## General Miscellany.

## Solemnities and Festival, IN HONOR OF THE RUSSIANS.\_

independence, plays, to overrule the eindependence, plays, to overrule the eindependence, plays, to overrule the ein in a manner which no human foresight
redicted. The schemes of the gest the
redicted. The schemes of the gest the
type has opened upon the world which the
toe spirit could not have foretold,
een insensible to this manifest visitation of
y justice and mercy, wouth have been highThose who do not admit the divine agenhu consider the domination of France over
is a blessing, may be justified in steeling
galast the generous emotion at gratuade;
all we Irust we include a wast majority of
not the U. States, we could not resist the
the goodness and mercy, and power of
nations in milested in these glurious events.

Chorus—" The Lord shall reign forever."

RESTAFIVE—" For the Hast of Gallia, went in with their chariots, and with their horsemen, unto the North; and the Lord chased them, with flurce warriors, winter's blast, and famine; but, the children of Sclavia, safe and unburt, thro' ull the dangers pass'd."

PRAYER, By the Rev. Mr. Channang.

18.

Ata. Moving with tempersa rapid pace,
By mad ambition fir'd,
And past success inspir'd;
Th' oppressor of the human race
Yith steength that never faith,
The world's great hope assaild.

But him by rage impell'd
The Orampotent cheful;
And thus from heaven's dread height,
Deaouned this boastful might.

RECLT Vain and presoruptuous mortal, Hold!

And thus from heaven's dressl height,
Denounc'd his hoastful might.

RECIT Vish and presumptuous mortal, Ilold!
Fur purioses my own,
To thee and thus continuous,
To thee and thus continuous,
The terror of the world.
Enough thy course is o'er,
I hard thee from thy now'r;
Unpitted, halfil by all,
Shall be thy,
Like Pharaol's countless host,
Whelm'd in Arabia's crimson tide.
Soon men of greater anme,
Shall blust thy short liv'd fame.
The Eldest shall io speed,
Valor and martial deed,
Sorpass thy Youngest band;
For such is my command.

Alr. Thus spake the Lord of all; and to!
The promis'd therees rose,
With thunder on their foes:
The el'meant cloy'd the scene of wee;
Crish'd is the tyrints power;
His host returns no more.

CHORUS.

Thus spake the Lord and countless ills betet
all: und there came foes in all their quarters

CHORUS.

Thus spake the Lord, and countless ills betet them all: and there came foes in all their quarters; and pole famine came on their traces, and devoured the fruits of the ground.

CHORUS.

He gave them hailstones, and frost. Sword, fire, and sore disease, fust pursued them to the grare.

ELECTIONS, from the Scripture, by the Rev. I.
Freeman.
VI.
Freeman.
VI.
Freeman.
VI.
Freeman.
Freeman.
VI.
Freeman.
Free

slaves.

Let us then haif these glorious events as the prelude to better trace for one country as well as the enminuted the control of the control of the conmental trace of happiness and liberty to athers; and
permit me to request your sanction to the following
Tossy:—

Mexicular the Gyeat, Emperor of all the Russias—

The neeps not for the conquest at a new world, but
rejoines in the sold attom of the old.

Russian March.

2—Our National Rulew—May the people see in
them sore, a hat history must vay of them hereafter.

3—We may be a supported their notignations to the South of Europe for area and
sciences, by teaching them how to preserve their freedom.

The Russian Ironies—Too brave for the arms, to loyal for the arts of France—May their virens reality initiated as admired.

Gazernon Strong—May the affections of the te to tied as fruidy on him, as are his affections in best interests.

The Practe of Sonlews—The victor of that that san, who found Egypt too hot and Russia let.

When Corsica's huge scripent this giant folds had curl'd Around the liberty of man, The freedom of the world; vac treenou of the world:
His strangling coil contracted fast,
But burst when Russia's star
On him shone, from the throne
Of Yinne and the Can,
When natures join'd to shout "houvea."
For Virtue and the Can "
Ye chilling bloom at Mark

Ye chilling blasts of Wiater,
With Frost and Fundine came!
Hash in your march the Gallic horn,
The trumper and the drum!
Let hustile branges was to mome
O'er Moscon's smanddering nolls,
But Greeze in the breeze,
While the Scourge of Nations falls,
White the Staysian stillers shows "hourry And the Scourge of Nations falls,
Ye horges of Buthamed.

Ye heroes of Puttings!
Who heroes of Puttings!
Who heroes to Puttings!
Who heroes do hought of Swede,
By Hesy'n ordain'd to humble Charles,
to conguer, but to theed,
to conguer, but to theed,
to conguer, but to thee,
to conguer, but to thee,
to conguers, but to the conguers
to conguers, but to the conguers
to conguers.

Swith thy course as Mercury,
And terrible as Mars!
Nor age, nor all thy kindred storms,
Can chill that ardent glow,
Or control such a soul
When triumpliant vier thy FOE,
When thy complying armics shout "hours In triumple o'er their foe.
The misty hall of Odin
With mirth and triumph swells,
Rings with the harps and song of bards,
And echoes to their skells;
See, how among the cloud-wrapp'd ghosts
Great Peter's skadowy form
Seems to smile, as the while,
Amid the howling storm,
He hears his children shout "hourna /"
Amid the howling storm.
Then fill to Alexander! Amil the howling storm.
Then fill to Alexander!
For him a garland twine,
While, shaded by our oaks, we taste.
The victues of the rine;
And while those naks alorn our hills,
Or bear our thousless far,

rendered formidable by circumstruces. (See 29th bulletin.)

ODE.

Tune—a Down, Down, Down, Dorry Down. A When Bony set init up his Russian campaign the trusted in trimph to moreh back again, their usted in trimph to moreh back again, then grave and in a leav weeks put un end to the war.

Journ, down, Jones, down, deren, down.

But the Prince of Smolensk, who was ne'er known to ginch,
Minst middly disputed the ground, inch by inch,
For the acousiers their had a sanst mindle trap,
Set Moscow on fire, and Bad wearty sing'd NAP.

Down, down, &c.

Bony stretch'd wide his peopers in fright and unaze,
When he saw all the houses around in a blinze,
Soon brands grew seaver, and prorisants grew dear,
Says Bony, my friends, it won do to stay here.

Down, &c.

But acceptly from Moscow his stumps had he stirt'd,