

LITERARY.

STANZAS.
The evening tide is flowing
Away to other strands;
The sunset light is glowing
Upon the shining sands;
The free light birds are sleeping
On ocean's wavy breast;
While heaven's bright dew-drops are weeping
In silence o'er their rest.
So ebb the tide of feeling,
So beauty must decay,
And leave us whilst it's stealing
Far on time's shore away.
The morning dew that lured us
To life with all its weal,
Must wither, too, around us,
Like freshness from the rose.
And love, who once could weave us
A wreath of rose flowers;
His little bark must leave us
For other hearts than ours.
The shining fountains of sorrows
Are hid by sunny hopes;
And often, too, he borrows
Her wizard telescope.
And friendship, too, will falter,
With all its fancied truth;
And perish on life's altar,
The sacrifices of youth.
Then who shall blame us for grieving
For hours of morning pain;
Which memory is leaving
As monuments to time?
Thus ebb the tide of feeling,
So passion must decay;
Till truth stands forth revealing
The realm of better days.
To us that withered roses are,
New being shall be given,
And happy souls surround us,
In quietude—in heaven!

TO A BRIDE.

Farewell! sweet countess! ever this
Drop from us treasured o'er by one,
They who have been from youth with us,
Whose very look, whose very tone,
Are linked to us like leaves with flowers—
Whose voices, so familiar grown,
They almost seem as ours own,
The echoes, as it were, of ours—
They who have ever been our pride,
Yet in their hours of triumph dearest—
They whom we most have loved and tried,
And loved the most when tried the nearest,
They pass from us like stars that wane,
The brightest light before,
Or gold links broken from a chain
That can be join'd no more.
What can we give thee? Gifts hat thou,
Richer than wishes ever give—
Gifts of the heart, and lip, and brow,
Gifts that they count not lose and give;
Better are these than all that we,
This side of heaven, can wish for thee.
Well then—ever may these increase—
Deeper thy heart—richer thy tone—
Still on thy brow be written peace,
Still be the spirit of thy smile.
Have power, as now, all cares to lighten,
And may thine own heart feel the while,
The sunshine in which others brighten,
Life be to thee the summer tide
'Till seem to others by thy side!

A HYMN—THE MARTYRS.

BY REV. R. W. FRANK, M. A.
We fought! but in no fleshly gear
We stood upon the field;
Our faith to us was sword and spear;
Our patience, mail and shield.
'Unwe'd we stood,
Mid fields of blood,
Mid mortal pang and dying groan;
Green, pang and blood were all our own.
We fought! and myriads stood around—
And, exulting up to heaven,
From echos burst the applauding sound—
But to our foes 't was given,
'Thant, gibe, and jeer,
'Was ours to bear,
And curse, and mockery, and mirth,
O'er every drop that stain'd the earth.
We fought! upon the sand, as rain,
Stream'd o'er big drops of gore,
And every drop was a seed-germ
Set in earth's fruitful floor.
Believers sat,
Reckless to storm their stems reveal'd;
God's vineyard crown'd our battle field.
We fought! and opening to our sight,
Heaven's radiant gates above
Unbar'd, 'd the white-robd' sons of light,
And him, our Lord of love.
O'er us they bent;
Men mock'd our helpless solitude;
'Mid heaven's white blazing host we stood.
We fought! a mangled bleeding load
Fell on earth's echoing bed;
But on the proto-martyr's road,
Untan'd 'd our spirits fled.
In track of light,
Imprinted bright,
His steps show, beacon to our way;
We reach'd the gates of endless day.

TYRANTS.

Tyrants are placed as comets in the sky,
To make us unbelieving mortals wise;
Such prodigies as these are given to us
There is a duty that lies on the wise.—FRACY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEAUTIFULS OF COBBETT!!!

A Manchester correspondent of the Scotsman, hearing that Cobbett is likely to visit Scotland, has forwarded to the above paper, the following extracts from the writings of that talented writer. We give them as a curiosity—

'The Americans are the least criminal people in the whole world. V. 34, p. 550.

'The Americans are the most unprincipled people in the whole world. V. 35, p. 490.

'America is not governed, and so happy are the people, that there is no misery in the land. There are not as many crimes committed there in a year, as are committed in England in one week, or perhaps one day. V. 31, p. 354.

'The Government of America is one of the very worst in the world. There is no such thing as free liberty in the country. The people are the most profreely dishonest that I ever heard described. V. 14, p. 488.

'Though Thomas Paine was an Christian, he was no blasphemer; he offers no indignity unto God himself. V. 35, p. 725.

'Paine was a cruel, treacherous, and blasphemous ruffian. He was a traitor; and a traitor is the foulest fiend upon earth. V. 4.

'Burke's works are the true touchstone in politics. V. 2, p. 308.

'Mr Burke was the most eloquent of orators, the profoundest of Statesmen, the ornament of his country, and the prop of sinking liberty, morality, and religion. V. 103.

'Burke was a reptile, avarice, an apostate, the worst of mankind. Only think of the Burke School!—Just as if that unprincipled scoundrel were the champion of some of the rules and maxims in politics and government. V. 34, p. 1007.

'Destroy the infernal race of Jacobins, good Pitt, and I will bless thee while living, and when thou art dead, I will make a barefooted pilgrimage to thy tomb. V. 8, p. 383.

'Never will England be what it ought to be, until the marble of Pitt's monument is converted into a monument to the memory of Paine. V. 35, p. 134.

'Mr. Fox was wonderfully gifted in the faculty of perceiving and judging, and one whose heart and mind were always disposed to the right side. V. 11, p. 563.

'The only objection to Mr Fox's visit to Buonaparte, was to make himself Minister of this country by his means. "Into their assembly come not thou, my soul!" V. 2, pp. 222 and 223.

'I have always regarded Lord Grenville as a steady, a wise, and an upright Statesman, having neither dissent nor trick, whereby to lure, entice, and deceive the people. V. 3, p. 119.

'Lord Grenville's whole political life has been one continued series of violations of the Constitution. A. R. p. 233. What does the weak-headed, this blunt-witted Lord mean? V. 34, p. 543.

'To settle all the concerns and relationships of private life, it would be difficult to find a better man than Mr. Perceval. I believe him to be extremely anxious for the independence of this country. V. 1, p. 857.

'Amongst the mass of the people, the assassination of Perceval has been a subject of great joy. He was, at once, one of the most cruel, as well as the most hypocritical of men. A. R. p. 138.

'I look upon Sir Samuel Romilly as having done more service to his country, than all our Generals in Spain and Portugal, have done since the beginning of the war. V. 10, p. 602.

'What need we care about the death of Romilly? A man whose life was of no consequence to the country; whose talents were of no use to us; and about whom such a loud howl has been set up? V. 34, p. 923.

'Sir Francis Burdett never deviated from the path of political rectitude. Learned, eloquent, and sober, he is a most formidable foe to corruption. A. R. p. 657. On his integrity, his courage, and his ability, we have all a firm reliance. V. 31, p. 175. He has devoted his life to the liberties of his country. V. 21, p. 311.

'To reason with such a man as Burdett, would be absurd. He must be combated with weapons very different from a pen. We abhor the principle, and condemn of the man; we detest and loathe him; we would trample upon him for his false, base, and insolent assertions respecting our Sovereign. V. 2, p. 20.

'We feel, that Sir Francis Burdett is our best friend. We participate in his principles. We rely on his talents and integrity. V. 11, p. 30.

'The Baronet is hated by the few, and despised by the many. Towards him, not a single soul in the country has a friendly feeling. V. 34, p. 423.

'Buonaparte was represented as an usurper, and an oppressor. The representation was untrue. V. 34, p. 475.

'Buonaparte was an usurper, a rebel, a tyrant, and an apostate. V. 2, p. 601.

'The insolent hirings call the people the "mobs;" the rabble the "scum;" the multitude, "Will they never cease to look upon them as brutes?" V. 31, p. 150.

'There is no falsehood too gross for the swinish multitude to swallow. P. p. 122. Give me any thing, but mobs; for mobs are the devil in his worst shape. W. v. 2, p. 63.

'The miscreant Muir has lost one eye. So far so good. But should he have lost the other, it was a fine story, if not when he stood, like an impudent villain as he was, and pleaded the Court of Session in Scotland. He has now the marks of liberty and equality, an empty purse, link sides, and a mutilated face. A thousand blessings on the ball that caused his wounds. He may now read his sin in his punishment; for, like Cain, he is marked, and a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth! So much for vain and disappointed ambition! Read this, ye Democrats, and pause and ponder, and ponder and pause. Vol. 7, pp. 162, 206.—Belast Northern Whig.

MUCH TO BE DONE.

Boston, N. York, Philadelphia and Baltimore contain all not far from 60,000 free inhabitants. Of these there are 6000 who are licensed to sell ardent spirit. If they have on an average ten customers each per day,

then there are 600,000 persons in those cities who are dailyippers at the drain shops. Each of these cities will spend on an average of 10 cents each per day, it is \$6,000,000 per day, or 2,184,000 dollars per year.

If this 600,000 drink one gill each per day, the quantity is 675,000,000 gills per day, or 675,000,000 bushels per day.

Again—one out of every forty of these 600,000 will become drunk in the course of one year—this will be 15,000.

Once more suppose that two-thirds of these 15,000 are men of families, and that each of these families consists of five persons—this number of families will be 10,000. If fifty—5,000 persons who have to suffer all that a drunkard chooses to inflict, and bear all the ill flowing from intemperance.

Now, if we put one man to look after the above facts. More than 6,000 men for the sake of a little money are doing—what? Perpetrating one of the greatest crimes ever inflicted upon the human family—causing their proportion of a loss to the U. S. annually of at least 100 millions of dollars, and standing at least 30,000 daily victims to an untimely grave.

And they are doing this after it has been proved by the united testimony of over a hundred million of persons that intemperance is the worst of business—causing their proportion of a loss to it, and that it adds nothing to the happiness or the comfort of a single human being.

Mr Burke was the most eloquent of orators, the profoundest of Statesmen, the ornament of his country, and the prop of sinking liberty, morality, and religion. V. 103.

'Burke was a reptile, avarice, an apostate, the worst of mankind. Only think of the Burke School!—Just as if that unprincipled scoundrel were the champion of some of the rules and maxims in politics and government. V. 34, p. 1007.

'Destroy the infernal race of Jacobins, good Pitt, and I will bless thee while living, and when thou art dead, I will make a barefooted pilgrimage to thy tomb. V. 8, p. 383.

'Never will England be what it ought to be, until the marble of Pitt's monument is converted into a monument to the memory of Paine. V. 35, p. 134.

'Mr. Fox was wonderfully gifted in the faculty of perceiving and judging, and one whose heart and mind were always disposed to the right side. V. 11, p. 563.

'The only objection to Mr Fox's visit to Buonaparte, was to make himself Minister of this country by his means. "Into their assembly come not thou, my soul!" V. 2, pp. 222 and 223.

'I have always regarded Lord Grenville as a steady, a wise, and an upright Statesman, having neither dissent nor trick, whereby to lure, entice, and deceive the people. V. 3, p. 119.

'Lord Grenville's whole political life has been one continued series of violations of the Constitution. A. R. p. 233. What does the weak-headed, this blunt-witted Lord mean? V. 34, p. 543.

'To settle all the concerns and relationships of private life, it would be difficult to find a better man than Mr. Perceval. I believe him to be extremely anxious for the independence of this country. V. 1, p. 857.

'Amongst the mass of the people, the assassination of Perceval has been a subject of great joy. He was, at once, one of the most cruel, as well as the most hypocritical of men. A. R. p. 138.

'I look upon Sir Samuel Romilly as having done more service to his country, than all our Generals in Spain and Portugal, have done since the beginning of the war. V. 10, p. 602.

'What need we care about the death of Romilly? A man whose life was of no consequence to the country; whose talents were of no use to us; and about whom such a loud howl has been set up? V. 34, p. 923.

'Sir Francis Burdett never deviated from the path of political rectitude. Learned, eloquent, and sober, he is a most formidable foe to corruption. A. R. p. 657. On his integrity, his courage, and his ability, we have all a firm reliance. V. 31, p. 175. He has devoted his life to the liberties of his country. V. 21, p. 311.

'To reason with such a man as Burdett, would be absurd. He must be combated with weapons very different from a pen. We abhor the principle, and condemn of the man; we detest and loathe him; we would trample upon him for his false, base, and insolent assertions respecting our Sovereign. V. 2, p. 20.

'We feel, that Sir Francis Burdett is our best friend. We participate in his principles. We rely on his talents and integrity. V. 11, p. 30.

'The Baronet is hated by the few, and despised by the many. Towards him, not a single soul in the country has a friendly feeling. V. 34, p. 423.

AMOELEON BONAPARTE.

'He does not, yesterday a king, and armed with Kings to drive.

'Who has not heard of Buonaparte, and who sympathizes with his acts when compared with the low situation of the exile before his death?

We have extracted the foregoing passage from the People's Friend, the writer, according to our apprehension, in common with many others who talk of heroes, is disposed to incite a philosophic creed at variance with the true principle of Napoleon's claim in an extraordinary degree of sympathy and compassion of mankind? Simply because the words "his hero" is a mere name of India, a hero means nothing more than a mighty murderer. Better not, though not more fortunate generals, than the Aristocrat of Toulon, have died, as the post hints it, "heroically." Not because their immorities were worthy of immortality, but because they failed to glorify in the name of heroes, while their contemporaries hailed and blessed them as militarists.

Let us weep when the slings and arrows of our religion—let us weep, because the honest man, the noblest work of his Creator. Let us weep when the just, the benevolent, the wise, the upright, and the truly philanthropic man, is put to death by a tyrant. Let us weep for the martyrs of our liberties when we read the narrative of their sufferings—for the martyrs of our religion—for the victims of despotism and bigotry. But away with your heroes from "Macedonia's madman to the Swede." Their memories should be preserved, not as points of national pride, but as a warning to us, to serve as beacons to warn mankind of the danger to which the rocks of ambition expose them: "in a word, to answer" the philosophy of history.—Aster's Journal.

AMUSING DIALOGUE.

In a pretended conversation between a Lexicographer and a Peasant, the Comic Magazine says, "The peasant, who was full of himself, understood, if he does not adapt his words to the comprehension of his auditor."

'Dixitory fellow! the Lexicographer, (or such, by conversation, he evidently was,) where have you been loitering, defaulating in your time so egregiously?

'Why, you say, my master? replied the countryman.

'Least, did you meet with any casualty in your way, that stopped you so?

'Least, Na, he was an old acquaintance that stopped me—Jenny Hancock.

'Least, Hem! and so you procrustinated with her, it was not long?

'Least, Na, I didn't; I went to the Goat in Boots with him.

'Least, Ah, had you your dinner in the interior?

'Least, Na, we had it in the top-room.

'Least, Blackhead! the terms are synonymous.

'Least, No, he was an old acquaintance that stopped me—Jenny Hancock.

'Least, Hem! and so you procrustinated with her, it was not long?

'Least, Na, I didn't; I went to the Goat in Boots with him.

'Least, Ah, had you your dinner in the interior?

'Least, Na, we had it in the top-room.

'Least, Blackhead! the terms are synonymous.

'Least, No, he was an old acquaintance that stopped me—Jenny Hancock.

'Least, Hem! and so you procrustinated with her, it was not long?

SPAIN.

Madrid, Oct. 15.—The King has just returned to Madrid, after a long absence. The King and Queen entered the city with great pomp and long long the Queen and the Princess.

The King has just returned to Madrid, after a long absence. The King and Queen entered the city with great pomp and long long the Queen and the Princess.

The King has just returned to Madrid, after a long absence. The King and Queen entered the city with great pomp and long long the Queen and the Princess.

The King has just returned to Madrid, after a long absence. The King and Queen entered the city with great pomp and long long the Queen and the Princess.

PROSPECTUS

Genius of Universal Emancipation.

VOLUME II.

SEVEN years have transpired since the first issue of this journal. It has been a period of great trial and tribulation to the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.

The present is not, therefore, a time to relax efforts for the regeneration of our moral and political principles, or to desist from our exertions for the cause of African emancipation.