

The following beautiful lines from the Christian Observer, were handed to us by a mother, bereaved of an ONLY CHILD, and will no doubt touch a responsive chord in many a heart, wounded by the hand of Death, and sorrowing for those whom God has perhaps in mercy taken from the conflicts of life.

#### HOURS OF A BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

And I am left! There is a strange delight  
In counting o'er one's bitterness, to cull  
A flower of comfort from it. I am left  
To hear the gathering storms of life, my child,  
Still tempest-tost upon its dangerous seas,  
While thou art safely moored. Thy little  
barque  
Is anchored in the haven where the winds  
Of sorrow never blow. Thy star has risen  
In climes of peace and love to set no more  
For ever and for ever. All thy life  
Was like a rose-bud—like the gentle breath  
Of purest fragrance, wafted on the wing  
Of early zephyr—like the opening ray  
Of morning's softest blush. Thy little heart  
Had never tasted wo. Thy infant breast  
Was heaven's own dwelling place—it never  
knew  
The touch of aught save innocence and love.  
Blessed child!  
Thy lot on earth was bright, and how thou art  
With holy angels. I will cease to mourn!  
Oh! had I loved thee less, my foolish heart  
Had sighed to keep thee in this changing  
world—  
Had fastened thee to life, 'till thou hadst  
drained  
Its very dregs of woe! Never! O, never  
Could I have knelt and kissed the chast'ning  
rod  
With such unfeigned submission. Never!  
never  
Could I have looked so calmly on the smile  
Thy parting spirit left, had my fond soul  
Less dotingly hung o'er thee in thy life—  
Less proudly treasured up thy darling name  
In the deep recess of my heart. But now  
Our very lives were one. There could not be  
A deeper, purer tenderness, than heaved  
This trembling breast for thee. How could  
I then  
Ask aught for thee but happiness? In life,  
When thou wast closely folded in these arms,  
And I did feel thy warm breath on my cheek,  
Thy smiling eyes fixed tenderly on mine,  
My prayers were full of pleadings, agonies  
Almost of earnestness, that heaven would  
bless  
The opening day with joy and every good  
That might be deemed most proper, Oh,  
are not  
These prayers most fully answered? Could  
my soul,  
In all its deepest gush of tenderness,  
Have asked a holier boon—a blessedness  
More durable, more infinite and pure,  
More like the nature of a God to give,  
Than heaven's own self, with all its blessed  
ones,  
Its high society, its holy love,  
Its rapturous songs of gratitude and praise,  
Its pure celestial streams, and fruits, and  
flowers,  
And glorious light reflected from the face  
Of God's eternal son? Could I have claimed  
A higher boon, my precious babe for thee?  
And then, again, to be exempt from woe  
And human suffering, for ever free  
From all the toils, and pains, and nameless  
cares  
That gather with our years—oh! perchance,  
At last a hopeless death! Oh! I could weep  
With very GRATITUDE that thou art SAVED—  
Thy soul FOR EVER saved. What art my  
heart  
Should bleed at every pore—still THOU art  
BLESS'D.  
There is an hour, my precious innocent,  
When we shall meet AGAIN! Oh! may we  
meet  
To separate NO MORE. Yes! I can smile,  
And sing with GRATITUDE; and weep with  
JOY,  
Even while my heart is BREAKING!

From the Indiana Journal.

#### American Industry.

PROTECTION is the word! From the shores of Maine to the exuberant soil of the South, protection of American Industry is the instinct of the times.

America is now consummating the FINAL act of INDEPENDENCE. True it is that the vernal leaders of a party cry halt! to the army of the people in their onward march to this great result; the Farmers, the Blacksmiths, the Shoe-makers, the whole mechanic interest; the laborers of the land, pass on, full of high resolve, regarding the treason that would bid them pause, with the contempt due to treachery.

impatient for that independence due to their worth of character, their families, and an honorable old age.

We behold the rich harvest of the farmer bursting from the earth in luxurious superabundance.

We witness countless laborers, whose spotless hearts, health and strong arm are their only legacies, panting for the reward of their toil, and looking forward as that reward, to a homestead in a republican soil, asking for work for their hands.—The widow, with her orphans, and the maiden pining for honest employment through the avenues of our cities and villages.

Yet this enterprize droops; this vast empire almost in vain unfolds its resources; those mechanics yield to despondency to pressure of the times—the rich productions of the farmer moulder in his barn or bring pitiful returns in glutted markets—those laborers ask in vain for more than the scanty food of the day, and female virtue too often yields to female want.—The Sheriff walks abroad in the execution of the final process of the law over the land, and all is gloom. This is no hyperbole.

To this distress there is a ready solution, Mal government has brought us to the door of ruin—but just at its threshold we have awakened to the evil and its remedy.

American enterprize, American productions, American soil, American mechanics and American labor are bound in the chains of European vassalage!

Ten thousand productions of the industry of our mechanics, are brought in competition with those of Europe. Those of Europe flood our shores at prices below the rates at which freemen can live. They are purchased, and their proceeds fill foreign treasuries, and fatten a foreign people, while our own are left to languish.

American labor is made to compete with the starved allowance of pauperism. And as the mechanic and laboring interests suffer, the farmer droops and suffers.

And while this havoc is going on among us, our people are sued and sacrificed for money due beyond the ocean—for the demands of foreign mercenary creditors!

Does any man ask "how is this?" The answer is at hand—so plain that he who runs may read.

The goods of foreign lands flood our nation free of duty. In other words, they are sold here, at nearly the rate at which they are made there.

These laborers are slaves. They are hired for pennies. They are half starved. They are fed like dogs on bones and pluck. Where labor can be had thus low, the thousand departments of mechanism are readily set at work. The results of this labor come here. One mechanic cannot thus procure labor. Therefore foreign wares are cheaper, and foreign wares are bought. And the laborer and mechanic, whose blood is our blood, pay the penalty and the traffic.

Do we ask Great Britain to take our products in return for hers? SHE SCOFFS AT THE EXCHANGE. We have a fat soil. Our farmers have a surplus, but produce which the world needs, but which she will not have. The products of our soil are taxed by her government, at such rates of duty as deny them admission there.

And so we are in debt for her products, while she refuses ours—and while her pauper labor is crushing the energies of our noble people, she is demanding, in the midst of our distress, the gold and silver! the pound of flesh—for the amount of money which we owe her!

Are we prepared for this? NO! We say to the American Government—Shame on the policy that thus invite to ruin!—Shame on the slavish surrender of the bone and muscle of the land, to the coffers of Great Britain! We call for protection! and we mean by that, that our laws shall be so framed that the manufactured and other foreign articles which come to our shores, shall be taxed in the way of duty, a sufficient sum to prevent their competition with American Industry. The Almighty never designed us for a race of slaves. There is nothing in her whole domain for which we should even bend the head to Britain, much less consent to receive her goods free, while she refuses ours.

We say PROTECTION! and the people trumpet-tongued, are demanding it. We say, a place on our own soil, for our own enterprize, our own labor, our own manufactures and our own agriculturists! They pay the taxes, and when need requires it, they shed their blood for this Union; and this government, for the paltry consideration of dollars and cents, must not barter their sweat for the trumpet of Europe.

PROTECTION FOR DOMESTIC INDUSTRY! are the words. One may almost read the sentence in the Heavens. It is a word that has aroused the lion of Democracy—THE WORKING CLASS. They are coming from their workshops, their places of labor, and their farms, and who shall resist them? The conquering host whose energies are aroused in behalf of American interests will never pause, until the object which has aroused them shall be accomplished.

#### Lancaster County Banks.

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.—We are gratified on being able to state, that the Banks of this county, consisting of the Lancaster Bank, the Farmers' Bank, the County Bank, and the Columbia Bank and Bridge Company, the representatives of which, in Convention met at Lancaster, on Wednesday last, June 1st, Resolved unanimously to resume specie payments on all their liabilities on the 1st of September next.—Columbia Spy.

#### The Wire Suspension Bridge.

This elegant structure is thrown across the Schuylkill, on the site once occupied by an airy and graceful wooden erection, for years the pride of our city, and celebrated as being the longest bridge of a single arch in the known world. The boldness of the architect in thus spanning a river three hundred and fifty feet wide, was the theme of universal admiration. Few will forget Fanny Kemble's poetic comparison, when she said the bridge looked like a white scarf flung across the water.—The destruction of this favorite fabric, by fire, in the fall of 1838, was regarded as an irreparable loss.

The conflagration presented a grand picture. The flames were first seen towards the western entrance of the bridge, and in a few minutes the whole fabric was a mass of fire. The wind was down the stream, and catching the flames as they broke the flooring of the bridge, it swept them far under, until a fiery cataract, reaching from shore to shore, seemed pouring horizontally down the river. By this time spectators began to throng around, and before the bridge fell, thousands lined the adjacent shores and covered the side of the overhanging hill, looking down on the scene below, as from the seats in an amphitheatre.

This splendid sight continued for some time, the gazers looking on in a rapt silence, until suddenly a low murmur, followed by an involuntary shiver, ran through the crowd, as the bridge, with a graceful curtesy, descended a few feet, hesitated, and then, with a gentle, swanlike motion, sank, like a dream, down on the waters. But the moment the fabric touched the wave, a shimmering, hissing sound was heard, when ten thousand sparkles shot up in the air and sailed away to leeward. The fire still, however, burned fiercely in the upper works, which had not reached the water; while volumes of smoke rolled down the river, blending the earth, the wave, and the sky into one dark, indistinct mass, so that the burning timbers, occasionally detached from the bridge, and borne along by the current, seemed, almost without the aid of fancy, to be lurid stars floating through the firmament. The moon, which was just rising, and which occasionally burst through the dense veil of smoke, appeared almost added to the illusion. The effect was picturesque; at times even sublime.

More than two years elapsed before the bridge was replaced by the present elegant structure, whose airiness and grace more than reconcile us to the loss of its predecessor.

This new fabric is, we believe, the finest, if not the only, specimen of its kind in the United States. The plan is simple. Two square towers of solid granite, thirty-two feet in height, are built on either abutment. Over each of these towers, iron rollers, pass five wire cables, each cable being composed of two hundred and sixty strands, each strand being an eighth of an inch thick. The length of each cable is six hundred and fifty feet. These cables are secured, on each shore, in pits, distant from the towers one hundred feet, and continuing under ground fifty feet further, to a point where they are securely fastened at the depth of thirty feet. These pits are built over so as to exclude the rain, but not the air; and the cables, being painted, are thus preserved from rust. The cables, in stretching from tower to tower, form a curve, the lowest point of which is at the centre of the bridge. The causeway is of wood, and hangs, by smaller wire cables, from these larger ones. The width of the bridge is twenty-seven feet, and its length, from abutment to abutment, three hundred and forty-three feet. The strength of the bridge has been tested by a weight of seventy tons. The structure is painted white throughout, and has already won the name of the most graceful bridge in the country.

DECISION IN BANKRUPTCY.—Some time in March last, Henry Breneman, merchant in Columbia, made an assignment of all his effects under the Insolvent Laws of this State, preferring certain of his creditors. A petition was afterwards presented to the District Court, Judge Randall, by two of his Philadelphia creditors, praying to have the said Breneman declared a Bankrupt under the law of Congress.—The case was under examination in Philadelphia for several days, when Judge Randall delivered his opinion, deciding that the petition of said creditors ought to be granted, and accordingly declared Breneman a bankrupt. This decision, of course, takes his property out of the hands of his assignees and divides it equally among all his creditors, and decides also that the Insolvent Laws of this State are superseded by the general Bankrupt Law, in cases where a man's debts exceed \$2000, the only case in which he can be declared a Bankrupt against his will.

THE ILL-FATED STEAMER PRESIDENT.—The Boston papers contain a letter from Havana, giving a conversation of its writer with Capt. Roldos of the Spanish polacca Rondo, who stated that he fell in with a wreck on the 30th July 1841, while on the passage from Havana to Coruna. It was the wreck of a large vessel burnt to the water's edge, which the Captain thinks was that of the steamship President, and that she was destroyed by fire. The head and stern were gone, at the least extreme parts of them, and he could not tell how long she originally was, but he paced the remaining part, by stepping from one timber to another, and to the best of his recollection it was about 130 feet long.

#### The Tariff Bill Reported.

The Committee of Ways and Means reported, on the 3rd, a Tariff Bill to the House of Representatives, of which the National Intelligencer gives the subjoined extract:

It proposes to lay duties on goods imported from abroad, on the chief articles thereof, as follows:

On unmanufactured wool exceeding 8 cents per pound in value, thirty per cent. ad valorem.

On the same article of the value of eight cents or under per pound, a duty of five per centum ad valorem.

On all manufactures of wool, forty per centum ad valorem, except carpeting, blankets, and some other articles, on which special ad valorem duties are proposed.

On cotton unmanufactured, three cents per pound.

On all manufactures of cotton not otherwise specified, thirty per centum ad valorem.

On all articles of silk, according to their character, thirty or thirty-five per cent.

On unmanufactured hemp, forty dollars per ton.

On iron, in bars or bolts, not manufactured by rolling, eighteen dollars per ton; on the same article, made in whole or in part by rolling, thirty dollars per ton.

On lead, in pigs, bars or sheets, three cents per pound.

On cut glass, from twenty-five to forty-five cents per pound; on plain, moulded, and pressed glass, from ten to sixteen cents per pound.

On all articles of china or any other earthen ware, thirty per centum ad valorem.

On tanned sole or bend leather, six cents per pound; on calkskins tanned and dressed, three dollars and fifty cents per dozen, &c.

On all bound books in the English language, twenty cents per pound, &c.

On raw sugar, two and a half cents per pound.

On teas, according to their quality, twenty cents, fifteen cents, ten cents, down to Bohoa, on which a duty of three cents only is proposed.

On salt, ten cents per bushel.

After going through a long enumeration of specific duties, a duty of twenty per centum ad valorem upon all remaining articles.

An additional duty of ten per centum on all articles imported in foreign vessels in cases where a specific discrimination is not made in the bill.

All duties hereafter to be paid in cash.

The bill also proposes to repeal the proviso of the Land Distribution Act, which suspends the operation of that act in the event of any duty being laid by Congress of a higher rate than twenty per centum ad valorem.

#### Criticism.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, in criticising the pictures in an exhibition, lauds several, and then adds:

"25. Portrait of a Lady—R. A. Paulding—Good background."

Alas! how many both of ladies and gentlemen are there, whose only title to notice is their background! Nothing in themselves; nothing in mind or body to warrant the confidence in which they stand before the world, taking their place among the respectable and excellent society; nothing in their plans or achievements to warrant any assumption of position—all dependent upon some background of accidental or inherited wealth, or the favor of some wealthy friend, or the influence of some accidental profession.

It is the palace against which he leans; it is the robe that gathers in majestic folds at his back; it is the pledged hostility to others, of those that support him; it is the facility of political change, or the accommodation of political creed; it is the art which preserves the exercise of flashy talents for popular exhibition, but never displays in private; the cant of popular doctrine, or the forward championship of well-received opinions. All these, and a thousand other means, are contrived to give weight, and to insure to them a position almost enviable with those who do not pause, or have not the power, to see that the goodness of the background makes the prominent figure only the more ridiculous.

And the very commendations built on such "grounds" are, in reality, the keener censure with minds capable of appreciating the force of strictures, and able to discriminate between direct deserved praise, and the qualified commendation that looks to some extraneous reflective object.—U. S. Gazette.

#### Judge Morrison.

A paragraph recently travelled the rounds in the papers, charging Judge Morrison, of Bedford county, with forgery.—The Bedford Inquirer of Thursday last, announces the return of the Judge to his place of residence, and says:

"As soon as the Judge reached home, an individual, who was indebted to him about \$2700, preferred a charge of forgery against him, and insisted upon prosecuting if he did not give him a release of the whole debt. This was promptly refused, and upon a hearing before Judge Mason, the charge was dismissed as entirely without foundation by the clearest proof, and to the entire conviction of the Judge's innocence in the minds of friends and foes. We would request that those Editors who have noticed the absence of Judge Morrison, would do him the justice to say that he is here, prepared to show his innocence."

#### What shall be done?

Home truths are spoken by the Bucks County Intelligencer, in reference to the state of our commonwealth and the ruinous effects of locofoco ascendancy. "In August next, the interest on our immense public debt falls due, and the State creditors will be looking for payment. When we reflect that the present Administration has devised no plan to meet the responsibility, and that the Banks, the Governor's resort in trouble, can afford no adequate relief, having been already squeezed dry or nearly so, by those who have nothing to do with Banks, unless to take money; when we reflect on these things, and add the reflection that there is no money in the Treasury, the prospect before us is gloomy. The people are holding meetings in all parts of the State, expressing their unwillingness to be further taxed, unless something is done to prevent the public works from being, as they have been, the sink into which public money goes to the benefit of office holders only. Our public works (as they are managed) are eating out the substance of the State, yet the Administration holds on to them for the sake of office holding friends. The Legislature will meet in June, but what can we expect from such a body of legislators, as one session has proved them to be? Never was our State in a more wretched condition than now, and never was locofocoism so completely master of its fate. The loco loco party prospers, but the people suffer."

#### GREAT SACRIFICE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

At a late Sheriff's sale, in Muskingum county, Ohio, at which specie was demanded, a four horse wagon sold for \$5 50; ten hogs for 62½ cents; two mares and a colt \$3 each; another colt and two horses at \$2 each; six cows for \$8 50 cts. A small store, costing several hundred dollars, was sold at the same time for twenty dollars; and a barrel of Orleans sugar at one dollar and fifty cents! There are two specie paying banks in Muskingum county, and if such great sacrifices take place in their immediate vicinity, how must it be in neighborhoods where specie is not so easy of access? The above is a true bill, and may be taken as a fair sample of prices under the "specie standard," which the Locofoco "hard money faction" in Ohio are laboring to establish under the disguise of Bank Reform! We don't know what others may think about it, but we believe the present banking system, with all its defects, would be infinitely better for the people, than the wretched state of affairs that have been brought upon us, by vain attempts to reform it! The people would not lose half as much, if a Bank were to burst over them every month!—Urbana Citizen.

A friend has called on us to state a most distressing circumstance in the family of Mr. John Dixon. Mr. D. is residing at present near the Robin Hood Tavern, on the Ridge Road. One day last week, a little son of his, about ten or eleven years of age, was walking towards home, when a small dog, a cur, sprang out upon him and bit his arm. The lad shook the dog off, and the animal flew up and bit the child's cheek. By this time, some of the neighbors came to the boy's rescue, and led him home to his parents. Mr. Dixon thought the dog ought to be killed, and on going in search of it, he ascertained that the work had already been done.

A few days afterwards the child, while out with a gentleman in a boat, complained that he was sick. He was taken home to his mother, and some medicine was administered. He declined taking water, and subsequently had a spasm. A physician was called in, who heard the circumstances of the boy's injury stated, and noticed his condition, and then remarked that though he had no acquaintance with the symptoms of hydrophobia, yet he feared that the child was laboring under that disorder. Spasm followed spasm, each either more severe or less resisted than the other. Between them, the child was sensible, not only of his disease, but of the rapid approach of death; and after suffering from Saturday noon in almost unbroken agony, he was, on Sunday morning, released by death.—U. S. Gaz.

#### Charity at Home.

There passed our office yesterday about fifteen persons, five adults and the others children. They were Irish emigrants, apparently two families. They seemed to have on their backs and in their hands the whole of their worldly effects, consisting of tattered garments and two or three small articles of furniture. We regard these poor people with commiseration.—Oppressed, beyond the hope of ameliorating their condition at home, they are penniless for another, where more generous institutions and freer scope for exertion may afford them the means of earning, and the privilege of eating their daily bread. Accounts from different parts of Ireland, render it probable that about one hundred thousand emigrants will come or be sent to the United States in the course of this season. Of this large number many may have a little money, furniture, or the tools of their trades.—But many also, possibly the greater portion, will be in the condition of the families which we noticed yesterday,—several children too young to serve themselves, and the parents destitute of every thing but the will to work.

Largely as these people may draw upon our sympathies, cheerfully as we would welcome them to our shores, while they

have any prospect or self support, we cannot but condemn the system as cruel to them and iniquitous towards this country, which forces upon it a class of population who, during at least one generation, may be a burden to its benevolence. We mean the system adopted by the commissioners or overseers of the poor in Ireland, who ship them for the sake of getting rid of them regardless of their subsequent fate. To these pauper masters are we indebted for this increasing incumbrance.—The emigrants themselves are in many instances but the creatures of necessity, who merit compassion and care wherever they may be found. Their situation, which is involuntary, appeals to the humane for relief. And are there no means of relief! We can offer at least one suggestion on this head, which is our main purpose in introducing the subject into our columns.

The Associations which have been formed in the United States for the purpose of aiding Mr. O'Connell's Repel Agitation, have sent to Ireland large sums of money. The donors, whose motives are undoubtedly allied to a sense of duty, might upon a little reflection find a paramount object for their generosity, in the class of their emigrating countrymen, whom they may see daily in the streets without the means of subsistence. The money which is remitted to promote Agitation,—we have no faith whatever, in its promoting the actual Repel,—would supply these needy strangers with the means of finding their way into the interior, where their honest labor on the soil would be sure of rendering them a livelihood. We will not discuss the question of the right or the propriety of the interference on the part of American citizens in the relations of foreign states, or their domestic affairs. To our apprehension such interference is utterly unjustifiable. Other men may think differently. But to those who not only think but act, who not only approve of laying a tax in the United States for the purpose of altering the plan of the British Government, but who also help to pay the tax, to them we would propose the question, whether their charity had not better begin at home,—if indeed they consider the spot home, where they now live and have sworn allegiance. Can they not here, among their unfortunate countrymen, who find themselves without a guide, without a purse or employment in a strange land, bestow the sympathy which would encourage, the advice which would direct, and the money which would aid them in their desires and efforts to procure a living by their labor? These are objects for benevolence whose desert is beyond question, whose need is constant and crying.

Without the help which might thus be afforded them, their fate is often worse here than if they had remained on their native ground. Let our poor houses and jails tell the story of many of them.—Friendless and in utter want, they rely either upon the systematic alms of the public, or resort to dissipation to drown their sorrows, or become adepts in the various modes of pillage which necessity may suggest or bad example may incaluate. We believe that from these extremes the great mass might readily be saved. Few of them are viciously disposed; few would lead a life of idleness; and if taken by the hand as soon as they enter our cities, before they become familiar with their vices, and directed to parts of the country where the virgin earth will sustain them, they would become worthy members of society, happy themselves and useful to the community at large. The Repel funds which are sent abroad, and which there is reason to suppose are appropriated in very questionable modes, would now go far towards aiding the progress of destitute emigrants from the seaboard to the interior. There could be no mistake about the correct, legal and useful application of the money. It would be returned to the country tenfold in the increased production which the receivers would yield. But now it goes, we know not to whom, we doubt for what,—but it goes forever. It is earned and collected here, it is dissipated abroad. No one witnesses any good effects. A few may hope for them at some distant day.—None can promise them to any living being. But we propose substantive good from the application of this money,—a good immediate and manifest, which will reflect upon the donor, while it is enjoyed by the recipient.—North American.

ROYAL VISITOR EXPECTED.—Extract from a letter of an officer with his brother in Cleveland, dated on board U. S. Ship Vincennes, of the U. S. Exploring Expedition: "We have on board, Vindoba, the King of the Feejee Islands, a prisoner, who killed and ate eleven of the crew of a Salem vessel, in 1825. I suppose he will be shown about like Black Hawk, and returned home. He says I would like to see the United States. He is a fine looking fellow, very tall. He wears his hair half a yard long. He would be worth \$5000 to show about the country."

BETTER THAN NONE.—A poor married woman was telling a staid lady, somewhat on the wrong side of fifty, of some domestic troubles, which she, in a great degree, attributed to the irregularities of her husband. "Well," said the old maid, "you have brought these troubles on yourself; I told you not to marry him. I was sure he never would make you a good husband." "He is not a good one to be sure, madam," replied the woman, "but he is a power better than none!"—Nat. Intel.