrary, an actual increase, he must claim the evidence for the other side of the account; and set it down as proof positive. that commerce is not destroyed; and, consequently, that the removal of the deposites did not destroy commerce.

The next evidence of commercial prosperity which Mr. B. would exhibit to the Senate, was in the increased and increasing number of ship arrivals from foreign ports. The number of arrivals for the month of May, in New York, was 223--exceeding by 36 those of the month of April, and showing not only a great, but an increasing activity in the commerce of that great emporium—he would not say of the United States, or even of North America--but he would call it that great emporium of the two Americas, and of the New World; for the goods imported to that place were thence distributed to every part of the two Americas, from the Canadian lakes to Cape Horn.

A third evidence of national prosperity was in the sales of the public lands. Mr. B. had, on a former occasion, adverted to these sales, so far as the first quarter was concerned, and had shown that instead of falling off, as had been predicted on this floor, the revenue from the sales of these lands had actually doubled, and more than doubled, what they were in the first quarter of 1833. The receipts for lands, for that quarter, were, $668,526; for the first quarter of the present year they were, $1,398,206; being two to one, and $60,000 over. The receipts for the two first months of the second quarter, were also known, and would carry the revenue from lands, for the first five months of this year, to two millions of dollars; indicating five millions for the whole year; an enormous amount, from which the People of the new States ought to be, in some degree relieved, by a reduction in the price of lands. Mr. B. begged in the most emphatic terms, to remind the Senate, that at the commencement of the session, the sales of the public lands were selected as one of the criterions by which the ruin and desolation of the country were to be judged. It was then predicted, and the prediction put forth with all the boldness of infallible prophecy, that the removal of the deposites would stop the sales of the public lands; that money would disappear; and the people have nothing to buy with; that the produce of the earth would rot upon the hands of the farmer. These were the predictions; and if the sales had really declined, what a proof would immediately be found in the fact to prove the truth of the prophecy and the dire effects of changing the public moneys from one set of banking houses to another! But there is no decline; but a doubling of the former product; and a fair conclusion thence deduced that the new States, in the interior, are as prosperous as the old ones, on the sea coast.

Having proved the general prosperity of the country from these infallible data: flourishing revenue—flourishing commerce—increased arrivals of ships—and increased sales of public lands, Mr. B. said that he was far from denying that actual distress had existed. He had admitted the fact of that distress heretofore, not to the extent to which it was charged, but to a sufficient extent to excite sympathy for the sufferers; and he had distinctly charged the whole distress that did exist to the Bank of the U. S., and the Senate of the U. States—to the screw and pressure operations of the Bank, and the alarm speeches in the Senate. He had made this charge and made it under a full sense of the moral responsibility which he owed to the People, in affirming any thing from this elevated theatre. He had therefore, given his proofs to accompany the charge; and he had now to say to the Senate, and through the Senate to the People, that he found new proofs for that charge in the detailed statements of the accruing revenue, which had been called for by the Senate, and furnished by the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. B. said he must be pardoned for repeating his request to the Senate, to recollect how often they had been told that trade was paralyzed; that orders for foreign goods were countermanded; that the importing cities were the pictures of desolation; their ships idle; their wharves deserted; their mariners wandering up and down. Now, said Mr. B., in looking over the detailed statement of the accruing revenue, it was found that there was no decline of commerce, except at places where the policy and power of the United States Bank was predominant! Where that power or policy was predominant, revenue declined; where it was not predominant, or the policy of the Bank, not exerted, the revenue increased; and increased fast enough to make up the deficiency at the other places. Mr. B. proceeded to verify this statement by a reference to specified places. Thus, at Philadelphia, where the Bank holds its seat of empire, the revenue fell off about one-third; it was 797,316 dollars for the first quarter of 1833, and only 542,493 for the first quarter of 1834. At New York, where the Bank has not been able to get the upper hand, there was an increase of more than 120,000 dollars; the revenue there, for the first quarter of 1833, was 3,122,166; for the first of 1834, it was 3,249,786 dollars. At Boston, where the Bank is again predominant, the revenue fell off about one third; at Salem (Mass.) it fell off four fifths. At Baltimore, where the Bank has been defeated, there was an increase in the revenue of more than 70,000 dollars; at Richmond, the revenue was doubled, from 12,034 dollars to 25,810 dollars; at Charleston, it was increased from 69,503 dollars to 102,810 dollars; at Petersburg, it was slightly increased; and throughout all the region south of the Potomac, there was either an increase, or the slight falling off which might result from diminished duties without diminished importations. Mr. B. said he knew that Bank power was predominant in some of the cities to the south; but he knew, also, that the Bank policy of distress and oppression had not been practised there. That was not the region to be governed by the scourge. The high mettle of that region required a different policy: gentleness, conciliation, coaxing! If the South was to be gained over by the Bank, it was to be done by favor, not by fear. The scourge, though so much the more congenial to the haughty spirit of the moneyed power, was only to be applied where it would be submitted to; and, therefore, the whole re-