



POETRY.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The following lines appeared in an English Magazine, shortly after the establishment of Sunday Schools in England.

BY a's unknown or unessayed before, o shed instruction o'er a sinking land, Of ignorance thy labyrinth explore. And lead to knowledge with a liberal hand.

Whence dawn'd the thought?—from Heaven itself it came, And future ages shall its power confess; Crowds yet unborn its virtues shall proclaim, And tongues, yet silent its kind influence bless.

Spirit of purest love! with ardent eyes, We mark where first that sacred influence springs; Arm'd with celestial power, o'er earth it flies Benignly flies—with "Healings on its wings."

This is our mortal system—This appears Another planet; and time shall define The world's chief wonder, when progressive years, With growing zeal, shall perfect the design.

Him no enthusiast's hasty zeal, shall praise; But steady judgment, and reflection cool, To him shall vote the never fading bays, Who urg'd, who plan'd, who from'd the Sunday School.

TRUE PITY.

A beggar, crippled, starved and blind, Rehears'd 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 color, And emptying his purse—"by gare! I pity you two dollar!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Village Record.

Too proud, or too lazy, to weave him a net, No fly for his supper the spider will get. 'Tis right, for the laborers entitled to bread;

The idle deserve to go hungry to bed.

And it is no matter, gentle readers, whether it be a two or four legged spider; one with two eyes or six. Girls, did you ever look at a spider through a microscope?—You would not, perhaps, if you should, discover all the strange things described by Lowenhock; but it is a curious animal, well worth your minute examination. He has six beautiful eyes, and the tenacity of his thread surpasses belief. The microscope unfolds the wonders of a new world, and if a survey of the heavenly bodies tend to awaken in the mind exalted notions of the Deity, a close inspection of the minutest work is not less calculated to impress the soul with admiration, reverence, and love.

But my subject runs away with me. My intention is to point out a remedy for an acknowledged evil. There is a great complaint of dull times, and the stagnation of business. It is true, the times have changed. We have been doing the business of Europe for twenty-five years—buying—selling—and carrying.—Peace has changed the aspect of commercial affairs. Europe is able to manage her own concerns—and we have in the country as well as the city, double the hands employed in trade and speculation, or unemployed altogether, that are necessary. Profits so much divided become insufficient for a generous support, even to the industrious. As for the idle, the drones in society—it is no matter how soon they starve.

A little resolution, and the work is done.—Mother earth is kind as ever. Prolifick of every good gift, when wooed and courted, she offers to repay our attention—the whitest bread—the fattest beef—and a profusion of good things. Now, my no-

tion is, that every man who reads this, who is gaining nothing, or going behind-hand, should turn his attention to agriculture. No matter whether he is a merchant—without customers; a physician—without patients; a lawyer—without clients; or the idle man—unless he has ten thousand in bank stock, or a ticket in the lottery.

The cultivation of the earth is an employment as respectable as delightful and productive. The name of Cincinnatus descends to us thrice honored, from his labors in the field. Washington gloried in the pursuit.

Nor is it, as some would believe, a business in which learning would be useless, that the man of education could find no exercise for his knowledge in the employment. The complete farmer should be an accomplished scholar.—His acquirements in chemistry, geology, mathematics, and even astronomy, might be rendered serviceable; for though "ignorance may sneer," the influence of the planets upon the products of the earth, is not unworthy a thought of the wisest. A metaphysician the farmer need not be; it is a bewildering path, and leads to darkness and doubts. Of law, he should know enough to keep clear from its toils; and of physic, to depend more upon temperance and exercise for health, than upon the drugs of the apothecary.

A few years ago, there was in our neighbourhood a young man of fine education—lively and enterprising. But he longed to be a merchant, and grow rich faster than his father had done on his farm. He moved to the city—entered into trade—married a charming girl—lived genteelly, but not extravagantly compared with his associates. For a time, he was reputed prosperous—nay, rich. But when I last visited him in town, I could discover an occasional sigh, and fitting clouds of gloom, shading his sprightly countenance; and was satisfied, that even when his face beamed with smiles, his heart was the seat of anguish.—Time confirmed my conjectures. After struggling with insurmountable difficulties, he closed his affairs without a stain upon his honor, and retired to a farm.

Now reader, it would do your kind heart good to go and see him. The house is small, but snug and neatly furnished. The barn is crowded with hay and grain; and fifteen head of cattle feed in the barn-yard. Milk flows in abundance, and Mary tells me she can make as excellent cheese as she used to poundcake. The ducks and geese swim in the pool below the house; the turkeys roam in the fields; and an hundred fowls display their glossy plumage before the door.

Frank does not toil like a slave; but he sees to every thing; rises with the robin, and attends to his concerns; and labors, if necessary, until dinner. The afternoon, unless business presses, more especially during the winter, devotes to reading and social converse. A happier fellow you never saw; and he insists upon it, labor is not an evil—but that it gives to food, and society, and repose, an exquisite zest, to which the sons of ease and indulgence are entirely strangers.

It would be a happy day for our country, if we could see thousands following the example of Frank Woodgrove. Many an aching heart would then beat cheerily. Then would farming become, as it ought, the first among the most honorable professions. The science, which is yet in its infancy, would be highly improved—ten acres be made to produce the present crop of twenty;—and happiness be sought, where alone it can be found, in a middle fortune—as far below wealth and splendor as it is above want.

HERE-AND-THERE FOLKS.

"As thy servant was busy here-and-there, he was gone."—1 Kings, xx. 40.

It is an abundance of such here-and-there-business, that occasions a considerable portion of the pinching wants of the present day.

A small farm cultivated with the utmost diligence and care, will furnish a prudent family with a moderate sufficiency. Again "he that has a trade, has an estate," even although he owns neither house nor land.—But if the farmer and the trader, instead of attending closely to their proper callings, are busy here-and-there, they will assuredly "come out at the little end of the horn."—Moreover, though they buckle down, the one to his farm, and the other to his trade; yet, if their wives and daughters, instead of practising the like industry and the like good management within doors, are busy here-and-there, "what is brought in at the door goes out at the window," all is gone.

See you that farm, overgrown with thorns and thistles and briars, and its fences broken down. How comes it about? Is the owner one of Solomon's sleepers? No; he is a stirring man; he is busy here-and-there, but seldom in the proper place. Perhaps he is doing head work abroad; is chaffering horses or cattle or sheep, or is peddling over the country, or is pursuing in a small way some other scheme of speculation; or peradventure he has either got a little commission that occupies his attention, or is seeking after one; in which ever case, the "hand writing on the wall" clearly shews what he is coming to.

Lo, an auction! What's for sale? The goods of a grocer, and the tools of a mechanic. Are they profligate? No. Are they inanimate clods? Far otherwise. What then? They are lovers of chat, of company, of fun; and so instead of attending diligently to their callings, they were busy here-and-there.

Mark the interior of that house; no useful industry going on; no order; nothing in its right place, more wasted than is eaten. Is the housewife a dolt? So far otherwise, she is one of the most sprightly and lady-like women in the place; but she has no time to bestow upon the affairs of her household; she is busy here-and-there.

Look upon that comely young man in the hands of a bailiff. Has he committed a crime? Not so; his reputation is fair. How comes it then? He is in debt. Is he wanting in faculties? He possesses excellent faculties of body and mind. Is he indolent? No he is quick in motion all the day long. How happens it then, that he, a single man, who never met with any heavy misfortune, is unable to pay his debts? He has been busy here-and-there.

Connecticut Curant.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

The following is copied from the Morning Chronicle, a new paper just established in Baltimore, and conducted by PAUL ALLEN, Esquire.

We have arrived at the confines of a wilderness of beauty; nature is preparing to spread her choicest stores to gratulate the arrival of the sun. The earth puts on her mantle of green, and the embryo floweret is evolving in its blossoms. Soon will the groves become vocal with the melody of birds;—soon will a broad expanding beauty, with infinitely diversified tints of radiance, illuminate every bough. The season of beauty without licentiousness, of song without revelry, and of heart exhilarating joy without debauch, is now advancing. The poet Milton, when he described the joys of Paradise, although his fancy was so seraphic in its flights, was obliged to resort to humble nature at last, for a model, and he denominates them vernal delights. It is not the cold pencil only, that delights us, although that pencil is the pencil of nature; this pencil is dipped in fragrance. The splendor of landscape by which we are surrounded, breathes with perfumes:—May is a gaudy vision, beautiful and delightful while it lasts, and may be denominated the jubilee alike of man and beast. All creatures, human and brute, partake of the kindness of the season: there seems a general thrill

of sympathy amongst all the chords of animated nature. While our hearts are preparing for such a festival of delights, we would ask our readers the question, how we are able with such certainty, to promulgate such joyful intelligence? How do we know that May is to become so replete, so profuse of blossom, of fragrance, and of joy? What commerce do we hold with futury; how can beings so uncertain as we are of our own existence, speak with such confident certainty of the revolutions of the seasons? The shaft of death is perhaps already drawn, and aimed at the bosom of the writer, and before this paragraph is finished, he may become, for aught he knows, an insensate corpse: "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," may be his destiny, before he pours upon his paper the sensations with which his heart is now throbbing. Of this the writer knows nothing, and he pretends to know nothing; yet he speaks with absolute certainty of the approach of beauty, and fragrance, and song; and both of these events are hidden in the clouds of the future. How comes it to happen that he can speak of the revolution of the seasons with such absolute knowledge, and of his own existence with such absolute ignorance? The genius of philosophy pretends to explain this matter. She takes her residence in the sun, and marks with an eagle eye the revolutions of the planets round his orbit. She then speaks of the laws of attraction and of repulsion, of the centripetal and the centrifugal force, and there her enquiry is ended; she finds those great properties existing in nature, and further than existence of such laws disdains to enquire. Here the question still remains, for the point is still presented for explanation, what hand unpressed the planetary orbs with attraction and repulsion, and how were they first endowed with their centripetal and centrifugal forces? Here philosophy turns her blushing countenance abashed, and can proceed no further in her solution. Let, now, the Christian explain this phenomenon. The voice of Deity has declared, that "while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat and summer and winter, and day night, shall not cease." In accordance with this law, imposed by the Creator, we behold the regular and constant march of the seasons, and whether this be done by attraction, or by repulsion, or by any other law that He, in his divine sovereignty, has thought proper to impress upon inert matter, it amounts to the self same thing. The only difference between the two cases is this, that philosophy has pointed out the law, and Moses has pointed out the Legislator. We will only in conclusion remark, that we have the same evidence that we shall all arise from the dead, and stand before the bar of God for judgment, that we have for the revolution of the seasons, and that is, the promise of the Almighty. Let him, then, who sees the desolation of winter, contemplate with the same certainty his death; and when he beholds the vernal resurrection of the floweret, contemplate with the same certainty, his own resurrection.

American Bible Society.

On Thursday, the third anniversary of the American Bible Society was celebrated at the City Hotel. The annual Report of the Society containing an interesting and highly satisfactory account of the proceedings of the Board for the past year, was read by which it appears that the Society have printed, during the past year, 47,320 copies of the Bible, and 24,000 copies of the New Testament, and during the 3 years of its existence 105,270 copies of the Bible and Testament. The amount of its funds received during the past year is \$42,723 94; of which have been paid by Auxiliary Societies \$27,919 78, and \$6,771 92 by congregations and individuals for the purpose of constituting their pastors members for life, and the residue by contributions from members, donations, bequests, &c. It also appears,

that the number of Auxiliary Societies amounts, at the present time, to 192. Com. Adv.

AN ELECTIONEERING ADDRESS.

FROM THE KENTUCKY LAUREL. A Declaration filed in the "Laurel Office." April 9, 1819

Mr. SPENCER—Please inform the good people of Montgomery county, that I am a candidate for the next General Assembly, and as they will naturally expect a specimen of my politics, do let them know that I am so much a federalist that I wish the United States of North America to remain confederated agreeably to the Federal Constitution; and so much a democrat, that should I be elected, I should wish the people to tell me directly and positively what they wished me to do, and I would strain every nerve to do it. And as much has been said about the Banking system, and as I suppose the Banks will be made to answer some electioneering purposes, perhaps even to compose the big string on which we shall harp, I do declare that I wish the United States Bank was a whirlpool, and having the independent Banks completely within its vortex, engulf the whole of them, and sink them down to the bottomless pit, from whence I think they came; and that the United States Bank would tread close on their heels, as they entered the gate, where the Devil himself stood appalled at the sight of his eldest child, Sir—I do also declare, that the public pressure occasioned by the scarcity of money, and its paper representative, ought to be immediately relieved by the accumulated knowledge of our Legislature, together with the instruction of their constituents, by the best possible means in their power. And, as it is fashionable with people in my case, to say a good deal about solicitations of their friends, I declare that my friends have never solicited me to offer for the Legislature, and if they do now wish me to decline my poll, I would thank them to shew their solicitations as soon as possible, as a state of suspense is but little better than a state of misery—and in as much as I am now offering my service to the County of Montgomery as a law-maker, and as I don't care to be the first to violate those laws already made. I do declare that I will not give to any man either meat or drink, or even chewing tobacco, in any considerable quantities, as a bribe to induce him to vote for me; and now, gentlemen, if you elect me on those terms, I will serve you with pleasure—and further sayeth not, JAMES M. LANE.

ELECTIONEERING.

To free and independent Electors of the County of Greene—Permit me to claim your attention, while I offer you a few reasons for proposing myself as a candidate for member of Assembly. In the first place, then, my name is Jerry Blake—by trade I am a cooper—I am out of stock, and have no money to buy more; of course I am out of business, and can afford to work cheap. I have been a uniform republican, and opposed to Banks. I am a friend to general reform, and opposed to lawyers; having twice (through their means) had my tools seized to pay my rent. Having never been honored by being chosen even a delegate to attend a convention, I am opposed to caucus nominations; and like this mode. I am friendly to free schools; and should like to have them free; and having now nine children I think no one will doubt it. I am friendly to inland navigation, and opposed to Steam Boats, as I occasionally serve as a hand or a cock on board a sloop. I am opposed to high salaries—though I pay no taxes. I am willing myself to work as cheap in Albany as I do here; and will, if elected, provided I can have my first month's pay in advance to buy myself some cloths, serve you for six shillings a day and be found, or ten shillings and find myself.

The public's humble servant, JEREMIAH BLAKE.