

POETRY.

From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
The sunny clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more,
And not the shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

Heaven is the home where spirits dwell
Who wander'd here awhile,
And "seeing things invisible,"
Departed with a smile
To hail, amid sepulchral night,
The morning of eternal light.

Heaven is the everlasting throne,
Where angels veil their sight;
Whence He—the high and holy One,
Throughout those realms of light,
Diffuse by one thrilling glance
The glory of his countenance.

Heaven is the place where Jesus lives
To plead his dying blood,
While to his prayers the Father gives
An unknown multitude,
Whose harp and tongues, through endless days,
Shall crown his head with songs of praise.

Heaven is the temple whither prayer,
From saints on earth ascends;
The dwelling of the Spirit, whence
His influence descends;
Like heavenly dew, to cheer and bless
His children in the wilderness.

Heaven is the dwelling place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransomed souls above,
Drink in, beside the eternal throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

W. S. M.

Earth.

Mixing together profit and delight.

THE LAIRD OF MACNAB.

The late Laird of Macnab was the last relic of the ancient, stern, feudal system—*vere ultimis Gothorum*. Chief of the tribe, compared with which, in his opinion, the Campbells and the Grahams were as mushrooms, the worthy laird acknowledged no superior, not even those whose heads were decorated with regal crowns. He possessed extraordinary energies of mind and body. Although his education, like that of many other persons of family in the days of his youth, had been very defective, his information was singularly extensive. He was a man of great tact and shrewdness, and, oh! what a fund of genealogy failed with him! His corporeal was as vigorous as his mental frame. I have seen him, at "drunken writers' feasts," put to the blush many a three-bottle man; and, with steady hand, and head apparently inaccessible to the fumes of Bacchus, drink to the speedy resurrection of those of his juvenile companions who were compelled to hug the carpet. And these feats were achieved at the advanced age of eighty-four, and after having spent what is called an exceedingly rough life. On these occasions, Macnab was wont to moralise on the woful degeneracy of the present race. Sitting as erect as if he had been impaled, with his back at least four inches distant from that of his chair, he would recline against which, ever for one moment, he would have considered as a scandalous disparagement of his strength, and a disgraceful complaisance with modern effeminacy, thus would the veteran chieftain pronounce on the inequality of past and present worlds:—"By the L—d! I ken what to mak o' the pair devils now-a-days. They have nae pair-fusion in their wames than a withered docken.—Two or three hours spent about a when messorable lang-nobbed bottles, is enough to cowp them heels over board. This is ane o' the blessed colts of the Union, an' he daunnae till! By my saul, I wasna keekin' through a mill-stane to see whistna change the peopel in Southron takes would mak in our auld gusly Scotch doot, as sure as they gear their nebs i' the ither side o' Tweed. The very sight of a haggis is enough to turn their stamechs inside out; and as to hotch-potch, and crappithers, the pair, ignorant, as our King Jamie weel said, 'ave not worth o' having the like o' them to sair their wames thapples. And our Scotch folk are takin' after them,—dell burst them! The folk o' their dimmer's nose up o' pedles, cars, and sicklike trassties, and a meikle ashes in the middle, with naething in't I can mak anythin' o', gin it be na snaw or frae a dybbel, wi' a when green leaves among't.—Wha, the foul fiend, gin I drink a haill night such a snailp-pollation, I wad like to ken? O the day lang since gane! I mind as—'as it is were yester lay, fifty years ago, there was auld Keppoch,

Glenafale, and myself, gaed down to honest Luckie Merrylies's in the Cannongate, just by way o' takin' a freendly glass in her cunny howff.' By my saul, freends we might weel be ca'd for we never crossed the outside o' Luckie's door for five weeks! drinkin' and drinkin', till I wad hae hardly thoct it a marvel if we had grown into fish and the very fins had come out at our backs. Ay; ay, those were days indeed, and braw callants lived in them! But noo—Oich! oich!"

In this lugubrious manner would the good laird soliloquise, ever and anon carrying the glass to his mouth, and now and then bestowing a rueful glance on his prostrate and degenerate cronies. The following anecdote exhibits the mountain chief in all his territorial supremacy, and displays a lofty and magnanimous contempt for the petty paltry regulations established by the sons of vulgar trade.

Like many other proprietors of large but unproductive estates, the Laird of Macnab was often under the necessity of compromising his dignity by granting bills for his various purchases. These bills, for many years, were always discounted at the Perth bank, and when due, he no more dreamt of putting himself in the slightest degree out of the way by returning his scraps of paper, conformably to the established rules of trade, than of paying the national debt. In fact, it would have been a dangerous experiment to have hinted to him the propriety of what he considered a most degrading and unchieftain-like practice. The directors of the bank, knowing their money to be sure, honoured him, as being a character of no ordinary description. His acceptances were therefore never (strange to say) noted or protested; indeed, such an impertinent procedure on their part, might have brought down like a torrent the furious chief, and a score or two of his gillies, to sack great Perth.

Unluckily for him, one of "the damnable bits o' paper" found its way to the Stirling bank, an establishment with which the laird had no connexion. Agreeably to his *auld use and wont*, he gave himself no trouble about the matter. It was in due course noted and protested, of which due intimation was sent to him. The laird treated these various notices with the most sovereign contempt. He was, however, effectually roused, by the alarming information that a writ of *horning* and *caption* had been taken out against him, and that, in consequence, a clerk belonging to the bank, accompanied by two messengers, would proceed on the following Friday to Achlyne House, for the special purpose of taking him into custody. Even this dire communication the laird received with unruffled composure.

On that "portentous morn," which threatened him with "durance vile," he took aside an old woman who had been long attached to the family, and who was highly regarded by her master for her shrewdness as well as fidelity. "Shanet," said he, there are three land-loupers, a clerk, and two limbs o' Satan, in the shape o' messengers, coming over the hills the day frae Stirling, to tak me awa bodily, and to dep me within the compass o' four stane wa's; and for what think ye!—a peetiful scart o' a gues's feather—deil become the soopie shanks. It would ill become me to hae my bobble-shaw wi' siclike vermin; so I'll awa up to ma lord's at Taymouth, and leave you my honest woman, to gie them *their kail through the reek*." Having thus primed the old lady, he departed.

The transaction now recorded, having occurred upwards of half a century ago, it is proper to mention that the line of travelling between Stirling and Achlyne, was of a most rugged and toilsome description, and only passable by pedestrians. The clerk and his legal myrmidons, therefore did not reach the place where they expected their prey till it was nearly dusk. The ancient earline had been long on the look out, and going to meet them, she invited them into the house in the most *couthy* and kindly manner. "O, sirs!" quoth she, "ye maun be sair forloughen wi' your langsome travel. Oor Hieland hills are no for them that hae breeks on, I reckon. Sit down, sit down, and pit some meat in yere wames, for atweel they maun be grinnin and wamling like knots o' edders." The laird's awa to see a friend, and will be back momentarily. What gars ye glower at that dathlike gate, sirs?—There is wha ye're wantin' in that muckle kist, in bonnie yellow gowd, fairly counted by his honor this blessed mornin'—Wha would hae thoct ye wad hae been sae langsome in coming up here; chields like you, that are weel kent to the greedy gleds after the siller. But—bide ye till the laird comes in, and ye will get what ye

want." So saying she spread before them a plentiful store of mountain delicacies, not forgetting kippered salmon and braazy ham—fare congenial to hungry stomachs. Nor, it may be opined, was the *gude* glenlivet spared on this occasion. The clerk and his legal understrappers, delighted with the intelligence that the cash was forthcoming, (for the directors of the bank were unwilling to take him captive if it could possibly be avoided), threw themselves tooth and nail upon the welcome eatables, which vanished before them with a celerity truly surprising. But it was the special object of cunning Shanet that they should do ample justice to her glenlivet. Like Caliban, they deemed the liquor not earthly; and so zealous were they in paying their respects to the *greybeard*, that they were speedily in a very unfit state to retreat their steps to Stirling. No word of the laird yet. Seeing they had got to the precise pitch she wanted, says Shanet, "Deil tak me, gin I ken wat's come over the laird; ma doot he maun be up at the Yerl's, and ye canna expect he can leave the company o' sic grand folk on the like o' your account. Na, na; ye'll get to your hansell, in the mornin' will be a sossie breakfast and weel-counted siller.

There was no alternative, and being, moreover, hardly able to stand, the proposal was far from disagreeable. The clerk, in respect of his gentility, was bestowed in an apartment by himself; the messengers were put in another, containing a single bed for their accommodation. One of the latter worthies, feeling, towards the morning, his entrails scorch'd with that intolerable heat consequent on mighty over-night potations, got up in quest of some friendly liquid. To aid him, in his search, he opened the window-shutter—when the first object that saluted his astonished organs of vision, almost petrified him into stone. The sight was indeed rather alarming—a human figure dangling in the winds of heaven from a branch of an ancient oak in the front of the house.

As soon as the wretched terrier of the law had recovered what small sense he possessed, he made a shift to stagger to the bed-side, and roused his brother in tribulation, who, when he beheld the horrid spectacle, was assailed with the most dreadful agonies of terror and consternation. To add to their miseries, the door was locked. Bells there were none in the Highlands in those days; but they stamped & knocked on the floor with dreadful energy and clamour. After keeping the poor devils in a state of unspeaking terror for a space of time which appeared to them an eternity, the old woman unlocked the door, and presented a visage in which were expressed all the united horrors of countenance attributed to the infernal furies. "What, the foul fiend gars ye make sic a din for?" shouted the fearful beldam. Quakin in every limb the only words their lips could give utterance to, were, "What's—that's that on the tree?" "What's that on the tree?" cried the earline, in a dismally hollow and effrighted tone of voice; "it's a bit clerk-body frae the bank o' Stirling, that cam here last night to deave the laird for siller,—we've taen and hangit him, *pair elf*." The effect of this appalling disclosure was electrifying. Fear added wings to their speed,—and the terrified brace of messengers never looked behind them for the first ten miles on their road to Stirling.

Now what almost frightened into convulsions two such exquisitely sensitive personages as messengers are in general, was a bundle of straw, artificially stuffed by Shanet into some ancient garments of the laird's which she had suspended from the tree in the manner described. The innocent clerk, during all this stramash, was quietly reposing in his bed; and if he dreamed at all of suspensions, it was that of the writ of *horning* and *caption*.—When he got up, he was surprised at the non-appearance of his companions, nor could he extract the smallest information on the subject from trusty Shanet. Being therefore deprived of his legal tools, no other resource was left for him but to "plod homewards back his weary way."

To conclude: so tremendous an account did the messengers give of their expedition, that no temptation could have induced twenty of them to venture on a similar errand, unless backed by a regiment of a thousand strong.

London Literary Gazette.

THE BATTLE OF BOROINO.

"See how these Christians love one another." Pagans.

The night passed slowly over the wakeful heads of the impatient combatants. The morning of the 7th of September at length broke, and thousands beheld the dawn for the last time. The moment had arrived when the dreadful

discharge of 2,000 cannon was to break the silence of expectation, and arouse at once all the horrors of war. General as the attack seemed, the corps of Prince Bagration had to sustain the accumulating weight of nearly half the French army; and the determination shown by its cavalry was so desperate, that they charged up to the mouth of the Russian guns. Whole regiments of them, both horses and men were swept down by the cannon shot, and all a long the front of Bagration's line arose a breast work of dead and dying. Napoleon ordered up fifty additional pieces of artillery, and a fresh division of infantry, with several regiments of dragoons. This new force rushed on over the dead bodies of their fallen countrymen and did not allow themselves to be checked until they reached the parapets of the Russian works. Their vigorous onset overturned with fierce slaughter every thing that opposed them, and obliged Bagration to fall back nearer to the second line of the army. The rage of battle at this crisis is not to be described. The thunder of a thousand pieces of artillery was answered by the discharge of an equal number on the part of the Russians. A veil of smoke shut out the combatants from the sun, and left them no other light to pursue the work of death than the flashes of musketry, which blazed in every direction.

The sabres of 40,000 dragoons met each other and clashed in the horrid gloom; and the bristling points of countless bayonets, bursting through the rolling vapor, strewed the earth with heaps of slain.

Such was the scene for an extent of many wersts, and the dreadful contest continued without cessation until the darkness of night. Thus closed that memorable day, and with it terminated the lives of eighty thousand human beings. The horses which lay on the ground from right to left, numbered full 25,000.

The next day, says Labaume, very early in the morning, we returned to the field of battle. In the space of a square league, almost every spot was covered with the killed and wounded. On many places the bursting of the shells, had promiscuously heaped together men and horses.

From the Ohio State Journal.

Twenty-eight years ago, William Henry Harrison, now a senator in Congress from this State, presented his credentials to the House of Representatives as a Delegate from the whole Northwestern Territory. What a change has taken place under his eye! The fierce natives of the forest, after many a struggle, have disappeared before the faces of white men—Their shrill war whoop is no longer heard to animate the heart of the warrior to battle, or to sound the signal of death at midnight to the white inmates of the cabin—their canoe is no longer seen to float on the bosom of Huron or Erie, or wind its way among the sinuosities of the beautiful river. The council fire is broken up—what few have survived the bloody contest with their daring invaders, have turned their face to the distant West, and, with a sigh, bid farewell to the rich valleys and hunting grounds where the bones of their fathers repose. A new race now occupy their possessions, and the wilderness is made to blossom like the rose. The forest is thinned by the blows of the back woodsman—villages and cultivated fields arise on every side—the land teems with population—the rivers, which felt no weight before but the canoe of the warrior, hastening to battle, are now covered with freights, conveying the rich products of the West to market—canals and roads too, are constructed for commercial and friendly intercourse—halls of legislation and justice are erected for the government of this thriving people—and colleges, seminaries and common schools, are founded to dispense the treasure of ancient and modern knowledge to their sons.

Such is the wonderful change that has passed under the eye of this sole Delegate of the Northwestern Territory in 1799—the territory which he represented is cut up into the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois and the Territory of Michigan—and leaving a tract of country to the Northwest sufficient to form several more States. At that time this district contained about 50,000 inhabitants. The population at present is above a million; and is represented in Congress by eighteen Representatives, six Senators, and one Delegate.—An advance similar to this in population and improvement, will perhaps never be witnessed again.

Early Marriages.—A Medical correspondent of the Portland Patriot, thinks it would be advantageous for females to pass their 24th or 25th year, before they subject themselves to the cares and fati-

gues of a married life, as the constitution of few women can be regarded as firmly established until after their 20th year. Every female, adds another year, who does not have an offer to her as yet; but such as may meet with husbands to their minds, will judge of their own fitness, and laugh at the Doctor.

Major Noah, in his paper of Saturday, says—"The barbers in New York, it is said, have resolved to raise the price of shaving Adams men to twelve and a half cents, their faces having grown so much longer since the election, that it requires double the time and labor to shave one of them, that it does to shave the compact phiz of a Jacksonian."

We can readily believe the Major, with reference to the difference in the aggregate price of shaving in New York, for the friends of the Administration are men, while a portion of the Jackson voters in this city were boys—mere lack beards. U. S. Gaz.

Gov. Troup, in his farewell message to the Legislature of Georgia, recommends a non-intercourse with the manufacturing States and a more friendly intercourse with Foreigners!

There were three Candidates in an election for Congress, one Jackson man and two Adams men. A Jackson editor, noticing the success of the Jackson candidate, cries out "Hurra for old Hickory—one Jackson man out-run two administration men!" Augusta Cour.

From the Charleston Mercury.

THE WEATHER.

The month of June last was uncommonly cool; the present month of December is uncommonly warm! Indeed the Seasons throughout the year have performed "their mystic dance" in movements somewhat new and unaccountable. On this day, we have hitherto been wont to feel the rigors of an icy winter, and to screen our faces from the cutting North West wind. But these things, dame Nature has now ordered otherwise. We are without fire; our windows open for the admission of fresh air which comes ever and anon in the softness of a Southern zephyr: Fahrenheit's thermometer is 70 deg. within five or six degrees of Summer heat. The phenomenon is remarkable, that the Sun should be within the days march of his utmost Southern declination, and that the weather should be

"As full of spirit as the month of May."

CONSCIENCE.

The testimony of conscience is that verdict which every man returns for or against himself upon the question whether his moral character has kept pace with his moral judgment? This verdict will therefore be, in relation to absolute moral truth, correct or incorrect, in proportion to the degree of illumination possessed by the moral judgment; and the feeling of remorse will be more or less painful, according to the inequality which subsists between the judgment and the character. When a man, therefore, by dint of perseverance, has brought his judgment down to the level of his character and has trained his reason to call evil good, and good evil, he has gained a victory over conscience, and expelled remorse. If he could maintain this advantage through his whole existence, his conduct would admit of a most rational justification. But then, his peace is built solely on the darkness of his moral judgment; and therefore, all that is necessary in order to make him miserable and to stir up a civil war within his breast would be to throw such a strong and indubious light on the perfect character of goodness, as might extort from him an acknowledgment of its excellency, and force him to contrast with it his own past history and present condition.

Whilst his mental eye is held in fascination by this glorious vision, he cannot but feel the anguish of remorse, he cannot but feel that he is at fearful strife with some mighty and mysterious being, whose power has compelled even his own heart to execute vengeance on him; nor can he hide from himself the loathsomeness and pollution of that spiritual pestilence which has poisoned every organ of his moral constitution. He can hope to escape from this wretchedness, only by withdrawing his gaze from the appalling brightness; and in this world, such an attempt can generally be made with success. But suppose him to be placed in such circumstances that there should be no retreat—no diversity of objects which might divert or divide his attention—and that, wherever he turned, he was met and fairly confronted by this threatening Spirit of Goodness,—it is impossible that he could have any respite from misery except in a respite from existence. If this should be the state of things in the next world, we may form some conception of the union there between vice and misery.—*Evokine*.