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"THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE."

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POETRY.

We cut the following beautiful lines from the Army and Navy Chronicle. The simplicity and tenderness of sentiment in which they are conceived, will recommend them to all.

STANZA—TO S. T. P.

By Lieut. G. W. Patten, U. S. A.

Have I not lov'd thee fondly,
Pride of my cherish'd days?
Have I not press'd thee to my heart,
With words of cheer and praise?
And yet thou art forsaken—
Alas! that it should come—
For the music charm of the trumpet's breath,
And the pomp of the rolling drum.

Thy gentle eye may brighten,
Some tale of hope to learn;
But when, to meet its earnest gaze,
Will the wanderer return?
Amid the din of battle,
Thy voice is all unheard;
Yet what to me is the changing hour,
To thy lowly whispered word?

They say that Fame's high altars,
With many a brilliant shone;
But methinks the pathway to her shrines
Is a weary road and lone.
Fond hopes too much are scatter'd,
Fond feelings turned aside;
And yet I come not to thy heart,
My absent one, and bride.

I come not to thy presence,
With the voice of hope and cheer;
To light again thy gentle smile,
To wipe away thy tear.
But through the gloomy hammock,
I wander on alone;
Joy be with thee, my precious bride,
My beautiful—my own.

Camp at Tuskegee,
Creek Nation, July 16, 1836.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saturday News.

A Spy in Venice.

"Nul tiel Record."——LAW FRENCH.

There is land, where nature wears a deeper bloom in her cheek, and a brighter radiance in her eye, than in other climes;—the perfume of her breath is richer, and her brows are bound with a wreath of perpetual spring flowers. Those who have elsewhere loved her as a mother, would there do her the impassioned homage due to a mistress: for bright—bright is the sunshine, soft is the moonlight, and lustrous are the stars of Italy! The sun of her former glory has set, but the twilight tells how long and pleasant was the day. The mourning veil of memory and time is thrown around her in deep and graceful folds; and the mental eye scarce wishes it removed even to behold her, as she was in the days which are past. Gone is her greatness—its only emblems are her fallen columns; silent are her orators, but sweet the distant echo of her waterfalls; nerveless are the arms of her warriors, but light and graceful as ocean mists are her dark eyed daughters. While we gaze on her beauty, and remember her former high estate among the nations, we mourn over her, as for some fair victim, whom the arts of men have despoiled of honor. "But to my tale."

It was a soft evening in this soft region, when from the loftiest Palace in Venice, strains of fine melody were heard to break, and mingling with the peculiar laughter of the young, the perfumes of the sweet south, and the light echoes of dancing feet, spoke to those who approached, of one who was young, and joyous and beautiful. The Duke de —— celebrated on that evening the anniversary of his daughter's birth. The Lady Isabella had attained her seventeenth year—exquisite era in female life, when the bright graces of childhood, blending with the maturer charms of later hours, produce a sort of composite order in womanhood, fleeting and transient as 'tis beautiful. Within these halls of pleasure moved a gay and courtly crowd; some slowly wound their way in measured promenade; others in light circles, followed the rapid mazes of the waltz; while here and there in some windowed niche, apart from their fellows, stood those who loved the moonlight and the night wind better than the mocking splendors which the art of man can produce. Among these last, was a well-dressed and handsome cavalier, with an eye like a star, and a form of striking symmetry, who ere long attracted the attention of the guests. "Who is he?"—"Whence comes he?" was whispered around. All that was known was quickly told. The stranger was the young Count de V., a mere loiterer from a neighboring city, who had come to pass a few weeks in Venice, attracted thither, as a thousand others were, by the admirable collection of the chief works of the best masters in the arts, which that ancient city boasts. He was an amateur in the fine arts, and as such was honored with more than usual notice from the Duke de ——. Yet it was not the magnificent hospitality of the Duke, but the sunny smile of the daughter, which now inspired the young Count with the most animated gayety, or anon threw over his features an eloquent shade of thought, deepening into melancholy. But the revel and the dance were ended, and the stars were fast fading in the sun. Reluctant "good nights" were echoed around, and the Count de V. sought his solitary chamber,—but not to sleep. He did not even seek or wish to sleep. Memory's cup, filled with distillations from the preceding hours, offered a draught far sweeter than the dull Lethe of forgetfulness. He recollected the smile of the playful Lady Isabella, and the dimple which came at its bidding; he heard again the soft low tones of her voice, or dwelt on the innocent expressions of her eye. Brief and bright as falling meteors were the succeeding weeks. Isabella and the Count were mutually fascinated. She knew, she saw, she felt, that she was beloved; and her life became a succession of the brightest day-dreams. Solitude and meditation had charms for her which they had never before possessed. Her companions often looked around in vain at their festive meetings for "her whose cheek out-bloomed them all." Her gold fish were neglected in their crystal hall; her flowers bloomed or drooped unheeded by that eye, which was wont to bend over them like a descending sunbeam. Her favorite bird languished and died, scarce claiming from her a sigh, who a few months before, would have paid it the tribute of many tears. The rays of her young feelings, which had hitherto shone on and cheered a thousand varying objects, were now all centred in the burning glass of love. It was an Italian evening in early summer, when the earth seemed decked as for a festival; there was not a cloud on the lofty brow of nature, and the stars, beautiful daughters of Heaven! came forth from their high chambers in the firmament, now singly, now in sister like and shining groups; then suddenly the nightingale burst into song, to serenade the listening earth, and all around was calm and beautiful. Isabella hurried on full of joyous expectancy to the rose-bower, where her lover awaited her; but their interview was silent and melancholy. At parting, the Count placed in her hands a letter: "Read it not now, Isabella," he exclaimed, "but to-morrow, when I am gone; I know that you *will* hate me—but not *now*; no; let us at least part in kindness," and then they did part, and it was in kindness.

Early on the succeeding morning, Isabella sprung from a sleepless pillow, to read her lover's letter. It was brief and simple, as the language of deep feelings hath ever been, and yet how much did it reveal to the astonished Isabella. The Count commenced with some account of his own life. "My father was a French Duke of the ancient Regime; my mother was an Italian lady of high rank, and from her lips did I learn the language of her country. Had you, Isabella, owned no other charm, your voice, which recalled to me my mother's accents, would have bound me to you as an Eastern spell. My mother's voice! my mother's voice! how kind, how pleasant were its tones! Now breaking into the pretty raptures of a mother's caressing words, now mourning with me, in mimic melancholy at some childish grief; or at the matin, or the vesper hour pouring her simple, yet eloquent prayer, that God would bless her boy, and shield him from all the thousand ills of fate. In the profound stillness of midnight, and in silent and solitary places, I have earnestly prayed that but one word from that voice, could again break on my ear, if but to say she forgave me all my boyish waywardness, and was blest in Heaven. But, until you spoke, Isabella, naught, save memory, had ever supplied its tones. And it is this association with an object which has hitherto been first in my regard, which gave an impetus to my affection for you, far beyond what the fascinations of beauty, or the splendors of wealth, or the light of genius, could have bestowed.

* * * * *

"Can it be true, that happiness is not the abode of earth? Oh! why then was the word e'er framed in human language, to produce an idea in the mind which will find no counterpart without? On the plains of my native France I sighed for glory; it has been awarded me; and now how contemptible appear its brightest wreaths, unless you, Isabella, will be the crowning flower of existence.

* * * * *

"Yet had I not thought that love was of such sudden growth, springing forth in an hour from the depths of man's soul, and exercising over his whole future destiny such strong control;—how unlike it is to all other passions. Ambition must be nurtured, aye, and rewarded. Hatred forgets to curse.—Revenge, slaking its burning thirst, becomes remorse; and remorse is soothed by the soft voice of prayer. But love lives on, without nurture and without reward; it knows not satiety, it heeds not fate! and it dies not but with the heart where it has lived. It bursts on the path of life, animating and illumining all things, like the first flood of light which broke on the rejoicing world, creating a thousand images of excellence and beauty, where before all was darkness and gloom.

* * * * *

"But you will hate me, Isabella, or what were worse, you will forget me! For while I have revelled in your city, tasting of her choice wine cups, extending the hand of fellowship to her nobles, or accepting from her citizens the sacred rites of hospitality, I was then, even then, Isabella, your country's worst foe; and I will reveal to you the name by which hereafter you may hear of him who has dared to love you. I was—I am—a Spy! Enough—one word, which is echoed and re-echoed by all the deep recesses of the human breast. Fardwell!" Thus ended the letter of the unhappy Count de V., whom we shall hereafter mention under his real name of Orlando de Grammont. But we shall not detain the reader in this dismal epoch of our little history. Early on the following morning, when endeavoring to make his unobserved escape from a city where he felt that suspicion had attached itself to his name, our hero was taken prisoner as a spy from the French army, then encamped in the immediate neighborhood of Venice, and thrown into a dungeon, where an ignominious and speedy death awaited him. And how did Isabella bear this desperate trial of her love and faith? Love and Faith! they are no summer flowers, to bloom but in the cherished bowers of Prosperity. On the barren rocks of Poverty, go look for them—they are there; and in the dark valley of adversity, behold how soft are their colours! how grateful to the care worn soul of man is their odour! and woman's heart is their native soil.

Isabella, in the solitude of her chamber, indulged her grief in bursts of tears, or pondered in intense thought some plan for the deliverance of her lover. It was her first sorrow. Grief and disappointment, she had heard, were inseparable to the lot of man, (alas! how closely twined with that of woman!) but as she had bounded through the marble halls of her father's palace, or roamed its beautiful gardens with the wild gayety of early girlhood, she had grasped happiness so closely, so palpably, that she had believed her nature peculiarly constituted not to grieve. But is it wise to wish, that for us, earth may have no sorrows? How can mortals decide, that all the hundred ills of life, now keen, small and envenomed as the spider's sting, now dashing over the mind with the roar of tempest and ocean—how can mortals decide, that all is not intended to make brighter appear that bright world to which the pure in heart are journeying! Thus at least hoped the afflicted Isabella, as she knelt at the shrine of Heaven, breathing forth her poignant grief and imploring its aid. "Let not reason fail me," cried the almost frantic girl, "let it but half equal my love, and Grammont may yet be free."—Then she wildly sought her confessor, told all her love and all her wo. "Father," she said, "then knowest the great treasures of our house, and wealth shall be yours for the remainder of your days, will you but aid me in accomplishing my plans." "Alas! daughter, and what can these old and feeble hands avail against the bolts and bars of a prison house." "Go," said she, speaking rapidly, "go now to the Palace of the Doge; tell him your kindness would fain, ere death, assoilzie the soul of the captive spy. Obtain his signet ring! and then, when the midnight hour arrives, lend me these robes, that signet ring; and then, oh! then! yes, yes, thou understand'st me!" As she stood with throbbing heart and flushing cheek before the old man, her dark eye flashing with the high purpose of her breast, her clustering curls thrown back from her unsullied brow, as if they had interfered with the thousand rays of intellect which burst therefrom, the sculptor of old might have found in her an assemblage of all those charms, which he wandered Greece over to collect.

The midnight hour arrived, and with it a shaded form was seen entering the cell of the prisoner. A solitary lamp tried in vain to dispel the darkness of the apartment, and showed imperfectly to Isabella, the pale features of her lover, sunk in deep repose. And at such an hour could he sleep! How kindly does Providence blend with some of the severest trials of humanity, a moral opiate, which renders the soul half callous to their effects, and often steeps the senses of the wo worn wretch in slumbers sound and sweet as those of a play-wearied boy. She approached the prisoner, and laid her small cold hand upon his brow; "Orlando!" We are easily awakened by the voice of one we love; he sprung into instant consiousness. "I have read it all, I have heard it all, and I am here to deliver you. Take this dress," throwing from her light figure the habit of the Priest—"without these walls, waits a gondola to bear you whither you may direct." "And think you," said her proud lover, "think you, Isabella, I would accept of life on such terms as these? When I volunteered to perform the office of a spy, dangers were to me its chief attractions, for they were so many paths to glory; and ere you appeared, Isabella, glory was to me a lady-love, for whom all risks and trials were to be lightly borne, and would'st thou make a recreant of thy knight, and bid him basely fly, and leave thee, the innocent, the kind, to expiate his crime, if crime it were? no, never, never!" "Hear me! hear me!" cried the kneeling Isabella; "and if thou hast ever loved me, listen to my words: Had'st thou died in battle, Orlando, with the brave and free about thee—had honour's trophies been laid upon thy bier, and heroes pronounced my hero's requiem, I could, I might have borne it; but when my eyes fastened on that hated scaffold as if they had no power to wander, I felt the burning hands of madness lay hold upon my brow. Oh! if thou would'st save thy Isabella from despair and death, fly! What said the Judge? that ere the sunrise on the morrow, thou shalt die. Away, away! And know'st thou not," she added, with forced calmness, "the relation in which I stand to the Doge? believe me, in this dungeon I shall be as safe as in my accustomed chamber." Orlando was convinced. "I go," said he, "but in one hour I will return, and then I will claim thee as my own, my plighted bride." He is gone. His first, last kiss is on her brow, and breathless with contending emotions of joy, sorrow, and expectancy, she sank on the couch of straw upon which her lover had so lately slept, hoping that each sound which fell on her ear, through the thick walls of her cell, was the returning step of Orland de Grammont. She counted the tardy moments in impatient anxiety, or soothed her agitated spirits in earnest solicitations to Heaven for fortitude to support the coming hours as became a devout Christian, and the betrothed of a hero. "But my father, my dear father!" murmured she, "he is sleeping calmly now, all unconscious that his Isabella has wandered thus from the home of her childhood. Oh! if through my means, anguish and disappointment should add one shade of care to his declining years, what could recompense me for the thought?" And the unhappy girl shed the first tears which had wet her cheek, since she formed the design of liberating her lover. Thus, alternately weeping for her father, or musing over the future destinies of Orlando and of herself, she was roused by the sound of footsteps and voices rapidly approaching her cell. In breathless expectancy, she listened: the door opened, and she sprung forward to meet—not Orlando! Alas! it was he who was to have been his executioner.—The report of the escape of the prisoner, and the captive found in his stead, spread rapidly through the city. Fast rushed in a tumultuous mob, demanding vengeance on her, whom they styled a traitress, and the betrayer of Venice. The officers of the law held an affrighted council. The French were entering the city on all sides. The populace was enraged. To deliver her to the mob was finally determined on. They dared not attempt her defence, even had they wished it. Isabella foresaw, instantly, her doom. "He comes not! he comes not, and I am lost! but, Orlando, I repent not the deed which has saved thee this wretched fate;" and pale and trembling she shrunk to the remotest corner of her cell. But see, what plumed and belted Knight, with flashing sword, and bounding step, springs to her rescue! 'Tis he, 'tis Orlando de Grammont! With the wild energy of his impassioned nature, his blows are dealt on all sides, nor does he pause before his strongest foes, 'till he finds and rescues his beloved Isabella, from the rude crowd which surrounds her. Some of his followers assisted in bearing her off on a rude litter formed of their now sheathed swords, over which their military cloaks were hastily folded. Close around the litter a small and chosen band arranged itself in an impenetrable phalanx, and through crowded and tumultuous streets, they wound their rapid way to the Palace of the Duke de ——. "Here naught shall harm thee," whispered Orlando, and Isabella sunk in the arms of her only parent!

A month had past since the date of the surrender of Venice; and the gay, luxurious city was again joyous as ever, in her sunshine, her fountains, and her melodies. The rain-cloud of spring, the golden wealth of western skies at sunset, the sorrow of a child, or the smile of a mistress, are immutable and permanent things, compared with thy favour, oh, human will! Isabella's constancy, her courage and her heroism, were the fond themes of every tongue. But she heeded not their praises. Deep within the caverns of her soul from whence came no voice, where no eye could penetrate, lived and flourished with each sunny hour of existence a lone and a beautiful flower. Its root was life, its bloom was happiness! It was a bright morning in Venice. Fast assembled a gay and splendid crowd; and among them stood a pale and trembling bride. Think'st thou that sorrow had blanched that cheek! No, it was the excessive draught of human happiness Isabella, matchless in beauty, absorbed in love! we will leave thee at that marble shrine with thy snowy robes about thee, and the orange flower wreaths on thy brows. Around thee stand thy young kinsmen and cousins; thy father is gazing on thee, with that look of mingled tenderness and solicitude which belongs only to a parent's eye. Thy lover is murmuring vows of eternal constancy, and thou, Isabela, art striving to echo them. A few tears (thou scarce know'st why) are falling from thy downcast eyes. Precious drops! may the tears of her future days be all like unto them, distilled by the hand of feeling, from the very finest emotions of the soul. We will not for thee penetrate futurity; it may be, that even from that high eminence where love and fortune hath placed thee, we might behold afar off on the plains of human life, some distant sorrow approaching one, for whom we would wish naught but the purest joy.

From the National Intelligencer.

Individuals sometimes trifle with their happiness, and the remark is true also of whole communities. Are the People of this country, one and all, duly reflecting upon the great duty before them, relative to the approaching Presidential election? It does strike me, with more seriousness and force than I can express, that this subject involves a solemn obligation and very alarming consequences. It should not be forgotten that although it is a national concern, the duty is *personal*. Every man for himself should inquire what he owes to the blood *once poured out for Liberty!* Was it for misrule, and tyranny, and national degradation, that Madison wrote and Washington fought? Was it for *such* fruits of civil life that our fathers toiled all night in the entrenchments of a contested field, and the next day filled them up with their own dead bodies in battling for freedom? Let every man look around him. Let him lay aside his party prejudices, and party interests too, and consult his conscience, his conscience alone, as to what he owes his country. Will he allow self interest to stifle the suggestions of a generous patriotism, rising up in a bosom naturally honest? If he be inclined so to do, let him turn his eye to history, and be ennobled by a far different example, in the case of Regulus. This godlike Roman was defeated and taken prisoner in a war with the Carthagenians. They, however, though now victorious, thought it politic to propose a peace. To be the more certain of accomplishing this purpose, they sent their august prisoner to conduct the negotiation, retaining his son as a hostage, and affixing to this embassy the condition that if he succeeded he himself should have his liberty; but if not, he should be put to death. What course is it supposed Regulus took? That he consulted his personal safety? No; it was for the interest of his country to *prosecute* the war, and he employed all his eloquence to persuade her to take that course. The result is known.

But I am more afraid of inconsideration and indolence than even of prejudice and self interest, much as these prevail. It is a general misfortune with mankind, that the sins of *omission* are set down as of little or no consequence. But there is no reason in this. The omission to perform a duty may be as criminal in the intent, and as pernicious in the consequences, as any positive act whatever. The omission to feed a child, for example, to an extent causing its death, is as unquestionably *infanticide* as any process whatever by which the same result may be arrived at.

Will men neglect to rush to the rescue of their country, trampled upon, *degraded*, and exposed to still further humiliation? Is not the Nation satisfied with its experience for the last eight years? Does it wish to go on in this track? Is it willing to have a new edition of the same work, and to see spread out, for four years more at least, the same interesting pages of American *biography?*—*** and ***, and *** and ***!!

One day after the election, men who *really* love their country, but who think too little or too lightly of what they owe her, may have leisure to *repent* of having acted wrong, or, more probably, of not having acted at all. CURTIUS.

Maryland, Sept. 19.

ANECDOTE.

As a stage coach was passing, a few years ago, through a village remarkable for the undivided attachment of its inhabitants to Mr. Clay, a waggish passenger put his head out of the coach, just as he was passing a brick yard, and cried, "Hurra for Jackson!" A man who was moulding brick, seized a handful of mortar and very adroitly threw it into the wag's mouth, just as he opened it to repeat the cry of "Hurra for Jackson."—"There, d—n you," says he, "*your mouth is stopped with Clay.*"

This anecdote was brought to my recollection the other day, by a conversation between a friend of Gen. Harrison and one of Martin Van Buren's men. The latter was one of that class of politicians who are fools enough to repeat, publicly, the five hundred times refuted falsehoods which they read in the lying journals devoted to Mr. Van Buren; falsehoods, such as the more respectable of their leaders will not venture to repeat in public. He was eloquent in his way, and as bold as a lion. A stranger would have supposed he had seen much service in the wars of his country, and sustained a high character for personal bravery. He denounced Gen. Harrison as a most contemptible coward—swore "Dick Johnson" achieved the victory at the river Thames, and that Harrison was an old granny. [Now this poor creature was a mere boy when the battle of the Thames was fought, and did not know, and probably had never heard or read enough of the history of his country to understand, that Gen. Harrison had received a gold medal and the thanks of his country, by a vote of the Congress of the United States, for that victory; nor was he in the least aware that he was rendering himself a subject of pity and contempt, by repeating the falsehoods he had learned from some source deemed by him infallible.] His adversary, with great deliberation, and as if he intended to avoid a reply to the attack upon General Harrison, asked him: "Well, sir, what do you think of Col. Johnson?—you say he won the battle of the Thames, do you think he will lie?"

The answer was very prompt, accompanied by an oath, *No*—that he will not. The vindicator of Harrison then drew from his pocket an old newspaper, and read the following extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives of the U. S., by the Hon. R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky, on the bill for the relief of the Representatives of J. C. Harrison, deceased, March 2d, 1831.

"One of the securities is Gen. William H. Harrison—and who is Gen. Harrison? The son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who spent the greater part of his large fortune in redeeming the pledge he then gave, of his life, fortune and sacred honor, to secure the liberties of his country.

Of the career of Gen. Harrison, I need not speak—the history of the west is his history. For forty years he has been identified with its history, its perils and its hopes. Universally beloved in the walks of peace, and distinguished by his ability in the councils of his country, he has been yet more illustriously distinguished in the field.

During the late war he was longer in active service than any other general officer; he was perhaps oftener in action than any one of them, and never sustained a defeat."

Now, sir, said the friend of Harrison, what do you think of yourself? You have sworn, by your Maker, that Col. Johnson will not lie, and there certainly is a lie between you. No answer was given—none could be. The reckless simpleton's mouth was as effectually stopped as the stage passenger's was by the brick maker. P.

A Surrender at Discretion.—At the storming of the heights of Bera, on the 8th of October, 1813, Col. (now Sir John) Colbourne, who commanded our second brigade, addressed his men before leading them up to the enemy's redoubt, with, "Now my lads, we'll just charge up to the edge of the ditch, an'l if we can't get in we'll stand and fire in their faces." They charged accordingly, the enemy fled from the works, and, in following them up the mountain, Sir John, in rounding a hill, accompanied by his brigade major and a few riflemen, found that he had headed a retiring body of about 300 of the French, and, whispering to his brigade major to get as many men together as he could, he, without hesitation, rode boldly up to the enemy's commander, and demanded his sword. The Frenchman surrendered it with the usual grace of his countrymen, requesting that the other would bare witness that he had conducted himself like a good and valiant soldier! Sir John answered the approving nod; for it was no time to refuse bearing witness to the valor of 300 men, while they were in the act surrendering to half a dozen.—*Capt. Kincaid's Anecdotes.*

A fatal affray occurred in New Orleans on the 28th ult., between a Mr. Guiguel and Mr. Brux, in the course of which the latter was shot through the heart, which of course caused his immediate death. The perpetrator was taken before the Mayor, and admitted to bail in $6,000. The deceased was borne to the grave amidst an immense concourse of citizens, by whom he is said to have been well respected and beloved. He belonged to Augusta, Geo., where he has a family.