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

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POETRY

From the Louisville Journal.

THE WESTERN GIRLS.

Oh tell me not of peerless girls
Who breathe the air of Grecian Isles,
Where brows are swept by raven curls,
And looks tell love to answering smiles!
But give me those whose cheeks are fanned
By the wild winds here in the west,
Whose thoughts sublime in accents bland
Revives ones visions of the blest.

Our western girls surely are
The comliest creatures of their sex,
And skillful too, beyond compare,
In arts that please you or perplex;
With brows as radiant as the morn,
And eyes that glance like stars at even,
One look can strike your hopes forlorn,
Or fill your hearts with dreams of heaven.

Their lips are sweet as lute of love,
When minstrel wakens up its own,
And every word the soul can move
With feelings which 'tis bliss to own.
In form they're delicate and lithe,
And easy as the swaying reed;
And in each action chaste and blithe,
And graceful as the fawn at speed.

Let poets hymn ideal grace,
And sing of smiles beyond all price;
And vow in every form they trace
A vision fresh from paradise;
We need no spirits from the deep,
To fill our minds and make us blest—
For our own girls have charms which keep
Our fancies home, here in the west.

[From the New York Mirror.]

THE RIFLEMAN'S SONG AT BENNINGTON.

Why come ye hither, stranger?
Your mind what madness fills?
In our valleys there is danger,
And danger on our hills!
Hear ye not the singing
Of the bugle, wild and free?
Full soon ye'll know the ringing
Of the rifle from the tree!
The rifle, the sharp rifle!
In our hands it is no trifle!

Ye ride a goodly steed—
He may know another master:
Ye forward come with speed,
But ye'll to learn back much faster
When ye meet our mountain boys
And their leader Jonny Starke!
Lads who make but little noise,
But who always hit the mark
With the rifle, the true rifle!

Had ye no graves at home
Across the briny water,
That hither ye must come,
Like bullocks to the slaughter?
If we the work must do,
Why, the sooner' 'tis begun,
If flint and trigger hold but true,
The quicker 'twill be done
By the rifle, the good rifle!
In our hands it is no trifle!

THE LATE DUEL AT WASHINGTON.

From the Richmond Whig, March 7.

The following extract of a letter from a gentlemen in Washington, in whose statement implicit confidence may be reposed, contains a more detailed account than that presented us yesterday, on different authority, on the part borne by Mr. Wise in the affair between Messrs. Graves and Cilley. We publish it in justice to Mr. Wise, and to arrest the base effort making to use the generous sympathies of the public for the deceased, as a means of exciting odium against and doing injustice to the living:

WASHINGTON, March 9, 1838.

Much excitement has I hear, been produced in Richmond by the unfortunate result of the duel between Messrs. Cilley and Graves. The impression is common every where, that Wise, from his position as second, and supposed influence with one of the parties, might have effected an amicable arrangement at almost any stage of the affair. *This it was never in his power to do*, and I speak from a full knowledge of the whole matter, and from information which it is not proper for me at this time to disclose. The published statement of the seconds justifies a construction which does him great injustice, as the investigation on foot will most conclusively show. He was not privy to Webb's movement, nor is he responsible for the course pursued. The terms of reconciliation were not arranged by him, nor was there any discretion left to him. He was simply the bearer of the challenge, and saw the arrangements fairly executed—and so far from hurrying matters kept the challenge upwards of 20 hours before presenting it. He was wrong, you will say, to place himself in this position, but his friendship for Mr. Graves was strong' and he did not stop to calculate the consequences to himself. Indeed the time allowed by the adverse party was too short to afford any period for reflecion. The reply of Mr Cilley was handed in late in the evening, and twelve o'clock the next day fixed on for the meting. Wise was indiscreet, so far as he was individually concerned, in being responsible for that over which he had little, if any control. He was liberal to others, unjust only to himself. I confidently assert that his agency in the matter, was entirely different from what common report ascribes to him—That he did not bring on the duel, and would most gladly have settled the dispute.—Cilley's friends, who are now bewailing his loss in such melancholy strains, had it in their power to arrest the duel the day it occurred.

It was known in the House before 11 o'clock, and they did not leave Washington till near 2, P, M. They were confident that he would kill Graves. He had been out the day before practising, and proved himself an excellent shot. The rifle was his favorite weapon, and he was in the habit of shooting with it at home. Bear in mind that he practiced with it before naming the weapon, and that the time allowed to Graves afterwards, was too short for any thing like a fair trial of skill on G's part. Graves' friends and colleagues deeply regretted the duel before the result was known, and had the place of meeting been known, the attempt made by some of them, to prevent it, would have succeeded in all probability. They fired three times. The first time Mr. Cilley fired too quick, the second time Mr. Graves did the same, and Cilley, (instead of firing into tho air as he might have done most honorably, and thus ended the dispute, avowing as they both did, no unfriendly feeling towards each other,) took deliberate aim and fired at Graves, after the latter had lost his fire, his ball striking the ground. Cilley was accompanied by three friends, General Jones, Duncan and Bynum Graves by Wise, Menefee and Crittenden. No one doubts the fairness of the fight.—The bearing of Mr. Jones on the field, and throughout the whole transaction, is said to have been very honorable and gentlemanly, and it was with some surprise that some were disposed to censure him also. Cilley fought with Duncan's rifle, who, it seems had two weapons of this kind. Think not that the friends of Graves and Wise were anxious to shun investigation. They are much pleased at the opportunity thus afforded to bring this whole affair, so much misrepresented, to light. Some of them opposed the appointment of a committee, because they did not recognise the authority of Congress over the matter, and above all because they regretted it as a base attempt to turn the excitement in the New England States to the advantage of the Van Buren party. I think in the complexion given to this melancholy affair, I can see the finger of some arch demagogue, who well understand the art of pulling the strings."

The bold manly course pursued by Wise since he has occupied a seat in Congress, hrs rendered him more odious to the party than any man in America, Clay himself not excepted. They fear him, while they hate him—and if the dragging of poor Cilley's corse from Maine to Louisiana, would effect their long wished for purpose to destroy W's standing with the people, some of them would violate his grave to accomplish their object. But they exult too soon and pushing the inquiry, they have played exactly into *Wise's* hands. A fair investigation will place Henry A. Wise before the people in a much more favorable position, when it will appear that he is as humane and magnanimous, as he is independent and brave. A false delicacy, proceeding from perhaps too nice a sense honor, places him before the public in an attitude he ought not in reality to occupy. I only ask that public opinion be suspended, till the truth and the whole truth shall appear.

Let it be distinctly understood that Graves did not challenge Cilley because the latter could not recognise Webb as a man of honor and a gentleman. That was not the original ground of dispute, although that position was subsequently assumed, and prevented a reconciliation. Graves addressed a note to Mr. Cilley (at C's own suggestion) requesting him to commit to writing the substance of the conversation which, as I understood it, he repeated in his note—and which was entirely satisfactory to him. Graves considered Cilley's note as equivocal, if not impeaching his own statement of the conversation, and offensive by making him (G.) appear in the attitude of asking, as a favor from Cilley, what he, (C) had requested him to do—a note followed requiring further explanation which was declined, and hence the challenge. Here was the first false step which led to this unhappy difficulty, viz—a disagreement between Cilley's conversation and letter to Graves, as the latter maintained, and in which he was certainly correct. The statement I give you may be relied ou, coming as it does from one who is familiar with the whole transaction, and who is utterly incapable of misrepresentation. In saying what I have above, I mean to cast no reflection or imputation on any man, living or dead. The result has been most unfortunute, and is one that I deeply regret. It has given a complexion to acts, which under other circumstances, would have attracted but little notice, but which are now perverted in the hope of injuring a most valuable public servant, and wounding the reputation and feelings of an honest and gallant man. I will stake my life on the issue, and if the statement I now give is not in due time more than made out and Henry A. Wise is not entirely acquitted of all blame in the matter, never again confide in my word or respect my character. The matter will be placed before the American people as it ought to be, and justice done to all parties.

CATECHISM FOR THE PEOPLE.

We appeal to history, and to the unprejudiced testimony of every man who has been an observer of the passing events of the last few years, to bear us out inthe melancholy picture which we now present in the following questions and answers:

When was our country most prosperous and happy?

Before the war that is now waging against the credit system commenced.

When was our country least prosperous, most embarrassed, and least happy?

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

When were all the elements that operate to make our country great and glorious, and our people cheerful and contented, in most successful operation?

Before the war was declared upon the credit system,

When were all these elements most paralyzed and all their consequences most disastrosly defeated?

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

When was the public Treasury full to overflowing, and all the demands upon the government paid in a circulating medium that was convertible into gold and silver?

Before the war was declared upon the credit system.

When was the Treasury at its lowest ebb, and when were the demands upon the government paid in a currency, not convertible into gold and silver?

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

When were the curencies and the exchanges most stable and uniform?

Before the war was declared upon the credit system.

When were these great business agents most ruinously deranged?

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

When were gold and silver in most general circulation and most easily obtained?

Before the war was declared upon the credit system.

When did this medium disappear from general circulation and become a commodity for speculation.

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

When were the local banking institutions all paying specie and fulfilling all the legitimate objects for which they were created by the respective state sovereignties?

Before the war was declared upon the credit system.

When did they all have to suspend specie payments, and find themselves wholly unable to meet the wants of the people, and to relieve the distresses of the community?

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

When was the general system of internal improvements most actively and successfully prosecuted?

Before the war was declared upon the credit system.

Where did this system receive its most fatal check and the rich promises of its consummation fade into distant uncertainty?

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

When was labor in the greatest demand, when all could find it, and be generously paid for it.

Before the war was declared upon the credit system.

When was it found begging for employment without finding it, and those who were more fortunate, but poorly paid?

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

When were foreign capital and population pouring their benefits most copiously into our country?

Before the war was declared upon the credit system.

When did these fertilizing streams refuse their tribute to our land?

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

When was emigration covering our western Eden with habitation and reaping the liberal gain of toil and enterprise?

Before the war was declared upon the credit system.

When was the spirit of emigration almost enirely stopped, when the west could no longer promise reward, and those who would go, could not for the want of means?

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

When did the action of the government and the interest of the people live together as a unit, and in happy harmony?

Before the war was declared upon the credit system.

When were the measures of the government and the interest of the people separated and made to conflict?

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

When were the constitutional checks and balances between the three great departments of the government most faithfully and safely observed?

Before the war was declared upon the credit system.

When were there checks and balances most dangerously invaded by the alarming strides of Executive power?

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

Where were all the rights of the sovereign States, and all the rights of the federal government moving harmoniously in their respective orbits, respecting and reciprocating the power and benefits of each?

Before the war was declared upon the credit system.

When was the right of the sovereign States, guaranteed under the Constitution, and exercised by all the States in reference to their momentary system, first assailed by the federal power, and endangered by the encroachments of consolidation?

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

When was the republican party united, homagenous and invincible?

Before the war was declared upon the credit system,

When was that party divided, discordant and vanquished?

After the war was declared upon the credit system.

When was the United States so exalted in character, so strong in credit, so vigorous in health, and so commanding in her attitude before the world?

Before the war was declared upon the credit system.

When was she most humble in spirit, most feeble in credit, most broken down in health, and most humiliated before the world?

After the war was declared upon the credit system, and after it had, by its perseverance and violence suspended its functions and taken from it almost its last pulsation of vitality. The war is still prosecuted as if an insatiate spirit covered the little that is left.

We ask the people and the represetatives of the people, if they will madly rush into ruin, or will they come to the rescue and bid a prostrate country rise from its triulations & re-assume its rights, its power and its happiness.—Madisonian.

The laws in France against duelling are very severe; one provision of the enactment is very salutary. It compels the survivor to pay all the debts of the man whom he kills, and maintain his family. This is a good provision, providing, before he goes into the field, he gives good security for the performance of the penance; because if he has not the money—the law may become inoperative.—*U. S. Gaz.*

A novice who was sent to a printing office to borrow some twine, went away in a towering passion because the foreman, who was very busy at the time, told him to go to the devil and get it.

Morality teaches us how we should live, and immorality trains us up for the gallows.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAMUEL SLICK OF SLICKVILLE.

"The cheerful sage, when solemn dictates fail,
Conceals the moral counsel in a tale.,'

YANKEE EATING AND HORSE-FEEDING.

Did you ever heer tell of Abernety, a British Doctor? said the clockmaker,—Frequently, said I, he was an eminent man, he had a most extensive practic.—Well, he was a vulgar critter that, he replied, he treated the hon'ble Aldeu Gobble, secretary to our legation at London, dreadful bad once: and I guess if it had been me he used that way, I'd a fixed his flint for him, so that he'd think twice afore he'd fire such another shot as that are again. I'd made him make tracks, I guess, as quick as a dog does a hog from a potato field. He'd a found his way out of the hole in the fence a plagy sight quicker than he came in, I reckon.

His manner, said I, was certainly rather unceremonious at times, but he was so honest and so straightforward, that no person was, I believe, seriously offended at him. *It was his way.* Then his way was so plaugy rough, continued the Clockmaker, that he'd been the better, if it had been hammered and mauled down smoother. I'd a levelled him as flat as a flounder. Pray what does his offence? said I. Bad enough you may depend.

The hon'ble Alden Gobble was dyspeptic, and he suffered great uneasiness arter eatin, so he goes to Abernthy for advice. What's the matter with you, said the Doctor? jist that way, without even passing the time o'day with him—what,s the matter with you? said he.—Why, says Alden I presume I have the dyspepsy. Ah! I see, a yankee swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest. I am an American citizen, says Alden, with great dignity; I am Secretary to our legation at the Court of St. James. The devil you are, said Abernthy; then you'll soon get rid of your dyspepsy. I don't that inference said Alden; it don't follow from what you perdicate at all—it aint a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill, because he is called by the voice of a free and enligh tened people to fill an an important office. [The truth is, you could no more trap Alden than you could an Indian. He could see other folks' trail, and made none himself: he was a real diplomist, & I believe our diplomists are allowed the best in the world.] But I tell you it does not follow, said the Doctor; for the company you'll have to keep, you'll have to eat like a christian.

It was an overlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one ravin distracted mad. I'll be d———d said he, if I ever saw a yankee that did'nt bolt his food whole like a Boa Constrictor. How the devil can you expect to digest food, that you neither take the trouble to desect nor time time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth: for you never use them; nor your digestion because you overload it; nor saliva, for you expend it on the carpets, instead of your food. Its disgusting, its beastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it will hold, and as fast as he can with a dung fork, and drive off; and then complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dypepsy ah! infernal guzzling, you mean. I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legation, take half the time to eat, that you do to drawl out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a week.

I dont understand such lauguage, said Alden, (for he was fairly ryled and got his dander up and when he shows clear grit, he looks wicked ugly, I tell you,) I dont understand such language Sir, I came here to consult you professionally and not be———, Dont understand said the doctor, why it is plain English; but here read my book—and he shoved a book into his hands and left him in an instant, standing alone in the middle of the room.

If the honorble Alden Gobble had gone right away and demacded his passports, and returned home with the Legation, in in one of our first class frigates, (I guess the English would as soon see pyson as one o' them Serpents) to Washington, the President and the people would have sustained him in it, I guess, until an apology was off red for the insult to the nation. I guess if it had been me, said Mr. Slick, I'd a headed him afore he slipt out o' the door, and pinned him up against the wall, and made him bolt his words agin, as quick as he throwed 'em up, for I never seen an Englishman that did'nt cut his words as short as he does his horse's tail, close up to the stump.

It certainly was very coarse and vulgar language, and I think, said I, that your Secretary had just cause to be offended at such an ungentlemanly attack, although he showed his good sense in treating it with the contempt it deserved. It was plagy lucky for the doctor, I tell you, that he cut his stick as quick as he did, and made himself scarce, for Alden was an ugly customer; he'd a gin him a proper scalding—he'd a taken the bristles off his hide, as clean as the skin of a spring shote of a pig killed at Christmas.

The clockmaker was evidently excited by his own story, and to indemnify himself for these remarks on his own countrymen, he indulged for some time in ridiculing the Nova Scotians.

Do you see that ere flocks of colts, ssid he, (as we passed one of those beautiful prairies that render the vallies of Nova Scotia so verdant and so fertile,) well, I guess they keep too much of that are stock. I heerd an Indian ask a tavesn keeper for some rum; why, Joe Spawdeeck, said he, I reckon you have got too much all ready. Too much of any thing, said Joe, is not good, but too much rum is jist enough. I guess these blue noses think so about their horses, they are fairly eat up by them, out of house and home; and they are no good neither. They beant good saddle horses and they beant good draft horses—they are jist neither one thing nor tother.—They are like the drink of our Connecticut folks. At mowing time they use molasses and water, nasty stuff only to catch flies—it spiles good water and makes bad beer. No wonder the folks are poor.—look at them are great dykes; well, they all go to feed horses, & look at their grain on the upland; well, they are all sowed with oats to feed horses, and they buy their bread from us: so we feed asses and they feed horses. If I had them critters on that are marsh, on a location of mine. I'd jist take a rifle and shoot every one on them; the nasty yo necked, cat hammered, heavy headed, flat eared, crooked shanked, long-legged, narrow chested, good for nothin brutes; they aint worth their keep one winter. I vow, I wish one of these blue noses, with his go-to-meeting clothes on, coat tails pinned up behind like a leather blind of a shay, an old spur on one heel, and pipe stuck through his hat band, mounted on one of these limber timbered critters, that moves its hind legs like a hen scratchin gravel, was sot down in Broadway, in New York for a sight.—Lord! I think I hear the West Point cadets a larfin at him. Who brought that are scarecrow out of standin corn & stuck him here? I guess that are citizen came from away down East out of the notch of the White Mountains.

Here comes the Cholera Doctor from Canada—not from Canada, I guess, neither; for he dont look as if he had ever been among the rapids. If they wouldn't poke fun at him its a pitty.

If they'd keep less horses, and more sheep, they'd have food and clothing, too, instead of buying both. I vow I've larfed afore now till I have fairly wet myself a cryin,' to see one of these folks catch a horse: maybe he has to go two or three miles on an errand. Well, down he goes on the dyke with a bridle in one hand, and an old tin pan full of oats in another, to catch his beast. First he goes to one flock of horses, then to another, to see if he can find his own critter. At last he gets sight on him, and goes swiftly up to him, shakin his oats, and a coaxin him, and jist as he goes to put his hand upon him, away he starts all head and tail, and the rest with him; that starts another flock. and they set a third off, & at last every group on e'm goes, as if old Nick was arter them, till they amount to two or three hundred in a drove. Well, he chases them clear across the Tantramer marsh, seven miles good, over ditches, creeks, mire holes, and flag ponds,