

POETRY.

The following song was written by HENRY J. FINN, Esq. of Boston, and sung by him at the dinner in celebration of the battle of Lexington:

TUNE—"Scots wha hae," &c.

The night was hush'd, the moonlight gleam,
Lay sleeping on the gentle stream,
As silent as an infant's dream
Upon its parent's breast.
And Concord slumber'd, safe from care;
But mists were in the midnight air,
As though the Heav'ns were weeping there,
O'er briefly-broken rest.

When morning's breath came o'er the vale,
War's voice had mingled with the gale,
And hearts were sad, and cheeks were pale,
To hear the distant drum.
The mother clasp'd her babe, and fled,
Tho' maiden tears of terror shed,
As onward moved the martial tread.
The cry was still—"they come!"

More loud and long, the trumpet's sound,
Sent forth its shrill alarms around,
And foes were on the battle ground!

What chains can bind the brave?
As Ocean's mountain-billows meet
Against the rock in madness beat,
Then rush in foaming fierce retreat,
Back roll'd the warrior wave!

The foe of Freedom sternly stood,
In pride, upon the bridge of blood—
But death was floating in the flood;
The tomb of Tyranny.
Our volleys echo through the sky—
Mark, hark! what glory's in the cry,
For Freemen shout, "they fly! they fly!"
"The land we love is free!"

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

Our readers will recognise in the following extracts, the strange pen of that wild writer in Blackwood's Magazine, who seems to delight in portraying those horrible occurrences which madden the imagination, and make

Each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

I was on my voyage back to my native country, after an absence of five years, spent in unremitting toil in a foreign land, to which I had been driven by a strange fatality. Our voyage had been singular and prosperous, and on Christmas day we were within fifty leagues of port. Passengers and crew were all in the highest spirits, and the ship was alive with mirth and jollity. For my own part, I was the very happiest man in existence. I had been unexpectedly raised from poverty to affluence—my parents were once more longing to behold their erring and beloved son, and I knew that there was one clearer even than any parent, who had remained true to me through all my misfortunes, and would soon be mine for life.

About 8 o'clock in the evening, I went on deck. The ship was sailing upon a wind at the rate of seven knots an hour, and there was a wild grandeur in the night. A strong snow storm blew, but steadily, and without danger, and now and then, when the struggling moonlight overcame the sleety and misty darkness, we saw for some distance around us, the agitated sea all tumbling with foam. There were no shoals to fear, and the ship kept boldly on her course, close-reefed, and mistress of the storm. I leant over the gunwale, admiring the water rushing past like a foaming cataract, when by some unaccountable accident, I lost my balance, and in an instant fell overboard into the sea.

I remember a convulsive shuddering all over my body, and a hurried leaping of my breast, as I felt myself about to lose hold of the vessel, and afterwards a sensation of the most icy chilliness from immersion into the waves—but nothing resembling a fall or precipitation. When below the water, I think that the momentary belief rushed across my mind, that the ship had sunk, and that I was but one of a perishing crew. I imagined that I felt a hand with long fingers clutching at my legs, and made a violent effort to escape, dragging after me, as I thought, the body of some drowning wretch.—On rising to the surface, I recollected in a moment what had befallen me, and uttered a cry of horror which is in my ears to this day, and often makes me shudder, as if it were the mad shriek of another person in the extremity of perilous agony. Often have I dreamed over again that dire moment, and the cry I utter in my sleep is something more horrible than a human voice. No ship was to be seen. She was gone forever. The little happy world to which a moment before, I had belonged, had swept by, the waves dashed on me, and struck me on the face and howled at me; the waves yell-

ed, and snow beat like drifting sand into my eyes—and there was I left to struggle, and buffet, and gasp and sink, and perish, alone, unseen and unpitied by man, and as I thought too, by the everlasting God. I tried to penetrate the surrounding darkness with my glaring eyes, that felt leaping from their sockets, and saw, as if by miraculous power, to a great distance through the night—but no ship—nothing but white crested waves, and the dismal noise of thunder. I shouted, shrieked and yelled, that I might be heard by the crew, till my voice was gone—and that too, when I knew that there was none to hear me. At last I became utterly speechless, and when I tried to call aloud, there was nothing but a silent gasp and convulsion—while the waves came upon me like stunning blows, reiterated and reiterating, and drove me along like a log of wood or a dead animal.

Once I uttered to myself, this is a dream, I shall awake. I had often before dreamt of being drowned, and this idea of its being a dream so pressed upon me, that I vainly strove to shriek out, that the noise might awaken me. But oh! the transition from this momentary and wild hope of its being all a dreadful dream, into the conviction of its reality! That indeed was something more hideous than a lunatic's thought of hell. All at once I felt my inmost soul throttled, strangled and stifled, by an insupportable fear of death. That death which to my imagination had ever appeared the most hideous, and of which I had often dreamt till the drops fell down my forehead like rain, had now in good truth befallen me; but dreadful as my dreams had been, what were they all to this? I felt as if all human misery were concentrated in the speechless anguish of my own one single heart.

All this time I was not conscious of any act of swimming; but I soon found that I had instinctively been exerting all my power and skill, and both were requisite to keep me alive in the tumultuous wake of the ship. Something struck me harder than a wave. What it was I knew not, but I grasped it with a passionate violence, for the hope of salvation came suddenly over me, and with a sudden transition from despair, I felt that I was rescued. I had the same thought as if I had been suddenly heaved on shore by a wave. The crew had thrown overboard every thing they thought could afford me the slightest chance of escape from death, and a hen-coop had drifted towards me. At once all the stories I ever read of mariners miraculously saved at sea, rushed across my recollection. I had an object to cling to, which I knew would enable me to prolong my existence. I was no longer helpless on the cold weltering world of waters; and the thought that my friends were thinking of me, and doing all they could for me, gave me a wonderful courage. I may yet pass the night in the ship, I thought, and looked around eagerly to hear the rush of her prow, or to see through the snow drift the gleaming of her sails.

This was but a momentary gladness. The ship I knew could not be far off, but for any good she could do me, she might have been in the heart of the Atlantic ocean. Ere she could have altered her course, I must have drifted a long way to the leeward, and in that dim snowy night how was such a speck to be seen? I saw a flash of lightning and then there was thunder. It was the ship firing a gun, to let me know, if still alive, that she was somewhere lying to. But wherefore? I was separated from her by a dire necessity, by many thousand and fierce waves, that would not let my voice be heard. Each succeeding gun was heard fainter and fainter, till at last I cursed the sound that, scarce heard above the hollow rumbling of the tempestuous sea, told me that the ship was further and farther off till she and her heartless crew had left me to my fate. Why did they not send their boats round and round all the night through, for the sake of one whom they had pretended to love so well? I blamed, blessed, and cursed them by fits, every emotion of my soul was exhausted, and I clung in sullen despair to the wretched piece of wood, that still kept me from eternity.

Was it not strange that all this time the image of my friends at home never entered my mind? My thoughts had never escaped beyond the narrow and dim horizon of the sea, at least never beyond that fatal ship. But now, I thought of home, and the blessed things there, and so intensely bright was that flash of heavenly images, that for a moment my heart was filled with happiness. It was terrible when the cold and dashing waves broke over me in that insane and dreaming fit, and awoke me to the conviction, that there was nothing in store for me but an icy and lingering death, and that I, who had so much to

live for, was seemingly on that account most miserably to perish.

What a war of passions perturbed my soul? Had I for this kept my heart full of tenderness, pure, lofty and heroic, for my best beloved and long betrothed? Has God kept me alive through fevers and plagues, and war and earthquake, thus to murder me at last? What mockery was all this? What horror would be in my gray haired parents' house when they came to hear of my doom? O Theresa! Theresa! And thus I wept and turmoil'd through the night.— Sometimes I had little or no feeling at all—stullen and idealess. I wished myself drowned at once—yet life was still sweet; and in my weakened state I must have fallen from my frail vessel and been swallowed up, had I not, tho' even now I cannot remember when or how I bound myself to it. I had done so with great care—but a fit of despair succeeding, I forgot the circumstance, and in that situation looked at myself with surprise and wonder.

That I had always thoughts of the eternity into which I felt gradually sinking, is certain; but it is wonderful how faintly I thought of the future world; all such thoughts were overthrown by alternate hope and despair connected with this life. I heard the shrill cry of sea-birds flying over my head, and instantly returned again to the hope of life. O for such wings! but mine I thought were broken, and like a wounded bird lay floating powerlessly on the waves.

The night before I had had a severe rheumatism in my head, and now remembered that there was a phial of laudanum about me. I swallowed the whole of it—and ere long a strange effect was produced. I fell into a delirium, and felt a wild pleasure in dancing over the waves. I imagined myself in a vessel and on a voyage, and had a dreamy impression that there was connected with it something of glory. Then suddenly a cold tremulous sickness would fall on me—a weight of sadness and despair. Every now and then there came these momentary flashings of reality; but the conviction of my personal identity soon gave way to those wilder fits, and I was drifted along through the moonless darkness of the roaring night, with all the fierce exultation of a raving madman. No wonder. The laudanum, the cold, the wet, the dashing, the buffeting, the agony, were enough to account for all this, and more than my soul dare even now to shadow out to her shuddering recollection: But as God pitied the miserable, so also has he forgiven the wicked thoughts of that unimaginable night.

During one of these delirious fits, whether it was a dream or a reality I know not, methought I heard the most angelic music that ever breathed from heaven. It seemed to come on the winds—to rise up from sea—to melt down from the stormy clouds. It was at last like a full band of instrumental music, soft, deep, wild, such as I have heard playing on board a ship of war. I heard a rushing noise with the music—and the glorious ghost of a ship went roaring past me, all illuminated with lamps—her colours flying—every sail set, and her decks crowded with men. Perhaps a real ship sailed by with festivity on board. Or was it a vision? Whatever it was, I felt no repining when it passed me by: it seemed something wholly alienable to me: the delirium swallowed up all fear, all selfishness; the past and future were alike forgotten, and I kept floating along, self-questioned no longer, assured that I was some how or other a part of the waves and the tempest, and that the wonderful and beautiful vision that had sailed by me, was an aboriginal creature of the ocean. There was an unspeakable pride and grandeur in this delirium. I was more intensely conscious of a brighter existence than I ever was in the most glorious dream, and instead of fearing death, I felt as if I were immortal.

This delirium, I think, must have gradually subsided during a kind of sleep, for I dimly recollect mixed images of pain and pleasure, land and sea, storm and calm, tears and laughter. I thought I had a companion at my side, even her I best loved; now like an angel comforting me and now like myself needing to be comforted, lying on my bosom, cold, drenched, despairing and insane, and uttering with pale quivering lips the most horrid and dreadful imprecations. Once I heard methought, a voice crying from below the waves, "Hast thou forgot Theresa?" And looking down I saw something like the glimmering of a shroud come slowly upwards, from a vast depth to the surface of the water. I stooped down to embrace it, and in a moment a ghastly blue-swollen face defeatured horribly, as if by gnawing teeth of sea-monsters, dash-

ed against mine; and as it sank again, I knew well to whom belonged the black streaming hair. But I awoke. The delirium was gone, and I was at once a totally different creature. I awoke into a low, heartless, quaking, quivering, fear-haunted, cowardly and weeping dispondency, in which all fortitude was utterly prostrated. The excitement had worn out my very soul. A coarse rising out of a cold clammy grave could not have been more wo-begone, spiritless, bloodless. Every thing was seen in its absolutely dreadful reality. I was a castaway—no hope of rescue. It was broad daylight, and the storm had ceased; but clouds lay round the horizon, and no land was to be seen. What dreadful clouds! Some black as pitch, and charged with thunder;—others like cliffs of fire; and here and there all streamed over with blood. It was indeed a sullen, wrathful, despairing sky.

The sun itself was a dull brazen orb, cold, dead, and beamless. I beheld three ships afar off, but all their heads were tured away from me. For whole hours they would adhere motionless to the sea, while I drifted away from them; and then a rushing wind would carry them one by one into the darkness of the stormy distance. Many birds came close to me as if to flap me with their large spreading wings, screamed round and round me, and then flew away in their strength, and beauty, and happiness.

I now felt myself indeed dying. A calm came over me. I prayed devoutly for forgiveness of my sins, for all my friends on earth. A ringing was in my ears, and I remember only the hollow fluctuations of the sea with which I seemed blendid, and a sinking down and down an unfathomable depth which I thought was Death, and into the kingdom of the eternal future.

I awoke from insensibility and oblivion with a hideous racking pain in my head and loins, and in a place of utter darkness. I heard a voice say "Praise the Lord." My agony was dreadful and I cried aloud. Wan, glimmering, melancholy lights kept moving to and fro. A hideous din was overhead, and around me the fierce dashing of the waves. I was lying in the cabin of a ship, and kindly tended by a humane and skilful man.—I had been picked up apparently dead and cold. The hand of God was there.

WOMAN.—A work just published in England, entitled "Tales by the O'Hara Family," furnishes the following touching tribute to woman—to the truth and justness of which the feelings of every man, on whom the hand of severe sickness has been laid, will involuntarily respond. Never was a more faithful portrait drawn by the painter's happy hand.

It has been often remarked, that in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand, no heart like woman's heart; and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow rather than the light of the sad lamp that watches it; let him have to count over the long dull hours of night, and wait alone and sleepless, the struggle of the grey dawn into the chamber of suffering; let him be appointed to this ministry even for the sake of the brother of his heart or the father of his being, his grosser nature, even where it is and most perfect, will tire; his eye will close, and his spirit grow impatient to the dreary task; and though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of irresistible selfishness, which indeed he may be ashamed of and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all his efforts, remains to characterize his nature, and prove in one instance at least, his manly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife, in his place.

The woman feels no weakness, owns no recollection of self. In silence and in the depth of night she dwells, not only passively, but so far as the qualified term may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir, or whisper, or breath of the now more than ever loved one, who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her step, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not waken a mouse; if she speaks, her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ear, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort and devotion; and thus, night after night, she tends him like a creature sent him from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed—her eye never winking, her mind never palled, her nature, that all other times is weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity, herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.

A wag attended an auction some time since, and seeing a lot of door latches going off cheap, made a bid, and Mr. Auctioneer knocked them down. Upon examination he found there were no catches among them, and feeling rather mortified that he should get taken in, thought it was best to make the most of his purchase—he therefore resolved to get rid of them among his friends, and accordingly fixed upon one, on whom he often played his jokes. The wag showing Peter one of his latches, offered them at a small advance from the auction price, at the same time told him "they were very cheap;" Peter believed him. "I will give your price," said he, "if you will promise me there is no catch about it." "I do promise there is no catch about the bargain."—The wag received a profit on his latches, and Peter went off pleased with his bargain. The next time they met—"Well, sir," said Peter, "I thought I might have depended upon your word once—you told me there was no catch about the bargain of latches." "And so I did," exclaimed the wag, laughing, "and if you have found any you are welcome to them."

A gentleman whose attendance at the library, where he was not a subscriber, had grown more frequent than his company was acceptable, the regular visitors had many debates whether to give him a polite notice to quit, or suffer him to remain; an old crusty gentleman going in one day soon settled the business—perceiving not only the disagreeable visitor, but a large mastiff belonging to him, taking up the whole fireplace, he very coolly opened the door, and giving the mastiff a tremendous kick, which made him raise a hideous yell, he exclaimed in a broad accent, "Come, dom it, you are no subscriber at any rate." The gentleman followed his dog, and never more annoyed them by his presence.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, while judge of the Northern Circuit, and being about to sentence a malefactor, was mightily importuned to save his life. But when nothing that was said availed, the prisoner at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. "Prithce," said my lord judge, "how came that?" "Why, if it please you my lord," replied the poor culprit, "your name is Bacon, mine is Hog, and in all ages hog and bacon have been so near kindred as not to be separated." "Aye, but," replied judge B. "you and I cannot be kindred except you be hung—for hog is not bacon until it be well hanged."

MORAL.

Extract from Chalmers's Sermon on the "Observation of the Sabbath."

"We never, in the whole course of our recollections, 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 his infant prayer. Rest assured, that a 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 him 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."