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Select Poetry.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

The Cuban's Soliloquy.

Oh! Cuba, adorable Cuba, land
Of my birth, I love thee well. The sighing [to
Gales that sweep from clime to clime, from shore
Shore, fan with their cooling breath no fairer,
Lovelier Isle than thou, *thou* which art of
All, the fairest, proudest gem that sparkles
In Hispania's ancient crown. Let fair
Italia boast her Heavenly clime, her
Gorgeous sunset skies, and love enkindling eves,
Her classic vales and streams, her fertile plains
And blooming meads, her sacred grots and hoary
Mounts and crumbling ruins old, replete
With fabled memories of the mythic[
Past, yet still, my native land tho' Gods, nor
Nymphs, nor Naiads coy were, by the poets
Mythologic verse, ne'er made the fairy
Tenants of thy orange groves and citron
Bowers, thy noiseless caves and music-making
Founts, tho' sculptured, moss-grown piles, upreared by
Heathen hands, for sacrilegious rites, meet
Not the trav'ler's curious gaze, thou art
As beautiful as she. Here Nature, rich
In all her pristine beauty, reigns supreme;
While smiling Ceres pours, with lavish hand,
Her golden treasures in the lap of toil!
How oft, in youth's bright, sunny morn, ere yet this
Bosom knew a care, I've wandered o'er these
Smiling plains, and climbed yon azure hills, while
Spicy breezes, fresh from aromatic
Groves, would kiss, in sportive glee, my pleasure
Beaming brow. Ah! little thought I then, this
Breast would ever feel the torturings keen
It since has borne. Alas! what know we of
The future? Our fate from us is wisely
Hidden.

Oh, Cuba, fair Antilles' queen,
For thee I deeply mourn. How wretched is
Thy lot! From Nature's hand thou earnest a
Blooming paradise. The power of cruel
Man, long centuries agone, for foulest
Ends, transformed this Eden of the sea into
A Pandimonium of misery
And woe. E'en now my country groans beneath
A twofold curse: the bondage of her own
And distant Afric's sons. Yea, *our* limbs are
Fettered with a foreign despot's chains. Their
Clanking fills the balmy air with harshly
Grating sounds; and yet 'tis music in our
Cruel master's ear. Our souls as well as [like
Limbs, are held in closest thrall. Those God-
Faculties, bestowed on man, for noblest
Ends we dare not exercise, as to us [And
Seemeth meet. This would be instant death.
So the bold, the fearless thought, that would, were
Utterance allowed, soon break these shackles
Off, is forced to smoulder in the breasts that
Fain would give it birth; but shall we ne'er
Be free! Must slavery's vile infectious
Breath, pollute, for aye, the very air
We breathe! Must Cubans, too, be slaves, in fact
If not in terms! Degenerate cravens!
Ignoble scions of an illustrious [your
Stock, would to Heaven there glowed within
Breasts one spark of martial fire, e'en
Such as burned within our brave forefather's
Hearts, then would we break from off our [would
Weary
Limbs these foul, accursed bonds, then, *then*
We be free.

Lathrop, May 3, 1855. S. W. T.

A Bold and Humane Indian.

The following facts of a young chief of the Pawnee nation, and son of Old Knife, one of the Indians who visited the City of Washington, a few years ago, from the foot of the Rocky mountains, are highly creditable to his generosity and benevolence. This young warrior, when those events occurred, was about twenty-five years old. At the age of twenty-one, his heroic deeds had acquired for him, among the people, the rank of "Bravest of the Brave."

The savage practices of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this nation. An unfortunate female, taken in war with the Paduch nation, was destined to this horrible death. The fatal hour had arrived; the trembling victim far from home and her friends, was fastened to the stake; the whole tribe had assembled on the surrounding plain to witness the awful scene. Just as the wood was about to be kindled, and the spectators were on tiptoe of expectation, this young warrior, who sat composedly among the chiefs, having before prepared two fleet horses with the necessary provisions, sprang from his seat, rushed through the crowd, loosed the victim seized her in his arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed towards the nation and friends of the captive.

The multitude, dumb and nerveless with amazement at the daring deed, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer.—They viewed it as the act of their deity, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly returned to their village. The released was accompanied through the wilderness towards her home, where she was out of danger. He then gave her the horse on which she rode, with the necessary provisions for the remainder of the journey, and parted from her. On his return to the village, such was the respect entertained for him, that no inquiry was made into his conduct, no censure was passed on it, and since the transaction, no human sacrifice has been offered in this or any of the Pawnee tribes. Of what influence is one bold act in a good cause.

On the publication of this anecdote at Washington, the young ladies of a female seminary in that city, presented the brave and humane Indian with a handsome silver medal, on which was engraved an appropriate inscription, accompanied by an address, of which the following is the close:

"Brother, accept this token of our esteem and when you have again the power to save a poor woman from death and torture, think of this and of us, and fly to her rescue."

☞ "Bob, lower yourself into the well and holler for help."

"What for!"

"To frighten daddy and make some fun." Bob did as desired, but got more fun than he bargained for. It was administered with a hickory sapling. Distance five feet and a half.

Miscellaneous.

The Rustic Wedding.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

On the south bank of the memorable and beautiful Mohawk, in full view of its placid waves and distinct hearing of its silvery song, lies the pleasant and quiet little village of F.—The country around is quite uneven, rising sometimes gradually into green and bushy knolls, and again abruptly into fearful cliffs, and forming thus a picturesque and even charming landscape. A small, wild and reckless stream, with a thrilling Indinn name, dashes noisily through the west boundary of this sunny spot, while through its lower part creeps the green and slimy Erie canal, with its thousand and one sluggish barks. A short distance from the river is a large tract of forest, which stretches away for miles in almost unbroken solitude, and for the most part as wild as when Hudson first sailed up the great river of the State. But few human habitations are found within its borders, yet here and there, however, some sturdy men have found their way, and clearing off a little spot, have built them a temporary home. They depend mainly for subsistence on timber, which they manufacture into boards and shingles, and take them to market on huge rough-made sleds, drawn by a yoke of oxen, through a path cut out among the trees, just wide enough to afford the lumbering vehicle a passage.

The customs and manners of these dwellers in the woods are rude and uncultivated. Their children usually grow to man and womanhood without obtaining any other advantages of education than simply those which enable them to read and write and cypher very imperfectly, and with great labor. Of the world they know nothing, and seem to care but little; but they drive a bargain pretty closely, as a little money with them looks large, and as their wants are simple, a few dollars will make them rich and contented. They are a hardy industrious, and honest race, with many sterling virtues and but few great vices. The most pernicious and prevalent of the latter is the custom of drinking whiskey, in which they frequently indulge to great excess; but it is done at home, and all the family participate in the peculiar fun to which it gives rise, and the noise and glee of the rustic revel.

In the village of which this forest forms a sombre boundary, there once resided a youthful clergyman, whom we shall call for present purposes, Dominie K. Gifted highly with intellectual and moral qualities, and possessing withal an easy and pleasing address, he had early become a great favorite, not only with his parishioners, but with the country people all about, and was thus frequently summoned away to attend to their spiritual wants. His deep, fervent, sympathizing prayers, and his kind words of condolence, made his presence at funerals soon become an urgent necessity, and weeping eyes would watch his coming as though they knew his hand would softly wipe the tears away. And as the true heart is ever as glad as its neighbor's joy, as it is sad at its woes, so his could and did enter merrily into those brighter scenes of ministerial life—the clasping of hands and the covenanting of hearts, and from being the favorite Dominie of the funeral hour, he became soon, too, the loved and the longed-for one of the wedding festivities. Indeed, his fame in the marrying line was soon without a rival, and many a joyous, and many a funny scene, did it trace upon his memory.

It was a cold day in the winter of 1849. Bleak winds swept furiously by, taking with them the snow that lay dry and loose upon the frozen ground, and piercing through the warmest of garments with a keen, shivering touch. The earth looked gloomy and desolate, while the whole visible heavens were overspread with clouds, which writhed and tossed with an angry velocity. Few persons were so hardy as to leave their glowing firesides to face the furious weather, and the few pedestrians that trod the little village, passed along with a hurried and business like tread. Among them about nine in the morning, was seen the youthful minister.—Anxiety for his weekly news had driven him from his study, and he was walking briskly along, half-blinded dashing snow flakes, when he was suddenly accosted with the interrogation:

"I say, mister! can't ye tell me where Dominie K. lives, for I want to see him right off on business?"

"I suppos I am the man you are seeking," said Mr. K., looking a little curiously at the queer specimen of humanity who had stopped him so abruptly, and beholding a young man, apparently about twenty years of age, tall, very slim, but inclining forward with an awkward stoop, and with arms and legs which had quite too much length compared with their plumpness to impress the mind very seriously with the idea of the beauty of proportion in the human figure. He was habited in a homespun fabric, and the sleeves of his coat, and the legs of his pants, were as much too short as the limbs that occupied them were too long. His hat might have been, from its fashion, the wedding gear of his sire, his boots had trodden down the mud of many a plough-field, while his brown and brawny hands spoke eloquently of fallen trees and drifting logs. His face—but the sun only could have painted that, as its owner looked up so quickly into the minister's at his reply, and said:

"Be yees—be yees the Dominie? 'Cause if yees be, I want to speak with ye all alone—all alone, d'ye understand?"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. K., in his affable manner, "but it's a cold place here to talk. Walk with me to the post-office, and then I will show you to my study."

Pantingly the young man followed him, peering wonderingly into the letter-box as he saw his guide slip a folded paper in, and saying, wildly, when he saw him come out with a roll of newspapers in his hand:

"Du tell me now if that ar's the place where reading comes from?"

"Some of it," said the minister, and with hurried steps he showed him to his home, and ushered him into his cozy study.

The young man's countenance changed as soon as he was seated. A ludicrous bashfulness usurped the intense anxiety that it had worn before, and instead of breaking the news at once, he sat for some moments looking into the fire and twirling his old hat, as a crazy gust of wind sometimes besets a withered leaf.

"Did I understand that you desired to see me, sir?" asked Mr. K., after awhile.

"Y-e-s, sir, if yees be the Dominie."

"Well I am he. What is your business?"

"Be we all alone?" and he looked sheepishly at the bedroom door, which was half open.

The minister rose and closed it.

"We are entirely alone, sir."

There were sundry hems, and hitches, and hitches, and shuffles, and finally there bolted from his lips the words:

"Well, I come for yees to go and marry some one to-night!"

"Indeed! and who is it?"

"Why, it's me and Betsey!" answered the poor fellow, with a desperate emphasis; "and we wants you and nobody else to marry us, 'cause you buried her sister's baby."

"And how far is it?"

"O, it's only seven miles up here, you know."

"Seven miles! Why, I cannot possibly go that distance this blustering weather. You must invite some one else."

"But we can't, sir—indeed we can't; 'cause the old woman and the old man wants *you*, and so does Betsey and me, and we don't want nobody else, and you'll never love anything by the job."

"Well, if you must have me," said Mr. K., looking ruefully at the bleak scene outside, "suppose you bring Betsey down here. And if you will do that, I'll agree to marry you for nothing."

"O, but we can't do that, sir, 'cause her mam and dad wants to see her tied, and they couldn't come no how; and besides, I don't want to be married for nothin'. I've been a-saving money all summer to pay for it."

"Well, then, my good fellow, postpone it a while."

"P-o-s-t-p-o-n-e it!" said the other, wildly, evidently at a loss to know what the word meant, but seeming to fancy it was some terrible alternative.

"Yes, put it off a while."

"Put it off! O, but that we can't do, for we have put it off once. Indeed, we must have ye to-night, and ye won't lose nothing by it."

And the poor fellow in his artless, bashful and withal enthusiastic way, pleaded so long and earnestly, that the good-natured minister was finally induced to consent to attend to the pressing wants of his heart, and said he would certainly be at the log-house early in the evening.

The door had closed on the queer customer, and his heavy step was half way down the stair-case, when suddenly it was heard returning quickly, and in a moment its owner's face peered again into the study, and from his lips issued the words:

"I forgot to tell you Dominie, ye won't lose nothin' by it. I've got the change handy."

After an early tea, the minister, wrapping himself as warmly as possible in over-garments, seated himself in a cutter, and giving the word to his horse was soon on the road to his promised fee. He found the travelling exceedingly bad all the way, while many actual perils beset him after he entered the narrow woodpath. But he was not one to back out of any duty when once agreed upon, and finally his novel wedding tour was completed and he reined up his steed in front of the log dwelling, where dwelt the fair German bride. He looked in vain for a shed to shelter his weary Charlie, but was compelled in default of one, to fasten him to a projecting limb of the rough stump fence. Having sheltered him from the cold blast, in a measure, by a buffalo robe and blanket, he made his way through heavy snow drifts to the door, and gave a muffled rap with his leather mittens. It was unanswered, and almost frozen, he pulled them off and struck his numb knuckles fiercely against the rough panel.

"Come in," said a stern voice, and he went in and hurried to the broad hearthstone, beyond which a huge fire crackled a merry welcome. In the corner, on one side, sat a gray-haired man, and opposite to him as old a woman, and both were smoking away as on a wager. The father removed his old stub of a pipe from his lips, long enough to say:

"Ye're the Dominie be ye?" but his wife said nothing.

Finding he must "make himself at home," the minister, after thawing his chilled fingers, removed his hat, over-coat, and moccasins, and set about thoroughly warming himself, looking around him once in a while a little anxiously to see from whence the bride and groom would issue. At length, just as he was on the point of telling them he was ready, a clattering among the loose boards of the loft attracted his attention, and he concluded that the bridal pair had been awaiting the time in the cold garret. The steps advanced towards an opening in one corner of the room against which leaned a rough ladder. Intently did Mr. K. fix his eyes upon it, his fun-loving bump aching with laughter at the ludicrous sight which he knew he would see. A single boot, which he knew at a glance belonged to his visitor of the morning, was the first object that protruded from the aperature; then came its mate, and then the unmistakable short pants, and finally the whole figure of the groom backed downwards cautiously, holding by the two hands his rustic bride, who, when she was within three or four steps of the floor, jumped down, as children say, and the reverberation resembled very nearly a slight shock of an earthquake.

Once fairly in the room, he dropped her hands and sped, as if he had been shot, to the opposite side, and set down with a highly relieved air, while his partner dropped into a chair beside the ladder.

Quieting his merriment as best he could, Mr. K., after a few moments, arose in his usual dignified way, and said, solemnly:

"If you are ready for the ceremony please rise."

The young couple stared at each other, at him, at the old people, but continued seated. Twice he repeated it, and twice the vacant stare repaid him.

"If you want to get married, stand up."

That they understood, and they arose; but the groom stood still at the one side of the room, and the bride at the foot of the ladder.

"You are too far apart, my friends. Approach each other."

"Hitch up to her, Obadiah!" said the old man, and *his* words being intelligible, the parties finally drew into tolerable close proximity.

"You, Mr. Obadiah Van Duzen, and you, Miss Betsey Van Schemerhorn, have appeared before me for the purpose of ratifying the solemn covenant of your hearts. You will therefore please take and receive each other by the right hand."

Again came up that vacant stare, while Betsey's arms remained akimbo, and Obadiah's were plunged far into the depths of his pantaloons' pockets. The minister repeated the formula, but it was evidently Greek to them.

"Di, you fool, take hold of Bet's right hand!" said the old man, and 'Di obeying, the ceremony proceeded.

"Do you, Obadiah, take this woman, whose hand you have received and now hold, to be your lawful and wedded wife?"

"Most sartainly, sir."

"Do you promise to love her above all others?"

"Why, sir, *I've done so this good while!*"

"Do you promise to be unto her a kind, faithful and affectionate husband, providing for her to the best of your ability, cherishing her in sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity, and keeping yourself unto her alone, so long as you both do live?"

"Some of them big words I don't know the meaning on, but I'll promise and do all I can, sir."

"Do you, Miss Betsey Van Schemerhorn, take this man, whose hand you have received and do now hold, to be your lawful and wedded husband?"

"He's took me, haint he, sir, for to be his wife; he's my husband, then, without my takin' him."

"Do you promise to love him above all others?"

"I'll love him just as long as he loves me, and that's long enough!"

"Do you promise to be unto him a kind, faithful and affectionate wife?" and so on to the end of the sentence.

"Of course I do. If I didn't, I wouldn't 'ave said I'd had him!".

"If to these things, then, you are mutually agreed, you will please separate your hands."

Again that vacant stare.

"Let go your hands," said the minister.

"What! after we're married? I don't see into it," replied the newly-made husband, "but I suppose it's all right."

"All right, sir! And now by the authority invested in me as a minister of the gospel, and in consonance with the laws of this State, in the presence of these witnesses, high Heaven and the holy angels, I pronounce you husband and wife, and what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. Let us pray."

The benediction over, the minister gave his hand to the bride, saluting her as Mrs. Obadiah Van Duzen, and wishing her a thousand joys, and then congratulating the groom on having so early settled in life to his satisfaction, sat down, with a happy sense of relief that the ludicrousness of the whole scene had not so far disturbed his bump of laughter as to make it ring out its merry peals.

But the married pair stood still, just as he had left them, seeming to wonder if that was all. Mr. K. suffered them to remain so a while, enjoying their shame-faced and bashful joy. After a few minutes, better feelings roused him, and he said to them:

"You may sit down, Mr. and Mrs. Van Duzen; it's all over."

"It wasn't so bad after all, was it Betsey?" said the groom.

"Why no," said she, artlessly, "it wouldn't be nothing if we was used to it!"

"Hand round the things, Betsey," said the mother, and the things were passed—a dish of doughnuts, another of gingerbread, and one of butternuts.

His early supper and chilling ride had given the minister a greedy appetite, and though at another time he might have shrunk from the masses of fried dough, and the slices of tough cake, he did justice to them now, and masticated them as furiously as does a hungry dog gnaw at a knuckle of salted ham.—Butternuts he always loved, and so to eat them was no infliction.

"Hand round the 'tother," said the mother, authoritatively; and the bride passed round the "'tother," an ancient bowl, holding a dark-colored beverage, which tested the minister's discriminating palate severely, but which he finally concluded must be a species of black-strap, compounded of villainous whiskey, water, and maple sugar.

While discussing the nuts, Mr. K. gave the young couple much sage advice, the result of his theoretical views of matrimony, for he was himself a batchelor then, though in after years he could speak feelingly from experience. To all of it they listened intently, Obadiah, at the conclusion of each sentence, observing to his wife, "We'll do just so, for sartiain; wont we, Betsey?"

"Of course; I allers meant to," being each time her reply.

The refreshments, "things" and "'tother," both despatched, Mr. K. rose and put on his outer-garments, and prepared to start for home. Deep down into the recesses of his pantaloons pocket delved the hand of the bridegroom, and as he withdrew it, a small brown paper parcel was brought up. Thrusting it towards the minister, he said, gleefully:

"Didn't I tell ye, ye wouldn't lose anything. That's yer pay, sir."

"Thank you," said Mr. K., putting the fee carefully into the empty pocket of his vest. "And now that I've married you, you must come and hear me preach some Sunday."

"O, yes, we'll do that. We'll go to your meeting if we ever goes to any. We'll never forget you, Dominie."

"Good-by, and success to you," said the clergyman; and giving the patient steed the reins, he sped rapidly homeward.

When thoroughly warmed again before his study fire, he drew from his pocket Obadiah's fee and counted out carefully the six pences and half-dimes, whole dimes and pennies enclosed in the brown paper, and then calculated his profit and loss. He had paid ten-and-sixpence "York," for his cutter—he had received six-and-six, "York" for his fee. But as the bridegroom told him, so the minister "owned up." He didn't lose nothin'"—the other three-and-sixpence he had in fun, and one of his sunniest memories was that RUSTIC WEDDING.

☞ A singular and fatal accident occurred in the cars near Tiffin, Ohio, on Monday night. John Esch, in paying his fair dropped some money, and stooping to pick it up, one of Allen's self cocking pistols fell from a side-pocket, and the hammer, striking upon the edge of the seat, discharged the pistol and killed him instantly. The ball entered his heart. He was an officer, and had been to Tiffin to lodge a prisoner in jail. Esch leaves a wife and five children.

The Overtasked; or, Toil and its Victims.

"Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies!"
And "dust to dust!" concludes the noblest song."

☞ If, on looking over the bill of mortality, the real causes of disease and death could be ascertained, how many victims of toil, mental or physical, would be discovered.—The multitude seem to regard the human machine, so to speak, as calculated for perpetual motion, and as above and beyond the wear and tear, the chances and changes to which the contrivances of man are liable.—And yet not a day goes by in which this absurd theory is not exploded, in which some one, aye in which thousands are not summoned to their last account, thus proving that the connection between the body and the soul has ceased, that the mortal has done its work, and that the life of man is narrowed within a span.

But a few months have elapsed since we entered upon a new year. And yet how very brief a period it seems to those who are able to look back and fix their eyes even upon the commencement of the present century! The intervening space stems within the limits of a single glance. Nevertheless, during that period thousands and tens of thousands of the sons and daughters of Adam have passed from the face of the globe, and there are but few, comparatively speaking, who commenced with the new century, who still linger on in their earthly pilgrimage. The philosophy of life, so frequently glanced at, the theme of so many great minds and keen observers is disregarded, misunderstood, or too hastily considered. The masses are too busy, too much occupied, even to watch over themselves. They rush on wildly, recklessly, improvidently, and often hasten their approach to the valley of the shadow of death. The great majority overtask themselves, mentally as well as physically. They toil, and strain, and strive, and find at last, that the vital powers are exhausted, and the mental stamina is gone, that the constitution is broken, and that it is too late to recuperate.—This is the case constantly and with myriads. It is especially so in great commercial cities, and in a country like ours, with so many hopes, competitions, anxieties, and aspirations. It is an ordinary spectacle to behold individuals who are bowed with care and bent with age, still toiling on as anxiously as ever, and thus exhausting, instead of hoarding, their impaired and feeble faculties. They cannot, they will not see the ordinary limits of life, and each imagines that his is an exception to the general rule, that he will prove particular fortunate, that the laws of life and death may not be applied to him, that his mind and his body are superior to those of ordinary men, and hence he will not be influenced by the same liabilities. And thus he goes on from day to day, indulging in this delusion, until at last, either the physical or mental machine gives way, and he sinks, never to rise again. But the lesson thus inculculated, and the examples so constantly presented, only arrest the attention for the moment. The multitude hurry on, eager, anxious and impatient, forgetful that they are upon the same path, and are liable to the same vicissitudes. A commonsense view of the subject would induce the belief, that at a certain period of life, knowing the reverses to which all are liable, more than ordinary care would be exercised, in watching, strengthening and protecting the physical as well as the mental man; and all unnecessary exposures would be avoided, and all exhausting strains would be carefully guarded against. But such is not the case. For some reason or other, which is difficult to understand, the powers are almost constantly overtasked, and with consequences every way deplorable. Those who have mingled much in public life, seems never disposed to retire. And so with the active spirits of the commercial and monetary world. They become used to the excitements of the day, and hence unwilling, even when health and comfort require, to seek a proper degree of repose.—They forget that the mind requires quite as much care as the body, and although ethereal, it is delicate, and the least shock or irregularity may disturb its harmony of motion, and snap its elastic springs. Ever and anon, too, they are admonished, directly or indirectly, by disease, by death or by change of fortune, but all in vain. They still toil on, restless and impatient, eager and grasping. There are, it is true, many who are compelled by the force of necessity, to labor constantly and incessantly. They cannot do otherwise, even if so disposed. A pause to them, is indeed a period of enjoyment and delight.—They seize upon it eagerly, and feel refreshed and strengthened through its influence. But there are others again, who will not pause when they could and should, who task their powers beyond their strength, and who thus, if we may so speak, tempt the mysterious ways of Providence. They do not appreciate the blessing of health, they are not greateful for the advantages of fortune, and they are thus unworthy recipients of the benefactions of the "Giver" of all that is good." How many are there at this moment, who have passed beyond an advanced condition of life, and have accumulated an abundant independence, but who, nevertheless go daily into the high-ways and by-ways of a thronged metropolis, become excited with this speculation or that, and not only agitate themselves unnecessarily, but risk and encounter exposures, which the more careful and the more thoughtful, and even the younger, scrupulously avoid! They have enough, but they have become morbidly anxious for a large fortune, and in grasping at the golden bubble, they overtask their energies, and peril even life itself. Ever and anon they determine to pursue a more cautious course, and to withdraw from the anxieties and vexations of the out-door world. But year after year goes by, impairing their faculties, bowing their forms, and still they are found at the money mart, at the stock board, or in some other exciting arena, as if some new lease of being had been extended, and forgetful that they compare but as one of a thousand of those who started together in the race of fortune. The others have all been called away, and their turn is surely at hand. Why then postpone the hour of reflection, the season of thought, and the period of repose! A little longer, and all will be over with them. Why not devote that little to a review of the past and a contemplation of the future! Why seek to shorten the brief period that remains, and by unnecessary efforts, overtask their powers and discover, when too late, that they are indeed old, feeble, mortal and tottering. In brief, why not, while mind and health and vigor remain, indulge in acts of justice, generosity, kindness and good will, and thus not only sweeten and soften the closing hours of this life, but brighten with hope, faith and expectation, the morning of that which is to come!

Beautiful Parable.

A Jew entered at Parasee temple, and beheld the sacred fire; what, said he to the priest ye worship the fire? Not the fire, answered the priest; it is to us an emblem of the sun, and of his genial heat. Do you then worship the sun as your God? asked the Jew. Know ye not this luminary also, is but a work of that Almighty Creator.

We know it replied the priest, but the uncultivated man requires a sensible sign; in order to form a conception of the Most High. And is not the sun the incomprehensible source of light, an image of that invisible Being, who blesses and preserves all things?

The Israelite thereupon rejoined. Do your people then distinguish the type from the original? They call the sun their God, and descending, even from this to a baser object, they kneel before an earthly flame. Ye amuse the outward and blind the inward eye, and while ye hold to them the earthly, ye withdraw from the heavenly light. Thou shalt not make unto thee any image or any likeness.

How then do you designate the Supreme Being? asked the Parasee.

We call him Jehovah, Adonia, that is, the Lord who is, who was and who will be; answered the Jew.

The Pagan and the Jew looked at each other and said—Here is at once an image and reality; it is a word of the heart, said they.

Therefore they raised their eyes to heaven, and said with reverence and love—*Our Father!* And they took each other by the hand, and all three called one another brothers.—*F. A. Krummacher.*

Wanted—An Angel for Heaven.

And so death closed those little eyes—shrouded their bright glances. O, that the sun would not come streaming in on that shrouded form, as if there was no grief in the world.

How sweetly he sleeps that little coveted angel! How lightly curl the glossy ringlets on that white forehead! You could weep your very soul away, to think those cherub lips will never unclose. Vainly you clasp and unclasp that passive, darling hand that has wandered so often over your cheek. Vainly your anguished glances strive to read the dim story of love in those faded orbs. The voice, sweet as winds blowing through wreathed shells, slumbers forever. And still the busy world knocks at your door, and will let you have no peace. It shouts in your ear; its chariots rumble by; it smiles broadly in your care-worn face; it mocks you as you sew the shroud; it meets you at the coffin, at the grave, and its heavy footsteps tramp up and down in the empty rooms from whence you have borne your dead. But it comes never in the hush of night, so wipe away your tears!

Wanted—an angel for Heaven! Can you look up? Can you bear the splendor of that sight? Ten thousand celestial beings, and your own radiant child in their midst.

Wanted—angels for Heaven! Cling not so closely to your beautiful treasures, children of earth!

Your appellation is grand and sublime, said the Parisee, but it is awful too!

A Christain then drew nigh, and said—We call him Father.

POLITICS AND CATHOLICISM.

Letter from Archbishop Hughes—Do Catholics, as Such, Meddle in Politics?

To the Editor of the Freeman's Journal:

In the Albany *State Register* there is an editorial article, headed "Another Bull from the Vatican," purporting to be a review of certain phrases in my letter addressed to your journal and published on the 31st ult. In this the editor of the *Register* gives a loose rein to the indulgence of strong bigotry, in language scarcely remarkable for anything else than its prosiness and imbecility.

A newspaper is made up of old rags, transformed into adaptation for its use. It receives any impression, true or false, enlightened or stupid, which type have been arranged to impress upon its surface. I can have no direct controversy with a newspaper—abstractedly, from its editor. The editor of the Albany *State Register* is, I perceive, a Mr. S. H. Hammond, a highly respectable man, no doubt, but apparently very credulous, and certainly most inaccurate in his statements. Mr. Hammond must have seen my letter, in which I denied the truth of the statement made in the petition of the trustees in Buffalo, to the effect that I had attempted to compel them to make over the title of their church to me. He must have seen that the correctness of my statement was admitted by Mr. Wm. B. Le Couteulz, one of the signers to the petition; and as a consequence, he must have seen the falsehood of the charge above referred to. And yet Mr. Hammond does not hesitate to repeat his calumny, as if it had not been denied, and the truth of the denial admitted by one of the parties signing the petition. How is this to be accounted for? It is for Mr. Hammond to answer the question. But not only does he repeat this refuted calumny, but he enlarges on it, as if it were true. How is this to be accounted for? I leave Mr. Hammond to answer.—I shall not go over the ground again.

But Mr. Hammond has insinuated other charges, to which I think it proper that I should make a suitable reply. He does not state those charges in specific language. He assumes them as matters not to be called into question. He passes from the Catholic individual to the Catholic system, and betrays unmistakable evidence that, whether artificially or naturally, he is under the influence of an Anti-Popery mania. Speaking of the Catholic Church and its members in this country, he uses the following language:

"Were the evils of this system confined only to spiritual matters, we should have nothing to say. But they reach far beyond this. This despotism seeks a control beyond the mere pale of the church. It has become ambitious of civil power. It bands its subjects together, and marches them into the arena of politics. It grasps at the control of the political action of the Government, and struggles to direct its policy. It favors alliances with political ambition, and joins hands with the demagogues of party. When Governor Seward said "Bishop Hughes is my friend; I honor, respect and confide in him," he was speaking of a political friend and associate—a confederate in securing political influence—a supporter in the exercise of political power. With Bishop Hughes he took the long line of descending priesthood, and the fettered and bound masses of the Catholic people."

Mr. Hammond is evidently a credulous man. There was a period when the old-womanism of Protestant London entered into a judicial investigation of a reported conspiracy of the Papists—the conspiracy being no more nor less than a plot on the part of the emissaries of Rome to blow up the river Thames, and drown the loyal city of London. If Mr. Hammond had been an editor at the time and place when and where this occurred, the circumstances around him, and the credulous character of his mind, would have been more in harmony with each other than they are at present. If Mr. Hammond knows any fact to prove that the Catholic religion binds its subjects together and marches them into the arena of politics, he owes it to himself and his country to furnish the evidences. If he knows no such facts, then he is bearing false witness against his neighbor. If he knows any facts going to prove that the Catholic religion, or its professors, as such, struggle to direct the policy of this country, he is hardly less than a traitor if he conceals the proofs of so dangerous a proceeding.—If the Catholic religion forms alliances with political ambition and joins hands with the demagogues of party, Mr. Hammond is more guilty than those he accuses if he conceals the fact which would substatiate his assertion. If, as he says, Governor Seward did me the honor to call me his friend, and to say that he respected and confided in me, it is more than I ever knew or heard before; but as to the confidence reposed in me Governor Seward would not have been disappointed.—Mr. Hammond says that Governor Seward was then speaking of a political friend and associate, and I can assure him that in this statement he has forsaken the path of truth. This I know of my own knowledge. I am not a political friend and associate of Governor Seward. I never was. I am not his confederate in securing political influence. I am not his supporter in the exercise of political power. And yet I am proud to call him my friend, in the only relation that ever existed between us, which has been one of mere social and to me pleasant intercourse. If the people of the United States should think proper to confer on him the highest honor in their gift, I shall not heave a sigh or shed a tear at their choice. But no vote of mine shall aid him. In this, as in all his public acts, he is in the hands of his countrymen, and I am well dispensed from the necessity of either approving or condemning his principles or his conduct. And since this topic has been brought up again, I will say this, that so far from his being a gainer by his friendship towards me, which I highly esteem, he would have been buried under the obliquy which open enemies and deceitful friends have vied with each other in heaping upon him in connection with my name, if he had not been proof against calumny. The long ordeal through which he has passed under the calumnious imputations of intrigue with Catholics and foreigners, and his emerging from it with a brighter name than before, is a proof that he needs no individual support, that his is intrinsically the sterling metal of a true man. But he can propel his own bark as he has hitherto done, without any aid from me or Catholics.

I will state, for the information of Mr. Hammond, who was probably too young to remember the period when it was necessary for me to state it before, in the face of several editors of New York City and New York State, that in all my life I never voted but once; and in all my life I never advised, publicly or privately, any one as to how he should vote, except once also. That was under very peculiar circumstances. The Catholics of New York City were endeavoring to relieve themselves from the injurious consequences of a system of education for the support of which they had to pay taxes, and the administration and superintendence of which was in the hands of a close corporation known as the Public School Society. At first the Catholics were opposed to me in seeking a change which has since resulted very beneficially to the cause of education. Next, the whole Protestant community were opposed, and sounded the alarm of the dangers of Popery, in a manner just as silly, and just as little true, as the present trumpet notes of the Albany *State Register*. Finally, the truth made its way, the change took place, the facilities for education multiplied on every side. The Public School Society is gone, and no persuasion could induce either Catholics or Protestants to return to their old system.—To effect the change we had to appeal by petition to the proper authorities; first to the Common Council, where our petition was denied; next, to the Legislature of the State, where the change took place—not precisely as we could have desired, but as the Legislature thought proper to make it. Mr. Hammond will be pleased to take particular notice of the fact I am now about to mention, that within a few days previous to the election, the Public School Society, by their agents, waited on the candidates for the Legislature, and required a pledge from them, from those of one party as well as those of another, to refuse the petition for a change in the system of education, in the event of their being elected. This was too much. It was secret. It was insidious. It left the Catholics to vote for one party or the other, concealing from them that no matter which party they voted for, or which candidate, they were elevating into power men who had perjured their cause, and bound themselves to reject even a consideration of its merits. In a meeting which they had called in furtherance of their appeal to the Legislature, the discovery of the unworthy trick to deprive them before hand even of the right of a hearing, was communicated to me, and on that occasion I urged them, with all the zeal and earnestness I was capable of, to refuse their vote to any man, of any party, who had accepted the degrading pledge that if elected he would refuse them even the chance of obtaining justice. If this was meddling with politics, then I did meddle once, but I have never regretted it. On the contrary, there is nothing in my life, apart from my sacred ministry, to which I look back with so much