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POETRY.

PEACE IN BELIEVING.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief."—*Hebrews* iii. 12.

The tree that yields our care and grief,
Is from a tree of unbelief;
The pricking thorns, the arrows fierce,
Our spirit and our flesh to pierce—
The grafts that spoil our vineyard's fruit,
Are from that bitter evil root.

The branch that hangs with clustering woes—
The flag-staff of the prince of foes—
The tares that mar our golden sheaf,
All, all sprang up from unbelief;
And Hope, the victim of despair,
Points, dying, to the poison there.

But in Belief we've joy and peace,
Of faith and power a sweet increase;
From burning skies a cool retreat,
A shelter safe from tempests' beat—
Fresh Balm of Gilead for our grief—
For every wound a healing leaf.

Belief smooths down our thorny cares,
With shooting grain uproots the tares,
Our harp from off the willow takes,
And every chord to music wakes,
Till Hope, laid icy in the tomb,
Springs up with life and beauty's bloom.

When night comes murky, drear and damp,
Belief will feed and screen our lamp,
Upon our feet her sandals bind,
About our waist her girdle wind,
Then, lend a staff, and lead the way,
Till we walk forth to beaming day.

When all the fountains of the deep
Seem broken up o'er earth to sweep;
While billowy mountains toss our bark,
Belief's the dove, from out the ark,
Across the flood to stretch her wing,
And home the branch of olive bring.

Belief hath eyes so heavenly bright,
As on the cloud to cast their light,
Till fair and glorious hues shall form
From drops and shades that robed the storm,
Bent o'er our world in peace, to show
God's covenant sign, his unstrung bow.

When through a dry and thirsty land,
The pilgrim treads the desert sand,
Belief brings distant prospect near,
With fruit, and bowers, and fountains clear,
Where, when he strikes his tent, he'll be
An heir of immortality.

While unbelief would ever bring
A chain about our spirit's ring,
Belief will plume it, o'er the grave—
Above the swell of Jordon's wave—
To fly, nor droop, 'till gently furled
In that sweet home, the spirit-world!

WHO ARE THE WHIGS?—All the survivors of the College of Electors which cast the vote of New York for Mr. Jefferson, in 1800, and *all* the surviving members of the Senate and of the Assembly, who *voted for those Electors*, ARE STILL WHIGS, and voted for Harrison in 1840; and will, if alive, vote for CLAY and FRELINGHUYSEN in 1844! Among them are Gen. Cortlandt, James Burt, Judge Woodworth, Ambrose Spencer, and Erastus Root.

The majority for Clay in the five States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, will surpass the entire majority of 145,000 cast for Gen. Harrison throughout the Union in 1840. So says the Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth. And we pledge the Keystone for her fair equitable proportion. "Clay and the Tariff of '42" will receive the support of thousands who have never before voted with the Whigs.—*Philadelphia Forum.*

An exchange paper says, that an old bachelor is a living libel upon his father and mother. This may be all very true; but, allow me to ask, who are the *authors* of this *libel?—Sunday Mer.*

"My friend," said a temperance lecturer to an old toper, "don't drink that filthy stuff; its your greatest enemy." "Well, we are commanded to love our enemies. So here goes."

In marriage, prefer the person to wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.

He who gives way to angry invective, furnishes a strong presumption that his case is bad, since truth is best supported by dispassionate arguments.

"Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap when he left his tail in it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Smith of Augsburgh.

A Legend.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Three hundred years ago there lived at Augsburgh a lad named Willibald, an apprentice to a smith, whose diligence and industry obtained him the approval and regard of his master, while his good nature and obliging disposition caused him to be a favorite with all who knew him. His master, in truth, so highly estimated his skillfulness and excellent workmanship, that, when the boy grew into a man, he offered to make him his partner; and, moreover, hinted that he was not displeased at the young man's friendship with his daughter.

Now, this alarmed Willabald, who, though certainly much favored by the young lady, was quite free from any feeling of love for her. He replied to all her advances with distant though profound respect; and the reason of his coldness was apparent.

In the small house opposite lived Dame Martha, a respectable widow, with a grand-daughter of uncommon loveliness, about sixteen years of age. The sweet face of the young Ellen had quite captivated the heart of Willibald; and when he saw her through the window, or the open door, neatly dressed, sitting at the spinning wheel, or heard her clear voice warbling hymns, he thought there could be no happiness so great as that of calling her his own. Ellen was her grandam's darling, and the old woman seldom suffered her to stir from her sight. So that there was no opportunity for the youth to declare the passion with which the fair girl had inspired him.

For a long while did Willibald wish in vain for some pretence for a visit to their dwelling, but fortune at length favored him. One day, when the snow and ice made the ground so slippery as to be dangerous to an infirm person, he saw Dame Martha coming out of the church alone. He hastened to offer her the assistance of his arm, and conducted her home. She invited him to enter, for she thought to herself that only a very young man would be so courteously attentive to an aged dame. She offered him also a cup of beer, which the pretty Ellen presented with her own hands.

Who was now happier than Willibald? From that day he was one of Dame Martha's most frequent visitor's, and was always received with a welcome. In process of time, he made bold to lay open his heart to the old woman, and ask permission to make love to her grand-daughter. "My dear young friend," was her reply, "I have the highest esteem for you, and, indeed, could never wish for Ellen a better husband than yourself. I believe she loves you, too, as much as becomes a damsel; but you have not yet sufficient for the support of a wife. I can give my little girl nothing, except a good stock of clothing, for her portion, and it is not the part of prudence to commence life by falling into debt. Save from your wages a decent sum, say thirty gold pieces; that will be enough, as I know, for a beginning; then come and receive your bride with my blessing."

Willibald was almost beside himself with joy. He had now an object for labor and frugality, and he redoubled his industry, laying by carefully all he made. Ellen assisted him, and spun more briskly than ever, now that she was permitted to add her small savings to her lover's store. The lovers met less frequently, but their time passed pleasantly, for they were incessantly occupied, with hope to animate their toil.—Every Sunday evening Willibald went over to Dame Martha's and told her how much he had earned and saved the preceding week. Thus the weeks passed, and eighteen months rolled by, and the young smith, with joy, announced himself master of twenty-five gold pieces.

About this time, Dame Martha became indisposed with a bad cough, which rendered her almost helpless, at least quite unable to work according to her custom. Her physician prescribed change of air, and said a longer abode in the narrow and confined streets of the city would kill her. She must remove to the country. The dame followed this advice, and took a little cottage in the suburbs, about an hour's walk from the city.

Willibald grieved enough when he found himslef so far from his beloved; but he loved the more, and proved the truth of the old proverb, "the further off the charmer, the dearer the way to her." Every Sunday he went to visit her, and thought the air of the country even improved her beauty.

One day, as Willibald approached the house, Ellen came to him weeping. She sobbed bitterly as he drew near, and exclaimed, "Ah, Willibald, what a misfortune!"

"You know it, then?" cried he, with faltering voice.

"What — no — what?" asked Ellen quickly and eagerly.

"That I have been robbed of my box of money," answered the youth in a tone of anguish. "I could find it no where this morning; some one has stolen it. You see our prudence and foresight has gone for nothing."

"Alas!" replied Ellen, "then misfortunes never come single! Yesterday morning a rich gentleman came to our cottage. He asked for a drink of water, and when I handed it to him, looked at me earnestly, and asked if I would go with him and be his wife. I answered "no," but he returned early this morning, and demanded me of my grandam. His name is Werner, he a rich merchant from Ulm. Even now he is sitting in the room yonder, with my grandmam, drinking wine, and telling her of his house and lands while his servant, who stands by the chimney, confirms every thing he says. But be comforted, dear Willibald; my grandam may say what she will, I will die rather than be faithless to you!"

Here Dame Martha came out of the house, and commanded Ellen to go indirectly. The poor girl was forced to obey; and the old woman said to Willibald. "Young man, I came to say to you that I think it best you should come no more to my cottage. A rich man is a suitor to my Ellen, and it is my duty to do what is for her good. I say nothing of myself and my infirm age; I could cheerfully bear hardship, but I wish to see her surrounded by comfort and elegance. I put it to you yourself—what could you offer the girl? Would you have her bind herself to poverty and toil, now when she may place herself in ease and affluence?"

"Very good—very good, Dame Martha!" cried Willibald, half choking with emotion. "I say nothing of your conduct! If you choose to break an honest fellow's heart—and your own word also 'tis all the same to you!"

"But, Willibald," persisted the dame, "listen to me,"—but the impetuous youth was already several paces off.—She called after him, but the sound of her voice did not serve to check the mad speed at which he rushed on. Despair drove him; and he slacked not his pace till he found himself in the open fields, night gathering around him. It was his darker night, however; in his own breast. He threw himself on the ground and cursed himself and his destiny—for no tears would come to his relief. When he thought, too, of Ellen and her wretchedness his heart like to break.

Some hours must have passed unmarked in the indulgence of his grief, for it was late when he rose and tried to find his way homeward. After wandering about some time, without being able to discover the road, he found he was in a church-yard. The tall spire of the church was visible at some distance, in relief against the drifting clouds. "There is the house where the people go to pray," murmured the youth bitterly.—"Have I not also prayed, have I not toiled, have I not denied myself? Have I not kept my soul taint of sin? And what is my reward? Ellen is lost to me. Prayers will not give her back; else could I pray—aye, to the bad fiend himself—and promise to be his, so she would be mine!"

Scarce had the distracted youth uttered these wild words, when a sound of shrill laughter near startled him, and, looking round he saw a figure which he had no difficulty in recognizing by the well known horns and cloven foot. "I am here," cried he in hoarse tones, "at your service, and ready to do your bidding; asking only a small service in return."

"What is that?" Willibald mustered courage to say, though he trembled all over.

"You are, as I happen to know," said the fiend, "an excellent smith. I have a piece of work for you. Follow me; I will take you to a spot where lies buried one of my subjects. You must make me an iron railing round the grave; and, in reward, I will give you your bride."

"If you have nothing more to ask, I am content," replied the young man.

"This is all; but it is a harder task than you imagine. You have but one hour to work. At twelve you must begin, and the railing must be completed by the time the clock strikes one. If it is done, you are free; if not you belong to me forever."

Willibald paused an instant, but a flood of wild thoughts came rushing upon his brain; and the passionate desire to snatch Ellen from his rival overcame all his prudence. He pledged himself to the unhallowed contract, and followed the fiend, who hobbled on till he stood by a new-made grave. 'To your work, my lad," he cried, and vanished.

At the same instant, Willibald saw fire spring out of the ground beside him, and caught a glimpse of several bars of iron, and the tools of his trade. The clock on the church tower struck twelve, and starting, he betook himself to work.—So diligently did he apply himself, that the work grew rapidly under his hands; the railing was almost finished. A single screw only was wanting to complete it, when the dull sound of the clock was heard striking one, and Willibald fell to the ground insensible.

When his sense returned it was morning, the sun was shining brightly, and he thought all that had passed a wild dream. But a sight of the railing nearly finished around the grave, and a rusty bar of iron lying on the ground, convinced him of its reality. There was, however, no trace of the fire, and the tools had disappeared.

Full of shame and repentance, Willibald hastened to the church, to pray more earnestly than he had ever prayed before, for the pardon of his dreadful sin. His heart was lighter after the prayer; but he could not go home that day, and he walked toward Dame Martha's cottage.

Ellen came to meet him, as before, and shed tears as she threw her arms around his neck.

"This time," she said, "they are tears of joy. When you left us so suddenly yesterday, I also came from the house, and into this little garden, where I might weep undisturbed. I sat there long, Willibald, long after dark; when, as I leaned my head on the table yonder, thinking hopelessly of you, a female figure approached me. She resembled my dead mother, but she smiled very sweetly, Willibald, and said, "Weep not, my child, but pray—pray for your lover; he is in very great danger," she vanished before I could thank her, but I remembered her words and prayed for you Willibald, all night long."

The young man shuddered, but raised his eyes upwards in thankfulness.

"Early this morning," continued the damsel "came Herr Werner; I went out to meet him, and told him I would die rather than become his wife. He was much vexed, but, without another word, mounted his horse and rode away, followed by his servant. My grandam was very angry, but my conscience told me I did right, and now that you return to me in safety, Willibald. I am sure that I have the blessing of Heaven."

And the young smith felt the same assurance, when, a few days after, his box of treasure was restored to him by his master's daughter, who, in a fit of jealously or love of mischief, had stolen it from him. Dame Martha could no longer withhold her consent; but before Willibald dared to claim Ellen as his bride, he confessed his great sin to the priest, and submitted to the penance enjoined upon him, and this *of course* saved him.

The lovers were married and lived happily, remembering their past troubles only as a warning against discontent and a want of submission to Providence. "If I had been suffered to perish then," would Willibald say, "my want of faith would have deserved such a doom!"—To this day the poor people of Augsburgh learn the same lesson, for to this day the iron railing is an object of wonder and curiosity. Many skilful workmen have essayed to furnish a screw that will fit, but the current saying is, that "*no thread will ever be made for it, unless by the* FIEND HIMSELF," and we incline to the same opinion.

Mr. Stephens, a member of Congress from Georgia, in his speech on Saturday night, refering to the ignorance which prevails in some quarters in relation to the Tariff, and the gross misrepresentations which had been indulged in respecting it, told an anecdote of a Georgia backwoodsman, who being out hunting one day, and never having seen or heard of a steam car, approaching the railroad in the pine glades, and saw a car approaching. Horror struck, he took to his heels and ran some two miles to the nearest house, when, being asked what was the matter, he replied, terror depicted on every feature, he did not know, unless the abominable Tariff had broke loose!—*Richmond Whig.*

A CAPITAL HIT.—Rathbun, who represents Cayuga and Seneca counties in Congress, made a speech a few days since, in which he said Clay must be a despot, because his name commenced with a C, as did Cæsar's, Caligula's, and Cromwell's. The Auburn Journal says that, adopting this rule of judgment of a man's character, Mr. Rathbun must be a terrible hard case; for his name begins with R, as do the words Rogue, Robber, Rascal, Ragamuffin, &c. &c.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

Short Patent Sermon.

ON THE LANGUAGE OF NATURE.

And this our life exempts from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
[*Shakespeare.*

MY HEARERS: Life may derive many useful and moral lessons by turning carefully over the leaves in the great encyclopedia of nature. Every thing, from a grain of sand on the sea shore, up to the universe itself is capable of imparting knowledge to even wiser heads than mine. Good can be extracted from evil, and evil from good, however absurd and preposterous the notion may seem to your ideas of matters in general. Here is a potatoe that I have brought with me in my pocket for the illustrating the foundation of my discourse. A potatoe, as you all know, is a good, nutritious article of food, and is in general use, not only among Irishmen, but among other civilized and enlightened nations; and it never was known to kill a man unless he happened to swallow one whole. Now, you would naturally suppose that pure milk might as easily be squeezed out of a brick-bat as that whiskey could be drawn out of this potatoe; but, my friends, in this you would err. Enough whiskey can be obtained from a bushel of potatoes to exfluctificate a full-grown man and a boy. The evil cometh out of good—and in like manner, good can be drawn out of many other substances that are evil in their natures. So much for the philosophical part. Now I will commence fiddling on the moral string. You behold those trees, yonder, waving their green mantle in the gentle breeze of the south.—Well they have a language too plain to be misunderstood, even by the truant school boy who don't know his great A. It is neither Dutch nor Greek, but plain English. They whisper audibly, that the spring and summer of man's existence are crowned with the brightest of verdue—that then he flourishes in the genial atmosphere of hope and love, while ambition, like a cucumber vine upon the garden fence, sticks in its young tendrils and brave the blast of misfortune. Look at them again, when that old conder, autumn, has squirted his yellow dye-stuff on their beautiful drapery, and they will tell you how soon that life must put on the pale jacket of decay and sit shivering in the hoary frost of age. You can find carved upon the adamantine rocks of the mountain the name of Omnipotence, and the floods of time can no more efface it than the negro can wash himself white with the pump water of Gotham. The mild zephyrs waft the perfume of flowers into the windows of the gay—then comes the wintry tempest, to burst open their nectarine cells, and bear their sweetness away forever—affording this lesson to man: that the purse of his golden joys which he doats upon to-day may be snatched from him to-morrow, and leave him a pauper on the parish of heaven.—Go down to the wave-washed strand where the sea-shells, cast from the false bosom of the ocean, are left decaying upon the beach, and you can read how spurious Friendship has often left her unfortunate votaries to perish in the withering sirocco of want—administering no comfort to the frantic mourner, Despair, as she stands wailing over the death-couch of Hope. There is a lesson for you, my friends! and if you can't or won't learn it, you are as stupid as a hog in harness. Go into the hall where fiddling, frolicking and dancing enliven the midnight hour—where roses are wreathed, and the wine flows, and the pale sweet ozzes from the whitewashed brow of Beauty—and there you may learn how sad are the after-claps that merriment and jollity invite. Take a peep in there just before they burst up—when the gentlemen are dancing a Bacchus reel and the crimsoned cheeks of the ladies begin to grow pale in streaks—when the roses have fallen from their hair, and false teeth and false whiskers lie kicked about on the floor—and then say, if you can, that there is not something taught here. Aye, the scroll of vanity is unrolled before you, in flaming capitals you may read how false and how fleeting are earthly pleasures when courted at the shrine of fashion and folly.

My dear friends, let us go to the running brooks, and read on their silvery pages how pure mortality flows on thro' the vale of iniquity, untarnished by the vices that beset it in its course. The brook that silently meanders among the filthy bogs of the meadows, and yet reflects the calm blue sky from its lucid breast, is truly an emblem of that beautiful damsel, Virtue, upon whose heart the every image of heaven is indelibly stamped. There is a meaning and moral to every thing; and oh! it is delightful to ponder over the various inscriptions on the inanimate objects of nature, or to go out from the public haunts of two-legged rascals, and hold a friendly chit-chat with the more interesting portion of God's creatures. The language of frogs, grass-hoppers and katy dids, is not all Greek to me by a half dozen idioms. I can understand them like a book; and break my spectacles if I hav'nt learnt from them, that this world never tumbled itself together, but was rolled into the globular form in the plastic palm of Omnipotence; but not from a patent machine, like the universal pills of the present day. There are sermons in stones. They preach loud to every passer by, who hath ears made to hear, and not for ornament, like those of a jack-bottom's. The stones of a grave yard preach not to the sleeping congregation below, but to the grief-shot mourners who go there to probe anew the wounds that forgetfulness has partially healed.—These stones are the boundary marks between time and eternity, beyond which is a disputed territory claimed, by all denominations of christians, and also claimed by none. They are erected upon common mould, and convey a solemn lesson to vain man, mortal man. They tell him that his last earthly home is the dark, cold sepulchre—that he, too, must don the white night-gown of death, and lie down to sleep on a couch of clay, and from which there is no getting up to breakfast; that his own body shall add nourishment to the long grass that waves on the grave of his father, and that his children shall pile up stones to distinguish the sacred dirt of mortality from the common dust of the fallaw.

Now, my dear friends, the time will soon come, when we shall all be crushed beneath the iron-shod foot of the monster death—so let us try to take lessons of good from every object around us, so that the night of [illegible] may not come

[illegible] class made a political visit to Ypsilanti, Michigan, and the Locofocos of that place got up a festival for him. They had a cannon which they loaded under his inspection, ramming into it, with loud jeers and exultation, first a *coon-skin* and then a mass of *clay*. The signal was given, the match was applied, and the gun burst, knocking down all the Locofocos around it. The poor fools should have forseen the result. Clay and coonskins would burst the best Locofoco gun that mortal hands ever made.

COL. POLK'S ANCESTRY.—A correspondent of the Augusta Chronicle gives the following account of the *Revolutionary services* of Col. Polk's ancestor which have been so much lauded by the Democratic Review, Globe, Standard, Gen. Saunders, &c:—

"While Lord Cornwallis was encamped at Charlotte, the said Ezekiel remained in the British camp, during which time, (as a mark of respect to his country's invaders,) he wore the insignia of royalty, a *red coat*. After the retirement of Cornwallis, Ezekiel returned to his home situated on Sugar Creek, about seven miles from Charlotte. The Whigs in that vicinity, unwilling to tolerate his neighborhood, resolved upon his death. The foremost of the party who had taken upon themselves the summary execution of this sentence, was a Mr. Taylor, who upon finding the tory, levelled his gun to kill him but Ezekiel falling upon his knees and imploring his life, was after some consultation, permitted to live, upon condition that he should forthwith quit the county of Mecklenburg. This condition he promptly complied with, and did not return until after peace had been established."

The last Mecklenburg Jeffersonian is as silent as the grave on the subject of the Revolutionary services of Col. Polk's ancestors.

PRODIGIOUS.—At a meeting of 'chivalry" of South Carolina, at Beaufort, it was resolved, that "*we will dissolve the Union rather than abandon Texas.*"

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