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POETRY.

A DANISH LEGEND.

There is a tale of sorrow,
Of wonder, and of wrong,
By northern minstrels chaunted
In a sad and ancient song;
Yet, like a thread of silver
Through a mournful web inwrought,
With its sadness interwoven,
Is a sweet, consoling thought.
Through shadows dull and gloomy,
Of grief and broken faith,
Shines out the thought of comfort,
That love may conquer death!

There dwelt a lovely lady
Beside the Northern sea,
Of stately form and feature,
And born of high degree.
Among the host of lovers
That were ever in her train,
Was one whose heart grew bitter
Because he wooed in vain;
And though her voice was gentle,
And her words were kind and gay,
Yet he vowed a cruel vengeance
From the hour she said him nay.

He muttered spells of darkness,
He called the pow'rs of ill;
In secret and in silence
They wrought his wicked will,
Her pure young heart soon yielded
To the might of magic spell,
And he mocked her in his triumph
When he saw she loved him well.
"Proud heart," he said, "that scorn'd me,
Thy love is nought to me,
The heartless scorn thou gavest
I give again to thee!"

He left her in her anguish—
He left his native land,
And she watch'd the parting vessel
As she paced the lonely strand;
It sped across the waters
Like a sea-bird free and light,
Its snowy wings grew fainter,
Then faded from her sight.
They sought that high-born lady
At eve along the shore,
Her lips were wan and silent,
Her dreary life was o'er!

They laid her by the waters,
In a fair and costly tomb,
While the cruel one passed onward
All heedless of her doom.
"Her heart may break!" he muttered;
"She shall rue her early pride;
In the merry world there beateth
Full many a heart beside;
In the merry world there shineth
Full many a face as fair:
Farewell, once scornful lady,
I leave thee to despair!"

They laid her by the waters,
But her spirit could not rest;
And she tracked her faithless lover
Across the sea's dark breast,
To him, where'er he wandered,
Invisibly she clung,
And spells of hidden power
About his steps she flung.
From land to land she led him,
Where gold and beauty shone,
But his soul was dark within him,
And the charm of life was gone.

From land to land she led him,
Till he saw how poor and vain
To one with sin o'erladen,
Were pride, and mirth, and gain.
From land to land she led him,
Till his heart grew weak and mild;
And his haughty soul was humbled
To the meekness of a child—
Till tears of shame and sorrow
He wept by night and day,
Then homeward o'er the waters
Once more he bent his way.

He neared the land, beholding
The costly tomb that bore
The corpse of her whose spirit
Had led him to the shore.
"*The tomb of the Forsaken!*"
He knew it must be hers—
Her love, her faith, her sorrow,
He owned them conquerors.
"Oh! that thy soul might bless me"—
He murmur'd, kneeling there,
"Might see my deep repentance,
And hear my hopeless prayer!"

For one brief moment round him
A radient light was shed,
And beside him, in her beauty,
Stood the shadow of the dead!
It passed—he bow'd in silence,
For he knew the blessed sign
Was a promise of forgiveness,
Revealed by love divine:
He bow'd him down in silence,
For he knew his hour was nigh,
And ere the daylight faded,
He breathed his last calm sigh!

It is an error to think that a long face is essential to good morals, or that laughing is an unpardonable crime.

Why is a benevolent man like a car horse? Because he stops at the sound of *woe*.

SELECTED TALES.

From Brougham's Irish Entertainment.

The Emigrant's Family.

One of the strongest peculiarities—indeed, I may say *passions*—of the Irish is their devoted fondness for their offspring.

A curious illustration of this occurred to me on my recent journey through the northern lakes. It happened to be what sailors call very *dirty* weather, finished up by a tremendous gale, which obliged us to seek shelter at a lump of aboriginal barrenness, called Mainton Island, where we were obliged to remain for five days. There were *a few* deck passengers—between five and six hundred; and inasmuch as they had only provided themselves with barely sufficient for the average time, provisions became alarmingly scarce, and no possibility of a supply. To be sure there was one venerable ox—a sort of semi-petrifaction, an organic remnant—a poor, attenuated, hornless, sightless, bovine patriarch, who obligingly yielded up his small residue of existence for our benefit. Indeed, it was quite a mercy that we arrived to relieve him from a painful state of suspense; for so old and powerless was he, that if his last breath had not been extracted, he certainly could not have drawn it by himself.

Well, as you may suppose, there was considerable consternation on board.—Short, *very* short allowances was adopted to meet the contingency, and the poor deck passengers had a terrible time of it. Amongst the latter was an Irish emigrant, with his wife and three beautiful children, the eldest about seven years, and all without the smallest subsistence, except what the charity of their fellow-passengers could afford them; and as *they* were scantily supplied, it can readily be imagined how miserably off was this poor family. However, it so happened that the beauty and intelligence of the children attracted the attention of one of our lady passengers, who had them occasionally brought into the cabin and their hunger appeased. Gleesome, bright-eyed little creatures they were, scrupulously clean, despite the poverty of their parents, and life and happiness, and in blissful ignorance of the destitution by which they were surrounded.

One day, delighted with her little *proteges*, the lady happened to say, half jestingly—"I wonder would this poor man part with one of those little darlings? I should like to adopt it."

"I don't know," said I; "suppose we make the inquiry."

The man was sent for, and the delicate business thus opened:—

"My good friend," said the lady, "you are very poor, are you not?"

His answer was peculiarly Irish: "Poor! me lady," said he. "Be the powers of pewther! if there's a poorer man nor meself, throublin' the world, God pity both of uz, for we'd be about aiqual."

"Then you must find it difficult to support your children," said I, making a long jump towards our object.

"Is it support thim, sir?" he replied.—"Lord bless you, I never supported them; they git supported somehow or another; they've niver bin hungry yit; whin they are it'll be time enough to grumble."

Irish all over, thought I; to-day has enough to do, let to-morrow look out for itself.

"Well, then," I resumed, with a determined plunge, "would it be a relief to you to part from one of them?"

I had mistaken my mode of attack.—He started, turned pale, and, with a wild glare in his eye, literally screamed out—

"A relief? God be good to us, what d'ye mane? A relief? Would it be a relief, d'ye think, to have the hand chopped from me body, or the heart tore out of me breast?"

"You don't understand us," interposed my phylanthropic companion. "Should one be enabled to place your child in ease and comfort, would you interfere with its welldoing?"

The tact of woman! She had touched the chord of paternal solicitude.—The poor fellow was silent, twisted his head about, and looked all bewildered. The struggle between a father's love and his child's interest was evident and affecting. At last he said—

"God bless ye, me lady, and all that thinks of the poor! Heaven knows I'd be glad to better the child; it isn't in regard to meself, but——but hadn't I bether go and spake to Mary; she's the mother of thim, and 'twould be onraisonable to be givin' away her children afore her face, and she not to know nothin' of the matther."

"Away with you, then," said I, "and bring us back word as soon as possible." In about an hour he returned, but with eyes red and swollen, and features pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," inquired I, "what success?"

"Bedad, 'twas a hard struggle," said he, "but it's for the child's good, and Heaven give uz strength to bear it."

"Very good, and which is it to be?"

"Why, sir, I've bin speakin to Mary, and she thinks as Norah here is the ouldest, she won't miss the mother so much; and if ye'll jist let her take a partin' kiss, she'd give her to yez wid a blessin."

So my poor fellow took his children away, to look at one of them for the last time. It was long ere he returned, but when he did he was leading the second eldest.

"How's this?" said I. "Have you changed your mind?"

"Not exactly changed me mind, sir," he replied; "but I've changed the crather. Ye see, sir, I've bin spakin' to Mary, and whin it come to the ind, be goxty, she couldn't part wid Norah, at all at all; they'r got used to aich others ways; but here's litile Biddy—she's purtier far, if she'll do as well."

"It's all the same," said I; "let Biddy remain."

"May Heaven be yer guardian!" cried he, snatching her up in his arms, and giving her one long, hearty kiss.—"God be kind to thim that's kind to you, and thim that offers you hurt or harum, may their sowl never see St. Pether!" So the bereaved father rushed away, and all that night the child remained with us; but early the next morning my friend Pat re-appeared, and this time he had his youngest child, a mere baby, snugly cuddled up in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" said I.

"Why thin, sir," said he with an expression of the most comic anxiety, "axin' yer honor's pardon for bein' so wake-hearted; but whin I begun to think of Biddy's eyes—look at thim, they'r the image of her mother's, bedad—I couldn't let her go; but here's little Paudeen, he won't be much trouble to any one; for if he takes afther his mother, he'll have the brightest eye and the softest heart on the top of creation, and if he takes afther his father, he'll have a purty hard fist on a broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the wurld. Take him, sir, and gi' me Biddy."

"Just as you like," said I, having a pretty good guess how matters would evenuate. So he took away his pet Biddy, and handed me the littln toddling urchin. This chirping little vagabond won't be long with us, thought I. Nor was he. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed ere Pat rushed into the cabin' and seizing little Paudeen up in his arms, he turned to me, and with large tears bubbling in his eyes, cried out—

"Look at him, sir—jist look at him! it's the youngest. Ye would'nt have the heart to keep him from us. The long and the short of it is, I've bin spakin' to Mary. Ye see she couldn't part wid Norah, and I didn't like to let Biddy go; but, be me sowl, naither of uz could live a half a day without little Paudeen. No, sir—no; we can bear the bitterness of Poverty, but we can't part from our children, *unless it's the will of Heaven to take them from uz.*"

THE RIOTS AND SOME OF THEIR CONSEQUENCES.—We were yesterday morning informed, says the Ledger, that a large number of the Irish Catholics and others, who were so ruthlessly thrust from their homes during the riots of Tuesday and Wednesday, had encamped in Camac's woods and other places, some two or three miles north of the city.—Surrounded by their wives and children, it was alleged they were unable to proceed, and were afraid to return to the city. Our informant represented their condition as destitute and pitiable in the extreme. They were without food, except what chance or charity threw in their way, and destitute of clothing sufficient to protect them from the damp night air. While in this deplorable situation, as we are informed by a worthy and benevolent magistrate, *one woman gave birth to a child.* So horrible a condition of things aroused the sympathies of several of our citizens, who immediately set about furnishing them with succor and relief. A reporter was despatched from this office to learn the truth and particulars of the statement. After a considerable search, a small party were found near the woods above alluded to, from whom, after allaying their fears that they were not enemies in disguise, we learned that much of the sad tale was but too true. The greater number of those who there sought refuge had, however, dispersed. Some had returned to their burnt or deserted residences, while many were wending their way to the surrounding villages—to Manayunk, Norristown, &c.

A LONG CANAL.—The longest canal communication in the world extends from St. Peterburg to the frontiers of China, over a space of 4,472 miles. It was commenced by Peter the the Great.

Meddle not with the affairs of others, but attend diligently to your own.

POLITICAL.

AN ADDRESS BY MR. FRELINGHUYSEN.

The great Whig meeting at National Hall on Monday evening, as we mentined yesterday, on their adjournment, marched in procession to the residence of THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, the Whig candidate for Vice President, on the ticket with HENRY CLAY. They took him completely by surprise, but were heartily welcomed. Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN appeared before them, and was greeted with the most tumultuous and cordial cheering. He made a brief, but eloquent speech, defining the principles of the great Whig party, proclaiming his unbending adherence to them, and speaking in the highest terms of the great Whig champion with whom he was associated on the national ticket. We find his speech reported in the Express, and copy it entire. It is eminently worthy of the cause and of the man.—*Courier & Enquirer.*

My Fellow Citizens, I thank you for your enthusiastic approbation of the nomination lately made by the Whigs of the U. States, assembled in Convention at Baltimore. To be selected by such a body of distinguished patriots, is an honor I most deeply and sensibly feel, and the more deeply and sensibly, that it is so cheerfully ratified by my friends and neighbors in New York. I can only say, that such a mark of kindness will strengthen my attachment to Whig principles, if such strengthening were necessary, and that it is certainly calculated to make me strive to the best of my abilities, if I am ever put in a situation to carry out your principles, so to act as to merit this kindness, and to justify the confidence you have conferred upon me.

Gentlemen, the great principles of the Whig Party, for which you have so long and so nobly struggled amid periods of the greatest gloom, and notwithstanding the most cruel disappointments, are my principles. [Cheers, three times given, and three times repeated, with cries, "we know that," "we made the nomination for that."] I have long cherished these principles. I shall maintain them hereafter, as I have maintained them heretofore. [Cheers.] They are, as I understand them,—

A sound National Currency.

A just limitation of Executive power.

A Tariff for revenue, discriminating for the purpose of incidental protection to American industry. [Loud cheering.]

An equal and fair distribution of the proceeds of the Public Lands among the several States of the Union.

These, as I understand them, continued Mr. Frelinghuysen, are the cardinal, although not all the principles of the Whig Party; and after what I have already said, I need hardly add that they will find me an humble but willing advocate in whatever position I may be placed. [Cheers.]

We need an Executive Administration of the Government, Mr. F. continued to say, that will fairly and faithfully carry out the principles of the Constitution, exercising its full powers, where powers are given it, and keeping strictly within its limitations, where powers are limited, conceding when there ought to be concession, but firm when concession would result in injury—liberally maintaining its compromises, but as independently carrying out its positive commands—and yet who will take no other responsibilities upon himself but what he finds there. It is a matter, as it seems to me, of thankfulness, in a distinguished citizen of Kentucky all these principles are embodied, and that he is not only pledged to them by a long public life, but that such is the truthfulness and fidelity of his nature that the people can well trust him with power to carry them out. [Great cheering.]

Gentlemen, the political life of Henry Clay for thirty years past has been only an illustration of Whig principles, and the history of his life for twenty years would be the history of his country.—Whenever there was a struggle for the protection of American labor against foreign industry, where but on the side of his country was Henry Clay? Whenever there was a struggle to limit the alarming and overgrown magnitude of Executive power, where but on the side of the people was Henry Clay? Or when the vast public domain was in jeopardy from being offered for sale in the political market, where but on the side of faith, of honor, of justice to all, was our illustrious champion and friend? [Great cheering.] In all of these great questions, his voice has been heard from the first. In all the combats concerning them, he has led the van. [Cheers.] He has never compromised the dignity of his position to gain a vote, on the momentary breath of popular favor, but with an eye ever steadily fixed upon an approving public, he has fearlessly discharged what he has deemed to be his duty. [Cheers.] I don't believe a purer patriot breaths on the whole continent of America—[Cheers]—and for proof, I point to a long public life, passed in stirring scenes, which has never conflicted with probity or honor—a life unsullied by meanness, or grovelling appeal to improper ambition—in all of which his principles have been put forth with ardor, and as clear as light, while every pulse beating within him, has been for the welfare and the true glory of his country. If such a man does not deserve the name of patriot, I do not know who does deserve the name, or who can. [Cheers.] They say he is ambitious! I dare say he is. Be it so then. But point me to the time when he has not sacrificed ambition and himself, if what he deemed his duty called. I happen to know that on that great question, the public lands, the qustion was thrust upon him by an adverse Senate, to make him unpopular in the West.—He entered upon it with a zeal characteristic of himself, and gave it the whole power of his mind. He never thought of what was to become of himself. As a Western man, he had a tempting field for political traffic in the whole public domain. He might have used it for the purpose of ambition. He might have held it out as a tempting bait for the whole West. But his heart was as large as his country. [Cheers.] He studied the title out of his public domain. He knew where it came from, and justice told where it belonged. Fearless, then, as his nature, he flung out his banner, "Distribution of the proceeds among the States," and he nailed it to the mast. (Great cheering and cries of "that is good.")

I have said of Mr. Clay, continued Mr. Frelinghuysen, that his heart was as large as his country. A signal instance of it was his candor on the Tariff in the arduous session of 1842. Perhaps no man livrng could more tenderly cherish a conception of his own brain, or an offspring of his own creation than he who has been called the Father of the American system. The principles of protection to American Industry embodied in the Tarriff law, Mr. Clay has cherished as he has his life. But when in 1831-2 an unnatural excitement was got up in South Carolina, against a law, in the enactment of which he did not participate, he saw it was necessary to save his country from peril, even to make a sacrafice of what he loved so much. He looked for time to instruct the whole country in the necessity and utility of protecting home industry, and he was willing to have a truce of eight years to give that time. He said to his friends in the Senate, "we can all see how an Executive can lead us into a fraternal war, but how can he get us out, that we never can foresee. Dear as the Tariff is to all, he said, we must give it up for the moment to save our countrymen from shedding each others blood—to preserve the Union, and the cause of human liberty throughout the world.—I shall rejoice, my friends, if you can go with me, but do what you will, I must offer myself as a victim up to peace.—[Cheers.] He became the great Pacificator of that alarming time—and "blessed are the peace-makers," says the highest authority that addresses man. Thus, gentlemen, in every view I can take of my position, I have reason for gratitude and thankfulness to you and to the country, that my name is connected with a name that reflects honor even upon so humble an associate—and it shall be my pride and my gratification, I repeat, to merit the confidence your kindness has bestowed upon me. (Applause.)

One word, gentlemen, for my honored mother, the state that gave me birth—where repose the ashes of my ancestors—and to which I am indebted for many marks of regard prior to this of late. I assure you, gentlemen, New Jersey will be true to all the principles of the Whigs. Whatever may be her temporary vibrations from the temporary inaction of her prosperity, or from local transitory ambition, she is Whig to the heart and core. [Loud cheers.] We can never be any thing else but Whigs, Whig first, Whig last, Whig always—[cheers]—a state cradled in the bloodiest scenes of the American revolution, whose hills, whose vallies, and plains are stirring all with revolutionary invocations, she would be false to herself, and an unnatural offspring, if she could forget the principles born with her, and bled for on her bosom. [Cheers.] No, she never can cease to be Whig till the plains of Monmouth, the heights of Princeton, and the streets of Trenton are forgotten,—till she tears out from history the leaves of her glory, and blots from her escutcheon the brightest gems that are emblazed upon it. I promise you gentlemen, I promise the Union, New Jersey will be true to herself, and to the whole country. [Cheers loud and prolonged, amid which Mr. Frelinghuysen retired.]

Communications.

For the Maryland Journal.

"He who of old would rend the oak,
Dreamed not of the rebound."

"Censure," says a late ingenius author, "is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent." The fiery persecutions through which all illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age of the world, have passed, afford a positive demonstration of the fact, that contumely and reproach are concomitants to greatness, as satires and invectives were essential to an ancient Roman triumph. If this truth were applicable to antiquity only, when the state of society was rude and uncultivated, and the minds of men enveloped in comparative intellectual and moral obscurity, it would not be so discreditable to human nature. But such is not the case. In this enlightened age—indeed, in our own favored country, which boasts of an exemption from the illiberal principles and practices of the old world, the most distinguished and patriotic men—men whose whole lives have been devoted to the service of their country—through whose instrumentality that country has been elevated to the lofty eminence which she now occupies, have been compelled to pay this oppressive tax—to submit to the most malignant and unfounded abuse, proceeding from no better motives than partizan prejudice, and jealousy of distinction, which would accrue to those men from their philanthropic exertions in the cause of their country.

Among those who, in our day and generation, have been subjected to this tax, there is no one upon whom it has been imposed to a greater amount, and with more obvious injustice, than upon HENRY CLAY, the patriot statesman, the incorruptible legislator, and the greatest living benefactor of which the country can boast. From the time that he was first summoned to bring his mighty intellect and capacious heart to bear upon the legislation of this country, from that time to the present he has been called upon to pay this tax to a greater or less extent. But the most serious charge in his whole bill—a charge which was imposed upon him with the evident design of blasting forever the brilliant prospects which lay before him—was the imputation of "corruption and intrigue," based upon his support of Mr. Adams, when the contest between him and Gen. Jackson was settled by congress in 1824. Because he possessed too much independence of character to shrink from his responsibility to his country, on account of personal and political considerations—because he maintained sufficient consistency of principle to give his support to the man whose views accorded with his own upon those great systems which he had just succeeded in placing upon a firm foundation, in preference to Gen. Jackson, who he had every reason to believe would, if successful, wield against them the whole vast power of his office, his enemies, with a malignity not of this world, have held him up to the American people as one who had bartered his political integrity for a seat in the cabinet of Mr. Adams. There never was a more profligate calumny bolstered up for any purpose, than this same charge of "bargain and corruption." It was reasonable to suppose, after it had been triumphantly repelled by the overwhelming array of facts elicited by an investigation of the matter, that partizan vengeance would desist from its coarse assaults, and suffer it to be "lost amid the lumber of forgotten things." But our reasonable expectations have been doomed to disappointment. As Mr. Clay is again before the people of this country as a candidate for the presidency, this calumny has been raked from its ashes, and urged with a vehemence proportionate to the evidence by which it has been refuted. It is not necessary, at this late day, to lay this evidence before the public, as this has been done repeatedly, and as it must be familiar to all who have paid the least attention to political events. Independent of this evidence, the unreasonableness of the thing itself must be sufficient to satisfy every reasonable mind, that the story is as grossly absurd as the wildest fantasy of the most disordered imagination, and that it was concocted for no other purpose than that of gratifying the vindictive feelings of a defeated presidential aspirant. That Mr. Clay, who had refused the same office when tendered to him by Madison and Monroe—who, at that day, could look down from his own proud eminence upon every public office in the land—who, from his earliest manhood, has devoted himself to his country and stood by her in all her trials—that such a man should enter into a conspiracy, to secure to himself a subordinate office of the government, is as inexpressibly absurd as any paradox in the whole range of moral,

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