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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

ON THE WRECK OF THE PULASKI

BY MISS F. W. HALL.

Morn on the waters! and beautiful there
Rides a bold vessel; her banner in air
Streams with a motion, wild, graceful and free,
As onward she takes her glad course o'er the sea.

Rich are the treasures she bears o'er the deep;
Childhood is there in its innocent sleep;
The arm of the mother encircles her boy,
While the father regards him with triumph and joy.

And the youth with his lofty aspirings is there,
And beauty is flinging her curls on the air;
No sorrow hath dimm'd the clear light of her eye,
And what music is like her voice's rich melody?

The aged, whose locks are blanch'd for the grave,
And the firmness of manhood, are met on the wave.
And the truth and the softness of woman combine
To light up the scene, and its pleasures refine.

Swiftly and joyously onward they keep—
Beauty and gladness are over the deep;
Music and mirth float along on the breeze,
And a sunset of glory gleams wide o'er the seas.

Night on the waters! and in the clear sky,
The stars, one by one, take their places on high;
While a soft mimic heaven is reflected below,
And the white crested waves gleam, like wreathings of snow.

Night on the waters!—But where is the bark
Which was speeding so gaily and gracefully? Hark!
A sound of distress and of anguish is near,
'Tis the death cry of those who are drowning I hear.

The infant that lay pillow'd light on the breast
Of the fair youthful mother starts wild from his rest,
And mingles his faint dying wail with the shriek
That goes up where the strong arm of manhood is weak.

The maiden in dreams deems her lover is near,
That a low gentle whisper is breath'd in her ear;
She starts; the bright, beautiful vision has fled,
And the waters are strew'd with the forms of the dead.

"Help! help! for the love of the saviour! oh fly!
Are ye deaf to the call of our strong agony?
The dark world of waters is closing us 'round,
Oh, God! can no helper, no rescue, be found?"

'Tis o'er; the brave vessel hath sunk in her pride,
And the wise and the lovely together have died:
Mid the pearls and the coral of ocean they sleep,
Till the trumpet of judgment shall sound through the deep.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

THE GIRAFFES.

It is stated that the two Giraffes, now exhibiting in Broadway, New York, were taken in the great Kaliharri desert, of South Africa, in lat 26 30 south, and lon 25 east, by John Clayton, who has accompanied them to the United States. They are the only surviving specimens procured in three laborious and perilous expeditions made by Mr. Clayton into the interior of Africa expressly, and they have cost the proprietors more than thirty thousand dollars. In the course of these journeys this enterprizing and intrepid gentleman captured upwards of 50 Giraffes, but it was not until his expedition of 1836 and 7, and after 18 months absence from the Cape of Good Hope, that he succeeded in bringing any of them alive to Cape Town. Of eleven which he caught on this occasion, seven died in the course of his return, in consequence of bruises incurred in their struggles and the long deprivation of water, which during their journey of twelve hundred miles could only be obtained at stages distant from each other.

The Express gives an interesting description of this wonderful animal, from which we take the following:

"The Giraffe is a gregarious, herbaceous and ruminating quadruped, entirely *sui generis* in its structure and some of its habits. In its general contour, it unites several traits of the ostrich, the antelope, the camel and the stag. The curve of its towering neck, which sometimes gives it a height of more than twenty feet, throws the grace of the swan into the disproportionate elongation of the ostrich. Its delicately moulded head greatly improved upon that of the camel, has much of the shapely beauty of the antelope, whilst its rich and full black eye, fringed with long silkey lashes, rivals that of the famed gazelle. Its forelegs are as admirably symmetrical as those of the stag, and are as long from the cloven hoof to the joint of the shoulder, as the neck is from its base on the shoulder to its junction with the head. The great depth of the shoulder, from the camel-like protuberance which crowns it, to the joint of the clavice, usually creates the impression that the fore legs of this quadruped are most disproportionally long when compared with its hind legs, especially as the line of its back descends from the neck to the tail, in an angle nearly equal to that presented by a stag thrown upon its haunches. In this peculiarity, it greatly exaggerates upon the similar trait of the hyena, and reverses the direction in which the vertebra is inclined in the lama. In reality, however, the fore and hind legs are of equal length."

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

Representatives in Congress are to be chosed in fourteen states the present year, and the elections will take place in the following order.

Louisiana, 1st Monday in July.
Illinois, 1st Monday in August.
Misouri, do do
Vermont, 1st Tuesday in September.
Maine 2d Monday in September.
Georgia, 1st Monday in October.
Arkansas, do do
South Carolina, 2d Monday in October.
New Jersey, 2d Tuesday in October.
Pennsylvania, do do
Ohio, do do
New York, 1st Monday in November.
Massachusetts, 2d Monday in November
Delaware, 2d Tuesday in November.

The election in Louisiana commenced 2d July, and continudd three days.—Boston Atlas.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The New York Courier and Enquirer mentions a discovery of more than ordinary importance, and which was recently urged upon the attention of Congress. It is asserted to be the law regulating the variation of the magnetic needle, which phenomenon, it is said is caused by a magnetic pole revolving about the axis of the earth once in 666 years, and that by means of instruments and tables invented and prepared, the latitude and longitude of any place may be ascertained with the minutest accuracy by the dip of the needle only.

The discoverer is Dr. Hy. Hull Sherwood, of New York, whose memorial on the subject, the senate referred to the committee on Naval Affairs; and on their special report being brought up, Mr. Preston said the discovery was of such vast importance, that he would move the printing of 5,000 extra copies. It was of no less importance than that of the mariner's compass. Mr. Webster said that the discovery was either of vast importance or no importance at all. He thought it the duty of congress to give the facts wide circulation, in order that the country might decide upon its merits or demerits. Mr. Buchanan asked whether the principle on which this discovery rested was made public in the report. Mr. Tallmadge replied in the affirmative. Mr. Buchanan said the discovery, if genuine, was the greatest of modern times,—The motion to print the extra number was agreed to.—*Balt. Chron.*

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

"England," the *Temps* (Paris paper,) observes, "is a vast manufactory, a great laboratory, a universal counting house. France is a rich farm, tending to turn itself into a manufactory. Germany is an uncultivated field because they are philosophers and not peasants who till it — Southern Italy is a villa in ruins. Northern Italy is an artificial prarie. Belgium is a forge. Holland is a canal. Sweden and Denmark are carpenter's yards. Poland ia a sandy heath. Russia is an ice house. Switzerland is achalet.—Greece is a field in a state of nature.—Turkey is a field in fallow. India is a gold mine. Egypt is a workshop for apprentices. Africa is a furnace. Algiers is a nursery ground. Asia is a grove.—The Antilles are sugar refineries. South America is a store. North America is a till full. Spain is a till empty."

GOING AS FREIGHT.—An Irishman, whose funds were rather low, had footed all the way to Wheeling and still desirous to get as far as Portsmouth, thence to proceed by canal to a point not far distant from the latter place where work was to be obtained. Having worn his toes through his boots, and the heels of a pair of old shoes quite low, he gave up the idea of taking "Shanks Mare" any longer. There were plenty of steamboats puffing and blowing at the landing and he became quite fascinated at the idea of such an easy mode of conveyance.

'Captain, dear,' said he stepping on board a beautiful craft—'Captain, dear, and what'll you charge to take me to Portsmouth?'

'Seven dollars, in the cabin!'

'Siven dollars! arrah! siven dollars! why captain, dear, I hav'nt the half of that sum.

'Oh never mind that, Pat, I'll take you as a deck passenger for three dollars, if you'll half work your passage, that is, help the hands to wood the boat.'

Pat mused some minutes on this proposition, and then put another question.

'And Captain, dear, what'll you take about a hundred and saxty pounds of freight for?'

'Ill charge you 75 cents for that.'

'Then Captain, you see, I'm jist the boy that weighs that—so you can enter me as freight, and I'll stow away snug enough somewere below stairs.'

A proposition so novel pleased the captain highly, and calling one of the hands he gave directions to have pat carefully stowed away in the hold—and ordered the clerk to enter on the freight list '*One Irishman weighing* 160 *pounds.*'

Pat kept snug until he reached Portsmouth, a distance of 365 miles—having shown himself but twice, and only for a few minutes at a time during the whole passage. There he paid his freight of seventy five cents, honorably, and was next seen with his bundle tramping it along the tow-path of the canal for his desired destination.—Balt. Athenæum.

BONAPARTE.—Napoleon was no dancer. On one occasion a ball was given by him in honor of a beautiful princess. The temptation to dance with a certain countess, however was irresistible. At it the conquering general went, and succeeded as well as a horse-marine. He had no taste for light fantastic movements, At the close of the dance, he turn to his partner and thus addressed her; 'I am very sensible, charming countess, that I have acquitted myself indifferently; but the fact is my forte lies not so much in dancing myself, as in making others dance.

WHIPPING CHILDREN.—St. Paul has a caution somewhere against being righteous over much—and however they may neglect other duties, there are many persons who take especial care to guard against over much righteousness. The same apostle's permission to use a little wine for the stomach's sake, has also been liberally improved. Solomon says something about the benefit of whipping children, and many an infant has had the wise man's injunction scored upon its trembling carcass.

Now there is no mistake at all about the necessity of correction for children. Ill-judged kindness and forbearance to inflict punishment has injured many a child? but ill-judged severity and too frequent whipping have ruined more.—There is neither sense nor reason in continually beating a child, as if it was an amusement and pleasure to the parent. It becomes persecution instead of punishment, and deadens and renders obdurate the feelings of the victim. It makes him hard-hearted and unfilial; and instead of seeking to avoid offence, he only seeks to conceal it to escape punishment. Craft, deception and mendacity are the only lessons learned, and thus the punishment professedly intended for good results in continuing an evil character.

Whenever we meet an unfeeling, cruel man, we are ready to swear that the rod was not spared upon him in his child hood. Growing up in perpetual fear of torment, he consoled himself in youth with the resolution to revenge himself upon whoever fell in his power in after life. Meanwhile the whipped child finds consolation for his own bruises in tormenting beasts, insects, or whatever helpless things falls within his reach.—Weaker boys than himself, decrepid old men, and drunkard vagrants, are also the objects of his tender mercies.

There is reason in all things; and as some persons really appear to regard it a privilege as well as a duty to thrash their children, we would enjoin upon them to enjoy that pleasure in moderation—to recollect that what is fun to them is death to their children, and use their blessed privilege without abusing it.—N. Y. Sun.

From the New York Express.

HAULING OUT THE TWO POLLIES

"ON THE 4TH."

On board the "Two Pollies," nigh the Dry Dock, New York, July 5th '38.

To the Editors of the Express—the same paper my old friend Mr. Dwight had a spell ago:

I have heard tell of rale sport in boating, but I never did see the beat of that we had yesterday—I never did believe afore that any thing could come up to a *husking frolic*—but I never see a *husking frolic*—nor a *raising*—nor a *ploughing match*—nor, *but one quilting*, that came any way nigh the *boating frolic* we had yesterday in hauling the two Pollies off into the stream; and I dont know that I can come within gun shot of telling *all* about it—but I'll try one thing is sartain that what I do tell is as true as that there is a Two Pollies—and what I dont tell, would be long enough to make this letter too long to be good for nothing.

True to the day and to the hour, about ten o'clock in the morning, an etarnal swad of boats of all sizes, from Wall skiffs, yalls and clinkers, all came pulling along up our way and landed nigh the "Two Pollies"—I was on board; and had a few friends I had invited with me; and so all the folks of the boats came on board the "Two Pollies"—to take a look round and see what my notion was, and how I wanted the trail made. Each boat had its own steersman, who did pretty much all the talking for his own oarsmen—one said, if I ony wanted the "Two Pollies" hauled out of the slip into the river he could do it alone, provided I'd fix on the top of the flood and jist before the tide turn'd—and with that pretty much all the other steersmen spoke up, and said that their boats could do that, and they did not see the right of giving a preference—and here came a jangle right off. Now, says I, gentlemen, we aint in congress now, and cant have no long speeches at eight dollars a day and do nothin besides—so I should like to see you all back in your boats and take a little exercise; and in the mean time, says I, arter you have given a little show of your skill, I'll decide. I thought I'd give 'em a little "non committal"—jist to make 'em work sharp—and with that they all went at it; and this was one of the most complete sights I ever did see. When *Amos Kindle* was on here a spell ago, and made some sick o' money among these very same folks, it wasn;t no touch at all to the present.

Every boat with a flag, past the head of the slip, turned about—pulled back, and then off, and then back agin—one arter another, and the folks cheered and huzza'd like all possesst—and any one to look at 'em would say; they could alone, any one on 'em, pull the "Two Pollies" through an augur hole. Arter this they all came along side the "Two Pollies," and I tell'd 'em; "Now my boys," says I. "your skill in pullin your own boats is complete as ever was, but you have got a job now to do, that will put the hull scrape on you to a pritty tight pull." "The Two Pollies," says I is going out of this slip at the top of the tide, to be sure; but when she gits in the river, and when the tide turns, what is to be done then?" 'Oh drop anchor,' was the answer. 'No, no,' says I, 'that aint my plan—you must keep her jist so—at any rate, and if I say go ahead agin the tide, you must do it. I cant come to anchor no how.'

'You know' says I, 'that three on you a spell ago—(and I'm glad to see you here agin)—once undertook a matter like this and you made fine work on't—till the tide turned, and then' says I, 'the Two Pollies went a starn and you all followed her—however,' says I, 'we wont talk about that now.' So arter a little talk, they all thought the best way would be to hitch on all together—but coming to try this plan, nara one on 'em had rope enuf to let 'em pull clear of each other. 'Well' says I, 'why not go in a string one ahead of tother?' but this bro't on another snarl. Every one wanting to to take the lead—so I let 'em work it out their own way, and what with knotting handkerchiefs, and borrowing and buying small kiles of rope, they hich'd on to the Two Pollies, and as the flood tide was on the pint of turning, they all set up a rale huzza, and sure enuf out went the Two Pollies, as slick as ile, and sich a shout as went with her made me go almost through my shirt collar, for I never was so glad in my born days, and the best on't was they did'nt brake a rope yarn, or tear a hankercher; in fact some of the boats did'nt seem to pull at all ony to keep up in their places.

By the time the Two Pollies got well in the river the ebb tide begun to make, and I hail'd 'em and tell'd 'em to pull up stream—and here cum on the beginning of a tug—and every minit it was *tugger*—but they pulled like good fellows for a spell, and I don't know but they would a gained on the tide if it hadnt got stronger and stronger—and jest then the boats began to git foul of one another—and then such another crossing of oars and scraping of noses—and sich a jangle of orders—every body right and every body wrong—to hear 'em talk any one would suppose, that any one of 'em was enuf—if talkin was the only thing wanted.—One got so frightened that he began to pull for the shore, and forgot to unhitch, and this made bad work—another said he would not pull at all, and this was worse.—'Pull all togedare every way in the world' says one—'a pritty kittle of *Fish* you are making on't' says a long winded dri'd Yankee, 'what in natur is in you—you dont git a head no how and no way in the world.'

Seeing now that things was gitting all in a snarl, my dander begun to rise—the Two Pollies was going a starn, and every thing going to everlasting smash–I yell'd out to 'em—'pull' says I, 'you tarnal toads—pull for your lives—and your fortuns and your etarnal honor—and if that dont stir you pull' says I, '*for the deposits.* This quieted the noise for a spell, and some on 'em did make the water fly considerably—but the tide was too strong for em, and all hands, Two Pollies and all was going down stream—for my part I got so wamblecropped that I felt as tho' I was going right down into my boots. 'All's over' thinks I, and I began to look astarn to see a soft spot to strike on—when what should I see jist coming round the pint of the Battery but a great long barge—oars out on each side like a great daddy long legs—and then line up along the docks and shipping a real rouser of a shout—'*Squire Biddle—huzza—old B. U. S.—huzza—huzza!*' and afore I had time to cool down my dander—sure enuf up cum along side the Two Pollies, my old friend the squire, sittin in the starn sheets of his 24 oard long boat, one leg cocked up over the gunnel, and the tiller sticking out under his left arm—he jist waved his hand to his men and they all backd water right side.—Well, says I, squire 'taint no time to chat now, but I'm glad to see you, and if folks dont say you have come in the *nick* of time, then I say there aint no *Nicks* now a days—that's all—'now' says I, 'you see what is wantin, and all you've got to do is to spring to and let us see if there is any grit in you. And with that he jist got up and taking the eend of a mortal big kile of rope he had stowed away under him—he threw it on board, and says he, 'make that well fast major on board the Two Pollies'—and then turning to his oarsmen, he bowed and smiled and said 'all together'—and with that they sprung to—the squire all the while steering and paying out rope—and taking a sweep away off in a half circle till he got away ahead of the foremost boat and then steerd round and cut in on a line ahead—'hellow'—says I—'squire, where are you going—have you got rope enuf aboard?' yes, says he—'Major—rope enough to snake the Two Pollies out of the tother eend of the Mississippi if she was there. 'How you talk' says I—'have you made well fast?' says he—'according to my kalklation I have' says I, 'well' says he, 'you take care that eend and I will tother'—and with that I seen him catch a turn round a strong hook and his oarsmen did bend to it for a spell till their backs cracked like a new saddle—as soon as the ropes come strait, it twiched up a considerable number of the oars of the small boats and knocked off some hats, but that was only a trifle to the work that followed—*some* of the folks in the small boats didn't do the clean thing—one chap said for his part he'd rather see the Two Pollies go on the rocks than have the Squire take a hand in it, and ordered his men to back their oars, but one of em dashed a hatful of salt water in his face, whilst his mouth was open, and he gagd as though he'd swallowed a glass of Manhattan water. Another advised cutting the Squires big rope—but an old gentleman in another boat said, 'every man cut his own rope if he will, but cutting or mending ropes, bevare!'—and with that he hooked on the Squires ropes and tell'd his men to pull in aid on't—and the most of the boats followed the same lead—them that didn't, it made very little odds—for the Two Pollies was going up stream jist for all the world as tho' she had the Great Western hook'd on to her—and there sat the Squire with his *long medium* astarn taking the hull scrape along with him—yall, skiff, clinker, and the Two Pollies—his men pulling together jist like one—the tide running like a mill race agin us, and then he turned—and shifting his position—all let go his ropes, and the small boats and the Two Pollies swung round, went down stream full chizzle for a spell, till the Squire fetched her all up on tother tack, his men jist pulling strong enuf like a drag chain to keep things as tho' in still water, and then he pulled round & round sometimes agin the tides and sometimes across tides it made no odds which way, the Two Pollies and the hull raft of small boats went jist the way he steerd his *great daddy Long Legs*—through the shipping at anchor and the ferry boats under way and no harm came to any one. In one of his movements he crossed the bows of the Two Pollies and says he: 'Major aint *Hell Gate* pretty nigh here, suppose, says he, we try a pull through that? well says I, Squire I'm content with what we have done if you are, and if you will only take the Two Pollies back to the slip nigh the Dry Dock agin where she come from, my notion is all parties will be content and satisfied—I think says I, we have had 'glory enuf for one day' and with that the Squire cocked his legs over the gunnel agin and in a little while, the Two Pollies was where she started from.

Now says I, gentlemen, I haint got but one favor to ask of the hull scrape on you and that is, that you all come aboard the Two Pollies and take dinner with me, and on this day, the 4th *of July* a reel independence and no party day—let us all jine side by side like a band of good patriots and eat and drink and be merry and social.

This invitation was carried as unanimous as an argument in Congress on a hot Saturday night, and we had a complete time on't I tell you, as you will say when you git my next letter giving you a description on't. So no more at present,

From your friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,

Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

The Portland Transcript thus justly notices the difficulties attending editorial labors, and the general perplexities of conducting a newspaper, but used particularly in reference to his own periodical. It will apply to our paper and readers.—Olive Branch.

☞Ours, too, Philad. Observer,
☞Ours too, Herald (Princess Anne)
☞Ours three, Cambridge Chron.

"Reader, did you ever while engaged pleasantly we hope, in perusing the sheet