













LITERARY.

[From the New-York American]

The following touching lines are from the pen of Mrs. Florida White, and were addressed to her father, Gen. Adair, of Kentucky, Governor of that State, and at present a Member of Congress.

Thou art dear to my maternal soul; Thou art dear to my maternal soul; Thou art dear to my maternal soul; Thou art dear to my maternal soul;

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[From the New-England Review.]

THE CHIEF OF THE PLAIN.

Away from the ruin—oh, hurry you on, While the sword of the angel yet slumbers undrawn!

While from the doom and deserted of God: Away, for the spoiler is rushing abroad!

The warning was spoken—the righteous had gone; And the proud ones in their festal array;

All gay was the banquet—the revel was long With the pouring of wine, and the breathing of song.

'Twas an evening of beauty—the air was perfum'd; The earth was all greenness—the trees were all bloom;

And softly the delicious music of birds was heard; Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful creatures moved down in the dance, With the magic of motion, and sunshine of glance;

And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fall free; As the plumage of birds from some tropical tree.

And the shrine of the idol was lighted on high, For the kneeling of knees and the homage of eye;

And the worship was blended with blasphemy of word; And the wincebiter scoffed at the name of the Lord!

Hark, the growl of the thunder—the quaking of air; Wo—wo to the worship, and wo to the mirth!

The black sky has its lightning in the air; The red arm of vengeance is lifted and bare!

And the shriek of the dying rose wild where the song And the low tone of love had been whisp'ring along;

For the fierce flames were lightly or paler and lower; Like the red tongues of demons, to blast and devour!

Down—down, on the fallen, the red rain rained, And the reveler strew'd his wine cup and sandals;

The foot of the dancer—the music's loved thrill; And the shout and the laughter grew suddenly still.

The last thro' of anguish was fearfully given; The last eye glared forth his madness on heaven;

The last groan of horror—his soul in the air; And death brooded o'er the pride of the plain!

DIRGE.

By MILMAN.

Brother, thou art gone before, And thy solitary soul is flown,

Where tears are wiped from every eye, And sorrow is unknown;

From the burden of the flesh, And from care and fear released,

From the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

The tolling woe thou'lt travelled o'er, And bear the heavy load;

To reach his bliss taught thy languid feet To rest his bliss above;

Thou'lt sleeping on the Lazarus Upon his bed of pain;

Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, Nor doubt thy faith assail,

Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ, And the Holy Spirit, fail;

And where thou'rt sure to meet the good Whom on earth thou lovest best;

Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

'Earth to earth,' and 'Dust to dust,' The solemn spirit hath said,

So we lay the turf above thee now, And we seal thy narrow bed;

Where thy spirit, brother, will rise away— Among the faithful blest;

Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, Whom thou hast left behind,

May we, unstained by the world, As sure a welcome find;

May each, like thee, depart in peace, To be a glorious guest;

Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

VALUE OF A MOMENT.

By MONTGOMERY.

At every motion of our breath, Life trembles on the brink of death;

A taper flame that upward turns, While downward on its base it burns;

Moment by moment years are passed, And one ere long will be our last;

'Tis that (long feed) which sees us light, 'Tis that which soon shall end our night;

There is a point no eye can see, Yet on it hangs eternity;

'Tis in that moment, as we choose, The immortal part we save or lose;

Time passes, and time to seize are not; Time passes, is our only lot;

O God, henceforth our hearts incline To seek no other love but thine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Original Anecdotes of President Jackson's late tour.—We meddle not with party politics, and follow in the steps of none of the rival statesmen of the day, but the following facts, we believe, will be pleasing to our readers generally, whether Jackson or Anti-Jackson.

When the President arrived in New-York, he took lodgings at the American Hotel. A costly and luxurious bed of down had been provided for him, and hundreds, if not thousands, of persons, previous to his visit, had come to admire it, and its decorations.

At Providence, the most costly preparations had been made, at the City Hotel, for President Jackson's dinner. Every variety of market could furnish, or the arts of cooking invent,

'To what will His Excellency be helped?' 'To a bowl of boiled rice and milk, if you please, sir,' was the unexpected answer.

'Rice and milk!' Alas! the eye might run over the vast concatenation of estates which were to be made, and made conceivable,

'The buzz went from waiter to waiter, and from servant to servant, until, at length, the quantum sufficed, in fact, from some part of the mansion, were produced in the very kitchen, the material of the land flowing with milk and molasses—but not a gill could be discovered.'

Barbauld's Outrage.—About six years ago, a poor man by the name of Little, being indebted to his landlord in the sum of ten or twelve dollars for rent, was unable to pay, and the landlord consented to wait, provided his daughter, who was then just over twenty, would become jointly responsible.

Barbauld's Outrage.—About six years ago, a poor man by the name of Little, being indebted to his landlord in the sum of ten or twelve dollars for rent, was unable to pay, and the landlord consented to wait, provided his daughter, who was then just over twenty, would become jointly responsible.

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but very little smoke. The quantity of light may be increased or diminished, by turning a small screw.—Portland Advertiser.

SWISS EMIGRANTS. We were not a little surprised in taking a very early morning walk along the docks yesterday, to find in the crowd of emigrants, who had made their strech abode for the night. They had arranged their boxes, chests, and bedding, on the side walks, and men, women, and children, were sitting on the ground, or other getting up and adjusting their toilet; mothers were packing up their beds and putting things in trunks, and children were scrubbing the faces of the young children with hard salt water, and applying their aprons as towels to the screaming arches; others were peeling potatoes and gathering sticks to cook a breakfast, while some were fondling a goodly number of infants. All appeared healthy and to enjoy themselves. The weather was fine, and they appeared to be making the best of every thing, and travelling to the interior with the utmost economy. They were in want of nothing, were well advised, and going to some likely under the sun, where they had friends, and where they intended to settle for life.—New-York Daily Advertiser.

IMPROVANT TRAIL. A gentleman just arrived from Manly (Me.) has going to some particulars of a case of recent occurrence there, which is said to have excited considerable sensation. An unlicensed grog-dealer, named Readwell, keeping a shop in Manly, called to the assistance of an Irish undertaker, named Woodward, undertook, on Tuesday last, to furnish an Irishman with as much wine as he could drink for forty-five cents. The Irishman could not get any more wine than was drawn for him as 'port wine,' and walked off. In about half an hour he returned and drank two pints more. The result was, that the Irishman was seized with a complaint of the Coroner, who held an inquest over the body. On Friday last he was examined and required to recognise in the sum of \$250 for the support of his wife and children (term of the Supreme Judicial Court for trial on the charge of manslaughter.—Mercantile Journal.

BARBAULD'S OUTRAGE.—About six years ago, a poor man by the name of Little, being indebted to his landlord in the sum of ten or twelve dollars for rent, was unable to pay, and the landlord consented to wait, provided his daughter, who was then just over twenty, would become jointly responsible. She therefore signed an obligation with her father, and has since been getting a decent living as a milliner, and supporting her infirm parents, and a blind sister, by folding sheets for book-binders. The landlord, a short time since, put the account into the hands of a hanger on the law, who, in supporting her infirm parents, he dunned in for, and was told that poverty had laid a heavy hand on the family, and time must be granted. The account was in consequence of the father and son, and judge, and father was first arrested and imprisoned, but finding that he was unable to pay a farthing, he was released, and the daughter dragged into court, and was locked up in jail on Monday last under the same roof with felons and vagabonds. So barbarous an outrage could not be kept long concealed—even the officers have not been averse but to carry the process upon the helpless girl, who was so vexed by her situation that he offered to pay one half of the amount provided she could pay the rest. She had not a cent, but by her exertions, she remained in jail two days, and yesterday owing to the humane interposition of some book-binders in her behalf, she obtained her liberty on payment of the costs and lawyer's fees.

WE have hardly told half the story. The officer who carried her to jail, assures us his heart has not been averse but to her situation which has come within his observation or knowledge for many years. It is due to the keeper of the jail to state, that he renders every facility within his means to make the situation of the prisoners as comfortable as possible. Her character is believed to be without a stain and beyond reproach, save that of poverty. The law of July, 1831, exempting females from imprisonment, does not apply to her case, as the debt was of previous obligation.

IT is only necessary to add, that this flagrant and inhuman outrage was committed the most enlightened and benevolent city of Boston. Shame! Shame!—Atlas.

MARRIAGE AT SEA. In the ship Economist, which sailed on Monday ten days ago with emigrants for Quebec, a singular circumstance occurred of an unusual description. After the vessel had been once on deck the hold, a female named her appearance to her fellow passengers, and she was seen to be in a state of great distress. Her father, who was a captain that was previously married by her companion, but that, in order to frustrate the connexion, the relations of the father had been severed, and she had fled to America. On learning this intelligence, she went and had conferred with him for the wilderness of the sea, and he had endeavored to perform a sort of marriage ceremony, but she had refused to do so. She now, however, her situation more agreeable and respected, and the captain entered into the spirit of the scene; and a wedding ceremony was performed, and all his guests were present, and by three long and loud cheers from the crew and passengers.—Innocent Courier.

WE understand, says the N. Y. Commercial, that the Rev. E. K. Avery has determined to retire from the ministry, and to devote himself to the pastoral life. He will be public shall be fully satisfied with his innocence.

CONTENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER OF THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW. Art. 1. The Life and Writings of George Washington. 2. Wm. L. Garrison's Speeches. 3. The Duties of the Christian. 4. Poor Laws. 5. Implications of Silvio Pellico. 6. The Duties of the Christian. 7. Works of Joanna Baillie. 8. Roscoe's History of the World. 9. The Penitentiary System of the United States.

The President of the Middlesex Agricultural Society has appointed Dr. Eliza Bartlett of Lowell, to deliver the address at the annual exhibition at Concord, in October next.

MORAL.

GOD'S EXISTENCE.

BY BRYANT.

Not in the solitude, About my grave commune with heaven; or see Only in savage wood, And sunny vale, the present Deity; Or only hear his voice.

Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice, Even here do I behold thee, Thy rays the rainbow's light—here amidst the crowd Through the great city rolled, With everlasting murmur, deep and loud— Choking the ways that wind 'Midst the profligate, the work of human kind.

The golden sunshine comes From the boundless ether, and on their dwelling lies, And lights their inner homes— For them thou fillst the air, the unbounded skies, And givest them the stores Of grain, and harvest of thy shores.

To spirit, second, Quicken the restless mass that sweeps along; And this eternal sound— Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng— Like the surrounding sea, Or like the rain, thy voice speaks of thee.

And when the hour of rest Comes like a calm upon the mid-sea brine, Hushing its hollow breast— The quiet of that moment too is thine; It breathes of him who keeps The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Every age is marked with its peculiar features, which indicate its character, and distinguish it from the past, or the succeeding periods of time. To observe these characteristics, and to understand their significance, is a matter of deep interest to the Christian.

Our Lord asked his disciples, 'Can ye not discern the signs of the times, which are passing upon the earth, and to what those things would encourage them to expect.'

To those who are looking forward to the fulfillment of the prophetic word of prophecy, it is an inquiry of no small moment, What are the signs of the times in which we live? Do they not plainly indicate the approach of some important period—some great crisis in the affairs of the world? Various circumstances conspire to induce the belief that such is the case.

The elements of society are in motion, and a busy, restless spirit, seems to pervade almost every community. The daily occurrences which we witness are presages of mighty events—of political storms which may overturn states and shake empires; or the result of moral causes which shall not cease to work till the moral world is completely changed.

Read the history of the last thirty years, and as if you cast a similar picture in the whole history of the world—one marked by such signal events or characterized by so many and so important changes. Judging from the signs of the times, we expect that the future will be a more glorious and happy one than the past. Knowledge is rapidly diffusing itself through the world, and light is breaking in upon the nations that have long sat in darkness. The shades of night and the darkness of twilight have disappeared. The 'dawning from on high' has visited us, and the mists of the morning are rolling away before the rising sun. It is the 'Sun of Righteousness' whose meridian splendor shall make glad every valley of the earth, and rejoice all her desolate places. It is the glorious dawn of perpetual day, for 'it shall come to pass that at evening time there shall be light.'

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