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LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

NATURE'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not. Coleridge's Walfordstein.

A youth rode forth from childhood's home, Through the crowded paths of the world to roam, And the green leaves whispered as he pass'd, "Wherefore, thou dreamer? away so fast?"

"Under the arch, by our mingling made, Thou and thy brother have gaily play'd; Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore, But as ye have met there—oh! never more!"

On rode the youth—and the boughs among, Thus the wild birds o'er his pathway sang: "Wherefore so fast unto life away? Thou art leaving forever thy joy in our lay!"

"Thou may'st come to the Summer woods again, And thy heart have no echo to greet this strain; Afar from the foliage its love will dwell; A change must pass o'er thee—farewell, fare well!"

On rode the youth; and the founts and streams Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams: "We have been thy playmates through many a day, Wherefore thus leave us?—Oh! yet delay!"

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee, With the breath of the world on thy spirit free; Passion and sorrow its depths will have stirr'd, And the singing of waters be vainly heard."

"Thou wilt bear in our gladness laugh no part; What should it do for a burning heart? Thou wilt bring to the banks of our fresher rill, Thirst which no fountain on earth may still!"

"Farewell!—when thou comest again to thine own, Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone; Mournfully true is the tale we tell— Yet on, ye dreamer! farewell, farewell!"

And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh'd, As he caught the last sound of his native shade; But he knew not, till many a bright spot broke, How deep were the oracles nature spoke!

YOUTH HAS ITS HOUR;—how bright a one! How its rich hopes delight the breast; How pure the ray of Pleasure's sun, Which makes the guileless spirit blest!

Love hath its hour;—a radiant spell, To ring around the heart and brain;— Rousing deep thought from Feeling's well To gild its warm and glad domain!

Peace hath its hour;—when Nature's voice Speaks to the sad and wayward heart;— She bids the wasted breast rejoice, And its deep bitterness depart!

TO THE RAINBOW. The evening beam that smiles the cloud away, And hints to-morrow with prophetic ray.

In shadowy softness on thy breast, How can the heart on soaring wing, In fancy from its fetters spring, At once from earth and sorrow riven, Scale on thine arch the heights of Heaven?

THE MUSICIAN OF AUGSBURG.

There lived at some former time, in the city of Augsburg, a musician whose name was Nieser. There was no kind of musical instrument that he could not fashion with his own hands, nor was there any upon which he could not perform indifferently well.

Now, in spite of the wealth of old Nieser, and the respect which it had obtained for him, and the musical celebrity which he enjoyed, one sore grievance pressed heavily upon him. Esther, his only child, the sole representative of a long line of musicians, could scarcely distinguish one tune from another; and it was a source of melancholy anticipation to Nieser, that he should leave behind him no heir to that talent which he held in almost equal estimation with his riches.

No sooner was the determination of Nieser the musician known in Augsburg, than the whole city was in a ferment. Many who had never dared to raise their thoughts so high nor unexpectedly found themselves competitors for the hand of Esther; for, independently of Esther's charms and Nieser's florins, professional reputation was at stake; and where this was wanting, vanity supplied its place.

But, amidst all this commotion, there was one who shared not in the general excitation. This was Franz Gortlingen, who, with little more musical talent than Esther, possessed one of the best hearts and handsomest persons in Suabia.

It was now the day next to that upon which the event was to be decided, and Franz had taken no step towards the accomplishment of his wishes; and how was it possible that he should? He never composed a bar of music in his life; to play a simple air on the harpsicord exhausted all the talent he was master of.

Gortlingen walked on and on, until at length he found himself in a part of the city which, although he had lived in Augsburg all his life, he never recollected to have seen before. Behind him the sound of music had all died away, before him was heard the low rush of the river, and mingled with it there came at times upon the ear faint tones of wondrous melody.

It was a face of infinite mildness and benevolence; not such a countenance as Gortlingen remembered to have ever seen the likeness of before, but such as one might desire to see often again. The old man played with the most wondrous power, now and then he stopped, and made alterations in his manuscript, and as he tried the effect of them he showed his satisfaction by audible expressions, as if of thanksgiving, in some unknown tongue.

"Alas!" replied Gortlingen; "would that I were able to compose such a one!" "Hearken to me," said the old man; "Nieser swore a sinful oath, that he would bestow his daughter upon whomsoever might compose the best sonata, even although it were composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers."

As Gortlingen walked homewards, grasping the roll of paper, his mind was strangely occupied in reflections upon the strange manner in which he had become possessed of it, and in anticipation of the morrow's event.

discussing with him, and the tones of the old man's sonata were floating in the air. At sunset next evening Nieser's hall was to be thrown open to the competitors. As the hour approached, all the musicians of Augsburg were seen hurrying towards the house, with rolls of paper in their hands, and accompanied by others, carrying different musical instruments, while crowds were collected at Nieser's gate to see the competitors pass in.

It was announced that the competitors should advance and enrol their names and that the trial should then proceed by lot. The last that advanced was a stranger for whom every one instinctively made way. No one had ever seen him before, or knew whence he came; and so for bidding was his countenance, so strange a leer was in his eye that even Nieser whispered to his daughter, that he hoped his sonata might not prove the best.

"Let the trial begin," said Nieser; "I swear that I will bestow my daughter, who now sits by my side, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, upon whomsoever shall compose the best sonata, and shall perform the principal part." "And you will keep your oath, said the stranger, advancing in front of Nieser. "I will keep my oath," said the musician of Augsburg, "though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers."

Gortlingen stood by the performers, and as they approached what he remembered to be the conclusion he boldly substituted his for the sonata that lay before them. A dark cowl passed over the face of the three, and a distant wail fell upon the ear like an echo.

BOSTON MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS, AGAINST THE TARIFF.

By the term restrictive system, we distinctly understand, the imposition of a duty, upon any imported commodity, intended for use or consumption in the United States, without any view to an increase of revenue, or where such increase of revenue is regarded as a secondary and incidental object, but for the declared purpose and design of raising the price of such commodity to the consumer, and thereby to enable the home manufacturer of the same commodity to produce and afford the same, at a fair and reasonable profit, when without such duty, foreign commodity could be imported, charged with a moderate duty designed for the purpose of revenue only, and still probably sold at a rate so low, as to prevent the home manufacturer from producing and selling his commodity at a profit.

to the manufacturer, who is thus enabled to supply the demand at such enhanced price. As to revenue, it is obvious that if the duty in question fully accomplishes its object, and secures the home market to the home manufacturer, to the same extent it excludes the imported article and yields no revenue to the Treasury. If it fails to accomplish this purpose fully, still to the extent to which it does produce the intended effect, it diminishes the revenue, and therefore affords no equivalent to the Treasury, for the burthen it imposes on the people.

But were the justice and policy of the restrictive system less questionable than they are, your memorialists would respectfully inquire, whether in the present condition of the United States such a system can be carried into effect, in such a manner as to attain the objects of its advocates. It is quite manifest that any course of policy, or any system of measures, however ingeniously devised and combined, which should place the great branches of the productive industry of a country so extensive, and embracing such a variety of productions, occupations and interests, upon an artificial basis, by the enactment of laws, establishing bounties, prohibitions, protecting duties or other fiscal regulations, must depend for its utility and efficacy upon the permanency and exact execution of those laws.