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

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BY D. P. HOGE.

—TERMS.—

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POETRY.

MARY'S BEE.

As Mary with her lip of roses,
Was tripping o'er the flowery mead
A foolish little bee supposes
The rosy lip a rose indeed;
And so, astonished at the bliss,
He steals the honey of her kiss.

He wantons there a moment lightly—
He sports away on careless wing;
But, ah! why swells that wound unsightly?
The rascal! he has left a sting.
She runs to me, with weeping eyes—
Sweet images of April skies!

'Be this,' said I, 'to heedless misses
A warning they should bear in mind;
For oft a lover steals their kisses,
Then flies and leaves a sting behind.'
'This may be wisdom, to be sure,'
Said Mary; 'but I want a cure.'

What could I do? to ease the swelling,
My lips and hers delighted meet;
And, trust me from that lovely dwelling
I found the very poison sweet.
Fond boy! unconscious of its smart,
I sucked the poison to my heart.

From the New York Mirror.

THE THREE PAINTERS

Nature in sportive mood, they say,
Produced a painting—'twas a child,
Tender and fair as opening day—
The artist viewed her work and smiled.

Time, an old painter, saw the piece—
'Twas pretty, but it wanted tone—
"I'll take the picture, if you please,
And add some touches of my own.

Some ringlets round the face he threw,
Gave animation to the eyes,
Put in some teeth of pearly hue—
"The work improves,' the painter cries.

He dabbled at the piece again,
Deepen'd the tints and gave it strength,
Mark'd lines of lassitude and pain,
And added something to the length.

Old Death approach'd and shook his head—
"'Tis tawdry and it wants repose,
Too bright—knock out those lights, 'he said,
And instantly his eye lids close.

The tints grew faint, the form appear'd to waste
In prostrate attitude—the piece was set—
"'Tis mine," he cried—"exactly to my taste,"
And placed it in his own dark cabinet.

THE ROSE.

A tender Rose I tried to rear—
I nursed it through the darkening year—
Shielding it in a sheltered bower,
In hopes to see its blushing flower
In summer glad mine eye.

It thrived through every autumn blast—
The winter's dreary storms were past—
When, with the spring there fell a frost,
And all my pains and hopes are lost—
It caused my plant to die!

Sadly I watched its life depart,
And felt the moral reach my heart;
"How often thus, long cherished joys,
Some unexpected blight destroys,
When least we think it nigh!"

THE SUPPER OF THE DEAD.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A CONTEMPORARY LADY.

Count Cagliostro was the name of an individual who made a great sensation in Paris, about the middle of the reign of the unfortunate Louis 16. He pretended to the extraordinary powers of divination; declared that he was upwards of a thousand years old: and claimed for himself all the attributes which credulity and superstition have bestowed upon sorcerers and necromancers. He was an accomplished man, and thorough rogue and charlatan, and he contributed largely to the odium which attached to the Queen Marie Antoinette, in the affair of the amond necklace, in which that august lady was a victim and not an accomplice.—Several interesting stories are related of this greatest of modern rogues; we select the following as a specimen, from the memoirs of a public character recently deceased.

It was in 1785 that the re-appearance of Cagliostro was made public. Rumors were immedietely rife that there existed a secret, gathered from the magic lore of ancient Egypt, by means of which people could communicate with creatures of the other world. Some persons confidently asserted they had supped with the most celebrated females of antiquity. On this subject I will relate what was stated by the hapless Marechal Duke de Noailes, whose scrupulous regard for veracity needs no guarantee. He was in my house in company with the Bishop of Arras, the Archbishop of Rouen, the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, the duke de Sully, the Marquis de Soncoart, Madame de Castellane, and the Marchioness de Roche-Aymon, who, as well as myself, was a lady of the queen's bedchamber.

It was in June, 1782. For some time previously I had expressed a desire to the grand almoner, to see the Count de Cagliostro; when he should be working any important experiment. Prince Louis told me that he would not forget me when the next supper of the dead was to be given. On the fourteenth of June I received a note to this effect:

My Lord Marechal—I have not forgotten my promises; and I have to invite you this evening to sup with whomsoever you please. I will be answerable that the cheer is good, but will not be responsible for the guests. Make up your mind who you would wish to have, for it is essential that you should bring somebody. I have the honor, etc.

The hour of meeting, was mentioned in the postscript. It was at the Palais Royal, in the grand Almoner's own apartment. The Chevalier de Bouffler, the Prince of Nassau, the lawyer Gerbier, M. d'Espremenil, the host and myself, were the company. We were all acquainted with each other, and therefore the spirit of the conversation did not flag. Prince Louis took occasion to observe that he expected the Count Caligostro.

When this personage made his appearance, our curiosity was on the tip-toe. He was magnificently dressed; his air was grave; his manners solemn; and his whole demeanor, altogether majestic, had a particular effect upon us, as we all looked upon him as little better than a charlafan, He did not talk much, and appeared at intervals to be asorbed in deep and all-absorbing meditation. At three quarters past elven he started, and addressing us collectively, he said, "Gentlemen, will you favor me with the names of the guests you wish to invite."

He then took a scrap of virgin parchment, a new pen which he dipped in a crimson liquid, & waited while we dictated the names we had selected. Prince Louis, impelled by his princely and prelatic haughtiness, spoke the first; at which the Chevalier de Boufflers said to me in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard by all the standers-by—"Only observe the prince's absence, of mind he forgets that he is in his own house."

The grand almoner, whom this observation brought to his recollection, chose the Cardinal Duperron: Joan of Arc was mentioned by the Chevalier de Boufflers; the prince of Nassau wished to see Cæsar; Cicero was the beau ideal of Gerbier the lawyer; the Counsellor D'Espremenil wished Cataline to form part of the company and I expressed my earnest desire that the great constable Anne de Montmorency should be invited in my name.

When all these names were written the Count de Cagliostro set fire to a chafing-dish filled with tow, saturated with spirits of wine, and threw in to it the scroll of parchment, enveloped with white wax. When the flame had consumed this document, a strong but balsamic odor perfumed the apartment.

The clock struck twelve. The folding doors of the dining room opened by themselves, and a mysterious illumination lit the room. The chandeliers were made to represent the forms of certain celestial signs. There were thirteen plates and thirteen chairs, while we were only seven. Prince Louis was now ceremoniously attentive to all the observances of society, made us precede him. I entered first, then the Prince of Nassau, de Boufflers, D'Espremenil and the lawyer, while he brought up the rear. The door closed upon us, and we sat down. No servants attended.

Suddenly the door of the room we had left was flung open, with an abruptness which made us all start. A female presented herself: Her stature was of the ordinary height; her cheeks round and rosy; her eyes flashed, and there was something heavenly in her smile. It was Joan of Arc. Her dress was half peasant and half warlike—exceedingly becoming, but bearing no resemblance to those which she wears in the portrait. We remarked upon her mail petticoat the azure escutcheon presented to her by Charles the Seventh, together with a silver sword, with its golden hilt, wreathed with fleurs-de-lis of gold. The greatest of the Caesars came next to her. We knew him at once by his bald head, covered with laurels, and by the gravity and simplicity of his air. The third who appeared was the elegant Marcellus Tulius Cicero. I see him still wrapped up in his toga and mantle. His look was acute and piercing; and round his neck I noticed a red line, which brought to recollection that after the assassins nad cut off his head they fixed it on the rostrum in the forum, the scene of his greatest triumphs. Cardinal Duperon was the next guest; covered to the neck with his scarlet cassock, and carrying his cardinal's hat; his beard was long and bushy, and his physiognomy indicated the fineness of his genius. After him came Cataline, fierce and melancholy, a shiver came over him as he saw Cicero and Cæsar sitting together; and he gnashed his teeth at the former, who had been the occasion of his defeat and death. Cagliostro held his star-studded wand toward the haughty patrician, who sunk into a sullen gloominess, which did not leave him during the repast.—During this interval the majestic figure of the constable. Anne de Montmorency, advanced. One hand was supported by his gigantic sword, the edge of which was indented like a saw, by the numberless blows it had dealt; in the other hand he held a rosary of lapis lazuli, strung with medals, agnus dei, and small relics. He walked totteringly; his eyes were fixed upon Cæsars; as he passed the two cardinals he shrugged his shoulders; and when he seated himself by my side, he honored me with an obliging bow.

The sight of these extraordinary personages deprived us of all inclination to eat. We all of us had the same thought—to touch them, in order to be assured whether they were opaque bodies or phantoms—but we dared not. More daring than the others, and under the pretext of helping my lord, the constable, to unbuckle his rapier, I took hold of the hilt—an electrical shock agonizingly painful, nearly shook my arm out of its sockets, so that I had no inclination to renew the experiment; besides such an expression came over the features of Messire Anne, that my only care was to protect myself, in case he should commence hostilities. All this time not a word was spoken, and the full plates were untouched. Count Caligostro, wishing, to enliven the company, turned toward Joan of Arc.

"Lady," said he, "is it true that you were not burned to death at Rouen, as the, Armoise family asserts; for you know, they pretend that subsequent to the alleged date of your death, you were married to one of their young men."

The august virgin smiled, and the tone of her voice thrilled through us, as she said. 'Do not remove the disgrace of my murder from the English; it is a spot which they can never whiten."

"By heaven!" interposed the great constable, "I never yet killed or hanged an Englishman, but with the intention of offering him up as a sacrifice to your memory, noble virgin and gallant girl."

Julius Cæsar interrupted this compliment by saying to Cicero: "Tullius, these Gauls whom I employed myself in defeating for ten years, have made a pretty figure in history since our time."

"Emperor," rejoined the constable, "They have more than once defeated the Romans; and Charles the eighth, our well-beloved king, entered Rome itself, with vizor lowered, and holding his lance erect, against his right thigh, in sign of conquest."

"That was because Cæsar was no longer there," said the eloquent orator.

"Or rather because the French were there," replied the patriot constable.

Cæsar made no reply, but smiled with so much disdain that I was mortified; but I dared not interfere in the dispute. Cardinal Duperron, who was anxious to speak, said:

"Come, sirs, let us live together in peace, since heaven has forbidden war."

"Duperron, my friend," observed Anne impatiently and ironically, "would it not better become you to be silent when our Lord Julius Cæsar is speaking? I am sure you have talked enough during your life without any good resulting from it."

"Oh! friend of the king," answered Cardinal Duperron, without manifesting any ill-humor, "you talk rather too often about your battles. But we always took especial care never to ask your advice in Council. But, do not let us quarrel during the few hours we are permitted to remain on earth."

Thereupon, the constable turning upon Cæsar, whom he saluted as imperator, asked him if he knew what a cardinal, was or could guess the use of one; and here commenced a not very edifying conversation in which Cicero joined. The excitement become somewhat oppressive when Cagliostro waved his starry wand. Five of the phantoms instantly rose, and passed quickly into the saloon without taking leave; one only remained at the table; it was Cataline.

"Do you not understand me?" said Cagliostro to him.

What is the use of my going," answered he; "when I shall so soon be wanted back." "Duval d'Espreminil," added the spectre, turning to the counsellor of the parliament, "my soul is in your bosom, you walk in my footsteps, but you will go farther than me; but like me you will die by the hand of a crucifix, or in a broil."

So saying, he rose, glanced a scowl of awful malignity upon his neighbors, and went the same way as the others, As for us we continued motionless, more particularly myself, to whom this cursed Cataline had predicted as he went out, that I should meet the same fate as the impetuous and audacious parliamentarian.

Our guests from the other world being gone, we left the table without eating. and returned in silence to the saloon: Count Cagliostro made us promise not to disclose this event for a limited period, unless to make proselytes to his creed.

"And who do you believe you supped with?" I asked—"with genuine phantoms, or clever pantomines?"

"I am convinced madam, that the whole was a thorough illusion."

"In what way?"

"I am convinced we were cheated, but the address with which it was done, was masterly. I seem to see them still gliding rather than walking; and for a million of francs I would not expose myself to another trial of the same kind.

J. P.

ELOQUENCE OF BROUGHMAN

A late number of a Foreign Periodical, contains an excellent article on Lord Broughman, from the pen of the author of the "Great Metropolis." The following is a vivid sketch of his manner when managing an important case at the bar, & of the influence which he exercised over the feelings of his auditors:

"To cases of an unimportant kind he never could apply his mind. How striking the contrast when he appeared in an important case, especially if it was one involving any great principal of civil or religious liberty! On such occasions, Broughman far exceeded, in talent and energy he displayed, any man who has practised at the bar, for the last quarter of a century. He usually rose in a calm and collected manner, enunciated a few sentences in a subdued tone, expressive of the sense he entertained of the importance of the task he had undertaken, and solicited the indulgence of the jury, while he trespasssed on their attention for a short time.

He then proceeded, in slow accents and in measured sentences, to develope the generalities of the case, gradually rising in animation of manner and increasing the loudness of his voice and the rapidity of his utterance, until he arrived at the most important parts of his subject. The first indication he usually gave of having reached those points in his speech to which he meant to apply all the energies of his mind, was that of pulling his gown further up on his shoulders and putting a tall gaunt figure into as erect and commanding a posture as he could assume without endangering his equilibrium. Then came his vehement gesticulation—the rapid movement of his right arm, with an occasional wafture of his left hand, and the turning and twisting of his body into every variety of form.—His eye, which before was destitute of fire, and his features, which were composed and placid as those of a mareble statue, were now pressed as auxiliaries into the service of his client. His eye flashed with the fire of one whose bosom heaved with tumultuous emotions, and the whole expression of his face was that of a man whose mind was worked up to the utmost intensity of feeling. And this was really the case with Brougham wherever the interests of his client were identified with some great principle. His princeples, unlike those of barristers in general were really a part of his nature. In vindicating or asserting them, therefore, in the person of his client, he was in point of fact, repelling some outrage which had been offered to himself.

To have seen him in some of these moods was truly a spectacle worthy of the name. It was only on such occasions that any accurate estimate could be formed of the vast resources of his mind. He then poured from his lips strains of the loftiest order of eloquence. Idea followed idea, principle succeeded principle, illustration accompanied illustration, with a rapidity which was astonishing. One moment he was strictly argumentative—the next declamatory. Now he stated in winning language and in energetic manner, whatever was in favor of his client—then he inveighed, in the fiercest strains and in tones which resounded through the place in which he spoke, against the client's opponent. In such moments there would have been something absolutely withering to him against whom his denunciations were directed, in the orator's very countenance, even had he not uttered a word. His dark bristly hair stood on end, or at least appeared to do so. His brow was knit. There was a piercing stare and wildness in his eye; and his sallow complexion and haggard features altogether presented an aspect which it was frightful to behold. The jury on such occasions often forgot the purpose for which they had been called to court; they forgot the case in the advocate. He diverted their minds from the subject matter before them to himself. They lost sight, for the moment, of the merits of the case they were impannelled to decide, in their boundless admiration of the gigantic talents and brilliant eloquence of the speaker."

A Connecticut Jonathan in taking a walk with his *dearest*, came to a toll bridge, when he, as honestly as he was wont to be, said, after paying his toll, (which was one cent,) "Come, Suke, you must pay your own toll, for just as like as not I shant have you arter all."

From the Boston Galaxy

BOWING TO THE LADIES.

A little extract in the Morning Post from some volume on etiquette, running thus—"If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is *her part* to notice *you first*, unless, indeed, you are very intimate. The reason is, if *you* bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy; but if *she* bow to *you*—you, as *a gentleman, cannot cut her.*" has suggested some remarks on this matter. Nothing can be more true than this reasoning.

Let us see how the matter stands.

A gentleman visits a ball-room, and in the course of the dances, he may be introduced to a number of ladies. He may be a loafer, or disagreeable fellow—but for the time on good terms with those about him. Now it is of course his desire to cultivate the acquaintance of the ladies, and if he should meet those with whom he consorted at the ball in the street, he will bow. The lady, if he be actually one whose acquaintance would be dishonourable or degrading, may cut him with a good grace; but suppose he be a worthy man, and only *disagreeable*—or let it be that *extraneous circumstances*, which is the case in a thousand instances, makes it desirable on the lady's part that no acquaintance should be cultivated between them. If she posseses good feelings which makes it painful for her to wound the sensabilities of a worthy individual, she will feel in a sad dialemma when the person she desired to avoid makes her a polite bow of recognition.—For the ladies' sake it is proper that it should be considered a *sine qua non* of etiquette that the lady should bow first, and acknowledge the right of a male to claim her acquaintance.

The reason why a gentlemen should desire such a rule of etiquette is set forth ably in the paragraph quoted. It is seldom that a gentleman meets a lady, especially if it be in a crowded thoroughfare—Washington street, for instance at noon—but what he considers his galantry and title to be considered master of gentlemanly deportment (which is half the battle) somewhat at stake in the manner in which he makes his bow. He therefore has for the moment an extra quantity of mingled sensations crowding upon him, and the feeling that he is the object of the gaze of many. He bows. What if there should be no return! What if the lady turns her head the other way and passes on, or slowly putting up her eyeglass looks at him sharply, as much as to say who are you, who dare to take such liberties!

The unfortunate wight is confluscated in a moment—he hesitates a moment like a horse with the blind staggers—he looks in the faces of al about him with an involuntary motion to see how many are laughing at him. His selfesteem is lessened at least ten pegs. He walks on, with a jaunty air of pretended carelessness, or else, sneaks away in utter confusion. The gentlemen, for their own security, should therefore insist upon this law. There should be a convention of the high fashionable powers, and a bulletin issued to the world, enforcing this valuable, indeed, necessary resolution.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE OF AN ALGERINE CAPTAIN.

—An Algerine Captain had been taken during a piratical incursion by a French vessel, whose commander had treated him with marked humanity and kindness during his captivity, and had at last restored him to liberty. The Algerine recognized this officer in the person of one of the victims they were in the act of tying to the canon's mouth. He instantly flew to the Dey, implored the Frenchman's pardon, and stated the motives which made him sue for his life. The ferocious Dey, refused to listen to him and ordered the cannon to be fired. The Algerine unhesitatingly threw himself upon the Frenchman, embraced him, and closely pressing him in his arms, turned to the gunner, and calmly said, "Fire! since I cannot save my benefactor I shall die with him." All the spectators were affected at this sight; the gunner withdrew; and the people rescued the Frenchman in spite of the Dey, who, though unmoved at the scene, was unable to oppose any resistance.

Get away white man I burn you wid de chunk!—EXTRAORDINARY.—A pair of twin children were born in this city last week, which, from their breast up were entirely black. *Boston Trans.*

Werry Extraonerary this' but not quite up to a waiter they have at the Mansion House Draw a line from the centre of his forhead down, exactly down the middle of his nose, and one side of his face and his hands, and one of his legs, and one half of his body, are as black as ebony.— What is moar *extronerary* still, one half of his hair is woolly, like the Africans!—Bosson nebber cum up to dat.—*N. Y. Com.*

This is curious, but hear from old Salisbury. There is an individual here, whose thumbs and great toes are black so are his little fingers and little toes, and his fifth and tenth words are in the nigger dialect, no matter what may be the subject of conversation. How now Bosson!!

Caution,—A schoolmaster in New York has been fined one hundred dollars for making a blunder-*buss*, as some of the papers call it—for kissing one of his female pupils.

BY AUTHORITY.

LAWS OF MARYLAND.

Made and passed at December Session, 1836.

CHAPTER 274.

An act to incorporate the American Colonization Society.

Whereas, by an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, entitled, an act to incorporate the American Colonization Society, passed at December session, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, chapter one hundred and eighty-nine, the said society was incorporated with certain powers; and whereas, it is represented to this General Assembly that the rights and interests of said society have been materially injured, and are likely to suffer farther injury by certain alleged omissions on the part of said society to give efficiency to said act, Therefore:

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That John C. Herbert, Daniel Murray, Joseph Kent, Ezekiel F. Chambers, Daniel Jenifer, George C. Washington, Virgil Maxcy, Zaccheus Collins Lee, Alexander Randall, Francis S. Key, Walter Jones, Ralph R. Gurley and William W. Seaton, of the society called the American Society for colonizing the free people of color of the United States, and their successors, together with such others elected and qualified as the present or future constitution, by laws, ordinances or regulations of said society do or shall hereafter prescribe, shall be and they are hereby created and declared to be a body politic and corporate by the name, style and title of the American Colonization Society and by that name shall have perpetual succession, and shall be able to sue and be sued, to plead and be impealed in any court of law or equity in this State, and may have and use a common seal, and the same may destroy, alter or renew at pleasure, and shall have power to purchase, have and enjoy to them and their successors, in fee or otherwise, any land, tenements or hereditaments, by the gift, bargain, sale, devise or other act of any person or persons, body politic or corporate whatsoever, take and receive any sum or sums of money, goods or chattles that shall be given, sold or bequeathed to them in any manner whatsoever; to occupy, use and enjoy, or sell, transfer or otherwise dispose of, according to the bylaws and ordinances regulating the same, now or hereafter to be prescribed, all such lands, tenements or hereditaments, money, goods or chattles, as they shall determine to be most conducive to the colonizing with their own consent in Africa, of the free people of color residing in the United States, and for no other uses or purposes whatsoever; and as soon after the passage of this act as may be convenient, to elect such officers as they or a majority of them present may deem proper; and to make and ordain such constitution, by-laws, ordinances and regulations as may be necessary for the organization of the said society, and to repeal, alter or amend the same; to prescribe the times of meeting, the qualifications and terms of membership, and to do all such other acts and deeds as they shall deem necessary for regulating and managing the concerns of the said body corporate; provided however, that the constitution and laws of this State and of the United States, and this act of Assembly, be not violated thereby.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That for the object aforesaid, all property, real, personal and mixed, whether in action or possession, and all rights, credits and demands, owned held or claimed before this act by the said society, and all such property, rights, creditors and demands as, were it not for this act, might hereafter be owned, held or claimed by the said society, shall vest and are hereby declared to vest in the said body corporate and its successors, as fully and effectually as they have or could have vested in the said society: and also that the said body corporate and its successors are hereby declared to be as completely and effectually liable and responsible for all debts, demands and claims due now or which would thereafter be due by the said society, if this act of incorporation had not been granted as the said society is now or would hereafter be so liable and responsible for.

Sec. 3. And be it enacted, That the said body corporate and its successors, shall forever be incapable of holding in fee or less estate, real property in the United States, the yearly value of which exceeds the sum of thirty thousand dollars, or the yearly value of so much thereof as may be in this State exceeds the sum of five thousand dollars.

Sec. 4. And be it enacted, That the act herein before mentioned of the General Assembly of Maryland, chapter one hundred and eighty nine, of December session, eighteen hundred and thirty, be and the same is hereby repealed; saving and reserving however to the persons