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

NEW SERIES--VOL. 2.

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—TERMS—

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POETRY

From Alexander's Messenger.

OLD HAUNTS.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

I tread the old pathways
I trod when a child,
But the spirit is tranquil,
Once gushing and wild.

And I stand by the fountain,
Still sparkling and free:
In my childhood I fancied
It imaged the sea.

Its ripples were billows,
That broke on the sand—
And its opposite margin
A far foreign land.

The flowers that grow round it
I cherish'd of yore—
And I heedlessly gather
Their beauties once more.

And I scatter them freely
On every breeze,
To seek for new blossoms,
And fresh bursting trees.

How lightly I traverse
Those places again,
Whose day joys were followed
By ages of pain.

I have been with the worldly,
And sadly forgot
The wild wood, the fountain,
The birds, and the grot.

I have made me a home
In the heart of the crowd,
Where early loved feelings
Are wrapped in a shroud.

And I carelessly wander
Along the bright ways
That were once my heart's kingdom
In happier days.

Those old haunts reproach me,
For oh! how estranged
Is my hear from their beauties,
Forgetful and changed.

From Alexander's Messenger.

LYRICS—

BY GREGORY GOOSEQUILL, ESQ. GENT.

I wish the summer-time was o'er,
The days of frozen cream,
That we might have of cold much more
And less of solar beam
I think we ought to have some rain,
A thunder storm or so,
'Twould purify the atmosphere,
And drive the heat *below*.

Our milk-man says the grass is burnt,
And milk productions checked;
And raises 'summat'* on the quart,
To prove that he's correct.
Our butcher, baker, ice-man too,
Have prices raised together—
'And why the curious reader asks,
Because it is hot weather.

In vain you to the country start
In search of recreation,
You find the country but you find
Much dust and perspiration.
In short, wherever that you go,
The heat is also there,
Without a particle of what
Poets call country air.

**Somewhat.*—Printer's Devil.

THE THREE BRIDES.

Towards the close of a chilly afternoon in the latter part of November, I was travelling in New Hampshire on horseback. The road was solitary and rugged, and wound along thro' gloomy pine forests, over abrupt and stoney hills. I stopped at an inn, a two story brick building standing a little back from the road.

In the morning I rose early and took a look from the window, but the prospect was very far from inviting. Afar in the most distant part of the field, a man was busily engaged in digging a grave. I passed to where the grave digger was pursuing his occupation. He answered my morning salutation civilly enough but continued intent upon his work. He was a man of fifty years of age, spare, but strong, with grey hair and sunken cheeks and certain lines about the mouth which argued a propensity to indulge in dry jest though the sternness of his grey eyes seemed to contradict the tacit assertion.

'An unpleasant morning, sir to work in the open air,' said I.

'He that regardeth the clouds shall not reap,' replied the grave digger, still busily plying his spade. 'Death stalks abroad, fair and foul day, and we that follow in his steps must prepare for the dead, rain or shine.'

'A melancholy occupation!'

'A fit one for a moralist. Some would find a pleasure in it. Deacon Giles I am sure, would willingly be in my place now.'

'And why so?'

'This grave is for his wife,' replied the grave digger, looking up from his occupation with a dry smile that wrinkled his sallow cheeks, and distorted his shrunken lips. Perceiving that his merriment was not infectious, he resumed his employment and that so assiduously, that in a very short time he had hallowed the last resting place of Deacon Giles' consort. This done, he ascended from the trench with a lightness that surprised me, and walking a few paces from the new made grave, and sat down upon a tombstone; and beckoned me to approach, I did so.

'Young man,' said, he, 'a sexton and a grave digger, if he is one who has a zeal for his calling, becomes something of a historian, amasses many a curious tale and strange legend concerning the people with whom he has to do, living and dead. For a man with a taste for his profession cannot provide for the last repose of his fellows, without taking an interest in their story, the manner of death and concerns of the relatives, who follow their remains so faithfully to the grave.'

'Then,' replied I, taking a seat beside the sexton, 'methinks you could relate some interesting tales.'

Again the withering smile that I had before observed, passed over the face of the sexton as he answered.

'I am no story-teller sir, I deal in fact, not in fiction. Yes yes, I could chronicle some strange events. But of all the things I could relate, I know nothing will be stranger to you than the three brides.'

'The three brides!'

'Ay. Do you see three hillocks yonder, side by side? There they sleep, and will till the last trumpet comes wailing through the heart of these lone hills, with a tone so strange and stirring, that the dead will start from their graves at its first awful note. Then will come the judgement and the retribution. But to my tale.

'Look there, sir, on yonder hill, you may observe a little isolated house with a straggling fence in front, and a few stunted apple trees on the ascent behind it.—

'It is sadly out of repair now, and the garden is all overgrown with weeds and brambles, and, the whole place is as desolate in appearance as it well can be. If the wind were high now, you might hear the old crazy shutters flapping against the wall, and tearing the grey shingles off the roof.

'Many years ago there lived an old man & his son; who cultivated the few acres of arable land which belong to it.

'The father was a self taught man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and could tell the name of every flower that bloomed in the wood and grew in the garden, and used to sit up late at night at his books, or reading the mystic story of the starry heavens, men thought he was crazed or bewitched, and even hated him as the ignorant ever shun and dread the enligtened. So all deserted him, and the minister, for the old man differed in some trifling points of doctrine, spoke very slightly of him, and all looked upon the self educated farmer with aversion. He instructed his son in all his lore—the languages, literature history, science were unfolded one by one to the enthusiastic son of the solitary.

'I cannot paint you the grief of the son at his bereavement. He was for a time as one distracted. He sought to bury grief in his thirst for fame. After his thirst was gratified he began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the other sex to share the laurels he had won—to whisper consolation in his ear, in moments of despondency, and to supply the void which the death of his old father had occasioned. He would picture to himself the felicity of a refined, intellectual and beautiful woman, and as he had chosen for his motto 'what has been done, may still be done,' he did not despair of success. In this village live three sisters, all beautiful and accomplished. Their names were Mary, Adelaide, & Madeline. I can never forget the beauty of the three young girls. Mary was the youngest, and a fairer haired, more laughing damsel never danced upon a green. Adelaide was a few years older, was dark haired, and pensive; but of the three, Madeline the eldest, possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation and intellectuality.

'Their father was a man of taste, and being somewhat above vulgar prejudice, permitted the visits of the hero of my story.—When he found an affection springing up between Mary and the poet, he did not withhold his consent from her marriage, and the recluse bore to the solitary mansion the young bride of his affections. Oh sir, the house assumed a new appearance, within and without. Roses bloomed in the garden, jessamines peeped through the lettices and the fields about smiled with the effects of careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the little parlor in the evening, and many a time would the passenger pause by the garden gate to listen to strains of the sweetest music breathed by choral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and his wife were neglected, what cared they? Their endearing and mutual affection made their home a little paradise—but death came to Eden, Mary fell suddenly sick, and after a few hours sickness died in the arms of her husband.

'Day and months rolled on, and the only solace of the bereaved was to sit with the family of the deceased and talk of the lost one. At lenghth to Adelaide he offered his widowed heart. She came to his lone home like the dove bearing the branch of peace and consolation. But their bridal was not one of revelry and mirth, for a sad recollection brooded the hour. Yet they lived happily, the husband again smiled, and with a new spring the roses again blossomed in their garden. When the rose withered and leaf fell, in the mellow autumn of the year Adelaide too sickened and died, like her younger sister, in the arms of her husband and Madeline.

'Perhaps you will think it strange, that after all the wretched survivor stood at the altar again. His third bride was Madeline. I well remember her. She was a beauty in the true sense of the word. It may seem strange to you to hear the praise of beauty from such lips as mine, but I cannot avoid expatiating upon hers. She was a proud creature, with a tall, commanding form and raven tresses, that floated dark and cloud-like over her shoulders. She was a singularly gifted woman, and possessed of rare inspiration. She loved the widower for his power and his fame, and she wedded him. They were married in that church. It was a summer afternoon—I recollect it well.—During the ceremony the blackest cloud that I ever saw overspread the heavens like a pall, and at the moment when the third pronounced her vow, a clap of thunder shook the building to the centre. All the females shrieked, but the bride made her response with a firm voice as she gazed upon her bridegroom—He marked a kind of incoherence in her expressions as she rode homeward, which surprised him at the time. Arriving at his house she shrunk from the threshhold; but this was the timidity of a maiden. When they were alone he clasped her hand—it was cold as ice.—He looked into her face.

'Madeline,' said he, 'what means this—your cheeks are as pale as your wedding gown.' The bride uttered a frantic shriek. 'My wedding gown!' exclaimed she, 'no—no—this is my sister's shroud. The hour of confession has arrived. It is God that impels me to speak. To win you I have lost my soul—yes, yes, I am a murderess. She smiled upon me in the joyous affection of her young heart—but I gave her the fatal drug! Adeline clasped her white arms about my neck, but I administered the poison! Take me to your arms, I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!' She spread her long white arms said the sexton, rising in the excitement of the moment, and assuming the attidude he described; and then, continued he, in a hollow voice, 'at that monent came the thunder and the flash, and the guilty woman fell dead on the floor.' The countenance of the narrator expressed all the horror that he felt.

'And the bridegroom,' asked I, 'the husband of the destroyer and the victim; what became of him?'

'He stands before you.' was the thrilling answer.'

JEALOUSY AND REVENGE.

From a London Paper.

The following occurrence has recently excited much interest in Vienna:

A young gentleman, M. L. Baron de H. a lieutenant of Hussars, of high family and connexions, had become desperately enamoured of the femme de chambre of his mother. She was a young Sicilian, very beautiful, and well educated. He employed every means in his power to induce her to become his mistress; but, not successful in this attempt, he at length offered her his hand and fortune. She still remained inexorable, and would listen to none of his proposals, believing him not to be sincere in his professions of love. He solemnly swore that he would never break his marriage vow, and, producing a poniard, declared that he would plunge it into his heart rather than be unfaithful to her if she would consent to become his wife. The vehemence of his declaration touched the heart of Eliza, (such was her name) and she consented to become his wife.

The marriage took place in February, with every possible outward demonstration of rejoicing, and the relatives of M. de H. although not appoving of the marriage, did every thing to celebrate the event with eclat. In the beginning of May the officer followed his regiment to Milan. His wife, who remained at Vienna, took means to have all his movements watched, and she soon learned that he formed a connexion with a young widow, of the marquis de L——, and from that moment she resolved upon a deadly revenge. In the rage of her jealousy she at first determined to go to Milan for the purpose. She was contemplating this step when her husband unexpectedly returned to Vienna with despatches. The instant he entered the house, maddened with rage and frantic with excited feelings of jealousy, she flew at him like a tiger, and plunged the fatal dagger by which he had sworn into his body. The husband fell weltering in his blood, and was taken to the hospital, where he is recovering. The unhappy wife was given over to justice, and is at present resigned to her situation, but not regretting her crime.

THE RISE OF THE LAKES.

The unprecedented rise of the waters of the great lakes from the head of Lake Superior down to where they meet the waters of the Atlantic, in the river St. Lawrence has seemed to baffle all speculation as to its cause. It is beyond dispute that whole farms have been submerged, that wharves and streets have been rendered useless. From all acounts we have seen, we are inclined to think that the rise since 1835, has been between three and a half and four feet.—An old and intelligent settler of Cleaveland declares that he has seen the water seven feet lower than it now is. This was probably during a season of extraordinary depression. The pier et Monroe was six feet out of water when first completed. It is now nearly immersed.

We have heard several explanations, some of which were ridiculous; some were surmises unsupported by a single fact; and some at war with established facts. The latest explanation, however, is founded in good sense, and traces the phenomena to a direct natural cause. It is said a large river which has hitherto discharged itself into Hudson's Bay, has been from year to year impeled in its course by the accumulation of drift wood, stumps &c. similar to that of the great raft of the red river, till finally it has become completely dammed, and has cut for itself a new channel into some of the great tributaries of Lake Superior.—The account comes, we believe, through the fur traders, who have traversed those remote regions. If this single fact is satisfactorily established the explanation becomes a truth. It receives confirmation from the assertion that the waters of Lake Michigan have not risen to the same height as the waters of the other Lakes. This Lake is linked with L Huron by a chanel distinct from that by which Lake Superior is connected. There would therefore naturally be only that the rise in Michigan which would be caused by the setting back of the waters, if this great accession, this threatning deluge owes its origin to the feeders of Lake Superior.

We are not well informed as to the comparative level of Lake Michigan, though we have understood repeatedly that it had not risen in so extraordinary a manner as the other Lakes. Can it be possible that the fluctuations for the last twenty years may have arisen from the alternate rising and falling of the great northern flood alluded to in dry seasons finding vent through its accustomed channel, but occasionally becoming dammed and discharging portion of its accretions this way till finally it has burst all barriers, and turned its course hitherward, and caused a more sudden, more permanent inundation than before.

ANNECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY.

We find in the National Whig published at Washington, the republication of the following old and excellent annecdote of Mr. Clay.

It occurred in his Congressional canvass, immediately after the question was taken on the Compensation Bill for which he voted. Mr. Clay was in the act of addressing his friends, when one of the oldest and most respectable of his constituents, and a successful hunter in by gone days stepped up to him with his never failing companion, the long rifle and the following dialogue ensued.

'Well Harry,' says the old man, 'I have supported you a long time, but can do it no longer, you have voted for that miserable Compensation bill, and I have done with you.

'Indeed,' says Mr. Clay, 'I deeply regret it; but come my friend, you were an active hunter in the early days of Kentucky is it not so?'

'I was,' was the reply given, in some surprise at the question.

'And yow were a good shot?'

'In my young days there were few my equal,' said the old man with a look of ancient pride.

'And your rifle is a good one I'll warrant and has often done you some good service.

'There is not a better in the State,' said the hunter, and has befriended me at my utmost need.'

'Well,' said Mr. Clay did it ever happen that that good rifle, when a fine buck with branching antlers dashing by has missed fire, and the game been lost?

The hunter after some pause and reflection, replied that it might have happened.

'Well,' said Mr. Clay, did you then in a rage take that faithful rifle, and for one fault break her to pieces against the nearest tree, or did you pick your flint, put in new priming and try it again?'

The tears stood in the veteran's eyes in a broken voice he said, I picked the flint, and tried it again: and Harry I'll try you again.

The editor of the New Orleans Picayune is a queer chap, and in local matters is as whimsical as Prentice of the Louisville Journal is in political remarks. In his last number he reccommends as the best remedy for lameness to swallow a pair of crutches. He also tells the following anecdote:—'If you dont accept my challenge,' said one gentleman of honor to another, 'I'll Gazette you—so take your choice.' 'Go ahead,' says the other, 'Gazette and be d——, for I would rather fill six Gazettes than one coffin.'

The Justice of Judge Lynch.—A few days ago, a sum of money was stolen near Kosciusko, Mississippi. A black girl who professed to know all about the circumstances, charged a respectable white person with being the thief. Upon her testimony the citizens seized him tied him to a tree, and 'lynched' him with extreme severity! During the operation a man named Parker stood looking on and exclaiming—'Give it to him! He has the money! He is the thief and will soon confess it!" The lynchers found, however, after nearly killing their victim, that he would not confess any thing, and he was at length released, torn, bleeding and unable to stand! A few hours afterwards, suspicion began to rest on Parker himself; who, on being tied to the same tree, roared out, I have the money. The whole sum was found in his possession and that of the wench on on whose false testimony the innocent man had been mutulated.

This occurrence should be a memorable lesson to all who are disposed to take the vengeance of the law into their own hands. The attrocious practice of 'lynching,' deserves to be stamped with the indignation of men and wrath of God.—Every actor in the bloody tragedy at Kosciusko should be driven forth an exile from society and all its sympathies.

[Louisville Journal.

The Pocurpine, a neat little quarto, just raising its *quills*, at Cincinnati, serves up a dialogue of the 'groggers', in the following particularly *dram* atic fashion:

'D. Whose boy are you?
Boy. Mammy's.
D. Where is your mammy?
Boy. To home.
D. Where is your home?
Boy. In dad's house.
D. What does your dad do?
Boy. He gets drunk.
D. What does your mother do?
Boy. Oh, she gets drunk drunk too.
D. Then what do they both do?
Boy. Why marm beats me, and dad kicks her, and then they fight like damnation.'

We were much amused a day or two since on the levee, says the N. O. Picayune, to see the meeting of a couple of darkies, one a drayman, the other a fireman on board the unfortunate steamer Orinoko at the time she blew up. The drayman had supposed his old chum was among the blowed up, and manifested his joy at seeing him alive and well in the following manner:

'Wy, wy, look 'ere, is dat you Sam. Is dat reely you, now, and is you alibe?'

'Dat I is, alibe and kicking.'

'Well, I declar, I's so oberjoiced to see you. Wy, does you know dat we all cum to de conclushum dat you was aboard de Roarinoker when she busted up. Wan't you one of dem unfortunate sufferers?'

'Well I was—but then you see I sabed myself.'

'I see you did Sam—but look here, how did you work dat maracle?'

'Can't 'zactly say as to dat. You see when the biler gib the grand exploshum, I I got what the English call the Irish histe. I radder spect I went a mile and a quatter fore the power ob the shock stopped. Den I landed in the water, and when I 'gin to find out I was a liben mortal same as you is, den I struck out fore and aft, and made for the shore. But goshamighty, wasn't I a frightened nigger—I declar, 'twas a Godsend my hair didn't turn gray from the fright—'

'Hair! ya, ya, ya—I say hair. But neber mind 'sputing 'bout such pints now.—Jest get on my dray and go up to de carbaret, and we'll take a couple of quartees all round for wat dey calls Old long Sam.'

So saying the two darkies mounted the dray and went on their way rejoicing.'

TALKING THICK.

In the court of sessions yesterday, a man was put into the prisoner's box arraigned, by the name of Agnew. He was asked the usual question, 'Are you ready for trial?'

'Not exactly,' said he, with astonishment.

'Why not?' said the district attorney.

'Because I only came here as a witness.'

'What's your name?'

'Hanks.'

'Why you are a witness; but I called Agnew, not Hanks.'

'Did you? Well, you talked so thick and the weather was so hot, I thought you said Hanks.'

'You can sit down!'—N. Y. Herald.

LOAFER'S SUMMER FASHION.

A slight squint over the left eye, the right hand in the bosom, the thumb and fore finger lightly touching the watch guard.

The hat should stand on five hairs, a corner of a silk handkerchief just showing itself at the left temple. The whiskers should be long, and earlocks descending half way down the face.

A light cane may be carried under the arm, which should be dexterously twirled, however, when you meet a dun. In such cases, the eyes should be steadfastly fixed on the clouds, and the step be brisk and hurried.

On meeting a lady, the upper lip should be gently curled, and if you have handsome teeth, be suddenly seized with a comical idea, which creates a broad smile.

If you see a poor acquaintance, stoop to brush the dust off your trousers leg, or pause a moment to look at a picture if such be near. He will pass by as a matter of course.

Carry a pocket full of pumice always with you to fling into the eyes of the tailor's boy if there is no other way to get clear of him.—Boston Pearl.

'Tis said in Cincinnatti or the great Pork emporium, strawberries are served up with lard and bristles, instead of sugar and cream. We suppose they are 'served up' in a sows ear, and eat with a pigs tail.

To Young Men.—There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heaven; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of others' prosperity may outshine him, but we know that though unseen he illumes his own true sphere. He resists temptations not without a struggle, for that is not a virtue: but he does resist and conquer; he hears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him; for that is the trial of virtue; but he heals the wound by his own pure touch.—He