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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.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

"THY NAME."

It comes to me when health goes round,
And o'er the wine the garlands wreathing
The flowers of wit with music wound,
Are freshly from the goblet breathing;
From sparkling song and sally gay
It comes to steal my heart away,
And fill my soul, 'mid festal glee,
With sad, sweet, silent thoughts of thee.

It comes to me upon the mart
Where care in jostling crowds is rife;
Where avarice goads the sordid heart,
Or cold ambition prompts to strife:
It comes to whisper if I'm there,
'T is but with thee each prize to share;
For fame were not success to me,
Nor riches wealth, unshared with thee

It comes to me when smiles are bright
On gentle lips that murmur round me,
And kindling glances flash delight
In eyes whose spell would once have bound me:
It comes—but comes to bring alone
Remembrance of some look or tone,
Dearer than aught I hear or see,
Because 't was worn or breathed by thee.

It comes to me where cloistered boughs
Their shadows cast upon the sod,
Awhile in Nature's fane my vows
Are lifted from her face to God;
It comes to tell that all of worth
I dream in heaven or know on earth,
However dear or bright it be,
Is blended with my thought of thee.

THE INDIANS—By MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I heard the forests as they cried
Unto the valleys green,
"Where is that red-browed hunter race
Who loved our leafy screen?
They humbled, mid these dewy glades,
The red deer's antler'd crown;
Or, soaring at his highest noon,
Struck the strong eagle down."

Then in the zephyr's voice replied
Those vales so richly blest;
"They reared their dwellings on our side,
Their corn upon our breast:
A blight came down—a blast swept by,
The cone-roofed cabins fell;
And where that exil'd people fled,
It is not ours to tell."

Niagara of the mountains grey,
Demanded from his throne,
And old Ontario's billowy lake
Prolonged the thunder-tone;
"The chieftains at our side who stood
Upon our christening day,
Who gave the glorious names we bear—
Our sponsors—where are they?"

And then the fair Ohio charged
Her many sisters dear,
"Show me once more those stately forms
Within my mirror clear."
But they replied, "Tall barks of pride
Do cleave our waters blue;
And strange keels ride our farthest tide,
But where's their light canoe?"

The farmer drove his ploughshare deep—
"Whose bones are these?" said he;
"I find them where my wandering sheep
Browse on the upland lea:"
When, sudden, starting to his path,
A phantom seemed to glide--
A plume of feathers on his head,
A quiver at his side.

He pointed to the rifled grave,
Then raised his hand on high,
And, with a hollow groan, invoked
The vengeance of the sky;
O'er the broad realm so long his own,
Gaz'd with despairing ray,
Then on the mist that slowly curled,
Fled mournfully away!

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM INDIANS.

A HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

JAMES MORGAN, a native of Maryland married at an early age, and soon after settled himself near Byrant's Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the 15th day of August, 1782; the sun had descended, a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding woods, the cane bowed under its influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air, Morgan had seated himself at the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee, his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning wheel and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he had accidentally found a bundle of letters, which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early attachment for each other, and perusal left evident traces of joy on the countenance of both; the little infant too seemed to partake of parents feelings, by its cheerful smiles, playing humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard, another and another in quick succession.—Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed, 'Indians.'

The door was immediately barred, and the next moment their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgan cool, brave and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feeling overcame her—she arose—seized her infant, but was afraid that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated—gazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between affection and duty took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom, again and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell on its cheeks looked up in its mothers face threw its little arms round her neck, and wept aloud.

'In the name of Heaven Eliza, release the child or we shall be lost,' said the distracted husband, in a soft imploring voice as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily took up his gun, knife and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the garret, and drew it after him. In a moment the door bust open and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back; then throwing off some clapboards from the roof of his cabin, resolutely leaped to the ground. He was instantly assailed by two Indians. As the first approached he was knocked down with the butt end of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahock. Morgan let fall his gun and closed in. The savage made a blow, missed aim, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell.—The contest over the child now became warm and fierce, and was carried on only with knives. The robust and athletic Morgan at lenth got the ascendency.—Both were badly wounded and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better aimed and deeper, and the savage soon sank to the earth in death. Morgan hastily took up his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house busily engaged in drinking and plundering were not apprised of the contest in the yard, until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered. immediately pursued, and a dog put on his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted and waited until he came within a few yards of him, fired and brought him down—reloaded his gun, and pushed forward. In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided between Bryant's Station and Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers set out for his dwelling. As they approached, a light broke upon his view—his speed quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. He emerged from the canebrake, beheld his house in flames, and almost burnt to the ground. "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed for some time on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces, and sunk exhausted to the earth.

Morning came; the bright luminary of Heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of 'Eliza' on the ground; his left hand was thrown on his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruin and then on his master, with evident signs of grief.—Morgan arose, The two brothers now made a search, and found some bones, burnt to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to their mother earth, beneath the wide-spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victors and the surviving whites retreated across the Licking, but were pursued by the enemy for a distance of about six and thirty miles.

James Morgan was amongst the last that crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As soon as he beheld the Indians re-appear on the ridge he felt anew his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his early affections. He urged on his horse, and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping knife. At the moment Morgan cast up his eyes and recognised the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body and increased activity to his fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp, hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife in his side and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage Morgan, crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted and he remained undiscovered and unscalped an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak; its trunk supported his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain, the once white and projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries were crimsoned with blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the coarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wild cat and panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heartrending sensations, and he looked forward with the apathy of despair to his own end.

A large ferocious bear covered all over with blood, now approached him, he threw himself on the ground, silently commended his soul to Heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head—was about offering thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and again awaked him to a sense of danger. He placed his hands over his eyes—fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate. He now heard a rustling in the bushes—steps approached, a cold chill ran over him. Imagination—creative busy imagination was actively employed; death, the most horrible death awaited him, his limbs would in all probability be torn from his body, and he be devoured alive. He felt a touch—the vital spark was almost extinguished—another touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over—the cold sweat ran down in torrents—his hands were violently forced from his face—the moon passed from under a cloud—a faint ray beamed upon him—his eyes voluntarily opened, and he beheld his wife! who, in a scarce audible voice, exclaimed. "My husband! my husband!" and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife that after the Indians had entered the house, they found some spirits, and drank freely, an altercation soon took place—one of them received a mortal stab, and fell, his blood ran through the floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud and betrayed her place of concealment.

She was immediately taken and was bound. The party after setting fire to the house proceeded to Bryants Station. On the Blue Licks, a horse with a Saddle and bridle rushed by her, which was her husband's. During the action the prisoners were left unguarded, made their escape and lay concealed beneath some bushes under the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from their pursuit and left the battle ground, she with some other persons that had escaped with her, determined to make a search for their friends and if on the field and living, to save them if possible from the beasts of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him.

The party of Col. Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends their infant and their homes.

"Mein Got!" said a Dutchman, "you may say vat you please bout bad neighbors—I half the vorst neighbors dat neffer vas. Dere is Hans Wagener, de tyfel! mein pigs and mien hens come home from dere up mit dere tails slit; and tudder day, mien Got! two of them come home missing."

Copper ore, yielding at least thirty-three per cent of metal, has been discovered in Susquehanna county, Pa.

From Miss Martineau's new work on American Society.

"The vacuity of mind of many women is I conclude, the cause of a vice which is painful to allude to, but which cannot honestly be passed over, in the consideration of the morals and the health of the American women. It is no secret on the spot that the habit of intemperance is not unfrequent among women of station and education in the most enlightened parts of the country. I witnessed some instances, and heard of more. It does not seem to me to be regarded with all the dismay which such a symptom ought to excite. To the stranger, a novelty so horrible, a spectacle so fearful, suggests wide and deep subjects of investigation. If women, in a region professing religion more strenuously than any other, living in the deepest external peace, surrounded by prosperity, and outwardly honored more conspicuously than in any other country, can ever so far cast off self-restrainment, shame, domestic affection, and the deep prejudices of education, as to plunge into the living hell intemperance, there must be something wrong in their position. An intemperate man has strong temptation to plead: he began with conviviality, and only arrives at solitary intemperance as the ultimate degradation.

A woman indulges in the vice in solitude and secrecy, as long as secrecy is possible. She knows that there is no excuse, no solace, no hope. There is nothing before her but despair. It is impossible to suppose than that there has otherwise been despair throughout,—the despair which wait upon vacuity. I believe that the practice has, in some few cases, arisen from physicians prescribing cordials to growing girls at school, and from the difficulty found in desisting from the use of agreeable stimulants. In other cases the vice is hereditary. In others, no explanation remains, but that which appears to be quite sufficint—vacancy of mind. Lest my mention of this very remarkable fact should lead to the supposition of the practice being more common than it is, I think it right to state, that I happened to know of seven or eight cases in the higher classes of society in one city. The number of cases is a fact of comparatively small importance. That one exists, is a grief which the whole of society should take to heart, and ponder with the entire strength of its understanding.'

Beauty.—The following is an extract from Howe's address before the Boston Phrenological Society, and contains a beautiful idea, on a beautiful subject, beautifully expressed:

'Most heartily do I agree with the sage who said, with a sigh—'Well, philosophers may argue, and plain men may fret; but beauty will find its way to the human heart.' And it should be so, for so hath the Creator wisely and kindly ordained it. He hath vouchsafed to man the faculty of perceiving beauty. He has made the perception a source of delight to him, and he hath filled the earth, the sea, and the skies with beautiful objects, which he may contemplate and admire. Else, why is the earth, and every thing upon it, so varied of form so full of beauty of outline? Why are not the hills, the rocks, the trees, all square? Why runneth not the river canal like to the ocean? Why is not the grass black? Why cometh the green bud, the white blossom, golden fruit, and the yellow leaf? Why is not the firmament of a leaden changeless hue? Why hang not the clouds like sponges in the sky? Why the bright tints of morning, the splendor of noon, the gorgeous hues of sunset?—Why, in a word, does the great firmament, like an ever-turning kaleidescope, at every revolving hour present to man a new and beautiful picture in the skies? I care not that I shall be answered that these and all other beauties, whether of sight and sound, are the results of arrangements for other ends. I care not, for it is enough for me that a benevolent God hath so constituted us, as to enable us to derive pleasure and benefit from them; and by so doing, hath made it incumbent upon us to draw from so abundant a source."

New England Girls and Young men.—One of the most interesting places in New England for the beauty of its scenery, the extent of its manufactories, and the industry of its inhabitants, is the town of Haverhill Mass. At Haverhill more shoes are made, Lynn excepted, than any other place in the country. Nine-tenths of the mechanics, not long since, in consequence of the hard times were thrown out of employ. They assembled together, laughed at their misfortunes, marched through the streets, played ball for a day, and soon after as possible exchanged the shoeshop for the farmhouse, and the lap stone and hammer for the hoe and the plough. The Haverhill girls have taken into consideration the good examples of their husbands, brothers and beaus, and have as we learn, found peace and contentment in playing upon a new kind of music, that will improve their usefulness, beauty, and insure their good health. "A young lady," says the Haverhill Gazette, "of high accomplishments (and no pride,) in absence of the servant stepped to the door on the ringing of the bell, which announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering, the beau glancing at the harp and piano, which stood in the apartment, exclaimed, I *thought* I heard music—on which instrument were you performing, miss? 'On the *gridiron*, sir, with the accompaniment of the *fryingpan!*, replied she, 'my mother is without *help*, and she says I must learn to *finger* those instruments sooner or later, and I have this day commenced taking a course of lessons.'"—*Express.*

A BROKEN HEART.—I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in t'other sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown river, and as strong as a towboat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law, and the catechism too. He was a perfect picture of a man; you could'nt fault him in no particular; he was so just a critter, folks used to run to the winder when he passed, and say, there goes Washington Banks, beant he lovely? I do believe there warn't a gal in the Lowell factories that warnt in love with him. * * * Well, when I last see'd him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was tetotally deflesched, a mere walkin' skeleton. "I am sorry," says I "to see you, Banks, looking so peeked; why you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on airth ails you?" "I am dyin," says he, *of a broken heart.*"—"What;" says I, "have the galls been jilting you?" "No, no," says he, "I beant sich a fool as that, neither." "Well," says I, "have you made a bad speculation?"—"No," says he shaking his head, "I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that." "What under the sun is it then?" said I. "Why says he, "I made a bet, the fore part of the summer, with leftenant Obey Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet, but the anchor was so eternal heavy, *it broke my heart.*" Sure enough he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heard tell of a *broken heart.*—Sayings and doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville.

MR. WEBSTER IN ILLINOIS.

From the New York Mercantile Advertiser.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.—At one of the entertainments given to Mr. Webster in Illinois there was present an old Revolutionary soldier, who had always been a warm ardent supporter of General Jacksons Administration. He appeared to be much excited by the honors paid to Mr. Webster, and the enthusiasm with which all parties seemed to receive him; denouncing him in unmeasured terms as an aristocrat; declaring that no confidence could be placed in his patriotism, and expressing a determination to contradict "*his lies*" on the spot; and saying, also, that he came for that purpose, and resolved to do it. Accordingly, he took his seat near Mr. W. and waited the commencement of his speech. The toast to this distinguished orator and statesman touched upon his services in defence of the Constitution, and he commenced his remarks by an allusion to that instrument.

After disclaiming any peculiar credit for any efforts of his own, he proceeded to dilate upon the value of those sacrifices and concessions by which our liberties had been achieved, and finally secured by the adoption of our great charter. He spoke also of its vast importance, the consequences which would result from its destruction, and the disappoinment of all those hopes which had been entertained by those who witnessed its adoption He had been speaking in this strain but a few moments, when the old soldier was observed to be in tears. After finishing this subject, touching upon some other topics, Mr. W. came to consider the present situation of the country tracing out step by step, the causes which had led to it, and delineating with a master's hand the successive measures by which this flourishing and happy country had been brought to the verge of ruin; pointing out, also the various pretences which had been made use of by Gen. Jackson to shield his attacks upon the currency, and exposing their utter hollowness & insufficiency.

After closing a most eloquent and effective speech what was the surprise of those to whom the old soldier had expressed his determination, and to whom his violent partialities were well known, to see him walk up to Mr. W. and offer him his hand. Not only did he do this, but in the presence of an assembled multitude he said: "Sir, I came here prepared to deny whatever you might say; I expected to hear you make statements with which I could not agree. But, sir, you are right. What you have stated I know to be true; for I have witnessed and seen it all, and I am now convinced that the Administration has been wrong.—You are a true friend of the country, and I cannot go away without telling you so, and shaking you by the hand."

This was the substance of the old veteran's remarks and their effect may well be imagined One involuntary shout broke from the surrounding multitude, and continued to ring long after he had retired.

From the Boston Atlas.

THE PAINS OF ROYALTY.

Scene in the White House. Room hung with half a dozen portraits of General Jackson, rampant and couchant; and copies on satin of the Proclamation, Protest, and Farewell Address. Martin solus, loquitur.

Well, here's the deuce to pay—and the author of the letter to Sherrod Williams is in as pretty a stew as could well be cooked up for him. A vulgar figure that, for royalty, Martin, eh, Martin, Martin, you are disposed to be gentleman, and yet villanous company has been the ruin of your parts of speech. New York gone eh? Dished and diddled in the great Metropolis—like Beau Brummel or long pole Wellesly. Down too at Albany! Could not the regency keep their head quarters? Well, well, I'll stick to General Jackson. The General has made me—and if he can't keep me now, the more's the pity. He shall take the responsibility! D——me if I shoulder a faggot of the whole bundle.

Enter servant.

Servant. Mr. Kendall waits below, may it please your Royal Highness.

Martin. Mr. Kendall *waits!* never permit Mr. Kendall to wait, sarrah; introduce Mr. Kendall at once.

Servant. I hasten to obey your majesty's commands. *(Exit.)*

Martin. This Kendall is a mill stone about my neck; but how can I shake him off? He'll carry the Loco Focos with him; and if I lose the Loco Focos, I may as well hang up my fiddle. He's a vagabond—there's no doubt of it but men of that "lean and hungry look" it will not do to make your enemies. Now your fat and rosy men; sleek and plump, like Woodberry, I dont care a Mississippi rag for—though they may be as sly and hypocritical as the father of sin himself. But Blair and Kendall are as thin as starved hounds—and such men I abhor and detest; and what is worse, I'm afraid of them.

If the old gentleman at the Hermitage now, were only portly and rubicund, I'd rescind the Treasury Order to-morrow. But it won't do. He'll set upon me with all his blood hounds and affidavit makers, as Benton calls them, and I shall have no peace of my life. Fol de rol—dol! I know very well that I *ought* to obey the will of Congress about that cursed Circular. The old man had no right to pocket the Bill; but he'd "blow me to the devil"—as he used to say of Biddle's Bank, if I dare do it. And then, those Western Pets! They'll all explode one after another along the whole line of the Mississippi; and then I should have Tom Benton and the Loco Focos about my ears. I should like to get rid of the whole gang of them—and see how it would feel to be an honest man for a day or two, just by way of experiment.

Enter Kendall

Martin. Good morning Mr. Kendall.

Amos. Good morning Mat, good morning.

Martin. I was just on the point of sending for you Mr. Kendall; those New York gentlemen who do business on borrowed capital, are coming here to visit me, and I wanted to talk over with you how I better receive them.

Amos. Send them home with a flea in their ears, Mat. Don't talk a word to them. Tell em to say their say in writing, and you'll do the same. And then I'll write you out a letter as good as my Protest, or my Farewell Address.

Martin. I thank you Mr. Kendall, but it will hardly be necessary to trouble you. I'll prepare my letter, however, and show it to you before sending it.

Amos. Perhaps Butler does that kind of thing for you. Butler is very well as a legal instrument; but if you want the proper Loco Foco unction put in, you must come to me. I'll fix 'em out in prime style. I know that Butler has written your speeches for you, in times past; but it won't do, Mat, I must have that department for the future.

Martin. But, Mr. Kendall, what do you think of the recent results at Albany?

Amos. Blue a bit; blue a bit, Mat. It is a little worse than the panic. All you've got to do, is to stick to the old Hero's doctrins. Give em the Hard Money; Praise the pets; tell em that all who borrow ought break; and that its no sort of consequence what becomes of a few thousand aristocratic merchants and manufacturers. What do you and I care? Don't we draw our salaries; you twenty-five thousand: I some six thousand besides perquisites and speculation. We are not distressed.

Martin. But, Mr. Kendall, how shall I get over the fact, that both branches of Congress, by more than a two thirds vote, rescinded the Treasury Circular.

Amos. Swear point blank that they never did! Do as General Jackson did? tell em that you don't understand from the terms of their bill that Congress proposed to do any such thing; and that it is your private opinion, that they only intended to *confirm* the Treasury Circular.

Martin. But will the people believe it?

Amos. O, that is easy enough to compass. There's the Globe, Mat, hav'nt Blair and I made the People believe that $36,000,000 is less than $12,000,000; and that General Jackson has been a cheaper king than Johny Q.?

Martin. To be sure you have.

Amos. I'll fix that. I'll write every day for a week in the Globe, a long lea-