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Poetry.

The Righteous not Forsaken.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Pilgrim, in the journey drear,
Are its lights extinct forever,
Still suppress the rising tear—
God forsakes the righteous never.

Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life to sever;
Still, amid the fearful scathe,
God forsakes the righteous never.

Pain may rack thy wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch forever;
Faith still beams with deathless flame—
God forsakes the righteous never!

Farewell to the Vanities of the World!

BY SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Farewell ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell ye honored rags! ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold pure clay;
Honor, the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damasked skin;
State, but a glorious prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, not purchased, not our own:
Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

What can I do?

"I do not see what I can do,"
A little snow-flake said,
"Upon this meadow long and wide,
A covering to spread."

But quietly it keeps its place,
Till, slowly falling round,
The other flakes came silent down,
And white was all the ground.

Oh freely give! though little seems
Are all you can bestow,
Remember that of single flakes
Is formed the bed of snow.

Miscellaneous.

THE CAMEL'S HUMP.

The Camel's Hump, one of the finest mountains in New England, derives its name from a fancied resemblance of its outline to the figure of a camel. It rises to an elevation of nearly 5000 feet, and is the highest peak but one in the Green Mountain range. The Camel's Hump is about fifty miles south of the Canada line; and when viewed from Lake Champlain is a most picturesque object, rising in majestic preeminence above the neighboring hills, and presenting in bold relief against the sky the figure of the animal whose name it bears. The outline is strikingly exact; the central and highest part representing the Hump, while a curve towards the north gives the figure of the neck, and the southern declivity slopes in the direction of the tail.

In travelling through this section of Vermont in 1830, the writer observed the summit covered with snow as early as the 3d of September, and was informed by the inhabitants that it might frequently be seen whitened over in June. Its base borders on the Onion River Valley, which, it is well known, was the great thoroughfare of the Indians in the early history of the colonies. From this mountain they used to descend, like a torrent, on the towns of the Connecticut, and on its summit they built their signal fires, which could be seen to an immense distance over the River on the one side, and far into Canada on the other.

In the early part of July, the writer, in company with a friend and guide, visited the mountain and spent a night on its summit. When we started the sun shone brightly, and gave abundant promise of a pleasant season for the excursion, but it soon became obscured. Our route for the last four miles, lay through tangled woods without a human habitation, and all the way ascending, except when intercepted by deep ravines formed by descending torrents.

On arriving at the summit, we found to our dismay, that it was sunset, and that the sun had set behind masses of black and threatening clouds. We immediately struck a fire and set about building ourselves a house with the boughs of the spruce, which grew in scattered clusters round the rocks. At this elevation the spruce attains the height of about six feet, and sends out lateral branches of a length that frequently exceeds that of the tree. The lower branches extend so near the ground, that it was necessary to climb over them in order to pass through the copse.

The night was growing dark so rapidly, accompanied with the thickening signs of the approaching storm, that we almost despaired of completing any thing like an adequate shelter from the elements. But we plied our hatchets lustily, urged by the strong impulse of necessity, and had the satisfaction of finishing our house just as we were becoming enveloped in utter darkness.

I will not attempt to describe our sensations; those, who have been placed in similar circumstances, will readily appreciate them. All that constitutes the grand and the sublime, formed the elements of the scene. Immediately before us was the brink of a tremendous precipice. Below, above, around, all was impenetrable darkness, into which our fire seemed vainly trying to send a few straggling rays, that only served to make its 'darkness visible.'

The fire itself seemed the sport of some superhuman agency. Being kindled on the very summit of the mountain, it was blown in one large sheet of flame, one instant to the north, the next to the south, and again directly into the black and matted foliage of the roof above our heads. Far in the world below, twinkled a few glimmering lights, that seemed like 'stars fallen from their places,' while, around the cliffs, with a solemn, thunder-like voice, bellowed the mighty winds, at times shaking the mountain to its very base, as though they were pent up in its bowels and struggling for deliverance.—All around combined to inspire the most exalted conceptions of *Him*, 'who hath weighed the mountains in scales, and holds the winds in his fists.'

At length the morning dawned upon us, the clouds had partially passed away, and now, for the first time, could we fully enjoy the unrivalled glories of the scene; we were reminded of the prospect, as described by travellers, from the summit of Ætna. Clouds were sweeping by on a level with our feet or far below them, for a moment obscuring objects, and then leaving them in clearer view; on our right and in front, as we faced the north, the river with its numerous tributary streams, like lines of silver, measured their way to the lake. On our left, spread out the beautifully undulating country between the mountain and Champlain; the lake itself, though twenty miles away, seeming to lie, with its beautiful green islands, at our very feet, while beyond its western shore, the mountains of Essex closed the view. After enjoying the scene, we descended the mountain and continued our route.—*R. W. Griswold.*

Camel's Hump will soon, we trust, be better known to our people and to multitudes from abroad. A house has been established in its immediate neighborhood for the accommodation of visitors.—See advertisement on the inside of this paper.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been in our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment by which they might obtain a livelihood, in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitifully contemptible it is to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house.—The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children.—Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor. We shall work, and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left this stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold, and she who had been so long the mistress of the mansion, shed no tear. "Pay every debt," said she, "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been, in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also instructed the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they platted straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work.—Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart likes to feed on."

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed; nothing wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine covered porch, in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy dressing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So, father, please not be a rich man any more."

THE FIVE PEACHES.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

A peasant returning from the city brought home with him five peaches, the most beautiful ones which he could find. It was the first time that his children had ever seen this fruit. Therefore they admired them and were delighted with their red cheeks and delicate down. The father then divided them among his four children, reserving one for their mother.

At evening, before the children went into their sleeping room, their father asked them, "Well, how have the peaches tasted?"

"Deliciously, dear father," said the eldest. "They are a fine fruit, so juicy and sweet. I have carefully kept the stone, and I will plant it and rear a tree."

"Good," replied the father; "that is acting prudently, and caring for the future, as becomes a farmer."

"I ate mine up at once, and threw away the stone," said the youngest, "and mother gave me half of hers."

"Well," said the father, "you have not acted very wisely, but still natural and like a child. Wisdom will come by and by."

The second son then said—"I picked up the stone which little brother threw away and cracked it. There was a kernel in it, just like a nut. But I sold my peach, and received for it money enough to buy twelve when I go to the city."

The father shook his head, and said—"It was wisely done, indeed, but it was not natural nor child-like. I think you are destined to be a merchant."

"And you, Edward?—asked the father.

Edward answered frankly and carelessly "I carried my peach to our neighbour's son, the sick George, who is ill of a fever. He refused to take it. Then I laid it upon his bed and came home."

"Well," said the father, "and who has made the best use of his peach?"

Then all three cried out—"Brother Edward!"

But Edward was silent, and his mother embraced him with tears in her eyes.

THE INVENTION OF THE VIAMETER.

LANCASTER, June 10, 1848.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I noticed an article in your paper on the 7th inst., giving a table of distances from Vera Cruz to Mexico, measured by the "viameter," attached to one of the carriages of a battery which lately went up to the city of Mexico. It may be interesting to your readers to know the history of this celebrated, but simple machine.

In the year 1845, when General Taylor and that portion of the army under him was ordered to the Rio Grande, the late Lieut. George Stevens, (son of Henry Stevens, Esq. of Barnet, Vt.,) of the 2d regiment of Dragoons, was despatched on topographical engineering service, and was ordered by General Taylor to survey the route of the army from Fort Jessup, La., to Corpus Christi, Texas. Lieut. Stevens, being an inventive genius, constructed this "viameter" out of an old wooden clock, and attached it to the axeltree of a cart given him by his commanding general for the purpose, and in the hub of the wheel he drove a spike, and every revolution of the wheel the spike would strike a pin in the clock and cause the hand to move one notch, thereby indicating the circumference of the wheel and the distance that the army had travelled every day by looking at the "clock," as the officers used to say.

By this piece of mechanism Lieut. Stevens was enabled to make a perfect survey of the route for the army, a drawing of which is now in the war department. Lieut. Stevens received some very flattering compliments from the President, the Secretary of War and General Taylor, for the beautiful and ingenious style in which the survey was made.

A few days before the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, Lieut. Stevens, not knowing what might be his fate, desired that his Government should be the owner of this valuable invention. He gave it to the Quartermaster's department for the use of the United States, and after passing through those battles unscathed, Lieut. S. was drowned while leading his squadron across the Rio Grande on the 18th of May.

Philadelphia Ledger.

THE DOG.

A DOG STORY.—A gentleman of the name of Laffi, residing in Rockingham county, New Hampshire, a few years ago, possessed a dog that was remarkable for his sagacity. He one day told the dog to go and find a handkerchief which his child had lost in a distant field while picking berries. The dog started off with his usual alacrity, but in the course of an hour or two returned without the handkerchief, looking as crestfallen as though he had been caught in a neighbor's sheepfold. The master cuffed his ears sharply, and told him to go and try again, and not come back until he found it. The dog started off again with apparent reluctance, while the master followed at a distance behind, and unperceived. The dog went towards the field where the child had picked the berries, and sat down on his haunches—held down his head—and appeared to be in a deep brown study.

He sat in this attitude for perhaps half an hour, when he suddenly jumped up with a peculiar yell of exultation, and started off for one corner of the field. Here he stopped for a moment, and then commenced trotting round the field, going about three feet from the fence the first time, about six the second, and thus continuing to near the middle at each succeeding circle. He went round the field about twenty times, when he jumped up into the air with a loud yell of triumph, picked up the handkerchief, and started for home.

The veracity of this narrative may be relied upon. We received it from Mr. F——, a Baptist clergyman of great respectability. Now, did the dog reason mathematically? does this go to add proof that instinct is but another name for reason?—*Family Visitor.*

CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—The following anecdote was told us by an eye witness of the incidents, which occurred a few days ago in St. Albans, Vt., in the presence of several respectable citizens of that village, who are ready to vouch for their literal truth. A gentleman going to his office, was passing up the principle street of the village, in company with his dog, an animal of unusual size, when the dog observing an affray in the street between two other dogs of very unequal sizes, walked up to the combatants, and taking the part of the lesser, (a stranger in the village by the by,) immediately drove the assailant from the ground. The gentleman passed on with his dog, and having arrived at the door of his office, a distance of some thirty or forty rods from the affray, stood talking with several persons present when the following scene occurred: The little dog came running up from the direction of the recent squabble, having a piece of meat in his mouth, which he laid down on the side-walk directly before the nose of the big dog, his ally and deliverer. "Blucher" picked up the meat and ate it with great deliberation, the bearer of the collation standing by and wagging his tail with manifest delight until the meal was over, when he wheeled about and departed. The spectators having heard the story of the rescue, looked at each other with surprise, and each made his comment in his own way, the substance of most of their speeches being "that it was certainly very remarkable for a dog!"—"Remarkable for a dog!" exclaimed the oldest of the bystanders, a rather cynical person, and a shrewd observer of men—and dogs: "remarkable for a dog! it is an instance of gratitude which would be very remarkable for a *man!*"

SINGULAR PASSION OF A DOG.—A late number of the Glasgow Chronicle tells this story of a splendid Newfoundland dog in the shire of Edinburgh: having saved several persons from drowning, he was greatly flattered and caressed therefor. This turned the good fellow's head, and now whenever he sees a child on the bank of the river he patiently waits a good opportunity, then suddenly places his fore paws on its person and plunges it into the stream—all for the sake of pulling the child out again. Parents of course are much alarmed, but the dog has never sacrificed a single life by his dangerous sport.

We add an incident on our own responsibility. A few days since a dog of ours received a severe wound at the root of one of his ears. This was a position which he could not reach with his own tongue so as to take care of the wound himself; so another dog licked it for him. We give the fact, not undertaking to determine whether dogs have a language capable of describing the difficulty in old "Spry's" case, or whether by reasoning of any sort the big dog from the Temperance House was able to discover that it was his duty to be the good Samaritan for the occasion.

P. S. 'Spry' has had his day; an honest, affectionate, faithful, intelligent dog, who had a multitude of friends to remember him kindly. He is dead, and one of the boys performed the sad duty of burial in a respectful style.

CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—The following is said to be a preventive of hydrophobia, As discovered by a French physician, M. Crossar:—

"Take two tablespoonful of fresh chloride of lime, in powder, mix it with half a pint of water, and with this wash keep the wound constantly bathed, and frequently renewed. The cholorine of gas possesses the power of decomposing this tremendous poison and rendering mild and harmless the venom against whose resistless attacks the medical science has been so long directed in vain.—It is necessary to add that this wash should be applied as soon as possible after the infliction of the bite. The following are the results of this treatment:—From 1810 to 1824, the number of persons admitted into Bresleau Hospital was 184, of whom only two died; from 1783 to 1824, of the number admitted into the Hospital at Zurich, 223 persons were bitten by different animals, (182 by dogs,) of whom only four died."

Humorous.

PREACHING, AN EASY BUSINESS.

A minister had a deacon in his congregation who was rather disposed to undervalue the duties discharged by his minister.—"What an easy life our minister has! He has little else to do besides preaching! And preaching is a very easy thing to do! In fact, any one could preach that tried!"

These and such like remarks, having often come to the minister's ears, he called on the deacon one Saturday, and thus addressed him,—

"Well, deacon, they tell me that you think that preaching is very easy."

"Yes, so it seems to me!"

"Would you have any objections to try to-morrow?"

"None in the world!"

Accordingly the next day the congregation was surprised to behold the deacon occupying the pulpit. And all anticipated a rich treat from one who regarded preaching as a very easy performance. But sadly were they disappointed. A very small trial convinced the deacon of his mistake. After bungling and stumbling for a short time, he abruptly finished his discourse with the following honest and eloquent peroration:

"Well, my friends, I thought *until now*, that preaching was a very easy thing! All I have to say is, that if any of you think so, just come and try it!"

"THE BRITCHIN BROKE."

The political principles of Gen. Cass were very correctly illustrated by a little incident that occurred during his visit to New York last week. Among the crowd that rushed in to see him at a place where he stopt, one man pressed forward and seizing him by the the hand exclaimed, 'God help you, General.' The General, not inclining to rely too much on the uncertain aid of Providence, replied, 'You help me, and I'll help you.'—*Exchange paper.*

Gen. Cass's present position may be very well illustrated by an anecdote told of an old lady whose horse ran away with her.—In relating her sensations she said she felt very much alarmed while dashing over hills and through valleys; "but she put her trust in Providence '*till the britchin broke*; and then she didn't know what to do." Gen. Cass was quite sure of election and put his trust in Providence, until he heard that Gen. Taylor was nominated, and then he gave up in despair. *That nomination "broke the britchin."—Albany Journal.*

Political.

BENEFITS TO RESULT FROM THE ELECTION OF GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR.

WE cannot better fortify some of our own views, expressed last week, than by the following article from the pen of Hon. TRUMAN SMITH, of Conn., who is one of the worthiest as well as among the ablest of N. England Statesmen. He has done excellent service in Congress, as a member of the House, and the Whigs of Connecticut have just elected him to the Senate.

I seize the occasion to give a brief exposition of the benefits which I conceive will result to the country from the elevation of General Zachary Taylor to the Presidency. I anticipate from such a consummation—

1. An essential alleviation of the acerbity and violence of party spirit which has been running to extremes for many years past, and which has produced nothing but evil to the country, and that continually.

2. A more moderate and reasonable action on the part, both of Congress and the Executive, in establishing a policy in reference to all essential interests, in which all good men, if not perfectly satisfied, can acquiesce. I wish to see public men disenthralled, in some degree, from the iron rule of party, and placed in a condition to act freely according to their own conscientious convictions of duty. Time was when leading men of the same party felt themselves at liberty to differ on great questions of public policy, but now the state of the case is widely different, and many are forced, by the tyranny of party, into the support of measures which they cordially disapprove, if they do not detest. Relentless proscription awaits every man who falters in the least. I have, within the last few days, heard an upright and duly patriotic Senator, [Niles,] from my own State, bitterly denounced by a leading Democratic member of the House of Representatives, merely because he will not go the whole figure in supporting all the wild and mischievous measures of the present Administration. The state of things, which has long existed at the seat of Government, I can sufficiently illustrate by an anecdote: At the time the final vote was taken in the House, at the first session of the last Congress, re-enacting the Subtreasury law, a highly respectable Democratic member came across the Hall to my seat, and exclaimed, with an oath, (which I will not repeat,) "it is a shame that a law should be passed to which a large majority of the House is opposed," or words to that effect. I am confident that, had it not been for "the bonds of party," the tariff of '46 could not have been passed, though that of '42 might have been essentially, and perhaps advantageously, modified. I am equally confident that, but for the same cause, the country would not have been plunged into "an unnecessary and unconstitutional war with Mexico," the past and present evils whereof few yet comprehend, and the future evils of which will only be taught us by many years of bitter experience. But when moderation shall become the order of the day, which I am well assured will be inculcated by Gen. Taylor, should he be President, by both precept and example, a new spirit will come over Congress, and I trust the great body of the people, and we shall feel that we have common institutions to preserve, a common country to serve; and, whether we sink or swim, we are all committed to one common destiny, whether for good or evil.

3. An administration which will consecrate all its faculties to the preservation of the peace of the country. I regard this as an object of paramount importance. No man is better qualified than Gen. Taylor to seize with a firm grasp the spirit of war which unhappily infests the American people, (the great besetting sin of all republics,) and to hold it effectually in check. That he entertains sentiments of the utmost abhorrence of war, and that he will be the resolute friend of peace, I know. I hope I shall be excused for presenting here an extract from a letter which I had the honor to receive from Gen. Taylor, dated at Baton Rouge, on the 4th of March last:

"I need hardly reply to your concluding inquiry that I am a peace man, and that I deem a state of peace to be absolutely necessary to the proper and healthful action of our republican institutions. On this important question I freely confess myself to be the unqualified advocate of the principles so often laid down by the Father of his Country, and so urgently recommended by him in his farewell Address to the American people. Indeed I think I may safely say that no man can put a more implicit faith than I do in the wisdom of his advice when he urged upon us the propriety of always standing upon 'our own soil.'"

In his letter to Captain J. S. Allison, dated April 22d, General Taylor says:

"My life has been devoted to arms, yet I look upon war, at all times and under all circumstances, as a national calamity to be avoided, if compatible with national honor. The principles of our Government, as well as its true policy, are opposed to the subjugation of other nations, and the dismemberment of other countries by conquest."

At a dinner in New Orleans, given in December last in honor of Gen. Taylor, he responded to a complimentary sentiment by declaring—

"That the joy and exultation of the greatest victories were always, after the heat and excitement of the battle, succeeded by feelings of poignant sorrow and pain; and his is the greatest glory who could terminate it."

General Taylor has on other occasions avowed similar sentiments; they do him much honor. He will resist the lust of dominion and the passion for acquisition which marks so distinctly the character of the American people, and which is fraught with more peril to our free institutions, and the perpetuity of our glorious Union, than any other cause whatever. There will be no danger of the annexation of either Yucatan or Cuba under the auspices of Gen. Taylor.

4. Also an administration of the strictest impartiality, and of the most rigid justice, as between all the great interests of the confederacy. I believe Gen. Taylor to be entirely above sectional prejudice; and there are not any of the interests of the free States which I would not unhesitatingly confide to his hand. He has a head to comprehend, and a heart to embrace his country, and his whole country. Having spent his whole life in the public service, and on terms of cordial and friendly intercourse with the people of all parts of the Union, he entertains the broadest and most liberal sentiments of nationality. I do not regard him as a citizen of Louisiana, but as a citizen of the United States of America.

5. He will do much, if elected, to put down the efforts now making in various quarters to run all the politics of the country into a mischievous spirit of sectionalism. If he should prove to be the President I doubt not he will be, the people will learn, that of all the qualifications for that high office, that of citizenship, residence, or domicil, is the lowest. I am more disposed to look at the man himself, to the qualities of his head and heart, rather than to the accidents of birth or residence. Who would not rejoice to have a succession of Presidents for the next five centuries, who shall administer the Government after the fashion, and in the spirit of Washington, though every one of them should come from the Capes of Florida?

6. Congress will be restored to the powers and prerogatives which the framers of the Constitution intended that body should exercise. It must be obvious, on the slightest examination of that instrument, that to Congress was confided the power of expressing the will of the people in the form of laws, and to the Executive the duty only of executing that will when ascertained by Congress. But within the last few years there has been in progress a rapid concentration of all power in the hands of the Executive. The President has become everything and Congress nothing. An irresponsible body, called a convention, and generally a small committee of such body assembled in the upper room of some tavern, have arrogated the right of settling every thing in advance, and of binding both Congress and the Executive. The latter has become the agent of a debased and grovelling partnership to overrule the former, either through the instrumentality of the veto, or by a corrupt exercise of patronage. To the correction of the enormous evils of "the one man power," General Taylor stands distinctly pledged. The moment this is done, the great questions of public policy are taken out of the Presidential canvass and are carried into the Congressional districts. If the people desire a protective tariff, the improvement of our harbors and rivers, or any policy in regard to our territories, they will elect members of Congress accordingly.—This will relieve the legislation of the country from the malign influence of party, and will be likely to give more stability to such measures as have a favorable bearing on the important interests of the country, than has obtained for many years past.

7. The influence of the name and character of General Taylor will be quite certain to give us a Congress whose views of public policy will accord with those of the Whig party. In this respect he can do more for the country than any man now living. Few of those who undertake to pronounce so peremptorily on the question of the Presidency have given this subject any consideration whatever. While I am free to admit that Mr. Clay ought to have been elected President long ago, yet I think it certain that if he could now be brought successfully into the field, he would have the two Houses of Congress to thwart and embarrass him through the whole of his Presidential term. Any man who will consider the condition of the representation in both branches of Congress from the northwestern, western, and southwestern States, must admit the truth of this remark. I want a Whig President, a Whig Senate, and a Whig House of Representatives, and Gen. Taylor being strong in those parts of the Union where we are weak, will favor in a high degree so desirable a consummation.

8. In short, I believe that all departments of the Government will become conservative under the auspices of Gen. Taylor.—That he will administer the Executive department in that spirit no man can doubt; and this makes him a good enough Whig for me. He will take high conservative ground on all questions appertaining to our foreign relations. He will dispense the patronage of the Government in a spirit of moderation. He will be particularly cautious to see that justice is done to all sections in this regard. And as to questions appertaining to our domestic policy, he will follow the example of the earlier Presidents, and will throw them into Congress. What more can be desired by the just, moderate, and patriotic of the Whig party?

I doubt whether there has ever been assembled in this country a Convention, the proceedings of which were more just and fair, and in which there was less of management and intrigue than that which recently assembled at Philadelphia. It was refreshing to meet from the farthest extremity of our wide spread Union so many good and true hearted Whigs, who had incurred the fatigue and the expense of a journey of many hundred miles to participate in our consultations. All seemed to be actuated by the best spirit, and anxious for the success of the common cause. It is true there were strong differences of opinion among the members, honestly entertained and respectfully and kindly expressed, and these differences were submitted to the proper arbiter voluntarily constituted and pre-eminently worthy of the confidence of all. The result was the nomination of General Zachary Taylor as the Whig candidate for the Presidency, and by the blessing of God he will be elected, whoever may bolt the track.

I accord fully in the opinions recently expressed by the Hon. C. C. Cambreleng in a political assembly, as follows:

"The great object of the wise men of the capital, for three years past, has been to make a President. They have labored day and night, zealously and assiduously, and have succeeded admirably and triumphantly. They have most effectually accomplished their object; they have by their own acts made a President of the United States, but it happens not to be the man, nor either of the men, they intended. It is neither the President nor any of his Cabinet, nor is it the conservative nominee of the Baltimore Convention. From the first roll of the drum at Palo Alto, through all our splendid victories, to the final and glorious conquest of Mexico, the President and his Cabinet have labored, zealously and successfully labored, TO MAKE ZACHARY TAYLOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. It matters not whether he is from the North, the South, the East, or the West, nor how he gets into the field. Whether supported by volunteers or regulars, once in the field, THE MAN WHO HAS THE HEART OF THE NATION WITH HIM IS IRRESISTIBLE, AND MUST INEVITABLY TRIUMPH."

And why should it not be so, when the real issue to which we are brought is whether Lewis Cass or Zachary Taylor shall be the next President of the United States? I desire to say nothing disrespectful of General Cass, but his career in Congress, particularly on the Oregon question and the Mexican War, are too well known to render mistake possible as to what will be the tendency of an administration of which he shall be the chief. Unfortunately he is one of those who think they can find an inexhaustible fund or source of popularity in the belligerent propensities of the American People. War! war! has been incessantly on his lips for years past. I trust that Whigs everywhere will ponder well on the consequences which resulted from third party organization in 1844. Did it not elect Mr. Polk, overthrow the Tariff of '42, re-enact an odious and oppressive Subtreasury, annex Texas, involve us in the war with Mexico, commit twenty-five thousand citizens to a premature grave, and squander over one hundred and fifty millions of the public treasure? Does not a large share of the responsibility of all these evils lie at the door of those who, by a third party movement, defeated Mr. Clay? Whoever takes a similar course now, will incur dread responsibilities. What if war again should follow from it—the annexation of Cuba or indefinite extension on the side of Mexico? I cannot believe that any such sudicial policy will be pursued. No! the hour of retribution has come, and those who have been gambling with war in reference to the Presidency, will find themselves put down by a man who by his noble conduct and brilliant exploits has raised himself to the level of the most eminent commanders of modern times. Let us now elect Gen. Taylor President, and aspirants for that high office will be little inclined hereafter "to make of war and its bloody front a game of politics."

I declare my utmost confidence in General Taylor. I feel that I have a thorough insight into his principles and his character. As he is an honest man, I confide in him; as he is a moderate man, I respect him; as he is a humane man, I admire him; as he is a man of unsurpassed bravery, I honor him; as he is distinguished for good sense and sound discretion, I think he will make a safe President; as a high sense of justice has ever characterized his conduct, I am willing to trust him with the rights and interests of all parts of the country, and particularly those of the free States; as he has ever been remarkable for firmness and decision of character—"asks no favors and fears no responsibility"—I believe he will, with a steady hand, guide the country safely through all the perils which may environ it; as he possesses the utmost purity and excellence of character, I shall take pleasure in seeing him at the head of public affairs; as he is truly republican in his habits and manners, being one of the people, and sympathyzing thoroughly with the masses, I think there is a fitness in making him the chief magistrate of those same masses, of whom the humblest can exclaim with truth, "he is one of us!"—and as he is a good, sound, conservative, and reliable Whig, abominating war and contemning meanness, fraud, chicanery, and trickery, who will put far from him all evil-doers, political or otherwise, I am for him from the beginning to the end of the chapter. I consecrate my hand and my heart to the good old cause as represented by Zachary Taylor, and will do all within the range of my feeble abilities to make him the next President of the United States.

TRUMAN SMITH.

Washington, June 20th, 1848.

LETTER FROM HON. JOHN DAVIS.

WASHINGTON, June 23, 1848.

GENTLEMEN;—Your favor came to me yesterday; but my duties in the Senate were such, that I could not reply until to-day. I should be grateful to comply with your request to be present at the Ratification meeting of tomorrow, but it is out of the question. You will pardon me, nevertheless, in expressing my great satisfaction to observe that the people of Worcester—that good old Whig town—are not inattentive to passing events. The crisis is undeniably eventful, the dangers besetting our path imminent, the prayers of the virtuous and the entreaties of the suffering are raised from all quarters, urging every patriot to make a serious, an earnest effort to rescue the liberties of the people from the perils which threaten them. Let us look at our posture, and see what is demanded of us.

In 1845, when the present administration entered upon its duties, the republic was in a state of peace with all the world, and the people enjoying a degree of prosperity and happiness almost unparalleled. What a change has come over us in this brief space of time—brought on either wholly or chiefly by the overshadowing influence of the one man power. It is a sad but fearful illustration of the great afflictions which may be brought upon the country by the abuse of that power, even in feeble hands. The President has, by his own will and against the express provisions of the Constitution, plunged the Union in a war with a neighboring republic by which multitudes of our citizens have perished; our revenues, needed for domestic purposes, have been wasted, and a great public debt has been created, to absorb our future resources.

While the Constitution has been thus wrested for abuse of power, and the revenues have been squandered to acquire territory by conquest, laws made for the benefit of the people, by large majorities of Congress, have been defeated by a perverse use of the veto, and the people have been denied the right to spend a dollar of their own money to repair their highways for trade and commerce.

Under the revenue law of 1842, (the black tariff, as the enemies of American industry are pleased to call it) our finances become prosperous—our sunken credit was restored—our business revived, and the hammer and the shuttle were again heard in unison with the cheerful songs of the laborer—and light hearts, with strong arms, gave unexampled prosperity to our industrial pursuits.

In the judgment of the present administration, a policy which produced these beneficient results was inexpedient, and war for the conquest of territory—and laws which would encourage foreign labor, while they bankrupted our own, were more desirable and better suited to the taste of the democracy. The law of 1842 was therefore repealed—and war, sub-treasury and free-trade were substituted. Thus the laborer has been left to struggle against not only foreign competition, but a tide of opposition from his own Government.

In this state of things the Presidential election returns to us; and shall we now, by a great and united rally, rescue the country from its perils, and restore the days of prosperity?

The Democrats have placed before the people Mr. Cass, who is the avowed exponent, and who has been the chief advocate of the present system. His opinions prove but too clearly that if elected, we have nothing to anticipate but an aggravated state of the present policy.

The Whig Convention, after a fair con-