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

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

*From Elkswatawa, or the Prophet of the West.*

### LAYING OUT A JACK-O-LANTERN, THE INDIAN MOTHER, &c.

'What can it be,' said Earth, 'is it a spirit?'

He had scarcely spoken when another light began to dance in the air, then a third, and a fourth, flitting about, and changing position with the rapidity of thought.

'A four handed reel by the powers above! Rolfe! Rolfe! it is all over,' and Earth, crouching upon the ground, sank overpowered with fear.

'What dost thou fear?' said Rolfe.

'Those spirits,' said Earth. 'Hush, Rolfe; hush, or let us fly.'

'Nonsense,' said Rolfe, 'they are merely "*ignes fatui.*" '

'Fat what, Rolfe?'

'Fat nothing;—they are what are termed grave lights, or *jack with their lanterns*, produced in some measure by the decomposition of the dead animal matter.'

'No, Rolfe, it cannot be; see how they cross over, and leap up, and dart across, and then fly away,—they must be troubled spirits.'

'Earth, you are mistaken; I have seen them often before, and I assure you I have given the correct solution.'

'Now, Rolfe, tell me, is it true? You know I can face the living, but I cannot bear to meet the dead.'

'It is, I assure you. Have you never, while hunting, seen a *jack a lantern?*'

'A *jack-a-lantern!* yes, often; although I don't even like *them* much.'

'Well, these are the same.'

'Oh, no.'

'Indeed, they are.'

'Well, now, Rolfe, if you have any respect for me, hereafter call things by their proper names; if you had said they were *jack-a-lanterns*, I would have known at once what they were; but you said something about *knees fat*, and I took it for granted at once that they were spirits; although I might have known, if I had thought, that *jack-a-lanterns* were *greasy*.'

Rolfe, amused at the idea of their being greasy, laughed outright, asking, 'In the name of heaven, Earth, how did you find out they possessed the property?'

'Because I once caught one,' said Earth, 'and laid it out upon an old stump, as cold as a wedge.'

Still more amused by this conceit, Rolfe replied, 'You are the first man I ever heard of, Earth, who could catch one. Do tell us all about it, and rise up; I believe you are still frightened.'

'No, I am not now;' then rising up, he said, 'Rolfe give me your hand,' and Earthquake, seizing it, drew it across his forehead. Rolfe again burst into a fit of laughter; for the perspiration stood in large cold drops.

Even Earth was now amused at the groundlessness of his fears, and together they proceeded to inspect more narrowly the moving lights.

'Suppose I put them out,' said Earth.

'Well do,' said Rolfe.

'Then, hold my gun,' said Earth, and he passed it to him, and began to make preparation for stripping.

Rolfe was convulsed with laughter, and Earthquake had already taken off his hunting accoutrements, before he was enabled to inquire into the nature of the attack he proposed to make on them. Having at length found a tongue, 'Earth,' said he, 'do tell us how you mean to proceed.'

'I know two ways to catch 'em,' said Earth. 'Now, suppose you let me tell you how I *laid out* that one we were talking about.'

'Do, I should like of all things to hear it.'

'Well, one night, in the early part of the spring before we met, I was going through a part of that green swamp you have heard me speak of, when I *seed* a jack-a-lantern just ahead of me, dodging about in the swamp.—So it turned out to be, but what sort of an animal it was, at that time, I had not the least idea. I *trapesed* on after it, wondering what it was, and expecting every minute to catch it, for pretty near a mile and a half, when I found myself just about as near it as when I started. 'Twas a thing that old June was afraid of, for she kept gitting between my legs and tripping me up, until I was so mad that I took a stick and beat her up into a big lump.'

'Earth, what sort of a time had you?'

'Hush, Rolfe, I didn't want to say any thing about that, for the meanest thing I ever did was to follow a jack-a-lantern through a cane brake. You may guess what sort of a place it was, when I tell you I was obliged to give over hunting, and lay by for two days to darn my breeches. It bothered me mightily; and I was sticking fast, up to my lips in mud, wondering what the devil it could be, a notion struck me that it must be a jack-a-lantern. All at once, I recollected how they used to tell me to ketch 'em, so I got out, and followed on a bit farther, and, thinking I should like to see what it was made of, I determined to put the *thing* out. Well, I stopped,—the jack-a-lantern kept dancing before me,—I took off my jacket,—the jack a-lantern got scared, and looked sorry,—I turned the inside towards him,—he grew fainter,—I began to pull the sleeves through, and by the time the whole jacket was wrong side out, he settled down and went out upon an old stump. Well, now you may laugh, but it is every word true.'

Rolfe was scarcely able to speak;—'how do you know,' said he, 'that it did not merely go out for a little time, and then fly away to another place as these are now doing.'

'What! that jack a lantern fly away,—the one that I put out;—I tell you, it has never troubled any body from that day to this, if it has, I don't know when a thing is dead.'

'What proof have you of it?'

'Why, I saw it the next morning, *laid out*, as I told you before, as cold as a wedge.'

'Then, do tell us all about it, Earth.'

'Well, when the thing fell upon the stump, as I knowed it would, when I took off my jacket,—turning a jacket wrong side out never fails to kill 'em,—I took my hatchet and marked the place, that I might find it the next morning. So, soon after breakfast, I walked down there, merely that I might satisfy myself; and I had hardly got to the stump, before I seed the jack-a-lantern lying upon it, as I said before, cold as a wedge.'

'How was it shaped,' said Rolfe, 'and what was its appearance?'

'I don't exactly know how it was shaped,' said Earth, 'but it looked all in a heap, as if you had emptied your two hands full of jelly upon the top of the stump.'

Rolfe had been convulsed with laughter throughout Earth's narrative, and now sunk down overpowed at the finale.

'Earth,' said he, 'you are mistaken; what you saw was merely the gum which had exuded from the stump.'

'Gum!'—said Earth, with a contemptuous sneer, you must think I am a damn——;' then stopping and looking in another direction, 'look there, Rolfe,—look, look.'

He obeyed, and beheld a torch, borne by a human being.

'Can'st thou move?' said Earth.

'I can,' said Rolfe.

'Then nerve yourself for a contest, if necessary, and let us see who venture here at this hour of the night. Who knows but this may furnish some clue to the lost maiden.'

The above sentence infused strength into Rolfe; for it brought hope and excitement, and but little time elapsed before he announced to his friend that he was ready; and, moving forward, they began at once to reconnoitre the ground.

'There may be danger here,' said Rolfe; 'we must be cautious, or we shall be offered as a sacrifice to the spirits of those who have been lately murdered.'

Then crouching down, they remained for some time silent, gazing at the light.

'It is borne by a woman,' said Earth—'an Ingen woman.'

'It is,' said Rolfe, 'and she is alone.'

'I think so, for as yet I can see no one with her.'

'There may be,' said Earth, 'but what can they have come for? what can they be arter? Rolfe, I tell you what, I feel right ticklish.'

'Hush, Earth, the torch is approaching; let us conceal ourselves, that we may examine more closely.'

'Agreed.'

'See, she stoops, and searches;—what can it be for?'

'I know not. Let us approach and obtain her history.'

And leaving their cover, they soon stood before an Indian woman, who, at the moment of their approach, was stooping down, and examining an indentation, apparently made by a human foot. Having scrutinized it for a time, she shook her head, gathered up her torch, and moved on.

'Come, speak to her, Earth,' said Rolfe, 'and find out what she is after.'

Whereupon, addressing her in the language common among the Indians residing near the frontiers, and which was a compound of the language of several tribes, Earth said: 'Our mother seeks for something lost; does she mark the steps of the pale face, to find out the path to his wigwam, or does she seek for a red man, whose blood is crying from the ground?'

At this speech she turned whence the voice came, and gazed on the hunters, without discovering the least emotion or even surprise, and seeing the mark of another foot print, she approached, caused the light to fall on it, closely examined its proportions, and again moved on.

'The white man's heart is sorry,' said Earth, 'he will help our mother. Will she tell him for what she searches?'

Raising herself, and gazing for a moment on the speaker, she said, with a faultering voice, 'I call, and he comes not; the vine has lost the tree which supported it.'

There was something so touching in her manner that even Earthquake was affected, and turning to Rolfe, he interpreted her words.

'Earth, she is the mother of that Indian whom that fellow killed.'

'Yes,' said Earth, 'I'll lay any thing she is;' and the only feeling of sorrow which ever crossed his breast for the death of an Indian, then passed over it. The hunters remained for some moments silent, not knowing what to do, while the old woman continued her sad yet holy purpose.

'Come, Earth,' said Rolfe, speak to her again; speak gently, and try and make her tell you her story, for there is something about her which very much affects me.' And following on, Earth again sought to draw her into a conversation.

'Has thy husband gone to the settlements, and returned not,' continued he, 'or dost thou seek, in a son, the hope of thy evening hours?'

'He is gone,' said the mother, 'he is gone. The tree was just beginning to cast its shade, the fountain would soon have become a running stream; but, alas! it is now dry. He is gone, he is gone. I call, and he comes not.'

There was something beautiful and touching in the mother's grief, and there was something startling, yet thrilling in her occupation. Alone, and in the dark hour of night, searching the forest that she might again behold the face of the dead. Her affection was so pure and deep, that even the hunters felt awed by the holy feeling which influenced her, and forgetting their own situations, sank for a time into silence overcome by the emotions of the moment. Never was there a scene more striking, never was there one better calculated to make an impression lasting as memory itself.

'Earth,' said Rolfe, 'how often have I thought of a battle field, the scene of triumphs. While the contest rages, and victory hovered doubtful of the issue, at last perches on some favoured standard, Oh! what a moment of thrilling interest, of wild delight. Yet view the same field, the day after the battle, how sad the contrast! When the loud thunders of war have given place to deep silence; when the unburied dead still sleep upon the surface, and the helpless dying are seen writhing on the cold ground. So it is here; the border settler who caused the distress we see, was proud of his victory, and perhaps, at this moment, is telling its details; yet, think you, he could look upon the scene before us, and feel happy, in what he deems his hard-won laurels?

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'And do you seriously think, Rolfe, that Heaven will hold us accountable for merely killing Ingens!'

'Perhaps not us, Earth, but when we shall sleep with our fathers, and our little republic becomes the first power upon earth, their fate may then rise up in judgment against it.'

'How; what is to happen?' said Earth, then stopping abruptly, hush,—hush,—what noise is that?' and the next moment there galloped by a gang of wolves, frightened from their anticipated prey by the torch of the Indian mother, and having fled but a short distance within the forest, their dismal howls broke upon the stilless of night.

'See,' said Rolfe, 'those howling beasts have been feeding upon the dead, or else, perhaps, watching for the death of the dying; let us again seek the mother and aid her in her search; her son may yet live.'

'With all my heart,' said Earth, 'for we can not sleep while she continues it.'

'Earth, is it not strange, that, entertaining so much hatred for the whites, and knowing that if her son be dead, a white man must have killed him, she did not vent either abuses or curses upon us?'

'Yes, it is;—if she had, I should have felt less sorry than I do, and can only account for her conduct, by her whole soul being taken up with the object of her search.'

'Is she not unusally devoted for an Indian mother? I always thought their feelings were less ardent than ours.'

'That is a mistake;—the way they are brought up causes them to suppress their feelings, and to seem indifferent towards each other. Yet, there is no race under heaven who will suffer more privations for their children than will the Ingens.'

Thus conversing, they again sought the mother, sympathized with her, and assisted in the search; and Earth, drawing her into conversation, learned the following particulars of her history:—

She resided several miles within the forest, and was seeking a son, her only child, who, a day or two before, had left her wigwam in search of game. Circumstances had induced her to believe that he had been murdered by the whites, and to confirm or remove her suspicions was now her object. Owing to the deadly enmity which existed between the two races, she feared to venture far from her wigwam during the day, and had prosecuted her search chiefly at night. One entire night she had passed in this way, and she had now commenced the second in the same fruitless manner.

Earth, with a view of consoling her, said, 'Mother, thy son may think the long knives seek his death, he is swift of foot as the deer on the prairie; the deer, to avoid the dogs, flies.'

'Stop,' said the mother, 'tell me not he fled:—could I believe that he, in whom my blood flows, would flee from a pale face, I would seek him, but it would be to bury my knife in his heart. Oloompa fled!' and she burst into a flood of tears.—'No, no, my son, thou didst not know how to flee. Thy blood lies clotted on this cold ground. Leave me, leave me,' she continued, 'my son would rise from dead, didst thou tell him he would flee from a pale face.'

Rolfe and Earthquake, perceiving her distress, and appreciating her feelings, again endeavored to soothe and console her.

'Earth,' said Rolfe, 'talk to her; try and persuade her to quit, she can do no good by remaining here.'

'I wish she would,' answered Earth, 'for I am tired of it;' and again approaching her, he said, 'Mother, thou hadst better give over thy search, and return to thy wigwam.'

'And wherefore shall I do that?' she replied; 'is it that my lodge shall tell of past joys no more to be enjoyed. Is it that I may listen to the voice of the lost, in every whispering breeze that passes? or is it to watch and see pass away the last tint from a drooping flower?'

'Thou hast spoken of a drooping flower, lives she still in thy wigwam, mother?'

'The sun gilds the morning and we are here,' said the mother, 'evening comes, and we are gone.' And forgetting the question of Earth, she cried, 'Oloompa!—Oloompa!—why wilt thou not answer me, my son!'

'Is the drooping flower thou spokest of a plant of the prairie,' said Earth, 'or grew it far off on the lands of the white men?'

'It may have come from the clouds,' said the mother; 'I sat in my wigwam, and cried for Oloompa, a vision appeared, and a maiden remained.'

'And is she a pale face? mother, tell; we too seek the lost.'

'Yes; as pale as the moon beams which sleep on the snow.'

'And lives she still?'

'The sun gilds the morning, and we are here,' said the mother, 'evening comes, and we are gone.'

Earth, turning to Rolfe, quickly communicated the information obtained, and a vague impression was made on the minds of both that the maiden alluded to was she whom they sought. Rolfe was all anxiety, and repeated question after question in rapid succession for Earth to ask the mother, but he himself was now deeply interested, and addressing himself to her, continued: 'Mother, if thou knowest any thing of the maiden, tell us, and make our hearts glad. She is dear to us; we seek to protect her. She had friends, they were many, they were happy, but the red men came among them, and she alone is left. Make glad our aching hearts, and accept our blessings.'

'And what shall I tell thee?' said the mother. Then forgetting the hunters, again she cried, 'Oloompa! Oloompa! Oh! answer thy mother,' and she continued searching the forest.

Rolfe was now excited to the highest degree, and continued begging Earth to elicit quickly some particulars which would either dispel or confirm their suspicions.

'Let me alone, Rolfe,' said Earth, 'I'm doing all I can; don't be in such a swivet; if the gal is there, we'll git her;' then turning to the mother, he said, 'Remains the maiden thou didst mention in the wigwam still? If she does, mother, wilt thou tell us her condition?'

'Hast thou seen a deer,' said the mother, when after a long chase it escapes the dogs? It is fatigued,—it pants,—it lies down and sleeps,—so the maiden.'

'Rolfe,' said Earth, 'the old woman says the gal is there, and that she is tired and asleep.'

'Then, oh! Earth, ask her if she is very beautiful, if her hair is light, and if she is very timid,—come, quick!'

Earth put the questions desired, and the mother replied: 'Hast thou gathered the loveliest flower which blossoms on the prairies, cast it away, and a short time after seen it again? It is still beautiful, but withered; the maiden reminds me of that. Knowest thou the golden color of the sands on the Wabash? The same is the color of the hair of the pale face. Hast thou caught a bird, and felt it tremble, and its little heart beat, when thy fingers pressed it? It is timid,—even so is the maiden.'

'Rolfe,' said Earth, 'I have asked the old woman.'

'Oh! tell me what she says, Earth?'

'She says, the gal is like a flower, that her hair is like yaller sand, and that she trimbles like you were to squeeze a bird in your hand.'

'She is the same!' cried Rolfe.

Believing that he recognized her even in Earth's unpoetical description, tears of joy gushed from his eyes, and falling on his knees, he poured out in fervent prayer, a thousand thanks to the God of heaven for having so conducted his footsteps as to create a full hope of finding her who was the object of his search. Earth and the mother listened to it, as to the voice of inspiration. It was beautiful as an act of devotion, and, regarding the time and circumstances, nothing could be more impressive.

While Rolfe was speaking, Earth several times drew his sleeve across his eyes; but scarcely, however, had the last words of the prayer died away, and silence again resumed her reign, when a voice as if of anguish seemed to rise up from the ground. It was startling, and a feeling of horror thrilled through the frames of the hunters. But it touched a kindred chord in the ear of the Indian mother; and moving forward, again she cried, 'Oloompa!' and a voice answered, 'Mother, art thou here?' Then burst forth a woman's shriek so loud, that the feeding beasts fled, galloping away,—owls flapped their wings, and hooted,—and the startling scream seemed to leap from tree to tree, as it entered the depths of the forest. There was silence, and the Indian mother lay bending over the sinking frame of her son.

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*Peroration of the Eulogy on Madison, by J. Q. Adams.*

This Constitution, my countrymen, is the great result of the North American Revolution. This is the giant stride in the improvement of the condition of the human race, consummated in a period of less than one hundred years. Of the signers of the address to George the Third in the Congress of 1774—of the signers of the Declaration of Independence in 1776—of the signers of the Articles of Confederation in 1781, and of the signers of the federal and national Constitution of Government under which we live, with enjoyments never before allotted to man, not one remains in the land of the living. The last survivor of them all was he, to honor whose memory we are here assembled at once with mourning and with joy. We reverse the order of sentiment and reflection of the ancient Persian king—we look back on the century gone by—we look around with anxious and eager eye for one of that illustrious host of patriots and heroes, under whose guidance the revolution of American Independence was begun and continued and completed. We look around in vain. To them this crowded theatre, full of human life, in all its stages of existence, full of the glowing exultation of youth, of the steady maturity of manhood, the sparkling eyes of beauty, and the gray hairs of reverend age—all this to them is as the solitude of the sepulchre. We think of this and say, how short is human life! But then, *then*, we turn back our thoughts again, to the scene over which the falling curtain has but now closed upon the drama of the day. From the saddening thought that they are no more, we call for comfort upon the memory of what they were, and our hearts leap for joy, that they were our fathers. We see them, true and faithful subjects of their sovereign, first meeting with firm but respectful remonstrance the approach of usurpation upon their rights. We see them, fearless in their fortitude, and confident in the righteousness of their cause, bid defiance to the arm of power, and declare themselves independent States. We see them, waging for seven years a war of desolation and of glory, in most unequal contest with their own unnatural step mother, the mistress of the seas, till under the sign manual of their king, their Independence was acknowledged—and last and best of all, we see them toiling in war and in peace to form and perpetuate an union, under forms of government intricately but skilfully adjusted so as to secure to themselves and their posterity the priceless blessings of inseparable Liberty and Law.

Their days on earth are ended, and yet their century has not passed away. Their portion of the blessings which they thus labored to secure, they have enjoyed—and transmitted to us their posterity. We enjoy them as an inheritance—won, not by our toils—watered not by our tears—saddened not by the shedding of any blood of ours. The gift of heaven through their sufferings and their achievements—but not without a charge of correspondent duty incumbent upon ourselves.

And what, my friends and fellow citizens, what is that duty of our own? Is it to remonstrate to the adder's ear of a king beyond the Atlantic wave, and claim from him the restoration of violated rights? No. Is it to sever the ties of kindred and of blood, with the people from whom we sprang. To cast away the precious name of Britons and be no more the countrymen of Shakspeare and Milton, of Newton and Locke, of Chatham and Burke? Or more and worse, is it to meet their countrymen in the deadly conflict of a seven year's war? No. Is it the last and greatest of the duties fulfiled by them? Is it to lay the foundations of the fairest Government and the mightiest nation that ever floated on the tide of time? No. These awful and solemn duties were allotted to them; and by them they were faithfully performed. What then is our duty?

Is it not to preserve, to cherish, to improve the inheritance which they have left us—won by their toils—watered by their tears—saddened but fertilized by their blood? Are we the sons of worthy sires, and in the onward march of time have they achieved in the career of human improvement so much, only that our posterity and theirs may blush for the contrast between their unexampled energies and our nerveless impotence? between their more than Herculean labors and our indolent repose? No, my fellow citizens—far be from us; far be from you, for he who now addresses you has but a few short days before he shall be called to join the multitudes of ages past—far be from you the reproach or the suspicion of such a degrading contrast. You too have the solemn duty to perform, of improving the condition of your species, by improving your own. Not in the great and strong wind of a revolution, which rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord—for the Lord is not in the wind—not in the earthquake of a revolutionary war, marching to the onset between the battle field and the scaffold—for the Lord is not in the earthquake—not in the fire of civil dissension—in war between the members and the head—in nullification of the laws of the Union by the forcible resistance of one refractory State—for the Lord is not in the fire; and that fire was never kindled by your fathers! No! it is in the still small voice that succeeded the whirlwind, the earthquake and the fire. The voice that stills the raging of the waves and the tumults of the people—that spoke the words of peace, of harmony, of union. And for that voice, may you and your children's children 'to the last syllable of recorded time,' fix your eyes upon the memory, and listen with your ears to the life of James Madison.

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*A Wretched Aged Prisoner.*—At the last Court d'Assizes de la Seine, an old man, named Macheuran, apparently worn down by misery and want, was charged with fabricating pieces of six *liards*, one sous and a half. This unfortunate wretch has, it appeared, passed his whole life of misery in the galleys. While a young man, he was sentenced to an imprisonment of four years at the Bicetre, and while there a riot took place among the prisoners, and in consequence of the part he took in it, he was sentenced to a further punishment of twenty four years in irons. This dreadful sentence was inflicted upon him, and he regained his liberty, and want drove him to commit the offence for which he was tried. He confessed the crime, and addressing the jury in defence, said, 'Gentlemen, judge and jurors, you see before you the most miserable wretch alive. I am now sixty-nine years of age, and was left an orphan at the age of ten years. A youthful folly was the cause of my passing thirty years in captivity, in the most horrid labor, and loaded with 14lbs. weight of iron the whole period. Will you condemn me again for an offence in which my heart took no part, but to which I was driven by distress? I abandon my destiny with confidence to your verdict, and I entreat you to suffer me to pass the short period of life that yet remains for me in peace." The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the court, in consequence of his previous conviction, sentenced him for twenty years to the galleys, and to be exposed to the pillory.—The unfortunate man, on hearing the sentence, exclaimed, 'Let me be shot; it would render me a service; I would rather suffer death than this horrible imprisonment."

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*Ten Rules to be observed in practical life.*—The following rules were given by Mr. Jefferson, in a letter of advice to his namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith, in 1825.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have it.

Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

We never repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pains have those evils cost us which never happened.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak—if very angry, a hundred.

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A stranger, dining with one of our very luxurious city companies, had himself helped to the first dish of meat that stood near him; and being hungry, and making no calculation as to choicer dishes which were to follow, began to eat the slices of the plain joint with great gusto. "God bless your soul!" exclaimed a more experienced glutton; "surely you are not going to throw away that beautiful appetite upon a leg of mutton?"