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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

A Simile.

On the breast of the billow,
The silver moon lay,
Unruffled the mirror,
Unbroken the ray;
'Till the zephyr's light pinion,
Swept over the stream,
And broke the repose
Of the wave and the beam.

Like the beam on the billow,
Love's spirit will rest,
Pure, peaceful and holy,
In fond woman's breast;
'Till passion's wild breathings
Have fann'd into flame,
To illumine her pathway,
Or perish in shame.

I said I loved her, and a blush
Stole softly down her cheek;
I said I loved her, and that flush
Spoke more than words could speak.

I said I loved her, and a glow
Suffused her face so fair,
It came and went like meteor flash,
Amid the summer air.

I said I loved her,—and a tear
Of feeling filled her eye;
It was a harbinger of soul—
An eloquent reply.

I said I loved—and could no more
The deep affection smother;
The gipsy smiled, as she replied,
"Oh! dear, I LOVE ANOTHER!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies' World of Fashion.

THE NUN'S DOOM.

BY H. SYMMES.

Near the town of Aspeitia, in the romantic land of Spain, stands a large, square, dark-looking house, with nothing to relieve the barrenness of the high walls but a few holes with gratings, and which bear the appearance rather of loopholes than of windows. It is scarce strong enough to be a prison, nor does it resemble a convent, from the absence of a steeple. The superstructure, which is in reality, however, a nunnery, crowns an eminence at the entrance of the town.—There is something so gloomy about the tower—something so full of vague and awful mystery, that I shuddered involuntarily when I beheld it; and when, some time afterward, I came to learn one of the deeds which those gloomy walls had witnessed, I was almost tempted to believe in supernatural influences, so vague and chill had been the emotion of horror which I felt on beholding that antique building for the first time.

The story was related to me by an old lady, who, in her youth, had been an inmate of this convent for many years.—Never shall I forget the tone and gesture with which she spoke as follows:

"There was a lady in our convent, who, during the two years that had elapsed since her arrival, had scarcely exchanged a word with any of the other nuns. She remained constantly secluded in her cell, excepting when summoned by the tolling of the bell to join in the devotions of the community in the choir. She was shunned and avoided by most of the nuns, who generally supposed that some terrible crime oppressed her conscience; for a calm and gloomy despair sat upon her pale brow, and gave a wild yet melancholy expression to her beautiful and dignified features. Her figure was lofty and noble, but emaciated with suffering. Her prayers and religious duties were repeated and performed with usual fervor.

"Often had I remarked, with feelings of commiseration, her wasted form thrown into an attitude of humble and earnest supplication; her pale though beautiful features formed into an expression of the most poignant grief; her eyes raised to Heaven, and dimmed by burning tears. Thus she would long remain with her arms crossed upon her breast, and motionless as a statue, with the exception of a convulsive quivering of her lips. Suddenly she would throw herself upon the ground in a paroxysm of despair, and sob aloud, pronouncing some inarticulate words, as if complaining of her total incapability to quell the fearful tempest raised within her breast, by the conflict of opposed and unconquerable feelings. Again would she strive to raise her heart to God; but in vain. She found no relief in prayer; and, in her utter hopelessness, finding that even 'Religion' could not mitigate her torments, she would fall exhausted, and lie extended on the ground, deep sighs rending her bosom, and invoking death to put an end to her miserable and wretched existence.

"Compassionating her sufferings, I essayed to offer her some consolation. She was moved by the sincere expression of my pity, and perceived that I also was unfortunate. The similarity of our feelings and misfortunes instinctively drew us toward each other, and I soon gained her friendship, and learnt the cause of her grief.

"Her name was Amelia; she was the daughter of the Count of B———. Her crime had been the forming of a strong attachment toward a young officer in the army—a man of strict honor and principle, but whose family and prospects were unfortunately beneath the notice of the proud Count of B———, who would have thought himself disgraced by such an alliance. He forbid his daughter to speak to her lover, or even to think of him. She entreated; he sternly repeated his commands, and left her; he was disobeyed; the enraged Count brought her to the convent, and forced her to take the veil, threatening, if she refused, to cause the officer to be assassinated. This had determined her, and she saved her lover's life at the sacrifice of her liberty and her happiness. For two long years she had struggled ineffectually to *forget*, and to offer to the God, to whom she had consecrated her existence, a heart pure and free from all worldly affections and regret. But alas! never could she succeed in erasing from her heart the fond memory of her lover; which, notwithstanding all her efforts to the contrary, continued to hold entire possession of her soul. His image haunted and pursued her everywhere. It was in vain for her to seek consolation in prayer; her thoughts would still wander away from her God, and dwell upon her lover. And this constant conflict between love and religion—the fond recollections of the past lost to her forever, and the torments to which the imagined herself to be doomed, which wore and ture—was the cause that wasted her form and withered her strength, and that the burning fever within her breast raged on unabated.

"Months flew, and time but increased her sufferings; all hope had long deserted her. One day, she had remained alone in the choir after the termination of the evening prayers; she was, as usual, imploring for mercy and relief. Her meditation was interrupted by her hearing her name pronounced distinctly, though in a whisper. She listened, and heard it again; she started, rose, looked down into the church, and remained thrilled with emotion, supported by a pillar, to which she clung, for she recognised, by the last gleam of twilight—yes—she could not be mistaken—she recognised her lover.—Fearful of detection, he threw a letter into the choir, over the lattice-work, and disappeared. She was weak enough to read it. It said, that by her father's influence he had been sent on board of a vessel, which took him to the Havannas, where he was appointed to a regiment. He had petitioned in vain for leave to return to Spain, and even for his discharge from the service. Both had been refused. Unable to live without her, he had, at last, sacrificed everything, even his honor, to see her again. He had deserted, to find her on his arrival in Spain buried in a convent. He told her that it was impossible that God would accept of vows which force and fear alone had extorted from her—they could not be considered as binding. He conjured her, if she still loved him, to fly with him to a foreign land; to repay the sacrifice he had made for her with a similar one; and then they would pass the rest of their days in retirement, peace and happiness.

"He promised happiness, when nothing could exceed the wretchedness of her existence—when she felt that even death itself would be unable to erase him from her heart. Was it possible that she could refuse?

"I assisted them in their flight, which was effected with the greater facility, as not the slightest suspicion was entertained of such an attempt being in contemplation. The anxiety of avoiding pursuit, made them take to the mountains. Being unprovided with a guide, they lost their way, and wandered until the horse that bore them fell exhausted. They proceeded on foot, and having at last met with a shepherd, they persuaded him to guide them. They pursued their weary journey, and after walking all day and night, their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the French frontier. A few minutes more, and they would be safe! At this moment, they perceived with horror a detachment of troops, that had been despatched in their pursuit upon the discovery of Amelia's escape being made known at the convent. They still strove to go on, straining every nerve; but their wearied limbs tottered beneath them. The troops came up, overtook and surrounded them. Amelia's lover, driven to madness by this disappointment, began to use his weapons furiously in her defence, but a bullet laid him dead at her feet. She then lost all recollection. Upon recovering her senses, Amelia found herself again in the convent. Before she could collect her thoughts, and awaken from the confusion of what she imagined but a horrid and indistinct dream, she was summoned before the tribunal, assembled in conformity with the rules of the Order, to try and condemn her on a charge of sacrilegiously breaking her vows, and profaning the sanctity of the convent."

Fatigued by the exertion she had undergone, my narrator fell back upon her chair, and it was in a voice almost indistinct from its weakness, that she added,

"You *guess* her doom?"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "the poor girl was confined to a comfortless cell."

A ghastly smile came over the features of the old lady; a smile in which there was something horrible and painful to see. She again sat erect in her chair, placed her head on my shoulder, and approaching her face to my ear, she said, in a low, hissing whisper, which thrilled me to the heart, and made me shudder, "she was built up in the cavity of a wall, and left *there*—to die!"

Female Society.

Of all the refiners of man's nature, female society is the most effective. There is a respect for the softer sex implanted in us by nature, that makes us desire to appear well in the presence of delicate and intelligent females, and has a tendency to elevate our feelings, and make us assume a gentleness and propriety of deportment totally at variance with all coarseness and vulgarity. Such is the influence of the intercourse of which we speak, in forming character, that we do not recollect to have seen a young man of good age, that he society of ladies well and prosper in life, dishes on the other hand, we have observed many who, by confining themselves to associations with the members of their own sex, have acquired a roughness and uncouthness of manner that entirely unfitted them for the intercourse of life.—We are perfectly aware that a foolish timidy is at the bottom of this, as we esteem it, great defect of character, and that many a man of sterling worth would as soon be caught in committing a crime against morals as in playing the lady's man. This is all clearly wrong, and may generally be referred to some unlucky occurrence in which youthful awkwardness has given rise to ridicule. If the ladies were only aware of the power they rightfully possess in forming the habits and manners of men, they would take pains to allay the sensitiveness which produces want of ease in their presence, and, by becoming affability and kindness, cherish confidence and self-possession. The members of the two sexes were intended by their Maker to be companions for each other, and the more easy and free their intercourse can be, due regard being had to strict propriety, the more delicate and refined will be the sentiments of all concerned.—*Madisonian.*

A FAIR OFFER.—Make a full estimate of all you owe, and of all that is owing to you. Reduce the same to note. As fast as you collect, pay over to those you owe; if you can't collect renew your notes every year, and get the best security you can.—Go to business diligently, and be industrious; lose no time; waste no idle moments—be very prudent and economical in all things—discard all pride but the pride of acting justly and well—be faithful in your duty to God, by regular and hearty prayer, morning and night—attend church and meeting regularly every Sunday, and "do unto all men as you would they should do unto you." If you are too needy in your circumstances, to give to the poor, do whatever else you have in your power to do for them cheerfully—but if you can, always help the worthy poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and, if you are not happy, comfortable, and independent in your circumstances, come to me and I will pay your debts.—Dr. Franklin.

He who stumbles twice over one stone it is no wonder if he breaks his neck.

The Bible.

An interesting anniversary meeting of the Liverpool Bible Society, was recently held, when many facts of a deeply interesting nature to the Christian World, were made known. One of the speakers said that during the existence of the Association, not fewer than 14,000,000 of copies of the Bible had been issued, amounting on an average to 1000 copies per day. Last year 100,000 copies were issued. Another speaker stated that there were at present 137 translations of the Bible, and 7000 kindred institutions had eminated from the principal Society.

Thomas J. Bourne, Esq., said it was believed that Napoleon, while an exile in St. Helena, and during the last six months of his earthly career, had been very often employed in reading a New Testament which was presented to him by a gentleman of the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and that, from his having often spoken of Jesus Christ as the Saviour, it was confidently hoped, that that book might have raised his affections above earthly thoughts and desires to heaven and heavenly objects.

The present Society last year, issued 584,544 copies from the depository at home, and 231,000 from abroad. In France, 156,000 copies of the Scriptures had been given during the last year by the agent there; and it was a remarkable fact, that while a Bible could not be found in any of the book shops of Paris in the year 1817, it was to be had in all the present time. The issue to Belgium had decreased within the last year, but 98,000 copies of the scriptures were distributed in that country within the last ten years.

In Prussia, great success had attended the labors of the society, and the King of Prussia, when lately in London, had said, that of all the great achievements he witnessed, that which struck him most was the stupendous success of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In Germany, 27,000 copies had been circulated during the year, and in Hungary the society had an agent who worked gratuitously, and who distributed 54,000 copies during the last three years.

In India, not only had the operations of the society during the year exceeded the preceding, but they had exceeded the entire labors of the Calcutta auxiliary. Moreover, stated the Bishop of Madras, were perishing year by year through the excessive labors demanded of them. No fewer than 100,000 copies had been sent to Antigua of what the people there called "the emancipation book." From Madagascar the society had received an application for more Bibles, saying that the old ones were worn out, and 500 copies of the Chinese New Testament had been put into the hands of the followers of the camp, who had gone thither with the British army, in the hope that they would be able to scatter the seeds of Christianity in that vast and mighty empire.

Another speaker, the Rev. Baptist Noel, said that in Russia, the Parent Society had circulated no less that 900,000 copies, and in Poland 54,000 copies. In Spain, 204,500 copies of Bibles and Testaments had been purchased as well as received gratuitously. In France 161,000 copies had been circulated by the agency of the society. He next alluded to Asia and to the operations of the society in the Turkish empire, and said, that 300,000 copies of the Arabic Scriptures had been given to the Mahomedans in Smyrna.

He stated that the Scriptures had been translated into various languages, so that the whole British India might be supplied with the Word of God. He alluded eloquently to the sacred volume, said that the first great gift was the gift of the Saviour; the second was the gift of the Holy Spirit; and the third was the gift of the sacred Scriptures. The truths therein enshrined and the great facts there recorded are from God himself, and it was the duty of Christians to circulate the word to the ends of the earth.—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

"I shall be home next Sunday night," the young lady said when she followed her beau to the door, who seemed to be somewhat wavering in his attachment.—"So shall I," was his reply.

COQUETTE.—A young lady of beauty more than sense—more accomplishment than learning—more charms of person than graces of mind—more admirers than friends—more fools than wise men for attendants.

ACCOMMODATING.—An editor down south says that he is willing to squeeze the ladies at any time, if they will leave off tight lacing.

Why has President Tyler *trampled under foot* the rights of Congress? Because he has put his Vetoes on so many of them!

She's a Sewing Girl.

We have frequently heard the above remark, when it excited in our mind a sentiment of ineffable contempt for the worthless piece of humanity that uttered it. It is a source of deep regret to us that it should ever be our duty to deal harshly with any portion of the fair sex who maintain a reputable standing in society; but there are some and not a few either, who although their fame may be unspotted are so deeply imbued with envy, jealously and hatred towards those of their sex, who happen to be less favored of fortune, but more perfectly moulded and finished by nature than themselves, that their hearts are gall, their souls are wormwood, their breath is pestilence, whenever they can make it convenient to speak of them. These are they, who, with a sarcastic leer, and a scornful turn of nose, stigmatise as "nothing but sewing girls," such young females as have the moral courage and the virtue to work with their hands for an honest livelihood, rather than to be dependant, destitute or disreputable.

It is sometimes applied opprobiously to married ladies, after the following manner: "Did you ever see the like how Mrs. ——— dresses herself and children of late?"—"La, yes, I've seen many like her—I knew her when she was a sewing girl, and her husband a poor carpenter, and when he worked for my father. Now they have got a little something in the world, and they stick themselves up for mighty somebodies." "It is just so almost always with such creatures. As soon as they get a little start in the world they forget the poverty they sprang from, and begin to put on airs of gentility. I can't bear them for my part."

Reader, if you are a young man and should hear anything like the above sentiments uttered by a young lady to whom you are paying your addresses, let that be your last visit. Even if you are under promises of marriage, it would be better to break off and incur the penalty of breach of promise, than to be united for life to one so utterly devoid of that kind hearted sympathy for those of her own sex, who virtuously struggling with adversity, who holds it disreputable in her friends, to who is without means, upon her own physical exertions in an honest and useful vocation.

We cannot conceive of any evidence more conclusive, that a young female possesses, in an eminent degree, that innate principle of virtue which would set at defiance every seductive wile of libertinism, than to see her adorned with all the native graces of her sex heroically braving the sneers of the proud and scornful, and steadily plying her needle as a means of independence. Such an one rarely if ever, fails to possess an amiable disposition, and will seldom if ever, fail to make a virtuous, affectionate, prudent wife, and a good mother.

We never disignedly listened to the conversation of ladies in the streets, but we will confess that the above remarks were prompted by hearing the words which we have placed at the head of this article contemptuously uttered by one of the ladies who filled a narrow side walk so full, that we were compelled to walk slowly after them for some rods. We did not know them but hope they may chance to light upon this article for their own sakes. It will perhaps teach them to give their voices less volume when they utter such uncharitable sentiments in the street.

WHAT A LAWYER SHOULD BE.—We are indebted to Mr. Hamilton, of Concord, N. H., for a copy of a "Charge to the Grand Jury upon the uncertainty of the Law, and the duties of those concerned in the administration of it, by Chief Justice Parker—Chief Justice, we presume, of New Hampshire, though it is not so written down. Among the many good things it contains, there is nothing better than the following, which we find in a note page 11:

In the "Character of an Honest Lawyer," printed in 1776, it is said, among other things, that he is "one that practises the law so as not to forget the gospel, but always wears a concience as well as a gown. He weighs the cause more than gold; and if that will not bear the touch, his generous scorn puts back the fee. Though he knows all the criticisms of his faculty, and the nice snapperadoes of practice, yet he never uses them, unless in a defensive way, to countermine the plots of knavery; for he effects not the devilish skill of out-baffling right, nor aims at the shameful glory of making a bad cause good; but with equal contempt hates the wolf's study and the dog's eloquence; and disdains to grow great by crimes, or build himself a fortune on the spoil of the oppressed, or the ruin of the widow and orphan. He has more reverence for his profession than to debauch it for unrighteous purposes, and had rather be dumb than suffer his tongue to pimp for injustice, or club his parts to bolster up a cheat with the legerdemain of lawcraft.

The best lip-salve is a sweet kiss.

WANTS.—The following wants, though calculated for the meridian of New Orleans, will answer also for some other places:

Bill-holders want collections made, and debtors want duns to go to the d—l.

Rents want razeeing, and landlords had better whittle them down if they want to keep or get good tenants.

Shopkeepers want customers, and customers want the wherewithal for shopping.

Young ladies want lovers, and lovers seem to want to get married in these times, for no other reason in the world than because they have nothing else to do.

Rogues want hanging.

Honest men want bread.

Morals want mending.

Doctors want patients, and people are quite content to be patient without the doctor.

The hotels want boarders about this date, and not a few boarders want any reasonable amount of dunning for their board.

Every body wants to have every thing right, while hardly any thing works straight—and nobody can have all things as they want.

We all want more than we deserve, and none of us have more virtue than we want.

The world wants reforming, and shows every disposition to go on wanting.

AN EXPERIMENT.—I once knew a boy who was employed by his father to remove all the loose, small stones which, from the peculiar situation of the ground, had accumulated in the road before the house. He was to take them up and throw them over into the pasture across the way. He soon got tired of picking them up one by one and sat down on the bank to try to devise some better means of accomplishing his work; he at length conceived and adopted the following plan: He set in the pasture a narrow board for a neighborhood, boys would call it an amusement, which lecting always ready for—firing at mark. I need not say that the stores of ammunition were soon exhausted, the boys working for their leader when they supposed they were only finding amusement for themselves. Here now is experimenting on the mind; the production of useful effort with rapidity and ease, by the intervention of proper instrumentality; the conversation, by means of a little knowledge of human nature, of what would otherwise have been dull and fatiguing labor, into mere animating sport, giving pleasure to twenty instead of tedious labor to one.

A CHANCE.—An editor of a paper in Pennsylvania says he wants a wife, and he thus enumerates the necessary qualifications of the lady:

"She must be a gal whose eyes beams with love, tenderness and pity; twinkle with fun, frolic and mischief; and lighten up the flash with the immortal part of its frail tenement; whose countenance is illuminated with virgin innocence and purity, chastened by humility, and happy from the practice of every homely virtue, with a heart to feel, a hand to relieve and a bosom to sympathize with misfortune; one who can mend breeches, make shirts, scrub floors, peel taters and cook dinner."

Had he been a Yankee he would probably have appended to the list of qualifications something like the following: one that can ride horse to plough, attend to the garden, feed the pigs, drive home the cows, and occasionally lick the schoolmaster.

PRINTING.—When a Jew, who was a famous Dutch Printer, brought into Constantinople printing presses, &c. to introduce the art of printing into that city, the vizier caused him to be hanged, declaring that it would be a great cruelty that one man should enrich himself by taking the bread of eleven thousand scribes, who gained their living by the pen.

CONFAB.—"Papa, what does the Editor lick his Price Current with?" "Whip it? He don't whip it my child." "Then he lies Pa." Hush! Tom, that's a very naughty word." "Well, by George! this ere paper says 'Price Current carefully corrected'—and I guess when I gets *corrected* I gets *licked*—hey—don't I." "*Nuf ced*—my son.—*Richmond Star.*

Women are like stars—not to be seen in the morning. They get "fixed" at night, and then don't they blaze away beautiful!

A POETICAL DUN.—The following has been used "down East," as a very pleasant substitute for a printers' dun: it is to be set to music to the jingling of dollars—

"We'll gaily chase dull care away
And banish every sorrow,—
Subscribers pay your debts to-day
And we'll pay ours to morrow!"