



## POETICAL

### CHARITY.

In the hour of keenest sorrow—  
In the hour of deepest woe—  
Wait thou for the coming morrow,  
To the sad and suffering go—  
Make it thy sincerest pleasure  
To administer relief—  
Freely opening thy treasure  
To assuage a brother's grief.

Go and seek the orphan's sighing—  
Seek the widow in her tears—  
As on mercy's pinions flying,  
Go, dispel their darkest fears;  
Seek the stranger sad and weary,  
Pass not on the other side,  
Though the task be sad and dreary,  
Heeding not the scorn of pride.

Go with manners unassuming  
In a meek and quiet way—  
O'er the father ne'er presuming  
Though thy brother sadly stray;  
'Tis a Saviour's kind compassion—  
'Tis his righteousness alone,  
All unmerited salvation,  
That around thy path hath shown.

When thy heart is warmly glowing  
With the sacred love of prayer,  
Be thy works of kindness flowing  
Not as with a miser's care,  
Duty e'er should be thy watchword—  
Pity drop the balmy tear;  
Always toward the fallen cherish  
Sympathy and love sincere.

## POLITICAL.

### LETTER FROM CASSIUS M. CLAY.

WHITE HALL P. O., Ky., June 28, 1848.

Dear Greeley:—As you have had some time to cool as well as myself, and seem yet hesitating whether or not to go for the regular Whig nomination, you will allow me to suggest a few thoughts for your consideration. We are both Whigs from youth up to the present time. We certainly, then, if we should think proper at any time to change our party alliances, cannot be reproached with deserting our first love for any other motives than because the Whigs cease to be worthy of further alliances. That you should hesitate what to do in the present emergency, when the subject of Slavery Extension comes up for immediate action, is to me a source of pleasure and hope rather than of pain or censure. Let us, then, see.

In the first place, *fairness*, requires Northern men to go for the nomination. The friends of Taylor wished to run him as an independent candidate; but no, said you and I, if a "Whig, but not an ultra Whig," let him come into the Convention and stand or fall with the Whigs. It can hardly be possible that you wished to bring us into counsel to *destroy us*. Personal honor, then, requires you to support Taylor, unless the Republic manifestly would receive great detriment by your fidelity to pledges. Let us see. Can we beat Taylor and Cass with a free soil candidate? If we can, the great question of the age requires us to insure a certainty. Whigs should elect a man who will *veto all Slave Extension*. I think you will believe with me, that "the time has not yet come." Any defection, then, on our part, will ensure to the benefit of Lewis Cass and to the injury of Z. Taylor. Now, however much denounced, I am for the "LESSER EVIL." I know no morality based upon any other principle than to look around you and make the best of all the circumstances which occur. Any other principle puts the good in the power of the bad—the scrupulous in the power of the unscrupulous—the just in the power of the unjust. First, then, as to men. Taylor is a slaveholder by birth and habit—Cass is a slaveholder politically by calculation. Which is the better man? I say Taylor. How do they stand committed? Taylor says nothing upon the subject of Slavery, but claims Washington as his model, and declares in favor of the *supremacy of Congress*. Cass holds that Congress cannot legislate against the admission of Slavery into new territories, and of course must *veto* any bill *prohibiting its introduction*. As men, then, Taylor is preferable to Cass. Now as to parties. Who will be most apt to stand for Liberty, the Whigs or their opponents? Let Texas speak! Let the Mexican War speak! Let the ultras of the South speak! Let those who openly avow in Convention, "all of Mexico and Cuba" speak! Again, suppose Lewis Cass President and a bill comes up for the admission of New Mexico into the Union—or its constitution into a Territorial Government—and a majority of Congress puts in the Wilmot Proviso, will they stand out against the Executive Veto and claim "Free Soil or no Soil?" Let the vote on Texas answer! Suppose Taylor President and such a bill up, will not the whole Whig party of the North and some large portion of the South say "Free Soil or no Soil?" Let the past answer also. From Gen. Taylor's pledges, I believe that he could not interfere by the Veto: for unless the law is unconstitutional he could not interfere. But with all the acts of this Gov-

ernment in favor of Slavery Restriction, as ably set forth in the Utica Address, with the lead of Washington and Jefferson, I think there is a moral certainty that he could not veto such a bill. But suppose he did: would not the triumph of the Whig party with its Free Soil prestige be more likely to summon true men enough to lock the wheels of pro-slavery action, than the same result would be likely to occur under the party who claim Texas as an "Extension of the area of Freedom?" Such at least are my conclusions, honestly and maturely arrived at. On "the question" of Slavery, which to me is the most vital of all, however much I may be denounced for inconsistency, Taylor, the slaveholder, is infinitely preferable to Cass. Simply as a member of a Republic, I in other respects desire that the Constitution should be restored—the faith of the nation vindicated—its magnanimity and honor re-established—its lead in the van of nations regained. In our domestic policy, I desire to see economy brought back into the disbursement of taxes—fidelity to public trust rewarded—partisan feeling moderated—industry and improvement revived—in a word, I long for a paternal instead of a destructive ruler! That Zachary Taylor is the man for the times I honestly believe.—I trust you and the people will finally also so conclude.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

P. S. The pledges made never again to vote for a slaveholder I regard as shortsighted. Why trammel ourselves that the enemy may conquer us? The only pledge, if indeed pledges are at all useful in any case, should be *faithfully and honorably to carry out its ends*.

C. M. C.

### Gen. Houston and the Catholics.

The Hero of San Jacinto, on his journey back to Washington from Carlisle, stopped at Lancaster, on the 6th inst., and made a speech to the assembled Cass men. The Lancaster Tribune gives a very fair report of the entire proceedings, and a sketch of the General's remarks. After speaking at some length in relation to Texas as she is, the Tribune report claims to speak them as follows:

"At length, changing his tune, he proceeded to speak of their present condition as contrasted with that of the past, and said that one great evil under which they suffered before the revolution was the *Catholic Priesthood*, who were *bigoted, intolerant and cruel*—that the circulation of the Bible was prohibited—that there were no newspapers printed in Texas, except one little one called a "Thumb-paper," that whenever any person attempted to print or publish one, the Priests would catch him and send him over to the Rio Grande in irons, to be tried by their fellow priests, and perhaps to be burnt as heretics. So *intolerant and oppressive* was the *Priest-ridden* government of Mexico, that a man was not allowed to plant half a dozen hills of potatoes unless he obtained the consent of the Alcade, who was generally a *Priest*. This was the substance of the language of Gen. Houston—a great Democratic leader—who incautiously spoke out sentiments which he had no doubt hitherto studiously concealed, for the purpose of conciliating the Catholics and obtaining their votes.—We make no comments. If the Catholics who were thus abused "can stand it—we can."

### Thrilling Scene at Niagara.

A thrilling scene occurred at the suspension Bridge, at Niagara, on Monday two weeks. Four men were passing over the bridge when it was struck with one of those sudden and strong gusts of wind which frequently rush through the chasm with the tremendous force of a hurricane, and so twisted it as to turn it bottom upwards. The men caught in the wire, and in this position—suspended 200 feet above the resistless waters beneath—they were enabled to maintain themselves until the alarm was given at the Falls, a mile and a half distant and the whole population in a body rushed to the rescue. The bridge was returned to its former position, and the men saved. The affair produced the most profound sensation for a while.

"TAINT LIKE!"—A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it, and every body exclaimed—"Oh, how like! it is the very picture of him!" An old farmer only dissented. "Taint like!" exclaimed every body—"just show us wherein 't aint like." "Taint—no 't aint!" responded the farmer. "Don't you see, he has got his hand in his own pocket? 'T would be as like again if he had it in somebody else's."

### [From the Boston Traveller.] PRESENCE OF MIND IN CHILDREN.

A more interesting case of true presence of mind was seldom, if ever, recorded than the following, which occurred some time ago, in one of the interior towns of Maine. A gentleman who lived in a beautiful villa, a little retired from one of the charming villages which everywhere adorn New England, had gone, with several members of the family, on Sabbath morning, to attend worship in the village church, leaving only three small children at home. The oldest of them was a son of thirteen, the second eleven, and the third a daughter of nine. These children were considered every way trusty by their parents, who entertained no fears for the safety of home during their absence at church. The time of the little ones was occupied with moral and interesting books, as was common with them when thus left at home, till towards noon they thought they discovered symptoms of wood burning, and on ascending to the head of the stairs found the whole upper part of the house enveloped in smoke and flame. On going out they saw the fires bursting through the roof in every part, threatening destruction not only to the house but to every thing in it.

There was now no time for deliberation. What was to be done must be done instantly, and quick as thought each child was at work, as if their several parts had been assigned them by the wisdom of age, after mature deliberation.—The elder boy mounted a horse and rode with all possible speed to the village to obtain assistance there. At the same time, and with a discretion far in advance of their years, the younger lad and his sister set about clearing the house of such articles as their strength was able to remove. In the first place they secured their father's papers. Next they contrived to remove an elegant eight day brass clock of much value. To accomplish this, they placed two feather beds in front of it on the floor, and throwing it over on its face drew it out on one of the beds and bed clothes, and next secured the contents of their mother's wardrobe. Her china and silver ware were then carefully put into baskets and placed beyond the reach of harm.

Thus they kept steadily but calmly at work, removing articles, giving each article priority, according to its value, till they were relieved from their anxiety and toils, by the arrival of the family and neighbors from the meeting, one or two miles distant. Nearly all that was done on this occasion was accomplished by the cool demeanor and unflinching perseverance of these two children, as, when the people arrived, the fire had extended to every room in the house, and rendered access almost impossible. Several times they risked their lives to save articles which they thought would be highly esteemed by their mother.

### A POSER.

A calm, blue-eyed, self-composed and self-possessed young lady in a village "down east," received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay even beyond her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question that had brought her thither: "I've been asked a good many times if you was engaged to Dr. C.— Now if folks enquire again whether you be or not, what shall I tell them I think."—"Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblinking steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator; "tell them that you think you don't know, and that you are sure it is none of your business."—*Knick.*

☞ The Worcester True Whig gives the following anecdote, which sounds like truth:

Soon after Cass was made Secretary of War, Scott meeting Taylor said to him, "Ah! Taylor—a good appointment that. We have a Secretary who knows our wants." Taylor has two veins in his forehead that, when he is excited, swell out as large as a child's finger.—These veins began to enlarge. "I don't know that, General," said he, "he knows his own wants. When he was Governor of Michigan Territory, he ordered me to send him twelve of my best looking and tallest soldiers, and don't you think the rascal kept six of 'em to row his boat for two years, and they were paid by the government as my men."

☞ "Doctor," said a gentleman who was notorious for laziness in general, and slovenliness of person in particular, "I have tried everything for the rheumatism, and without the least avail."—The doctor, having surveyed him for a moment, inquired if he had ever tried a *clean shirt!*

### Employment better than Scolding.

Great unkindness and injustice is often done to little children, by treating them as mischievous, and scolding them for being troublesome—when the truth is, the little creatures are either weary for want of employment, or else the love of knowledge, or curiosity, has induced them to examine the *inside* of something they ought not to have meddled with. Find something to occupy them—work such as they can do, or innocent amusement—and they will not trouble you with mischievousness.

It has been said, the mind of a child is as active as that of a statesman. This must be acknowledged, since it is admitted that a child learns more the first two years of its life than in any six subsequent ones. And only think what the little creatures have to acquire. They have to learn a *language*—and one might almost say *two*, if we take into the account the unintelligible jargon which some use when talking to infant children. Then they have to learn the use of every thing around them, and the various characters of the persons they meet with.

A father tells us, while he was working in his garden his little son was very desirous to help him; the hoe, the shovel, and rake were each in turn put into requisition, and, as might be expected, he did more harm than good; and the father was under the necessity of arresting him several times by saying:—"Little boy, you must not do that; you must not do so." At length the little fellow said; "Well, what may I do?"

### Do Not Covet thy Neighbors Cattle.

Dr. C., who by the way, is "some" at a story, told us the following:

Mr. T. and Mr. W. were farmers, living very remote from our peninsular city. One (Mr. T.) had a very fine white faced heifer of a choice breed, on which he counted a first rate cow, and which no small sum would tempt him to sell.

One day she broke into the premises of his neighbor, who goes and points her *face*. In his search for her, T. came down and inquires of W. if he had seen his heifer, and he replies that there is a fine fat one in his pasture, and he made no doubt that it was his, and would assist in turning her out.—When they found her, T. declared she could not be his, for his had a white face, but there wasn't hardly any other difference altho' unwilling to acknowledge that any body else could have another as "likely" as his he said he didn't think she was quite so large or so well built; but, ah, isn't she fat?

As T's "conscientiousness" never had been marked above *seven* by any phrenologist, and W. having a suspicion that he loved beef, he thought he would try him. Accordingly he proposed to him in a whisper, which betokened that he meant what he said, that he should butcher her, send him half the beef, and that he have the hide for slaughtering. If he would do so he should never mention it.

To this T. readily assented. He drove her home, slaughtered her, sent half the beef according to agreement.

The next morning, rising early after a smart rain, which had taken the paint off, he went to take the hide from the fence where he had left it, to put it out of sight, and made the astounding discovery that *somebody* had been the death of his own *highly valued heifer*, and he had given *half of it away to have the secret kept*.—*Portland Transcript.*

### An Affecting Incident.

The Pittsburg Journal, in noticing the arrival of the troops there from Mexico, says:—As the volunteers were marching up the wharf, after disembarkation, a young, gallant looking soldier, happened to catch sight of a young woman at the same moment she saw him. She was quite pretty, very neatly dressed, and had a very bright little baby in her arms. The young woman uttered a short joyful cry as she saw the soldier. Away went the musket, and darting from his place in the ranks, the brave fellow caught his wife and child in his arms. To us, this was one of the most touching occurrences of the day, so fruitful in touching scenes.

### Great Place for Marrying.

The publisher of the *Lowell Offering* states in the number for this month, that in one mill, during the past eighteen years, eighty-two of the "boys," and four hundred and five "girls," employed there, have been married; and from another mill one hundred and eighty-seven girls have been married during five years; and from a single room in another corporation twenty eight were married in one year.

☞ A schoolmaster said, "young gentlemen, if you will all be silent we shall know who makes the noise."

### [For the Journal.] Influence of Novels.

"Novel Reading!" exclaims some (of course *fair*) one, "here comes another tirade against this innocent amusement, this profitable employment! Now for a long rigmarole about 'sickly sentiment,' 'fictitious taste,' 'corruption of morals,' 'disordered mental action,' 'unbalanced mind,' 'all imagination, no soundness of Intellect,' 'artificial society,' 'moonbeam-sauce,' &c., &c. No matter I will read novels, so I will. Though indeed poor conscience (rather feeble!) does tacitly acknowledge these are some of the legitimate fruits of my *innocent* amusement. But smotheration to the upbraids of Conscience, the little scorpion. Hand me 'Dombey & Son' or 'Jane Eyre.' Jane is *one of them*, and la! 'Dombey & Son' is a daughter!" Ha, ha, sweet condiments to cram an empty mind!"

Yes, most excellent for an *empty* mind! Read on just for spite. You will only injure every body else but yourself.—And besides, leaky minds, like sieves, that wont hold solids, will catch the chaff. So throw in the showy, airy, brilliant piles of chaff. That will at least *reflect* the brightness of another. What is the use of originality!—or soundness!

But enough of this. We might philosophize, and prove as a general proposition, that every Novel leaves an imperishable, evil influence upon every mind and every community with which it comes in contact. But for the present we will merely give some sketches showing the effects, or results of Novel Reading, some scenes from real (rather artificial!) life. For now instead of Novels being sketches from Real Life, *Real Life* is a sketch from Novels. The Mr. and Miss must mould themselves, mind, body and garments, to suit the latest style in the Beau Monde where Fiction and Fashion, twin Goddesses, sway their fickle sceptre. Take for example a village down East. And see if conversation, habits, feelings, actions,—all, are not tinged with the fine effects of Novel Reading. Poor human heart, fount of such nameless, numberless streams of evil, how easily duped, tapped and drawn! In that village a few (perhaps all) of the 'Fair' having, as they discover, some claims for Beauty, (at least one or two features) lay hold upon a *false* sentiment uttered, and acted upon, by one of Miss Landon's Heroines, viz: that Beauty when properly managed is woman's power." And this they make the "divinity which shapes their ends." They remember the glowing, enchanting, (sickening,) descriptions of personal beauty with which every Novel begins, continues and terminates. And then *what* managing!—the eyes, the mouth, the form, the smile, the touch, the voice! So much for general; at present we will not particularize the hobbies of each, though every Fair has her Hobby. She selects her models from her Novels.—(Unconsciously.)

On the other hand, some gallant remembers the magic influence of 'Zanoni's' eye as painted by Bulwer; and then to shame ye eagles and ye dying calves,—your orbs not half so penetrating or melting! Another youth as he peruses "Charles O'Malley" is enchanted with the sweet yet devilish Frank Webber and henceforth his hot ambition dictates, and his will endeavors, to accomplish a miserable imitation of that Protean character. Another of lower ambition makes Don Juan his 'beau ideal' and then conforms to his pattern. Another will strive to act the part of a 'Jack Sheperd' or a 'Nini Moulin' under cover of night and with a certain set of companions and then if possible put on the character of 'Morley Ernestien' or 'Gabriel' in the day time and with a better class of society. This also unconsciously sometimes.

Next mark the conversation, and you find it full of Fashion, Flowers, Love, Last Novels, Fortunes, Good Looks, Flirtations, &c., &c. But above all to keep pace with the World of Letters i. e. Novels, there must be in every village an old Hag as insinuating as ugly, to carry on the amours of the town—a 'go between' to whisper from ear to ear—to flatter and to frighten, to car on and adjust love scintillations, disturb the peace of families, tip her tongue with gall or honey to suit shifting circumstances, &c. It is also to be expected that some gallants who have spent a life of the lowest kind and squandered nearly all their 'little worldly goods' will make vows and by wagers to gain the affections of some unsuspecting damsel of moral and metal worth and thus by *honourable* means secure many more years of pleasure and dissipation, having gained a handsome property and restored their sinking finances. At least many Novels describe such successful manoeuvres and swains

are fools enough to believe they can realize their Eutopian schemes. So much for Real Life without furt her moralizing. So much for Novels. By their fruits ye shall know them.

### Young Men, Beware.

Mr. Potter, of Yale College, in a temperance address, lately, at New Haven, says: "My heart bleeds as I remember the fate of three of my early companions, who started in life with myself.—One of them possessed the finest mathematical mind I ever knew. He would take the ledger and go up with three columns at a time, with perfect ease.—He was the first man in America that beat the Automaton Chess Player, and he told me that he had every move in his head before he entered the room.—That man now fills a drutikard's grave. Another, who was an excellent accountant, and could command almost any salary, met the same melancholy fate.—Another, possessing the same brilliant qualities, has gone down—not to the grave, perhaps, but he is sunk clear out of sight, amid the mire and filth of intemperance.—*Hartford Courant.*

### The Common Lot.

May we not read our own history in every leaf and every flower! Are not our days "like a shadow that declines!" We are happy beneath the summer sun of youth, health and strength, and reflect but little on the autumn scenes of life when those blessings will fast recede from our embrace. And yet how surely will the "ear and yellow leaf" steal its curtain o'er the summer scene, and the winter of life come on when we too, shall lie fading in the dust. Happily, there is a spring for us beyond the grave. So true it is—  
"An angels arm" can't keep us from the grave; Legions of angels cant confine us there."

### Nothing Like Reciprocity.

An unsophisticated joker was fishing one day in the muddy waters of the eastern portion of the Pennsylvania canal, when to his great surprise he got a savage bite. He immediately gave his line a jerk that would have brought a shark, when lo!—and behold, he pulled out a huge snapping turtle and threw it flat on the tow-path. He stood in amazement gazing upon the singular "beast," when by and by, an Irishman came along, followed by a large dog. The countryman tried by gentle words to get the son of Erin to put his finger into the turtles mouth, but paddy was too smart for that, but, says he, "I'll put the dog's tail in, and see what the bloody baste will do."

He immediately called up his dog, took his tail into his hand, and stuck it in the turtles mouth. He had hardly got it in, when Mr. Turtle shut down upon the poor dog's tail, and off he started at railroad speed, pulling it after him at a more rapid rate than ever it travelled before. The countrymen thinking his day's work would be thrown away if the animal should run long at that rate, turned with a savage look upon the laughing Irishman, and exclaimed, "Call back your dog! call back your dog!"

Paddy put his hand into his pocket, threw his head to one side, winked and then answered with provoking *sang froid*, "Be Jabers! call back your fish."

### Wetting Bricks.

Few people, except builders, are aware of the advantage of wetting bricks before laying them. A wall 12 inches thick, built up of good mortar, with bricks well soaked, is stronger in every respect, than one 16 inches thick, built dry. The reason of this is, that if the bricks are saturated with water, they will not abstract from the mortar, the moisture which is necessary to its crystallization, and on the contrary, they will unite chemically with the mortar, and become as solid as rock. On the other hand, if the bricks are put up dry, they immediately take all the moisture from the mortar, leaving it too dry to harden, and the consequence is, that when a building of this description is taken down, or tumbles down of its own accord, the mortar falls from it like sand.—*N. Y. Sun.*

We learn from a builder in this city that the above will apply only to N. Y. brick, which are more porous, and absorb much more moisture than bricks made in this vicinity. He says, that, should our bricks be soaked before laying, it would make a perfect liquid of the mortar, and run over all those which had been laid.—*Boston Cultivator.*

☞ A lawyer in one of our courts commenced a defence as follows—"May it please your honor, the Deluge has passed over the earth—the Ark has rested upon the mountain, and the Rainbow of Justice shines as beautifully on my colored client as it does upon any in the court, including the Jury."