THE MISSIONARY GIRL.

BY JOHN C. ABBOTT.

A pious girl becomes the wife of a missionary. See her standing upon the deck of the ship, as they unfurl the sails to the wind. Her heart is bleeding as she bids adieu to kindred and friends. A superficial world regards her with pity—it is because they know not the motives which actuate her, and the consolations which fill her heart. As the breeze propels the ship from the shore, and the blue haze of her country fades away in the distance, consolations of noble nature and heavenly origin, come as an angel from heaven, and strengthen her. And as in the solitude of the ocean, she gazes upon the stars hung out in the midnight sky, and thinks with rapture of the mansion prepared for her there; oh! think you, she would exchange that rich happiness which melts her heart, and causes the tears to gush into her eyes, for any enjoyment the fashionable belle has ever found in illuminated halls, and pretty ribbons, and gaudy dresses? Angels gaze with interest upon the moral sublimity of the work in which she has engaged, and may always covet the toils and sacrifices she is permitted to endure. She is engaged in her Father's work, and receives those satisfying rewards her Father knows so well how to confer.

Look at her again. She has passed weeks and months upon the stormy ocean, and is just gazing upon the distant outline of the dark islands where she is to pass her life and find her grave. Oh! who can tell the emotions which thrill through her heart as she leans on her husband's arm, and gazes upon the opening wonders of her new and final home? As the ship nears the shore, the dim mountains rise to view. The luxuriant forest waves deep and dark over the extended hills and vallies. Wild natives shout along the shore, or with hasty paddle, propel the canoe over the waves. As with uncouth gesticulation and unintelligible jargon, they throng around the ship and climb its sides, her heart almost faints within her at the sight of the degraded creatures with whom she is to spend her days; think you, that hope—heavenly hope—does not animate her, as in the visions of the future she sees them elevated, through her instrumentality, from sin to holiness, and presented, rejoicing in pardon, at the throne of heaven?

Ask her if she is willing to turn from those shores, and again seek her highly favored American home? She will tell you 'No!' And in her humble dwelling, surrounded by uninstructed heathen, she will perhaps experience hours of as great enjoyment as is to be found on earth. She is strengthened by faith, and animated by hope. The consciousness that she is in the service of God, gives her a degree of substantial happiness, such as the votary of worldly pleasure never knew.

Could you hear the silent prayer her heart is offering, you would perceive it to be the prayer of praise. She blesses God that she is permitted to enter into such a field of labor, and to engage in so glorious an enterprize.

Look at her again. She is borne down with infirmities and cares. A humble hut is her home, and disease and hardship have made sad ravages upon her feeble frame. But mark her demeanor. How calm, and serene, and subdued! Gaze upon that countenance. It is already lighted up as with the purity of heaven! Listen to her conversation. It comes from an untroubled and rejoicing heart! Ask her if she is happy? Every feature of her countenance will say 'Yes!' Ask her if she looks back with regret upon the choice she made in early life, and in the fulness of overflowing gratitude she will tell you that she blesses God that she was led thus to choose! She has entered the way of pleasantness—she has found the paths of peace. And oh! how triumphant is the hour of her departure from the world! The exulting language of the dying Christian is on her lips:

"Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly!
Oh grave, where is thy victory?
Oh death, where is sting?"

NEGRO BALL IN BOSTON.—Nothing else worthy of notice occurred during our passage, and in due time I found myself taking mine ease at an inn in Boston Town, as Brother Jonathan has it. I could have fancied myself in an English town that I had never seen before, were it not for the black faces that grinned at me at every turn. After two or three days rambling about, without any particular object in view, I inquired of my host if there was any thing going on in the neighborhood likely to amuse an Englishman?

"Oh! yes; there's a nigger's ball to night but a few steps off, that will please an Englisher any how; you, from the old country, I calculate, just laugh at any thing; I'll give you a line to old Shaffer, who is always cutting up such shines."

In the evening, off I went, and this is the history of the performance. The weather was excessively hot, this day in particular, and the blacks wished to wind it up, for it was bobilition day in the bargain, with a dance: so they went over in the morning to Roxbury, old Shaffer's place of abode, and asked him to let them have his hall in the evening for a ball. Sligo the ambassador from the ebonies, making a very pretty bow, and assuring him "dat dis was a selec company of gemmen and ladies ob de fust society water, and if him pleas, want tings done up werry nice." At first the old boy did not seem willing to accommodate them, but at length a lot of them coming up, he yielded to their importunities upon the following terms:

"Well, Sligo, I suppose you must have the hall, but it must be upon one consideration."

"Ah well! what dat, Massa Saffer?"

"Why, 'tis the fashion now in top society to have their hair powdered, and if you all agree to dance with your top-pieces whitened, so as to be genteel, you may come, and I'll find powder, and hair dressers to boot."

"Oh, goshee! certainly Massa Shaffer! dat is de werry ting; we waut to take de shine out of common chaps."

"Every thing shall be ready, come early, I'll suit all to a hair," responded Shaffer.

Things thus settled, at the appointed time about a hundred blacks in high glee drove up with their gals, forked out in every color that was invented. The gemmen were taken into a room prepared for them where Shaffer had half a score of people, with lots of powdered lime to do up their curly tops a la mode. The lime was put on considerably thick and rubbed in; and when their polls were all finished, and not till then, they went to work in the hall, and for about three hours cut the double-shuffle and pigeon-wing about the slickest. It was tarnation immortal hot, and the company perspired uncommonly about the poll. Their paws, instead of soaking in those of their partners, were now constantly employed in scratching aloft; and at the end of one of the dances the fiddler brawled out, "ah, Missy Phillissee, what dat lock of wool on de floor? By gosh, I guess all de blackbirds be going to shed dare feaders."—Then down went his fiddle, and old catgut began to pull away like one possessed. Off came his fleece in admired profusion. The dancing was at an end; all came to a halt in the feet, but having double employment for the claws, some having tired their fingers, kept rubbing their knappers against the walls, whilst others, bending their heads implored their sweethearts to administer the finishing consolation. Fright increased the perspiration so their hair fell so fast upon the floor, that nineteen out of every twenty stood there shrieking and calling upon Massa Shaffer, and asking, "What in the Lor's name all this mean? What dem powder dis here!—Garramaighty! ebery hair gon! oh dear Lor;" But old Shaffer having bagged all the ticket money, had mizzled, and was far away. "Yes sure him say he suit us to a hair, but guess anoder time we come wid wigs."—*London (old) Sporting Magazine, for December*, 1837.

THE ENFRANCHISED.

[*From the Boston Recorder.*]

Among the colored emigrants who returned to Africa, under the patronage of the "Maryland State Colonization Society," in the spring of 1837, was a man named Demba, old and blind, but a Christian.

"Old man, old man, with crisped hair,
And brow of ebon die,
What seek'st thou with such earnest air,
'Neath Afric's sultry sky?
I saw thee on the vessel's prow,
Long ere it near'd the land,
And read wild wishes on thy brow,
To tread this burning strand.

What tale hast thou of stormy seas,
When whelming waves roll'd high?
What tidings from a distant clime,
Old stranger?" No reply!
He felt the palm leaves cool and fresh
Sweep o'er his wither'd cheek,
And then his sightless eyes he rais'd,
With thoughts that none might speak.

They gently took his groping hands,
And on his footsteps led,
Toward where in ancient times arose
His father's lowly shed;
And there the breath of spice and gum,
Rich o'er his senses stole,
And low winds whispering thro' the reeds
Made music in his soul.

Made music! Such as still had slept
Since boyhood's early day,
When kidnapp'd from his mother's arms
They tore the slave away;
And still as memory's magic hand
O'er the soul's harp-strings ran,
To prayer upon the glowing sand
Knelt down that blind old man.

He prais'd the God of heaven and earth
For every chastening pain,
For all the sorrows of his lot
Beyond the western main:
For there the Bible's blessed love
Was to his soul reveal'd,
The diamond signet of the skies,
Which had his pardon seal'd.

And sweet it was, the voice to hear
Of that enfranchis'd slave,
Thus giving glory for the hope
That lives beyond the grave;
And sweet to think those blinded eyes
Should their Redeemer see,
And from Time's dreary midnight wake
To bright Eternity. L. H. S.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Written in Cherical, Malabar.

BY JOHN LEYDEN.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear,
When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk, or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves and youth and friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after time,
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime,
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine:
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear—
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I cross'd the tedious ocean wave,
To roam in climes unknown and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart:—the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave.

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mark
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne!
From love, from friendship, country torn;
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay.

AWFUL SITUATION.—The following alarming adventure happened to a gentleman in the course of a late visit to the celebrated cathedral of St. Paul's London. In his investigation of the several curiosities of the place he arrived at the turret which contains the machinery of the clock. Here the dial plate is accessible, and on its inside is a small square aperture, for the convenience of the person shifting the hands of the clock. Our friend being of a decidedly inquisitive disposition, and particularly fond of thrusting himself into every strange and out of the way corner, immediately popped his head through the inviting opening. He was instantly absorbed in the enjoyment of the view his elevated situation afforded him, his position in reference to the hands of the clock never costing him a thought, when, guillotine like, down comes the ponderous bar, which constitutes the larger hand, right over his devoted head. A gentle and gradual pressure on the spine soon gave him a hint of the predicament in which he stood.

To draw his head out was impossible, it being an unavoidable fixture, while the powerful and steady motion of the machinery was scarcely at all impeded. Decapitation in its most lingering and shocking form must have been inevitable had not the bell ringer, in the exercise of his duty, at this moment arrived. He instantly perceived how matters stood, and with the quickness of thought stopped the machinery. The bar was shoved up by means of levers, and the terrified and astonished man released from his peril. It is said he has ever since been very shy of trusting his head off the perpendicular, and gives an involuntary shudder when in looking out of a window, his neck by accident touches the frame. *Greenock Adv.*

GOSLINGS.—'Halloo, mister!' cried a passenger in a stage coach, to a rough looking foot passenger, 'can you tell me what has become of those goslings which were hatched last year, on the top of that rock?' Four of them are dead, sir,' returned Jonathan, and the other, I perceive, is a passenger in the stage coach.' The gentleman was used up.

DUEL.—A duel took place yesterday on the Bayou Road, between two gentlemen of this city—but after an exchange of two shots each, the friends interfered, and the affair was happily and honorably settled.—*New Orleans paper.*

PROSPECTUS OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

Under the auspices of the "Native American Association of the United States," the subscriber proposes to publish a paper with the above title at Washington City.

The object of this paper will be the repeal of the Naturalization Law, the re-establishment of the declining character of the Native American, and to assert those rights guaranteed to us by the charter of the Revolution, and re-secured by the brilliant victories of the late war.

In stating the objects of this publication, we imply the existence of a party adverse to those interests so established; and the history of latter days, warrants the belief, that such a party is in existence, but it is one which we must meet and combat on the threshold of our country. The political revolution which we witness in England, and which is extending itself gradually, but surely, over the continent of Europe, is one indicative of the restless and daring spirit of the age. A contest between the aristocratic and democratic principles, in which the crumbling but still gigantic power of hereditary right, is vainly opposing itself to the right of the people to be heard in the Legislative Councils, in proportion to their numbers. Out of these two great parties, the Whigs and Conservatives or Tories, has sprung another powerful body, called Radicals, equally obnoxious to both of the two chief contending parties. The Conservatives fear it with a shuddering and overwhelming fear; and the Whigs, who go for liberal, but not destructive reform, dread this third estate in the realm, because it is composed of the violent elements of society, and disposed to go to the lengths of a revolution or a civil war: consequently, it is the object with both Whigs and Tories, to rid the country of this dangerous intermediate party, and no other surer means is offered than to ship them to our shores. Hence the overwhelming arrival of emigrants. It is nonsense to talk of their innate love of the "democratic principle:" they are nothing more nor less than the materials with which factious leaders in England had determined to uproot society; overthrow peace and government; track the land with their bloody footsteps; and pollute every consecrated avenue, leading to the edifice of the British laws. In future numbers of this paper, it will be the duty of its conductor, to substantiate these charges by proofs derived from English writers, and explain the anomaly of a civilized country deluging a land with which it is at peace, by treaty and interest, with the most terrible means of legal and political destruction.

Leaving their own land trembling with the electric elements of a great political storm, branded by the good and patriotic, destitute of principle, anxious for power as the means of wealth, regardless of the ties of civil restraint, reared in the Lazarhouses of overtaxed and discontented parishes, hated and detested from their youth to their maturity, these vast hordes of modern Huns, place their feet upon our soil, ignorant of our customs, regardless of our laws, and careless of those great cementing qualities that bind us together a united and happy people.

To counteract evil influence, arising from what ever cause, the public press has been found at all times, since the glorious era of its discovery, an efficient agent. Its influence goes forth upon the four winds of heaven, and its high voice is heard in the four quarters of the earth. Its eloquence rings in the congregated councils of nations, and it speaks as a Prophet and a Preacher, to the oppressed of all climes. Its influence is felt in proportion to the cause it advocates. All times have tested its power—all causes have acknowledged its aid—and it is now proposed, that the cause of our country and our countrymen, should be supported and made manifest through this great organ.

The times are rife for our purpose. The system with England to flood this country, has proved of advantage to her taxed landholders—her impoverished parishes—to her government, her aristocracy, and her king. Her ministry have determined to eradicate an evil, not by the enactment of a salutary law, but by the perpetration of an outrage and an injury. The other nations of Europe and the Eastern World, will, and are following, her example. India and China will doubtless take the epidemic of emigration, and to secure themselves against the chances of a plague, the filthy victims of the wrath of heaven, will be shipped to our hospitable shores.

To help to stay this desecrating tide, will be our high and chiefest aim, and we appeal to the well-judging of all parties, to aid us in the undertaking. In this cause we recognise no minor creed. We look not at the mansion of our President, with an ambition to place any particular individual there; but our eyes will be kept steadfast to the rock of American principles. We will see nothing but the banner of our native land streaming over the extreme confines of our country, and to our ears will come no other prayer than the true American worship, around the altar of American liberty.

The minor objects of the paper will be the advancement of our own indigenous literature: and while we are willing and ready to pay the highest tribute of merited respect to the literature of other lands, we will not do it at the expense of a native, whose works are not read, because he has not the stamp of a Murray on his title page, or the approbation of a Blackwood on the outside cover of his volume. We will not carry the war of our principles against the shrines of genius—they are sacred, most peculiarly so to our heart, and are above the changing phases of the political dramas.

Current intelligence shall be regularly given. The proceedings of Congress will be condensed, and sketches of speeches and speakers given during the Session, with lively outline of events as they transpire at the Seat of Government. In no instance will party politics be allowed to bias the editorial pen, but men will be treated with impartiality, and opinion with the utmost and most delicate respect. HENRY J. BRENT.

NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Preamble and Constitution of the Native American Association of the United States.

Whereas it is an admitted fact that all Governments are not only capable, but bound by all the principles of national preservation, to govern their affairs by the agency of their own citizens; and we believe the republican form of our Government to be an object of fear and dislike to the advocates of monarchy in Europe, and for that reason, if for none other, in order to preserve our institutions pure and unpolluted, we are imperatively called upon to administer our peculiar system free of all foreign influence and interference. By admitting the stranger indiscriminately to the exercise of those high attributes which constitute the rights of the native born American citizen, we weaken the attachment of the native, and gain naught but the sordid allegiance of the foreigner. The rights of the American, which he holds under the Constitution of the Revolution, and exercised by him as the glorious prerogative of his birth, are calculated to stimulate to action, condense to strength, and cement in sentiment and patriotic sympathy.

Basing, then, the right and duty to confederate on these high truths, we profess no other object than the promotion of our native country in all the walks of private honor, public credit, and national independence; and therefore we maintain the right, in its most extended form, of the native born American, and he only, to exercise the various duties incident to the ramifications of the laws, executive, legislative, or ministerial, from the highest to the lowest post of the Government: and to obtain this great end, we shall advocate the entire repeal of the naturalization law by Congress. Aware that the Constitution forbids, and even if it did not, we have no wish to establish, *ex post facto* laws; the action we seek with regard to the laws of naturalization, is intended to act in a prospective character. We shall advocate equal liberty to all who were *born equally free;* to be so born, constitutes, when connected with moral qualities, in our minds, the aristocracy of human nature. Acting under these generic principles, we further hold that, to be a permanent people, we must be a united one, bound together by sympathies, the result of a common political origin; and to be national, we must cherish the native American sentiment, to the entire and radical exclusion of foreign opinions and doctrines introduced by foreign paupers and European political adventurers. From Kings our gallant forefathers won their liberties—the slaves of Kings shall not win them back again.

Religiously entertaining these sentiments, we as solemnly believe that the day has arrived, when the Americans should unite as brethers to sustain the strength and purity of their political institutions. We have reached that critical period foreseen and prophesied by some of the clear sighted apostles of freedom, when danger threatens from every ship that floats on the ocean to our shores; when every wind that blows wafts the ragged paupers to our cities, bearing in their own persons and characters the elements of degradation and disorder. To prevent these evils, we are now called upon to unite our energies. To fight over this great moral revolution, the shadow of our first revolt of glory, will be the duty of the sons of those wars, and we must go into the combat determined to abide by our country; to preserve her honor free from contagion, and her character, as a separate people, high and above the engraftment of monarchical despotisms.

ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

First. We bind ourselves to co-operate, by all lawful means, with our fellow native citizens in the United States to procure a repeal of the naturalization law.

Second. We will use all proper and reasonable exertions to exclude foreigners from enjoying the emoluments or honors of office, whether under the General or State Governments.

Third. That we will not hold him guiltless of his country's wrong who, having the power, shall place a foreigner in office while there is a competent native willing to accept.

Fourth. That we will not, in any form or manner, connect ourselves with the general or local politics of the country, nor aid, nor be the means of aiding, the cause of any politician or party whatsoever, but will exclusively advocate, stand to, and be a separate and *independent* party of native Americans, for the cause of the country, and upon the principles as set forth in the above preamble and these articles.

Fifth. That we will not, in any manner whatever, connect ourselves, or be connected, with any religious sect or denomination: leaving every creed to its own strength, and every man untrammelled in his own faith; adhering, for ourselves, to the sole cause of the natives, the establishment of a national character, and the perpetuity of our institutions, *through the means of our own countrymen.*

Sixth. That this Association shall be connected with and form a part of such other societies throughout the United States as may now or hereafter be established on the principles of our political creed.

Seventh. That this Association shall be styled the "Native American Association of the United States."

Eighth. That the officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Council of Three, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, a Committee on Addresses to consist of three members, a Treasurer, and such others as may be required under any by-laws hereafter adopted, and whose duties shall be therein defined.

Ninth. That all the foregoing officers shall be elected by this meeting, to serve for one year, except the Committee on Addresses, which shall be appointed by the President.

Tenth. That the President, or, in his absence, the Vice President, or, in the absence of both, the Corresponding or Recording Secretary, is authorized to convene a meeting of this Association whenever it may be deemed necessary.

A. LEE'S Lottery and Exchange Office, 5 doors east of the National Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, where he keeps constantly on hand a fine selection of Tickets in all the various Lotteries now drawing under the management of D. S. Gregory & Co.

All orders promptly attended to.

WM. W. BANNERMAN respectfully informs the public, that he continues to execute *Engraving* in all its various branches; also *Copperplate* printing.

Aug. 10—tf

SOFA AND CABINET WAREROOMS.—The subscribers respectfully inform their friends, and the public generally, that they have on hand, and will manufacture to order—

CABINET FURNITURE AND SOFAS,

Of all kinds, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons furnishing will do well to give us a call at our Warerooms, Pennsylvania Avenue, between the Capitol gate and the Railroad depot. Our stock on hand consists of—

Sofas, Lounges, and Sofa Bedsteads
Column and Plain Sideboards
Dressing, Column, and Plain Bureaus
Centre, Dining, Side, Pier, Card and Breakfast Tables
Mahogany, Maple, and Poplar Bedsteads
Ladies' Cabinets, Bookcases
Wardrobes, Wash-stands
Mahogany, Rocking, and Parlor Chairs; and every other article in the Cabinet line.

Furniture repaired, and old furniture taken in exchange for new. Funerals attended to, and every requisite furnished. G. W. DONN & Co.

N. B. Individual notes taken in payment of debts, or for furniture. Aug. 10—tf

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SAMUEL DE VAUGHAN,
CUPPER, LEECHER, AND BLEEDER,

HAS on hand, and will constantly keep a large supply of the best Sweedish Leeches. He can be found at all hours at his residence on 9th street, three doors north of Pennsylvania Avenue, nearly opposite Gunton's Drug Store. Aug. 26—y

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DANIEL PIERCE respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has removed his *Umbrella Manufactory* to the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, immediately opposite his former stand, and next door to the Native American Hotel. Persons having Umbrellas to cover, or repair, are respectfully solicited to call as above.

P. S. As several Umbrellas have lost the names by removing, the owners would much oblige if they would come and designate their Umbrellas. Sept. 23—3m

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FRENCH LESSONS.—Mons. Abadie has the honor to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, and its vicinity, that he continues to give lessons in his own native language at his rooms, or private families and academies, at a moderate price. For particulars apply at this office.

Abadie's French grammar and course of French Literature, for sale at all the book-stores.

NOTICE.—J. PERKINS, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to one door east of the Native American Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, where he will be pleased to attend to those who may favor him with their custom. He has employed experienced hands to do Burnish Gilt Looking-glasses, Picture Frames, &c., in fashionable superior style and workmanship. Old frames regilt, as when new; all of which will be supplied to order, at lower prices than can be procured elsewhere.

THE AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY;

A Magazine of Poetry, Biography, and Criticism, to be published Monthly, with splendid illustrations on steel.

WHILE nearly every other country of the old world can boast its collected body of national poetry, on which the seal of a people's favorable judgment has been set, and which exhibits to foreign nations, in the most striking light, the progress of civilization and literary refinement among its inhabitants; while England, especially, proudly displays to the world a *corpus poetarum*, the lustre of whose immortal wreath has shed a brighter glory upon her name than the most splendid triumphs which her statesmen and her soldiery have achieved, our own country appears to be destitute of poetic honors. *Appears*, we say, for although no full collection of the *chef d'ouvres* of our writers has been made, yet there exist, and are occasionally to be met with, productions of American poets which will bear comparison with the noblest and most polished efforts of European genius, and which claim for America as high a rank in the scale o literary elevation as is now ceded to older, and, in some respects, more favored lands.

Impressed with the correctness of this judgment, we propose to issue a monthly magazine which shall contain, in a perfect, unmutilated form, the most meritorious and beautiful effusions of the poets of America, of the past and present time, with such introductory, critical, and biographic notices, as shall be necessary to a correct understanding of the works presented to the reader, and to add interest to the publication. Those who imagine that there exists a dearth of materials for such an undertaking; who believe that the Aonian Maids have confined their richest favors to our transatlantic brethren to the exclusion of native genius, will be surprised to learn that we are already in possession of more than two hundred volumes of the productions of American bards, from about the year 1630 to the present day. Nor is it from these sources alone that materials may be drawn. There are but few writers in our country who pursue authorship as a vocation, and whose works have been published in a collected form. Our poets, especially, have generally written for particular occasions, with the remembrance of which their productions have gone to rest, or their effusions have been carelessly inserted in periodicals of slight merit and limited circulation, where they were unlikely to attract notice to themselves, or draw attention to their authors. The grass of the fields, and the flowers of the wilderness, are growing over the ashes of many of the highly gifted who, through the wild and romantic regions of our republic, have scattered poetry in "ingots, bright from the mint of genius," and glowing with the impress of beauty and the spirit of truth, a quantity sufficient, were it known and appreciated as it would be in other countries, to secure to them an honorable reputation throughout the world. Such were HARNEY, author of 'Crystalina' and the 'Fever Dream;' SANDS, author of 'Yamoyden;' WILCOX, author of 'The Age of Benevolence:' ROBINSON, author of 'The Savage;' LITTLE, the sweet and tender poet of Christian feeling; the lamented BRAINARD, and many beside, whose writings are almost unknown, save by their kindred associates and friends.

With the names of those poets who, within the last few years, have extended the reputation of American literature beyond the Atlantic, *Bryant, Dana, Percival, Sprague, Sigourney, Whitter, Willis*, &c., the public are familiar; and we can assure them that there exists, though long forgotten and unknown, a mine of poetic wealth, rich, varied, and extensive, which will amply repay the labor of exploring it, and add undying lustre to the crown which encircles the brow of American genius. In the publication now proposed, we shall rescue from the oblivion to which they have long been consigned, and embalm in a bright and imperishable form the numberless 'gems of purest ray,' with which our researches into the literary antiquities of our country have endowed us; and we are confident that every lover of his native land will regard our enterprise as patriotic, and deserving the support of the citizens of the United States, as tending to elevate the character of the country in the scale of nations, and assert its claims to the station to which the genius of its children entitles it. With this conviction we ask the patronage of the community to aid us in our undertaking, conscious that we are meriting its support by exhibiting to the world a proud evidence that America, in the giant strength of her Herculean childhood, is destined ere long to cope in the arena of literature with those lands which, for centuries, have boasted their civilization and refinement, and justly exulted in the triumphs of their cherished sons in the noblest field which heaven has opened for human intellect.

The AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY will contain the complete works of a portion of the following—the most popular of our poetic writers—and of the others the best poems, and such as are least generally known:

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