

POETRY.

From the Ohio Aurora. TO THE HON. THOMAS MORRIS. Written on hearing of his rejection as United States Senator from Ohio, and of the election of Judge Tappan in his stead.

Our glory's sun is set,— For the heart and lip are dumb,— And the Southron's taunt is tamely met— Our kneeling day is come!

Let her name be blazoned high On the land and by the sea!— In the cold New-England's stormy sky, Where the heart and lip are free!

Where his blood is in the wild, Though his screams have died away, While look in vain his wife and child, For his steps by night and day!

What hast thou done, that they Should frown upon thee now?— What is the crime they thus repay With a dark and clouded brow?

There are some whose nerves are strong, Who can see the slave all gory, And scarred with the mark of the driver's thong, And shout, "Oh glory! glory!"

On her deadly agony, That is seen in the dim midnight, On her lips that utter their dying cry In their ghastly, ghostly white!

But thou* who canst not feel For the slave, though slave thou be, The haughty South hath stamped her seal Of a crouching slave on thee!

But thou, the wise and good, We will pray together for thee; Thou hast done as thy country's freemen should While battling for her free!

Farewell! farewell! Unknown Though the minstrel is to thee, He hath wooed his lyre to an humble tone, For the champion of the free!

SHELLEY.

From the Vermont Mercury.

The Value of Time.

There is no remedy for time mispent, No healing for the waste of idleness, Whose very languor is a punishment—

Man should be even better than he seems— And shape his acts, and discipline his mind, To walk adorning earth, deserving Heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. Y. Evangelist. LETTERS FROM DR. BEMAN. [We are now able to commence the publication of the first letter of Dr. Beman, which by some accident we did not receive in due season.]

LONDON, February, 1839. Mr. Editor:—It has become a kind of common law, that every man who crosses the ocean, for the purpose of travelling in a foreign country, shall give some account of himself while upon the great waters.

Without further preface, then, I seat myself to comply with this law of custom, and address my thoughts to you, as furnishing, if not a very instructive, certainly a very natural, introduction, to other and successive communications which I have promised for your paper.

On the morning of the 11th of January, 1839, a few minutes before 12 o'clock, M., I went on board the MONTREAL, Capt. Seth B. Griffing—one of the regular line of packet ships between New York and London.

To me, it could be none other than a moment of intense interest. The scene that spread around me, was associated with the recollections of other days; the one that lay before me, was all new and unexplored; and dimness and obscurity hung over it, as it stretched forward in the distance.

When gladness wings my favor'd hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resign'd when storms of sorrow lour, My soul shall meet thy will.

The steamer left us, twenty minutes before 4 o'clock, and returned to the city, and we spend our sails, and laid our course direct for London.

state rooms commodious, (one of which it was my good fortune to occupy alone,) and sea-stores, in great variety and abundance, were stowed or hung around, in all directions.

To be continued.

Letter of Rev. D. S. Ingraham. [American Missionary.] KINGSTON, JAM., Jan. 17, 1839.

Dear Brother Benedict: As the packet is to sail to-morrow, I must drop you a word, though this is a bad time to state any thing very definite in regard to the laboring population of the Island.

As the packet is to sail to-morrow, I must drop you a word, though this is a bad time to state any thing very definite in regard to the laboring population of the Island. The holidays are but just over, during which time there is never any work done on the estates.

Though it is likely Nelson did not just then suspect it, this was the very course which proved successful in saving himself from ruinous habits.

Newark (N. J.) Da. Adv.

Something for Children.

THE HIGHEST SWEET.

A boy was employed by a rich lady to sweep her chimney. As he was climbing down the chimney, he came suddenly into the lady's dressing-room, where there were a great many fine things—and among others, a gold watch set with sparkling diamonds.

than 6 or 8 miles. They begged with eloquence, I assure you—and they seemed to see and to feel their real condition; they offered to do any thing they could to get a minister, and at once bought 6 acres of land at \$30 per acre, and said "now, minister, say de word and tell we what you want and we no stop till it all be ready."

We are about forming an A. S. Society here, for the abolition of slavery throughout the world, and are anxiously looking forward to the time when the last shackle shall fall, and the earth shall hold a jubilee.

Please send us a few papers, not only the Emancipator, but any other you may have to spare.

From your brother in labors for the oppressed, D. S. INGRAHAM.

P. S. There is one thing I forgot to mention in regard to the peopled not working. Many of the proprietors and overseers will not have any of the people to work unless all turn out, and you will see that this would make great confusion, especially as the females do not choose to do much work out of doors. D. I.

The Wife at Home.

After you shall have exaggerated to the utmost the number and the faults of the gadding, gossiping, and idle woman, we still have a million of American house-wives, brightening a million homes and hearts. Mrs. Nelson is one of them.

The month rolled round. Nelson had had work to refrain from falling upon the two men violently, but he waited to see the issue, and even kept out of their way that the incantation might be uninterrupted.

Though it is likely Nelson did not just then suspect it, this was the very course which proved successful in saving himself from ruinous habits.

Newark (N. J.) Da. Adv.

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of his body? "No, indeed!" you will all say.— "His body, which was made out of the dust of the earth, could not think. It was his soul." Very well.

If you had been there, could you have seen this boy's thoughts? Could you have seen his heart, when it was choosing not to steal? No—you cannot see your own thoughts.

In the diary of Mrs. Hawkes, whose biography by Miss Cecil has just appeared, we find the following entry:

"I have been shutting myself up in my dear departed mother's chamber, the very walls and furniture of which are sacred. A thousand times have I marked her retiring into it for the purpose of devotion.

My brother—seemed much upon her mind. O may his mother be much upon his mind, and upon all our minds; and may we meet her in glory!

In a letter previously quoted, her mother uses this language:—"I thankfully acknowledge the loving kindness of the Lord in carrying on his good work in my soul.

I have many cares and fears; but I cast them all on Him who careth for me. The souls of my dear children lie heavily upon my heart, but through mercy, I find myself more than ever resigned to the will of God; and I desire to leave all to Him, and live only to his glory."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE. "Hollow, you man with the pail and frock," said a British officer, as he brought his fiery steed to a stand in front of Gov. Chittenden's dwelling, "can you inform me whether his honor the Governor of Vermont resides here?"

"He does," was the response of the man, still wending his way to the pig-sty. "Is his honor at home?" continued the man of the spurs.

Without a second bidding, the man did as requested, and the officer alighted and made his way to the door and gave the pannel several hearty taps with the but of his whip—

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