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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.

TO MY CIGAR.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE, ESQ.

Yes social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctor's spite;
I love thy fragrant, misty spell,
I love thy calm delight.

What if they tell, with phizzes long,
My years are sooner past;
I would reply, with reason strong,
They're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art
A monitor, though still;
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart,
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who gives
To goodness every day,
The odor of whose virtues lives,
When he has pass'd away.

When in the lonely evening hour,
Attended but by thee,
O'er history's varied page I pore,
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,
Then breaks and falls away,
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,
Thus tumbled to decay.

Awhile like thee earth's masters burn,
And smoke and fume around,
And then like thee to ashes turn,
And mingle with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,
And time's the wasting breath,
That late or early we behold,
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,
One common doom is passed,
Sweet nature's works the swelling globe,
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now?
A little moving heap,
That soon like thee to fate must bow,
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,
Thy essence rolls on high;
Thus when my body must lie low,
My soul shall cleave the sky.

THE STAGE DRIVER.

Some time in the year ——, passing thro' the town of Athol in this commonwealth, an accident occurred in the stage coach in which I was comfortably dozing, which rendered it necessary to take another team —and as a matter of course, a new driver —a happy looking fellow, with rosy cheeks, who to all appearance was about twenty years of age. The passengers congratulated themselves on their escape from a vehicle so unsafe, were again beginning to resign themselves to nodding slumbers, when I determined upon another change of position; and therefore, by the politeness of the driver, who checked the horses, mounted the box at his left hand. The driver's seat is always a good one, and if the man at the reins is an obliging being, possessing withal a topographical knowledge of his route, a traveller must be solitary, who does not love to view strange scenery, which is continually varying as he gazes.

A little courtesy on my part soon drew George into conversation. My first opinion that he was an intelligent and obliging young man, was confirmed by a variety of circumstances. I ascertained that George was an orphan. His father and mother died in one seeson, leaving him at the helpless age of two years, without a farthing, to the mercy of those into whose hands he might fall. How he had been taken care of, or by whom, he could not tell; at least he appeared unwilling. At the age of ten, after having passed through several families, a gentleman placed him with an upright New England farmer, in the northern part of the county of Worcester, where he enjoyed the advantages of a district school, and toiled at the plough and turf till his nineteenth year. His reputation for honesty, sobriety and faithfulness, induced a stage proprietor in a neighboring town to give him employment as a driver; his constitution being evidently enfeebled by the constant fatigues of a farm. His master, perfectly convinced of the necessity of his pursuing a different line of business, with great kindness of heart went thirteen miles to assure the proprietor that George's character was without blemish.

When I was in the stage, George had been one year on the line—and as I afterwards learned, had secured the friendship of all the proprietors, and the esteem of every stranger whom chance had brought to his coach.

There was an elderly lady on the back seat to whom I related George's story when I resumed my former place. This was Mrs. B. whose home was in Porto Rico. She had been over various sections of the United States, in the vain hope of recovering her health. Such was her interest in George, from my account of him, that when we arrived at Lancaster, a pleasant town thirty five miles from Boston, the end of his route, she presented him with a silk pocket handkerchief, in one corner of which was a dollar, in consideration, she said, of his 'carefulness with the baggage.' George was sensibly affected with her kindness—assured her he did not merit a present, for he had done no more than his duty, and the same he did to every one. 'Well,' said Mrs. —— "always take care of the baggage, and you will be prospered."—George bowed respectfully, and the new coach in which we were seated drove from the door. Our next driver was a bloated-faced, short, swaggering, swearing, whip-cracking Jehu, who ran his horses one moment, and condemned them for not trotting the next. The contrast between him and George was so apparent, that the passengers exclaimed he was unfit to manage them. In a moment, owing to his unskilfulness or partial intoxication, we never could determine which the horses sprang from the road, and the carriage, passengers and baggage were thrown into chaos down a precipice of fifteen or twenty feet. I have no leisure for describing the particulars of the scene; it was soon ascertained, however, that Mrs. B. was badly injured. One of the horses was immediately detached from the carriage, on which I rode without a saddle and almost without a bridle, back to the village for a physician. As I knew no one but George, and thinking that so good a driver was probably taking as good care of his horses as he had of his charge before we left him, I rode up to the stable door, and to my great joy found him washing the horses. It was unnecessary to relate the disaster—he anticipated my words and in ten minutes mounted the doctor on one of his fleetest nags, and followed him on another. On examination, the right arm of Mrs B. was found to be fractured. She was taken to the nearest dwelling, where the limb was splintered; and in the mean time George assisted the careless dog who caused the whole mischief, to regulate his affairs, re-harness. re-pack, re-sit etc. in the course of two hours the carriage, which had received no material damage, was again under way, with the exception of one passenger. Recollecting the lady's injunction, "to take care of the baggage," George carefully conveyed her trunks and bandboxes to the hotel, where they were placed in safe depository. Several weeks elapsed before Mrs. B. was again able to pursue her journey towards the metropolis. whenever George was at leisure from the constant routine of business, he called to inquire how she recovered—and was as often as he made these little visits of attention, made the bearer of some message to doctor, the clergyman or the apothecary, for which he would never accept an offered payment. At length the time arrived when the physician consented to her leaving town. Such was her confidence and regard for George, that she interceeded with the proprietor to give him permission to drive into Boston, as she never could consent to be left at the mercy of the author of her late misfortune. The request served to raise George still higher in the estimation of the proprietor, who felt himself so much flattered by the lady's partiality, that partly to oblige her, and partly to have it understood that he was devoted to the comfort and caprices of his customers, he consented—and the following day, George took his fellow's place on the box, to wend his way to the capital. His attention to the passengers, his prudence in driving, and his temperate habits, were the theme of conversation the whole distance.

The same attention which had first made him an object of interest to Mrs. B. marked his conduct to the moment when he called, by her request in the morning to be the bearer of a letter to his employer. On opening it at his return, the proprietor was highly complimented for his politeness in consenting to spare George the day before, and closed a short note by a present of $20 ten of which she desired might be given to George "for taking such excellent care of the baggage."

Two weeks from this time, George was surprised to find a letter directed to himself, the first he had ever received, and from a lady too. It was from Mrs. B. who informed him that she had purchased a carriage, for the purpose of journeying more leisurely, and as she knew of no one more faithful than himself in the management of horses, she offered him thirty dollars a month besides a present of a travelling dress, to be her coachman. This was to good to be rejected, and although the proprietors were unwilling to lose his valuable services, he had done so much for the reputation of the line, they made a sacrifice for his good and advised him to accept immediately. In two days George took leave of his former cronies, who envied his prospects, though they really loved him for the excellent qualities of his heart. He had been in her ladyship's service about seven months, in various sections of the union, when she began to waste away, till it was impossible to pursue her accustomed rides from one town to another, any longer.

It was a beautiful day in the autumn of ——, that George drove up to the door of an inn, in the town of N———, in the southern part of Connecticut. His mistress was so feeble that she was with difficulty conveyed to a chamber. A physician whom George immediately procured, ascertained that an ulcer had broken in the lungs, which had been long gathering, and which put her life in imminent danger. Instead of being alarmed, with true christian fortitude she sent for an attorney to assist her in arranging her papers. George was constantly devoted to her, and shewed that he felt more alarm for his mistress than she did for herself. When the lawyer had completed his labors, Mrs. B. called George into her room. She informed him that she felt the cold chill of death upon her—'but,' said she, 'George, dont be afflicted at the loss. Providence has given me the means and disposition to reward merit. I know you are without kindred—almost without friends—in a wide world exposed to a variety of afflictions. Your character for faithfulness first interested me in your behalf; and experience has abundantly demonstrated your natural goodness of disposition.—I am alone in the world. My husband, Col. B. an Englishman by birth, died seventeen years ago, leaving at my entire disposal an immense property in the West Indies. But as I have neither children nor other relatives, and as I have sought in vain the last ten years of my life, to find an heir to this family, I now by these papers, leave all I have both here and in the West Indies, to you; and recollect you are only a steward under providence, and while you are faithful, temperate and honest, it will conduce to your happiness and respectability.'

Before night this benevolent woman was a corpse. It is unnecessary to detail all the circumstances of the funeral, and the astonishment of the good people of N——. George visited Porto Rico, and took possession of his estates, more ample than he could have anticipated. Two years after, on a return to the United States, he married an affectionate little farmer's daughter, whom he had fondly loved while he was a driver, who was patiently waiting to have her good George lay up a few hundred dollars, to begin the world with—hoping he would some time become a proprietor.

George C———, is now one of the most wealthy, respectable, and benevolent gentlemen in Porto Rico—a pattern for husbands, and a model for all who desire to be both faithful and honest. Over the door of his principal dining room, are painted these words, for the contemplation of servants and visitors: "Take care of the baggage."

From Cooper's Homeward Bound.

A STORM AT SEA.

The awakening of the winds on the ocean is frequently attended with signs and portents as sublime as any fancy can conceive. On the present occasion the breeze that had prevailed so steadily for a week, was succeeded by light baffling puffs; as if conscious of the mighty powers of the air were assembling in their strength, these inferior blast were hurrying to an fro for a refuge. The clouds, too, were whirling about in uncertain eddies, many of the heaviest and darkest descending so low along the horizon, that they had an appearance of settling on the waters in quest of repose.

But the waters themselves were unnaturally agitated; the billows, no longer following each other in long regular waves, were careering upwards like fiery coursers suddenly checked in their mad career. The usual order of the eternally unquiet ocean was lost in a species of chaotic tossings of the element—the seas heaving themselves upward without order, and frequently without any visible cause.

This was the reaction of the influence of breezes still older than the last. Not the least fearful symptom of the hour, was the terrific calmness of the air amid such a scene of menacing wildness.—Even the ship came into the picture to aid the impression of intense expectation; for with her canvsss reduced, she too seemed to have lost that instinct which had so lately guided her along the trackless waste, and was 'wallowing' nearly helpless among the confused waters.—Still she was a beautiful and a grand object—perhaps the more so at that moment than at any other; for her vast and naked spars, her well supported masts, and all the ingenious and complicated hamper of the machine, gave her a resemblance to some sinewy and gigantic gladiator pacing the arena, in waiting for the conflict that was at hand. "This is an extraordinary scene" said Eve, who clung to her father's arm as she around her equally in admiration and awe; "a dread exhibition of the sublimity of nature."

REV. MR. BASCOM.

The annexed notice of a discourse by the Rev. Mr. Bascom, of Kentucky, is from the 'editors' note book,' in the last number of the Knickerbocker. It does no more than justice to the powers of the eloquent divine of whom it speaks:

"When the hymn was concluded, Mr. Bascom arose. That first appeal which is to the eye, was greatly in his favor. His person has a commanding presence, and as well in this particular, as in the firm, compressed mouth, the ample brow, and large searching black eye, he bears a very striking resemblance to Daniel Webster. The expression of his countenance was thoughtful and impressive.

——'deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat; and public care; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night,
Or summer's noontide air.'

Naming his text, in a voice deep, but slightly husky, he proceeded, somewhat tamely, as it appeared to us although systematically, to lay down his premises, array his arguments, and marshal his proofs. While we were yet in a state of dubiety whether or no his audience were not to be treated to a merely nebulous disquisition, of no particular merit, and asking, mentally whether this could be the man whom Henry Clay had pronounced the greatest natural orator he had ever heard, when a brilliant thought wreaked upon eloquent and original expression, enhanced our attention: and thenceforward, to the close of the discourse, we wist not that we were occupying a narrow spot in the middle of a crowded aisle—'cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in'—with the thermometer at 90. When once fully engrossed with his subject, (the progress and effects of the Christian faith, and arguments in favor of its promulgation,) every eye in the congregation was upon the speaker, and each heart beat quicker, as the glowing thoughts dropped from his tongue.—His similes are vivid & striking, to a degree; his impressions of nature, and the comparisons which he draws from her external aspects, are not minute and in detail. They are upon a noble scale—"taking in whole continents and seas." Such was the character of that portion of his discourse, wherein he spake of the past ages, to whom the great volume of nature was a sealed book; who saw no God in the works of his hand; who coul read the starry rhythm of the heavens, survey the towering mountains, the rivers sweeping to the main; who could hear the roar of the great ocean, and the far sounding cataract, and see in all these no evidences of the power who spake, and they existed.

He was scarcely less effective in describing the origin and spread of the Christian faith. The good seed had been sown for eighteen hundred years it had, in one way or another, been producing fruit. The germ expanded, and the tree had arisen and spread, until the nations of the world sat under its branches. Efforts had often been made to root it out, and to destroy it—the axe of the wicked had sought to lop its boughs—the wild boar of the forest had whetted its tusks against its time worn trunk—yet still, in living green, it spreads its inviting arms abroad, every where overshadowing evil with good. Kingdom after kingdom had arisen, flourished and fallen. The wrecks of dead empires—the long labors of emperors and kings of principalities and powers—had passed away on that deluge of earthly grandeur, ever rolling to the ocean of eternity; yet still afar widened the blessings of Christianity. Like the beams of the sun, each ray radiated in separate streams of light; but they were soon swallowed up in one glad effulgence, blessing all upon whom it fell, even as the common light of heaven. These remembrances can afford the reader little save a faint idea of the general character of one or two of his positions and illustrations. The nervous style, the appropriate gesture, the beaming eye, may be imagined but must be seen to be realized. The very hesitation, which our orator occasionally manifests in making a selection from thoughts which are pressing for utterance. is in itself an essential feature of eloquence; for when the key-word unlocks the treasure, the intellectual flood rolls on with a resistless force, the greater from having been pent up and kept back; while the speaker's language illustrates and adorns his thoughts, 'as light, streaming through colored glass, heightens the object it falls upon.'

While travelling in Western Virginia, happening one day in a dry goods store, situated in a small village, an old lady from the country came in. She purchased several articles of the clerk, and at length observing a nicely painted and varnished bellows hanging by the post, she enquired what it was. The clerk perceiving that she was ignorant, and being somewhat of a wag, informed her that it was a new fashioned fan which he had lately received from the East, at the same time taking the bellows down and puffing with it in his face, told her that was the mode of using it. The old woman repeated the operation on herself and was so delighted with the new fan, that she purchased it forthwith and departed.

On the next day, our informant told us, the minister had an appointment to preach at a school house in the neighboring county. The congregation being assembled, while the minister was in the act of readin the first hymn, who should pop in but the old lady with her new-fashioned fan, and having taken her seat immediately commenced puffing away in good earnest. The congregation did not know what to make of it—some looked astonished, but the ludicrous prevailed over everything else, and to such an extent, that the minister himself was obliged to stop reading, and hand the book to his brother in the desk. After the usual preliminary services, he rose to preach, but there sat conspicuously the old lady with the bellows, in front, a hand hold of each handle, the nose turned up toward her face, and with much self complacency puffing the gentle breeze into her face. What to do or how to proceed, he knew not, for he could not cast his eyes over the congregation without meeting with the old lady. At length summoning resolution and trying to feel the solemnity of the duty imposed upon him, he proceeded. He finished his discourse, but it cost him more effort than any before or since.—Mt. Vernon Watchman.

EXTRACT.

SPEECH OF MR. BOND, OF OHIO.

Upon the resolution to correct abuses in the Public Expenditures, and to separate the Government from the Press.

Delivered in the House of Representatives, April, 1838.

The executive patronage of the press was one of the great chapters of reform into which the famous retrenchment report of this House was divided. It is there stated as an alarming fact that the amount paid for printing and advertising "by the Executive Department at the seat of Government for the (then) last three years, (1825, 1826 and 1827,) and by the General Post Office, in two years, $61,830 51. In the same report we are also told that the printing for Congress the Senate and House including, from March, 1819, to December, 1827, being a period of eight years, amounted to $271,883 38. These were thought to be extravagant expenditures, retrenchment demanded and promised.

I beg the House to indulge me a few moments in holding up to their view, and especially to the gentleman from New York (Mr. Cambreleng,) who was an active member of that committee, a mirror, in which the practical reform may be seen. If the gentleman, or the party, shall find the object a hideous one I can only say the picture reflected is the work of their own hands.

For the six years ending on the 30th September 1837, the several Executive Departments inclusive of the General Post Office, paid out $340,116 37 for their printing. In order to get three years, so as to compare it with the terms and amount before stated by the committee, let us take half of the 340,116 37 say $170,058 18

Deduct the am't stated by the com. $71,830 51

Amount of increase every three years by the reformers, $98,227 67

I also find that, in six years ending on the 30th of September, 1837, the printing for Congress, (Senate and House) & inclusive of certain land documents, books and engravings, amounted to $751,584 62. Let us deduct the amount reported by the committee, as paid for the same object in eight years by the administration which was condemned for its extravagance—that was $271,582 37 That operation will show that the Reformers have paid, in the legislative patronage of the press $479,601 25 more in six years than the Whig party paid in eight years! !

Having thus shown the amount of, & how this patronage is now used by the Executive, it will be appropriate to see what the friends of Gen. Jackson said would be the consequence of such use. The Committee in their report, speak of the moral mechanism upon which this patronage acts "as a power that seems irresistible," and say 'they will not stop to argue what they predicate as an undeniable fact, that by the employment of the expenditures of the contingent funds of the departments, a Government press is to all intents and purposes effectually established, as much so as if there were an annual item in the appropriation bill for the purpose of purchasing the joint and harmonious action of one hundred papers in the uncompromising vindication of those in power, and the unsparing abuse of those who are not." And in the debate already referred to, Mr. Hamblton, one of the reformers, in speaking of payment for the services, of the press observed: "When the Government becomes the paymaster for these services, the evil is infinitely augumented For what are the services which the press under such circumstances is expected to render as a return for the partial kindness of the Government? Why to cover all their approaches to arbitrary power, to defend each measure of misrule and corruption; to find excuses and apologies for every act of imbecility, although the interest and honor of the country may be jeoparded by ignorance, apathy or neglect: but of all, to subject those who do not think "the existing powers" entitled to the confidence of People to the most unspaing calumny and abuse." Mr. Bond said he would appeal to the House and to the country if we are not now experiencing daily the practical application of what Mr. Hamilton mentioned as a possible state of things. Is not his description of a subsidised press in the hands of the Government so graphically true of the present Administration & its press that it might justly be conjectured that they sat for the picture? Every days experience shows that all who oppose the present administration are subjected to the most unsparing calumny and abuse.' Another of the Jackson reformers in this house, Mr. Floyd, of Virginia, observed in debate here, that the Executive influence in this Government was very great, and had been exerted to calumniate members of this house as well as great and wise men out of this house." He said "it had been attempted to cut them