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DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY, AND THE DISSEMINATION OF MORALITY LITERATURE, AND NEWS.

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HOPE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Hope, unyielding to despair,
Springs forever fresh and fair;
Earth's serenest prospects fly,
Hope's enchantments never die.

At Fortune's frown, in evil hour,
Though honor, wealth, and friends depart,
She cannot drive, with all her power,
This lonely solace from the heart:
And while this the soul sustains,
Fortune still unchang'd remains;
Whereso'er her wheel she guides,
Hope upon the circle rides.

The Syrens, deep in ocean's caves,
Sing, while abroad the tempests roar,
Expecting soon the frantic waves
To ripple on a smiling shore:
In the whirlwind, o'er the spray,
They behold the halcyon play:
And through midnight clouds afar,
Hope lights up the morning star.

This pledge of bliss in future years,
Makes smooth and easy every toil;
The swain who sows the waste with tears;
In fancy reaps a teeming soil:
What though mildew blight his joy,
Frost or flood his crops destroy,
War compel his feet to roam,
Hope still carols Harvest Home!

The monarch exiled from his realm,
The slave in fetters at the oar,
The seaman sinking by the helm,
The captive on his dungeon floor:
All through peril, pain, and death,
Fondly clung to parting breath:
Glory, freedom, power, are past,
But the dreams of Hope will last.

Weary and faint, with sickness worn,
Blind, lame, and deaf, and bent with age,
By man the load of life is borne,
To his last stage of pilgrimage:
Though the branch no longer shoot,
Vigor lingers at the root,
And in Winter's dreariest day,
Hope foretells returning May.

When rung with guilt, the wretch would end
His gloomy days in sudden night,
Hope comes, an unexpected friend,
To win him back to hated light:
"Hold!" she cries; and from his hand
Plucks the suicidal brand:
"Now await a happier doom,
"Hope will cheer thee to the tomb."

When Virtue droops, as comforts fail,
And sore afflictions press the mind,
Sweet Hope prolongs her pleasing tale,
Till the world again looks kind;
Round the good man's dying bed,
Where the wreck of Nature spread,
Hope would set his spirit free,
Crying—"Immortality!"

NIGHT SCENE IN A POOR MAN'S HOUSE

BY MARY HOWITT.

It was in the middle of winter, on the night of the twenty-third of January, when the weather was miserably cold: it neither decidedly froze, nor did it thaw; but between the two was cold and damp, and penetrated to every one, even of those who sat in carpeted rooms, before large fires, and were warmly clad. It was on this evening, that the seven little children of David Biard, the weaver, stood huddled together in their small room, before a small fire which was burning comfortlessly. The baby lay in the wooden cradle on one corner of the hearth. The fire, to be sure, gave some warmth, because it had boiled an iron pot full of potatoes, but it gave very little cheerfulness to the room. The mother had portioned out the evening meal—a few potatoes to each—and she sat down to the round table, lighting the farthing candle, and was preparing to do some little piece of housewifery.

'May I stir the fire?' asked David, the eldest boy.

'No, no,' replied the mother; 'it burns away so fast if it is stirred.'

'I wish we had a good fire!' sighed Judith, the second girl.

'Bless me!' said the mother, 'it is a good fire. Why, there's dame Grumby and her grandchild gone to bed because they have no fire at all.'

'I should like some more salt to my potatoes,' said little Betsey; 'may I have some more, mother?'

'There is none, child,' she replied; 'I put the last in the pot.'

'Oh, dear,' cried little Joey, 'my feet are so bad—they get no better, mother, though I did beat them with holly.'

'Poor thing, I wish I had better shoes,' said the mother.

'There's a pair,' said Joey, briskly, 'at Timmy Nixon's for fourteen pence.'

'Fourteen pence,' repeated the mother, 'it would take a long time to get fourteen pence.'

'Mat. Willis begged a pair of nice warm boots,' replied Joey, experimentally.

'We will not beg,' said the mother, 'if we can help it—let me see the shoes;' and Joey held up one of his frost-bitten feet on his mother's knee.

'Bless thee! poor lad,' said the mother, 'thou shalt not go to work again till it is warmer.'

'Mother,' interrupted little Susan, 'may I have some bread?'

'There is no more,' said she, 'but I have a whole loaf yet.'

'Oh dear, oh dear, how nice!' cried the children, clapping their hands; 'and give Joey the bottom crust,' said one, 'because of his sore feet.'

'And give me a big bit,' cried Susan, holding out a little fat hand.

The mother divided the loaf, setting aside a piece for her husband; and presently the husband came.

'It rains, and is extremely cold,' said he, shivering.

'Please God,' rejoined the mother, 'it will be warmer after the rain.'

David Baird was a tall, thin man, with an uneasy look; not that he had any fresh cause of uneasiness—his wages were not lowered; his hours of labor were not increased; nor had he quarreled with his master; but the life of a poor man is an uneasy life—a life of care, weariness, and never ending anxieties. What wonder then if his face had a joyless look?

The children made room for their father by the fire; Susan and Neddy placed themselves between his knees, and his wife handed him the portion of supper which had been set aside for him.

Mary, the eldest girl, was sitting on a box, feeding the squirrel with the bread her mother had given her—she was very happy, and kissed the squirrel many times; Judith was sitting beside her, and David held the cup out of which the squirrel drank.

'Nobody has inquired after the squirrel,' said the father, looking at them.

'No,' replied Mary,' 'and I hope nobody will.'

'They will not now,' said the younger David, 'for it is three months since we found it.'

'We might sell it for half a crown,' said the father. Mary looked frightened, and held the squirrel to her bosom.

'Joey's feet are very bad,' remarked the mother.

'And that doctor's bill has never been paid,' said the father—'seventeen shillings and sixpence.'

'Tis more money than we can get in a week,' sighed the mother.

'I go round by the back lane to avoid passing the door,' cried the father; 'and he has asked me for it three times.'

'We will get it paid in the summer,' rejoined the mother, hopefully; 'but coals are raised, and bread, they say, will rise before the week is out.'

'Lord help us!' exclaimed the father, internally.

'Mary, fetch the other candle,' cried the mother, as the farthing candle burned low in the stick and went out.

'There is not one,' replied Mary; 'we burnt out the other last night.

'Have you a farthing, David?' asked the wife.

'Not one,' replied he, rather hastily.

'Nor have we one in the house,' said the wife; 'I paid all we had for bread.'

'Stir up the fire, then,' said David.

'Nay,' rejoined the wife, 'coals are raised.'

'Lord help us!' again sighed David, and two of the children began coughing. 'Those children's coughs are no better,' remarked the father somewhat impatiently. And the baby woke and so did Betsey, who had fallen asleep on the floor unobserved, crying, 'I am cold, mother!'

'Go to bed with her, Mary,' said the mother, 'for we were up betimes, washing—put up your clothes on the bed, and keep her warm.'

Mary went into the little chamber to bed with her sister, and her mother tried to hush the crying infant.

David was distracted. He was cold, hungry, weary, and in gloom. Seven children whom he loved were about him, but he thought of them only as born to poverty, uneasiness, and care, like himself—he felt unhappy, and grew almost angry as the baby continued to cry.

Cheer up, David, honest man! there is that coming now—coming within three streets' length of thee—which will raise thee above want forever! Cheer up! this is the last hour you shall want for a fire; the last hour you shall want for a candle light. Thou shalt keep thy squirrel, Mary! Betsy, thou shalt have blankets to warm thee! The doctor's bill shall be paid—nor Biard, shalt thou ever again skulk by back ways to avoid an importunate creditor. Joey, thou shalt turn the wheel no longer; thy feet shall get well in woolen stockings, and warm shoes at five shillings a pair! You shall no more want salt to put on your potatoes, nor shall Susan go short again of her supper! But of this, as yet, you know nothing about the relief—and such relief, too, that even now is approaching your door! Wail, little baby, and thou wilt—nurse thy poor feet, Joey, by the fire! and muse in sadness on thy poverty, David Biard, yet a few moments longer; it can do no harm, for the good news is even now turning the corner of the street.

Knock, knock, knock! David starts from his reverie.

'Some one is at the door!' said the wife, and up jumped little David. 'If it is neighbor Wood come to borrow some meal, you can get her a cup full,' added the mother, as the knock was repeated more hastily.

Up rose Biard, and thinking of the apothecary's bill, opened the door reluctantly.

'Are you David Biard?' asked the letter carrier.

'I am,' said David.

'This, then, is for you; and there are twenty-two pence to pay on it," said the man, holding forth a large letter.

'It is a summons!' cried the wife in dismay; "for what is David Biard summoned?' and she rushed to the door with the baby in her arms.

'It is not for me,' said David, half glad to escape his liability to pay the two-and-twenty pence.

'But are you not David Biard, the weaver?'

'I am,' said David.

'Then,' continued the letter carrier, 'pay me the twenty-two pence, and if it is not right, they will return you the money at the post-office.'

'Twenty-two pence?' repeated David, ashamed to confess his poverty.

'One shilling and ten pence,' said the wife; 'we have not so much money by us, good man.'

'Light a candle,' said the letter carrier, bursting into the house, 'and hunt up what you have.'

David was pushed to extremity. 'We have none,' said he; 'we have no money to buy a candle.'

'Lord bless me!' said the letter carrier, and he gave David the younger fourpence to fetch a half a pound of candles. David and his wife knew not what to think, and the letter man shook the wet from his hat. In a few moments the candles came, and the letter was put into David's hand.

'Open it, can't you?' said the letter man.

'Is it for me?' inquired David again.

'It is,' replied the other impatiently; 'what a fuss is here about opening a letter.'

'O!' sighed the wife, 'if after all it should not be for us! But read the letter, David; and David read it:

Sir—You, David Biard, the weaver of——and son of the late David Biard, of Mardendon, Wear, lineal descendant of Sir David Biard, Monkshaughton Castle, County of York, and sole heir of Sir Peter Biard, of Monkshaughton aforesaid, lately deceased, are requested to meet Mr. Dennis, Solicitor at York, as soon after the receipt as possible. It will be necessary for you to bring your family with you, and to cover traveling expenses, you will receive enclosed a bill for one hundred pounds, payable at sight.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your humble servant,
J. SMITH, for Mr. DENNIS.

'Sure enough,' said David, 'David Biard, of Mardendon, Wear, was my father.'

'O, O!' chuckled out little David, as he hopped about behind the group, 'a hundred pounds and a castle!'

'Heaven be praised!' ejaculated the wife, while she hugged the baby in her arms.

'And,' continued David, the great Sir David Biard was our ancestor, but we never looked for anything from that quarter.'

'Then the letter is for you?' asked the man.

'It is. Please Heaven to make us thankful for it,' said David, seriously; 'but,' hesitated he, 'you want that money?'

'No,' said the letter carrier, going out, 'I'll call for that to-morrow.'

'Bolt the door after the man; this money requires safe kreping.'

'Mend the fire,' said the mother, and her son David put on a shovelful of coal, and stirred up the ashes.

'Kiss me, my child!' exclaimed the father, with emotion; 'kiss me, and bless God, for we shall never want bread again!'

'Is the house on fire?' screamed Mary, at the top of the stairs, 'for there is such a blaze!'

'We are burning a mould candle!' said Judith, 'and such a big fire!'

'Come here, Mary,' said the father, and Mary slipped down stairs, wrapped in an old cloak.

'Father's a rich man. We're all rich—and shall live in a grand castle!' laughed young David.

'We shall have coats, and blankets, and stockings, and shoes!' cried little Joey, all alert, yet still remembering his frost-bitten feet.

'We shall have beef and plum pudding!' said Susan.

'We shall have rice puddings every day!' cried Neddy.

David Biard was again distracted; but how different were his feelings; he could have done a thousand extravagant things—he could have laughed, cried, sung, leaped about, nay, rolled on the floor for joy; but he did none of these—he sat calm, and looked almost grave. At length he said, 'Wife, send the children to bed, and let us talk over our good fortune together.'

'You shall have your Sunday clothes on to-morrow,' said the happy mother, as she sent them up stairs. To bed they went, and after a while they laughed themselves to sleep.

Correspondence of the Journal.

"PREACHING POLITICS."

A few days since a number (Oct. 4, 1854,) of the *Highland Patriot*, a political sheet published at Coudersport, Potter Co., by De Witt C. James, accidentally fell into my hands, in which the seemingly pious and Christian editor, in an article headed "The Clergy," exhibits his meek and Christian spirit in a pious rebuke of three thousand clergymen of New England, and twenty-five clergymen of Chicago, for "protesting in the name of Almighty God, against the passage of the Nebraska bill," and myself in particular, for preaching a sermon on the evils of the "Fugitive Slave Law, the Nebraska Bill, and the Aggressions of Slavery in general," in a manner, to use his own language, "worthy of the chief of demagogues." I use this last expression "demagogue," simply to show how easily, and with what equal force the only argument he has brought against the Northern clergymen, and against me in particular, can be turned against himself. Calling hard names, the only argument some individuals seem capable of using, is a two-edged sword that cuts both ways, without deciding anything. When one uses it, whether against me or any body else, it always makes me think of the little boy who had been flogged by his stronger associate, and finding that he could not obtain revenge by returning the compliment, turns and says, "You are a mean dog, and I'll make faces at your sister."

But before I proceed to notice other things in the article alluded to, permit me to thank you for publishing (very unexpectedly to me) in the *People's Journal*, the sermon for preaching which I am denounced as the "chief of demagogues;" so that some of the people of Potter could judge sor themselves how well the title was merited.

Had the editor of the *Patriot* done the same generous thing, and laid the entire discourse before his readers, and then showed wherein its principles were wrong, and its positions false; and had he given any good reasons, backed up by Scripture testimony and example, why the "clergy" should *not* speak on the Sabbath day, and in the pulpit even, of wickedness in high places as well as low; why they should not rebuke public as well as private sins; why they should not teach and persuade men to be Christian in their political action, as well as at prayer meetings—I should have been saved these remarks. The truth is only what I am striving for.

But to the article in question. It commences by stating what the editor calls a "lamentable" fact; but which I shall term a very ominous, cheering, and important fact; for a *fact* most surely it is. "A large portion" of the Northern clergy have seen and felt the evils of political gambling—they have observed the recklessness and wickedness of some portions of the legislation of this government; they have seen humanity and right trampled beneath the iron heel of oppression and wrong, until conscience and truth obliged them to speak out, and condemn the political action and the legislation of this country in some very important respects, as anti-Christian, oppressive, and cruel, entirely ignoring the best interests of the people—sins which all God's ministers have condemned, both in the Old and New Testament. And the way they have been sustained by Northern action of late, shows that they have been "content with the exclusive occupation of the field of theology which is conceded to them by the people." Yes, my Christian brother of the *Patriot*, "a large portion" of the Northern clergy, as well as the people, have yet a *conscience* and a *courage* to speak for justice, truth, and right—a "fact" which no lover of God and man should "lament," nor to which he should attribute "the tide of infidelity that is sweeping over the land." That stream has its source in some other fountain. If to preach against oppression and the wrongs of government—if to rebuke the sins of political intrigue, deception, and meanness, makes a person a "demagogue," then were Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Paul, and Jesus, demagogues.

What says Isaiah to his nation? "Cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed. Thy princes are rebellious, companions of thieves; every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards: they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them. I will restore thy judges as at the first, and thy counselors as at the beginning; afterward thou shalt be called the city of righteousness, the faithful city." Was Isaiah the "chief of demagogues" for declaring these truths? And Jeremiah says, "For among my people are found wicked men: they lay wait as he that setteth snares: they set a trap, they catch men." And what better than this does our Government? It sets the worst kind of traps—the trap of perpetual bondage. But a 'clergyman' must say nothing about it, lest he 'leave the field of theology, conceded to him by the people.' 'and appropriate to himself the field of politics also;' and then he is a 'demagogue.'

I might quote also from David, and Paul, and Jesus, bearing on this point. They all rebuked the sins of mankind, whether committed in a civil or social, public or private capacity; and according to the *Patriot's* definition, they were 'political preachers.'

Well, I certainly do not feel slandered by being placed in such company.

But I must comment upon one more *modest* assertion of my brother of the *Patriot*. He says: 'With these political preachers'—viz.: the three thousand clergymen of New-England, and the twenty-five clergymen of Chicago, and myself—'the injunction of St. Paul to know nothing among the people 'save Jesus Christ and him crucified,' has become an 'obsolete idea,' Now if the brother will reflect a moment, he will see his mistake. Let me interpret Paul in this passage, and make the application, as I certainly have as good a right to do as he has. Paul meant by 'knowing nothing among the people save Jesus Christ and him crucified,' that he would know no principles of action, and rules of life and conduct, but such as Christianity affords, and to establish which, Christ suffered crucifixion. That these principles and rules are applicable to all the relations of life, and all conditions of society, and that he would teach them everywhere, on Sundays and week days, to the people, and to legislators, the *servants* of the people, but not their masters. And he explains himself in another place, where he says: 'Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God,'—just what a 'large portion' of the Northern clergy have been teaching the people—looking upon no place or day as too holy to be occupied in teaching, illustrating, and applying the precepts of Christ. Now, I know not in what school the Christian editor of the *Patriot* may have studied his theology, nor with what church his pious inclinations may claim affiliation; but one thing is very evident—he has studied but little in the school of Christ, since he has one set of religious principles for Sundays, and another for week days—since he knows nothing but Jesus Christ at the 'prayer meeting' only, and knows nothing at all about him at the ballot-box, or in political or legislative action. In other words, he would have men be Christians everywhere excepting only where Christianity is the most needed, and where it would do the most good to be a Christian. He would doubtless listen with rapture to sermons discanting upon the wickedness of the ancient Jews, and of the awful depravity of the heathen in India and Hindoostan. His seat at church would doubtless be comfortable and easy under a discourse upon faith and angels; but to preach upon home duties, integrity, 'good works,' the relations of man to God, of men to each other—to expose individual and social wrongs; in fine, to apply Christianity to every-day life, would make his seat a hatchel.

No, no, my dear friend of the *Patriot*, 'a large portion' of the Northern 'clergy' do not like your theology, nor your Christianity; neither do they mean to be 'content with the exclusive occupation of the field of theology, which is conceded to them by the people,' if you call yourself the people. We do not go to the people and ask them what we shall preach, what sins to rebuke, and *where*, and what sins to countenance, and *where*; but we learn our theology from the Bible, from Nature, from Truth, Justice, Right, Humanity, Christ, and GOD.

But the article which commences with a lamentation, closes with rejoicing. The panacea for the writer's grief is found, not in a vegetable extract, but in an 'extract from the minutes of the session held at Warwich, June 7, 1854,' in which a few Northern clergymen, dissenting from 'a large portion' of the 'clergy of the North,' give in their adhesion to oppression, and the 'aggressions of Slavery.'

Well, we are glad he has some friends, even if they are few; for without sympathy, this would be a dark and dreary world.

In conclusion, we would also recommend to the special attention of the editor of the *Patriot* and his co-workers, the following paraphrase of the 'Hudibrastic Effusion,' from the (Mass.) *Cheshire Republican*:

"THE NEBRASKA BILL.

"This wonderful Nebraska bill has wrought
A miracle that ne'er was seen or thought:
The politicians of the human bloodhound breed
Who in Oppression's cause have e'er agreed,
And ever will agree—that I'll be sworn—
Till the last leaf from Time's old book is torn,
Have tuned their throats to one harmonious strain,
And draw together both bit and rein.
Religion ne'er could bind them in one tether,
But love of gain has brought these rogues together,
And knit them, not by love of others,
But demon hatred of their human brothers."

'We yield to none in sentiments of respect and reverence' for the wise institution of civil government. 'The good it has conferred on mankind can never be estimated in this world. But at the same time, we feel that we should be recreant to public justice,' to humanity, and to God, 'did we fail to utter,' *in the pulpit*, 'the voice of condemnation on the prostitution of its sacred office to the base objects of human oppression and slavery propagandism.' ALVIN COBURN.

Union Springs, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

SUMS FOR SMOKERS.—Estimating the cost of good cigars at one dollar a week and computing compound interest, at seven per cent, from the age of fourteen, the cost at twenty years of age would be $397,12; at 30, $1537,24; at 40, $3806,89; at 50, $8324,70; at 60, $17,201,32; at 70, $34,975,51; at 80, $70,341,65. The cost to health and morals cannot be computed. Why not let chimneys, and furnaces, and locomotives do the smoking?

Limestone is abundant in every part of Kansas Territory. So is clay for brick, and that of the best quality.