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MISCELLANEOUS

FROM THE SPANISH.

Quando contemplo el cielo.

I gaze upon von orbs of light— The countless stars that gem the sky; Each in its sphere serenely bright...

Temple of light and loveliness, And throne of grandeur, can it be That soul, whose kindred loveliness, Nature hath framed to rise to thee...

What madness from the path of right For ever leads our steps astray, That reckless of thy pure delight, We turn from this divine array...

Awake, ye mortals! raise your eyes To these eternal starry spheres: Look on these glories of the skies, And see how poor this world appears...

Who sees the silver chariot move Of the bright moon; and, gliding slow, The star whose influence from above Sheds knowledge on the world below...

Or, where the angry God of War Rolls fiercely on his bloody way, And near the mild majestic star That o'er the gods of old held sway...

Who that hath seen these splendours roll, And gazed on that majestic scene, But sighed to 'scape this world's control, Spurning its pleasures poor and mean...

Wherefore should man, frail child of clay Who from the cradle to the shroud Lives but the insect of a day, O, why should mortal man be proud...

His brightest visions just appear, Then vanish, and no more are found The stateliest pile his pride can rear, A breath may level to the ground...

By doubt perplex'd, in error lost, With trembling step he seeks his way: How vain—of wisdom's gift the boast! Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray!

Follies and crimes a countless sum, Are crowded in life's little span! How ill, alas! does pride become That erring, guilty creature man.

God of my life, Father divine, Give me a meek and lowly mind; In modest worth, O let me shine, And peace in humble virtue find.

In one of the principle streets in Bristol is a spirit shop, and immediately over it, as an upper story, a handsome Methodist meeting house; on this was written the following epigram:

There's spirit above and spirit below; A spirit of joy, and spirit of woe; The spirit above is a spirit divine, But the spirit below is a spirit of wine.

From a New-York paper. On the marriage of Mr. Mudd to Miss— Let's wife we read in days of old, For one rebellious hair, We chang'd as we are plainly told, Into a lump of salt.

The same propensity for change Still runs in female blood, For here we find a case as strange, A maiden turn'd to Mudd!

THE PRESS. How shall I speak thee, or thy power address, Thou god of our idolatry—the PRESS? By thee, religion, liberty and laws, Exert their influence and advance their cause...

By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befel, Diffus'd, mark'd earth the vestibule of hell; Thou fountain, at which drink the gods & wise; Thou ever bubbling spring of endless lies; Like Aedon's dream, probationary tree, Knowledge of GOOD and EVIL is from thee.

PRINTING Every description, neatly executed at this Office.

SIMON GRAY.

THE following picture from "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," is an admirable illustration of the uncertainty of human affairs, and is touched with great truth.

No man's life seemed to promise a calmer course and more serene close than that of the Reverend Simon Gray. He had for many years possessed the entire affection and respect of all the inhabitants of his Parish.

Over the grave of the eldest son, his parents could shed tears of a resigned sadness; but for him who died unattended beyond the sea, their grief was bitter and inconsolable.

Simon Gray's eldest son, a youth of distinguished talents and even more tenderly beloved than admired by all who knew him, was drowned in a moorland loch in his father's parish, one warm summer evening, when his parents were sitting at no great distance in a hollow among the hills.

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THE GRINDSTONE.

I remember, when a little boy, I was particularly fond of being flattered, but have since found out to my sorrow that flattery has been the cause of the many uneasy hours I have experienced.

One morning, as I was as usual going to school, contemplating on my lesson, and priding myself upon the chance of my being at the head of the class, and thereby mortifying several bigger boys, whom I knew could not repeat their lesson so well as myself, I was met by a man with an axe on his shoulder, who accosted me with "you are a pretty little boy, how old are you my dear? where do you live?"

"I told him I was in my seventh year, and my father lived a few steps back from the road. "That's a fine boy," replied he, "are you going to school thus early? it is not yet nine o'clock; and without giving me time to answer him, asked me "If my father had a Grindstone?"

"I was so delighted with being called a fine pretty little boy, that I immediately replied, yes we have a fine large Grindstone, I'll run back and show you where it is. As we walked towards the house, he told me again "I was the prettiest little fellow he had ever before met with."

When we arrived at the Grindstone, here it is said I, you may grind as many axes on it as you please "But can you, my dear," replied he, "get me a little hot water?" He requested it so good naturedly that I procured it for him in an instant.

"Now won't you, my fine little fellow turn the Grindstone for ten minutes." This was spoken so civilly, and he appeared to love me so much, that I could not for the life of me refuse; so I set to work, turning and turning for upwards of an

hour, and every now and then, to make the work seem easier, he would tickle my fancy with flattery. Never did I work so hard with such good will as upon this occasion.

Nine o'clock soon came, half past nine o'clock soon followed, then three quarters, but his flattery had chain'd me to the grindstone, and I could not break away; by the time the clock had struck ten, he had sharpened his axe and turning to me, with a frowning look, said; "now, you young dog, scud to school or you'll rue it."

This circumstance has taught me many useful lessons: and when I see one man very officious and attentive to another, fawning and flattering him on all occasions,—this man I exclaim, has an axe to grind.

From the Boston Commercial Gazette. VIEW OF THE NORTH RIVER. A gentleman recently on a tour speaks thus of his passage up the Hudson:

"The view of the North River, or Hudson, is indescribably grand and beautiful. We sailed within a stone's throw of the shore nearly all the time—beholding on the one side, huge masses of rock; called palisades, that lifted their tall heads a thousand feet above us, and whose front resembled the gothic structures of old—and on the other, verdant pastures and green fields, combining the highest fertility of animated nature,—the most productive beauties of the soil. No one can say that the pencil of Irving has here exaggerated his subject—none but an insensible soul would declare that he has written too much of the scenery of the Hudson, or that his pictures partake too strongly of imagination.

The truth is, he can add nothing to its beauties—and the half of them has never yet been told. The theme is measureless—such as Byron, with all his kindred sublimity would delight to dwell upon, and conjure up a spirit in every breeze of its mountains, or that moved on the face of its waters. Its serpentine windings—its deep recesses—the little cottage under the rocky heights, and insulated, as it were from the rest of the world—the splendid palace in the distance, surrounded by dark foliage and towering elms, imparting to it an air of romance—its impenetrable forests where the foot of man would seem never to have trod;—these are things which would call forth the finest strains of poetic inspiration,—which would induce Byron again to say—

"Pass not unblest the Genius of the place! If through the air a zephyr more serene, Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace Along his margin a more eloquent green; If on the heart the freshness of the scene Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust Of weary life, a moment lave it clean With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must Ray orisons for this suspension of disgust."

"On our passage up this noble river, we passed the following mountains, viz:—Bare Mountain, 1350 feet—Anthony's Nose, 1128—Crow's Nest, 1418—Bull Hill, 1486—Butter Hill, 1529—and one other, the name of which I am ignorant, 1580, and which is said to be the highest above the level of the river. We were also afforded a fine view of the Katskill mountains, situated a little in the back ground of the Hudson—their greatest elevation 3856 feet. The water was perfectly calm and nothing disturbed its surface but a solitary sturgeon now and then darting up several feet from his element, as if to take the air, and view the surrounding scenery. A celebrated professed bugle player was on board our boat—and the effect of his instrument from the upper-deck of the "Richmond," was, as may be imagined, truly delightful. In short, to the admirers of nature's works I know of no excursion more pleasurable than that which may be enjoyed on the North River. Whatever delights the eye, or can rekindle the imagination, may be found there—earth alike in her richest and rudest attire bursting on the sight, and entrancing the attention—there business may throw off her cares, and mingle in the scene of enchantment—and literature need look for no other resources than the sublime imagery before it."

EXTRACT. A reform is often delayed till nature is exhausted, and decrepit constitutions hasten a dissolution.

A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF HUNTING.

Going to see my father the other day he ax'd me to take a voyage of hunting, with him! So, when the swabber had rigged the horses, they brought me on to stow myself on board of—one that they told me was in such right and tight trim, and would go as fast on any tack—as a Faulk stone cutter. So I got aloft and clapt myself athwart ship and made as much way as the best on 'em, and to the windward of a gray-el pit we spied a hare at anchor; so we weighed and bore away; and just as I had overtaken her, my horse cāb plump ashore upon a rock—the back stay broke—she pitched me over the fore castle, came keel upwards, and unshipped my shoulder; and hang me if ever I sail on land private teering again.

HOW TO VOTE. "Every thing connected with the system of Representation must interest the only people, who eminently enjoy its advantages. The manner in which Representatives are chosen in Scotland, is described with much truth and genuine humour by a Scottish Novelist. "Well do I remember, for it happened, the year I was licensed, that Town Council—the Lord Eglistoun that was shot, being then Provost—took in the late Thomas Bowitz to be a Counsellor, and Thomas not being versed in Election matters, but minding to please his Lordship, he, as I was saying, consulted Joseph Boyd, the weaver, who was then Dean of Guild, as to the way of voting. Whereupon Joseph, who was a discreet man, said to him:—"Ye'll just say as I say, and I'll say as Bailie Shaw says, for he will do what my Lord bids him," which, says our author, was as peaceful a way of sending up a member of Parliament [or of settling any other question] as could be devised."

EXTRACT. Count Forbin, in his Travels in the Holy Land, says, that the Turks are persuaded that Mahomet descended from Heaven to bless the two Mosques, which have been erected on the space formerly occupied by the temple of Solomon in Jerusalem, and that he visited Jerusalem, mounted on his mare, el-Boraq, which is no other than an angel with the body of a winged horse, and the face of a woman. The prophet is to return to Jerusalem on the day of the last judgment, accompanied by Jesus Christ, Rouh Allah (The spirit of God.) He will stride over the valley of Jehoshaphat, with one of his feet placed on the temple, and the other on the Djebel Tor.—His robe will be formed of the skin of a young camel; the souls of the just will nestle in it like many insects; and as soon as Mahomet perceives, by the weight of his garment, that the souls of all true believers have sheltered themselves beneath his wings, he will take his flight towards the ethereal expanse."

DEFINITION OF TRUE HONOUR. There is no word of greater import and dignity than honor: it is virtue, adorned with every decoration that can make it amiable and useful in society. It is the true foundation of mutual faith and credit, and the real intercourse by which the business of life is transacted with safety and pleasure.—It is of universal extent, and can be confined to no particular station of life because it is every man's security, and every man's interest. It is impossible to have too great a regard and esteem for a man of strict honour; but then let him prove his right to this title by the whole tenor of his actions; let him neither attempt to derive his character, or form his conduct, from fashion, or the opinion of others; let a true moral rectitude be the uniform rule of his actions, and a just praise and approbation will be their due reward.

ANECDOTE. An ignorant fellow being about to be married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the service; but by mistake got by heart the office of baptism for riper years, so when he was asked in the church—"Will thou have this woman, &c." he answered—"I renounce them all." The clergyman said, "I think you are a fool;" to which he replied, "All this I steadfastly believe."