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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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POETRY

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Oh! fill the wine-cup high,
The sparkling liquor pour;
For we will care and grief defy:
They ne'er shall plague us no more.
And ere the snowy foam
From off the wine departs,
The precious draught shall find a home,
A dwelling in our hearts.
Though bright may be the beams
That woman's eyes display;
They are not like the ruby gleams
That in our goblets play.
For though surpassing bright
Their brilliancy may be,
Age dims the lustre of their light,
But adds more worth to thee.
Give me another draught,
The sparkling and the strong:
He who would learn the poet craft—
He who would shine in song—
Should pledge the flowing bowl
With warm and generous wine;
'Twas wine that warm'd Anacreon's soul,
And made his songs divine.
How mighty—how divine
Thy spirit seemeth when
The rich draught of the purple vine
Dwelt in these godlike men.
It made each glowing page,
Its eloquence and truth,
In the glory of their golden age,
Outshine the fire of youth.
Joy to the lone heart—joy
To the desolate—oppress'd
For wine can every grief destroy
That gathers in the breast.
The sorrows, and the care,
That in our hearts abide,
'Twill chase them from their dwellings there,
To drown them in its tide.
And now the court grows warm,
With feelings undefined,
Throwing their deep diffusive charm
O'er all the realms of mind.
The loveliness of truth
Flings out its brightest rays,
Clothed in songs of early youth,
Or joys of other days.
We think of her, the young
The beautiful, the bright;
We hear the music of her tongue,
Breathing its deep delight.
We see again each glance,
Each bright and dazzling beam,
We feel our throbbing hearts still dance,
We live but in a dream.
From darkness, and from woe,
A power like lightning darts;
A glory cometh down to throw
Its shadow o'er our hearts.
And dimm'd by falling tears,
A spirit seems to rise,
That shows the friend of other years
Is mirror'd in our eyes.
But sorrow, grief, and care,
Had dimm'd his setting star:
And we think with tears of those that were,
To smile on those that are.
Yet though the grassy mound
Sits lightly on his head,
We'll pledge in solemn silence round,
THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD!
The sparkling juice now pour,
With fond and liberal hand:
Oh! raise the laughing rim once more,
Here's to our FATHER LAND!
Up, every soul that hears,
Hurra! with three times three;
And shout aloud with deafening cheers,
The "ISLAND OF THE FREE."

A new Orleans paper tells of a man who has worn out four pair of boots in two months, all in trying to collect he money to pay for them! Really, these are the "times to try men's soles."

FENNSYLVANIA AGAINST THE SUB-TREASURY—MR. BUCHANAN INSTRUCTED.—The proceedings of the Legislature of Pennsylvania at this moment are calculated to exert an important influence over the action of congress, and we are rejoiced to learn that that influence will be exerted against the wicked "expedient" of the present administration. On Monday we stated that resolutions were before the lower house of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, instructing the Senators in Congress from that State to vote for the postponement of Mr. Wrights Sub-Treasury Bill The votes taken on Thursday and Friday all seemed to render probably the adoption of the instructions. The majority of the Van Party in the house, every member being present, was twelve. Seven of that number had indicated their opposition to the Sub-Treasury Bill, and on this data we expressed the opinion that the instruction would pass a full house by a vote of 51 to 49. It will give great pleasure to our readers to know that they have passed, and that, too in a full house The vote was exactly as we supposed it would be. There is no doubt of their passage in the Senate.

The decision of the Legislature controls Mr. Buchanan,s vote, for, in the Senate on Monday, he avowed his determination to be governed by his Legislature.

The discussion of the resolution of instruction, in the Pennsylvania Legislature, was of a most exciting character.—The first proposition against the Sub-Treasury was submitted to Mr. Johnston a Van Buren representative from Armstrong county. When this resolution was called up Mr Gilmore who is also for Van Buren from Butler county, offered an amendment instructing the U. S. Senators to vote for a postponement of Mr. Wrights or any other similar bill. This led to a long discussion, and the loco-focos tried by every artifice, to get clear of the subject—they were uniformly voted down by the Whigs and seven Van Burenites. During this discussion, and whilst these votes were taken, there were seven members absent—six loco focos and one Whig—without taking the question the house adjourned. The next morning to the astonishment of every body Mr. Gilmore, moved to postpone the whole subject! A debate of a personal character took place on this motion. Mr. Reed a Van Buren conservative From Philadelphia county, denounced Mr. Gilmore's conduct in very severe terms, whilst the loco focos were profuse in their encomiums upon him. In this state of the case the house adjourned.—This was Saturday. On Monday when the house met every member was present. After a short debate the question was taken on Mr. Gilmore's motion to postpone indefinitely the whole subject and lost—ayes 50,—noes 50! Mr. Johnston, who had all along voted against the locofocos now offered a substitute, instructing our Senators and Representatives to vote for a postponement until the next session of Congress, of the act introduced by the Hon. Silas Wright, 'called the Sub-Treasury Bill,' or any other acts of a similar nature.

This was, in effect, Mr Gilmore's proposition, a locofoco moved to postpone the question till the 15th of March—lost—ayes 50—noes 50! A motion was then made to adjourn—lost—ayes 50—noes 50! Another motion was then made to postpone the question indefinitely—lost—ayes 50—noes 50.

At that stage of the proceedings Mr. Gilmore addressed the houre. He spoke with great animation. He said he now saw the house was determined to instruct; he therefore fell back upon his original position, and would now vote for his original resolution, and leave God and his constituent to judge of the purity of his motives. It had been alledged when he first introduced the resolution that he acted in combination with the enemies of his party—that a secret understanding had been had. This he then denied—and he denied it now—he solemnly avowed, that he did not know before the yeas and nays were called, who would support him.

Messrs. Hopkins and Hook, (two loco focos.) rose and solemnly recalled any thing unfavorable, which they had said of the gentleman, (Mr. Gilmore,) from Butler, at the time of the difference between him and Mr. S. Reed, and Mr. R. rose and withdrew all remarks he had formerly used of an offensive character towards Mr. G.

The question was taken on Mr. Johnstons amendment, and adopted—ayes 51—noes 49, and it was then adopted by a similsr vote.

Thus defeated on the main preposition the Loco focos tried another expedient. They wished to make the pill too bitter for the Whigs to swallow.

For this purpose Mr. Garretson then moved to amend, by adding, "and that we have full confidence in Martin Van Buren, and our democratic Senators and Representatives in Congress," on which the yeas were 56, nays 44. The Whigs of course, all in the negative.

Mr. Hopkins moved further to amend by adding, "and our Senators are hereby further instructed,—and our Representatives requested, to vote for such a mode of receiving, keeping and disbursing the public revenues, as will separate, as far as possible, the banks from the government." On agreeing to the amendment the yeas were 52, nays 48. Four Van Burenites voting with the Whigs.

Having thus mixed up a good deal of gall with the sweets of the original proposition, Mr. Hopkins, a loco foco, moved that the whole subject be now indefinitely postponed. The Whigs were not to be caught this way. To do a great good they were willing to do little harm, and they could do this with a much better grace, as the harm they did could hurt no one. They accordingly went against the motion, and it was lost by a vote of 49 ayes to 51 noes.

The question was then taken on the whole of the resolutions, and they were adopted by the following vote—

Yeas,	51
Nays,	49

From the Farmer and Gardener.

GREAT CROP OF CORN.

The following letter from Mr. Wm. Miller of Kent county, Md. proves conclusively, that much less ground than is usually devoted to the cultivation of corn can by heavy manuring be made to yield the desired quantity. Here is an instance of 53 double horse-loads of green barn yard manure being put upon an acre, not only with decided benefit, but producing a result as astonishing as lucrative, considering that the corn was only once harrowed and twice worked with the cultivator. The distance too at which the corn was planted is worthy of notice, as it shows that close planting is not the scare-crow many imagine.

Kent Co. Md. Nov. 4, 1837.

MR. EDITOR—

Dear Sir: I have just finished measuring the corn that grew this year on a lot of mine of 5 acres, and have measured a hundred and five barrels and a half and one bushel of years making one hundred and three bushels of corn per acre. This corn is called Semmon's corn; it is a deep yellow, and not a gourd seed, but a very deep grain, and small red cob. I have taken great pains selecting my seed for the last three years.—I threshed off three hundred and twenty bushels last May, and found from the measurement it measured from the barrel five bushels and seven eights of shelled corn. The following is a manner in which I prepared the ground. &c. The soil is a stiff clay, one acre and a half of said lot was in clover last year, the ballance in wheat. I put 265 two-horse cart loads of barnyard manure on it; the manure was coarse, made of straw, corn tops and husks, hauled in the yard in January and February, and hauled out in March and April, and consequently not very much rotted. I spread it regularly and ploughed it down with a large concave plough, made by G. Cox of Middletown, Del, 7 inches deep. I then harrowed it twice the same way it was ploughed. I then had the rows marked out with a small plough 3 feet 10 inches wide, and an inch and a half deep. I planted my corn from 18 to 20 inches apart and covered it with hoes, just drawing the furrow over the corn; and covered it inch and a half below the surface. When the corn was four inches high I harrowed it, and thinned it two stalks to the hill, and about two weeks after harrowing it, cultivated it again, which was all the tillage I gave it. We farmers of the eastern shore count our corn by the thousand; I had 38 640 hills on my lot, and I think my corn would have been better had I planted it earlier, I think planting of the corn shallow and working it with the cultivator, is much the best way, especially on clover lay. If you think the above worthy of notice, you will please give it place in your valuable paper.

WILLIAM MILLER.

Twenty fifth Congress.

SECOND SESSION.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1838.

IN SENATE.

ANTI-SUB-TREASURY.

Mr. McKean presented a memorial from a meeting of the merchants, manufacturers, and business-men of Pittsburgh, remonstrating against the Sub-Treasury scheme, and its kindred doctrines contained in the President's late message, and advocating a sound credit system, with the due basis of specie.—On motion of Mr. McK., this document was read and laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Tallmadge presented the resolutions of the Assembly of New York against the Sub Treasury bill now before the Senate.

Mr. T. said he cheerfully complied with the request contained in one of the resolutions to present them to the Senate of the United States. He would also take the occasion to say, that the body from which these resolutions came was composed of as enlightened, talented and patriotic men a had been assembled at the Capital of the State for a series of years past. They were fresh from the People and Mr. T. had no doubt expressed truly the wishes of a large majority of the electors of the State of New York. Mr. T. said he concurred fully in the sentiments and views contained in these resolutions, and that, in his opinion, they set forth with great force and brevity the objections to the adoption of the sub-Treasury scheme.—He particularly agreed with the Assembly that "the persevering efforts made to procure its adoption have deeply alarmed the People of this State, and furnish, at this time, a prominent obstruction to the revival of credit and business, and a return to specie payments by the banks."

There resolutions were read, laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER;

A SKETCH.

"And this is love."—L. E. L.

"Is not the coach very late this evening?" cried Nora Burns, as she came skipping down the garden walk of the secluded vicarage of D—, "I'm sure it must be past its time."

"Nay my dear Nora," replied her elder sister, who was half hidden among the trees, "methinks it is your gay and happy disposition which has outrun even four fleet horses."

"I do not know what you mean, my dear sister, but forgive me, Mary, if I have vexed you, you seem so melancholy."

"I am not melancholy, my dear Nora; but you always look at the bright side of a picture; and I, perhaps do so too much also to be sad. You are all smiles because Charles Driscoll is expected on a short visit to the house which used to be his home You know, dear, it is now five years ago.—Time changes us all: besides, he has mixed much in the world of fashion; and although the heart may be still the same, we must not look for the same exterior."

Thus were the two innocent daughters of the vicar of D——employed, as the persons alluded to in their discourse, seated upon the box of a London coach, was rapidly whirled onward towards the village. Every turn in the road presented to Driscoll some familiar object, or some new one which the practical might call an improvement: but which, by the lover of nature, would be deemed any thing but picturesque. The tall spires of the church appeared in the distance, and he, too, thought of the playmates of his youth. He recalled before his fancy the pretty little laughing, blue eyed Nora, who, when he had left the vicarage, was but just sixteen; and her more sedate, but no less beautiful, sister. Then came their poor kind mother, who had been gathered to her rest: and the old vicar with his clerical hat, and his mild but impressive manners. However, he had not much time for these musings; the coach stopped; the ivy-clad chimney peeped over the trees as it did of old; and soon the welcoming hands were extended—he was once more in the house of his childhood.

"O, Charles, I am so glad to see you come again!" exclaimed Nora, as running into the room she heedlessly stumbled over a footstool, and almost fell into his arms. then, at the sight of an apparent stranger, she shrank back and a crimson blush came over her delicate cheek.

"Come, come, Nora, though I am, perhaps, somewhat altered, you need not blush to welcome your fishing companion of bygone days: I shall think it unkind of you if you do not treat me as you did of old."

"I think she need not look so much abashed, Mr. Driscoll," replied her sister.—"But you know Nora was always so thoughtless, so confiding. And you used to be such great friends," she added, as she turned away her head to hide the tears that were gathering in her large dark eyes."

"Girls, girls!" exclaimed the vicar, as he entered from the garden; "do not give my old pupil such a dolorous reception; one would think you had set him a page of Homer to learn, as a penace for some misbehaviour. Come, cheer up, we will save our tears till therere is some sorrowful occasion for them."

If Driscoll were changed from the tall, spare youth of nineteen, to the elegant manhood of refined life, so were the Misses Burns; but Mary the least so, if we might except a beautiful bloom upon her cheeks, which used to be pale as the leaves of the lily. Nora had burst from the child into the woman—from the rose bud to the opening flower of summer!

The two sisters were the very reverse of each other in point of beauty and manners. Mary, the elder, by the death of her mother, had been early left in charge of her father's household; and from the equanimity of her disposition, she was fitted for the task. She seemed to commune with other than the spirits of this world. The cursory observer would have called her cold and unfeeling; but she had a warmth of affection, a firmness of purpose, which none could imagine but those brought into close and continued intercourse with her. It was a lovely scene to see those two maidens that evening ere they retired to rest, when talking over the improved appearance of their old schoolmate. Mary was seated at the window, ever and anon looking out upon the landscape, revealed in its shadowy softness by the pale light of the moon; as her long white fingers wandered amid the fair hair of her young sister, reclining on a stool at her feet. And now Nora's laughing face, almost hidden by the unbounded curls, was raised, and her blue eyes from beneath their silken veils, rested upon the pure Grecian features of her sister; the dark eyes met that gaze, and a kiss from the red lips was imparted to the blushing cheek of the younger girl. They formed the picture of affection. Their very difference of disposition—the vivacity of the one, and the beautiful pensiveness of the other, seemed to bind them yet closer together. They could be said to be rivals in no one sense; for Mary's tall figure, moulded with more elegance by nature than sculptor's hand could chisel, was but a delightful contrast to the round short form of the merry-hearted Nora.—They had no brother, and consequently were all in all with each other.

A month passed over the vicarage of D——, and although he had intended to have stayed but a few days, Driscoll was still there; as much the companion of the old clergyman in his parochial calls, as the loiterer on the steps of his fair daughters. Some in the neighbourhood even rumoured that he was paying marked attention to one of them; but none could tell whether it was to the parson, to Mary, or to Nora It was therefore set down as village gossip, and he was allowed to ramble with the vicar, flirt with the one daughter, or make poetry for the other, without its being considered as any great harm.

It was a beautiful autumn evening; the sun was slowly sinking, bathing the west in a deep dyed glow, which faded and faded away until it merely tinged the soft blue of heaven with a gentle stain. The song of the gleaners returning from their toil, floated up the vale, and every here and there the sides of the hills were decked sheaves of of golden corn.

"Here is my mother's grave, Charles," said Mary, as arm in arm they approached the silent city of tombs. "How many changes happen in a few brief years,"

"Truly, Mary. But God is always merciful: if he takes one away, he gives another to supply her place, You and Nora must be great comforts to your father. Do you not think he might be induced to spare one of you?"

Mary replied not. Her heart was full and had there been any one by, the sudden paleness of her cheeks might have told the feelings of her heart. She withdrew her arm from Driscoll's, and sat down on her mother's grave.

"Nay, Mary, dear," said the youth, tenderly, "do not be offended at the abruptness of my question; I did not intend to wound your feelings. But—but, you have not known what it is to love."

"Love!" ejaculated the trembling girl, as perhaps the moment she longed for, yet feared to arrive, now hovered over her. That moment that must be fraught with the deepest interest to every female mind. That moment when the dream of woman's solitary hour must be realized—when she is clasped to the heart of the being she most loves on earth.

"Yes, Mary, to love, for I have dared to do it! You can tell me if there be hope.—Or—must I leave D——vicarage for ever?"

"Hope is woman's lot."

"You mean, then, there is none? O foolish, foolish heart, be still."

"I did not say so, Mr. Driscoll. There is hope given to us all. But woman hopes, and hopes for years. Hope feeds her soul with visions of earthly happiness, hope teaches her to look to Heaven for richer and less fading joys."

"Do you then say that she loves me? May I believe it?"

"Who—loves you? faltered the maiden, as she hid her face from his view.

"Your sister, Nora! continued Charles, heedless of the almost falling form of her whom he had thoughtless made his confidante, "her image has been before me ever since I left D—; in the crowded hall, the opera, no where have I seen one like Nora Burns. But she is so light-hearted, so innocently beautiful, I dare not sully her happiness even by the sweet pains of love."

"It is so. My God enable me to bear it," scarcely articulated Mary in a voice so low that it was not heard by the lover, as she slowly rose from her parent's grave. "Mr. Driscoll, may you be happy. Your secret is in good hands. Believe me, you need not despair."

"Thank you, thank you, forever, gentle Mary. Heaven alone knows how I can show my gratitude!"

Charles Driscoll slept that night with a light heart. Who can tell its lightness, save he who has had its load of love, with which it was bursting conveyed to some kindred object? Man is a being of affection, he was not meant to live alone. We are all miserable when we have not some one to whom to tell our little adventures—some one who will feel an interest in them however trifling—who will listen to us.—And how delightful, indeed, to be able to commune over things which are not the mere fancies of time. It is then we feel the whole warmth of our dispositions, that we know ourselves better than we ever did before.

Now Mr. Burns, although a clergyman and an ornament to his cloth, was not one of those fanatics who pretend totally to despise all wordly good, while at the very same moment they have some private advantage in view. He saw, as well as those around him, the advantages of Driscoll's becoming a husband to one of his daughters; still he wished not to influence the affection of either, by the slightest allusion on his part.

Thus things proceded at the vicarage in that quiet even sort of rotine, which must be so enchanting to those who have no other ambition than that o doing good in an unpretending way and making those happy who are around them. The morning's post, at length, brought a letter requiring Driscoll's immediate attendance in Scotland. Nora had spent the previous day with a family at some distance, and the night proving rather stormy, had not returned home. Up to that moment he had never made an avowal to her of his love; something always came in the way when he made up his mind to do so. Either. she was so full of mirth and girlish mischief, that he feared being laughed at; some party of pleasure was in contemplation, and he did not like to distract her thoughts; or else, perhaps, he thought that "the question once popped and being "acknowleged," would be quite enough, from its very common-placeness, to dissipate all the delight of believing that the one sought was necessary for the other's happiness; so it was, however, in the present case, and when he was forced to quit the vicarage, the oportunity was gone. Procrastination, thou art the thief of time! He must depart without even knowing by one little word from "Nora's own lips that he was beloved." "But," thought he to himself, after he had bidden farewell to his worthy host, and had forced his horse to a gallop. "I will write to her and explain: and in a few days, a fortnight at most, I will come back and claim her as my own."

"Well, my dears," said the vicar one morning at breakfast, as he settled comfortably into his easy chair, "what do you think of our late visiter?"

"O pappa! he is such a nice young man," exclaimed Nora in her gay manner, which often betrayed her into expressions which had she but considered a moment, she would not have made use of: "I do wish he had not gone, or that I had been here to have wished him good-bye, I never shall forgive that tiresome storm. Don't you think he will come back soon, papa?"

(to be continued.)