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REED, of Virginia.
Norfolk, June 12, 1844
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THOS. S. REED,
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JOHN STRIKER, Jr.
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EASTON, July 1, 1844
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GEO. S. SMITH
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Haven, June 27, 1844.
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HENRY BRUMMER.
Jilton, Oct. 30, 1845.
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The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor.

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Poetry

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

FAITH AND HOPE.

BY F. BENJAMIN GAGE.

Down Time's dark and rushing river,
Mortal after mortal goes.
Parting quickly and for ever,
From life's pleasures and its woes.

All must go from their enjoyments,
From their glory and their shame;
From their honors and employments,
To the dust from whence they came.

Man, what art thou? Canst thou tell me
Whence and why thy being came?
Knowest thou, and canst thou tell me,
When and where shall go the same?

All thou knowest is before thee!
From the cradle to the grave;
Thou canst reason—then comes o'er thee
Dark oblivion's gloomy wave.

In the Spring-time's merry breezes,
Pass thy earliest hours away,
While gay dreams thy fancy pleases—
Dreams that vanish in a day.

Summer comes—and wealth is gotten,
Honors to must from a crown,
Soon to rot and be forgotten—
Soon to wither and go down.

Winter reigns—and pale and breathless
Lies thy form among the dead!
But the Spirit strong and deathless—
Tell me, whither has it fled?

Oh! the mystery of thy being
Thou canst never comprehend!
But the Mighty and all-Seeing
Knowest its destined aim and end.

Trust Him who in mercy gave thee
Heritage so bright and fair,
And His boundless love shall save thee
From the portals of despair.

Faith and Hope be thine for ever!
Thine to shield thy soul from fear,
'Till the hand of death shall sever
All the claims that bind thee here!

The Wood Engraver,

OR, THE ODD-FELLOW'S CLAIM.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

"Where this evening, Charles?" asked a lovely married woman of her husband. The tone was slightly sneering though she smiled as she spoke.

"I am on a visiting committee and have to make a call on a sick brother," answered Mr. Preston as he put on his gloves.

The lady pouted.

He took up his hat, and, approached her with a playful smile.

"Ah, Mary, I fear you will overcome your hostility—it is no long prejudice, but hostility to the Lodge."

"And I do not wish to. Here you were away from me Tuesday night until nine o'clock, and now on Thursday you are off again!"

"But I have duties I owe to others as well as to yourself, Mary! I give you five evenings and oftener six in every week, besides a great portion of my time during the day. We must sacrifice something for others. As members of the great community, we have duties eternal to those due our immediate families."

But you had no such duties until you became an Odd Fellow."

"I did not till I became an Odd Fellow see so plainly the duty I owed to my fellow creature as I now do. Becoming an Odd Fellow has enlarged my views of benevolence, and opened to me a field for its exercise."

"And pray what are you to exercise it upon to night. Who do you visit?" she asked with a toss of her pretty head.

"A young married man by the name of Pellon, who joined the Lodge a year ago, I learn by a note I received from the Noble Grand while I was at tea, is discovered to be quite ill. He has been absent from the Lodge for several meetings, but as no one reported him ill, I was not aware of it till just now.—As he lives in the next street I must go and see him."

"What is he."

"An Odd Fellow."

"I mean his trade?"

"That i you mean how respectable is he: We Odd Fellows, Mary know no distinction of trades within the Lodge. We are all brothers and friends. He is a mechanic—a wood engraver, I believe I have several times spoken with him, and like him. He is quite unassuming, and quite interesting in conversation. I have heard him speak in the Lodge with great fluency and eloquence. His health has been delicate of late."

"You seem to feel very much for such a sort of person, it seems to me. Well, go! I will try and pass the evening as well as I can; as I do those when you are at the Lodge!" and the lady pouted and looked ill-pleased.

"Why not let me call, and ask the lovely Amy Otis to drop in and pass the evening?"

"I had rather not have her."

"Why not go to your father's. I will see you there, and call for you when I come back."

"No."

"Then pass the time reading Frederica Bremer's last."

"I shall go to bed."

This was said so very positively and angrily that her husband said no more, except "good evening."

She waited till she heard him close the street door, and then sprung up and began to pace the room. The criket was in her way and she kicked it out of the way. The piano-stool was an obstacle to the free exercise of her limbs, and she tilted it over. For full five minutes she continued in this amiable mood, during which annuals strewed the floor, chairs were laid upon their backs, and the poker or shovel took a turn or two of cachucha about the room. At length she threw herself upon a sofa and played the devil's tatoo with her little foot upon the carpet till she was tired. She then pulled a feather fan to pieces and cast the fragments around her—took up a book, glanced into it and flung it to the further end of the room, greatly to the peril of the splendid French mirror, and the utter demolition of a cologne bottle that unluckily lay in its progress.

The fragrance of the spilled cologne, or perhaps exhaustion calmed her, and after venting a few harmless epithets at the Odd Fellows in general, and at her husband in particular, she rung for an ice cream to be brought her from the next confectioner's—a very excellent cooler in such cases.

Mrs. Preston was not a simpleton, nor a saxon, nor a fool. She had good sense, a cultivated mind, and knew a great deal better than to act in this way. But she was jealous—jealous of the Lodge, not of a woman: for she had too just an appreciation of her own beauty if not of Charles' constancy to be jealous of any lady. No. The Lodge was her rival. It robbed her of a part of his society, all of which she felt it was her right to monopolize. She was like a stingy child with a sweet apple. He must enjoy it in a corner least somebody would want a bite.

She had from the first, openly shown her hostility to the Lodge, and many had been the scenes of tears and recriminations between them: he being too firm to yield to her weak entreaties to withdraw from an institution he knew to be so worthy; and she blind only to her own selfish love for every hour of his time. At his refusal she would retort,

"You pretend to friendship, love and truth! Where is your friendship for me? Where is your love for me? Where is your truth, when you refuse this, my love, after you solemnly pledged yourself when you married me, Charles, to love and honor me! Is this loving and honoring me? If you think so, I do not!"

While Mrs. Preston was eating her ice, Amy Otis came in; and being now in humor, (ices are an unfailing prescription in these matters,) she managed to receive her husband very amiably, when at half past nine he returned.

He looked gratified at the change in her, but made no remark before Miss Otis. He was grave and thoughtful. At length, he said, smiling, as he looked at his wife—

"Miss Amy, my wife has scolded me a little for being an Odd Fellow, you know. She tried to have me stay in to-night. But as I was on the sick committee, I could not very well. I am thankful I did not," said he impressively. "Would you like to hear," he said. addressing the young lady, "where I have been."

"Yes," she answered, laughing. "Let us hear, sir, of some of your benevolent doings."

"After I had walked five minutes from my door, turned into——Lane, and with some difficulty found the house I sought It was small and of humble exterior. I knocked, and a poor, thin, pale young woman came to the door. I asked if Mr. Pellon lived there? she said that he did. I told her I came to see him, having just heard of his illness.

"He is indeed ill sir. I am glad you have come to see him, sir. Are you an Odd-Fellow?" she asked with an eager look.

"Yes."

"Then all is well with us!" she answered gratefully. "He is my husband, sir. He has not been well these six months. And the last six weeks he hasn't been able to work for the *dangue*-in his fingers. This worried and wore upon him, and made him right sick at last. Well, sir, as his daily earnings were eaten up by the four children and us two as fast as it came in, if he lost a day it was robbing the mouths that depended on him; and he has been paid very low of late, there are so many engravers that are not married that work for very little. So he grew sick and took to bed with fever!"

"And how long has been so ill?"

"Four weeks, sir."

"And why has he not made it known to the Lodge?"

"So I told him; but he said no. He said he would keep from the funds of the Lodge till the last minute. So he made me sell this and that for food and to buy medicine."

This sentiveness was all wrong," I said to her. "The fund was in part his own contribution. He was entitled to it as a right. It is never regarded in the light of an alms."

"But he felt it was sir, and he is proud.—Well sir, we struggled on till to-day, when he proving worse, and nothing to sell and nothing to eat, I made him tell me who was the 'Grandee' of the Lodge, and so I put on my bonnet when he was asleep, and went strait to his store. He received me kindly, said my husband should be attended to at once, and that's only an hour since, and here you are already, sir, come to see me?"

She pressed my hand with tears and expressions of the deepest gratitude. I entered the sick man's room. He lay upon a bed, reduced to a skeleton. He turned his large glazed eye upon me.

"You have come to the poor man's house, sir?" he said, as if mortified at his poverty. "I did not expect I should so soon call on the charity of the Lodge."

"You are claiming of me only your right and my due," I said. "No Odd Fellow can be regarded as an object of charity. He is looked upon as a distressed brother, and the duties extended to him are those of love. We owe each other only love. It is this which has brought me here."

He smiled gratefully, and pressed my hand with his skeleton fingers which were hot to the touch I found that he and his family were perfectly destitute. There was no cooling medicine for him, no food for them. His wife told me that the children had eaten nothing since dinner, and were gone to bed crying for food, and she had, for their sakes, eaten nothing since the night before.

"Oh, horrid! Dreadful!" exclaimed both Amy and Mrs. Preston in tones of pity and sympathy.

"I instantly went out and hastened to the next grocery. There I filled my handkerchief with bread, cheese, cakes, and oranges for the sick man, a paper of tea and sugar under my arm; I placed a bottle of wine, and in my hand bore a quart of fresh milk. With these treasures I hastened back to the scene of affliction & wretchedness. My presence soon cast sunshine upon the gloom. In less than half an hour things were a new face. I despatched a note to my fellow committee-men, with instructions to bring a physician and to come prepared to stay for the night, as my wife would by no means give me permission to be out."

"Charles! Charles! this is too, too severe!" said his wife, bursting into tears.

"Nay, then, Mary, I did not write to them of you! I withdraw the words."

"I deserve it if you did! I have been all, all wrong! Forgive me!"

"Freely!" he said, kissing her hand. I remained until they came with Dr.——. By the time I came away, everything around the invalid was comfortable; clean bed linen, and clean house. The Dr. said, with carefully nursing he might recover. I took leave of him a little while since, leaving two Odd Fellows watching his bed side. When they leave him at dawn, their place will be supplied by two others. I ought to be one of them; but—

"Charles! Charles! Go go! Be one of them. From this time I shall speak only of your Order with love and affection."

———o———

[From the New York Observer.]

THE SACRED MOUNTAIN—MOUNT TABOR.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

What strange contrasts this earth of ours presents. It seems to be the middle spot between heaven and hell, and to partake of the character of both. Beings from both are found moving over its surface, and scenes from both are constantly occurring upon it. The glory from one and the midnight shades from the other meet along its bosom, and the song of angels and the shriek of fiends go up from the same spot. Noonday and midnight are not more opposite than the scenes that are constantly passing before our eyes. The temple of God stands beside a brothel, and the place of prayer is separated only by a single dwelling from the "hell" of the gambler. Truth and falsehood walk side by side through our streets, and vice and virtue meet and pass every hour of the day. The hut of the starving stands in the shadow of the palace of the wealthy, and the carriage of Dives every day throws the dust of its glittering wheels over the tattered garments of Lazarus. Health and sickness lie down in the same apartment; joy and agony look out of the same window; and hope and despair dwell under the same roof. The cry of the new-born infant and the groan of the dying rise together from the same dwelling; the funeral procession treads close to the heels of the bridal paity; and the tones of the lute and viol have scarcely died away before the requiem for the dead comes swelling after. Oh! the beautiful and deformed, the pure and corrupt, joy and sorrow, ecstacies and agonies, life and death, are strangely blent on this restless planet of ours.

But the past and future present as strange contrasts as the present. What different events have transpired on the same spot. Where the smoke of the Indian's wigwam arose, and the steady tread of the wolf and panther was heard over the autumn leaves at twilight, the population of New York now surges along.—Where once Tyre the queen of the sea stood, fishermen are spreading their nets on the desolate rocks, and the bright waves are rolling over its marble columns. In the empty apartment of Edom the fox makes his den, and the dust of the desert is sifting over the forsaken ruins of Palmyra. The owl hoots in the ancient halls of kings, and the wind of the summer night makes sad music through the rents of once gorgeous palaces. The Arab spurs his steed along the streets of ancient Jerusalem, or scornfully stands on Mount Zion and curls his lip at the pilgrim pressing wearily to the sepulchre of the Saviour. The Muezzin's voice rings over the prophets, and the desert wind heaps the dust above the foundations of the seven churches of Asia. Oh, how good and evil, light and darkness chase each other over the world.

But it may be asked what this fit of musing has to do with Mount Tabor. It came upon me unawares, and was suggested by two different scenes my imagination drew upon that mountain.

Forty-seven years ogo this month, a form was seen standing on Mount Tabor with which the world has since become familiar. It was a bright spring morning, and as he sat on his steed in the clear sunlight, his eye rested on a scene in the vale below, which was sublime and appalling enough to quicken the pulsations of the calmest heart. That form was Napoleon Bonaparte, and the scene before him the fierce and terrible "BATTLE OF MOUNT TABOR." From Nazareth, where the Saviour once trod, Kleber had marched with three thousand French soldiers forth into the plain, when lo, at the foot of Mount Tabor he saw the whole Turkish army drawn up in order of battle. Fifteen thousand infantry and twelve thousand splendid cavalry moved down in majestic strength on this band of three thousand French. Kleber had scarcely time to throw his handful of men into squares, with the cannon at the angles, before those twelve thousand horse, making the earth smoke and thunder as they came, burst in a headlong gallop upon them.—But round those steady squares rolled a fierce devouring fire, emptying the saddles of those wild horsemen with frightful rapidity, and strewing the earth with the bodies of riders and steeds together. Again and again did those splendid squadrons wheel, re-form and charge with deafening shouts, while their uplifted and flashing scimetars gleamed like a forest of steel through the smoke of battle: but that same wasting fire received them. Those squares seemed bound by a girdle of flame, so rapid and constant were the discharges. Before their certain and deadly aim, as they stood fighting for existence, the charging squadrons fell so fast that a rampart of dead bodies was soon formed around them. Behind this embankment of dead men and horses this band of warriors stood and fought for six dreadful hours, and was still steadily thinning the ranks of the enemy, when Napoleon debouched with a single division on Mount Tabor, and turned his eye below. What a scene met his gaze. The whole plain was filled with marching columns and charging squadrons of wildly galloping steeds, while the thunder of cannon and fierce rattle of musketry, amid which now and then was heard the blast of thousands of trumpets, and strains of martial music, filled all the air. The smoke of battle was rolling furiously over the hosts, and all was confusion and chaos in his sight. Amid the twenty-seven thousand Turks that crowded the plain and enveloped the enemy like a cloud, and amid the incessant discharge of artillery and musketry, Napoleon could tell where his own brave troops were struggling only by the steady simultaneous vollies which showed where discipline was contending with the wild valor of overpowering numbers. The constant flashes from behind that rampart of dead bodies were like spots of flame on the tumultuous and chaotic field.—Napoleon descended from Mount Tabor with his little band, while a single twelve pounder fired from the heights, told the wearied Kleber that he was rushing to the rescue. Thrown into confusion, and trampled under foot, that mighty army rolled turbulently back towards the Jordan, where Murat was anxiously waiting to mingle in the fight. Dashing with his cavalry among the disordered ranks, he sabred them down without mercy and raged like a lion amid the prey. This chivalric and romanc warrior declared that the remembrance of the scenes that once transpired on Mount Tabor, and on these thrice consecrated sports, came to him in the hottest of the fight and nerved him with tenfold courage.

As the sun went down over the plains of Palestine, and twelight shed its dim ray over the rent and trodden and dead-covered field, a sulphurous cloud hung around the summit of Mount Tabor. The smoke of battle had settled there where once the cloud of glory rested, while groans and shrieks and cries rent the air. Nazareth, Jordan and Mount Tabor! what spots for battle fields!

Roll back twenty centuries and again view that hill. The day is bright and beautiful as then, and the same rich oriental landscape is smiling in the same sun. There is Nazareth with its busy population—the same Nazareth from which Kleber marched his army: and there is Jordan rolling its bright waters along—the same Jordan along whose banks charged the glittering squadrons of Murat's cavalry: and there is Mount Tabor,—the same on which Bonaparte stood with his cannon: and the same beautiful plain where rolled the smoke of battle, and struggled thirty thousand men in mortal combat. But how different is the scene that is passing here. The son of God stands on that height and casts his eye over the quiet valley, through which Jordan winds its silver current. Three friends are beside Him: they have walked together up the toilsome way, and now the four stand, mere speaks on the distant summit. But the glorious landscape at their feet is forgotten in a sublime scene that is passing before them.—The son of Mary—the carpenter of Nazareth—the wanderer with whom they have ate and drank, and travelled on foot many a weary league, in all the intimacy of companions and friends, begins to change before their eyes.—Over his soiled and coarse garments is spreading a strange light, steadily brightening into intenser beauty, till that form glows with such splendor that it seems to waver to and fro and dissolve in the still radiance. The three astonished friends gaze on it in speechless admiration, then turn to that familiar face. But lo, a greater change has passed over it. The man has put on the God, and that sad and solemn face that has been seen so often stooping over the couch of the dying, and entering the door of the hut of poverty, and in the streets of Jerusalem, and by the weary wayside—aye bedewed with the tears of pity, now burns like the sun in his mid-day splendor.—Meekness has given way to majesty—sadness to dazzling glory—the look of pity to the grandeur of a God. The still radiance of heaven sits on that serene brow, and all around that divine from flows an atmosphere of strange and wondrous beauty. Heaven has poured its brightness over that consecrated spot, and on the beams of light that glitter there, Moses and Elias have descended, and wrapped in the same shining vestments stand beside him.—Wonder follows wonder, for those three glittering forms are talking with each other, and amid the thrilling accents are heard the words, "Mount Olivet," "Calvary," the agony and the death of the crucifixion. Peter awe-struck and overcome, feeling also the influence of that heavenly atmosphere, and carried away by a sudden impulse, says to Jesus, in low and tremulous accents: "It is good to be here; let us build three tabernacles; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." Confused by the scene and dazzled by the splendor, he was ignorant what he was saying. How knew not the meaning of this sudden appearance, but he knew that heaven was near and God revealing himself, and he felt that some sacred ceremony would be appropriate to the scene, and while his bewildered gaze was fixed on the three forms before him, his unconscious lips murmured forth the feelings of his heart. No wonder a sudden fear came over him that paralyzed his tongue and crushed him to the earth, when in the midst of his speech he saw a cloud fall like a falling star from heaven, and bright and dazzling, balance itself over those forms of light. Perhaps his indiscreet interruption had brought this new messenger down, and from its bosom the thunder and flame of Sinai were to burst; and he fell on his face in silent terror. But that cloud was only a canopy for its God, and from its bright foldings same a voice saying, "This is my beloved Son, n whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him."

How long the vision lasted we cannot tell, but all that night did Jesus with his friends stay on that lonely mountain. Of the conversation that passed between them there we know nothing: but little sleep, we imagine, visited their eyes that night, and as they sat on the high summit and watched the stars as they rose one after another above the horizon, and gazed on the moon as she poured her light over the dim and darkened landscape, words were spoken that seemed born of heaven; and truths never to be forgotten were uttered in the ears of the subdued and reverent disciples.

Oh, how different is heaven and earth!—Can there be a stranger contrast then the Battle and Transfiguration of Mount Tabor? One shudders to think of Bonaparte and the Son of God on the same mountain: one with his wasting cannon by his side, and the other with Moses and Elias just from heaven. It is like seeing the devil and the angels in the same Eden garden.

But no after desecration can destroy the first consecration of Mount Tabor; for baptized with the glory of heaven, and honored with the wondrous scene of the Transfiguration, it stands the *fifth Sacred Mountain* on the earth.

PRETTY FAR GONE.—During a heavy fall of rain, a fellow who had taken a drop too much, happened to deposit himself underneath a water spout. He thus "laying alone in his glory," ever and anon exclaimed—"Not a drop more, gentlemen—not a drop more."

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