



THE HEART'S CHANGE.

There is a change, an utter change,
That comes upon the heart,
Ere time one feature can derange,
Or bid one smile depart :
The outward form is still the same,
Nor are by words expressed,
The dark and boding thoughts that tame
The fires within the breast.

Undimmed—unaltered—still the eye
Beams forth on all around ;
And if the bosom heaves a sigh,
That sigh has scarce a sound.
Yet though the world may never dream
Our spirits touched by care—
So buoyant and so free they seem—
We are not what we were ;

O'er us, we scarce know whence or when,
That change begins to steal
Which teaches that we ne'er again
As once we felt shall feel.
A curtain, slowly drawn aside,
Reveals a shadowed scene,
Wherein the future differs wide
From what the past has been.

'Tis not the earth withholds its joys,
As manhood crowns the brow ;
The same pursuit we loved, as boys,
Life offers to us now :
And still we seek the giddy wind,
And join the laughers there,
But feel that in the festive sound
Our hearts have now no share.

Yet mourn we not this early change—
'Tis sent our souls to show
How narrow is the utmost range
Allowed them here below !
'Tis sent to bid our youth aspire
From scenes so soon o'ercast,
To those whose pleasures ne'er can tire,
And shall forever last.

STRIKING ANECDOTE.

Just as the late anti-slavery meeting in New York was about to close, Mr. Alvan Stewart arose, and begged the attention of the audience to an authentic anecdote of the escape of a slave, which he was sure was well worth their staying just three minutes to hear :

In Georgia, said Mr. S., about three years ago, there lived a man, black but noble, a giant in strength, and in form an Apollo Belvedere, about 35 years of age, a slave, with a wife and four children, also slaves. The love of liberty burned irrepresible in his bosom, and he determined to escape, and free his wife and children, at every hazard. He had heard of Canada, as a place where the laws made every man free, and protected him in his freedom. But of its situation, or the road thither, or the geography of the immediate country, he knew nothing. A benevolent Quaker, however, helped him on his way, by night as far as he dared, and then told him he could do no more for him, but

commend him to God and the north star. Pointing him to the beautiful pole-star, riding high in the heavens, he told him to steer his course by that star, until he found himself in Canada. The slave proceeded, lay in the woods by day, and travelled by night, subsisting himself and family as well as he could, on the fruits and roots he could find, crossing the Savannah and other rivers, and carrying his wife and children by almost superhuman efforts, passed through the states of South and North Carolina and Virginia, crossed Pennsylvania without even knowing that it was the land of the Quakers ; and finally, after six weeks of toil and hardship, he reached Buffalo.

Here he placed his wife and children in the custody of a tribe of Indians in the neighborhood, for the poor man will always be the poor man's friend, and the oppressed will stand by the oppressed.

The man proceeded to town, and as he was passing through the streets, he attracted the notice of a colored barber, also a man of great bodily power. The barber stepped up to him, put his hand on his shoulder, and says, "I know you are a runaway slave, but never fear, I am your friend." The man confessed he was from Georgia, when the barber said. "Your master inquired about you to-day, in my shop, but do not fear, I have a friend who keeps a livery stable and will give us, a carriage as soon as night comes, to carry your family beyond the reach of a master."

As the ferry boat does not run across the Niagara river in the night, by day break they were at the ferry house, and rallied the ferryman to carry them to the Canada shore. They hastened to the boat, and just as they were about to let go, the master was seen, on his foaming horse, with pistol in hand, calling out to the ferryman to stop and set those people ashore or he would blow his brains out.

The stout barber, quick as thought, said to the ferryman, "If you don't put off this instant, I'll be the death of you ;" and the ferryman thus threatened on both sides, cried to God to have mercy on his soul, and said, "If I must die, I will die doing right," and CUT THE ROPE.

The powerful current of the Niagara swept the boat rapidly into the deep water, beyond the reach of tyranny. The workmen at work on the steamer *Henry Clay* were taken by surprise and gave almost involuntarily three cheers for liberty. As the boat darted into the deep and rapid stream, the people on the Canada side, who had seen the occurrence, cheered her course, and in a few moments the broad current was passed, and the man with his wife and children, were all safe on British soil, protected by British laws.—N. Y. Evangelist.

QUAINT PROVERBS—Eat and drink with your friend, but transact no business

with him ; it is not by saying honey, honey, that sweet comes to the mouth ; he who expects a friend without faults will never find one ; although the tongue has no bones, it often breaks bones ; he who weeps for every body soon loses his eyesight ; to live quietly one should be blind, deaf and dumb ; he who rides a borrowed horse does not ride often ; a wife causes the prosperity or ruin of a house ; a friend is often more valuable than a relative ; it is difficult to take a wolf by the ears.

THE SABBATH AT BELGIUM.—The Belgian Minister of War has issued a general order that military exercises and parades are not to interfere with the attendance of the soldiery on religious worship.

An English paper gives an account of a tea party of sixty women, mothers of eight hundred and sixty nine children—twelve of the dames alone, having given birth to two hundred and two of the number. One of them was the mother of thirty-one children.

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May 13, 1836.

Alexander Wilson,
BLACKING MANUFACTURER.
FROM EDINBURGH.

Respectfully announces to the public, that he has taken the store

No. 10, *Sackville Street* (near Loveland's corner) where he will manufacture and keep constantly on hand a supply of Liquid and Paste Blacking, which, with the greatest confidence he undertakes to warrant equal in every respect to any ever offered in the Market : he trusts the superiority of the article will ensure that share of patronage he humbly solicits.—Wholesale dealers supplied on liberal terms. Each label is subscribed with the Manufacturer's name.

Which is the best ? why mine, will each cry out, That mine's the best there cannot be a doubt, These fellows make but trash.—Thus they decide, I'll silent be, the PUBLIC shall decide.

Bottles wanted.
May 27.

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