

POETRY.

Wildwood Scenes.

How lovely is morning's rosy blush, Where the wild birds sing, where the waters gush...

A Touching Memorial.

Few of our readers will but read with deep interest the following copy of verses, written by Mr. Adams, on the day preceding his fatal attack of illness...

John Quincy Adams, Quincy, Mass.

In days of yore, the poet's pen From wing of birds was plundered, Perhaps of goose, but now and then, From Jove's own eagle plundered.

Virtue.

When the earth was robbed In the smilch of light And beauty caught From the heavens bright; When glory streamed From the throne of God, To hallow the path Humanity trod,

MISCELLANY.

The Two Beautiful Night Visitors.

From the Hudson Rural Repository. A VISION. BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

The moonlight shined As there she had her sweetest home, A pillow for the summer morn.—L. E. L.

“You are very, very beautiful,” I murmured, “why do not men worship you more? why do they scorn your teachings, and shut you from their dwellings?”

“Virtue and Religion!” I again murmured—“How beautiful you are! Is it possible that you have always lived in this world of sin?”

“When shall this come, and what sign will there be?” I asked almost unconsciously adopting the language of Holy Writ.

“There may be wars and rumors of wars,” she replied; “nations may rise against nations, and kingdoms against kingdoms, but your patience possess you your soul. As sure as there is a sun in the sky, so sure shall the cross triumph at last. Sin with his hideous train shall be banished from the earth, and the reign of truth and love shall be ushered in.”

Just then a night-bird began his dismal notes on the bough near the window. The sound startled me, and I looked around. When I again sought my visitors, they had vanished as mysteriously as they had entered.

“It could not have been a dream!” I said to myself musingly. “Those beautiful night visitors have surely been in my chamber; but the perfect quiet which reigned around, contradicted my words, and I settled down upon the conclusion, that after all, it was nothing but a dream.”

A Thrilling Sketch!—Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered lone and weary—o'er many a golden page, reading forgotten stories o'er; suddenly I heard a curious, lonely, ghostly, strange, mysterious grating, underneath the floor.

Water passed through Leaden Pipes.—The associate editor of the Christian Citizen, published in Worcester, Mass., in noticing his recovery from a severe illness, says:—

As it may be a benefit to our readers, we take this opportunity to state, that the sole cause of all the illness we have suffered the year past, has been the use of water pumped from a well, through a lead pipe.

A Life saved by a Common Prayer Book.—Sergeant Gilbert, of Waterbury, a returned volunteer, who lectured in this town a short time since, brought back with him a small book of common prayer, which was presented to him by a lady of New Haven, just before his departure for Mexico.

The Daughter of a King.—One day a poor good woman called upon two elegant and pious young ladies, who received her with Christian affection and sat down in the drawing room, to converse upon Christian matters.

Human Glory.—If we judge from history, of what is the book of glory composed? Are not its leaves dead men's bones—its letters stamped in human blood—its golden clasps the pillage of nations? It is illuminated with tears and broken hearts.

Retributive Justice.

A few days since, Dr. —, a respectable physician, residing in Fourth street, was called on by a young man of fashionable appearance, who proceeded to say that about six months since he had eloped with the daughter of a farmer (Mr. Goodman) from Dutchess county, and brought her to this city, under promise of marriage, and his object now was to conceal evidence of their guilty love.

You thought, sir, to make me participate in your villainy, in which I seemingly acquiesced for the purpose of preventing you from seeking one who would have yielded to the tempting bribe which you offered, and in the hope that I might be instrumental in compelling you to admit your guilt, and to make to the heart-broken father and hapless girl the only atonement in your power.

O'Connell's IQd at cross-examination.—He was once examining a witness, whose shrewdness, at the time to which the evidence referred, it was essential to prove. He quickly discovered the man's character.

Here is another instance of his ready wit and infinite resource in the defence of his client. In a trial at Cork for murder, the principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner.

Test of Fidelity.—At the time Andrew Jackson and John Q. Adams, were candidates for the Presidency, a worthy minister of the Methodist order took for his text one Sunday, “Who is on the Lord's side?”

An Everyday Fact.—If a person is continually complaining of the town in which he lives, it only proves that he is not fit to live in it.

Mind not what an evil man may say of thee—for his words will find no place in the heart of a man worthy of thy esteem.

Odd Fellowship in England.

We are happy to see by the following, from Howitt's Journal, that the Order in England are adopting the system of Lodge Rooms, separate from the appliances for that society which leads to dissipation.

In doing this, they are adopting the example set them by the Lodges in this country, and which has done so much to elevate the character of the institution.

MERITORIOUS MOVEMENT OF THE BATH CITY LODGE OF ODD FELLOWS.—This Lodge has resolved to remove its sittings from a public house. It had appointed a Committee of Inquiry in June last, to ascertain the real cause of the thinness of the attendance at its meetings.

We are glad to learn from the report of the Committee of this Lodge, that three other of the principal Lodges of Path are only waiting for the present Lodge to make this movement in order to join them in the occupation of the same building, so that the expense will be lightened to all.

respective Lodge nights under the same roof; the same room would witness their exertions to spread far and wide those beautiful and Christian principles on which our society is founded. A reciprocity of kindly and friendly feelings among the different Lodges would quickly take the place of that disunity—that feeling of rivalry—which is at present so manifest.

We regard it as one of our greatest privileges to have to record these truly onward steps in social progress.

Boston Odd Fellow.

It takes the Vidder's.—Quite a mistake lately took place in a love affair at the north. A couple of young fools agreed to elope together, and by some mistake in the preliminary arrangements the male lover put his ladder up to the window next to that in which his sweet-heart slept, which proved to be that in which her mamma, a handsome widow resided.

The New Orleans Sun, relates a humorous story of a very well dressed, and genteel looking person, who was curious to see the griffin, and who stepped up to the man “wot receives the money,” with, “I want to see the griffin.” “Very well sir.”

White Carrots.—This kind of carrot is more favorably of the root as a field crop, being more hardy and prolific than either the orange or the red—Stock of all kinds, are remarkably fond of it—preparing it in many instances, even to grain. Boiled and mixed with a small portion of meal, it makes a palatable and highly nutritive feed for swine, or the roots may be fed to them in a raw state, the same as potatoes.

A New Thought.—A clergyman in a neighboring city recently remarked from his pulpit, while preaching on the subject of faith, that faith was “God's Magnetic Telegraph.” One of his hearers, who perhaps was more inquisitive, than thoughtful, was desirous of knowing “where the office is,” to which the following appropriate answer was given—“It is every lonely heart of prayer!”

Henry Clay and Mr. Polk.

The following pleasant anecdote is told in the Western Continent.

It is doubtless known to our readers, that shortly before his departure from Washington, Mr. Clay attended a dinner party, with many other distinguished gentlemen of both political parties, at the President's house. The party, it is said, was a very pleasant affair—the viands were choice—good feeling abandoned, and wit and lively repartee gave zest to the occasion, while Mrs. Polk, the winning and accomplished hostess, added the finishing grace of her excellent housewifery in the superior management of the feast.

“Madam,” said Mr. Clay, in that bland manner so peculiar to himself, “I must say that in my travels, wherever I have been, in all companies and among all parties, I have heard but one opinion of you. All agree in commending in the highest terms your excellent administration of the domestic affairs of the White House. But,” he continued, directing her attention to her husband, “as for that young gentleman there, I cannot say as much. There is,” said he, “some little difference of opinion in regard to the policy of his course.”

“Indeed,” said Mrs. Polk, “I am glad to hear that my administration is popular. And in return for your compliment, I will say that if the country should elect a Whig next fall, I know no one whose elevation would please me more than that of Henry Clay.”

“Thank you, thank you Madam!”—“And I will assure you of one thing.—If you have occasion to occupy the White House on the fourth of March next, it shall be surrendered to you in perfect order from garret to cellar.”

But the laugh that followed this pleasant repartee, which looted nothing from the manner nor the occasion of it, did not permit the guests at the lower end of the table to hear the rest of Mr. Clay's reply. “What he was to say, that he should be the tenant of the President's mansion, or whether he only said he was ‘certain that’ whoever did occupy it, would find it in good condition, like the result of the coming contest for the Presidency, remains a mystery.”

Democracy.

Democracy is the cause of humanity. It has faith in human nature, and the perfectibility of man. It believes in its essential equality and fundamental goodness. Its object is to strike from the mind of the mass of men the degrading and disheartening fetters of ignorance and social distinction; to bid man to walk abroad through the free-creation of his “own majesty,” and to reform all the infinitely varied human misery, which has grown out of the old and false ideas by which the world has been so long misgoverned.

Reflections of the Late Hon. John Quincy Adams.

In the summer of 1800, the Hon. John Quincy Adams, then Minister at Berlin, made an excursion through Silesia, and visited the Giant Mountain, the highest land in Germany. It was the custom for travellers, after they had visited it, to write their names, and some sentiments in a book, kept at a cottage on the side of the mountain. Mr. Adams was the first American that had ascended this mountain, and he thus describes his sensations:—

“Sentiments of devotion I have always found the first to take possession of my mind, on ascending lofty mountains. At the summit of the Giant's Head, my first thought was turned to the Supreme Creator, who gave existence to all that immensity of objects that expanded before my view. The transition from this idea, to that of my own relation, as an immortal soul, with the Author of Nature, was natural and immediate; from this to the recollection of my native country, my parents and friends, there was but a single and sudden step. On returning to the hut, where we had lodged, I wrote the following lines in a book:—





