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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.--SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1835. WHOLE NO. 559.

POETRY.

THE ROSE IN WINTER.

BY MISS M. F. GOULD.

O, why do I hold thee, my fair, only rose,
My bright little treasure so dear;
And love thee a thousand times better than those,
In thousands that lately were here.

Because, like a friend, when the many depart,
As fortune's cold storms gather round,
Till all from without chills the desolate heart,
My sweet winter flower thou art found!

Because, that for me thou hast budded and blown,
I look with such fondness on thee—
That, while I've no other, I call thee my own,
And feel thou art living for me.

I know thee, I've studied thy delicate form,
Till reared from the root to the flower,
That opens to-day, in a season of storm,
To brighten so dreary an hour.

How could I so lavishly scatter my sight
On those, that the gay summer-sun
Had nursed with its beams, when I find such delight,
From having and loving but one?

And while thou dost modestly blush at the praise,
That thus I in secret bestow,
It heightens thy beauty, and only can raise
The strain higher and higher to flow.

Although thou must droop, as our dearest ones will,
I'll tenderly watch thy decline—
And in thy sad moments, I'll cherish thee still,
Because thou hast cheered me in mine.

Then hallowed like dust of a friend in the tomb,
I'll lay thy pale leaves safe away,
While memory often shall give them bloom
That brightened my dark winter day.

[N. England Magazine.

BEAUTY AND LOVELINESS.

He looked on the chiselled *form* and *face*,
And the roseate blush beguiling,
And the arch of the eye brow' pen ed trace,
And the lip in moisture smiling.

He looked on the raven *curls* that fell
O'er the brow of Parian whiteness,
And the *silken lash* that softened the spell
Of the *eye* that swam in brightness.

He looked on the *s ender hand* that shone,
Where the sparkle of gems abandoned,
Like the star of eve on her vesper throne,
By the pearls of the sky surrounded.

He looked on the *arm*, as in floating grace,
It waved o'er the chords entrancing,
And the feathery *foot*, as it marked each trace
Of the melody in dancing.

He looked on all these, while links of gold
With the silken chains were blended;
And yet in his bosom calm and cold,
No wave of the soul ascended.

No rapture glowed in his tranquil gaze,
The tremulous thought revealing;
He looked or the light of soul in the face,
And saw not a ray o'er it stealing.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

Extract from a Sermon on war, delivered January 25, 1835, by Rev. Dr. Channing—just published:—'The idea of Honor is associated with war. But to whom does the honor belong? If to any, certainly not to the mass of the people, but to these who are particularly engaged in it. The mass of a people, who stay at home and hire others to fight, who sleep in their warm beds and hire others to sleep on the cold and damp earth, who sit at their well spread board and hire others to take the chance of starving, who nurse the slightest hurt in their own bodies and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds and to linger in comfortless hospitals, certainly this mass reap little honor from war. The honor belongs to those who immediately engage in it. Let me ask then, what is the chief business of war? It is to destroy human life, to mangle the limbs, to gash and hew the body, to plunge the sword into the heart of a fellow creature, to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities, to turn fruitful fields into deserts, to level the cottage of the peasant and the magnificent abode of opulence, to scourge nations with famine, to multiply widows and orphans. Are these honorable deeds? Were you called to name exploits worthy of demons, would you not naturally select such as these? Grant that a necessity for them may exist. It is a dreadful necessity, such as a good man must recoil from with instinctive horror; and though it may exempt them from guilt it cannot turn them into glory. We have thought that it was honorable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick and sinking from the jaws of death. We have placed among the revered benefactors of the human race, the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong, comfort, adorn and cheer human life, and if these arts be honorable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures and death.'

From the N. Y. Transcript.

THE WHITEHEAD CORNELLS.

Up in the country there lived five families by the name of Cornell; and, all being descended on one side from a common ancester named Whitehead, and each called a son after him. Whether his name was John, or Thomas, or James, it matters not; his five young namesakes merely retained the surname, and were called each, "Whitehead Cornell;" and it so happened, as a very remarkable coincidence, that each of them had white hair—making them, in appearance as well as name, so many *whiteheads*.

A Frenchman came into the neighborhood to teach a dancing school; and among the rest of his pupils appeared all the Whitehead Cornells.

"Vat is you nom?' said he to the first.

'Anan,' replied the youngster, not understanding the question.

'Anan vat?'

'Anan vot!'

'Oui—vat is you tozzer nom?'

'My tozzer nom?'

'I say, vat is you call after Anan? Vat is tout nom—you whole name?

'O, now I understand you. My name is Whitehead Cornell.

'Vitehead Cornell! Very good—very apposite. I write him sure me livre—on me book. Vitehead Cornell. Very well. Now, joune homme—young man'—speaking to the next—'vat is you nom?'

'Whitehead Cornell.'

'Vat! You Vitehead Cornell, too?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Very well. I set you on me livre—me book. So! two Vitehead Cornell! Vell, you young man, you tozzer one dere, vat you nom?

'Whitehead Cornell, sir.'

'You Vitehead Cornell, too? Begar! Two one, tree Vitehead Cornell? 'Tis merveille! 'tis wonderful! tree Vitehead Cornell? Bah, bah! Vell, no mattaire. Now, sare, vat you nom?'

'Whitehead Cornell, sir.'

'Diable!'

'No sir my name aint Dabble. It's Whitehead Cornell."

'Tant pis—so much worse! Begar! two, tree, one, four Vitehead Cornell? Mon Dieu! Vell sare—you young man next—tell me vat is you nom?'

'Whitehead Cornell.'

At hearing this, the Frenchman, who had been fidgeting before, cut a caper two feet high. He could endure it no longer. He thought there was some trick about it—some joke played upon him in reference to the color of their hair. He tore the leaf out of his book, and exclaimed, in a rage; 'Vat for you mean, sare? Vat for you insulty me vid you demnomnick—you Vitehead soubriquet—you nickname? Vat for you play some ruse, some trick on me, eh?'

'It aint no trick, sir."

'No trick! begar! You tell me all vat is tam no sush ting. Diable! you makey me believe dat one, two, tree, five, four name all one tam Vitehead, eh? I no bear it. I no let some man insulty me sometime, nevair. No, no—you go home vid your one, two, tree four vitehead; I no teashy you, begar!'

'Yes, sir, but consider, new, we want to learn to dance.'

Learn to dance, oh! Sare, you can learn to dance nevair, You too mush vitehead, sare. Two, tree, five, four, one vitehead, nevair can learn to dance some at all, nevair.'

'It's very hard indeed, Sir—'

'Ver hard! Diable! Yes sare, 'tis ver hard to play von tame ruse—von trick vile—on me sare. I no old bird to kesh vid some shaff. You no takey me vid von, two, tree, five vitehead owl, ha, ha, ha! begar!'

This was all the Whitehead Cornells could get out of the enraged Frenchman, who thought his honor and reputation were concerned not to allow in his school a parcel of young rogues who had no more respect for his cloth than to undertake, at the very outset of their pupilage, to play so gross a trick upon him.'

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

A FRENCHMAN'S TRICK.

Monsieur Duphot was a French refugee who had fled to America in the beginning of the revolution, and settled himself in Boston. His judgment of the yankees was expressed without reserve—"His sont bons enfans, mais ils ne savant pas jourer le violen. But Monsieur Duphot had a waggish neighbour, who if he could not play a fiddle, could play a trick, as the Frenchman found to his annoyance, having been April fooled and sent on errands after pigeon's milk more times than once by this mischief loving fellow.—He would have paid him in his own coin, but his bad English was sure to carry him into some blunder in the attempt, and the jokes he plotted commonly exploded on his own hands. However good luck and his own wit made him amends now and then. One day Mr. B———, the joker aforesaid, met him in the market, where the Frenchman was cheapening a quarter.

'A, monsieur,' said he, 'you and I are on the same errand. You dine on mutton to day?'

'Yes sair, de mutton is more cheap as de bif, voyez-vous.'

'True, and if you and I buy a bit together it will be cheaper still. What do you say?'

'Ver well, allons; let us see—how much you vant?'

'Oh, about a quarter.'

'Bein, bein, and so do I. Den me buy half a mutton, ensemble, and den me make him two half chacun a piece.

'Exactly,' replied B———

So straight way making a purchase of a side of mutton he cut it in two, and taking a hind quarter for himself, offered the Frenchman the other.

'Attendez!' said the Frenchman, 'it is de hind quarter I want.'

'Really! now it happens to be the very part I want too!' said the other, pretending surprise.

The Frenchman grinned and shrugged his shoulders.

'Come, said B———, let us toss a cent, and he that wins shall put his hand upon one piece, and say, 'who shall have this? while the other turns his back, and answers I or you.'

'Very well.'

'Here it goes then; head, I win—tail, you lose.'

The former proposition was uttered, as the coin flew into the air. 'Aye, said the Frenchman to it, and 'No' to the latter for he had been tricked that way before. Mr. B —— was caught in his own trap, for it was not a head. 'However, 'tis an equal chance yet,' thought he.

'Tournez done,' said the Frenchman, and slyly whipping out his penknife, he chopped off the tail from the one portion of the meat ten, and clapping it upon the other, cried out as if in his usual blundering way,

'Who shall have dis wid de tail on?'

'I,' replied the other, jumping round in great glee at the supposed 'etourlerie' of his companion.

'Den you take him, de fore quarter.'

Mr. B—— scratched his head without saying a word, for a moment or two till the explosion of laughter which accompanied the trick, had in some degree subsided.—Then with an exceedingly foolish look, he marched away, carrying his forequarter of mutton with the tail on which winds this tail off.

Davy Crockett's Last.—The Colonel was present at the splendid route lately given by Gen. Green at Washington, and was induced to dance, or rather to attempt to dance, in a quadrille. The figure was intricate, and the Colonel got off the trail. Turning to his partner—a laughing, fun-loving girl—he apologized for his error, and remarked, with characteristic drollery of expression, that he "was'nt much educated in dancing, although he could stand up to the plain work mighty perpendicular, but," continued he, "when you come to put in the *scientific licks* I squat."—*Boston Trans.*

Neither Rain nor Sleet.—The Canadians, according to the Montreal Herald, have got a new product from the clouds. That paper, speaking of the fall of snow on the 29th ult. says it was followed during the remainder of the day by—"a fall of something a little too much like sleet to be rain, and something too much like rain to be sleet."—What could it be?

A RIDDLE.

Little Miss Fidget, with only one eye
A prodigious length of tail lets fly,
And as she skips from gap to gap,
She leaves a bit of her tail in the trap.

A Needle.

The poet Coleridge, while on a visit to Edinburgh, dreamt one night that he died, and in his dream composed his own epitaph, which on waking he wrote down as follows:

Here lies poor Col at length, and without screaming,
Who died as he had always liv'd a-dreaming,
Shot by a pistol by the gout within,
Alone and all unknown, at Embro' in an inn.

Judgment and Fashion.—Judgment and the doctors say, "keep your feet warm and your head cool." But the fashion of the day says to the ladies, wear cloth cloaks, fur capes for the shoulders, and the indispensable boa about the neck, but be certain and encase the feet in cotton or fine worsted and prunella. Thus judgment and fashion are at war, and the victory always belongs to the latter.

From the New York Star.

LATE HOURS.

We are killing ourselves in this country by inches, and that for a tall man or an amazonian woman, is a dreadful reflection. In sooth, our late hours, break in terribly on real comfort, sound health and that refreshing sleep which "seals up the eyelids" in calm and soft repose, and ministers to our real enjoyments. We marvel why *fashion*, instead of being represented with bewitching and attractive colors, is not drawn with a Medusa's head, fiery eyes and snaky crest—or, under the silken cowl and wreaths of roses, a skeleton head peeped out as a warning—a caution in time—a *momento mori*. In this country we eat ourselves and dance ourselves to death with much more rapidity than they do at the Sandwitch Islands.

I met a friend on the *pave* last week, who said, "will you come to our party to-morrow night?" "A party? How? Comfortable dish of tea, game of whist, glass of whiskey punch, and a Sandwitch, eh?" "Oh, no—a real tearer—a regular turn-out—been preparing a fortnight. I must give a couple every year for the sake of the world, you know." "The world, ha!' Well I'll come and if I dont you wont miss me in the squeeze. Tell me for old acquaintance sake, how much will the party cost?" "Why, about $1500." "Fifteen hundred dollars? Prodigious! How many charming tertulias in Spain, *converzationes* in Italy, and *soires* in France, would 1500 procure?—And all this sum swallowed up in one eating and dancing frolic!"

I determined to go, and a friend promised to call for me in his carriage. I was ready at seven and sat quietly until eight—half past eight—nine—half-past nine—ten; when just as I was ringing for my slippers and preparing, as a Monsier Morbleau says, for my night caps, *rat-rat-tat* goes the coachman, and in walks my friend pumps and tight pants on—white gloves and perfumed hankerchief. "So, sir, a pretty time you have called for me; why, I have been ready since seven o'clock." "Seven o'clock? why bless you, the company only began to assemble at ten; and even now we are rather early."—"Early, do you call it? Go out to spend the evening at half past ten o'clock. Well well, I suppose we must not be out of the fashion—so come along.

Our carriage rattled up one of the principal streets, and a glare of light was showered in all directions from the house. We fell in behind a range of coaches, and had to wait until our turn, and found on alighting, a retinue of black servants to usher us into the mansion; to take our coats, hats and cains, and prepare us in form for the *entree*. Every thing was elegant;—gaiety fashion, and pleasure reigned triumphant;—beauty in resplendent beams, shed its halo over the scene; plenty from its golden horn, was poured fourth in all directions: music and the giddy dance, were kept up with unabated vigour, until the russet morn had nearly streaked the east. I got home; tossed and tumbled for two or three hours in bed, and then rose for the duties of the day.

Having occasion to call on an old gentleman about twelve o'clock, I found him in his parlor, with the breakfast table before him. What, not breakfasted yet?" "O yes, long ago—this is for my daughters; who came from the party about three o'clock, and are not yet up." In a few minutes the young ladies entered, but O how altered—where was the bounding step and elastic gait—the brilliant eye, the jocund smile—the silkin attire the well dressed hair, and jewelled form of last nights entertainment. They were pallid and exhausted—their eye, their hair, their dress, all *en dishabille*,—both with a hectic cough—both looking so wo begone and spiritless as if they had just escaped from the siege of Troy. "Have you slept well, girls?" said the anxious parent. "Not a wink, father—we tossed and tumbled and worried for several hours, but not a wink of sleep—oh my head, my head and oh, my bones, my bones." "Probably your restlessness arose from eating too heartily at supper." "No such thing, father—why, I only ate a little chicken salid, a wing of Turkey, some jelly, a few macaronies and mottoes, a dozen pickled oysters, and drank a few glasses of champaigne, that is all—excepting a sponge cake or two, and a glass of lemonade while dancing, and a little ginger sweetmeats, There's Lizzy ate twice as much as I did."

'No I did'nt, but I was more select, father; a few slices of cold tongue—a piece of a la mode beef—three pickles—a few olives—some *blanc mange*—two plates of ice cream—a little floating island—and some tufles in bons bons—oranges, plumb cake, and custard during the evening. I'm sure I don't care for solids.' 'And did you dance after supper?' 'To be sure we did; one cotillion, one country dance, the mazourka, and a gallopade.' The murder's out! no wonder at head aches, and bone aches, and heart aches, and sleepless hours, after so much eating; and then dancing on so much eating—churning these singular masses of food and contradictory condiments in a delicate female stomach, with scarcely sufficient gastric juice to digest the wing of a pheasant. That's the way our girls kill themselves prematurely; that's the cause of our heavy weekly interments, of the many cases of consumption, uncharitably carried to the credit of our climate. Alas! how many charming women are hurried to the grave by carelessness; by the bewitching attractions of fashion; by their clothing, and by eating too much. The observation made by strangers is, "how pale and thin your ladies are.' Why will they not have resolution enough to discard these seducing and destructive allurements; why not enjoy life soberly, discreetly, prudently?

What can be more agonizing to true affection than see the girl nourished with tenderness in infancy—amiable, intelligent and accomplished, gradually sinking into the grave ere she reaches the age of womanhood? the pride and delight of fond parents and numerous friends, the rose which early bloomed, daily fading in the brilliancy of its colors, and drooping like the lilly of the vale?—to see the eye, once so brilliant, sunken, heavy and dull, and the lips, once so ruby, now thin and pallid?—to witness the being so beloved, so cherished, the victim of slow but unerring disease, not constitutional, but brought on by neglect, by fashion?—to see the vision recede from the sight, step by step, until evening frowns upon its setting glory, and the tomb closes upon it forever?

The following extraordinary example of somnambulism is mentioned by Dr. Abercrombie as an established fact: A girl aged seven years, an orphan of the lowest rank residing in the house of a farmer, by whom she was employed in attending cattle, was accustomed to sleep in an apartment separated by a very thin partition from one which was frequently occupied by an itinerant fiddler. This person was a musician of very considerable skill, and often spent a part of the night in performing pieces of a refined description; his performance was not taken notice of by the child except as a disagreeable noise. After a residence of six months in this family she fell into bad health, and was removed to the house of a benevolent lady, where on her recovery the most beautiful music was often heard in the house during the night, which excited no small interest and wonder in the family, and many a waking hour was spent in endeavors to discover the invisible minstrel. At length the sound was traced to the sleeping room of the girl, who was found fast asleep, but uttering from her lips a sound exactly resembling the sweetest sound of a small violin.

On further observation it was found that, after she had been about two hours in bed, she became restless and began to mutter to herself. She then uttered a sound precisely resembling the tuning of a violin, and with a sound exactly resembling the most delicate modulations of that instrument. During the performance she sometimes stopped, made the sound of retuning her instrument, and then began exactly where she had stopped in the most correct manner.—These paroxysms occurred at regular intervals varying from one to fourteen or even twenty nights, and they were generally followed by a degree of fever and pain over various parts of the body.

MASSACRE OF POLES AT TRIESTE.

Trieste, Dec. 30, 1834.—We have just witnessed in our town a most horrible scene, which recalls the massacres of the Poles at Elbing and at Fischau. The King of Prussia will not be the only one who can boast of being the most devoted ally of the Autocrat. The assassination of several peaceable refugees has proved to Nicholas that the hangman of Vienna is his intimate friend and that he Nicholas, can emulate him in cruelty.

"Yesterday, at ten o'clock at night, a Pole, named Zoltowski persecuted and retained without any motive, in a dungeon, escaped, and took refuge in a barrack occupied by about 20 Poles, who were about to depart for America. The instant after, the Commissary arrived, and demanded that the Pole who had escaped should be given up to him. The Poles answered, that they were ready to give him up, but that they wished first to know what would be his fate and on what authority the Commissary reclaimed him.

"The Commissary, instead of replying, and showing his mandate, went to fetch the guard, and returned accompanied by chasseurs on foot, who rushed upon the disarmed Poles, the greater number of whom had already gone to sleep. They were brave on this occasion, the Austrian soldiers! they plunged with courage their bayonets into the breasts of the Poles, who did not defend themselves! All would have been massacred but for the pity of some serjeants who arrested the fury of the officers and soldiers. 8 Poles, however, are now expiring of mortal wounds. It is hoped that seven others, seriously wounded, will be saved. The unhappy Zaltoski was again thrown into irons, covered with the blood of his countrymen.

Vienna Jan. 12.—A great number of Poles embarked at Trieste for America; and the necessary preparations have already been made for the departure of the vessel.—*Augsburg Gaz.*

From the Boston Courier.

LEGISLATURES OF THE UNION.

Maine—House of Representatives, not less than 100 members, nor more than 200; Senate, not less than twenty, nor more than 31.

Massachusetts—Senators, 40; Representatives 605.

New Hampshire—Representatives, one for every 158 polls, and over that one for every three hundred rateable polls; Senate, 12 members.

Vermont—Every town sends one Representative; the Council consists of 12 members.

Rhode Island—Representatives, 72; Senate, 10.

Connecticut.—Representatives, 208; Senate, not less than 18, nor more than 24.

New York—Representatives, 128; Senate 32.

New Jersey—Representatives, 50; Council, 14.

Pennsylvania—Representatives 100; Senators, 33.

Delaware—Representatives 21; Senators, 9.

Maryland—Delegates 80; Senate 15.

Virginia—Delegates 134; Senate 32. Delegates never to exceed 150; Senators 36.

North Carolina—House of Commons, 124; Senators, 62.

South Carolina—Representatives 120; Senators, 45.

Alabama—Delegates, whole number not to exceed 100; nor less than 80.

Mississippi—Delegates never more than 100; not less than 38. Senate, not less than one quarter, nor more than one third the number of Representatives.

Louisiana—Representatives not less than 25; nor more than 50; Senate 16.

Tennessee—Representatives, 60; Senators, not less than one third, 20; nor more than one half 30.

Kentucky—Representatives not more than 100; nor less than 60; Senators, not more than 38; nor less than 24.

Ohio—Representatives, not less than 36; nor more than 72; Senators not less than one third, nor more than one half the number of Representatives.

Indianna—Representatives not less than 35; nor more than 100; Senators not less than one third nor more than half the Representatives.

Illinois—Representatives not less than 27, nor more than 36. Senators as in Indiana.

Missouri—Representatives, never more than 100; every county one; Senators never less than 14, never more than 33.

Michigan Territory. Legislative Council, 13.

Arkansas Territory—Legislative Council 5; House of Representatives, 23.

Georgia—Each County sends one Senator, each County sends one Representative, but none exceed more than four.

Congress of the United States—House of Representatives, 240; Senators, 48.

We never remember to have witnessed a more thrilling or more spontaneous burst of National feeling, than was manifested at the Tremont Theatre on Monday evening, at the farewell benefit of Mademoiselle Celeste. Just before the rising of the curtain for the Wizzard skiff, Mademoiselle Celeste made her appearance for the purpose as was stated in the bills of making her valedictory address to the audience, and in her interesting broken English, among other remarks she went on to say;—"Ladies and gentlemen--I shall again have the honor of appearing before you in May next, when I sincerely hope that all the difficulties subsisting between my native land, and this my adopted country, may be amicably adjusted." No sooner was this sentence pronounced, than the pit thronged, crowded as it was arose as one man, and such an earthquake of applause, from floor to ceiling, we never before witnessed in any theatre. It was wholly unexpected by the audience—took them completely unawares and most emphatically shows the feeling that prevails in this country towards our ancient, generous and powerful ally.—There is indeed no hostile feeling existing between the people of the two countries, but no opportunity is lost on either side as far as we can learn, of demonstrating in regard to each other, the most friendly relations. The incident we have just related, constituting as it does a verdant spot in the pilgrimage of life, we have deemed worthy of being recorded.—*Boston Gaz.*

The Harpers have in press all Hannah Moore's writings, to be comprised in a single volume.

Grains of whole pepper, put into a vessel in which cheese is kept, will drive away worms and mites.