

MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK:
TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1824.

LANDING OF GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

Yesterday was indeed a proud day for New-York, a proud day for America, a proud day for Liberty. The sixteenth of August, 1824, will be remembered with joyful emotions by all the friends of free principles, so long as liberal institutions and free governments are cherished, so long as gratitude dwells in the human heart, and by Kings and Princes with fear and trembling, till the thrones of monarchs are levelled with the dust.

We can only attempt to describe a scene, which in magnificence and deep, intense interest surpassed all that has ever been witnessed in this city.

At 10 o'clock the committee of the Corporation, who had engaged the steam-boat Chancellor Livingston for the purpose, embarked at the steam-boat wharf. But before we proceed further in the description, we must mention a circumstance which evinces in the strongest manner the deep feelings of love and reverence for the venerable chieftain of the revolution and gallant friend of America, which are cherished by his few surviving compatriots in arms. One of these, an intimate friend during the great struggle, was General Philip Van Cortlandt, a member of the Cincinnati, and appointed by that society at their meeting on the 4th of July on the committee to receive and welcome Gen. LA FAYETTE on his arrival. The seat of Gen. Van Cortlandt is at Croton, in Westchester co. 40 miles from this city. So anxious was the venerable patriot to be among the foremost in grasping the hand of LA FAYETTE, that he made arrangements some weeks since for an express to be despatched to his residence on the first signal of the approach of his beloved brother in arms. The messenger reached his house at 12 o'clock on Sunday night, and at 4 in the morning General Van Cortlandt was on his way to the city, arrived at the City Hall 10 minutes past 9—found the committee had departed—hastened to the steam-boat wharf, and arrived just after the Chancellor Livingston had cast off, but he was descried from on board, a boat sent for him, and he had the inexpressible satisfaction of embracing his old compatriot immediately on his coming on board at Staten Island. He felt it to be one of the happiest moments of his life.

Off the Battery the Chancellor Livingston was joined by the elegant steam ship Robert Fulton, a beautiful vessel of 700 tons burthen, gorgeously and elegantly arrayed with flag-uniting all the colors of the rainbow, and manned with 200 brave tars from the frigate Connecticut. She was also joined by the steam boats Connecticut, Oliver Ellsworth, Olive Branch, Nautilus and Bellona, all brilliantly and beautifully arrayed and forming a most elegant escort. All the boats except the Chancellor were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and the whole squadron moved majestically down the bay. On board the Chancellor, was a battalion of Marines under Major Smith, and a full

band of Music. The Chancellor had also on board the five bands from West Point, brought down by Capt. Center yesterday morning. All the other boats were furnished with bands of music.

On reaching the Quarantine, the Chancellor came to anchor at the wharf, and the other boats lay off in a semi-circle around. The village was crowded with more than half of the population of Staten Island. Soon after the boats came to anchor, a baron came down from the Vice-President's house, containing General LA FAYETTE, his son, and the Vice-President. The spectators, says the Advocate, "formed a line opening to the right and left, and the veteran General marched down with his hat in his hand amidst the cheers of spectators—and passing under a triumphal arch formed by the American and French flags, he entered on board of the steam-boat Chancellor Livingston, and was received by the Marines of the United States with military honours. The Band, on his arrival on board, struck up the popular French air of "Où peut-on être mieux," together with "See the conquering Hero comes," the "Marselles Hymn, and "Hail Columbia." Here he was presented to the Members of the Corporation, and several Naval and Military Officers, and many ladies. The steam-ship fired a salute, and the whole got under way for the city. A more noble and gallant sight was never seen; the Bellona and Olive Branch, fastened each side to the Cadmus, the ship which brought the General from France, the whole decorated with flags and filled with passengers, moved up the Bay—the Robert Fulton leading the way, followed by the Chancellor, the Oliver Ellsworth, the Nautilus and the Connecticut—the sea smooth and placid, and the air cool and agreeable."

The squadron of steam-boats, accompanied by the Cadmus, and hundreds of row-boats, started from Staten Island, about 1 o'clock. Long before this time, almost the entire population of this great city had assembled on the Battery, Castle Garden, on the adjacent wharves, and in Broadway, from the Battery to the City Hall. The trees on the Battery were filled with human beings, who suspended themselves on the branches, even at the risk of life, to obtain a view of the scene; the streets, windows, and roofs, from the Battery to the City Hall, were lined with spectators. The troops, in excellent array, formed lines extending the whole length of the Battery, the artillery in front.

On board the Chancellor, Gen. LA FAYETTE received the congratulations of many of his old companions in arms. We have already mentioned his meeting with Gen. VAN CORTLANDT. Among the other revolutionary officers, who were introduced, were Colonel MARINTS WILLETT, now in his 83th year, Gen. CLARKSON, Col. VARIK, Col. TREMBULL, and several other members of the Cincinnati. He embraced them all most affectionately, and sat down by the side of Col. Willett, the oldest in the number of his companions in arms, and held a most interesting conversation of by-gone times, of the perils, the hardships, and victories of the revolution. Col. Willett grew young again as he fought over battles, the battles of the revolution. Occasionally, in the passage up, the

steam-boats would run along side the Chancellor, and make the welkin ring again with their cheers. On passing Governor's Island, a national salute was fired, and another from the U. S. schr. Spark, as the squadron passed her at anchor in the stream.

The approach of the squadron to the Battery, and the landing of the General, in the splendour of the scene, and the deep and almost breathless interest of the immense multitude, beggared all description. All eyes were turned upon the squadron of steam-boats as it came gaily forward, brilliant and beautiful, and rich in appearance as the variegated colours of the kaleidoscope. The bay was sprinkled with boats. The Robert Fulton led the van, decorated with flags from the deck to the mast-heads, and her yards manned with sailors. As she came towards the landing place, she sheered off on the North River, followed by two or three of the other steam-boats, while the remainder directed their course on the East River side, the whole squadron opening to the right and left as the Chancellor approached the landing steps, and rounded too, the bands of music being all at play.

At this moment one general acclaim rang throughout the whole multitude. The long train of artillery on the Battery, and several of the Forts commenced firing as the General descended from the Chancellor into a barge commanded by Capt. Rodgers of the Navy. In a few moments he arrived at the steps, and passing under an arch decorated with flags, he marched forward upon a carpet spread for the occasion, supported on each side, through the avenue opened in the crowd by the La Fayette Guards, bowing to the admiring spectators, who kept up one general huzza from the moment he left the boat till he reached the room prepared for his reception, formerly occupied by the commander of the Castle.

We first caught a glimpse of the veteran as he passed into the Garden; his countenance beamed with joy and bespoke the feelings of his heart and all that was passing in his mind. His dress was plain and republican in the extreme—mankeen pantaloons, buff vest, and plain blue coat with covered buttons, and he wore the hat (which by the way we did not see upon his head the whole day) that was sent out to him by Mr. Hurley of this city, an honor conferred upon the manufacturer which he feelingly appreciates. On leaving the apartment he went into the centre of the fortification for a moment and gratified the anxious desire to see him of the great multitude which covered the rampart and filled the area below. He was then escorted to the Battery, where he reviewed the several regiments of artillery, and then took a seat in a barouche by the side of Gen. Morton, which was furnished by the Corporation and drawn by four horses, and was escorted up Broadway to the City Hall by the whole mass of the military.

During the whole of the day All tongues did speak of him, And the tear'd sights were spectactled to see him.

But in passing up Broadway, You would have thought the very windows spoke,

So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and bid him welcome.
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, bowed his thanks,
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

On arriving at the City Hall, he was conducted by the committee of the Corporation to the Common Council Chamber, (the Board having convened to receive him) and was presented to the Mayor, who immediately delivered in a very feeling and interesting manner, a congratulatory and excellent address, to which the General gave a short, modest, and admirable reply, with all the feeling which may be supposed to have agitated him at the moment. We heard the reciprocal addresses, but were too much interested in the scene to take notes, and have not yet been able to obtain copies.

The General was then introduced by the Mayor to each member of the Common Council, and took them all by the hand, after which Alderman Cowdrey offered a resolution that the Governor's Room, in the City Hall, should be at the General's service during his stay here, to receive the visits of his friends, and that the Board dispense with the ordinary business and immediately adjourn, which was unanimously adopted, and the board adjourned to meet at 4 o'clock on Wednesday next.

Gen. LA FAYETTE was then conducted by Gen. Morton to the steps in front of the Hall, where he received the marching salute of the whole corps of the military, and appeared much gratified with their appearance. He bowed to the officers as they passed, and could not suppress a smile at the appearance of several elderly men who passed in the procession without uniforms, bringing to his mind the recollection of continental soldiers.

After the review, he was conducted to the Portrait Room, where he received the congratulations of his old brethren in arms, the members of the Cincinnati Society, and of many of the citizens. At 5 o'clock, he again took his seat in the barouch, by the side of Gen. Morton, followed by the members of the Common Council in carriages, and was escorted by the cavalry, to the rooms prepared for him at the City Hotel. Broadway was full of citizens at the time the carriage drew up, and as he ascended the steps all hats were off, and three loud cheers were given by the multitude, upon which the General bowed the audience, bowed, and said—THANKS CITIZENS FOR YOUR AFFECTIONATE WELCOME. At 6 o'clock, he sat down in company with the corporation to a sumptuous repast, prepared by Mr. Jennings.

As soon as he could obtain release from the table, he went with a few friends to pay his respects to the widow of Gen. HAMILTON, at whose residence he spent the evening.

All the places of public resort, were last evening brilliantly illuminated, and much praise is due to Mr. Jennings for the interesting spectacle exhibited by lighting the whole front of the City Hotel. The front windows of the second story compare in numbers with the following letters which were exhibited in each, by variegated lamp, till 11 o'clock.

G. LA FAYETTE.

John Paul Jones.—The original letter, of which the following is a copy, was written by the celebrated Com. John Paul Jones, to the American General, the Marquis de La Fayette, then in France, a short time after the memorable engagement between the rough Head, on the night of the 23d of September, 1799. It was written by him, who, about the same time, was denounced, in the reclamation of Sir Josteph Yorke, the English Minister at the Hague, as a "pirate," and a "rebel."—*Nat. Intel.*

"On board of the Bon Homme Richard's prize, the ship of war Serapis, at the Texel, Oct. 28, 1799.

"A thousand thanks to my loved and noble friend for the very kind and affectionate letter he did me for the honour of writing to me from the Havre, and which greatly rewards me for the dangers which I have overcome. Words are wanting to express how much I esteem, how highly I value, and how much I wish to merit, the friendship and affection of the American General le Marquis de La Fayette.

"I am very much concerned and ashamed to understand that my 'numbers,' which you received from L'Orient, were so illy composed. It is a proof that their Ladyships, the Muses, however condescending they may be on the banks of the Heilicon, will not dispense their favours to the sons of Neptune, especially while they are

By bounding billows, and rude winds that blow,
Alternate toss'd in air, or sunk to sands below.

"In truth, my dear General, I am almost as sorry that you have not been able to understand my meaning, as if I had been addressing myself to—a fair lady. The enclosed key will, however, unlock the past difficulty, and enable you fully to see what I so much wish you to understand. I will send you, very soon, a little work which shall be better finished than that from L'Orient; and, in the mean time, a machine, to which the present key is adapted is forwarded through the hands of Doct. Bancroft, in case you should have spoiled or thrown away the one formerly sent.

"The late brutalities of the Britons, in America, fill me with horror and indignation. They forget that they are men; and I believe nothing will bring them to their senses but the most exemplary retaliation.

"Dandaïs is ordered to Paris, to answer for his past conduct.

"I wish to answer, very particularly, the three points which you have propounded:

"1st. I never meant to ask a reward for my services, either from France or America; consequently, the approbation of the Court and of the Congress, is all the gratification that I can wish for.

"2d. I yet intend to undertake whatever the utmost exertion of my abilities will reach, in support of the common cause, as far as the force that shall in future be entrusted to my direction may enable me to succeed. (I hope, however, my future force will be better composed than when I sailed from L'Orient.) I must sail from the Texel in the course of the next month, because ships cannot remain in this road. My destination or route from hence, I yet know not, but I need not tell you that I wish to see your face.

"3d. It is now in vain to say what might have been done two years ago, with the force you mention; but, I believe, if properly supported at sea, such a force might yet perform very essential service.—There is no guarding, you know, against storms, and one would wish either to avoid or to out-sail a superior sea force. As I believe you know my way of thinking upon such subjects, I shall offer you no argument. I know you want no prompter.

"I beg Capt. Ricot's pardon, for having said, in the extract of my Journal, that, in the engagement with the Serapis, he prevented my officers and men, now find that this did not happen till the pilot-boat had returned to the Vengeance, about the middle of the action, without having boarded the Bon Homme Richard, according to Captain Ricot's orders. I was a little vexed, too, that Captain Ricot did not come on board the Bon Homme Richard, the next day, to offer me his assistance, when I was in the greatest imaginable distress, and the signal was flying. But these are trifles. And I am much more obliged to him for not firing, than to Landais for killing my men and sinking my ship. Upon the whole, Captain Ricot has acted as became a sensible, prudent officer, and is a man with whom I wish to

be further connected. At Leith, he was destined to cover the descent, and I am fully convinced that he would have executed it with great honour to himself, had not the gale of wind, in the critical moment, rendered the design impracticable. I shall correct the error, in my letter to the Minister, and do his character justice. I have a very good opinion, also, of the abilities of Capt. Cottonneau, and I wish to be concerned with them in future with better ships.—But I must speak plainly my opinion, since you desire it. I do not think that the desire of glory was the uppermost sentiment in the breast of any Captain under my command at the time we left L'Orient.

"I shall ever be proud to merit the just title of, my dear Marquis, your very affectionate and faithful friend and servant. J. PAUL JONES."

I remember to have received such a letter.
February, 1825.

LA FAYETTE.

From an English paper.

On the visit of General La Fayette to America.

SEE Freedom's champion full of years,

The pride of the Freeman's story,

Again across the Atlantic steers,

To the land of his former glory!

The old World's night he leaves behind,

The morn of the New is before him—

And the ocean is calm, and the winds are kind,

And the heavens shine mildly o'er him.

And see! on the shores of Freedom's land,

A nation is fondly straying,

And asking each billow that breaks on its strand,

Why their "Guest" so long is delaying.

He comes! he lands! and thousand arms

Are stretched at once to enfold him;

And Liberty clasps him in all her charms,

Rejoicing again to behold him;

Sublime from her throne in the World of the West,

She extends the sceptre he gave her,

While the millions around her cry, "Hail!" to their

"Guest."

The Hero who conquered to save her.

Oh! who would not envy the god-like pride

And triumph his soul is feeling,

While the Sons of those Sires who fought by his

side

Their gratitude thus are revealing!

Those Sires now sleep in the arms of their fame,

Where soon he shall hasten to find them;

But their spirits still hear and approve the acclaim

Which he yet is enjoying behind them.

But who is he, with locks so white

Who comes, by so many surrounded!

'Tis the "Father" who first in America's right

The trumpet of liberty sounded!

With filial awe the crowds attend,

And weep while his tears are flowing;—

While he clings round the neck of his ancient friend,

And seems to his bosom growing.

Now LAFAYETTE! the hour is come,

The proudest that ever passed o'er thee,

When thou sharest of true glory a mightier sum

Than all who have gone before thee.

And glowing forever in Fame's bright sky,

Shall the triumph thou now art reaping,

Be the pole-star of hope to the Patriot's eye,

When thou art with WASHINGTON sleeping.

Dumfries, Feb. 24, 1825.

W. H.

The inhabitants of a village in Orange county have voted to call their place La Grange, a name dear to Americans, as the residence of the family of Gen. La Fayette.

Clinton's Address to La Fayette.—In our account of the reception of General La Fayette in Albany, last week, we omitted to mention that the Hon. Dewitt Clinton, in pursuance of a request from the New-York Literary and Philosophical Society, of which he is President, presented the General with a diploma of membership. In performing this duty, he addressed the General as follows:

Sir,—My veneration for your character, my regard for the Institution which I represent, and my sense of self-respect, will not permit me to offer to you any expression of sentiment, which is not actually cherished, and which is not derived from a just estimate of your merits.

Your first appearance before the world, under the impulse of chivalric sentiment, and under the guidance of enlightened judgement, in favor of an oppressed people, displayed an elevation of character, which has marked the great outlines of your future life.

You have been an important actor in the American Revolution, and in the subsequent struggles for freedom that have agitated the civilized world. And in all the vicissitudes of your eventful life—whether you were called upon to act or to suffer—in the cabinet or in the field—at the head of armies, or in the halls of legislation—in the palace or in the dungeon—you have evinced, uniformly evinced, inflexible integrity—a firm attachment to the cause of liberty and good government, of knowledge and benevolence, and an entire devotion to all that composes the happiness, and elevates the dignity of man. Of you it may be emphatically said,

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida.*

The example of your illustrious life will be felt not only in the present age, but in all succeeding times; and you will be looked up to as a great moral land-mark to guide mankind in the career of sublime benevolence and heroic virtue.

Under these impressions, and with these views of your character, I now act as the organ of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, and have great pleasure in presenting a diploma, constituting you an honorary member of that institution.

In replying to this forcible and elegant address of our distinguished fellow-citizen, says the Commercial Advertiser, Gen. La Fayette remarked, in substance, "that the honour conferred on him was rendered the more gratifying to his feelings by the reflection, that the evidence of it, was presented to him by the highly respected son and nephew of two of his departed brothers in arms, and warm and personal friends and companions."

* The man of firm integrity will not be shaken from his purpose, either by the clamors of the populace, or the threats of the tyrant.

LA-FAYETTE'S WELCOME.

The following lines, written by Mrs. Willard, principal of the Troy Female Seminary, were presented to General La Fayette on his visit to that institution, by two of the pupils, daughters of the Governors of Vermont and Michigan.

And art thou then dear Hero come?
And do our eyes behold the man,
Who nerved his arm and bared his breast
For us, ere yet our life began?
For us and for our native land,
Thy youthful valour dared the war;
And now, in winter of thine age,
Thou'rt come and left thy lov'd ones far.

Then deep and dear thy welcome be;
Nor think thy daughters far from thee:
Columbia's daughters, lo! we bend,
And claim to call thee Father, Friend!

But was't our country's rights alone
Impell'd Fayette to Freedom's van?
No! 'twas the love of human kind—
It was the sacred cause of man—
It was benevolence sublime,
Like that which sways the eternal mind!
And, benefactor of the world,
He shed his blood for all mankind!
Then deep and dear thy welcome be:
Nor think thy daughters far from thee!
Daughters of human kind, we bend,
And claim to call thee Father, Friend!

These lines were afterwards, by particular request, sung with great sweetness and pathos, by Miss Eliza Smith, of Worcester, Mass. in the choruses of which the young ladies generally joined, and the whole was executed with much effect. The General was much affected, and at the close of the singing, with eyes suffused in tears, he said—"I cannot express what I feel on this occasion; but will you, Madam, present me with three copies of those lines, to be given by me, as from you, to my three daughters."—It is wholly unnecessary to add that the request was complied with.

DUELLING.

The subjoined anecdote of La Fayette, contained in a letter from New-Orleans, adds another to his many claims to our esteem and veneration. It is to be lamented, that all men, who possess influence, do not employ it as beneficially as the General has done, in the present case. If they did, the number of duels would be much diminished.—*Columbian Star.*

"If any thing can serve to bind us more closely to La Fayette, than what has already transpired during his eventful life, it will be the recollection of an act of disinterested kindness which his visit to this place has afforded. I will relate it. A time was appointed for all the military officers in the city to call upon the General. They assembled at the Exchange, and started from thence to the General's quarters; but unhappily, in consequence of some misunderstanding upon certain points of military etiquette, the officers of the Legion moved off without the remaining Brigade officers; this led to reproaches, insults, and challenges. La Fayette heard of it, and with truly paternal concern for his 'children,' immediately summoned all the officers of the Brigade to his quarters (yesterday) and there, after having addressed them very affectionately for half an hour made them all embrace each other, renounce all animosity, and seal their declarations in a glass of wine. This is an act of magnanimity, which ought to be recorded in letters of gold; but to those who witnessed it, it is stamped upon their minds indelibly. Three duels have thus been arrested: at 4 o'clock yesterday one was to have been fought, and it was only at half past three that the disputants were compelled to lay down their swords."

Departure of La Fayette.—Our readers will find below a very interesting account of the leave-taking, between the beloved Nation's Guest, and the President of the United States, in the name and on behalf of the people of this country. The language of both parties, on this affecting occasion, is eloquent in the highest degree, for it is the language of the heart. We have seen nothing from Mr. Adams that does more honour to his taste and feeling, or from General La Fayette, happy as he always is in his replies on any similar occasion.

DEPARTURE OF GEN. LA FAYETTE.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.
On Wednesday, long before noon, the bustle of military preparations was heard in our streets, in which the stores were, for the most part, closed, & all the usual business was suspended, to enable our citizens to join in the farewell ceremonies to General La Fayette. About 11 o'clock the Corporations of the District repaired to the President's house; and soon afterwards, the President, attended by the Secretaries of State, the Treasury, and Navy, (the Secretary of War being absent from the city,) the Postmaster General, and principal officers of the government, accompanied General La Fayette into the large entrance hall where a number of citizens were in waiting to take leave of the venerable Guest of the Nation. In the midst of the circle the General took his stand, when the President addressed him in the following terms:—

ADDRESS

Of the President of the United States to General La Fayette, on taking leave of him at his departure on the 7th September.

GENERAL LA FAYETTE: It has been the good fortune of many of my distinguished fellow citizens, during the course of the year now elapsed, upon your arrival at their respective places of abode, to greet you with the welcome of the Nation. The less pleasing task now devolves upon me, of bidding you, in the name of the nation, adieu.

It were no longer seasonable, and would be superfluous, to recapitulate the remarkable incidents of your early life—incidents which associated your name, fortunes, and reputation, in imperishable connection with the independence and history of the North American Union.

The part which you performed at that important juncture, was marked with characters so peculiar, that, realizing the fairest fable of antiquity, its parallel could scarcely be found in the authentic records of human history.

You deliberately and perseveringly preferred toil, danger, the endurance of every hardship, and the privation of every comfort, in defence of a holy cause, to inglorious ease, and the allurements of rank, affluence and unrestrained youth, at the most splendid and fascinating court of Europe.

That this choice was not less wise than magnanimous, the sanction of half a century, and the gratulations of unnumbered voices, all unable to express the gratitude of the heart with which your visit to this hemisphere has been welcomed, afford ample demonstration.

When the contest of freedom, to which you had repaired as a voluntary champion, had closed, by the complete triumph of her cause in this country of your adoption, you returned to fulfil the duties of the philanthropist and patriot in the land of your nativity. There, in a consistent and undeviating career of forty years, you have maintained, through every vicissitude of alternate success and disappointment, the same glorious cause, to which the first years of your active life had been devoted, the improvement of the moral and political condition of man.

Throughout that long succession of time, the people of the United States, for whom, and with whom, you had fought the battles of liberty, have been living in the full possession of its fruits; one of the happiest among the family of nations.—Spreading in population; enlarging in territory; acting and suffering according to the condition of their nature; and laying the foundations of the greatest, and we humbly hope, the most beneficent power that ever regulated the concerns of man upon earth.

In that lapse of forty years, the generation of men with whom you co-operated in the conflict of arms has nearly passed away. Of the general officers of the American army in that war, you alone survive. Of the sages who guided our councils; of the warriors who met the foe in the field or upon the wave, with the exception of a few, to whom unusual length of days has been allotted by heaven, all now sleep with their fathers. A succeeding and even a third generation, have arisen to take their places; and their children's children, while rising up to call them blessed,

have been taught by them, as well as admonished by their own constant enjoyment of freedom, to include in every benison upon their fathers, the name of him who came from afar, with them and in the cause, to conquer or to fall.

The universal prevalence of these sentiments was signally manifested by a resolution of Congress, representing the whole people, and all the states of this Union, requesting the President of the United States to communicate to you the assurances of grateful and affectionate attachment of this government and people, and desiring that a national ship might be employed, at your convenience, for your passage to the borders of our country.

The invitation was transmitted to you by my venerable predecessor; himself bound to you by the strongest ties of personal friendship; himself one of those whom the highest honors of his country had rewarded for blood early shed in her cause, and for a long life of devotion to her welfare. By him the service of a national ship was placed at your disposal. Your delicacy preferred a more private conveyance, and a full year has elapsed since you landed upon our shores.— It was scarcely an exaggeration to say, that it has been, to the people of the Union, a year of uninterrupted festivity and enjoyment, inspired by your presence. You have traversed the twenty-four States of this great Confederacy: You have been received with rapture by the survivors of your earliest companions in arms; you have been hailed as a long absent parent by their children, the men and women of the present age.— And a rising generation, the hope of future time, in numbers surpassing the whole population of that day when you fought at the head and by the side of their forefathers, have vied with the scanty remnants of that hour of trial, in exclamations of joy at beholding the face of him whom they feel to be the common benefactor of all: You have heard the mingled voices of the past, the present, and the future age, joining in one universal chorus of delight at your approach; and the shouts of unbidden thousands, which greeted your landing on the soil of freedom, have followed every step of your way, and still resound like the rushing of many waters, from every corner of our land.

You are now about to return to the country of your birth, of your ancestors, of your posterity. The Executive Government of the Union, stimulated by the same feeling which had prompted the Congress to the designation of a national ship for your accommodation in coming hither, has destined the first service of a frigate recently launched at this metropolis, to the less welcome, but equally distinguished trust, of conveying you home. The name of the ship has added one more memorial to distant regions and to future ages, of a stream already memorable, at once in the story of your sufferings and of our independence.

The ship is now prepared for your reception and equipped for sea. From the moment of her departure, the prayers of millions will ascend to Heaven that her passage may be prosperous, and your return to the bosom of your family as propitious to your happiness, as your visit to this scene of your youthful glory has been to that of the American people.

Go, then, our beloved friend—return to the land of brilliant genius, of generous sentiment of heroic valour; to that beautiful France, the nursing mother of the twelfth Louis, and the fourth Henry, to the native soil of Bayard and Coligny, of Turenne and Catinat, of Fenelon & D'Aguesseau. In that illustrious catalogue of names which she claims as her children, and with honest pride holds up to the admiration of other nations, the name of LA FAYETTE has already for centuries been enrolled. And it shall henceforth burnish into brighter fame; for if, in after days, a Frenchman shall be called to vindicate the character of his nation by that of one individual, du-patriotism shall mantle in his cheek, the fire of conscious virtue shall sparkle in his eye, and he shall pronounce the name of LA FAYETTE. Yet we too, and our children, in life and after death, shall claim you for our own. You are ours by that more than patriotic self-devotion with which you flew to the aid of our fathers at the crisis of

their fate. Ours by that long series of years in which you have cherished us in your regard.— Ours by that unshaken sentiment of gratitude for your services which is a precious portion of our inheritance. Ours by that tie of love, stronger than death, which has linked your name, for the endless ages of time, with the name of Washington.

At the painful moment of parting from you, we take comfort in the thought, that wherever you may be, to the last pulsation of your heart, our country will be ever present to your affections; and a cheering consolation assures us, that we are not called to sorrow most of all, that we shall see your face no more. We shall indulge the pleasing anticipation of beholding our friend again. In the mean time, speaking in the name of the whole people of the United States, and at a loss only for language to give utterance to that feeling of attachment with which the heart of the nation beats, as the heart of one man—I bid you a reluctant and affectionate farewell.

To which Gen. La Fayette made the following answer:

Amidst all my obligations to the general government, and particularly to you, Sir, its respectable chief magistrate, I have most thankfully to acknowledge the opportunity given me at this solemn and painful moment, to present the people of the United States with a parting tribute of profound, inexpressible gratitude.

To have been, in the infant and critical days of these States, adopted by them as a favorite Son, to have participated in the toils and perils of our unspotted struggle for independence, freedom, and equal rights, and in the foundation of the American Era of a new social order, which has already pervaded this, and must, for the dignity and happiness of mankind, successively pervade every part of the other hemisphere, to have received at every stage of the revolution, and during forty years after that period, from the people of the United States, and their representatives at home and abroad, continual marks of their confidence and kindness, has been the pride, the encouragement, the support of a long and eventful life.

But how could I find words to acknowledge that series of welcomes, those unbounded and universal displays of public affection, which have marked each step, each hour, of a twelve month's progress through the twenty-four States, and which, while they overwhelm my heart with grateful delight, have most satisfactorily evinced the concurrence of the people in the kind testimonies, in the immense favours bestowed on me by the several branches of their representatives in every part, and at the central seat of the confederacy.

Yet, gratifications still higher awaited me; in the wonders of creation and improvement that have met my enchanted eye, in the unparalleled and self-felt happiness of the people, in their rapid prosperity and insured security, public and private, in a practice of good order, the appendage of true freedom, and a national good sense, the final arbiter of all difficulties, I have had proudly to recognise a result of the republican principles for which we have fought, and a glorious demonstration to the most timid and prejudiced minds, of the superiority, over degrading aristocracy or despotism, of popular institutions founded on the plain rights of man, and where the local rights of every section are preserved under a constitutional bond of union. The cherishing of that union between the States, as it has been the farewell treaty of our great paternal Washington, and will ever have the dying prayer of every American Patriot, so it has become the sacred pledge of the emancipation of the world, an object in which I am happy to observe that the American people, while they give the animating example of successful free institutions, in return for an evil entailed upon them by Europe, and of which a liberal and enlightened sense is every where more and more generally felt, show themselves every day more anxiously interested.

And now, sir, how can I do justice to my deep and lively feelings, for the assurances most peculiarly valued of your esteem and friendship, for your so very kind references to old times, to my beloved associates, to the vicissitudes of my life, by the several generations of the American people on the remaining days of a delighted veteran, for your affectionate remarks on this sad hour of

separation, on the country of my birth, full, I can say, of American sympathies, on the hope so necessary to me of my seeing again the country that has dignified near half a century ago to call me hers? I shall content myself, refraining from superfluous repetitions, at once before you, sir, and this respected circle, to proclaim my cordial confirmation of every one of the sentiments which I have had daily opportunities publicly to utter from the time when your venerable predecessor, my old brother in arms and friend, transmitted to me the honourable invitation of Congress, to this day when you, my dear sir, whose friendly connexion with me dates from your earliest youth, are going to consign me to the protection, across the Atlantic, of the heroic national flag on board the splendid ship, the name of which has been not the least flattering and kind among the numberless favours conferred upon me.

God bless you, sir, and you all who surround us. God bless the American people, each of their States, and the Federal Government. Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart; such will be its last throbbing when it ceases to beat."

As the last sentence was pronounced, the general advanced, and, while the tears poured over his venerable cheek, again took the President in his arms—he retired a few paces, but, overcome by his feelings, again returned, and, uttering, in broken accents, "God bless you!" fell once more on the neck of Mr. Adams. It was a scene at once solemn and moving; as the sighs and stealing tears of many who witnessed it bore testimony. Having recovered his self-possession, the General stretched out his hands, and was in a moment surrounded by the greetings of the whole assembly, who pressed upon him, each eager to seize, perhaps for the last time, that beloved hand which was opened so freely for our aid, when aid was so precious, and which grasped, with firm and undeviating hold, the steel which so bravely helped to achieve our deliverance. The expression which now beamed from the face of this exalted man, was of the finest and most touching kind. The hero was lost in the father and the friend: dignity melted into subdued affection, and the friend of Washington seemed to linger with a mournful delight among the sons of his adopted country. A considerable period was then occupied in conversing with various individuals, while refreshments were presented to the company.—

The moment of departure at length arrived, and having once more pressed the hand of Mr. Adams, he entered the Barouche, accompanied by the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury and of the Navy.

The carriage of the General, preceded by the Cavalry, the Marine Corps and Capt. Edward's Rifle Corps, and followed by the carriages containing the Corporate authorities of the cities of the District, and numerous military and high civil officers of the Government, moved forward, followed by the remaining Military Companies. In taking up the escort, the whole column moved through the court in front of the President's Mansion, and paid him the passing salute, as he stood in front to receive it. The whole scene—the peals of artillery, the animating sounds of numerous military bands, the presence of the vast concourse of people, and the occasion that assembled them, altogether produced emotions not easily described, but which every American will readily conceive.

On reaching the bank of the Potomac, near where the Mount Vernon steam vessel was in waiting, all the carriages in the procession, except the General's wheeled off, and the citizens in them assembled on foot around that of the General. The whole military body then passed him in review, as he stood in the barouche of the President, attended by the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, and of the Navy. After the review, the General proceeded to the steam vessel, under a salute of artillery, surrounded by as many citizens, all eager to catch the last look, as could press on the large wharf; and at four o'clock, this great, and good, and extraordinary man, trod, for the last time, the soil of America, followed by the blessings of every patriotic heart that lives on it.

As the vessel moved off, and for a short time after, the deepest silence was observed by the whole of the vast multitude that lined the shore. The feeling that pervaded them was that of children bidding a final farewell to a venerated parent.

The whole remained gazing after the retiring vessel, until she had passed Greenleaf's Point, where another salute repeated the valedictory sounds of respect, and these again were not long after echoed by the heavy guns of Fort Washington, and reminded us of the rapidity with which this benefactor and friend of our country was borne from it.

The General was accompanied to the Brandywine by the Secretary of the Navy, the Mayors of the three cities of the District, the Commander in Chief of the Army, the Generals of the Militia of the District., Com. Bainbridge, Mr. Custis of Arlington, and several other gentlemen.

Two hours before the departure of the Nation's Guest, he left the President's house, in company with Gen. Brown, to make a visit to the gallant Commodore Stewart, who has been confined to his room ever since the conclusion of the trial by severe indisposition, owing, in part, we presume, to the great excitement he has laboured under.—The interview was highly interesting. The General congratulated the Commodore on his honourable acquittal, and observed that every officer dear to the nation was dear to him; and, although he had but a few moments to spare, he did not know how a part of them could be better employed than in testifying his regard for worth and virtue.

Thus terminated a scene deeply interesting to all who witnessed it; and in which feelings honourable alike to the American nation and its late Guest. Thus ended a day which memory and history will cherish, and which will be reverted to with feelings of pride and rapture by our descendants, when those who were the actors in it shall have passed from the theatre of human existence.

Mr. Somerville, our Charge d'Affaires to the Court of Stockholm, left Washington in the steam boat that departed on Wednesday for the Brandywine, in which ship he will proceed to Europe, on his way to Sweden.

By General Lafayette.—The National Flag of the United States—ever the pledge of glory—on this day the rendezvous of friendship.

FROM THE PHILA. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

To the new Frigate Brandywine, ON HER RECEIVING LA FAYETTE, TO CONVEY HIM TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

BY SELLECK OSBORN, ESQ.

Now bear thee bravely, gallant sail,
And trim thy maiden canvass cheerly;
A nation's blessing is thy gale,
To waft the guest below'd so dearly;
Ride thou before it safely, proudly,
Though equinoctials bellow loudly;
His blood made consecrate thy name;
Then safely bear him ship of fame!

Amidst the season when the storm
Its wildest fury vents, unsparring,
Brave spirits guide thy untried form,
The boisterous danger nobly daring.
If prayers are buoyant, spurn the seas,
For millions murmur in the breeze,
With heaven pleading, to sustain
Freedom's Apostle o'er the main.

Should Europe's cloudy brow display
Some angry flashes from the "Alliance,"
Unswerving, steady by the way,
While waves thy flag in cool defiance.
If from her moral desert springs
The siroc-breath of angry kings,
The gales of freedom to the last,
Shall hush the pestilential blast.

Then bear thee bravely, gallant sail,
And spread thy virgin canvass gaily;
A grateful nation breathes thy gale,
Her benedictions raising daily.
And when the melting hero bends
With joy o'er home and kindred friends,
Return—we'll gladly hail thy name—
Welcome thou chosen ship of fame!

—•••••

HON. JOHN W. DULBERT'S ADDRESS.
GENERAL.—The people of this village, and of the surrounding country, most respectfully and affectionately welcome you among them. They rejoice in this opportunity afforded them, of testifying to you, personally, their admiration of your character, and their gratitude for the great and inestimable services, which you have rendered to their country.

Few of us have ever had the happiness, until this day, to behold your face.—But where is the American, who would not blush to own his ignorance of the mighty things you have done for this nation?

We know that in the dark and perilous day of our revolutionary struggle, when the world looked upon our cause as desperate, when tyrants were rejoicing, and the lovers of freedom were weeping, at our expected downfall—yes, at that hour, when even Hope scarcely dared to linger among us, a light suddenly broke through the gloom—You, general, was that light! Like the angel of deliverance, you came to our assistance.

We know that you came not to seek for wealth, ease, or safety. No, you left them all in your native land, and hastened to a foreign country, to a land of strangers, where you exhausted your wealth, and poured out your blood, in the cause of an oppressed people struggling for liberty.

You raised, in this country, numerous troops, fed and clothed them upon your bounty, and led them yourself into the hottest battle. And, finally, your noble and enthusiastick spirit roused a nation in our defence.

When the object of your heart was accomplished, when you saw our liberty and independence firmly established, you most generously refused all pecuniary compensation. You asked for no reward.—But surely you have received a rich reward in your own consciousness of the good you have done, in beholding the flourishing and happy condition of the country you defended, in the warm and universal gratitude of its people, and in the admiration and applause of all the truly good and virtuous throughout the world.

We regret that in your progress through this country you should have had any other than an unmingled emotion of pleasure. But we know that you must have had some reflections, which could not fail to give pain to a heart like yours.—Where, now, are those brave and generous men who were engaged with you in the mighty contest? Where are those who fought by your side in fields of immortal fame? You have found them few in number; yes, you have found them like lonely and shattered trees in the desolate path of the whirlwind.

You behold a small group of revolutionary soldiers. Providence has sustained them for this glorious day. Their locks are whitened with the frosts of age; the furrows of time are mixed with the scars of battle; yet their eyes are glistening with joy at sight of you.

But where is your beloved WASHINGTON?—Alas, the grave has closed over his body; but never, never, shall it close over his or your renown. You have visited Mount Vernon; you have been near his cold remains—No, cold we will not say, for we will believe, that when LA FAYETTE was kneeling at the tomb of WASHINGTON, his immortal spirit was there, and "even in his ashes lived their wonted fires."

We have noticed with pride and with pleasure the course you have pursued since you was last among us. Neither the frowns of kings, the horrors of a dungeon, nor threatened death have ever paralyzed your exertions in the great and sacred cause of the rights of man.

Be assured that we shall never forget the satisfaction, which your presence has this day afforded us. Occasions like this will be rare on earth;—they will be "like angels' visits, few, and far between."

We offer you, General, our best wishes, and our fervent prayers, that after you shall return to the land of your nativity, you may enjoy many years of health and happiness, and that the termination of your bright career on earth may be the commencement of one still brighter, more glorious, and more happy, in that world where virtue like yours will meet, we trust, a blessed and everlasting reward.

REV. DIRCK C. LANSING'S ADDRESS.
MY DEAR GENERAL.—Great men are the instruments, by which the Supreme Ruler of the Universe accomplishes the designs of his benevolence. Would he exhibit, as a subject of admiration to the civilized population of our world, the happiness of which his creatures are capable, under the most perfect form of human governments, where the social, civil, political, and religious rights of the people, are the result of voluntary combination, he raises up, a nation of free-men, who make their own laws, create and change their own rulers, and retain in their own hands the sovereign power. Such a nation is ours. In those events which gave birth to these free and independent United States, we are furnished with peculiar displays of the resources of divine wisdom, and the energy of divine power.—We discover, most signally, the hand of the great Arbiter of nations, in raising up in one quarter of the globe, a WASHINGTON, and in another, a LA FAYETTE, to become the champions of liberty, and the defenders of the rights of man.

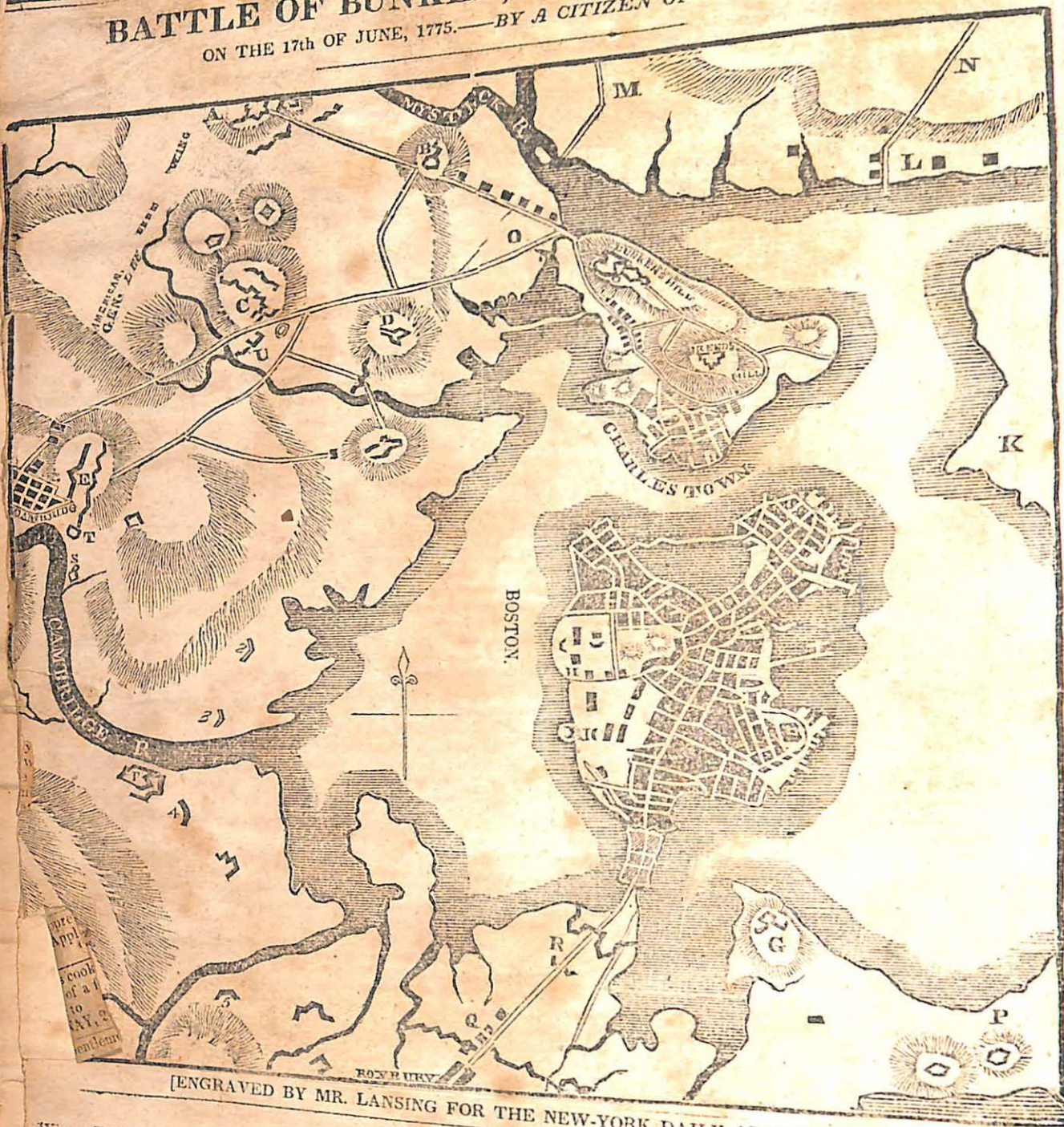
In the departed heroes of our revolution, and in yourself, a most distinguished survivor of them, we recognize, under God, the authors of our free and happy institutions. You adopted our infant country as the object of your patriotick care, and consecrated to it, your talents, your fortune, and your life. After a long absence, you have returned to behold the fruits of your early toil, and may I not be permitted to add, to delight yourself in their abundance. The boldest spirit of prophecy, would scarcely have ventured to predict, what your eyes have seen, and your ears have heard.—

"The wilderness has been converted into a fruitful field, and the solitary has become as the garden of the Lord." The patriot can desire no higher reward, than the pleasure to be derived from contemplating, as the result of his efforts, more than ten millions of freemen, the admiration, and the fear of imperial courts the world over. The happiness to be received, from looking at an object, so interesting & commanding, is yours. Your hands have contributed, in no small measure, towards erecting this fair fabric of freedom. The sons and daughters of your coadjutors, in the scenes of the revolution, greet you as their benefactor, and would be delighted to impart to you, any portion of the country you gave them, as a peaceful home for the evening of your days. "He who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," your companion in arms, the immortal WASHINGTON, the statesman, the hero, and the Christian, has for years been gathered to the tombs of his fathers. You have knelt in the place, and have wept over the ashes of the illustrious dead. The hearts of his liberated children have dictated his epitaph. 'Tis the proudest and richest that can perpetuate the memory of man—"Here lies the Father of his country." When LA FAYETTE shall resign his breath to that mighty Being, who raised him up for noble deeds, the children of this father will write upon his tomb-stone, "Here lies the friend of Washington."

On the behalf of the fraternity of free & accepted Masons, as their organ, you will accept, dear sir, the assurance of our high respect, & of our grateful recollection of the distinguished blessings which we enjoy, as the fruits of the toils of your patriotism, and the sacrifices of your benevolence. May you at last find a home in the upper Temple of the Eternal, and may the blessedness of our heavenly Father's house be yours, as the purchase of the blood of our glorious Redeemer.

BATTLE OF BUNKER, OR BREED'S HILL,

ON THE 17th OF JUNE, 1775.—BY A CITIZEN OF BOSTON.



[ENGRAVED BY MR. LANSING FOR THE NEW-YORK DAILY ADVERTISER.]

- Winter Hill Fort.
- Plowed Hill.
- Prospect Hill Fort, Redoubt & Outworks,
- Cobble Hill.
- Butler's Hill.
- Brookline Fort.

- G. Nook's Hill.
- H. Powder House.
- I. Fox Hill Island.
- K. Noddle's Island.
- L. Winnismit.
- M. Road to Malden.
- N. Road to Salem and Marblehead.

REFERENCES.

- O. Charlestown Common.
- P. Dorchester Heights.
- Q. Roxbury lines, lines Georgetown, and Boston Neck.
- R. Advanced lines.
- S. Fort No. 1.
- T. Fort No. 2.
- U. Fort No. 3.
- 1. Redoubt.
- 2. 3 Gun Battery.
- 3. 3 Gun Battery.
- 4. 4 Gun Battery.
- 5. 3 Gun Battery.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE.
The battle in Charlestown, Massachusetts, which was fought between the British & Americans, on the 17th June, 1775, was an event of great interest and importance. It was the first real trial of strength and courage between the troops of the parent country and of the provinces. The affair at Lexington and Concord, on the 19th of April, preceding, could hardly be called a battle.

The battle of Breed's Hill was a rash affair on the part of the Americans. It was so considered, at the time, by many judicious men in the Provincial Congress and Committee of Safety, though the majority of the latter, did finally sanction the enterprise. Even Warren, ardent and resolute as he was, considered it a desperate undertaking. No reasonable man could have supposed that the Americans would maintain their position so near Boston, where the British had 10,000 regular troops, and when they had command of the waters of Charles river by their ships of war. Had the latter been as successful as they had reason to calculate, they would, with the troops a they landed at Charlestown, have driven the Americans b from their works (which afforded but a partial shelter, almost destitute as they were of cannon as well as of powder,) and pursued them to Cambridge, where General Ward was stationed with the main body of the provincial troops; who would probably have been routed by such a powerful force.

The plan of taking possession of the heights of Charlestown was adopted, in consequence of intelligence that the British General intended to occupy that position, and also the high land on Dorchester Neck, or the south of Boston, in order to extend his situation, and to take advantage of possessing these commanding places, to attack the provincials at Cambridge or Roxbury, whenever he might think it proper c. It was not until the 15th of June, that the Americans determined to occupy the former spot. Why more time was not allowed for preparation is not known. It is probable there was an apprehension that the British intended to take immediate possession. d.

The detachments ordered upon this most hazardous enterprise consisted of about 1000 men, under the particular and immediate command of Col. William Prescott of Pepperell in the county of Middlesex. Far the greater part of the detachment belonged to Massachusetts, and chiefly to that county, and included a part of Colonel Ebenezer Bridge's and a part of Frye's regiments, with about 120 from General Israel Putnam's regiment (from Connecticut,) with Captain Knowlton as their chief officer f. Putnam accompanied this detachment, and, according to the testimony of several respectable witnesses who were in the expedition, had the superintendance of it; or gave direction and advice, which, even if he attended as a volunteer, must have had much influence. That he had the official and authorized command, may be difficult to prove by direct evidence.—The orderly-book of General Ward is silent on the subject. Putnam was a very active as well as brave officer, and had seen much military service in a former war between France and England. Colonel Gridley was also with the detachment, and acted as engineer.

This detachment of provincial troops proceeded to the peninsula of Charlestown late in the evening of the 16th of June. They paused on Bunker Hill; but after some consultation they concluded to advance to Breed's Hill, which lies near to Boston by about 120 rods, as is about the same distance from the banks of Charles River. g. It was nearly midnight when they began to throw up a redoubt (as had been previously ordered by a Council of War at Cambridge,) for a partial defence against the British, who they could not but believe would soon attack them. As a fortress, of which they were to retain permanent possession, they could not have proposed it; for, without more cannon and a greater supply of ammunition, they must have known that they could not long hold out against the superior and formidable force of the British in Boston. Such was the opinion even of the sanguine and heroic Putnam, expressly given by him to General Warren, when he came on the field, just before the enemy first advanced to the attack. In the course of the night, when the works were in forwardness and the men industriously engaged in completing them, General Putnam returned to his quarters in Cambridge. But

early in the morning, on hearing the cannonade of the British, which began soon after the dawn of day, from their fort at the northern part of Boston, and their ships of war in Charles River, he repaired again with great alacrity to Charlestown. During the night, Col. Prescott, attended by Major Brooks, proceeded to the margin of the river, to ascertain whether the British were alarmed and were preparing to attack them; but all appeared quiet. At an early hour of the morning, Prescott sent to General Ward for reinforcements. His men were fatigued, and the works were not finished. No answer and no supplies were received. At nine o'clock, Major Brooks, as a confidential officer, was despatched to head-quarters, with an urgent request for more supplies and men. But on this message, requiring the greatest despatch, he was obliged to travel on foot. No horse was to be procured. It was nearly ten when he arrived at Cambridge. A consultation was immediately had between Gen. Ward and others, as to the propriety of sending more troops from the main body at that place. It was believed the British would avail of the circumstance of a great portion of the provincials being at Charlestown, to make an attack on Cambridge, by passing directly over the bay from the western part of Boston, disperse the men retained there, and destroy the scanty stores collected; which would prove a disaster that it would be almost impossible to repair. It was considered necessary, therefore, to retain a large force at Cambridge, notwithstanding the perilous situation and urgent request of Putnam and Prescott in the easterly part of Cambridge, near Inman's farm, so called, were very desirous of marching to Charlestown; but General Ward believed their service would be more important in checking the British, should they come out from Boston and make an attack upon head-quarters. At a later hour, however, they were permitted to proceed to Charlestown, for the support of their fellow citizens there engaged. These were commanded by captains Chester, Coit, and Clark, and reached the rail fence, where Knowlton was stationed, just as the engagement began.

At an early hour in the forenoon, Gardner's regiment was ordered to proceed down the Charlestown road, near the foot of Prospect Hill, and there to remain till further orders should be given them. In this situation they remained until after one o'clock; when, seeing the enemy's boats pass over to Charlestown, the Colonel consulted with his officers and it was agreed to march immediately to the heights of Charlestown.

In the meantime, it had been concluded by General Ward to send to Medford for some New-Hampshire militia, under Colonels Stark and Reed, who were ordered to Bunker Hill, for a support to the men already there. It was between ten and eleven o'clock when the messenger was despatched from Cambridge with these orders. The brave New-Hampshire men soon prepared to obey. But it was about one o'clock when they left Medford; and must, therefore, have been two o'clock, or later, when they reached Bunker Hill. They were in search, however, to repair to the lines on the left side of the redoubt, at the breastwork and rail fence, where the Connecticut troops, under Captain Knowlton, were, by the special direction of General Putnam, already stationed, when the attack was first made by the enemy.

Putnam, who rode to Bunker Hill, and even to the Neck, or still farther, to hasten on the reinforcements, which were requested and expected as soon as the British landed at Mornings Point, met the New-Hampshire troops, and entreated their immediate presence at the lines; with which they as readily complied. He also probably directed or advised the positions most suitable for them to take. Parts of Little's regiment, sent on from Cambridge, and of Gardner's, already mentioned, arrived on Bunker Hill just before or about this time, and were directed chiefly to the rail fence, but some to the redoubt. At this time also it was a few moments earlier (for it was just before the British made the first attack), that Judge Winthrop saw Putnam and Warren conversing together a little in the rear of the eastern part of the breastwork, on the left of the fort. A soldier in Knowlton's company also states, "that, just as the battle began, he saw

General Putnam earnestly engaged in rallying some men, who were retreating towards Bunker Hill; and that, after he had drove back as many as he could, he rode towards the redoubt."

In the course of the forenoon, notwithstanding the heavy fire of the British from their ships of war, and their fort in Boston, a redoubt was thrown up by the Americans of about eight rods square, and a breastwork, on the left of it, extending down the eastern declivity of the hill, about seventy feet. East of this breastwork, and a little northerly in the rear of it, was the rail fence, at which the few Connecticut men were first placed, and afterwards the New-Hampshire troops and two more companies of the Connecticut forces, as well as some belonging to Massachusetts, who came on about the same time. The rail fence stretched almost to Mystick River; and an effort was made by the Connecticut troops, under Knowlton, to render it something like a protection, by adding another fence in the vicinity, and throwing up some grass recently mown against it.

Colonel Prescott commanded in and at the redoubt, which had just been finished under his inspection. He seems to have had the sole command of this important post, while Putnam was urging on the recruits and inspecting the troops in other parts of the peninsula.

Not only was the detachment, under Captain Knowlton, ordered to the rail fence on the left, but most of the fresh troops which came on to the field, as reinforcements, were directed to take the same position. The redoubt was sufficiently furnished with men to act with effect, though deficient in cannon, ammunition, and bayonets, to enable them to repel the British, who were superior both in numbers and equipments. A part of Little's regiment seems to have been the only troops ordered to the redoubt, in addition to those stationed there at an earlier hour.

On the left, at the breastwork and rail fence, a large force became indispensable. The movements of the British, soon after they formed for the attack, fully indicated their purpose to march a large detachment near the margin of Mystick River, at a considerable distance northeast of the redoubt, and then to make an attack in the rear of it. A great portion of their troops were so disposed of as soon to render this plan most evident; while another party of them prepared to advance directly in front of the redoubt. Prescott was in full preparation to receive them at the fort; and all the attention and activity of Putnam were put in requisition to meet them on the left, and to prevent their advancing in that direction. Accordingly we find, from all the testimony given at the time and subsequently, that General Putnam was making every possible effort to forward fresh troops to that quarter. For this purpose, soon after the British landed, he rode to the Neck and beyond, and urged the scattered companies and parts of regiments, which he found, to proceed with the greatest despatch to the rail fence and to the breastwork on the left of the fort.

The British were some time in determining upon the particular mode of attack, and in forming after they had decided; it was between two and three o'clock when they first advanced to the bloody contest. This was done in two separate bodies: one directed towards the redoubt on Breed's Hill, and the other towards the rail fence on the left and near Mystick river. The British began the fire upon the provincials when at a considerable distance, and without much effect. But the latter reserved their fire, by the express orders of Putnam and Prescott, no doubt by previous agreement, until the enemy had approached within about eight rods; when they poured forth a most destructive volley of small arms, and continued it for some minutes (as rank after rank of the British succeeded), by which a great number of the assailants were cut to pieces, while comparatively few of the Americans received any injury. The British troops were soon thrown into confusion, and retreated to the margin of the river, where they first landed.

The British officers soon rallied their men, and formed anew for a second attack; during which General Putnam rode to the Neck to press on such of the militia as might have advanced thus far, and some of whom were reluctant to march nearer to the place of slaughter. The incessant firing of a sloop of war and of several floating batteries in Charles river, rendered it extremely dangerous to pass on to the peninsula. Putnam rode over the Neck re-

peatedly, to show that himself was without fear, and that it was possible to pass unhurt.

The British soon advanced a second time as before; a portion towards the redoubt, and others to the breast-work and rail fence on the east. The Americans were prepared to receive them with equal resolution as at the first assault; and orders were again given by Putnam, Prescott, and other officers, to withhold their fire until the enemy should approach even nearer than before. The enemy were again repulsed with great slaughter. They soon shrunk from the tremendous fire of the provincials; and a second time retreated to the banks of the river. The British soldiers were discouraged, and were not led on again to the attack, but by repeated orders and threats, and until a reinforcement arrived from Boston. The Americans, on the contrary, were elated by their repeated success; though the officers must have perceived the difficulty of long maintaining their position, unless they could receive a new supply of ammunition and large reinforcements of men.

The third attack was not made by the British without considerable delay. They sent to Boston for more troops; which were forwarded, indeed, with all possible despatch, accompanied by several officers of high rank and great military skill and experience. During this interval, it appears that General Putnam again rode to the Neck, and to a short distance beyond, where some provincials had assembled from the neighbouring towns. Some of these were unwilling to proceed, as it was very dangerous passing the Neck, and as they expected the troops on the Heights must soon retreat. At this time, also, unfortunately, a part of the artillery, from a defect in the apparatus of their guns, or some great error in judgment, retired from the field of action; which served to discourage the militia from advancing.

These men belonged to Massachusetts, were imperfectly organized, and unaccustomed to military discipline. The resolute and brave, however, readily hastened to the relief of those who had already been long engaged. Having urged the advance of these troops, Putnam returned to those he had left at the lines, with the great despatch for which he was always distinguished; and arrived some time before the reinforcements came up, to encourage the men and to direct their movements on the renewed attack of the British, which was then expected.

In the third and last attack the enemy conducted with much deliberation. They were convinced of the great importance of their field artillery; and particular care was taken to have it accompany the troops. It was taken to the eastern declivity of Breed's Hill, between the rail fence and the breastwork, where it was directed along the line of the Americans at the latter position, and a part pointed also into the opening or gate-way of the redoubt, which was on the northeastern corner. The redoubt was now attacked also on the southeastern and southwestern sides by the enemy with fixed bayonets. At the same time, a column of the British advanced against the provincials posted at the rail fence on the extreme left.

Those in the redoubt were destitute of bayonets, and their powder also was soon expended. In this situation, after having made a most resolute resistance for some time, but without a possibility of maintaining their ground, and in hope of saving the lives of his brave men, the intrepid Prescott ordered a retreat. To effect this, surrounded as he was by the British, was a difficult task. The troops on the left were ordered to cover them as they retired. And this important service was performed with ability and despatch. Putnam and Prescott, having braved the enemy as long as hope remained, were very active in conducting the retreat. Though many of the Americans were killed or wounded by the British troops, who pursued them to Bunker Hill, a great degree of regularity and order was maintained by the attention and activity of the officers, assisted by some fresh troops, who arrived at this time. This was between six and seven o'clock. Here Gen. Putnam proposed to make a stand and fortify; but the plan was too desperate to meet the approbation of any other officers. "He wished, at least, to face the enemy and give them one more fire before they left the peninsula." But the men were too much exhausted and too destitute of ammunition to comply with his proposal. The provincials, therefore, passed over the Neck; and some posted themselves

at Winter and Prospect Hills, within a mile and a half of Bunker Hill, and others proceeded to Ward's head quarters at Cambridge, a distance of about three miles.

Just at the moment the word was given to retreat, Gen. Warren, who was near the redoubt, received a musket ball in the head, and immediately expired. He was President of the Provincial Congress and of the Committee of Safety at this time; and three days before had appointed a Major-General of the Massachusetts troops. On this occasion he was merely a volunteer: his ardent and patriotic feelings led him to the scene of danger as soon as he heard of the threatened attack. He was among the most eminent of the many brave men who, at that critical period, were ready to sacrifice every thing for the liberties of their country.

The slaughter, on this occasion, was very great. The British had nearly 1500 killed and wounded; and the Americans estimated theirs at about 350. Some statements have given different numbers. But the above may be considered as very near the truth. Governor Gage's account, prepared soon after the battle, gave only 3000 in the engagement; and 1100 killed and wounded. It was his policy to make a favourable report. From the most accurate calculation, it is evident that the whole number of the British engaged could not have been less than 4500 (some suppose about 5000) and soon after the battle it was reported and generally believed, that the whole number of the enemy killed and wounded amounted to 492; ninety of which were commissioned officers. Of the provincials, 250 were wounded and 136 killed and missing; thirty of the latter were afterwards known to have returned to their respective homes the night following the battle.

Of the officers killed or mortally wounded in the provincial regiments, the principal were General Joseph Warren, Col. Thomas Gardner, who survived a few days: Lieutenant Colonel Parker, who was mortally wounded, and died the week after in prison in Boston; Majors McClary and Moore. The numbers of men killed or wounded in the several regiments engaged were as follows. In Prescott's, 42 killed and 28 wounded; in Bridge's, 16 killed and 30 wounded; in Frye's, 15 killed and 31 wounded; in the detachment from Putnam's regiment, consisting of about 250, 15 were killed and 30 wounded. Of the two New-Hampshire regiments, under Stark and Reed (the latter of which was not full,) 15 were killed and 45 wounded; in Little's, 7 killed and 23 wounded; in Brewer's, 7 killed and 11 wounded; in Gardner's, 6 killed and 7 wounded; in Whitcomb's, 5 killed and 8 wounded; and a few belonging to Nixon's and Gorris's regiments.

In referring to the officers who particularly distinguished themselves on this ever-memorable occasion, by their activity, their zeal, and courage, we may justly name General Israel Putnam of Connecticut; Colonels William Prescott, Ebenezer Bridge, James Frye, and Moses Little; Colonels John Stark and James Read, both of New-Hampshire; General Pomeroy, Lieutenant Colonels John Robinson and William Buckminster, Major Henry Wood, General Warren, Colonel Gardner, Lieutenant Colonel Parker, and Majors McClary and Moore, who were slain or mortally wounded in the action; Captains Knowlton, Chester, Coit, and Clark, Lieutenants Grosvenor, Keyes, Dana, and Hills, all of Connecticut; Captain Henry Dearborn of New-Hampshire; and Captains Burnham, Trevett, Ford, Walker, Bancroft, and Ensign Thomas Miller, &c. Many others exhibited great proofs of patriotism and courage, whose names it is not in our power particularly to mention.

The survivors of that brave and heroic band of freemen, who made such a resolute stand against the British troops, on this occasion, which are recollected, are Gen. Henry Dearborn, Major John Burnham, Captain R. Trevett, Judge Grosvenor, General John Keyes, General Benjamin Pierce, Deacon Thomas Miller, Major Daniel Jackson, Captain Benjamin Dana, John Brazer, Esq. and Mr. Timothy Thompson.

The Americans justly considered this defeat a great disaster, but they did not despond. It taught them the courage of their men, and the necessity of greater discipline and preparation. The want of system and of military subordination was fully perceived. To this, in part, was attributed the final failure of that glorious enterprise. It would be unjust, perhaps, to accuse any one, then in high civil or military authority, of inactivity or want of spirit and zeal. The contest was a glorious one to the Ameri-

cans; for, unprepared and unfurnished as they were with military stores and implements, a different result could not have been justly expected. That greater reinforcements were not provided, was perhaps the fault of no individual. But had they been checked and repulsed. Had they been furnished, the British would probably have been checked and repulsed, in their third attack, as they were in their two former. The enemy could boast only of having obtained possession of the field for which they contended. But it was not without doubt the number of men to those whom they engaged. And they were convinced, by melancholy facts, that the provincials were too brave to be despised, or to be attacked except by superior numbers, and with every advantage of competent artillery and a full supply of military stores. Though the American troops remained for several months almost wholly without cannon, and deficient, to an alarming degree, of the essential article of powder, the British made no attack upon their lines, nor attempted any offensive operations.

a There are different accounts of the number of British troops engaged in this battle. Some have stated them to be three, and others, five thousand. General Gage, in his official account, said there were about 2000. By comparing several early statements, it appears that somewhat more than 3000 first landed at Charlestown, and made two attacks upon the Americans; and that about 1000 passed over, afterwards, as a reinforcement; and joining those of the first detachment who survived, made the third attack, when the redoubt was carried.

b The whole number of provincials engaged did not, probably, much exceed 2000.

c Soon after the affair at Lexington and Concord, of the 19th of April, the "minute men" (so called) and others, to the number of about 15,600, assembled in the vicinity of Boston. Many of them were without efficient and complete equipments. In powder they were very deficient. And as to artillery, it was little more than a name. Of these men, nearly 10,000 belonged to Massachusetts; Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island furnished the residue. General Ward was appointed commander in chief by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts; General Thomas was second in command, and was stationed at Roxbury. Washington had not taken the chief command. He was appointed, about the middle of June, by the Continental Congress, and arrived at Cambridge on the 3d of July: when the troops were soon organized as a national army. It is probable, however, that before he took the command, all the troops collected, acknowledged General Ward as chief; and that there was an understanding to act in concert, and with some regularity and system, though the organization of the troops was not perfect. A contrary supposition would imply extreme inattention or want of military knowledge, both in the Committee of Safety and in the officers assembled; several of whom had been in the campaigns of 1756, 1757, and 1758.

d It is said by those who were then living, and in a situation to know all the circumstances connected with the enterprise, that it was undertaken at the particular instance of General Putnam, and that Colonel Prescott requested to have the post in which he so bravely distinguished himself. Putnam expressed the opinion, that something must be done (unprepared as they then were for offensive operations,) to employ the men and to accustom them to military service. He conducted the expedition to Noddle's and Hog Islands, in Boston harbour, the last of May, to prevent a large quantity of sheep from falling into the hands of the British, in which he discovered great activity and courage; and on the 10th of June he marched from Cambridge to Charlestown, with most of the provincial troops, collected at the former place. This was done in full sight of the British in Boston, and with a view to excite a spirit of emulation and courage in the militia, who were then assembled in arms for the defence of the country.

e Though called General, he had then command only of a regiment, which was the case of several general officers in Massachusetts at that time. The other Connecticut troops were stationed at Roxbury.

f Judge Grosvenor, now living, was a lieutenant in this corps, and was wounded the next day at the rail fence. The statement lately made by him is as follows:—"I was one of

the detachment from General Putnam's regiment, posted at Cambridge. On the evening of the 16th June, Captain Knowlton, with four subalterns and 120 men, were detached and marched to Breed's Hill, with others of Massachusetts. General Putnam was with us and attended to laying out the ground for erecting the redoubt. He returned to Cambridge that night, and attended early the next morning. He was on the hill repeatedly during the day; and particularly at the posting of the troops in the redoubt, and at the arm of the ditch leading north towards Mystic River, and at the rail fence adjoining the river. Colonel Prescott was constantly with the troops; but General Putnam was backwards and forwards from Cambridge during the day, to bring on reinforcements. He commanded and ordered the troops engaged with regularity and satisfaction, so far as I know."

g In a direct line, Copps' Hill, at the northern part of Boston, where the British had a fortress, is about half a mile from Breed's Hill in Charlestown. No reason can be given why the Americans chose to fortify Breed's rather than Bunker Hill, but that it was nearer to Boston. Bunker Hill is much more elevated, and would have been more difficult to attack by the enemy.

THE REGALE.

"Blending the useful with the sweet."

ODE—by Dr. PERCIVAL, and sung at the celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill, on the 17th ult.

When our patriot fathers met
In the dark and trying hour,
While the hand of Briton yet
Press'd us with its weight of power,
Still they dar'd to tell the foe,
They were never made for slaves—
Still they bade the nations know,
They were free as ocean's waves.

Yonder is the glorious hill,
Where their blood was nobly shed—
Never with a firmer will
Hearts of freemen beat and bled:
Shall the son forget his sire?
No—the admiring world shall see
High a pillared tomb aspire,
Like a tower of liberty.

Now the arch of empire swells
Proud and daring, fixed and strong:
While the hand of ruin falls
Nations, that have flourished long:
Loftier the temple springs—
Telling on its front sublime,
How it scorns the rage of kings,
And the wasting booth of time.

From its high and lifted brow,
See! it sends a wakening light,
Where a world is slumbering now
In the shades of eastern night!
They shall feel the quickening fire—
Rise and run to meet the day,
And their hearts shall never tire,
Till their chains are rent away.

None shall ever rashly dare
Lift his hand against this shrine,
While its pediment shall bear
Names so honoured and divine:
High above the sacred band,
There in light unfading set,
Like twin stars of glory, stand
WASHINGTON and LA FAYETTE.

BUNKER HILL.

From our Correspondent, Boston.

we just witnessed the commencement and termination of one of the most impressive ceremonies, before heard of—a ceremony which re-awakened every patriotic feeling, every endearing recollection, at which I saw the silver-haired soldier of olden times, bending under the weight of years, and the hand of him, who, in youth, had crossed the breach, and entered the trenches at Bunker Hill, and fifty years ago, gave almost the impetus for liberty.

On a day or two previous, the city was kept in a bustling state, by the continued arrivals of stage-coaches, wagons, gigs, sociables, horse-drawns, and country folks rigged in their hooped dresses; girls with chip bonnets and flaming ribbons; the young farmer and the old soldier; the busyness of the scene, made it really a jubilee. The air, which had been parched and dry, and the dust and plastic, a slight shower had settled the ground, and it was agreeably cool, which, considering the summer present, was very desirable.

The ground was crowded at all points; it was like a city; every room, bed, settee, and pillow was occupied; tops of houses, steeples, chimneys, alcoves, piazzas, trees, &c. &c. were filled with spectators.—On the morning of the memorable 17th of June, the sun shined upon the anxious crowd; it was serene and beautiful. That day fifty years was one of deep anxiety—it was marked with blood and glory; Warren and many a gallant heart was cold on the battlefield. Now how changed! How placid, joyful, and free! The roar of cannon from the navy announced the commencement of the solemn and festive proceedings. Orders had been issued to be in readiness with the lark. Every thing was in motion. Regiments of cavalry scoured the city, to give place to several regiments, with nodding plumes, appointed to form the military escort to the civic procession; and at ten o'clock the whole moved in the following order:—

ESCORT.

- Survivors of Bunker Hill in Carriages.
- Members of Bunker Hill Monument Association.
- Grand Lodge.
- Masons.
- President and Vice Presidents.
- Chaplains.
- Directors of Bunker Hill Monument Association.
- Secretary and Treasurer, &c.
- Gen. La Fayette and Suit, in Carriages.
- Revolutionary Officers.
- Commanded by the venerable Colonel TIMOTHY PICKERING.
- Cincinnati.
- Governor.
- Lieut. Governor.
- Council.
- Senate.
- Secretary, Treasurer, and Adjutant General.
- House of Representatives.
- Governors of other States.
- Heads of Departments of United States.
- Senators of United States.
- House of Representatives of United States.
- Foreign Legations and Consuls.
- Judges of United States and other Courts.
- Solicitor and Attorney General.
- Delegates.
- Strangers of Distinction.
- Officers of the Navy and Army.
- Members of the Legislatures of other States.
- Laborer and President of the Common Council.
- Aldermen.
- Common Council.
- Selectmen of Charlestown.
- Presidents of Colleges.
- Clergy.
- Heads of Societies.
- Historical Society.
- Pilgrim Society.
- Officers of the Militia.
- Invited Guests.

Nothing could look finer, or in more beautiful order, than the troops—their dresses clean, their uniform neat, not tawdry; their arms bright as silver, their march firm and military. The masonic brethren made a magnificent display, with all their banners, scarfs, gorgeous jewels and badges of their ancient order; but the most interesting objects in the whole procession were the surviving soldiers of Bunker Hill.

They were about fifty veterans, and they marched with as proud look and elevated head as their infirmities and advanced age could allow. There were farmers, mechanics and labourers, some poor, but most of them comfortable; their dresses were homely, neat and clean; their sun-burnt visages, silver locks and palsied hands, marked the ravages of time, but their hearts were sound and their principles firm; they could all have told how the fight began, and how it ended. One man bore on his trembling back his drum, which he had rolled in deep and solemn peals on that eventual day. The procession moved over Charlestown bridge, passed the American redoubts at Breed's Hill, the memorable scene of the conflict on the 17th of June, 1775, and arrived at the spot fixed upon by the committee. Here the whole civic and military body was formed into a hollow square, and the ceremonies of laying the first stone were performed by the worshipful Master of the Grand Lodge of the State, assisted by the illustrious Guest of the Nation, the ever zealous friend of America, GENERAL LAFAYETTE, and also by Mr. Webster, president of the association.—The signal agreed upon was given at the completion, when shouts from seventy thousand freemen echoed from the surrounding hills and plains. The procession then fell back to the spacious amphitheatre erected on the occasion, and covered with awning, where upwards of 10,000 persons were seated to attend the religious exercises and hear the address.

The religious ceremonies were commenced by a prayer, offered by the Rev. Joseph Thaxter, chaplain of Prescott's Regiment, who was actually in the hottest of the fight, at Bunker Hill, and is, if I mistake not, so represented, in Col. Trumbull's famous painting.

The prayer was succeeded by the following spirited ode, written by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, and sung to the tune of old hundred.

O, is not this a holy spot!
 'Tis the high place of Freedom's birth:—
 God of our fathers! is it not
 The holiest spot of all the earth?
 Quenched is thy flame on Horeb's side:
 The robber roams o'er Sinai now;
 And those old men, thy seers, abide
 No more on Zion's mournful brow.
 But on this hill thou, Lord, hast dwelt,
 Since round its head the war-cloud curled,
 And wrapped our fathers, where they knelt,
 In prayer and battle for a world.
 Here sleeps their dust; 'tis holy ground:
 And we, the children of the brave,
 From the four winds are gathered round,
 To lay our offering on their grave.
 Free as the winds around us blow,
 Free as yon waves below us spread,
 We rear a pile, that long shall throw
 Its shadow on their sacred bed.
 But on their deeds no shade shall fall,
 While o'er their couch thy sun shall flame:
 Thine ear was bowed to hear their call,
 And thy right hand shall guard their fame.

The address of Mr. Webster then followed; it was distinguished for talent, spirit, and effect, and such as was expected from his established celebrity.

The ceremonies having concluded, those who intended to partake of the dinner repaired to the summit of Bunker Hill, where accommodations were prepared for 4500 persons—a number which I believe has never been exceeded at any former period. The toasts were short, but impressive, and are as follows:—

The 17th of June, 1775.—The marble may moulder; but while a heart beats in an American's bosom there will be a tablet from which the record of that day's glory shall never be effaced.

The Militia.—What more than to pronounce the name of Bunker Hill, to proclaim its character to the world. [Yankee Doodle.]

The Committee of Safety.—The early guardians of our nation's rights; fearless as faithful in the execution of their trust.

The Martyrs of Bunker Hill Battle.—We inhale the air they breathed; we tread the ground they trod; we surround the altar where their lives were offered.—We swear devotion to their cause! [Drank standing.]

Bunker Hill Monument—Its proud summit shall brighten with the morning's first beam, and the evening's last ray. It shall glow with a still richer and purer light in speaking their deeds who repose beneath it.

The Survivors of Bunker Hill Battle.—The gloom of that day may dwell on their recollection; but in the brightness of this, they feel that they fought under the auspices of heaven.

Lexington and Concord.—There the earnest was given, that a people, resolved to be free, can never be enslaved.

The President of the United States.
 The Governor of the Commonwealth.—[Governor Brooks' March.]

The Continental Army—Whom victory could not depress;—their cause, their country, and their God!
 The Memory of Washington.—[Dirge.]

The Continental Congress—The embodied wisdom of the nation; which wrought the freedom of one hemisphere, and promulgated the principles which will emancipate the other.

The Memory of Warren—Associated with this occasion, his name comes to us "as the gentle dews from Heaven, refreshing the place beneath."

Thus terminated, without any material accident, one of the most interesting ceremonies since the great federal procession, on the adoption of our glorious constitution—rendered more impressive from its being in the Cradle of American Liberty, and in the presence of the veteran Lafayette and his companions in arms.

[For the Ontario Repository.]

The following lines were excited by the melancholy story of the death of a young Officer, who fell in the battle of Niagara, during the last war. In the early part of the engagement he received a mortal wound. He wandered a little from the scene of conflict, but being unable to proceed further without assistance, sunk upon the ground, and soon expired. After a few days he was found, and buried on the same spot, by an intimate friend.

THE hour of thick slaughter was o'er,
 All nature slept silent and still,
 Save the cataract's deep distant roar,
 And the note of the lone whippoorwill.
 Around the wide circuit of death,
 The cold, lifeless corpses still lay;
 The poor wounded soldier's last breath,
 In the night breeze had flitted away.
 On the green-sided hill, cold and pallid,
 The hero lies lifeless and lone,
 The warriors he often had rallied,
 The victor and vanquish'd are gone.
 The cold dews of evening fast set,
 Unfelt and unseen on his head;
 Milder far, than the dampness and sweat,
 That rests on the brow of the dead.
 Alas, there is near him no friend,
 No spirit his heart once held dear;
 No lov'd kindred forms o'er him bend,
 To yield the last tribute—a tear.
 The night-birds flit round him unseen,
 Unheard is the owl's doleful moan;
 The soft-sighing grass, waving green,
 Seems to speak of a grief not its own.
 No tomb-stone his resting-place shows,
 His exploits no monument numbers;
 Yet sweet is his bed of repose,
 And the wild roses bloom where he slumbers.
 JULIAN.

MARSHALS. GUARD. MARSHALS. MARSHALS.

person of a Chief Magistrate would be desirable; but no one of them, nor all combined, will qualify him to be President, unless he superadds that indispensable requisite of being a statesman. Far from meaning to say, that it is an objection to the elevation, to the chief magistracy, of any person, that he is a military commander, if he unites the other qualifications, I only intend to say that, whatever may be the success or splendor of his military achievements, if his qualification be only military, that is an objection, and I think a decisive objection to his election. If General Jackson has exhibited, either in the councils of the Union, or in those of his own state, or in those of any other state or territory, the qualities of a statesman, the evidence of the fact has escaped my observation. It would be as painful as it is unnecessary to recapitulate some of the incidents, which must be fresh in your recollection, of his public life. But I was greatly deceived in my judgment if they proved him to be endowed with that prudence, temper, and discretion, which are necessary for the civil administration. It was in vain to remind me of the illustrious example of Washington. There was, in that extraordinary person, united a serenity of mind, a cool and collected wisdom, a cautious and deliberate judgment, a perfect command of the passions, and throughout his whole life, a familiarity and acquaintance with business and civil transactions, which rarely characterize any human being. No man was ever more deeply penetrated than he was, with profound respect for the safe and necessary principle of the entire subordination of the military to the civil authority. I hope I do no injustice to General Jackson, when I say, that I could not recognise, in his public conduct, those attainments for both civil government and military command, which contemporaries and posterity have alike unanimously concurred in awarding as yet only to the father of his country. I was sensible of the gratitude which the people of this country justly feel towards Gen. Jackson for his brilliant military services. But the impulses of public gratitude should be controlled, it appeared to me, by reason and discretion, and I was not prepared blindly to surrender myself to the hazardous indulgence of a feeling, however amiable and excellent that feeling may be when properly directed. It did not seem to me to be wise or prudent, if, as I solemnly believed, General Jackson's competency for the office was highly questionable, that he should be placed in a situation where neither his fame nor the public interests would be advanced. General Jackson himself would be the last man to recommend or vote for any one for a place, for which he thought him unfit. I felt myself sustained by his own reasoning, in his letter to Mr. Monroe, in which, speaking of the qualifications of our venerable Shelby for the Department of War, he remarked: "I am compelled to say to you, that the acquirements of this worthy man are not competent to the discharge of the multiplied duties of this Department. I therefore hope he may not accept the appointment. I am fearful, if he does, he will not add much splendor to his present well earned standing as a public character." Such was my opinion of General Jackson, in reference to the Presidency. His convictions of Governor Shelby's unfitness, by the habits of his life, for the appointment of Secretary of War, were not more honest nor stronger than mine were of his own want of experience, and the necessary civil qualifications to discharge the duties of a President of the United States. In his elevation to this office, too, I thought, I perceived the establishment of a fearful precedent; and I am mistaken in all the warnings of instructive history, if I erred in my judgment. Undoubtedly there are other and many dangers to public liberty, besides that which proceeds from military idolatry, but I have yet to acquire the knowledge of it, if there be one more perilous or more frequent.

Whether Mr. Adams would or would not have been my choice of a President, if I had been left freely to select from the whole mass of American citizens, was not the question submitted to my decision. I had no such liberty: but I was circumscribed, in the selection I had to make, to one of the three gentlemen, whom the people themselves had thought proper to present to the House of Representatives. Whatever objections might be supposed to exist against him, still greater appeared to me to apply to his competitor. Of Mr. Adams, it is but truth and justice to say, that he is highly gifted, profoundly learned, and abroad and greatly experienced in public affairs, at home and abroad. Intimately conversant with the rise and progress of every negotiation with foreign powers, pending or concluded; personally acquainted with the capacity and attainments of most of the public men of this country, whom it might be proper to employ in the public service; extensively possessed of much of that valuable kind of information, which is to be acquired neither from books nor tradition, but which is the fruit of largely participating in public affairs; discreet and sagacious; he would enter on the duties of the office with great advantages. I saw in his election the establishment of no dangerous example. I

saw in it, on the contrary, only conformity to the safe precedents which had been established in the instances of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, and Mr. Monroe, who had respectively filled the same office from which he was to be translated.

A collateral consideration of much weight was derived from the wishes of the Ohio delegation. A majority of it, during the progress of the session, made up their opinions to support Mr. Adams, and they were communicated to me. They said, "Ohio supported the candidate who was the choice of Kentucky. We failed in our common exertions to secure his election. Now, among those returned, we have a decided preference, and we think you ought to make some sacrifice to gratify us." Was not much due to our neighbour and friend?

I considered, with the greatest respect, the resolution of the General Assembly of Kentucky, requesting the delegation to vote for General Jackson. That resolution, it is true, placed us in a peculiar situation in the Union, was left by delegation, from every other state in the Union, was left by its Legislature entirely free to examine the pretensions of all the candidates, and to form its unbiased judgment, the General Assembly of Kentucky thought proper to interpose and to request the delegation to give its vote to one of the candidates, whom they were pleased to designate. I felt a sincere desire to comply with a request emanating from a source so respectable, if I could have done so consistently with those paramount duties which I owed to my country. But, after full and anxious consideration, I found it incompatible with my best judgment of those duties to conform to the request of the General Assembly. The resolution asserts, that it was the wish of the people of Kentucky, that their delegation should vote for the General. It did not inform me by what means that body had arrived at a knowledge of the wish of the people. I knew that its members had repaired to Frankfort before their attention was fixed on important local concerns, well entitled, by their magnitude, exclusively to engross it. No election, no general expression of the popular sentiment had occurred since that in November, when electors were chosen, and at that the people, by an overwhelming majority, had decided against General Jackson. I could not see how such an expression against him, could be interpreted into that of a desire for his election. If, as is true, the candidate whom they preferred, were not returned to the House, it is equally true, that the state of the contest as presented itself here to me, had never been considered, discussed, and decided by the people of Kentucky, in their collective capacity. What would have been their decision on this new state of the question, I might have undertaken to conjecture, but the certainty of any conclusion of fact, as to their opinion, at which I could arrive, was by no means equal to that certainty of conviction of my duty to which I was carried by the exertion of my best and most deliberate reflections. The letters from home, which some of the delegation received, expressed the most opposite opinions, and there were not wanting instances of letters from some of the very members who had voted for the resolution, advising a different course. I received from a highly respectable portion of my constituents a paper, instructing me as follows: "We, the undersigned voters in the Congressional district, having viewed the instruction or request of the Legislature of Kentucky, on the subject of choosing a President and Vice-President of the United States, with respect, and the said request or instruction to our representative in Congress from this district, being without our knowledge or consent; we for many reasons known to ourselves, connected with so momentous an occasion, hereby instruct our representative in Congress to vote on this occasion agreeably to his own judgment, and by the best lights he may have on the subject, with or without, the consent of the Legislature of Kentucky." This instruction came both unexpected and unsolicited by me, and it was accompanied by letters assuring me, that it expressed the opinion of a majority of my constituents. I could not therefore regard the resolution as conclusive evidence of your wishes.

Viewed as a mere request, as it purported to be, the General Assembly doubtless had the power to make it. But then, with great deference, I think it was worthy of serious consideration whether the dignity of the General Assembly ought not to have induced it to forbear addressing itself to another legislative body, but to a small part of it, and requesting the members who composed that part, in accordance to the wishes of the General Assembly, whether those wishes did or did not conform to their sense of duty. I could not regard the resolution as an instruction; for from the origin of our State, its legislature has never assumed nor exercised the right to instruct the Representatives in Congress. I did not recognise the right, therefore, of the Legislature to instruct me. I recognised that right only when exerted by you. That the portion of the public servants who made up the General Assembly have no right to

instruct that portion of them who constituted the Kentucky delegation in the House of Representatives, is a position too clear to be argued. The members of the General Assembly would have been the first to behold a presumptuous interposition, any instruction, if the Kentucky delegation could have committed the absurdity of issuing, from this place, any instruction to them to vote in a particular manner on any of the interesting subjects which lately engaged their attention at Frankfort. And although nothing is further from my intention than to impute either absurdity or presumption to the General Assembly, in the adoption of the resolution referred to, I must say that the difference between an instruction emanating from them to the delegation, and from the delegation to them, is not in principle, but is to be found only in the degree of superior importance which belongs to the General Assembly.

Entertaining these views of the election on which it was made my duty to vote, I felt myself bound, in the exercise of my best judgment, to prefer Mr. Adams; and I accordingly voted for him. I should have been highly gratified if it had not been my duty to vote on the occasion; but that was not my situation, and I did not choose to shrink from any responsibility which appertained to your Representative. Shortly after the election, it was rumored that Mr. Kremer was preparing a publication, and the preparations for it which were making excited much expectation. Accordingly, on the 26th of February, the address, under his name, to the "Electors of the ninth Congressional District of the State of Pennsylvania," made its appearance in the Washington City Gazette. No member of the House, I am persuaded, believed that Mr. Kremer wrote one paragraph of that address, or of the plea, which was presented to the committee, to the jurisdiction of the House. Those who counselled him, and composed both papers, and their purposes, were just as well known as the author of any report from a committee to the House. The first observation which is called for by the address is the place of its publication. That place was in this City, remote from the centre of Pennsylvania, near which Mr. Kremer's district is situated, and in a paper having but a very limited, if any, circulation in it. The time is also remarkable. The fact that the President intended to nominate me to the Senate for the office which I now hold, in the course of a few days, was then well known; and the publication of the address was, no doubt, made less with an intention to communicate information to the electors of the ninth Congressional District of Pennsylvania, than to affect the decision of the Senate on the intended nomination. On the character and contents of that address of Messrs. George Kremer & Co. made up, as it is, of assertion without proof, of inferences without premises, and of careless, jocose, and quizzing conversations of some of my friends, to which I was no party, and of which I had never heard, it is not my intention to say much. It carried its own refutation, and the parties concerned saw its abortive nature the next day in the indignant countenance of every unprejudiced and honorable member. In his card, Mr. Kremer had been made to say, that he held himself ready "to prove, to the satisfaction of unprejudiced minds, enough to satisfy them of the accuracy of the statements which are contained in that letter, to the extent that they concern the course of conduct of H. Clay." The object for excluding my friends from this pledge has been noticed. But now the election was decided, and there no longer existed a motive for discriminating between them and me. Hence the only statements that are made, in the address, having the semblance of proof, relate rather to them than to me; and the design was, by establishing something like facts upon them, to make those facts react upon me.

Of the few topics of the address upon which I shall remark, the first is, the accusation, brought forward against me, of violating instructions. If the accusation were true, who was the party offended, and to whom was I amenable? If I violated any instructions, they must have been yours, since you only had the right to give them, and to you alone was I responsible. Without allowing hardly time for you to hear of my vote, without waiting to know what your judgment was of my conduct, George Kremer & Co. chose to arraign me before the American public as the violator of instructions which I was bound to obey. If, instead of being, as you are, and I hope always will be, vigilant observers of the conduct of your public agents, jealous of your rights, and competent to protect and defend them, you had been ignorant and culpably confiding, the gratuitous interposition, as your advocate, of the honorable George Kremer, of the ninth Congressional district in Pennsylvania, would have merited your most grateful acknowledgments. Even upon that supposition, his arraignment of me would have required for its support one small circumstance, which happens not to exist, and that is, the fact of your having actually instructed me to vote accord-

The relations in which I stood to Mr. Adams constitute the next theme of the address, which I shall notice. I described as having assumed "a position of peculiar and decided hostility to the election of Mr. Adams," and expressions towards him are attributed to me, which I never used. I am made also responsible for "pamphlets and essays of great ability," published by my friends in Kentucky, in the course of the canvass. The injustice of the principle of holding me thus answerable, may be tested by applying it to the case of General Jackson, in reference to publications issued, for example, from the Columbian Observer. That I was not in favour of the election of Mr. Adams, when the contest was before the people, is most certain. Neither was I in favour of that of Mr. Crawford or General Jackson. That I ever did any thing against Mr. Adams, or either of the other gentlemen, inconsistent with a fair and honorable competition, I utterly deny. My relations to Mr. Adams have been the subject of much misconception, if not misrepresentation. I have been stated to be under a public pledge to expose some nefarious conduct of that gentleman, during the negotiation at Ghent, which would prove him to be entirely unworthy of public confidence; and that, with a knowledge of his perfidy, I nevertheless, voted for him. If these imputations are well founded, I should, indeed, be a fit object for public censure; but if, on the contrary, it shall be found that others, interested both to him and to me, have substituted their own indignation, which they would excite, will be turned from me. My letter, addressed to the Editors of the *Intelligencer*, under date of the 15th November, 1822, is made the occasion for ascribing to me the promise and the pledge to make those treasonable disclosures on Mr. Adams. Let that letter speak for itself, and it will be seen how little justification there is for such an assertion. It adverts to the controversy which had arisen between Messrs. Adams and Russell, and then proceeds to state that, "in the course of the several publications, of which it has been the occasion, and, particularly, in the appendix to a pamphlet which had been recently published by the Hon. John Quincy Adams, I think there are some errors (no doubt *unintentional*) both as to matters of fact and matters of opinion, in regard to the transactions at Ghent, relating to the navigation of the Mississippi, and certain liberties claimed by the United States in the Fisheries, and to the part which I bore in those transactions. These important interests are now well secured" — "An account, therefore, of what occurred in the negotiation at Ghent, on those two subjects, is not, perhaps, necessary to the present or future security of any of the rights of the nation, and is only interesting as appertaining to its past history. With these impressions, and being extremely unwilling to present myself, at any time, before the public, I had almost resolved to remain silent, and thus expose myself to the inference of an acquiescence in the correctness of all the statements made by both my colleagues; but I have, on more reflection, thought it may be expected of me, and be considered as a duty on my part, to contribute all in my power towards a full and faithful understanding of the transactions referred to. Under this conviction, I will, at some future period, more propitious than the present to calm and dispassionate consideration, and when there can be no misinterpretation of motives, lay before the public a narrative of those transactions, as I understood them."

From even a careless perusal of that letter, it is apparent, that the only two subjects of the negotiations at Ghent to which it refers, were the navigation of the Mississippi and certain fishing liberties; that the errors, which I had supposed were committed, applied to both Mr. Russell and Mr. Adams, though more particularly to the appendix of the latter; that they were unintentional; that they affected myself principally; that I deemed them of no public importance, as connected with the present, or future security of any of the rights of the nation, but only interesting to the public any account of those transactions; and that the narrative which I promised was to be presented at a season of more calm, and when there could be no misinterpretation of motives. Although Mr. Adams believes otherwise, I yet think there are some unintentional errors, in the controversial papers between him and Mr. Russell. But I have reserved to myself an exclusive right of judging when I shall be neither quickened nor retarded in its performance, by the friendly anxieties of any of my opponents. If injury accrue to any one by the delay in publishing the narrative, the public will not suffer by it. It is already known by the publication of the British and American projects, the protocols, and the correspondence between the re-

spective plenipotentiaries, that the British government made at Ghent a demand of the navigation of the Mississippi, by an article in their project nearly in the same words as those which were employed in the treaty of 1783; that a majority of the American commissioners was in favour of acceding to that demand, upon the condition that the British government would concede to us the same fishing liberties, within their jurisdiction, as were secured to us by the same treaty of 1783; and that both demands were finally abandoned. The fact of these mutual propositions was communicated by me to the American public in a speech which I delivered in the House of Representatives, on the 29th day of January, 1816. Mr. Hopkinson had arraigned the terms of the treaty of peace, and charged upon the War and the Administration, the loss of the fishing liberties, within the British jurisdiction, which we enjoyed prior to the war. In vindicating, in my reply to him, the course of the government and the conditions of the peace, I stated:—

"When the British Commissioners demanded, in their project, a renewal to Great Britain of the right to the navigation of the Mississippi, secured by the treaty of 1783, a bare majority of the American Commissioners offered to renew it, upon the condition that the liberties in question were renewed to us. He was not one of that majority. He would not trouble the Committee with his reasons for being opposed to the offer. A majority of his colleagues, *actuated he believed by the best motives*, made, however, the offer, and it was refused by the British Commissioners."

[See *Daily Nat. Intelligencer*, of the 21st March, 1816. And what I thought of my colleagues of the majority, appears from the same extract. The spring after the termination of the negotiations at Ghent, I went to London, and there entered upon a new and highly important negotiation with two of them, (Messrs. Adams and Gallatin,) which resulted, on the 3d July, 1815, in the Commercial Convention, which has been since made the basis of most of our commercial arrangements with foreign powers. Now, if I had discovered at Ghent, as has been asserted, that either of them was false and faithless to his country, would I have voluntarily commenced with them another negotiation? Further: there never has been a period, during our whole acquaintance, that Mr. Adams and I have not exchanged when we have met, friendly salutations, and the courtesies and hospitalities of social intercourse.

The address proceeds to characterize the support which I gave to Mr. Adams as *unnatural*. The authors of the address have not stated why it is *unnatural*, and we are therefore left to conjecture their meaning. Is it because Mr. Adams is from New-England, and I am a citizen of the West? If it be *unnatural* in the Western States to support a citizen of New-England, it must be equally *unnatural* in the New-England States to support a citizen of the West. And, on the same principle, the New-England States ought to be restrained from concurring in the election of a citizen in the Southern States, or the Southern States from co-operating in the election of a citizen of New-England. And, consequently, the support which the last three Presidents have derived from New-England, and that which the Vice-President recently received, has been most *unnaturally* given. The tendency of such reasoning would be to denationalize us, and to contract every part of the Union within the narrow selfish limits of its own section. It would be still worse: it would lead to the destruction of the Union itself. For if it be *unnatural* in one section to support a citizen in another, the Union itself must be *unnatural*; all our ties; all our glories; all that is animating in the past; all that is bright and cheering in the future, must be *unnatural*. Happily, such is the admirable texture of our Union, that the interests of all its parts are closely interwoven. If there are strong points of affinity between the South and the West, there are interests of not less, if not greater, strength and vigour, binding the West, and the North, and the East.

Before I close this address, it is my duty, which I proceed to perform with great regret, on account of the occasion which calls for it, to invite your attention to a letter addressed by Gen. Jackson to Mr. Swartwout, on the 23d Feb. last. The names of both the General and myself had been before the American public, for its highest office. We had both been unsuccessful. The unfortunate have usually some sympathy for each other. For myself, I claim no merit for the cheerful acquiescence which I have given in a result by which I was excluded from the House. I have believed that the decision by the constituted authorities, in favour of others, has been founded upon a conviction of the superiority of their pretensions. It has been my habit, when an election is once decided, to forget, as soon as possible, all the irritating circumstances which attended the preceding canvass. If one be successful, he should be content with his success. If he have lost it, railing will do no

good. I never gave General Jackson nor his friends any reason to believe that I would, in any contingency, support him. He had, as I thought, no public claim, and I will now add, no personal claims, if these ought to be ever considered, to my support. No one, therefore, ought to have been disappointed or chagrined that I did not vote for him. No more than I was neither surprised nor disappointed, that he did not, on a more recent occasion, feel it to be his duty to vote for me. After commenting upon a particular phrase used in my letter to Judge Brooke, a calm reconsideration of which will, I think, satisfy any person that it was not employed in an offensive sense, if indeed it have an offensive sense, the General, in his letter to Mr. Swartwout, proceeds to remark, "No one beheld me seeking through art or management to entice any representative in Congress from a conscientious responsibility to his own, or the wishes of his constituents. No midnight taper burnt by me; no secret conclaves were held, nor cabals entered into to persuade any one to a violation of pledges given, or of instructions received. By me no plans were concerted to impair the pure principles of our republican institutions, nor to prostrate that fundamental maxim which maintains the supremacy of the people's will. On the contrary, having never in any manner before the people or Congress interfered in the slightest degree with the question, my conscience stands void of offence, and will go quietly with me, regardless of the insinuations of those who, through management, may seek an influence not sanctioned by integrity and merit."— I am not aware that this defence of himself was rendered necessary by any charges brought forward against the General. Certainly I never made any such charges against him. I will not suppose that in the passages cited, he intended to impute to me the misconduct which he describes; and yet, taking the whole context of his letter together, and coupling it with Mr. Kremer's address, it cannot be disguised that others may suppose he intended to refer to me. I am quite sure that if he did, he could not have formed those unfavourable opinions of me upon any personal observation of my conduct made by himself; for, a supposition that they were founded upon his own knowledge, would imply that my lodgings and my person had been subjected to a system of espionage wholly incompatible with the open, manly, and honourable conduct of a gallant soldier. If he designed any insinuations against me, I must believe that he made them upon the information of others, of whom I can only say, that they have deceived his credulity, and are entirely unworthy of all credit. I entered into no cabals; I held no secret conclaves; I enticed no man to violate pledges given or instructions received. The members from Ohio and from the other Western States, with whom I voted, were all of them as competent as I was to form an opinion on the pending election. The Messrs. Adams and the Metcalfes, and the other gentlemen from the West (some of whom have, if I have not, bravely "made an effort to repel an invading foe") are as incapable of dishonor as any men breathing; as disinterested, as unambitious, as exclusively devoted to the best interests of their country. It was quite as likely that I should be influenced by them, as that I could control their votes. Our object was not to impair, but to preserve from all danger, the purity of our republican institutions. And how I prostrated the maxim which maintains the supremacy of the people's will, I am entirely at a loss to comprehend. The illusions of the General's imagination deceive him. The people of the United States had never decided the election in his favour. If the people had *willed* his election, he would have been elected. It was because they had *not willed* his election, nor that of any other candidate, that the duty of making a choice devolved on the House of Representatives.

The General remarks: "Mr. Clay has never yet risked himself for his country. He has never sacrificed his repose, nor made an effort to repel an invading foe; of course, his conscience assured him it was altogether wrong in any other man to lead his countrymen to battle and victory." The logic of this conclusion is not very striking. Gen. Jackson fights better than he reasons. When have I failed to concur in awarding appropriate honours to those who on the sea or on the land have sustained the glory of our arms, if I could not always approve of the acts of some of them? It is true, that it has been my misfortune never to have repelled an invading foe, nor to have led my countrymen to victory. If I had, I should have left to others to proclaim and appreciate the deed. The General's destiny and mine have led us in different directions. In the civil employments of my country, to which I have been confined, I regret that the little service which I have been able to render it, falls far short of my wishes. But, why this denunciation of those who have not repelled an invading foe, or led our armies to victory? At the very moment when he is inveighing against an objection to the election to the Presidency, founded upon the exclusive military nature of

his merits, does he not perceive that he is establishing its validity by proscribing every man who has not successfully fought the public enemy? And that, by such a general proscription, and the requirement of successful military service as the only condition of civil preferment, the inevitable effect would be the ultimate establishment of a Military Government?

If the contents of the letter to Mr. Swartwout were such as justly to excite surprise, there were other circumstances not calculated to diminish it. Of all the citizens of the United States, that gentleman is one of the last to whom it was necessary to address any vindication of Gen. Jackson. He had given abundant evidence of his entire devotion to the cause of the General. He was here after the election, and was one of a committee who invited the General to a public dinner, proposed to be given to him in this place. My letter to Judge Brooke was published in the papers of this City on the 12th of February. The General's note declining the invitation of Mr. Swartwout and others was published on the 14th in the National Journal. The probability therefore is, that he did not leave this City until after he had a full opportunity to receive, in a personal interview with the General, any verbal observations upon it which he might have thought proper to make. The letter to Mr. Swartwout bears date the 23d of February. If received by him in New-York, it must have reached him, in the ordinary course of the mail, on the 25th or 26th. Whether intended or not as a "private communication," and not for the "public eye," as alleged by him, there is much probability in believing that its publication in New-York, on the 4th March, was then made, like Mr. Kremer's address, with the view to its arrival in this City in time to affect my nomination to the Senate. In point of fact, it reached here the day before the Senate acted on that nomination.

Fellow-citizens, I am sensible that generally a public officer had better abstain from any vindication of his conduct, and leave it to the candor and justice of his countrymen, under all its attending circumstances. Such has been the course which I have heretofore prescribed to myself. This is the first, as I hope it may be the last, occasion of my thus appearing before you. The separation which has just taken place between us, and the venom, if not the vigor, of the late onsets upon my public conduct, will, I hope, be allowed in this instance to form an adequate apology. It has been upwards of twenty years since I first entered the public service. Nearly three fourths of that time, with some intermissions, I have represented the same district in Congress, with but little variation in its form. During that long period, you have beheld our country passing through scenes of peace and war, of prosperity and adversity, and of party divisions, local and general, often greatly exasperated against each other. I have been an actor in most of those scenes. Throughout the whole of them you have clung to me with an affectionate confidence which has never been surpassed. I have found in your attachment, in every embarrassment in my public career, the greatest consolation, and the most encouraging support. I should regard the loss of it as one of the most afflictive public misfortunes which could befall me. That I have often misconceived your true interests is highly probable. That I have ever sacrificed them to the object of personal aggrandizement I utterly deny. And for the purity of my motives, however in other respects I may be unworthy to approach the Throne of Grace and Mercy, I appeal to the justice of my God, with all the confidence which can flow from a consciousness of perfect rectitude.

Your obedient servant,
H. CLAY.

Washington, 26th March, 1825.

THE LETTER WITH AN APPENDIX.

We have before given our reasons for reprinting the letter of John Quincy Adams to H. G. Otis on the embargo of 1808. viz: The course Mr. Adams pursued in relation to that measure, having been made the subject of discussion, and the pamphlet containing an exposition of his views, being out of Print. We have also announced the receipt of an Appendix to the letter from Mr. Adams. This will add to the interest of the letter very considerably, inasmuch as the only charge made against the author by Col. Pickering, in his late review of the Cunningham Correspondence, deemed worthy of notice, is here met with the weapons that never fail, CALM REASON AND TRUTH, and refuted. We know not which to admire most in this letter, and especially in the appendix, the trac republicain principles inculcated, the quickness of intellect in discovering the motives of action in others, and the facility of his pen in exposing their errors.

or the calm, yet firm and equable temper with which the most odious charges are met, expatiated on and given to the winds. We transfer the Appendix to our columns, and respectfully ask for its perusal from all who love to see calumny refuted, error corrected, and truth triumphant.

APPENDIX. July 27, 1824.

On the 18th of December, 1807, Mr. Jefferson sent a confidential message to both houses of congress, recommending an immediate embargo; and enclosing two documents, one of which was a recent proclamation of the king of G. Britain, authorizing and commanding the impressment by his naval officers, of British seamen, from neutral merchant vessels, and the other a correspondence between General Armstrong, then our minister in France, and the French minister of foreign affairs, Champagne, shewing that the emperor Napoleon had finally determined to carry into full execution, without regard to the treaty between the United States and France, his Berlin decree of 21st November, 1806, which had for some months after it was issued, been suspended with regard to the vessels of the United States.

The attack by a British squadron upon our frigate Chesapeake, had very recently occurred, in consequence of which all British armed vessels had been interdicted from entering the ports of the United States. The British Orders in Council of 11th November, 1807, professedly retaliatory upon the French decree of Berlin, had issued, and were already announced in the newspapers of the United States, though not yet officially authenticated. The general state of our commercial affairs was momentous and full of alarm. The British government had disavowed the attack upon the Chesapeake, but instead of giving immediate satisfaction for it, had appointed Mr. Rose to come out upon a mission of subterfuge and prevarication concerning it, and at the same moment had issued without notification either to the government of the United States, or to their minister in London, the orders in council, which but for the embargo, would, while Mr. Rose was amusing us with the fragrance of his diplomacy, have swept three-fourths of the tonnage of the United States into the ports of Great Britain for confiscation.

It was in this state of things that the message recommending the embargo was received and discussed, in secret session, by the senate. The only motive for debating it with closed doors was the necessity, if the measure recommended was deemed proper, of adopting it immediately. Every hour of debate tended to defeat the object of the message. For the instant it should be known in the commercial cities that an embargo was impending, the spirit of desperate adventure would have rushed to sea, with every plank that could have been made to float; and the delay of a week in deliberation, instead of sheltering the property of our merchants from depredation, would only have cast it forth upon the waters to be intercepted by the cruizers of both the combating nations.

The message was referred, in senate, to a committee of five, of which general Samuel Smith, himself an eminent merchant, brother to the secretary of the navy, and in the full confidence of Mr. Jefferson, was chairman, and of which I was a member. The chairman proposed to the committee, to report a bill in compliance with the recommendation of the message. I objected that the two documents with the message were not sufficient to justify so strong and severe a measure as an embargo; & enquired, whether besides the general notoriety of the dangers, mentioned in the message, the executive had other reasons for the measure, which it might not be convenient to assign. The chairman said, it was expected and hoped that the act would have a favourable effect, to aid the executive in the negociation with Mr. Rose; and also that it was intended as a substitution for the non-importation act, which had passed on the 18th of April, 1806, but pending the negotiations had been suspended until the 14th of December, 1807, only four days before the message. This act was itself nearly equivalent to a total commercial non-intercourse with Great Britain; and to have repealed, or longer suspended it at that time, would have been a surrender at discretion, upon all the subjects of controversy, then in so high a state of aggravation, with that power. To these reasons I yielded, and the bill for laying the embargo was reported to the Senate with the unanimous assent of the committee.

The bill was opposed in the Senate, very feebly upon its merits, and exclusively by the federal members, then only four in number. The principal effort made by them was to obtain delay, which would, as has been shown, have defeated in a great measure the object of the bill. They obtained against the bill the only the vote of Mr. Maclay, of Pennsylvania, and of Mr. Crawford, then a new member, but who afterwards constantly supported the adherence of the administration to the act, as long as it was continued.

In assigning to the Senate very briefly my reasons for assenting to the bill, and for the belief that it ought to pass without delay, I admitted that the two documents transmitted with the message, would not have been of themselves, to my mind, sufficient to warrant the measure recommended in it; but referring to the existing state of things, of public notoriety, and denominated in the message "the present crisis," I observed that the executive, having recommended the measure upon his responsibility, had doubtless other reasons for it which I was persuaded were satisfactory; that with this view, convinced of the expediency of the bill, I was also impressed with the necessity of its immediate adoption; that it was a time, not for deliberation but for action; that it might pass through all the stages of its enactment in a single day. With these views a decided majority of the Senate concurred. The rule which required that bills should be read three times on three different days, was suspended; all motions of postponement were discarded, and the bill was passed in the Senate by a vote of 22 to 6.

My allusion to the recommendation of the executive upon his responsibility and to my confidence in it, was purposely made in general terms; but it had reference to the reasons which had been assigned to me in the committee, by the chairman. I deemed it less necessary to specify them, because as I have observed, the opposition to the bill upon its merits was exceedingly feeble; scarcely calling for an answer.

About two months after the embargo had been enacted, and while it was bearing with severe pressure upon the commercial, navigating and fishing interests of the north, Mr. Pickering wrote a letter to the governor of Massachusetts, for communication to the legislature, denouncing the executive and congress of the United States, for passing the embargo; and calling for the interposition of the commercial states to save the country from ruin. The governor sent it back to him, with a letter of rebuke for expecting him to make such a communication to the legislature. Mr. Pickering, apprehensive, as he says, that he should not obtain his object through the governor, sent a copy to his excellent friend, George Cabot, (SINCE PRESIDENT OF THE HARTFORD CONVENTION,) who after waiting a few days, finding that the original was not communicated to the legislature, sent a copy to the printer.

The governor of Massachusetts, in his answer to Mr. Pickering, had stated that my opinion had been and still was in favor of the embargo. Mr. Pickering replied, and in terms supplied by his feelings at the time, charged me with having in the debate on the embargo, expressed a sentiment which resolved the whole business of legislation into the will of the executive. To support the charge, he quoted several words, which he said I had used in the debate, and which detached from this context, and from the explanation I have now given, might deserve all the severity of his commentary.

In the same letter Mr. Pickering explicitly admitted that I had never given him the slightest cause of offence, and that in five years of service together as Senators from the same state, "though often opposed in opinion, on national measures, there had never existed for a moment any personal difference between us." I notice now this admission, merely to mark the period and the manner in which this mutual respect and forbearance between us ceased, and to whom it was justly imputable.

On my part it did not cease even then. It was impossible to have framed a charge more destitute of foundation; more easily refuted; or more open to the chastisement of severe retaliation. Yet I took no public notice of it; nor shall I now go further beyond the simple declaration that I never expressed or felt the sentiment imputed to me by Mr. Pickering, than to observe, that if I had uttered it, and had been understood in the sense which he has given to my words, it was his duty, and the duty of every Senator present, who

so understood me, not only to have had my words taken down at the time, but instantly to have called me to order for using them. The words as Mr. Pickering professes to have understood them, were undoubtedly in the highest degree disorderly—and a decisive proof that they were not generally so understood is found in the circumstance, that no exception was taken to them at the time. It is a rule of the Senate and of all equitable deliberative assemblies, that exceptional words shall not only be taken down at the time when spoken, but that he who speaks them shall immediately be called to account for, to retract, or to explain them. Had this rule been observed by Mr. Pickering, when called upon to explain what I meant by reference to the recommendation of the executive, upon his responsibility, and to the other reasons, which he might have, and which I had no doubt were satisfactory, I should have had the opportunity of giving the explanation herein contained, and of showing that my words imported no sentiment even of improper deference for the opinions or wishes of the executive. But it is also a breach of order, to refer by way of censure, at one time, to words spoken at another; and a rule equally just that no member shall be called to account in any other place, for words spoken in the Senate. These rules are founded upon principles which every man of a fair and honorable mind feels himself bound to observe; and they apply with peculiar force to a debate with closed doors, which is in its nature secret and confidential.

The error of Mr. Pickering's charge consists in his connecting my expression of confidence in the recommendation of the executive, which I assigned as one of my reasons for agreeing to the act, with my argument for the necessity of despatch, which was founded in the nature of the act itself, and the portentous crisis of the times.

The reference to the recommendation of the executive was made in answer to the objection that the documents sent with the message did not justify the measure recommended in it. Knowing that there were other reasons, and referring to them for the justification of my own vote, both in committee and in the Senate, in favour of the bill nothing could have been farther from my thoughts, as nothing would have been more in conflict with the whole tenour of my conduct through five years of active service as a member of the Senate, than the utterance of a sentiment of subserviency to the will, or even to the wishes of the executive.

The confidence in the executive which I avowed was applicable to the particular circumstances of the time, and to the particular subject in discussion. Nor was that confidence misplaced. In the house of representatives the embargo message was debated three days on the merits—but after the three days the house came to the same conclusion at which the senate had arrived in four hours. It was a wise, a provident, and, above all, a purely patriotic measure. The share that I had in it, and the part that I took in promoting it, remains among the transactions of my public life to which my memory recurs with the most gratifying recollections. Many other events have been less trying to the fortitude of adversity, and more favoured by the vicissitudes of fortune: but on no occasion has the consciousness of upright intentions, and a spirit independent alike of obsequiousness to executive will, and of factious opposition borne me with more firm and even step through the temporary furnace of affliction, and sustained me under the abandonment of friends, the alienation of popular favour at home, and all the obloquy that Mr. Pickering and his co-adjutors have from that day to this been able to conjure upon my head.

Between the system of policy, of which the embargo was a prominent measure, and that of which Mr. Pickering and his friend the president of the Hartford convention were the "pillars of state," the final and irrevocable sentence of time has now passed—I shall not dwell upon it.

If there be a lesson of political wisdom, which the people of this union have had cause to learn from their own experience, as well as from the uniform tenour of human history, it is that of carrying a temper of mutual forbearance, through all their divisions: of making the party feeling which never can include more than a portion of the republic subordinate to the civic spirit which embraces the whole.

In the collisions of political systems, it is the duty of the citizen to take his stand upon deliberate conviction, and to pursue his principles, regardless of consequences to himself. But when the conflict is past, and the contest of principle is at an end, both parties, and above all, the prevailing party, should remember, and practice upon the maxim of the Roman republic, that in civil dissensions, success was but a lesser evil than defeat, and that no honours of triumph could ever be awarded to victory.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

From the Washington Gazette.
SPEECH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF WHO ASSISTED IN KILLING M'INTOSH.

Brothers!—M'Intosh is dead. He broke the law of the nation—the law which he made himself. His face was turned to the white men, who wish to take our lands from us. His back was to his own people; his ear was shut to the cries of our women and children. His heart was estranged from us. The words of his talk were deceitful; they came to us like the sickly breeze that flies over the marsh of the great river. The Great Spirit turned away his face from him. He fell by the hands of red men, at his own place, in the sight of his women and children. The false men who joined him fell also with him.

Brothers!—M'Intosh was brave—the deeds of his youth were mighty; but his heart became changed, he spoke the words of deceitfulness. He walked in crooked paths, which his brethren knew not—paths which led down to death. He deceived us, and we slew him. The land is red with his blood, and with the blood of his friends. Our vengeance is satisfied. We bury the hatchet of revenge. Let us obey the Great Spirit, that he may lead his children in the path of their wandering.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE VICTORY.

A song commemorative of the glorious 8th January, 1815.
TUNE—"ANACREON IN HEAVEN."

Britannia advances with white spreading sail,
Her red cross is floating in pride on the gale;
She comes with her host over ocean afar,
And sound with shrill trump the dread signal of war;
And many a warrior of fame in the fight,
And many a hero in chivalry bright,
Descends with bold step on the patriot shore,
Where freedom is cherished and dwells evermore.

Ah! woe to her warriors of fame in the fight,
Ah! woe to her heroes in chivalry bright!
The scenery will darken ere closes the day,
And the war kindled eye fade in dimness away;
For fame they will battle, for glory they'll die,
And struck to the earth in their blood they shall lie;
The proud ones! who dare to invade the dear shore,
Where freedom has chosen to dwell evermore.

How vainly they thicken and press on the field,
Where freemen the falchion of liberty wield!
There death striding dreadful the columns among,
Spreads carnage and horror amidst the deep throng,
And thousands sink down to repose on the plain,
That the reveillee never shall waken again;
For they came to pollute and enslave the dear shore,
Where heaven-born freedom shall dwell evermore.

Let the festal of triumph resplendently shine;
Round the brows of brave Jackson the laurel entwine;
For the few that have fallen in liberty's name,
Drop a tear in the cup that we fill to their fame;
And to Him who smil'd on us, who dwells in the skies,
From our hearts let the tribute of gratitude rise;
It was he gave the vict'ry and bless'd the lov'd shore!
Where freedom is sacred and dwells evermore.

On Friday evening last, the MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION of this city, held their annual meeting at the City Hotel. The meeting was called to order by W. W. Woolsey Esq. when the Hon. PHILIP HONE, Mayor elect of the city was appointed Chairman. The annual report of the Society was read by Mr. B. J. Seward, who accompanied it by a series of remarks on the original design of the association, the difficulties and embarrassments which it had encountered, the progress it had made, the benefits which had been derived from it, and the interest which the merchants of the city had in its countenance and support.

On motion of Mr. J. Hone, Jr. seconded by Mr. Isaac Carow, the report was approved and adopted.

Several resolutions were moved and adopted by the meeting, relating to the interests and advancement of the Society; and the business of the meeting was conducted throughout with great propriety, order, and regularity.

In the course of the proceedings, addresses were delivered successively by Messrs Seward and Steele, members of the association, by Mr. John Hone Jun. Mr. P. Mills, Mr. James, the Rev. Dr. McCauley, Mr. C. King, and Mr. J. R. Hurd. The objects of the institution were highly commended by all the gentlemen, the importance of giving it more extensive patronage and support by the mercantile community were strongly urged and enforced, its advantages clearly pointed out, and the promised results to the city in a mercantile and moral view, pourtrayed in the loveliest colours.

Having witnessed the formation and organization of this interesting Society, watched its progress from year to year, attended its annual meetings, and viewed its present condition and prospects, we feel it a duty to urge upon the friends of education, good morals, and respectability of character, its claims for cordial and vigorous support. The meeting on Friday evening was highly respectable, and much more numerous than on any former anniversary. In five years, the young men who compose the society, by dint of the most commendable perseverance and exertions, have collected a library of twenty two hundred volumes of well selected books—they are read by the members, and that they have produced beneficial effects upon their minds, the audience had the most decisive evidence at this meeting, in the addresses of Messrs. Seward and Steele. Those addresses, both in matter and manner, would not have discredited an exhibition in our distinguished seminaries of learning. Many of the

most respectable of our citizens were present on this occasion, giving the weight of their example & their contributions to the laudable objects of the institution. One mercantile gentleman, in a frank and handsome manner, acknowledged that he had at the outset entertained fears that the society would not prove beneficial, but that observation and experience had convinced him he was mistaken. He now heartily approved of it. Its affairs are judiciously conducted, and the habit of reading which it establishes, cannot fail to prove beneficial to the young men, and in the end to those who employ them. What a difference must there be in the character of this numerous class of youths, when their leisure hours are devoted to the acquisition of useful knowledge, instead of being employed in amusement and dissipation.

INDIAN MANNERS.

Franklin, (Mo.) April 15.—On the 6th inst. our river presented the extraordinary spectacle of about 40 canoes gliding rapidly upon its bosom, and conveying nearly 300 Indians, being principally whole families. The sight was more interesting, and the show much greater than might be supposed, as they covered the surface of the water for a considerable distance. As they were passing the town with astonishing rapidity, an Indian, who had arrived the day previous, communicated something from the bank, when, by a precise and simultaneous movement, the whole flotilla turned quartering up the stream, and approached the shore. They maintained a perfect silence, which was only interrupted by a single voice, which pronounced, with emphasis, the word 'whiskey.' Curiosity led us, the next morning, to visit their camp, where they had pitched very commodious tents or wigwams exactly equal in number to that of their canoes. These are made with flags or bulrushes, about four feet long, and so ingeniously sewed together as to be a complete protection against wind and rain. One long piece placed vertically, and supported by poles, forms the wall of the building, and two separate pieces the roof. These, when they move, are rolled together, and are very light and portable. The floors are formed with bark, temporarily used for the purpose, and overspread with bear skins. Their persons and accoutrements are disgustingly dirty; but many of them, on special occasions, appear in brilliant colours and clean garments.

The instances are few where we have witnessed at any family fireside more harmony, peace, and freedom, from the ills of this world, than prevailed with these sons of Nature. They were at this time perfectly sober, and contentment rested on every countenance. Not an angry look was seen, nor a tone of voice heard which indicated the least dissatisfaction. Some of the men were cleaning their guns and putting in preparation their fanciful decorations for a war dance, while others walked with a stately and measured step through the camp, combining the sternness of the warrior with the gravity of a statesman. The squaws were making mocasins, providing their simple repast, or kindly aiding the employments of their husbands, while the children were sportively shooting their arrows, or playfully jumping and frolicking on the bank. Some of the women have a mildness, harmony of voice, and softness of manner, beyond what the lower orders of civilization exhibit. None of them, however, have florid complexions, handsome forms, or beautiful features; probably in consequence of the laborious nature of their domestic duties. For custom, among these, as among all other uncivilized people, ungenerously compels the females to transport burthens, carry the children, dress the skins, paddle the canoe, and perform almost every fatiguing duty except that of the chase.

Some of the men have fine persons, being tall, erect, and symmetrically formed. Their manners, when sober, are reserved and unaffected; their walk more deliberate, stately, and graceful than ours; and their carriage perfectly easy and natural. They possess great equanimity and nonchalance with respect to passing events, and never, unless intoxicated, indulge in petulance, curiosity, or surprise. They apparently took no notice of the numerous visitors at their camp, except sometimes to throw on them a natural and independent look, indicating neither haughty nor a consciousness of inferiority.

During the day they gave an exhibition of their war-dance, at several places in town. This exercise is one of peculiar joy and festivity, as it celebrates their triumph over enemies, and gratifies the passion of revenge, which is probably the strongest that actuates their ferocious bosoms. On this occasion, they use their gayest attire, calling to their aid the diversified plumage of the feathered race fancifully arranged and variously ornamented.

Their faces exhibit a most grotesque and terrific appearance, by being painted in every variety of colour and manner: thus prepared, they collect in a group; a musician beats upon a hoarse sounding drum, and two or three shake gourds filled with pebbles, while the others shout loud and hoarsely; jump up and down, and use every ludicrous gesture and uncouth attitude, and make every horrid grimace which can add to the frightful appearance, or heighten the exhibition of their savage joy.

These Indians were the Sacs and Foxes of the Mississippi, on their way home.

HINDOO CASTS.

The following description of Hindoo casts, extracted from the Journal of Gabriel Tissera, is in some respects the best we have seen.—*Miss. Her.*

The Brahmin's cast is higher than any other cast. They indeed appear to be a different race, more handsome and clean than any other cast. They are generally of a light colour. They are comparatively elegant even to a proverb. For we say "Handsome as a Brahmin." This, however, is a general truth; for some of them resemble Vellallas, or the common high cast. The Brahmin women are neater and more elegant than others. The Brahmins are of the first cast, the Chitties and Vellallas are the next. The two latter are high casts compared with others except the Brahmins. Most of the people in Jassna are Vellallas. Properly speaking, the cast next to the Brahmins is that of the Chattrers, or Kings, or Rajahs; but there are none of this cast in this district, and probably none in the island. There is also a high cast called Madapally. The Chitties live by trade, and the Vellallas by cultivating the land. The Smiths' and Carpenters' cast is inferior to the Vellallas. Washermen, Shoemakers, and Barbers, are still inferior. The Toddy-man, Paraya, &c. are still lower. The Pooroopen (which name signifies a man that is not worth more

than a rush) is the lowest. This last is so low a cast, that people of the high casts often strike them if they come in contact with them; for the latter consider it a bad omen, if one of so low a cast should meet them in the way. People of this lowest cast are washermen to the low casts immediately above them; for a common washerman would not wash for any of the low casts, nor would a common barber shave them; they have to shave each other. The Brahmins do not intermarry with any other cast; and many of the other casts do not intermarry with each other. The Brahmins, and especially their women, keep their houses and gardens very clean. They wash themselves and their clothes every day. Whenever the heathen's bathing is mentioned in the above journal, I meant their washing their clothes as well as themselves. The Brahmins consider themselves so much above any other cast, that they would not eat with the casts that are immediately next to them. Nor would they eat any thing that is cooked in any family but that of a fellow Brahmin. If the people want to give them any thing, they give it green, and not boiled, or any way cooked. Even the sons of Brahmins, when they are but ten or twelve years old, are called with a peculiar title. And the Brahmins will not allow any cast but their own to see their cooking. None of the high casts will eat with any of the low casts. Nor would they eat any thing cooked by the low casts. Yea, the Parayas and even the Toddy-people are not to enter the house of any cast that is above them. And more, none of the high casts will drink water of any of the low casts. Nor would they eat any thing that is boiled, or in any way prepared, if it should be touched by a Toddy-man or Paraya. And the Brahmins would not, I presume, eat even any fruit, if it were cut with the knife of a Toddy-man. None of the high casts would even drink water in the family of a white man; for though the Europeans are their rulers, yet the heathen rank them under the lower casts, especially because they eat beef, as these do, and because they admit the lower casts into their houses, and for some other reasons. Some of the low casts have their gods exclusively for themselves, which are not worshipped by the high casts, while the gods of the latter are also worshipped by the former. In the same manner, the low casts would be willing to intermarry and eat with the high ones if they could; but these would never allow them the privilege. It may be interesting to add, that among the high casts there are families of higher and lower ranks, and that when a person of a lower rank is married, he often pays considerable money to those in higher ranks, that these may eat with him at the wedding.

At a public dinner lately given at Hartford, Connecticut, to the U.S. and John Trumbull, author of *M'Fingal*, the following happy toast was offered by Mr. Clerc, who is deaf and dumb.

"I have no ear for poetry, but I can believe its excellence, because I can see it speaking through the eyes of our Venerable Guest."

Simon Bolivar.—The following Biographical sketch of the brave and patriotic *Bolivar*, to whom his country is indebted for the inestimable privileges of civil liberty, and all the blessings that follow in their train, is peculiarly appropriate at this moment, when the brilliant achievements of his arms, and the holy lustre that adorns his name, is, as it ought to be, the theme of admiration with all our countrymen who are capable of reflection; a name that needs no title to render it conspicuous.

The celebrated defender of South American Independence, was born at Caraccas, in 1785, and is of a noble and extremely rich family. He was sent at an early period to Spain, to be educated, and when he had completed his studies, he went to Paris, where he was much noticed for his talents and learning, in all the best societies of the capital. At Paris he was a constant attendant on all the public lectures. He contracted an intimacy with Humboldt and Boupland, travelled with them for some time, and successively visited England, Italy, Switzerland, and a large part of Germany, to make himself acquainted with their customs and the character of man. Returning to Venezuela, he was appointed a colonel in the service of the newly established republic, and was sent to London on an important mission, the expense of which, he himself defrayed. When Bolivar came back, Miranda gave him the command at Puerto Cabello, but the Spanish prisoners having risen and seized the port, Bolivar was obliged to evacuate the town, and proceed by sea to Caraccas.

After Miranda had capitulated with Montevrde, and resistance seemed to be at an end in Venezuela, Bolivar retired to Curracoa, where he formed a connexion with Brion, by which he procured a maritime co-operation. He then offered his services to the Congress of New Granada, and they were accepted. Finding that the Venezuelans were disposed once more to throw off the Spanish yoke, he obtained from the Congress a body of six hundred men, with which, in 1813, he penetrated across the Andez into Venezuela, and after several sanguinary actions, succeeded in wresting from the enemy the whole of the province, excepting the ports of La Guira and Porto Cabello, in the latter of which, Monteverde defended himself with the most obstinate determination. It was in this campaign that the guerra a muerte, or exterminatory war began, in consequence of the Spaniards having put to death some of their prisoners.

The Spanish dominion would now have been annihilated, had not Monteverde contrived to arm the slaves, and thus to spread insurrection over the whole extent of the country. Boves Puy, Palomo and others, were at the head of these auxiliaries to the Spaniards. The whole country was ravaged with fire and sword. Bolivar, who had been de-glared dictator of Venezuela, now marched against these new enemies, overthrew them in some encounters, and would probably have destroyed them had he not divided his army, and suffered himself to be surprised by Boves, who defeated him in a decisive engagement. The consequence was, distrust and disunion among the republicans, and the complete triumph of the royalists, who showed no mercy to their antagonists. Bolivar again returned to New Granada, and served two years under the banners of the Congress.

When the Spanish troops, under Morillo, reached the South American coast, in 1815, Bolivar threw himself into Carthagena, which he defended for a long time till resistance became hopeless. He

then made his way with part of his army through the besiegers, and retired to St. Domingo. Carthagena surrendered to the Spaniards in 1815, and by June 1816, Morillo had reduced not only the Caraccas, but also New Granada, the capital of the latter province having fallen into his hands.

The spirit of resistance, however, was not destroyed. Arismendi drove the Spaniards from the Island of Margarita, and Bolivar arrived there with his forces, which he had recruited at Aux Cayes, was soon joined by Brion. After some attempts on the coast of Caraccas and New Granada, Bolivar and Brion ascended the Orinoco, and made themselves masters of Angostura, the capital of Spanish Guvana. There Bolivar increased his strength by means of volunteers from Europe, and prepared to commence another struggle with Morillo. In 1817, he ascended the river Apure and penetrated into Caraccas, as far as Calobocho. But after several hard fought battles he was worsted in a contest near Ortin, and compelled to return to Angostura.

Undismayed by these reverses, Bolivar changed his plan, and resolved to begin by the conquest of New Granada, an operation which was likely to succeed, as the enemy did not expect to be attacked in that quarter. Accordingly, embarking the whole of his forces, he ascended the Orinoco and the Meta by a difficult and dangerous navigation. He thus penetrated into New Granada, and made himself master of Santa Fe, the capital, in August, 1819. The blow was decisive. He was joined by numbers, and had the resources of an extensive country at his command. Morillo in vain endeavored to stop his progress. The country under his authority was gradually wrested from him by successive defeats and defections; and towards the close of 1820, he concluded an armistice with Bolivar, in order to afford time to negotiate a treaty between the South Americans and the government of Spain. The armistice still subsists, and it is probable that the independence of New Granada and Venezuela will eventually be acknowledged. Thus, after a struggle of 11 years, the valor and perseverance of Bolivar will be crowned with success, and he will indisputably have a claim to the title which was long ago given to him of "The Liberator of his country."

ON A YOUNG PALESTINE MISSIONARY,
Who died at Alexandria, Feb. 10th, 1822.

BY BRAINERD.

Green as Machpelah's honour'd field,
Where Jacob and where Leah lie,
Where Sharon's shrubs their roses yield,
And Carmel's branches wave on high,—
So honour'd, so adorn'd so green,
Young Martyr! shall thy grave be seen.

O! how unlike the bloody bed
Where pride and passion seek to lie;
Where Faith is not; where Hope can shed
No tear of holy sympathy.
There withering thoughts shall drop around
In dampness on the lonely mound.

* * * * *
On Jordan's weeping willow trees
Another holy harp is hung:
It murmurs in as soft a breeze
As e'er from Gilead's balm was flung,
When Judah's tears in Babel's stream
Dropt—and when 'Zion was their theme.'

So may the harp of Gabriel sound
In the high heaven to welcome thee,
When rising from the holy ground
Of Nazareth and Galilee,
The saints of God shall take their flight
In rapture to the realms of light.

THE YOUNG CHEROKEE.

David Brown, the young Cherokee, who has been pursuing his studies for several years at the Foreign Mission School at Cornwall, (Conn.) and at the Theological Seminary in Andover, (Mass.) is about to return to his native tribe in the capacity of a Christian Missionary. He has recently visited several of the principal towns in the eastern part of Massachusetts, and delivered eloquent addresses to the inhabitants, in behalf of his countrymen. In Salem he commenced his address in the following manner:

"In conformity to the request of friends, and in compliance with my sense of duty, I avail myself of this opportunity to appear before this assembly and raise my voice in favour of the aboriginal inhabitants of America.

"Convinced that sympathetic feelings begin to glow in the bosoms of many Americans for the natives of this country, I gladly present this theme for your consideration. Before I proceed, however, indulge me the pleasure of informing you, that I am one of the sons of the forest. Yea! the image of an Indian is upon me, and aboriginal blood runs in my veins. I have worn the armour of a Cherokee warrior, have traversed the western wilds in pursuit of an Osage scalp, and far toward the setting sun have I gone to avenge the blood of my fathers."

Speaking of the rapid disappearance of the Indians, he indulges in the following eloquent strain:

"Where now are the Mohawks; Iroquois, Catawbas, and other great nations? I repeat the painful inquiry, where are the natives, whose population covered these United States, and whose sons once drank the waters of Massachusetts? Alas! they are gone, as the falling leaves before a mighty storm they have disappeared; nothing now remains of them but a mere name, excepting here and there one of their sons, who had the fortune, or I may rather say the misfortune, to escape the ravages of war. He alone is left to witness the subjugation of the country. When prompted by his religion to visit the depositories and graves of his ancestors, as he walks lonely in the streets of New England, often is the finger pointed to him, saying, "there goes one of the savages of America." Friendless and forlorn does he go. No one to drop a sympathetic tear with him, while he sighs for his country and weeps over the sepulchres of his fathers."

He concludes with the following affecting language:

"The Cherokee and Choctaw nations have appropriated many thousand dollars for the support of schools among themselves. To complete, however, a work so extensive, large funds are requisite, and many hands to move the grand system. The missionaries to the Indians of the west, let it be in remembrance, are not from Great Britain, France, or Spain; but they are your friends and countrymen. They have left your fire sides and gone far from civilization and friends, embarked in the glorious cause of humanity and virtue. Of course they need and expect aid of their friends in New-England, and let me remark again that the missionaries are much beloved by my countrymen. But they want more teachers and missionaries to be sent to them. And who, let me ask, who will send to them missionaries and support them! Who will obey the voice that sounds from the west for aid? Will not you who now stand on the soil once possessed by the natives? Think of the aboriginal inhabitants of this land, who are now far removed from the land of their fathers, some of whom with sorrow and deep regret have turned their faces toward the setting of the sun, and who will ere long be extinct, if the hand of charity does not res-

From a Charleston Paper.
THE FAMILY BIBLE.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies—with peace from on
high,

I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each
hand,
And that richest of books which excell'd ev'ry
other—

That family Bible, that lay on the stand.
The old fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.
That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety through night,
Our hymns of thankgivi... with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwell-
ling,

Described in the Bible, that lay on the stand.
That richest of books, which excell'd ev'ry other—
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we parted,
My hope's almost gone, and my parents no more,
In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;
Oh! let me, with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible, that lay on the stand.
That richest of books which excell'd ev'ry other—
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

FROM THE NEW-YORK AMERICAN.

The Hunter's Bride.

I will go to the land where the hunters dwell,
And build me a hut in a sylvan dell—
And my home shall be by that tranquil lake
Which none but the hunters' paddles break .
Where the Indian boy, in his bark canoe,
Like a dolphin, cleaves the waters blue;
And beneath the moon of a summer sky,
Basks in the light of his lov'd one's eye;
For I long to rove on the mountain side,
To hunt the deer as a hunter's bride.

Though coarse and rude is the mountain's fare,
Yet pure is the breath of the mountain air—
And rugged the path in the hunter's way,
Yet sweet are his dreams at the close of day.
Though toil and trouble his course pursue,
Health tinges his cheek with a dusky hue;
And in fleetness he rivals the wild gazelle—
And his heart in the forest can love so well,
That I long to roam on the mountain side,
And wear the garb of a hunter's bride.

My joy shall be by the silent shore
To watch the return of his flashing oar;
And view on the breast of that limpid lake
The eddies around it in murmurs break—
And ripple, and sparkle, and curl away,
In the soothing beam of the silver ray;
And his heart shall gladden to hear my song
Swell on the ear as he paddles along;
And I ne'er will depart from that mountain side,
But share the fate of a hunter's bride. V. & CO.

18

cue them. And as you here enjoy the consolations
that flow from the glorious gospel, as you behold
with delight your empire rising with rapidity,
while you send your missionaries over the Atlantic
and Pacific, oh! remember, remember your red
brethren, the original proprietors of America.
"My christian friends, this is the only opportu-
nity which I shall probably ever have of addressing
you. I solicit your prayers that I may aid the
cause of missions to my countrymen, and that I
may return to them in the fulness of the blessings
of the gospel of peace."

POETRY.

SOLITARY IMPRISONMENT.

A friend has put into our hands the following lines
on Solitary Imprisonment, by Miss J. E. Roscoe, of
Liverpool. They have never before been published
in this country.

Amid a gloom more terrible than darkness,
A cold and still and solitary gloom,
That with a feeble glimmering only makes
The wretchedness around just visible,
The friendless prisoner sits. He does not weep;
Nor, from the depths of his dim solitude,
Pour one complaining tone—the warm blest fount
Of human tears is dry; the sympathies
That bound him to a world of hopes and fears,
And joys, and sorrows; yes, the holy ties
Which made him man among his fellow men
Are broken by despair. He cannot weep—
With head bow'd mournfully upon his breast,
And aimless eye, and arms hung lifeless down,
He sits in desperation. On his soul
There dawns no hope; there comes no blessed gleam
Of human kindness, rising like salvation
Amid the pangs of death! How can he raise
Unto the awful power above, those eyes
Which never more must gaze on human kind?
How can he crave for mercy from the God
He has offended, when from fellow beings,
Frail, passionate, and suffering, like himself,
He hath been cast forth thus? Upon his sin
He muses in distraction, till his anguish
Swells in wild agony; and 'mid the waves
Of fear, and shame, and terror, comes the doubt,
The o'erwhelming doubt, that reason will forsake him,
Amid the utter wreck of all beside.
Then starting from the cold earth, high he spreads
Despairing arms—and with pale quivering lips,
And outstretch'd head, and eyes that seem to crave
The sight of human face, as the lost mariner
Looks to the shore in sinking, still he stands,
And mute as death, to listen for a voice!
The very wind that howls against his grating
Is music to him, and his heart throbs quicker
To catch another, and a human sound.
No; the faint heavings of his own thin breath,
The slight convulsive movements of his heart,
Come chill upon him, and, with sickening ear,
He feels there is no other. The flushed cheek,
That had a moment warm'd with mortal hope,
Fades to a damper paleness, and he sinks
Submissive on his stone; while his weak pulse
Flutters and falters like a dying child's.
So day by day, and year by year, he sits
The victim of his own and others' crimes;
A living monument! till life itself
Become a lengthen'd curse, he trusts to die
By spurning the scant food, which only makes
That life a living death; he turns away
Disgusted from the offering; and though worn
Almost to frightfulness, a spectral form,
Rejects the proffered scrap, and calls on death,
As he would call a friend of youth, to save him!
O! wretched being! famine will not stay
To parley with despair; she urges him
Again, with double fierceness, to his food,
And the weak pulse revives, again to beat
The melancholy hours; and thus he drags
The remnant of his being; no one sees
Or pities him; his varying agony,
Shut from the public view, disturbs no smile
Upon a happier cheek; no father craves
A blessing on his broken-hearted son;

No mother bends for him; no sister pours
Her young fond tears; no brother round the walls,
That hold the playmate of his infancy,
Walks in his manlier sorrow, wistfully
To gaze upon his cell; the busy world,
With all the tumult and the stir of life,
Pursues its wonted course; on pleasure some,
And some on commerce and ambition bent,
And all on happiness; while each one loves
One little spot, in which his heart unfolds
With nature's holiest feelings; one sweet spot,
And calls it home; if there is sorrow there,
It runs through many bosoms; and a smile
Lights up in eyes around a kindred smile:
And if disease intrudes, the sufferer finds
Rest on the breast beloved: outcast of all,
He sickens and he dies; and having finished
Th' expiatory pangs, and drank his cup
Of mortal suffering, is denied a grave.
And this is mercy—this is human mercy!
O! truly did he read the heart's deep folds,
And the dark hues of it's hypocrisy,
Who cried in bitterness, alas! for man,
Whose tender mercies in themselves are cruel.

To Hope.

BY WILLIAM RAY.

"Patient in tribulation."—ST. PAUL.

Is there no alleviation
To the woes that rend my breast—
No repose from tribulation,
No asylum where to rest?

Long hath been my night of sadness—
Sorrow and affliction mine;
Will no dawning day of gladness
Ever more upon me shine?

Hope, sweet charmer, why forsake me—
Why abandon the distress'd?
Into thy pavilion take me,
Let me be thy favourite guest.

Feed me with anticipations
Of returning happiness,
And with brightening expectations,
Cheer the pathway of distress.

Thou canst banish desperation
With Religion's soothing power,
And dispense bright consolation
In affliction's darkest hour.

Friendship, why hast thou forgotten
Obligations once so strong?
Have these ties grown weak and rotten,
By neglecting them so long?

Why so chang'd are all things round me,
Since adversity assail'd,
And in weakness having found me,
Over all my powers prevail'd?

Conquer'd every aspiration
After sublunary joys—
Left my soul in desolation,
And to death that all destroys.

But whatever may my fate be—
Joy or sorrow—wo or bliss;
Happy may my future state be,
From chastisement—while in this.

Come, then, patient Resignation,
Teach my soul to kiss the rod,
And in humble adoration,
Bow in thankfulness to God.

From the toasts drank at Belfast, Ireland, on the
17th of last March, we select the following:
"The United States of America—the terror of
Despots and the Refuge of the oppressed.
"The Memory of George Washington—the citi-
zen, the senator, and the soldier—the founder of his
country's liberties, and an ornament to the human
race.
"Simon Bolivar, the liberator of South America—
may his fame be as durable as the infant republics
of his country, and their liberties as lasting as the
world."

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

The Australian Magazine, published in New South Wales, contains an interesting narrative of Capt. Raine's visit to Pitcairn's Island, in the ship Surrey, in the year 1821, from which we make the following extracts.

When we arrived at the landing-place we were much alarmed, there being a great surf, and the entrance between two rocks being very narrow. I therefore laid off, when the natives coming up in their canoes told us to wait, and pulled direct in, hauled their canoes up, and then, being joined by many others who had come down, one of them swam off to us, and the rest got upon the rocks to show us the channel. This scene was, I think, the most romantic I ever read of, or ever saw. The men on the rocks, with the plantain-leaves in their hands, watched the roll of the sea, and kept us from coming in till the subsiding of the waves offered a good opportunity, when they all waved their leaves and cried out, "Start now! Start now!" We were at this time lying with the boat's head right for the channel, and immediately at this signal gave way with a good will, and were carried in past the rocks with wonderful velocity; when they all got hold of the boat and dragged her safely up, and, when we had landed, lifted her with great ease on their shoulders, and carried her beyond the reach of the surf. There being little wind, I determined upon staying all night, which gave them great pleasure. I never saw poor creatures so happy as they seemed. We were met, on landing, by young Adams, the son of John Adams, the only surviving Englishman of the Bounty.—He told us his father was very ill, unable from biles and sores, to get out of bed. This was owing to a whaler's having touched there, whose crew were severely afflicted with the scurvy, many of whom remained on shore a week, and thus, on leaving the island, left behind them their noxious contagion, as nearly all the inhabitants were soon after affected with irruptions in the skin.

We being all assembled, and having received their usual compliments, such as—"How do you do?" "I am so happy to see you," &c. we prepared for our walk to their habitations, which we could no where perceive, and were at a loss to conceive where they were situated—for we were now at the bottom of a small bay, surrounded by hills that appeared insurmountable; but, on looking up, we saw two of them about half way on the side of a deep precipice. It was a complete "Rob Roy" scene: the mountains, from their summits to their feet, were covered with verdure. Having got every thing ready that we brought on shore, to make use of their own words, "we started," and taking a short turn round one of the rocks, we began to ascend, one by one, in a foot-path. They would fain have carried the whole of us. Having climbed the first height, we opened into a beautiful grove of

cocoa-nut trees, where they proposed to "blow a little." This place was actually enchanting—the moon shining so brightly through the trees, the appearance of our companions being so novel, and our imaginations being, perhaps, assisted by our own feelings. And here I saw in these poor fellows the beauty of religion, for before we again started, they said, "I think better say now—past sun-down;" to which they all agreed, and stood up, forming a circle, and sung a hymn, which begins thus:

"Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice."

They then knelt down, and one of them offered up a prayer, to which all were very attentive, holding up their hands to heaven, and saying "Amen!" After this they again stood up, and sang another hymn, which when done, with all the cheerfulness possible we resumed our journey. On my asking them why they did that then, they told me they always have prayers the first thing in the morning, at 10 in the forenoon, at sun-set, and on going to bed: "Because," said they, "suppose we no pray to God, we be very soon bad men."

Capt. Raine then briefly describes his visit to the settlement and his interview with John Adams, after which he proceeds as follows:

They were all very anxious for us to assemble in Young's house. On arriving there we found the women had not been idle, by the fine supper we saw provided, consisting of a fine, large, roasted pig, bananas, yams, and a very pleasant beverage made from cocoa-nut. Old Adams was glad to find himself so revived as to be able to join us; and after they had seated us at the table, and themselves in a ring upon the floor, which they had spread with plaintain-leaves, the old man said grace as follows, (which was likewise done by one of the other group:) "O God? bless this perishing food for the nourishment of our bodies, and feed our souls with the bread of eternal life, for Jesus Christ's sake—Amen!" Supper being finished, before any one arose, grace was again said, and then, as I before remarked, they were as cheerful as possible. Without exception, I think it was the happiest evening I ever spent. Just before retiring to bed, they again assembled, but at their respective habitations, and sang a psalm, offered up their prayers, and concluded with a hymn.

We were provided with very comfortable beds upstairs, in a room of about 25 feet long and 15 broad. The beds consisted of dried leaves, very soft and comfortable, and the clothes were those of Otaheite, which answered the purpose well. One of the Youngs, who slept at the foot of my bed, kept me in conversation for some time, and in a manner that surprised me much. He first began by saying, "We wish very much that person would arrive that is to teach us to read and write, and to do good towards God; because, said he, "we don't know e-

nough."—"John Adams is very good man, but he can't teach us any more now; and he don't know enough either." This was a very true remark. Adams certainly deserves every credit for having given these people so true a sense of religion as they have; but as he has never had, I almost venture to say, any education it could not be expected that he should have done more than he really has. At present many of them read very well, and are very fond of it; for they frequently took up their bibles, and we heard them read several chapters. None of them can write, nor do I think they ever will, unless some one remain with them and teach them; for Adams, although he can write, is now too old to undertake the task.

In this conversation with Young his brothers joined, and they all repeatedly said, "We wish to do what is right; and, suppose we get this man, we pay great attention, and do every thing he tell us. Two years now since we heard this man coming; so we think now he never come." I told them, when I went home I would do my best to get one sent out, when they exclaimed in great joy—"Oh! you good Captain! we like to hear you talk so; you no forget us, we never forget you!" The simplicity and genuine goodness, so manifest in all these poor fellows' conduct and expressions, filled me with admiration; and it was observed by the whole of us, that in neither word nor deed did they ever evince the least vice. To one another they displayed such brotherly affection, such a willingness to comply with each other's wishes, that quarrelling appeared almost impossible. This remark I made to Adams, who confirmed it by saying, that he thought they really were the happiest people in the world, for, as we then saw them, so they always were; and their greatest pleasures consisted in doing each other good; for, although they were in separate families, whatever one possessed was always at the disposal of the other.

In their conversation they were always anxious for information on the Scriptures, and expressed their sorrow that they did not understand all they read. One of them, in talking with the Doctor, showed such a knowledge of the Scriptures as is worthy of remark, particularly as it evinced their simplicity and harmlessness; the subject was quarrelling, on which he said, "Suppose one man strike me, I no strike again, for the Book says, suppose one strike you on one side, turn the other to him; suppose he bad man strike me, I no strike him, because no good that; suppose he kill me, he can't kill the soul—he no can grasp that, that go to God, much better place than here." At another time, pointing to all the scene around him, and to the Heavens, he said, "God make all these, sun, moon, and stars; and," he added, with surprise, "the book say some people live who not know who made these!" This appeared to him a great sin. They all of them frequently said, "if they no pray to

20
God they grow wicked, and then God have nothing to do with the wicked, you know." This may perhaps be sufficient to show the religious feelings and habits of these people, though such instances as are above related we frequently witnessed. Nothing gave them more satisfaction than hearing us read to them, and our explaining what we read. At dawn of day I was awakened by their singing, not only in the house where we slept, but in all the others; they were at their devotions; and having sung the psalm, one of them prayed aloud, returning thanks for the blessings of the night; and they then said a prayer to themselves, and finished with a hymn. Their worship being finished they divided themselves into parties for the purpose of procuring us refreshments.

Some went for yams, others for plantains and bananas, and others for cocoa-nuts. At eight the men returned, but I was surprised to see them without any produce; but, upon inquiring, was agreeably surprised to find that they had taken a great quantity down to the beach, and more in the path from the houses to the boat. On reaching the boat, we found the surf so great that it was not prudent to allow the cutter to come in; but they offered to load her from their canoes. This I thought was impossible; but they instantly loaded one of them, and carried her into the mid-channel before described, when one of them got in, and, on the signal being given by those on the rocks, off he went, but did not succeed in getting out; for directly in the channel a surf caught him, and upset the canoe right upon one of the rocks. At this I was greatly alarmed, for I thought both he and the canoe would be dashed to pieces; but, in a moment my alarm was changed into wonder and mirth, for it appeared nothing but amusement to them. The canoe was soon righted and sent on shore, and his companions swam off, each taking to the boat part of the cargo that had been upset, so that nothing was lost. The women were also very active in the loading of the canoes and getting them off; and then amused themselves with sliding as they term it; one of the strangest, yet most pleasing performances I ever saw. They have a piece of wood, somewhat resembling a butcher's tray, but round at one end and square at the other, and having on the bottom a small keel; with this they swim off to the rocks at the entrance, getting on which they wait for a heavy surf, and, just as it breaks, jump off with the piece of wood under them, and thus with their heads before the surf, they rush in with amazing rapidity, to the very head of the bay; and, although among rocks, &c. escape all injury. They steer themselves with their feet, which they move very quickly. I was so diverted with this performance, that I asked some of the men to do it, which they frequently did, and with such dexterity as surpasses description. Indeed, so easy were their actions in the water, that we could scarcely help thinking them amphibious.

The boat being despatched, we returned to the village, where, whilst dinner was being prepared, I was much amused with their conversation, and had an opportunity of seeing their manner of making cloth, and a variety of other things. Soon after dinner, Mr. Hall arrived with the presents, with which they were all much pleased. They were exceedingly pressing on us to remain all night, but that I did not think prudent, though my will was great; and at four, having determined on going on board, we prepared for going down to the boat; and here a scene took place which brought tears into my eyes. One of them wished very much to go with us, and, thinking I would take him, asked his mother's leave, taking hold of her hand and mine. At this the mother, an elderly, fine, motherly-looking woman, stood speechless for some time, first looking at her son and then at me, till at length the tears began to trickle down her venerable cheeks, and prevented her utterance. I could no longer stand it; and so told her not to mind, for I would not take him, and bid him to remain on the island to take care of so good a mother. I then went to his wife, who was also in great grief, and told her not to fear; that he was only jesting to try her affection. This gave great satisfaction to all around, for the scene had cast a gloom over all our countenances. I now took leave of old Adams, promised to do what I could to get a person sent out, and expressed myself highly gratified at what I had observed on the island; he appeared much affected, and said, "Only speak as you find." We were followed to the boat by nearly all the inhabitants, with whom we took an affectionate parting.

As we left them, they constantly kept saying, "God bless you all, and all of us; We never forget you, and you never forget us. God send you safe home!" After we had got through the surf, we waved our hats to them, which they returned by waving their hands, &c.

THE REIGN OF MAY.

BY PERCIVAL.

I feel a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serene hours,—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods,
With the light dallying of the west wind play,
And the full brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

The Managers of the Female Assistance Society, of this city, meet with many interesting cases of distress in their visits. We select the following from the Report recently presented to the Society:—

In July last, we were called upon to visit a person in Chapel-street. On repairing to the place, we found a woman sick with a fever and inflammatory sore throat, in a confined garret-room. From her appearance and conversation, she appeared to have been well brought up, and to possess a cultivated mind. On further inquiry, we learned she was of a respectable family residing in the state of Illinois. Marrying contrary to the wishes and advice of her friends, she forfeited their favour and protection. Her husband proved to be what they predicted, a worthless character. After moving her from place to place, he brought her to this city, from Mobile, the last fall. Their clothes were detained on board the vessel for the price of their passage.—After much mental and bodily suffering, she was constrained to make her situation known to a friend, who knew her in more prosperous days. He administered to her immediate wants: but something more was to be done. She was in daily expectation of being confined, and had not been able to make the smallest preparation. The person with whom she and her husband boarded, refused to keep them any longer, unless she had some prospect of remuneration.—The city afforded no asylum but the Alms-house for a person in her situation. The limited state of our funds at that season could not afford the relief her case required. We therefore solicited the aid of a few individuals, who, with the small assistance our society could afford, defrayed her expenses for some weeks. Her case was more alarming than we at first imagined. It proved to be a hasty consumption. She declined rapidly; her infant had to be given to a nurse, and she herself removed to the hospital; after which she survived but a few weeks, leaving her infant a pensioner on the bounty of strangers. We visited her almost daily. In conversing on her situation, trials, &c. she exhibited much tenderness of conscience, and at times expressed great anxiety about the salvation of her soul. We endeavoured to point out to her the only way of a sinner's acceptance, through the atonement of Jesus Christ; and by her own request brought two clergymen to converse and pray with her. We trust she was a true penitent, and hope she was finally accepted of the Lord.

IMPROMPTU.

THE BARQUE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

'Tis the barque of the mountain! the boat of the steep!
She comes like a vision, all cheering and bright:
From the lake she emerges—she haunts the blue deep,
And looks on the regions of glory and light.
How dear to the freeman the presage she bears!
How dear to his bosom the prospect she brings!
She shines like a star through the vista of years,
While the minstrel of time thus enchantingly sings:
"Lo! the pine of the mountain, the oak of the hill,
Shall brave the rude blast of the boundless abyss;
Thy garners, Vermont, Europe's riches shall fill,
And the wave of the Lake the Atlantic shall kiss.
"With gratitude then shall thy offspring revere
The science that taught thee the harvest to reap;
That bade to the ocean, the landsman to steer
His barque of the mountain, and boat of the steep!"

BOSTON BARD.



FOR THE FREE PRESS.
Shall I never see the day,
 BY WILLIAM RAY.
 ADVERSITY.

SHALL I never see the day
 When prosperity once more
 Smiles adversity away,
 And the dreadful storm is o'er—
 Will that moment ever be
 This side of eternity?

No—that time will never come,
 When unmingled peace and joy
 Find within the heart a home—
 Where no troubles e'er annoy—
 No such fruitful field of bliss
 Blossoms in a world like this.

Care, perplexity and pain,
 Disappointment and dismay,
 Surely visit us again,
 If they leave us for a day—
 If they leave us for an hour,
 Come again with triple pow'r.

Life a burden is at best—
 An intolerable load;
 Who can take a moment's rest
 On the solitary road,
 Through a wilderness of fears,
 Interspers'd with streams of tears.

Life at worst must be endur'd,
 For we must not cut the cord;
 Evils, that cannot be cur'd,
 May be blessings from the Lord—
 Filial chastenings from above—
 Demonstrations of his love.*

Hard the lesson is to learn—
 "Good for us to be distress'd"—
 Hard for mortals to discern
 That *whatever is—is best*;
 But submission must be giv'n
 To the Lord of earth and heav'n.

Dark afflictions, keen and cold,
 Long have been my lot and part—
 And with tortures manifold
 Beaten on this bleeding heart—
 Yet, O! gracious POWER DIVINE,
 Teach me never to repine.

21

A Song of Pitcairn's Island.

Come, take our boy, and we will go,
 Before our cabin door;
 The winds shall bring us, as they blow,
 The murmurs of the shore;
 And we will kiss his young blue eyes,
 And I will sing him, as he lies,
 Songs that were made of yore:
 I'll sing, in his delightful ear,
 The island songs thou lov'st to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,
 Thy country's tongue shall teach;
 'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet,
 Than my own native speech.
 For thou no other tongue didst know,
 When, scarcely twenty years ago,
 Upon Tahete's beach
 Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine,
 With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
 My eyes, my locks of jet;
 Ah! well for me they won thy gaze,—
 But thine were fairer yet!
 I'm glad to see my infant wear
 Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
 And when my sight is met
 By his white brow and blooming cheek,
 I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come, talk of Europe's maid, with me,
 Whose neck and cheek they tell,
 Outshine the beauty of the sea,
 White foam and crimson shell.
 I'll shape like their's my simple dress,
 And bind like them each jetty tress,
 A sight to please thee well;
 And for my dusky brow will braid
 A bonnet, like an English maid.

Come, for the soft, low sunlight calls,
 We love the pleasant hours;
 'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls,—
 That seat among the flow'rs.
 And I will learn of thee a prayer,
 To Him, who gave a home so fair,
 A lot so blest as ours—
 The God who made, for thee and me,
 This sweet lone isle amid the sea. B.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

[From the *New-York Observer*.]

We have inserted below, from the London Evangelical Magazine for November, some late and interesting intelligence from Pitcairn's Island. It is well known to most of our readers, that the settlement on this island owes its origin to the mutineers of the British armed vessel the *Bounty*. In the year 1789, this vessel, while employed in the Pacific Ocean, was taken from her com-

mander, Lieutenant William Bligh, by 25 of the crew, who put the Lieutenant and 13 of his men into the launch, which, after a passage of 1200 leagues, providentially arrived at a Dutch settlement on the island of Timor. The mutineers proceeded with the vessel to Otaheite, where 16 of the 25 desired to be landed, and most of them were afterward taken and sent to Great Britain for trial. The remaining nine, after making a short stay at Otaheite, where they took wives and six men servants, proceeded to Pitcairn's Island, which was, at that time, uninhabited, and out of the common track of European vessels. Here they destroyed the ship, and remained in entire obscurity until the year 1808, when they were accidentally discovered by Capt. Folger of Boston, who learnt that, about six years after they landed, their servants attacked and killed all the English, excepting one venerable old man, (who called himself John Adams, but whose real name was Alexander Smith;) and that the Otaheitan widows arose, the same night, and murdered all their countrymen, leaving Adams alone with the widows and children. Since Capt. Folger's visit, several British commanders have touched at the island, and they agree in representing the state of the new colony as remarkably happy and interesting. The young men and women are beautifully formed, with open, benevolent countenances, and all of them have the most marked English features. The principles of religion and morality have been carefully instilled into their youthful minds by John Adams, and thus far they have been preserved perfectly chaste and free from all kinds of debauchery. The Sabbath is strictly observed, and prayers are offered up every morning and evening in the most simple and unaffected manner. We are happy to find these accounts confirmed by the following article from the Evangelical Magazine.

"A professional gentleman, who visited the island in December last, communicated to the Directors of the London Missionary Society the following particulars:—

"At the above-mentioned period, there were residing on the island 54 persons, of whom 49 were the offspring of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. Seven of the young men were married, and had in all 27 children, of whom 23 were under 10 years of age. John Adams presides as a patriarch over this interesting population. To the utmost of his power, he has endeavoured to train them up in the principles of piety and virtue, and they appear to approach nearer to the state of primeval innocence and simplicity, than, perhaps, any other community. Their condition presents a delightful picture of social happiness. The

Bible is their directory. Most of them, who are above ten years of age, can read it. A considerable part of their time is employed in offering up praises to the Almighty.—Nearly the whole of the Sabbath is spent in prayer, singing, and reading the Holy Scriptures. Every morning, at four o'clock, they assemble in their respective habitations for family worship, when an appropriate psalm is sung. At eleven, all the families meet together on a green, in the front of their dwellings, when John Adams reads their prayers, and portions of the Scriptures, and one or two psalms are sung. Before sunset, they thus assemble again. Afterward, they have family prayer, sing the Evening Hymn, and retire to rest.

"This little island is extremely healthy, and produces, with very little labour, all the necessaries of life, and some of its luxuries. The scenery, where this interesting portion of the Human race have fixed their habitations, is described as peculiarly picturesque and beautiful.

"From this remote and, in various respects, desirable spot, anxiety, however, is not excluded.—The number of ships which touch at this island, both English and American, is now much greater than formerly. John Adams is apprehensive that this may lead to an intercourse between strangers and his people, injurious to their morals and happiness. Although possessing considerable physical strength, with the use of his faculties entire, he is yet sensible of his advancing age, and feels desirous, as do the adult portion of his large family, that an individual, of weight and excellence of character, to acquire over the people a personal influence at once just and beneficial, should settle in the island during his lifetime. The plans such an individual might form for promoting the education, religious improvement, and social welfare of the people, John Adams would second with all the influence which he himself derives from their confirmed attachment and affectionate veneration.

"It is the desire of Mr. Adams and his people, that the person who may settle on the island with those views should be an Englishman, a minister, and that he should be sent out under the sanction of the London Missionary Society.

"As, however, the interesting people who thus require the intervention of the Society, do not fall within the recognised sphere of its operations, the Directors cannot pledge themselves to contribute towards the expenses either of equipment or maintenance, on behalf of any person going out, as proposed, under the sanction of the Society; but they engage to exert themselves to procure for such person, and for his wife, (if married) a free passage to Pitcairn's island.

The following poetic effusion, says the Advocate, will be read with great pleasure. It is a beautiful specimen of the pastoral, and would have done credit to Gay or Parnell; the images are so natural, the verse so smooth and harmonious. We frequently find, in some corner of a newspaper, a neglected gem like the following, which, if extracted and brought forward, would throw a lustre over the poetic genius of our country;

THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When fond recollection recalls them to view;

The orchard, the meadow, the 'eep-tangled wild wood,

And every lov'd spot which my infancy knew;

The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,

The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well,

The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—

The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure. For often, at noon, when returned from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,

And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,

That soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

The old oaken-bucket—the iron bound bucket—

The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,

As pois'd on the curb, it inclined to my lips;

A full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,

Tho' fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far remov'd from the lov'd situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my former plantation,

And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.

The old oaken bucket—the iron bound bucket—

The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

POETRY.

From the New-York Evening Post.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfur'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The silky baldric of the skies,
And strip'd its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She call'd her eagle bearer down,
And give into his mighty hand
The Symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'd aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumping loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven!
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbengers of Victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dim'd the glistening bayonet.)
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor-glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall!
There shall thy victor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broad-sides reeling rack,
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look, at once, to heaven and thee,
And smile, to see thy splendors fly,
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free hearts only home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us!
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

CROAKER & CO.

By Gen. Jackson—The State of Ohio; The rapidity with which she has marched to opulence and power, is the best commentary upon the enterprise and virtue of her citizens.
[When this toast was drank, the General, having

DIED

At the house of Mr. Wickliffe G. Post, near Mount Pleasant, Greene county, Illinois, on the first day of October, Miss Julia Fitz Randolph, daughter of Mr. Robert Fitz Randolph, of Warwick, Orange county, N. Y. and only sister of Mrs. Col. Post, of Bonhomme, Missouri.

The deep sensation excited by the untimely death of this interesting young lady, is the best eulogium of her merits. During her residence in this state, her genius, her high literary attainments, and more than all, her amiable manners had formed around her a circle of friends who knew her worth, and who will long cherish her memory.

Few females in our country had better opportunities of cultivating their minds, and none improved them with more ardour. At the important period when our literary taste is acquired, and a direction given to the mind which it pursues through subsequent life, she became an inmate of the family of col. Post. Under his direction she pursued a course of study eminently calculated to unfold the powers of her mind, and stamp with sterling worth her literary character.

At the termination of the late war when col. Post emigrated to Missouri, she remained in New York with her friends. On the 9th of September, 1817, at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Post, she bade adieu to her parents and departed for this state, to join her sister. It was an hour of trial, and one she could rarely advert to without a tear. She was leaving forever the parents she fondly loved, and bidding a last farewell to the scenes of her early years. She beheld the mountains of her native state fade from her view with an emotion which she could never forget.

In September last, she accompanied some friends on a visit to Greene county, Illinois. From this visit, as if to demonstrate the frailty of human expectations, she anticipated much happiness: but shortly after her arrival she was attacked with the typhus fever, which on the eighteenth day terminated her existence. She beheld her approaching dissolution with calmness, for death was not to her a new theme of meditation. Her hopes of happiness beyond the grave were bright, she was much engaged in prayer, and gave the most satisfactory evidence to all who visited her, that she was about to enter upon a joyful immortality.

From the family where she was sick, she received every kindness and attention that even maternal affection could have bestowed, and the utmost efforts of a skilful physician were exerted for her recovery; but in vain. On the morning of the first of October, her spirit gently took its flight from a world of care and sorrow.

Her funeral was attended at Mount Pleasant, the place she had selected for her interment, where a sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. M. Peck, a Baptist Missionary, to a large and deeply affected auditory.

Farewell, amiable, interesting, Julia; though you have descended to an early grave, you have not lived in vain: the memory of your virtues will survive, and the hallowed spot where you repose, will call forth the warmest tears of friendship.—*Missouri Republican.*

SCRIPTURE SUBLIMITY.

A gentleman of learning and taste, observing Dugald Buchanan, (a catechist and schoolmaster, employed by the Society for propagating Christian knowledge,) in his parlour, at Kinloch-Rannach, reading these lines:

“The cloud-clapt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples—the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inhabit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.”

Asked, Did you ever read such sublime lines before? He replied, “Yes I have a book at home in which is a more sublime passage. The words are, ‘I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there was found no place for them.’ The gentleman replied, ‘Why Sir, that’s in the Bible. I must confess it is very sublime, though till now I attended not to its beauty.’”

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

The Spectator.

NO. II.

AND I fell upon a certain place, and the path was thorny and abrupt, and the way dreary; and I lay me down, and I fell into a deep sleep, and as I slept I dreamed a dream:—

And behold a man stood by me, clothed with rich apparel, and girded about with a girdle; and he had a sword in his girdle of pure steel. And he passed by as though he saw me not: and I caught him by the robe, and said—“Abide with me, I pray thee.” And he said—“Wherefore, seeing we are strangers, and I know thee not?” But I said—“Let not my auditor be angry, and I will tell thee: for of a long time have I sought thee, and found thee not. Tarry, I pray thee, with me, for thou art lovely; thou art of the line of David.” Then the man said—“Surely thou hast heard of me; but how knowest thou me, seeing I know thee not?” And I said—“Though I have searched long for thee, and have met many who went by thy name, but I believed them not: But when I saw thee, a voice within me said—‘This is he.’ But suffer it now, and let me, I pray thee, have thee with me.” At that he frowned upon me, and giving me a searching look, and bidding me divest myself of all my rags, he said—“Seest thou this sword? I will be with thee, but if thou goest out of the way, I will be a thorn in thy back and a goad in thy sides; I will prick thee to the heart, and thou shalt know that thou hast departed from the narrow way.” Then he turned toward me and smiled; and I rejoiced and was light of heart, and began to sing—

TRUTH here is given for our guide,
To bring us to that land,
Where each shall be a heavenly bride,
And sing at God’s right hand.

Blest Truth! thy sword protects the just,
And puts their armour on;
Though Satan rage, in heaven they trust,
In God’s Eternal Son!

And I awoke, refreshed and rejoicing, and lo, it was a dream.

The Spectator.

NO. III.

PASSING through the wilderness of this world, I came to the side of a mountain, and the valley at its feet was very pleasant, insomuch that my eyes became heavy, and I laid me down and fell asleep, and as I slept, I dreamed a dream:—

Methought I arose from my place, and came and stood over a dark and deep pit, and looked in, (the name thereof was “Dissipation;”) and I beheld there thousands and tens of thousands, even a great multitude; and they descended the staircases, some winding along with them, some going an even and steady pace, and some jumping over the heads of others, sprang into the abyss below, that I saw them no

more; and others crying out, and profaning and blaspheming the great Physician, who stood on the side where I was, and wept, and said—“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;” and he extended his arms, and beckoned them to come to him, and he would help them.—But some mocked, and some railed at those things which he spake, and others stopped their ears, and said—“We be already thy disciples.”

Now behold I could see a great way;—and as far as my eye directed me, I saw that the steps were of adamant, and exceedingly slippery, as they approached the abyss, and the descent more precipitate. And behold there was a strait and narrow path, which led upward from the pit, and the great Physician stood at the head thereof, and a few regarded his words and the pains which he had suffered, and went up and followed him, “so that a remnant was saved.”

And I looked on the other side, and there was written, in letters of “blood,” which nothing but the blood of the Lamb could wash away, “THE END OF ALL THESE THINGS IS DEATH!” And sundry other inscriptions I saw, and one was—“HERE GOETH THE CHILDREN OF BABYLON, WITH THE HANDMAID OF DESTRUCTION!”—and another—“LICENTIOUSNESS AND DEATH!” and another—“COVETOUSNESS BRINGETH A SNARE!” And the pit was lined with traps and snares, and many were caught and thrown down, with a groaning noise, and I saw them no more.

And I lifted up mine eyes, and saw as though the whole world were coming toward the pit—little children and suckling babes. And I saw a gate over against the pit, and over it were written—“Knock, and it shall be opened.” And many knocked, and no man opened, and so they went their way. And I stepped up to the gate-keeper, and said—“Didst thou not hear that knock?” He said—“Yea, but it was feeble; and didst thou not see that bundle which he had? that is the bundle of darling-passion, with which, if any man has it, he cannot knock aright.”

Now, just at this time, methought I saw another man coming up, and he was ragged, and sick, and weary; and he knocked at the gate, but no man opened, so he sat himself down, and he sighed and said, “If I perish, I will die by this gate.”

Now methought he was in great despondency of mind, and, when he could, he would knock; but yet no man regarded. Now as I greatly wondered what this should mean, behold I saw, that the man lost all patience, and he rose, and by the help of a man whose name was Promise, he raised a mighty stone upon his shoulders, and he smote it against the gate, and the gate seemed to quake upon its hinges; and it opened, and he went in, and I heard a voice saying—“The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.”

And I awoke, and lo! it was a dream.

OBITUARY.

For the New-York Observer.
REV. AMZI ARMSTRONG, D. D.

Died on Lord's day, March 4th, 1827, of a paralytic affection, Rev. AMZI ARMSTRONG, D. D. of Perth Amboy, N. J.

Dr. Armstrong was in the 56th year of his age, and the 32d of his ministry; having possessed an excellent constitution, and lived in the habits and order of Christianity. For nearly twenty years he was the pastor, honored and beloved, of the Presbyterian church in Mendham, N. J. From this sphere of usefulness he was induced to ask, and obtained, from the then Presbytery of Jersey, a release, in October, 1816, on account of increasing infirmities, and with a view to greater usefulness in another department of service to the same general cause. He became Principal of the Bloomfield Academy, which his accession was the means of reviving from its previous depression, and of raising to its present eminence. His design in this was, to be instrumental in the preparatory training of pious and promising aspirants to the sacred office. This had long been with him an impressive object, and here his exertions were for the time considerably prospected. A number of useful ministers, now in the field, will long remember their indebtedness to his instructions and care for their success. Here he continued assiduously to promote the interests of literature, in subserviency to those of religion, as far as health would permit, till the Spring of the last year; when, in consequence of peculiar pressures and repeated paralytic attacks, having been also a cripple from early life, he was induced to resign his trust, and commence a less arduous service as the principal of a Seminary in the village of his late residence. He dreaded a life of inaction, and infused the same principles of effective usefulness into the minds of his children, who were his auxiliaries in the business and care of either Seminary. The wife of his youth entered into rest only three months before him; and thus a large family, of whom one the Rev. Wm. J. Armstrong, of Richmond, Va.) is a useful minister of the Gospel, are left to mourn a sudden and double orphanage. For their loss but one equivalent, and that much more than an equivalent for all possible temporal bereavements, remains—it is the grace of the God of their fathers! To his eternal Providence, in whom "the fatherless findeth mercy," we commend them, as to a Father of whom neither death nor life can deprive them!

When men of real piety and eminence leave the world, it is not more justice to the departed, than benevolence to survivors, to record the "good name" they have obtained from their cotemporaries, and commend their virtues to the imitation of mankind. And should the hand of friendship or sympathy, that sketches their brief and due memorial, betray a partiality, that denies not their imperfections while celebrates their excellencies, the enlightened and ingenuous reader—and others may not be consulted—will know how to appreciate the picture, without nearly inquiring for traces of a different description; as if an obituary notice were a doomsday manifesto, or an angry indictment at the bar of posterity; as if any good end could be answered, or any good motive gratified, by an opposite course—as if the divine law of reciprocity could approve, in the case of a departed brother, what no man would desire for himself—as if there were any special danger of implying that "the spirits of just men" are "made perfect" in the present world—or, as if the praising mood of the imious would not be sufficient assistance of those who are called to "glorify God" in the graces of his saints, by rescuing those graces from the waters of forgetfulness, and embalming those saints in the veneration of mankind. The writer is acquainted with no human being, whose memory would not need the clemency of these principles: and few living examples of excellence exist, to whom they would not apply with equal justice

and pertinency, if indeed they have any peculiar applicability to the worthy subject of this article. Dr. Armstrong had an extensive acquaintance, and has left a large and respectable circle of relatives and friends, to whose feelings it is due to administer the appropriate consolation; and to all of whom his deepened remembrance will be both grateful and salutary, enforcing the divine exhortation, "be ye not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

In tracing some of his grander characteristics, a complete portrait will not be attempted; we aim only at a correct outline, which the memory and imagination of friendship may unite to fill—which strangers, while they gaze, may be led to consider, or prompted to transcribe in their own living practice.

1. *Dr. Armstrong was a man of uncommonly vigorous and independent powers of mind.*

In the latter stages of his life, indeed, his mind participated to some degree in the infirmities of his body, and both were prematurely superannuated; but in the prime of his days he was another man. His thought was original and forceful; his elocution nervous and bold; his power to impress was masterly and unborrowed. His influence in deliberative assemblies was felt and acknowledged by the best judges. As a disciplinarian, his capacity was evinced in the order of the church, the rule of his family, and the decorum of his pupils. In domestic government he certainly excelled. Authority was blended with tenderness, as it inspired awe not more than confidence. Few parents could appeal to the criterion of success in this important sphere with more just occasion of joy. His was a large and happy family, that repaid his assiduities with their proper fruits, and crowned his gray hairs with honor. His knowledge of human nature, the aptness of his expounds, and the fact of his great respectability in their eyes, were evinced as peculiar in his government of youth.

2. *His literature was more than respectable—it was extensive, classical, and much at his command in the various relations and occurrences of life.*

Though destitute of the forms of a liberal education, and in a high degree self-taught, his attainments were neither few nor superficial. Many a regular graduate was his literary inferior, and few with no more advantages have made his acquisitions. This is not said in disparagement of some very essential help which he initially received from the Rev. Amzi Lewis, then of Warwick, Orange Co. of this State. That venerable man was his patron, his instructor and his counsellor. After him he was named, and him his gratitude delighted to honor also, (it is believed,) as his spiritual father.

Without effort and application, no man permanently rises in society. The fancy that College respectability, has been the rule and the ruin of many a noble mind; while a dependence, forced or deliberate, on personal exertion and resource, has been the making of thousands. Our powers gather strength by exercise, and expand to meet the occasion which claims their utmost strength. The necessity of action was early felt and durably honored by Dr. Armstrong. With difficulties and trials he struggled resolutely and with success; an example of the force of character, and a proof of the power of industrious decision.

3. *His feelings were very acute—their sensitiveness on all occasions was refined and remarkable.*

Sensibility is a quality oftener wounded than appreciated, in this heartless world. It is often affected and artificial, often morbid and cowardly, often wavering and ungovernable. But the sensibility of Dr. Armstrong was genuine, native, and disciplined—not always perhaps so as to preclude its excess. His feelings did not enervate or hinder his decision; but few men more felt or sooner withered at the rebuke of cruelty. The sallies of his wit were indeed searching to the sensibilities of others;

they were rapid and sometimes abrupt, often brilliant and occasionally jocose; but never vulgar or malignant.

4. *In the different relations of life he was tender, considerate and uniform.*

As a friend to the poor, as compassionate to the distressed, as sympathetic with affliction, as true in friendship, as a relative, a husband, a father, he was an example of goodness. As a patriot he was principled and sincere, but not noisy or meddling.

He was the oldest son of a very large family, perhaps of twenty children. In this relation he was soon called to act with the counsel, the care and the influence, of a father towards the others: and these will long cherish with gratitude the memory of one, to whom through many years of change and trial, they have been so deeply indebted. The constancy, the piety, and the fruits of his kindness, are connected not only with their best feelings, but also with their prosperous circumstances and standing in life.

As a pastor he was much and deservedly esteemed. No one could doubt the sincerity of his faith in the inspiration of the Scriptures. This faith he instrumentally diffused and established among the people of his charge. To them his name is still dear and venerable. Many of them are the seals of his ministry and the monuments of his usefulness. During his pastoral ministrations he was favoured with several revivals of religion, as the result of which numbers were added to the church. In this relation, where a minister is best known, Dr. Armstrong was truly revered. His parishioners gave him their united confidence as a man of God; and the good effects of his ministry will long survive. "And herein is that saying true, one soweth, and another reapeth." Other men have "entered into his labours," and reaped the fruits of his long and faithful ministry.

5. *His generosity was distinguished and large—it was also practical and productive.*

Without the ability of affluence, he was not without the temper and the deeds of communicative goodness. Magnanimity was a prominent distinction of his character; he hated whatever was narrow, sordid, or mean: and not only in pecuniary concerns, but in those of a moral and social nature, the circle of his thought was large, and his liberal soul "devised liberal things." Hence,

6. *He was a firm and active friend of the great public charities of the day, believing in the duty and the promise of evangelical exertions.*

These he associated in his mind with the landmarks of progressive light and achievement. "He aided them," says an excellent brother who well knew, "by his personal efforts, his prayers, and his contributions. The Education of Young Men for the Gospel Ministry, the Bible and Missionary cause, and the civil, intellectual, and moral regeneration of the oppressed children of Africa, were objects which engaged the warmest affections of his heart."

7. *His theological views were scriptural and sound, coinciding, in all important respects, though not all scrupulous or credulous, with those of the illustrious fathers of New-England.*

As a theologian, he undoubtedly had his peculiarities; but they were such as detracted nothing from the glory of the Redeemer, or the grandeur of his religion. He was fond of the word of God alone, and timid, perhaps to a fault, of all religious theorizing. He had seen so much of the evils of system in its bearing upon sacred interpretation, and indeed upon all the interests of theology, that he inclined possibly too much, to the position of simple Scripture testimony. None but a bigot or an Antinomian, however, would gravely impeach his orthodoxy. He abhorred the sacrilege that sinks the honor of the Bible one tittle, or ventures to assign the precedence to any human formulary or exposition. This peculiarity—if such, alas! it be,—would canonize the memory of any man. It was the life of his prayers, the strength of his faith, and the sanction of his holy hope.

He was a fond and well read student of the prophecies, which he often treated in the pulpit, and sometimes from the press. Prophecy was his favorite subject, and in its discussion he was at least neither "mad" nor intemperate. As an author he has appeared in several valuable sermons, and especially in a volume entitled *A Syllabus of Lectures on the Apocalypse*—a performance of respectability and worth, that corresponds to its name, and is most valued by those to whom its sublime subject-matter is most familiar. His peculiarities specially respected the interpretation of prophecy; but they did not disgust, or offend, or obtrude themselves on every occasion. He was one of those casuists with whom the rights of conscience and the prerogatives of private judgment were held sacred, not as the guise of error or the prop of theory; nor were they abused as the organs of strife, or the instruments of molestation.

3. *Dr. Armstrong was a man of piety, deep, living, practical and enlightened.*

This has been already implied in all we have said of him; and it is formally distributed last, not as least, but as first and best among his excellencies. He loved God; he feared Him; and often did his devotional tenderness vent itself in "prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears." His unworthiness as a sinner in the sight of Heaven he sincerely felt; and hence renounced all his own resources for those of God in Christ Jesus. To his soul the Saviour was precious, and of his Spirit he largely participated. As a man of prayer, Dr. Armstrong may be remembered as a rare example. Here he was at home; he spake to his Father; his face was towards Jerusalem that is above; and his language was simple yet enlarged, humble yet confident, contrite yet happy and importunate. He was sometimes mighty and absorbed at the throne of grace. Thence he drew his consolations; thither he brought his cares and wants; there he developed the interior of his soul; and there he pleaded for his family, for the souls of his children, and the salvation of the world, in the name of Jesus Christ.

His trials were numerous and severe, exercising his submission with many reverses. These he referred by faith to the ordering of Providence, and improved in duty to his spiritual benefit. They were in effect, as in design, for his "profit, that he might be made partaker of God's holiness."

What were the peculiar indications of his mind during his last illness, is at present unknown to us. But *the living character* is the index of destiny: and whether Dr. Armstrong was composed or intimidated, whether he was tranquil or tremulous at the approach of death, would little affect our estimate of his character. What God has promised, he will perform: and it is with the sweetest conviction that we bid him *adieu* in the hope of witnessing his glorious resurrection and advancement to the right hand of Jesus Christ, as one whom the blood of atonement justified from all things, and whom the grace of the Spirit made holy and blessed forever. "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

P. S. Since writing the above, we have received the information respecting his last moments. He enjoyed his senses perfectly to the last; evinced the clearest sense of divine things, and of his own nearness to the eternal world; manifested a tender and patriarchal solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his family; and not long previous to his exit, the family were convened at his request, and in circumstances of such solemnity and interest were most affectionately commended to God in prayer, in which his utterance was distinct and impressive. Thus his course was finished; and his crown, we doubt not, obtained from the hand of his glorious Lord, as one that loved

his appearing
O let me die his death, all nature cries;
When live his life—all nature faults here!

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

There is much truth as well as *beauty*, in the following passage from the writings of Dr. Chalmers.

We never, in the whole course of our recollection, met with a Christian friend, who bore upon his character every other evidence of the Spirit's operation, who did not remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy. We appeal to the memory of all the worthies who are now lying in their graves, that eminent as they were in every other grace and accomplishment of the new creature, the religiousness of their Sabbath day shone with an equal lustre amid the fine assemblage of virtues which adorned them. In every Christian household it will be found that the discipline of a well-ordered Sabbath is never forgotten amongst the other lessons of a Christian education; and we appeal to every individual who now hears us, and who carries the remembrance in his bosom of a father's worth, and a father's piety, if, on the coming round of the seventh day, an air of peculiar sacredness did not spread itself over that mansion where he drew his first breath, and was taught to repeat his infant hymn, and hush his infant prayer. Rest assured, that the Christian having the love of God written in his heart, and denying the Sabbath a place in its affections, is an anomaly that is no where to be found. Every Sabbath image, and every Sabbath circumstance, is dear to him. He loves the quietness of that hallowed morn. He loves the church-bell sound, which summons him to the house of prayer. He loves to join the chorus of devotion, and to sit and listen to that voice of persuasion which is lifted in the hearing of an assembled multitude. He loves the retirement of this day from the din of worldly business and the inroads of worldly men. He loves the leisure it brings along with it; and sweet to his soul is the exercise of that hallowed hour, when there is no eye to witness him but the eye of heaven; and when in solemn audience with the Father, who seeth in secret, he can, on the wings of celestial contemplation, leave all the cares, and all the vexations, and all the secularities of an alienated world behind him.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

"The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is a child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gayety; or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb, sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. O the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!"—*Sketch Book.*

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

By J. G. Percival.

From the flowery islets of the Southern sea,
Where the fulness of life forever flows,
Where the waters are ever gliding free,
And the ripen'd fruit by its blossom glows;
From the region of light and wooing gales,
Where the plumed wanderer loves to roam,
And glad, as the fair wind fills his sails,
Bounds over the wave to his unseen home.

From the flowery isles of the Southern sea,
Where life seems one long and glad repose,
And the Savage beneath his sheltering tree
No fairer and happier being knows;
Where he wakes to a clear and cloudless day
With the notes of the earliest matin song,
And silently dreams the hours away,
Or hurries to join the sportive throng:

From those flowery and happy Elysian isles,
Where the ocean kisses the coral shore,
And, spread like a silvery mirror, smiles,
Nor ever wakes to the whirlwind's roar;
Where the Halcyon ever might fold its wing,
And float on the calm and silent sea,
And wide the joyous mariner fling
His sails to the wind's full mastery:

I come from those blest Elysian isles
With the dews of life in my brimming urn;
Young Spring at my bidding wakes and smiles,
And the infant blushes of beauty burn;
A thousand busy and joyous wings
O'er meadow and forest my treasures bear,
And health, in her innocent gladness, flings
New-braided wreaths from her flowing hair;
All waken and brighten where'er I go,
Like the hearts that welcome a festive day,
And happy creatures around me flow,
Like the crowds that greet a conqueror's sway.

The following poetical tribute to the memory of one of the best American Poets, who has recently "left the earth," but not "without a vestige," will be read with interest by the friends of the deceased. It is from the pen of another *Bard of Michigan*, who was in habits of intimacy with him, and who feels with a poet's feeling, the departure of a kindred spirit to realms where poetic visions are more than realized.

[From the *Detroit Gazette.*]

To the Memory of James L. Cole, Esquire.

The hand—which, late, with rapture strung
As sweet a lyre as e'er was given
To Youthful minstrel's touch, and flung,
All wild and free, its notes to heaven—
Is cold in earth; and ne'er again
Shall wake "the sadly-pleasing strain."

He sleeps within his silent tomb,
The shroud around, the damp clod o'er him;
Yet Genius weeps his early doom,
And long shall Friendship's sigh deplore him;
While, lingering round on Fancy's wing,
Thus his dirge the Muses sing.

THE DIRGE.

Bring, sisters, bring every flower that is fairest;
Wreathed by soft pity and gemmed with a tear;
Pluck from each garland the richest and rarest,
And strew their young sweets o'er your Favorite's bier.

Waken the wild harp and let its soft numbers
Steal o'er the heart with resistless control,
Till each eye drop a tear of regret o'er the slumbers
Of youth, worth and genius—a tribute to Cole.

MICHIGAN.

SKETCH OF THE SPEECH
OF THE

REV. MR. SUMMERFIELD,
Before the American Tract Society.

We regret that we are not able to insert this speech entire, and from the pen of the orator himself. Application for a copy was made by the President of the Society, but in consequence of extreme illness, Mr. S. has not been able to prepare it for us, and we are sorry to add, that from the nature of the disease, we fear the public will never be gratified with a full and correct account of probably the last public address of this distinguished young man. We copy the following brief sketch from the Commercial Advertiser :

Mr. S. said he would not dwell upon the importance and usefulness of Tracts. Upon that point enough had been said. In speaking of the bright prospects of the Christian church from the exertions of the present age, he triumphantly referred to that arch-infidel Hume, who predicted the downfall of Christianity in the 19th century. Nay, he declared that he already saw the evidences of its downfall. It was not the twilight, however, but as it were the dawning light of Christianity which he saw ; for with the commencement of the nineteenth century the British and Foreign Bible Society was brought forth. Voltaire too, with impotent rage, had assailed Christianity, and had audaciously asserted, that although it took twelve men to plant Christianity, his single arm should root it out. In that day and country, it was customary to sneer at Christians. And among the French nobility, it was an old saying, " We'll leave the poor to the clergy." He was thankful that they had been left with the clergy. The poor we have always with us. Tom Paine—(I thank God that his bones have been rooted up, and no longer pollute the soil of our country)—Tom Paine boasted that he had cut down every tree in Paradise. There was one tree he had not rooted up, and that was the tree of life. Would that he had reached forth his hand and taken its fruit. He mentioned these circumstances to show how our religion had been assailed by infidels, and how speedily and gloriously their predictions had been falsified.—It was a pleasing fact, that Voltaire's press—that very press that scattered his baneful Tracts, so that, like the frogs in Egypt, they were found in their houses, their kneading troughs, and their ovens,—is now actively employed by the Paris Bible Society. In the very chamber, too, where Hume uttered his evil prophecy, the first committee assembled for forming the Edinburgh Bible Society. One of the converts of Carlisle, moreover who sent that wretch a donation in prison, as he said, to compliment him for having delivered him from his ridiculous fears of hell, and his fantastical hopes of heaven, lately died in the most horrible agony, exclaiming, " I am lost !"

Mr. S. warmly congratulated the society upon its formation. This room affords a delightful spectacle. In the union of different sects of Christians, there is a semblance of that love which is so beautiful in the Christian character. It is a love which we can even see as it were beaming from the face, looking out at the eyes, breathing from the lips, and distilling from the hands, thus creating an atmosphere which angels come down to inhale, and in which God himself delights to dwell ; for he, that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him !

EXTRACTS FROM THE
SPEECH OF THE REV. THOMAS DEWITT,
Before the American Tract Society, on Wednesday,
the 11th of May, 1825.
THE PRESENT AGE COMPARED WITH THE AGE
OF THE REFORMATION.

It has been remarked, that the discovery of the art of printing, the revival of letters, and the reformation from popery, were events almost contemporaneous, and that their mutual action, and re-action on each other, were most salutary. The result then was, and now is, the spread and progress of knowledge, the diffusion and security of civil and religious liberty ; and the influence of the Gospel of Jesus in its own simplicity and power on the heart and lives of men, blessing the world which now is, and preparing for that which is to come. As patriots, as Protestants, and as Christians we have reason to look back upon that period with grateful recollections, to honour the instrumentality then employed by the head of the Church, and to confess that our " heritage is indeed a goodly one."

The period of thirty years now past has given rise to a spirit, and to efforts almost new, and has unfolded results and effects which lead the Christian observer to consider it as an important era in the annals of the Church, which the course of time will enable us more clearly to identify in the record of fulfilled prophecy. The Reformation succeeded a period of thick darkness, gross superstition, and corruption, and sore oppression. The era which now exists, succeeded a state of too prevalent lethargy and inaction in the Church of Christ, and of too great jealousy and bickerings between its various sections. It appeared at the very time when infidelity wore its front most loftily, uttered its boastings most proudly, breathed its threatenings most maliciously, and stretched forth its arm most daringly and strongly, although (blessed be the Lord) most impotently, for the violation and destruction of all that is sacred in itself, dear to the pious, and which is to the fallen children of men the only bond of order, the source of command, fort and peace, the safeguard of virtue and holiness, and the ground of hope. At that time many who " wept in secret places," feared that the walls of Zion were tottering even to their foundations. But in that " troublous time" the wall of Zion (of Zion which is " beautiful for situation, and shall be the joy of the whole earth") began to be repaired and strengthened. A spirit of missionary zeal was excited—a zeal in obedience to our Saviour's too much forgotten command, " Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." The stated concert of prayer then originated, and soon extended and prevailed in true harmony and much fervency. The various charities devised by wisdom and liberality for the removal or relief of the wants and woes of suffering humanity, have received new direction, vigour, and usefulness. New plans and efforts for the education of the poor and ignorant have been devised and employed with a careful and provident design to render that education subservient to their religious and moral as well as mental improvement, to rescue them from vice as well as ignorance, to prepare them for happiness in eternity as well as usefulness in time. An union of Christians has taken place for translating and diffusing the blessed volume of truth and grace, with the view and hope of finally supplying the wants of the world. But the catalogue would prove too extended. These various institutions formed and carried on by Christian benevolence, all move in their own sphere, and fulfil their own work ; but acting in perfect harmony, and fulfilling the same great design, they form a grand system of charity and beneficence, which in its influence subdues the corruptions, and prevents or removes the woes of sinful and suffering humanity, which diffuses the influence of religious and moral principle, and which produces the fruit of righteousness and peace in wide extent, and in all the circumstances and relations of life.

The contemplation of this system is during this week in this place presented to our eyes, our ears, and our hearts. " I was glad when they said, come let us go up—to the place whither the tribes go up—the tribes of the Lord unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." This city, eminently distinguished by its natural and local advantages, and by its increasing commercial prosperity and influence, seems in the aspect of Providence destined to become the centre of the system of the religious charities of our day and nation. It may then (in a qualified sense) even now be termed and viewed without impropriety as the " city of our solemnities" whither " the tribes of Israel come up." We have come up from our respective tribes to which in special connection condescend ourselves by the one name of Israel, bringing a common offering, cherishing a common feeling, and strengthening and encouraging each other in a common blessed work. " Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together."

These remarks have indeed no special application to the institution which now commends itself to our affection and approbation. But in the full flow of Christian gratitude, hope and love, which the views that have been offered are calculated to excite and extend, the way is opened for successfully prosecuting under all the convictions of truth and soberness the claims of this Society.

Mr. D. then remarked upon the importance of Tract Societies, as affording the means of diffusing Scriptural truth in the simplest, most interesting and impressive forms, as an efficient and invaluable auxiliary to Sabbath schools and Missionary Societies, and as the

cheapest of all methods of doing good—and concluded with the following observations

ON THE UNION OF THE VARIOUS LOCAL INSTITUTIONS AND CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS IN THE NATIONAL TRACT SOCIETY.

The union formed is two-fold, of various local institutions, and of different Christian denominations. As to the union of local institutions, experience and facts seem to have pronounced most decisively in favour of the wisdom and value of such a measure. The considerations stated by the convention which formed the American Bible Society, in their address to the public, have equal force in application to this Society. " Concentrated action is powerful action. The same powers when applied in a common direction, will produce results impossible to their divided and partial exercise. A national object unites national concurrence and feeling. Unity of a great system combines energy of effect with economy of means. Accumulated intelligence interests and animates the public mind. And the catholic efforts of a country thus harmonized, give her a place in the moral convention of the world, and enable her to act directly upon the universal plans of happiness which are now pervading the nations." Local attachments and feelings doubtless exist, which have their exercise in losing the independent character of our respective societies as auxiliaries. But the only question which Christians will ask is, by what means, can the greatest degree of good be effected? Those who were at first sceptical, can no longer doubt that any number of local Bible Societies, however extended, could not have accomplished what the American Bible Society has done, and is increasingly doing. Surely we need all the energy and harmony of operation of which the tract system is capable. Our country presents an extended territory, and a rapidly augmenting population furnishing great and far spread wants. The missionaries at different and distant stations, sent out under the fostering care of our churches, have a claim to our liberal co-operation. Mexico, and the adjacent states in South America, open an inviting and vast field for benevolent exertion to the Christians of the United States. As our free republican institutions have exerted a happy influence on the political regeneration of those countries, so it is devoutly to be wished that the influence of our Christian charities may soon diffuse scriptural light and spiritual blessings in the midst of them. Surely, then, as before observed, we need all the energy of a harmony of operation of which the Tract Society is capable. In this favored city as the centre, let the impetus be given in zeal and liberality, and let it extend to all our churches through the whole area to the circumference.

As to the union of different Christian denominations in this work, its propriety and value stand attested by the character and success of the London Tract Society. In the course of twenty-five years, it has (founded upon this principle) circulated between sixty and seventy millions of tracts. Their concert, and labour of love are cementing and enlarging. There are truths which constitute " the Gospel," which should never for a moment be sacrificed nor compromised. But where the great truths of " repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and holiness," the grand evangelical doctrines, are truly embraced, there arises a bond of affection and co-operation in the work of the Lord, amid difference in minor sentiments and forms. May that spirit ever decrease and remove which can view and embrace in any circumstances the proselyte rather than the Christian. Appropriate are the words of Bishop Horne in his preface to his admirable commentary on the book of Psalms. " When we view the unhappy differences among Christians, all of whom are oppressed with the cares and calamities of life, it calls to mind those beautiful and affecting words which Milton represents Adam as addressing to Eve after they had wearied themselves with mutual complaints and accusations of each other :

" But rise—let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of wo."

And, let me add, strive together to lighten the burden of sin and wo in this fallen world. Tracts for general circulation, under any circumstances, should have a character corresponding to this basis of union. The work, are calculated to secure the closeness and permanency of the union of Christians engaged in it. What remains but that we, one and all, prosecute the work before us zealously and devotedly, according to the measure of talents, and opportunities furnished to us.

ADDRESS

OF THE HON. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN,
BEFORE THE NEW-JERSEY COLONIZATION SOCIETY,
At Princeton, on Tuesday the 16th inst.

Fellow-Citizens,
It has become my duty in behalf of the New-Jersey Colonization Society, to present to your consideration an object which deeply concerns us as a nation and as individuals. It is my desire to exhibit its claims plainly and faithfully. You are already apprized that for several years the American Colonization Society has been engaged in establishing a colony on the coast of Africa, to serve, not only as an asylum for the victims of the slave-trade who might be rescued from their cruel spoilers on the ocean, but also as a home for the free people of colour in these United States. This colony is now located. It has lived through embarrassments and difficulties, and as we firmly believe, wants only the cordial co-operation of the American people to fix it upon a permanent basis, and eventually to effect the complete emancipation of the African race. It has encountered much opposition and more obloquy. But, in view of all this, it is a delightful exercise to trace the leadings of Divine Providence in the regulation and conduct of human affairs, to remark from what unpromising causes often flow the most stupendous events, and through what struggling discouragements the most glorious earthly objects reach their full accomplishment. Had a cold, calculating philosopher sat in judgment upon the auspices of American liberty when our fathers projected that mighty purpose, he would, with the confidence of mathematical certainty, have predicted defeat and disgrace to so wild and extravagant a scheme. He would have reasoned profoundly from cause to effect, and on every page of his political theorems pointed to the omens of disaster. But the triumphant issue of that purpose, for forty years we have rejoiced to commemorate. That was the cause of freedom, and, my countrymen, she has other claims. As if to exemplify the strange contradictions in the human character, here, where liberty has flourished with singular prosperity, where all hearts have been warmed with enthusiasm around her altars; here, by the very pillars of this noble temple, has grown up a polluted idol, relieved by no virtues, and more odious and remorseless than the Juggernaut of the heathen. On the same breeze has been borne to the ear the grateful shouts of American freemen, and the heart-sickening groans of subjugated slaves. It is time to awake. After all the ingenious sophistry which selfishness has enlisted in the service of this abominable traffic, conscience bears one uniform conviction to the heart, that slavery cannot be justified: and while exigencies of circumstance may properly prevent its prompt abolition, yet the duty of gradually removing so tremendous a curse, presses upon us with all the weight of eternity; and we rejoice to perceive that the delusions which have hitherto made it tolerable, are dissolving before the light of truth. The gloomy cloud which has hung over this unhappy people, is already streaked with some cheerful rays that betoken a bright and glorious morning: a morning that will only reach its meridian splendour in that auspicious hour when from Maine to St. Mary's, its beams shall not rest on a single soul in bondage.

Among the most formidable prejudices that have tended to repress all exertions for the amelioration of the slaves, has been the strange notion that the African was incapable of improvement; that there was an indescribable something about his natural and moral conformation that forbade all hope of his elevation; and that in truth he was born to be a slave. The partial and im-

perfect experiments of philanthropy, have sufficiently refuted this calumny upon Providence; but permit me to inquire what has occasioned any discouraging symptoms on this subject? We enslave, degrade and oppress a people through many generations—shut out from them all the avenues to skill and science—let scorn point its steady finger at the whole race, and then we merely let them go—merely say to them, Now live and breathe for yourselves, without our aid or countenance; and because they cannot enter upon and maintain a career which white men have learned to course by the unremitting cares and labours of the nursery, the school, and the college, they are put down as blanks in creation.—It is as unjust as it is unreasonable.

Violently force away from all their privileges a colony of white men—and, to run a nearer parallel in the disruption, break the nearest ties of nature and friendship, load them with chains, hunt them down as outlaws, let the systems of their education and domestic economy be studiously directed to break their spirits, enervate their minds, and frown away all generous emulation, and in what rank in the scale of moral existence think you, five generations would place them? Give the African fair play, let his functions have full scope, enlarge his sphere of enterprise, open to his elevated views the road to fame, and then judge whether his head or his heart be below our standard. Let Touissant, Christophe, Petion, and scores of others, distinguished men in science,—let the flourishing colony of Sierra Leone, where fifteen thousand souls are now living under the influence of Gospel light and rational liberty, enjoying the principles of the most favoured civilized societies, and exhibiting in domestic and public life, talents and virtues that would not disgrace any village in America, silence for ever this cruel prejudice.

It may not be unreasonable at this time to recollect that we have entertained erroneous sentiments on this momentous subject, in relation to our Southern fellow-citizens. I fear we have sometimes felt indignant, when our sympathies would have been more fit; and have we not claimed in a spirit of too great complacency, the honour of breaking the shackles of slavery, when emancipation was attended by no dangers? Our laws could safely proclaim liberty to the captives; no mother's bosom felt alarm, and the sleep of the cradle was not disturbed. But cast your eyes on the cities and plantations of the south, and ingeniously tell me, can you in mercy to themselves, ask of your brethren to deluge their land with the horrid scenes that would certainly follow the liberation of a licentious, ignorant, and vitiated population, restrained by no principles, and with every bad passion of the heart inflamed. It would in effect, be to ask of them, after unsheathing the sword, to place it in the grasp of rapine and murder, and invoke their vengeance. Let us not forget that duty depends on relation and circumstance, and when purely abstract in its influence, often wastes itself in the wildness of fanaticism. Suddenly to emancipate the millions of the south, and to raise them to the proud dignity of freemen in the bosom of their white society, is not their duty; it would be the madness of self destruction. But the stern necessity that forbids it, portrays in burning characters the awful enormity of the evil, and furnishes the most cogent plea for the claims of this Society.

Let us not be afraid to meet the mischief in all its measures; it is the first step towards a radical reform. It is true that no domestic palliatives, no purely internal regulations can reach it; as American citizens, these men never can be free; and as American freemen they never would be valuable. Prudence and self preservation forbid the one, and prejudices that seem implanted in the very constitution of our nature, would for ever

prevent the other. Look through New-Jersey—we have long had on our rates a respectable number of free blacks—the last census rose to twelve thousand—the experiment has been fairly made—no people have been more enthusiastic than ourselves. Perhaps I wrong our sister States of New-York and Pennsylvania; they have for many years laboured with a generous ardour in this cause. Some of their best men have taken a noble stand on the side of Christian principles;—their pulpits have justly brought to bear on the subject that holy charity, which hails a brother in every child of Adam; their rostrums have echoed with the equal rights of man; their text has been taken from the charter of American liberty. But what are these unhappy men, and where are they, after all the toils of benevolence?—a separate, degraded, scorned, and humbled people; with a line of demarkation drawn, deep and broad, and durable as time.

But shall this reproach of freemen be perpetual? shall we continue an evil of so deadly a type, that the last efforts of Philanthropy only aggravate its character? To relieve the embarrassments of so gloomy a dilemma had become the subject of great anxiety with the judicious and reflecting friends of Africa. They perceived that slavery, with all their exertions, was still a modified curse, that the manacle and chain had indeed fallen from the slave, that he was no longer the beast of burden and the prey of the cart-whip—but the soul was still in bondage. The fond hope that she would expand with the blessings of freedom, and under these kindly skies rise to the dignity of intelligence and virtue, had been painfully disappointed. And as if a sunbeam had pointed the only way to complete the redemption, the restoration to the land of their fathers struck the attention and awakened the interest of a few distinguished philanthropists. And in front of these, Robert Finley, a name dear to science and piety, with a sanctified and ardent zeal appeared, to press the claims of his afflicted fellow men. And it is among the happiest incidents of a life much indebted to his early counsels, that a grateful pupil is permitted on this interesting occasion to offer a tribute of humble praise to his venerated memory, and raise my voice in a cause, that was cherished in his latest prayers. It was a project as novel as it was bold and magnanimous. Its difficulties overwhelmed the timid and desponding. They ridiculed it as the vision of disordered benevolence, and predicted disappointment and disaster to all its schemes. But the men who planned and who have hitherto sustained this colony, were not to be intimidated by difficulties. They possessed an energy of character and purpose that only rose in strength as obstacles rose to obstruct them. They determined to establish a settlement of manumitted slaves on the coast of Africa, and I rejoice to assure you upon the most satisfactory authority that the plan is practicable. It is demonstrated by actual and successful experiment. A colony of free and happy Africans are now enjoying the delights of home and a rational existence under the protecting auspices of this society. The honoured men who have stood by this struggling settlement through its darkest periods, have indeed experienced ridicule at home, and disasters abroad; but with untiring energy and patience, they have prosecuted this sacred enterprise. They committed their cause to God, and he has brought them successfully through the embarrassments, which try the faith, and discipline the patience in every noble effort. The desponding predictions of those timid spirits who only feel secure while they can keep the eye upon a guide-post, or beacon ahead, have been signally thwarted by the happy results of this project of genius and humanity. At this very moment, nearly three hundred American slaves are conducting the economy of police and govern-

From the Pittsburg Gazette.

A PARODY.

"Oh! think not my spirits," &c.

Oh think not that cash will be always
as scarce,
And as hard to be got as it seems to
be now:
Nor expect that this laughable locking-
up farce,
Will continue much longer to sad-
den your brow.
No, specie is always a variable treasure,
That seldom the vaults of a bank
can retain;
And the TELLER who fingers the silver
with pleasure,
Is always the first to return it again!
But send round the bowl, and be hap-
py the while,
May we never meet worse in our pil-
grimage here,
Than the frown that BANK PAPER can
gild with a smile,
Or the UNCHARTER'D NOTE that can
banish a tear.
The gloom of our woods would be
dark, heaven knows,
If there was not a bank here and
there to be spied,
And I care not how soon I may sink to
repose,
When I find one erected on every
hill side;
But they who have loved them the
fondest, the purest,
Too often, alas! are a little derang-
ed,
And the man who has fancied their pa-
per securest,
Is happy indeed when he gets it ex-
changed;
But send round the bowl, while a CAN-
TON remains,
Or a UNIONTOWN bank bill, this pray-
er shall be mine:
That the sun shine of gold they may
see once again,
And the moonlight of silver console
their decline.

SONNET.

From Mr. Richardson's Poems, just published.
EVENING.

How calm and beautiful is Day's sweet close!
Its breeze is balm unto the wounded soul,—
That feels a kindred peace, a mild repose,
'Neath gentle Evening's reign.—The spells—that
The mind from loftier aspirations—now [stole
Are powerless and past. The weary, blest
With transient calm, owe a reviving glow!
Meanwhile each finer impulse of the breast
Trembles with love and gratitude profound
To Him who gave, alternate morn and night,
The Sun to wheel his life rekindling round,
And yon sweet Orb to pour her sacred light.
These are the transports of thy votaries—EVEN!
These are thy charms, that win the soul to Heaven!

there no angel of mercy to stay the uplifted hand
and soften the frown of vengeance? Yes, oppres-
sed, heart-broken Africa, clad in mourning for
her children, appears and pleads,—“Father for-
give them; they have restored my sons; the stain
of blood is washed away; the shrieks of kidnap-
ped wives have ceased, and on my happy plains
have been heard the songs of salvation and the
voice of praise. I have forgiven, and I pray thee
forgive.”

And moreover, a great design of this society
concerns the temporal and eternal welfare of fifty
millions of our fellow men on that benighted con-
tinent. The day has come, when our Saviour's
injunction is no longer regarded as a mystical le-
gend, without meaning or authority. “Go ye into
all the world and preach the Gospel to every
creature,” now exerts a kindred influence with
the plainest precepts of the Bible. In India, the
islands of the sea, and our western wilderness,
the devoted missionary is proclaiming the glad ti-
dings of Peace to the nations that sit in dark-
ness; and God has been pleased by many dis-
tinguishing tokens of his favour, to own and bless
these labours of love. And shall poor, bleeding
Africa stretch forth her hands in vain? Shall her
appeal be made to us in vain?—to us who have
wronged and crushed her?

And to evangelize, we must civilize them. The
mists of moral and intellectual darkness, still rest
upon this unhappy race. The vices of ignorance
sunk them below humanity and prepared them
for bondage; and we have reaped the harvest of
wretchedness. We knew better. A gracious
and benignant Being planted us amidst Bibles
and Sabbaths and the lights of science. Our inter-
course for the last century has been constant
with her coasts. Almost every breeze wafted to
her shores our vessels that could feel at
home; but when they reached the Congo and
the Senegal, did they ever feel? Could they
plead there, for mercy on human misery? Did
they ever open to that deluded people, the way
to peace and virtue and heaven? Did they ever
tell them, how happy Christians lived, and what
a treasure they might find in the Bible? Did one
of them, ever take his stand against the wasting
scourge, and in the name of an offended God, say
to the destroyer, cease thy desolations, it is trea-
son against nature? Did they ever, my fellow
citizens—and is it not time? There is no object
on this side of eternity, that presents more so-
lemnly interesting motives to engage our con-
cern, and the process by which to achieve it, is as
simple as it will be powerful. Every cargo of
emancipated black men, that you send home, will
be the pioneers of their benighted countrymen—
preachers of righteousness: and when as Chris-
tians you remember, that the words has long since
gone forth, that “Ethiopia shall stretch forth her
hands unto God;” when you behold the mighty
movements of providence, that seem to lead right
on the way to those glorious periods, “when a
nation shall be born in a day, when the wilder-
ness shall rejoice, and the desert be made glad:”—
what more can you need, to urge your zealous
and efficient co-operation—what more, to en-
courage your prayers?

Christian! as you love your Bible, pray for
Africa; and, as you love your country, pray that
the Lord would awaken ten millions of freemen,
for one united, decided and persevering effort to
relieve us forever from this national reproach.

A spruce young buck was boasting of his success
with the fair, and among other things declared that
he might have sparked it with a lady whom he na-
med. “Why then” said his friend, “did you neg-
lect such a golden opportunity?” “Because,” an-
swered he “she begged to be excused, and I was such
a deuced fool that I excused her!”

ment at the American colony of Liberia. No fin-
ger of scorn there, to drive back to the heart the
rising emotions of manly independence: no in-
vidious contrasts to keep in constant remem-
brance their degradation and to extinguish every
hope of their elevation—they feel, and act, and
labour as men. “They have now a stake in the
hedge;” they feel incentives to honourable exer-
tion, springing from every domestic relation, and
when the husbandman brushes with his early
footsteps the morning dew, his walk is the state-
ly step of a conscious freeman.

Let it not be supposed that we view in any other
light, than that of an honourable co-operation,
the liberal and munificent offers from the Presi-
dent of Hayti. We bid them God speed, but we
must still be permitted to urge the superior claims
of the National Society, as embracing a much
greater compass of good, more extensive in its in-
fluence and more fixed and permanent in its ob-
jects. And besides, the trespass was committed
against the continent, and to the continent let
retribution be made. There it was that a fa-
ther's tears were wrung by human cannibals tear-
ing from him the child of his old age; there it was
that distracted mothers groaned and supplicated
and cried for vengeance, and there let America
pay her recompense. Let the same canvass that
bore from her shores her stolen children, revisit
that ill-fated country with her long lost sons. Suf-
fer not the ardour of a just and enlightened zeal
to be chilled by the suggestion that the plan and
objects of this society are chimerical. There is
no obstacle in the way that should for a moment
depress the hopes or relax the efforts of good men
in this cause. Avarice has in twenty-five years
robbed from this suffering country two millions of
her children: and shall Christian America, the
favoured of heaven, the land of liberty, and enter-
prise, and charity, be told that philanthropy can-
not achieve more than this wicked spirit. Why,
if Africa could now offer in the ear of heartless
speculation, five hundred dollars a head for each
restored captive, how would her vessels groan
with the weight of crowded cargoes. We can ac-
complish this desire. Already it begins to animate
every bosom. We can send home to Africa all her
sons, and we must, or endure a reproach that
will be the shame and the curse of our country.

But, my fellow-citizens, this society languishes
for want of your pecuniary aid. It is high time
to act. We have mourned over it; we have de-
plored it as a national curse that was by its
weight sinking our energies. Now, a door of de-
liverance is opened. When Greece, subjugated
by no fault of ours, lately sent to us her supplica-
tion, how was the appeal answered from every
city and village? Did Turkish despotism rouse
your sympathies? Remember that over Africa
the blackness of moral darkness has brooded for
centuries. Citizens of New Jersey! we appeal to
you. Survey your cultivated fields, your comfort-
able habitations, your children rising round you to
bless you. Who, under providence, caused those
hills to rejoice, and those vallies to smile? who
ploughed those fields and cleared those forests?
Remember the toil and the tears of black men,
and pay your debt to Africa. We have injured,
and we must make reparation: we have tempted
the wicked cupidity of the slave dealer; we have
nourished the maw of this infernal Moloch. It
cried, men—fathers and children, wives and mo-
thers,—for money; and we—responded money
for men.—It is recorded against us; and when
America beholds, flaming from the Eternal
Throne, “the blood of injured Africa calls for
judgment,” what must be our plea?—Guilty
before God. There can be no evasion there.
The temporizing systems of political expediency
can have no place. Nothing but truth can stand
the scrutiny of that searching inquest. The
proof will be resistless. The smothered groans of
the slave ships will come up to condemn us. Is

REV. MR. BUSH,

At the Anniversary Meeting of the United Domestic Missionary Society, May 13, 1825.

The Rev. Mr. Bush, from Indianapolis in Indiana, after moving a vote of thanks to the Executive Committee of the Society, for the measures which they had adopted in aid of the feeble churches of the Western States, made the following speech :

It cannot but be matter of peculiar gratification to all who pray for the peace and prosperity of Jerusalem, as well as to those who are solicitous merely for the progress of good morals, and of general improvement in our country, to hear of the planting of Gospel institutions in the midst of our moral desolations. And in contemplating the happy results which have thus far crowned the efforts of this Society, I feel, sir, in common with many others, that we have peculiar grounds for thanksgiving to God, and of felicitation to his friends. This sentiment, I say, I share in common with all the well wishers to Zion, in view of the whole range of the Society's operations—a Society, the daughter of Christian benevolence, to which the language of a holy man of old may be fairly applied, however her modesty might shrink from the application: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

But my object in rising before you this evening is not to descant upon the signal blessings conferred by this Society upon the whole field of its influence, or to eulogize in general the benign effects of the Gospel of God our Saviour. From this attempt humanity shrinks in conscious incompetence. That Gospel which bringeth salvation is as much beyond the compass of human praise, as it is beyond the measure of human desert; and we leave the work of somewhat more suitable celebration to the company of the redeemed in heaven—to the hundred and forty and four thousand, who stand upon mount Zion, with the Lamb's name written upon their foreheads, as the happy monuments of its saving power. My purpose is different. From this evening's report, as well as from various documents issued by your Board, I perceive that their attention has been particularly directed to the Western States, and in an especial manner to the young and rising state of Indiana. In this department of the Society's operations I feel a more lively interest from the circumstance of its having been the sphere of my feeble labours during the past twelvemonth, and from its being likely to become under Providence the permanent field of my future ministry. And I am happy in being able on this occasion to appear before you in behalf of that desolate heritage, and to give thanks for what has been already done for them, and to sue for the continuance and extension of your charities. And with this object in view it gives me pleasure to reflect that I am not called upon to endeavour to create an interest that never has been felt, or to arouse one that is dormant, or to plead for exertions that have never been made. On the contrary, I feel that I have only to take advantage of a sympathy already enlisted, and to hold out a warrant and justification for what has been already done, as a security for farther favours of the same kind.

Permit me, then, without in the least disparaging any other object of your regard, to call your attention to a few considerations evincing the peculiar encouragements which exist at that section of our land: establishing the Gospel in that section of our land; that it may appear with how just ground this Society is looking to that region as a theatre for the exhibition of the choicest fruits and most signal triumphs of their benevolence.

It is then to be borne in mind that the present state of society, and of our civil institutions, is such as to render it the most propitious season for commencing

the good work which this society is designed to promote. Every thing among us is in a forming state. It is but recently, as is well known, that we were constituted one of the states of the Union. At that time, and indeed for some years afterwards, the body of the state, excepting a narrow tract along the Ohio, another along the Wabash, and a few military stations in the interior, was little else than "one boundless contiguity of shade," the haunt of savage beasts, and of men as savage. Subsequently to the year 1820, the public lands in the interior, forming a tract of country that for beauty of situation, and fertility of soil, is probably not surpassed on the continent, have been exposed to sale, and the tide of emigration has poured in with immense rapidity, and is still flowing. The character of our population is various, being drawn together from all quarters of the Union. They are, however, for the most part, poor, and from that order of society who have not been used to taking the lead in the establishment or support of the salutary institutions of learning and religion. As might be expected, therefore, they are in a degree dependent upon an agency not their own, for putting into operation the means which they actually enjoy for meliorating their intellectual and moral condition. The provisions of our state constitution lay an ample foundation for the interests of learning, but they await an impulse from abroad to bring them into successful operation. As this feature of our constitution may not be known, I will here take the opportunity to state that the public lands are divided into sections, each of a mile square, and contain 640 acres. Out of every 36 of these sections, one is gratuitously given by Congress to the state for the support of schools. In addition to this, one whole tract or township of 36 sections is appropriated for the founding and supporting of a state university, which is already located and has commenced operations on a small scale the present year. It may also be mentioned that the avails of all fines for penal offences go to form a fund for the support of seminaries of learning. Such are the provisions which are made for the important interests of literature. But their benefits are not realised. The mass of the inhabitants are backward in availing themselves of the privileges guaranteed to them by their laws. Indeed there are many of them ignorant of their existence, and the chosen guardians of the people's rights, and of all public interests, being for the most part plain men, little versed in the weightier matters of legislation, have hitherto been extremely at a loss how to bring the education system to bear with practical efficiency upon its great design. And it may not be amiss here to mention that a gentleman of high standing in the legislature of that state, had a consultation with one or two clergymen, on the subject of addressing a communication to the honoured Chief Magistrate of this community, who has favoured us by introducing the first resolution this evening, in order that they might be put in possession of the results of his mature experience on subjects of this nature, and that some definite plan as to the investment and management of the education fund might come before our Legislative councils with the sanction of his respected name. A fear of unduly taxing his time and attention in the midst of pressing official duties, deterred them from the measure.

Now it requires, Mr. President, just that kind of influence which the faithful and enlightened ministers of the Gospel would be able to exert, to set these institutions on foot. They are looked to for communicating the first impulse. And such a man is surprised at the extent of influence that falls to him of course: he shrinks under the load of responsibility connected with the certainty of forming the character and shaping the destinies of coming generations. Still it cannot but be obvious that this very consideration gives an unspeakable importance to the field.

Another circumstance may be mentioned as peculiarly favourable to the success of the preached word in that region, and which holds throughout the western country. It is this: The early occupants of that portion of our country have emigrated from quarters where the institutions of religion were enjoyed, and though they may have valued them but

little while they had them; yet now, after years of destitution, having learned their worth from the consequences of privation, they receive them anew with a keener relish. The announcement of a sermon from a travelling missionary after many a silent Sabbath, calls up the associations of childhood and early life: they think of the tolling bell—the gathering assembly—the solemnities of the house of God, from all which they have been long estranged—and their hearts are opened and predisposed to receive the word gladly. They are swift to hear, and they listen to the messages of peace with that candour and simplicity that secures the greatest degree of the influence of the truth.

The subject moreover is not immediately dispelled from their minds. As they have but little of the Gospel, they are disposed to make the most of it. Accordingly it is a frequent topic of conversation among themselves. Being remote from the scenes of great events, from the marts of commerce, and all the sources of public commotion, their thoughts more naturally turn upon the concerns to which their attention has been recently directed. And every minister of Christ knows on what a vantage ground he stands when he is called to break the bread of life to a hungry people.

Again, the poverty of the people is an advantage to the success of the Gospel, as will be readily admitted by those who reflect upon the natural tendency of wealth and prosperity to generate indifference, if not contempt, towards a spiritual religion, that proposes an unseen good. This fact it is true is not very flattering to the worldly prospects of Christ's ambassadors, but it is an essential aid to the success of the truth. As the country is still in infancy, and its resources not yet developed, they are unable to embark in any great public enterprise or schemes of internal improvement—measures, which however auspicious they may be to the final prosperity of a nation, or even to that of the Church itself, yet for the time being, do certainly exert an engrossing, absorbing influence upon the public mind, that is far from being favourable to the interests of deep-toned piety.

Another favourable circumstance may be pointed out in the somewhat insalubrious character of the climate that prevails more or less throughout the whole extent of the Mississippi valley. Although it remains to be proved whether the liability to bilious complaints is any thing more than is incident to all new countries possessed of a rank luxuriant soil, at present, the climate is certainly precarious as to its effects upon emigrants. Many families have selected a spot never occupied before, hoping from its site, that it would prove a healthy location; when alas, the first summer season has not elapsed, before several of the household are swept away by the ravages of disease. The survivors at once feel themselves in jeopardy. But they are as it were fastened to the spot. They have exhausted their little stock of means in the expense of emigration. They cannot retrace their steps; and though they trust that another season will be more propitious, they stand as under arrest of judgment, having the sentence of death within themselves.—Consequently the preacher of the Gospel finds them in a solemn and impressive state; their thoughts familiarized in a measure to death and eternity; and his message makes a readier way to their souls.

The last consideration that I shall now suggest, as affording a powerful motive for the introduction of the Gospel and its permanent planting in that region, is drawn from the fact that nothing will have a more direct influence in deciding the future character of the population. For it is an indubitable fact, that there are great numbers of pious and worthy men in the adjoining states who would be attracted by the immense natural advantages of our state to emigrate thither, were it not that they are deterred in view of the lack of religious privileges. They are unwilling to encounter the risk of bringing up their families where the Sabbath is not enjoyed, and all the institutions of religion are wanting. But let the Gospel, with all its train of blessings, be introduced and established, and a host of sober, worthy, virtuous citizens will be clustering around the true vine, who shall be the pride of our country, while they live and stamp their own character upon their descendants.

On the whole, Mr. President, it must be acknowledged, that there is ample encouragement for the utmost exertions of this Society. With one accord we must bid it *God Speed*. Let it then go on with noble perseverance in the good work of building up the

30
waste places of our western Zion; and then the effects of its beneficent aid will assuredly be visible. They may be seen advancing with equal pace along with the improvement of society, with the progressive culture of the soil. The physical and the moral waste shall be simultaneously reclaimed. While our huge and towering oaks and poplars are felled to the ground, the axe shall be laid at the root of ignorance, prejudice, and irreligion. While roads are opening through the extent of our vast forests, a highway shall be cast up for the Lord and his ransomed to pass over, and while our obstructed rivers and water courses are cleared of the depositum of ages, and made to run free and fertilizing through the soil, the streams of knowledge, righteousness, and salvation shall pour their gladdening virtues over the land, and convert it to the garden of the Lord.

EXTRACT FROM THE
REV. DR. GRIFFIN'S ADDRESS,
Before the American Education Society, in Boston,
May 23, 1825.

For thirty years I have regarded the charitable education of pious and promising youth for the Gospel ministry at home, and for missionary labours abroad, as quite the most important way in which Christian benevolence can apply its funds. Educate them, and they will exert an incalculable influence upon the world, even if charity proceeds no further; without them, or men like them, missions must cease, tracts must be silenced, and even the Bible cannot be carried to the world. Had I a fortune to bestow, (it is my deliberate judgment,) I could not select another object so well entitled to receive it all. It is doing good in the most wholesale way. Here is a pious youth doomed by poverty to plod in one of the mechanic arts. He sheds the gleam of a holy example on a small neighbourhood, but with a mind uncultivated he can do no more. Raise that youth by education to the sacred functions of the Gospel ministry, and besides exerting a wide and benign influence upon society for thirty years, he will be the means of converting many souls who but for him would have perished. These converts will exercise a still greater influence upon the next generation, and these a still greater upon the next; and thus that youth whom you rescued from obscurity will exert an influence from generation to generation, increasing beyond all calculation, to the end of the world. This is upon the supposition that he is only an ordinary minister. But suppose him a Whitefield, a Brainerd, or a Samuel John Mills, and how far beyond the reach of finite thought does the good arise. I knew that last named youth. I knew him from a child till he ascended to glory. The meadows in which he and his companions prayed into existence the embryo of American missions, lie spread out before my door. Often have I traced them with unspeakable interest, and felt that I was treading on holy ground. "You and I," said he to a companion, "are little men, but before we die our influence must be felt on the other side of the world." It was felt through the earth; it will be felt by unnumbered millions when the last shock shall crumble this earth to atoms. And what if your charity should raise up another Samuel John Mills?

Let a man create a fund which shall constantly support one pious youth, and to what an amazing degree will his influence be felt on earth in a single century. Now cast your eyes forward a thousand ages. Let me come at that blessed group,—that nation of happy spirits, who have been studying the ways by which God led them to glory, and looking down upon their wretched companions in hell, and stretching their eyes forward to ages of interminable and increasing blessedness. "We have seen," say they, "that our escape from that infinite misery, and our arrival at this unbounded good, are to be traced to the charity of the stands our benefactor, whom, next to God and the Redeemer, all our millions hail." What now are the sensations of that blessed man? Would the wealth of the Indies squandered upon his pleasures have produced transports like these?

If such are the consequences of founding a single scholar, how far beyond all expression is the amount of good done for our world by a Phillips, an Abbot, and a Norris. What wonderful changes will they have made on earth in the course of a thousand years. What amazing impressions will they make on the universe through eternal ages. What an infinite privilege it was to possess a fortune which could raise a man to such a godlike influence; an influence exalted as heaven, extensive as the universe, and prolonged as eternity. By what other means can a man ever hope to ascend so high? What is genius? what is fame? what is a world of pious plodding to this? I

wish now I had the mines of Potosi. Who that had wealth will miss the opportunity of rising up so near the throne of God? This is the very price in his hands, and this the very time in his existence, and the only time, to rise and swell into a beneficence higher probably and more expanded than that of Gabriel. What is a fortune squandered upon pleasure or upon worldly heirs, compared with this? Give me the sublime influence of a Norris, an Abbot, or a Phillips, and I will look down and pity the littleness of kings.

There is another name which, I bless God, the immunities of the tomb have not yet allowed me to mention, but to which, from its connexion with this society, I may be permitted to allude; a name which will be dear to the church as long as memory and gratitude shall remain, and which I pray God may live among the higher orders of the redeemed forever; the name of one who by his princely donations for this object, it is but a small thing to say, has done incalculably more for the happiness of the human race, than all the crowned heads of Europe. May his sorrows be assuaged, and his loneliness relieved, by the presence of Him whose church he has so essentially served.

I call upon the Christian public to give this godlike enterprise their united support. Without union nothing great can be accomplished; with it, every thing but impossibilities. A few benevolent minds may mourn over the ruins of their race, and struggle hard against the miseries of a world, but it is like lading out the ocean with a shell; an united effort would pre-

SPEECH OF THE
REV. MR. BRECKENRIDGE,
At the Anniversary Meeting of the United Domestic
Missionary Society.

The Rev. John Breckenridge of Lexington, Kentucky, in seconding the motion for a vote of thanks to the Executive Committee of the Society for the aid which they had afforded to the feeble churches of the Western States, remarked in substance as follows:

He said that he should have felt it his duty to be silent in the presence and after the remarks of the distinguished gentlemen who preceded him, did he not appear as the advocate of almost a new world in the west. The resolution which it was his privilege in his feeble way to enforce, was worthy he thought of the most solemn consideration of the Society. It involved claims of intense strength, and referred to a service of infinite importance to be rendered to almost millions of immortal men.

He said that he had lately been struck with the fact, that the community were disposed too much to put apart, in their views and efforts, the Foreign and Domestic missions of the church. They were in truth, *one service*, and of much more equal trials and claims than was perhaps commonly supposed. Among the Christians of the day, he had observed, that there was a sentiment of romance and high chivalry of a spiritual kind, associated with the foreign service, which was not associated with the service of the church at home. This was in part deserved. The foreign service was a glorious work. God forbid, he said, that he should attempt to underrate it. It was the very spirit of Him whose last act on earth, was to organize a missionary corps. Blessed and honoured as the Society had been, with the presence of missionaries from India and the Sandwich islands, or refuse fully to appreciate a service, in which these dear Brethren had been so devotedly employed. They carried in their persons "the marks of the Lord Jesus," burnt upon them by southern suns, and furrowed in their forms, by malignant skies. But yet he said, the service at home ought not to be disregarded, or degraded in the scale of moral exertions, and many ministers of the gospel lived in undenyng ease, the true home-missionary was a man of holy chivalry, and great self-sacrifice for the cause of Jesus Christ. They are indeed, inseparable from each other. Each department was as necessary to the other, as the arteries and veins of the human body were reciprocally to each other. He then alluded to the sufferings and services of western missionaries in general, and especially of a way-worn veteran whom he had left behind him, feebly struggling between life and death, under disease and pain. He had left the extreme west of Louisiana to visit for his health the Eastern States; but he had been compelled to pause in a southern city, perhaps to

breathe out his soul unto God, in whose service he had sunk. Perhaps he was then drinking the libation of glory from the hand of his "Great Captain" on high.

The other leading thought on which Mr. B. dwelt, was, "the importance," as he expressed it, "of tenure, as well as conquest, in the missionary efforts of the church."

The appropriation of funds made by the Society to aid feeble churches to support the ministry, and the plan involved in this arrangement to give as much permanence as possible to the labours of the missionary, were, he thought, peculiarly felicitous. He said it was remarkable, how transient the habitation of the gospel had been in most of the countries to which it had been preached. There was scarcely a land from Jerusalem either way round the globe, to which the Christian religion had not penetrated. But she had been rather a flying visitor than an *abiding inmate*. She had fled from land to land, and from continent to continent, a despised and persecuted stranger, of whom the world was not worthy; and it would be almost inferred by one ignorant of her fine genius, that to give her to one nation, was to withdraw her from another. He thought Christians should seek to make their missionary impressions *permanent*. The ramparts of the gospel should be enduring like the rock on which they rested. He thought the plan of the Society's operations in the west was adapted, under God, to effect this end.

He closed with urging that the Domestic and Foreign work should go onward in sacred sympathy and co-operation. It was *one work*, for *one sake*, and under one common Lord. He expressed the most full and fervid assurance, that the cause would prosper, and he hailed in prospect the glorious day, when the *avant guard* of the two missionary hosts, pressing their conquests westward, and pressing them eastward, should meet face to face on Bering's Straits, and having girt the globe in triumph, unitedly swell the common shout of victory.

POETRY.

TO MISS HANNAH MORE,

By the Rev. John Newton, written in her Album, (at Cowslip Green, her residence,) when asked to insert his name, previous to seeing her, as was the custom.

Why should you wish a name like mine
Within your book to stand,
With those who shone and those who shine
As worthies of our land?

What will the future age have gained,
When my poor name is seen,
From knowing I was entertained
By you at Cowslip Green?

Rather let me record a name
That shall adorn your page,
Which, like the sun, is still the same,
And shines from age to age:

JESUS, who found me when I stray'd
In *Africa's* dreary wild,
Who for my soul a ransom paid,
And made his foe a child.

He taught my wild blasphemous tongue
To aim at pray'r and praise,
To make his grace my theme and song,
And guided all my ways.

A pattern now of mercy's power,
Where'er I stand is seen,
Such as I think was ne'er before
Beheld at Cowslip Green.

What is wanting in reason upon an argument is too often supplied by rage. The stoical scheme of "supplying wants by lopping desires," is like cutting off our feet when we have no shoes.

At the Anniversary meeting of the American Bible Society.

In seconding a motion of Col. R. Varick, expressing the respect and reverence of the Society for the memory of General Clarkson, the late Senior Vice-President of the Society, Chancellor Kent observed :

In seconding this motion, I would beg leave to avail myself of the occasion to express my humble sense of the inestimable value of the object for which we are assembled, and of the gratitude which we owe to the Founders and Patrons of this great national charity.

The object of this Institution is eminently benevolent and useful. The duty of lending our zealous and efficient aid to disseminate the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, appears to me not to be susceptible of doubt. The principle upon which the Society is founded, is liberal and comprehensive, and it would seem to be entitled to universal approbation. Here all the various sects which have divided and distracted the Christian world from the days of the Apostles, may meet as upon neutral ground, and unite in one common purpose. The Bible is equally adapted to the wants and infirmities of every human being. It is the vehicle of the most awful truths, and which are at the same time of universal application, and accompanied by the most efficacious sanctions. No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively, and so pathetically, to the judgment and moral sense of mankind. It contains the most sublime and fearful displays of the attributes of that perfect Being who *inhabiteh eternity*, and pervades and governs the universe. It brings life and immortality to light, and which until the publication of the Gospel, were hidden from the scrutiny of ages. This gracious Revelation of a future state is calculated to solve the mysteries of Providence in the dispensations of this life, to reconcile us to the inequalities of our present condition, and to inspire unconquerable fortitude and the most animating consolation, when all other consolations fail, in the midst of the abodes of age, disease and sorrow, and under the pressure of the sharpest pangs of human misery. The Bible also unfolds the origin and the deep foundations of depravity and guilt, and the means and the hopes of salvation through the mediation of the Redeemer. Its doctrines, its discoveries, its code of morals and its means of Grace, are not only overwhelming evidence of its divine origin, but they confound the pretensions of all other systems, by showing the narrow range and the feeble efforts of human reason, even when under the sway of the most exalted understanding, and enlightened by the accumulated treasures of science and learning.

The Scriptures resplendent with these truths, we have good grounds to believe, are to be brought home to the knowledge and acceptance of every people, and to carry with them the inestimable blessings of peace, humanity, purity and happiness over every part of the habitable globe.

The general diffusion of the Bible is the most effectual way to civilize and humanize mankind ; to purify and exalt the general system of public morals ; to give efficacy to the just precepts of international and municipal law ; to enforce the observance of prudence, temperance, justice, and fortitude, and to improve all the relations of social and domestic life.

It is well known, that there exists a system of moral duties which are considered to be of imperfect obligation, because they are not within the cognizance of human laws. Such, among others, are the duties of charity, benevolence, gratitude, the domestic affections, truth, fidelity, and the love of our neighbour. These are necessarily left by human lawgivers in a great degree to the government of conscience. But the Bible takes notice of all such duties. It most pointedly condemns every species of cruelty, unkindness, uncharitableness, selfishness, and hardness of heart, and it comes in aid of the civil law by the universality and the precision of its commands, and by the energy and the severity of its denunciations.

Human laws labour under many other great imperfections. They extend to external actions only. They cannot reach that catalogue of secret crimes, which are committed without any witness, save the All-seeing Eye of that Being whose presence is every where, and

whose laws reach the hidden recesses of vice, and carry their sanctions to the thoughts and intents of the heart. In this view, the doctrines of the Bible supply all the deficiencies of human laws, and lend an essential aid to the administration of justice.

The institution of Bible Societies upon a large and liberal plan, and free from the influence of political and sectarian policy, may therefore be justly regarded as noble and munificent foundations of charity, of which the history of the world prior to the present age, had not afforded any adequate example. *The British and Foreign Bible Society* took the lead in this glorious career, and it has shed unfading lustre on the British name and nation. Its course has been crowned with transcendent success. By means of the commerce, the colonies, the arts, the learning and the astonishing resources of Great Britain, versions of the Bible in almost all the languages of the Eastern Continent have been circulated throughout the world. She has lavished her treasures and dispersed her agents in this great cause, as far and as wide as the region of commerce. Nothing can be more truly cheering to the friends of mankind than the contemplation of the progress of this universal dominion of Christian charity. It seems to be accelerating the fulfilment of that early prophecy, that *all the families of the earth should be blessed*. It is a conquest infinitely surpassing in lustre and in value the transient splendours and disastrous monuments of military fame. The success which has attended the circulation of the Scriptures will be as durable as it has been illustrious. The sceptre of power may change hands, empires may be shaken to their foundations, and the generations of men pass away like the leaves of autumn ; but the cause of the Bible will withstand the tempest. It is founded on the rock of ages. It is the oracle of the *God of Truth*, and we are assured that *He hath established the world by his wisdom, and that justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne*.

The success which has marked the progress of our own National Society, though it be still in its infancy, is of the most consoling and animating kind. We have the utmost encouragement and are under the strongest obligations to future exertion. The station which this Society occupies in this Western Hemisphere, and as the Representative of a great National Interest, is lofty and commanding, and it carries with it a correspondent responsibility. The territories of the United States, to which our guardian care more particularly applies, are of immense extent, and the population which they inclose, increases with amazing rapidity. The tide of emigration is rolling westward with an irresistible momentum. The whole of the immense valley of the Mississippi with its tributary waters, is filling up as by enchantment, with an enterprising and hardy race of men, who will eventually people all the majestic solitudes of the western world ; and it is most earnestly to be desired that they may be enabled to carry with them, not only the arts of civilized life and the genius of our free Institutions, but the Gospel itself in its simplicity and purity, over every lofty barrier, until they shall have reached the shores of the Pacific Ocean. It is difficult to contemplate, without emotions of awe and reverence, the magnitude of the duty which this Society has in charge,—to see that the circulation of the Bible keeps pace with the increasing demands of our country.

Nor ought we to be unmindful of the wants and wishes of the other nations of this new world, who seem to have a domestic claim to our sympathy and assistance. Most of them have recently emancipated themselves from the yoke of civil tyranny, and they are preparing to burst the bands of superstition, to diffuse the means of education, and to awaken us from the sleep of death into the light and liberty of the Gospel. In estimating the extent of our own duty, it ought not to be forgotten that Providence has blessed our country with extraordinary prosperity, and raised us rapidly to an exalted pitch of national glory. We are at this moment commanding the admiration of the world, by the magnitude, the rapidity and the solidity of our internal improvements, and the spirit of enterprise which is every where in action. We are driving a foreign commerce over every sea where tide waters roll, and winds can waft the flag of our Nation. The Con-

stitution of the United States, is looked up to, by all the people of this new continent, as a model of excellence and imitation. This Society is therefore but just entering upon its vast career of usefulness and duty, and it is incumbent upon us to see that our exertions, "grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength," and continue commensurate in a reasonable degree, to our means and our character.

With the blessing of Heaven we have hitherto done wonders, and we ought not on this occasion to withhold the public expression of our gratitude to the distinguished individuals who have given to this Society their munificent patronage, their disinterested services and their ardent zeal. And considering the particular motion which I have the honour to second, I would beg leave respectfully to unite with the gentleman who has preceded me, in adding my humble tribute of respect and reverence to the memory of the late senior Vice President of this Society, with whom I had the honour to be acquainted, and whose pure and excellent character had excited universal love and esteem. No person appeared to me to be more entirely exempted from the baneful influence of narrow and selfish considerations, or who pursued more steadily and successfully the vivid lights of Christian philanthropy. He was eminently distinguished in the whole course of his life for benevolence of temper, for purity of principle, for an exact and zealous discharge of duty, for simplicity of manners, for unpretending modesty of deportment and for integrity of heart. It was his business and his delight to afford consolation to the distressed, to relieve the wants of the needy, to instruct the ignorant, to reclaim the vicious, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. Such a portrait is not to be drawn from all the records of heathen antiquity. It presents an elevation of moral grandeur "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." It belongs to Christianity alone to form and to animate such a character.

SPEECH
OF HIS EXCELLENCY
GOVERNOR CLINTON,

At the opening of the Anniversary meeting of the American Bible Society.

Occasions of this kind are always calculated to produce the most solemn emotions ; for the objects of these Annual Meetings are connected with time and eternity, with our present and future state of existence. That Christianity has elevated the character of man and blessed him in his domestic connexions and in his social relations, cannot be denied by the most obdurate scepticism. We must indeed shut our eyes against the light of truth, if we do not yield implicit faith to the exalting and ameliorating virtues of our divine religion. We can perhaps form a striking estimate of its blessings, by supposing that it had never shed its effulgence upon the nations. What then would have been the state of the world ? In all probability, the Gothic darkness which benighted mankind on the breaking up of the Roman Empire, would have been perpetuated. Man would have lost his recuperative energies, and the revolutions of ages would have witnessed his torpid inactivity and hopeless debasement.

The star that attracted the wondering curiosity of the wise men of the East, has become a Sun of light to the human race ; and wherever its radiations have reached, it has been the parent of cultivation, of civilization, of knowledge, and of virtue. Christianity being a revelation from God, recorded in certain books denominated the Bible, it must be evident that we can never have a full and satisfactory view of its doctrines, unless we are possessed of the writings which promulgate them. In diffusing these sacred volumes, we of course perform a solemn duty, and render an all important benefit to the world. This day witnesses this meeting for that purpose—a day devoted to consultations on the ways and means of promoting human happiness, and on extending and strengthening the golden everlasting chain-

32
 that binds together the heavens and the earth—a meeting composed of many of the pious and the wise of our country, who, overlooking all sectarian differences, have assembled in this temple of concord and have concentrated their energies in favour of the and highest interests of the human race. A day so solemn, a purpose so benevolent, an assembly so remarkable, would produce the most gratifying feelings in all who hear me, were we not reminded by the absence of the distinguished heads of this Institution of the melancholy privations that we suffer. Our first President has left us for another and a better world, and his successor is disabled by bodily infirmities from attending in this place. The worth of these illustrious men is embalmed in the hearts of their countrymen. Another afflicting dispensation must be obvious to you all. The gentleman who generally presided at these conventions is no longer to be seen. He has gone forever: his earthly remains are in this world, his immortal spirit in the regions of bliss. To pass over on this occasion without notice, the exalted merits of that truly good man, would evince an inexcusable insensibility, if not an unpardonable neglect.

Matthew Clarkson was a man who filled a large space in the circle of patriotism and benevolence. Wherever a charitable or public spirited institution was about to be established, his presence was considered essential. As his heart and his hand were ever open to the calls of charity, his name is to be found in all our meritorious societies, whether intended for education, for relief, or for protection. The hospitals, the infirmaries, the free school societies, and the whole range of laudable institutions, received his patronage. No object which implicated the welfare of the human race, was considered foreign from his duties. His sanction became a passport to public approbation. It encouraged virtue in its career, disarmed opposition of its power, and envy of its venom.

In all his connexions and associations, he was distinguished by a benignity of disposition and an amenity of behaviour which endeared him to all with whom he had communion. His first object was to do good; his next, to do it in the most acceptable manner and in the most impressive shape. His propitiating qualities were the result of innate goodness, not of artificial assumption: and virtue was embodied in his conduct and exhibited by his agency in a form so winning and so attractive, so commanding and so irresistible, that his powers of beneficence were only limited by that impenetrable circle which prescribes boundaries to the operations of human goodness.

Wherever good deeds were to be performed he was present, and his co-operation was experienced in all praise-worthy institutions. It will be asked how was it possible for him to comprise so much beneficence within so small a period, and at the same time attend to his other concerns? The answer is easy. He transacted every thing at a proper time, in a proper place and in a proper manner. He was not one of those irregular men, who are constantly scattering discomforts in their walks from the neglect of those observances, which are identified with the decorum and tranquillity of social communion: he knew the utility of method, the value of time, the importance of punctuality; and he practically demonstrated the auspicious results of a life spent in active beneficence, under the control of regular habits, and with a view to the economy of time.

During the Revolutionary war, he was a gallant officer in the American army, and after its conclusion, he held high and confidential civil offices, which he filled with fidelity and ability: but the last years of his life have been principally devoted to the promotion of those institutions which reflect so much honour on the religion, the education, and the benevolence of our country.

Although the benefits, which he conferred on the community by the rendition of actual services are of the most impressive character, yet the illustrious example which he has presented to mankind of a life of distinguished benevolence and usefulness is of a more important nature. As a model for imitation,

as an excitement to Christian piety, to pure benevolence, and to heroic virtue, his merit will be appreciated and his influence will be felt, long after all of us are consigned to the grave.
 In this rapid sketch, I am far from intimating that he was without his imperfections: but his errors were the aberrations of goodness and his faults were the faults of the species not of the individual. As long as benevolence is respected among men, as long as piety is held in veneration, so long will the name of Clarkson be ranked among the excellent men, who have illustrated in their lives the greatness of goodness.

STANZAS TO THE IVY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! how could Fancy crown with thee,
 In ancient days the God of Wine,
 And bid thee at the banquet be
 Companion of the vine?
 Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
 Of revelry hath long been o'er;
 Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
 But now are heard no more!

The Roman on his battle plains,
 When Kings before his eagles bent,
 Entwin'd thee with exulting strains,
 Around the victor's tent;
 Yet, there, though fresh in glossy green,
 Triumphally thy boughs might wave,
 Better thou lov'st the silent scene,
 Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
 The bards and heroes of the past;
 Where through the halls of glory gone
 Murmurs the wintry blast!
 Where years are hast'ning to efface
 Each record of the grand and fair;
 Thou, in thy solitary grace,
 Wreath of the tomb'd art there.

Thou o'er the shrines of fallen gods,
 On classic plains dost mantling spread,
 And veil the desolate abodes
 And cities of the dead;
 Deserted palaces of Kings,—
 Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown,—
 And all once glorious earthly things,
 At length are thine alone.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime
 Beneath a blue Italian sky,
 Hath nought of beauty left by time,
 Save thy wild tapestry;
 And rear'd midst craigs and clouds 'tis thine
 To wave where banners wav'd of yore,
 O'er mould'ring towers by lovely Rhine,
 Cresting the rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down,
 Those cyries of a vanish'd race,
 Homes of the mighty, whose renown
 Hath pass'd, and left no trace:
 But thou art there!—Thy foliage bright,
 Unchang'd, the mountain storm can brave.
 Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
 And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
 That rise round grandeur's marble halls,
 The vivid hues by painting thrown,
 Rich o'er the glowing walls,—
 The Acanthus on Corinthian fanes,
 In sculptured beauty waving fair;
 These, perish all—and what remains?
 Thou—thou alone art there!

'Tis still the same where'er we tread,
 The wrecks of human power we see;
 The marvels of all ages fled,
 Left to Decay and thee!
 And still let man his fabrics rear,—
 August in Beauty, grace, and strength—
 Days pass, thou Ivy never sere!
 And all is thine at length.

POETRY.

ODE TO THE SUN.

The following beautiful ode, written in imitation of Ossian's celebrated apostrophe to the Sun, is from a small volume entitled, "Reminiscences, Moral Poems, and Translations, by J. Fellowes," just published at Exeter, N. H. The poetry is exquisitely fine.

Thou whose rejoicing eye of light
 Look'd forth, at God's inspiring call,
 When order lay in boundless night,
 And darkness wanton'd over all;
 Whence thy perpetual youth, O Sun!
 Since life, and light, and time began?

Exulting on thy course sublime,
 How bright thy yellow cresses glare,
 As still they wave unhurt by time,
 High o'er the azure depths of air;
 As still thy wings unwearied go,
 While earth and ocean laugh below.

When first thy ruddy pinions lave
 The skies, careering round the day;
 The moon sinks down the western wave,
 Retreating from thy fiery ray;
 The stars are blench'd; the ghost of night
 Flies sullen from thy blasting light.

Unchang'd art thou; when darkness shrouds,
 When angry nature weeps around,
 Far, far above the ebon clouds
 Thy splendours sweep the blue profound;
 Where still unshaken wheel the spheres
 Beyond the reach of parting years.

The mountain oak, with age shall fall,
 The everlasting hills decay;
 But thou shalt hear the morning call,
 Till heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Thy youth, thy strength shall last, O Sun!
 Fill life, and light and time are done.

TRUTH AND YOUNG ROMANCE.

Young Romance through roses straying,
 Saw old Truth trudge lamely on;
 One in pleasure's light was playing,
 The other sigh'd for pleasures gone;
 Cries Romance, 'O rest a minute,
 And discuss our views of Earth:
 Your's may have most prudence in it,
 But in mine is all the mirth!

'Ah!' says Truth, 'this world discloses
 Nought but vain delusive wiles;
 Thorns are under all your roses,
 Sadness follows all your smiles!
 —Cries Romance, 'Perhaps I often
 Colour life with tints too warm;
 Yet my wrath a shade may soften,
 While your coldness chills a charm.'

'What is Love?' the sage then asks him,
 'Love in summer hours so sweet?
 Wintry weather soon unmasks him,
 And your idol proves a cheat!
 'Love?' the youth replies, 'O sever
 Real Love from vain deceits;
 Constant Love brings hours that never
 Lose their sunshine or their sweets!'

'Friendship too, you call a treasure:
 But,' says Truth, 'it is a tie
 Loosely worn 'mid scenes of pleasure,
 And when fortune frowns—thrown by.'
 'Friendship,' he replies, 'possesses
 Worth which no dark change destroys,
 Seeking, soothing our distresses,
 Sharing, doubling all our joys.'

'Go,' says Truth, 'tis plain we never
 Can such hostile thoughts combine;
 Folly is your guide forever,
 While dull sense must still be mine!
 Cries the boy—'Frown on, no matter,
 Mortals love my merry glance:
 Even in Truth's own path they scatter
 Roses snatched from young Romance.'

THE MAN OF CONTENTMENT.

TRANQUIL, and calm, as twilight's gleam,
Reflected by the unruffled stream
That glides the valley through,
So tranquil is that happy breast,
Wherein Contentment, sacred guest!
Bids streams of pleasure flow.

(Why should the trifles of a day,
Those beauties which must soon decay,
Excite such strong desire?
Their gilded joys, delusive prove,
Through paths of tears they always move,
Nor aught but pain inspire.)

Though penury his dwelling haunt,
And fell disease unite with want
To render him distress'd;
He calls Contentment to his aid,
Takes of the food her bounty spreads
And is completely bless'd.

His path is peace, his joy sincere,
Who wisdom's counsel deigns to hear,
Who makes Contentment his.
No anxious cares disturb his rest,
Happy himself, he makes each blest
That on his aid relies.

Serenely down life's stream he glides,
Hope buoys him on the boist'rous tides,
And cheers his passage through;
Content to live, content to die,
Contented waits his destiny,
When death shall bid him go.

ADOLPHO.

THE GRAVE OF THE DUELIST.

Who sleeps beneath this dreary mound?
Whose ashes here repose?
Say not, 'tis holy, hallowed ground—
There's blood upon the rose!
Does there a hero sleep beneath,
Some chief of spotless fame?
The flowrets here no fragrance breathe—
No marble speaks his name!
Is it the lovers withered form,
That lies so dark and low?
I hear no requiem but the storm—
No mournful sound of woe!
Is it Religion's humble child,
That sleeps in silence here?
Around this spot, so dread and wild,
I view no friendly tear.
No—he whose dust is here enshrined,
Possessed a ruffian's heart—
No wreath, by Beauty's hand entwined,
Did fame to him impart.
Religion wept not o'er his grave,
No friend his loss did mourn;
He lived of HONOUR false, the SLAVE—
He died his COUNTRY'S SCORN.

BOSTON BARD.

POETRY.

Infancy and Mature Age.

AN APOLOGUE BY CRABBE.

"Men are but Children of a larger growth."

'Twas eight o'clock, and near the fire
My ruddy little boy was seated,
And with the title of a sire
My ears expected to be greeted—
But vain the thought—By sleep oppress'd,
No father there the child descried;
His head reclin'd upon his breast,
Or, nodding, roll'd from side to side.

"Let this young rogue be sent to bed"—
More I had not time to say,
When the poor urchin rais'd his head
To beg that he might longer stay.
Refus'd; towards rest his steps he bent
With tearful eye and aching heart;
But claim'd his playthings ere he went,
And took up stairs his horse and cart.

For new delay, though oft deny'd,
He pleaded;—wildly pray'd the boon:
Tho' pass'd his usual hour, he cried
At being sent away so soon.
If stern to him, his grief I shar'd;
(Unmov'd who hears his offspring weep?)
Of soothing him I half despair'd;
When all his cares are lost in sleep.

"Alas! poor infant!" I exclaim'd,
"Thy father blushes now to scan,
In all which he so lately blam'd,
The follies and the fears of man,
The vain regret, the anguish brief,
Which thou hast known, sent up to bed,
Pourtrays of man the idle grief,
When doom'd to slumber with the dead."

And more I thought—when up the stairs
With "longing, ling'ring looks" he crept,
To mark of man, the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept.
Thus mortals on life's later stage,
When nature claims their forfeit breath,
Still grasp at wealth, in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death.

'Tis morn! and see my smiling boy
Awakes to hail returning light;
To fearless laughter! boundless joy!
Forgot the tears of yesternight!
Thus shall not man forget his woe?
Survive of age and death the gloom?
Smile at the cares he knew below?
And, renovated, burst the tomb?

O, my Creator! when thy will
Shall stretch this frame on earth's cold bed:
Let that blest hope sustain me still,
Till thought, sense, mem'ry—all are fled.
And grateful for what thou may'st give,
No tear shall dim my fading eye,
That 'twas thy pleasure I should live—
That 'tis thy mandate bids me die.

By a Member of the Society of Friends.

The following was written after perusing the 24th, 25th, and 26th verses of the 8th chapter of St. Matthew: And behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, inasmuch that the ship was covered with the waves: but he was asleep. And his disciples came unto him, and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us, or we perish. And he saith unto them, why are ye fearful? O ye of little faith. Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm."

When on the mission from his throne in heaven,
In the frail bark the Saviour deign'd to sleep,
The tempest rose with headlong fury driven,
The wave-tossed vessel whirl'd along the deep:
Wild shriek'd the storm amid the parting shrouds,
As the vex'd billows dashed the dark'ning clouds.

Oh then how futile human skill and power!
"Save us—we perish in the o'erwhelming wave!"
They cried, and found in that tremendous hour,
An eye to pity and an arm to save.
He spake, and lo! obedient to his will,
The raging waters and the winds were still.

And thou, poor trembler on life's stormy sea,
When dark the waves of sin and sorrow roll,
To Him for refuge from the tempest flee,—
To Him confiding trust thy sinking soul;
For Oh! he came to calm the tempest-tost,
To seek the wandering, and to save the lost.

For thee and such as thee, impell'd by love,
He left the mansions of the blest on high,
And sin, and pain, and grief, and fear to move,
With lingering anguish and with shame to die;
The debt of Justice boundless Mercy paid,—
For hopeless guilt, complete atonement made.

Oh in return for such surpassing grace,
Poor, blind and naked, what canst thou impart?
Canst thou an offering on his altar place?
Yes, lovely mourner, give him all thy heart:
That simple offering he will not disown—
That living incense may approach his throne.

He asks not herds and flocks, and seas of oil;
No vain oblations please the all-knowing mind;
But the poor, weary, sin-sick, spent with toil,
Who humbly seek it, shall deliverance find:
Like her, the sufferer who in secret stole
To touch his garment, and at once was whole.

Oh for a voice of thunder, which might wake
The slumbering sinner, ere he sinks in death!
Oh for a tempest, into dust to shake
His sand-built dwelling, while he yet has breath!
A viewless hand to picture on the wall
His fearful sentence, ere the curtain fall!

Child of the dust! from torpid ruin rise,—
Be earth's delusion from thy bosom hurl'd,
And strive to measure with enlightened eyes,
The dread importance of the eternal world.
The shades of night are gathering round thee fast,
Arise to labor, ere thy day be past.

In darkness tottering, on the slippery verge
Of frail existence, soon to be no more,
Death's rude, tempestuous, ever-warring surge
Shall quickly dash thee from the sinking shore:
But oh! the secrets of the following day,
What tongue may utter, or what eye survey!

Oh think in time then, what the meek inherit,
What the peace-maker's, what the mourner's part,
The allotted portion of the poor in spirit,
The promised vision of the pure in heart:
For yet in Gilead there is balm to spare,
And prompt to succor, a Physician there.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Described according to the emotions produced upon the mind of a traveller, as the several features of the scenery on the river Niagara, connected with the history of the spot as the seat of war in 1812—15 are disclosed to him, while approaching the falls on the road that winds along the margin of the stream, from Buffalo to Lewistown.

Where, erst awhile, the beast of prey lone trode,
Or eagles' footsteps mark'd the yielding sand;
The traveller wends his course from his abode,
And journeys, by Niagara's shore to stand.
While distant many a mile, he, pausing, hears
Repeated peals, that seem the gathering storm;
'Tis echo, sounding loudly in his ears,
The thunder of the cataract's awful form.

High beats the heart with expectation strong,
The eighth, last wonder of the world to reach,
And urges fast, o'er mediate miles full long,
To see God's power, upon Niagara's beach.

Distant, the curling surf he now descries,
Pictured on air in colours white and new;
Here massy, ledging rock, the flood defies,
And bids th' approaching waves abate, be few.

The stream, now curving, bends towards the fall,
Borne downward from the bank on either side,
Here rowed, in triumph, many a soldier tall,
Borne in the barge, to redeem Columbia's pride.

Forward—a space of half a league between,
The scene completes, and stands in broad array;
The waters speed them to the brink, and then
In grandeur, through mid air, they roll away.

Not lightning launched, e'er, in the vault of heaven,
Nor sun-beams gleaming from the upper skies,
Nor course of thought, to human minds all given,
Nor aught beside, than these more swiftly flies.

Time makes the tide his chosen chronicler,
(Best emblem of his own thrice-rapid speed;)
And waves, in myriads, etch memorials here,
In solid rocks: the tablet all may read.

Deep in the gulf now wonders are disclos'd,
The rising vapour here its drops unfurls;
Th' expanding volume to the ray oppos'd,
Gives back its lustre, garnish'd o'er with pearls.

The bow of promise spans the cavern wide;
Two bows, high arch'd, the glistening drops invest;
While onward, eddying, rolls the swelling tide,
Its spray in rich magnificence is dress'd.

Here stand, Almighty Father, here are found,
Thy majesty, and power, and glory, great;
Here echo, like thy voice, delights to sound:
We see, we hear—then worship at thy feet.

* The river at this place, about one mile and a half from the fall, just before the rapids commence, has, or seems to the eye of the beholder to have, a curvature—the current is very rapid—and it was about this spot, so critical and dangerous, our troops crossed to storm Chippewa, on the Canada shore.

DEPARTURE OF THE MINSTRELS.

When Inledon, the faithful vessel bore
Far, far from Freedom's hospitable shore,
A nation's blessings hovered o'er his head—
A nation wept the British minstrel fled.

Yes—Inledon—a grateful people owned
Thy honest worth—and thy departure moaned,
The orphan's prayer arose at morn and even,
And pleaded for thee in the ear of heaven.

But thou—degenerate son of Erin's Isle!
What freeman e'er on thee will deign to smile?
At thy departure who will heave a sigh—
Or say, *God bless thee*, when thou sayest "*Good*

From reptiles late the Emerald Isle was free,
Oh, would to heaven that it could ever be;
But Erin's given a *syren-serpent* birth,
Whose breath contaminates his native earth.

ON TIME.

Addressed to a Lady.

BY SELLECK OSBORN.

Mov'd by a strange mysterious power,
That hastes along the rapid hour,
I touch the deep-ton'd string;
Even now I saw his wither'd face,
Beneath yon tower's mouldering base,
Where mossy vestments cling.

Dark roll'd his cheerless eye around,
Severe his grisly visage frown'd,
No locks his head array'd;
He grasp'd a hero's antique bust;
The marble crumbled into dust,
And sunk amidst the shade!

Malignant triumph fill'd his eyes;
"See, hapless mortals, see," he cries,
"How vain your idle schemes.
Beneath my grasp, the fairest form
Dissolves and mingles with the worm;
Thus vanish mortal dreams.

"The works of God and man I spoil;
The noblest proofs of human toil
I treat as childish toys—
I crush the noble and the brave;
Beauty I mar, and in the grave
I bury human joys."

"Hold! ruthless phantom!—hold!" I cried;
If thou canst mock the dreams of pride,
And meaner hopes devour—
Virtue, beyond thy reach shall bloom;
When other charms sink to the tomb,
She scorns thy envious power."

On frosty wings the demon fled,
Howling, as o'er the wall he sped,
"Another year is gone!"
The ruin'd spire—the crumbling tower,
Nodding obey'd his awful power,
As *TIME* flew swiftly on.

Since beauty then to time must bow,
And age deform the fairest brow,
Let brighter charms be yours—
The female mind, embalm'd in truth,
Shall bloom in everlasting youth,
While time himself endures.

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT, rosy dimpled fair,
Thou brightest daughter of the sky,
Why dost thou to the hut repair,
And from the gilded palace fly?
I've trac'd thee on the peasant's cheek;
I've mark'd thee in the milk-maid's smile;
I've heard thee loudly laugh and speak
Amid the sons of want and toil,
Yet in the circles of the great,
Where fortune's gifts are all combined,
I've sought thee early, sought thee late,
And ne'er thy lovely form could find,
Since then from *wealth* and *pomp* you flee,
I ask but competence and thee.

GENUINE MASONRY.

The well known sign we mark, and fly
The wound to heal—to still the sigh—
And wipe the tear from sorrow's eye:
For ours the aim is, ours the art,
To meliorate the human heart;
Of wild desires to stem the flood,
And act as if of kindred blood.

From the Charleston Times.

LOVE'S FIRST SIGH.

If there's an hour more sweet, more blest,
Amid life's chequer'd scene,
If joy e'er fill'd the artless breast,
Its cares and fears between,
'Tis when the heart, it knows not why,
With rapture fill'd, breathes love's first sigh.

How swiftly sweet the moments fly,
Mid groves or flowry dells,
When fondly gazing on that eye
Where purest passion dwells,
And the young bosom throbbing high,
With fond alarms breathes love's first sigh.

And though the time is ever fled,
And past the joys it gave,
Yet still shall memory sweetly shed
Like moonbeams on the wave—
A beam that yet shall light the eye,
And cheer with thought of love's first sigh.

The Bachelor's Soliloquy :

Marry, or not to marry? that is the question;
Whether is it nobler in the mind to suffer,
The sullen silence of these cob web bed rooms,
Or seek in festive balls some cheerful dame,
And, by uniting, end it? to live alone,
No more, and by marrying say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand make shifts,
Bachelors are heirs to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To marry, to live
In peace! Perchance in war: aye there's the rub;
For in the marriage state what ills may come,
When we have shuffled off our liberty—
Must give us pause—here's the respect,
That makes us dread the bonds of wedlock,
For who could bear the noise of scolding wives,
The fits of spleen, th' extravagance of drees,
The thirst for plays, for concerts and for balls,
The insolence of servants, and the spurns
That patient husbands from their consorts take,
When he himself might his quietus gain
By living single. Who could wish to bear,
The jeering name of Bachelor
But that the dread of after marriage,
(Ah that vast expenditure of income,
No tongue can scarcely tell) puzzle the will,
And make us rather choose the single life,
Than go to jail for debts we know not what of—
Economy thus makes Bachelors of us still;
And thus our melancholy resolution
Is still increased upon more serious thought

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.

Who is the Maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has she Loves roses on her cheek?
Is her's an eye of this world's light?

No—wan and sunk in midnight prayer,
Are the pale looks of her I love?
Or if at times a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my souls elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine,
In gems and garlands richly decked,
As if themselves were things divine.

No! Heaven but faintly warms the breast,
That beats beneath a brodered veil;
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

Not so the faded form I prize,
And love because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace her brow puts on.

And ne'er was beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching, as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wears away.

SPECIMENS OF COMPOSITION

BY THE

DEAF AND DUMB PUPILS.

p37

New-York, 17th February, 1824.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I always expect you will shortly come to see me. If you came here, I should be exceedingly happy to see you; you must come here with my brother very soon. Mr. Loofborrow told me that he thought you would come in March or April. If you will come here in April, I think perhaps you will accompany me to go to Florida, Orange County. I will work with you. I love you and my teacher very much, because you give me food to eat, and clothes to wear; when I am sick you employ a physician, and God cures me. Mr. L. teaches me Bible Lessons, many words and on different subjects. Mr. L. teaches me Bible Lessons, ther would be very glad to see me, for he always cries when I leave him to come to school. You must tell my grand parents that they must write a letter to me; they do not write to me. I am very sorry that my mother, step-mother and brother are dead; I hope they are with God in heaven, when I die I hope they will meet me in heaven. I shall be extremely glad to see them in heaven. Last summer Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter came to school; I recollect them. Mr. and Mrs. Loofborrow and Mrs. Akerly are very well, but Dr. Akerly is sick and confined to the house. I hope he will soon be well.

Mr. Haddock invited the Deaf and Dumb Pupils to see his exhibition, and they accepted his invitation. He first put the female figure on the floor, and by the alphabet which was on the table, it pointed to the letter of the alphabet; second, put a little house on the table, the servant stood by the door and rang the bell; the door opened and a lady appeared, shut it, took some fruits and flowers, gave them to Mr. Haddock, and the chimney-sweeper swept the chimney, a little dog in the garden barked; third, put the cask on the table, the merchant stood by the cask, his servant stood by the pump, he poured wine, white wine, porter, beer, gin, spruce, cordial and rum, from one cask; fourth, put the cabin and telegraph, and the gentleman sat down on the stool and pulled the little cords which he held in his hands, and the board turned and showed to the ladies and gentlemen 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; and fifth, put the image of a Turk on the table, held his sword in one hand, and his shield in the other hand, and seemed to look at the Deaf and Dumb Pupils, and struck his sword on his shield. The gentlemen and ladies applauded him. Mr. Loofborrow explained by signs to the Pupils, and they understood. We were highly gratified with the exhibition.

Do, my dear father, write to me soon, for I am impatient to receive a letter from you, if you will not come. I send my love to my dear brother. I am your loving daughter.

EMILY CURTICE.

Mr. JOHN CURTICE, Florida, Orange Co. N. York.

JAMES MILLER.

I saw a dog smelling and watching a rabbit; it feared and went to the round little bush, and the dog stood watching the bush round it at the rabbit. He scratched the broken old root; he thought the rabbit was in it. He caught the young rabbit and bit it, and carried it to the house and put it on the hearth. Mother was surprised and looked at the dog. He was glad.

ASYLUM FOR DEAF AND DUMB.
New-York, January 13th, 1825.

My dear Cousin,

I am much pleased to write to you for your information at present. Sister Mary and I are in good health every day. I wish to see you and all your children. I hope God gives you health. Will you please to write to me very soon and answer my letter. I am very sorry for the death of my cousin whose name was Mr. Nicoll who was your husband, for I have lost him. It is lonely on his farm for he is gone. I sympathize with you. He is gone to heaven. I think he was filled with the happiness of seeing God and Jesus Christ and the angels who are singing. I prefer attending school to staying at home. I hope to be diligent in all my lessons. Then I shall improve fast. Knowledge is preferable to ignorance. I think I shall remain here one year, and then I shall go to Islip but I hope to stay here. Mr. L. is principal teacher. I understand his signs for the different ideas. My teacher will choose some scholars who are Deaf and Dumb and will shortly go to Albany for examination. The people will convene at the Capitol.

General La Fayette left France. He arrived in the City of New-York last August. The people were assembling in the Battery. They were filled with joy on seeing him on the shore. He presented 10,000 dollars to some poor soldiers for food and clothes 48 years ago. General La Fayette departed from this City for Washington a few months ago. He will come again to New-York very soon.

Mr. L. recently went with all the Deaf and Dumb to the Academy of Arts. Will you tell my Grand father and Grand mother that I think of them. Sister Mary and I are well at present. We give love to them. Mr. L. and his family are in health. Dr. A. and Mrs. A. and all the children and all Deaf and Dumb pupils are well. They are kind with us.

I am your affectionate cousin,
SARAH ROGERS.

Mrs. Nicoll.

DICTIONARY FOR EMIGRANTS.

Recken, To suppose, to affirm. [It is never used in this sense.]
Shucks, Husks.
Heft, Weight.
Guess, To suppose, to expect.
Gob, Bulk, a large body.
Pert, Cheerful, full of animal spirits.
Scrape, Affray, affair.
Raise, To propagate hogs, cattle, &c.
Likely, Handsome, pretty, intelligent.
Heap, Quantity.
Rumpus, Disturbance, noise, riot.

ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

Recken, To believe or think. BAILEY.
Shuck, A husk, or shell. Do.
Heft, The heaviness or weight of any thing. Do.
Guess, To conjecture. JOHNSON.
Gob, A mouthful, a great piece of meat. BAILEY.
Pert, Brisk, lively. Do.
Scrape, Difficulty, perplexity, distress. JOHNSON.
Raise, To procure to be bred or propagated: as he raised sheep; he raised wheat where none grew before. Do.
Likely, Such as may be liked; such as may please. "Sir John, they are your likeliest men; I would have you served with the best."—Shakes. ear. Do.
Heap, Many single things thrown together; a pile; an accumulation. Do.
Rumpus, A riot, quarrel, or confusion. Dict. V. T.

It is necessary to expect the definition of the word Rumpus included in the above list as being of approved authority. It is to be found in an English Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue; and is cited to shew that it is used in the same manner in England as in this country.

"Fañent, opposite," inserted in the Dictionary for Emigrants, is used in the United States only by emigrants from the North of Ireland.

The author is incorrect in placing the word likely to the Yankee dialect with the meanings he has attached to it, at least the two first; for it is very common in New-England, in speaking of a young lady, to say that she is a likely girl but not handsome. It is used however in New-York in the sense he has stated. Which accords best with Johnson's definition, I shall not undertake to decide. Bailey has omitted the word, but inserts likeliness, which he defines comeliness. Much ridicule has been attempted against the people of the eastern states, for their frequent use of the word guess, but I do not perceive that the meaning generally conveyed by it can be better expressed by any other term. It is sometimes, but rarely, used improperly in a cant way when no doubt is implied. But even this mode of expression has been inherited from England, as has been lately shewn in the Daily Advertiser of this city, where a list of writers were quoted in proof of it.

I see no objection to the use of the expressions of "our folks" and "our house" as stated in the Yankee dialect, except that our folks is not meant to include the animals belonging to the family as there asserted. This remark would be more applicable to many parts of Great Britain, where the folks and animals belonging to them are covered by the same hovel.

I shall now confer a similar favor upon such Americans as may visit England as has been bestowed upon emigrants to this country by the foregoing publication. That is, by giving them a list of words made use of in that country, with their significations, which are probably little known here. These I extract from the Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, published in London for the benefit of his majesty's subjects in general.

Davy, Affidavit.
Dawb, To bribe.
Fogus, Tobacco.
Frog's wine, Gin.
Fubsey, Plump.
Gob, The mouth.
Glum, Sullen.
Gruts, Tea.
Hang it up, Score it up.
Lap, Buttermilk or Whey.
Leery, On one's guard.
Lobkin, A house to lie in.
Lollop, To lean with one's elbows on the table.
Lush, Strong Beer.
Mish, A shirt or sheet.
Mop up, To drink up.

Peach, To impeach.
Peck and Bouze, Victuals and Drink.
Peckish, Hungry.
Peepy, Drowsy.
Peery, Inquisitive, suspicious.
Pogy, Drunk.
Ramp, To snatch.
Randy, Unruly.
Rumbumious, Obstreperous.
Squelch, A fall.
Snoach, To speak through the nose.
Culch, Trifles.

The above will serve as a sample of the book before me, which is a sizeable octavo volume, filled with the like expressions, and which every American ought to procure if possible the moment he lands in any part of Great Britain, to enable him to understand the lingo of a great portion of the inhabitants. He should also recollect that the people generally of that country never pronounce the letter h when it ought to be, and uniformly do so when it ought to be silent. PHILOLOGOS.

RECOLLECTIONS IN SPRING.

The fragrance that breathes o'er thy bosom, O Spring!
Thy pleasures—thy sad recollections, I sing—
I love the pure incense, diffus'd all around,
And the verdure so lovely that mantles the ground.

O! First-born of nature, your beauties I prize,
As with your fair forms, you ravish my eyes:
I love the dear picture your pencil portrays,
As o'er the bright landscape I pensively gaze:
But ah! though so lovely the charms of your face,
Though drest all in smiles, and beaming with grace,
Though many the roses, and myrtles you twine,
To charm—to enrapture this bosom of mine;
Though fair is your form, and though graceful your mien,
All gay with the splendours of beauty's bright Queen;

Yet your aspect recalls those scenes of delight
Which flourish'd before you rose on my sight!
Those scenes that your sisters, now gone to decay,
Dress'd with flowers full as lovely, as charming
and gay:
Ah! they painted a landscape as bright and as green,
And flung their broad beauties all over this scene.

You tell of the joys of the days that are gone,
And the sorrows that reign'd mid afflictions rude storm;
You trace with your wand, each feature so fair,
And the smiles of her lips, and the loveliness there!
You dwell on the voice, that was music to me,
And bear me in thought, where 'twas rapture to be!

You echo the accents that ravish'd my soul,
Till my heart, all enraptured, is deaf to controul!
You ope these fair orbs, that beam'd lovely and fair,
O! all that is tender in woman shone there!
Respark'ling with pleasure, they meet my fond gaze,

And tell of the joys of the spring of our days:
You weave o'er again the young visions of bliss,
That rose on my fancy, in seasons like this!
You paint the fair form that first taught me to prove

How dear to the heart are the transports of love!
And you tell of the pleasures that revelled awhile,
As I bask'd for a season, entranc'd with her smile!
But, you tell of the shroud and the house of the grave,
Where the cypress and willow, all lovely, now wave;
And point to the tomb, to the pall, and the bier,
And all the dark woes of "the grave of the year."

But though dark and unlovely, the feelings you bring,
One bright recollection is precious, O! Spring!
Though entomb'd are the joys of the year that is gone,
Though low fell that rose, mid the rage of the storm,
Its gem still survives the rude blasts of the year,
And tis this that re-blossoms, & smiles on me here!

So thy form, O my love! though shrouded in gloom,
In glory immortal, will rise and re-bloom
In the image of Jesus, her Lord, she will shine
In all the perfection of beauty divine.

On Venice, Venice i. w. heft thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken balls
A loud lament along the sweeping sea.

PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

The Christian Observer for May contains a Review of Dr. Dwight's Theology, in the course of which the writer introduces the following Eulogy of that illustrious man. It is high praise but not too high. The language used in reference to an eminent English prelate may be truly applied to Dr. Dwight. "This great man had the humour of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the profoundness of a philosopher, the wisdom of a Chancellor, the sagacity of a prophet, the reason of an angel, and the piety of a saint."

"If the above statement disclose a highly honourable proof of the value attached by transatlantic Christians to the productions of their father-land, we may advert in the next place, to the beauty and richness of various specimens of their own indigenous produce; one of which stands at the head of this article, in the 'Theology' of a writer deserving a very exalted station among the moral and religious benefactors of his country and of mankind. This munificent contribution to the literature of the Christian church is presented to us by a genuine native of America. He died so lately as the year 1817; yet his efforts in the cause of Christianity seem already to have secured for this his great work a place among the established classics of our divinity libraries; and it will certainly descend to posterity as a monument of its author's genius, of the philosophical precision and comprehensiveness of his mind, and of his devotion to the purest principles of the Gospel of his God and Saviour. The volumes immediately under consideration are, to the doctrinal and ethical portion of Scripture, in some respects, what Mr. Hartwell Horne's 'Introduction' is to the illustration of the sacred volume by criticism and Biblical erudition. Both authors collect, digest, and arrange the widely diffused labours of preceding writers, and communicate to the result an air of reviving freshness and novelty. From the nature, however, of the two works, President Dwight has, of course, far higher claims to the celebrity of an original thinker. Never did a theologian measure the length and breadth of the expanded regions of revelation with less need of dependence upon the achievements of his predecessors in the same department of spiritual science. If there have been, like Pascal, mathematicians by intuition, there was also in the author before us, a certain ability, not indeed to make any discoveries in religion by the force of his own genius, but a power of mind capable of proving, illustrating, applying, and decorating all that he himself and others long before him had found in the Scriptures, and in the argumentation and eloquence of such as loved the Scriptures, with an energy and a beauty which would seem to be almost exclusively his own."

"Whatever truth there may be in the remark, that authors and their books are two things, the observation is completely neutralized in the present instance. The character and life of President Dwight were a transcript of his writings. He was the evidence, and the brilliant illustration of his own system. He was one of those extraordinary men who combine in the same person, eminent powers of mind, with an expansive persevering activity in doing good. He was a philosopher in his habits of intellect, and a Christian philanthropist in the daily routine of benevolence. He could demonstrate with the mathematician, refine and subtilize with the physician, and in the same hour, assist at the committee of a missionary society, or with all simplicity, preach the Gospel to the poor in their cottages, and attend at the bedsides of the sick

and the dying. We state the diversified excellencies of this great man's character, by way of preliminary to such extracts from his publication and his life as the limits of this article permit. A student of these volumes might, it is true, be forgiven, if he judged, from the extent and elaboration of their contents, that their author was a divine, absorbed in books; a stranger to every apartment but his library; and with a pen perpetually under the pressure of his fingers. He would yet, at the same time, feel his suspicions awakened, by the internal evidence of the work itself, that its writer was quite as familiar with the living world out of doors as with the silent and meditative employments of learned and devotional solitude. The suspicion is far more just than any reader would at first calculate. The writings of the President, when compared with a life almost entirely spent in active duty, are only an offset, not the parent stem of his renown."

For the New-York Observer.

ON THE LATE REV. DR. J. B. ROMEYN.

While on that much lov'd form we gaze,
That sweetly seems to slumber there,
Our spirits think on former days,
When thou would'st soothe our ev'ry care.
Behold thy flock in anguish bow
Around thy cold and lifeless clay;
Oh! why art thou so silent now,
Who once could chase our fears away.
Those lips that then so sweetly spake,
Say, will they never speak again?
Father in Christ, arise! awake!
Why must thy children call in vain?
In vain we call—in vain we weep—
He neither hears nor heeds our wo;
'Tis but the body seems to sleep,
The spirit sojourns not below.
Bear it along that sacred aisle
His willing feet so oft have trod;
There, rest the peaceful clay awhile,
We'll tell our sorrows to our God.
For others must those steps ascend
That led him to his wonted seat;
And strangers o'er that pulpit bend,
Where once he pour'd his accents sweet.
Ye need not tell us of his love,
Ye need not tell us of his care;
'Tis register'd in heaven above,
And each sad heart records it there.
'Twas he, these wand'ring hearts that led
To seek an injured Saviour's face;
'Twas he, the Gospel feast that spread,
To cheer us in the Christian race.
He lov'd in life—he lov'd in death;
For us he wrestled, pray'd, and wept;
He blest us with his latest breath,
And soft on Jesus' bosom slept.
He's gone to wear the Conq'r's crown,
And bright that golden crown will be;
For sparkling gems will stud it round,
The trophies of his ministry.
He's gone! and oh! bereaved flock,
Who now our trem'ling steps will lead?
Shepherd of Israel! our strong rock!
Be thou our help in present need.
Safe guide us thro' life's dreary vale,
In the blest path thy servant trod,
To living streams, that never fail,
Around the city of our God.

One of his Catechumens.

On leaving my Native Village.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF WILLIAMSON.

I go—but still my heart shall stay,
My spirit still shall linger here;
Where childhood's dawn, and reason's ray,
First met my eye, and sooth'd my ear.
I go—but mem'ry oft shall trace
Each well known scene of love so well—
Shall view, with torn delight, this place,
And often of its beauties tell.
I go—but fancy oft shall speak
Of happier days, when I return—
Shall wipe the tear from sorrow's cheek,
And bid this heart with transport burn.
I go—and when this life is o'er,
And in the dust these limbs are laid,
My spirit, unconfin'd, shall soar
To this lov'd spot, this rural shade.

L. L. R.

Knowledge and Liberty; Monticello and Mount Vernon—1825.

"Nunquam nimis dicitur, quod nunquam satis dicitur.
Remember the legacy WASHINGTON gave,
Now the race of the Hero is run,
To banish dark Ignorance—horrible slave—
And perfect the freedom he won.
The gift that he will'd was for knowledge diffused,
Bequest for the noblest supply:
Most nations, unlettered, he saw, were abused,
And fear'd that our freedom might die.
Rise, eminent sages, and sanction his plan—
Inculcate the maxims he taught;
Tell dawning Republics, and privileged man,
That Freedom is rooted in thought.
Say, Public Opinion, that lever immense,
That raises the world by its will,
Exact from the many well-cultured good sense,
To stamp it with prudence and skill.
Yes, Liberty's Spirit, wise tutors assert,
Is banished by ignorant throgs:
For millions, blindfolded, will grovel in dirt,
Hug tyrants, and propagate wrongs.
The many, embruted, did darken old times,
From Babylon's Tower to Hindu—
Cupidity, Ignorance, violent crimes,
Have ruined old empire and new.
All history teaches—both current and past,
That custom can nature control;
That freedom can only be fitted to last
By habits of action and soul.
Then, Sages, proclaim it—"though martyrs have ble
And patriots died for mankind—
That Knowledge and Freedom together must spread,
Or man be a serf without mind."
Mount Vernon, all hail! Monticello ascend
Where Liberty's glory doth reign;
Your sites and your sages that science extend,
Immortal as science remain.
Remember the legacy WASHINGTON will'd,
His maxims, career, and adieu,
Forget not the Statesman, in sciences skill'd,
Now toiling to fix them for you.
Ye freemen, swear culture shall never abate:
Supplanted by a wice mean;
Lest that which should render each citizen great
Might make him but more a machine.
Thus millions in Egypt, where Science was plann'd,
Loved darkness, though light had increased:
Dwelt creatures of burden, machines of the land,
To work for the Monarch and Priest.
Good morals and culture then never commute
For riches, untutor'd, to plod—
Since man without knowledge must sink to a brute,
But with it resemble a God!

J. B. C.

Roman Patriotism.—The following chaste and spirited translation of the celebrated letter of Brutus to Cicero, from the pen of Dr. Drennan, of Dublin, was dedicated to the First Consul of France. It is copied from a number, published in November, 1802, of a journal long since extinct. We are indebted for it to two public men, who, in different spheres of action, have eminently contributed to the extension of our national character, and who, in seasons of public embarrassment and despondency, have evinced the sturdy virtue of the Roman patriot. It had been more than twenty years in the possession of one of these gentlemen, and was by him presented to the other, from whom we have received it for republication. The sentiments, which it breathes, belong appropriately to the region of political liberty; and we could wish our country no better security than that they should find a home in the bosom of every citizen.

While our political bark continues to glide calmly over the waves of time, the energies of freemen may securely sleep. But if ever the tempests of faction and tyranny should overspread our horizon, exhibiting in their train the wreck of government and the social virtues, it would be the first wish of freemen to behold the arm of every votary nerved, and his bosom animated by sentiments like these:

[From the London Monthly Magazine—1802.]

MARCUS BRUTUS TO MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

Atticus sent me an extract of your letter to Octavius. You have been so long my faithful friend, that I can receive little new pleasure in reading your expressions of regard for my general welfare, and solicitude for my personal safety. I am so accustomed to hear of what Cicero has said, or of what he has done, to serve my interests, or exalt my character, that such proofs of friendship have lost the freshness of novelty, and I am come to look on them as things of course, mere occurrences of the day: I am, on this account, less able to bear the pain which this part of your letter has given me, that relates to us and to our cause. When you express your gratitude to Octavius in such a fulsome detail of adulation, (I feel my cheeks redden while I write; the rank and station of a republican recoil at the idea—recommend our lives to him!—as well recommend to him the daggers with which we stabbed his uncle)—When you are thus eager in paying homage, and in imploring clemency, do you not, as it were, mount the rostrum to declare, that it is in vain for us to remove the masterdom, while you are resolved to keep the master; and is not Cicero transformed into a victor, who lays down the fasces of the empire at the feet of a boy?

Recollect the words that you have written;—and if you dare, deny that they pre-suppose, on the one part, the impotence of the slave; and, on the other, the self-sufficiency of the tyrant. “One other, the self-sufficiency of the tyrant. “One other, the self-sufficiency of the tyrant. “One other, the self-sufficiency of the tyrant. . . . Shall we not be safe? Our right hands have taught us how. Better indeed to perish than find safety through him. I do not think—no, by the Gods! by Virtue, the God within me, whom I choose to worship! I do not think that we of Rome have deserved so ill of Heaven, as to petition any inferior power for the safety of a single citizen, much less for the safety of the world. I speak like a boaster:—I should not do so, but to those who are as little acquainted with the measures of fear, as with the measures, and limits of submission.

Can Cicero confess that Octavius is all-powerful, and yet be his flatterer and friend? Could Cicero bear to see Brutus reside in Rome; if, to reside in Rome, Brutus must intercede for passport and protection from this boy? Is this stripping to be made the subject of Cicero's panegyric for willing, for suffering the breath of life to remain in our nostrils, for graciously coniving at the life of a Roman? Is he conferring a favour when rather than suffer Antony to tyrannize over us, he, with all due humanity, may choose to play the tyrant himself? Were he the avenger of usurpation, not, as he is, the mere vicegerent of our usurper, would you be forced, at this time, to supplicate men who have deserved of their country as we have done?

It was, in truth, a want of energy, a want of self-confidence, not confined to your breast, but diffused through the public mind, which instigated Cæsar to the wretched ambition of sovereignty; which, when he fell, stimulated Antony to make the dead body a footstool to raise himself above his equals; and which, at this moment, lifts up this young man to such an overweening height, that, with uplifted hands and untamed eyes, you must propitiate his mercy for us—the mercy of a scarce-bearded youth, without which there can be no redemption. But, if some among us would, or if they could remember they were Romans, bold as these have been to rob us of our rights, they should meet with others as bold to vindicate them; and, though the crown of Cæsar would sparkle in the eye of Antony, the wounds of Cæsar would burst out in his memory, and quell the madness of his heart. You, Cicero—you, who so illustriously avenged yourself on the enemies of your country, how can you bear, at one moment to recollect the deeds you have done, and in the next to approve of such men, and such measures: to debase yourself into such lowliness as to have even the semblance of approbation? From whence sprung your enmity to Antony? Was it from personal pique, or from the general good? You said the latter. It was, you said, because he wanted to make his hand the sword of justice, and his heart the only fountain of mercy. It was because he wanted to dole out rights and liberties to the very men from whom he had begged his life. It was because the weal or woe of the empire, was to hang, as it were, by a hair of his head; to be blessed when he was in a good humour, and to totter when he frowned. You called aloud to arms! why? was it that the genius of Rome should rouse to vengeance; or was it that Cicero might gratulate a successor? My eloquent friend turned sophist, to prove that it is good to serve, if we serve a good master. If any master could be good, we might fare well and fatten in the service of so good a master as Antony. What think you—would he deny to men, whose patience was his sole ground of safety, the sole pledge of assurance for his life? We might obtain every thing from his fears, except that, without which all is nothing—liberty and honour. If we must talk of these things as if we are haggling in the market-place about a bargain, how much, pray you, would our apathy and acquiescence come to in the estimation of this boy, who seems to think, forsooth, he ought to succeed Cæsar in nature because he succeeded him in name? How much would he give us, if we were content to live in peace, to grow fat and sleek, and shining; to lay up trash in coffers, and divert ourselves with counters and consular dignities? But Cæsar had then been sacrificed in vain. In vain had I lifted this arm on the living Cæsar, if the dead Cæsar is to be god, and we his idolators; if his spirit be suffered to walk abroad and migrate into other men. My sword ought, in this case, to have slept in its scabbard. May the gods blot out and annihilate every feeling of my soul, rather than the one which at this moment prompts me to declare—that, so far from suffering in this second Cæsar what I disdained to suffer from the first—that if he who begat me, had done as Cæsar did, I should have done as I did; nor should it have saved him, had

he cried aloud—I am your Father!—No, by Heaven, not he whom I call Father shall violate the laws—shall trample upon our liberties with impunity, while I have a being. Is it possible, Cicero, you can suppose the state to be free, if the supporters of the state be obliged to skulk in holes and corners when his countenance lowers; or to come abroad at times, like reptiles, and sport in the sunshine of his favour? Not even Octavius, I tell you, my friend, can grant the prayer of your petition. You intercede for our safety: that is, you ask quarter for our lives—Insurance for the lives of slaves! Who will insure lives of those who have lost their liberty and stained their honour? But then you say, we may reside in Rome. Liberty, my friend, has nothing local in it: it is not confined to the bricks and mortar, or the stone or marble of your capital. If I be free I shall carry Rome along with me; and they are exiles in Rome, who can bear the contumelies or the courtesies of a tyrant. In Greece, that title was fatal even to the surviving family; but when this lad has insulted us, by adopting the very name of the late usurper, Cicero runs to recognise the name—gives the all hail—falls on his knees for the safety of those who have served the state, and makes that state once more not merely a nominal, but a real substantial slave—an abandoned, irredeemable slave that kicks away the cap of liberty, and dances to the clank of his chains.

If Cæsar himself, in the plenitude of his power, felt what could be done by one or two resolute men, shall we now crouch to the sovereignty of his naked name? Rome appears to be like a huge heavy ox, goaded on by a boy.—The name of Cæsar serves Octavius by way of goad, and the great unwieldy animal moves along unconscious of its strength, and patient of injury.

Never, therefore, from this hour commend my safety to this Cæsar of yours: never, if you love me, commend your own. You pay too high a price for a few years of frail and feverish life, if you purchase them with a single prostration at the feet of an equal. I should not wish that your enemies had it their power to put such a vile construction on your prosecution of Antony as to refer it to motives of personal fear, rather than to a regard for the common-weal; and I should be sorry to see them urge this petition of yours to Octavius as a proof that Cicero could contrive to bear tyranny, provided he had a tyrant to his taste. I do applaud the boy for the good you say he has done. If the will-be should resemble the has-been—if it appears that his aim is to level upstart ambition, not to put his own in its place, I shall applaud him more; but if, on this account, you dress him up in the attributes of sovereignty, with the prerogatives to pardon or to punish, you compliment him rather highly. I have no notion, Cicero, of handing over the common-weal to any person, by way of compliment. Cicero, the man who writes to you, not only will not pray for his life, but, as far as he can, will hold down those who offer to do so for him.

I am determined to banish myself from your servile city, satisfied, as I am, that wherever Liberty is, there is Rome—there is my country; yet sometimes I shall sigh to think of those left behind, whom a fullness of years only renders more avaricious of life—a life drawn to the very lees—accounted more precious than honor, friendship and fair fame. Happy in the home of my own heart, I shall think myself sufficiently rich in the debt of gratitude which the world owes, but has not paid me; and I shall glory in being the disinterested creditor of mankind. I know nothing sweeter than the memory of virtuous actions; nothing greater than the stern-sufficiency of freedom. As to what has been done, it has been well done; as to what there is to do, I know what I shall do. Sunk as your city is I will not sink or succumb. I shall never be over-ruled by those who wish that others should over-rule them. I will try all things, hazard all things. What will I not do, what not suffer, to raise up my fallen country a second time, and crown her with freedom! As to

40
what will be if Fortune does as she ought to do you shall all be happy. Let her do as she chooses, I shall be happy. O, my friend, how can this little life of ours be so happily filled up as when our every thought and action, our every word and work, are dedicated to the salvation of our country?

Cicero, dear Cicero, again and again do I beseech, do I implore you to hold up your head, and wrestle with difficulties like a man. Do not despond; do not despair. As you cannot be what you choose, be what you ought. Keep watch, and be silent. Set your face and lift your voice against those measures, nor suffer a single poisonous precedent to insinuate itself, pregnant with future evil. The boldest and brightest actions of your life will fade in the memories of men, if the tenor of this life be not to the last uniform and consistent. The virtue that has done much lays on itself an obligation to do more; and the benefit we confer on our country are debts for which the greatest and best are most accountable. That the Consular Cicero should counteract Antony with the same zeal with which the consul Cicero crushed Cataline, is no subject of surprise, for it only preserves the unity of the piece: but if the same Cicero should direct the thunderbolt of his eloquence with such energy and success against others, his former fame would sink in comparison and the last dazzling act of the illustrious drama would be crowned with the plaudits of remotest generations; and surely if ever one was fitted to be the guardian of the common-weal, and patron of the people, by the endowments of nature by high reputation, and by the concurrent testimony of the world, that one is my friend.

A truce, then, with your paltry petitions, and memorialize me no longer. Rather retire into the sacred recess of your own great heart as into that inmost apartment where are placed our altars, and household Gods: there commune with the spirit of your ancestors—be wrapt into the deeds of less degenerate days—call up your own heroic acts, and let them stand as it were, embodied before you, nor dare to come out to the world, until you can shew this sentence beaming on your breast:—"The people may, the people must, be free, if the leaders of the people be ready with the head, and heart and hand, to write, to speak, to act, and to suffer, in their cause."

POETRY.

For the New-York Observer.

r. Editor,
You will oblige a constant reader of your paper publishing the following lines, selected from the writings of a pious Clergyman, now deceased. They were published several years ago, but we think they will be new to many of your readers and admired all:

THE GARDENER AND ROSE-TREE A FABLE.

Affectionately addressed to Mrs. I. H. * * *, on the death of a beloved child, by her sympathizing friend,
S. P.

In a sweet spot which Wisdom chose,
Grew a unique and lovely rose;
A flower so fair was seldom borne—
A rose almost without a thorn.
Each passing stranger stopped to view
A plant possessing charms so new:
"Sweet flower!" each lip was heard to say—
Nor less the owner pleas'd than they:
Reared by his hand with constant care,
And planted in his choice parterre,
Of all his garden this the pride,
No flower so much admired beside.

Nor did the rose unconscious bloom,
Nor feel ungrateful for the boon;
Oft as her guardian came that way,
Whether at dawn or eve of day,
Expanded wide—her form unveil'd,
She double fragrance then exhaled.
As months roll'd on, the spring appear'd,
Its genial rays the Rose matur'd;
Forth from its root a shoot extends—
The parent Rose-tree downwards bends,
And, with a joy unknown before,
Contemplates the yet embryo flower.

"Offspring most dear (she fondly said,)
Part of myself! beneath my shade,
Safe shalt thou rise, while happy I,
Transported with maternal joy,
Shall see thy little buds appear,
Unfold and bloom in beauty here.
What though the Lily, or Jonquil
Or Hyacinth no longer fill
The space around me—All shall be
Abundantly made up in thee.
What though my present charms decay,
And passing strangers no more say
Of me, 'sweet flower!' Yet thou shalt raise
Thy blooming head, and gain the praise,
And this reverberated pleasure
Shall be to me a world of treasure.
Cheerful I part with former merit,
That it my darling may inherit.
Haste then the hours which bid thee bloom,
And fill the zephyrs with perfume."

Thus had the Rose-tree scarcely spoken,
Ere the sweet cup of bliss was broken—
The Gardener came, and with one stroke
He from the root the offspring took;
Took from the soil wherein it grew,
And hid it from the parent's view.
Judge ye, who know a mother's cares
For the dear tender babe she bears.
The parent's anguish—ye alone
Such sad vicissitudes have known.
Deep was the wound; nor slight the pain!
Which made the Rose-tree thus complain:

"Dear little darling art thou gone—
Thy charms scarcely to thy mother known!
Remov'd so soon!—So suddenly,
Snatch'd from my fond maternal eye!
What hadst thou done? dear offspring! say,
So early to be snatch'd away!
What! gone forever! seen no more!
For ever I thy loss deplore.
Ye dews descend, with tears supply
My now forever tearful eye;
Or rather come some northern blast,
Dislodge my yielding roots in haste.
Whirlwinds arise—my branches tear,
And to some unknown region bear
Far from this spot, a wretched mother,
Whose fruit and joys are gone together."
As thus the anguish'd Rose-tree cry'd,
Her owner near her she esp'y'd;
Who in these gentle terms reprovd
A plant, though murmuring, still beloved.

"Cease, beautiful flower, these useless cries,
And let my lessons make thee wise,
Art thou not mine? Did not my hand
Transplant thee from the barren sand,
Where once a mean unsightly plant,
Exposed to injury and want,

Unknown, and unadmird, I found,
And brought thee to this fertile ground;
With studious art improv'd thy form,
Secur'd thee from the inclement storm,
And through the seasons of the year,
Made thee my unabating care?
Hast thou not blest thy happy lot,
In such an owner—such a spot?
But now because thy shoot I've taken,
Thy best of friends must be forsaken.
Know, flower belov'd, e'en this affliction
Shall prove to thee a benediction:
Had I not the young plant remov'd
(So fondly by thy heart belov'd,)
Of me thy heart would scarce have thought,
With gratitude no more be fraught:
Yea—thy own beauty be at stake,
Surrender'd for thy offspring's sake.
Nor think, that hidden from thine eyes,
The infant plant neglected lies—
No—I've another garden where
In richer soil and purer air
It's now transplanted, there to shine
In beauties fairer far than thine.
Nor shalt thou always be apart
From the dear darling of thy heart:
For 'tis my purpose thee to bear
In future time, and plant thee there.
Where now thy absent off-set grows,
And blossoms a *Celestial Rose*.

Be patient, then, till that set hour shall come
When thou and thine shall in new beauties bloom
No more its absence shalt thou then deplore,
Together grow and ne'er be parted more."

These words to silence hush'd the plaintive Rose,
With deeper blushes redd'ning now she glows,
Submissive bow'd her unrepining head.

Again her wonted, grateful fragrance shed—
Cry'd, "Thou hast taken only what's thine own
Therefore thy will, my Lord, not mine, be done"
M. H.

In the stanzas that follow, the literary reader
of taste, will recognise the plaintive tenderness
of the author of *Lalla Rookh*.

To * * * * *

AIR—Shannon side.

The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom, Pleasure's shrine;
And thine the sunbeam given
To Nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away,
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer's flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not—though lonely
Thy evening home may be,
Though Beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea,
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond his art,
The wild flower wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart!



The Ulster Sentinel.

Opinion should be left free as air. Its exercise and expression should not be restrained by authority. It is a delicate, spontaneous, sensitive plant. It fades and withers by the artificial cultivation of authority. It shrinks from the deleterious touch, even of the finger of authority. *Giles.*

KINGSTON, NOVEMBER 29, 1826.

DELAWARE & HUDSON CANAL.

The 25th day of November, 1783, was a proud day for New-York, for on that day the forces of the king of England evacuated the City, and gave place to the sons of Freemen: The 25th day of November, 1826, was a proud day for the county of Ulster, for on that day her bosom was opened to the harbingers of Commerce, and the hills which had slept for ages in silence on the banks of the Rundout, re-echoed the plaudits of grateful multitudes, navigating the virgin stream.

As the *Morning-Star* hove in sight of Eddyville, she was saluted with a discharge of cannon from the Heights, which was promptly returned with an appropriate air from the Band; and in the course of her progress, these reciprocal salutations were repeated at intervals until her arrival and entrance into the Tide Lock, where, the gates being turned upon her *secundum artem*, she rose majestically beneath an arch

of evergreens to a higher level, under the 12th salute and the cheers of innumerable spectators. Mr. Bolton, the respected President of *The Delaware & Hudson Canal Company*, with Mr. Stebbins, a director, here came on board, accompanied by Mr. Wurts, the indefatigable Agent, Messrs. Jervis & McEntee, Engineers, several ladies and gentlemen of the vicinity, and last, though not least, those patterns of industry and perseverance, Sage, Farwell, and Cook, the builders of the locks, in their appropriate costumes of Free-Masonry. At this juncture, a tow-line was attached to the boat, & two noble, well-trained horses, gorgeously caparisoned, drew her rapidly out of the lock, to the roar of an old *Thirteen* from the Heights and *Yankee Doodle* from the band. After proceeding for a short distance, some detention was occasioned by the grounding of the boat, owing to the numbers that weighed her down and the premature opening of the lock below; but all difficulties being at length surmounted, she ascended the second level, and passing from thence between the lofty sand hills through which the Canal had been cut, she re-entered the broad bosom of the Rundout above Eddyville. The rapid pace of the animals on the tow-path along the margin of the stream, soon brought the *Morning-Star*, followed by two scows, abreast of the Stone House from whence the procession was to form, and at this place the vessels were temporarily detained.

The following is a transcript of the inscriptions.—On a beautiful marble slab, 3 1-2 feet long, set in the coping above, are sculptured in letters of gold the words—

DE WITT CLINTON

GOVERNOR.

Beneath, upon the *perfect Ashlar*, 3 1-2 in depth by 3 in breadth, also of marble, stands the following:—

DELAWARE & HUDSON CANAL.

MANAGERS.

PHILIP HONE, G. B. ABEEL, S. WHITTEMORE, H. B. PIERPONT, R. L. LORD, HENRY THOMAS, B. W. ROGERS, JOHN HUNTER, T. TILSTON, W. W. RUSSELL, W. CALDER, W. H. IRELAND.

JOHN BOLTON, *President*. S. FLEWELLING, *Treasurer*. MAURICE WURTS, *Agent*. ENGINEERS.

BENJAMIN WRIGHT, *Chief*. JOHN B. JERVIS, *Assistant*. JAMES S. McENTEE, *Resident*. INSPECTOR OF MASONRY, JOHN STEWARTT.

Commenced August, 1825—Completed from the Hudson to the Delaware

HEZEKIAH SAGE, Jun. } Builders. SAMUEL FARWELL, } CHARLES COOK, }

[We regret that we have been unable to procure a copy of Mr. Myer's address, delivered on the occasion.]

On a signal from the Marshals, the multitude now discovered, and the Rev. John Gosman offered up to the Throne of Grace a prayer suited to the occasion. The eloquence of this popular preacher, is too well known to need any commendation from us. Let it suffice, that amid the profoundest silence, he poured forth with fervent piety, a powerful appeal to the Lord of Hosts, invoking his blessing upon the mighty work, and ascribing to him as the Author of all, whatever the skill or energy of man can produce. This being followed by a solemn air, the Fraternity, with several ladies and gentlemen, re-embarked on board the *Morning-Star*, (which had returned there to receive them,) and again set forward on the Canal.

On coming to at the Stone House, the voyagers disembarked, highly gratified with the result of their aquatic excursion, and the citizens having formed in column at the head of the Fraternity, the whole proceeded with the music in front to the gothic farm-house of which we have so often made mention. Here, to use the fashionable phrase, Mr. H. Radcliff of Kingston, had prepared "an elegant cold collation," to which the Brethren with their invited guests at once sat down. Some, whose appetites had been sharpened by the pure air of the Rundout, showed a disposition to attack the viands without further ceremony; but Mr. Farwell, whose works demonstrate that he does every thing by *line and rule*, command-

ed silence, and requested the Rev. Mr. Gosman to ask a blessing. This sacred service being performed, every knife and fork was forthwith put in requisition, and the tables were soon relieved of their precious loads.—At the close of the repast, the following toasts were drank, interspersed with appropriate music, W. M. James G. Wilson presiding, assisted by S. W. Edward Green.

1. *By W. M. James G. Wilson*:—The President, Directors, & Company of the Delaware & Hudson Canal—May they, before the close of another autumn, see their present canalling project accomplished, and long enjoy the fruits of their enterprize.

2. *By S. W. Edward Green*:—Free-Masonry—coextensive with the arts of man.

3. *By J. W. William Holmes*:—The Delaware & Hudson Canal—May it never want an adequate supply of water, to transport the wealth of the interior to the Hudson.

4. *By Companion H. P. Seth Couch*:—The Delaware & Hudson Canal Company—Long may they live to reap the benefits of their enterprize and industry.

5. *By Maurice Wurts, Esq.*:—The State of New-York—Powerful in resources—Great in the application of them.

6. *By John Bolton, Prost.*:—Messrs. Sage, Farwell, & Cook, the enterprising Contractors for the lower locks on the Delaware & Hudson Canal—Their works are the best evidence of their skill and fidelity.

7. *By Mr. David Stebbins*, of New-York:—De Witt Clinton—Our good and worthy Governor.

8. *By J. B. Jervis*, Civil Engineer.—The Internal Improvements of our country—They demonstrate the superior intelligence, and the moral energy, of a free People.

9. *By J. S. Mc. Entee*, Resident Engineer.—Contractors Sage, Farwell, & Cook, the completion of whose work we have this day met to celebrate—Their skill, fidelity, and perseverance have not been surpassed; the faithful application of their hammer and grout-box has gained for them the confidence of the Company and of the Engineer Department; and the works which they have erected, will attest to other countries that the Builders were true and trusty.

10. *By Ch: G. De Witt*.—The Delaware & Hudson Canal—Like a belt of friendship, it will bind Pennsylvania and New-York still closer in the bond of fellowship.

11. *By Thomas G. Fletcher*:—The Orator of the day—His eloquent, appropriate, and classical address, did honor to himself, and to the occasion.

12. *Mr. S. B. Seward*, in rising, remarked, that he should propose a sentiment to the company, in which he felt assured all would concur. He said he had been waiting for some gentleman of greater age and experience than himself, to perform an act of justice which he was persuaded none would be disposed to withhold;—and he regretted that, unaccustomed as he was to public speaking, the task had not devolved upon one better qualified to discharge it. Assembled as we are, said Mr. Seward, under the auspices of the ancient Fraternity of Free and accepted Masons, a stranger, I trust, may safely appeal to their generous indulgence, for venturing to intrude with any remarks. This Band of Brothers, whose history is coeval with the history of man, needs no eulogium from me. Its charities are recorded from age to age, with the pen of benevolence. Though uninitiated in the elements of their mystic Order, I am not wholly igno-

rant of their virtues. Like the precious metals hid in the earth, or the more retiring merits of the gentler sex, their worth needs but be sought to be fully known and freely loved. The Order itself is founded in wisdom: its sacred superstructure is reared by industry: its cap-stone is laid by perseverance: and the whole edifice is defended by a trusty sword, waving in the hand of the cherubim of justice.

Gentlemen, continued Mr. S. we are convened to commemorate a useful work—to manifest our gratitude to the great Governor and Architect of the universe, for having cast our lot in an age so distinguished, and for allowing us to partake in so splendid an enterprise. Millions yet unborn shall rise up and call us blessed. And while with grateful hearts we pay a tribute to the Fultons, the Clintons, and the Whitneys of the age, who, under Providence, have wrought such wonders in our country, let us not forget the virtues of one who with him participates largely in our esteem:—of one whose name is dear to every Contractor, to every political economist, and to every friend of internal improvements:—of one, who first conceived the project of uniting the waters of the Delaware and Hudson, and gave his days and nights to the arrangement of its details; who came amongst us a stranger, proffering a bounty which many thought chimerical, but which few of us will live to appreciate; who still denies, himself the comforts of home—the society of old & valued friends—and the profits of business, that he may see it completed.—Gentlemen, I give you the health of our distinguished Guest, Maurice Wurts.*

* We have given Mr. Seward's remarks from memory, aided by notes taken on the occasion.—[Ed. U. S.]

13. By John Stewart, Superintendent of mason work.—The Stockholders of the Delaware & Hudson Canal—May they receive for their investment thirty per cent per annum.

14. By Major Hezekiah Sage, junr.:—May we meet on the Level and part on the Square.

15. By Charles Cook:—The Engineers of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company—Candid in their examinations—never wanting in industry—firm in their decisions—untiring in industry—May they receive the reward to which their labours so justly entitle them, and the thanks of an intelligent public.

16. By P. Catlin:—The scythe of Time—As it cuts us down, may we be gathered up into the garner of everlasting salvation.

17. By Henry S. Backus:—The MORNING STAR, with Captain Griffin at the helm, will proudly glide over the waters of the Delaware & Hudson Canal.

18. By Captain W. Griffin:—American Enterprise—May it never cease till it eclipses the vanity of the Mother Country.

19. By Samuel Farwell:—John Bolton, Prest.:—Vigilant in the discharge of his executive duties, and skillful in managing the concerns of the Company.

20. By P. K. Allen:—Though last, yet not least, De Witt Clinton, Father of our internal improvements.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

Among the many excellent articles from the pen of Miss Jane Taylor, is the following, entitled "The Philosopher's Scales." The scales were invented by a monk in days of yore:

When curious Alchymy, with puzzled brow,
Attempted things that Science laughs at now:

* * * * *
"What where they?—you ask; you shall presently see

The scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no; for such properties wond'rous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh!
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense;
Nought was there so bulky, but there it could lay;
And nought so ethereal but there it would stay;
And nought so reluctant but in it must go;
All which, some examples more clearly will show.

"The first thing he tried was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the scull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball, on the roof of the cell.

"Next time he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment that Dorcas had made—for a weight;
And tho' clad in armour from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up and the garment went down.

"A long row of alms-houses, amply endow'd
By a well-esteem'd Pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale while the other wast prest
By those mites the poor widow dropp'd into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

"Again he performed an experiment rare;
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climb'd into his scale; in the other was laid
The heart of our Howard, now partly decayed;
When he found, with surprise, that the whole of his
brother
Weighed less, by some pounds, than this bit of the
other.

"By further experiments, (no matter how,)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one
plough.

A sword with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystalized tear.
A lord and a lady went up a full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.

Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weigh'd less than some atoms of candour and sense;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potatoe just wash'd from the dirt;
Yet, not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh,—'twas the "pearl of great
price."

"At last the whole world was bow'd in at the grate;
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight;
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof;
When, balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sail'd up aloft—a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with a soul in, so mightily fell,
That it jerk'd the Philosopher out of his cell.

FROM WORDSWORTH'S "EXCURSION."

Man is of dust; ethereal hopes are his,
Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft,
Want due consistence; like a pillar of smoke,
That, with majestic energy, from earth
Rises, but having reached the thinner air,
Melts and dissolves, and is no longer seen.

* * * * *

One adequate support

For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only; an assured belief,
That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad and disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
The darts of anguish fix not, where the seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the will supreme
For time and for eternity; by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of His perfections; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently, ill done, or left undone,
To the dishonour of His holy name.

THE SLEEP OF THE SLUGGARD.

By Thomas G. Fessenden.

O list to an indolent lump of live lumber,
Whom slothfulness binds with invisible
bands,

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber,
A little more folding together the hands.

"I've a villainous cold—and my head—how it
aches!
The north wind is blowing, and stings like a
hornet,

And as to this rising as soon as day breaks,
'Tis a vile vulgar habit, and gentlefolks scorn
it.

"I'm none of those wretches who labour for
bread,
Through foul or fair weather whatever may
hap,

I mean to enjoy both my table and bed,
And so I'll turn over and take 'tother nap.

"I've money enough and can live at my ease,
I cannot be caught in necessity's trap,
I'll sleep every day till the next if I please,
And so I'll turn over and take 'tother nap."

His heavy hydropical carcase he turns,
And sinks in uneasy intemperate rest,
Till dun in his bosom the lamp of life burns,
While snorting with night mare and pletho-
ra prest,

What horrible visions his bed hover o'er,
The phantoms of spleen and the blue devils
dire!

Like Gorgons and Hydras of fabulous lore,
And red dragons vomiting rivers of fire!

Now he clings to the side of a prominent steep,
O'er a rough roaring cataract hangs by a hair,
Now suddenly sinks in a bottomless deep,
And starts half awake, with a shriek of de-
spair.

Thus he rolls, like a porpoise, o'er billows of
down;

Grows big as a mammoth and fat as a seal;
Lives a plague to his friends or a charge to the
town,

And dies to make worms a most plentiful
meal.

Ye sons of Columbia, shun the syren of sloth:
For if you submit to her leaden control,
You'll find, when too late, like a venomous moth
She eats up the substance, and poisons the
soul.

If the wizard of indolence takes you in hand,
Quick break from his grasp, or you're quickly
undone,

Your limbs will be lithe as a wickapy* wand,
And your sinews be softened, like wax in the
sun.

* Wickapy is the popular name for a shrub
which is

MATRIMONY.

Opinions of three celebrated Ladies on the subject of Matrimony.

Mrs. E. Montague, in her letters, says, "I can define matrimonial happiness only like wit, by negatives. 'Tis not kissing, that's too sweet; 'tis not scolding, that's too sour; 'tis not raillery, that's too bitter; nor is it the continual shuttlecock of reply, for that's too tart. In short, I hardly know how to season it exactly to my taste; but I would neither have it tart nor mawkishly sweet. I should not like to live entirely either upon metheglin or verjuice." Again she says, "I fancy in matrimony one finds variety in one, in the charming vicissitudes of—

"Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling; Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling."

"Could that kind of love," says Mrs. Thrale, be kept alive through the marriage state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good could no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found; but reason shows us that this is impossible, and experience inform us that it never was so: we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily, as we can."

"Hope not," says the celebrated Madame de Maintenon to the Princess of Savoy, on the eve of her marriage with the Duke of Burgundy, "for perfect happiness, there is no such thing on earth; tho' there were, it would not be found at court. Greatness is exposed to afflictions often more severe than those of a private station. Be neither vexed nor ashamed to depend on your husband. Let him be your dearest friend, your only confidant. Hope not for constant harmony in the marriage state. The best husbands and wives are those who bear occasionally from each other sallies of ill humour with patient mildness. Be obliging, without putting great value on your favors. Hope not for a full return of tenderness. Men are tyrants, who would be free themselves and have us confined. You need not be at the pains to examine whether their right be well founded; it is enough if they are established. Pray God to keep you from jealousy. The affections of a husband are never to be regained by complaints, reproaches, or sullen behaviour."

There are two gentlemen at the Irish Bar, named Hope and Joy; it happened that both these gentlemen were retained in one cause, which being called on out of turn, and when Mr. Joy was not present, Mr. Hope got up, and with his usual sauvity of manner, requested that as Mr. Joy was detained in the other court, his lordship would allow the cause to stand over till the next day. The Judge, with great good humour, immediately replied, "as

'Hope told a flattering tale,
That Joy would soon return'
he would let the cause stand over."

Mr. Bearcroft and Mr. Espinasse were once opposed to each other in a cause, and the latter who was for the plaintiff, in a witty address to the Jury, to heighten the savour of his discourse, took the liberty to curtail Mr. Bearcroft's name, and to call him Bear. Bearcroft began his reply in these words:—"Gentlemen of the Jury, my learned opponent has for his own amusement, and the gratification of the court, curtailed my name; he cannot, therefore, be offended if I take a corresponding liberty with his: instead, thereof of calling him Espinasse, I shall, gentlemen, call him Ass."

The present Sir Wm. Garrow, when at the Bar, was endeavouring, by the examination of an old woman, to prove the tender of a debt before the action was brought, which would have been fatal to the plaintiff. The old lady, however, was too wary, and nothing satisfactory could be elicited from her. The present Master Jekyl, (then also at the bar,) observed this wordy-war, and taking a slip of paper, wrote upon it, and handed it to Garrow, who immediately sat down laughing immoderately at the lines on the paper, which were these:—

"Garrow forbear, that tough old jade,
Will never prove a tender made—(maid.)"

Reader, farewell, we must, must part—
Banish that sad, desponding look;
If thou take my leave so much at heart,
I'll promise thee another book.

THE ROSE AND SNAIL,

A FABLE.
(After the French.)

A Snail thus once address'd the Rose:—
"O fairest thou, and sweetest flow'r
Which Flora bids her charms disclose,
And shed her sweetness through the bow'r!"

"Pardon, I pray, your humble slave,
(Pursued the Snail, with great respect,)
One only little fault you have,
Which you might easily correct.

"I mean those sharp and ugly thorns,
Which wound whoe'er approaches near;
Mar ev'ry beauty that adorns,
And each admirer fill with fear.

"Zephyr himself, your faithful lover,
How new, how cruel, is his case!
Dares only round your beauties hover,
And fears to meet your fond embrace!"

The poison caught:—the Rose consented,
And stripp'd herself of every thorn;
But, O! how soon must be repented
The error of that cruel morn!

The guardian thorn no sooner gone,
The Snail became, from humble, free;
Easy and impudent came on,
And mounted the defenceless tree.

There, quickly cankering every leaf,
Each flow'r and op'ning bud he ate;
And now the Rose perceiv'd with grief
Her error—but perceiv'd too late!

Her fragrance gone, her beauty blasted,
And fled her young and virgin pride—
Her life was bitter while it lasted,
But soon she broke her heart—and died.

Ye fair, whom snail-like flatt'ers sue,
Mark what the awful moral shows!
Virtue is beauty's thorn in you—
But, O! be wiser than the Rose.

ELLEN,

The forsaken Penitent.

It was the season of sweet budding leaves,
Of days advancing toward their utmost length,
And small birds singing to their happy mates.
Wild is the music of th' autumnal wind
Among the faded woods; but these blithe notes
Strike the deserted to the heart—I speak
Of what I know, and what we feel within.—
Beside the cottage in which Ellen dwelt,
Stands a tall ash-tree, to whose topmost twig
A thrush resorts, and annually chants,
At morn and evening, from that naked perch,
While all the undergrove is thick with leaves,
A time-beguiling ditty, for delight
Of his fond partner, silent in the nest,
—"Ah why," said Ellen, sighing to herself,
"Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge,
And nature that is kind in woman's breast,
And reason that in man is wise and good,
And fear of him who is a righteous Judge,
Why do not these prevail for human life
To keep two hearts together, that began
Their spring-time with one love, and that had need
Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet
To grant, or be received; while that poor bird—
O, come and hear him, thou who hast to me
Been faithless, hear him: though a lowly creature,
One of God's simple children, that yet know not
The universal Parent, how he sings,
As if he wished the firmament of heaven
Should listen, and give back to him the voice
Of his triumphant constancy and love;
The proclamation that he makes, how far
His darkness doth transcend our fickle light!"

[Wordsworth's Excursion.]

TO THE RAINBOW.

From Campbell's Theodoric.

Triumphal arch that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant thou did'st shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

SELECT MAXIMS.

A King is to be envied for nothing so much as the supremacy of his power to do good; and if his inclinations be but equal to his power, he must necessarily be the happiest man in his realm.

Charles the Fifth used to say, that "the clemency of a prince is like the heat of the sun, which hardens dirt, while it softens war."

Many who seem to carry the liberty of the subject highest, serve them like trouts—tickle them till they catch them.

Profaneness in conversation too commonly passes for wit; whereas it is, in truth, a certain sign of the want of both judgment and manners.

The reading of most men is like a wardrobe of old clothes—scldom used.

The best way to prove the clearness of our understanding, is by showing its faults; as when a stream discovers dirt at the bottom, it convinces us of the transparency and purity of the water.

THE MANIAC.

[By BERNARD BARTON.]

To see the human mind o'erturn'd—
Its loftiest heights in ruin laid,
And Reason's lamp, which brightly burn'd,
Obscured or quench'd in phrenzy's shade;
A sight like this may well awake
Our grief, our fears—for nature's sake.

It is a painful, humbling thought—
To know the empire of the mind,
With wit endow'd, with science fraught,
Is fleeting as the passing wind;
And that the richest boon of Heaven,
To man—is rather *lent* than *given*.
To-day he sits on Reason's throne,
And bids his subject powers obey;
Thought, Memory, Will—are all his own,
Come at his bidding, list his sway!
To-morrow from dominion hurl'd,
Madness pervades the mental world!

Yet think not, though forlorn and drear
The Maniac's doom—his lot the worst;
There is a suffering more severe
Than these sad records have rehears'd.
'Tis his—whose virtue struggles still
In hopeless conflict with the will.

There are, before whose mental eye
Truth has her chastest charms display'd;
But gaudier phantoms flitting by,
The erring mind have still betray'd;
Till gath'ring clouds, in awful night,
Have quench'd each beam of heavenly light.

There are, whose mental ear has heard
The 'still small voice,' yet prone to wrong,
Have proudly, foolishly prefer'd
The sophist's creed, the syren's song;
And stak'd upon a desperate throw
Their hopes above—their peace below.

There are, in short, whose days present
One constant scene of painful strife!
Who hourly for themselves invent
Fresh conflicts; till this dream of Life
Has made their throbbing bosoms ache,
And yet, alas! they fear to wake.

With these compared, the Maniac's doom,
Though abject, must be counted blest;
His mind, though often veil'd in gloom,
At times may know a vacant rest,
Not so when thought and conscience prey
Upon the heart that slights their sway.

O THOU! whose cause they both espouse,
In Mercy bid each conflict cease;
Strengthen the wak'ing sinner's vows,
And grant him penitence and peace;
Or else, in pity, o'er the soul
The dark'ning clouds of madness roll.

Rules for the Behaviour of Young People.

Always wipe your mouth with the table-cloth, for that must be soiled at all events, and will save your host's napkins, or your own pocket-handkerchief.

Always observe the Abyssinian custom—never to speak, nor to drink, unless your mouth be quite full.

Champ whatever you eat, making as much noise as possible, which will show you relish, and are pleased with what you are eating.

CROAKER.
CURTAIN CONVERSATIONS.
"I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date."
Daily Newspaper

"Beside the nuptial curtain bright"
The bard of Eden sings,
"Young Love his constant lamp will light
"And wave his purple wings.
But rain-drops, from the clouds of care,
May bid that lamp be dim,
And little Love will pout, and swear
'Tis then no place for him.

So mus'd the lovely Mrs. Dash,
(We blush to mention names,)
When for her surly husband's cash
She urg'd, in vain, her claims.

"I want a little money, Dear,
"As Vandervoort and Flandin
"Their bill, (which now has run a year)
"To-morrow mean to hand in."

"Zounds!" cried the husband, half asleep,
"You'll drive me to despair."

The lady was too proud to weep,
And too polite to swear:
She bit her lip for very spite;
He felt a storm was brewing;
And dream'd of nothing else all night
But brokers, banks, and ruin!

He thought her pretty once; but dreams
Have sure a wond'rous power;
For, to his eye, the lady seems
Quite ugly since that hour.
And Love, who on their bridal eve,
Had promis'd long to stay,
Forgot his promise, took *French leave*,
And bore his lamp away.

Selected.

Fallen is thy throne, O, Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains—
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Ethom's barren shore!
That fire from heaven which led thee
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem,
Once she was all thine own—
Her love thy fairest heritage,
Her power thy glory's throne;
Till evening came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive tree,
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma,
Then passed her glory's ray,
Like heath that in the wilderness
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod;
And sunk those gilded towers,
Where Baal reigned as God.

"Go," saith the Lord, "ye conquerors,
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,
For they are not the Lord's;
Till Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead."

During the last winter, Mr. Blake and his wife, with his infant child, of Salem, N. J. set out on a visit to Vermont, passing over the Green Mountains—in crossing which, the snow was found to be deep and pathless. Having rode till nearly perished in walking. Mr. B. hastened on ahead, in order to reach some dwelling where he could procure assistance—he soon became exhausted, however, and sunk down in a perishing condition, but he afterwards recovered. Mrs. B., in the course of the night, froze to death, leaving her tender offspring wrapped up in her cloak; in which situation it was found alive.—The following beautiful and pathetic lines, from the Portland, Me. Argus, were written on the occasion.

The cold winds swept the mountain height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night,
A mother wandered with her child,
As through the drifting snow she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone:
O, God! she cried in accents wild,
If I must perish—save my child.

She stript her mantle from her breast,
And bar'd her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapt the vest,
And smil'd to think the babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveller passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale—
He mov'd the robe from off the child;
The babe look'd up and sweetly smil'd.

[The following beautiful verses we select from
Mr. Brainard's Poems.]

ON A YOUNG PALESTINE MISSIONARY,
Who died at Alexandria, Feb. 10th, 1822.
Green as Machpelah's honour'd field,
Where Jacob and where Leah lie,
Where Sharon's shrubs their roses yield,
And Carmel's branches wave on high,—
So honour'd, so adorn'd, so green,
Young Martyr! shall thy grave be seen.

O! how unlike the bloody bed
Where pride and passion seek to lie;
Where Faith is not; where Hope can shed
No tear of holy sympathy.
There withering thro'ts shall drop around
In dampness on the lonely mound.

On Jordan's weeping willow trees
Another holy harp is hung:
It murmurs in as soft a breeze
As e'er from Gilead's balm was flung,
When Judah's tears in Babel's stream
Dropt—& when 'Zion was their theme.'

So may the harp of Gabriel sound
In the high heaven to welcome thee,
When rising from the holy ground
Of Nazareth and Galilee,
The Saints of God shall take their flight
In rapture to the realms of light.

A wise man thinks none his superior who has done him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving him.

A fine coat is but a livery, when he who wears it discovers no higher talents than a footman.

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH.

It is well known that the two great political parties in Massachusetts have agreed to abolish all ancient distinctions, and to unite in supporting able men for office. At a crowded meeting of the citizens of Boston assembled at Faneuil-Hall on the 3d inst. for the purpose of nominating candidates for the highest offices under the state government, the Hon. Daniel Webster availed himself of the occasion to address his fellow citizens. The Centinel remarks that no address ever delivered in the Cradle of Liberty, from the days of James Otis to the present day, was ever listened to with more attention, or received with more ardent and unanimous acclamations. The following report of the Address is copied from the Boston Courier.

Mr. Webster said he was quite unaccustomed to appear in that place; having, on no occasion, addressed his fellow-citizens there, either to recommend or to oppose the support of any candidate for public office. He had long been of opinion, that to preserve the distinction and the hostility of political parties, was not consistent with the highest degree of public good. At the same time he did not find fault with the conduct, nor question the motives, of those who thought otherwise. But, entertaining this opinion, he had abstained from attending on these occasions, in which the merits of public men, and of candidates for office were discussed, necessarily, with more or less reference to party attachment and party organization.

The present was a different occasion. The sentiment which had called this meeting together, was a sentiment of union and conciliation; a sentiment, so congenial to his own feelings, and to his opinion of the public interest, that he could not resist the inclination to be present, and to express his entire and hearty approbation.

He should forbear, Mr. Webster said, all remarks upon the particular names, which had been recommended by the committee. They had been selected, he must presume, fairly, and with due consideration, by those who were appointed for that purpose. In cases of this sort every one cannot expect to find every thing precisely as he might wish it; but those who concurred in the general sentiment would naturally allow that sentiment to prevail, as far as possible, over particular objections.

On the general question he would make a few remarks, begging the indulgence of the meeting, if he should say anything which might, with more propriety, proceed from others.

He hardly conceived how well disposed and intelligent minds could differ, as to the question, whether party contest, and party strife, organized, systematic, and continued, were of themselves desirable ingredients in the composition of society. Difference of opinion, on political subjects, honourable competition, and emulous rivalry, may, indeed, be useful. But these are very different things from organized and systematic party combinations. He admitted, even, that party associations were sometimes unavoidable, and perhaps necessary, to the accomplishment of other ends and purposes. But this did not prove that, of themselves, they were good; or that they should be continued and preserved for their own sake, when there had ceased to be any object to be effected by them.

But there were those who supposed, that whether political party distinctions were, or were not useful, it was impossible to abolish them. Now he thought, on the contrary, that under present circumstances, it was quite impossible to continue

them. New parties, indeed, might arise, growing out of new events, or new questions; but as to those old parties, which had sprung from controversies now no longer pending, or from feelings which time and other causes had now changed, or greatly allayed, he did not believe that they could long remain. Efforts indeed made to that end, with zeal and perseverance, might delay their extinction, but, he thought, could not prevent it. There was nothing to keep alive these distinctions, in the interests and objects which now engage society. New questions and new objects arise, having no connexion with the subjects of the past controversies, and present interest overcomes or absorbs the recollection of former controversies. All that are united on these existing questions, and present interests, are not likely to weaken their efforts to promote them by angry reflections on past differences. If there were nothing, *in things*, to divide about, he thought the people not likely to maintain systematic controversies about *men*. They have no interest in so doing. Associations formed to support *principles*, may be called *parties*, but if they have no bond of union but adherence to particular *men*, they become *factions*.

The people in his opinion, were at present grateful to all parties, for whatever of good they had accomplished, and indulgent to all for whatever of error they had committed; and, with these feelings, were now mainly intent on the great objects which affected their present interests. There might be exceptions to this remark; he was afraid there were; but nevertheless, such appeared to him to be the general feeling in the country. It was natural that some prejudices should remain longer than their causes, as the waves lash the shore for a time, after the storm has subsided; but the tendency of the elements was to repose. Monopolies of all sorts were getting out of fashion, they were yielding to liberal ideas, and to the obvious justice and expediency of fair competition.

An administration of the general government, which had been, in general, highly satisfactory to the country, had now closed. He was not aware that it could with propriety be said that that administration had been either supported or opposed, by any party associations, or on any party principles. Certain it was, that as far as there had been any organized opposition to the administration, it had nothing to do with former parties. A new administration had now commenced, and he need hardly say that the most liberal and conciliatory principles had been avowed. It could not be doubted, that it would conform to those principles. Thus far, he believed, its course had given general satisfaction. After what they all had seen, in relation to the gentleman holding the highest appointment in the Executive Department, under the President, he would take this opportunity to say, that having been a member of the House of Representatives for six years, during the far greater part of which time Mr. Clay had presided in that House, he was most happy in being able, in a manner less formal than by concurring in the usual vote of thanks, to express his own opinion of his liberality, independence, and honourable feeling. And he would take this occasion also to add, if his opinion could be of any value in such a case, that he thought nothing more unfounded than that that gentleman owed his present situation to any unworthy compromise or arrangement whatever. He owed it to his talents, to his prominent standing in the community, to his course of public service, not now a short one, and to the high estimation in which he stands with that part of the country to which he belongs.

Remarks, Mr. Webster proceeded to say, had been made from the chair, very kind and partial, as to the manner in which he had discharged the duties which he owed to his constituents, in the House of Representatives. He wished to say, that if he had been able to render any, the humblest services either to the public or his constituents, in that place, it was owing wholly to the liberal manner in which his efforts there had been received.

Having alluded to the Inaugural Address, he did not mean in the slightest degree to detract from its merits, when he now said, that in his opinion, if either of the other candidates had succeeded in the election, he also would have adopted a liberal course of policy. He had no reason to believe that the sentiments of either of those gentlemen were, in this respect, narrow or contracted.

He fully believed the contrary, in regard to both of them; but if they had been otherwise, he thought still, that expediency or necessity would have controlled their inclinations.

I forbear said Mr. Webster, from pursuing these remarks farther. I repeat, that I do not complain of those who have hitherto thought, or who still think, that party organization is necessary to the public good. I do not question their motives; and I wish to be tolerant even to those who think that toleration ought not to be indulged.

It is said, sir, that prosperity sometimes hardens the heart. Perhaps, also, it may sometimes have a contrary effect, and elevate and liberalize the feelings. If this can ever be the result of such a cause, there is certainly in the present condition of the country enough to inspire the most grateful and the kindest feelings. We have a common stock both of happiness and of distinction, of which we are all entitled, as citizens of the country, to partake. We may all rejoice in the general prosperity, in the peace and security which we enjoy, and in the brilliant success which has thus far attended our republican institutions. These are circumstances which may well excite in us all a noble pride. Our civil and political institutions, while they answer for us all the great ends designed by them, furnish at the same time an example to others, and diffuse blessings beyond our own limits. In whatever part of the globe men are found contending for political liberty, they look to the United States with a feeling of brotherhood, and put forth a claim of kindred. The South American States especially, exhibit a most interesting spectacle. Let the great men who formed our constitution of government, who still survive, and let the children of those who have gone to their graves, console themselves with the reflection, that whether they have risen or fallen in the little contest of party, they have not only established the liberty and happiness of their own native land, but have conferred blessings beyond their own country, and beyond all their own thoughts, on millions of men, and on successions of generations. Under the influence of these institutions, received and adopted in principle, from our example, the whole southern continent has shaken off its colonial subjection. A new world, filled with fresh and interesting nations, has risen to our sight. America seems again discovered; not to geography, but to commerce, to social intercourse, to intelligence, to civilization, and to liberty. Fifty years ago, some of those who now hear me, and the fathers of many others, listened in this place to those mighty masters, Otis and Adams. When they then uttered the spirit stirring sounds of Independence and Liberty, there was not a foot of land on the continent inhabited

by civilized man, that did not acknowledge the dominion of European power. Thank God, at this moment, from us to the south pole, and from sea to sea, there is hardly a foot that does.

And, sir, when these states, thus newly disenthralled and emancipated, assume the tone, and bear the port of independence, what language, and what ideas do we find associated with their new acquired liberty? They speak, sir, of Constitutions, of Declarations of Rights, of the Liberty of the Press, of a Congress, and of a Representative Government. Where, sir, did they learn these? And when they have applied to their great leader, and the founder of their States, the language of praise and commendation till they have exhausted it—when unsatisfied gratitude can express itself no otherwise, do they not call him their Washington? Sir, the Spirit of Continental Independence, the Genius of American Liberty, which in earlier times tried her infant voice in the halls and on the hills of New England, utters it now with power that seems to wake the dead, on the plains of Mexico, and along the sides of the Andes.

"Her path, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and generous shame,
The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame."

MORNING AMONG THE HILLS.

By DR. PERCIVAL.

A night had passed away among the hills,
And now the first faint tokens of the dawn
Showed in the east. The bright and dewy star,
Whose mission is to usher in the morn,
Looked through the cool air like a blessed thing
In a far purer world. Below there lay
Wrapped round a woody mountain tranquilly
A misty cloud. Its edges caught the light,
That now came up from out the unseen depth
Of the full fount of day, and they were laced
With colours ever brightening. I had waked
From a long sleep of many changing dreams,
And now in the fresh forest air I stood
Nerved to another day of wandering.
Before me rose a pinnacle of rock,
Lifted above the wood that hemmed it in,
And now already glowing. There the beams
Came from the far horizon, and they wrapped it
In light and glory. Round its vapoury cone
A crown of far-diverging rays shot out,
And gave to it the semblance of an altar
Lit for the worship of the undying flame,
That centered in the circle of the sun,
Now coming from the ocean's fathomless coves,
Anon would stand in solitary pomp
Above the loftiest peaks, and cover them
With splendour as a garment. Thitherward
I bent my eager steps; and through the grove
Now dark as deepest night, and thickets hung
With a rich harvest of unnumbered gems,
Waiting the clearer dawn to catch the hues
Shed from the starry fringes of his veil
On cloud and mist and dew, and backward thrown
With undiminished beauty, on I went,
Mounting with hasty foot, and thence emerging,
I scaled that rocky steep, and there awaited
Silent the full appearing of the sun.

Below there lay a far extended sea
Rolling in feathery waves. The wind blew o'er it,
And tossed it round the high ascending rocks,
And swept it through the half hidden forest tops,
Till, like an ocean waking into storm,
It heaved and weltered. Gloriously the light
Crested its billows, and those craggy islands

Shone on it like to palaces of spar
Built on sea of pearl. Far overhead
The sky, without a vapour or a stain,
Intensely blue, even deepened into purple,
Where nearer the horizon it received
A tincture from the mist that there dissolved
Into the viewless air—the sky bent round
The awful dome of a most mighty temple
Built by omnipotent hands for nothing less
Than infinite worship. There I stood in silence,
I had no words to tell the mingled thoughts
Of wonder and of joy, that then came o'er me,
Even with a whirlwind's rush. So beautiful,
So bright, so glorious! So many dazzling tints
In yonder waste of waves—so like the ocean
With its unnumbered islands there encircled
By foaming surges, that the mounting eagle,
Lifting his fearless pinion through the clouds,
To bathe in purest sunbeams, seemed an ospray
Hovering above his prey, and yon tall pines,
Their tops half mantled in a snowy veil,
A frigate with full canvass, bearing on
To conquest and to glory. But even these
Had round them something of the lofty air
In which they moved;—not like to things of earth,
But heightened and made glorious, as became
Such pomp and splendour.

Who can tell the brightness,
That every moment caught the newer glow:
That circle with its centre like the heart
Of elemental fire, and spreading out
In floods of liquid on the blue sky
And on the opaline waves, crowned with a rainbow
Bright as the arch that bent above the throne
Seen in a vision by the holy man
In Patmos! Who can tell how it ascended,
And flowed more widely, o'er that lifted ocean,
Till instantly the unobstructed sun
Rolled up his sphere of fire, floating away—
Away in pure ether, far from earth,
And all its clouds,—and pouring forth unbounded
His arrowy brightness! From the burning centre
At once there ran along the level line
Of that imagined sea, a stream of gold—
Liquid and flowing gold that seemed to tremble
Even with a furnace heat, on to the point
Whereon I stood. At once that sea of vapour
Parted away, and melting into air
Rose round me, and I stood involved in light
As if a flame had kindled up, and wrapped me
In its innocuous blaze. Away it rolled,
Wave after wave. They climbed the highest rocks,
Poured over them in surges, and then rushed
Down glens and valleys, like a wintry torrent
Dashed instant to the plain. It seemed a moment,
And they were gone, as if the touch of fire
At once dissolved them. Then I found myself
Midway in air—ridge after ridge below,
Descended with their opulence of woods
Even to the dim seen level, where a lake
Flashed in the sun, and from it wound a line,
Now silvery bright, even to the farthest verge
Of the encircling hills. A waste of rocks
Was round me—but below how beautiful,
How rich the plain—a wilderness of groves
And ripening harvest; while the sky of June—
The soft blue sky of June, and the cool air,
That makes it then a luxury to live,
Only to breathe it, and the busy echo
Of cascades, and the voice of mountain brooks,
Stole with such gentle meanings to my heart,
That where I stood seemed Heaven.

Albany Theatre.—On Wednesday last, the splendid Theatre in our sister city, was opened to a large and fashionable audience, under the management of Mr. Gilfert, who has with him a company possessing talent and beauty, and that it will meet with encouragement is obvious; independent of the strangers which throng that city, the House has been built, and the subscription distributed among that portion of respectable citizens, that are determined to support it as long as the manager will give them a respectable company. We wish this establishment, so highly creditable to the enterprising citizens of that place, all possible success, and trust that we shall not be disappointed in a calculation that it will be liberally supported, and contribute much to the amusement and profit of the public. On the opening of the house, Mr. Barrett delivered the following

PRIZE ADDRESS.

Written by Thomas Wells, Esq. of Boston.

When Superstition captive Reason led,
And Taste proscribed, her bowery dwellings fled;
Their sacred haunts exiled, the Aonian maids
On hurry wing forsook the peaceful shades:
The crumbling column, and the tottering fane,
A round of desolation marked the reign.
In towering pride where stood the classic dome?
The boast of Art, and once the Muses' home.
Midst mouldering ruins wheeled the drowsy bat,
And cloistered there the bird of darkness sat.—
The infatuate mind the mystic sceptre swayed,
Man groped in darkness, and the spell obeyed;
Thus wrapped in gloom expired the Attic light,
And Priestcraft ruled sole monarch of the night.—
At length, triumphant o'er his bigot foes,
Genius, on bold adventurous plumes, arose;
Athwart the sunless void new warmth he poured,
Pierced the dense clouds, and heaven's blest beams restored.—
So from the East, on purple pinions borne
Through flakes of fog, up springs the herald morn;
Lost in the emerging glories of the day,
The dull, cold mists of midnight, melt away.
The harmonious choir, now gave to Joy the shell;
Now rose their Temples where their Altars fell;
From shore to shore the voice of Freedom spoke,
And buried Learning from her slumbers woke;
Reason unfettered, Truth divine unsealed,
And old Imposture to the world revealed;
Conceived in Beauty, by the Graces nursed,
The germs of Fancy into being burst;
Toil tilled the globe—the Axe the forest bowed—
Art winged the shuttle—Skill the ocean ploughed—
Life breathed in marble—warm the canvas glowed—
And gifted lips with inspiration flowed:
Led by Ambition, and by Worth revered.
The Drama then in lettered grace appeared;
From hidden stores her golden lore she brought,
And morals mended, as she manners taught;
Through every page of varied life she ran,
Her volume nature, and her study man;
Where'er she moved the Muse the land refined,
And Taste adorned, as Science nerved the mind;—
On every side, to birth, new beauty sprung.—
The laurels flourished, and the minstrels sung;
As Knowledge guided—Bards inspired the age,
And picture'd Wisdom lessened from the Stage;
Truth fearless spoke, in scenic garb arrayed,
And rescued Virtue owned the drama's aid.—

And now, auspicious Dome, aspiring Pile,
The Artist's pride—be thine the People's smile,
The muse of Genius, and of Taste the seat—
We hail thy birth, thy dawn of promise greet—
Priest of thy rite—Apollo claims thy shrine,—
To him devoted—hence live thou and thine!
Patrons! who hear the unbiassed Censors sit,
Sole arbitrators in the court of Wit;
Whose sentence stamps the Buckin and the Play;
Whose laws like the Song and Scene obey;
To your indulgence now we make appeal,
On you dependent rests our future weal:—
And here, by your impartial voices tried,
We rise or fall, as you alone decide.—
In you confiding—hence we rest our cause,
To us your smiles extend—our meed is your applause.

The Clinton Vases.—The silver vases presented to Governor Clinton, by the merchants of Pearl-street, in the city of New-York, were received in this city on Saturday last. On that day, they were presented to Gov. Clinton by the committee, consisting of eleven merchants of that city. At the request of several gentlemen, the vases were exhibited yesterday at Knickerbocker Hall, where a crowd of ladies and gentlemen examined them during the hours allotted to the exhibition. They are such specimens of the genius, taste and skill of our countrymen, as the artists and the donors may feel proud of. They are two in number; and were designed by Mr. Fletcher, of Philadelphia, and executed by Messrs. Fletcher & Gardiner, of that city. They are said to contain each 400 ounces of silver, and to have cost \$3500.—Albany paper.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

We have already stated, that the Mercantile Library Association celebrated its Fifth Anniversary on Friday evening last, at the City Hotel. The meeting was called to order by W. W. Woolsey, Esq. when the Honorable PHILIP HOWE, Mayor elect of the city, was appointed Chairman.

Mr. Seward, in rising to read the Annual Report, remarked in substance as follows:

This anniversary of an institution dear to our hearts, is highly calculated to fill the minds of its members with delightful reflections. True, said he, it is not one of great extent or fame—its unassuming name tells all its objects and all its character. But, although it be humble when compared with institutions of a higher order, which have in charge the literary character of this nation, it is still the proper sphere for the active energies of that class of society which it embraces. Mr. S. said, that as certainly as knowledge is prized, and as certainly as the clerks of the present day shall succeed those who are now the honored merchants of the city—so certainly is this Association connected with its future wealth, prosperity and fame. The aim of the Society is to afford an opportunity of mental and moral improvement to a class of youth, whose daily arduous duties make recreation a matter of necessity, and who surrounded by the allurements of a populous city, are liable to be drawn from the path of rectitude. Our generous friends and enlightened fellow-citizens, who have honored us on this occasion, with their presence, will not, I trust, consider these remarks unappropriate, and I may almost assure myself of their indulgence, while I briefly disclose the operations of the year.

REPORT, &c.

In meeting the members, of the "Mercantile Library Association," with their Fifth Annual Report, the Board of Directors, deem it an occasion which justifies a public expression of our mutual congratulations upon the increasing usefulness and continued prosperity of the Institution, during the past year. An unprecedented degree of union and zeal among the members, has distinguished this above all former years.—That union and that zeal have excited a spirit of devotion to the best interests of the institution. Prejudices—private views and ambitious hopes, have all been magnanimously sacrificed to the general good—new members have been added to our numbers, induced by the cordiality which they saw existing among us; and the public, in many instances, upon whom no impression could be made before, have by that, been won to smile at last." And while the Board of Directors communicate, with the most gratified sensations of pride and joy, the detail of our operations to the members, they may venture upon the assurance to our friends, our benefactors, and our patrons, that the permanency of the Association can be considered no longer problematical.

It had been found by our predecessors, that the Clerks, upon their own limited means, were only enabled to defray the ordinary expenses of the institution. The last annual meeting, therefore, instructed the Board to make an appeal to the Merchants of our city, in order to increase their supply of Books—conscious that the subordinate stations which we occupy, and the little weight of character which unobtrusive youth can carry with them, would render these applications, in no great degree, successful. Recourse was had to the more mature years, and the more elevated standing of our honorary members, for aid; and the Board have to acknowledge, with heartfelt gratitude, that the solicited patronage was promptly extended, even beyond our most fond expectations. From this ample fund, have our intellectual stores been enriched with acquisitions the most rare and useful. In the investment of the donations thus liberally bestowed upon us, it has been our steady aim to select such books only as would have a tendency to improve the heart, while they added to the stock of the reader's information.

Nor have we been guided only by our own judgments in such selections: the aid and experience of riper years and more extensive research, have been called to our assistance.

Beside generous donations of various valuable Books suitable for our institution, we have obtained upon advisement, from the more learned among our friends, the most approved authors in the Arts and Sciences: in Natural and Moral Philosophy and Mathematics: in History, Geography, and Belle Lettres: in Poetry, the Drama, and in the Miscellaneous writings. Our Library is now enriched by the possession of two thousand five hundred volumes, comprising not only the standard authors on the various branches of solid learning, but also the most eminent writers in works of fancy and polite literature: of this number nearly one thousand volumes have been added during the present year.

Of the whole number of our members, which may be estimated at about six hundred, not more than four hundred may be said to avail themselves of the privileges of the institution;—while on the one hand we have to lament that of the numerous class of young men of which it is composed, so few are to be found among its supporters, we are encouraged on the other in the abundant evidence that its advantages are becoming more generally known and approved. The wealth and usefulness of the society have been increased by an accession of members, no fewer than two hundred and fifty seven, during the current year.

Our indebtedness to many respectable and commercial gentlemen who have bestowed their free will offerings in augmenting our cabinet of mineralogy and conchology, is cheerfully and thankfully acknowledged. Already has this department of our institution become quite extensive and interesting, and we have the friendship of several scientific gentlemen abroad in Europe and South America, who assure us of still larger contributions.

The copies of our catalogues printed in 1821 having become exhausted, and accessions in books having given almost an entire new character to our library, the present was deemed a suitable season for publishing a new one. The style of this publication it is believed will be satisfactory, and it is hoped that every member will avail himself of its convenience by making application to the Librarian.

A sanguine anticipation is indulged in that the location of our Library will shortly be altered by a removal to some public building, in a more central and business part of the city; such a situation would not only add dignity and increased reputation to this institution, but would also supply to merchants and foreigners an important accommodation in the many exigencies occurring in business transactions, where an immediate reference to works on mercantile law, maps, charts, or miscellaneous subjects become desirable. In the hopes of extending our usefulness by obtaining new members, through the influence of those persons who might be induced to visit us—to visitors our doors have always been open, and the use of the periodicals in our Reading Room offered. Desirous of placing the institution upon such a basis as would render its usefulness commensurate with the magnitude of its objects, and with a view more particularly to recommend its invaluable privilege to our fellow youth by wisdom and experience more mature than our own, a respectful application was made to the Chamber of Commerce, with acknowledgments of their former aid and bounty. To their accustomed condescension, and more especially to the kind offices of the respectable committee by them instituted, to aid us in carrying forward the objects of our association, do we owe it that we are this evening honoured by so numerous and so respectable an auditory.—By visiting our Library, this committee have made themselves acquainted with its extent and character, and the mode of managing its internal affairs. They have there seen youths of e-

ver, age, from those just divested of the happy character of a school boy, now receiving their first lessons on the bustling theatre of the mercantile world; to those who are just throwing aside the unassuming character of clerks, in becoming members of the mercantile community itself. They have seen them drawing books from the library, while the noiseless step with which they entered, and the respect that they showed to its hallowed precincts by the decorum of their conduct, convinced them that they venerated the only shrine of science at which they are permitted to approach; they have seen all this, and they have honoured us by a brief but ample testimonial of their approbation, signed in their own proper names. And while we indulge in expressions of honest pride to our fellow members, we respectfully tender to the Committee, for their fostering care, the warmest gratitude of our youthful hearts.

Of the whole amount of monies received into the Treasury during the past year, \$795 were for donations collected; \$569 initiation fees and semi-annual dues; \$105 for sales, catalogues, fines, &c.; \$42 from the Treasury of the previous year—making an aggregate of \$1511. Of this amount have been invested in books, \$619; paid for printing, (catalogues, notices, &c.) \$180; bills of 1824, and years previous, \$72; expense of engraving and printing certificates, \$55; rent, insurance, and repairs, \$160; binding books and catalogues, \$73; Librarian's salary, fuel, lights &c. \$289; leaving a balance in the Treasury of \$63—amounting in all to the like sum of \$1511.

Thus it will be seen that the ample resources of the year, have enabled us not only to discharge the incidental expenses of the establishment, such as rent, insurance, fuel, &c. but also to reprint our catalogue, and to furnish our members with a neat and appropriate certificate of membership, besides other extraordinary expenses, such as repairs, fixtures, and bills of long standing—still leaving us the means of enlarging our stock of books, much beyond the addition of any former year. And it may not be improper to remark, that of the above noted expenses, the catalogue and certificate of membership, may be considered an investiture which will hereafter be a source of revenue to the concern, to the full amount of their original cost.

In conclusion, we make one remark only, to our fellow members. The review of the past cannot but animate us to an equal degree of magnanimous devotion to the interests of the institution for the future. Let us not cease to commend its usefulness to others, by harmonious co-operation among ourselves, in support of a school, where they may achieve equal honors and wealth at least, with their cotemporaries; assured that such inducements cannot be lost upon the generous feelings of youth.

We will only add, that you shall not go without your reward: Your reward shall be continued to be gathered during your lives, in the lessons of virtue, knowledge, patriotism and religion, which call forth the homage of your fellow men: And which we humbly trust, will prepare you, at the close of life, to enter with hope upon a world, where though we may not hope to enter by works alone, every meritorious action of erring man will be found recorded in letters of light.

Such, (continued Mr. Seward,) are the views, and such the doings of the Board of Directors. "We could not content ourselves merely with profiting by the advantages to be derived from this Society, but we tender with cheerfulness, its invaluable privileges to others;" and there is no class of youth destined to fill so important situations in society, to whom the advantages of education are so much denied, as that of which this association is formed. That portion of time which those who are preparing for the learned professions, spend in academic groves, collegiate halls, or upon foreign travels, we, for the most part, devote to the unrewarded labors of an arduous (and I speak it acknowledging of an arduous (and I speak it acknowledging of a servile apprenticeship. Nay, there are not a few among merchants, who, looking with narrow views only at their own immediate gain

—entertaining prejudices, by men of superior minds long since exploded, hold that all that learning, which so peculiarly conduces to improvement in the pursuits of every other profession, is injurious in that of the merchant.—With such men, to thirst after knowledge, is to be wanting in a due sense of our duty—to snatch from the shades of midnight an hour for study, is to be unfaithful to our trust, and should a luckless genius chance to make his way into their counting-room, he is looked at with suspicion and frozen with neglect. Nor have we escaped the effects of this want of mental cultivation, in our own immediate operations. One of our most efficient members has been frowned from your Board of Direction, by contracted brows, beneath which there beams no ray of intelligence—no polish of mind.

Among the liberal minded and intelligent we find many benefactors—and there is one, whose name, though I be not permitted to mention, yet his kindness and his aid I may not leave unnoted. To his exertions do we owe it, more than to any other, that a beneficence hitherto unknown in the history of our society, has been this year bestowed upon us. To our successors must we leave his name upon the brightest page of our record book;—and while the monuments erected to the memories of his proudest cotemporaries, shall crumble into dust, the stores of intellectual wealth, which have enriched the mind of many a kindred spirit, through his instrumentality, will not cease to perpetuate his name to the latest posterity.

Mr. John Hone, jr. moved the acceptance of the Report, in a short but neat and appropriate speech, urging the usefulness and importance of such associations in a rapidly rising commercial community like our own, which was seconded by Isaac Carow, Esq.

A Report was next read by Mr. S. S. Steele, Chairman, of a Committee appointed to make an application to the Trustees of the Exchange, for a Library Room, which Committee begged to be discharged. Mr. S. introduced the report, by saying, that we live in a country where no man should be unlettered; that we live in an age when the combined efforts of the wise and virtuous of all countries, are directed to the improvement of our species. He mentioned the many facilities of acquiring knowledge now, unknown in former times, and the additional incentives to virtue, which an improved moral society presents. Education (said Mr. S.) is given to the poor, religious instruction afforded to all who will receive it; the higher branches of learning are encouraged, the arts are improved, the hidden mysteries of science are unveiled, and charity herself walks abroad upon the earth. The numerous societies, literary, charitable, religious and professional he considered as an evidence of the great spirit of moral improvement, which throughout the world is refining the civilized, and civilizing the savage. He adverted to the growing intelligence of the mechanics of this city. Said they were advancing rapidly in wealth, respectability, and knowledge, and are at the present time the most influential class of our citizens. Mr. S. then spoke of the comparative influence and intelligence of merchants; contended that learning was not incompatible with their best interests; but was, on the contrary, advancement must be built, and that without it standing. Much opposition to the society had arisen, because it was managed by juniors, and its opponents had prophesied its speedy downfall—but during five years it had prospered, and as an evidence of its character and tendency, he stated, that a majority of their members, who had been its most active supporters, are now reputable merchants in this and other cities.

After remarking that the majority of clerks are introduced to the store and counting-room before their minds are properly cultivated, and

that many clerks possessing the disposition to study, were destitute of the means. Mr. S. appealed to the merchants if they would not come forward, and by increasing the power, extend the usefulness of the society. He asked them if they would not make an effort to re-establish their own influence—that the national treasury was filled by their industry and enterprise, while they had but a nominal representation of their interests in Congress; and that though they were as a body public spirited and charitable, they were really unknown in the literary and scientific world. The members of the association, he said, would in a few years become the established merchants of the city, and fix the standard of mercantile character; and whether that standard would be elevated or depressed, might depend much upon the manner in which this society was supported. Mr. S. concluded by charging the members not to rely on patronage, but upon their own exertions for success.

The Rev. Dr. McAuley offered the following—
Resolved, That the increasing population of that our city, and the corresponding increase of that class of young men, composing this Society, gives abundant promise to future exertions; and that the members be earnestly solicited to use their endeavours to induce others to participate in its privileges.

This resolution was enforced by considerations of the importance to Merchants, that they be able to command talents from their own ranks, to advocate the peculiar claims upon the Government, growing out of their business in the National and State Legislatures.

[Our situation was distant from the Speaker, but we believe some idea of the drift of his excellent address, may be formed from the following faint recollections of a part only of his remarks—the writer not having the good fortune to hear the whole.]

The reverend gentleman made the enquiry—“To what class of men can knowledge be of more essential benefit than the Merchants?” Let the proud, the enviable distinction of the many merchants in this city, who possess the boon, answer. Knowledge, in all its departments, is necessary—is of daily practical application, in every branch of the mercantile business:—and those without it, must ever come short of the wealth and the rank which the profession bestows upon its enlightened members. Nor will it be denied that our beloved country is deeply interested in the moral condition of those who accumulate wealth, to dispense it at pleasure, through all the orders and classes of citizens. If the physical state of the country is to be improved—rivers and lakes, and the ocean, to be joined—roads constructed or marshes reclaimed, we must look to the Merchants:—If the moral character of the country is to be elevated, colleges and schools to be established—societies formed—libraries collected—or the fine arts endowed, we must ever look to the merchants:—If Religion is to be supported, temples erected, and schools of Theology established, we must no less look to the Merchants. If in time of peace the national treasury is to be filled, and national prosperity enhanced, we must again look to the Merchants: and if war approaches, with all its evils, we may find thousands of willing hearts to support their country's cause: but we must, nevertheless, look to the Merchants for the means of carrying it on with vigour, and closing it with glory. Such is the profession of the Merchants in the first and only free nation under heaven—and such should be their character, that they should be able to command talents from their own ranks, to advocate their claims in the national councils, and to defend their rights from injustice, in a community which knows no influence but that of knowledge; no aristocracy but that of intellect.

A DREADFUL WORM.

From a Missouri Paper.

Who has not heard of the rattlesnake or copperhead? An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make even the Lords of the creation recoil: but there is a species of worm found in various parts of this state, which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly, that when compared with it, even the venom of the rattlesnake is harmless.

To guard our readers against this “foe to human kind,” is the object of the present communication. This worm varies much in size; it is frequently an inch through—but as it is rarely seen except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured—it is of a dead lead colour, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The brute creation it never molests; they avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals of Peru to shun the deadly Cova.

Several of these reptiles have long infested our settlement, to the misery and destruction of many of our citizens. I have therefore had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtle poison which this worm infuses.

The symptoms of its bite are terrible—The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs his utterance, and delirium of the most horrid character quickly follows. Sometimes in his madness he attempts the destruction of his dearest friends. If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury—in a word he exhibits to the life, all the detestable passions that rankle in the bosom of a savage; and such is the “spell” in which his senses are racked, that no sooner is the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm of insanity, occasioned by one bite, than he seeks out his destroyer for the sole purpose of being bitten again!

I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his step slow and trembling, beg in vain for his only son to quit the lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away, for I knew the fond hope he had cherished, that his son would be to him the “staff of declining years,” had supported him through many a sorrow.

Youths of Missouri, would you know the name of this reptile? It is called the *Worm of the Still*.

Lovely is the Face of Nature.

BY DOCT. COLLYER.

Lovely is the face of nature,
Deck'd with spring's unfolding flowers,
While the sun shows every feature,
Smiling through descending showers.
Birds, with songs the time beguiling,
Chant their little notes with glee—
But to see a Saviour smiling,
Is more soft, and sweet to me.

Morn, her melting tints displaying,
Ere the sluggard is awake;
Evening rephus gently straying,
O'er the surface of the lake:
Melting hues, and whispering breezes,
All have powerful charms for me;
But no earthly beauty pleases,
When, my Lord, compar'd with thee.

Soft and sweet are showers descending,
On the parch'd, expecting ground,
Fragrance to the meadows lending,
As their drops distil around:
These, with every earthly blessing,
Loudly for thanksgiving call,
But one stone of mine possessing,
Jesus, far exceeds them all.

Sweet is sleep to tir'd nature,
Sweet to labour is repose,
Sweet is life to every creature,
Sweet the balm that hope bestows;
But though spring and evening breezes,
Sleep, and hope, and life, to me
All are pleasant—nothing pleases,
Jesus, like a smile from thee.

THE DESOLATE CITY.

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

I had a vision.
A city lay before me desolate,
And yet not all decayed. A summer sun
Shone on it from a most ethereal sky,
And the soft winds threw o'er it such a balm,
One would have thought it was a sepulchre,
And this the incense offered to the manes
Of the departed.

In the light it lay
Peacefully, as if all its thousands took
Their afternoon's repose, and soon would wake
To the loud joy of evening. There it lay,
A city of magnificent palaces,
And churches, towering more like things of Heaven,
The glorious fabrics, fancy builds in clouds,
And shapes on loftiest mountains—bright their domes
Threw back the living ray, and proudly stood
Many a statue, looking like the forms
Of spirits hovering in mid air. Tall trees,
Cypress and plane, waved over many a hill
Cumbered with ancient ruins—broken arches,
And tottering columns—vaults, where never came
The blessed beam of day, but only lamps
Shedding a funeral light, were kindled there,
And gave to the bright frescoes on the walls,
And the pale statues in their far recesses,
A dim religious awe. Rudely they lay,
Scarce marking out to the inquisitive eye
Their earliest outline. But as desolate
Slumbered the newer city, though its walls
Were yet unbroken, and its towering domes
Had never stooped to ruin. All was still;
Hardly the faintest sound of living thing
Moved through the mighty solitude—and yet
All wore the face of beauty. Not a cloud
Hung in the lofty sky, that seemed to rise
In twofold majesty, so bright and pure,
It seemed indeed a crystalline sphere—and there
The sun rode onward in his conquering march
Serenely glorious. From the mountain heights
Tinged with the blue of heaven, to the wide sea
Glossed with as pure a blue, one desolate plain
Spread out, and over it the fairest sky
Bent round and blessed it. Life was teeming there
In all its lower forms, a wilderness
Of rank luxuriance; flowers, and purpling vines
Matted with deepest foliage, hid the ruins,
And gave the semblance of a tangled wood
To piles, that once were loudly eloquent
With the glad cry of thousands. There were gardens
Round stateliest villas, full of graceful statues,
And temples reared to woodland deities;
And they were overcrowded with the excess
Of beauty. All that most is coveted
Beneath a colder sky, grew wantonly
And richly there. Myrtles and citrons filled
The air with fragrance. From the tufted elm,
Bent with its own too massy foliage, hung
Clusters of sunny grapes in frosted purple,
Drinking in spirit from the glowing air,
And dropping generous dews. The very wind
Seemed there a lover, and his easy wings
Fanned the gay bowers, as if in fond delay
He bent o'er loveliest things, too beautiful
Ever to know decay. The silent air
Floating as softly as a cloud of roses,
Dropped from Idalia in a dewy shower,—
The air itself seemed like the breath of Heaven

Filling the groves of Eden. Yet these walls
Are desolate—not a trace of living man
Is found amid these glorious works of man,
And nature's fairer glories. Why should he
Be absent from the festival of life,
The holiday of nature? Why not come
To add to the sweet sounds of winds and waters—
Of winds uttering Æolian melodies
To the bright, listening flowers, and waters falling
Most musical from marble fountains wreathed
With clustering ivy, like a poet's brow—
Why comes he not to add his higher strains,
And be the interpreter of lower things,
In intellectual worship, at the throne
Of the Beneficent Power, that gave to them
Their pride and beauty?—"In these palaces,
These awful temples, these religious caves,
These hoary ruins, and these twilight groves
Teeming with life and love, a secret plague
Dwells, and the unwary foot that ventures here,
Returns not.—Fly! To linger here is death."

From the *New York Evening Post*, May 29.

Sir Philip Sidney said, as Addison tells us, that he never could read the old ballad of Chevy Chase, without feeling his heart beat within him as at the sound of a trumpet. The following lines, which are to be ranked among the highest inspirations of the Muse, will suggest similar associations in the breast of the gallant American officer.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She call'd her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpet loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven!
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet.)
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor-glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance!
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall!
There shall thy victor-glances glow,
And covering foes shall sink below
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lofty messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When Death, encasing on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back,
Before the broad-side's reeling rack,
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look, at once, so heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendours fly,
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.
Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valour given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues are born in Heaven!
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?
James Rodman, Draft, CROAKER & CO.

The following beautiful and affecting lines, are taken from a small volume, entitled "Songs by the Way," by the Rev. Mr. Doane, late of the city of New-York.

LIFE'S LITTLE LINES.

"Noting, ere they pass away,
The little lines of yesterday."

Life's "little lines," how short, how faint,
How fast they fade away:
Its highest hopes, its brightest joys,
Are compassed in a day.

Youth's bright and mild and morning light,
Its sunshine and its showers,
Its hopes and fears, its loves and tears,
Its heedless, happy hours;

And manhood's high and brighten'd noon,
Its honours, dangers, cares,
The parent's pains the parent's joys,
The parent's anxious prayers,

Fade in old age's evening gray,
The twilight of the mind;
Then sink in death's long, dreamless night,
And leave no trace behind.

Yet, though so changing and so brief,
Our life's eventful page,
It has its charms for every grief,
Its joy for every age.

In youth's, in manhood's golden hours,
Loves, friendships strew the way
With April's earliest, sweetest flowers,
And all the bloom of May:

And when old age, with wintry hand,
Has frosted o'er the head,
Virtue's fair fruits survive the blast,
When all besides are fled;

And faith, with pure unwavering eye,
Can pierce the gather'd gloom,
And smile upon the spoiler's rage,
And live beyond the tomb.

Be ours, then, virtue's deathless charm,
And faith's untiring flight;
Then shall we rise from death's dark sleep
To worlds of cloudless light.

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

The following is an extract from a Poem, the subject of which is the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, published in the last number of the *New Monthly Magazine* :—

O! when that realm, like one wide furnace burn'd,
And wall and column, in the flame o'erturn'd,
Melted like drossy ore, and seethed, and broke
In billowy flame and jets of wreathing smoke,
That with commotion heaven's high arch divide,
Rolling their volumes dense from side to side,
And reddening earth's dark canopy—where then
Lay there a refuge for unhappy men,
Who heard not, thought not, till the moment came,
Of the dire ravage of that flood of flame;—
Who scarcely saw, ere life was scorched away,
The wave that on them closed eternally!
Some, while asleep, were chark'd beneath the tide,
With unclosed eyes, and without pain they died—
And some there were that waking from a dream
Of hell, knew at the sight its angry gleam
In their own hemisphere—yet hardly knew
Ere they had breathed its air, that hotter grew,
And shrivelled their parch'd lungs, and from their veins

A petrifying plague there is,
That sours the sweetest cup of bliss,
And clouds life's brightest sun;
Of happiness the worst annoy,
The mortal foe of every joy,
Videlicet—a *dun*!

Not old Medusa's fabled head,
Whose dreadful eyes could turn, 'tis said,
The boldest form to stone;
E'er quench'd the blaze of mirth, or try'd,
With magic spell, the form of pride,
Like this aforesaid *dun*!

Hard fares, alas! the luckless wight,
Whose steps can, neither day nor night,
This rude tormentor shun;
Who, at each corner, crook and turn,
Where'er his weary feet sojourn,
Is haunted by a *dun*!

Ambition drops her busy schemes,
Avarice awakes from golden dreams,
Blithe wit abjures his fun;
Pride sinks her bold aspiring crest,
E'en potent Genius stoops oppress'd
Before the mighty *dun*!

Muse! tell how oft thy angel song,
Has led my captive soul along,
With more than mortal tone;
How I, entranc'd whilst thou hast smil'd,
Have wak'd, the sweet enchantment spoil'd
By an intruding *dun*!

Let toil my haggard limbs embrown,
Let want and sickness weigh me down;
Gout, fever, cholic, stone;
Give me a *scold* in marriage noose,
And e'en *Old Nick* himself let loose,
But save me from a *dun*!

MONTBLANC.

MOORE thus describes the effect produced upon
by an evening view of this celebrated mountain.

I stood entranced and mute,—
Mighty Montblanc! thou wert to me,
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
Nor ever ————
Can I the deep-felt awe forget
The ecstasy that thrilled me then!
'Twas all that consciousness of power
And life beyond this mortal hour;—
That proud assurance of our claim
To rank among the sons of light,
Mingled with shame,—oh, bitter shame!—
At having risk'd that splendid right
For aught that earth, through all its range
Of glories, offers in exchange;—
And should my spirit's hope grow weak,
Should I, oh God! e'er doubt thy power.
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At the same calm and glowing hour;
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That nature ever rear'd to thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And feel my immortality.

DIED

Yesterday morning, Aurelia Seward, daughter
of ten annuities, Seward, aged 4 years
At Piramus, state of New York, Margaret
Hopper, in the 70th year of her age

THE ORPHAN.

I was but a child when my father fell,
And a child when I saw my mother die,
But though years have gone I remember well
My father's last look, my mother's last sigh.
She sought the red field where the war had been,
And she bore me where mangled bodies lay;
But I knew not the horrors of such a scene,
And, 'mid all, my young heart smiled—and was gay.

On the ground I saw my sire reclined—
But I knew not then he was dying there,
And still I prattled, and smiled, and twined
My fingers around his bloody hair.
Though so faintly he breathed "My son, my son!"
Blessing me there with his parting breath—
Ah! little I deemed that his days were done—
The look he gave was the look of death.

And there was my mother sitting by,
And her watch beside my sire she kept,
But no gathering tear had dull'd her eye,—
I thought her happy who had not wept.
How I wondered, when the night came on,
They had made the cold green earth their bed,—
But at morning my mother too was gone—
And I was an orphan—both were dead! S.

LIFE IS A VAPOUR.

I dream'd—I saw a little rosy child,
With flaxen ringlets, in a garden playing;
Now stooping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguil'd.

'Twas chang'd; one summer's day I stepp'd aside,
To let him pass; his face had manhood's seeming,
And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden, whom he call'd "his bride."

Once more; 'twas evening, and the cheerful fire
I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding,
The room with harmless pleasantry resounding;
And in the midst I mark'd the smiling sire.

The heaven's were clouded!—and I heard the tone
Of a slow moving bell;—the white-hair'd man had
gone!

From the New-York Daily Advertiser

NEW-ENGLAND.

We hail thee, New-England, the land of our birth—
Thy children may wander all over the earth,
But they never forget thee wherever they roam—
And sweetest to-day their remembrance of home.

Return to our fancy in childhood and flowers;
Let a thought of our country enliven the hours;
We remember thy valleys, thy hills and thy mountains
And trace all thy streams from the sea to their foun-
tains.

They rise to our fancy each hill, vale, and stream;
The haunts of our youth, now of manhood the dream
The deepest recesses, the shadiest groves,
That memory can brighten with faces she loves.

We remember the ocean our fathers pass'd over;
The forests that crowded the cold savage shore;
And remember our brothers that ocean who roam,
All the sons of that country, our friends and our home.

Drank dry the life-blood—scarce their fever'd pains
They felt and they were dead—a wrinkled scroll
They blackened first, then round and round them roll
The fierce red surges, and they disappear
As fuel flung within a furnace clear.
No shriek was ever heard,—they had no space
For suffering's utterance, scarcely had the face
Time to express its death hue, ere it lay
Dissolved or borne on bubbling fires away.
Thus myriads in a mighty mass expire
Molten with street and dwelling quench'd in fire!
A liquid chaos blending men and things,
Altars and people, palaces and kings—
A universe of ruin! schemes of ill
And crime were dead, and vain desires were still;
And thoughts of virtue, if such thoughts were there,
And hope with fairy face, and wan despair,
And thousand budding joys and high desires,
And youth and age, the children and the sires.
Like a volcano springs the smoke to heaven,
In eddying whirls by raging fire-storms driven,
Bearing a crowd of souls to judgment sent,
And longer woes and keener punishment.

Within a marble turret's ponderous wall
A monument of strength, massy and tall,
A few lone inmates marked the livid hail
Descend upon their city—they grew pale,
And closed their iron doors; it would not then,
Vainly they hoped, dis sever them from men!
A mother and her infant son were there;
He was her treasure even in despair;
She all forgot but him; and when the fire
Began t' ascend, and higher climb and higher,
She mounted step by step from the fierce heat
That burn'd the very air;—at last her feet
Could mount no more, and then she sat her down
Near a slim loophole, thoughtless of the town
And aught but her dear burden—higher still
The blazing tide rose awfully, until
Life could be life no longer, and to die
Was her allotment; yet her tearless eye
Lay on her writhing child that gasp'd in pain
Of its hot suffocation—gasp'd in vain,
And perish'd;—but a moment's space alone
The parent lived, for soon the solid stone
Glow'd like an oven, yet it had no power
T' abate her love in that love-trying hour,
But to her death of agony she past,
With the dry corpse clasp'd in convulsion fast
With both her arms; and as she lay, her trunk
Scath'd up and curl'd, and to a mummy shrunk
And redden'd as a cinder, while the tower,
Calcined to dust before th' element's power,
Fell on the lake of flame that lash'd its base,
Nor left one relic of its resting-place!

Our passions are like convulsive fits, which, though
they make us stronger for a moment, yet leave us
much weaker afterwards.
Cowards are like sorry horses; they have jus-
tittle enough to be mischievous.
Cruelty is so contrary to human nature, that it is
branded with the scandalous term of *inhumanity*.
The real use of talking is almost lost to the world
by the excessive custom of lying.
Antisthenes wondered at mankind, that in buying
an earthen dish, they were careful to sound it lest
it had a crack; yet so careless in choosing friends
as to take them flawed with vice.
Settle your disputes yourselves, if you would make
an end of them—would you prolong them, call in
lawyers.
He who jests upon the deformities of nature, up-
braids the god of nature.
Flattery is the base coin to which vanity gives
currency.

LINES BY LORD BYRON.

I would I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roving through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave.
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride
Accords not with the freeborn soul
That loves the mountain's craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.
Fortune, take back these cultur'd lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound:
I hate the touch of servile hands—
I hate the slaves that cringe around,
Place me along the rocks I love,
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;
I ask but this—again to rove
Thro' scenes my youth had known before,
Few are my years, and yet I feel
This world was ne'er design'd for me;
Ah! why do darkning shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?

Poetry.

TO JESSY—BY LORD BYRON.

[The following unpublished stanzas were addressed by Lord Byron to his Lady, a few months before their separation.]

There is mystic thread of life
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gaz'd with fond delight—
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture in my breast—
I would not hear a seraph choir,
Unless the voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek—
But, pallid and one fond farewell
Proclaims more love than words can
speak.

There is a lip which mine has prest,
And none had ever prest before;
It vow'd to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only prest it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head;
A mouth which smiles on me alone,
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements
thrill
In unison so closely sweet,
That, pulse to pulse responsive still,
That both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part!—ah no!
They cannot part—those souls are one.

Fare thee well.

ADDRESSED BY LORD BYRON TO HIS LADY, AT
THE PERIOD OF THEIR SEPARATION.

Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well;
E'en though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bar'd before thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee,
Which thou ne'er canst know again.

Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow—
E'en its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's wo.

Though my many faults defac'd me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embrac'd me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet—oh! yet—thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay;
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away.

Still thine own its life retaineth,
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth,
Is—that we no more may meet!

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live—but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is prest,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd.

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Whither yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken—
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
E'en my soul forsakes me now.

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle,
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well!—thus disunited—
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone and blighted,
More than this, I scarce can die.

Lady Byron's Answer

TO HIS LORDSHIP'S FAREWELL.

Fare thee well, inconstant lover,
If thy fickle flame was love—
Though our transient joys are over,
I can ne'er inconstant prove.

Man may boast a deathless passion—
Swear his love shall ne'er decline;
Yet unfix'd, as changeful fashion,
Woman's fate may change like mine.

Once I thought I might believe thee—
Might on BYRON's oath rely;
But mine arms did scarce receive thee,
Ere thine oaths unheeded die!

From parental arms you took me—
Stole me from a mother's care—
Then in wantonness forsook me,
For some less admiring fair!

Pray's and tears were unavailing;
Nought thy purpose could beguile;
Not a wife her woes bewailing—
Not a lovely infant's smile.

Heaven had form'd thee for unkindness—
Steel'd thy heart to all that's mild—
Dimm'd thy moral sight with blindness—
Left thee nature's wayward child.

Stay, I must not, cannot chide thee,
What thou hast not, who can blame?
Virtue is what heaven denied thee,
And the world has done the same!

Think not I shall e'er forget thee,—
No! thy griefs will all be mine,
I shall weep when foes beset thee,
Smile, when fortune's sun shall shine.

Must I—can I—shall a mother
Hate the father of her child?
Mercy heaven!—my anguish smother!
At that name my infant smil'd!

Smil'd—to think she had a father,
To protect her growing years;
Unsuspecting infant!—rather
Drown thine eyes in floods of tears.

Father now, sweet babe, thou hast not,
All his cares you must forego;
Other woes thy peace may blast not,
But thou hast this keenest wo!

Orphan babe! my care shall ever
Guard thee from the ills of life;
Death alone hath power to sever
Byron's babe and constant wife!

A SIMILE,

On the Death of Lord Byron.

O hast thou not seen in the star-lit blue
A wond'rous light arise,
And trace in fire of amber hue
Its pathway through the skies?
And hast thou not seen, while the raptur'd eye
Gaz'd on with strange delight,
The golden meteor burst on high,
And sink in the gulf of night?

E'en so hath the star whose brilliant ray
So fair o'er the wide world shone—
The spirit that beam'd through Byron's clay,
With radiance all its own:
E'en so a while hath it sparkled bright,
And a beauteous lustre shed;
But the poet's soul, like the meteor's light,
Soar'd, dazzled, and—is fled!

From the Franklin Gazette.
THE CAROLINIAN.

Beside the stream, the grief-worn pilgrim stood,
Dark care had marked the stranger for its own;
His saddened glance surveyed the murmuring flood,
And now forgot, the wanderer wept alone.

The scenes of childhood met his wistful gaze,
And oft the sigh did heave, the tear did flow;
His harp which slumbered long rewoke its lays,
And thus the wild-note breathed the minstrel's wo:

Where dark-waved Santee winds its devious way,
In rural grandeur o'er the verdant lawn;
Where heath-bells bloom and ivied tendrils stray,
And flowrets glisten with the tears of morn:

'Twas there while pleasure lent its charms to youth,
And all was halcyon bliss, I saw—and loved—
The Carolinian heard my vows of truth,
The Carolinian's throbbing heart approved.

'Twas there when evening's mildly chastened beam,
Like early love looked gently out and smiled,
We wandered thoughtful, while the saddening gleam
Hallowed with deeper shade the rustic wild.

Oh, is there not a time when fancy leaves
Her wonted course and wildly soars away;
When thought is rife and cruel memory breathes,
In misery's ear the joys of childhood's day!

'Tis past!—but when the warm and faithful vow,
Breathed from the heart and faltering on the ear;
Half trembling told what well the maiden knew,
Oh was it crime that then I knew not fear?

Was there no presage to the bitter wo,
That soon should 'rive? did not compassion spare?
Was there no source for pity's stream to flow,
No guardian angel whispering kind—"beware!"

She sleeps—and cold has gleamed this withered heart,
Since first it heard the note of horror tell;
Its idol faithless—Oh, that fearful snare
Was quickly o'er—'twas joy's departed knell!

She sleeps in clay—and 'mid the fitful gleam
Of eve, 'tis said, the Carolinian steals
Along the surge of Santee's troubled stream,
And by the glimmer of the red-bolt kneels,
With arms uplift, she deprecates the day
That saw her crime; she weeps, and quick is hur'd away!

TRUE PITY.

A beggar, crippled, starved and blind,
Rehearsed his doleful story,
To half a score of auditors,
Who all look'd vastly sorry.

Some pitied much, some very much,
Some very much indeed!
But not one cent did they bestow,
To help the man of need.

At length a Frenchman forward stepp'd,
In pity half, half choler,
And emptying his purse—"by garr!
I pity you *Five Dollars!*"

The Greatest Coquette.

Of all the coquettes that are found in our nation,
There is none that more cheats us, than ANN-tici-
pation;
She coaxes, and flatters, with prospects of gain;
Then, blasting our prospects, she fills us with pain;
She wheedles all sexes, conditions and ages,
The grave, and the gay, and the politic sages;
The young and the old, the rich and the poor—
All live on her smiles, till she turns them out door.

Friendship.

Friendship is like a cobbler's tie,
That joins two soles in unity—
But love is like the cobbler's awl,
That pierces through the sole and all.

We extract, from a volume of poems,
lately published by Mr. Baldwin, the fol-
lowing on FRIENDSHIP, which we believe
will be perused with real satisfaction.—
It will extend the reputation of the author
of "*The Bucket*," which, in our opinion,
is of sterling merit, and would have done
credit to Gray, Parnell, or Goldsmith.

Academician.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT power can prop a sinking soul,
Oppress'd with woes and sick of grief,
Bid the warm tear forbear to roll,
Despair's heart-rending sigh control,
And whisper sweet relief?

FRIENDSHIP! sweet balm for sorrow's
smart,

In thee the soothing power is found,
To heal the lacerated heart,
Extract affliction's venom'd dart,
And close the rankling wound.

When pierc'd by grief's chill tempest
through,
The tendril bends beneath its power,
Thou canst the broken plant renew;
Thy sacred tear, like heavenly dew,
Revives the drooping flower.

If fortune frown—if health depart,
Or death divide the tenderest tie,
Friendship can raise the sinking heart,
A glow of real joy impart,
And wipe the tearful eye.

If foes without attack our name,
Or foes within assault our peace,
Then Friendship's pure celestial flame,
Can sooth the mind—defend our fame,
And bid assailants cease.

If hopeless LOVE our bliss destroy,
And fill the breast with black despair,
All peace such sufferers can enjoy,
Is built by friendship's kind employ,
Which lessens every care.

Come then, sweet power, of source divine,
Forever glow within my breast;
My earliest friend be ever mine,
One link our hearts in union join,
To make each other blest.

POLITE REMINISCENCE.

DEAR TOM—I am calling in my debts,
though, "like spirits from the vasty deep,"
they do not always come when I do call
them; this, I am sure, will not be the case
with the £1 I lent you, and which must
have escaped your recollection.

Yours, ever truly.

THE FATHER'S CHOICE.
In the year 1697, a body of Indians attacked the
town of Haverhill, Mass. and killed and carried into
captivity 49 inhabitants. A party of the Indians ap-
proach'd the house of an individual, who was abroad
at his labour, but who, on their approach, hastened
to the house, sent his children out, and ordered them
to fly in a course opposite to that in which danger
was approaching. He then mounted his horse, and
determined to snatch up the child with which he was
unwilling to part, when he should overtake the little
flock. When he came up to them, about 200 yards
from his house, he was unable to make a choice, or
to leave any one of the number. He therefore de-
termined to take his lot with them, and defend them
from their murderers, or die by their side. A body
of the Indians pursued, and came up with him; and
when at a short distance, fired on him and his little
company. He returned the fire, and retreated alter-
nately; still however, keeping a resolute face to the
enemy, and so effectually sheltered his charge, that
he finally lodged them all safe in a distant house.

Now fly, as flies the rushing wind—
Urge, urge thy lagging steed!
The savage yell is fierce behind,
And life is on thy speed.

And from those dear ones make thy choice—
The group he wildly eyed,
When "father!" burst from every voice,
And "child!" his heart replied.

There's one that now can share his toil,
And one he meant for fame,
And one that wears her mother's smile,
And one that bears her name.

And one will prattle on his knee,
Or slumber on his breast,
And one whose joys of infancy,
Are still by smiles expressed.

They feel no fear while he is near;
He'll shield them from the foe;
But oh! his ear must thrill to hear
Their shriekings should he go.

In vain his quivering lips would speak,
No words his thoughts allow;
There's burning tears upon his cheek,
Death's marble on his brow.

And twice he smote his clenched hand—
Then bade his children fly!
And turned, and even that savage hand
Covered at his wrathful eye.

Swift as the lightning winged with death,
Flashed forth the quivering flame!
There fiercest warrior bows beneath
The father's deadly aim.

Not the wild cries that rend the skies,
His heart or purpose move:
He saves his children or he dies
The sacrifice of love.

Ambition goads the conqueror on,
Hate points the murderer's brand—
But love and duty these alone
Can nerve the good man's hand.

The hero may resign the field,
The coward murderer flee;
He cannot fear, he will not yield,
That strikes, sweet love, for thee.

They come, they come—he heeds no cry,
Save the soft child-like wail,
"O father save!" "My children, fly!"
Were mingled on the gale.

And firmer still he drew his breath,
And sterner flash'd his eye,
As fast he huris the leaden death,
Still shouting, "children fly!"

No shadow on his brow appeared,
Nor tremor shook his frame,
Save when at intervals he heard
Some trembler lisp his name.

In vain the foe, those fiends unchained,
Like famished tigers chafe,
The shelving roof is neared, is gained,
All, all the dear ones safe!

CORNELIA.

Sincerity.

Sincerity is not a name—
A virtue ne'er possess;
But 'tis a silent, heavenly flame
That glows within the breast.

In friendship, 'tis a flickering
blaze;
A curling, fitful gleam;
That holds the earnest, watch-
ful gaze,

Where'er it throws its beam.
In love, the compound blow-
pipe's fire,
Mild, gentle, soft and sweet;

All things are fus'd in warm
desire,
Where mutual spirits meet.

In pure devotion, 'tis a ray,
Caught from the throne of
love, [away,
That woos, and wins the soul
And beckons it above.

Sincerity's affliction's light,
A rainbow in a tear;
A lamp for souls in death's
dark night,

If they are found sincere.
HARRIET.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Of the period between the close of the Old Testament. Scriptures and the Commencement of the New.

All that was important, in the view of divine wisdom, to communicate in the Holy Scriptures, or the benefit of man, of the history of the world, is contained in the sacred books of the Old Testament. These books comprise the best history extant of a period of about 3600 years, from the creation to the close of the prophetic ministry of Malachi, which Prideaux fixes A. M. 3595, Bishop Lloyd A. M. 3607, 12 years later. Which ever of these reckonings we may prefer, the prophet Malachi must be admitted to have completed the canon of the Old Testament about 400 years before the birth of Christ, when the great designs of Providence were completed in the termination of the prophetic ministry, and when a scheme of prophecy was unfolded which, in its entire contexture, was to be accommodated to, and to characterize the Messiah.*

The history of the period of 400 years, which elapsed between the end of Malachi's prophecy, and the birth of the Saviour, is but imperfectly known to the great body of Christian readers. We have thought, therefore, that a summary of the history of this period would not be uninteresting.

The year 415 before Christ, was the 21st and the last jubilee which the O. T. prophets witnessed. To this period, according to Eusebius, the Divine Scriptures of the Hebrews contains the annals of the times. But for a knowledge of the things which were done among them afterwards, we must have recourse to the books of the Maccabees; and the writings of Josephus, who have given a general history of the world, of what relates to the Jews more especially, down to the time of the Romans, or to the birth of the Saviour.

In the year 335 before Christ, Alexander the Great was in the height of his glory, and passed out of Europe into Asia, and soon after became the conqueror of Persia.

In 332, B. C., Manasses, brother to Jaddus the high priest, refusing to put away his strange wife, was driven from the sacrifice. Upon this his father-in-law, Sanballat, then governor of Samaria, revolted from Darius, and obtained leave of Alexander to build a temple on Mount Gerizim, of which he constituted his son-in-law, Manasses, high priest. This place, henceforward, became the resort of numerous others, who had entangled themselves in unlawful marriages, and of other offenders, also, who found it unsafe to remain at Jerusalem. This was the date, and origin of the Samaritan schism.

About this time Alexander directed his march toward Jerusalem, with a view to lay siege to it. Jaddus, then high priest, hearing of it, dressed himself in his splendid pontifical robes, and accompanied with a large train of attendants, all clothed in white, went out to meet him. At the imposing sight of this splendid company, Alexander fell prostrate before the high priest, saying, that while he was in Macedonia, a man appeared to him in the very same habit, who invited him to come into Asia, assuring him that the Persian Empire should fall into his hands: upon which he went to the temple, and offered sacrifice, as directed by the high priest, who showed him the prophecy of Daniel, (ch. 8. 7.) that a Grecian at that time should go and destroy the Persians. This singular occurrence greatly encouraged and confirmed Alexander in the persuasion, that his own self was to be this conqueror. In consequence of this communication from the Jewish

high priest, Alexander bestowed on the Jews whatever favours they desired, and turned his face again toward Persia. In two years after (B. C. 330.) he overcame and slew Darius, and thus, till his death, reigned monarch of the eastern world. His reign continued but 6 years and 10 months, when he died, and his vast dominions and army were divided among his surviving chief captains. This happened anno B. C. 323. Antigonus became governor of Asia; Seleucus of Babylon, and the bordering nations; Lysimachus, of the Hellespont; Cassander, of Macedon; and Ptolemeus, son of Lagus, of Egypt. †

Three years after (B. C. 320.) Ptolemeus, surnamed Soter, by stratagem, took possession of Jerusalem. Knowing in what manner the Jews regarded their sabbath, this general entered the city on that sacred day, without resistance, pretending that his design was to offer sacrifice. When thus in the city, with his army, he made captives of its citizens, in whom he placed much confidence, and planted several colonies of them in Egypt.

Forty-three years after this, (B. C. 227) Ptolemeus Philadelphus, son of Ptolemeus Soter, a distinguished lover and patron of learning, built a very magnificent library at Alexandria, in Egypt, and employed Demetrius Phalereus to procure all kinds of books, out of all countries, for the purpose of furnishing it. At the request of Demetrius, Ptolemeus employed 72 Jews to translate the Hebrew Scriptures into the Greek language. Their translation is known by the name of the Septuagint. He also so favoured the captive Jews, that he permitted many of them to return to Jerusalem, by whom he sent valuable presents for the Temple.

A century after this (B. C. 177) Simon, a man of the tribe of Benjamin, then governor of the temple, differing with Onias, the high priest, and determined on revenge, went to Appollonius, governor of Cælo Syria, and informed him that there were vast treasures in the Temple. Appollonius immediately imparted the information to his king, Seleucus, who sent his treasurer, Heliodorus, to Jerusalem, to bring him these treasures. On entering the Temple, however, he was struck by angels, and carried out senseless, but was recovered by the prayers of Onias, the high priest, and returned to his master, who, on hearing what had happened, magnified the holiness of the Temple, and the power of that God who made it his dwelling place. OMEGA.

* See Bishop Lloyd's Preface to Nehemiah, note T. and Grey's Key, p. 511.

† Josephus, An. l. 12. c. 1. 1 Mac. l. ch.

‡ Josephus, An. l. 12. c. 1.

§ Josephus, An. l. 12. c. 12.

THE RUINED FLOWER.

Its stem was broke! the desert wind
Pass'd rudely o'er its slender head;
It silent droop'd, it silent pin'd,
Till all its hues and fragrance fled:
The chilling frost of ev'ning hour
Shone coldly on the dying flower.
Lone, withered flower! perchance the doom,
That nipt thee in thy day of youth,
May be inscribed upon my tomb,
Too deep for Time to blot its truth;
And tears, too late by Sorrow shed,
May freeze and glitter on my bed.
And better this my fate should be
Than stab confiding Virtue's breast;
Better to live in misery—
Better to die, by Love unblest,
Than build the hope of future fame
On Beauty's wreck—on woman's shame.

BOSTON BARD.

INDIAN HYMN

To the Spirit of God, called NARAVENA, i. e. "moving on the water." (See Gen. i. 2.)

Translated by Sir William Jones.

Spirit of Spirits! Who through every part
Of space expanded and of endless time,
Beyond the stretch of labouring tho't sublime,
Bad'st uproar into beauteous order start,
Before Heaven wast, Thou art
Ere spheres beneath us rolled, or spheres above;
Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,
Thou sat'st alone; till through thy mystic love
Things unexisting to existence sprung,
And grateful descant sung:—
What first impelled thee to exert thy might!
Goodness unlimited. What glorious light
Thy power directed! Wisdom without bound.
What proved it first! O! guide my fancy right.
Oh raise from cumbrous ground
My soul in rapture drowned;
That fearless it may soar on wings of fire,
For thou who only know'st, thou only caust inspire.
Omniscient Spirit! whose all-ruling power
Bids from each sense bright emanations beam,
Glows in the rainbow; sparkles in the stream,
Smiles in the bud, and glistens in the flower
That crowns each vernal bower;
Sighs in the gale and warbles in the throat
Of every bird that hails the bloomy spring
Or tells his tone in many a liquid rive,
Whilst envious artists touch the rival string,
Till rocks and forests ring;
Breathes in rich rancance from the sandal grove,
Or where the precious musk deer playful rove,
In dulcet juice from clustering fruit distils
And burns salubrious in the tasteful clove;
Soft banks and verd'rous hills
Thy present influence fills;
In air, in floods, in caverns, woods and plains
Thy will enveils in thy sovereign spirit reigns.
Blue crystal vault and elemental fires
That in ethereal fluid blaze and breathe;
Thou tossing main, whose snaky branches wreath
This pensile orb with intertwisted gyres;
Mountains, whose radiant spires
Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies
And blend their emerald hue with sapphire light,
Smooth meads, and lawns, that glow with varying
dies
O! dew-bespangled leaves and blossoms bright,
Hence!—vanish from my sight—
Delusive pictures, unsubstantial shows!
My soul absorb'd one only Being knows
Of all perceptions one abundant source,
Whence every object every moment flows;
Suns hence derive their force
Hence planets learn their course:—
But Suns, and fading worlds I view no more
God only I perceive:—God only I adore.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay here yet awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.
What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Tis pity nature brought you forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.
But you are lonely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
After they've shewn their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave. [R. HERRICK.]

HYMN—For CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. GEORGE LEONARD.

ARISE, celestial, purest light,
Dispel the shades of mental night;
Bring peace on earth, good will to men,
Religion's reign commence again.

To us this day a Child is born!
All hail, auspicious, sacred morn!
A Saviour's come to heal our woes,
And all our moral fears compose.

The world in darkness long had lain,
In sin, in sorrow, death and pain,
With hopeless ruin wide o'erspread,
Clouded with shadows of the dead.

But God's own Son to men came down;
The shades of darkness all are flown;
A day of truth, of love, of light,
Succeeds this reign of mental night.

Let our repentant tears be true;
Let the whole man be form'd anew;
May every heart new life acquire;
May every soul fresh hope inspire.

Roll on, O God, thy firm decree,
'Till all thy ransom'd are set free,
'Till to thy will all nations bend,
And to thy throne their praise ascend.

For the Republican & Yeoman.
CHRISTMAS.

Clear rises the Sun from the Ocean afar,
Convey'd by his steeds in his bright golden car;
His arrows now drawn, he darts forth his ray,
Announces the dawn of our Saviour's birth-day
O! shame on the Minstrel who suffers his lute,
At this joyous time to be slothful or mute;
O! shame on the Bard whose soul is not mirth,
And melts not with love at our dear Saviour's birth!

Shall that holy voice be regarded with scorn?
That voice which resounds "a Saviour is born?"
Shall Emmanuel's name, so great in the skies,
Unhonor'd and mute, be breath'd forth in sighs?

Far be the thought, let the FIR-TREE and PINE,
And the BOX-TREE together their honours
entwine,

Let the *Harp* and the *Timbrel* their soft numbers
breathe,
And Emmanuel's name their honors receive.

Let us now string the Harp, awaken the Lyre,
And echo the praise of our blessed Messiah;
Let us praise him in heart, and with accents of
love.

To gain his right hand, at his blest seat above.
C. H.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY J. PHELPS, ESQ.

ON this blest morn, to Bethlehem
The star-directed Shepherds came;
And here, beheld what love display'd!
EMMANUEL in a manger laid.
Life and immortal hopes this day,
Were tun'd on ev'ry Seraph's lay;
Angels repeat the notes again,
With "peace on earth—good will to men."
Hosanna, sing the heavenly birth—
Hosanna, worship him ye earth;
This day, from death and bonds set free,
Triumphant shout the victory.

Abstract of the Surgeon-General's Report.

Surgeon-General by brevet,
With zeal for public service burning,
Thinks this a happy time to get
Another chance to show his learning;
He had in consequence collected
His wits—and stew'd them in retorts;
By distillation thus perfected
He hopes to shine—and so reports:

That he had searched authorities
From Johnson down to Ash and Shelly,
And finds that a Militia is—
What he is now about to tell ye
Militia means—such citizens
As e'en in peace are kept campaigning,
The gallant souls that shoulder guns!
And twice a year go out a training.

This point being fix'd, we must I think, sir,
Proceed into the second part—
Entitled Grog—a kind of drink, sir,
Which by its action on the heart,
Makes men so brave, they dare attack
A bastian at his angle salient;
This is a well-established fact—
The very proverb says—*pot valiant*.

Grog—I'll define it in a minute—
Take gin, rum, whiskey or peach-brandy,
Put but a little water in it,
And that is grog—now understand me,
I mean to say that should the spirit
Be left out by some careless dog—
It is—I wish the world may hear it!
It is plain water and not grog.

(My reas'ning, sir, that question settles!!)
We next must ascertain what Prog is—
Now Prog, a vulgar phrase, is victuals:
This will embrace all kinds of food.
Which on the smoaking board can charm
ye,

And by digestion furnish blood;
A thing essential in an army!
These things should all be swallowed warm;
For heat digestion much facilitates;
Cold in a tonick, and does harm,
A tonick always, sir, debilitates,
My plan then is to raise, as fast
As possible a, Corps of Cooks,
And drill them daily from the last
Editions of my cookery books!!
Done into English, & likewise into verse by
CROAKER & CO.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

Lady. Oh Cavalier! what dost thou here,
Thy tuneful vigils keeping,
While the northern star, looks cold from far,
And half the world is sleeping?

Knight. Oh lady! here, for seven long years,
Have I been nightly sighing,
Without the hope of a single tear,
To pity me, were I dying.

Lady. Should I take thee to have and to hold,
Who hast nor lands nor money?
Alas! 'tis only in heaps of gold,
That married bees find honey.

Knight. Oh, lady fair! to my constant prayer,
Fate proves at last propitious,
And bags of gold, in my hands I hold,
And parchment scrolls delicious.

Lady. My maid the door shall open throw,
For we too long have tarried;
The friar keeps watch in the cellar below,
And we will at once get married.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

In the stanzas that follow, the literary reader of taste will recognize the plaintive tenderness of the author of *Lalla Rookh*.

TO * * * * *

Air—Shannon Side.

The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom, Pleasure's shrine;
And thine the sunbeam given
To nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away,
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.
Believe it not—though lonely
Thy evening home may be,
Though Beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea,
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond his art,
The wild flower wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart!

CROAKER & CO.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

Go, warrior, pluck the laurel bough,
And bind it round thy reeking brow;
Ye sons of pleasure blithely twine
A chaplet of the purple vine;
And, beauty, cull each blushing flower,
That ever deck'd the sylvan bower:
No wreath is bright, no garland fair,
Unless sweet Sharon's Rose be there.

The laurel branch will droop and die,
The vine its purple fruit deny,
The wreath that smiling beauty twin'd,
Will leave no lingering bud behind;
For beauty's wreath, and beauty's bloom,
In vain would shun the withering tomb—
Where naught is bright, and naught is fair,
Unless sweet Sharon's Rose be there.

Bright blossom of immortal bloom,
Of fadeless hue, and sweet perfume!
Though in the desert's dreary waste,
In lone neglected beauty plac'd!
Let others seek the blushing bower,
And cull the frail and fading flower,
But I'll to dreariest wilds repair,
If Sharon's deathless Rose be there.

When nature's hand, with cunning care,
No more the opening bud shall rear,
But hurl'd by heaven's avenging Sire,
Descends the earth—consuming fire,
And desolation's burning blast
O'er all the sadden'd scene has pass'd:
There is a clime for ever fair,
And Sharon's Rose shall flourish there.

EPIGRAM.

Oh! spare me, dear angel, one lock of your hair,
A bashful young lover took courage and sigh'd
'Twere a sin to refuse you so modest a prayer,
So "take my whole wig," the sweet creature
reply'd!

Distressing Event.—It has seldom fallen to our lot to record a more distressing or afflictive dispensation of Providence, than the one which we have now to publish, in the almost instantaneous death of Mr. **HECTOR SEWARD**, of Goshen, by the kick of a horse, in Newburgh, on Wednesday evening last, during the ceremonies in honor of Gen. La Fayette, in that village—aged about 26 years.

In the pleasing anticipation of witnessing the merited honors that were to be paid to our nation's guest—in the full enjoyment of perfect health, on Wednesday morning, he left his happy home—his loving and beloved wife, to whom he had been united only a few months—his tender and affectionate parents—his loving brothers and sister. Breaking from these endearing connections, he went to Newburgh—he saw the splendid preparations—he saw the noble guest—and having thus accomplished the object of his visit, was preparing to return to the bosom of his family; but alas! that Providence, whose ways are mysterious and past finding out, had otherwise decreed. About nine o'clock in the evening, he went to the stable in order to assist in preparing his horse; and on his return thro' a narrow passage he received the kick of another horse in his forehead, which prostrated him at the feet of the animal. The fatal blow was heard—he was immediately carried out, and surgical aid procured; but death, the destroying angel, had already received his commission—a few moments, and the vital spark had fled. And thus are cut off at once in the midst of health, and in the bloom of youth, the brightest prospects—the tenderest ties of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, in all their most endearing connections. How soon, how suddenly the scene is changed! Behold him now, a lifeless corpse—surrounded by his late joyous, but now weeping friends, who happened to be near—they place him in a coffin, and prepare to follow his remains to his paternal home, a distance of 20 miles. At the still hour of midnight, the sable hearse appears, and the mournful group take up the slow and solemn march, along the same road,

which so lately they had travelled, with feelings of joy, of hope, and high expectations of pleasure. About sunrise, having avoided his own house, for fear that the sudden shock might deprive his wife of her reason, the procession arrived at his father's door in this village. And here we shall not attempt to describe the heart-rending spectacle, for language would prove altogether inadequate. Never did we behold such a universal gloom spread over our village before—the silent tear seemed starting in every eye, and a solemn sadness pervaded the whole, which plainly testified how much the deceased was esteemed and beloved. But he is gone—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord." May this be the humble language of all who are called to mourn on this melancholy occasion. On Thursday afternoon he was conveyed to the silent mansion appointed for us all, amidst the groans, and tears, and sympathies of a numerous train of relatives and friends.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.
A Fragment.

"Jesus wept! then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him."—JOHN xi, 35, 36.

.....Go, proud infidel, and search the archives of pagan darkness and superstition; expose the favorite of their thousand deities; canvass his merits, his virtues of his fabled Godhead; and point me one who wept! Go, search the mythology of idolatry—listen, ponder and reflect upon their boasted lineage and divine descent, and where will you find one who surpasses the babe of Bethlehem!—the child of the manger! "Jesus wept," for fallen, degenerate, hell-deserving man:—He who brought death upon himself; had exposed himself to the wrath of a justly insenced God, and become dead to the law, for it is written, "*Cursed is every one which abideth not therein;*" when he looked in vain for human help, and all was dark and drear, Jesus, the Father of heaven and earth, descended; he "wept" at the miseries of man! he preached the kingdom of heaven unto the world, and then was made a sin offering for us! For us he died on Calvary! * * * * *

* * * * * Transcendent theme of man's redemption from the galling yoke of sin! Lazarus was dead in trespasses, as well as morally so; and yet he who was lost, was found, and the dead lived again. "*Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him!*" What meekness, what humility, what Godlike love! He loved those who had wandered from the path of heaven;—who loathed ambrosial food. * * * * *

* * * * * P. B. L.

MORAL & RELIGIOUS.

ELOQUENCE OF SHERLOCK.

Bishop Sherlock, in one of his sermons, has the following elegant passage, which is quoted by Mr. Blair, in his lectures on rhetorick and belles lettres, as a remarkable fine example of the figure of personification. The author is comparing our Saviour with Mahomet:—

"Go," says he, "to your natural religion, lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword. Show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has reviewed them in this scene, carry her into his retirement—show her the prophet's chamber; his concubines and his wives: and let him hear him allege revelation and a divine commission, to justify his adultery and lust. When she is tired of this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble, meek, doing good to all the sons of men. Let her see him in the most retired privacies, and let her follow him to the mount and hear his devotion and supplications. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse.—Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross; let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors: *Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.* When Natural Religion has thus viewed both, ask her which is the prophet of God. But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion, who attended at the cross. By him she spoke, and said, "*Truly this man was the Son of God.*"

This, says Blair, is more than elegant; it is truly sublime. The whole passage is animated; and the figure rises at the conclusion, when Natural Religion, who was before only a spectator, is introduced as speaking by the centurion's voice. It has the better effect too, that it occurs at the conclusion of a discourse, when we naturally look for most warmth and dignity.

BYRON'S TESTIMONY FOR THE BIBLE.—The following lines were written by Lord Byron, a short time before his death, on the blank leaf of a Bible. A record of the convictions of such a man, on this interesting subject, and prepared at such a time, is full of important instruction.

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries—
Happiest they of human race
To whom (their) God has given grace
To read, to hear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch—to force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

A FAIR OFFER.—Make a full estimate of all you owe, and all that is owing to you. Reduce the same to

MORAL & RELIGIOUS.

FROM THE RECORDER AND TELEGRAPH.
"THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER."

Messrs. Editors.—As you are friends of tracts and tract societies, I will take the liberty to relate an anecdote which took place in the wilderness of Alabama, five years ago; and it is one on which you may certainly rely for its correctness.—As I was travelling alone, after having borne the fatigues of a long day's journey, in which I had scarcely seen one human countenance, I reached, late in the evening, a small log cabin in the midst of a lonely forest, which was occupied by a poor man, his wife, two or three females almost grown up, and some boys and girls of smaller size. There was no alternative—here I must stay or encamp in the forest. The good man kindly received me for the night, and the countenances of his wife and family bade me welcome. After partaking of a coarse but kind repast, we were all seated round a good fire, which, by the assistance of a pine knot, lighted the whole cottage. I surveyed the scene around me. All seemed clean, ignorant, innocent, neat. There was not a book in the cabin of any description. I cast my eyes upon a board which served as a shelf; I saw something in the form of a pamphlet. I took it down and found it to be a copy of the tract, entitled the "Dairyman's daughter." I asked if I should read it aloud; which was granted. I proceeded:—before I had advanced far, the good woman dropped her needle, the girls their knitting, and all were solemnly attentive.—In a few moments they all, at the same instant, drew up around me. Some at the back of my chair, some at one side and some at the other; when I had finished, and the good woman and one of her daughters were sobbing aloud; and the former pressed it to her bosom, and exclaimed, "Oh, did I ever think that this little book not take a world for it!"

Upon inquiry, I found that no member of the family could read, and the tract had been left there by some person, unknown to the family, and had not been deemed by them of any account whatever until that moment, as they knew nothing of its contents.

I have heard some pulpit eloquence, but never did I see hearts of all present so completely prostrated, as were those of this little family at listening with attention to that fine tract, the "Dairyman's Daughter."

J. B.

The Family Bible.

"Oh that I were as in months past."—Job 29. 2.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection,
Of youthful connections and innocent joy;
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies—with peace from on high,

I still view the chairs of my sire and my mother—
The seats of their offspring, as ranged on each hand;

And that richest of Books, which excell'd every other,
The Family Bible, which lay on the stand—

The old fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible, which lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening, could yield us delight,

And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety through night,

Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the hearts of the family band,

Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand—

The old fashion'd Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible, which lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
My hope's almost gone—and my parents no more—

In sorrow and sadness, I live broken hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore;

Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand:

O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible, that lay on the stand—

The old fashion'd Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Charleston Courier.

If a proud man makes me keep my distance,
The comfort is he keeps his at the same time.

The generality of people judge of us by our
fortune or reputation.

PALESTINE MISSION.

Letter from the Rev. Pliny Fisk, Missionary in Palestine, to his friend in New-York, dated Antoura, on Mount Lebanon, Sept. 2d. 1833.

My Dear Friend,

Your favor of December 5th reached me last March. It was highly gratifying to me to learn that so much interest on the subject of missions begins to be felt in New-York. So large and rich a city, with so many ministers and christians may certainly do an immense deal in aid of the cause. Our dear brethren and sisters, who sailed from New-York, arrived at Malta a few weeks after I sailed for Egypt. I have, therefore, not yet had the pleasure of seeing them, yet you cannot well conceive how much their arrival has encouraged and comforted me. I trust they will find themselves happy in their work, and should it please Providence to locate us together. I flatter myself that we shall enjoy much happiness in each other's society, in social devotion, and in mutual efforts to promote the cause of Christ.

Last evening we held our monthly concert for prayer. Though but four in number, yet we found it a refreshing season. Mr. Wolff made the first prayer. I read and expounded Daniel ii. and Mr. Lewis Way offered the concluding prayer. Our daily and weekly seasons of devotion are also highly refreshing and comforting. I often long for the society of dear christian friends in America. I long to be with them in their domestic and social circles, in their prayer meetings, on the holy Sabbath, at the Lord's table, and particularly at their missionary meetings. But though banished from them I am generally far from being unhappy. My general state of mind is cheerfulness rather than the opposite. I am satisfied that happiness does not depend on external circumstances. With a contented mind, with a heart weaned from this world and fixed on heaven, with an earnest and undivided desire to serve and obey our divine Lord, with no interest of our own to promote, with a clear view of the divine government, and with a lively faith in the Redeemer, we are happy, though our food be only bread and water, and our dwelling a dungeon or a desert. Without these, in some good degree at least, we are uneasy and unhappy, though we may be clothed in royal apparel, fare sumptuously every day, live in a palace, and have all the external means of comfort that the world can afford. It is not this world, it is not temporal comforts, it is not science and refinement, it is not even friends that must give contentment to an immortal mind. It is God himself, who has created our minds capable of enjoying his love and favour; it is communion with him through Jesus Christ. In proportion as we enjoy this, the soul is filled and satisfied. In proportion as we seek happiness in other things, it is left void, the subject of bitter disappointment.

Alas! that our communion with our God and Saviour is and must be so imperfect while we remain on earth, so often interrupted and marred by our unbelief and the coldness, stupidity, and worldliness of our desires and pursuits. Our affections are so carnal and earthly that all our own efforts in our own strength are ineffectual, and even the means of grace, the word and promise of God himself fail of their effect until an omnipotent power is exerted to arouse our benevolent affections, to warm our cold hearts, to awake our drowsy spirits, and to move our sluggish souls towards God and Heaven. Let us not forget then that there is a special promise that the Father will give his Holy Spirit to them that ask for it. I think Christians should pray oftener and more earnestly for this particular favour. To what purpose are all our prayers, meetings, sermons, and labours, if we do not receive the influences of the Spirit? We may indeed get up a system of means and exertions which will have the show of religion, but the reality will be wanting. There will be no life, no soul in it. And what is our religion without the vital principle of love moving in the heart and exciting to all that we do? Mere Pharisaism, odious and abominable in the sight of God. We ask a blessing on our food, we unite in family and public prayers, and songs of praise. Now, how much of all this is merely the effect of education, habit, and fashion? and how much is the effect of sincere love to Christ? And if we bring all that appears like religion in the world to this test, how much must be condemned, and how little will bear the test. It is not, however, for us to judge others. This is the prerogative of him who knows the heart. But in order that we ourselves may not be judged and condemned by him, we should judge ourselves. Sensible that we can do nothing to any purpose without the constant aid and influence of the Holy Spirit, let us pray daily for this blessing. And if we wish to see our friends, and the ministers and churches of Christ more devout and zealous in his service, let us pray continually for the more abundant effusions of the spirit.

My dear friend, may you be blessed with such divine influences as shall bring you near to Christ, and enable you to serve him with great satisfaction to yourself and usefulness to others.

Very affectionately,

Yours,

PLINY FISK.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser, March 21.
Presentation of the Vases.—The superb silver vases procured at the expense of the Pearl-Street (New York) merchants, intended as a present for Governor Clinton, were presented to him by a committee of donors on Saturday last, at his house in this city, in the presence of upwards of a hundred citizens and strangers of distinction.— On presenting the vases, Mr. Hone, on the part of the committee, delivered the following address:

GOVERNOR CLINTON.—In behalf of the merchants of Pearl-street, in the city of New-York, who are deeply impressed with a sense of the benefits which you have conferred upon this state, we have the honour to present to you these vases, as a testimony of their gratitude and respect.

At an early period, your sagacity appreciated the importance of uniting the waters of Lake Erie with those of the Hudson, and your devotion to the public interest induced you to urge it upon our legislature, with all the weight of your influence: What was then theory, has now become a splendid reality, and at every new development of our resources, and every new display of the power and grandeur of our state, its citizens feel additional inducements to admire and honour your character.

Among the interesting considerations which your name involves, it is not the least important, that your fellow citizens have recently recalled you to the office which gives such ample scope to your talents, and that you have preferred the discharge of its duties to the honours of a foreign embassy: We sincerely hope that your administration will be as gratifying to yourself, as it will be beneficial to your constituents.

PETER CRARY,
 JAMES HEARD,
 NAJAH TAYLOR,
 NATHANIEL RICHARDS,
 JOHN HAGGERTY,
 ARTHUR TAPPAN,
 EDWARD M. GREENWAY,
 AMOS PALMER,
 RALPH OLMSTED,
 FREDERICK SHELDON,
 ISAAC S. HONE,

Committee.

(GOVERNOR CLINTON'S REPLY.)

Gentlemen—I receive these splendid fabrics with the highest gratification. In the design and in the execution, they reflect honor on the taste, skill, and ingenuity of our artists, and in that light, they are acceptable; but they come to me with superior recommendations, as the offering of regard from the hands of gentlemen whose good opinion I greatly value, and whose friendship I sincerely reciprocate.

On this occasion, I cannot but felicitate you (as the representatives of a most important section of the most commercial city in the western world,) not only on the flourishing condition of our great emporium, but on the still more exalted destinies that await it. Its unrivalled position near the ocean, and its facilities of interior communication with the most extensive and fertile regions, give it pre-eminence and advantages. Making full allowances for the occurrence of those great moral and physical evils, which have scourged the human race, we may confidently predict that your progress will be accelerated and that every accession of population and opulence, will be the parent of new acquisitions.— In one year, more houses have been added to New York, than at present compose the ancient and prosperous city in which I now address you. At this very moment, the inhabitants of the countries connected with the Ohio, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Connecticut, the St. Lawrence, and the Mississippi rivers, and with our vast inland seas, and seeking with solicitude navigable communication with your city: And without yielding to the dreams of visionary hypothesis, or the chimeras of delusive anticipation, we may expect, before the lapse of many years, the consummation of these designs, and a consequent state of unexampled prosperity. And we may certainly cherish these expectations without the least imputation of arrogance or ostentation. We

ought to know our power with a view to its judicious application; and we should form a just estimate of our faculties and capabilities, in order to promote in the most effectual manner, the welfare of our country and the happiness of mankind.

The favorable views which my fellow citizens generally, have taken of my agency in developing the resources and advancing the prosperity of the commonwealth, are the greatest reward, next to the approbation of my own conscience, which I can enjoy in this world. If I have been hitherto an humble instrument in the hands of providence of dispensing some benefits to my fellow citizens, I have every inducement from their kindness, so often, so striking, and, I may say, so uniformly manifested, for devoting my best and my future exertions in the same career.

I pray you, gentlemen, to present my grateful and respectful acknowledgments to your constituents for these flattering testimonials of their esteem: And permit me to express to you the high sense which I entertain of the honor you have conferred on me by your personal attendance on this occasion.

DE WITT CLINTON.

Albany, March 1835.

Epigrams.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

I ask'd my fair, one happy day,
 What I should call her in my lay,
 By what sweet name from Rome or Greece,
 Iphigenia, Clelia, Chloris,
 Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris,
 Dorimene, or Lucrece?

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,
 "Beloved, what are names but air?
 Take thou whatever suits the line—
 Clelia, Iphigenia, Chloris,
 Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris—
 But don't forget to call me THINE!"

AN OLD JOKE VERIFIED.

"Swear not at all," the priest exclaims:
 I To James in angry strife:
 I do not swear at ALL, cried James,
 But only at my Wife.

On the afternoon of the twenty-second of November last, an uncommon murkiness and warmth of the atmosphere, accompanied by a peculiar sulphurous smell, and a still more peculiar tinge of purple in the thick clouds by which I was surrounded, induced me to walk out into the fields. There was a whistling noise in the atmosphere, as if some heavy body had been cutting its way through it, and the temperature, notwithstanding the advanced state of the season, and the great quantity of rain that had recently fallen, was as high as in the midst of July. As I stood pondering the whistling became louder and louder, and I thought I could perceive a dense body, of no very large dimensions, descending from the eastern part of the Heavens, in a direct line for the spot on which I stood. I stepped aside a few paces, and I had scarcely time to turn, when a blow was struck upon the surface of the ground, the vibration occasioned by which almost threw me off my feet. Approaching the place, I found that the surface had been torn up to the extent of several feet, and a hole made to the depth of nearly two yards. Never doubting that that was occasioned by a meteoric stone, and knowing that such stones are very hot when they first descend, I ran to the house and fetched the tongs with which to drag the aerial visiter from his earthly bed; and you may judge my astonishment, when, instead of a common aërolite, I drew forth a book, written upon a substance and in a character very different from those of modern times. The book had become so heated by the friction of the air while it was falling, that it absolutely made the water in the hole from which I drew it, boil like a cauldron; and as I saw the leaves flutter in the bubbling mud, I was apprehensive that the curious re-

lic would be destroyed. But my fears proved groundless, for the thing proved to be proof alike both against fire and water; and after allowing it to cool a little, found to my great joy, that it was a treatise on the laws, manners, and customs of the lunar inhabitants, in very pure Welch, which proved to me not only the antiquity of our language in that planet, but its extension over the solar system, and probably over the whole universe."

Thus far our correspondent; for we will not offend his modesty by a detail of the great ingenuity which he showed in the translation of this lunar curiosity; neither will we dwell upon the proof which this phenomenon affords, that all meteoric stones proceed from the moon; for it will be more edifying to give our readers a few extracts of the book itself: and as the whole of it is equally curious, we shall from time to time, give a leaf or two, just at random—in the mean time we give an excerpt of the chapter on marriage—that being the grand hinge of lunar, as well as terrestrial society.

Of Love, Marriage, Divorce, and Damages.—Love is a candle, and marriage an extinguisher, which folks put upon it ere they go to sleep, lest the house should be burnt while they are sleeping.

It is not necessary that every lunar lady should be in love, but it is a mighty safe-guard of her character to get married; and if she accomplishes that in a skilful manner, she may afterwards love whomsoever she pleases, if her husband either don't know it, or find no fault with it.

According to the lunar laws, a bachelor may have as numerous an offspring as he pleases, without being obliged to provide for any family; whereas a married man shall be obliged to provide for as numerous a family as his wife pleases, although he may happen to have no offspring of his own.

According to the old lunar laws, the parson was prohibited from having any wife of his own; but as he had nobody to whom he could leave the money which he was fond of accumulating, the lunar parsons are now furnished with wives who are supported out of fees levied upon all marriages within their cure.

In lunar society, a tall footman is kept to protect the virtue of ladies without doors, and render—

Whoever is fool enough to take a bad wife off the hands of a lunar gentleman, is obliged to pay for it in a court of law: whereas, he who in like manner carries off an unmarried lady, becomes heir to all that she possesses.

The lunar laws forbid all intermarriage between royal persons and their subjects; but in compensation they not only give unbounded license of intrigue, but declare it felony to call any man cuckold whose lady shall be favoured with royal attentions.

In the moon, only the privileged orders may be legally separated from their wives; and for the peace and good order of society, the more frequently that those in humble life quarrel, the more strictly are they compelled to remain together.

In the lunar regions, a considerable proportion of the people have no fathers. These are called natural children—as if it were unnatural to have fathers. Such persons have none of the rights of society, but they are exposed to all its wrongs. They cannot inherit property, but the law compels them to pay taxes.

It is a standing rule in lunar society, that ladies who are beautiful, and have no fortunes, get love without marriage; and those who have fortunes, without beauty, get married without love.

A lunar noble must marry either in the very highest or the very lowest class of society. A ballad-singer, or a rope dancer, is just as honourable a match as a dutchess; but it is different with the daughter of a merchant or tradesman, however rich.

'Among the lunar poets, love is a sentiment; in real life it is a sensation, and often not long an agreeable one.

No married lunarian takes offence at the intrigue of a partner, provided it is carried on with a person either considerably higher or considerably lower in rank."

Such is a specimen of the aphoristic part of this chapter. We shall afterwards quote a specimen of the descriptive.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.
By Mrs. Hemans.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)
From the Goshen Patriot.

ELEGY

On the death of Mrs. Sarah Ethelinda Gildersleeve, and her sister, Miss Charlotte Elliott.

THE year has clos'd, the seasons gone their round—
Spring yields to Summer, Autumn Summer crown'd,
And Winter, cheerless Winter, o'er the land
Extends his icy desolating hand.

The year has clos'd, my friends have gather'd round;
But where is Charlotte?—'neath some little mound;
And Ethelinda's sleeping by her side:
They lov'd through life, and death could not divide.

Oft shall the wandering stranger stop to gaze
On the tall marble friendship's hand shall raise,
While pure affection's wreath its top shall twine,
And round its base some never-fading vine.

The Orange-flower, at Ethelinda's tomb,
Emblem of faith, luxuriantly shall bloom—
Here often lit by Cynthia's mildest ray,
Her husband passes night's pale noon away.

And here he oft shall lead his blooming boy,
And point the spot where sleeps his earthly joy
Th' unconscious cherub sees the rolling tear
And wonders why his parent lingers there.

Charlotte, for thee, my dear, my much lov'd friend,
The rose and lilly all their charms shall blend;
Shall burst to life when morning lifts her veil,
And with their odours fill the evening gale.

The rose shall fade and fading emblemate,
How short thy life, how premature thy fate:
The lilly droops, its peerless white resign'd,
Emblem of peace and purity of mind,
Thy mother's eye shall never, never see,
Those flower-crown'd hillocks, 'neath the spreading tree
Whose tossing branches when the tempest raves
Shall blunt its fury and protect its graves.

Hope, heaven-born maid, thy burning brow
Shall smooth—
Dry the big tear, thy anguish'd bosom soothe:
Awake devotion and forbid despair:
Point to the heavens, and say, "I'll meet you there!"

SUBLIMITY

The six following lines on the Children of Israel's departure out of Egypt, Mr. Pope thought superior to any thing he had ever met with, in the English Language:
When Egypt's King God's chosen tribes pursued,
In Chrystal walls the admiring waters stood;
When through the desert wild they took their way,
The rocks relented and pour'd fourth a sea:
What limits can Almighty goodness know,
When seas can harden, and when rocks can flow?

A Text not to be forgotten.—Gen. La Fayette, in reply to the mayor of St. Louis, spoke of the American Union in the following language:

"An Union, sir, so essential, not only to the fate of each member of the confederacy, but also to the general fate of mankind, that the least breach of it would be hailed with barbarian joy, by an universal warwhoop of European aristocracy and despotism."

Son of the Ocean Isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is rear'd o'er glory's bed?
Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread,
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's Dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the Pyramid o'ersway'd,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the palm-tree yields no shade.

But let the angry sun
From Heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!
There slumber England's Dead.

The hurricane hath might,
A long the Indian shore,
And far by Ganges' banks by night
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils have gone;
There slumber England's Dead.

Loud rush the torrent floods,
The Western wilds among,
And flee in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.

But led the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should they reek, whose task is done,
There slumber England's Dead.

The mountain storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!
Let the forest leaves be sped!
For the Roncevalle's field is won,
There slumber England's Dead.

On the frozen deep's repose,
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
'To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done,
There slumber England's Dead.

The warlike of the Isles,
The men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles?
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's Dead.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

Empromptu.

Dandies, to make a greater show,
Wear coats stuck out with pads and puffing
And this is surely apropos,
For what's a goose without the stuffing?

TO A QUEEN ANNE GUINEA,
On devoting it to the Missionary cause.

Why should I vainly hoard thee up,
At times thy brilliant form to see,
When He, who drank that bitter cup,
Declares that He has need of thee?
No! Go, and bear to distant lands
The tidings of unequal'd love;
Proclaim that Jesus' waiting stands
To guide us to his fold above!

Go, bear to yonder deserts wild
The olive branch of perfect peace;
Go, preach the Virgin's wond'rous Child,
Who came to bid our wand'rings cease:
And may that heav'nly Dove, that bore
Him witness once in Jordan's wave,
Attend thy steps from shore to shore,
And seal the souls thy tidings save!

PERU.

Further translations from our late Lima papers.

For the New-York Daily Advertiser.

Extract from Bolivar's second refusal of the million of Dollars decreed to him by the Congress of Peru—"I repeat, that without accepting the favour in question, my services have already been rewarded in an infinitely greater degree than had ever been hoped. Your Excellency knows," (he addresses the President), "that Congress has omitted nothing calculated to be honourable to me. They have named me Father and Saviour of Peru; they have decreed me the honours of perpetual President; they have ordered a medal to be struck with my portrait; they have called me Liberator; they have invested me with the command of Peru; and finally offered me an enormous fortune. I have accepted with pleasure all except the last: that I am forbidden to accept by the laws of my country and those of my own heart."

Extract from the reply of the President.—Excellent Sir. The Congress to whom I have made known the repeated and absolute negative of your Excellency to receive the million of dollars which they decreed to place at your disposition as a slight testimony of the inestimable benefits for which the nation are indebted to you, have determined, that I shall inform Your Excellency that while they respect your decision, they sensibly regret to see their designs on this subject frustrated; and that, not feeling themselves at liberty to press it a third time, after the decided expressions contained in your last note, take the liberty yet to request that you will appropriate the said million to works of beneficence in favour of the fortunate place of your nativity, and for any other parts of the republic of Columbia which you may think proper.

The arms of the Peruvian nation shall consist of an escutcheon divided into three fields: the right azure, with a vicuna (an animal native of South America) looking inward, the left white, bearing a Quina tree; inferior, red, and smaller, with a cornucopia pouring out money;—signifying by these symbols the riches of Peru in the three kingdoms of nature. The crest shall be a civic crown, and be accompanied on each side with a banner and a standard of the national colours. These arms shall constitute the great seal of the State, placed in a circumference formed of the inscription: "Republica Peruviana."

The national standard shall be composed of three vertical stripes, red, white and red, with the arms and crest in the centre, with a palm and a laurel interlaced beneath. The merchant flag is to be plain, without the arms. Among the measures adopted concerning interior regulations, a Direccion for the Mines has been established for every department.

A PRAYER FOR LORD BYRON.

A work has recently been published in Great Britain, entitled "Thoughts chiefly designed as preparative or persuasive to private devotion, by John Sheppard, Esq. of Somersetshire, in the appendix to which, a document is introduced, containing a deeply interesting correspondence with the late Lord Byron, from which we give the following extract.

To the Right Hon. Lord Byron, at Pisa.
Frome, Somerset, Nov. 21, 1821.

MY LORD,

More than two years since, a lovely and beloved wife was taken from me, by lingering disease, after a very short union. She possessed unvarying gentleness and fortitude, and a piety so retiring as rarely to disclose itself in words, but so influential, as to produce uniform benevolence of conduct. In the last hour of life, after a farewell look on a lately born and only infant, for whom she had evinced inexpressible affection, her last whispers were, "God's happiness!—God's happiness!" Since the second anniversary of her decease, I have read some papers which no one had seen during her life, and which contain her most secret thoughts. I am induced to communicate to your Lordship a passage from these papers, which, there is no doubt, refers to yourself; as I have more than once heard the writer mention your agility on the rocks at Hastings.

"Oh my God! I take encouragement from the assurance of thy word, to pray to Thee in behalf of one for whom I have lately been much interested. May the person to whom I allude, (and who is now, we fear, as much distinguished for his neglect of Thee as for the transcendent talents Thou hast bestowed on him,) be awakened to a sense of his own danger, and led to seek that peace of mind in a proper sense of religion, which he has found this world's enjoyments unable to procure! Do Thou grant that his future example may be productive of far more extensive benefit than his past conduct and writings have been of evil; and may the Sun of Righteousness, which, we trust, will, at some future period, arise on him, be bright in proportion to the darkness of those clouds which guilt has raised around him, and the balm, which it bestows, healing and soothing in proportion to the keenness of that agony which the punishment of his vices has inflicted on him!" &c.

"Hastings, July 31, 1814."

There is nothing, my Lord, in this extract which, in a literary sense, can at all interest you; but it may, perhaps, appear to you worthy of reflection, how deep and expansive a concern for the happiness of others the Christian faith can awaken in the midst of youth and prosperity.—Here is nothing poetical and splendid, as in the expostulatory homage of M. Dalamartine; but here is the sublime, my Lord; for this intercession was offered, on your account, to the supreme Source of happiness. It sprang from a faith more confirmed than that of the French poet; and from a charity, which, in combination with faith, showed its power unimpaired amidst the languors and pains of approaching dissolution. I will hope that a prayer, which, I am sure, was deeply sincere, may not be always unavailing.

It would add nothing, my Lord, to the fame with which your genius has surrounded you, for an unknown and obscure individual to express his admiration of it. I had rather be numbered with those who wish and pray, that "wisdom from above," and "peace," and "joy," may enter such a mind.

THE ANSWER.

Pisa, Dec. 8, 1821.

SIR,

I have received your letter. I need not say, that the extract which it contains has affected me, because it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. Though I am not quite sure that it was intended by the writer for me, yet the date, the place where it was written, with some other circumstances which you mention, render the allusion probable. But, for whomsoever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure that can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say pleasure, because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanor of the excellent person whom I trust that you will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and unpretending piety. Her last moments were particularly striking; and I do not know, that in the course of reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations of the existing portion, I ever met with any thing so unostentatiously beautiful. Indisputably the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others,—for this simple reason, that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope, through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worst for them) "out of nothing, nothing can arise," not even sorrow. But a man's creed does not depend upon himself; * who can say, I will believe,—this,—that,—or the other? and, least of all, that which he least can comprehend. I have, however, observed, that those who have begun life with an extreme faith, have, in the end, greatly narrowed it, as Chillingworth, Clarke, (who ended as an Arian,) Bayle, and Gibbon, (once a Catholic,) and some others; while, on the other hand, nothing is more common than for the early sceptic to end in a firm belief, like Maupertuis, and Henry Kirke White.

But my business is to acknowledge your letter, and not to make a dissertation. I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and more than obliged by the extract from the papers of the beloved object whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you, that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance, would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head.—Do me at least the justice to suppose, that

"Video meliora proboque,"

however the "Deteriora sequor" may have been applied to my conduct.

I have the honour to be,
Your obliged and obedient Servant,
BYRON.

* Our limits do not permit us to furnish our readers with the admirable and truly judicious comments of Mr. Sheppard on this letter; but we cannot pass over the remark,—"that a man's creed does not depend upon himself," without subjoining our author's feeling apostrophe—"Oh! that a mind awake to the value of Christian faith, and yet convinced that "a man's creed does not depend upon himself," had so far acted on its convictions, as to ask, even of 'an unknown God,'—'Work in me to will, of thy good pleasure!'"

Thanks to the Treasurer and Secretaries were moved by

W. WILBERFORCE, Esq.—My Lord, At this late period of the meeting, I should, I am sure, abuse the usual kindness I experience from this assembly, if I were to think of detaining you for any length of time. For if any arguments had been wanted to secure our attachment to this cause, they have been furnished—if any motives had been wanted, they have been afforded; and it only remains that I should once more renew my vow of allegiance. I remember the word was used by the Bishop of Calcutta, that he was happy to renew his allegiance to this Society, and now I also renew my solemn oath of allegiance to it. It is not political allegiance; for, as our friend has just observed, he was not fond of politics, I can assure him, if he does not love politics now, he would not love them more if he had seen more of them. It is really with pleasure I bid adieu to that scene of warfare and of turmoil—that is my labour, but here is my rest; there my visits, but here is my home; and if while here, I can only occasionally enter that home, the time will come, when, in our Father's house, we shall take up our lasting residence, and there speak more fully of the contents of that blessed Volume, the circulation of which it is the business of this society to promote throughout the world. My Lord, it is the grand excellence of this blessed work that it tends to revive religion in its fundamental and essential principles: every thing in this bad world is ordinarily corrupted, and even religion itself experiences somewhat of that pollution; and it is but too common with those who are Christians by name, if they do not continually renew their acquaintance with religion, by the study of the Sacred Scriptures, to adopt the merely common profession of the country in which they live: to believe the Bible to be true, but not the truths contained in the Bible. Now it is the grand benefit of the study of the word of God, that it diffuses those substantial and eternal verities which the Almighty has made known to us, for guiding us in our way through this wilderness to thy heavenly home and inheritance; and the more we are providing for this, the more we are furnishing the panacea, the universal remedy, for all the evils of political society; and this is the more necessary for a country like this, in which commerce, and manufactures, and national wealth and prosperity, have of themselves, in some degree, a tendency to corrupt the manners, and injure the character. But there is in Christianity what no former system of religion could attain to—there is the means of bringing you back to the purity of your own heaven-descended principles. It was formerly a sort of maxim, that countries had their infancy, their youth, their manhood, their old age and decay; but the Holy Scriptures have entirely destroyed this supposed analogy, and we now say, that in countries where the Word of God is diffused, they enjoy not only continued youth, but that they go on and grow, and become not only more happy in themselves, but more beneficial to others. This is the service we are rendering to the world at large; and whatever others may think of our military trophies and naval exploits—if there be any honour which I would covet for my country—if there be any privilege I would covet for myself, it is to be the instrument of diffusing through the world the knowledge of divine truth: and therefore your situation, my Lord, I hold to be one of the most honoured and truly dignified upon earth. But let us not forget that whatever we may talk of countries or of nations which are in want of the Scriptures, the true use to be made of the Scriptures is such as may produce an effect upon our own hearts. Let us not be so lost in generalities as to forget, that wherever we send the Scriptures, we must show to the people, that it is a personal change—a heart change, which they are calculated to produce; and we must strive not only to make them think with us here, but live with us hereafter. And whatever the opponents of this Society may think, I wish they could only witness the effects we see and hear. But if they will not come, how can they hear? They shut their eyes, and then say they cannot see—they will not look, and then they say they know nothing of what we are doing. But whatever they may think now, there are moments toward the close of life when men will begin to think seriously; and then, sure I am, they would never regret the utmost exertions they might have made to support such a cause while here upon earth; and still less will they do so

in that future world where the value of such services will be more fully estimated, because the glorious results to which they lead will be more duly appreciated. We naturally, my Lord, at our time of life, look forward to scenes like these; and whatever may be the present benefits of these operations, we look forward to benefits still greater, and may indulge in views still more delightful: we are sowing the seed, and there is a beautiful green beginning to overspread the earth, which will by-and-by cover the world with a rich harvest of blessings—of full corn in the ear: and whatever we may see or hear, our children and children's children will hear still more delightful tidings; and those parts of the earth now in some degree vocal shall join in one general chorus to praise God. But it is impossible for me to propose the present motion without saying a word about one of those whom it concerns, your Treasurer, the descendant of that great and good man, John Thornton, who would have been more delighted to think that his grandson should act in this capacity, than that he should be a prince of the empire: one who, when alive, I dearly loved, and who is now a saint in glory. I may be permitted to express the joy I feel that Mr. John Thornton should occupy this very situation of Treasurer to this Society. He is the representative of a great and glorious family, and I can only say, I hope, that, as he represents his grandfather, that so his grandson and his grandson's grandson may go on in the same path, which, if it begins on earth, shall end in heaven.

COL. VAN HALEN'S ESCAPE FROM THE INQUISITION.

A few days since Col. J. Van Halen, lately an officer in the Constitutional army of Spain, arrived in this city. This gentleman is well known for the tortures and persecutions he endured in the year 1817 on account of his attachment to the cause of rational liberty, and for his brilliant achievements under General Mina in Catalonia. The following highly interesting and romantic story of his escape from the secret dungeons of the Inquisition in 1818, has been translated from a French work for the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

The Spanish Captain Van Halen, a native of Cadiz, and particularly known for his zeal in propagating secret associations, had begun in 1817 to disseminate their liberal principles among the inhabitants of the city of Murcia, where he was in garrison. His devotion to this subject could not long remain unpunished: he was soon denounced, and conducted to prison. His papers which had been seized, proved that he had been in correspondence with all the secret societies in the kingdom. Being thus convicted of two crimes at once, the local authorities considered the matter too important to be submitted to their decision, and Vanhalen was transported, under a numerous escort, to the prisons of Madrid, and committed to one of the most obscure dungeons in the Inquisition. Preparations were made for his trial; but as he had declared, from the first moment of his arrest, that he would give no answer to the charges against him, unless in presence of the King, and this resolution having been several times reported to the King, Vanhalen was at length brought before him.

Not at all affected by the tortures he had undergone in his captivity, nor by the almost certain prospect of a speedy and cruel death, instead of imploring the favour of Ferdinand, he devoted the brief interview to presenting him with a picture of the ruinous situation to which he had been reduced by his ministry. He declared to him that all Spain was in fact filled with secret societies; that persecutions, imprisonments, and scaffolds, were vainly employed for their destruction; that no human power could succeed in attempting to defeat their object; that the persons of whom the societies were composed had never

proposed any project against the life of the king, nor even against his rank or dignity; that in placing him on a throne supported by the laws, and by the love and confidence of the people, his power would have been raised to the highest degree of stability; in short, that in order to secure a happy result, it might perhaps be sufficient if the king would, of his own free choice, adopt the spirit of those very societies, and place himself at their head. He demanded of him to resign from the Court of Rome, the revocation of the censures she had pronounced against them; above all that he should reject the narrow and sanguinary interest of his councillors; and declared that the king of Spain would then have at his disposal an invincible army, which he might indeed despair to reduce to servitude, but which, while it remained free, would also be the more devoted and the more faithful.

At this kind of language, in which the ministers were not accustomed to deal, Ferdinand betrayed more surprise than irritation. The character of this prince has appeared in so inexplicable a light, so contrary in different situations of life, that we should be afraid to decide whether the condescension with which he treated Vanhalen was the effect of compassion or of profound dissimulation. It is certain, however, that he inquired, with appearance of the tenderest interest, concerning the privations he had suffered in prison; and on learning that he was accustomed to smoking tobacco, sent him a case of Havana segars from among those which had been reserved for his own use. After such marks of interest, one would have looked for the clemency of the prince and the liberation of Vanhalen; but the fact was far otherwise.—While his friends were enjoying the expectation of a happy termination to the affair, the ministers of Ferdinand pressed its decision with activity; and the information was brought by a little girl, an attendant in the prison, that the greatest danger was to be apprehended to Vanhalen. The child having caught a few words by accident of a conversation which was going on, succeeded in finding her way to a small window by which his dungeon was lighted, informed him of the danger to which he was exposed, and supplied him with paper and a pencil.

Vanhalen was thus enabled to open a correspondence with his friends in the city, and inform them that in spite of the restraints under which he laboured, the means of escape were in his power. He received in reply, that "their arms and their purses were at his service." A great reward was therefore offered to his interesting little messenger; and a topographical plan having been drawn of the streets in the neighbourhood of the prison, a copy of it was sent to Vanhalen, on which were marked the places where concerted, it was necessary only to fix on a moment for the execution of the plan. It was in the winter; the day had arrived; the clock struck seven; and the first detachment of his friends assembled at the distance of a few paces from the principal entrance of the prison. A man made his appearance, dressed in a night gown and slippers. In an instant they disguised him in a foreign uniform and led him away.

After taking several long turns through the streets of Madrid, in order to baffle a pursuit, the fugitive was conducted to a safe retreat, where he found four thousand franks in gold, remitted for him by the generous Count of Montijo, with passports provided for his departure from Spain. He passed out of the kingdom into Portugal, and thence to England, after which he took the route to Russia, where he entered into the military service.

The secrecy with which this affair was conducted is the more remarkable, and the more honorable to the character and patriotism of the Spaniards, because, that from the moment when it was decided that Vanhalen should remain a few days in Madrid, to avoid the search which was known to be making in the environs of the city, all the members of the secret societies being informed of his escape, desired to see him, and did in fact see him, without the occurrence of a single act of indiscretion, and, indeed, without causing any apprehension to the fugitive and his friends. We do not believe that history can furnish a more noble example of confidence, or one which was more justified by the event. It was during the interval which Vanhalen spent in Madrid, in expectation of an opportunity to leave the country, that he recounted to many of his friends who were continually visiting him, the particulars of his escape; and they are at once so romantic and so well authenticated, that we cannot withhold them from our readers.

When he had obtained from his little friend the prison girl, a precise description of the edifice which he had only passed through very hastily at his introduction, he requested of the jailor to be supplied with some medicine which he pretended to want, desired it might be brought to him at the hour he had fixed for his friends to wait for him. The jailor appeared at the time appointed, and entered the dungeon. Vanhalen was a young man and very vigorous. While the jailor was laying what he had brought upon the table, and unprepared, he seized him in an instant, and throwing him upon the bed, covered him with the clothes, sprung out of the door which had been left open, locked it after him, passed through the intricate winding passages, which the little girl had described to him a hundred times over, and instead of taking the direction to the outer door, which it would have been impossible to pass, obeyed her directions, and followed a course that led to the apartments inhabited by the jailor. The jailor's family consisted of his wife and daughter, who being occupied with domestic affairs, were terribly frightened at the appearance of such an apparition, and never thought of attempting to prevent his escape, which he effected by an outer door. It was not long, however, before the two women came to their senses, and entering the prison, began to search for the jailor; but wandering without light through the dark and spacious corridors, they were long in finding the right way to Vanhalen's dungeon, where the new prisoner was crying with all his might, but remained unheard at a remote distance.

Clucia.

Oh! there's a spot, a silent spot,
Where rests a form once dear to me;
The passing stranger marks it not,
Save, that the wild flow'rs gather round
A little, green, sequester'd mound,
Beneath a weeping-willow tree.

I love it more, because unknown
The spot; and when th' evening closes,
I love to linger there alone,
And weep, where oft I've wept before,
And strew again the green turf o'er,
With lilies and with fairest roses.

But, while I weep and linger yet,
To clasp that dewy urn once more,
I cannot, would not e'er forget,
(Though rest my heart that last adieu.)
As heaven seem'd op'ning to her view,
She pointed to a happier shore.

On the 4th inst. at the dwelling of the Rev. Charles Cumming, Florida, Orange county, ARCHIBALD LISLE GAMBLE, Esq. late resident of Philadelphia, in the 40th year of his age.

AMERICAN POETS.

Fate of American Genius.

"Genius is never honour'd till she's past;
Is never gifted but when wanting naught;
Is never worshipp'd by the calous world,
Save by some monument, or marble urn,
That tells you where she stary'd." FARMER.

FROM THE WINCHESTER (V.A.) REPUBLICAN.
BOSTON BARD.

THE friends of this hapless son of song—and we know he has many sincere ones among our readers—will peruse with pleasure the line, from his pen which we this week publish. They are communicated by a friend, at whose request they were written and will be admired by every lover of chaste and tender poetry. Those who know the author's history, cannot read his productions without painful as well as pleasurable emotions. From infancy he has been the sport of sorrow and misfortune. By the most unnatural assimilation of causes, he has met enemies where the impulses of nature prompted him to seek for friends. Thrown early and unprotected upon the world, he has struggled hard and long with adversity, until his energies are exhausted—his health impaired—his mind lacerated in providing means of present subsistence—and the terrors of a consumption destroying all his prospects of future promise as fast as they are created. He some time since issued proposals for the publication of his life and poems, in the hope that this appeal to the sympathy of the American public would not be disregarded. But we fear he will be compelled to abandon that hope. The world has become sordid and calculating. The effusions of a native bard may be read and admired in a newspaper because they cost nothing; but poetry, to sell, must bear a royal stamp, and be panegyricized by royal reviewers. We hope, however, for the honour of our literary taste, and the sympathies of a generous nation, that the poems of Coffin may be prepared for the press, and meet with such a sale as will place the amiable author beyond the reach of want, and cheer his prospects with the sunshine of future tranquillity.—*Editor.*

MR. DAVIS:—The annexed harmonious and impressive stanzas,—an effusion of one of the sweetest and most divinely inspired sons of genius,—are transmitted to you with a hope that you will permit them to breathe their tender melody in a nook of your interesting paper; and thus confer a gratification upon

A FRIEND OF NATIVE TALENT.
January 16, 1826.

FOR THE REPUBLICAN.

WASHINGTON'S DIRGE.

Written at the request of a friend, and adapted to the air of the dirge of Sir John Moore.

[The air is very plaintive and beautiful.]

Why moans the white surge on Poto mac's proud tide?
Why droop the green willows that grow by its side?
Why chant Nature's minstrels their numbers so slow,
Imparting their songs in the whispers of wo?

Ah, why "sighs the tall grass" o'er Vernon's green breast,
Why fades the rich splendour on victory's crest?
Why fades the deep sigh of the summer's bright close?
Why is heard the deep sigh of the summer's bright close?
While the lily's still blooming, and bushing the rose?

My country! thy saviour,—thy WASHINGTON brave,—
Lies cold in the earth, 'midst the gloom of the grave;
The arrow of death to his bosom hath sped;—
He mingles with dust—with the dust of the dead!

The bright plume of valour, that blazon'd his worth,
Lies prone upon Vernon, and hallows its earth:
But the boon of the blest to his spirit is given,
The tears of a world, and the glory of Heaven.*

BOSTON BARD.

* Motto on medals struck at the time of his decease:—"He in glory—the world in tears."

FROM THE (N. Y.) COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.
WILLIAM RAY.

The following lines not only breathe a spirit of pious resignation under an accumulation of heavy afflictions, but of genuine poetry, also. Our readers have before been made acquainted with the writer, and with his claims upon the liberality of the public. He is yet in the city, with his family, and is himself entirely helpless, by the infirmities brought upon him in the service of his country, and the dungeons of Tripoli, and by a subsequent paralytick affection. His only hope of obtaining pecuniary relief, is from the publication of his poems. But he has not the means. A few individuals have subscribed for near 150 copies; but this is not enough to warrant an edition. Will not the booksellers unite and take fifty copies each? Major Ray has petitioned to Congress for a pension. And it is a case, in our humble opinion, in which there should be no hesitation.—*Editor.*

FOR THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY WILLIAM RAY, ESQ.

"Without a friend the world is but a wilderness."

Without a friend—without a friend,
The world is but a wilderness;
Though sun arise, and rains descend,
Yet all is dark and comfortless:
How sad, without one gleam of hope,
Through this lone wilderness to grope.

Buds may expand, and flowers awhile
May blossom, only to decay;
The trees may bow their heads and smile—
Kiss'd by the breezes of the day;
But go to-morrow—look—and see—
Nought but the weeping willow tree.

Those beasts of prey—the passions dire,
Infest the forest of the mind,
Not purified by culture's fire—
Enlighten'd by it or refin'd;
But let in friendship's vivid ray,
And all is Eden—all is day.

The wilderness begins to bloom
Afresh—and fruits begin to grow—
Philosophy dispels the gloom
That settles on our path below,
And blest Religion points above,
Where all is friendship—peace—and love.

On him who is the friend of all,
My soul in safety shall depend,
Though earth may sink, and skies may fall,
He is my everlasting friend;
The favour of whose friendship is
Unfading and eternal bliss.

From the Black Rock Gazette.

THE CHIPPEWA GIRL.

They tell me the men with a pure white face
Belong to a purer, nobler race:
But why, if they do—yes, it may be so—
Do their tongues cry yes! and their actions no!

They tell me that white is a heavenly hue,
And it may be so;—but the sky is blue!
And the first of men, as our old men say,
Had earth-brown skins, and were made of clay.

But throughout my life I've heard it said,
There's nothing surpasses a tint of red!
On! the white man's cheeks are pale and sad,
Compared to my beautiful Indian lad.

Then let them boast of their race divine—
Their glittering domes—their sparkling wine—
Give me a lodge, as my fathers had,
And my tall, straight, beautiful Indian lad.

THE CRICKET.

Translated from the French.
Beneath the rose's mossy stem,
A Cricket lay concealed,
And saw a brilliant butterfly,
Sport gaily o'er the field;
With gold and purple spangled o'er;
And pure ethereal blue,
It sipped the nectar from each flower,
And bathed in fragrant dew.

At last the cricket, sad, exclaimed,
How different is my lot;
To dull obscurity consigned,
Upon this lonely spot!

No lovely hues upon me shine,
No figure can I boast,
Nor is one useful talent mine,
That nature's lent to most.

Whilst musing thus, arrived a troop
Of lively playful boys,
Who soon pursued the gaudy fly
With childish glee and noise.

A prisoner soon in eager haste
The hapless insect's torn:
The cricket in her shelter placed
Its luckless fate did mourn.

Alas, she said! I now perceive,
'Twas folly to repine.
Oh may the tranquil shades of life
Henceforth, be ever mine.

Too dearly bought, those brilliant hues,
Those wings in light unfurl'd,
I now have learnt it costs too dear,
To shine in this sad world!

SONG

Yes, go: the beauty of thy rose
Is fading fast;
'Twas bright when first thou gav'st it me,
And 'twill a fitting token be
How long thy love can last!
One day of undiminish'd sweetness,
One of decay:
I laugh to think the third should see
Life from thy flower and love from thee
Together pass away.
Away, away! I know when this
Had worn me long:
Now—memory of thy fragile flower,
And thy affection of an hour
Scarce will survi this song.

LINES

Written by the late Rev. C. Wolfe, upon the death of his wife.

'If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;—
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be;
It never through my mind had past,
That time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

'And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary!—thou art dead!

'If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak course I have,
Thou seemest still mine own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

'I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn,
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

ATHENS.

The following beautiful lines are extracted from the "Cambridge English Prize Poem, for 1824;" written by W. M. Praed, of Trinity College, the gentleman who wrote the prize poem on "Australia."

How terrible is Time! his solemn years,
The tombs of all our hopes and all our fears,
In silent horror roll?—the gorgeous throne,
The pillar'd arch, the monumental stone
Melt in swift ruin; and of mighty climes,
Where Fame told tales of virtues and of crimes,
Where Wisdom taught, and Valour woke to strife,
And Art's creations breathed their mimic life,
And the young Poet, when the stars shone high,
Drank the deep rapture of the quiet sky;
Nought now remains, but Nature's placid scene,
Heaven's deathless blue, and Earth's eternal green,
The showers that fall on palaces and graves,
The suns that shine for freemen and for slaves.
Science may sleep in ruin, man in shame,
But Nature lives, still lovely, still the same!

The rock, the river,—these have no decay!
The city and its masters,—where are they?
Go forth, and wander through the cold remains
Of fallen statues, and of tottering fane,
Seek the loved haunts of poet and of sage,
The gay palaestra, and the gaudy stage!
What signs are there! a solitary stone,
A shattered capital with grass o'ergrown,
A mouldering frieze half hid in ancient dust,
A thistle springing o'er a nameless bust.
Yet this was Athens! still a holy spell
Breathes in the dome, and wanders in the dell,
And vanished times and wondrous forms appear,
And sudden echoes charm the waking ear:
Decay itself is drest in glory's gloom,
For every hillock is a hero's tomb,
And every breeze to fancy's slumber brings
The mighty rushing of a spirit's wings.
Oh yes! where glory such as thine hath been,
Wisdom and Sorrow linger round the scene;
And where the hues of faded splendour sleep,
Age kneels to moralize, and youth to weep!

Here, where wild Fancy wondrous fictions drew,
And knelt to worship, till she thought them true,—
Here, in the paths which beauteous Error trod,
The great Apostle preached the UNKNOWN GOD.
Silent the crowd were hushed; for his the eye
Which power controls not, sin cannot defy;
His the tall stature, and the lifted hand,
And the fixed countenance of grave command;
And his the voice, which, heard but once, will sink
So deep into the hearts of those that think,
That they may live till years and years are gone,
And never lose one echo of its tone.
Yet when the voice had ceased, a clamour rose,
And mingled clamour rung from friends and foes;
The threat was muttered, and the galling gibe,
By each pale Sophist and his paltry tribe;
The haughty Stoic passed in gloomy state,
The heartless Cynic scowled his grovelling hate,
And the soft Garden's rose-encircled child
Smiled unbelief, and shuddered as he smiled.

Tranquil he stood, for he had heard,—could hear,
Blame and reproach with an untroubled ear;
O'er his broad forehead visibly were wrought
The dark deep lines of courage and of thought;
And if the colour from his cheek was fled,
Its paleness spoke no passion,—and no dread.
The meek endurance, and the steadfast will,
The patient nerve, that suffers, and is still;
The humble faith, that bends to meet the rod,
And the strong hope that turns from man to God,—
And these were his; and his firm heart was set,
And knew the hour *must* come,—but was not yet.

Again long years of darkness and of pain,
The Moslem scimitar, the Moslem chain;
Where Phidias toiled, the turbaned spoilers brood,
And the Mosque glitters, where the Temple stood.
Alas! how well the slaves their fetters wear,
Proud in disgrace, and cheerful in despair!
While the glad music of the boatman's song
On the still air floats happily along,
The light caique goes bounding on its way
Through the bright ripples of Piræus' bay.

But oh, when twilight sleeps on earth and sea,
Beautiful Athens, we will weep for thee:
For thee and for thine offspring!—will they bear
The dreary burthen of their own despair,
Till nature yields, and sense and life depart
From the torn sinews and the trampled heart?
Oh! by the mighty shades that dimly glide
Where victory beams upon the turf or tide,
By those who sleep at Marathon in bliss,
By those who fell at glorious Salamis,
By every laurelled brow and holy name,
By every thought of freedom and of fame,
By all ye bear, by all that ye have borne,
The blow of anger and the glance of scorn,
The fruitless labour, and the broken rest,
The bitter torture, and the bitterer jest,
By your sweet infants' unavailing cry,
Your sister's blush, your mother's stifled sigh,
By all the tears that ye have wept and weep,—
Break, sons of Athens, break your weary sleep!

Yea! it is broken!—Hark, the sudden shock
Rolls on from wave to wave, from rock to rock:
Up, for the Cross and Freedom! far and near
Forth starts the sword, and gleams the patriot spear,
And bursts the echo of the battle song,
Cheering and swift, the banded hosts along.
On, sons of Athens! let your wrongs and woes
Burnish the blades, and nerve the whistling bows;
Green be the laurel, ever blest the meed,
Of him that shines to-day in martial deed,
And sweet his sleep beneath the dewy sod,
Who falls for fame, his country, and his God!
The hoary sire has helmed his locks of gray,
Scorned the safe hearth, and tottered to the fray:
The beardless boy has left his guilt guitar,
And bared his arm for manhood's holiest war.
E'en the weak girl has mailed her bosom there,
Clasped the rude helmet on her auburn hair,
Changed love's own smile for valour's fiery glance
Mirth for the field, the distaff for the lance.

Farewell, sweet Athens! thou shalt be again
The sceptred Queen of all thine old domain,
Again be blest in all thy varied charms
Of loveliness and valour, arts and arms.
Forget not, then, that in thine hour of dread
While the weak battled, and the guiltless bleed,
Though Kings and Courts stood gazing on thy fate,
The bad, to scoff,—the better, to debate,
Here, where the soul of youth remembers yet
The smiles and tears which manhood must forget
In a far land, the honest and the free
Had lips to pray, and hearts to feel for thee!

THE SLEEPING INFANT BOY.

A cherub boy
Of days enough to lisp in broken words,
Which were all music to a mother's ear,
Was fallen asleep.—Within a few short hours
The infant boy had sported at the foot
Of his young mother, clambered up her knee,
And clasped her neck within his baby arms,
And in her bosom buried up his face.—
And once from that dear pillow did he lift
His eyes to her's, as if to catch the soul
Of tenderness that beamed there for her child.
And when he saw her deep delight, he sighed,
Then smiled, and in his childish, sportive mood,
He buried up his face again—I went,
With the broad human current to the south,
Where now he lay, all still and motionless—
He was asleep—His lip was gently curled,
And had a doubtful impress in its form,
Which made you hesitate to tell, in truth,
If it was joy or grief that made him wear
It thus—It was that form of lip that oft
Was seen when he had struggled up to kiss
The cheek of her that bare him, in the way
Of kind atonement for some past offence—
His eye was just half closed—the weary lid
Had fallen thus far, and he seemed to sleep,
As conscious of his state, ready to wake
When his pure spirit should be well refreshed,
To all his baby sports—Calmly he lay,
Wrapt in his lucid dress, whose whiteness well
Accorded with the paleness of his cheeks,
And but for this, the fear that he would wake
No more, had scarcely crossed the mind of one
Who looked upon his features—But alas!
They laid him in a narrow building, made
For the dead,—'twas neat, and one might even
thought
That 'twas his cradle, but that it was close,
And, tho' in miniature, it yet was shaped,
As men's last dwelling houses always are—
It was his coffin—There was a cello's
On his brow, that met the lip maternal,
Prest full often there, which spoke of death—
Still as she gaz'd upon him in his state
Of mortal loveliness, she almost saw
His little bosom heave, and half expected
He would wake to lisp the name of mother;
And a strange shuddering ran through all his
frame
As they closed up the lid above his face
And shut him from her sight forever!
I saw them lay him in his infant grave,
And lightly did they cast the dust of earth
Upon his coffin, lest the sound should break
The breathless rest of the calm slumbering
boy!

