

POETRY

From the New York American. AND THOU WERT FALSE!

And thou wert false! so let it be! If o'er that shrine of beauty rare, There bends uncheck'd a stranger's knee; A stranger's heart may worship there!

ANTI-MASONIC.

From the Emigrant, Ann Arbor. The seceders who formed the Le Roy Convention deserve the gratitude of the Country.

After this dark tragedy of the death of Morgan, masons thought they had sent the monster back again safely to his den, from which Morgan had died to draw him.

The light that shone on the dark caverns of masonry seemed extinguished forever. And the Masonic peal of triumph rang along its recesses.

But the purposes of God are unknown to man. Eighteen months after the death of Morgan, we beheld thirty five men coming out before the public, and in defiance of masonic vengeance so amply exemplified in Morgan's death, proclaiming the secrets of masonry to the world.

This was an act of self-devotion which America will remember with gratitude, the names of those men should be written upon the page of our history, among the benefactors of the land.

These were the Apostles of anti-masonry—and their ministry was not in vain—well has that light been improved which they shed abroad.

Although it is not in the power of subsequent seceders, to be as effectual workers in this good cause, as these men were—still they may do much—enough fully to redeem their names from the obloquy attached to masonry.

It has been the purpose of masons to blacken the characters of seceders—"perjured wretches" was the common appellation among masons—and strange as it may seem, the public, at one time, were so led away with this mystery of iniquity, as to join in that cry.

But masonic craft can no longer impose upon an enlightened people. It is no longer safe to denounce these men—and the hatred felt towards them by masons must be confined in their own hearts, or expressed in more measured terms.

It seems to us alone superfluous at this time of day, to defend seceders from these charges—but we are sorry to see that there are still some apparently not attached to masonry, who regard seceders with aversion and suspicion.

It would be well for those persons to remember, that if anti-masonry is not false in its character, it is the duty, not only of these masons but of all others to come out and renounce.

Anti-masonry owes its existence to seceders—their testimony is the foundation upon which it is built. Do those who have had so deep an agency in destroying this monster deserve nothing at the hands of their country?

If masonic obligations are impious, nobody can be bound by them, unless a man may be bound to do impiously—if they are immoral nobody can be bound by them, unless a man may be bound to act immorally—if they are subversive of law, nobody can be bound by them, unless a man can be bound to act illegally.

It is a common expression among masons that anti-masons despise seceders—this is

much of a piece with their general conduct.

They find their account in throwing all possible odium upon seceders, for fear masons should secede—just as the Jews were said to have a custom of spitting upon the image of the Nazarene, for fear Jews should become Christians.

When Jews became Christians they were seceders—the Jews called them vile traitors—and made a mock funeral and buried them in effigy.

These Hebrew Christians broke their obligations to the religion of their fathers, but duty required it. If a promise could have bound them, they would have been bound to Judaism all their lives—in the language of masonry they were "perjured wretches."

Every convert from Idolatry breaks his promises to the Idol faith—but no moral or religious obligation. Let us look abroad through the world, the light from Bethlehem is spreading over the world—thousands are turning from the worship of Devils to the true faith—they are all seceders—they were bound as firmly to their false worship as masons to masonry—and in the language of Masonry are all "perjured wretches."

When Washington drew his sword for his country, he broke the oath of allegiance to the King, he and all the Patriots of the Revolution, were, in the language of Masonry, "perjured wretches."

The glorious Poles now fighting for liberty, are in masonic language, all "perjured wretches."

All, who from time immemorial have resisted Tyranny, all who have burst the bonds of sin—are just such "perjured wretches." Command us to these "perjured wretches"—We would live and die with them—When this is perjury, truth is a lie.

Masons hate these men, vice hates virtue always; but if anti-masons despise them, anti-masons should be ashamed.

But where is the evidence that anti-masons despise them? Is it in fact that seceders are among the most respectable of our fellow citizens? Because, Coiden, Merick, Ward, Holly, Rush, and a host of others are seceders.

The seceder Ward is one of the three members of the National Antimasonic Committee—this we Anti-masons call a high post of honor—there is no contempt here.

Merick was President of the Massachusetts Antimasonic Convention—Anti-masons thought that an honorable situation.

The seceder Rush, is talked of for the Antimasonic candidate for the Presidency of the United States—We are not ashamed of him.

But there is one class of people we are ashamed of—there is one class who if not "perjured wretches," have at least forfeited all claim to consistency and truth—We mean those masons, who pretend to disregard masonry, are these perjured wretches; pretend to be willing to give it up, and at the same time most bitterly denounce seceders.

What shall we say of these men? According to their own statement, they are "perjured wretches." But in what light will anti-masons look upon them? In what light will the world regard this duplicity?

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

You have sauntered, perhaps, of a moon light evening, out of the precincts of the living, moving world, to linger and contemplate among the grass grown memorials of those who are gone from among us, and whose earthly remains have been consigned to this their last and certain inheritance.

An appalling chill shoots through the current of life, at the undisturbed and universal silence of the scene—the stars tranquilly shining on the white marble, and freely illuminating the name which friendship had carved for the slumberer beneath; here the grass waving in rank luxuriance, as if to hide the triumphs and the trophies of death, and there a human bone unearthed from its time-worn sepulchre, a ghastly visitor to the realms of day; a wooden tablet, making the repose of the humble, a cross, the sign of the believer, and lofty and magnificent memorials over the mortal relics of the wealthy and the great. Ah! who, in such an assemblage as this can be accounted great? What gold survives the crucible of death?

We can learn nothing from the living which the dead do not teach us. Would beauty be modest and unpretending, let her quit the ball and the festival for a moment, and carry her toilet to the tomb. Would the proud learn humanity; the penurious charity; the frivolous seriousness; the bigoted philanthropy; would the scholar ascertain the true objects of knowledge; the man of the world, the true means of happiness here and hereafter; and the ambitious, the true sources of greatness, let him retire awhile from the living and communicate with the dead. We must all come to the mournful and silent grave. Our bones must mingle in one common mass. Our affections should travel in the same path, for they must terminate in one fearful issue. Life is full of frailties, of virtue and of happiness; and when you would abuse them, go purely your affections, and humble your pride, and leave your hopes at the tomb of a friend, when the stars are shining upon it like the glorious beams of religion on the mansion of death.

SELF-RESPECT.

One of the strongest and most prevalent incentives to virtue, is the desire of the world's esteem. We act right, rather than our actions may be applauded by others, than to have the approbation of our own conscience—we refrain from doing wrong not so much from principle, as from the fear of incurring the censure of the world. A due regard to our own conscience, as far as we are ourselves, of far greater importance—regard which keeps us from committing a wrong action when withdrawn from the observation of the world, as much as when exposed to its broad glare. If we are as good as others—and it is our own fault if we are not so—why stand in more fear of others than of ourselves? What is there in other men that makes their approbation and fear their censure more than our own? In other respects we are apt to overrate ourselves, but surely when we pay such blind and servile respect to the opinions of others, we forget our own dignity and undervalue ourselves in our own esteem. I admire the sentiment of Cassius when speaking of the Imperial Caesar, he exclaims, "I had as lief not be, as live to be In awe of such a thing as I myself."

FIDELITY.

Desert not your friend in danger or distress. Too many there are in the world whose attachment to those they call friends, is confined to the day of their prosperity. As long as that continues they are, or appear to be, affectionate and cordial. But as their friend is under a load they begin to withdraw, and separate their interest from his. In friendship of this sort, the heart, assuredly, has never had much concern. For the great test of true friendship, is constancy in the hour of danger—adherence in the season of distress. When your friend is calumniated, then is the time openly and boldly to espouse his cause. When his situation is changed, or misfortunes are fast gathering around him, then is the time of affording prompt and zealous aid. When sickness or infirmity occasions him to be neglected by others, that is the opportunity which every real friend will seize of redoubling all the affectionate attention which love suggests. These are the important duties, the sacred claims of friendship, which religion and virtue enforce on every worthy mind. To show yourself warm in this manner in the cause of your friend, commands esteem even in those who have personal interests in opposing him. This honourable zeal of friendship has, in every age, attracted the veneration of mankind. It is the names of those who have given up their fortunes, and have exposed their lives, in behalf of the friends whom they loved, while ignominy and disgrace have ever been the portion of them who deserted their friends in the hour of distress.—Blair.

TWILIGHT.

Of all the myriad sources of enjoyment which nature unfolds to man, I know none equal to those elicited by a balmy summer sunset. The idea is old, but the reflections it excites are perpetually varying. There is something in this hour, so tender, so truly fraught with simple, yet sublime associations that it belongs rather to heaven than to earth. The curtain that drops down on the physical, also descends on the moral world. The day with its selfish interests, its common-place distractions, has gone by, and the season of intelligence, of imagination, of spirituality, is dawning. Yes, twilight unlocks the blandian fountain of fancy; there, as in a mirror, reflecting all things in added loveliness, the heart surveys the past; the dead, the absent, the estranged, come thronging back on memory; the paradise of inexperience, from which the flaming sword of truth has long since exiled us, rises again in all the primitive beauty of its flowers and verdure; the very spot where we breathed our first vows of love; the slender girlish figure, that, gliding like a sylph beside us, listened entranced to that avowal, made in the face of heaven, beneath the listening evening star; the home that witnessed her decline; the church yard that received her ashes; the grave wherein she now sleeps, dreamless and happy, deaf alike to the siren voice of praise, and the withering sneers of envy—such sweet but solemn recollections, sweep in shadowy pomp across the mind, conjured up by the spells of twilight, as he waves his enchanted wand over the earth.

WOMEN.

To the honour of the sex, be it said, that in the path of duty, no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from what love, honour, innocence, and religion, require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded; but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of women. Timid though she be, yet on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not and fears not consequences. She displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regrets, and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even after death itself.—Judge Sturgis.

Swains Panacea, AND Vermifuge.

Constantly for sale at Edward Bringham's Drug and Chemical Store, No. 137 Market Street. August, 25. 1-1f.

Cheap and Seasonable Goods.

WM. M'CAULLEY, (Near the Brandywine Flour Mills) Offers for sale a large assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. &c., among which are the following articles, to wit: Superfine Black, Blue, Olive, Brown and Claret Cloths; do do do Cassimers, Marselles, Silk, and Toilonette Vestings; Gentlemen's and Ladies worsted Hose, do do Cotton do do Lamb's wool do do Brown and Cotton do Cambric, Demi-Cambric, Jackonet, Mull, Plain and Figured Muslins, Book, do Plain and Figured, Calicoes, (great variety,) Linens and Lawns, Ribands (assorted,) Books and Stationary, China, Glass, Queen and Earthen Ware, Sugar, Coffee, Chocolate, Liqueurs, &c. Drugs, Paints and Oil, Nails, (assorted,) Hardware and Cutlery, Flannels, Baizes, and Swan Skins, Ready made Clothing, Traces, Plow lines Clothes lines, &c. August, 25. 1-1f

NOTICE

IS hereby given, to all persons indebted to the Estate of Peter Peterson, late of Christiana Hundred, Newcastle County, Dec'd. to make immediate payment; and all those having demands against said Estate, are requested to produce their accounts properly authenticated for settlement to: JOHN B. PETERSON, Admr. Sept. 30, 1831. 6-1f.

DRUGS,

Chemicals, Family Medicines, AND PERFUMERY, Sold Wholesale and Retail at E. BRINGHURST'S Drug and Chemical Store, No. 137 Market Street, opposite the Bank of Delaware. N. B. A regular supply of Osborn's Superior Water Colors, for sale as above. Sept. 23, 1831. 5-1f.

Fresh Castor Oil,

In bottles by the Gross, Dozen, or single. EYAL'S

Celebrated Physical Drops, composed of roots and herbs, for the cure of coughs, colds, Jaundice, bile and weakness of the stomach.

Also Quinine warranted pure, in Powder, Pills or Solution to suit purchasers. The above with a Fresh assortment of Medicines, Chemicals, &c. for sale at E. BRINGHURST'S Drug and Chemical Store, No. 137 Market Street, opposite the Bank of Delaware. Sept. 23, 1831. 5-1f.

JOSEPH LEE,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he continues to carry on the

Tailoring Business

at No. 6 East Second Street, two doors from Market Street, where customers may depend on having their orders promptly attended to and neatly executed, to any fashion required, on reasonable terms.

N. B. A large assortment of ready made clothing, constantly on hand, for sale cheap, for cash only. August, 25. 1-3mo.

SUPERIOR, FEVER AND AGUE DOSE.

The above is a very valuable and efficacious remedy for the Ague and Intermittent fevers. Sold wholesale and retail at ED. BRINGHURST'S Drug and Chemical Store, North corner of Market and Hanover Streets, opposite the Bank of Delaware. Sept. 23, 1831. 5-1f.

FOR SALE

AT THIS OFFICE, A few volumes of the proceedings of the United States Anti-Masonic Convention, held in Philadelphia, on the 11th of Sept. 1830. August, 25.

To all whom it may concern. THE lad JOHN N. DENNING, whom I have had as an assistant in my store, has not been with me since the 19th ult. He, therefore, has not been authorized to transact any business whatever for me since that date. WM. M'CAULLEY. Brandywine, Oct. 7, 1831. 7-1f.