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

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POETRY

ON THE PICTURE OF A CHILD TIRED OF PLAY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Tired of play! tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day?
The birds are silent, and is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with drooping leaves
Twilight gathers, and day is gone—
How has thou spent it—restless one!

Playing! But what hast thou done beside
To tell thy mother at even-tide,
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken
Whom hast thou pitied and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learned by field and hill,
By green wood path, and singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired—but not with play!
And then thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and an aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!

Well for thee if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of a day spent well,
If thine open hand hath relieved distress—
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness—
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thine heart with penitence—
If nature's voices have spoken to thee
With their holy meanings eloquently—

If every creature hath won thy love
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove,
If never sad, low spoken word,
Hath pleaded with thy heart unheard—
Then when the night steals on as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
And with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

From the Southern Churchman.

THE POET OF THE POOR.

Ebenezer Elliot, a poor iron dealer, of Sheffield, who sprung from the lowest rank is astonishing the world by strains worthy of Burns. The following 'comparison of the outward and visible glories of creation, with the prospects which are opening on society from the light of knowledge,' is extracted from one of his recent productions.

God said 'let there be light!'
Grim darkness felt his might,
And fled away:
Then started seas, and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried, "'Tis day! 'tis day!'
'Hail holy light!' exclaimed
The thunderous crowd that flamed
O'er daises white;
And lo! the rose, in crimson dress'd,
Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,
And blushing, murmured 'Light'
Then was the sky-lark born;
Then rose the embattled corn;
Then floods of praise
Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon,
And then, in stillest night, the moon
Pours forth her pensive lays.
Lo! heavens bright bow is glad!
Lo! trees and flowers all clad!
In glory bloom!
And shall the mortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darken then the tomb?
No from the *mind* of man!
From the smart artizan!
From God our sire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin,
Shall see and feel its fire.
By earth, and hell, and heaven,
The shroud of soul is riven!
Mind, mind alone,
Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
Earth's deepest night, from this blessed hour,
The night of mind is gone!

A STORY.

Charles had been only married a week, and his wife adored him.—Oh these young wives, when they yield up their pure, deep affections, and break through the restraints of bashful fear! how they do love! And these young husbands too, when from the lonely, and sometimes miserable adventures of the unstable world they have gathered in all the wealth of their scatterd feelings, to concentrate it upon one object what sacred joys swell in their bosoms—what brilliant images float in their imaginations! They scarcely live except when together. They could not conceal the bliss which they drank in from each others voices, nor control their eyes from reading in each other's glances the silent and sweet passage of love. If one left the room, though only for ten minutes, the other was sure to follow, and if any prying stranger had been within gun-shot of their circle, he might have heard half uttered terms of endearment, and fragments of feigned anger, from every part of the house.

Charles had been absent two days. Poor Julia had been wishing and wishing for him. His well known step sounded in the entry; the door opened and she met him with a heightened color in her check, and her blue eyes flashing from beneath their long lashes with sparkles of unwonted pleasure.

Shall I mention particulars? It is scarcely worth while. He who cannot imagine how a warm hearted young wife, in the honey moon, would meet her idol after an absence of two whole days, is no reader for me.

'Oh!' she exclaimed, after the first transport had a little subsided, 'I am so glad you have returned! dear *dear* Charles! I was afraid that you might not come, that you were sick, or some accident had occurred.—But here you are. And now, have you had a pleasant time? and how do they all do? and whom did you see? and—'

Charles stopped her rosy mouth with kisses.

'Yes here I am, safe and sound and full of news; but you huddle question upon question with such volubility, that I shall never get a chance to answer them, your pretty mouth, here, wide open to ask, I don't know how many more.'

'Well, then,' answered she, flinging herself into an attitude of attention, and folding her arms like a judge upon the bench, 'there—I am dumb, and ready to listen to the news—I won't speak another word till you have done.' And with considerable aparent difficulty she closed her lips.

'Now then,' said Charles, 'mark me.'

'I will,' said Julia.

'Well then,' continued her husband, laughing, 'in the first place they are all well—in the next, I have had a very pleasant time; and lastly I have seen old Mr. Preston, and aunt Sarah, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderdyke, and little Bob, Henry and Maria.'

'And this' inqnired Julia, 'is the news you have to tell? and these are all you saw?'

'Oh no,' replied Charles mysteriously; far from it Julia. I have seen one more—one most beautiful, bewitching being more—the very counterpart of Venus. Such complexion— such ringlets, long and glossy—and cheeks—roses and lillies are nothing to them!—there is nothing in nature sweeter than her lips, and her eyes are bright daggers no man should rashly encounter. They were soft, melting, liquid heavenly blue—full of the light of intellect, and tremulous every beam of them, with a tenderness that makes the heart ache.'

'You are only jesting with me,' said Julia, endeavoring, but in vain, to check the change that came over her face, as the shadow of a cloud falls on the stream.—'This is some stupid Dutch beauty, and you can scarcely describe her without laugh-Come now, tell the truth.'

'You may believe it or not just as you please,' said Charles; but I assure you the whole account is as true as the enjoyment of it was enrapturing, and the memory is delicious.'

Julia was sensitive and artless. She loved her husband with that deep tenderness which knew all the thrills of love's hopes and fears. Her heart was like a goblet filled to the brim, whose contents tremble and overflow when shaken ever so lightly.—There was therefore, in these enthusiastic praises of another, something strange and even cruel. Still she could not believe he was serious; and forcing a smile, and struggling to keep down her rising emotion, she listened to him in silence as he rattled on.

'Our meeting was marked with uncommon interest. Old Preston introduced me to her, after having previously hinted that, before I was married, she had regarded me with more than common complaicency.—Well, we met. I addressed her by name; she said nothing—but oh! those eyes of hers were fixed on me with a gaze that went to the innermost recesses of my heart, and seemed to touch all those chords of feeling which nature had strung for joy. Wherever I went, I found her eyes still turned towards me, and an arch smile just played around her saucy lip, and spoke all the fine fancies and half hidden meanings that woman will often look, but not always trust to the clumsy vehicle of words. I could refrain no longer—but forgetting all but those heavenly lips, I approached and—'

Poor Julia—she thought she heard the knell of her young dreams. The hue of her cheek, and the sparkle of her azure eye, were gone long before; and as he painted in such glowing colors the picture of his feelings, her lip quivered, and tears swelled up and dimmed the blue light of eyes as beautiful as day.

'I will never speak to you again, Charles' sobbed she, 'if this is true.'

'It is true,' he exclaimed, 'only not half like the reality. It was your own *picture*, my sweet girl, that I kissed again and again.'

She looked at him a moment, and buried her wet eyes in his bosom. As she lifted her head, and shaking back the clustering ringlets that fell around her brow, displayed her face smiling through her tears, his arm softly found its way around her waist, and,—but I am at the end of my sheet.

A CRIMINAL'S LAST NIGHT.

Conceive the situation of a man spending his last night on earth in a lonely cell. Buoyed up with some vague and undefined hope of reprieve, he knew not why—indulging in some wild and vissionary idea of escaping, he knew not how—hour after hour of the three preceeding days allowed him for preparation, has fled with a speed which no man living would deem possible,, for none but this dying man can know,—He has wearied his friends with entreaties, exhausted the attendants with importunities, neglected in his restlessness the timely warnings of his spiritual consolar; and now that the illusion is at last dispelled, now that eternity is before him and guilt behind, now that his fears of death amount almost to madness, and an overwhelming sense of his helpless, hopeless state, rushes upon him, he is lost and stupified, and has neither thoughts to turn to, nor power to call upon, the Almighty being from whom alone he can seek mercy and forgiveness, and before whom his repentance can alone avail.

Hours have glided by, and still he sits upon the same stone bench with folded arms, heedless alike of the fast decreasing time before him, and the urgent entreaties of the good man at his side.—The feeble light is wasting gradually, & the death-like stillness of the street without; broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle which echoes mournfully through the empty yards, warns him that the night is waning fast away. The deep bell strikes one! *He* heard it; it has aroused him. Seven hours left and he paces the narrow limits of his cell with rapid strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle on his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours! He suffers himself to be led to his seat, mechanically takes the bible which is placed in his hand, and tries to read and listen. No: his thoughts still wander- The book is torn and soiled by use; how like the book he read his lesson in at school just forty years ago! He has never bestowed a thought upon it since he left it as a child; and yet the place, the time, the room, nay, the very boys he played with, crowded as vividly before him as if they were scenes of yesterday; and some forgotten phrase, some childish word of kindness, rings in his ears like the echo of one uttered but a minute since. The deep voice of the clergyman recalls him to himself. He is reading from the sacred book its promises of pardon for repentance, and its awful denunciation of obdurate men. He falls upon his knees and clasps his hands to pray. Hush! what sound was that? He starts upon his feet. It cannot be two yet. Hark! two quarters have struck—the third—the fourth. It is! six hours left! Tell him not of repentance or comfort. Six hours repentance for eight times six years of guilt and sin! He buries his face in his hands, and throws himself on the bench.

Worn out with watching and excitement, he sleeps, and the same unsettled state of mind pursues him in his dreams. An insupportable load is taken from his breast he is walking with his wife in a pleasant field, with a bright blue sky above them and a fresh and boundless prospect on every side—how different from the stone walls of the prison! And she is looking, not as she did whenhe saw her for the last time in that dreadful place, but as she used to do when he loved her, long, long ago before misery and ill treatment had altered her looks, and vice had changed his nature. And she is leaning upon his arm, and looking up into his face with tenderness and affection—and he does *not* strike her now, nor rudely shake her from him.—And oh! how glad he is to tell her all he hadforgotten in that hurried interview, and to fall on his knees before her and fervently beseech her pardon for all the unkindness and cruelty that wasted her form and broke her heart! The scene suddenly changes. He is on his trial again, there are the judge and jury, and prosecutors and witnesses, just as they were before. How full the court is—what a sea of heads—with a gallows, too, and scaffold—and how all those people stard at *him!* Verdict, 'Guilty.' No matter; he will escape. The night is dark and cold, the gates have been left open, and in an instant he is in the street, flying from the scene of his imprisonment like the wind. The streets are cleared, the open fields are gained, and the broad wide country lies before him. Onward he dashes in the midst of darkness, over hedge and ditch, through mud and pool, bounding from spot to spot with a speed and lightness astonishing even to himself. At length he pauses: *He* must be safe from pursuit now: he will stretch himself on that bank, and sleep till sunrise.

A period of unconciousness succeeds. *He* wakes cold and wretched. The dull grey light of morning is stealing into the cell, and falls upon the form of the attendant turnkey. Confused by his dreams, he starts from his uneasy bed in momentary uncertainty. It is but momentary. Every object in that narrow cell is too frightfully real to admit of doubt or mistake. *He* is the condemned felon again, guilty and despairing, and in two hours more he is a corpse.

MARYLAND POLITICS.

The reform in the constitution which gives the election of the Governor to the people, and makes the representation of the house of delegates more in accordance with the population of the different counties, than heretofore, has been brought about without any particular reference to party. The people of the large counties and the city of Baltimore have desired a reform for a long time and their delegates whether whig or Van Buren have always advocated reform in the Legislature. The people of the small counties have resisted the progress of reform, as it was calculated to deprive them of political power.—Their delegates in the legislature have sustained the views of their constituents.—This is human nature. Men are always adverse to giving up power that they possess, although to retain such power, may be both unreasonable and unjust. A conviction must be wrought in the minds of the people in favor of reform, before any reform can be accomplished. That conviction proceeds by slow degrees, and the representatives of the people are compelled to watch narrowly the sentiments and opinions of the people on a new subject, before they favor it. Such was the case of all the delegates from the small counties. Many years ago, their delegates would not have dared to vote in favor of reform unless they wished to commit political suicide, and be dismissed as representatives unmindful of the will of their constituents.

If the reform in the constitution is owing to party, then the whig party deserves the credit of bringing about that reform.—They have been in power several years, and if they had been disposed they might have rejected every proposition of reform.

The Van Buren party has been in the minority ever since 1830. In that year it was in their power, had it been their policy to have passed a reform bill. But they opposed it, and Mr. Grason was at that time a warm and determined enemy of reform as his vote in the House of Delegates will prove.

In 1833, the Jackson party had a majority of twelve in the House of Delegates, and yet no measure of reform was carried through the house, which the party might have done, had reform been their object.—Thus in the only two instances for the last ten years, that the loco focos have had the power, they rejected any movement towards reform. Their conduct and votes on those two occasions show that their zeal for reform is entirely new born, a thing of the present time, which would have received no nurture, if it was not thought that the interest of the party might be promoted by adopting the bantling.—Balt. Whig.

GRASON AND REFORM.

The Westminster Carrolltonian of today, thus illustrates the claims of Mr. Grason, the Vanite candidate for Governor, to the support of the friends of reform. That paper says:—'By a reference to the proceedings of the Legislature, February 16th, 1829, (page 438,) the reader will discover that Mr. Grason voted against the election of the governor by the people.

At the same session (page 424) he voted against limiting the sessions of the Legislature, which every member opposed to a wasteful expenditure of the public funds, should have voted for.

And at the same session (page 413) Mr. Grason voted against a proposition to have the Clerks and Registers elected every seven years, instead of holding office for life.'

THE STATE DEBT.

The federal loco foco papers reason as if they imagined the great mass of the people were in a state of stupid ignorance.—Their misrepresentations and falsehoods about the state debt make this evident By crying out 'taxation, taxation,' and such like scarecrow words, they hope to divert the attention of the people from the extravagant abuses into which the national government has been led by loco foco counsellors. But it is to be hoped that reason yet has sway among men—that they will not be led away by the misrepresentations of a sinking and desperate party, but will search out for the truth, and go wherever she points the way. The time has been when we really believed there was some truth in the assertion that the people would have ultimately to be taxed to pay off the state debt. But we have examined the subject with great attention, and are happy to assure the people, that there is not the most remote probability that they, or their posterity, will ever be taxed ONE CENT to pay off the state debt. The following from the Baltimore Whig will more fully explain this matter—

The loco focos are loud in their cries about the state debt. They represent it to be fifteen millions. We have before us the Treasurer's report to the last legislature, from which we perceive that the state debt is only $5,011,280 73 or one third the am't charged by our opponents. To meet this debt the state has in bonds, stocks, &c. a capital of $5,565,618 10, in addition to the property in the tobacco warehouses and penitentiary, and other public buildings.—Does this look like insolvency? Of the interest due on the public debt, more than $240,000 is paid by canal and rail-road companies, and by individuals for that purpose. The state has also a handsome sinking fund, which is annually on the increase to redeem the debt. Thus it is that the cry of bankruptcy and extravagance in our state administration is empty sound, without any foundation in fact. The state debt was created for purposes of internal improvements, and the benefits which will result from it will be incalculable to our citizens.

Listen not then, to the false and idle clamors of the federal sub-treasury loco focos.—Their business is deception, and misrepresentation composes their meat and drink.—The state is safe, so long as she keeps out of the hands of the loco focos. Should she ever fall under their management, (but of this there is no fear) we would not undertake to foretell what would be her hapless fate. The attention of every patriot and republican should be directed to the all important task of rescuing the national government from the unskilful hands which have not only bankrupted the Treasury, but have preverted all its powers to the purpose of proscribing every freeman who dares exercise the independence to act as patriotism describes. In the name of Democracy, they are enforcing the principles of the 'sedition law' of the elder Adams.—Under that law, a man was punishable for speaking disrespectfully of the president, and under the system at present enforced by the leaders of the federal loco focos all over the country, every man who presumes to oppose their leading measure is denounced as a 'federalist,' 'traitor,' 'bank-bought renagade' and an 'enemy of his country.' If an office-holder, he is turned out of his situation, and, if engaged in any other business every effort is made to take his business from him and to bring him to poverty. Is this not worse than the sedition law? Is it not converting the government into an engine of despotism? Every reasonable man must say so, and feel himself impelled to do his utmost to hurl such men from power. Let them once get their treasury bank in complete operation, and have their irredeemable paper money scattered over country, ☞whilst the specie is hoarded up in their safes and vaults☜ we may bid farewell to every feature of a republican government, and quietly submit to wear the chains of despotism. If you are not ready for this take your stand in time against such a party. If you are a Democratic Republican, you are bound by every principle of your creed to strain every nerve to defeat the federal loco focos.—Frederick Times.

From the Washington Madisonian.

THE NUPTIALS CONSUMMATED.

The Bank of the U. States, of Pennsylvania, and the TREASURY Department of the United States united!

The Treasury Department is now issuing drafts on the Bank of the United States of Pennsylvania! We have seen them. And this too before that Bank has resumed specie payments. What shall we see next? Nicholas Biddle the financial Agent of Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury. Such is the fact, and it cannot be gainsayed. The "bankrupt institution" of Mr. Biddle's, the fiscal agent of the government. An institution that but two or three weeks ago it was asserted in the official organ, would not, nor could not resume specie payments. Oh! the monster! the monopolizer that shielded herself behind the cotton bales of the south. The money king, the purchaser of men and votes, like cattle in the market—the seducer of members of Congress from their duty to their constituents—the controller of the public press—the corrupt of all corrupt engines that ever was established amid a free people.—These are a few of the epithets and appellations that have been cast upon Mr. Biddle's Bank, by those and their friends who have now entered into a treaty of amity; whether defensive and offensive or not, we do not know.

What will the democracy say to this?—And what can those, their servants, who have consummated the nuptials say in explanation, but that it is "a fair business transaction?"

Where is your Sub-Treasury—your separation from all banks—your divorce scheme now? Abandoned! ignominiously abandoned. After having kept the country agitated with them for a year, and brought ruin upon thousands of good honest citizens, in attempting to force them on the country.

ON DIT.—The Madisonian of Saturday says—"We hear it reported that Mr. Rives has been applied to, to run at the next election on the ticket with Mr. Van Buren as candidate for Vice President.—The report reaches us in such a shape that we do not doubt it. The party are desperate enough for any thing. Will Mr R. consent, it will naturally be asked? We unhesitatingty say, no. It is impossible, unless Mr. Van Buren abandons his policy and measures altogether. That he cannot do, as he stands pledged to 'sink or swim' with them. Even were he to do so, we doubt very much if Mr. Rives would trust his fortunes to 'sink or swim' with Mr. Van Buren. At all events this shows to Col. Johnson that he is to be cast off. This is the reward for his loyalty in going with the party; supporting the sub-Treasury through thick and thin, against his own conscience and against his interest also. He will learn and feel that, Federal Republicans as well as republics are ungrateful."

VAN BUREN'S HISTORY.

The Editor of the New York Star, in an article addressed to his 'old democratic friends in Tammany,' gives the following amusing sketch of Van Buren's political career.—

'You may remember when in 1817 we ran up the blue tailed flag, we had but eighteen men with us in the legislature, and with only three presses in the state, we opposed De Wit Clinton, on the grounds that he had opposed the war, and run against Jas. Madison for the presidency, and in three years we carried the state. Where was Martin Van Buren at that time?—With the democracy—with the war party—with the Madisonians? No such thing. He was hanging on the skirts of Mr. Clinton, and here let me remind you that hanging on the skirts of eminent men has been the peculiar feature and secret of Mr. Van Buren's advancement; he was elected to the Senate as a Clintonian; he moved in the convention to have Clinton's nomination as Governor made unanimous; he hung closely to his skirts until he saw the current setting against him, when he dropped off and tacked himself to the skirts of Tompkins and when Tompkins retired, he got hold of the skirts of Roger Skinner, Perley Keyes and Silas Wright, and clambered into the the Senate of the United States, much to the annoyance of that disinterested politician Colonel Samuel Young.