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TERMS.

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POETRY.

I SEE THEE STILL.

BY C. SPRAGUE.

I see thee still;
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night,
In dreams I meet thee as of old:
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;
In every scene to memory dear
I see thee still.

I see thee still:
In every hallow'd token round;
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by the was braided,
These flowers, all wither'd now, like thee,
Sweet sister, thou didst cull for me;
This book was thine, here didst thou read;
This picture, ah! yes, here, indeed,
I see thee still.

I see thee still:
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
Here was thy favorite fireside seat;
This was thy chamber—here, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay;
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie;
Here, on this pillow, thou didst die:
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold;
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
I see thee still.

I see thee still:
Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death cannot chain the immortal mind,
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust;
Thee, O! my sister, 'tis not thee
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone;
There, let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still.

AN EDITOR DINING OUT.

Quite a distinguished citizen of our city, and one of the members of the corps editorial, made a short excursion into the country last Sunday, where they revelled some hours among the breezes and treeses, and finally returned at three or four o'clock, with appetites, it may easily be imagined, nicely sharpened for the enjoyment of a good dinner. After imbibing a glass of wine bitters, at the St. Charles, our friend of the scissors and quill was invited by his companion to join him in a quiet dinner at his own domicil.

"I have nothing nice," said he, "for I didn't think we should reach home in time to dine, but I reckon I can make up something that will answer the demands of hunger for the nonce."

'Oh, I am not particular,' replied the editor, 'any thing will answer my purpose; I'm one of those, you know, whose wants are very easily supplied.'

Shortening the way, by easy and familiar chat, they at last reached the gentleman's dwelling and at the summons of the bell, a favorite female servant came to the door, with her shining ebony face wreathed gaily in smiles. Whispering a few words in her masters, ear, almost as soon as he had crossed the threshold, he exclaimed—

'You don't say so! what are they?

'Now, the editor, though by no means hard of hearing, did not quite distinctly understand the reply, for the reason that he did not wish to listen to what appeared to be a private colloquy. He thought, however, that the remainder of the conversation was about as follows:

'A pair of fine ducks,' said the servant.

'You don't say so,' returned his host, well now, I am satisfied; who would have thought that.' 'Go into the parlor,' said he to his guest, I'll join you there in about five minutes.'

The editorial gentleman quietly wended his way alone to the parlour, wondering in his own mind why such unusual disturbance about the dinner should be made, in a house where every thing was generally conducted in the most simple and unostentatious manner possible; but nevertheless, secretly felicitating himself upon the fact that the dinner he was to enjoy was far more inviting than it had been represented. Five, ten, fifteen minutes had elapsed, and his host did not present himself; he fumbled over the pictures and books on the table, played awhile with the poodle dog, which was taking a nap on the sofa, half whistled a tune or two, hummed the fraction of a psalm, and was finally found gazing on a painting of Mary Magdalen, to discover new beauties, when his entertainer made his appearance, just exactly the happiest looking man the editor had ever stumbled upon.

'Excuse my detaining you,' said he, 'but you heard what Betty said at the door?'

'Oh, yes,' replied the editor.

'A pair of 'em, by Jove!"

'So I understood her to say.'

'And a finer pair I never saw, though I say it who should not; as plump, as fair and as bright as any I ever laid my eyes on; come join me in a drink.'

Adjoining to the sideboard, they filled their glasses; the editor gave,

'Here's to them.'

'Good!' said the host, 'there's to them!'

The editor was slightly astonished, for his friend's way of rejoicing over the ducks was quite singular—he tosed off his wine and commenced promenading the room, rubbing his hands, chuckling and occasionally giving vent to a guffaw.

'A pair—who'd have thought it; and all doing so nicely too!' was his exclamation.

'How are you having them fixed?' inquired his visitor.

'Oh, I leave that to the woman of course, I don't meddle with that business.'

'But it's a pity, considering they are so very fine, that you have't another friend or two to dine with you.'

'Pardon me, I forgot, I am compelled to ask you to go somewhere else for your dinner.'

'To do what?'

'To dine somewhere else! you see all is in confusion, the servants all as busy as bees, it was so unexpected—in fact, I didn't think it would come off for a week.'

'Come off!—what do you mean?'

'Why the affair up stars.'

'And what the devil is the affair up stars?'

'Why, I thought you heard what the girl said at the door?'

'So I did—she said you had a fine pair of ducks for dinner.'

'Fine pair of what?'

'Of Ducks!'

'Fine devils! she told me that while we had been absent, my wife had presented me with a fine pair of twins, both boys.'

* * * * * * * *

The last we heard of the poor editor, he was partaking of a plate of soup—'solitary and alone'—at a restaurant in Charles street.—*N. O. Crescent City.*

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

The Borderer's Child;
OR WASHINGTON AT EIGHTEEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a calm, sunny day in the year 1750; the scene a piece of forest land on the Northern Neck of Virginia, contiguous to a noble stream of water. Implements of surveying were lying about and several men, idly reclining under the trees, betokened by their dress and appearance that they composed a party engaged in laying out the wild lands of the then frontier to the old Dominion. These persons had apparently just finished their noon-tide meal, for the relics of the banquet were scattered around.

Apart from the group walked a young man, evidently superior to his companions, though there was nothing obstrusive in his air, which, on the contrary, was distinguished by affability. A certain dignity of aspect, however, accompanied him. Added to this he was of a tall and compact frame, and moved with the elastic tread of one accustomed to constant exercise in the open air. His countenance could not have been said to be handsome, but it wore a look of decision and manliness, not usually found in one so young, for apparently he was little over eighteen years of age. His hat had been cast off, as if for comfort, and he had paused, with one foot advanced, in a natural and graceful attitude, at the moment that we have introduced him to our reader.

Suddenly there was a shriek, then another, and then several in rapid succession. The voice was that of a woman, and seemed to proceed from the other side of a dense thicket. At the first scream the youth turned his head in the direction whence the sound proceeded, but when it was repeated he pushed aside the undergrowth which seperated him from it, and quickening his footsteps as the cries succeeded each other with alarming rapidity, he soon dashed into an open space or "clearing," as the borderers even then called it, on the banks of the stream, in the centre of which a rude log cabin stood, whose well-pole poised over one end, and smoke curling from the chimney, gave signs of habitation. As the young man, with a face flushed by haste, broke from the undergrowth, he saw his companions crowded together on the bank of the river, while in their midst a woman, from whom proceeded the shrieks, was visible, held back by two of the most athletic of the men, but still struggling violently for freedom.

It was the work of an instant to make his way through the crowd and confront the female. The moment her eyes fell on him she exclaimed,

"Oh' sir—you will do something for me. Make them release me—for the love of God! My boy—my poor boy is drowning and they will not let me go."

"It would be madness—she will jump into the river," said one of those who held her, as the frantic mother strove again to break from his grasp. "The rapids would dash her to pieces in a minute."

The youth had scarcely waited for these words—His eye took in, at a single glance the meaning of the sad group. He recollected the child of the woman, a bold little fellow of four years old, whose handsome blue eyes and flaxen ringlets made him a favorite with strangers and filled the mother's heart with pride whenever she gazed on him. He had been accustomed to play, at will, in the little enclosure before the cabin; but, this morning, the gate having been accidentally left open, he had stolen out when his mother's back was turned, reached the edge of the bank, and was in the act of looking over, when his parent's eye caught sight of him. The shriek which she uttered precipitated the catastrophe she feared, for the child frightened at the cry lost his balance, and fell head long into the stream, which here went foaming and roaring along amid innumerable rocks, constituting the most dangerous rapids known, in that section of the country. Scream now followed scream in rapid succession as the agonized parent rushed to the bank.—She arrived there simultaneously with the party whom we left reclining in the shade, and who were scattered about within a few steps of the accident. Fortunate was it that they were so near, else the mother would have plunged in after her child and both been lost.—Several of the men immediately approached the brink and were on the point of springing in after the child, when the sight of the sharp rocks crowding the channel, the rush and whirl of the waters, and the want of any knowledge where to look for the boy deterred them, and they gave up the enterprise.

Not so with the youth we have introduced. His first work was to throw off his coat; his next to spring to the edge of the bank. Here he stood for a second, running his eye rapidly over the scene below, and taking in, with a glance, the different currents and the most dangerous of the rocks, in order to shape his course by them, when in the stream. He had scarcely formed his conclusion, when his gaze rested on a white object in the water that he knew to be the boy's dress, and, while his companions, aghast at his temerity, were prevented, as much by consternation as by the awe with which he had already inspired them from interfering, he plunged headlong into the wild and roarting rapids.

"Thank God—he will save my child," grasped the woman, "see—there he is—oh! my boy, my darling boy, how could I leave you."

Every one had rushed to the brink of the precipice, and was now following, with eager eyes, the perilous progress of the youth, as the current bore him onward, like a feather in the embrace of a hurricane. Now it seemed as if he wou'd be dashed against a jutting rock over which the water flew in foam; and now a whirlpool would drag him in, from whose grasp escape would appear impossible. At times the current bore him under and he would be lost to sight; then, just as the spectators gave him up, he would re-appear, though far enough from where he vanished, still buffeting smid the vortex. Oh! how that mother's straining eyes followed him in his perilous career—how her heart sank when he went under—and with what a gush of joy she saw him emerge again from the waters, and flinging the waves aside with his athletic arms struggle on, in pursuit of her boy. But it seemed as if his generous efforts were of no avail, for though the current was bearing off the boy before his eyes, scarcely ten feet distant, he could not, despite his gigantic efforts, overtake the drowning child.

On they flew, the youth and the child; and it was miraculous how each escaped being dashed to pieces against the rocks. Twice the boy went out of sight, and a suppressed shriek escaped the mother's lips; but twice he re-appeared, and then, with hands wrung wildly together and breathless anxiety, she followed his progress, as his unresisting form was hurried onward with the current.

The youth now appeared to redouble his exertions for they were approaching the most dangerous part of the river, where the rapids, contracting between the narrowed shores, shot almost perpendicularly down a declivity of fifteen feet. The rush of the waters at this spot was tremendous, and no one ventured to approach its vicinity, even in a canoe, lest they should be sucked in. What then would be the youth's fate unless he speedily overtook the child! He seemed fully sensible of the increasing peril, and urged his way now through the foaming current with desperate strength. Three several times he was on the point of grasping the child, when the waters whirled the prize from him. The third effort was made just as they were about entering within the influence of the current above the fall, and when it failed, the mother's heart sank within her and she groaned aloud, fully expecting to see the youth give up the task. But no he only pressed forward the more eagerly, and as they breathlessly watched, they saw, amid the boiling waters, as if bearing a charmed life, the form of the brave youth following close after that of the boy. And now, like an arrow from the bow, pursuer and pursued shot to the brink of the precipice. An instant they hung there, distinctly visible amid the glassy waters, that seemed to pause on the edge of the descent.—Every brain grew dizzy at the sight. But a shout of involuntary exultation burst from the spectators when they saw the boy held aloft by the right arm of the youth—a shout alas! that was suddenly checked by horror when the rescuer and the rescued vanished into the abyss.

A moment—rather many moments elapsed, before a word was spoken or a breath drawn. Each of the group felt that to look into the mother's face was impossible. She herself had sterted eagerly forward and now stood on the bank, a few paces nearer the cataract, where she could command a view of its foot, gazing thither with fixed eyes, as if her all depended on what the next moment should reveal. Suddenly she gave a glad cry.

"There they are," she exclaimed "see, they are safe—Great God I thank thee!" and for a moment wildly turning her face to heaven, she hurried with trembling steps along the side of the river in the direction of the fall.

Every eye followed hers, and sure enough there was the youth, still unharmed and still buffetting the waters. He had just emerged from the boiling vortex below the cataract. With one hand he held aloft the child and with the other he was making for the shore.

They ran, they shouted, they scarcely knew what they did until they reached his side, just as he had struggled to the bank. They drew him out almost exhausted. The boy was senseless, but his mother declared he still lived as she pressed him frantically to her bosom. His preserver, powerfully built and athletic as he was, could scarcely stand, so faint was he from his exertions.

Who shall describe the scenes that followed—the mother's calmness while she strove to resuscitate her boy, and her wild gratitude to his preserver when the child was out of danger and sweetly sleeping in the arms? Our pen shrinks at the task. But her words, pronounced then—we may hope in the spirit of prophecy—were remembered afterward by more than one who heard them.

"God will reward you," she said, "as I cannot.—He will do great things for you in return for this day's work, and the blessings of thousands, beside mine, will attend you."

And it was so. For to the hero of that hour were subsequently confided the destinies of a mighty nation. But throughout his long career, what tended perhaps most to make him honored and respected beyond all men, was the self-sacrificing spirit which, in the rescue of that mother's child as in the more august events of his life, characterized our WASHINGTON.

AGRICULTURAL.

COMPOUND FOR FATTENING CATTLE.—Flaxseed and oil cake have long been considered as very valuable for fattening cattle. The English farmers prize these articles highly, and great quantities are imported and used in the British Islands. Oil-cake is even carried from this country to fatten English beef. One great advantage which the English farmer thinks he derives from the use of it, is the improved quantity of manure, and this is considered of such consequence as to balance a large portion of the expense of the cake. Flaxseed or linseed oil has likewise been sometimes used, mixed with bran, &c., for fattening animals, and the effect has been a very rapid gain. We have occasionally used flaxseed for cattle with good advantage, by boiling it and mixing with meal, cut hay, &c. We recollect the practice of one man in particular, who, more than twenty years ago, was considered to have great success in fattening cattle. He boiled a quantity of ground flaxseed, or, instead of that, pulverized oil cake, with potatoes, and scalded with meal, (either from barley or corn,) in such quantity that when the mixture was cold it could be cut out in pieces, and in that shape was given to the cattle while they were in their stalls.

In the third volume of the American Farmer is an article by Nathan Landon, of Litchfield, Connecticut, on the subject of feeding cattle with cut straw, oil cake, and flaxseed. He says he fattened an ox and a three-year old heifer with less expense even than that of common keeping by the following process. He says: "I boiled about two quarts of flaxseed and sprinkled on to cut straw, which had been previously scalded and seasoned with salt, together with some oil cake and oat meal, working them together in a tub with a short pitchfork, till the whole became an oily mush, I fattened the heifer first—she was of ordinary size, and in good order to winter. I gave her about three pecks, [of the mixture,] which she ate voraciously, and in the course of four days, when the seed was gone, she was visibly altered. I fed her regularly in that way about two months, in which time she had eaten about one bushel of flaxseed, with the other ingredients in proportion. When she was butchered she weighed five hundred and eighty-four pounds, eighty-four pounds of which was tallow. She would not have sold before fattening for more than $16. She cost me not more than $10, exclusive of the hay and straw she ate, which was chiefly scalded as above. On the first of February I began with the ox. I fed him about three months, but not altogether so well as I did the heifer. He digested about one pint of boiled flax seed a day, prepared as above, which I suppose formed half the fat in these two cattle. The ox was short, measured [girthed] seven feet two inches, and when killed weighed one thousand and eighty-two pounds, and had one hundred and eighty-two pounds of tallow. He cost me, while fattening, twenty-five cents a day; he had previously cost me thirty-five cents. My gain in fattening these two cattle was more than all I have cleared before in fattening oxen and cows in fifteen years; and this is owing, I think, chiefly to the use of flaxseed. I never fattened cattle that appeared so calm, so hearty, and digested all their food with so much natural ease and regularity as these. I kept my cows in the same way in the month of March for one-third the expense of hay. It makes excellent milk and butter."

We have lately seen frequent recommendations of an article used in England for fattening cattle, called "Warne's Compound." Sir Charles Burrell, in a letter published in the Farmer's Journal, gives an account of the mode of making this celebrated compound, from which we gather the following. It is said to be a very economical and efficacious food:

1st. Let a quantity of linseed be reduced to fine meal, that is to say, let every seed be thoroughly broken. 2d. Put about one hundred and fifty-six pounds of water into a copper, and let it boil. 3d. Stir into the water quickly two pounds of the linseed meal, and let it boil for about five minutes. 4th. Let sixty-three pounds of barley or bean meal be sprinkled upon the boiling mucilage by the hand of one person while another rapidly as possible stirs and works it in. The whole will now have assumed the form of a thick mess or pudding. The fire should be put out, and in a short time the food may be given to the cattle. When cold, the compound should be perfectly stiff. Many farmers put it into moulds like those used for bricks while hot. The compound is generally given in small quantities at first, and increased at pleasure—for the first week, five pounds or seven pounds per day, when according to the size of the animal and quality of other food given, the quantity may be increased to fourteen pounds, twenty-one pounds, or twenty-eight pounds per day. To make cattle compound with potatoes or white carrots, nothing more is required than, after having been properly steamed or boiled, to remove them from the vessels, *as hot as possible, into a trough*, then sprinkle some linseed meal upon them, and knead the whole into a mass with the rammer. The compound may be put hot into the moulds and made into cakes, or used from the trough. Less labour will be required, if the roots are removed from the cooking vessels in small quantities and incorporated with the meal. The proportions must be left to circumstances, and to the cost at which cattle are intended to be fed. The effect of giving only one pound of linseed meal per day to a bullock, when incorporated with potatoes or carrots, will soon become visible; but if a pound or two more were added, the animal would fatten at a rate which those alone who watched the proceedings could believe.—*Albany Cultivator.*

SPIRIT OF THE WHIG PARTY.—When the disastrous result of the late Presidential contest was known, thousands of as good patriots as ever rallied under the banners of any political party felt inclined to permit the victorious party to consumate all their measures without opposition. A deep gloom settled down on the hearts of the Whigs, as deep almost as is felt when the angel of death visits the family circle and strikes down some beloved member of it. The canvass had been excited almost beyond precedent: and it was but natural that despondency should succeed defeat.—The people had exhibited so much wrong headedness, and had shown themselves so liable to the impositions practiced by artful demagogues, that some even despaired of correcting their understandings. It was thought by many that nothing less than bitter experience of the impolicy of Locofoco measures would convince the people of the great mistake they had committed in intrusting the reins of Government to Locofoco rulers. Such persons concluded that the Whigs should retire from farther contest and suffer the successful party to bring upon the country the monstrous evils that would necessarily afflict it if their measures were carried into effect. Such convictions were but temporary, and soon gave way to wiser and more patriotic feelings; and there is now among the Whigs but few who do not conceive it a duty they owe the country to oppose Locofocoism with all the energies of their souls.

Evil and error under all the forms they assume are to be met and, if possible, overcome. Under all circumstances, patriots must firmly resist any efforts that will tend to impair the renown, or to destroy the prosperity of the country. Because a party happens to have a majority of the popular votes in its favor, it by no means follows that it shall be permitted unopposed to wage a destructive warfare against the best interests of the people. Had the repeated defeats years ago under the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren been considered by the Whigs as a sufficient reason why they should lay down their arms and tamely submit to whatsoever measures the dominent party saw fit to propose, the condition of the country would now be miserable indeed. But happily for the nation, the Whigs, though oft defeated, were not disheartened.—They continued their opposition to Locofocoism, and at length succeeded in triumphing over their opponents in one of the most decisive victories ever achieved.—The country was raised from the ruin into which Locofocoism plunged it, and light and hope and prosperity were in due season everywhere manifested.

Indeed we see no cause of despair in the result of the late contest. We are beaten it is true, but the successful party did not poll a majority of the votes cast in the election. Parties were never so equal in numerical force before. A little unwise legislation on the part of the Locofocos will drive from their ranks enough men to throw that party into the minority.—The Locofocos are by no means united. There is fierce hostility in their ranks. Symptoms very unequivocal of a schism among them are already clearly discernible. To harmonize the discordant views and feelings, that prevail among them, is an utter impossibility. A bitter strife will ensue, and that will disgust thousands of those who have blindly given their support to a party which, calling itself democratic, is only destructive.

Under such circumstances the policy of the Whigs is obvious. They must maintain their principles and their organization. They must remain vigilant and at their posts, and be ready to confront Locofocoism whenever it may choose to make a demonstration of its intentions. The recent election proved very conclusively that a majority of the people were in favor of Whig measures, and were prevented casting their votes in accordance with their principles only because they were induced to believe that Locofoism was more favorable to those principles than the Whigs themselves. The stupendous imposition practiced on thousands by designing and false hearted demagogues is already becoming visible even to those who were its dupes. The honest men of this class will, when they are convinced that they have been victims to imposture, repudiate with unutterable scorn those who deceived them, and unite themselves with the Whigs who honestly represent their principles.

We rejoice to perceive evidences in every section of the country of a determination on the part of the Whigs never to surrender at discretion—evidences of a spirit that will enable them yet to triumph and to save the country. The Whigs have everywhere declared their stern and unalterable resolution to preserve their organization and to battle for their principles. They will not desert their glorious banners. They will not follow any new leaders bent on bringing about issues for which the Whigs have never struggled. Animated by such a spirit, a spirit that cannot be satisfied with anything less than the most decisive success, it requires not the eye of a prophet to foresee the day when victory will again perch upon the Whig standard, and when Locofocoism will be routed and the country redeemed.

If any Whigs have despaired of the ultimate triumph of their principles, we bid them to be of good cheer. If any have been induced to forsake the honored name of Whigs, we earnestly entreat them to return and renew the battle with their former friends against the party in power. The Whig party is a noble, an honorable, a glorious party. Its proud and chivalric bearing on many a hotly contested field entitles it to the love of every patriotic heart. We would rather fall under Whig standards than succeed under any other. We love the Whigs and we love their name, and we are rejoiced to know that a similar affection is nearly universal with all who have ever called themselves Whigs. Let us preserve our party organization. Let us stand by our banners and our country, let us maintain our confidence, let us stand shoulder to shoulder as we have heretofore done, and we shall have the proud satisfaction at no very distant period of achieving an honorable victory, a victory not tarnished by fraud, but in all respects glorious.

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