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

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—TERMS.—

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THE FATHER LAND.

The following beautiful stanzas was sung by the Free School of the German Emigrants Friends Society, at Cincinnati, on the 4th of July last.

Sailing from Father Land,
Hither we come;
Sad was the sigh we heaved
Leaving our home,
Borne by the swelling waves,
Over the sea,
Germany, Germany,
Hastening from thee!

Land of our youthful day,
Scenes ever dear,
Oft we a tribute pay,
Fond and sincere;
Nor shall we ever forget,
Far though we be,
There do our fathers sleep,
Buried in thee.

Toils we have struggled through
Freedom to gain,—
God has enabled us
This to obtain;
Freedom and pleasant homes
Here we possess,—
Joined in our love to them
We will rejoice.

Though from a foreign shore,
True we will prove,—
Faithful in Freedom's cause,
Constant in love;
Now will our vows be made,
Here at thy shrine,
Freedom forever more,
We will be thine.

Now may the God of peace
Guide us through youth,
Make us a chosen race,
Strong in the Truth;
And when the trial comes
May we all then,
Bold in our country's cause,
Prove we are men.

MISS SALLY STRICKLAND.

CURING THE HYSTERICS.

Most of us have witnessed more or less of the effects of that strange and inveterate disease, the hysterics, and many of us who are not physicians, have been called to see the odd freaks of those labouring under the influence of this unpleasant, though often laughble malady. Perhaps no disease in the whole catalogue is more stuborn and less willing to yield to a proper and judicious course of medication than this; and probably nothing in the whole rotine of a physician's practice, calls for the exercise of more patience than the oddities and eccentricities of a woman, particularly an old maid, affiicted with the hysterics. Perhaps also a greater requisition was never made upon the patience of a physician, than in a case which some time since happened in a neighboring town. A maiden lady by the name of Sally Strickland, who some ten or fifteen years ago doubled cape, thirty, without being hailed, and much less ordered to, was attacked with the hysterics; and occasionally supposed herself to be dying. These fits almost invariably siezed her in the night, and frequently at a late hour, or during a severe storm. But notwithstanding the hour of the night or the inclemency of the weather, some one must post off for the family physician; a humorous and facetious gentleman, who lived some two or three miles from the residence of Miss Sally, as she was called by the juniors of her sex.

The physician ever ready to obey the calls and to administer to the wants of suffering humanity, was for several nights in succession, called out of his bed, to visit Sally, who supposed herself dying. The kind hearted Doctor prescribed for the body and endeavoured to quiet and soothe the mind of his patient. He assured her there was nothing alarming in her case, that he had attended numerous cases precise like hers, and never failed of a cure, and that if she would give herself rest, by banishing the fear of death, and give him an opportunity to make some trifling repairs on her shattered constitution, he would ensure her a complete and speedy recovery.

Though this mode of treatment would operate as an anodyne during his presence, yet the moment his back was turned, she would relapse into her former state, and before he had time to get home another messenger would be after him with the old story Miss Sally Strickland was dying. One cold and stormy night the Doctor had been called to see Miss Sally, and had succeeded, as usual in pacifying her fears and left her enjoying a sound and refreshing sleep. He had hardly arrived at home, drenched through with the rain which was falling in torrents and got into a warm and comfortable bed, when he was awaked by a loud rap at the door; and a noise without, begging him to get up in a moment, as one of the neighbors was dying and needed his assistence. Half asleep and half awake he sprang from the bed, and ran to the door to enquire which of his neighbors was in so dangerous a condition. On opening the door he was surprised and chagrined to learn that the dying neighbor was Miss Sally Strickland, that after he had left her, an hour or two before, she was suddenly taken down again and had sent him to hasten his return, and tell him that unless he came quick he would not see her alive. The messenger urged him to get ready as soon as possible, and in the mean time he would get his horse and sulkey up and have them ready at the door. The Doctor, worn out at the repeated calls and fatigued with the previous visit, hesitated; but finally decided on going, determined to make an end of the job by either killing or curing.

On his arrival he put on a gloomy, and ghastly countenance, said but little and that very solemnly, and in all respects appeared like a stranger from another world, than the humorous family physician. On entering the room of Sally she noticed the countenance of the Doctor and discovered that something was preying upon his spirits, as he did not appear with his wonted cheerfulness. She enquired of him the cause of his gloom and depression, and begged him to unbosom his mind fully and freely, as it would probably be the last opportunity he would have.

He told her it would be improper under the existing circumstances—that the time of her dissolution was approaching it might terrify her and hasten her departure. She entreated him to keep nothing from her, though it might relate to herself, for she was desirous of knowing the worst of her case, and was prepared to meet it, be it what it might.—He still declined disclosing the cause of his melancholly, and insisted that her remaining strength was insufficient to sustain the shock which it must necssarily produce; and begged her to turn her thoughts to another and more appropriate subject. Though Sally supposed herself to be dying, yet she was unwilling to die without having her curiosity gratified, she therefore the more stongly importuned the Doctor to keep her no longer in suspense. After getting her curiosity and imagination on tip-toe he consented. He said when the messenger came last for him he was in a sound sleep, and was dreaming he was in the world of woe—that Belzebub himself was conducting him to the various rooms of the prison of despair for the purpose of showing him their arrangement; that in passing the door of a room in which several young satans lodged, he saw them jumping and skipping about, making a great noise and apparently in high glee; that Belzebub told them to go to bed and be quiet; that on their not obeying his order cheerfully and readily he stamped tremendously on the floor, and added with true satanic emphasis, 'go to bed I say and get some sleep, for old Sal Strickland is coming tomorrow, and there will be no more sleep for a fortnight.' Miss Sally sprung for the broom, but the Doctor catching up his saddle bags, escaped; but the cure was effected.

N. E. Rev.

THE SPECTRE BOAT.

Translated from the German.

I WAS once witness to an appearance of a very singular nature.—About seven o'clock in the evening, while engaged as usual in prowling about idly, busy in search of something to look at, or to think of, I found myself near the south end of the Cast Iron Bridge. Pausing here, to debate the matter with myself, as to whether I should go across, or return as I came, (for your true lounger, though all roads are alike to him, will not return to the right or left of his cane, without a why and a wherefore.) I observed a number of persons, in groups of three or four slinking down a lane near the water side, as I thought with a shy mysterious air.—This was sufficient to awaken my curiosity, and I determined to make one of the party. Following close at their heels, I discovered that the place of rendezvous was a little public- house, called the Horse Shoe at the bottom of the lane, and, flowing in with the stream, I sat down quietly in the parlor, and called for my pint and pipe like the rest. The company appeared exceedingly reserved and taciturn, exchanging wise looks without speaking; and, as acquaintances perceived each other, through the aromatic clouds which filled the apartment, a solemn nod was the only sign of recognition. Besides about a dozen men, there were two females present, one of them a good-humoured looking middle-aged lady of a rotound and a comfortable figure, and the other a thin girl of seventeen, with a chalk and water complexion, and ligh staring eyes. After sitting quietly for some time, the former of these two, appearing to find the unaccustomed silence extremely irksome, made sundry attempts to enter into discourse with her male neighbor; but an impatient nod, or humph! wrapped in a puff of smoke, was the only reply, and she then turned for relief to the other female. "An't you frightened, Miss;" said she, in what was meant to be a whisper, stretching her short neck over the table.—"Frightened to death!" said the young lady. "I declare I am quite narwous," aded the fat gentlewoman," and I vish, vith all my heart, is vas over." A man, who sat next to her, and who appeared to be her husband, from the authority of his manner, here uttered a surly and contemtuons pish! and in no very gentle accent, ordered her to hold her tongue. The coversation then dropped, and we all sat cautiously sipping our homely beverage—staring in dead silence at one another, like the company at a Scotch funeral partaking of refreshments while the corpse is getting ready for its last journey, their wine descending without a gurgle, and the sweetmeats disappearing, as if by the agency of muffled masticators My curiosity was now excited to a very high degree, and at the same time, I could not help feeling that there was something rediculous in the situation in which I had so suddenly placed myself. Assuming therefore, an appearance of ease, I ventured to hem once or twice, in a colloquial fashion, and then addressed myself to my next neighbour, with the common enquiry—"Any thing stirring to-night?"—This simple question seemed to have a strange effect upon the company; they first looked at me simultaneously, and then withdrawing their eyes, fixed them eagerly and expectingly on the person I had spoken to, bending forward their heads as if fearful to lose a word of his reply. He was a thin oldish man, with a pale philosophical look like a maker of green spectacles. Slowly laying down his pipe on the table, and discharging calmly and gradually the smoke from his mouth, he turned to his interrogator, and appeared to peruse my face attentively for some moments, like a man who read Lavater, and knew what God meant by a straight line or a curve, as well as his neighbours. "There may be things stirring," said he at length "which we are not aware of, and things which we are not permitted to see: but it is the part of a wise man to see without speaking, and sometimes to hear without replying." And having uttered these oracular words in a style of fitting solemnity, he consulted a huge old-fashioned watch, in a shagreen case, buttoned his coat up to the throat, took down his hat from the peg, and walked out, without farther speech. The whole company then got up in a hurried manner, and prepared to follow his example, while I at once abashed and surprised, mechanically seized my hat and cane, and went forth again like the others. Adopting the same precaution as before of walking in small parties, we all journied on towards the bridge, which appeared to be the place of destination. The two ladies, attracted by mutual sympathy, kept close together, and by good luck, as we went along, I had an opportunity of rendering them some little civilities which is always acceptable to that grateful sex: and my gallantry, thank heaven! was at length repaid, by the desired information on the mysterious subject which had so much excited my curiosity.

William, alias Bill, Marsden, it appears was a waterman, and a smart young fellow, according to my fair narrator, as ever handled a pair of oars. Many a time and oft, were the damsels of the neighborhood seized with a longing to enjoy a little of the "pure sea-air" which is always so beneficial to health; and on these occasions, Bill Marsden's boat was always sure to be the readiest, or the cleanest—or the safest—or for some reason or other, the most preferable- The rosiest cheeks became the more rosier, if Bill, in gallivanting mood, but chucked the fair owner under the chin, and the brightest eyes kindled still more brightly at the sly wink of the young waterman. But Bill, himself, was quite unmoved by this kind preference; his heart was untouched—and though he was always at the service of his female customers, some polite compliment, or little piece of manual coquetry, yet as soon as he had set them ashore, and replied to the waving of their lilly hand as he pushed off, he ceased to think about the matter, and threw himself down in his skiff again, whistling as he rowed for want of thought, and paddling about in his strength and pride, as absolute on the element he loved as a sea-gull. But things could not long remain in this state; Bill, like greater men, was obliged to submit to the common destiny, & love had an ample range. At a certain window on the south side of the river, he had frequently observed, when rowing along the stream, a young lady busily employed at her needle; and sometimes, like a jolly waterman, saluted her from his boat with a joke or a compliment as he passed. The nymph of the elements was not slow at returning his notice, and this sort of distant acquaintanceship commenced between them, grew stronger every day. Bill's eyes at length appeared to turn instinctly towards the window as he approached, and he gradually acquired a habit of sweeping closer in by the shore; while the labours of the fair sempstress (for such was her profession) were mechanically suspended as he passed.

The rude jocularity of their earlier salutations became, by degrees, more soft and confidential—till the shrill treble of the nymph of the shore was like the sweet tone of a flageolet on the water; and the manly notes of him of the sea, put her in mind of the deep and melancholy breathings of a flute sounding from a distant arbour of a tea-garden, when the shades of evening are stealing around and the watchman has called 'past nine,' and the last of the company are retiring or gone.

One afternoon, Bill was sitting in his skiff, looking pensively up the river, when he was startled from his reverie by a voice calling "boat" Several watermen sprang forward to secure the customer, but Bill, though not the nearest, was the fortunate candidate, and the young lady put her hand into his, and stepped lightly into the skiff. The transaction was but a moment, and Bill, whose wits at the time were a wooll-gathering, scarcely looked at his fare, till he had seated himself mechanically at his oars. But when he did look, his heart beat quicker—his hands trembled—and yet he doubted for a moment—but was only for a moment; it was the fair object of his bewildered thoughts— it was the nymph of the shore! After this, every evening at nightfall, Bill rowed up the river to his sweetheart's house, and landing stealthily, had an interview with her, unseen by all the world. Things went on in this manner for a long time, and the lovers were the happiest waterman & sempstress that ever plied an oar or a needle, till one night! Bill, true to his appointment, repaired to the redezvous at the accustomed hour, but no nymph was there; and though he even ventured to hum under her window a verse of "We're a' noddin," and subsequently, in a louder tone, the favourite air of "The Dog's-meat Man," no soft voice replied to his; and waiting till it was quite dark, with a heavy foreboding heart, he returned to his boat and rowed gloomily home. The next evening his anxiety led him to the place rather before the usual time.—While ascending the steps leading from the water, he heard a voice above him—it was a man's: the next moment the sound of meeting lips caught his ear, and as he rushed forward, madened with jealusy, the figure of his faithless fair one appeared for a moment, and then vanished. Bill staggered back, his arms fell lifeless by his side, and a cold dew burst over his forehead. He had no power to pursue his enemy—and, indeed, scarcely sufficient strength to get back into his boat. This was his last visit. Some days after, he was sitting in his boat as before, looking *down* the river, when his meditations were again disturbed by the call of 'boat;" in starting up, he saw, with surprise and indignation, the faithless nymph of the shore coming forward to him through the crowds of waterman, smiling and blushing with love and pleasure, as if nothing had happened. Bill stepped haughtily back, and folded his arms. She again said "boat," in a stifled voice, and one of the other waterman sprang forward; he was obliged rather to lift than assist her into his boat; she dropped her pail cheek upon her hand, and did not look again towards the shore.

After this, when Bill happened to pass the well known place, he observed her still at the accustomed window, but she did not look towards the river In a short time she was seldom visible, and soon did not make her appearance at all—the window was down, and the curtains drawn; it was like a sick-charmber. Bill would have given thousands, if he had them, that he had only taken her in his boat; but then, thinks he, what could she say? what more could I have? I saw, with my own eyes! I heard with my own ears! yet this did not satisfy him; every day he became more wretched, and at length resolved to walk over to her house, and if possible, find out if it was she that was unwell, and what was the matter. When he got near the place, he perceived that the street was covered with straw before her house, and his heart grew sick and faint at the ill-omened sight, which betokened imminent danger. He then went into a public-house opposite and made some enquiries, as if accidentally, while standing at the bar, when he was informed that the unfortunate young woman had taken cold on the river about three weeks before, and was now on her death-bed, at the age of nineteen, Bill rushed out of the house in horror and despair.—He crossed the street and attempted twice to knock at the door, but each time his heart semed to die within him. At last it opened, and a young woman came out. She started on seeing him, but in a hurried manner took hold of his arm, and drew him into the house. "You are very person," said she, "I was going to look for; come in if you be a christian man, and listen to what I say—there is perhaps life and death in it." He then received the damning information, that he and his sweetheart had been the victims of a plot. She had been suddenly called out of town, for several days, to attend the death bed of a relation, and an unsuccessful wooer had taken the opportunity of endeavoring to effect a separation of the lovers: the person who gave Bill this information, and who was very intimate in the family, was induced to take a part in the conspiracy, by personating her friend—and how successful was the scheme is already known. In the terrible agony of the moment, Bill knew not what was best to be done: but at length resolved at all hazards, to see her once more, whom his credulity had brought to the grave; but a cry from the inner apartment, & the clamorous grief of the women that succeeded, informed him it was too late. The next morning, Bill Marsden's skiff was missed from her moorings, and discovered drifting at a distance. The river was dragged by his comrades, and in the afternon the body of the unfortunate waterman was found.

Such was the narrative of my fair and fat friend, while we were standing on the bridge; but the most singular part of the affair is to follow. One of Marsden's acquaintances, who had not heard of his fate, happened to be passing along the bridge on the evening the corpse was found; and, as he solemnly related, saw his friend in his identical skiff, pulling up the river. He called out to him, but received no answer, and, having watched him pass under the arch on which he was standing, went away about his own affairs. After hearing of Marsden's death he communicated what he had seen to a few of his friends, who resolved to watch him on the bridge the following evening, which they did, and saw precisely the same appearance. The story, of cousre, spread; this was the third night, and the number I observed, who had come from all quarters to see the expected apparation, might amount probable to a hundred. The night was fine and light, but the chill wind, which blew strongly down the river, made many of us shiver with cold as we lent over the parapet, while in others the same effect was produced by a different feeling, when, at times, a skiff was seen to shoot across the river, or their fancy had shaped out from the dense vapour which terminated the vista, the appearance of an upward bound boat. At length substantial or unsubstantial, a boat with a single waterman, was clearly discerned making its way up the river. As it approached, a cold thrill passed through the boldest bosoms present, which seemed to have been communicated instantaneously, like a shock of electricity, the whole multitude. The tide was at its strongest ebb, and and was rushing with its utmost force and rapidity down the river; the wind also now blew violently towards the same quarter—but these had no effect on the progress of the boat. Calmly and steadily it continued on its way, swerving neither to the right nor the left; the oars did not seem to disturb the water in the slighest degree, as they dipped noiseless in; nor at the prow was there any appearance of foam or of resistance to the tide. The skiff, at length, passed below the arch on which we stood, and the crowd hurried to the opposite side. We now had an opportunity of seeing the face of the boatman. He sat looking fixedly down the river, without the sligtest motion of eyes or head, nor any except what was caused by the act of rowing; his head was uncovered, and his hair unmoved by the breeze, hung over his pale brow; the stifled breath of the spectators seemed at this moment to get involuntary vent, and the deep murmuring ran through the crowd, "It is Marsden!" The object of their fear and wonder at length gradually disappeared in the distance; and, with that sigh of relief and almost satisfaction which attends the departure of any fearful object or harrassing dream, we beheld the last shadow of the Spectre Boat.

Mr. WEBSTER & Mr. CLAY, OF ALA.

In the U. S. Senate, on Wednesday, when the chair put the question on the Sub-Treasury Bill—

Mr. CLAY, of Alabama, spoke more than an hour, chiefly against the late Bank of the United States. In the course of his speech, having alluded to a declaration said to have been made by Mr. WEBSTER, at the period of the excitement caused by the removal of the deposites, that there were no Sundays in revolutionary times—

Mr. WEBSTER rose, and said that perhaps he ought to feel obliged to the member fiom Alabama for his quotation and adoption of a report, wholly without foundation, which had been circulated in the newspapers several years ago. That report was, that a meeting of many citizens in Baltimore, at the time of the excitement in the counrry, created by the withdrawing of the deposites, he had said that *there were no Sabbaths in revolutionary times*. That, sir, (said Mr. WEBSTER,) was a vile falsehood and slander. I never said any such thing, either then or at any other time. Having been home on indispensible business. I was hasten-