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SELECTED POETRY.

From the Etouian.

If ever man died of love it was Edward Morton. The lady to whom he became early attached was married to another. Morton was present at the marriage, and was never seen to smile afterwards. The lady, it is said, was unhappy in her union, and did not survive it many years. Morton died at Colfa. A portrait of the lady was found in his portfolio, wrapped up in following lines:

I saw thee wedded—thou didst go
Within the sacred aisle,
Thy young cheek in a blushing glow,
Betwixt a tear and smile
Thy heart was glad in maiden glee,
But he it lov'd so fervently
Was faithless all the while;
I hate him for the vow he spoke—
I hate him for the vow he broke.

And the love that could not die,
As doubts, and hopes, and fears,
And buried all my misery
In secrecy and tears;
And days pass'd on, and thou didst pry
The pangs of unrequited love,
E'en in thine early years;
And thou didst die, so fair and good!
In silence and in solitude!

While thou wert living, I did hide
Affection's secret pains;
I'd not have shock'd thy modest pride
For all the world contains;
But thou has perish'd, and the fire
That often check'd, could ne'er expire,
Again unbidden reigns,
It is no crime to speak my vow,
For ah! thou canst not hear it now.

Thou sleep'st beneath thy lowly stone,
That dark and dreamless sleep;
And he, thy loved and chosen one—
Why goes he not to weep?
He does not kneel where I have knelt;
He cannot feel what I have felt,
The anguish still, and deep,
The painful thought of what has been,
The canker-worm that is not seen.

But I—as o'er the dark blue wave
Unconsciously I ride,
My thoughts are hovering o'er thy grave
My soul is by thy side.

There is one voice that waits thee yet,
One heart that cannot e'er forget
The visions that have died;
And eye, thy form is buried there,
A doubt—an anguish—a despair.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE SEA CAPTAIN.

The stage was crowded with passengers as it passed from New York to Boston. It was late in the evening, when one of the passengers, a sea captain, endeavored to excite the attention of the drowsy company, by giving a relation of his own situation. He had been to sea in a fine ship; in a dreadful storm his ship had been wrecked, every cent of his property destroyed, and every soul on board had been lost, except the captain, who saved his life by being on a plank, at the mercy of the waves, for several days together. The company was much interested in the narrative; they pitied the poor unfortunate captain, who was returning home to his family entirely destitute; but they wondered that a man relating such a tale and telling of an escape almost miraculous, should confirm almost every sentence with an oath. Nothing, however, was said to him. In the morning, when the stage stopped, a Mr. B. one of the passengers, invited the captain to walk on before, with him, and they would step into the stage when it should come up. The proposal was agreed to. They walked on alone. Says Mr. B. "did I understand you last night—the stage made such a noise; did you say you had lost your ship?" "Yes." "That all your crew were drowned except yourself?" "Yes." "That you saved yourself on a plank?" "Yes." Let me ask you one more question—When on that plank, did you not vow to your God, that if he would spare your life, you would devote that life to His service?" "None of your business," said the captain, angrily. The stage by this time came up, and they entered. Towards evening, as the stage was entering Providence, the captain informed the company, that he should not sup with them, as he was so

unfortunate as not to have any money. Mr. B. takes from his pocket, and offered him a handsome bill. "No," says the captain. "I am poor, yet I am no beggar."—"But," replied Mr. B. "I do not give it to you as a beggar, but as to an unfortunate brother. You must learn that I profess to be a Christian, and I am taught by my religion to do good unto all men. The Gospel prescribes no limits to benevolence—it teaches to do good to all." The company applauded, and pressed the captain to take the money. He silently put it into his pocket, without even thanking the donor, though his countenance betrayed uneasiness. The company supped together; and the captain bid each adieu, after having asked Mr. B. when he left town. He was informed on the morrow, at sunrise. They parted, as it was supposed, forever. The captain went home with a heavy heart, while Mr. B. retired to rest, satisfied that he had honored his Father who seeth in secret. He was surprised the next morning, at day-light, to hear some one rap at the door. He opened it, and beheld the captain standing before him in tears.—"The captain took his hand, pressed it and said,—"Sir, I have not slept a wink since I saw you; I abused you yesterday; I am now come to ask your pardon. I did, while on that plank, vow to God that I would live differently from what I ever had done; and by God's help, from this time forward, I am determined to do so." The captain could not proceed; they pressed each other's hands, and parted probably to meet no more in this world.—*Evan. Intel.*

Speech of counsellor Phillips,

At the last annual dinner of the London Orphan Asylum.

MR. PHILLIPS having been called upon by the royal chairman, the duke of Sussex, rose amidst general cheering. He felt, he said, after the call which had been so unexpectedly and indeed unnecessarily made on him, that it was quite impossible not to say a few words in obedience to it. "The call, however," continued Mr. Phillips, "has been most unnecessary; for it is impossible in my mind, to add any thing to the lucid statements of the royal personage who fills the chair; statements most eloquently made and powerfully aided, if aid they wanted by the influence of his examples. However, sir, on such a subject silence would be almost criminal. It is utterly impossible to peruse the records of this noble institution without being filled with admiration at its benevolence. To shelter those who are without a parent; to protect the innocence which can have no crime, to rescue misfortunes from the temptations which surround it; to substitute education for ignorance, morality for vice, and religion for infidelity; these are its objects, and they are objects of which every creed and party, and every "human form that wears a heart," must unite in the admiration. Its positive advantages are too obvious to be overlooked; and yet perhaps they are not manifested so clearly in the benefits conferred, as in the evils which it may have been the instrument of averting.

Let any one reflect who has traversed the streets of this immense metropolis, how many has he met, even in his daily progress, who seem to have been apprenticed from their very infancy to crime; the peach-down of innocence scarcely faded from their cheeks, the mysteries of crime familiar to their memories! Unfortunate wretches, whom the very cradle seems to have heaved into a frightful and almost miraculous maturity of vice! And yet, perhaps, though now the heirs of shame, the foundlings of the scaffold, they might have crowned manhood's virtue with the rever-

ence of age, had they been taught to lisp even religion's alphabet. But, alas! their heads were pillowed on a parent's grave, and there was no light to guide them in the desert of their orphanage! Let any man reflect on his hours of relaxation; how mirth has been clouded, and amusement overcast, by the melancholy spectacles, he has been compelled to witness! How the shadow of what once was wealthy, and youth, and loveliness, has flitted athwart him, like a spectre risen from the tomb of virtue! How his spirit has been bowed down, how his heart has been afflicted, as he saw before him the gaudy ruin's of life's noblest ornament, woman; in purity the world's paragon; in her depravity, its shame and degradation; the bane or the blessings of civilized society; the charm of man's existence or its curse; without any modification, either almost an angel or a fiend! And yet, that hapless outcast, if her infancy had known a moral guardian, might have been the centre of her domestic paradise, diffusing joy and luxury around it; the lover's happiness, the infant's guide; the living temple of chastity and beauty; the fairest, the purest, and the loveliest, in which vestal spirits nursed the flame of heaven. Such are the blessings this charity may confer: such are the calamities it may be the instrument of averting. Many a breaking heart will bless it upon earth: many a soul redeemed will hallow it hereafter; the wounded soldier will think upon his orphan and bless it ere he dies, and the last tear that dims the eye of virtuous misfortune will be illuminated and exhaled by the ray of its consolation. Happy are they to whom fortune gives this luxury of benevolence! happy and proud and glorious is the country, in which inclination thus anticipates ability; in which the merchants have been said to be princes, and in which we see to-night that the princes, amid the pageantries of rank, require no monitor to remind them of humanity.

This, in my mind is the peculiar glory of our country; and if I wished to-morrow to display her to the foreigner, I would not turn him to her crowded harbours, to her garden landscape, to her proud metropolis, to her countless mart of opulence and commerce. I would not unfurl to him her trophied flag, or enrol even the immortal charters of our liberties. No; but I would lead him to institutions such as this I would show him the monarch's brother enlisting, the people in the service of philanthropy. I would show him her missionaries at the tropic and the pole; her Samaritan benevolence, pouring its oil up on the wounds of the sufferer her hereditary Howards, her Buxtons, and her Krys, holding their fortunes but as the trustees of misery; her sun-like charity that knows no horizon that, centering here, expands over the world, wherever there is want to be relieved or injury to be redressed, or sorrow to be comforted; now depopulating the pirate's dungeon; now unfastening the distant African conquering with victory her self a captive in the triumph of humanity. This is her sa-

logium, far brighter than ambition's crown, far more lasting than conquest's acquisitions; these are the deeds of genuine, permanent and indisputable glory. This is the pillar of her imperishable fame, which shall rise to heaven from its island base, triumphant and eternal, when empire's monuments are in dust around it.—Go on then, first of nations, in the van of charity. The flowers and splendours of eternity shall bloom and beam around you in your progress; and for you, her champion in this trophied enterprise, your country will honor you—your hearts will thank you—when you approach your homes, you will be welcomed there by the spirits of the homeless, to whom you have given shelter: when you embrace your little ones, the orphan's blessings will make their eye its throne, and smile upon you the light of its retribution—and if hereafter "the hour of adverse vicissitude should rise," if that home should be desolate, and those dear ones parentless, many a spirit will put up its prayer, that the universal father may look upon their orphanage and soothe and shield it with the grace of his protection.

Mr. PHILLIPS was heard throughout with the most profound silence—and when he concluded the cheering continued for a considerable time.

From the Goshen Patriot, Aug. 13.
NOVEL MODE OF OBTAINING A SECRET.

Some time since, a respectable young lady of this village received several anonymous letters. Great anxiety prevailed and much pains were taken to ascertain who was the writer of these letters. In the progress of the enquiry after the fact, a gentleman was led to confess that he knew the writer, but that he had pledged himself never to disclose his name, and averred that he never would. Here the matter rested for some time. At length the secret came out in the following manner:—One gentleman made a bet with another, that he could not discover the author of the letters, and brought an action in the Justice's Court for the recovery of the amount of the bet. The gentleman who had acknowledged he knew the writer, was subpoenaed as a witness by the defendant, and before he fairly understood what he was about, was sworn "to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." One of the letters being produced, he was asked whether he was the writer of that letter? he answered that he was not. He was then asked whether Mr. — (a gentleman who had been suspected) was not? He hesitated answering this question, and made mine enquire as to the consequences of his refusal, but on being assured that he would be committed to prison, he answered, that he believed he was. Thus the secret was obtained.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.

There is in the hands of Mr. Stephen Norton, book binder of this place, an old manuscript Latin Bible, said to have been written in England, by a monk 980 years ago. The letter used in this work is the German text, or black letter; and executed so neatly on parchment, that it has more the appearance of engraving than the work of a pen. The parchment is so fine that the book is not much above the size of a common pocket Bible. There is no date to this Bible; it has been handed down from age to age, and is now preserved as the property of a gentleman of this county. From the execution of the work it must have been the labor of many years, or even the life time of some pious Christian, who flourished prior to the discovery of the art of printing.—*Kentuckian.*

FRIENDLESS CANDIDATES.

The Prince de Montaney presented a list of young gentlemen who were candidates for vacant places in the military school of Louis XVI. of France. In this list were a great number who were strongly recommended by persons of the highest rank, along with some who were wholly destitute of such recommendation. The King,

observing this, gave an instance of that goodness of heart which he exhibited on so many occasions. Pointing to the latter, he said, "Since these have no protectors, I will be their friend;" and instantly gave the preference to them.

POLITICS IN A NEW DRESS.

Cobbet is publishing a monthly work entitled Religious Tracts, in numbers, at three pence each. The following are the titles of his three first numbers:—
No. 1. Naboth's Vineyard; or God's vengeance against hypocrisy and cruelty.
No. 2. The sins of Drunkenness in kings, princes, and people.
No. 3. The fall of Judas; or God's vengeance against bribery.
Upon this publication, in his advertisement tying down the press, make an exception in favour of religious publications, and the author thought it hard, if he could not get his nose among the privileged classes.

ANECDOTE OF A ROBBER.

At the second encampment of the English in Bajepore, one of the officers had a horse stolen by a native, who missing the road, before he could clear the tangle, was detected and brought back. The gentleman was highly pleased at recovering his horse, and much surprised at the fellow's dexterity in carrying him off, while six or seven grooms were sleeping around him, was more inclined to admire the address and expertness of the thief than to punish him for the robbery. The next morning, when his resentment was entirely subsided into curiosity, he ordered the Bajeporean to be brought before him, and enquiring by what contrivance he had effected his design; the fellow answered, that he could not clearly relate it, but that if his honor desired it, he would show him the mode in which he had conducted the theft. "Well then," replied the officer, "since you are so hard at verbal description, let us see how you did it." Being arrived at the pickets, the fellow crept solely under the horse's belly, "Now sir," said he, "pray take notice—this is the manner that I crawled over the grooms: the nest thing I had to do was to loosen the horse's ropes behind, which I accomplished thus; I then put a halter—observe, sir, if you please—ever his neck thus."—Admirably clever, by Jove," exclaimed the officer, laughing and rubbing his hands. "In this manner," continued the thief, "I jumped upon his back, and when once I am mounted, I defy the devil to overtake me." In saying which he gave the horse a kick, and galloped away in an instant, to the astonishment of the gaping crowd and the mortification of the cajoled officer.

The Zemidars of Bajepore employ a great number of thieves, who pay them a certain part of the booty collected from travellers.

Gluten, an Antidote for Corrosive Sublimates.

During the researches undertaken by Dr. Taddei on gluten and on wheat-flour, he discovered that gluten had the property of acting on the red oxide of mercury and on corrosive sublimate. If it be mixed with either of these substances, it immediately loses its viscosity, becomes hard, and is not at all liable to putrefaction.

Further, if flour be made into paste, with a solution of corrosive sublimate, it is impossible to separate the gluten and starch in the usual way. This effect induced Dr. Taddei to suppose that in cases of poisoning by corrosive sublimate, wheat flour or gluten would prove excellent antidotes to the poison. It was found by experiment, that wheat flour and gluten reduced corrosive sublimate to the state of calomel—and also that a considerable quantity of a mixture of flour or gluten with corrosive sublimate, might be eaten by animals without producing injury.—Thus 14 grains of sublimate have been given in less than 12 hours to rabbits and poultry, without injury, whereas one grain was sufficient to produce death when administered alone.—A grain of the sublimate required from 20 to 25 grains of fresh gluten to become innocuous; when dry gluten was used, half this quantity was sufficient; but when wheat flour was taken, from 500 to 600 grains were required. Dr. Taddei recommends that dried gluten be kept in the apothecary shops, and that it be administered when required, mixed with a little water.—*Albany Gazette.*

FEROCITY OF A TYGER.

The following account of the extraordinary ferocity of a tyger, we find related in a letter (inserted in an English Magazine) dated on board one of the East India Company's ships off Saagor Island, Dec. 1792:—"Yesterday morning, Mr. Downie,

