

renovation. Newcastle and Douglastown have resumed their original size, and Chatham is every day extending itself. Churches and Seminaries are rising up among us for the propagation of Religion and Science, and stores and wharves are continually erecting for the prosecution of commerce. See the spirit of the people, gradually soaring above the influence of the times; and renewed enterprise, under the guidance of prudence, rising from the late depression of trade. Behold our capitalists employing the neglected resources of the country, for the extension of our commerce. Our export trade invigorated by variety, and the sphere of our manufacture enlarged by the creation of saw-mills, whose magnitude corresponds with the spirit of their proprietors. The resources of our sea-board drawn upon for the supply of the West-India market, to an extent commensurate with the enlarged views of one, and the interior employed for the exportation of boards &c. by another—Agriculture dawning among us and mildly reproving our negligence, by the exercise of its embellishing, and provident genius, reclaiming the wilderness—clothing the soil with verdure and providing a granary for future exigency.

MISCELLANY.

INFLUENCE OF POVERTY.

"Apart from all the outward distress of poverty—its hunger and cold and privation—there is a work wrought upon the spirit by its hard necessities, which occasions suffering far keener than the body may feel or know—no one who has not felt or narrowly observed the process of poverty—the perpetual fettering of desire, the pinching, abstinent calculation, the daily smothering in the heart of impulses irresistibly strong—a duty not the less painful that it is silent and habitual—no one who has not looked upon the unalleviated and uncomplaining misery of the poor, pressing down, with its withering and leaden closeness, every nerve capable of sensation or enjoyment—no one who has not watched their self-denying and unbroken labor continued when the strength is faint and the heart sick, and seen them when released at the extreme moment, meeting, with the apathy of exhaustion, the caresses and poor comforts of their wretched home—no one who has not seen all this, and compelled himself to conquer his averted eye and look upon it with the steady gaze of sympathy, can have any idea of their intolerable misery—any adequate conception of its degrading, deadening influence upon the spirit and temper of humanity. And this is not merely a temporary forgetfulness of their natural capacities—not a cloud that darkens for an hour but may pass by. It is a gradual and final shutting out of light from the mind. It is the rending one by one of the exquisite fibres of life—dividing with an edge keener than steel, affections nourished in youth, and wound about the heart with inexpressible tenderness. It is the pressing forever upon the eye images of dismal want, and upon the mind a sick consciousness that will not be put by, of desperate irremediable wretchedness. We are not in this country familiar with such poverty as this, but the effect extends proportionally to every degree of want. Wherever it is felt daily, it subdues the spirit, and shuts up in the mind its own overpresent image, and kills like a mildew the delicate fibres of refinement and feeling. And what is the remedy? The circle of common pleasures is invisible to the poor, for they have not its talisman of gold. It has no medicine for those who have no money, and no wine and milk without price." The beauty and fragrance and cheerful music of nature—gifts not for the rich alone or the powerful; are lost upon senses drenched by inward care. They all go on in their proper seasons, and pass through their beautiful changes, but the poor have no heart to enjoy them. And is this all? Is there no other remedy? Has the clear seeing Providence of God left a class of his creatures at the mercy of a chance they cannot govern, which may bring upon them, at any time, a blindness to the common light of Heaven, and a fetter for every sense capable of joy? Religion, as it is meant for all, so it is adapted to the necessities of all. It enters alike the cottage of the peasant and the hall of the noble, and brings to both, the same priceless gift, but to the former, it brings also another and not a trifling blessing. It

will not dwell upon the progress of its pure refinement and its beautiful and certain elevation of taste. I will only direct your eye to the poverty which is the result. You may select the religious portion of them without passing a threshold. An invariable neatness is visible about their dwellings. The humble vine creeps over the door, and the flower-pot stands in the window, and the curtain that shuts out the intruding eye from the low room is of snowy whiteness. The child that plays at the dog's quiet and clean. The sound of labor is not mingled with noisy voices in the day time, and at evening the psalm of the Sabbath service is heard, or the mother sits quietly in the porch, or reads by her faint lamp, the book wherein her trust is hidden. Enter her cottage and you will find a meek cheerfulness in her manner, a mild expression in her face, and a tone, free, at least from the violence common to her station, and if she has felt the heavier afflictions of sickness and death, often subdued and touching. Win her confidence, and she will tell you that it refreshes her in her severe labor to look out upon the pleasant sun, and remember God's goodness, and that she finds now and then a passage in her Bible which opens her eye to some common beauty in creation which she had hitherto passed by—the eloquent psalm of the King of Israel, or the glowing fervor of the Prophet has sent her out by night to see the Heavens that "declare his glory," and ponder the "sweet influence of the Pleiades;" and that every created thing has assumed an interest to her, reminding her constantly of Him who made the "goodly wings of the bird," and "clothed the neck of the horse with thunder." New and delightful topics of thought are thus given her which wile away her care, and as she dwells less upon the low and degrading images of her lot, and more upon the beautiful contemplations of her Bible, an imperceptible refinement is wrought within her, and the narrowing and depressing tendency of her employments effectually counteracted."

ON MODESTY.—It may be thought an *immodest* commencement to assert, that this is a virtue, not less valuable than rare and uncommon. But as my notions of Modesty widely differ from that false delicacy which actuates the conduct and movements of the generality of mankind, I feel no hesitation in hazarding the proposition. Indeed, a very cursory view of men and manners is sufficient to convince us, that the virtues of our ancestors are very faintly reflected in the persons of their descendants, and none more so than that of Modesty. In our days, the decline of life is too frequently marked with a total disregard of its injunctions; and the juvenile part of the community are making great progress in their endeavour to extirpate this (in their eyes) unnecessary accompaniment. How ridiculous the stern and self-opinated importance of the former! how disgusting the pride, ignorance and impertinence of the latter! Persons who barely comply with the prescribed forms of decency and decorum, conceive themselves remarkably modest; forgetting that the chief and component parts of this qualification, *diffidence* and *humility*, are essentially requisite. How amiable is the youth, who, notwithstanding the possession of superior abilities and education, is diffident of his own opinion, and with modest deference attentively considers the remarks of all; or, even if he is not conspicuously blessed with ability and education, but *presumes* not more than he *possesses*, still how praiseworthy is his conduct! Contrast it with the boisterous presumption of arrogance and ignorance, and behold more clearly the inestimable advantages resulting from Modesty! The truly modest feel not less diffident of their own opinion, than fearful of too hastily and inconsiderately contradicting that of another: the delicacy of their own feelings induces them to be always watchful, lest they should incautiously wound the feelings of others. A sympathetic ardor pervades in the heart, by which they are at all times not only inclined, but willing, to rejoice with the fortunate, compassionate with the distressed, bear with the pragmatical, and envy not the proud. In short, to use a paradoxical expression, Modesty is not what (in these days) it seems to be. It is not that summary of expression, that preciseness of form, that stiffness of demeanour, which is so conspicuous in the middle and higher classes of society; neither is it to be discovered in that refined delicacy, which shrinks at the idea of any

open personal impropriety, or deviation from established usage, but which feels no remorse in privately dipping its envenomed tongue in the cup of slander and detraction.

Artificial Modesty, may with some degree of propriety be compared to our garments. Like them, we put it on and off; we suit it to the time and place; so that it is unobtrusively acknowledged, not to be wholly impossible for a seeming saint to become metamorphosed into a very devil.

ON LOVE TO MAN.—FROM LAVATER.—Love, what art thou? O Love! who, of all mortals, has ever pronounced thy glory divine? To give and to teach, to gladden, to comfort, and to warn,—is this the whole compass of Love? Or is it the province of Love to forgive and relieve our foes? To supplicate blessings with tears for those who wish evil to us? Or is it the duty of Love to waste our fortune for friends, to die in their service unknown to them; to grasp the misery of nations; to carry the burden of ages; to soar up to heaven; to plunge into the bottomless chasms, for groaning mankind's relief; to be entranced with the happy; to groan with the hapless, in the darkness of night; to be all for all; to live but in others, as the heart's blood lives in every limb;—is this the standard of love? Speak! answer me, Love! Thou smilest, art silent! Thy smile, what tells it me, heaven-born Love!—"I am all in all, unspeakable, like Him! unfathomable, like Him!"

YELLOW FEVER.

From all the information that we are able to procure, we learn that this usual and dangerous visitant of the city prevails to an alarming extent. If the statements be true, for a few days past, from thirty to fifty have died each day, and those who it is reported constituted the greatest number of the subjects, were those Spaniards, that adopted this city, as a temporary asylum from the extravagance of Mexican democracy. To find multitudes of fellow beings falling before us into the grave, a few moments after they have shown the liveliest and healthiest aspect, and when we are or hope to be secure, is astonishing and lamentable. The youthful, the aged, the powerful, the weak, yielding themselves a prey to its rapidly devastating force. Although disposed to weep with the mourners, who may be spread over the world, and who will anxiously look towards New Orleans for the communication of the news of life or death, we will, in opposition to the usual course prescribed, advise those who are unacclimated to remain in the city. That the disease prevails, there is no doubt; and that the method of treatment, the advantage of attendance, and the necessities of the patient are more abundantly procured here than elsewhere are truths self evident.—There is at least equal liability to the infection by the disease in leaving the city at this time, and double danger from the inexperience of medical attendants. Those who are untouched by the searching operation of the yellow fever, have now to stand and test their strength with its desolating powers.

Although each year announces the multitudes of deaths here by the Yellow Fever; and although each town in the Union may mourn for the loss of parent, child or relative, swept off by the rapid march of disease, yet the news of the most extensive destruction will whet the ardor of commercial speculation, and even in the remote parts of Europe, the healthy inhabitants will be calculating upon the profits of a residence in this city, and assuming as a basis, the decrease of population by the yellow fever. So soon as the healthful season has come, one will hear the stranger, newly arrived, when examining the dimensions and capabilities of this city, ejaculate his astonishment at the populousness of the inhabitants, and the difference between the notion he had formed of the "city of the dead," and the life and number of its inhabitants. Thus it is however, the effect which the news of the destructive prevalence of the yellow fever has abroad, is the increasing determination of those who hear, to become hazardous visitors. As managers of a public print, it is a duty to announce the supposed facts of the disease; to state our opinions, and to leave our crude notions to the examination and reflections of those who may read, or dread, or weep at the fatal march of the enemy to the sons of man—the yellow fever.—New Orleans Paper.