

Poetry.

THE LONG AGO.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realms of years,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

Our History.

REMOVAL OF THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

There was no subject before the first Congress which produced deeper feeling or more warm debate, than that of the permanent establishment of the seat of Government.

It was justly considered that extraordinary advantages would accrue to any city which might become the capital of the nation, and it is not surprising therefore, that a sectional controversy arose which for a time threatened the most disastrous consequences.

Efforts were made to postpone the consideration of the subject another year, but against this all the southern parties protested, as New York in the meantime would be likely to strengthen her influence, and it was contended that the danger of selecting any large city was already apparent in the feeling manifested in favor of the present metropolis by persons whose constituents were unanimously opposed to it.

There was another very exciting proposition at the same time before Congress, respecting which the supporting interests were in a different direction. The Carolinas, Georgia and Virginia, were nearly as much opposed to the assumption of the state debts, as New England and New York were to establishing the seat of Government in such a position that nine of the thirteen states should be north of it; and Mr. Hamilton setting an example of compromise for the germinating statesman of Kentucky then a pupil of the venerable Wythe, proposed an arrangement which resulted in the selection for federal purposes of Congress, on the Potomac, now known as the District of Columbia.

Columbia. Hamilton and Robert Morris, both strong advocates for the financial measure, agreed that if some of the southern members were gratified as to the location, of the location of the national capital, they might be willing to yield the other point, and two or three votes would be sufficient to change the majority in the House of Representatives. Mr. Jefferson had not been long in the city; he was ignorant of the secrets of its diplomacy; and complains that he was most innocently made to "hold the candle," to this intrigue, "being duped into it," as he says "by the Secretary of the Treasury, and made a tool for forwarding his schemes, not then sufficiently understood." Congress had met and adjourned from day to day without doing anything. The members were too much out of humor to do business together. As Jefferson was on his way to the President's one morning, he met in the street Hamilton, who walked him backwards and forwards in Broadway for half an hour describing the temper of the legislature, the disgust of the creditor states, as they were called, and the danger of disunion, ending with an appeal for his aid and co operation, as a member of the Cabinet, in calming an excitement, and settling a question which threatened the existence of the government. Jefferson proposed that Hamilton should dine with him the next evening, and promised to invite another friend or two thinking it "impossible that reasonable men, consulting together coolly, could fail by some mutual sacrifices of opinion to form a compromise which was to save the Union." The meeting and the discussion took place; and it was finally decided that two of the Virginia members who had opposed that should support the assumption bill, and that to allay any excitement which might thus be produced, Hamilton and Morris should bring sufficient influence from the north to ensure the permanent establishment of the government on the Potomac, after its continuance in Philadelphia for ten years, during which period public buildings might be erected and such other preparations made as should be necessary for the proper accommodation of persons engaged in public affairs. Morris had hitherto strongly advocated the claims of Philadelphia to be the permanent metropolis, and he now shrewdly concluded, President Duer observes, that if the public offices were opened in that city they would continue there, as, but for the silent name of Washington, whose wishes on the subject were known, would have been the case. Dr. Green mentions that some person who was in company with the President during the discussion, remarked, "I know very well where the federal city ought to be." "Where, then, would you put it?" inquired Washington. The fellow mentioned a place, and was asked "Why are you sure it should be there?" For the most satisfactory of all reasons," he answered; "because nearly the whole of my property lies there and in the neighborhood." The insolent meaning was, of course, that Washington favored the location of the capital in its present site because it was near his estate. The people of New York were disappointed and vexed at the result, and they accordingly exhibited their spleen against Morris, to whom it was in a large degree attributed, in a caricature print, in which the stout Senator from Pennsylvania was seen marching off with the federal flag upon his shoulders, its windows crowded with members of both houses, encouraging or anathematizing this novel mode of deportation, while the devil from the roof of the Paulus hook ferry house beckoned to him in a patronizing manner crying "This way, Bobby."

Interesting Sketch.

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

Dr. Doddridge was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and in religious conversation they spent very many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favorite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that, at the instant of dissolution, it was not introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts, and the splendors around the throne of God. One evening, after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest, with his mind full of the subject discussed, and in the "visions of the night" his ideas were shaped into this beautiful form:

He dreamt that he was at the house of a friend when he was taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to himself to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he had exchanged the prison-house and sufferings of mortality for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a slender aerial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth; but not a glittering city or village, the forest or sea, was visible. There was naught to be seen below, save the melancholy group of his friends, weeping around his lifeless remains. Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his happy change, but by some mysterious power utterance was denied; and as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them, and struggling to speak, he rose upon the air, their forms became more and more indistinct, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies, with a venerable figure at his side guiding his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he remarked lineaments of youth and age were blended together, with an intimate harmony, and majesty, and sweetness. They traveled together through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance; and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far off shadows that flitted athwart their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld for the present was to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendors, he replied, that while on earth he had often heard that it could not enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God had prepared for those who love him; but, notwithstanding, the building to which they were then rapidly approaching was superior to anything which he had actually before beheld, yet its grandeur had not exceeded the conceptions which he had formed. The guide made no reply—they were already at the door, and entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table covered with a snow-white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and then said that he must now leave him, but that he must remain, for he would receive in a short time a visit from the lord of the mansion, and that during the interval before his arrival the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished and he was left alone.

He now began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found, to his astonishment, that they formed a complete autobiography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvas that angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants; and that, sent by God, they had sometimes saved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before perfectly understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others, he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as, falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable, had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he imagined.

Suddenly his attention was arrested by a tap at the door. The lord of the mansion had arrived; the door opened and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty was his appearance, that he sank down at his feet, completely overcome by his majestic presence.

Miscellaneous.

CURIOUS PREDICTION.

Mrs. Swishhell, writing about some prediction in reference to the Eastern War, makes the following remarks. Dr. Wilson of whom she speaks, was a learned and worthy man, who never spoke from mere impulse or enthusiasm, but always from deliberate and intelligent convictions of the truth of what he uttered.

Six years ago we heard Rev. Dr. Wilson, then of Allegheny city, and Professor of Theology, in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, say, that in less than ten years a war would break out in Europe, between Russia and the Western Powers—a war which would be one of the most terrible ever recorded on the annals of history, and which by its wholesale slaughters would carry the name of Christendom with a thrill of wonder to the most remote and barbarous nations, awaken a curiosity about civilization that would prepare the way for the introduction of the Bible and Christianity into those benighted lands; whose people would be taught by the rumors of war, to respect the arts of civilization. This declaration was made again and again in public, from the pulpit, and was the result of a life time study of the prophecies of the Bible.

The war then unthought, is now begun, and the aged preacher always said the Western Powers would be victorious—that the teeth of the great Bear would be forever broken, and with them the powers of the Pope. We heard this same man predict the Mexican war years before it began, and tell what its end would be. He also predicted the great fire of '45 in Pittsburgh, and we incline to think his gift of second sight was more reliable than that of the maker of this old statute, and that the Russians will not be masters of Constantinople. From the first war about proposed hostilities between Russia and Turkey, we have been in the habit of telling our friends to buy their flour, for it would be \$15 or 20 per barrel before it would be \$5 again; so we still think it will be, for we are of opinion our preacher saw far into the prophecies already written. He said this war would take place—would be very terrible and general, and that it was the last war before the universal peace of the Millennium.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.—A good woman in New Jersey was sadly annoyed by a turbulent neighbor, who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense to his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to send herself in the chimney corner when next visited, take the tongs in her hand, look steadily into the fire; and whenever a hard word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs, without uttering a word.

A day or two afterwards the good woman came again to her pastor, with a bright and laughing face, to communicate the effect of this new antidote for scolding. The troubler had visited her, and as usual commenced her tirade. Snap went the tongs. Another volley. Snap. Another still. Snap. "Do speak I shall split if you don't speak!" And away she went cured of her malady by the magic power of silence.

It is hard work fighting a Quaker. It is poor work scolding a dead man. It is profitless work beating the air. One-sided controversies do not last long, and generally end in victory for the silent party.

The woodman who "spared that tree," has run short of wood, and is almost splitting with vexation to think how "green" he was. He now "axes" a donation from the gentleman at whose request his destructive-ness was stayed.

POTATOES AND PROGENY.

Dr. Mackenzie tells with great good humor an anecdote in the New York Union, which we before heard verbally. It is all about a certain Lady Middleton, who contrary to her most earnest wish, was unblest with any children. After an absence of several years with her liege lord in England, she returned with him to reside for a short time on one of their Irish estates. As the carriage drove up to the mansion, she noticed several fine looking children about the gate, and having learned that their mother was the wife of the gate porter, she determined to interrogate her relative to the cause of her fecundity. She therefore, next day, made her way down to the porter's lodge, and commenced her inquiries.

"Whose children are these, my good woman?" "All my own, my good lady." "What! three infants of the same age?" "Yes, my lady, I had three the last time." "How long are you married?" "Three years, your ladyship." "And how many children have you?" "Seven, my lady."

At last came the question of questions, how she came to have the children? The poor woman, not well knowing what this catchism meant, and not well knowing how to wrap up in delicate words her idea of cause and effect, blushed and grew confused, and at last, for want of something better to say, replied:

"I think it must be the potatoes, my lady." This unfolded a theory of population quite new to Lady M., who eagerly demanded— "The potatoes! Do you eat many of them?" "Oh, yes, lady, very seldom we have bread, and so take potatoes all the year round." Greatly agitated with her new information, the lady further asked: "And where do you get the potatoes?" "We grow them in our little garden, my lady, sure Pat tills it." "Well," said Lady Middleton, "send me up a cart-load of these potatoes, and the steward shall pay you well for them." Shortly after her ladyship rose to leave the house, and indeed had left it, when the man ran after her, and blushing as she put the question, asked: "Ah, then, my lady, is it to have children that you want to get the load of potatoes?" It was the lady's turn to blush, as she confessed that it was.

"Because, I'm thinkin', my lady, in that case Pat had better take the potatoes to you himself!"

STUNNING IMPUDENCE.—It was Gen. Taylor, we believe, who said the American Volunteers that fought with him in Mexico, had one failing—they never knew when they were beaten. That peculiar failing seems to be largely participated in by the Mexicans themselves, for we read now, in the Eco de Comercio, of Vera Cruz, that Don Jeronimo Corona, Governor of Coahuila, and a brother of the Governor of Vera Cruz, has asked permission of the Supreme Government at Mexico to have a monument erected on the battle field of Angostura (or Buena Vista, as we call it), in commemoration of the glorious victory obtained by the arms of Mexico, headed by his serene highness Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna over the North American Invaders!

This is good. Hurry up the next monument to the splendid Mexican achievements at Cherubusco, Cerro Gordo, Palo Alto, Monterey, etc., etc. Let it be a monument of brass. The next time we get into a war with our neighbors, our Generals should see to it that they are so thoroughly flogged, as to leave no manner of doubt in their minds as to the fact.

AN "INFERNAL MACHINE" is being constructed at Messrs. Armstrong & Co's., the patentees of the Hydraulic Crane, at their extensive Iron Works on the Tyne, (Eng.) for the purpose of blowing to fragments the vessels now sunk in the mouth of the harbor of Sebastopol. This apparatus is composed of cylinders twenty-five in number, and each consists of three concentric water tight cylinders, placed one within the other. The innermost cylinder will be filled with fine powder, the space between that and the next with blasting powder, and the outer one will be vacant. A galvanic wire will be inserted in the innermost one, and will be placed in communication with a battery at the surface. The effect of the explosion is stated to be prodigious. An experiment is to be tried upon a sunken wreck before these cylinders are shipped for the Crimea, which is named as next week. The largest cylinders weigh three tons, and when charged four tons.

WIDOWS VERSUS KNOW NOTHINGS.—A young gentleman, who is quite a ladies' man, found himself the other evening, rather unexpectedly, in company with a large number of ladies, and wishing to make himself as agreeable as possible, without knowing exactly what to say, he commenced the conversation in his most bewitching style by saying, "Ah! ladies I'm glad to see you. Really, there are so many of you together here, that I am afraid you must be all Know Notthings!" "Oh, no indeed, replied one of them rather tartly, I mind, I'm a widow."