

Poetical.

HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING.
To THEE ALMIGHTY LORD, we rise
Our hearts and hands in prayer and praise
For all thy mercies plead and prove,
Thy word is true, that—*God is love.*

How many dangers, woes and fears
Have pass'd like the dreams of other years—
How many blessings from above,
Sound, as they fall, that—*God is love.*

That Pestilence, whose venom'd breath
Infus'd the very life of death,
The voice of mercy bade "remove,"
And thus proclaimed, that—*God is love.*

The beauteous products of the soil,
The rich reward of honest toil,
To praise the Lord our tongues shall move,
For these attest that—*God is love.*

Freedom her golden gift extends
To us, her faithful chosen friends;
The breeze of health waves every grove;
And gently whispers—*God is love.*

Serene her light around us pours;
Religion triumphs—Faith adores;
While peace, the heavenly turtle-dove,
Coos in soft strains that—*God is love.*

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

The contemplation of this glorious attribute of God, is fitted to excite in our minds the most animating and consoling reflections. Standing, as we are, amid the ruins of time, & the wrecks of mortality, where every thing about us is created and dependant, proceeding from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something is presented to our view which has stood from everlasting, and will remain forever. When we have looked on the pleasures of life, & they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of art and seen that they would not stand; on our friends and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, & felt that we were as fleeting as they; when we have looked on every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us they could give us no hope nor support, because they were as feeble as ourselves; we can look to the throne of God; change & decay have never reached that; the revolution of ages has never removed it; the waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken; the waves of another eternity are rushing towards it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.—

And blessed be God, who assured us by a revelation from himself, that the throne of eternity is like wise a throne of mercy and love; who has permitted and invited us to repose ourselves and our hopes on that which alone is everlasting & unchangeable. We shall leave behind us all which is now familiar and beloved, and a world of other days & other men will be entirely ignorant that once we lived. But the same unalterable Being will still preside over the universe, through all its changes, and from his remembrance we shall never be blotted. We can never be where he is not, and where he sees and loves and upholds us not—He is our father and our God for ever. He takes us from earth that he may lead us to heaven, that he may refine our nature from all its principles of corruption, share with us his own immortality, admit us to his everlasting habitation and crown us with his eternity.

From the New Hampshire Journal—a BIT OF ADVICE—It has been ascertained, with a considerable degree of accuracy, that there is annually consumed in this State,

New Hampshire, 1,000,000 gallons of ardent spirits, wines, &c. distilled amongst us and imported from the West Indies & Europe.

The cost of this poisonous liquid cannot be calculated at less than \$2 per gallon; taking all sorts, from old Madeira or Cogniac, to potato whiskey; & as a great portion of it is drank by the gill, with the profits of the dram shop, and in a variety of compound forms, such as punch, toddy, flip, sling bitters, &c. At this rate, it costs the State annually \$2,000,000. An enormous sum—nine hundredths of which is unnecessary.

Say not a word, then, about your taxes, salaries, lawyers, courts, or women's extravagance. Your government, your courts, your clergymen, your schools & your poor, do not cost one third so much as one paltry article, which does you little or no good, but is more destructive of your lives, than famine or the sword.

I will now tell you how to pay your taxes without feeling them.

1st Fee no lawyers.

You say lawyers have too high fees. I say they have not. They cost me not one farthing. Do as I have always done, and lawyers' fees will be no trouble at all. If I want a new coat, or my wife wants a new gown, we have agreed to wear the old ones until we have got cash or produce to pay for them. When we buy, we pay in hand—we get things cheaper than our neighbors—merchants never dun us—and we have no lawyers' fees to pay.

Silly! I allow my family but two gallons of rum a year. This is enough for any family, and too much for most of them. I drink cider and beer of my own manufacture; and my wife makes excellent beer, I assure you. I advise you all to do the same. I am astonished at you, good folks.—Not a mechanic or a laborer goes to work for a merchant, but he carries home a bottle of rum.—Not a load of wood comes to town but a gallon bottle is tied to the cart stake to be filled with rum. Scarcely a woman comes to town with tow cloth, but she has a wooden gallon bottle in one side of her saddle bags, to be filled with rum. A stranger would think you a nation of Indians, by your thirst for the paltry liquor—

Silly! Never buy any useless clothing.

Keep a good suit for Sundays & other public days, but let your common wearing apparel be good substantial cloths & linens of your own manufacture. Let your wives and daughters lay aside their plumes. Feathers and fripperies suit the Cherokees; but they little become the fair daughters of America.

My countrymen, I am not trifling with you; I am serious—You feel the facts I state; you know you are poor, and ought to know, the fault is all your own.—Are you not satisfied with the food and drink which this country affords? The beef, the pork, the wheat, the corn, the butter, the cheese, the cider, the beer, those luxuries which are heaped in profusion upon your tables? If not, you must expect to be poor. In vain do you wish for mines of gold & silver. A mine would be the greatest curse that could befall this country. There is gold enough in the world, and if you have not enough of it, it is because you con-

sume all you earn, in useless food and drink. In vain do you wish to increase the quantity of cash by a mint, or by paper emissions—Should it rain millions of joes into your chimneys, on your present system of expenses, you would still have no money. It would leave the country in streams.—Trifle not with serious subjects, nor spend your breath in empty wishes. Reform—economize—This is the whole of your political duty. You may reason, speculate, complain, raise mobs, spend life in railing at Congress and your rulers; but unless you import less than you export, unless you spend less than you earn, you will eternally be poor.

TIMOTHY.

ROCHESTER Nov. 3.

The Automaton—In the Automaton now to be seen in this village, we have an amusing instance of mechanical ingenuity. His powers are such, that if a spectator deposits a card with a question on it, in a particular drawer of the table before him, he will appear to consult a volume which is in one hand, shake his head as if pondering on the question proposed, and with the other hand strike on the table, when a blooming damsel springs up through the board holding in her little apron a correct answer for the enquirer.

Such results, however, are produced only when questions are agreeable to his Automatism—Put into a box a question to excite his ire, and the consequence is vastly different. He shakes his head like an enraged pedagogue, and in the climax of his passion, thumps upon the table, anon a blue flame and a volume of smoke are seen, and a black figure, like the father of evil, emerges from his den, spitting fire, and striking terror into the beholders.

We have just now seen what we speak of, and on the spur of the moment recommend all who admire ingenuity, to gratify themselves, and encourage merit, by witnessing the performance of this Automaton. Lake Maelzel's chess player, it is dressed in Turkish costume. It was made by Dr. Balcom, who it is well known has put *artificial arms* on disarmed men, and thus enabled them to procure a livelihood, instead of becoming a burthen to their friends or to the town.

Blanchard's Steam Engine—The Springfield Massachusetts papers contain an account of this ingenious piece of mechanism, which was put in operation in that town some days since. After mentioning the particular construction of the carriage and machinery for putting it in motion, it is stated that the management of the carriage is easy, being readily carried backward or forward, and turned in any direction.—There is in practice, no difficulty in going up hill, and the carriage is every way controllable in going down. It weighs about half a ton and readily carries an additional weight of 1500 lbs. up a gentle ascent. The engine has a two inch cylinder, and the stroke of the piston is eleven inches, the boiler is calculated for three gallons.—From the success of this experiment, the inventor, having obtained a patent, has determined to build another carriage, of about five or six horse power, to be in readiness at the opening of the spring. Such a vehicle may be

carried to the same degree of velocity with that of a steam-boat. It is remarked that "the utility of this invention, particularly in its adaption to railways, can only be alluded to. It obviates the only serious objection to the introduction of railways into this country, the immense expense of the stationary steam engines, as used in England. These may, upon Mr. Blanchard's plan, in which we have entire confidence, be wholly dispensed with."

The King & Spider—Solomon says "The spider layeth hold with her hand, and is in king's palaces." That even a king may receive omnibus information from an insignificant reptile, the following story will demonstrate—

Robert Bruce of Scotland, had long waged war with Edward I. of England without success.—Edward II bent to follow his father's example, and obey his solemn injunction, resolved to reduce Scotland; for which purpose he raised an army of no less than an hundred thousand men, including his foreign allies—Bruce being in great difficulty, was obliged one night to take up his quarters in the barn of a loyal farmer. In the morning, still reclining his head on a strawy pillow, he beheld a spider climbing a beam to gain its curious attenuated web at the summit. The insect in its efforts fell to the ground and made a second essay. This attracted the hero's notice, who with regret saw it fall the second time from the same situation—it made a 3d attempt without success, and in the fourth also failed. Not without a mixture of concern & curiosity, the monarch twelve times saw the persevering creature baffled in its aim to reach the place of its natural laboratory. But the thirteenth time proving successful, the king started from his couch and thus exclaimed—This little insect has taught me a lesson of perseverance, and set me an example which I will follow. Have not I in a like manner been twelve times disappointed of my wish, and defeated by the enemy's superior treachery? On one trial more depends the fate of my dear distressed country?"

So saying, Bruce rose, rallied his forces, and a few days after gained the memorable battle of Bannockburn, in which 30,000 of the enemy fell in the field, and restored the monarchy of Scotland.

Tailor Bird—The Tailor bird is particularly remarkable for the art with which it constructs its nest. This bird is of a yellow colour, not exceeding three inches in length, and slender in proportion. To prevent the possibility of its little nest being shaken down, it contrives to attach it in such a manner to the leaves of the tree, that both must stand or fall together. The nest is formed of leaves which it picks up from the ground—and it contrives, by means of its slender bill, and some fine fibres, which it uses as a needle & thread to sew these leaves to those growing on the tree with great dexterity. Hence it receives the name of the Tailor bird. The lining, which consists of down, adds little to the weight of the nest, which is scarcely felt on the twig that supports it.

BLANKS for Magistrates in Illinois, for sale at this office.