

TO-MORROW.

How sweet to the heart is the thought of to-morrow,
When Hope's fairy pictures bright colours display!
How sweet when we can from futurity borrow,
A balm from the griefs that afflict us to-day!

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish
For health, and the comforts it bears on its wing,
Let me hope—(Oh, how soon it would lessen my anguish!)
That to-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,
Sweet the hope that to-morrow my wad'nings will cease;
That at home, then, with care sympathetic attended,
I shall rest unmolested, and slumber in peace.

Or, when from the friends of my heart long divided,
The fond expectation, with joy how replete!
That from far distant regions by PROVIDENCE guided,
To-morrow will see us most happily meet.

When six days of labour each other succeeding,
With hurry and toil have my spirits oppress,
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be a sweet Sabbath of rest!

And when the vain shadows of life are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
The Christian believing, exulting, expiring,
Beholds a to-morrow of endless delight!

But th' Infidel then, surely, sees no to-morrow!
Yet he knows that his moments are halting away;
Poor wretch! can he feel without heart-rending sorrow,
That his joys and his life will expire with to-day!

THE STOLEN KISS.

TO JOHN, FLORINDA said one day,
Can you your Love a secret keep;
Oh yes, for I ne'er told till now,
I've often kiss'd you in your sleep!

Then JOHN, the fair FLORINDA cries,
Since of your Love a boast you're making,
I'll make no secret of my vow,
That you shall never kiss me waking. H.

THE MONITOR.

Some have hastily pronounced, that the world is but a desert, and yields little else than briars and thorns. They will admit, that it is possible here and there to meet a fertile corner; but then the road to it is troublesome, the fruits it yields are scarcely worth the plucking, and the little verdure, that covers it, serves only to darken the gloom of the surrounding barrenness.—Such melancholy views of life are surely not to be envied. They are far from congenial to the spirit of the gospel; nor can they be cherished by any except those who having been peculiarly the children of adversity, have not had religion to make their afflictions the means of their virtue; or else by those repining spirits, who exhaust their imaginations in inventing causes for complaint, and ingeniously extract misery out of the choicest blessings of Heaven.

Our religion forbids these complaints, for she condemns them as impious murmurings against the goodness of God. She shows us indeed the emptiness of the world; but she directs us also to many pleasures, and commands us to accept and enjoy them with a thankful heart. There have been many, whose days, have been covered with clouds, who have often seen the sun of their prosperity setting in darkness, and have passed through many a long night of adversity, who yet have gratefully acknowledged, that the world abounds in blessings. That nature has here planted a garden, which blooms with fragrant flowers, and is rich with nourishing and delicious fruits. That though not so fair as was once the garden of Paradise, it is still refreshed by the dews of heavenly mercy, and watered by the rivers of God.

How can we complain, that we live in a barren world, when we find its allurements so often seducing us from our duty, and making us forgetful of our heavenly destiny?—How can we say, that our Creator has furnished us with no stores of happiness, when we are grasping so eagerly the blessings he sends us? Where these earthly blessings less; were they not so abundant, as to fill all our affections, we should find time for gratitude. But our Heavenly Father is so indulgent, and pours his bounties upon us in such profusion, that we are intent on nothing but to catch them as they descend; and can hardly stop amidst the delirium of our enjoyments to lift one eye of gratitude to the hand, that bestows them. Who, even of those, who sometimes seek in devotion for their purest pleasures, have not found their pious affections repressed by the obstruction of some worldly charm? Their hearts have been occupied by some fondly cherished object, which the goodness of God has placed before them; and this very blessing, which ought to have given new fervor to their prayers, has so completely engrossed their thoughts, as to make them forgetful of the smallest returns. Is it not humiliating, that we thus make the overflowings of divine love the occasion of our ungrateful indifference?

So far is the world from being a barren desert, that the charms and pleasures, it offers us, are among the most dangerous enemies which we are called to oppose. They are the temptations, which meet us on the way, to try our virtue, and to strengthen our faith. To those who are formed for enjoyment, whose passions are glowing with youthful ardor, and whose hearts are alive to pleasure, severe, it must be confessed, is the struggle, which religion sometimes requires. These charms will sometimes court us in such seductive forms, that we are ready to mistake them for the messengers of virtue, and to yield ourselves to their power before we suspect our danger. But it is our joy, that the victory, though arduous, is crowned with glory. The pure and holy God is also our merciful friend. He delights to strengthen the weakness of his children, and to animate the desponding by his heavenly grace. He points the strug-

gling christian to the crown, which awaits the conqueror, and opens to his eye of faith that world of glory, where conflict shall be over; where the charms, we once thought so attractive, will lose all their beauty, and the pleasures, we so fondly cherished, will be forgotten in the perfection of heavenly bliss.

The oak, which now stands the glory of the forest, was once a feeble plant, that trembled with every blast. But it has gathered strength by resistance, and now bids defiance to the storm. So the humble christian with every effort to resist temptation shall find new grace to be faithful, and to subdue his spiritual enemies. "He shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar of Lebanon. He shall bring forth fruit in his old age; and having been planted here in the house of the Lord, he shall flourish hereafter in the courts of our God."

From WASHINGTON, November 15.

The news of the day is, that the embargo is to be continued and enforced with the greatest rigour—so say all the Madisonian democrats—and so it is generally believed. And for this purpose all the militia are to be held in readiness. The administration are exceedingly alarmed at the news from Massachusetts, both as to the elections and the violent opposition at Portland.

It is said (and there can be no doubt of the fact) that Mr. Armstrong has written a letter in which he has this observation, "We have greatly overrated our means of coercion, the Embargo is not felt here, and in England it is forgotten. I wish it was raised."

If it is a fact (and no one pretends to deny it) that many months have passed since the executive have had official information that Bonaparte declared we must be his "allies or enemies," I will not pretend to determine whether fear or affection has been the moving cause of the christian meekness and forbearance of the executive.

The Madisonians begin to be much ashamed of their Col. Duane, and attempt to throw the odium of the appointment upon the poor Secretary at War." [Ev. Post.]

Extract of a letter from the American Minister at Paris, to M. CHAMPAGNY, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, dated August 6, 1808.

That his Majesty has a right to make such municipal regulations as he may deem proper, with regard to foreign commerce, neither is nor has been denied. For example, he may forbid the entry into the ports of France of American ships which have touched in England, or been destined to England; and he may either sequester or confiscate such vessels of the United States as shall infract these laws, after due promulgation and notice thereof; but beyond this, the United States hope and believe that his Majesty will not go.

M. de Champagny will not fail to seize the distinction which these remarks present between the authority of municipal regulations and that of public law, and will decide whether it does or does not offer a ground on which the good understanding, so long and so usefully maintained between the United States and France may be preserved, and a degree of intercourse between them revived, which shall have the effect of reanimating their former industry.

Does his Majesty fear that the balance of trade, arising from this renewed industry, would go to the advantage of England? Means are certainly not wanting to prevent this consequence; would it not be entirely avoided by making it a condition of the commerce in question, that all ships leaving France shall take (in some article or articles of her produce or manufacture) the full amount of the cargoes they bring hither?

Ships sailing under this regulation would or would not go voluntarily to England. If they went voluntarily, it would only be because that country afforded the best markets for the productions of France, in which the habitual returns would be entirely changed, and England, ceasing to receive a balance for her manufactures, would begin to pay one to the United States on the productions of France.—Could France with a state of commerce more prosperous than this?

If, on the other hand, the American ships did not go voluntarily to England, but were captured and sent in for adjudication, it may be presumed, that the United States could no longer hesitate about becoming a party to the war against England.

Thus, in either case, the interests of his Majesty would be advanced by the measures—in the one, the wants of France and her colonies would be not only regularly supplied, but she would herself become an entrepot for the supply of the continent; and in the other, THE WISHES OF HIS MAJESTY AS EXPRESSED IN FEBRUARY LAST, would be directly promoted."

FROM A BALTIMORE PAPER. CELEBRATION OF DEMOCRATIC SUCCESS.

Like good old Romans, the Democrats of Baltimore first strenuously contend for victory; then give a loose to generous festivity in the entire forgetfulness of all grovelling and unworthy cares.

Thousands yesterday marched in procession through the main streets of Baltimore and Fell's Point; from whence it first moved:—

About a thousand horsemen led the way, preceded by a trumpeter:

After which followed Major Chalmers bearing a branch of poplar—with an ensign on which were these words—"God Speed the Plough."

Next was borne an American ensign, a white flag labelled—"A proof that all American seamen have not gone to Halifax." (Above three hundred seamen being present.)

Tobias E. Stranbury, a representative of Baltimore county, was drawn upon a triumphal car, prepared with much elegance and taste, surrounded with boughs of poplar and evergreen, as emblems of rural life, and civic triumph.—He stood on a platform holding a plough. The following flags and labels were exhibited:

On the left,
Tobias E. Stranbury,
Democratic elector.
Commerce and Agriculture united.

On the right,
George Merryman,
Moses Brown,
Beale Randall,
T. E. Stranbury.

The elegant schooner "Democratic Republican," commanded by Capt. Stiles, and other able seamen, boatswain, &c. followed next in order, with flags displayed and colours flying, decorated nearly in the same manner as described yesterday, with the successful candidates for Congress and the State Legislature on board—Messrs M'Kim and Moore, Blaud and Stuart. Thousands of the most respectable citizens followed on foot, in regular order, and thousands surveyed and cheered them as they traversed the several streets, before their return to Fell's Point; to which they again proceeded; and from which they moved at night, with flaming flambeaux, to Hamstead Hill, where thousands of citizens awaited them that they might witness the burning of the Gin, according to public notice and previous concert.

The immense crowd was formed into a great circle by Marshals on horseback, the tributary Gin in the centre, over which was erected a gallows with this inscription over it:—

"BRITISH ORDERS IN COUNCIL."

About 8 o'clock the car and schooner, with their crew and convoy of sailors and citizens, bearing torches arrived—the fatal faggots were lighted—and applied—the GIN blazed to Heaven!—the vast concourse repeatedly huzzaed—as a hoghead burst, or the gallows with "British orders, &c." was consumed and fell; while a salute of 17 shots was fired from a couple of six pounders on the hill.

The effect of the conflagration (on such an occasion) on the topmost part of the highest hill, the surrounding flambeaux—the occasional cheers and huzzas—it was easier to feel than describe. The appearance of the burnings was much aided by the darkness of the evening—the moon being then under a cloud; which emerging immediately after, gave occasion for a democrat to remark, that "Heaven smiled on democratick undertakings—yesterday the sun shone brighter than ever, and now the moon favours all our purposes."

REMARKS.—We are confident the correct notions entertained in this part of the Union respecting the freedom and dignity of elections will preclude the necessity of any reflections on the indecorum manifested on this occasion, in which the elected took so active and conspicuous a part.—We are not yet so forgetful that we are men, and as to our political standing, equal, as to degrade our own natures by such pitiful acts of self humiliation. We elect men from among us to represent the people and act for them, because all cannot act; not to complete the pageantry of an idol, as the Grecians would an Alexander, or as pagans in general honored their gods.

But if this pomp and nonsense degraded the populace of Baltimore to a mere rabble, the mob and riot which succeeded disgraced that rabble, as unworthy their relation to civilized society. The gin burning scene was really a spectacle more characteristic of our predecessors on the soil, than enlightened freemen. But what was the cause of this famous Powwow? Why was Senator Smith's six pipes of gin consigned to the "fatal faggots"? Let these questions be answered, and we shall be able to judge of the patriotism of Mr. Smith and his drunken mob. We may then determine whether their zeal did not emanate from a love of France, rather than of America.

In 1806, France, without the least provocation on our part, interdicted all our commerce with Great-Britain and her dependencies, though she could not actually blockade a single mile of coast on her territories. Great-Britain waited a year to observe whether our government made any objection to such an unprecedented violation of our rights. No objection was made, though our Executive was officially informed, that if such a principle was tolerated, Great-Britain would certainly avail herself of the right and law of retaliation. The British government then declared France and her dependencies in a state of blockade, and to avoid the insulting absurdity of France, agreeable to the laws of nations, they placed before the ports, proclaimed blockaded, a force competent to enforce their orders. From one of these ports Mr. Smith's gin was taken, on its return to America, and carried into England. The government having qualified the forfeitures usually annexed to a declaration of blockade, so far in favor of the neutral, that property, which might have been condemned, should be liberated, on paying certain duties; these duties were paid on the gin, and it was suffered to proceed. Mr. Smith assembles the rabble of Baltimore—makes speeches about the assumption of the British, and most magnanimously sends his gin blazing to the heavens; yet this very man, in the Senate of the United States never uttered a complaint against the decrees of Bonaparte, his burning and sinking our ships, nor his plundering millions of property. [Boston Repository.]

TO BE SOLD,

THAT well known New SAW-MILL on the West side of the Grand Bay, opposite the Boar's Head; the Mill is 70 feet long and 22 feet wide, well enclosed and in good repair; with the Farm, containing 200 Acres of good Timbered Land, with a comfortable Dwelling House consisting of two Rooms with fire places—A small framed Barn, &c.—The Mill is allowed by good judges to be one of the completest in the Province.

For terms please apply to either of the Subscribers,
JOHN DUNHAM on the Premises, or
W. M. FAYERWEATHER, Portland.

If the above Property is not Sold by the 20th day of January next, it will then be Sold at Public Auction, and Possession given the 1st of May next.

Saint John, 12th September, 1808.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

CASH or BOOKS given for Clean LINEN and COTTON RAGS at this OFFICE.