

From the New York American.

Mr. Barron—Gin your heart thiks weel' o' the
 Feen's which prompt these lines, ye mounn
 look too sharp at the waird.

TO MARY.

On the first eeven of our wedding day,
 Twal moons hae bean'd an' circlet, past,
 Sin' first they ca'd ye Willie's bride,
 And Oh! may that we count our last,
 As calmly, sweetly glide.

For down like dew did blessings pour,
 Thro' all this happy wedded year,
 Then, silent thro' the heavenly shower,
 Let buddin' thanks appear.

Yet moons mean 'clipse an' dew's be frast,
 And mirky turn the blithest hour,
 But gin we keek aboon the blast,
 We winna dread its power.

'Tis na in portith, luve, like thirft,
 To gie you trinkets sic a day;
 All beg o' Heaven a better gift,—
 "Oh tent us i' thy way!"

September 25th, 1827.

From the Providence American and Gazette.

SONNET.

THE CLOSE OF THE FAREWELL.

The clock has chun'd—the hour of twelve is
 gone,
 And soon will break another rising morn.
 So sad is this pass! May we their light improve,
 And thus to Heaven, display our zeal and love.
 They pass too swiftly! sweet the holy hours
 To which we give our consecrated powers;
 Bless the communion with our gracious God,
 Than honey sweeter is his precious word:
 In heavenly places with the saints we meet,
 And peace, and love, and bliss are all complete.
 Are gone too swiftly? Love we their return?
 With new devotion may our bosoms burn,
 Till endless Sabbaths greet our ravished eyes,
 Where dwell the saints in their own paradise.

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

THE DEATH OF LADY ARROWSMITH.

The Arethusa sailed from Calcutta on the following week, taking on board as a passenger, Lady Arrowsmith, the widow of the brave Col. Arrowsmith, a gallant soldier, who fell in a battle with the natives. His death was deplored by all classes of people in India, and in England, as he was known to possess every honorable feeling. His lovely wife had shared his fortunes in that sickly climate, and had supported her privations with that greatness of soul that a soldier's wife should, when once she has united her fortunes with an officer's fate. She had witnessed her husband's valor and at the same time his magnanimity and generosity; and her affections increased with every vicissitude, until, at length, she received him a cease from the field of glory—having fallen with numerous wounds, at the head of his regiment. She did not rave or fall into fits at this calamity, but seemed prepared for the shock. Soon, however, the pale cheek and the supernatural lustre of the eye, told her near friends that the dart had flown, and the flush of health was never again to revisit her face. She had been highly educated, and had moved, from the circumstances of her birth, fortune, and accomplishments, in the first circles of fashion. Her face was one of those full of beauty and genius. Her large blue eyes beamed a divine radiance on every thing of taste and virtue. Her form was tall and commanding, and every grace of ease, dignity and loveliness, to her person. She once had something of that sweet fulness so charming in an English lady, but the climate and her course of life had reduced her form to something so airy, that at times she seemed almost a being of another world. In the moments when she was the most thoughtful and abstract, there was a composure and serenity about her which at once overawed the proud and ambitious votaries of fashion. The charms of the world had done their influence and passed away. In the lovely and romantic nights of that climate she was in, when exhilarated by a sea breeze, she walked the quarter deck, looking at all things around her with overflowing tenderness, and at the heavens above with ecstasy. The summer skies in all countries are lovely, but near "Avaly the best," the stars seem to burn up with new glory. She viewed them as kindred existences, favored by a proximity to Deity; as fields of light, so far off, and yet so near, by the power of mind, and still stronger power of devotion. Religion has the effect of giving to the soul something of the image of his Maker, of annihilating distances, and of making a conquest over time. The enemy of human life was not gored or with his power and quickening the pulse of her beating heart, and wasting the vital flame. She had loved

her husband with all the ardor of a pure affection, and had left kindred and home to follow his fortunes in the East, and his death was felt by her as a shock from which she should never recover, and she hardly wished to live. Sometimes the thought of leaving her children was painful indeed, and the tear was now and then seen in her eye; but it was only for a moment—then all was serene.

As the quarter-gunner had been recommended to her as a faithful and affectionate fellow, she suffered her boys, one of six, and the other of eight years of age, to be often with the honest tar, and she always treated him as a friend. The boys were delighted with all the ships, and other playthings Jones made for them. And Lady Jane showed how much she was pleased with all this, by making many inquiries of him of the use of this and that part of the little ship for the boys to play with. The little fellows could hardly be persuaded to leave their good friend for a moment. Jones had an ill turn, and was quite indisposed in his hammock, when Lady Arrowsmith brought him medicines and cordials, and gave them to him with her own hand. The big tear would trickle down the sun-burnt cheek of the hardy sailor, when he saw a high-born lady so attentive to him who had known but little of the kindness of his fellow-men, but had always been ready to bestow his best exertions upon others. The little boys would wipe his face, and tell him that he would soon be able to play with them, and Bill really began to feel that he was of some importance in this world.

Lady Arrowsmith grew weaker every day, and more ethereal as the hour of dissolution approached. At times she would call the chaplain of the Arethusa to come and read the church service to her. He always obeyed her summons, but at the same time seemed under great restraint, and hastened away as soon as the reading was at an end. The chaplain, the Rev. Edward Pemberton, was a scholar and a gentleman, and also much a man of the world. He had taken orders to please his friends, for his person and his elocution were fine, and from these, united to great patronage, his success was viewed as certain. He was not a bad man, but he loved the world better than his profession, and was much more at ease in a ball room than at a death bed. He knew nothing of that warmth and happiness which attend the good man breaking the bread of life to hungry souls. Pemberton had known Lady Jane in India, for he had met her in the circles of taste and fashion, and he felt that respect for her character which her conduct had inspired among his associates; but when she came to request him to join her in devotion, he felt himself in the presence of one so much superior to himself in the sight of heaven, that he could not give the consolations of religion, but shrunk from the interview like one who had himself felt but little of the divine influences of the gospel. Lady Jane saw at a glance the emotions of his generous heart, and without one particle of vanity or enthusiastic fervor, she wished to teach him how a Christian should die—for she was every hour strengthened in her presentiment that she should never reach the shores of her happy country, nor again visit her delightful home, from which she had been so long an exile. She often in the sweetest manner conversed with the chaplain on disputed points of divinity; not that she thought them of any vital importance, but simply to bring him out, and make him at ease with himself; for he was well read in controversial divinity and ecclesiastical history; and with great adroitness and indescribable sweetness she turned to the lovelier features of the divine precepts, and taught him in turn to extract the spirit of religion from its debates.—The chaplain had been in schools, and had contended with fine debaters on disputed points, but he had never seen the effects of faith on the affections, nor been taught to feel that spirit of religion which sparkles in the eye of hope, and strengthens the mind illumined. The uneasiness which the reverend gentleman at first discovered passed away, and he was as desirous of these religious conferences, as he was before anxious to avoid them. His whole conduct was changed; he left the table at which he was formerly disposed to linger as long as any one of his companions, as soon as the cloth was removed, and never again joined the merry song or wild tale, as he had been in the habit of doing before his acquaintance with Lady Jane.—The influence of amenity and virtue are great in every walk of life, and the sailors themselves never uttered an oath before the good lady, as they called her, nor ever discovered a disposition to indulge in any boisterous or rude jests which sailors

are in the habit of. Bill Jones would listen for hours to hear Lady Jane instruct her children, or sing hymns of comfort and consolation. Bill would hug the little urchins in his care, and tell them how good a mother they had; but the little fellows could not fully understand why their mother talked to them so much about their conduct when she should leave them, and they would be in the care of strangers.

On a very fine evening, after a day of more than common heat, Lady Jane called Capt. Dalrymple, and requested the honor of a conversation with him. I am soon to leave you, Captain Dalrymple, said Lady Jane. "I am well acquainted with your character, and I know that you will do whatever I ask of you, if it be reasonable and proper." The captain bowed and was much affected; she proceeded in a calm tone: "I know that I am soon to die; my time is nearly come—but I am prepared for the event. It is indeed hard to leave my infant children, but I must not repine at the will of heaven; in truth, that agony is past. In that trunk my women will find my shroud, and it is my request that you bury me in the deep, and not attempt to convey my body to England. It would, perhaps, seem to many, that I ought to prefer to rest in the sepulchre of my ancestors than to choose my grave in the ocean. The deep will give up its dead; the ocean has no terrors for me. I make this request, not to show any hardness or indifference; but I think such an example, if it has its proper influence, might take away some of that dread women have to a voyage. The chance of finding a grave in the deep ocean, often making up no small part of their terror on embarking on a voyage. In the eye of philosophy it can make no difference where the dissolution of nature is effected; in the view of religion it is of less consequence. The believer goes down to the chambers of death in the glorious hopes of a resurrection to life eternal. I entreat you to suffer Jones the faithful friend of my little children, to be with them after he reaches England, as long as he wishes to stay with them. I have recommended him to my family, and provided for him in my will." Capt. Dalrymple was quite overcome, and stammered out his hopes that she would get well soon, but promised, if she should not, to do all she required. She cast on him a heavenly smile, but again said all hopes of life were over with her. Several times after this she came on deck to gaze upon the heavens, and to watch the motions of those bodies of light which are full of inspiration to a mind made up soon to wander among them, and leave all things beneath the sun. For several evenings as she retired, she caressed her children as if it were her last opportunity. The chaplain now visited her to learn lessons of wisdom and resignation, and began to feel a delight in discoursing upon the believer's hopes. He was with her often, and the last time he lingered longer than at any previous visit. She was recounting to him a dream which was so distinctly fixed on her mind, that it seemed like reality. She said that it did not seem a dream; it could not be a dream; and yet it could be nothing but a dream. It was of heaven, and joys of the blest, and the songs of angels. The stars were under her feet, and overhead was the glory of her Maker and the Saviour. The world she had left was seen also, far, very far below her, and all the tiny beings were as insects on the wing, crossing each other for a moment, and then sinking down to the dust. As she went on her countenance seemed to shine, as it were, with the glories of a transfiguration. She paused for breath—and the pause was eternal. The chaplain listened with painful anxiety. No sound was uttered—her pure spirit had passed away. The smile was still on her lips, and more than mortal loveliness still in every feature. The alabaster brow, the pencilled eye-lash, and all the charms the painter ever gave, could not reach the heaven of her face, as she appeared at that moment.

As the fact of her death was made known on board the ship, there was a general burst of grief, and all night nothing could be heard but the moans of the ship's crew, so much was she loved by all of them, and the sound of the carpenter's hammer, as he drove a nail into her coffin, which made the interval more solemn and impressive. At the going down of the next day's sun all were prepared for the funeral ceremonies. A strong box, or rather an oak sarcophagus, was made in such a manner as to contain the body, with several large cannon balls to sink the body into the sea within its narrow house. The armourer had prepared a silver plate, with the name and age of the deceased; for the sailors, who are naturally superstitious, thought that she, a saint in heaven, knew what they were doing, or at any rate, that she had her ears a little to look at their evil plots themselves.

All hands were called to attend the burial service. The Episcopalian form is impressive when read with feeling, and devotion. Jones and the two children were sobbing by the side of the chaplain, and when the service was ended, Capt. Dalrymple gave a sign to the boatswain to launch the coffin, was resting on an inclined plank, into the sea—but not a man could stretch forth his hand for the purpose—all shrunk from the deed. They could not throw a woman into the sea. The captain saw the agonies of an affectionate superstition struggling in their breasts, and he would not be cruel to these good fellows, in any way; and he moved forward and slid the coffin to the side of the ship; and as it plunged into the water, one cry of bitterness and distress arose from the bottom of every breast. The ship's band had struck up a dirge which moaned over the waters as the coffin disappeared. The chaplain fainted and was carried to the state room, and Jones stood looking into water, with both boys hiding their heads in his jacket, and inquiring if mother would never come back again to see them, while he was attempting in the midst of sobs and sighs to soothe them by saying that the sea was no worse for a grave than the land. So passed away the mortal remains of one of the most accomplished, and lovely, and virtuous women. He who made his bed in the grave, and slumbered among the dead, can give the charms of Paradise to briny waves and to ocean cells—and can turn the iron mace of the monster death to a sceptre of everlasting hope.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

To the editor of the Baltimore Patriot—

Sir—In the Biography of the venerable Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, taken from the Salem Register of 20th September, and published in your paper of the 24th, wherein is portrayed his just and eminent services from the commencement to the termination of our Revolutionary contest, and whose subsequent and distinguished course has rendered him a blessing to his country, and placed him in rank and estimation not to be surpassed by the renowned sages of the world: he stands now the beloved friend and father of the American people, loaded with honor, age, and goodness of heart. There is, however, one circumstance connected with the burning of the tea at Annapolis that should not be forgotten, and in which a highly respected and valued friend of Mr. Carroll participated. The late Dr. Chas. Alexander Warfield, of Anne Arundel county, who but a short time before had obtained professional honors in the University of Pennsylvania, upon hearing of the arrival of the brig "Peggy Stewart" at Annapolis loaded with tea, and which vessel belonged to Mr. Anthony Stewart (a Scotch merchant) put himself at the head of the "Whig Club," of which he was a distinguished member, and marched to Annapolis with a determination to burn vessel and cargo. When this party arrived opposite the State-House, the late Judge Chase met them and harangued them, (he had been employed as a Lawyer by Mr. Stewart.) Dr. Warfield finding that he was likely to make some impression upon the minds of his company, interrupted him by observing, that Chase had by former patriotic speeches made to the "Whig Club," inflamed the whole county, and now wished to get off by his own light; and pronounced it submission or cowardice in any member of the Club to stop short of their object; and called upon the men to follow him, that he would himself set fire to the vessel and cargo; but it is stated upon the best authority that the Doctor carried in his hand the chunk of fire in company with Stewart whom he made to kindle it. When the party first entered the city and was passing on, they met Stewart, who was bold in opposition, and threatened them with the vengeance of his King and Government, but his threats seemed only to increase their determination, they erected a gallows direct in front of his house, by way of intimidation, then gave him his choice, either to swing by the halter, or go with them on board and put fire to his own vessel; he chose the latter, and in a few moments the whole cargo with ship's tackle and apparel were in flames; shortly after this Mr. Stewart left the country. This act decided the course Maryland was to pursue, and had an extensive influence upon public opinion. The writer of this was in company with Judge Chase and Dr. Warfield a few years before their death, and heard them conversing upon the above subject. When Mr. Chase remarked in a jocular manner: "If we had not succeeded Doctor, in the Revolutionary contest, both of us would have been hung; You for burning the ship load of tea, and I for declaring I owed no allegiance to the King—and signing the Declaration of Independence." There were other movers and shakers

attending this early expression of a Revolutionary spirit. Our departed friend but a short time before he marched to the city of Annapolis to fire the tea, was parading his battalion in Anne Arundel county, in the vicinity of Mr. Carroll's residence, when he took upon himself the privilege of printing some labels with the following inscription: "Liberty and Independence, or death in pursuit of it,"—and placed one on the hat of each man in his company; many of the older neighbors who were present were struck with astonishment, and endeavored to persuade him to have them taken down; for the idea of Independence at that time had entered the mind of but few men. The venerable Mr. Carroll the elder, and father to the present Patriarch, rode up to the father of Dr. Charles Alexander Warfield and exclaimed, "my God, Mr. Warfield, what does your son Charles mean, does he know that he has committed treason against his King, and may be prosecuted for a rebel?" The father replied with much animation and patriotism, we acknowledge no King, the King is a traitor to us, and a person has arrived when we must either tamely submit to be slaves, or struggle gloriously for "Liberty and Independence." The King has become our enemy and we must be his; my son Charles knows what he is about—"Liberty and Independence or death in pursuit of it" is his motto, it is mine, and soon must be the sentiment of every man in our country." The mighty word, "Treason against the King," sounded from one end of the battalion to the other, and in a few moments not a label was to be seen in the hats of any of the men, except Dr. Warfield and a Mr. James Conner, late of Baltimore county, who were too stern and undaunted to be intimidated by words, and they wore their labels to their homes. Thus those venerable patriots moved alternately between hope and fear, until they accomplished the great object of their labors.

"Requiescat in Peace."

The Toll of an Ass.—When the late Lord Kaimes went to Aberdeen, as a judge upon the circuit, he took up his quarters at a good tavern; and being fatigued and pensive after dinner, he inquired of the landlord if there were any learned men in the neighborhood who could favor him with his company over a glass of wine. The Landlord answered, that the professor of mathematics lived close by; and the Lord of Session sent his compliments. The professor was not only eminent in science, but of various and lively conversation, though he had the defect of La Fontaine and Thomson, both great poets—that of a stupid and dull appearance before it became enlivened by wine or company. After a respectful bow, he took his seat, and looked at the fire, quite immersed in some problem he had left. Two glasses of wine were filled and drank in complete silence. Lord Kaimes, to begin the conversation, said, "I have just passed your new bridge that is wholly constructed of white granite. What may have been the cost?" "Can't say," was the dry answer of the mathematician, who still looked at the fire. My lord, surprised and piqued, said, "I saw a board put up of all the tolls to be paid by carriages and animals; will you be so good as to inform me what is the toll of an ass?" The professor, as if awakening from a dream, quickly retorted—"I do not pretend to know; but when your lordship repasses, the toll gatherer cannot fail to inform you." Our learned judge starting up, and taking him by the hand, exclaimed, "You are my man!" and they began a long and animated conversation.

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Power.—I do not look upon power as a thing to be envied by any wise or good man. Power in itself—mere power—is any thing rather than either (I fear) a friend to virtue, or a test of merit. It is enjoyed by right of birth; it is inherited by bloated despots; it is purchased through blood and slaughter, by ferocious warriors and presidential conquerors; it is held by the tenure of the very defects that reduce men lower than their kind; by the miserable inmates of an eastern seraglio; but power to be of use to mankind—the power of doing good to our country—the opportunity of scattering blessings over the land of our birth or of our adoption—the power to enable you to root out ignorance, to diffuse the lights of knowledge, to break the chains of enslaved men, of whatever colour, of whatever sect they may be—power to benefit our land, and to illustrate our country, and to amend our race—that is a power which a man, which an angel might stoop from his height to take up.

Mr. Brongham.

Longevity.—Old Arthur Wall of Wake Forest, of whom some notice was published two years ago, in the Register, completed the hundred and ninth year of his age, on the 15th ult. A few days ago, he walked three miles, but said he was somewhat fatigued and thought he discovered by it, that old age was creeping upon him.

Dalrymple Big.