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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.

ROSABEL.

By GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I miss thee from my side, beloved,
  I miss thee from my side;
And wearily and drearily,
  Flows Time's restless tide.
The world, and all its fleeting joys,
  To me are worse than vain,
Until I clasp it to my heart,
  Beloved one, again.

The wildwood and the forest path,
  We used to thread of yore,
With bird and bee have flown with thee,
  And gone for evermore!
There is no music in the grove,
  No echo on the hill;
But melancholy boughs are there—
  And hushed the whip-poor-will.

I miss thee in the town, beloved,
  I miss thee in the town;
From morn I grieve till dewy eve
  Spreads wide its mantle brown.
My spirit's wings, that once could soar
  In fancy's world of air,
Are crushed and beaten to the ground
  By life-corroding care.

No more I hear thy bird-like voice,
  Nor see thy winning face;
That once would gleam like morning's beam
  In mental pride and grace:
Thy form of matchless symmetry,
  Where Nature's hand has set
A seal that partial memory
  Can never once forget.

I miss thee every where, beloved,
  I miss thee every where;
Both night and day wear dull away,
  And leave me in despair.
The banquet-hall, the play, the ball,
  And childhood's gladsome glee,
Have lost their charms for me, beloved
  My soul is full of thee!

Has Rosabel forgotten me,
  And love I now in vain?
If that be so, my heart can know
  No rest on earth again,
A sad and weary lot is mine,
  To love and be forgot,
A sad and weary lot, beloved,
  A sad and weary lot.

MEMORY OF THE PAST.

"Did Ossian hear a voice, or was it the sound of days that are no more?"

OSSIAN.

"The sweet remembrance of unblemished youth,
  The inspiring voice of innocence and truth!"

ROGERS.

Who does not dwell with pleasure on the memory of the past? Who, does not love to steal away "far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife." to enjoy an hour's reflection in the silent stillness of nature? How delightful! to wander to some calm retreat by the margin of a chrystal stream, whose cascades break upon the ear in strains of music—when the departing rays of the sun are sinking in the western horizon, and the sky is tinged with those bright and fantastic colours. which defy the imagination of the artist to equal, so common to an autumnal evening—when all nature is wrapt in majestic silence, save the tender cooing of a dove, or the melodious chant of a mocking bird—and reflect upon the events of our past life.—The friends of our youth—the diversity of their dispositions—the distinguishing traits of their character all pass in pleasing review before the imagination! The question—Where are they? naturally arises! Some have wandered from their birth place in penury and want—some are treading with giant steps the high-road to fame—some are chained and fettered to the vices and depravities of this nether world, and some are still living among us enjoying happiness and contentment. How wonderfully the feelings are raised and excited by contemplation of this nature!

Let us but for a moment turn our attention to the old school-house, in which we passed the brightest hours of our existence. The walls—benches, every thing connected with it contains a charm for our mind. We speak—the echo of our voice startles us. We ask—where are the happy souls that once crowded those benches? and "echo answers where"?

O! happy childhood! how dear are thy associations! How sweet to recur to thy scenes; when with cloudless brow and guileless heart we sported among the hills, or persued with light and buoyant steps the devious windings of the chase! Thou art fled! No more can we realize thy happy scenes—yet they break upon our mind like the memory of joys, long since faded and past!

The temptations and allurements of vice are hard to resist; but let us oftener bring before the imagination the hallowed scenes and associations of childhood, and however terrible may be the spirits that haunt our minds, they will be dispelled before their softening and and moralizing influence!

A. B. C.

Cambridge Md. December 1838.

For the Chronicle.

To Miss——

When pleasure reigns around thy happy home
And youth's bright hopes are realized by thee—
When twilight brings no sadness to thy soul
And all is health and hope and gaiety—
I bid thee think of him who adored thee,
Whose very life was fed and nourished—
"By the dear star-light of thy haunting eyes."
Let but thy memory wing its airy flight
To those bright days, when roving mid the flow'rs
Of Spring,—the soft air teeming with their fragrance
A thousand flowery plains exhaled:
The gurgling brook frisk'd o'er its pebbled track,
Rejoicing in its freedom from the chain
Of hoary winter—he told tnee of his love.
But think of that, and like the lightning tint
That plays upon the horizon of the west,
When sun-beams pass away—the faded joys
Of those sweet scenes—the fitful gleam of fond
Remembrance shall vivid long, light up thy
Faithless breast:—while he who ne'er again
Can drink the sun-shine of thy happy smiles,
Will prove to thee how strong, how deep was his
First, last, and only love. "And when thou'rt happy
And hast forgot, him who so loved—
So worshipp'd thee;—think at least that heav'n,
Hath left some remnant of the angel still,
In that poor wanderer's bosom."

J. W H.

Cambridge Md. Dec. 1838.

THE DESERTERS.

Found among the papers of Mr. Mason, Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland.

* * * There were in the regiment two soldiers above the common level, both from the same place, a small town in Lancashire, and each had made friendship for the other. They had enlisted together through different motives, they marched together, and were inhabitants of the same tent. One whom I shall call the lover, had enrolled his his name through uneasiness from his being disappointed in what he thought all his happiness was centered, the marrying of a girl of his own sweet town, by whom he was much beloved. Her relations were inexorable, and his hopes in vain. The other was a lad of spirit, believing the soldier's life as fine as the recruiting officer had described, willing to see wars, accompanying his friend, and serve his country, like-wise accepted the king's picture and was called a volunteer. He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow—she was much grieved at this step which had been taken without her privity or consent; but being in an easy situation, and not wanting his assistance for support, she lamented only through her affection for him. The widow sent forth her son with tears and blessings; the maid eyed her lover from a distant window (a near approach not being permitted,) and beat time to his steps with her heart, until he was out of sight, and then sent her soul after him with a deep fetched sigh.—They had not been long in camp before the volunteer had woful proof of the wide difference between the ideal gentleman and soldier, which had been dressed up in his imagination, and the miserable half-starved food for powder. As to the lover, he was insensible to the hardships of the body—the agitations of his mind absorbed his whole attentions—in vain had he attempted to fly from the object of his love; he had brought away his person only, leaving his thoughts and heart behind him, and was as absent from himself in the noise and bustle of the day, as in the silent midnight, watch, or when stretched upon his bed at night. They communicated their situation to each other, and took the fatal resolution to desert.

Thus winged by love and urged by fear, the hills of Scotland flew from their heels and they arrived within a mile of their town, when they were captured and conducted to their camp. A court martial was held, and they were condemned to die; but the general order as is usual in such cases, that they should cast lots, and only one of them suffer.—At the appointed time the ring was formed, the drum placed in the centre, with a box and dice upon is head, and the delinquents made to enter. The horrors which sat brooding on their souls the preceding night, now overwhelming them at the awful crisis, were strongly depicted on their wan and pallid countenances. Their friendship was real and sincere, and not of that fabulous and heroic kind as to wish to die for each other; each wished to live, and each was disquieted at the thought that his safety must be built on the welfare of his friend. They alternately requested each other to begin. The lover looked alternately at the little instrument of life and death, took them in his trembling hand, and quickly laid them down.—The officer interposed, and commanded the volunteer to throw. He lifted up the box in his right hand, then shifted it to his left, as if ashamed of weakness or superstition, cast his eye upward for a moment, and was in the act to throw, when the shrieks of female sorrow struck his ear, and burst from the opposite part of the circle the widow and the maid, their hair dishevelled, and their garments, by travelling, soiled and torn.

What a sight was this! The mother and the son on one side of the drum, and and the maid and the lover on the other The first transports of their frantic joy at finding them alive, were soon abated by the dreadful uncertainty of what was to-follow. The officer was a man who did not hurry the volunteer to throw. He put his hand on the box of his own accord. His mother fell prostrate upon the earth, as did also the maid, and both with equal constancy and fervor poured forth their different prayers. He threw nine. A gleam of imperfect joy lighted up the scene; she had seen her son shipwrecked, and buffetting the waves, when presently he gained a raft, and is paddling to the shore, and already thinks to feel his fond embrace, but still is anxious, lest some envious billow should snatch him forever from her eyes.—Meanwhile the lovers, giving up all for lost, were locked in each others arms, entreated to be killed thus together on the spot. She was held from him by force. He advanced towards the drum with the some air as he would have ascended the ladder for his execution. He threw TEN. The maid sprang from the ground as if she would have leaped to heaven: he caught her in his arms, they fainted on each other's necks, and recovered only to faint again. the volunter was the least affected of the four, and all his attention was employed about his mother, whose head was in his lap, but she was insensible to his care. Soon after the women had rushed into the ring, an officer had ran to the Duke's tent to inform him of the uncommon tenderness of the scene. He accompanied the officer to the spot, and standing behind the first rank, had been an unobserved spectator of the whole transaction. He could hold no longer; he came to the widow, echoing in her ear, "he is pardoned." Then turning to the lovers he commanded them to go immediately to the chaplain, to be united by that tie which death only could dissolve. He often declared that he felt more pleasure from this action than from the battle of Culloden. He shed tears, but they were not those of Alexander, when he wept for more worlds to conquer.

ETIQUETTE IN THE WEST.

Our Yankee traveller who saw a live Hosier has again written to his mother.

"Western people go their death on *etiquette*. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down east, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling two of his neighbors in my hearing a pretty large story.—Says I, stranger that's a whapper.—Says he lay there stranger! And in the twinkling of an eye, I found myself in the ditch a perfect quadruped, the worse for a wear and tear. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed him, 'that is'nt a specimen of your western women, is it? Says he, 'you;'e afraid of the fever and ague, a'nt you?' Very much, says I. Well, replied he, that lady is my wife, and if you dont apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols (that he held cocked in his hands) shall secure you from that disorder entirely—so don't fear stranger! So I knelt down and apologized. I admire this western country much, but curse me if I can stand so much *etiquette!* it always takes me so unawares.

A GENTLE HINT.

Ned wore a sad countenance. He was asked what was the matter, but no reply was forth-coming. At length an intimate friend obtained the following particulars from him.

"You know," said Ned, "I've been courting Sally W. a long time; and so we had a strong notion of getting married: when that darned old Colonel——"

Go on Ned, don't be a boy; what about Colonel——?"

Why you see, Sally said I had better ask him; and so I did, as perlite as I knowed how.

Well, what reply did he make?

'Why he kinder hinted round."

'What kind of hints did he throw out?'

'Why he kinder hinted as though I warnt wanted there."

'Well Ned, let us know what they were: what the Colonel said to disturb your mind so much?'

'Why he said——'

'Said what?'

'Why he said if he cotched me there agin, he'd cowhide me till I had'nt an inch of rine left on my back, darn his old picter.'

We dislike to see a clergyman in the pulpit with neatly trimmed and perfumed whiskers which meet under the chin. The next touch of the exquisite, would be the mustache.—N. Y. Star.

Why not clergymen indulge in perfumed whiskers,' as well as other bipeds! They are but men—and have all the passions and vanities of men.—Bost. Jour.

They may have all the passions, but ought not to exhibit all the vanities of other men, and foppery in the sacred desks is a sin against the most rich as well as an offence against the dignity of man.—U. S. Gaz.

A man's house is his castle.—In the court of Oyer and Terminer of Adams county, Pa. last week, came on the trial of a Mr. Fox, on a charge of murder, for shooting a man named Brennon, who, in company with several other, had made an attack upon his shantee, on the line of the Gettysburg Rail-road, on the night of the inspectors election. The court instructed the jury, that a man has a right, in defence of his house, his person, and his family, to resist even to the taking away of life. and thus as to the law applicable to the case. the jury acquitted the accused, without leaving the box.

WOMEN.—Women make their advances as time makes his. At twenty when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs they exclaim with an air of languid indifference, 'Who is he?'—At thirty, with a pruder look towards the ways and means the question is, 'What is he?' At forty much anxiety manifests itself to make the hymenial selection, and the query changes itself into—'Which is he? but at fifty, the anxious expectant prepares to seize upon any prey and exclaims; 'Where is he?'

The old women and old maids of New Orleans are going to give a "general tea party," in consequence of the safe arrival of two ships from Canton, loaded with teas, for the safety of which fears had been entertained.

The following is the closing paragraph of the will of Patrick Henry: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, that is the Chrisian Religion If they had this, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich, and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

The Boston Atlas says—it is not generally known. but it is a fact, that the first man removed from office by Andrew Jackson, was Gen Harrison. The first nomination sent to the Senate by Jackson after the appointment of the cabinet was that of Thomas F. Moore to be Minister to Columbia, in place of Wm. Henry Harrisou, removed.

AGRICULTURAL.

CHRISTIAN FARMERS PRIVILEGES.

The christian farmer ought to regard himself as peculiarly happy in having an employment so favourable to habits of devotion. Either in their own nature, or in the circumstances in which they must be pursued, some other occupations impede, if they do not prevent, devotional feeling. Not so the christian farmer:

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
  With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
  For those that follow thee."

This is truth as well as poetry, and it well describes the scenes of agricultural life.—The works of God awoke the rapturous devotions, the sweetest as well as the most exaulted strains, of ancient saints. These works ought to be contemplated with the same feelings by the christian farmer. If his heart pants to hold communion with his Maker, he will see the divine image in every plant and in every flower. He dwells in the magnificient temple of nature, where the sweet incense of praise is continually ascending from a thousand altars. Cold must be his heart, if he does not catch the spirit of the scene, and exclaim, "The earth, O Lord, is full of thy goodness. All thy works praise thee!" The poet says, "An undevout astronomer is mad." He might, with equal force, have said the same of an "undevout farmer." How can he be insensible to

"The boundless store
  Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
  The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
  And all that echoes to the song of even—
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
  And all the dread magnificence of heaven!"

Where, sooner than the daily resorts of the christian farmer, shall we look for evidences of the wisdom and goodness of God?—Where shall we find proofs of his faithfulness and immutability, if not in the uniform and constant laws of nature, on which all the operations of the farmer depend for success?—From year to year he breaks up the soil, and casts the seed into the ground, and looks not in vain for the return of harvest. Seasons come and go in their appointed round. The same kind of crops spring from the same kind of seed—the same sort of fruit from the same trees—the same modes of cultivation, produce similar effects, from year to year. But if God were not immutable, would the farmer witness this regularity? The laws of nature are only the fixed modes in which God operates. If he were to change in his power, the sun might cease to send forth beams as bright and as genial. The clouds might cease to pour down their watery treasures in copious abundance, upon the thirsty fields. Where he to change in his plans, the cultivation, which, last year, was followed by a plentiful crop, might, next year, only favor barrenness. The orchards, which last year bring forth only poisonous berries. The meadows which, last year, were clothed with grass and ornamented with flowers, might next year be covered with flints, and transformed into marshes. The operations of husbandry proclaim, in tones not to be misapprehended, the immutability of God.

The Bible abounds in references to agricultural scenes, and the christian farmer can have litte tact in drawing analogies, who, with the examples of the Bible before him, is not carried forward, and raised upward, to the scenes of the invisible world, by the objects which cluster around his daily path. Poets and prophets, and apostles, and even the Son of God, he may almost fancy, have been in his fields. and written on every tree, and plant, and flower, some divine lesson. The Bible has consecrated the varied employments of the farmer to moral purposes—and made them mirrors in which, as he labors, he can see images of things which are enternal.—[Connecticut Obser.

Method of diminishing the Food and hastening the Moulting.—When the silk worms are disposed to sleep, (to moult,) their food must be diminished in proportion to the degree of yellow or white which their skin assumes; the leaves destined for their food, must be cut in fine shreds, and frequently spread in light layers.

When the silk worms are completely yellow, they ought to be transported, in succession, to other hurdles, without caring whether the sky be dark or serene, if it be in the morning or the middle of the night. When they have been transported to other hurdles, the feeding must be suspended until they have all recovered from the moulting, when they may be fed again. This is called *diminishing the food* and *deciding the moulting*. These two expressions imply, that the nourishing of the silk worms, which are disposed to moult must be diminished, (care must be taken not to cover or overload them with leaves,) and, on the other side, the silk worms must be abundantly fed, (which are not disposed to moult,) in order that they may quickly moult. Not only will they *all moult together*, but they will be exempt from diseases caused by the accumulation of leaves, and the internal heat which consequently follows.—[Trans. from Chin.

From the Southern Silk manual.

PRESERVATION AND PLANTING OF THE MORUS MULTICAULIS.

To preserve the Morus Multicaulis during the winter, requires only a little care and attention, as the method is in itself, perfectly simple. Select a piece of ground with a gentle declivity, and clear from the surface all extraneous substances, such as weeds, grass, &c. Make a layer of trees of about five feet in width; with the roots up-hill, about four or five inches thick, from the surface of the earth. Immediately opposite to these, make a similar layer, with the roots downwards; so that they may be lapped with the roots of the former layer to about one half their length. From a trench upon each side about 18 inches from the treess, commencing at the upper end, and running downwards. Throw the earth lightly over the treess, so as to fill up the interstices and cover the roots. This being completed, lay down other layers in like manner, covering them with earth from the trenches, but lessening the width of each layer; so as to give the mound when finished, the appearance of a roof; consisting of a solid mass of trees and earth, coated to the thickness of from six to twelve inches, and well flattened with the spade. Over this, lay some boards to turn off the rain, but aviod straw for any purpose whatever. The trenches should be kept open at the lower ends to serve as drains. In this way, any number of trees may be safely preserved during the winter, and easily taken up in the spring.

The planting should take place in the spring, as the ground can be well worked. There need be no fear of injury to the cuttings or trees from wet or frost. The danger lies in late planting; for early drought may prevent, or suspend vegetation. Having prepared the grouud by plouging, cross ploughing and harowing, lay off rows four feet apart and run furrows: If the ground be sufficiently rich, it is then ready for the cuttings or layers: If not, throw in a good compost, made of perfectly rotted manure mixed with earth, and a small quantity of lime or ashes, prepared the previous winter. It may be proper here to observe that the drills or furrows should not be opened until the time of planting; when as many trees only should be taken from the bank as may be put down in two, or three hours. If preferred, a less quantity can be taken, so that there may be no danger from their exposure to the air and sun.

To plant by cuttings.—Prepare yourself with a sharp knife; carefully cut the tree