

POETRY.

PATRIOTIC SONG.

Before all lands in east or west,
I love my native land the best,
With God's best gifts 'tis teeming;
No gold nor jewels here are found,
Yet men of noble souls abound,
And eye's of joy are gleaming.

Before all tongues in east or west
I love my native tongue the best—
Though not so smoothly spoken,
Nor woven with Italian art;
Yet when it speaks from heart to heart
The word is never broken.

Before all people east or west
I love my countrymen the best,
A race of noble spirit:—
A sober-mind—a generous heart—
To virtue trained—yet free from art
They from their sires inherit.—

To all the world I give my hand—
My heart I give my native land—
I seek her good—her glory—
I honour every nation's name,
Respect their fortune and their fame,
But I love the land that bore me.

LOVE OF HOME.

"Home, home, sweet home,
There's no place like home."

In the pursuit of happiness, in which all are to a greater or less degree engaged, we not unfrequently overlook the source of the purest and most substantial of all earth's joys. We rove far, and toil hard, for that which may most easily be obtained at our own fire-sides. Home is the congenial soil of the purest affections, and the noblest virtues of the heart. If there be any thing that will soothe the agitating passions of the soul, which will calm that turbulence of feeling which the din and bustle of the world so frequently excite, it is the soothing influence of a cheerful fire-side. You can hardly find in the world an abandoned man, who has not abandoned the joys of domestic life. There is something in the very atmosphere which surrounds the family hearth, which will not allow vice to luxuriate there. If you wish to find the profligate, and the degraded, you must turn away from that holy sanctuary, and seek them in haunts of revelry. On the other hand, if you find a young man who does not love home, whose taste is formed for other joys, who can see no happiness in the serene enjoyment of the domestic circle, you may depend upon it he is not to be trusted.

There was a young man, a weather-beaten sailor, pursuing whales in the Pacific Ocean. A few years since, he was the child of indulgence, and in the elegant parties of his father's house, he saw the most refined company the country could afford. A few

months since, in one of the seaports of America, he entered a warehouse, and said to the clerks, while weeping like a child,— "Can you not give me some work to do? I have spent all my wages, and am almost starved." The clerk accompanied him down upon the wharf, and gave him a few hours' work in rolling barrels of oil.

The clerk, who had known this young man under the very different circumstances of his former years, said to him, "What would your sister think if she should see you so dissipated and wretched?" He sternly replied, "Don't mention my sister's name to me. I cannot bear to go and see her; you ought not to mention her to such a wretch as I am." His heart, degraded by every scene of vice, was still sensitive at the recollection of a virtuous home; and this recollection was the only restraint he felt.

Shall we appeal to the testimony of those who have sought joy elsewhere? We have but one answer from them all—that the search has been fruitless. Who aspires to a loftier elevation of honour than that attained by Burke? And yet he says he would not give one peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame in the world. What is the declaration of Byron, after having drained the cup of earthly pleasure to its dregs? It is, that his life has been passed in wretchedness, and that he longs to rush into the thickest of the battle, that he may terminate his miserable existence by a sudden death.—And Chesterfield, with rank, wealth, talent, polish, and power, after having stood for half a century the brightest luminary in all the European circles of elegance and fashion, has left his most decisive testimony of the heartlessness and emptiness of all those joys he had so eagerly pursued. As we go through this world of trial and of change, we can find our only joy in a life of piety and domestic peace.

It is not essential to the happy home that there should be the luxury of the carpeted floor, the richly-cushioned sofa, the soft shade of the astral lamp. These elegancies gild the apartments, but reach not the heart. It is neatness, order, a cheerful heart, and mutual kindness, which make home that sweet paradise it is so often found to be.—There is joy as real, as heartfelt, by the cottage fire-side, as in the most splendid saloons of wealth and refinement. What a lovely picture has Burns given us of the return of the cottager to his home, after the labours of the day.

"At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree.
The expectant wee things, toddling, stagger through,
To meet their dad, with fluttering noise and glee.
His clean hearth-stone, his thrifite wife's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does all his weary, carking cares beguile,
And makes him quiet forget his labour and his toil."

It is narrated of a celebrated monarch, that he was one day galloping about the

room, upon all-fours, with one child upon his back, and chasing another little urchin, who was laughing at the top of her lungs at the gambols of her royal father. While thus engaged, one of his ministers was announced. "Come in," said the king, "you are a father, and so I will have my race out;" and he continued his sport with his children. We do not doubt that this moment was one of the happiest of the king's life. There was more real heartfelt joy in that undignified parlour frolic than he ever felt while seated upon his throne, glittering in splendid robes, and surrounded by all the pomp and pageantry of royalty. It is the influence of such scenes as these which softens the heart, and makes a man feel for his fellow men.

MOTHER'S TENDERNESS.

Alas! how little do we appreciate a Mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we in youth, of all her anxieties and kindness.—But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we find how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few loves us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes; then it is we think of the mother we have lost. It is true I had always loved my mother, even in my most heedless days; but I felt how inconsiderate and ineffectual had been my love.—My heart melted as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led by a mother's hand, and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms, and was without care or sorrow.—"Oh, my mother," exclaimed I, hurrying my face again in the grass of the grave.—"Oh that I were once more by your side; sleeping never to wake again on the cares and troubles of this world!"

AXIOMS.

Every good principal in society, to do good effectually and generally, ought to be effectually and generally applied, and, therefore, to raise any society or nation to the highest degree, individual cultivation should be carried to the greatest practicable extent in all classes of society.

Knowledge is pleasure as well as power; and of any two individuals in society, whether rich or poor, the more highly cultivated, other circumstances being the same, will possess the greater share of happiness, and will be the more valuable member of society.

All human happiness, whether public or private, domestic or national, are founded on individual cultivation.

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