

Poetical.

I have never seen the righteous forsaken.
DAVID.

I've seen the heir of guilt and woe,
And marked his wandering eye;
I've seen the tear of anguish flow,
And heard the mournful sigh.

I've seen the victim of despair,
A pray to want and sin;
I've watch'd his brow, when sternly there
Was stamp'd the curse within.

I've seen the lordling roll in state,
And swell with bloating pride;
I've seen when at the poor man's gate,
The wretched outcast died.

I've seen the youth, whom pleasure's round
Had early taught astray;
And those that by Intemperance found
The flowery, fatal way—

These I have seen, but never yet
Have marked the child of prayer
Abandoned by his God, to eat
The bitter bread of care.

Religion, Morality and the Press.

We have heretofore noticed the prospectus for the publication of a new daily paper in New York, not a religious paper but a paper devoted to wordly pursuit and the making of money; to be patroned by moral and religious people only, and to be under the special protection of certain tract and other societies. This making a trade of religion is a shocking evil. We find hospitals established—charitable institutions set on foot—new plans devised to meliorate our condition—new buildings erected—new laws devised—new improvements suggested; and when we follow them up and see them organized, we shall find the humane and charitable projectors filling the lucrative places of governors, scribes, agents, keepers, printers, porters, &c. &c.—a son here, a brother there, and charity is made to answer the double purpose of private gain and public good. On every side we perceive new schemes to obtain money for religious purposes; converting the Jews and the Heathens—sending missionaries abroad—educating the Indians, & establishing pious newspapers. Those sums which should be converted to objects of charity, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, are taken from those who cannot afford them to constitute a fund which is to be expended under the superintendence of certain pious men.—The annual amount raised for such purposes in this country is immense, and we are feeling the force of it, not in substantial and wholesome reforms, but in the meddling interference in private concerns, in invading the sanctity of domestic retirement, and attempting to hold public opinion and public will in a thralldom as oppressive as the inquisition itself. We are told that this is all for the sake of religion, and he who objects to it is no friend of religion.—Let us beware of fanaticism, of bigotry and intolerance; they are the curses of human society, and always assume some plausible shape to deceive and beguile.—Men do not always practise as they preach, and when we see profit introduced under the panoply of spiritual guides, we feel a pang for the abuses of that mild and happy faith which encourages no hypocrisy.—*Sat. E. Statesman.*

The Discontented Pendulum.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summers morning, before the

family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this the dial plate, (if we may credit the fable,) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an inefficient effort to continue their course: the wheels remained motionless with surprise: the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on others.—At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; & am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons.—The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of Striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you Mistress Dial, who have always as every body knows, set yourself up above me, it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face and amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not step even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment.—This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty four hours; perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being quick at figures, shortly replied, "eighty six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum:—"well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect, so after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:—

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time. So we have all, and are likely to do; and, although this may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do: would you, now, do me the favor to give about a half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace:

"Now," resumed the dial, may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial, "but recollect that although you may think of a million strokes in an instant you are required to execute but one; and that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

"Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when as with one consent the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit ticked as loud as ever: while a beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter shining full upon the dial plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter."

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

UPS AND DOWNS.

Mr. Editor—I am an up and down fellow as you do know, full of life, and up to any thing. Last night, thinking of the misfortune of losing a good horse, I began to reckon up and set down the vicissitudes of life. Up and down mean in many cases the same thing, and frequently when you see a man up he is in fact down. For instance, neighbor A tells me he is up and about a little, but quite down with a cold. A man barrels up and salts down his beef or pork—he cuts up a thing and it goes down—I let down my bars and put up my cattle—a man trips another up or he trips him down—and so we go up and down continually. I have seen many a young lady that was called up to the notch, set down for a dunce, and rightly, and many an one who was up till eleven in the evening, and down till ten in the morning, for fashion's sake.—There are too many young fellows, who, with haughty airs, are knocking down all opposition, "so as to be called up to the life"—Down with your dust says one, and heads up that's your sort; while another class sit up and keep housed up to read and obtain knowledge, so they may at last settle down upon some foundation. When I see a lady show the modesty of her sex, and not as she walks the streets flirt and swing with her head up, I set her down for something—but when I see one up to all kind of "monkey shines," as the saying is, creating a good deal of surf as she passes, I can't help saying to myself "down with her house."—Lately I have read many accounts of failures in our cities. If the merchants are breaking down so, I am thinking the business is breaking up. In fact, such is the world and human nature, that we can't tell who is up or down. A man will appear to be well up on the ladder of fortune, when the

fact is he is just beginning to tumble down; a pretended friend may stand at your shoulder to boast you up as you think, when he is only there to pull you down; and one will praise you up where he thinks you will hear of it, and run you down where he thinks his interest is a little served by it; & if you trade with some, they will, lawyer like, stuff you up, that they are giving you a bargain, and if possible shave you down to the last copper. And now, Mr. Printer, as you have set yourself up as a kind of monitor over the public to put down every thing of an unjust nature, and to watch the morals of society, I shall give up the rest of this to you. I want to see good men held up and bad men put down—and you must be right up and down in these things. Every man should look well to himself. I am coming down in a few days to pay you up for your paper, and mean to have it sent up to me until I run down. Lastly, peace be to all, and as the "mortal foe" death, will soon turn us all upside down, may every one have something laid up when he is laid down; at least have an assurance, that though his body goes down, his soul goes up.

What we call duties.

Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can.

Every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can.

Every young man ought to get married—if they can.

Every Representative in Congress and the Legislature, ought to inform their constituents what they are doing—if they can.

Every man should do his work to please his customers—if he can.

Every man should please his wife—if he can.

Every wife should "submit herself unto the will of her husband"—if she can.

Every lawyer should tell the truth—if he can.

Every preacher of the gospel should be a christian—if he can.

And finally every reader may add to the above—if he can.

Halley and Sir Isaac Newton.—Halley the great Mathematician dabbled not a little in infidelity; he was rather too fond of introducing this subject; and once when he had descanted somewhat freely on it, in the presence of his friend sir Isaac Newton, the latter cut him short with this observation, "I always attend to you, Dr. Halley, with the greatest deference when you do us the honor to converse on astronomy or the mathematics, because these are subjects you have industriously investigated, and which you well understand but Religion is a subject on which I always hear you with pain, because it is one which you have not seriously examined, and therefore do not comprehend; you dispise it because you have not studied it, and you will not study it because you dispise it."

Lord and Lady E—were enjoying one of their ordinary very pleasant *tete a tete* discussions the other day, about settlements &c.—"When I die," said her ladyship, at last quite provoked with the obstacles he threw in the way of her various requests, "you should marry the Devils daughter," said his lordship, bowing, "by the laws of England no man can marry two sisters."