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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Maine Monthly Magazine.

The Emigrant.

'Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.'

'What a chilly morning,' said a friend of mine from the country, whom I met the other morning on the side walk in front of the Exchange. 'What are we all coming to? At this rate, we might as well be on the coast of Labrador, or turn Laplanders. The frost last night finished my corn; and my potatoes look as though an express had been sent for them to embark for the North Pole by the next iceberg. Bangor, with the whole valley of the Penobscot, is not worth what Smith gave for a few choice timber lots near Mount Katahdin. I'm for the West; Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Arkansas, or even the farther off Wisconsin,—any where on earth, rather than the frozen, foggy State of Maine.'

My friend shivered while he was speaking, and at the close of his speech his teeth chattered; he buttoned up his coat, and drew from his capacious pocket a large pair of shag mittens, pulled them over his farmerly hands, and tucked up the fringes under his soiled cuffs, looking for all the world like the personification of winter's enemy harnessed for battle.

'Will you just step into my office,' said I, 'and shelter yourself from the cold, while I tell you a story.'

'With all my heart,' said the frank yeoman, 'though I seldom visit shops of that character; provided you will tell any one who speaks of my having called on you, that I never sue nor am sued.'

Comfortably seated in my office, I related a story to my friend which had so kindly an influence upon his feelings, that I am strongly tempted to give the substance of it to the readers of the Maine Monthly.

Roger Barton was as plain and honest a farmer as ever lived in the dominion of Jonathan. At the age of twenty-three he married the daughter of a next door neighbor to his father, a real Yankee girl, who soon matured into a genuine Yankee wife, and became the mother of sons and daughters of whom any New Englander might have been proud. I speak of these first, because I know of no lovelier sight on earth than a large family of intelligent, rosy cheeked, hearty children, appended to the establishment of an industrious, contented farmer. But Mrs. Barton had much to recommend her, aside from the kindly helps of the farm and household. She kept every thing neat and tidy in and about the house; her husband's coat was never out at the elbows, and if worn, was always neatly mended—[here my friend looked over his own garments, which time had looked on, and seemed very complacent]—the children were well washed and combed, and sent off to school in due season; she was her own dairy woman, and butter and cheese better than her's never graced a market—[here my friend looked doubtful, for his butter and cheese carries the palm in Penobscot]—her husband was never burdened with heavy bills for domestic servants; and, in short, she was all that could be desired in a farmer's wife; and Roger was almost as proud of his wife and children, as he was of a yoke of seven feet oxen, which was always appended to his farm.

But I am before my story. I have not yet told you where he lived. Were you ever in that part of Oxford County which lies west of, and near to Blue Mountain? Have you ever stood on the top of that lofty eminence, and looked down on the southwest into a basin scooped out amidst surrounding hills, in the middle of which is spread out a beautiful lake, skirted with farms that look as if the hands of fairies had dressed them? If you have, you must have noticed the farm where Roger Barton was so happy with his wife and children, at the time to which I allude. Often have I stood on that mountain, and looked down upon the farm, with its neat white house, its grass fields outspread far and wide, dotted here and there with graceful elms and dark fir trees;—its pastures rising at first gently from the graceful meadows, and swelling at length far to the northwest into rocky hills; with flocks and herds, cropping the rich grass, straying over the ample hills, recumbent on the verdant lawns, or sporting on the heights; and while I looked, I wished my fortune had been that of Roger Barton, instead of being what I was—a recluse student—a candidate for a profession which makes a man the slave of the least amiable of the passions of his fellow men.

Roger Barton was happy; he knew he was happy. He was contented; so was his wife; so were his children. He was not rich in the town reckoning; but he was *really* rich. He had "enough and to spare,"—could give a trifle to a poor sick neighbor, and give profitable employment to the healthy poor, which is better for them than a present outright. He was loved and honored, as well as a quiet, sober, honest, unassuming man could expect or desire to be.

But the best fields are not always fruitful, nor is the finest climate always salubrious, Sunny Italy itself has some uncomfortable seasons, and the richest vineyards sometimes cast untimely grapes. Three cold frosty seasons in succession, were too much for Roger's endurance. His corn was cut off in the milk; his potatoes sogged in the boiling, for the frost nipped them yet unripe. His thrifty young orchard cast its blossoms, because a cold east wind assailed it in the very nick time, and apples, and new cider, were great favorites with Roger. He grew uneasy—discontented—became peevish at times, and once went so far as even to speak unkindly to his wife!

'And can this be Roger?' said she, tenderly, yet reprovingly; 'can this be the kind husband with whom I have lived fifteen years, who never spoke harshly to me before?'

He felt the force of her logic, and apologized: told of the loss of his crops, which she well knew before,—of his fears for the future,—that he had half resolved to emigrate to Ohio, and only wanted her consent to complete his resolution.

'Do as you think best,' said she, with a sad smile, 'I can go or stay with you—any thing for your sake, I can bear, if you will never speak harshly to me or our babes.'

Roger thought himself once more happy. For months he had ruminated on the subject, but wanted resolution to mention it to her. He well knew her domestic turn; her attachment to her neighborhood; her love of a settled life; and expected she would oppose a removal. But now the way was open—his mind was made up from that moment; go he must. He sold his lovely farm at a great sacrifice; almost gave away his large and fine stock of cattle—his 7 feet oxen and, all, without a tear; parted with his two hundred merinoes for a song; sacrificed his furniture which his wife prized so highly as to shed tears at parting with it; called in his money at interest; and late in autumn started for Ohio.

* * * * *

There arrived, weary and disheartened, he looked around in vain for the paradise he had anticipated. The man who feels the real *emigration fever*, has a picture in his mind of a place all green, and rich, and beautiful, somewhere or other, to which his soul aspires. He cannot tell you where it is, or exactly what it is, but somewhere it must be. He chases it, as we all chase our hopes, but it still flits away before him, like memories in a dream. He searches and searches, but where is it? It has in fact no place in nature—it is but the conception of a disordered brain. Thus it was with Roger. County after County he traversed; crossed river after river; but after all was not able to find a spot half so lovely as the old farm he had left far behind him among the hills of Oxford.

At last he was forced to stand. Half his money was already spent, and stop somewhere he must. On the banks of the Muskingum he purchased a farm, and hoped to find reason to be content with it. The soil was really fertile and easy; and he had nothing to fear from frost. But alas! what human lot is free from uneasiness! The fever and ague fastened upon him every now and then, giving him frequent fits of shivering, that outshivered all the cold winters of Maine.—His wife, who had never been sickly before, was now able to do very little, and though she never complained, he could see she was by no means so cheerful as she used to be in her home among the mountains. His children became feeble, pined away, did not laugh and skip as they were accustomed to do formerly. Society to her taste, there was none. In vain he sought that pure, elevated, enlightened social intercourse to which he had been accustomed; all the habits of society were new to him; and no one finds it easy, after being long accustomed to one course of things, to adapt himself to another essentially different.

There seems to be some natural connexion between the sun and air in which men are bred, and the habits they form. Hence national and sectional diversities: and hence the uneasiness any one feels when suddenly transported from one country to another.—Even a removal from one county or city to another, is not without a degree of the same feeling. It is but a measure of the same sensation that any one who has always enjoyed freedom, feels when he for the first time finds himself in a prison.

Poor Roger felt all this, in the extreme. His blood and his limbs were at war with the climate; and his sentiments and emotions were in constant contest with the pulsations of the community in which he had taken up his abode. If not confined to 'hog and hominy,' he yet found a strange innutritiousness in the diet of the West. The fruits were ripened by a different sun; and if they were mellow, they wanted the rich flavor which health and active industry gave to the mountainous east. And he saw that it was so with his wife and children. Gladly would he have sacrificed the rest of his property, to have been placed back, poor and contented among his native hills. But pride kept him silent on the subject, and year after year passed on and he was still an inhabitant of Ohio.

But his sorrows were but yet begun.—Two of his lovely daughters fell victims to the change of the climate, and his only remaining girl, loveliest of the lovely, too plainly indicated that too she was hastening the same way. His two eldest sons—one of them now nearly of age—were clamorous to return, and his wife, who spoke not to complain, looked on her langishing only remaining daughter with a mother's affection, and turning her eyes towards Maine, sighed more deeply than he ever had heard her sigh before. Her cheek was pale, her eye sunken, there was a language in all this that reached the heart of Roger; it spoke of fears that were too well grounded, of wishes but ill concealed. His pride faltered, for Roger had a tender—an affectionate heart.

'Shall we return to Maine,' said he one evening to her, as they were seated near a window that looked towards the east, 'Shall we return to Maine where we used to be so happy?'

She smiled more sweetly than she had since they crossed the Alleghanies, and with that trusting confidence which is so beautiful in woman, answered in the same *words* with which she had consented to embark with him for the west. 'Do as you think best, my dear;' but there was something in the *accent* which disclosed the secrets of her deepest wishes. Words may deceive, but tones and looks are eloquent, and often can we read them with a certainty which precludes any possibility of mistake. Roger felt this.—He knew that it was best to return, and pride gave way to reason and common sense. He sacrificed his property as he had done less rationally before; and returned with less anticipation, but more certainty, than when he left home to seek a paradise.

I saw him soon after his return, and asked him how he liked the West. 'It is a good place,' said he, 'for those who ask no comforts but those which flow from plenty and uneasy indolence; for those who can afford to give up all social intercourse, and domestic hopes, that are worth the name; who prefer idleness to health, wealth to pure morality, fever and ague to bracing winter; but give *me*,' he added with emphasis, 'the rocks, the hills, the frosts, and even the cold seasons of Maine, and who wants may have the West with all its privileges. I can be content with little here, for man wants but little; and had I back my children, and the health I have foolishly sacrificed, I should be perfectly happy. He that never has lived in New England, may do well enough in the west; but let him that is already happy enough, forego all experiments.'

His only remaining daughter soon fell a victim to the disease which the western climate had fastened upon her; and her mother did not long survive her. The rest of the family were soon restored to their usual tone of health by the bracing air of the north. But Roger has never been the same happy man since his return, that he was before his departure. His beautiful farm is in other hands; his daughters are gone, his wife has been snatched away, and he cannot but feel that he had an agency in destroying them. Often have I heard him execrate the hour that first determined him to emigrate, and leave the quiet shore of the Lake in Oxford.

The moral I would deduce from this story is the homely old adage, which well suits the words of Shakspeare with which I set out, viz:—'Let well enough alone.'

'Striving to *better*, oft we mar what's well.'

You are comfortably situated, and have enough, with industry and economy, to render you comfortable. Be content, then, and stay in the land of your nativity. You may change your place, but never can escape *the world*, while you live on earth. The curse rests upon it, not here in Maine only, but every where.—The briers and thorns none can escape.

What though we have a cold frosty season now and then? corn crops shortened—potatoes frostbitten—commerce curtailed—business dull? Are these the worst,—the only evils in the world? and are even these evils only found in the State of Maine?—Shame on your murmurs! Make the mind right, and Maine is a Paradise:—What though you have to work for a living? Put that down, *a blessing*, as Providence wisely intended it.

From my soul I pity the man who is not in love with the scenes around him; who can turn in disgust from all the beauty which surrounds him; from the friendships he has formed; from all his social connexions, and, sleeping or waking, be always chasing phantoms of hope as baseless as the colors of the rainbow; who finds no happiness in any that is not perfect; and yet has so little common sense as not to know that, go where he will, his standard of perfection can no where be found. And still, how many there are whose happiness is at the mercy of circumstances! How many whom one sharp frost before the middle of September will render completely miserable!

Where, to such, are the ten thousand resources always open to the mind of the contented man; he looks not at the things he has not, but at those he possesses. He lives on realities; and when one anticipation is cut off, he has other hopes that disappoint him not—other pelasures left sufficient to keep him pleased and grateful. He never sacrifices his happiness to his interest, if it be possible that one can subsist in opposition to the other.

O, Contentment, sweetest solace of mortals in a world of mingled pleasures and pain:

'Give what thou wilt, without *thee*, we are poor,
And with *thee*, rich, take what thou wilt away.'

'O, happiness, how far we flee,
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee.'

When I had finished my story, and my sermon, my friend left me, in an excellent humor. The sun had dissipated the morning fogs—the chilly air had given place to the mild beams of September. He pulled off his mittins, and thurst them into his coat pocket, unbuttoned his coat, and declared he would go home to his wife and little ones, and stay in Maine one year longer, at least.

Reader, have you ever felt the Western fever? Ponder well this simple story; enlarge the picture in some of its bearings,—for it will bear enlarging, ask of those who have tried the experiment themselves, whether it be wise to leave a tolerably comfortable home, for one that is at best uncertain. If there is a chance that you may better yourself by a removal, is there not a chance or two, that your better may turn out a worse. Remember,

'Striving to *better*, oft we mar what's well.'

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Bangor, Sept. 1836.

CONSTITUTION and GUERRIERRE.

An anecdote relating to the capture of the Guerrierre, has lately gone the rounds of the papers, which is stated to have been from an unquestionable source, and characteristic of the coolness, prudence and superior skill of the gallant American commander. The anecdote is doubtless correct in each important particular, although we have heard it related with some additions and slight variations, by a person who was on board the Constitution when the occurrence took place. His version was as follows:

The Guerrierre was lying to. The Constitution was leisurely bearing down upon the enemy under three topsails—every man was at his respective station and all on board were eager for the contest; when the Guerrierre commenced the action at long shot.—Commodore Hull gave a peremptory order to his officers not to apply a single match until he gave the word. In a few minutes a forty two pounder from the Guerrierre took effect and killed and wounded some of our brave tars. Lieut. Morris immediately left his station on the gun deck to report the same to the commodore, and requested permission to return the fire, as the men were very anxious to engage the enemy. 'Mr. Morris,' was the commodore's reply, 'are you ready for action on the gundeck!'

'Yes sir.'

'Well keep so; but dont let a gun be fired till I give the word.'

In a few minutes Mr. Morris again appeared, and stated that he could with difficulty restrain the men from giving a broadside, so anxious were they to commence the engagement.

'Mr. Morris,' returned the commodore, intently gazing on the English frigate, 'are you ready for action on the gun deck?'

'Yes sir; and it is impossible for me any longer to restrain the men from firing on the foe. Their passions are wrought up to the highest possible pitch of excitement. Several of our bravest seamen are already killed or wounded.'

'Keep cool, Mr. Morris, keep cool. See all prepared, and do not suffer a gun to be fired till I give the word?'

The gallant Lieutenant went below. In a few moments the vessels having neared each other to within pistol shot distance, Morris was sent for to appear on the quarter deck.

'Are you all ready for action Mr. Morris?' again demanded the commodore.

'We are all ready sir; and the men muttering horrid imprecations because they are not suffered to return the fire of the enemy.'

'Fire then in God's name!' shouted the commodore in a voice of thunder. It is added that he wore at the time a pair of nankin tights; and he accompanied his soul cheering order with such a tremendous stamp on the deck with his right foot, that the unfortunate pantaloons were completely split open from the knee to the waist band.

The conduct of Dacres, before and during the action was such as might be expected from a brave and generous enemy. Mr. Reed, a young man belonging to Brewster, Massachusetts, at present a respectable ship master out of Boston, had been pressed on board the Guerrierre a few weeks before the engagement. Several other American seamen were also on board. When the Constitution was bearing down in such gallant style, and it became evident that a severe action with an American frigate was inevitable, young Reed left his station and proceeded to the quarter deck, and respectfully but firmly represented to Captain Dacres that he was an American citizen, who had been unjustly detained on board the English frigate; that he had hitherto faithfully performed the duties which were assigned him, but that it could not reasonably be expected that he would fight against his countrymen; he therefore begged leave to decline the honor of participating in the engagement.

The English captain frankly told him that he appreciated his patriotic feelings; that he did not wish the Americans on board to use arms against their countrymen; and he subsequently ordered them all into the cock pit to render assistance to the surgeons if it should be necessary. Reed left the spar deck of the Guerrierre and the action commenced. Several shots were known to have taken effect, but the Constitution had not yet fired a gun, much to the amazement of the British tars, who predicted that the enemy would be taken without any resistance, with the exception of a veteran man of war's man, who was in the battle of the Nile, and gruffly observed with a significant shake of his head, 'The damned Yankee knows what he's about.'

A few moments passed away, and the Constitution poured in her tremendous broadside, every gun was double shotted and well pointed; and the effect which it had on the enemy can hardly be conceived. Mistimed jests and jeers at the imperturable, but harmless Yankee, gave place to the groans of the wounded and dying; and sixteen mutilated wretches were tumbling down into the cock pit, from the effect of the first broadside!

Dacres fought as long as a spar was standing or a gun could be brought to bear upon enemy; but when his masts were completely swept away, his officers and men mostly killed and wounded, encumbering the decks, while the scuppers were streaming with gore; when the Guerrierre, which a few hours before was considered one of the most splendid specimens of naval architecture which belonged to the British navy, lay on the water an unsightly, unmanageable mass—when he had no longer the stump of a mast left to display the proud flag of his country, the proud Briton began to think that he had got into an ugly scrape, from which he could not extricate himself. He could not longer oppose a feeble resistance to his more fortunate foes.

Captain Hull sent an officer to take possession of the Guerrierre. When he arrived along side he demanded of the commander of the English Frigate if he had struck.

Dacres was extremely reluctant to make a concession in plain terms, but with a shrewdness which would have done honor to a Yankee, endeavored to evade the question.

'I do not know that it would be prudent to continue the engagement any longer.'

'Do I understand you to say that you have struck!' inquired the American Lieutenant.

'Not precisely,' returned Dacres; 'but I dont know that it would be worth my while to fight any longer.'

'If you think it advisable, I will return aboard,' replied the Yankee, 'and we will resume the engagement.

'Why I am pretty much hors du combat,' said Dacres; 'I have hardly men enough left to work a gun, and my ship is in a sinking condition.'

'I wish to know, sir,' peremptorily demanded the American officer, 'whether I am to consider you a prisoner of war or an enemy. I have no further time to parley.'

'I believe there is no alternative, if I could fight any longer I would with pleasure; but I must surrender myself a prisoner of war.'

The St. Louis Bulletin of the 22d ult. states that the steamboat Chariton, on her way from St. Louis to Independence, struck a snag in the Missouri river and sunk. Some of the cargo was saved, and also a large sum of money belonging to Government.

The project of establishing a line of steam packets between New Orleans and Europe, is regarded with much favor by the merchants of that city. That the means necessary for its accomplishment will be obtained there appears to be but little doubt, since it has been taken in hand by J. H. Caldwell, Esq. a gentleman who has been so eminently successful in all his previous great enterprises.

From Texas.—Through the politeness of a friend just arrived from Texas, we have been furnished with the Telegraph of the 5th inst., containing the proceedings of the first Congress, and the message of President Burnet. The proceedings of Congress are not as yet of much importance. The army at present consists of about 1500 strong.—The planters have returned to their plantations, and are actively engaged in the duties of the cultivation of the soil. The fiscal affairs of the nation are looking up—money is said to be plenty in the country, though the public treasury has been nearly empty for some time—now that quiet is in a measure restored, and little fear entertained of another invasion, and the prospects of the planters are so bright, things will soon be on a much better footing. The confidence felt in the President elect, General Houston, and the able men he will call around him, will greatly accelerate every measure for the amelioration of the country. The document emanating from the President is an able effort and a valuable state paper, creditable alike to his head and heart. The terms in which he mentions the citizens of the United States is an ample remuneration, if their own hearts had not repayed them, for every service rendered the oppressed.—*N. O. Times, Oct.* 20.

Bread.—In consequence of the extravagant price which is now demanded for wheat flour, attention has been directed to the use of superfine rice flour. One part of this united with three of wheat flour makes the most wholesome, and by far the cheapest, family bread. It is now extensively used by the bakers in New York, and found to make superior bread to wheat flour alone. A correspondent in the Connecticut Courant, states that rice flour is pure farina, or nutriment—that it is perfeetly dry, and therefore makes more bread to the barrel than any other flour. It is the most wholesome of all farinacious substances, being the sole food of millions in Asia, where protracted lives are justly ascribed to the constant use of this simple food. There is no gluten in rice, which makes it palatable with n condiment but common salt, and fit to eat without the process of fermentation. The difference in the price of the two kinds of flour is an object worthy the attention of families; a barrel of wheat flour ought to contain one hundred and ninety-six pounds; and, at the present prices, this is upwards of five cents a pound, and this, too, being more or less damp, leaves not more than one hundred and ninety pounds of food. The rice flour is perfectly dry, is all food, far more wholesome, and sells at a price somewhat below this rate.

Brougham and Horner.—I recollect meeting Mr. Brougham well. I met him at Mr. Sharp's with Mr. Horner. They were then aspirants for political adventures. Mr. Horner bore in his conversation and demeanor evidence of that straightforward and generous frankness which characterised him through life. You saw, or rather you felt, that you could rely upon his integrity. His mind was bett fitted to reconcile discrepancies than to discover analogies. He had fine, nay, even high talent, rather than genius. Mr. Brougham, on the contrary, had an apparent restlessness, conscious, not of superior powers, but of superior activity, a man whose heart was placed in what should have been his head; you were never sure of him—you always doubted his sincerity.—He was at that time a hanger-on upon Lord Holland, Mr. Horner being under the auspices of Lord Lansdowne. From that time, I lost sight of Mr. Brougham for some time. When we next met, the subject of the parliamentary debates was alluded to, previously to which Mr. Brougham had expressed opinions which were in unison with my own upon a matter at that time of great public interest. I said 'I could never rely upon what was given for the future in the newspapers, as they had made him say directly the contrary; I was glad to be undeceived.'

'Oh,' said Brougham, in a tone of voice half confidential and half jocular, 'Oh, it was very true, I said in Parliament, where there is a party, but *ye* know better. *I said nothing; but I did not forget it.*'.. *Coleridge's Letters, Conversations, etc.*

"The term 'motive power,' which is frequently used in our town and neighborhood, what is it?"

The above *quere* is from the "Columbia Spy." If the words refer to the rail road cars, perhaps they mean freight—if to the whigs, patriotism—if to the Van Buren men, party attachments—if to some others, self interest and love of notoriety.

Governor Call has issued an order directing all the U. S. Troops stationed at the different posts on the St. Johns, to proceed immediately to Fort Drane. In consequence of which, Captains Tomkins and Vanness' Companies started on the 28th ult.

Valuable Recipe.—Mr. A. Bronson, of Meadeville, Pa., says that in fifteen years experience, he finds that Indian meal poultice, covered over with young hyson tea softened with hot water, and laid over burns or frozen flesh, as hot as can be borne, will relieve the pain in five minutes. If blisters have not arisen before, they will not after it is put on; and that one poultice is generally sufficient to effect a cure.