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POETRY.

Speak not to him a Bitter Word.

Would'st thou a wanderer reclaim
A wild and restless spirit tame,
Check the warm flow of youthful blood,
And lead a lost one back to God?
Pause, if thy spirit's wrath be stirred—
Speak not to him a bitter word—
Speak not—that bitter word may be,
The stamp that seals his destiny.

If widely he has gone astray,
And dark excess hath marked his way;
'Tis pitiful—but yet beware,
Reform must come with kindly care;
Forbid thy parting lips to move,
Save in the tones of gentle love;
Though sadly has his young heart erred,
Speak not to him the bitter word.
The lowering frown he will not bear,
The venomed chidings will not hear;
The ardent spirit will not brook
The stinging tooth of sharp rebuke;
Thou would'st not goad the restless steed,
To calm his fire or check his speed;
Then let not angry tones be heard—
Speak not to him a bitter word.

Go kindly to him—make him feel,
Your heart yearns deeply for his weal;
Tell him the dangers thick that lay
Around his 'widely devious way.'
So shall thou win him—call him back
From pleasure's smooth seducive track,
And warning thou hast mildly given,
May guide the wanderer up to Heaven.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

"There is but a very minute portion of the creation that we can turn into clothes and food, and gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sence of beauty."—*Dr. Channing.*

The beautiful! the beautiful!
Where do we find it not?
It is an all perqading grace,
And lighteth every spot.

It sparkles on the ocean wave;
It glitters in the dew;
We see it in the glorious sky,
And in the floweret's hue.

On mountain top, in valley deep,
We find its presence there
The beautiful! the beautiful!
It liveth every where.

The glories of the noon-tide day,
The still and solemn night,
The changing season, all, can bring
Their tribute of delight.

There's beauty in the child's first smile,
And in that look of faith—
The Christian's last on earth, before
His eyes are closed in death.

And in the beings that we love,
Who have our tenderest care—
The beautiful! the beautiful!
'Tis sweet to trace it there.

'Twas in the glance that God threw o'er
The young created earth;
When he proclaimed it "very good,"
The beautiful had birth.

Then who shall say this world is dull,
And all to sadness given,
While yet there glows on every side,
The smile that came from heaven?

If so much loveliness is sent
To grace our earthly home,
How beautiful! how beautiful!
Will be THE WORLD TO COME!

THE FARMER'S CREED.

Let this be e'er the farmer's creed—
Of stock, seek out the choicest breed;
In peace and plenty let them feed—
Your land sow with the best of seed—
Let it not dung or dressing need—
Enclose and dress it with all speed—
And you will soon be rich indeed.

Fruit Trees.—All kinds of fruit trees put out a great many young sprouts from the limbs and roots, called suckers. Take these, cut the butt end into a wedge, take the root of any wood the same size, split it and run the sucker into that split, and they will unite, and the root will support the shoot till new roots can be put out. Let it stand till it shall attain the size desired and then transplant it.

Electioneering Anxiety.—"Poor Mr. Smith has fallen down dead of an apoplexy," said a gentleman on the election ground. "Has he voted?" involuntarily exclaimed one of the candidates.

☞"John, what is geography?"

"Geography is the history of every thing on earth, except the sun, moon, and stars, and the steam bull-gine."

"That's right; go to the head."

From the Salem Observer.

THE DAIRYMAN'S BILL.

A dark and stormy evening in February is not a time when any one, who has freedom of choice will leave a warm fireside for a walk in the shelterless streets.—But, with the worthy man to whom we are about to introduce our readers, there was no alternative. Sandy Patterson was a dairyman in the suburbs of Edinburg, who maintained his little family by the sale of the produce of two cows. His wife and their only child, a comely girl of nineteen, were all Sandy's household; and every member of it took a share of the labor which supplied their few and humble wants. Their small cottage was neat and clean, as were also the inmates themselves, though their countenances, on the rainy February night in question, betokened depressed and sorrowful hearts. "Heaven speed thee, gudeman!" said the wife, as Sandy Patterson threw his plaid about his shoulders, and prepared to encounter the blasts without. "Heaven speed ye! or else we shall be harried and ruined creatures the morn. What a night too, to gang o'doors in! Hap yourself up, Sandy, and pu' the bonnet firm on your head, for that wind is enough to tear the coat off your back. But the trial maun be made." Her husband drew his bonnet tightly over his grey and scanty hairs, as he was desired, and after speaking a word of hope and comfort, left his spouse and daughter alone in their lowly tenement.

The dairyman was too much inured to exposure, at all seasons, to feel any great distress from the sleety rain, which fell in fitful showers around him, as he proceeded along the causeway side, towards the centre of the city. Few passengers were in the streets that night; the many closed shutters showed that all who could remain within doors were enjoying themselves in their parlors. Poor Sandy walked on, scarcely consoious of the storm, having that on his mind which rendered him heedless of any personal inconvenience.—He reached at last one of the most fashionable streets in the new quarter of the city, and stopped in front of a handsome mansion, which, unlike the generality of thore around it, was not closed and shuttered up. On the contrary, a brilliant flood of light came from the windows, and the sound of music and mirth were audible even in the street. Sandy Patterson was the least envious of mortals; still he could not forbear sighing as he listened and gazed. With a slow step he mounted the stair of that abode of enjoyment, as it seemed to be, and applied his hand timidly to the bell. No answer followed his gentle pull; the sound was perhaps drowned in the revelry within. Sandy pulled again, and with a very little additional energy. A man servant, in plain clothes, now opened the door. To the question, "What do you want?" Patterson replied, "I am sorry to give you trouble, sir, but I am the milkman. I have been once or twice of late, about the bit account for the milk, that the family had forgotten; and though it's an untimeous hour, I would be greatly obliged if it could be settled the night. I wad hae been laith to trouble ye, but I am in sair want on't." The servant, who had been listening to this speech with the door open to the least possible extent, that the blast might not visit the interior, now asked the petitioner to come into the lobby, while he should mention the matter to his master. Sandy with many scrubbings of his feet, did as he was required; and took a chair pointed out to him.—Here his patience, and he had a great deal of it, was not long tried. The man having gone up stairs, returned in a minute or two, with the answer, "It was not convenient to settle the account at present; this was an extraordinary time to come in quest of money; he must call again in a day or two—on Saturday, perhaps Monday."

The answer was a dreadful blow to the humble dun. The sum which was owing by this family to him amounted to about five pounds; but that sum was of the greatest importance to him. He had called for payment nearly a dozen times, although he had modestly mentioned but 'once or twice,' and sad necissity alone had pressed him to renew his claim on the present occasion. Unless he procured the sum he was in quest of, his cattle and his furniture—his all, in short—would be seized on the morrow, by legal execution, & brought to public sale. The disconsolate petitioner attempted, in language broken by the heaviness of his heart, to make the footman aware of the state of things; but seeing that his words made not the slightest impression, he drew his plaid about him, and turned away from the scene of his disappointment.

On returning to his home, Sandy Patterson well nigh gave way to an agony of despair. Without hearing a word from his lips, his wife and daughter read in his look the frustration of their hopes. "So they hae just served you as usual, Sandy," said his wife at last.

"Just the old story—call again—not convenient," was the husband's sorrowful reply. "What is to be done now, Nanny?" continued the poor man, rising and striding in agitation up and down the floor, "what is to be done now? I doot we are clean ruined. Not even the means left to us o' winning our morsel o' meat. And you too, Peggy, puir thing," stopping and laying his hand on his daughter's head, "this disgrace may gar some folks to slight you, and that wud be sair for you to bide."

"Nae fear o' that, father," said the daughter, "if William—if any body," continued she, correcting herself, "were to slight us for misfortunes which we could na help, their scurn wouldna vex me, sair. Who can blame you for hauding out a helping hand to your ain brother? He may not be to blame neither, puir man; but, if a fault can be lead at any body's door, it's to his and not to yours, father, and the creditors that may take a' you have the morn, are his, and not yours."

"Troth, and that's true, Peggy," said Sandy, sitting down with something like composure; "there's no disgrace in't, at least, and that's a great consolation."

The poor family, though divested of all hope of acquiring the sum of money which Sandy had gone in search of, now sat down calmly to speak of their affairs Twenty pounds was to be seized. Of this they had mustered only ten pounds, and their anxiety about the account which had been sought that night, arose fro a promise of the principal creditor to stop proceedings, and allow more time, if fifteen pounds were paid. In this their hopes had been disappointed, as we have seen.

Before retiring to seek that repose which none of them it is to be feared, enjoyed that night, Sandy Patterson and his family knelt down as usual, and thanked their Maker for all his mercies, beseeching at the same time strength to submit to his will. The performance of this little act of devotion was not without its effect in composing the spirits of the suffering family, as it brought to their minds the refreshing recollection, that whatever might happen to them on this earth, there was one whose protection man could no deprive them of.

We would now ask the reader's company, while we return to that mansion of comparative luxury, from the door of which Sandy Patterson had turned away in sorrow and sickness of heart. Several hours after his visit, the door of that house once more opened, not to admit duns, but to permit the gay and fashionable to pass out after their entertainment was over. It is not with them we have to do, however; therefore let us walk up stairs, and enter a room now emptied of its visiters, and tenanted only by the ordinary inhabitants of the mansion. Davidson—for such was the name of the host—then remained alone in the drawingroom, with his wife and eldest daughter.

Davidson, let us premise, was a man of easy and somewhat indolent nature, but remarkably liable to be affected by general impulses. The income which he derived from his profession was amly, and it was rather from a want of system in the management of his household, than any other cause, that poor Sandy had remained so long unpaid. Stretching himself listlessly on a sofa, he began with his lady to chat over the incidents of the party, and, among other circumstances to which he alluded, was the ludicrous application of a dairyman for the payment of his bill, by which he had been interrupted in the midst of a very profound discussion on the merits of Hertz's quadrilles. At this illusion, his daughter, a fine child of eleven years, approached, and with a tear in her eye, said "Ah! but papa, the poor man was obliged to come to-night, for his cows are to be sold to-morrow for his own debts. I heard him tell John so, as I was crossing the lobby.—Poor man, he cried as he went away."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the consience-stricken debtor, "can it be possible? Was this the cause of his late application, which I only laughed at? Can any one tell me where he lives?"

Inquiry was made below stairs, but no one knew more than that Sandy lived somewhere in the south side of the town. They did not know even his second name.

"I will instantly go," cried Davidson; and in spite of his wife's remonstrances, he dressed himself for the weather, and accompanied by a servant, set out through the rainy streets. Long and anxiously did he search, but in so populous a district, with so imperfect a knowledge of the individual he was in quest of, it is wonderful that he did not discover Sandy's residence. At length, from an old woman that kept a small shop in which milk was one of the articles sold, he learned enough to give him the strongest hopes of having discovered the man he sought. The residence of this man however, was at so great a distance from the spot in which he was, that Mr. Davidson saw the necessity of returning home for the time to relieve his wife's anxiety. At an early hour he was resolved to resume his inquiries in the quarter to which he had been directed. Mrs. Davidson and her husband slept but little in the few hours that now intervened between night and morning, so deep was the impression which the little incident we have related made on their minds.

Davidson had been directed fortunately to the right quarter. The officials of the law had reached Sandy Patterson's humble abode; they refused his request for a little time in consequence of his inability to produce fifteen pounds. Nanny and her daughter were sitting in a corner hopeless, and soon to be to all appearances houseless; one of the cows were already brought out from her stall, and stood lowing at the door amid a crowd of intended purchasers. Already was the poor cow put up when Mr. Davidson arrived, made himself known, and put a stop to the proceedings. Conceiving himself in some measure to be the cause of all their distress, he was not contented with paying the sum he owed to the poor dairyman, but advanced enough to settle the whole amount of the claim. The worthy Sandy could only speak his gratitude by tears.

This affair was no less an era in his honest family's history, than it was in that of Mr. Davidson. This night's experience taught him a lesson, that the whole hopes of the family may be dependent on a sum altogether unimportant to the individual who owes it, and in the discharge of such obligations, benevolence is as much to be gratified, in many instances, as conscientiousness. It may serve to show the interest which he and his family ever after that period, took in the Pattisons, when we mention, that the little girl to whose accidental presence in her father's lobby, the happy issue of this affair was owing, was permitted by her parents no long time afterwards, to dance at the wedding of Sandy's pretty daughter Peggy, who married a certain William hinted at, as the attentive reader may have observed at an early part of this true story.

DEATH IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Tread softly with a solemn footstep, whisper your words in a low voice, and let your breath be hushed; for the air of the chamber is heavy with death, and the faces of all you see are stamped with grief, and the suppressed sob of the women, and the deep death groan of the strong man in mortal agony, mingle their notes of woe, breaking on your ear like voices from the grave, and all around is still and sad and fearful—for the Hero is dyng. His keen eye which a month ago, met the gaze of millions, hailing him in all the pomp of civic triumph, their Leader and their Ruler, is now glazing with the chill of death, and his soul is passing from the Visible to the Awful Unseen.

He is dying! The light of the breaking day falls dimly through the half closed shutters, and the lamp burns with a sickly glare, and in the mingled light appears the faces of the watchers by the bedside of the dying, faces wan and ghastly with prolonged anxiety and anguish.

He is dying—his face, turned towards the heavens, is palled and wan, the cheeks are hallowed, the eyes sunken, and the brow damp with the dews of death, with the masses of grey hair falling back from its outline, stands out boldly to the light, speaking much of the might of the Hero's mind, while the whitening lip, the convulsive throb trembling along the face, the heaving chest and the throat straining with the death-rattle, all announce the passage to the grave, and herald the approach of the Skeleton God.

And around him gather the friends of his path, and the sharers of his triumph—there was WEBSTER with his towering brow and eagle eye, there was CRITTENDEN and EWING and GRANGER, men of minds from all parts of this wide union, and there, with a face stamped with genius, and marked with a high honesty of purpose, was GEORGE E. BADGER, the pride of North Carolina, and all here gathered round the bedside, to see the mighty man fight his last battle, and after having battled Death an hundred times in the field, after having battled with enemies more bitter than death, with slander, with falsehood, with low calumination, the Hero was at last yielded to the final victory of all, whose throne is on the skulls of nations and whose sway is over the realms of Time.

He was dying! A month ago, his footsteps had topped the highest rock in the steep pathway of human ambition, a month ago, and his name had gone forth to all the world, as the Ruler of the Great Land of New World freedom, a month ago and he stood on the Capitol, and his gaze had been met by the gaze of millions and the earthquake shout of a free people had sounded on his ear and filled the clear heavens above, and *now*—the short space of a single moon had waned—the Insignia of Power had scarce warmed in his grasp—the Presidential Banquet had scarce grown cold—the last shout of the people was yet sounding in his ear, and he was summoned by a mightier than the kings, or the people, to the throne of the Eternal God!

He was dying! And the scenes of the terrible night of Tippecanoe were again around him, the dark and fearful night, when the yell of the savage and the gleam of the scalping knife were in his camp; again he led his riflemen to the quick struggle of life for life; again he shouted the watch word of the charge, and a faint smile stole over the lips of the dying man, as again he beheld the banner of stars and stripes in triumph.

Hark—a faint murmur breaks from his lips—his hands clutch nervously at the vacant air.

He is again beside the Thames. He is again with JOHNSON & SHELBY, he is again beside PERRY, and again the blue smoke of the rifle winds up from among the green woods, and the war whoop of the Indian shrieks along the plain. Then the terrible contest! the sweep of old DICK JOHNSON's mounted Riflemen in their hurricane charge again passes before his eye, and the old Hero, would shout with joy, but the death-rattle is in his throat, and the death-dew on his brow.

He is dying! For his death, the bright eyes of women shall be dim with tears, and aged men shall weep, and a nation will be sad, and gloom and civil corruption and legalized anarchy shall pass like a pall of gloom over the land, and yet the fiat has gone forth, God hath spoken it, and the Hero dies, ere yet the rejoicings of the nation are lost to his ear.

And in that terrible moment, when his hands were interlocked with the hands of death, when his mind was armed to supernatural vigor, and the Past and Future, mingled to his vision, then the thought of his country arose in his mind, then the thought of the trust placed in his hands by the people, burdened his soul, and with the last struggle of life, he imagined a man of noble heart and resolute standing before him, and he imagined a successor of mind and intellect, and the words broke from his lips—"I wish you to understand the true principles of Government—I ask you to carry them out—I ask nothing more!"

[*Citizen Soldier.*

☞A journeyman printer lately set out on foot for the interior of Ohio, a distance of five hundred miles, with an old *brass rule* and three dollars cash in his pocket. He soon found himself in Pennsylvania, and being weary, called at the inn of a Dutchman, who he found quietly smoking his pipe, when the following dialogue ensued:—

"Vell, Mishter Valking Sthich, vot you vant?"

"Refreshment and repose."

"Supper and lodgings, I reckon?"

"Yes, sir, supper and lodgings."

"Pe you a Yankee pedlar, mit chewelry in your pack to cheat te gals?"

"No sir; no Yankee pedler."

"A singing teacher, too lazy to vork?"

"No, sir."

"A cheenteel shoemaker, vot stchays till Saturday night, and laysh thrunk in de porch hafter Sunday?"

"No, sir, or I should have mended my boots before this. But I am not disposed longer to submit to this outlandish inquisition. Can you give me supper and lodgings?"

"Torkely. But vot be you, a bookachent, taking honest people's mony for a little learnin' that only vakes em lazy?"

"Try again, your worship."

"A dentist, breaking te people's chaws, at a tollar a schung, and running off mit old Shambock's daughter?"

"No, sir, no tooth puller."

"A Kernolojus, den, feeling te young folks heds, like so many cabbitch, and charging 25 cents for telling their fortunes, like a blam'd Yankee?"

"No; no phrenologist, neither, your Excellency."

"Vell, den, vot de tiffe are you? Choost tell, and you shall have some of the best sassage for suppor, and stchay all night, free gratis, mitout charging you a cent mit a chill of whiskey to sthart on pefore prekfast."

"Very well, your honor. To terminate the colloquy wiihout further circumlocution, I am an humble deciple of Faust—a professor of the art preservative of all arts—a typographer, at your service!"

"Votsch dat?"

"A printer, sir, a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot prints nooshpapers! Oh! yaw! yaw!—By Choopiter—aye! aye! Datsch it! a man vot prints nooshpapers—yaw! yaw! Valk up, valk up, Mishter Brinter! Cheems, take de chentleman's pack off.—Chon, pring some junks to the fire. A man vot prints nooshpapers. *I wish I may be shot if I didn't think you was a tailor.*"

METAPHYSICAL.—In one of Brownson's articles in the Democratic Review, about the "Origin of Government," the following passage occurs, in an attempted definition of humanity:—

"We are to bear in mind that the genus humanity—what we call human nature—is no logical abstraction, but a real existence, and, in rome sort, an existence independent of individuals. This is only saying that humanity is humanity. This settled, we may proceed a step further. Humanity, in this generic sense, is causative, active, creative. This is affirmed in affirming that humanity is a reality. Our notion of reality is our notion of being or subsistence, or something that is.—But our notion of something that *is*—that is to say, of being or substance—is precisely our notion of cause or causative force."

To which the Wilkesbarre Farmer adds the following:—

"We are to bear in mind that the genus of humbug—what we call natural humbug—is no logical abstraction, but a real existence, as much as a shad, and in some sort independent of fodder and friends just after being elected to a fat office, though never actually separated from individuals before election. This is only saying that humbug is still humbug any way you choose to fix it. This part of the matter being settled, we will venture a step or two further. Humbug, in this pepper and ginger sense, is causative of much gammon, active as the greased end of perpetual motion, creative of promises and pancakes. This is both sworn to and affirmed in affirming that humbug is a member of the regular army. Our notion of being a member of the regular army is our faith in factions—and faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. But our notion of something that is, is our notion of a jackass—for a jackass is—and not only is, that is to say is; but a jackass, physically considered, conveys precisely our notion of cause, kicking, and causative force, and exists independent of individuals—so does a meeting-house."

TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied & worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition: It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has soothing influence over the minds of the whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the bad feelings of the natural heart. Smiles, kind words and looks, characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study then to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life retains all its freshness and power.

Elegant Extract.—Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die, even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done, is like a vein of water flowing hidden under ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day it will start forth as a visible perennial well.—*Carlyle.*

The English and Mexican Quarrel.—We have already noticed the difficulty between the English Minister, at Mexico, and the Mexican Minister. The Picayune from its correspondents at the capital gathers the following authentic particulars of the cause. It looks a trifle squally:—

"On the 11th ult., a festival day, it being the anniversary of the victory gained by Santa Anna over the Spaniards at Tampico, a ball was given at the palace in the city of Mexico, and all the Foreign Ministers invited. The ball-room was superbly ornamented, and among other decorations were the trophies won by Mexico from the Spaniards and Texans. These flags were suspended at one end of the room. Upon the entrance of Mr. Doyle, the *Charge d'Affairs*, he inquired the meaning of them, and being answered that they were trophies, he very naturally was led to a closer examination of them. Upon inspection he found that the 'English Jack' was stuck up among the flags taken from the Texans. He immediately addressed himself to Mr. Bocanegra, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was present, and asked an explanation of the occurrence.—The Minister replied that the 'Jack' was taken from the Taxans, and on that account alone had been placed among the trophies, and with no view of giving offence to the British Government. Bocanegra consulted with Santa Anna on the subject, and assured Mr. Doyle that it should be taken down the next day. The next day Mr. Doyle addressed a note to the Government, demanding that the flag should be taken down, and, as a satisfaction for the insult, should be hoisted in the public square and saluted with twenty-one guns. To this no satisfactory reply was given, and notes were exchanged until the 27th, which is another national *fete*, and the *Saloon de Reception* being open that day, Mr. Doyle was informed that the "Jack" still remained in the same place; upon which he immediately sent the British Consul-General with two merchants, as witnesses, to see if it was actually the case. Finding it to be so, he addressed a note to the Government, saying that his diplomatic relations with the government of Mexico ceased from that moment until further orders from his government. A circular was also passed to all the British merchants, advising them that he had found himself under the necessity of suspending all diplomatic intercourse with the Mexican government until he could communicate with his government. To this note it appears that the Mexican government has replied in a very insulting communication. Such is the state of the case. Mr. Doyle's despatches have gone to England in the steamer which sailed on the 1st inst.; and he had also despatched a man-of-war, which happened to be at Vera Cruz, to Bermuda and Jamaica with despatches for the Admiral. Thus rests the affair, and the citizens of Vera Cruz are apprehensive that the first news they will have will be the arrival of an English fleet. This of course gives great satisfaction to all enemies of the power of the Dictator, and to foreigners, who are in hopes that he will now be brought to his senses.

'John, are you a good boy?' 'Yes, I spose I is one o' the good, as mother says there is two kinds, the good for something and the good for nothing. I guess I b'longs to one if not to t'other."

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