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NO. 703

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

NEW SERIES--VOL. 2.

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—TERMS.—

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POETRY

From the New Era.

HAGER'S THANKSGIVING.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

"Mother—mother hath the spring run dry,
Will not a streamlet bubble forth anew;
Will not that cloud, slow-bending from the sky,
Bear to my thirsty lips one draught of dew?
Hath not a leaf concealed within its fold
One tear of night unsought yet by the day?
Mother—mother! now my heart grows cold,
My eyes are blinded to the noontide ray."

Thus spake my child:—my water course was dry:
I smote my breast, and turn'd me from his gaze—
I could not save—I could not see him die—
Nor scarcely dared a prayer to Heaven to raise.
A voice awoke me from my dream of woe,
It said, "Arise look up the boy shall live!
Behold! behold, where springing waters flow!
Drink to the father of a Nation give."

Oh! with what joy I gazed upon my child,
And, as a smile beam'd on me from his eye,
I felt my cares—my agony beguiled:
And thus again I heard him gently cry
"Mother—mother!—thou hast found the dew
Hid in the leaf, and breath returns to me;—
See, now the streamlet bubbles forth anew,
Life's living waters flow for me and thee!

From the Lady's Book.

GRACE TIVERTON.

By Miss M. Miles.

"I love to look on woman when her eye
Beams with the radiant light of charity."

Mr. LINTON was a widower, and one of the wealthiest and most talented lawyers in one of our large cities. His family consisted of himself, a maiden sister, and two beautiful girls, the one his niece, the other the child of one whom he had fondly loved in early life, and who had forsaken him for a wealthier suitor, and died neglected and in poverty, committing her only child to his protection.—They were both orphans, & in the home of their kind friend, felt not the want of natural ties, and bestowed upon him not only the appellation but the affection and reverence due to a parent. Emily Linton was a gay and beautiful girl, with a smile hovering upon her lip, and that nameless fascination of manner that wins so many hearts; she was generally in merry mood, and many a knee was bent before, and manly heart rendered its homage to her wit and beauty. Grace Tiverton was wholly unlike her adopted sister; with a sweet pale face, whose mournful loveliness was often passed by in the crowd, she was still, to those who knew her best, beautiful in the very sense to which it should be applied. It was not the mere beauty of feature, but an intellectual, an almost spiritual expression, that made the charm of her interesting countenance. To her, in truth might have been applied the poet's words—

"And hope and faith were in her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by."

"Now, dear Grace, do not, I beseech you, wear that simple white dress to Mrs Pinckney's next week," exclaimed Emily, one morning, as they were asking Miss Linton's opinion about several rich dresses that lay scattered around their room—"You know it will be one of the most splendid fetes given this season."

"It matters little, dear Emily, what I wear," playfully replied Grace. "Beauty's circlet is upon your fair brow, and I shall be just as contented in that simple dress, as you call it, which, by-the-bye, is of the richest white silk, as if I trod the festive hall clad in more splendid attire.'

"Well, you are a strange girl, but have your own way; but I intend ordering divers articles of goodly apparel, and sundry jewels to match therewith, in order to appear uncommonly fascinating, beautiful, &c. There are to be many strangers at this ball, and who knows but I may make a conquest. Nay, Aunt Linton, do not think me quite crazy, but Grace is so fearful of wearing a feather or flower that would attract attention to her sweet face, that really I am at times half provoked with her."

"She has chosen the better part, my child," replied the old lady, "and, Emily with all your kindness of heart, wit and beauty, you would do well to follow her example. Dress, dress, my dear, is the idol, at whose shrine you bow. Simplicity is ever pleasing to those possessed of true taste, and Grace is more beautiful to me as she folds that glossy hair in such rich bands around her head than you, my Emily with all your braids, bandeau's and curls." She spoke the last words playfully, and left the room. "Aunt Linton is so antiquated in her ideas," exclaimed Emily, as soon as she was out of hearing, "that I sometimes think she would like to dress me in a suit of quaker grey and close cap, and have me always with knitting work in hand, as they used to have in her day. Good sooth! I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew, than be one of those same dames of yore.'

"Emily, Emily, how you run on,' interrupted Grace, in a tone of remonstrance. "Aunt Linton, with all her peculiarities, is one of the most estimable of women, and I love her dearly for all her kindness to me from my infancy.—Come, smooth that ruffled brow, and let us go and see old Flora, I hear she is sick.'

"With all my heart dear; I hate to be out of temper—but aunt Linton teases me so."

In the suburbs of the city dwelt an old negro woman, who had formerly been a servant in the family of Grace's mother, ere she left her father's house; and after the death of Mrs. Tiverton, who was the last remaining member of a once large family, she supported herself by her daily labour. During Mrs. Tiverton's illness she had attended her with all the faithfulness of a friend. When those who had known her in her day of prosperity forsook her—when the storm-cloud burst, the poor negro woman—one of a despised race—wiped the death-damps from the sufferer's brow and ministered to her, appropriating her own little hoard of money to the necessities of her mistress. Grace Tiverton, fair and beautiful, as she was, loved the old woman for her mother's sake, and often sacrificed an article of dress to procure her the comforts her increasing age demanded.

The old woman received Grace and her companion with a smile, and endeavoured to talk cheerfully, although it was evident that she was very ill. Upon their return home, Grace sent a note to Dr. Denham, the physician who had attended her mother, and who had always been interested in her, and entreated him to call and see Flora. She well knew his kindness and benevolence, and as Mr. Linton was out of town, felt that to him she could apply.

"So, to-morrow evening is the grand fete," said Mr. Linton, as he rose from the breakfast table. "Well my dear girls, I suppose you wish to appear to the best advantage—so, here is a gift for you," handing a small box to each.

"What beautiful pearls, my dear father? How much I am obliged to you," exclaimed Emily, surveying her gift with much satisfaction.

"But, my dear Grace, you do not seem pleased with your gift," said Miss Linton, with whom Grace was the favorite.

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear father, but———" and she stopped and hesitated.

"But what, my dear?" asked Mr. Linton. "Do not be afraid to speak if you do not like them."

"They are very beautiful, indeed, sir; but I would rather have the money, if you will forgive me for dictating to you as to what manner of a gift I would like."

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it," and a cloud passed over his face; "but, Grace, your yearly allowance is surely sufficient both for your expenses and for deeds of charity. You surely cannot be in need of money, for you are not extravagant."

"No, that she is not," exclaimed Miss Linton, drawing herself up, "not half so much as Emily." The good lady was prejudiced against poor Emily, and seldom gave her credit for even her good qualities, and Grace was often obliged to interpose the shield of peace when they were together.

"I am not in debt, my dear father." said Grace, "but I really want this money, and for an object that I am sure would meet your approbation.

"I do not doubt you, my child, you shall have it;" and Mr. Linton put a bill into her hand; and Grace tendered the box containing the beautiful ornaments to him. He took it without comment, and soon after departed to his office.

* * * * *

"Well, my dear Fitzclarence," said Dr. Denham to a young English gentleman, who was visiting him, "I must leave you to visit one who, I fear, will hardly survive the night—a patient I am much interested in."

"Is it a lady?" asked Edward Fitzclarence,

"It is a poor negro woman, who has been attacked with a fever, and I fear for her life." The doctor then gave his friend some account of her. Fitzclarence was so much interested that he proposed accompanying him, to which the Doctor agreed.

Edward Fitzclarence possessed all the gravity of demeanour that distinguishes a young and independent Englishman—but his countenance bore the stamp of lofty and manly thought. The high commanding brow showed the impress of intellect, and the light of genius beamed from his dark eye. When he was a boy Dr. Denham, who passed the earlier part of his life in the British Metropolis, had saved his life, and had ever been a welcome and esteemed guest in his father's mansion. Fitzclarence was the son of an English gentleman, of ancient family, and immense fortune, and consequently had the entree of the best circles. After travelling a year or two on the continent, he concluded to make the tour of the eastern and southern states of America, and at the house of Dr. Denham, his father's friend, in —— city, he saw some of the best society.

No one better knew how to entertain the rich, the gay and the fashionable, in a style of magnificent hospitality, than Mrs. Pinckney, and the most welcome guests at her handsome mansion were the adopted daughters of Mr. Linton.—Her splendid apartments were brilliantly lighted up, and the guests began to assemble. Emily and Grace entered together, leaning upon their guardian's arm, and many an eye rested upon them as in the glow of youthful beauty they returned the cordial greeting of Mrs. Pinckney. Emily Linton's raven hair fell in glossy ringlets around her face, with clusters of scarlet geranium, contrasting finely with its darkness, and the beautiful ornaments, her father's gift, setting off her sparkling beauty.

"Her forehead high
Was white, as are the marble fanes that lie
On Grecian lands, making a fitting shrine,
Where the mind spoke;"

And like one who knew and expected homage, she

"Leant on a couch,
The centre of a group, whose couverte light,
Made a fit element in which her wit
Flushed as the lightning."

Grace Tiverton's dress was beautiful from its simplicity:

"Her robe
Was white, and simply gather'd in such folds
As suit a statue."

* * * * *

And Grace unconsciously passed on in her loveliness with

"A cheek of thousand blushes, golden hair,
As if the summer [illegible] hine made it fair,
A voice of music [illegible] such touching smile."

And who would [illegible] those two young and beautiful creatures destinies were to be so dissimilar.

When Dr. Denham introduced his friend, Mr. Fitzclarence to them, there were many who truly loved Grace that thought her very simplicity would charm him, but no! Emily Linton's fascination and wit, drew around her a charmed circle. And even the proud and talented Englishman was inwardly obliged to acknowledge that the daughters of America might vie with those of his own famed country.

Grace Tiverton looked at her watch & drawing Mrs. Pinckney aside, whispered,—

"I must go home, my dear Madam, and will you just excuse my absence to your daughters! I have a sad task before me to-night." And upon Mrs. Pinckney's remonstrating, she informed her that she meant to watch with Flora, who was very low, as it was near the crisis of the fever, and claimed a promise of secrecy from her, as she feared her father might object for fear of infection.

"Dr. Denham has promised to escort me," said she, "and you may tell Emily: and tell her also not to say that I am not in my room when she returns. Nay, you need not say one word, for I must go, and you may say anything to father. Tell him I was cross, sick or sad," she added playfully, "and so went home;" and with these concluding words she left the room.

The beams of the rising sun shone in upon the gloom of the sick room, and Grace Tiverton pale with watching, moved not from her seat. Old Flora laid in a deep a saving sleep, her hand resting in Grace's, who, chilled and cold would not for wealth of gems have moved from her painful position. The door softly opened, and Dr. Denham entered, followed by Mr. Fitzclarence.—Grace blushed deeply, but she had no false shame, and immediately recovering herself from her momentary embarrassment, she quietly replied in a low tone to the Physician's inquiries. A few moments passed away, and the old woman awoke. Dr. Denham put his finger upon her pulse, then to Grace, said with some emotion,—

"You have saved her life, my dear young lady, nothing but such care and attention through the night could have saved it, and the blessing of the aged will rest upon you. And now, my dear think of your own health—you can leave her in safety with the nurse, and you need repose."

Mr. Fitzclarence offered his services as an escort; and Grace had no time to change her dress, and obtain some repose ere the family assembled to their late breakfast, where Miss Linton scolded, Mr. Linton commended, and Emily laughed at her for her benevolence and kindness.

Mr. Fitzclarence made a long visit in ——— city, and the evening before he left for England he met the family of Mr. Linton at Mrs. Pinckney's. There was more than one young heart that would have given its affections to him in the circles where he visited, but he sought none, though it was whispered that Emily Linton was the favourite.—Miss Pinckney held a paper of Sybilline leaves, and had just told him his fate.—

"I cry you mercy, fair lady," he exclaimed with a laugh. "Those spells will never win me. I am somewhat fastidious."

"Then what would you choose a wife for, if not for beauty, wit and good humor," she replied, laughing. "You are most unreasonable?"

Fitzclarence drew a brilliant jewel from his finger. "The lady who receives this after my departure, combines all the qualities that I think desirable in a wife;" and gracefully making his address, he left the room.

The next evening, Grace Tiverton to her amazement received a packet directed to her, and enclosing the jewel of which he had spoken in jest the evening before, with the simple words: "We part to meet again;" written on the envelope. And in that hour of surprise and emotion she discovered, both to her own heart and to Emily, that she loved Fitzclarence.

"I told you, Emily," exclaimed Miss Linton, "that simplicity was pleasing, though you did don your best attite to captivate Mr. Fitzclarence. I knew you liked him, and this will be a good lesson to you.',

Emily's dark eye flashed fire for a moment but though she was extravagant, though she bowed to the idol dress, and had many faults, still she was not envious, and dearly loved Grace. She commanded her temper. The bright eye's flash was quenched in tears, and throwing her arms around her neck, she exclaimed,—

"Grace deserved Fitzclarence's love more than I do—and you often worry me, Aunt Linton, but it matters not. Father told me this morning that Mr. Warner had asked his permission to address me. The rich Mr. Warner! and, perhaps, equipage, dress, and splendour," she added bitterly "may be good substitutes for happiness. I shall accept him."

"Oh, Emily, Emily, consider! think deeply before you decide. Remember your words cannot be recalled, and without love, all splendour will be misery. This is merely a jest of Mr. Fitzclarence."

"His look when he spoke those words was no jest, Grace; and his visits here that I was foolish enough to take to myself, were to you. It shall never be said that Emily Linton thought to win him and was disappointed. I have decided, and come weal or come woe, shall abide by the dicision."

* * * * *

Two years pased away, and Emily Linton had been many months a wife. It was rumored that her husband treated her ill, but no complaint escaped her lips, when it was discovered that her husband had lost large sums at play, and had absconded from the city, leaving her destiute. Broken in spirit, and health, the once bright Emily returned to the house of her youth. As a wife she had discharged her duty faithfully towards him whom she had chosen; and though she loved him not, yet she conquered many of her faults, and endeavored to make him a dutiful and exemplary wife.—He taunted her with her former passion for dress and extravegance, and finally deserted her. And Emily Linton, the beautiful, the gifted girl of other days, never again smiled as in her days of sunshine, but lingered through years of wearines and misery the victim of her own folly.

No account from Fitzclearence had been received, and though Grace had one or two good offers, she rejected them. She sometimes thought the young Englishman had trifled with them, and sent the ring in a jest of the moment, but her heart told her that she wronged him. One evening as she returned from a visit, she entered the room hastily & stood in surprise and embarrassment to see Mr. Fitzclearance seated by her father, engaged in earnest conversation. He sprung forward to meet her, and Mr. Linton immediately left the room.

"Dear Grace! may I redeem my pledge?" And Grace Tiverton yielded her hand to his clasp, and but few words passed between them ere he imprinted the seal of faith upon her blushing cheek.

"But how came you to choose me, when Emily & Julia Pinckney were so much more gay and handsome?" asked Grace, timidly, raising her eyes to his face, at the close of a long conversation.

"Your old friend Dr. Denham was eloquent in your praise, and the few moments I saw you at old Flora's made a deep impression on my mind, but when I learned fron the Doctor that you sacrificed the pearls which another would have been proud to wear, for in this instance he turned traitor, I thought that the woman who would give up an article of dress or an ornament that she might procure comforts for the sick and aged, especially at such a time when vanity might be allowed to hold some sway over the mind, must be gifted with a heart that would prave a *pearl of price* to her husband. All I saw of you afterwards confirmed this opinion; and when I was obliged suddenly to return home, Miss Pinkney's words suggested the idea to me of explaining myself in a way which you must acknowledge savoured little of the romantic.

Beautiful looked Grace Tiverton on her wedding day. And the pearls that had been once sacrificed at the shrine of charity, gleamed upon a brow that mocked their whiteness. They were her fathers bridal gift—and as the solemn vows were pronounced, and he gave her to him who was to be to her, "her more than brother and next to God" he felt that he was bestowing on him a treasure more to be valued than gem or gold, Many o heart's best prayer went up for her, but there was none so fervent—no blessing on the head of that young and beautiful bride was so heartfelt as that of the poor negro who was to follow her over the wide waste of waters to her husband's home in a "stranger's land."

TIME MISSPENT.

Herman Golz passed many years in anatomical examination of that delicate vicus, the dead brain, endeavoring to discover some coincidence between its marvellous structure and its imperiannt uses. To this end, the whole concentrated force of his acute intellect was directed. Sometimes he was elevated by the hope that he had ascertained the source of the reasoning faculty, and the seat in which the passions are generated; but these gleams of success were transient, and were succeeded by total obscurity. At one period, he conceived that he had actually drawn aside the curtain, and beheld the mysterious proceesses that are performed in the occult laboratory of nature; but he confessed himself deceived, and afterwards cordially acknowledged that the curtain itself was a mere delusion. Exhausted by these sudden alternations of hope and disappointment, the fabric of his understanding gave way, and, in a moment of despair, he hanged himself in his dissecting room, and was nearly devoured by rats before his loss was discovered and his fate deplored. Before he accomplished his last resolve, he wrote on a slip of paper these impressive words: "For more than twenty tedious years I have pursued a phantom, an *ignis fatuus*, that has decoyed me into ruin and misery. My vision has become so dim, that I can no longer distinguish the objects of my research; my hand is too tremulous to hold the scalpel. Confined in this charnel-house, I have been enstranged from nature's fair and inviting prospects; I have cultivated no man's friendship, nor sought for the affection of woman. I have indeed read of the charms of society, the exhilerations of wine, the delight of a domestic partner, and the blessedness of children: but I have been a solitary student; water has been my only beverage; no females can reproach me with profesions; nor can a child curse me for existence. To live longer is useless; the past has been misempioyed; the present is wearisome, and I will anticipate the future."

From the Correspondence of the Baltimore Chronicle.

CONGRESS OF THE U. S.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

My note of yesterday, pushed off till the last moment by the protracted debate in the Senate, was necessarily very brief and unsatisfactory, as to that most interesting discussion. You will see that both the papers of this morning are very meagre in their accounts of it, from the same cause: and yet it was one of the most brilliant displays the Senate ever afforded. Men speak well who can speak at all, when they utter words coined by the feelings in the heart.—Earnestness or being in earnest, is the most important ingredient of eloquence, and a discursive debate, of this kind, with Clay, Calhoun, Preston & Davis, as the interlocutors, promises to any reader as it realizes to every listner, much interest.

Mr. Wall, of New Jersey, introduced a petition from some of the good citizens of that State, praying for the Abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, which he moved to refer to the Committee on the District.

The usual objection, in that body, that the memorial be not received, was raised by some Senator, as in all such cases of late.

Mr. Grundy, of Tennessee, moved to lay that question the question of reception, upon the table

Mr. Clay asked that that motion, (not being debateable) be withdrawn for a moment, to give him an opportunity of presenting a single enquiry to certain Senators on that subject.

Mr. Calhoun, (who had just arrived in town,) here observed, "impossible the thing is impracticable!"

Mr. Clay then observed (about to resume his chair,) that he must endeavour to obtain the information he desired in some other way. Whereupon

Mr. Grundy withdrew his motion to lay on the table the question of reception.