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[From the Home Journal.

CANS'T THOU FORGET!

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Can'st thou forget, beloved, our first awaking
From out the shadowy calm of doubts and dreams,
To know love's perfect sunlight round us breaking,
Bathing our beings in its gorgeous gleams—
Can'st thou forget?

A sky of rose and gold was o'er us glowing—
Around us was the morning breath of May—
Then met our soul-tides, thence together flowing,
Then kissed our thought-waves, mingling on their way:
Can'st thou forget?

Can'st thou forget when first thy loving fingers
Laid gently back the locks upon my brow?
Ah, to my woman's thought that touch still lingers
And softly glides along my forehead now!
Can'st thou forget?

Can'st thou forget when every twilight tender,
'Mid dews and sweets, beheld our slow steps rove,
And when the nights which come in starry splendor
Seem'd dim and pallid to our heaven of love?
Can'st thou forget?

Can'st thou forget the child-like heart outpouring
Of her whose fond faith knew no faltering fears?
The lashes drooped to veil her eyes' adoring,
Her speaking silence, and her blissful tears—
Can'st thou forget?

Cans't thou forget that last most mournful meeting,
The trembling form clasped to thine anguished breast,
The heart against thine own now wildly beating,
Now fluttering faint, grief-wrung, and fear oppressed,
Can'st thou forget?

Can'st thou forget, tho' all love's spells be broken,
The wild farewell which rent our souls apart?
And that last gift, affection's holiest token,
The severed tress, which lay upon thy heart—
Can'st thou forget?

Can'st thou forget, belov'd one—comes there never
The angel of sweet visions to thy rest?
Brings she not back the fond hopes fled forever,
While one lost name thrills through thy sleeping breast—
Can'st thou forget?

THE WANT OF THE TIMES.

But the worst sign is, the chaining down of almost all the minds of a community to low perishable interests. It is a sad thought, that the infinite energies of the soul have no higher end than to cover the back, and fill the belly, and keep caste in society. A few nerves, hardly visible on the surface of the tongue, create most of the endless stir around us. Undoubtedly, eating and drinking, dressing, house-building, and caste-keeping, are matters not to be despised; most of them are essential. But surely life has a higher use than to adorn this body which is so soon to be wrapt in grave-clothes, than to keep warm and flowing the blood which is so soon to be cold and stagnant in the tomb. I rejoice in the boundless activity of the age, and I expect much of it to be given to our outward wants. But over all this activity, there should preside the great idea of that which is alone ourselves, of our inward spiritual nature, of the thinking immortal soul, of our supreme good, our chief end, which is, to bring out, cultivate, and perfect our highest powers, to become wise, holy, disinterested, noble beings, to unite ourselves to God by love and adoration, and to revere his image in his children. The vast activity of this age of which I have spoken, is too much confined to the sensual and material, to gain and pleasure and show. Could this activity be swayed and purified by a noble aim, not a single comfort of life would be retrenched, whilst its beauty and grace and interest would be unspeakably increased.

There is another dark feature of this age. It is the spirit of collision, contention, discord, which breaks forth in religion, in politics, in business, in private affairs; a result and necessary issue of the selfishness which prompts the endless activity of life. The mighty forces, which are this moment acting in society, are not and cannot be in harmony, for they are not governed by love. They jar; they are discordant. Life now has little music in it. It is not only in the field of battle that men fight. They fight on the exchange. Business is war, a conflict of skill, management, and too often fraud; to snatch the prey from our neighbor is the end of all this stir. Religion is war; Christians, forsaking their one Lord, gather under various standards, to gain victory for their sects. Politics are war, breaking the whole people into fierce and unscrupulous parties, which forget their country in conflicts for office and power. The age needs nothing more than peace-makers, men of serene, commanding virtue, to preach in life and word the gospel of human brotherhood, to allay the fires of jealousy and hate.—DR. CHANNING.

NEVER DESPAIR.

It is sometimes said that *despair* is a word which should never be found in the vocabulary of a human being. But doubtless there are trying times when one's heart finds it very difficult to keep up its courage. Still it would be well in the darkest hour to adopt for our motto "*Nil desperandum.*" Major Noah, of the New York Sunday Times, gives us the following practical argument against despair, which may drive off the *blues* from some of our discouraged readers, if such we have. He says:

"Never despair," is the advice of the portly millionaire, buttoning up his pockets and addressing a shivered mendicant.—'Never despair,' says the prosperous banker, through his butterly cheeks, to the ruined bankrupt merchant. "Never despair," says the flourishing man to his less fortunate neighbor. It is a golden battlecry in the struggle of life; but while all appreciate, few have courage to shout it. "I will not despair," is a declaration easier made than verified. We remember of one instance of two unfortunates, kicking care and despondency to their progenitor the evil one, and doing so with success. As thus:

Two decayed young men of spirit, who had been chased into a gallop by want, all the way from Mississippi to the Hudson river, arrived in New York one rainy Sunday morning in December. They were landing from a boat in which they had worked their passage, and sat down upon the end of the wharf.

"What shall we do for lodging?" inquired one.

"Don't know—do you?"

"No. Let's take a walk."

Shabby and dirty, they strolled along Broadway until they reached a mean-looking drinking shop. Here they entered, imbibed their last sixpence in beer, and commenced reading the papers.

"Ah!" exclaimed one, as his eye glanced over the advertisements, "$25 are offered for the best New Year's Address for the carriers of this paper—all the competitors to hand their effusions in by to-morrow."

"Well?" said the other listlessly.

"I'll try for the prize."

"You!"

"Even I. Landlord, can you lend me a few sheets of paper and pen and ink?"

The required articles were furnished, and the scrivener worked in silence four long hours; at the end of which time he shouted—

"It is done!"

"Read it," said his companion.

The matter was read and approved. It was carried to the office. The couple walked the streets all night and a greater portion of the next day, until the time of the decision affected the award of the prize. The needy man entered the sanctum of the great committee, emerged into the street the possessor of $25. Twenty were saved, whilst five were devoted to the payment of a week's very common board. The balance was invested in a very humble business—the *book* business on a slender scale. It was prosperous—the light-hearted, but thinly clad couple were permitted to reap the reward of unflagging industry, and unconquerable perseverance. It is seven years since the event we have narrated occurred, and now the firm is as well known as it can be.

A despairing man is unfitted for successful intercourse with the world. He cannot overthrow difficulties, nor combat with dangers which "retreat when boldly confronted;" when reverses engender despair, and beget the gnawings of despondency, the victim is fit for criminal depredations or suicide. Every one's motto should be—if constitutional peculiarities will permit—"Never despair."

A SHORT SERMON FOR PARENTS.—It is said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had endeavored early to teach him three things, obedience, diligence and truth. No better advice can be given from any parent.

Teach your child to obey. It is the first lesson. You can hardly begin too soon. One of the most successful parents that I have known, says that this point is usually settled between him and his children before they were three months old. But it requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especial to do in such a way as not to break down the strength of a child's character.

Teach your child to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than the idea which some parents have, that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Play is a good thing. Innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as well as in other things. But let him learn early to be useful.

As to truth, it is the one essential thing. Let every thing else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it what dependence can you place on your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself which may countenance any species of prevarication or falsehood. Yet how many parents do teach their children the first lessons of deception.

HOW TO PUNISH THOSE WHO INJURE YOU.—Addin Ballou tells the following anecdote: "As a worthy old colored woman in the city of New York was one day walking along the street quietly smoking her pipe, a jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down, and, when opposite the old woman, knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner; and, giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness, and pity, said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do." It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned, and repentant. The tear started in his eye; he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error, and, thrusting both hands into his full pockets of change, forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, "God bless you, kind mother, I'll never do so again."

ANECDOTE WITH A MORAL.—THE LAST OF THE MOHEGANS.—The Mohegans were an excellent tribe of Indians, who lived about Norwich, Ct. They had a long line of kings in the family of Uncas. One of the last was Zachary; but he was a great drunkard. But a sense of the dignity of his office came over him, and he resolved he should drink no more. Just before the annual election, he was accustomed to go every year to Lebanon, and dine with his brother Governor, the first Gov. Trumble. One of the Governor's boys heard old Zachary's story, and thought he would try him, and see if he would suck to his cold water. So at the table he said to the old chief:—"Zachary, this beer is excellent; will you taste it?"

The old man dropped his knife, leaned forward with stern intensity of expression, and his black eye, sparkling with indignation, was fixed upon him: "John," said he, "you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! I tell you that I am an Indian! I tell you that I am; and that if I should but taste your beer, I could not stop until I got to ruin, and become again the drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, While you live, never tempt a man to break a good resolution."

This story the venerable Col. Trumble tells of himself. Let all our readers remember it and never tempt a man to break a good resolution.

MR. WINTHROP'S ADDRESS,

On the Occasion of the Laying of the Corner-stone of the Washington Monument.

The National Intelligencer, of Thursday morning, brings us the oration delivered by the Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, on the occasion of laying the Corner-stone of the Washington Monument, and we regret that the crowded condition of our columns must prevent us from spreading it entire before our readers. We, however, give the concluding portion of the oration entire, which cannot but be read with universal interest and admiration:—

It is thus that, in contemplating the character of Washington, the offices which he held, the acts which he performed, his successes as a statesman, his triumphs as a soldier, almost fade from our site. It is not the Washington of the Delaware or the Brandywine, of Germantown or of Monmouth; It is not Washington, the President of the Convention, or the President of the Republic, which we admire.—We cast our eyes over his life, not to be dazzled by the meteoric lustre of particular passages, but to behold its whole pathway radiant, radiant every where, with the true glory of a just, conscientious, consummate man! Of him we feel it to be no exageration to say, that

"——All the ends he aimed at,
Were his Country's, his God's and Truth's.

Of him we feel it to be no exageration to say, that he stands upon the page of history the great modern illustration and example of that exquisite and Divine precept, which fell from the lips of the dying monarch of Israel—

"He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God;
"And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds!"

And now, fellow-citizens, it is this incomparable and transcendant character which America, on this occasion, holds up afresh to the admiration of mankind. Believing it to be the only character which could have carried us safely through our own revolutionary struggles, we present it, especially, this day, to the wistful gaze of convulsed and distracted Europe. May we not hope that there may be kindred spirits over the sea, upon whom the example may impress itself, till they shall be inflamed with a noble rage to follow it? Shall we not call upon them to turn from a vain reliance upon their old idols, and to behold here, in the mingled moderation and courage, in the combined piety and patriotism, in the blended virtue, principle, wisdom, valor, self-denial and self-devotion of our Washington, the express image of the man, the only man, for their occasion?

Daphni, quid antiquos signorum suspicis ortus,
Ecce Dionei processit Cæsaris astrum!

Let us rejoice that our call is anticipated. Washington is no new name to Europe. His star has been seen in every sky, and wise men every where have done it homage. To what other merely human being, indeed, has such homage either before or since been rendered?

"I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men," wrote Erskine to Washington himself, "but you are the only being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence."

"Illustrious man!" said Fox of him, in the British House of Commons in 1794, "deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind; before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance, and all the potentates of Europe become little and contemptible."

"Washington is dead!" proclaimed Napoleon, on hearing of the event. "This great man fought against tyranny; he established the liberty of of his country.—His memory will be always dear to the French people, as it will be to all freemen of the two worlds."

"It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages," says Lord Brougham, "to let no ocasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to immortal name of Washington!"

"One thing is certain," says Guizot—"one thing is certain: that which Washington did—the founding of a free government, by order and peace, at the close of the Revolution—no other policy than his could have accomplished."

And later, better still: "Efface henceforth the name of Machiavel," said Lamartine, within a few weeks, past, in his reply to the Italian association—efface henceforth the name of Machiavel from your titles of glory, and substitute for it the name of Washington; that is the one which should now be proclaimed; that is the name of modern liberty. It is no longer the name of a politician or a conqueror that is required; It is that of a man, the most disinterested, the most devoted to the people. This is the man required by liberty. The want of the age is a European Washington."

And who shall supply that want but he who so vividly realizes it? Enthusiastic, eloquent, admirable Lamartine! Though the magic wires may even now be trembling with the tidings of his downfall, we will not yet quite despair of him. Go on in the high career to which you have been called. Fall in it, if it must be so; but fall not, falter not, from it! Imitate the character you have so nobly appreciated! Fulfil the pledges you have so gloriously given! Plead still against the banner of blood! Strive still against the reign of terror. Aim still

"By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear!"

May a gallant and generous people second you, and the power which preserved Washington sustain you, until you have secured peace, order, freedom to your country!

"Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris."

But, fellow-citizens, while we thus commend the character and example of Washington to others, let us not forget to imitate it ourselves. I have spoken of the precise period which we have reachi in our own history, as well as in that of the world at large, as giving something of peculiar interest to the proceedings in which we are engaged. I may not, I will not disturb the harmony of the scene before me by the slightest allusion of a party character. The circumstances of the occasion forbid it; the associations of the day forbid it; the character of him in whose honor we are assembled forbids it; my own feelings revolt from it. But I may say, I must say, and every one within the sound of my voice will sustain me in saying, that there has been no moment since Washington himself was among us, when it was more important than at this moment that the two great leading principles of his policy should be remembered and cherished.

Those principles were, first, the most complete, cordial, and indissoluble Union of the States; and second, the most entire separation and disentanglement of our own country from all other countries. Perfect union among ourselves, perfect neutrality towards others, and peace, peace, domestic peace and foreign peace, as the result; this was the chosen and consummate policy of the Father of his country.

But above all and before all in the heart of Washington was the union of the States; and no opportunity was ever omitted by him, to impress upon his fellow-citizens the profound sense which he entertained of its vital importance at once to their prosperity and their liberty.

In that incomparable address in which he bade farewell to his countrymen at the close of his Presidential service, he touched upon many other topics with the earnestness of a sincere conviction. He called upon them in solemn terms, to "cherish public credit;" to "observe good faith and justice towards all nations;" avoiding both "inveterate antipathies and passionate attachments" towards any; to mitigate and assuage the unquenchable fire of party spirit, "lest, instead of warming, it should consume;" to abstain from "characterising parties by geographical distinctions;" "to promote institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge;" to respect and uphold "religion and morality; those great pillars of human happiness, those firmest props of the duties of men and of citizens."

But what can exceed, what can equal the accumulated intensity of thought and of expression with which he calls upon them to cling to the union of the States.—"It is of infinite moment," says he, in language which we ought never to be weary of hearing or of repeating, "that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, *in any event*, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

The Union, *the Union in any event*, was thus the sentiment of Washington. The Union, *the Union in any event*, let it be our sentiment this day!

Yes, to-day, fellow-citizens, at the very moment when the extension of our boundaries and the multiplication of our territories are producing, directly and indirectly, among the different members of our political system, so many marked and mourned centrifugal tendencies, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognise in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever! Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun—till that sun shall set to rise no more—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic!

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled! Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American People to the illustrious Father of his country! Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character.

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. *Similitudine decoremus.* He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us in successive generations are its appointed, its privileged guardians. This wide-spread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its Independence. Uphold its Constitution. Preserve its Union. Defend its Liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world; and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall any where pant, or human tongues shall any where plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame of GEORGE WASHINGTON!

One of the many interesting incidents of the late celebration of laying the corner-stone of the National Monument to WASHINGTON was the presence in the procession and at the ceremonies of the Indian Delegations now at the seat of government.—The Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Creek, and Stockbridge nations, denizens of the far West, were represented by some of their principal chiefs and headmen at the imposing tribute paid on the Fourth of July to the memory of WASHINGTON, under whose Administration their forefathers had some of the earliest treaties of peace and friendship, and whose image was, here and there, still borne on the ancient medals which proudly adorned the breasts of several of the most aged of the Indians.—These silver medals were inscribed "1786," and represented Washington in the act of shaking hands with the red man, and their preservation attested the veneration and traditional respect with which his great name is still kept bright in the memory of the "Sons of the Forest."

These chiefs, M'Loughlin, Pitchlynn, Taylor, M'Coy, Pe-ta-wa, and their associates, were, through the courtesy of the Committee of Arrangements, assigned seats near the orator of the day; and it were little to say that none of the vast assemblage present on the occasion listened with more rapt attention or displayed higher gratification.—NAT. INTELLIGENCER.

THE PERIL OF WASHINGTON.

Ferguson, in a letter of which Dr. Adam Ferguson has transmitted me a copy, mentions a very curious incident, from which it appears that the life of the American General was in imminent danger.—While Ferguson lay with a part of his riflemen on a skirt of wood, in front of Gen. Kniphausen's division, the circumstance happened of which the letter in question gives the following account:—"We had not lain long when a rebel officer, remarkable by a Hussar dress, passed toward our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, without perceiving us. He was followed by another, dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a good bay horse, with a remarkably large, high-cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them and fire at them, but the idea disgusted me. I recalled the order. The Hussar, in returning, made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us: upon which I advanced from the woods towards him. Upon my calling, he stopped, but, after looking at me, proceeded. I again drew his attention and made signs to him to stop, leveling my piece at him, but he slowly continued his way.

As I was within that distance at which in the quickest firing I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very cooly of his duty; so I let him alone. The day after I was telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of our surgeons, who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in and told us that they had been informing him that Gen. Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a Hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was."—NOTE IN RISSET'S ENGLAND.

HYMENIAL STATISTICS.

We find the following popular article in the columns of the Lancaster Examiner, which we readily assist in disseminating, as a tabular summary that will, we presume, be anything but disagreeable to some of our readers in the present leap-year:—"Number of young men now going a-courting in Lancaster, *two thousand three hundred and fifty;* of which have actually popped the question and been accepted, *six hundred and thirty;* ditto, and been refused, *twenty-five;* number who are anxious to pop the question, but cannot screw up their courage, *one thousand six hundred and ten;* number who have been jilted, *eighty-five;* number hunting fortunes, *two thousand three hundred and forty-nine;* number of confirmed old bachelors, *eight hundred and fifty;* of which are not worth having, *eight hundred and forty-five;* of which would do as a last resort, *four;* number of widowers who wish to marry again, *five;* number of widows who wish to marry again, *three hundred and six;* number of young ladies who are in the market, *six thousand six hundred and forty;* of which have actually had offers, *six hundred and fifty-five;* of which waiting in dreadful suspense, *one thousand six hundred and ten;* of which concluded to accept, *one thousand six hundred and six;* of which will ask her mother, *one;* number of young ladies in the market with "metallic charms," *one hundred and forty seven;* of which hold bank stock, *sixty;* of which will inherit a small farm each, *forty-seven;* of which have money at interest, *forty;* number of young ladies qualified to make good wives, *six thousand six hundred and forty-nine;* of which would darn their husband's stockings, *five hundred and fifty;* of which skilled in astronomy, *five thousand eight hundred and thirty;* learned in the languages, *four thousand seven hundred and thirty-five;* of which able to spell their own names, *five hundred and sixty-two;* of which know how to waltz, *four thousand three hundred;* of which know how to make a pudding, *one thousand seven hundred and sixty;* of which know how to use a spinning-wheel, *forty;* of which know how to spend their husbands' money, *six thousand six hundred and forty-nine.*" What a 'Lancasterian school' for the marriageable!

It is only through woe that we are taught to reflect, and we gather the honey of wisdom not from flowers but from thorns.

The Downing Correspondence.

PRIVATE LETTER TO MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Post Office, Downingville, State of Maine, June 30, 1848.

DEAR NEPHEW:—Bein our army is about breakin up in Mexico and coming home, I thought the best chance to get a letter to you would be to get your old friends, Mr. Gales and Seaton, to send it on that way, and may be it might come across you somewhere on the road, if so be you are still in the land of the living.—Your Aunt Keziah is in a great worriment about you, and is very much frightened for fear somethin has happened, because we hav'nt heard nothing from you since your last letter. I try to pacify her, and tell her the fighting is all over, and nothing to do but to finish up the court-martial the last time you writ, and that there is'nt agoing to be no more annexin till Mr. Cass comes in President, and you'll soon be along.—But all wont pacify her; she's as uneasy as a fish out of water, and says she lays awake half the night thinking of them garillas, for fear they've got hold of you. So I hope you'll write home as soon as possible, and let us know whether you are dead or alive, and set your aunt Keziah's heart to rest.

For my part, I hope you will hurry along back as fast as you can. Our politics is much mixed up, and in a bad way about the Presidency. It would puzzle a Philadelphy lawyer to tell how it's coming out. It was a very unlucky hit when President Polk sent old Zack Taylor down to Mexico. He wasn't the right man. But, then, I 'spose Mr. Polk had no idea of whatsort of a chap he had got hold of. It can't be helped now, but it's like to be the ruin of our party. The Democratic party hain't seen a well day since Taylor first began his Pally Alto battles; and now we are all shiverin as bad as if we had the fever and agay. I don't know, after all, but this annexing Mexico will turn out to be an unlucky blow to the party; for what will it profit the Democratic party if they gain the whole world and lose the Presidency? Ye see, the Whigs have put up Taylor for President, and it has completely knocked us all into a cocked hat. There isn't one half of us that knows where we stan or which way we are goin; and there isn't a party fence in the country that is high enough to keep our folks from jumping over. They are getting kind of crazy, and seem to feel as if old Hickory had got back again, and they was all running to vote for him. The Whigs laugh and poke fun at us, and say they've got as good a right to have a Hickory as we Democrats have. We put up General Cass first, and thought we should carry it all hollow; for he's a strong man and took a good deal of pains to make the party like him all over the country.—And if the Whigs had done as they ought to, and put up Clay, or any one that they had a right to, we should a carried the day without any trouble. But the conduct of the Whigs has been shameful in this business. Instead of taking a man that fairly belonged to them, they have grabbed hold of a man that got all his popularity out of our war, and was under the pay of our Administration, and has been made and built up by our party, and the Whigs had no more business with him than they had with the man in the moon. But, for all that, the Whigs had the impudence to nominate him. Well, that riled our water all up, so we could'nt see bottom, nowhere. But we soon found there was a shiftin and whirlin of currents, and the wind and the tide was settin us on to the rocks in spite of us. We see that old Rough and Ready, as they call him, was agoing to be too much for Cass. But, as we was all making up our minds that it was gone goose with us, Mr. John Van Buren, of York State—he's a smart feller, a son of President Van Buren, and a chip of the old block—he sings out: "Don't give up the ship yet; if one hoss aint enough to draw the load, hitch on another." Well, the idea seemed to take, and they stirred round and got up another Convention at Utica, in York State, to see who they should put up, and they all pitched upon President Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren patted them on the shoulder, and told 'em to have good courage and go ahead, for they was on the right track, but they must hitch on somebody else besides him, for he had made up his mind four years ago not to take hold again. But they stuck to him with tears in their eyes, and told him there wasn't another man in the country that could draw like him along side of Cass, and if he still had any patriotism for the party left he mustn't say no. And they worked upon his feelins so much that at last he didn't say no. So now we've got two candidates, Cass and Van Buren, and good strong ones too, both of 'em; and if we can't whip Taylor, I think it's a pity. I know as well as I want to, that we shall give him a pesky hard tug. Some are afraid we aint hardly strong enough yet, and they've called another Convention to meet in Buffalo on the 9th of August, to put up another candidate. But others are faint-hearted about it, and say it's all no kind of use; we may put up twenty candidates, and Taylor will whip the whole lot: it's a way he has; he always did just so in Mexico. If they brought twenty to one agin him, it made no odds; he whipt the whole ring from Pally Alto to Bona Vista.

So you see what sort of a pickle we're in, and how much we need your help just now. But there is one thing I have on my mind pretty strong. You know this appointment in the Downingville Post Office the you got General Jackson to give me, has always been a great comfort to me, and it would be a sad blow to me to lose it now in my old age. I wish you would make it in your way to call and see General Taylor as you come along home, and try to find out how he feels towards me; because, if he is to be elected any how, I can't see any use there would be in biting my nose off for the sake of opposing his election. And I don't think that patriotism to the party requires it; and I'm sure prudence dont.

When you get to Washington, call and see Mr. Richie and try to comfort him; I'm told the dear old gentleman is workin too hard for his strength—out a nights in the rain, with a lantern in his hand, heading the campaign. Try to persuade him to be calm and take good care of himself. And be sure and ask him how the Federals are going this election, for we can't find out any thing about it down here. I used to know how to keep the run of the Federals, but now there is so many parties, the Democrats, and Whigs, and Barnburners, and Abolition folks, and Proviso folks, all cris-crossing one another, that I have my match to keep the run of 'em. But your Aunt Keziah says the clock has struck, and I must close the mail.

So I remain your loving uncle,
JOSHUA DOWNING, P. M.

GEN. TAYLOR'S MORAL CHARACTER.

It is one of the rare and pleasing peculiarities of the times that men of the most eminent religious character find in the character of Gen. Taylor those high moral traits which command their warm admiration. It is one of the noblest tributes to the moral worth of the Whig candidate.—The following is an illustration of this fact:

"At the Conference of the Congregational and Presbyterian ministers of Hillsboro' county, (N. H.) assembled on the 14th of June, the Rev. Mr. Lamb, who was formerly a chaplain in the army under Gen. Taylor at Fort Jesup, said that the opening for him to do good in the army was through Gen. Taylor, and that through the General's influence a temperance society was formed, by means of which six hundred drunkards were reformed; that the General told him that it was all sham for a man to pretend that he could not stand the damps and heats of the South without spirituous liquors. Gen T. was a total abstinence man, and the only commanding officer who did not drill his troops on the Sabbath. Mr. Lamb also stated that Gen. T. attended his church regularly, and used no profane language. Mr. Lamb closed by saying that he was no politician, nor did he wish his remarks to be viewed in a political light; he merely made them to show that the way for doing good by tracts, by the Temperance cause, and by the preached word, was opened by Gen. Taylor."

THE DOG.—A gentleman of the name of M'Leffin, residing in Rockingham county, New Hampshire, a few years ago, possessed a dog that was remarkable for his sagacity. He one day told the dog to go and find a handkerchief which his child had lost in a distant field while picking berries. The dog started off with his usual alacrity, but in the course of an hour or two returned without the handkerchief, looking as crest-fallen as though he had been caught in a neighbor's sheepfold.—The master cuffed his ears sharply, and told him to go and try again, and not come back until he found it. The dog started off again with apparent reluctance, while the master followed at a distance behind and unperceived. The dog went toward the field where the child had picked the berries, and sat down on his haunches, held down his head, and appeared to be in a deep brown study.

He sat in this attitude for perhaps half an hour, when he suddenly jumped up with a peculiar yell of exultation, and started for one corner of the field. Here he stopped for a moment, and, then commenced trotting around the field, going about three feet from the fence the first round, about six the second, and thus continuing so near the middle at each succeeding circle. He went round the field about twenty times, when he jumped up into the air with a loud yell of triumph, picked up the handkerchief, and started for home.

The veracity of this narrative may be relied upon. We received it from Mr. F., a Baptist clergyman of great respectability. Now, did the dog reason mathematically? Does this go to add proof that instinct is but another name for reason?

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.—A jeweller of this city, who shall be nameless, was lately applied to by a nice looking man, to make a gold ring for him having in it a blade, very delicate and keen, concealed except on a narrow scrutiny, and opening with a spring. The bargain was made to furnish it for 30 dollars. On the appointed day the purchaser appeared, paid the stipulated price, which was fobbed very complacently, and was asked what he wanted to do with such an article, to which the reply was, to cut open pockets. "Ah," replied the jeweller, doubtless in amazement, "how can you do such things with such an instrument, and not be detected?" The performer replied that his art consisted in diverting the attention of people from every thing that looked like a design upon them—that he rubbed his forehead, adjusted his hat, &c., and that discovery came too late. He then bid him good morning, and went his way. Shortly after, the jeweller, as he wasked around the counter, was accosted by the clerk, "Why, what is the matter with your pantaloons?" "Nothing, that I know of," was the answer. "Where?" "Why, just look!" When lo! his pocket was found to have been cut by the artist, with his dew instalment, and his pocket book gone, with not only the thirty dollars just paid, but four hundred besides. Verdict of the public: "Served him right!"

A CLERGYMAN KILLED.—A lamentable accident, resulting in the death of a worthy minister of the Methodist persuasion, lately occurred near the Roxbury mill, in Howard District, Md., according to a letter in the Patriot. Rev. Mr. Linthicum, aged 88, had his neck dislocated and his skull fractured by being precipitated from his buggy. He was then dragged by the horse with the forewheels, the coupling pin having broken. His aged wife was the first to reach the spot, but he had ceased to breathe. The first husband of the bereaved widow was killed near the same spot by being thrown from a horse.

NEW ORLEANS.—A call is published in the New Orleans Delta, for a meeting of Democrats who are favorable to the election of Gen. Taylor. The call is signed by a number of the leading Democrats of New Orleans, who, in the call, express their gratification at the nomination of Gen. Taylor, by the Philadelphia convention—their regret that the Baltimore convention did not nominate him also—and avow their determination to support him, no matter by whom nominated! This meeting in New Orleans looks like rebellion!

If you would have others respect you, respect yourself.