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"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT: LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMS'T AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

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Poetry

AUTUMN—By Thomas Hood.

The autumn skies are flush'd with gold,
And fair and bright the rivers run;
These are but streams of winter cold,
And pamted mists that quench the sun.

In secret boughs no sweet bird sing,
In secret boughs no bird can shroud;
These are but leaves that take to wing,
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms
That on the cheerless valleys fall,
The flowers are in their grassy tombs,
And tears of dew are on them all.

I CARE NOT.

TO ——.

I care not though they censure me
For my constant love of thee,
And hint thy heart has other vows
That leave no hope for me:—
They know not what the treasure is
Who thus advise its loss--
They cannot form affection pure,
Who deem it fading dross.

The soul give up its buried gems!
Ah—not till reason's fled.
And even then would mem'ry rear
A record o'er the dead.
And hope, that never yet expired,
Would linger in its wealth,
Like sunlight, in the evening hour,
Upon a desert heath.

Thou once was't all my heart could wish,
And still thou art beloved,
Though changed the tenor of thy thoughts,
Mine, cannot be removed.
And earnestly as ever in
The brightness of the past,
Throughout the gloom of future days,
Affection still shall last.

THE BIBLE.

This little Book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems,
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.

Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth one golden ball,
And diamonds all, the stars of night,
This Book were worth them all.

Ah! no—the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering hoards of wealth;
Gem's dazzle not the eye of grief,
Gold cannot purchase health.

But here a bless'd balm appears,
To heal the deepest woe;
And those who seek this Book in tears,
Their tears shall cease to flow.

Miscellaneous.

RELIGION IN WOMAN.

How often have young men propounded to themselves and others the question, what is the first quality sought for in the choice of a wife? and how diverse have been the answers to this most important interrogatory. The gay and thoughtless will point you to beauty, wealth, accomplishments; others who look beyond the tinsel of the exterior, regard amiability and feeling as the brightest jewels in the female character: others still, who have searched deeper into the springs of human actions and know well the fountains from whence flow the purest and most enduring happiness, will give the only true answer to the inquiry, viz: a strong christian faith, sentiments, and practice.

Religion is every where lovely, but in woman peculiarly so. It makes her but little lower than the angels It purifies her heart, elevates her feelings and sentiments, hallows her affections, sheds light on her understanding, and imparts dignity and pathos to her whole character. Nor does its influence end here—

"It beams in the glance of the eye,
It sits on the lip in a smile,
It checks the ungracious reply,
It enraptures, but cannot beguile."

Woman, from her very nature, is destined to drink deeper from the cup of sorrow and suffering than the other sex. Her trials are chiefly of the heart, and consequently the hardest to be borne.—She is seldom, perhaps, called upon to contend with those formidable evils and temptations which rouse all the energies of our nature to repel their attacks, but is best (from the time she merges into womanhood) by a thousand petty trials and annoyances, which while they seem too insignificant to require much effort to resist, are at the same time the most difficult to overcome. Religion alone can disarm these trials, and enable her to preserve that equanimity and peace of mind so essential to happiness. It is her talisman. To it she flies in the hour of disappointment and sorrow, and from it never fails to derive consolation and support. Yet how few, in their selection of a partner for life, regard this most important qualification. How few think to penetrate into the secret chambers of the soul, to see what is there hidden within so fair an exterior—if there the vestal lamp sheds its clear and constant ray. External attractions may lead us captive for a time; feeling may send a thrill of exquisite joy through the heart of the recipient; talent may call forth unbounded admiration; but if religion make no part of the character, the keystone to the arch is wanting, and the fabric will, ere long, crumble and fall.

It should be remembered that life is not all sunshine. Bright as the world may be before us, we cannot live long without encountering many sorrows, and disappointments, and troubles. They are sent by a kind Providence to sever the cords which bind us too closely to earth; to turn our thoughts inward upon ourselves and upward to heaven. While our bark glides calmly on a summer's sea, with the blue sky above, the bright waters around us, the blandishments of youth, beauty, accomplishments, may satisfy the heart; but let us be overtaken by the storm and the tempest and where is the support they yield? Let darkness enter your dwelling, and the pleasure you derived from them is forgotten, and you look in vain to the same source for relief. Let death invade your social circle, and lay his ruthless hand on your first-born, shrouding all around you in darkness and gloom, and where do you look for a ray of hope? It is under circumstances like these, that religion transforms a wife into a ministering angel. She will bind up your bleeding heart, lead you to the fountain of living waters, and change gloom and despondency into light and cheerfulness. As the sun, in setting, lights up every hill top and tree, and cottage, so religion gilds with its heavenly beams every feeling, enjoyment, and occupation.

Most persons on entering a marriage state, (particularly in youth,) fancy it a condition of unmingled joy and pleasure, that they are within a charmed circle, the bounds of which no sorrow or trouble can pass. They forget the new and immense responsibilities incurred, and the trials which must necessarily accompany them. Not that these should deter any one from taking this important step, for it is the high road to improvement and happiness. What are the boasted pleasures of intellect compared with those of affection? The latter are as truly heaven-born and immortal as the former; they are the earliest developed in our nature, and the last touched by the finger of decay. Woman! thy empire is the heart and he who who would know the capacity of the human soul for happiness must yield himself to thy sway.

PRIDE AND POVERTY.

Ha!—ha!—ha!—for the life of us we can't help laughing at your ridiculous appearance.—A grown up man and with such airs!—so proud and bombastic—such brass and impudence!—who are you? Who were your ancestors? No wonder you "turn red as a rooster cock," when we refer you to the fact. Poverty and pride, ignorance and impudence, a shallow brain and a depraved heart, we have often perceived, are linked together. It certainly is in your case. Yet you strut about as if you were the chief lord of creation—expressing your opinion on this subject and on that, as if you really know something and were not a right down fool. More than this, you contrive to worm yourself into society where you are not wanted.—Did you have a mind to know it, you would perceive that you are the jest of all—that you are ridiculed and caricatured by the old and young of both sexes. A word of advice, then. Away with such important airs—such brazen faced indifference, and never cast a word of reproach upon those who labor and have not the folly to dress like a baboon. Then we shall not be tempted to laugh as you pass, and those who now think you are a fool will be induced to change their opinion. Now you are of no sort of use in the world, and are almost as offensive as a dead horse. It is only on election days that you are thought of as a man.—Reform, and you will be more than a cipher, and perhaps live to counterbalance your past bad influence.

THE WIND WAGON.

This is the name of a newly invented locomotive recently brought out by a Mr. Thomas, of Missouri. The Independence Expositor says that the machine has been completed and tried, with results which leave no doubt of its success. The Expositor adds:

Mr. Thomas ran up and down across the plains, found that he could overcome a steep with a gentle ascent, without difficulty, and that the molehills, so numerous on the plains, were no bar to his progress. The construction of the wagon is very simple, It is a frame made of plank, well braced and placed edge-wise on four axle trees—four wheels to each side. These wheels to be 12 feet or more in diameter and one foot broad—the forward axles, which can be turned just as the forward axle of any wagon with a tongue, by their movement turns the course of the whole concern—two tongues are joined together forward of the wagon and by ropes coming to the wheel similar to the pilot wheel of a steamboat—the wagon is steered by a pilot.—The sails are like to the sails and rigging of a ship, each wagon carries its own supply of sail, underneath, a foot or so from the deck of each wagon, the cast iron boxes, &c., will be suspended as ballast. Mr. Thomas expects to convey freight and passengers, and will now engage & bind himself to take freight to Bent's Fort, and thence across the other side of the Arkansas he will run another car within sixty miles of Santa Fe. A gentleman who rode on the wagon says that, with only one sail and a light breeze, it went at the rate of eight miles an hour. Properly rigged, its speed will be about twenty miles an hour.

THE POPE AND HIS ENEMIES.

Letters from Rome, according to the Boston Atlas, state that there has been forming for some time an opposition party, which seeks by every possible means to overthrow the government of the new pope. This party composed of all the men who lived, under the preceding administrations, upon the very abuses which Pius IX, now wishes to reform, counts among its adherents some of the high clergy, and in the more elevated classes of Roman society, but it is forming secretly and dares not act openly. The police lately arrested a man who was clandestinely distributing copies of a pamphlet, entitled: "History of Pius IX, the usurping Pope—the enemy of religion, head of Young Italy." As soon as he heard of this arrest, the sovereign pontiff caused the guilty person to be brought into his presence, and having interrogated him with mildness, he said to him, as your crime affects only me, I forgive you. The man touched by such generosity, burst into tears, and throwing himself at the feet of the holy father, offered to tell him the names of the authors of the pamphlet.—The pope refused to listen to him. "Let their fault" said he, be buried in silence, and may repentance penetrate into their hearts." These facts, being known to the whole city, produced every where a lively sensation, it is said.

CHARACTER OF AARON BURR.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

If Blennerhasset had been the only person ruined by Burr, charity would suggest a burial of our remembrance of the Exile's desolation. But the victims of Burr are to be numbered by hundreds. The base and the peaks of society, alike, show the scathing marks of his fiery visitation.

He cherished no friendship; he returned unhonored the drafts of gratitude; he kindled the flame of lust at the very fireside of hospitality, and felt little pleasure in bidding adieu to the *Lares* of his host until the dearest objects that flourished under their sacred influence were sacrificed. But for the deep affection which he manifested toward his daughter, his sole merits seem to have been coolness and courage; and yet, clustering as were the laurels which they showered on his brow, his baser passions so predominated that he held it more glorious to seduce a woman than to shine in the field of letters, to scale the steeps of philosophy, or to wave a banner victoriously in battle.

He courted the man to corrupt his wife—the statesman to profit by his influence—the millionare to obtain his money—and the world to gratify his desires. He was the more dangerous from the possession of an intellect massive, piercing and brilliant, united to a form at once handsome and vigorous. His mind was but the keen weapon with which he hewed a path to conquest. That weapon was Proteau. If the victim fully came under the gaze of an eye whose sharp light resembled lightning imprisoned and forever playing in a cloud black as death—she was forever lost.—Burr's conversation was irresistibly fascinating—for his hands swept every chord of the human heart. He strewed the rosy paths of the happy with flowers of a still brighter hue; he arched the troubled sky of the desponding, with the rainbow of hope; he conjured up before the rapt vision of the avaricious, golden Golcondas; and to the aspiring he pointed out the illuminated vistas of glory.

Thus he stood: gifted and unprincipled; ruthless and terrible. The want of great fortune, alone, prevented his presenting, in one vast Alpine mass, that Evil which he accomplished but too successfully in many details.—Chance confined to valleys, comparatively humble, the stupendous glaciers which only needed the rays of the sun of fortune to devastate continents.

It may be asked, "Is not his valor on the battle-fields of his country to be remembered?" Yes! That was a redeeming thing. No matter from what motive his military talents were exercised, our land reaped some benefit. But we are forced to doubt the patriotism of one who was so ready to forswear his allegiance; who trampled on so much that men hold sacred, and who regarded his exploits against royal tyranny less glorious than the moral destruction of a human being

Age is expected to subdue; but with Burr, the winter of time brought no snow to cool the lava of passion. At four-score-and-six the crater wore a glow as ardent as at twenty! His faculties mocked at a century.

Age should bring the soothing calm of religion to prepare the tempest-tost bark for its entrance into another and final Sea: Burr died as he had lived—a practical Atheist.—Age should bring respect. Burr expired as he had existed, without the regard of the good. His hoary hairs went down to the grave, floating on the breeze of infamy.

In cunning, an Iago; in lust, a Tarquin; in patience, a Cataline; in pleasure, a Sybarite; in gratitude, a Malay, and in ambition a Napoleon, he affords the world an awful example of powerful intellect destitute of virtue. His portrait would fitly appear in a circle of Dante's Inferno.

Let no one accuse the speaker of stepping with sandalled feet through the solemn sepulchre. Aaron Burr belongs to History. *Such was the lot he chose.*

FUTURE INCREASE OF POPULATON IN THE UNITED STATES.

The natural increase of white population from 1790 to 1800 was 33.9 per cent; from 1800 to 1810, 33.9 per cent; from 1810 to 1820, 32.1 per cent; from 1820 to 1830, 30.9 per cent; from 1830 to 1840, 29.6 per cent.—These figures are interesting and show a regular decrease of about one per cent in each ten years, in the ratio of increase of the white population during the last half century.

The natural increase of the colored population has been at the rate 32.2 per cent every ten years, with very slight variations since the year 1790.—The acquisition of Louisiana, Florida and Texas, and immigration have varied the actual results of our increase a little from the above figures. Taking our white and black population together, and allowing the ratio of increase, (including immigration from Europe, as well as natural increase, and leaving California and New Mexico out of the account) and we shall have a population of 22,400,000 in 1850; 29,400,000 in 1860; 38,300,000 in 1870; 49,600,000 in 1880; 59,800,000 in 1890; 74,000,000 in 1900. This is a slower increase than many statistical writers have estimated. But unless there shall be a very large addition to the ratio of increase in the number of immigrants from Europe within the next 44 years, we think that the ratio of natural increase will fall off enough to keep population within the limits we have assigned. We do not expect, however, a much larger influx of the people from the islands of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as from the Continent within the next 20 years, than we have hitherto ever witnessed. The elements at work to bring about this result will be fully considered hereafter.

To show the regular decrease in the number of children under 10 years of age in the United States, as compared with the number of females we will state that it was 96,02 per ct. in 1800; 91,35 in 1810; 88,53 in 1820; and 86,73 in 1830. The rapid increase of our city and village population and the growing vices and follies of defective civilization, are very inimical to the raising of healthy children. Without some better care to develope our physical powers, and sustain the healthy and vigorous action of our respiratory, digestive, nervous, muscular and other organs, our race must deteiorate much faster than the community are aware of. The laws of our physical being cannot be violated with impunity.

Agricultural.

SURPLUS BREADSTUFFS IN THE UNITED STATES.

On no other important subject does so great and inexcusable error prevail, as exists in the matter of Surplus Breadstuffs grown in this country. It is variously estimated at from two, to four hundred millions of bushels of grain.—The N. Y. Express goes into an elaborate estimate, and allows 16 bushels per annum to feed each human being in the Union—a quantity twice as large as is eaten by our population—and then figures out a surplus of 429,367,900 bushels! Although this is obviously a most wild and extravagant estimate, yet, it is not quite so easy a task as one might suppose, to say what *is* the true amount of breadstuffs which this country, under ordinary circumstances, has to spare for foreign consumption. By no fair calculation can the quantity of wheat exceed 15,000,000 bushels; and that of corn 20,000,000. In this estimate, we include both flour and meal. In but one year, during our whole national existence, have we exported in flour and grain, so much as 10,350,000 bushels of wheat. The addition of 50 per cent. to this, our extreme example, would cause a drain on the country not easily to be borne.

During the five years, 1791, 2, 3, 4 and 5, there were exported from the old 12 States, 8,353,304 bushels of corn, and 2,058,830 barrels of meal. After the lapse of 48 years, we find the quantity of corn exported in the five years, 1839, 40, 41, 2 and 3, from 26 States, on a treble population, only 2,445,208 bushels; while the export of meal has also diminished. These figures are interesting, because they demonstrate the important fact of our exporting three times more corn 50 years ago than we now do, in ordinary seasons. Surely, it will not be said the corn growers in '91 had more steamers on their rivers and lakes, and more canals and railroads for transporting corn to seaports than our farmers now have.

Why then, should not an equal number of farmers in 1841, 2 and 3, have sent abroad as much corn as did their fathers or grand fathers when they had just emerged from colonial vassalage to Great Britain? Instead of reducing the quantity exported from *eight* millions to *two* millions, it should have been increased from *eight* to *thirty two* millions, to have kept pace with the increase of population, and their facilities for inland, as well as foreign commerce. Nor can it be said that there has been any lack of hungry people abroad to consume this grain; for the population of Great Britain has increased more in the present century, than it did in 425 years before its commencement. The increase of the human family in all civilized nations, is a subject worthy of profound study. We shall refer to it often in discussing questions that pertain to national economy. There is but one good reason why four millions of agriculturists fifty years ago, exported more corn than twelve millions now do. The farmers of '91 were destitute of *home* consumers. Mechanics and manufacturers were then nearly unknown in these recently emancipated colonies. The tory principles of modern Loco Focoism had done their legitimate work. Now, twelve millions of rural population have seven millions of reliable customers at home, who annually consume three times more grain after it is made into meat, than they do in the shape of flour and meal.—Here is a fact of great moment, which is entirely overlooked by free trade political economists. We have twenty seven or eight millions of swine in the United States. We shall hardly be credited when we state from actual experiments, how many pounds of corn it takes to raise a pig and make 200 lbs. of good pork. It will require from 12 to 1800 lbs. according as the food is prepared, and the assimilating powers of the animal are weak or active. It is the domestic animals of the country that eat up nine tenths of all grain grown in it, and the people of the country that consume nineteen twentieths of all the meat made in the United States.

The many millions of bushels of coarse grain that figure so largely in commercial papers, as ready to go to Europe, furnish after all a very small real surplus for foreign consumption.—And we shall take occasion to demonstrate that this surplus, *pro rata*, according to population, will continue to decrease for the next 50 years as much as it has for the last half century—provided always, that the Locos shall not succeed in reducing the people of this Republic to a state of colonial dependence on Great Britain.

The men that will work, under a Whig protective Tariff, in our invaluable and inexhaustible mines of iron, coal, lead, and copper, will create a market for more provisions and breadstuffs, than all Europe can possibly furnish.—As a lasting arrangement, instead of transporting a half ton of corn or meal 4000 miles annually for three score and ten years to feed a human being in England, it will be found infinitely better to bring at once and for all the 200 lbs. of living flesh from England, to some place not 2000 miles from the soil that must continually sustain vitality in this flesh. There is neither wit nor wisdom in any attempt to keep the farmer 4000 miles from his customer, nor to place the mechanica like distance from his customer. Be where they may, neither can purchase nor consume, to any advantage to the other, more than he can pay for by a fair exchange.

If there is to be an enduring failure in the potato crop in Ireland, Scotland and England, the people will emigrate by hundreds of thousands and millions, to countries where land is more abundant. In 100 lbs. of turnips there are over 90 lbs of water. Hence no Irish peasant can live and toil on turnips and salt as he can on potatoes and salt.—Cabbage is better than turnips to sustain the wear and tear of human muscle, as the people of Holland and Germany long since found out. But a man needs some two pounds of this as an equivalent of one of good potatoes. It is difficult to estimate the probable continuance and final result of the malady which is now destroying so large a portion of this important crop. Its bearing on commerce, the price of improved farms, and inland transportation in this country, are alike worthy of consideration.—

It is a curious fact that, the exportation of an extra million bushels of corn should operate to double the market price of 200 times that amount of this grain consumed at home. Whether there is any particular gain in this advance in the price of breadstuffs for home consumption, we will soon consider.

FATTENING HOGS.—It is important that your hogs now being fattened should be regularly fed at stated times of the day, say at 7 o'clock in the morning, 12 o'clock noon, and just before sundown. Their pen should be provided with dry, warm sleeping apartments where they may retire and rest after each meal; quietness being a condition that is very conducive to the generation of fat in the hog. And as you should be looking ahead for a goodly pile of manure, for the improvements of next spring, don't fail to supply your hog pen most liberally with mould and leaves from the woods, weeds, and indeed every substance which can be converted into manure.

Keep the pens well supplied with charcoal or rotten wood, and occasionally throw into their troughs tub of soap suds.

Breeding sows, store hogs and pigs.—Attend to these—see that they have comfortable sleeping apartments, and don't omit to feed them moderately well—particularly the two latter kinds, as unless provided with stomach-timber their bodies cannot be expected to grow:—*American Farmer.*

MILCH COWS.—If these be fed upon dry hay it cannot be expected of them to give full supplies of milk, for without succulent food the udder cannot, except upon a limited scale, carry on its milk secreting operations. In view of these facts every farmer should make it a part of his business to raise a sufficient quantity of beets, carrots, and parsnips, to give each milch cow on his farm half a bushel daily from the 1st of December till the first of May.—