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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

From Alexander's Weekly Messenger.

LINES

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

I asked thee not to love,
For I would not wear again
Round the dearest pulses of my heart,
That early riven chain.

I bade thee not to linger
Like a shadow at my side,
For I fain would have taught the crowd,
I gloried in my pride.

I knew I could not listen,
To vows that once deceiv'd,
The foolish fondness of my heart
Might have again believed.

But Oh! I did not bid thee
Yet, to banish all regret,
I did not ask thee 'mong the throng,
Me wholly to forget.

To smile upon the gayest,
To meet the stranger's eye,
And with a cold and careless mein,
To pass me heedless by.

I scorn'd thee not in anger,
Tho' my sorrow did not speak
In the the quick flashing of the eye,
Nor paleness of the cheek.

Tho' I wore no outward mourning
Of the painful death within,
He, who had worn my heart so long,
Knew what its woes had been.

He knew the harp was broken,
That had music but for him,
He knew the lamp that lit its fame,
Was burning faint, and dim.

And he who woke its echo's,
Hath check'd its every flow,
And quench'd the light within the urn.
Where it was wont to glow.

It could have borne estrangement,
With a sad but still regret,
But Oh! it cannot, cannot bear,
That thou should'st all forget.

From the Christian Disciple, London, April 1824.

THE ORPHAN BEGGAR—

A TRUE STORY.

A little boy, an orphan too,
Whose finger ends with cold were blue,
With pearly drops in either eye,
Ready to start when pity's nigh,
With timid steps approach'd a door,
(Some scanty pittance to implore,)
Whose brazen knocker smooth and bright
Mock'd all the efforts of the wight;
His little hands its place supply'd,
And open flew the portal wide.—
A clergyman of modern date,
Less fam'd for kindness than estate,
Now ey'd the boy from top to toe;
And listening to his tale of woe,
Said, take this crust, 'tis mouldy too,
But still, 'tis good enough for you!—
The boy receiv'd it with good grace,
And turn'd about to quit the place.
Stop said the priest, an orphan boy
Should not pursue such bad employ.
Answer me this, pray can you read?
Ah! no, sir, 'tis a truth indeed.
Not read! why then you cannot pray!
I'll teach you; after me thus say:
'Our Father who in heaven art,'
('Our Father' touch'd his little heart.)
Is he your father, then, and mine?
Yes, said the reverend divine;
God is the Father of us all—
Of rich and poor, of great and small.
With feelings undisguis'd the boy
Summ'd up the whole in this reply:
We're brothers—let it not be said,
You ever gave me mouldy bread.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

A Sketch at Sea—by Thomas Hood.

The rights of man whether abstract or real, divine or vulgar, vested or contested, civil or uncivil, common or uncommon, have been so fully and frequently discussed, that one would suppose there was nothing new to be felt or expressed on the subject. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, during a late passage from Ireland, to hear the rights of an individual asserted in so very novel a manner, as to seem worthy of record. The injured party was an involuntary fellow-passenger; and the first glance at him, as he leisurly ascended the cabin stairs; bespoke him an original. His face, figure, dress, gait, and gestures, were all more or less eccentric; yet without any apparent affectation of singularity. His manner was perfectly earnest and business-like, though quaint. On reaching the deck, his first movement was toward the gnngway; but a moment sufficed to acquaint him with the true state of the case. The letter bags having been detained an hour beyond the usual time of the departure, the steam had been put on at a gallop, and her majesty's mail packet the Guber, had already accomplished some hundred fathoms of her course. This untoward event, however, seemed rather to surprise than annoy our original, who quietly stepped up to the captain, with the air of demanding what was merely a matter of course.

'Hallo, skipper! Off she goes, ah! But you must turn about, my boy, and let me get out.'

'Let you get out?' echoed the astonished skipper, and again repeating it, with what the musicians call a staccato:—'Let—you—get—out?'

'Exactly so. I'm going ashore.'

'I'm rather afraid you are not, sir,' said the skipper, looking decidedly serious, 'unless you allude to the other side!'

'The other side!' exclaimed the oddity involuntarily turning toward England.—'Poo! poo! nonsense man; I only came to look at your accommodations. I'm not going across with you; I'm not upon my word!'

'I must beg your pardon, sir,' said the captain, quite solemnly; 'but it is my firm opinion that you are going across.'

'Poo, poo; all gammon; I tell you that I'm going back to Dublin.'

'Upon my word, then' said the skipper, rather briskly, 'you must swim back like a grampus, or borrow a pair of wings from the gull.'

The man at the helm grinned his broadest, at what he thought a good joke of his officer; while the original turned sharply round, parodied a hyena laugh at the fellow, and then returned to the

'Come, come, skipper, it's quite as far as I care for—if you want to treat me to a sail.'

'Treat you to a sail!' roared the indignant officer. 'Zounds sir, I'm in earnest—as much in earnest as ever I was in my life.'

'So much the better,' said the original; *I am* not joking myself, and have no right to be joked upon.'

'Joke or no joke,' satd the captain, 'all I know is this. The mail bags are on board, and it's more than my post is worth to put back.'

'Eh? what? how?' exclaimed the oddity, with a sort of nervous dance. 'You astonish me! Do—you—mean, to say—I'm obligated to go—whether I've a right or not?'

'I do indeed sir; I am sorry for it, but it can't be helped. My orders are positive. The moment the mail is on board I must cast off.'

'Indeed! well—but you know—why—why, that's *your* duty, not, not *mine*. I've no right to be cast off! I've no right to be here at all! I've no right to be any where, except in Merrion Square.'

The captain was bothered. He shrugged up his shoulders, then gave a low whistle, then plunged his hands in his pockets, then gave a loud order to somebody, to do something, somewhere or other; and then began to walk short turns on the deck. His captive, in the mean time made hasty strides toward the stern as if intending to leap over board; but he stopped short, and took a bewildering look, at the receding coast. The original wrong was visibly increasing in length bredth and depth, every minute; and he again confronted the captain.

'Well skipper—you've thought better of it; I've no right in the world, have I? You will turn her round.'

'Totally impossible, sir; quite out of my power.

'Very well, very well, indeed!' The original's temper getting up, as well as the sea. 'But mind sir, I protest against you sir, and against the ship, and the ocean, sir, and every thing! I'm getting farther and farther out; but remember, I've no *right*. You will take the consequences. I have no right to be kidnapped; ask the crown lawyers, if you think fit.'

After this denouncement: the speaker began to pace up and down, like captain, but at the opposite side of the deck. He was on the boil however, as well as the engine; and every time that he passed near the man whom he considered as his Sir Hudson Lowe, he gave vent to his inward feelings in a jerk of the head, accompanied by a short pig-like grunt. Now and then it broke out in words, but always the same four monosyllables. 'This—is—too—bad'—with a most emphatic fall of the foot to each. At last it occurred to a stout, pompous looking personage, to interpose as a mediator. He began by dilating on the immense commercial importance of a punctual delivery of letters; thence he insisted on the heavy responsibility of the captain, with a promise of an early return of the packet from Hollyhead; and he was entering into a congratulation on the fineness of the weather when the original thought it was time to cut him short.

'My good sir you'll excuse me. The case is nobody's but my own. You are a regular passenger. You have a right to go to Hollyhead, or to Liverpool, or to Gibraltar, or to the world's end—*if—you—like*.—But I choose to be in Dublin. What right have I to be here then?—not—one—atom! I've no right to be in this vessel; and the captain there knows it.—I've no right (stamping) to be on this deck! I've no more right to be tossing at sea, (waving his arms up and down,) than the pigeon house!'

'It is a very unpleasant situation, I allow, sir,' said the captain to a stout passenger; but as I have told the gentleman my hands are tied. I can do nothing, though nobody is more sorry for his inconvenience.'

'Inconveniences be hanged!' exclaimed the oddity in a passion, at last. 'It is no inconvenience, sir!–not—the—smallest! But that makes no difference to my being here. It's that, and that alone, I dispute all right to!'

'Well but my dear, good sir,' expostulated the pompous man 'admitting the justice of your premises, the hardship is confessenly without remedy.'

'To be sure it is,' said the captain, 'every inch of it. All I can say, is, that the gentleman's passage shall be no expense to him.'

'Thankee—of course not!' said the original with a sneer. 'I've no right to put my hand in my pocket! Not that I mind expense! But it's my right I stand up for, and I defy you both to prove that I have any right or any shadow of a right, to be in your company! I'll tell you what, skipper'—but before he could finish the sentence: he turned suddenly pale, made a most grotesque, wry face, and rushed forward to the bow of the vessel. The captain exchanged a significant glance at the stout gentleman; but before they had quite spoken their minds of the absent gentleman, he came scrambling back to the binnacle, upon which he rested with both hands, while he thrust his working visage within a foot of the skipper's face.

'There, skipper! now Mister Whatd'ye call! what do you both say to that? What right have I to be sick—sick as a dog? I've no right to be squeamish! I'm not a passenger—I've no right to go tumbling over ropes and pails, and what not to the ship's head!'

'But my good sir,' began the pompous man.

'Don't stir me sir! You took your own passage. You have a right to be sick; youv'e a right to go to the side every five minutes; you've a right to die of it! But its the reverse with me; I have no right of the sort!'

'O certainly not sir,' said the pompous man, offended in his turn. 'You are undoubtedly the best judge of your own privileges. I only beg to be allowed to remark that where I felt I had so little right, I should hesitate to intrude myself.' So saying he bowed very formally, and commenced his retreat to the cabin, while the skipper pretended to examine the compass very minutely.

In fact our original had met with a cookepear. The fat man's answer was too much for him, being framed on a principle clean contrary to his own peculiar system of logic. The more he tried to unravel its meaning, the more he got entagled. He didn't like it without knowing why, and he quite disagreed with it, though ignorant of its purport. He looked up at the funnel, and at the flag, and at the deck, and down the companion stairs; and then he wound up all by a long shake of his head, as mysterious as Lord Burleigh's at the astonished man at the wheel. His mind seemed made up. He buttoned his coat up to the very chin, as if to secure himself to himself, and never opened his lips again till the vessel touch the quay at Hollyhead. The captain then attempted a final apology, but it was interrupted in the middlet

'Enough said sir—quite enough. If you have only done your duty you've no right to beg pardon—and I've no right to ask it. All I mean to say is, here am I, in Hollyhead, instead of Dublin. I don't care what that fat fellow says, who don't understand his own rights. I stick to all I said before. I have no right to be up in the moon, have I? Of course not; and I've no more right to stand on this present quay, than I have to be up in the moon!'

From Neal's 'Charcoal Sketches.'

SOLILOQUIES OF A MARRIED MAN.

'What made you get married, if you don't like it?'

'Why, I was deluded into it—fairly deluded. I had nothin' to do evenin's, and so I went a courtin. Now courtin's fun enough—I havn't got a word to say agin courtin; it's about as good a way of killin an evenin as I know of. Wash your face, put on a clean dickey, and go and talk as sweet as honey and molasses candy for an hour or two—to say nothing of a few kisses behind the door, as your sweetheart goes to the step with you.'

'When I was a single man, the world wagged along well enough. It was just like an omnibus; I was a passenger, paid my bit, and hadn't nothin' more to do with it but sit down and not care a button for any thing. S'posin' the omnibus got upsot, well I walks off, and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then I must take a wife and be hanged to me. It's all very well for a while; but afterwards it's plaguy like ownin' an upsot omnibus.'

'Nan?' queried Montezuma—'what's that about omnibusses?'

'And what did I get by it?' continued Gamaliel, regardless of the interruption.—'How much fun?—why, a jawin' woman and three squallers. Mighty different from courtin' that is. What's the fun of buyin' things to eat and wear for them, and wastin' my good spreein' money on such nonsense, all for other people? An then as for doin' as you like, there's no such thing.—You can't clear out when people's owin' so much money that you can't stay convenient. No—the nabbers must have you. You can't go on a spree, for when you come home, missus kicks up the devil's delight. You can't teach her better manners; for constables are as thick as blackberries. In short, you can't do nothin'. Instead of 'Yes my duck,' and 'No my dear,'—As you please, honey,' and 'when you like lovely,' like it was in courtin' times, its a reg'lar row at all hours. Sour looks and cold potatoe—children and tablecloths, bad off for soap—always darnin' and mendin', but nothin' ever darned or mended. If it was n't that I'm partickelarly sober, I should be inclined to drink—it's excuse enough.—It's heart breakin', and it's owin' to that, that I've such a pain in my gizzard of mornin's. I'm so miserable I must stop and sit on the steps.'

'What's tho matter now?'

'I'm gittin' aggravated. My wife's a savin' critter—a sword of sharpness—she cuts the throat of my felicity, and stabs my happiness, chops sp my comforts, and snips up all my Sunday-go-to-meetin's to make jackets for the boys; she gives all the wittals to the children, to make 'em spry and jump about like a lamp lighter. I can't stand it—my troubles is overpowerin' when I add 'em up.'

'Oh nonsense! behave nice—don't make a noise in the street—be a man.'

'How can I be a man, when I belong to somebody else? My hours aint my own—my money aint my own—I belong to four people beside myself—the old woman and the three children. I'm a partnership concern, and so many has got their fingers in the till, that I must bust up. I'll break, and sign over the stock in trade to you.'

USES OF A FOOLOMETER.—I am astonished these ministers neglect the common precaution of a foolometer, with which no public man should be unprovided; I mean the acquaintance and society of three or four regular British fools as a test of public opinion. Every cabinet minister should judge of all his measures by his foolometer, as a navigator crowds or shortens sail by the barometer in his cabin. I have a very valuable instrument of that kind myself, which I have used for many years; and I would be bound to predict, with the utmost nicety, by the help of this machine, the precise effect which any measure would produce on public opinion. Mr. Fox very often used to say, 'I wonder what Lord B. will think of this.' Lord B. happened to be a very stupid person, the curiosity of Mr. Fox's friends was naturally excited to know why he attached so much importance to the opinion of such an ordinary common-place person. 'His opinion,' said Mr. Fox, 'is of much more importance than you are aware of. He is an exact representative of all commonplace English prejudices, and what Lord B. thinks of any measure, the great majority of English people will think of it.' It would be a good thing if every cabinet of philosophers had a Lord B. among them.

Marshal Ney.—At the battle of Borodino, or as the French call it, of the Moskwa, the most sanguinary in the modern times, the bravest of the brave surpassed himself, and nobly earned the princely title with which his imperial master rewarded him on the field. But the most valuable service he ever rendered France was in the deplorable retreat from Moscow. His station was in the rear—the post of danger and of honor—and he was the chief, if not (excepting Napole himself) the only hope of the troops. In the story of the flight, for such it was, every thing is so wonderful that posterity would disbelieve the details if one comtemporary voice had been raised against them. That, with a handful of wornout followers, destitute of every necessary, he should repel the assaults and arrest the progress of untired, well-provided, and countless legions; that while his heroic little band was daily diminished by hunger, cold, lassitude, he should yet bid defiance to the whole Russian host; in a word, that Ney's desperate valor should have secured the escape of any remnant of the grand army must ever command the astonishment of the world. At one time after leaving Krasnoi, the whole Russian army lay between him and Napoleon; but though he had only three thousand men, he resolved to cut his way through the intervening legions. When summoned by Miloradovitch to capitulate, "A marshal of France never surrenders!" was his only reply, as he fearlessly led his devoted companions against the destructive batteries of the Losmine. He then made a circuit at midnight to the banks of the Dueiper, which he crossed on blocks of ice, in spite of all opposition, and finally with fifteen hundred men, joined the emperor. Well might Napoleon be unable to find language sufficient to express his admiration of the hero: "What a man! what a soldier! what a vigorous chief!"—While he had still feared that the marshal had fallen into the hands of the Russians, he declared that he would willingly give three millions of francs for his ransom. His joy may well be conceived when Ney returned, and received his embrace. The latter had, soon afterwards the nearly undivided honor of saving the wreck of this once mighty host at the passage of the Berezina. The story of Waterloo need not be repeated here We shall only observe that on no occasion did the brave exhibit more impetuous though hopeless valor. Five horses were shot under him; his garments were pierced with balls; his whole person was disfigured with blood and mud, yet he would have continued the contest on foot while life remained, had he not been forced from the field by the dense and resistless columes of the fugitives.—Murray's Family Library.

From the Raleigh Register.

GOV. BRANCH'S OPINIONS.

Gov. Branch, having been brought out by the Jackson Van Buren party of North Carolina, in opposition to Dudly, it may be amusing to our readers to see in what estimation they are both held by the ex-Secretary of the Navy. For our authority, see Gov. Branch's speech made in the legislature of this state, in 1834.

Extract No. 1.

'Mr. Van Buren, it must be borne in mind, was a widower without daughters, and he adroitly availed himself of all his privilege as such. His attention to Mrs. Eaton, was of the most marked character. Polite and assiduous on all occasions; he was particularly so in the presence of Gen. Jackson and Major Eaton. His influence, in every variety of form, both official and unofficial was exerted to make it apparent to these gentlemen, that he entered deeply into their feelings, not in fact that he cared anything about them; but he foresaw the power to be acquired by pursuing such a course, *and had no scruples to restrain him.*'

Extract No. 2.

'The situation of Mrs. Eaton, engrossed the presideut's (Jackson's) *whole soul*, and he continued to be much occupied in collecting certificate principally from *office seekers* to sustain her. These were piled one upon another, and his friends pressed to read them, often I am persuaded to their annoyance. This book of certificates, for a folio it did soon become, *was that On which office seekers first qualified.*'

Extract No. 3.

'The *manner* in which the unfriendly correspondence commenced between General Jackson and Mr. Calhoun, taken in connexion with the time, is sufficient to convince any intelligent mind that it wai *instigated by Martin Van Buren*, I exerted every nerve to defeat his FIENDLIKE purpose.'

Extract No. 4.

'By this time I well understood the character of Mr. Van Buren. With him I found that the end justified the means.'

Extract No. 5.

'I believed that Mr. Van Buren placed too low an estimate on the virtue, patriotism and intelligence of the American people and that his reliance on General Jackson, to accomplish his purposes would prove delusive. He must recollect that I often told him, that he was selling his birthright, like Esau, for a mess of pottage; that General Jackson's popularity great as it was, attached, to the man and could not be trasferred. I then honestly believed what I said; but sir, I was again mistaken. His skirts have proved strong enough to bear Mr. Van Buren into the vice presidency, and recent indications have induced me to hear that the country is sufficiently corrupt to enable him through the PATRONAGE OF THE GOVERNMENT, to reach the great object of his ambition. If so it will be proof conclusive that the days of this Republic are numbered, and that this once highminded and chivalrous people are ready to bow the knee to Baal and pass under the yoke of bondage.'

Extract No. 6.

'The indirect agency which it was believed Mr. Van Buren had in producing the rupture (among Jackson, Calhoun and the cabinet) connected with other causes, made him perfectly odious to an overwhelming majority in both houses of congress, and he passed his time during a great part of this session, with a mind deeply agitated, conscious that his wicked machinations and crouching subserviency has recoiled upon himself. * * * * * *

It never entered into the philosophy of this gentleman (Van Buren) that there were any higher incentives to virtuous conduct than the hope of office and the expectation of reward.'

Extract No. 7.

'The tyrrany of the president (Jackson) in this attempt to control the domestic relations of the families of the heads of departments is without a parallel in the history of any free government, and cannot be surpassed by any act of despotism in the lives of the Autocrats of Russia. Viewed in its true light, it is astonishing that any person should be found weak or wicked enough to approve or extenuate its enormity. It does surpass all belief, that the cool, dispassionate and UNPRINCIPLED WIRE WORKER, (Van Buren) in this plot, should, by such means render himself acceptable to a free, generous, patriotic and enlightened people.'

'Mr. Adams expressed the opinion that it was competent for him alone to appoin ministers to Panama; but he took care no to exercise the power. Gen. Jackson expressed no opinion, but without the consent of the Senate, he actually sent a minister to the Ottoman Porte, and has in utter contempt of the Senate, and in palpable violation of the constitution, put men in office who had been rejected by the Senate on his nomination for the same office. * * * In defiance of the recorded pledges, he has appointed scores of partizan editors to offices of profit and honor. Against this I remonstrated at the time; and yet sir, the truth compels me to acknowledge, that once I participated in it. I appointed your newly elected State Printer to a highly lucrative office in the Navy, whence he was sent to you. * * * * *