THE

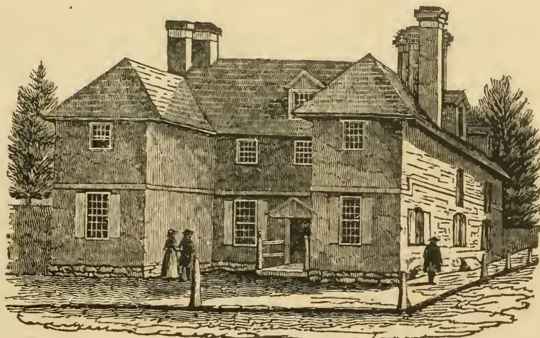
PHILADELPHIA BOOK;

OR

SPECIMENS

OF

METROPOLITAN LITERATURE.



The Residence of William Penn in the year 1700.

PHILADELPHIA:

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THE

PHILADELPHIA BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA IN 1732.

BY PETER S. DUPONCEAU.

Her population at that time is supposed to have amounted to about ten thousand inhabitants. The buildings parallel to the Delaware must have extended to Fourth street, and probably beyond it; history mentions a tavern situated at the corner of Third street at an earlier date. The northern parts of the town were chiefly inhabited by Germans. The streets were more or less filled with houses, which at that time occupied more ground than they do at present, many of them having large yards and gardens, as well as back buildings; for the fashion of having kitchens under ground had not yet been adopted: nor as the city advanced towards the west, were the buildings so compact as they are at present. Christ church existed as it now stands, except the steeple, of which the foundation only was laid. The Presbyterian church in High street, which was called Buttonwood, and was pulled down not many years ago, had existed nearly thirty years, as well as the Swedish church, which was of an older date,

and is still standing. The Friends had their meeting houses, but these were plain buildings which did not attract attention. They had also their lovely alms-house in Walnut street, still existing and reminding us of an eastern edifice by the garden in the middle of the area, surrounded with modest but comfortable dwellings. The old Court House in Market street, once called the Great Town House, now in the possession of the watchmen and clerks of the markets, had had more than twenty years' existence; and the prison, with a work-house annexed to it, was situated at the corner of Third and High streets, to which the markets then extended. The immortal State House was in a course of building, but was not finished until the year 1735. Meanwhlie, the legislature of the province held its sittings in private houses. Between the Schuylkill and the improved parts of the town, there were gentlemen's country seats, and tracts of woodland, some of which existed so late as 1777, when the British took possession of our city, and cut down all the trees to serve as fuel for themselves and their army.

Such was the external appearance of our noble city in the year 1732. Peace and concord reigned within it, under the mild and wise administration of Governor Gordon, who had succeeded Sir William Keith. Our illustrious founder had now been dead fourteen years, but his spirit had not forsaken us. His able and faithful secretary, Logan, still had considerable influence in the affairs of the government. The manners of the people were simple, their morals pure, and literature and science were held in deserved esteem. Men of genius already appeared whose names were destined to go to posterity.

Observe that young man whom you see walking along Second street, his eyes fixed upon the ground and his mind absorbed in contemplation His name is Anthony Bene-

zet. He is a native of France and a member of the Society of Friends. He resides at Germantown, where his time is devoted to the instruction of youth. Though only nineteen years of age, and though he has been but one year in this country, he is already distinguished for his sincere piety, his Christian humility, and above all, for his ardent desire for the happiness of mankind. He has seen with horror and indignation the effects of slavery, at this time existing in Pennsylvania, and is now meditating a plan for the emancipation of the African race. To that important object he will devote the unremitting labours of a long and useful life; he will live to see those labours crowned with success, and after his death his name will long be held in veneration by successive generations: he will be numbered among the benefactors of mankind.

Not far from him you see a plain looking man dressed in a grayish jacket, carrying in one hand a pot of white paint, and in the other a painter's brush. He is a poor glazier by trade, and his name is Thomas Godfrey. Don't trust to his mean appearance, he is one of nature's own nobility. He is a profound mathematician, and for his learning is indebted to himself alone. This evening, after his work is done, he will be studying the Principia of the great Newton, for the understanding of which he has taught himself the Latin language, having had no other than the most common school education. By the mere force of his genius, he has made an improvement in the quadrant commonly used for taking altitudes at sea, which will be adopted by all the maritime nations, and be the means of rendering navigation much easier and safer than it was before. His friend and patron, Logan, has communicated this discovery to a person in London, who, by his neglect, will suffer another to claim and obtain the honour of the invention; so that the improved instrument,

which should be called Godfrey's will be known by the name of Hadley's Quadrant. Americans one day will vindicate the honour of their ingenious countryman.

Inferior, but not mean geniuses are also to be found in our rising city. I see Nicholas Scull, the geographer, who published the first correct map of Pennsylvania; I see Ralph, who, though he will never reach a very high grade, will, nevertheless, be distinguished in England as a poet, an historian, and a political writer. He was unjustly treated by the illustrious Pope, whose vanity would not suffer the little birds to sing, and showed jealousy when he ought to have bestowed encouragement and kindness. Others of lesser note might be named, who, not wanting in talents, left nothing behind them by which to be remembered by posterity.

But who is he whom I see advancing with a brisk but steady pace, and who seems to be observing every thing as he goes along? His dress is simple, and may even be called plain; yet you can see he is no common man: genius flashes from his eyes, and intelligence beams in his countenance. He is the printer of the Pennsylvania Gazette, at the new printing office, near the market. He came here a poor lad from Boston, his native place, only a few years ago; went to England, where he perfected himself in his trade, then returned here, and after serving some time as a journeyman to one Keimer, and afterwards working in partnership with one Meredith, he has lately set up for himself, and his paper is fast getting the start of the old weekly Mercury, published by Andrew Bradford. The people are pleased with the moral pieces of his composition, with which his columns are frequently enriched. He gives them excellent advice, as well as in the Almanac which he publishes every year under the title of Poor Richard, the only Almanac, perhaps, that

will ever be famed in after times. Young Franklin, for he is no more than twenty-six years old, is very popular among the citizens, and Philadelphia is already indebted to him for some valuable establishments. He has founded a public library, which will increase with time and be an ornament to our city; he has, moreover, collected all the young men of talents that he could find, and with them formed an association for the promotion of useful knowledge, which will last more than forty years under the modest name of the Junto, and afterwards uniting itself with another body of men assembled for a similar purpose, will be known through the world as an American Philosophical Society, of which (though at that time residing in Europe) he will be chosen the first president. So much he has already done, but his career is not run. He will be the first philosopher and statesman of his age —a new but guiltless Prometheus, he will steal the celestial fire and direct the forked lightning at his will. Europe will admire his talents, and shower upon him her scientific and literary laurels. As a statesman and a patriot he will not be less distinguished. At the end of this half century we shall see him full of years and honours, numbered among the greatest men of our country, and his name will be handed down to posterity by the side of those of William Penn and of Washington.

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

BY SAMUEL EWING.

How sweet the south-wind plays around my brow!—
How merciful in God, to temper thus,
The burning sunbeam, with the cooling breeze!
Man marks, ungrateful, with a frowning eye
The transitory storm, where *Mercy* rides,
To dissipate the idle dreams of life,
While skies unclouded and the dewy breeze,
Nor warm his heart, nor bend his stubborn knee!
He notes with scowling and with angry eye,
The man, who holds a pittance from his kind,
Yet censures not himself, while he denies
His thanks to God, that but increase his stores.
Oh! my heart saddens, when it thinks on man.
How gay yon plough-boy whistling to his team,
As slowly plodding o'er the broken earth,
He tells to air, the furrows he has made!
The morn of life is thine! poor, simple lad!
And mild and sweet the breeze, that fans thy locks!—
Yet ere another moon, the storm may howl,
And rudely beat on thy unsheltered head.
To day the pine-clad mountains bound thy hopes,
Thy ev'ry wish: but soon the villain's smile
May poison every source of pure delight.
Thy ear may close upon the village bell,
That now on Sabbath leads thee to thy God—
Thy little feet may then beguile thee far
From every simple scene thy home had known,

To wander thro' the wild. From every storm,
Unhous'd, unsheltered, from thy God estrang'd,
Thy heart desponding, and thy soul deprest,
Experience then may whisper in thine ear,
To seek thy parent, as thy *first*, *best* friend.
So have I mark'd the floweret by the hedge,
Unfold its beauties to the morning sun,
To hail the stranger as the source of life,
And, heedless, shake the vital dews away,
Till night steal on, and shroud its withered stalk!
And leaves, wild scattered by the western blast!
Yet would I not that man within his shell
Should, snail-like, shrink, and shun the social joy:
If he pursue the beaten path of life,
Though on his eye, no hot-bed blossoms glare,
To fascinate his artificial sense,
Yet no thorns tear him, and no weeds obstruct:
But if, with devious step, he turn aside,
Where Fancy lures him, with her magic wand,
To sip the freshness of the violet's lips,
He may not murmur, if the briars wound;
His way was open,—unrestrain'd his will.

JACK AND GILL, A MOCK CRITICISM.

BY JOSEPH DENNIE.

Among critical writers, it is a common remark, that the fashion of the times has often given a temporary reputation to performances of very little merit, and neglected those much more deserving of applause. This circumstance renders it necessary that some person of sufficient sagacity to discover and to describe what is beautiful, and so impartial as to disregard vulgar prejudices, should guide the public taste, and raise merit from obscurity. Without arrogating to myself these qualities, I shall endeavour to introduce to the nation a work, which, though of considerable elegance, has been strangely overlooked by the generality of the world. The performance to which I allude, has never enjoyed that celebrity to which it is entitled, but it has of late fallen into disrepute, chiefly from the simplicity of its style, which in this age of luxurious refinement, is deemed only a secondary beauty, and from its being the favourite of the young, who can relish, without being able to illustrate, its excellence. I rejoice that it has fallen to my lot to rescue from neglect this inimitable poem; for, whatever may be my diffidence, as I shall pursue the manner of the most eminent critics, it is scarcely possible to err. The fastidious reader will doubtless smile when he is informed that the work, thus highly praised, is a poem consisting only of four lines; but as there is no reason why a poet should be restricted in

his number of verses, as it would be a very sad misfortune if every rhymer were obliged to write a long as well as a bad poem; and more particularly as these verses contain more beauties than we often find in a poem of four thousand, all objections to its brevity should cease. I must at the same time acknowledge that at first I doubted in what class of poetry it should be arranged. Its extreme shortness, and its uncommon metre, seemed to degrade it into a ballad, but its interesting subject, its unity of plan, and, above all, its having a beginning, middle, and an end, decide its claim to the epic rank. I shall now proceed with the candour, though not with the acuteness, of a good critic, to analyze and display its various excellences.

The opening of the poem is singularly beautiful:

Jack and Gill.

The first duty of the poet is to introduce his subject, and there is no part of poetry more difficult. We are told by the great critic of antiquity that we should avoid beginning "ab ovo," but go into the business at once. Here our author is very happy: for instead af telling us, as an ordinary writer would have done, who were the ancestors of Jack and Gill, that the grandfather of Jack was a respectable farmer, that his mother kept a tavern at the sign of the Blue Bear; and that Gill's father was a justice of the peace, (once of the quorum), together with a catalogue of uncles and aunts, he introduces them to us at once in their proper persons. I cannot help accounting it, too, as a circumstance honourable to the genius of the poet, that he does not in his opening call upon the muse. This is an error into which Homer and almost all the epic writers after him have fallen; since by thus stating their case to the muse, and desiring her to come to their assistance, they

necessarily presupposed that she was absent, whereas there can be no surer sign of inspiration than for a muse to come unasked. The choice too of names is not unworthy of consideration. It would doubtless have contributed to the splendor of the poem to have endowed the heroes with long and sounding titles, which, by dazzling the eyes of the reader, might prevent an examination of the work itself. These adventitious ornaments are justly disregarded by our author, who by giving us plain Jack and Gill has disdained to rely on extrinsic support. In the very choice of appellations he is however judicious. Had he, for instance, called the first character John, he might have given him more dignity, but he would not so well harmonize with his neighbour, to whom in the course of the work, it will appear he must necessarily be joined. I know it may be said, that the contraction of names savours too much of familiarity, and the lovers of proverbs may tell us that too much familiarity breeds contempt; the learned, too, may observe, that Prince Henry somewhere exclaims "Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare bones," and that the association of the two ideas detracts much from the respectability of the former. Disregarding these cavils, I cannot but remark that the lovers of abrupt openings, as in the Bard, must not deny their praise to the vivacity, with which Jack breaks in upon us.

The personages being now seen, their situation is next to be discovered. Of this we are immediately informed in the subsequent line, when we are told,

> Jack and Gill
> Went up a hill.

Here the imagery is distinct, yet the description concise. We instantly figure to ourselves the two persons travel-

ling up an ascent, which we may accomodate to our own ideas of declivity, barrenness, rockiness, sandiness, &c. all which, as they exercise the imagination, are beauties of a high order. The reader will pardon my presumption, if I here attempt to broach a new principle which no critic, with whom I am acquainted, has ever mentioned. It is this, that poetic beauties may be divided into *negative* and *positive*, the former consisting of mere absence of fault, the latter in the presence of excellence; the first of an inferior order, but requiring considerable critical acumen to discover them, the latter of a higher rank, but obvious to the meanest capacity. To apply the principle in this case, the poet meant to inform us that two persons were going up a hill. Now the act of going up a hill, although Locke would pronounce it a very complex idea comprehending person, rising ground, trees, &c. &c. is an operation so simple as to need no description. Had the poet, therefore, told us how the two heroes went up, whether in a cart or a wagon, and entered into the thousand particulars which the subject involves, they would have been tedious, because superfluous. The omission of these little incidents, and telling us simply that they went up the hill, no matter how, is a very high negative beauty. These considerations may furnish us with the means of deciding a controversy, arising from a variation in the manuscripts; some of which have it *a* hill, and others *the* hill, for as the description is in no other part local, I incline to the former reading. It has, indeed, been suggested that the hill here mentioned was Parnassus, and that the two persons are two poets, who, having overloaded Pegasus, the poor jaded creature was obliged to stop at the foot of the hill, whilst they ascended for water to recruit him. This interpretation, it is true, derives some countenance from the consideration that Jack and Gill

were in reality, as will appear in the course of the poem, going to draw water, and that there was such a place as Hippocrene, that is a *horsepond*, at the top of the hill; but, on the whole, I think the text, as I have adopted it, to be the better reading.

Having ascertained the names and conditions of the parties, the reader becomes naturally inquisitive into their employment, and wishes to know whether their occupation is worthy of them. This laudable curiosity is abundantly gratified in the succeeding lines; for

Jack aud Gill
Went up a hill
To fetch a bucket of water.

Here we behold the plan gradually unfolding, a new scene opens to our view, and the description is exceedingly beautiful. We now discover their object, which we were before left to conjecture. We see the two friends, like Pylades and Orestes, assisting and cheering each other in their labours, gaily ascending the hill, eager to arrive at the summit, and to—fill their bucket.—Here too is a new elegance. Our acute author could not but observe the necessity of machinery, which has been so much commended by critics, and admired by readers. Instead, however, of introducing a host of gods and godesses, who might have only impeded the journey of his heroes, by the intervention of the bucket, which is, as it ought to be, simple and conducive to the progress of the poem, he has considerably improved on the ancient plan. In the management of it also he has shown much judgment, by making the influence of the machinery and the subject reciprocal: for while the utensil carries on the heroes, it is itself carried on by them. In this part, too, we have a

deficiency supplied, to wit, the knowledge of their relationship, which as it would have encumbered the opening, was reserved for this place. Even now there is some uncertainty whether they were related by the ties of consanguinity; but we may rest assured they were friends, for they did join in carrying the instrument; they must, from their proximity of situation, have been amicably disposed, and if one alone carried the utensil, it exhibits an amiable assumption of the whole labour. The only objection to this opinion is an old adage, "Bonus dux bonum facit militem," which has been translated "A good Jack makes a good Gill," thereby intimating a superiority in the former. If such was the case, it seems the poet wished to show his hero in retirement, and convince the world, that, however illustrious he might be, he did not despise manual labour. It has also been objected, (for every Homer has his Zoilus,) that their employment is not sufficiently dignified for epic poetry; but, in answer to this, it must be remarked, that it was the opinion of Socrates, and many other philosophers, that beauty should be estimated by utility, and surely the purpose of the heroes must have been beneficial. They ascended the rugged mountain to draw water, and drawing water is certainly more conducive to human happiness than drawing blood, as do the boasted heroes of the Iliad, or roving on the ocean, and invading other men's property, as did the pious Æneas. Yes! they went to draw water. Interesting scene! It might have been drawn for the purpose of culinary consumption; it might have been to quench the thirst of the harmless animals who relied on them for support; it might have been to feed a sterile soil, and to revive the drooping plants, which they raised by their labours. Is not our author more judicious than Apollonius, who chooses for the heroes of his Argonautics a set of rascals,

undertaking to steal a sheep skin? And, if dignity is to be considered, is not drawing water a circumstance highly characteristic of antiquity? Do we not find the amiable Rebecca busy at the well—does not one of the maidens in the Odyssey delight us by her diligence in the same situation, and has not a learned Dean proved that it was quite fashionable in Peloponnesus?—Let there be an end to such frivolous remarks. But the descriptive part is now finished, and the author hastens to the catastrophe. At what part of the mountain the well was situated, what was the reason of the sad misfortune, or how the prudence of Jack forsook him, we are not informed, but so, alas! it happened,

Jack fell down—

Unfortunate John! At the moment when he was nimbly, for aught we know, going up the hill, perhaps at the moment when his toils were to cease, and he had filled the bucket, he made an unfortunate step, his centre of gravity, as the philosophers would say, fell beyond his base, and he tumbled. The extent of his fall does not, however, appear until the next line, as the author feared to overwhelm us by too immediate a disclosure of his whole misfortune. Buoyed by hope, we suppose his affliction not quite remediless, that his fall is an accident to which the way-farers of this life are daily liable, and we anticipate his immediate rise to resume his labours. But how are we deceived by the heart-rending tale, that

Jack fell down
And broke his crown—

Nothing now remains but to deplore the premature fate of the unhappy John. The mention of the *crown* has

much perplexed the commentators. The learned Microphilus, in the 513th page of his "Cursory Remarks" on the poem, thinks he can find in it some allusion to the story of Alfred, who, he says, is known to have lived during his concealment in a mountainous country, and as he watched the cakes on the fire, might have been sent to bring water. But his acute annotator, Vandergruten, has detected the fallacy of such a supposition, though he falls into an equal error in remarking that Jack might have carried a crown or a half crown in his hand, which was fractured in the fall. My learned reader will doubtless agree with me in conjecturing that as the crown is often used metaphorically for the head, and as that part is, or without any disparagement to the unfortunate sufferer might have been, the heaviest, it was really his pericranium which sustained the damage. Having seen the fate of Jack, we are anxious to know the lot of his companion. Alas!

> And Gill came tumbling after.

Here the distress thickens on us. Unable to support the loss of his friend, he followed him, determined to share his disaster, and resolved, that as they had gone up together, they should not be separated as they came down.*

In the midst of our afflictions, let us not, however, be unmindful of the poet's merit, which, on this occasion, is conspicuous. He evidently seems to have in view the

* There is something so tenderly querimonious in the silent grief and devotion of Gill, something which so reminds us of the soft complaint of the hapless sister of Dido, that it must delight every classical reader.

> Comitemne sororem
> Sprevisti moriens? Eadem me ad fata vocasses;
> Idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tulisset.

excellent observation of Adam Smith, that our sympathy arises not from a view of the passion, but of the situation which excites it. Instead of unnecessary lamentation, he gives us the real state of the case; avoiding, at the same time, that minuteness of detail, which is so common among pathetic poets, and which, by dividing a passion, and tearing it to rags, as Shakspeare says, destroys its force. Thus, when Cowley tells us, that his mistress shed tears enough to save the world if it had been on fire, we immediately think of a house on fire, ladders, engines, crowds of people, and other circumstances, which drive away every thing like feeling: when Pierre is describing the legal plunder of Jaffier's house, our attention is diverted from the misery of Belvidera to the goods and chattels of him the said Jaffier: but in the poem before us the author has just hit the dividing line between the extreme conciseness which might conceal necessary circumstances, and the prolixity of narration, which would introduce immaterial ones. So happy, indeed, is the account of Jack's destruction, that had a physician been present, and informed us of the exact place of the skull which received the hurt, whether it was the occipitis, or which of the ossa bregmatis that was fractured, or what part of the lambdoidal suture was the point of injury, we could not have a clearer idea of his misfortune. Of the bucket we are told nothing, but as it is probable that it fell with its supporters, we have a scene of misery, unequalled in the whole compass of tragic description. Imagine to ourselves Jack rapidly descending, perhaps rolling over and over down the mountain, the bucket, as the lighter, moving along, and pouring forth (if it had been filled) its liquid stream, Gill following in confusion, with a quick and circular and headlong motion; add to this the dust, which they might have collected and dispersed, with the blood which must

have flowed from John's head, and we will witness a catastrophe highly shocking, and feel an irresistible impulse to run for a doctor. The sound, too, charmingly "echoes to the sense,"

> Jack fell down
> And broke his crown,
> And Gill came tumbling after.

The quick succession of movements is indicated by an equally rapid motion of the short syllables, and in the last line Gill rolls with a greater sprightliness and vivacity, than even the stone of Sisyphus.

Having expatiated so largely on its particular merits, let us conclude by a brief review of its most prominent beauties. The subject is the *fall of men*, a subject, high, interesting, worthy of a poet: the heroes, men who do not commit a single fault, and whose misfortunes are to be imputed, not to indiscretion, but to destiny. To the illustration of the subject, every part of the poem conduces. Attention is neither wearied by multiplicity of trivial incidents, nor distracted by frequency of digression. The poet prudently clipped the wings of imagination, and repressed the extravagance of metaphorical decoration. All is simple, plain, consistent. The moral too, that part without which poetry is useless sound, has not escaped the view of the poet. When we behold two young men, who but a short moment before stood up in all the pride of health, suddenly falling down a hill, how must we lament the *instability* of all things!

THE INDIAN STUDENT.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

From Susquehanna's farthest springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
(His blanket tied with yellow strings,)
A shepherd of the forest came.

Not long before, a wandering priest
Expressed his wish, with visage sad—
"Ah, why (he cried) in Satan's waste,
Ah, why detain so fine a lad?

"In white-man's land there stands a town
Where learning may be purchased low—
Exchange his blanket for a gown,
And let the lad to college go."—

From long debate the council rose,
And, viewing *Shalum's* tricks with joy,
To *Cambridge Hall*, o'er wastes of snows,
They sent the copper-coloured boy.

One generous chief a bow supplied,
This gave a shaft, and that a skin;
The feathers, in vermillion dyed,
Himself did from a turkey win:

Thus dressed so gay, he took his way
O'er barren hills, alone, alone!

His guide a star, he wandered far,
His pillow every night a stone.

At last he came, with foot so lame,
Where learned men talk heathen Greek,
And Hebrew lore is gabbled o'er
To please the Muses,—twice a week.

Awhile he writ, awhile he read,
Awhile he conned their grammar rules—
(An Indian savage so well bred
Great credit promised to the schools.)

Some thought he would in *law* excel,
Some said in *physic* he would shine;
And one that knew him, passing well,
Beheld, in him, a sound Divine.

But those of more discerning eye
Even then could other prospects show,
And saw him lay his *Virgil* by
To wander with his dearer *bow*.

The tedious hours of study spent,
The heavy-moulded lecture done,
He to the woods a hunting went,
Through lonely wastes he walked, he run.

No mystic wonders fired his mind;
He sought to gain no learned degree,
But only sense enough to find
The squirrel in the hollow tree.

The shady bank, the purling stream,
The woody wild his heart possessed,
The dewy lawn, his morning dream
In fancy's gayest colours dressed.

"And why (he cried) did I forsake
My native wood for gloomy walls;
The silver stream, the limpid lake
For musty books and college halls?

"A little could my wants supply—
Can wealth and honour give me more;
Or, will the sylvan god deny
The humble treat he gave before?

"Let seraphs gain the bright abode,
And heaven's sublimest mansions see—
I only bow to NATURE'S GOD—
The land of shades will do for me.

"These dreadful secrets of the sky
Alarm my soul with chilling fear—
Do planets in their orbits fly,
And is the earth, indeed, a sphere?

"Let planets still their *course* pursue,
And comets to the CENTRE run—
In HIM my faithful friend I view,
The image of my God—the SUN.

"Where Nature's ancient forests grow,
And mingled laurel never fades,
My heart is fixed;—and I must go
To die among my native shades."

He spoke, and to the western springs,
(His gown discharged, his money spent,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,)
The shepherd of the forest went.

SPECIMEN OF A COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION.

BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

METAPHYSICS.

PROF. What is a salt-box?

STU. It is a box made to contain salt.

PROF. How is it divided?

STU. Into a salt-box, and a box of salt.

PROF. Very well!—show the distinction.

STU. A salt-box may be where there is no salt; but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

PROF. Are not salt-boxes otherwise divided?

STU. Yes: by a partition.

PROF. What is the use of this partition?

STU. To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

PROF. How?—think a little.

STU. To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

PROF. To be sure:—it is to separate the fine from the coarse: but are not salt-boxes yet otherwise distinguished?

STU. Yes: into *possible*, *probable*, and *positive*.

PROF. Define these several kinds of salt-boxes.

STU. A *possible* salt-box is a salt-box yet unsold in the hands of the joiner.

PROF. Why so?

STU. Because it hath never yet become a salt-box in *fact*, having never had any salt in it; and it may possibly be applied to some other use.

PROF. Very true:—for a salt-box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have, any salt in it, can only be termed a *possible* salt-box. What is a *probable* salt-box?

STU. It is a salt-box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath six-pence in his pocket to pay the grocer: and a *positive* salt-box is one which hath actually and *bona fide* got salt in it.

PROF. Very good:—but is there no instance of a *positive* salt-box which hath no salt in it?

STU. I know of none.

PROF. Yes: there is one mentioned by some authors: it is where a box hath by long use been so impregnated with salt, that although all the salt hath been long since emptied out, it may yet be called a salt-box, with the same propriety that we say a salt herring, salt beef, &c. And in this sense any box that may have accidentally, or otherwise, been long steeped in brine, may be termed *positively* a salt-box, although never designed for the purpose of keeping salt. But tell me, what other division of salt-boxes do you recollect?

STU. They are further divided into *substantive* and *pendant*: a *substantive* salt-box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser; and a *pendant* is that which hangs upon a nail against the wall.

PROF. What is the idea of a salt-box?

STU. It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt-box, when no salt-box is present.

PROF. What is the abstract idea of a salt-box?

STU. It is the idea of a salt-box, abstracted from the idea of a box, or of salt, or of a salt-box, or of a box of salt.

PROF. Very right:—and by these means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt-box: but tell me, is the idea of a salt-box a salt idea?

STU. Not unless the ideal box hath ideal salt in it.

PROF. True :—and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh ; round or square ; long or short : for a true abstract idea must be entirely free of all adjuncts. And this shows the difference between a salt idea, and an idea of salt.—Is an aptitude to hold salt an *essential* or an *accidental* property of a salt-box ?

STU. It is *essential ;* but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an *accidental* property of that salt-box.

PROF. Very well ! very well indeed !—What is the salt called with respect to the box ?

STU. It is called its contents.

PROF. And why so ?

STU. Because the cook is content *quoad hoc* to find plenty of salt in the box.

PROF. You are very right. I see you have not misspent your time : but let us now proceed to

LOGIC.

PROF. How many parts are there in a salt-box ?

STU. Three. *Bottom*, *top*, and *sides*.

PROF. How many modes are there in salt-boxes ?

STU. Four. The *formal*, the *substantial*, the *accidental*, and the *topsey-turvey*.

PROF. Define these several modes.

STU. The *formal* respects the figure or shape of the box, such as round, square, oblong, and so forth; the *substantial* respects the work of the joiner ; and the *accidental* depends upon the string by which the box is hung against the wall.

PROF. Very well—And what are the consequences of the *accidental* mode ?

STU. If the string should break the box would fall, the

salt be spilt, the salt-box broken, and the cook in a bitter passion: and this is the accidental mode with its consequences.

Prof. How do you distinguish between the top and bottom of a salt-box?

Stu. The top of a box is that part which is uppermost, and the bottom that part which is lowest in all positions.

Prof. You should rather say the lowest part is the bottom, and the uppermost part is the top.—How is it then if the bottom should be the uppermost?

Stu. The top would then be the lowermost; and so the bottom would become the top, and the top would become the bottom: and this is called the *topsey-turvey* mode, which is nearly allied to the *accidental*, and frequently arises from it.

Prof. Very good.—But are not salt-boxes sometimes single and sometimes double?

Stu. Yes.

Prof. Well, then mention the several combinations of salt-boxes with respect to their having salt or not.

Stu. They are divided into single salt-boxes having salt; single salt-boxes having no salt; double salt-boxes having salt; double salt-boxes having no salt; and single double salt-boxes having salt and no salt.

Prof. Hold! hold!—you are going too far.

PARODIES ON ROMEO'S DESCRIPTION OF AN APOTHECARY.

BY SAMUEL EWING.

I do remember an old bachelor—
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In suit of sables with a care-worn brow
Conning his books ; and meagre were his looks.—
Celibacy had worn him to the bones ;—
And in his silent parlour hung a cloak
The which the moths had used not less than he !
Four chairs, one table, and an old hair-trunk
Made up the furniture, and on his shelves
A grease-clad candlestick, a broken mug,
Two tumblers, and a box of strong cigars,
Remnants of volumes, once in some repute,
Were thinly scattered round to tell the eye
Of prying stranger—*this man had no wife.*—
His tattered elbow gaped most piteously,
And ever as he turned him round, his skin
Did through his stockings peep upon the day.—
Noting his gloom, unto myself I said,
An if a man did covet single life,
Reckless of joys which Matrimony gives,
Here lives a lonely wretch would show it him
In such most dismal colours, that the shrew,
Or slut, or idiot, or the gossip spouse,
Were each a Heaven, compared with such a life.—
But this same thought does not forerun *my* need,
Nor shall this bachelor tempt *me* to wed.

As I remember this should be the house;
Being Sabbath noon, the outer door is shut.——

I do remember a precise old maid—
And hereabout she dwells—whom late I noted
In rustling gown, with wan and withered lips,
Demure and formal, dusting-cloth in hand,
Rubbing her chairs, and meagre were her looks.
Envy had worn her to the very bones!
And in her shining parlour flower pots stood,
Decked with geranium, and jessamine,
And orange trees, and roses, pinks and lilies,
"*Bachelor's buttons*," crisp as she herself,
And lowly passion-flower, the type of love!
Six chairs, two tables, and a looking glass,
Were burnished bright and oft; and round the room,
On wall, in closet, or on mantel-piece,
An old work-basket, sal-volatile,
Portraits of maiden aunts, in ball-room suit,
With lamb or lap dog hanging on their arms,
Novels from Circulating Library,
"Law's Serious Call to unconverted folks,"
Love elegies, a Bible, and a cat,
Were duly ranged, for ornament or use,
As spleen prevailed or visiters came in.
List'ning, as through the house her shrill voice screamed,
Scolding the servants, to myself I said,
An if a man did wish to gain a wife,
With *show* of courtship, here's an ancient maid,
Whose lips have practised long before the glass,
The faint refusal, and the eager *yes*
Following as quick as echo to the sound!
And this same thought does but forerun *my* need.
I'll instant seek—some *younger* maid to wed!
As I remember this should be the house.
Being twilight-hour, she's out upon the trot
To barter scandal for a dish of tea.

DEATH OF ANACREON.

ANONYMOUS.

Remote from the intrigues of the court, and unruffled by the din of contention, our days were joyful and serene, like those which nurture the beautiful Halcyon. Enjoying the uninterrupted society of a friend whom I esteemed, and a wife whom I loved, the gods had left me nothing to wish. When I reflected upon the happiness which this intercourse produced, I could not but acknowledge the source of it. "How sweet to the soul of man," would I exclaim, "is the society of a beloved wife! when, wearied and broken down by the labours of the day, her endearments soothe, her tender cares restore him. The solicitudes and anxieties, and heavier misfortunes of life, are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic vexations to contend with. But how much lighter do they seem, when, after his necessary avocations are over, he returns to his home and finds there a partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes, for his sake, her share of domestic labour upon her, and soothes the anguish of his soul by her comfort and participation. By the immortal gods! a wife is not, as she is falsely represented by some, a burthen or a sorrow to man. No, she shares his burthens and alleviates his sorrows. For there is no toil nor difficulty so insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual efforts and the affectionate concord of that holy partnership."

After we had been settled a short time in our new abode, Anacreon resolved to send an invitation to Lesbos for Sappho. Among others the following ode, in which he described the simplicity of our fare and the warmth of his affection, was composed upon this occasion:

TO SAPPHO.

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat;
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire!
In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

But it was not reserved for him again to enjoy the society of this lovely woman, whose genius was only equalled by her misfortunes. Before the courier had departed, I received information from one of my friends at Mytilene, that Sappho had terminated her life and her sufferings by precipitating herself into the sea from the summit of a mountain in Leucadia. The following fragment of an ode was found on the shore:

From dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
I'll plunge into the whitening deep;
And there I'll float, to waves resign'd,
For love intoxicates my mind!

The mournful intelligence was unfortunately communicated to Anacreon, while he was engaged at a banquet with a few of his former friends. The sudden dismay which this unexpected information occasioned was such that he did not observe a grape-stone which was floating in his wine. He was choked by the contents of the cup, and the melancholy consequences were soon too visible in his countenance. I ran to succour him; but with a

smile that bespoke the feeble exertions of nature, he signified that it was too late. I gave him a cup of wine in hopes of relieving him. He took it from me, and, as he held it in his hand, he gave me this ode, in which he announced his departure from us in a strain of prophetic inspiration which resembles the plaintive notes of the expiring swan :

Golden hues of youth are fled ;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom !
This awakes my hourly sighing ;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road :
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah ! we can return no more !

He then poured out a libation to the Eumenides, the inexorable ministers of the vengeance of Pluto, and having thus endeavoured to appease their fury, he sunk upon his couch. It was in vain that we prayed to Apollo, to whom sudden deaths are imputed. Anacreon likewise would have prayed to Mercury, to whom is confided the mournful office of conducting ghosts to the shades below; but the pangs of death were upon him and the power of utterance was denied. We sounded brazen kettles, to expel those furies which are ever on the alert to carry the unfortunate to places of torment. We crowded around his couch, that we might hear his dying words ; we kissed him and endeavoured to imbibe his latest breath into our mouths.

I had heard for the last time the sounds of a voice which had never addressed me but in the language of kindness —the lustre of those eyes which had ever beamed with mirth and joy became dim, and after a faint struggle, he sought the shades of Elysium !

He retained his senses so as to be able to depart in a decent posture. As soon as we found that he had expired, his eyes and mouth were closed, and before the body was cold it was stretched ; and soon afterwards it was washed by the females of the household. After it had been rubbed with fragrant oil and other costly ointments, it was clad in a splendid white robe, by which was indicated the pure spirit of the deceased. It was then covered with green boughs and flowers, the liveliness and brilliancy of whose hues denoted the felicity which was to be enjoyed after this life. Being placed upon a bier, it was carried to the entrance of the door. Here it was exposed to public view in order to prevent any suspicion of his death having been occasioned by a wound. The feet were turned to the door, to signify that he would never return ; and the corpse was constantly watched, to prevent the pollution of flies or the violence of rude curiosity. The mouth was filled with cake composed of flour, honey, and water, to appease the fury of Cerberus, and a piece of money was placed upon it, as a bribe to the surly ferryman of the Styx.

The hair of Anacreon was cut off and hung upon the door, to indicate the house of sorrow ; and while the corpse remained there, a vessel of water stood nigh, that those who touched it might purify themselves. After it had been preserved seventeen days and nights, we prepared for the solemn ceremony of interment.

But it was supposed, that the spirit of our departed friend would be better satisfied if his ashes were deposit-

ed in his natal soil, and we therefore determined to burn the body. In the dead of the night, when the silence of nature accorded with the sadness of our souls, and the awfulness of the ceremony, we lighted our torches, to preserve us from the evil spirits which then ventured abroad. As soon as the sun arose, we took our last farewell, and conveyed the body from the house. As we moved along with a slow pace, our uncovered heads, bent down and supported by our hands, attested our respect, and the serious notes of the Carian and Phrygian flutes, bewailed the loss of our friend. Some persons sprinkled their heads with ashes, and muttered the funeral interjection, ἕ, ἔ, ἔ, while others rolled their bodies in the dust. When we arrived at the pile, the body was placed in the middle of it, with a quantity of precious ointments and perfumes, and also the fat of beasts, to increase the force of the flames. The garments of the deceased being thrown in, the sad office of communicating fire to the pile devolved upon me, as none of the relations of Anacreon were present. Having prayed and offered vows to Æolus to assist the flames, I applied the torch. His immediate friends stood nigh to the pile, cutting off their hair and casting it into the flames, and also pouring out libations of wine. The pile being burnt down, the embers were extinguished by wine. We collected the ashes and enclosed them in a silver urn, which was soon after sent to his relations at Athens.

Grecians ! his hallowed ashes are covered by a monument which is erected by the altar of the Muses on the margin of Ilyssus. When the mellow tints of the declining sun shall sleep on the waters, and ye assemble on its banks, tread lightly on the sod that covers the silent urn. Violets shall bloom around the sacred spot; there the lotus shall spread its embowering branches, and the roses of

spring shall impart their sweetest fragrance to the breeze that lingers around the tomb of the Teian bard.

There the chords of the plaintive lyre shall often respire the sad and solemn notes of wo, and the virgins who dwell at the foot of the double mountain shall chaunt his dirge.

As the winds of the declining year assail the green-clad trees and strew the ground with their foliage, and the approaching spring bids them revive with renovated beauty, so is one generation of man called from the joys of life, and another succeeds. But long shall Ilyssus roll his inspiring flood, and many Olympiads shall ye walk in the porticos of Athens, or stray by the side of the silver Strymon, before your ears shall be gladdened by such sounds as ye heard from the lyre of Anacreon : for the Graces presided at his birth, and the Muses delighted to inspire his meditations.

MARY WILL SMILE.

BY WILLIAM CLIFFTON.

The morn was fresh, and pure the gale,
When Mary, from her cot a rover,
Pluck'd many a wild rose of the vale
To bind the temples of her lover.
As near his little farm she stray'd,
Where birds of love were ever pairing,
She saw her William in the shade,
The arms of ruthless war preparing.
"Though now," he cried, "I seek the hostile plain,
Mary shall smile, and all be fair again."

She seized his hand, and "Ah!" she cried,
"Wilt thou, to camps and war a stranger,
Desert thy Mary's faithful side,
And bare thy life to every danger?
Yet go, brave youth! to arms away!
My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee,
And when the drum beats far away,
I'll drop a silent tear and bless thee.
Return'd with honour, from the hostile plain,
Mary will smile, and all be fair again.

"The bugles through the forest wind,
The woodland soldiers call to battle,
Be some protecting angel kind,
And guard thy life when cannons rattle!"

She sung, and as the rose appears
  In sunshine, when the storm is over,
A smile beam'd sweetly through her tears,
  The blush of promise to her lover.
Return'd in triumph from the hostile plain,
All shall be fair, and Mary smile again.

AN ADVENTURE;

FROM INCHIQUIN'S LETTERS.

BY C. J. INGERSOLL.

On a fine morning, three days ago, I sallied out for a ramble before breakfast, thinking, perhaps, to see something worthy of observation; and as adventures were my object, I left the highway, or avenue, as it is called, and struck into the moor, that composes a great part of the city. I had not walked a mile, when I heard a gun go off, and saw the smoke rising at a little distance. Not caring to encounter fire-arms in so wild a place, I was turning back, when I saw a dog hunting about among the bushes, and close after him a young man, who came running towards me, not to plunder, as I for an instant apprehended, but merely to inquire if I had seen a covey of quails flying that way. He had a powder-horn and shot-bag over his shoulders, a liquor flask hanging on one side, and a pouch full of dead quails on the other, was altogether rather coarsely caparisoned, and seemed to be intent on his game. Just after he accosted me, an officer, in a rich habit and laced hat, but unarmed, came riding very fast over the heath, leading a horse ready saddled and bridled, and drawing up close to where we stood, pulled off his hat, and said to the hunter, "Sir, there are despatches just arrived." "When?" cried the hunter. "Within this half hour—by express—two sets, Sir." "Give me the horse, and take my gun," added the hunt-

er hastily; and disencumbering himself from his shooting accoutrements, he vaulted into the saddle of the led horse, and galloped out of sight in a minute. All amazed at this mysterious meeting, "Pray, Sir," said I respectfully to the officer, as he was gathering up the things the hunter had thrown off, "Who is that?" "That is the envoy," answered the officer, with an air of dignity. "But who is the envoy?" replied I, "What is an envoy? That's not the president, is it?" "The president," retorted the officer, with a sneer, "I believe not—that's another guess sort of a person—that's the envoy extraordinary." "But why is he extraordinary?" said I. "Why because," said he. "Because why?" said I. "Why because he is the British ambassador, my master, and the king his master's servant, and I am his servant, and neither he nor I cares a d—n for the president, for the matter of that," said the officer, and mounting his beast, he trotted away whistling after the other.

And is it possible thought I, that that young hunter is the British ambassador, the representative of the great merchant monarch, whose fleet forced the Dardanelles, and threatened to batter down Constantinople.

With this sort of mental ejaculations I amused myself, strolling along in a different direction from that I had followed at first, and not paying much attention to which way I went, till I came to a thicket, where I was roused from my reverie by the report of another gun, and looking about, I saw a rabbit, pursued by a couple of dogs in full cry. As I was always fond of the chase, you know, and used often to amuse myself in this way on the hills near Ismir, I joined instinctively in the pursuit, shouted to encourage the dogs, and made the best exertions I could to keep up with them. The rabbit doubled, and made back for the cover. Just as she was escaping into the

thicket, another shot whizzed by my head, and down dropped puss dead at my feet. Casting around for the person from whom it came, I presently descried a gentleman under a large tree, leaning on his fowling-piece, and calling to the dogs to come in. As I approached him, he accosted me in French, telling me that I ran very well; to which I answered, also in French, that he shot very well. Being thus mutually introduced by a slight compliment, we entered into conversation about the dogs, the rabbits, the ground, the weather, and a variety of such indifferent subjects, which lasted, I suppose, for half an hour, when a carriage drove up on a road a few paces distant, into which the Frenchman got with his dogs and dead rabbit, and drove away.

By this time I began to think of my breakfast, and of returning; but on reconnoitering my position, perceived that I had lost all trace of the route. A mussulman knows he is safe till his hour comes; but there may be situations in which it is no sin to feel uneasy. There was no time to pause in such a place, where I did not know but that the next thing I met might be a carnivorous Indian, with his tomahawk, riding post on a mammoth, and therefore, according to the best judgment I could form of my bearings, I took a fresh departure, walking on at a gait not a little accelerated by an increasing appetite, and the dread of being lost or devoured in the Federal City. It never occurred to me to follow the carriage, in which I might have found a conveyance or a pilot: but in the exigency of my affairs, I pursued a course as straight as the nature of the territory would admit, without any prospect, or prominent object, to serve as a beacon. After wandering a miserable time, and thinking over all those lamentable thoughts, which occur to one expecting to perish in an inhospitable land, when I began almost to

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despair, I came to a hovel inhabited by black slaves; what is called a negro quarter. It was a wretched log house, thatched with straw, with neither window nor chimney. There was a mule at the door, making a meal off the roof; a cat, three dogs, and a negro child, with no other covering than a ragged shirt, through which a dingy skin showed in many places. I asked the way to my lodgings; but getting no answer beyond barking, purring and grinning, went into the house, where I was more fortunate. There was an old woman, smoking a pipe, not more than an inch long, a young one with a child in her arms, and a man, seated on the ground, round a smoke rather than a fire, eating cake made of Indian meal, and hominy, a preparation of Indian corn. Upon repeating my inquiry, as I entered, the man came to the door, and showed me which way I should go—the reverse of that I had been travelling for an hour and more.

Finding them plentifully supplied with provender, such as it was, and my appetite rising as my apprehensions subsided, I joined the sombre circle, and partook of a luncheon of the cake, with some hominy. It was now almost noon, and these poor people were taking their dinner. As I plyed them with a great many questions, which they answered as well as they could, in their turn they put some to me, and among others one that led to an important disclosure. "I guess massa belong to the French bassador," said the young woman, showing all her teeth. "What's that?" answered I. "Him that shoots rabbits;" and from a little more information on this subject, interlarded between mouthfuls of hominy, I was given fully to understand, that the hunter, whom I last met, who went away in a carriage freighted with rabbits, was no other than the plenipo of another mighty monarch, who amuses himself by field sports in the heart

of the American capital. Nothing ought to surprise in this country, or one might be permitted to wonder at meeting two such personages scouring the forests for recreation. But I am surfeited with amazement; and therefore, after receiving very particular instructions from my black hosts how to proceed in order to find the shortest cut home, I gave them a fippenny bit, (a species of American coin,) and set forward once more, determined never again, whatever oddities I might meet, to try so early an excursion in a federal city.

I was to go through a copse that lay on my right, being several miles from my destination, and after clearing the wood, to follow a foot-path I should see. Into the wood I hastened; but had not gone a hundred yards, when I heard two shots in quick succession close to me. Nothing but riflemen and sharp shooting in this country, thought I; and turning an angle of the track, I discovered a scene which I could not comprehend at first, but which was soon brought home to me in a terrible explanation. There were two men standing a few paces apart, facing each other; two more at a little distance loading pistols; and two others farther off, standing together. They all looked grave and anxious—not a word was said —but a presentiment of what their business was, chilled me with apprehension. In a few seconds, each one of those loading pistols went to those that stood opposed, and handed a pistol to each of them. They then placed them precisely to a certain spot, adjusted their postures so as to exhibit what, as I have since learned, is called the feather edge, and then withdrawing aside, one of the loaders asked, "Are you ready?" "Yes," said the other two, advancing their pistols. "Fire when you please," cried the loader. At the word, one of them discharged his piece, and the other receiving the ball in his body, fell to

the ground, his pistol going off into the air with the convulsive distortion of his fall. Immediately all but the man who had perpetrated the deed ran up to him who was expiring, and I, springing over a fence against which I was leaning almost petrified, flew to join the assistance. He was weltering in the blood that streamed from his side, and had fainted before any body could approach him. The two, who had remained at a distance, without taking any active part, and who now appeared to be surgeons, with as much despatch as they could, uncovered his body, and endeavoured, by certain applications they had prepared, to stanch his blood. In a short time the wounded revived from his swoon, and was supported in the lap of one of the assistants. His antagonist now drawing nigh, shook hands with him with great emotion, hurried off, and disappeared. The wounded man was then laid on a blanket, and carried by the other three, with my help, to a close carriage, that was waiting near the place of action, into which he was put, the ghastliness of death on his countenance, and the whole party slowly drove away.

ELEGY ON THOMAS GODFREY.

BY NATHANIEL EVANS.

O DEATH ! thou victor of the human frame !
The soul's poor fabric trembles at thy name !
How long shall man be urged to dread thy sway,
For those whom thou untimely tak'st away?
Life's blooming spring just opens to our eyes,
And strikes the senses with a sweet surprise,
When thy fierce arm uplifts the fatal blow
That hurls us breathless to the earth below.

Sudden, as darts the lightning through the sky,
Around the globe thy various weapons fly.
Here war's red engines heap the field with slain,
And pallid sickness there extends thy reign ;
Here the soft virgin weeps her lover dead,
There maiden beauty sinks the graceful head ;
Here infants grieve their parents are no more,
There reverend sires their children's deaths deplore ;
Here the sad friend—O ! save the sacred name,
Yields half his soul to thy relentless claim ;
O pardon, pardon the descending tear !
Friendship commands, and not the Muses, here.
O say, thou much loved, dear departed shade,
To what celestial region hast thou stray'd?
Where is that vein of thought, that noble fire,
Which fed thy soul, and bade the world admire?
That manly strife with fortune to be just,
That love of praise? an honorable thirst!

The soul, alas! has fled to endless day,
And left its house a mouldering mass of clay.

There, where no fears invade, nor ills molest,
Thy soul shall dwell immortal with the blest;
In that bright realm, where dearest friends no more
Shall from each other's throbbing breasts be tore,
Where all those glorious spirits sit enshrined,
The just, the good, the virtuous of mankind;
There shall fair angels in a radiant ring,
And the great Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Proclaim thee welcome to the blissful skies,
And wipe the tears for ever from thine eyes.

How did we hope— alas! the hope how vain!
To hear thy future more enripened strain;
When fancy's fire with judgment had combined
To guide each effort of the enraptured mind.
Yet are those youthful glowing lays of thine
The emanations of a soul divine;
Who heard thee sing, but felt sweet music's dart
In thrilling transports pierce his captive heart?
Whether soft melting airs attuned thy song,
Or pleased to pour the thundering verse along,
Still nobly great, true offspring of the Nine,
Alas! how blasted in thy glorious prime!
So when first ope the eyelids of the morn,
A radiant purple does the heavens adorn,
Fresh smiling glory streaks the skies around,
And gaily silvers each enamel'd mound,
Till some black storm o'erclouds the ether fair,
And all its beauties vanish into air.

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, by fortune's hand
Toss'd on the baleful Carolinian strand,

Oh! if thou seest perchance the poet's grave,
The sacred spot with tears of sorrow lave ;
Oh ! shade it, shade it with ne'er fading bays;
Hallow'd's the place where gentle Godfrey lays.
(So may no sudden dart from death's dread bow,
Far from the friends thou lov'st e'er lay thee low,)
There may the weeping morn its tribute bring,
And angels shield it with their golden wing,
Till the last trump shall burst the womb of night,
And the purged atoms to their soul unite !

THE ADVENTURE OF A SOMNAMBULIST.

BY C. B. BROWN.

The path which had hitherto been considerably smooth, now became rugged and steep. Chilling damps, the secret trepidation which attended me, the length and difficulties of my way, enhanced by the ceaseless caution and the numerous expedients which the utter darkness obliged me to employ, began to overpower my strength. I was frequently compelled to stop and recruit myself by rest. These respites from toil were of use, but they could not enable me to prosecute an endless journey, and to return was scarcely a less arduous task than to proceed.

I looked anxiously forward in the hope of being comforted by some dim ray, which might assure me that my labours were approaching an end. At last this propitious token appeared, and I issued forth into a kind of chamber, one side of which was open to the air and allowed me to catch a portion of the chequered sky. This spectacle never before excited such exquisite sensations in my bosom. The air, likewise, breathed into the cavern, was unspeakably delicious.

I now found myself on the projecture of a rock. Above and below the hill-side was nearly perpendicular. Opposite, and at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards, was a similar ascent. At the bottom was a glen, cold, narrow, and obscure. The projecture, which served as

a kind of vestibule to the cave, was connected with a ledge, by which though not without peril and toil, I was conducted to the summit.

This summit was higher than any of those which were interposed between itself and the river. A large part of this chaos of rocks and precipices was subjected, at one view, to the eye. The fertile lawns and vales which lay beyond this, the winding course of the river, and the slopes which rose on its farther side, were parts of this extensive scene. These objects were at any time fitted to inspire rapture. Now my delight was enhanced by the contrast which this lightsome and serene element bore to the glooms from which I had lately emerged. My station, also, was higher, and the limits of my view, consequently, more ample than any which I had hitherto enjoyed.

I advanced to the outer verge of the hill, which I found to overlook a steep, no less inaccessible, and a glen equally profound. I changed frequently my station in order to diversify the scenery. At length it became necessary to inquire by what means I should return. I traversed the edge of the hill, but on every side it was equally steep and always too lofty to permit me to leap from it. As I kept along the verge, I perceived that it tended in a circular direction, and brought me back at last, to the spot from which I had set out. From this inspection, it seemed as if return was impossible by any other way than that through the cavern.

I now turned my attention to the interior space. If you imagine a cylindrical mass, with a cavity dug in the centre, whose edge conforms to the exterior edge; and, if you place in this cavity another cylinder, higher than that which surrounds it, but so small as to leave between its sides and those of the cavity, an hollow space, you will

gain as distinct an image of this hill as words can convey. The summit of the inner rock was rugged and covered with trees of unequal growth. To reach this summit would not render my return easier; but its greater elevation would extend my view, and perhaps furnish a spot from which the whole horizon was conspicuous.

As I had traversed the outer, I now explored the inner edge of this hill. At length I reached a spot where the chasm, separating the two rocks, was narrower than at any other part. At first view, it seemed as if it were possible to leap over it, but a nearer examination showed me that the passage was impracticable. So far as my eye could estimate it, the breadth was thirty or forty feet. I could scarcely venture to look beneath. The height was dizzy, and the walls, which approached each other at top, receded at the bottom, so as to form the resemblance of an immense hall, lighted from a rift, which some convulsion of nature had made in the roof. Where I stood there ascended a perpetual mist, occasioned by a torrent that dashed along the rugged pavement below.

From these objects I willingly turned my eye upon those before and above me, on the opposite ascent. A stream, rushing from above, fell into a cavity, which its own force seemed gradually to have made. The noise and the motion equally attracted my attention. There was a desolate and solitary grandeur in the scene, enhanced by the circumstances in which it was beheld, and by the perils through which I had recently passed, that had never before been witnessed by me.

A sort of sanctity and awe environed it, owing to the consciousness of absolute and utter loneliness. It was probable that human feet had never before gained this recess, that human eyes had never been fixed upon these gushing waters. The aboriginal inhabitants had no mo-

tives to lead them into caves like this, and ponder on the verge of such a precipice. Their successors were still less likely to have wandered hither. Since the birth of this continent, I was probably the first who had deviated thus remotely from the customary paths of men.

While musing upon these ideas, my eye was fixed upon the foaming current. At length, I looked upon the rocks which confined and embarrassed its course. I admired their fantastic shapes, and endless irregularities. Passing from one to the other of these, my attention lighted, at length, as if by some magical transition, on—a human countenance.

My surprise was so abrupt, and my sensations so tumultuous, that I forgot for a moment the perilous nature of my situation. I loosened my hold of a pine branch, which had been hitherto one of my supports, and almost started from my seat. Had my station been, in a slight degree nearer the brink than it was, I should have fallen headlong into the abyss.

To meet a human creature, even on that side of the chasm which I occupied, would have been wholly adverse to my expectation. My station was accessible by no other road than that through which I had passed, and no motives were imaginable by which others could be prompted to explore this road. But he whom I now beheld, was seated where it seemed impossible for human efforts to have placed him.—

But this affected me but little in comparison with other incidents. Not only the countenance was human, but in spite of shaggy and tangled locks, and an air of melancholy wildness, I speedily recognized the features of the fugitive Clithero!

One glance was not sufficient to make me acquainted with this scene. I had come hither partly in pursuit of

this man, but some casual appendage of his person, something which should indicate his past rather than his present existence, was all that I hoped to find. That he should be found alive in this desert ; that he should have gained this summit, access to which was apparently impossible, were scarcely within the boundaries of belief.

His scanty and coarse garb had been nearly rent away by brambles and thorns, his arms, bosom, and cheek were overgrown and half concealed by hair. There was somewhat in his attitude and looks denoting more than anarchy of thoughts and passions. His rueful, ghastly, and immoveable eyes, testified not only that his mind was ravaged by despair, but that he was pinched with famine.

These proofs of his misery thrilled to my inmost heart. Horror and shuddering invaded me as I stood gazing upon him, and, for a time, I was without the power of deliberating on the measures which it was my duty to adopt for his relief. The first suggestion was, by calling, to inform him of my presence. I knew not what counsel or comfort to offer. By what words to bespeak his attention, or by what topics to mollify his direful passions I knew not. Though so near, the gulf by which we were separated was impassable. All that I could do was to speak.

My surprise and my horror were still strong enough to give a shrill and piercing tone to my voice. The chasm and the rocks loudened and reverberated my accents while I exclaimed—*Man ! Clithero !*

My summons was effectual. He shook off his trance in a moment. He had been stretched upon his back, with his eyes fixed upon a craggy projecture above, as if he were in momentary expectation of its fall, and crushing him to atoms. Now he started on his feet. He was

conscious of the voice, but not of the quarter whence it came. He was looking anxiously around when I again spoke—Look hither: It is I who called.

He looked. Astonishment was now mingled with every other dreadful meaning in his visage. He clasped his hands together and bent forward, as if to satisfy himself that his summoner was real. At the next moment he drew back, placed his hands upon his breast, and fixed his eyes on the ground.

This pause was not likely to be broken but by me. I was preparing again to speak. To be more distinctly heard, I advanced closer to the brink. During this action, my eye was necessarily withdrawn from him. Having gained a somewhat nearer station, I looked again, but—he was gone!

HUNTING SONG.

BY ROBERT WALN.

'T is the break of day, and cloudless weather,
The eager dogs are all roaming together,
The moor-cock is flitting across the heather,
Up, rouse from your slumbers,
Away!
No vapor encumbers the day;
Wind the echoing horn,
For the waking morn
Peeps forth in its mantle of gray.

The wild boar is shaking his dewy bristle,
The partridge is sounding his morning whistle,
The red-deer is bounding o'er the thistle,
Up, rouse from your slumbers,
Away!
No vapor encumbers the day;
Wind the echoing horn,
For the waking morn
Peeps forth in its mantle of gray.

CHARACTER OF TILGHMAN.

BY HORACE BINNEY.

If the reputation of the living were the only source from which the honour of our race is derived, the death of an eminent man would be a subject of immitigable grief. It is the lot of few to attain great distinction, before Death has placed them above the distorting medium, through which men are seen by their cotemporaries. It is the lot of still fewer, to attain it by qualities which exalt the character of our species. Envy denies the capacity ofs ome, slander stigmatizes the principles of others, fashion gives an occasional currency to false pretensions, and the men by whom the age is hereafter to be known, are often too much in advance of it to be discernible by the common eye. All these causes combine to reduce the stock of living reputation, as much below the real merits of the age, as it is below the proper dignity of man; and he who should wish to elevate his spirit by examples of wisdom, of genius, and of patriotism, if he could not derive them from the illustrious dead, would have better reason than the son of Philip, to weep at the limits which confined him. To part with the great and good from a world which thus wants them, and not to receive thereafter the refreshing influence of their purified and exalted fame would be to make Death almost the master of our virtue, as he appears to be of our perishable bodies. The living and dead are, however, but one

family, and the moral and intellectual affluence of those who have gone before, remains to enrich their posterity. The great fountain of human character lies beyond the confines of life, where the passions cannot invade it. It is in that region, that among innumerable proofs of man's nothingness, are preserved the records of his immortal descent and destiny. It is there that the spirits of all ages, after their sun is set, are gathered into one firmament, to shed their unquenchable lights upon us. It is in the great assembly of the dead, that the Philosopher and the Patriot, who have passed from life, complete their benefaction to mankind, by becoming imperishable examples of virtue. Beyond the circle of those private affections which cannot choose but shrink from the inroads of Death, there is no grief then for the departure of the eminently good and wise. No tears but those of gratitude should fall into the graves of such as are gathered in honour to their forefathers. By their now unenvied virtues and talents, they have become a new possession to their posterity, and when we commemorate them, and pay the debt which is their due, we increase and confirm our own inheritance.

It has been said, that the panegyrists of great men can rarely direct the eye with safety to their early years, for fear of lighting upon the traces of some irregular passion. But to the subject of this discourse, may with justice be applied, the praise of the Chancellor D'Aguesseau, that he was never known to take a single step out of the narrow path of Wisdom, and that although sometimes it was remarked he had been young, and it was for the purpose not of palliating a defect, but of doing greater honour to his virtues.

Of the early life of Judge Tilghman few of his cotemporaries remain to speak; but those few attest, what the har-

mony of his whole character in later years would infer, that his youth gave presage by its sobriety and exemplary rectitude, of all that we witnessed and admired in the maturity of his character. It is great praise to say of so excellent a Judge, that there was no contrariety between his judgments and his life—that there was a perfect consent between his public and his private manners, that he was an engaging example of all he taught—and that no reproach which in his multifarious employment, he was compelled to utter against all the forms of injustice, public and private, social and domestic, against all violations of law, from crime down to those irregularities at which, from general infirmity, there is a general connivance—in no instance, did the sting of his reproach wound his own bosom. Yet it was in his life only, and not in his pretensions that you discerned this his fortunate superiority to others.

In his private walks he was the most unpretending of men. He bore constantly about him those characteristics of true greatness, simplicity and modesty. Shall I add, that the memory of all his acquaintance may be challenged to repeat from his most unrestrained conversation, one word or allusion, that might not have fallen with propriety upon the ear of the most fastidious delicacy? His manners in society were unusually attractive to those who were so fortunate as to possess his esteem; and they were the reverse to none, except those who had given him cause to withhold it. Their great charm was sincerity; and though unassuming and retired, they never failed to show the impress of that refinement in which he had passed his life.

It is no longer wonderful that this venerated man performed his duties to universal acceptance, when we discern the spirit, better far than the genius of Socrates, from

which he asked counsel. The ancients would have said of him, that he lived in the presence of all the Deities, since prudence was never absent from him. The holders of a better faith must say, that it was to no poetical Deity, nor to the counsels, but to that "grace" which his supplications invoked, that he owed his protection from most of the lapses to which fallible man is subject. That "remnant" of life to which his last memorial refers, unfortunately for us, was short as he had predicted; but he walked it as he had done all that went before, according to his devout aspiration. He continued to preside in the Supreme Court, with his accustomed dignity and effect, until the succeeding winter, when his constitution finally gave way, and, after a short confinement, on Monday the 30th of April, 1827, he closed his eyes for ever. It will be long, very long, before we shall open ours, upon a wiser judge, a sounder lawyer, a riper scholar, a purer man, or a truer gentleman. The private life of this eminent man, was the reflection of an unclouded mind, and of a conscience void of offence; and such external vicissitudes as marked it did but ripen his virtues for their appropriate scene hereafter. The praise of his public career, is that it has been barren of those incidents which arrest the attention by agitating the passions of mankind. If it has grown into an unquestioned truth, that the poorest annals belong to those epochs which have been the richest in virtue and happiness, it may well be admitted that the best Judge for the people, is he who imperceptibly maintains them in their rights and leaves few striking events for biography. His course does not exhibit the magnificent variety of the Ocean, sometimes uplifted to the skies, at others retiring into its darkest caves; at one moment gay with the ensigns of power and wealth, and at another strewing its shores with the melancholy

fragments of shipwreck; but it is the equal current of a majestic river, which safely bears upon its bosom the riches of the land, and reads its history in the smiling cities and villages that are reflected from its unvarying surface. Such is the praise of the late Chief Justice Tilghman. He merited, by his public works and by his private virtues, the respect and affection of his countrymen; and the best wish for his country and his office is, that his mantle may have fallen upon his successor.

BORODINO.

BY THOMAS FISHER.

THE transient and eventful day
Was fading pauselessly away;
And now the dim and sulphury cloud,
That form'd the battle's thunder-shroud,
Far stretch'd along the stormy sky
Above the plains of Muscovy.

The battle ceased, and all was still
On the wide plain; o'er wood, and hill,
And valley of the rushing stream,
  Not an alarum-gun was fired;
Naught but their twinkling lances' gleam
  Told that the northern hosts retired.
A glow of red and shadowy light
Was lingering in the horizon west,
And lit the curtains of the night
Around the day-star's place of rest.
The length'ning lines of watch-fires rose,
The wearied armies sought repose,
The soldier, stretch'd upon the soil,
Courted oblivion of his toil.

Upon the morning of that day,
The far-responding reveillé
Had summon'd in embattled line
The leagued nations of the Rhine.
The impulse of one mighty mind

Had led those glittering legions forth,
And bade them seek in realms afar,
'Neath the proud turrets of the north,
The glory and the boon of war.

There moved the phalanx of the brave,
Far swelling as the ocean-wave
Of the dark Arctic, when it rolls
Amid the icebergs of the poles.
On their proud frontlets you might trace,
Adown the far historic page,
The character of many a race,
The chivalry of many an age.
The sons of sires whom Cæsar led,
The Lithuanian and the Goth,
Were marching with a measured tread
In the same mighty sabaoth,
Beside the noblest youth of France—
All sharers in the same romance.
There was young recklessness of life,
And lofty fearlessness of eye,
That gloried in the fiercest strife,
Nor cared, as heroes live, to die.
And there the veteran's war-wrought form,
The soldier of Marengo's field,
Inured to battle, and to storm,
Of lion-heart, unused to yield:
That soldier, who in early youth
Had met the Arab's whirlwind-lance,
Still follows here with changeless truth,
The yet ascending star of France.
Amid his chosen chiefs of war,
Napoleon from a height survey'd
The mighty masses of the Czar,
In countless density array'd;

And thought, as rose the cloudless sun,
'Twas thus—when Austerlitz was won.

Now 'tis the evening;—on the plain
Are strown the battle-drifted slain;
The tawny children of the Moor,
The Calmuck, the Carinthian boor,
The belted Cossack of the Don,
The plumed knight of Arragon,
The emblem lion and the bear,
Have met in death's stern conflict there;
And many a youth of fearless eye
Beneath this dark and storm-swept sky
Reclines upon the turf to die:
Still, o'er the soldier's dying hour,
Memory bestows her magic power,
And lights the flickering lamp of life
As though its streams were fresh and rife;
For each has left a vacant hearth,
His loves, the valley of his birth,
His altar, and his childhood's home,
  The kindling of a mother's eye,
When lust of conquest bade him roam
  To march beneath a distant sky—
The peasant of the winding Rhine
  Has wandered from his vine-wrought bowers,
The shepherd of the Appenine
  Has left his flock—his mountain flowers;
Yon dresser of the olive-grove
Has torn him from his plighted love—
Upon Italia's hills afar
She gazes on the evening star,
And tunes for him the sweet guitar,
But her sad faithfulness is vain—
That youth will ne'er return again;

When the last rallying charge of horse
Spur'd proudly on o'er many a corse,
His form was crush'd—upon his brow
The dews of death are falling now:
Ere yet the coming dawn of day
Shall wake again the reveillé,
His life's last impulse will be o'er,
He'll hear the bugle-note no more;
He may not meet his blushing maid
Beneath the bowering myrtle shade—
Siberia's ravens riot here,
In gather'd flights, the wintry year,
And ere the far return of spring,
His bones are bleach'd and glistening.

But soon the sun will light again
The battle on this reeking plain;
Italia's gayest, bravest knight,
The wildest meteor of the fight,
Leads on his clouds of prancing steeds,
His dreamers of chivalrous deeds—
The farthest banners as they float
Shall tremble to the trumpet-note,
And seas of nodding plumes shall wave
To the firm foot-fall of the brave.
Gallia's untiring eagles fly
Yet onward, 'neath the northern sky,
Where coldly shines the pivot star
O'er the bronzed towers of the Czar:
But thence those eagles shall be driven
By the dread tempest winds of heaven:
For they shall find a fiercer foe
E'en than the desert-nurtured men;
And their proud bearers shall lie low,
Entomb'd in wastes of wolf-traced snow.

MADAME DE STAEL.

BY ROBERT WALSH.

THERE is an emphatic moral in the statements of Madame de Saussure, concerning the *unhappiness* of her celebrated friend. The very splendour of her endowments, her triumphs as an author, her importance and lustre in the eyes of the world, not merely failed to secure for her "our being's end and aim," but contributed to deprive her of all tranquillity and contentment. Her talents, says her biographer, penetrated through every feature; they sparkled in her eyes, marked her slightest phrases, imparted a subduing eloquence to her kindness and her pity, *but embittered her existence.* "Her heart was more alive than that of any other person; but she suffered more vividly, and the *intensity of her sorrow was dreadful.* She gave us the idea of a superior intelligence, whom a jealous fate had subjected to the miseries and illusions of this world, and whose high prerogative only rendered her more sensible of the emptiness and wretchedness of human life," She underwent all the fugitive and the fixed miseries of the heart; and such was her own impression of the disadvantage of her lot, that when she observed a manifestation of wit in her daughter, she earnestly warned her against seeking *celebrity.*

The spirit of Madame de Stael was, in fact, morbidly restless; her sensibility lawless and excessive; her ambi-

tion premature and exorbitant. Her passions and habits had been subjected to no discipline. Whether from obstinacy or delusion, she pursued, on every side, unattainable ends. She allowed her potent imagination to keep her in the clouds. The incessant attempt to pass the "flaming bounds of space and time," and to soar upon "the seraph-wings of ecstacy," could not but end in bitter chagrin, or a fatal catastrophe. She married, first a worthy man, whom she did not please to love, and with whom she held but little intercourse. The *liaisons*, or ties of friendship, platonic, or more than platonic, by which she was connected with the Narbonnes, the Schlegels, and the Constants, being precarious, transitory, and ambiguous, could not satisfy her aspirations, if they left her conscience at rest.

Her face may have had "intellectual beauty," and her exterior, when animated by the play of her faculties, ceased to be repulsive; but the whole woman was not of the description that awakens and perpetuates the sublime passion, of which she coveted to be the object. She excited only admiration—the love which she sought, like Sappho, was not to be won by her mental accomplishments, and she had too much acuteness, and fervour of fancy and affection, to remain blind to the absence of reciprocity. On that head of romantic passion and sympathetic union, she continued deeply excitable, and strongly imaginative, beyond the period of age when those who have been gifted with the kind of attractions which she lacked, lose much of their power and their susceptibility. Madame de Saussure tells that there was "a passion, or at least emotion, in all her attachments,"—that they appeared to differ "rather in intensity than in kind," and were "naturally expansive, ardent, impetuous, and even *stormy;*" that for a long time "she comprehended only

her own manner of loving, in whatever relation, and refused to believe the existence of sincere sentiments, that did not express themselves *like hers*;" and that she "revolted against the obstacles which the frame of society, and often human indolence, oppose to the enjoyments of the heart." It is obvious, that with such a temperament, and such ideas, the severest disappointments and mortifications were inevitable.

Madame de Saussure elsewhere informs us that her friend "profoundly lamented the lot of women, and more particularly pitied those who were endued with eminent faculties, when denied the happiness of *wedded love*, in her eyes of all the greatest." It appeared to her, in this case, "equally difficult for them to confine themselves within the narrow limits of their fate, or to overstep those limits without exposing themselves to pungent sorrows." Her own sad experience was the teacher of this solid wisdom.—In secretly espousing, at last, a young officer—M. Rocca, claiming compassion for his wounds and debility—she attempted to fill up the aching void of her soul. Because she believed that she had inspired, or because she fondly hoped to raise, the kind and degree of love and tenderness of which she deemed herself still capable, she incurred the afflictive duty of watching and assuaging the ebb of a life which was to become as precious as her own. Ambition we have specified as one of the causes of her comparative infelicity. She was not content to shine and rule in the republic of letters alone;—she sighed and struggled for power and distinction in every exalted sphere; she would have conquered Napoleon, legislated for France, prescribed for Russia and Britain; in short, she meddled emulously and anxiously with all sorts of public affairs. The world may be indebted to this extravasation of female thoughts and desires for much of the

pith of her *Considerations on the French Revolution,* but it helped to mar her own welfare.

The support of Christian piety was wanting to Madame de Stael, as well as the anchor of connubial love. Her friend mentions, indeed, that from the epoch of her father's death, her religious opinions became more decided; "the vague of a poetic belief ceased to satisfy her cravings; she required a firm faith in that promise of immortality which alone saved her from despair ; she had need of being a Christian, because her father died a Christian ; in her mortal struggle, she repelled the terrors of death, by the thought that she was going to rejoin her father." This was, truly, a close contraction of the Christian faith and hope; too close for a person of her liabilities and moral constitution.

It is not to her genius, or to fortune, that we must impute the miscarriage of her endeavours after happiness. Her example is full of admonition against immoderate and incongruous avidities and efforts. Talents form a productive blessing for a female, if they are cultivated and applied conformably to her plain natural destination: simple domestic life is a safe, and not a very narrow sphere, of duty and pleasure. When the actual condition of the two sexes in civilized society is sedately and broadly examined, the lot of each is seen to have its inconveniences and its advantages ; and, perhaps, superiority cannot be asserted for either on the whole.

With regard to relative mental powers, wild speculation and superfluous ingenuity have been lavished on both sides of the question. In endowing each, Providence has distinguished the share and quality, and separated the uses, in his general economy. We would refer to Hannah More's "Comparative View of the Sexes," for a rational and discriminative discussion of this topic. In

adducing cases of female scholarship, we have shown that females are at least capable of becoming learned in the ultimate degree, but we have not meant to recommend a classical education to our countrywomen. The German professor, *Meiners*, well observes, that in the sixteenth, and first half of the seventeenth centuries, the modern languages were unpolished, and had produced very few masterpieces; and therefore, the women of genius, who were desirous of cultivating their understandings and their hearts, were obliged to learn the ancient languages, in whose works alone they could find the treasures of useful and ornamental knowledge. This necessity has disappeared; the literature of each of the modern tongues, is sufficiently refined and comprehensive. Our state of society, and the offices of an American wife and mother, are, moreover, such, that the time requisite for the proper acquisition of the Greek and Latin, cannot be afforded, and the application, or general usefulness of this knowledge, would be much more limited than it is in Europe.

SUMMER, SPRING, AND AUTUMN.

BY FREDERICK S. ECKARD.

One bright autumnal day, a weak old man
Had slowly totter'd to the mountain side,
As if once more his aged eye would scan
The prospect, ere the founts of life were dried;
When, kindling at the view, his glowing soul
Pour'd forth the feelings it could not control.

"Oh, parent earth! when first the laughing spring
Came with her sweet-toned winds and rosy hours,
And bade the sky a golden mantle fling,
To cheer the hills, and brightening world of flowers,
Diffusing each clear hue the sunbeam weaves,
And calling forth the race of forest leaves:

"In that pure season, I, thy fervent child,
Brought my first offering to thy cloudless gleam;
A soul, whose thoughts like thee were undefiled,
And feelings gushing as the mountain stream;
With these my treasures, and in lavish mirth,
I came to greet thy spring, oh, parent earth!

"Well I remember the clear dream which rose,
Hope's joyous prototype of after days,
Where, like thy vernal landscape's bright repose,
Life's vision'd beauty met my ardent gaze;
Music around, and odours on the breeze,
And blossoms blushing from the leafy trees.

"Years cast their shadow o'er me, and once more,
Maternal earth! I came, thy alter'd child,
My thanks for ripen'd soul and strength to pour,
When summer in its full refulgence smiled;
Like thy unfolded buds, my dream of youth
Had brighten'd to the certainty of truth.

"Yet death had crossed my path; the fragile flowers,
Round which my heart its love had closest twined,
When not a cloud was on the sunny hours,
Heard his strong mandate, and in gloom declined;
But time, the unerring healer! had represt
My selfish mourning for the freed and blest.

"And other wreaths enchain'd me; I had led
My fond soul's idol to the holy shrine,
And joy its heavenly glow before us spread,
Colouring existence with a hue divine;
But that long since hath past, and now I stand
Summon'd by voices from the spirit land.

"Earth, take thy kindred dust, for years have laid
A withering curse upon my pulse and limb;
Even now, a dweller in the realm of shade,
My lamp of life is fading fast, and dim;
And my quick spirit pines for that far shore,
To which its brightest dreams are gone before."

The old man's voice was hush'd—it seem'd that sleep,
With blessed calmness, o'er his senses came;
Yes—and for ever shall that slumber keep
Its iron grasp upon his wearied frame;
Existence was fulfill'd, the soul had fled,
And dull oblivion triumph'd o'er the dead.

THE FINE ARTS.

BY JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

In recommending to our fellow-citizens the cultivation of a general taste in the fine arts, and a liberal attention to every institution calculated to promote it, we should not overlook some of its most interesting uses to society. Every man who is a member of that society and has influence and power in it, either by his rank, his education, or his wealth, has a deep interest, perhaps a serious duty, to attend to on this subject. It is no new doctrine to assert that the fine arts are of great importance to the morals of the community. Their influence, in this respect, may reach where the voice of the preacher is never heard, and the lectures of the moralist never read. By providing an innocent, an interesting, and dignified source of pleasure, they not only draw the mind from gross and vulgar gratifications; but finally so entirely absorb and purify it; so quicken its sensibility and refine its taste, that pleasures more gross lose their attractions and become disgusting. Men, whose inclination and fortune withdraw them from scenes of active and necessary business, still require occupation and amusement. The mind that is stagnant loses its vital principle, and sinks either into a distressing lethargy, or low and corrupting vices. What a resource, what a refuge is opened to such men in the fascinating gardens of Taste.

" Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear; well pleas'd he scans
The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that overarch his head
With more than regal splendor; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleasing errours of his thoughts,
" So sweet he feels their influence to attract
" The fixed soul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet."

Such are the pleasures of a mind purified by virtue, and cultivated by taste. Can a being capable of such sublime contemplations, and commanding such high sources of pleasure, drop from its dignity into some sink of vice, or be lost in the mazes of sensual dissipation ?

When speaking of the morality of the fine arts, I should be unpardonable were I not to fortify myself with the sentiments of the elegant and philosophical critic, Lord Kaims. He remarks that the pleasures of the ear and eye " approach the purely mental, without exhausting the spirits; and exceed the purely sensual, without the danger of satiety."—That they have " a natural aptitude to draw us from immoderate gratifications of sensual appetite," and that the Author of our nature has thus qualified us to rise, by gentle steps, " from the most groveling corporeal pleasures, for which only the mind is fitted in the beginning of life, to those refined and sublime pleasures which are suited to maturity;" and these refined pleasures of sense lead " to the exalted pleasures of morality and religion." We stand, therefore, says this eloquent writer " engaged in honour, as well as interest, to second the purposes of Nature, by cultivating the plea-

sures of the eye and ear, those especially that require extraordinary culture, such as are inspired by poetry, painting, sculpture, music, gardening, and architecture." Shall I say that he adds, "this is chiefly the duty of the opulent, who have leisure to improve their minds and feelings?" He further declares, that "a taste in the fine arts and the moral sense go hand in hand." May I be indulged in a further extract from this distinguished critic and moralist? "Mathematical and metaphysical reasonings," he says, "have no tendency to improve social intercourse; nor are they applicable to the common affairs of life: but a just taste in the fine arts, derived from rational principles, is a fine preparation for acting in the social state with dignity and propriety." It moderates the selfish affections, and "by sweetening and harmonizing the temper, is a strong antidote to the turbulence of passion and the violence of pursuit." It "procures a man so much enjoyment at home, or easily within reach, that in order to be occupied, he is, in youth, under no temptation to precipitate into hunting, gaming, drinking; nor, in middle age, to deliver himself over to ambition; nor, in old age, to avarice." "I insist on it," continues he, "with entire satisfaction, that no occupation attaches a man more to his duty than that of cultivating a taste in the fine arts, a just relish of what is beautiful, proper, elegant, and ornamental in writing or painting, in architecture or gardening, is a fine preparation for discerning what is beautiful, just, elegant, or magnanimous in character and behaviour."

"For the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so long,
In outward things, to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home

To find a kindred order; to exert
Within herself, this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight; her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien."

If such pleasures can require any other recomendation than their exquisite and dignified delight, their perfect innocence, their entire exemption from all disgust and remorse, do we not find it in their universality and ease of acquirement. To enjoy a fine painting, a correct and elegant building, a beautiful garden, it is not necessary we should own them. It is only necessary we should have chastened and improved that taste of which every man has from nature a portion, to derive from these expensive possessions every pleasure they can bestow. Thus it is that wealth spreads her bounty, even if reluctant, and is compelled, while she gratifies her vanity, to diffuse her enjoyments.

Further; every man has not only the means of gratification, thus cheaply furnished, but also the power of enjoying them. This is given him by nature. Whatever distance there may be between the rude and the refined taste, every one has more or less of it; afforded, indeed, in different portions, but always capable of much improvement. When therefore I have heard gentlemen excuse themselves from contributing their aid to this institution, by alleging they have no taste for such things, I have been astonished. It is not true. Does the gentleman mean to say, he cannot tell a straight line from a crooked one; that he cannot discern whether an imitation be correct or otherwise; that he has no pleasure in beauty, no disgust from deformity? What is this taste they are so eager to disclaim? There is no magic in the word:——

> "What, then, is taste, but these internal powers,
> Active and strong, and feelingly alive
> To each fine impulse; a discerning sense
> Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
> From things deformed, or disarranged, or gross in species?"

If this be taste, is any one willing to avow himself destitute of it? What does it require? Sight, sensibility, and judgment. That it is possessed in portions almost infinitely different; that it affords pleasure in different degrees to different men, is undoubtedly true: but, every man who sees, feels, and judges, has *taste*, which, by culture, he may enlarge and improve.

Let us imagine some gross disproportion in a building, or deformity in a statue or picture, the most common eye would discover it, and be offended. This deformity may be so diminished, that a more accurate eye, and scrutinizing judgment is necessary to detect it, which is obtained by more experience, and, perhaps, a superior original sensibility or delicacy of mental organization. When a painter spreads over his canvass some animated scene of nature; or portrays the actions or passions of men, what is that taste which decides upon the merit of his work? It is the faculty of discerning whether his imitations are accurate, his combinations just, and whether grace and harmony pervade the whole. No man is without some portion of this discernment.

It is, indeed, so far from being true, that men, in general, are not competent to judge of the productions of the fine arts, that it is by public judgment their merit or demerit is finally established. This is the tribunal before which they stand or fall; and, generally speaking, it is not only impartial, but just and correct. Public opinion has, in more instances than one, triumphed over critics and connoisseurs, and the triumph has been sanctioned

by time and experience. Plays and poems finally take their rank in literature by the reception they meet with in the world, and not by the square and compass of the professed critic. Is not this taste, and a high exercise of its prerogatives? And this is all as it should be. The object of the fine arts, in all their branches, is to please; to engage attention, to fascinate. Now, these are emotions of which every man is susceptible. We require no critic or connoisseur to tell us whether we shall be delighted with a play, or subdued by the powers of music. Can any critic prove that we must not be melted with the tenderness of Shakspeare, or prevent him from shaking our souls with terror? Is there a picture which has fascinated every eye; or a piece of music which has touched every heart, and can they be proved, by any course of reasoning to be bad? It has long since been agreed, that the truest test of eloquence is the impression it makes upon the common audience; even upon the vulgar and unlearned. May not the same test be applied, not, perhaps, with equal confidence, or to the same extent, to other efforts of genius?

Professors of an art are frequently prejudiced by attachments to particular schools; to particular masters; by personal friendships; perhaps, sometimes, by envy or dislike: but the public voice speaks over such considerations; and, when combined in one sentiment, is seldom wrong, and always irresistible.

The highest efforts of art are but attempts to imitate Nature; and it is excellent in proportion as it succeeds in the imitation. Is it only to the man of education that Nature unfolds her excellence and offers her enjoyments? Is it only to him she displays her beauties, her perfections, her symmetry?

> "Ask the swain
> Who journeys homewards, from a Summer-day's
> Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
> And due repose, he loiters to behold
> The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
> O'er all the western sky; full soon I ween
> His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
> Beyond the powers of language, will unfold
> The form of Beauty smiling at his heart,
> How lovely! how commanding!"

Nothing can be more obvious and natural than the connection between what are termed the useful arts and the fine arts; and hence is derived a strong inducement for encouraging the latter. The carpenter, the mason, nay, the mechanic of every description, will improve in the propriety and elegance of his design, and the excellence of his workmanship, by having placed before him models formed with correct proportion, with elegant symmetry, with true taste. By constantly observing what is just and beautiful, a desire of imitating it is excited; a spirit of emulation arises, and superior genius displays itself in the most ordinary works. Instead of immense piles of brick and mortar heaped together, without any unity or propriety of design, or justness of proportion, where expense is substituted for taste, and gaudy ornament for true elegance, we shall have the plain, chaste, but beautiful productions of legitimate architecture.

Nor is it only in constructing our dwellings and public edifices that the aid of the fine arts is necessary. It is equally required in selecting and disposing the internal decorations and furniture; which are sometimes, even in the houses of the most fashionable, most ridiculous and shocking.—Those mechanics, therefore, who are employed in these services, have the most indispensable occasion for cultivating their talents, and improving their

taste; especially while their employers are resolved not to do so. It is from the stores of antiquity this improvement is to be drawn. It may surprise some to learn, that most of the ornaments introduced to the persons and houses of the wealthy and the gay, under the irresistible recommendation of being "*new fashions,*" are really some thousand years old; purloined from the relics of former ages. The brilliant trinket that sheds its lustre from the bosom of a modern belle, performed the same kind office for some damsel, equally fair, who, centuries agone, mouldered to imperceptible atoms. How various! how inexhaustible is the profit and pleasure to be derived from the studies of antiquity !

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY JAMES M^{c} HENRY.

Twas noon, and mild and beauteous shone the day,
For meek November smil'd as sweet as May !
As, from a casement, Ellen and her sire,
An Indian Summer's lingering charms admire,
Which Freedom's land can more serenely cheer,
Than all the seasons of the circling year.
'Tis true, the wood's gay verdure is withdrawn,
The faded leaves lie scatter'd o'er the lawn;
'Tis true, the maize, the pride of cultur'd fields,
No more its fring'd and tassel'd grandeur yields ;
Nor the wild warblers of the earlier year,
From woodland coverts hill and valley cheer :
Yet the bright sun a kindlier glory sheds,
O'er heaven's expanse a milder azure spreads,
Save when the ruddy morn, or balmy eve
Through screens of downy mist his smiles receive.
Then flits th' ethereal gauze before the view,
And shows the moving scene in purple hue ;
The mountain glimmers through the prospect dim,
Rocks, woods, and streams in fairy landscape swim;
More sprightly zephyrs wanton in the shades,
And livelier wild deer bound along the glades;
And fresher springs than Summer heats allow,
Yield purer dews and sweeter murmurs now ;
Now wand'ring birds in airy journeys rove,
And beasts, disporting, march in many a drove ;

All animation joys to be alive,
And dying swarms to sweeter life revive !—
A sacred feeling, grateful and serene,
At nature's cheering gray, and fading green,
O'er man's pleas'd soul enlivening influence throws,
As oft life's lamp burns brighter at its close,
And much it feels this Pennsylvanian charm,
Whose smiles the year's declining age can warm !

CLAIMS OF THE GREEKS.

BY DR. BEDELL.

This fair and flourishing city in which we dwell contains but few more souls than did Scio. If your sympathy can be roused by the contrast of your own condition, change but the scene of action, and put yourselves in their place. No, my friends, not the boldest stretch of your imagination could give to the picture, glowing all it might be, any features which could possibly resemble the dreadful original. But let imagination rule for a moment, and suppose an overwhelming force of barbarians, bursting upon your defenceless city. They fire it in every quarter—your houses are given to the fury of the element—the sacred temples of religion are roofless and desolate—the institutions of piety and liberality echo nothing but the shrieks of the despairing and the dying. If you fear to perish in the flames of your houses, crowd your streets the unresisting victims of a fiercer element —that fire which rages in the bosom of your foe. Escape is denied—observe around an indiscriminate slaughter, which spares neither age nor sex—helpless decrepitude nor weeping infancy. There, observe the wife torn from the bosom of her husband, and cruelly murdered before his eyes ; there, the husband cut down by some relentless arm, while he held to his palpitating heart the trembling, almost lifeless partner of his sorrows : there, the father or the brother as they fled to the protection of

the daughter or the sister, held by the strong arm of the foe, and compelled to behold, in the very face of day, the deed of dishonour, worse than death—there, the weeping infant, snatched from the bosom of its mother, and literally dashed against the stones. Oh! ye who can boast the possession of a land of freedom, whose soil no barbarian foe will ever dare to pollute. Oh ! ye inhabitants of a city which bears the name of brotherly love, the very contrast of your happiness ; the consideration of your security; the recollection of the struggle through which your fathers were prosperously brought, all—all should stimulate you to an exertion which should tell how deep your sympathy, how grateful your recollections ; and with an impulse which is irresistible, you should give, and that liberally, to relieve the sufferings of your brethren, who are houseless, friendless, and in misery unparalleled.

When I see the efforts which are making by the individual friends of this cause in Europe :—when I see how nobly some of our cities, and many of our villages, have come forward: when I see what some noble spirited individuals among ourselves have done; when I observe by the public prints, how the people gather in crowds in the places of public entertainment, and, by a rather singular exhibition of pity, sympathize with the Greeks, while they gratify themselves, I trust that in so sacred a cause, there shall issue from the house of God, this day, a corresponding liberality. If otherwise, the character of our Christians, and the character of our city will be both disrcedited.

But I will not cast upon you, my friends, a reproach so foul as to suppose that you will be backward in answering this call for mercy. Long may you be exempt from horrors such as these already described ; long may comforts be thickly gathered round you, like the richest

clusters of the vintage. Here we have no danger of slaughtered sires; no wives, no daughters dishonoured; "no leading into captivity, and no complaining in our streets;" and, while you raise your hearts to God, that he has cast your inheritance here on this favoured spot, forget not the perishing who ask for your sympathy. If ever the land of Greece should again come under the domination of its infidel invaders, then farewell to liberty and hope; blasted will be every prospect of private happiness, or of public prosperity. All the institutions which are now calculated to diffuse the benefits of education; all the temples sacred to the living God, will be swept away as with the very besom of destruction—nay, life itself, more than ever would hang upon the will of a barbarous master. The extermination of the Christians will scarcely serve to satiate the vengeance of their infuriated foes; and Greece, fair Greece, will be blotted from among the nations of the earth, by the life blood of her sons and daughters. To you Christians, fellow-men, who have hearts to feel and to bleed, they cry "have pity upon us." Oh, speed us, from the land of liberty and refuge, the expressions of a Christian sympathy. While, with a cold and calculating policy, the governments of Europe, see us within the very jaws of the lion, and leave us to his teeth, we pray you not to desert us also. We are brethren, seeking the same liberty which you enjoy, and which the blood of your fathers was poured out to purchase: we are Christians, having the union of a common faith.

THE INDIAN BOY.

BY S. J. SMITH.

From the blood-stain'd track of ruthless war,
An Indian Boy had fled;
Remote from his home, in the wild woods far,
A moss bank pillow'd his head.

His glossy hair was damp with dew,
His air was mild and meek—
And it seem'd that a straggling tear or two
Had wander'd down his cheek.

For he saw in his dream, the bayonet's gleam,
He saw his kindred fall;
And he heard his mother's dying scream,
And the crackling flames take all.

In his fev'rish sleep he turn'd and roll'd,
'Mid the fern and the wild flowers gay;
And his little hand fell on a rattlesnake's fold,
As coil'd in the herbage it lay.

His head the stately reptile rais'd,
Unclos'd his fiery eye;
On the sleeping Boy for a moment gaz'd,
Then pass'd him harmless by.

'Twas well, young savage, well for thee,
It was only the serpent's lair;

Thy fate perchance would different be,
  Had the white man slumbered there.

His short nap o'er, uprose the child,
  His lonely way to tread;
Thro' the deepest gloom of the forest wild,
  His pathless journey led.

Where high in air the cypress shakes
  His mossy tresses wide,
O'er the beaver's stream, and the dark blue lakes,
  Where the wild duck squadrons ride.

At the close of the day, in a wildering glen,
  A covert met his view;
And he crept well pleas'd in the sheltering den,
  For chilly the night wind blew.

And soon his weary eyelids close,
  Tho' something touch'd his ear;
'Twas only the famish'd she-wolf's nose,
  As she smelt for her young ones near.

And forth she hied at the noon of night,
  To seek her custom'd prey—
And the Indian boy, at the peep of light,
  He too pursu'd his way.

'Twas well, young savage, well for thee,
  It was only the wild beast's lair;
Thy fate perchance would different be,
  Had the white man slumber'd there.

But where, alas! poor wanderer! canst thou stray,
  Where white intruders shall molest no more?
Like ocean's billows, their resistless way,
  A whelming deluge, spreads from shore to shore.

Their onward march, insatiate as the grave,
Still shall they hold—to province, province join;
Till, bounded by the broad Pacific's wave,
Their giant empire, seas alone confine.

And lo! their missions distant climes explore,
To spread the joyful Gospel tidings far—
While, wrapt in tenfold darkness at their door,
The forest's children find no guiding star.

But, oh! my country—tho' neglect alone
Were crime sufficient—deeper guilt is thine:
Thy sins of crimson, added to his own,
Have crush'd the savage with a weight malign.

We seize the comforts bounteous Heav'n has given,
With strange diseases vex him from his birth;
We sooth his sorrows with no hopes of Heaven,
Yet drive him headlong from his home on earth.

As shrinks the stubble from the rushing blaze,
Or feathery snow from summer's tepid air;
So at our withering touch his race decays,
By whiskey poison'd, all that war may spare.

But can the Power, whose awful mandate roll'd
This globe abroad, and gave all nations birth;
Can he, the source of being, pleas'd behold?
A people perish from th' uncumber'd earth?

No—from their slumber let the good and wise
At length awaken, and their task begin;
Reform—enlighten—soften—Christianize
The border savage, with the paler skin.

Then lead the wild man of the forest forth,
With kindness lure him, to his eye disclose

A new creation—make him feel the worth
  Of all Industry on a land bestows.

The page of knowledge to his view unroll,
  The Charms of virtue to his mind display;
And open wide to his benighted soul,
  The full effulgence of the Gospel Day.

THE BEARER OF DESPATCHES.

BY JAMES HALL.

Shortly after the defeat of the British army at Fort Erie, in the brilliant *sortie* planned and executed by General Brown, that officer received intelligence that General Izard was on his way to join him with a large force. A few weeks sooner, this intelligence would have been highly gratifying. The American army, hemmed in by a foe whose numbers more than quadrupled their own, had been placed in an embarrassing situation. The Fort was situated on low flat ground, and the season being very wet, the constant tramping of so many men had converted the whole place into one great mud puddle; the garrison, who were lodged in tents, were exposed to continual rains; there was no spot secure from the elements, and a dry vestment, bed, or blanket, was, at times, not to be found within our line of sentinels; while the frequent alarms, and the necessary "watch and ward" left only intervals for that broken slumber which refreshes not. But little pay, if any, had been received during the campaign—money there was absolutely none—and our diet was necessarily confined to the ration of meat and bread, which was not of the best kind. The perpetual shower of cannon balls and bursting of bomb-shells was not a matter of complaint, for this was soldier's luck; to be shot at was our vocation; and as we failed not to amuse ourselves at the batteries during a part of every

day, we had, at least, the satisfaction of believing that our fallen companions would not, like Scipio's ghost, "stalk unrevenged among us." But nestling in the mire, and starving, and coughing our lungs away, were matters which had not entered into our contract with the government, and on which our commissions, as well as the "rules and articles" were silent. It was not so "nominated in the bond." Why could not Uncle Sam send us food, and physic, and a few lusty fellows to help us fight? Where there are no superfluous men, every one who falls leaves a niche; and while we beheld our little force gradually wasting away, it was provoking enough to reflect that our country was full of men, some of whom abused us, some laughed at us, a few praised, and none assisted. I may add, that the foe had vowed our extermination, and on one occasion had marched up to our batteries, filling the air with the dreadful war cry—"no quarter—no quarter to the d—d Yankees!!" and that noble spirit of emulation, that generous contention, and courteous interchange of kindly offices upon proper occasions, which should exist among civilized armies, were all swallowed up in the deep hate excited by the cold-blooded cruelty of the enemy. As war, disease, and the doctor, daily thinned our ranks, it seemed evident, that unless supplies should arrive, we must become the victims of that unrelenting barbarity, of which our fellow citizens, on various occasions, have had sufficient experience. Our country, however, still forgot us, and I know not what would have become of us, had it not been for one kind-hearted gentleman. He was a Quaker gentleman; and the Quakers, you know, are famed for benevolence. Slipping out of the Fort one day, about noon, when John Bull never dreamt of such a matter, he dexterously cut off about a third of their army, and by that "free use of the

bayonet," which the British commander had recommended upon a recent occasion; he saved his own credit, and the throats and scalps of his men, who filled the air with acclamations. The enemy, completely defeated, retired; and General Brown, not having force enough to pursue, could only make his bow, and wish them good bye.

At this juncture a despatch arrived, announcing that General Izard had left Plattsburgh; was to embark at Sackett's Harbour, and passing up the lake, touch at the mouth of the Eighteen Mile Creek, whence his course would be directed, in a great measure, by the intelligence he might receive from General Brown. It was desirable, therefore, that he should be met at that point by an officer from Fort Erie, who could advise him of the exact situation of the garrison, and the relative positions and strength of the two contending armies, and convey the communications of General Brown. A young artillery officer was accordingly summoned to the general's quarters, and after receiving the necessary instructions, he was ordered to get himself in readiness to set out immediately. "General Izard must be met," said the commander, "at the hour he has appointed: can you reach the place by that time?" "Oh, yes, certainly, sir," replied the young artillerist, "though I must confess that I neither know the route nor the distance." The General smiled, named the distance, hastily indicated the route, and reminding his envoy that there was barely time left to accomplish the journey by the most rapid riding, wished him a pleasant jaunt.

The Bearer of Despatches crossing an arm of the lake, which separates Fort Erie from Buffaloe, repaired to the Quartermaster to procure a horse, and being well mounted, departed early in the afternoon of the same day. Two routes were presented to his choice; the one was the main

road which led by Batavia, and was too circuitous to be travelled within the allotted time; the other was an unfrequented, but more direct path, which, leading in the neighbourhood of Fort Niagara, then in possession of the enemy, was fraught with danger: but it was necessarily chosen. A large cloak disguised the person of our soldier, concealing his arms and military insignia; and he hoped, under the cover of night, to pass the vicinity of the Fort unobserved. By rapid riding he reached the neighbourhood of Schlosser a little before sunset, and being unwilling to approach Queenstown early in the evening, he checked his horse and rode leisurely along. Cooped up, as he had been, he now enjoyed, with an exquisite relish, the luxuries of pure air, exercise, and liberty. His route lay along the margin of the Niagara river, which now separated him from those glorious fields which had been so recently drenched in gore, and in which American valour had been so conspicuously displayed. A few weeks before, he had passed along the opposite shore in all the fervour of youthful hope and military pride, surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, by the tumult and glitter of an army with flying colours, and drums and hearts beating. Now the solitary horseman rode alone; the breeze bore not the accents of men, nor did the distant echo whisper danger in his ear, but his eye dwelt upon scenes of interest; well known spots occasionally glanced upon his vision: here an army had been encamped, there a battle fought, and under those trees slept many a companion! The last rays of the sun fell upon his back, and the trees threw their gigantic shadows along the path before him. At such an hour the eye is most delighted with the beauties of a wild landscape, when the nooks, and glens, and secluded places begin to darken into the gloom of twilight, while

the sunbeams still glitter on the hills and tree-tops, or sleep upon the wave. The Niagara was rippling along its rocky channel, murmuring and fretting as it rushed towards the precipice, over which its descent causes one of the sublimest objects in nature. These circumstances all combined to wrap the heart of the traveller in sweet and pleasing meditation; and he rode on, enjoying those dreams, which, creeping imperceptibly into young hearts, hold the imagination entranced in delight; in irresistible delusions, full of rapture, variety, and beauty. The hour was witching, the scene picturesque, the very air melodious, and the realities around him became mellowed, and softened, and spiritualized into airy creations of the fancy. The mind, warmed into romantic feeling, gave its own hue to the surrounding objects; rude and familiar things took to themselves wings and flew away; vulgar associations were banished; the scenery disposed itself into shapes and shades of beauty; bright and varied colours fell upon the landscape; creatures of fancy peopled the shade, and the breeze murmured in numbers.

Our officer halted a moment at Schlosser to make some inquiries relative to his route, and learning that a countryman had just passed along, whose homeward path led in the very direction desired, he determined to profit by his company and guidance. Spurring his steed, therefore, he rode rapidly on. Near the Falls he overtook the boor, plodding heavily along. He was a man whose general outline announced him to be of the middle age; but his visage placed him in the decline of life. Dissipation had probably anticipated the palsying touch of time, had wrinkled his face, and slightly tinged his hair with the frosty hue of winter. His bloodshot eyes gave proof of habitual intemperance; but there was speculation in them, and a vile speculation it was: it was the keen, cun-

ning, steady glance of one who in his time had cut, shuffled, and dealt, who could slip a card, and knew where the trumps lay. With this was mingled the dulness of an illiterate man, and the good humour of one who was willing to be amused, and meant no harm to others. Saving the besetting sin above alluded to, and perhaps the occasional passing of a counterfeit bill upon strong temptation, a small matter for a frontier man, he might have been a right honest fellow; one who knew the courtesies and good feelings of life, passed the cup merrily, would do a neighbourly act when it came in his way, never beat his wife when he was sober, nor troubled his children when they kept out of his way. Such at least was the estimate which our young soldier formed of his companion, during their subsequent ride together, to which it is only necessary to add, that he seemed to have recently parted from good liquor, and to have attained that precise point of elation, which is well understood in every polite circle by the phrase, *a little high.*

When the two riders encountered, they scrutinized each other with that jealous caution which commonly passed between strangers who met, in those dangerous times, in the vicinity of the hostile armies. The cautious question, and the guarded answer passed mutually, until each had learned as much as he could, and disclosed as much as he pleased. Our officer announced himself as a storekeeper, who had been to the army to make a traffic with the suttlers, having failed in which, he was now returning home in haste, by a route which he was told was nearer than the main road, and wished to get that night to a place called———. The countryman lived at that very place, was now going home, although it was still upwards of sixteen miles distant, and he said he would be glad of our traveller's company.

They reached the Falls while daylight yet lingered over the awful abyss, and the officer, who had beheld this wonderful sight from the opposite shore, proposed to his companion to halt, that he might survey it under a new aspect. The latter, who seemed in no haste, cheerfully complied, and even seemed pleased with the opportunity of acting the Cicerone, and detailing all the wonderful tales extant, in relation to the great cataract. He did not, it is true, relate that surprising fact which Goldsmith has recorded, and Morse has copied from him, i. e. that the Indians descend these rapids in their canoes, in safety; because, notwithstanding this circumstance is vouched for by two celebrated doctors, great amateurs in rivers, winds, and mountains, the vulgar give it no credit, and the natives deny it. Strange infatuation, that the assertions of philosophers should not be believed, in preference to our own erring senses and crude notions of probability! When our officer mentioned this story to his guide, he exclamed, "Impossible! the man's sartainly cracked!" And had he told the same individual that Dr. Mitchell had said that a whale was not a fish, he would have expressed a similar astonishment; so incredulous is ignorance, so unwillingly does it bow to science and research. For my part, I make it a rule never to quarrel with a philosopher, and am therefore willing to admit that it is not only a safe but a remarkably salubrious and amusing recreation to paddle a canoe down the Falls and back again.

Leaving this spot, the officer was conducted by his guide to another object of admiration. A short distance below the cataract, the river, rushing along with the immense velocity acquired by being precipitated from so great a height, suddenly strikes a perpendicular precipice, which juts boldly into the stream from the American

side, and the current thus thrown abruptly to the left, creates a whirlpool, which is not the least among the curiosities of this region. The officer advanced to the edge of the cliff, and gazed in silence on the foaming current, and its overhanging banks, now dimly discovered through the gray twilight. His reveries were broken by his companion, who narrated a melancholy tale connected with the scene of their contemplation. Many years ago, when all of this country was in the possession of the British, a detachment of troops, having under their convoy a number of families with their furniture and baggage, were overtaken by night in this vicinity. They still proceeded, however, in hopes of reaching the forts below. But the French and Indians had formed an ambuscade at this very spot, and just as the devoted party were passing along the brink of the precipice, the savage foe rushed on them with hideous yells. Those alone who have heard the soulthrilling cry of the Indian warrior, who have heard it breaking through the gloom of the night, with all its horrible accompaniments, with the wail of infants, and the shrieks of women with the groans of the dying, the prayers and curses of the living, those only can conceive the horror of such a moment. In vain the troops endeavoured to resist—the tomahawk was drenched in blood—the European heard the dreadful war-cry, and felt that it was his knell; he received the fatal blow from an unseen hand, and had not the stern pleasure of beholding his antagonist, but fell without the gratification of avenging his death, or the honour of defending his life. Still the foe pressed on; with the war-whoop was mingled loud shouts of triumph and the laugh of demoniac exultation; the soldiers gave back, the horses, panic struck, fled from the din of battle, and in a moment were precipitated into the yawning gulf; men, women, and

children followed, and the whole of this unhappy party slept that night under the wave. "It is said," continued the informer, "that their spirits may still be seen of a moonlight night, dancing in circles in yonder whirling place, where the water goes round so rapidly—and now, see there! what is that?" The officer looked in the direction designated by the finger of his companion, and beheld a black object in the whirlpool, rising a foot or two above the surface of the water, circulating rapidly with it, and gradually approaching the centre, until it was swallowed in the vortex. He could easily imagine that the trunks and boughs of trees, floating down the current might be drawn into the pool, and whirling around with the velocity of the water, might assume an upright position, and present the appearance which alarmed the inhabitants, and gave probability to their conjectures. I have never been altogether satisfied with this sophism of my friend. It is not possible at this time to ascertain the true character of the apparition which he beheld, nor is it my business, as a faithful historian, to risk my reputation by giving a positive opinion upon the subject: yet I must remark, that I have no reason, nor had my military friend any, to induce a belief that this was not as genuine and as honest a ghost as ever was beheld by mortal eyes. The fact is, that this young gentleman had lately seen so many of his fellow mortals despatched prematurely to their graves, that his mind had become familiarized with death, and in his dealings with substantial dangers he had acquired a contempt for unreal shadows. I am glad, however, to be able to add that he had the discretion to conceal his scepticism from his fellow traveller, to whose remark he gravely replied, "that human bodies when not decently buried seldom rested in peace, but that he had never heard of their doing any

harm." His companion assented to the truth of this sagacious remark, and they pursued their journey.

These conversations having banished reserve, and the companions beginning to grow into confidence with each other, the officer ventured to inquire how near their route would lead to Fort Niagara, and learned that they must pass within a short distance of that fortress. Concealing his sense of the danger which this information implied to his person and mission, he said carelessly, "Well, I suppose they will not disturb peaceable travellers?" "Sometimes they do, and sometimes they don't," was the reply. "Do they ever get out as far as your little village?" "Oh, yes, often." "And how do they behave there?" "Bad enough, bad enough," and he then proceeded to narrate a number of particulars, showing how these petty marauders destroyed their property, insulted their women, and bullied their men, adding to the most monstrous acts of cruelty and oppression, the meanness of picking locks and pilfering trifles. It was by no means a matter of pleasing reflection to the Bearer of Despatches, that he must rest that night, if he rested at all, under a roof subject to these domiciliary visits: but he had other causes of uneasiness. It is well known that all the inhabitants within the reach of an English garrison, who are capable of corruption, become corrrupt. English gold, which is but a bugbear among the virtuous, presents a tempting lure to the loose and unprincipled inhabitants of a frontier, who can scarcely be said to belong to any country; and our armies sometimes encountered spies and traitors, where they had fondly hoped to find friends. On this occasion, our officer, who had incautiously placed himself under the guidance of a stranger, began to feel, as darkness gathered around him, that he had acted imprudently, as the latter could as easily conduct

him to Fort Niagara as to a place of safety. He concealed his suspicions, and determined to act warily.

It was dark when they reached Lewistown, a little village which had been entirely reduced to ashes by the enemy. The moon, which now shone brightly, disclosed the solitary chimneys standing amid the ruins, the fruit-trees surrounded by briars, the remains of enclosures, and all the marks of desolation. A more beautiful situation could scarcely be imagined, but it was now a wilderness. Here they took a path which led them from the river. A thick forest now overshadowed them, and they proceeded in silence and wrapped in impenetrable darkness, except at intervals, when they reached the summit of a hill, and the moon shot her beams through the branches. It was only by seizing such opportunities to watch the progress, and mark the exact position of this friendly luminary, that our officer, by forming some estimate of the course he was pursuing, could judge of the fidelity of his guide. They passed an encampment of the Tuscarora Indians, where all was dark and silent; and about midnight arrived at the place of destination, which, though characterized as a village, was composed of only two or three log cabins. To one of these, which was dignified with the name of a public house, our traveller was conducted by his companion who apologized for not inviting him to his own house, owing to to the lateness of the hour, and the want of accomodations.

Mine host, though called from his bed, cheerfully assisted his guest in putting away his tired horse, and then led him through a room, where three or four rough two-fisted fellows lay snoring with their feet to the fire, to a chamber on the upper floor. Supper he declined, as well from policy as from want of appetite; and having secured

the door, and laid his pistols under his pillow, he gathered his cloak around him, and threw himself on the bed. From a light slumber he was waked by a low murmur of voices in the apartment below, to which the precariousness of his situation induced him to listen with an intense and thrilling interest. Then a footstep was heard upon the stairs ascending slowly towards his apartment, and in a moment afterwards the latch was cautiously raised. He rose, seized his arms, and walked across the floor; the footsteps retired, the voices ceased below, and all was silent. Our officer loved his life as dearly as other men, but it will only be attributing to him on this occasion the feelings of his profession, to suppose that he felt more anxiety for his honour, and the success of his enterprise. His broken slumbers yielded but little refreshment during the remainder of the night; and before the first gray streak illumined the eastern horizon, he arose, and stole forth with noiseless steps, passed the snoring boarders, and in a moment breathed the free fresh air. His horse was soon equipped, and mounting, he rode to the door, and summoned his host, who was the first to hear his loud hallo. Surprised to find his guest in the saddle, he made no reply to his repeated demand to know his fare; but stepping forward, laid his hand upon the bridle. "Hands off, my friend," said the soldier, "my horse is ticklish about the head." "Light, sir, light!" said the host, "and take a dram before you go, it's a raw morning,"—and still held the rein. At this moment other faces appeared at the door; the officer liked neither their company nor their looks, and dropping a piece of money at the landlord's feet, he struck the spurs into the side of his steed, and dashed off in a gallop, leaving all danger behind.

FANCY.

BY THOMAS GODFREY.

High in the midst, rais'd on her rolling throne,
Sublimely eminent bright Fancy shone:
A glitt'ring tiara her temples bound,
Rich set with sparkling rubies all around;
Her azure eyes rolled with majestic grace,
And youth eternal bloom'd upon her face.
A radiant bough, ensign of her command,
Of polish'd gold, waved in her lily hand;
The same the sybil to Eneas gave,
When the bold Trojan cross'd the Stygian wave.
In silver traces fix'd unto her car,
Four snowy swans, proud of th' imperial fair,
Wing'd lightly on, each in gay beauty drest,
Smooth'd the soft plumage that adorn'd her breast.
Sacred to her the lucent chariot drew,
Or whether wildly through the air she flew,
Or whether to the dreary shades of night,
Oppress'd with gloom, she downwards bent her flight,
Or, proud aspiring, sought the blest abodes,
And boldly shot among th' assembled gods.

RETREAT OF THE AMERICANS FROM LONG ISLAND.

BY ALEXANDER GRAYDON.

Early in the forenoon, we were transported to Long Island ; marched down to the entrenchments at Brooklyn, and posted on their left extremity, extending to the Wallabout. The arrival of our two battalions (Shee's and Magaw's which always acted together) with that of Glover, had the effect, I have always found to be produced, by a body of men under arms, having the appearance of discipline. Although, owing to the dysentery which had prevailed in our camp, our number was so reduced, that the two regiments could not have amounted to more than eight hundred men, making in the whole, when joined with Glover's about twelve or thirteen hundred ; yet it was evident that this small reinforcement, inspired no inconsiderable degree of confidence. The faces that had been saddened by the disasters of yesterday, assumed a gleam of animation, on our approach ; accompanied with a murmur of approbation in the spectators, occasionally greeting each other with the remark, that *these were the lads that might do something*. Why it should be so, I know not, but the mind instinctively attaches an idea of prowess, to the silence, steadiness, and regularity of a military assemblage ; and an hundred well dressed, well armed, and well disciplined grenadiers, are more formidable in appearance, than a disjointed, disorderly multitude of a thousand. Our regiments, to be sure, could not ar-

rogate such perfection; but that they were distinguished in our young army, may be inferred, from an official letter from General Washington, wherein he states that "they had been trained with more than common attention." To sustain the duty now imposed upon us, required strength both of body and of mind. The spot at which we were posted, was low and unfavourable for defence. There was a *fraised* ditch in its front, but it gave little promise of security, as it was evidently commanded by the ground occupied by the enemy, who entirely enclosed the whole of our position, at the distance of but a few hundred paces. It was evident, also, that they were constructing batteries, which would have rendered our particular situation extremely ineligible, to say the least of it. In addition to this discomfort, we were annoyed by a continual rain, which, though never very heavy, was never less than a searching drizzle, and often what might, with propriety, be called a smart shower. We had no tents to screen us from its pitiless pelting; nor, if we had had them, would it have comported with the incessant vigilance required, to have availed ourselves of them, as, in fact, it might be said, that we lay upon our arms during the whole of our stay upon the island. In the article of food, we were little better off. We had, indeed, drawn provisions, whose quality was not to be complained of. Our pickled pork, at least, was good; but how were we to cook it? As this could not be done, it was either to be eaten as it was, or not eaten at all; and we found upon trial, that boiling it, although desirable, was not absolutely necessary; and that the article was esculent without culinary preparation. I remember, however, on one of the days we were in this joyless place, getting a slice of a barbacued pig, which some of our soldiers had dressed at a deserted house which bounded our lines.

There was an incessant skirmishing kept up in the day time between our riflemen and the enemy's irregulars; and the firing was sometimes so brisk, as to indicate an approaching general engagement. This was judiciously encouraged by General Washington, as it tended to restore confidence to our men, and was, besides, showing a good countenance to the foe.

On the morning after our first night's watch, Colonel Shee took me aside, and asked me what I thought of our situation. I could not but say, I thought it a very discouraging one. He viewed it in the same light, he said; and added, that if we were not soon withdrawn from it, we should inevitably be cut to pieces. So impressed was he with this conviction, that he desired me to go to the quarters of General Reed, and to request him to ride down to the lines, that he might urge him to propose a retreat without loss of time. I went, but could not find him at his quarters, or at any of the other places where it was likely he might be. It was not long, however, before he came to our station, and gave the colonel an opportunity of conferring with him. This day passed off like the last, in unabating skirmishing and rain. After dark, orders were received and communicated to us regimentally, to hold ourselves in readiness for an attack upon the enemy; to take place in the course of the night. This excited much speculation among the officers, by whom it was considered a truly daring undertaking, rendered doubly so from the bad condition of our arms, so long exposed to the rain: and although we had bayonets, this was not the case with the whole of our force, upon whom we must depend for support. It was not for us, however, to object to the measure: we were soldiers, and bound to obey. Several nuncupative wills

were made upon the occasion, uncertain as it was, whether the persons to whom they were communicated would survive, either to prove or to execute them. I was for a while under the impression that we were to fight; and, in the language of the poet, was "stiffening my sinews and summoning up my blood," for what, with the rest, I deemed a desperate encounter. But when I came to consider the extreme rashness of such an attempt, it suddenly flashed upon my mind, that a retreat was the object; and that the order for assailing the enemy, was but a cover to the real design. The more I reflected upon it, the more I was convinced that I was right; and what had passed in the morning, with Colonel Shee, served to confirm me in my opinion. I communicated my conjecture to some of the officers, but they dared not suffer themselves to believe it well founded, though they gradually came over to my opinion; and by midnight, they were, for the most part, converts to it. There was a deep murmur in the camp which indicated some movement; and the direction of the decaying sounds, was evidently towards the river. About two o'clock, a cannon went off, apparently from one of our redoubts, "piercing the night's dull ear," with a tremendous roar. If the explosion was within our lines, the gun was probably discharged in the act of spiking it; and it could have been no less a matter of speculation to the enemy, than to ourselves. I never heard the cause of it; but whatever it was, the effect was at once alarming and sublime; and what with the greatness of the stake, the darkness of the night, the uncertainty of the design, and extreme hazard of the issue whatever might be the object, it would be difficult to conceive a more deeply solemn and interesting scene. It never recurs to my mind, but in the strong imagery of

the chorus of Shakspeare's Henry the Fifth, in which is arrayed in appropriate gloom, a similar interval of dread suspense and awful expectation.

As our regiment was one of those appointed to cover the retreat, we were, of course, among the last to be drawn off, and it was near day break, before we received orders to retire. We were formed without delay, and had marched near half way to the river, when it was announced that the British light horse were at our heels. Improbable as was the circumstance, it was yet so strenuously insisted upon, that we were halted and formed, the front rank kneeling with presented pikes, which we had with us, to receive the charge of the supposed assailants. None, however, appeared; and the alarm must have proceeded from the fear of those who gave it, magnifying the noise of a few of our own horsemen into that of squadrons of the enemy. We again took up the line of march, and had proceeded but a short distance, when the head of the battalion was halted a second time. The orders we had received were erroneous. We were informed that we had come off too soon, and were commanded with all expedition to return to our post.* This was a trying business to young soldiers; it was, nevertheless, strictly complied with, and we remained not less than an hour in the lines before we received the second order to abandon them. It may be supposed we did not linger; but though we moved with celerity, we guarded against confusion, and under the friendly cover of a thick fog, reached the place of embarkation without annoyance from the enemy, who, had the morning been clear, would

* This is stated in Gordon's history, vol. 2, page 103, to have been owing to a mistake of Colonel Scammel, who delivered the orders to General Mifflin to bring off the whole covering party, instead of a particular regiment.

have seen what was going on, and been enabled to cut off the greater part of the rear. One of my soldiers being too feeble to carry his musket, which was too precious to be thrown away, I took it from him, and found myself able to carry it, together with my own fusee. On attaining the water, I found a boat prepared for my company, which immediately embarked, and taking the helm myself, I so luckily directed the prow, no object being discernible in the fog, that we touched near the centre of the city. It was between six and seven o'clock, perhaps later, when we landed at New York; and in less than an hour after, the fog having dispersed, the enemy was visible on the shore we had left.

Next to the merit of avoiding a scrape in war, is that of a dexterous extrication from it; and in this view, the removal of so great a number of men, stated I think at nine thousand, with cannon and stores, in one night, was, no doubt, a masterly movement, though not classible perhaps with the great retreats. The memoirs of the Duke of Sully relate an operation very similar to it, and to which much applause is given. This was achieved by the Prince of Parma, whose army, lying between Rouen and Caudebec, was in the night transported across the Seine, and thus preserved from the destruction that impended from the forces of Henry the Fourth, ready to fall upon it in the morning. "Could it appear otherwise," observes the writer, "than a fable or an illusion? Scarce could the king and his army trust the evidence of their own eyes."

After a comfortable breakfast, which I got at the coffee house, I met with Colonel Melchior of the commissary department. Being one of my old and particular Philadelphia acquaintances, he offered me his bed to repair my want of rest. I had not slept for two nights; and as my

brother, a lad of about nineteen and an ensign in the regiment, had undergone the same fatigue, I took him along with me, and locking the door of the apartment to exclude intruders, we snatched a refreshing nap of five or six hours : after which we felt ourselves alert and ready for the further tasks which duty might impose.

General Washington has been censured for risking his army upon Long Island, and General Howe for permitting it to escape with impunity. Reasoning from the facts which have evolved, the blame, in both cases, seems to be well founded. But this is not the mode of judging contingent events. In conducting the war on our side, a great variety of interests was to be consulted. Our cities were, if possible, to be maintained, and no property to be sacrificed without the most manifest necessity, lest it might create disgust and disaffection. Congress, also, was to be obeyed ; in which body no doubt, there was enough of local feeling. Hence, New York must be defended ; and if so, there was nothing wrong in risking an action on Long Island ; it was even better than awaiting it in the city. Add to this, that the combatants had not yet measured arms with each other ; and General Washington was not without ground for hope, that his troops would prove equal to the invaders. He knew the British were not invincible. He had even seen them panic struck under Braddock and Dunbar, and was aware of their having been staggered by a handful of irregulars at Bunker's hill. But it is sufficient for his exculpation, that the necessity of attempting the defence of New York, was too imperious to be dispensed with. Otherwise, there can be no question, that with the unpromising army he commanded, he should have been extremely cautious of committing himself in insular posts. No general will,

of choice, convert his army into a garrison, and invite a siege. Had this been done at New York, General Howe, by blockading it, would soon have reduced us to the necessity of starving, surrendering, or fighting our way out again ; or had he preferred an assault, what fortifications were there to justify the assertion, that it was tenable for a single day ? A few batteries and redoubts do not render a place capable of sustaining a siege.

As to General Howe, I have scarce a doubt that he might have carried the entrenchments at Brooklyn, and cut off the troops posted there. Even without intercepting with his ships of war, the passage of East river, the retreat across it would have been sufficiently difficult and tardy, to have rendered the loss of much the greater portion of our army inevitable. That the works would have been well defended and cost him a great many men, can neither be affirmed nor denied. The feelings of raw troops are too uncertain to be calculated upon ; and considering what had recently happened, it is rather to be presumed, that the defence would not have been obstinate. But General Howe, it should be remembered, was yet a stranger to our circumstances and the character of our force. Though he had just vanquished a part of it in the open field, the remainder was behind entrenchments, supported by redoubts ; and he had cause for being cautious from what had happened at Bunker's hill. Besides, he probably reasoned as we at first did, that our losses might be more easily supplied than his own ; and, from the boldness of Congress in declaring independence in defiance of the concentrated power of Britain, he had certainly grounds to conclude, that their resources were great and their army extremely numerous. In addition to these considerations he had no reason to calculate on

our precipitate retreat. He was preparing to attack us under the cover of batteries ; and, in that case, might have been enabled to destroy the rear of our force with little loss to himself. It must, however, be admitted, that the character of Sir William's generalship savoured rather of caution than enterprise.

REFLECTIONS OF A RECLUSE.

BY JOHN E. HALL.

Days of my youth, ah! whither have ye fled?
Moments of innocence, of health and joy,
Unruffled by the thoughts of worldly care.
With throbs of sad delight, how oft I sigh,
When Recollection paints thy scenes anew.
My steps ye led to halls where minstrels struck
The breathing lyre, to sing of Beauty's charms,
Or chivalry's heroic deeds.
Not then, I pour'd
The melancholy song of memory;
No solitary tale my idle hours could tell
Of sorrow; Hope departed; or Despair.
My dulcet harp was strung to Rapture's notes;
Its jocund strings re-echoed themes of love,
Or careless caroll'd what young joys could teach.
When twilight came, I sought the mountain's brow,
To mark her solemn grandeur hastening near.
Then, ah! then, I woo'd the charms of silence,
Far from the pageant show of restless man,
The pomp of pride, the sneer of haughtiness:
Malice, with quivering lip, and gnawing care:
Envy, that blasts the buds whose perfumed dyes
She fain would equal: green-eyed Jealousy:
And spectres of despair, whom memory brings
To haunt the slumbering dreams of guilty men;
Of these yet ignorant, and their powers unfelt,

I rioted in youth's gay harvest,
And quaff'd the cup of roseate health and joy.
But I am changed now!
If e'er I smile, 't is as the flower of spring,
Whose tincture blooms through drops of morning dew!
And when the once loved charms of solitude
I woo, amid the valley's silence,
Or on the high hill top, where thunders loud
Proclaim to man the majesty of God,
'T is not to bathe in dreams of shadowy bliss,
Or fondly dwell on scenes of wild romance:
To weave a sonnet for my mistress' brow,
Or con an artless song to soothe her ear!
No cheerful thoughts like these entice my feet
Through tangled dells or o'er the mountain's height.
Hopeless and sad in gloomy nooks retired,
I love to watch the slow revolving moon,
And muse on visions fled of treacherous love,
Of joys departed, and deceitful hopes:
Me, now, no more the balmy breeze of spring,
Nor summer's streamlets murm'ring through the grove,
Nor changeful winds that yellow autumn brings,
Can yield delight—stern winter's joyless gloom
Suits with my bosom's cold and cheerless state!
Life's purple tide no more salubrious flows;
The vernal glow of hope is fled: and joy,
Shall glad no more my once contented cot;
False, fickle woman drove her smiles away.
All hail, December's chilling skies!
Come darken more the anguish of my soul.
Bring with thy gloomy hours despair's sad shades—
Bring all the load that misery prepares,
To gall us through the miry road of life:
Bring silent sorrow with her bitter brow:
Bring lovely woman, with her siren smile,
Like transient meteor to seduce our steps:

Bring care, with self-consuming wants oppress'd,
And doubt, to lead us from our onward path,
And sharp solicitudes to vex our nights:
Let war, too, throw her lured glare around,
And turn the savage from his hunter toils,
To raise the tomahawk and bend the bow.
In her funereal train attendant,
Let famine stalk, and with insatiate hand,
Fell plunder, knowing neither friend nor foe,
And violence, to stain the soldier's name.
Let bloody slaughter loose, to dye with gore
Our soil, and teach the world what evils wait
On madden'd counsels and ambitious schemes.
Accursed schemes! that saw no wrath denounced
On souls remorseless shedding human blood.
Detested plans! which bade the cymbals strike,
Roused the loud clarion, and made the cannon roar,
To drown the Saviour's voice proclaiming loud,
To God on high be glory given: on earth,
Let peace among mankind for ever reign.

DESCRIPTION OF A SNAKE FIGHT.

BY JOHN DICKINSON.

As I was one day sitting solitary and pensive in my primitive arbour, my attention was engaged by a strange sort of rustling noise at some paces distance. I looked all around without distinguishing any thing, until I climbed one of my great hemp stalks; when to my astonishment, I beheld two snakes of considerable length, the one pursuing the other with great celerity through a hemp stubble field. The aggressor was of the black kind, six feet long; the fugitive was a water snake, nearly of equal dimensions. They soon met, and in the fury of their first encounter, they appeared in an instant firmly twisted together; and whilst their united tails beat the ground, they mutually tried with open jaws to lacerate each other. What a fell aspect did they present! their heads were compressed to a very small size, their eyes flashed fire; and after this conflict had lasted about five minutes, the second found means to disengage itself from the first, and hurried toward the ditch. Its antagonist instantly assumed a new posture, and half creeping and half erect, with a majestic mien, overtook and attacked the other again, which placed itself in the same attitude, and prepared to resist. The scene was uncommon and beautiful; for thus opposed they fought with their jaws, biting each other with the utmost rage; but notwithstanding this appearance of mutual courage and fury, the water

snake still seemed desirous of retreating toward the ditch, its natural element. This was no sooner perceived by the keen-eyed black one, than twisting its tail twice round a stalk of hemp, and seizing its adversary by the throat, not by means of its jaws, but by twisting its own neck twice round that of the water snake, pulled it back from the ditch. To prevent a defeat the latter took hold likewise of a stalk on the bank, and by the acquisition of that point of resistance became a match for its fierce antagonist. Strange was this to behold ; two great snakes strongly adhering to the ground, mutually fastened together by means of the writhings which lashed them to each other, and stretched at their full length, they pulled but pulled in vain ; and in the moments of greatest exertions that part of their bodies which was entwined, seemed extremely small, while the rest appeared inflated, and now and then convulsed with strong undulations, rapidly following each other. Their eyes seemed on fire, and ready to start out of their heads ; at one time the conflict seemed decided ; the water snake bent itself into two great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly out-stretched ; the next minute the new struggles of the black one gained an unexpected superiority, it acquired two great folds likewise, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary in proportion as it had contracted its own. These efforts were alternate ; victory seemed doubtful, inclining sometimes to the one side and sometimes to the other ; until at last the stalk to which the black snake fastened, suddenly gave way, and in consequence of this accident they both plunged into the ditch. The water did not extinguish their vindictive rage ; for by their agitations I could trace, though not distinguish their mutual attacks. They soon reappeared on the surface twisted together, as in their

first onset ; but the black snake seemed to retain its wonted superiority, for its head was exactly fixed above that of the other, which it incessantly pressed down under the water, until it was stifled, and sunk. The victor no sooner perceived its enemy incapable of farther resistance, than, abandoning it to the current, it returned on shore and disappeared.

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT.

BY GEORGE R. INGERSOLL.

It is a holy hour. The deep
Blue vault of heaven looks beautiful,
With its rich crown of gems, that keep
Their silent watch around the full
And bright orb'd moon, and call the soul
Of man up from its grovelling,
To rise upon a lighter wing,
Where yon majestic planets roll
Their ceaseless course, through realms of space,
Unknowing bound or resting place.
  How hush'd the earth! one sound alone
Went fleeting by—'twas like 'the strain
Of some lost Peri,' from her train
Of sisters wandering, and the tone
Was such as music's self might own.
  Once more it rises, like the sun
Sweet breathing of an infant's dream
Upon the air, and sends a thrill
Of ecstasy along the stream
Of life within—making us feel
Our better natures, and the mind
An elevating power to steal
Man from his worldliness, and blind
His soul to deeds of nobler kind.
  Again it breaketh! and the strain
Is sweeter still than ever. Oh,
How firmly hath it power to chain

The chasten'd spirit, and the flow
Of tears to summon from their fount,
Long seal'd perhaps but gushing now
As freshly 'neath the burning brow,
As limpid streamlet bursting out
From icy fetters, or the still
Glad murmuring of the mountain rill.
That strain, that magic strain doth call
Remembrance back, and to the eye
Of memory brings the forms of all,
Who in youth's hour of ecstasy
And wild enjoyment, shared with us
Our innocent pastime, who became
Our bosom confidants, and thus
Our fondest recollections claim.
Scenes of the buried past it calls
With vividness to view, and flings
A lustre o'er them which inthrals
The hearts, and to the fancy brings
Rich images of faded joys
And blanch'd anticipations—such
As crowd the mind when sorrow cloys
Its energies, and to the touch
Of grief alone the chords of life
Awaken.

* * * * *

It has faded now,
As gently as the curling snow
Which falleth on the mountain cliff,
Or as the airy mist that moves
Lightly across the sleeping lake,
And glides in softness o'er the groves,
Or 'mid the hills where fountains wake
Their first, faint murmuring.

I would recall it, but that tone
Hath a too fearful power to wring
The broken spirit; and alone
To bid the gush of burning tears,
Unworthy of my manlier years.

CLAIMS OF THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION.

BY MATTHEW CAREY.

It cannot be doubted or denied, that the illiberal prejudices against players, which many of us imbibed in our early days, retain over us an unreasonable and lasting influence. But surely, as we have emancipated ourselves from many other absurd and contemptible European prejudices, we ought to regard this subject more correctly. It requires but a very moderate exercise of the reasoning faculty, to see, that there is nothing necessarily disreputable or dishonourable in the profession of a player. Properly conducted, it is not only harmless, but laudable. Its objects are, by an exhibition of natural and probable events, to raise our abhorrence of vice and our love of virtue. That these objects are sometimes lost sight of, and that the tendency of many dramatic performances, is pernicious, cannot be questioned. But the poorest sciolist must know, that it is the extreme of absurdity to argue against the use, from the abuse of any thing whatever. To form a perfect player requires a rare combination of talents, which fall to the lot of so very few, that there are not many more first-rate players than first-rate poets, painters, or historians. This view of the subject should rescue the profession from the undeserved obloquy under which it has laboured.

The fate of those persons concerned in the theatre, whether managers or performers, is very far from envi-

able, even when there is not an additional portion of bitterness infused into it by unfeeling spectators. A new piece, of intrinsic merit, is very frequently brought forward at a vast expense for new scenery, decorations, &c. Unfavourable weather, the caprice of fashion, the malice of critics, or other circumstances, will often destroy all chance of success. I have seen Mrs. Siddons, who was engaged, at an enormous salary, to play in Crow-street theatre, Dublin, perform several nights successively, to empty pit and boxes, owing to political squabbles, which rendered it for a time unfashionable to appear at the theatre.

The remuneration which the greater part of the performers receive, is but moderate. Their dress and appearance must be genteel, and require considerable expense. They rarely accumulate wealth. Their application must be intense. Their time and talents are obsequiously devoted to promote the entertainment of the public, in those hours snatched from the fatigues and pressure of business. All these circumstances combined, entitle them to be treated with politeness and decency, until they forfeit their claim by misconduct. But when an audience makes no return for their best endeavours, but the most mortifying neglect, or even insult and abuse, all stimulus to arrive at excellence is destroyed , and the rational enjoyment which the theatre is so well calculated to afford, is by these means extremely diminished.

To no profession whatever is there less justice or impartiality observed than to players. A few of them, who have, by accident, or by the advantage of particular patronage, as often perhaps as by real talents, crept into public favor, are invariably welcomed on and ushered off the stage with re-echoing plaudits, and this in many instances, when they are deserving of reproach ; while the

remainder, be their exertions, industry, or judiciousness of performance what they may, are treated with chilling neglect, or even grossly abused and hissed to furnish sport for a thoughtless or unfeeling audience.

When an actor performs his part characteristically and appropriately, he is entitled to approbation, whatever may be its grade. We may justly say with the poet,

> "Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

In the same manner as we cannot expect the talents of a general from a common soldier, nor that the history of the latter can be as important as that of the former, it would be injustice to expect as much interest given to the character of a Tybalt, as to that of a Romeo ; or as much abilities displayed by those actors who generally perform the first, as by those who represent the second. But Tybalt may be so correctly and justly performed, as to merit praise, when Romeo may richly earn castigation.

The effort to excel, even when unattended with complete success, ought to be regarded with indulgence and lenity—Modest unassuming merit ought always to be taken under the protection of the generous. Many a timid performer, whose *debut* promised but little in his favour, has, by kindness and fostering encouragement, been elevated to a very high degree of respectability in his profession, to which he never would have attained, had he been treated with rudeness and severity. This has been remarkably the case with some of the brightest ornaments of the British stage. Nothing but incorrigible impudence, vanity, or gross neglect of the audience ought to experience the merciless severity which we sometimes see exercised in newspaper criticisms, and exhibited in the uproar too often witnessed in the theatre.

When a performer, after due time for preparation, makes his appearance on the stage, depending almost wholly on the prompter's assistance, he deserves no mercy: and were Roscius or Garrick themselves restored to life, and guilty of such insolent conduct, they ought to be hissed. This displays so total an indifference for the audience, and such a dereliction of duty, as admits of no apology, and unquestionably deserves the most caustic criticism.

Those who attend dramatic representations, ought to cherish a sincere disposition to be gratified. This is the dictate of sound policy, as it respects themselves, wholly independent of all regard for the performers. They thus multiply their enjoyments. Duly considering their own imperfection, and the difficulty of attaining complete excellence in the theatrical line, they ought invariably to lean to the side of lenity and indulgence, unless to repress and mortify overweening arrogance, or to punish and confound insolent neglect. These are not entitled to mercy. They should receive none. To bestow applause, when truly earned, they ought to regard not merely as an act of generosity, but a real incumbent duty. Every grade of performers, from the highest to the lowest, will invariably act better and with more spirit, under the cheering and joy-inspiring effects of bursts of applause, than when the audience regard them as frigidly and unfeelingly as if they were delivering lectures on Euclid's Elements, or on the ethics of the Stoic philosophers. The tameness and sang froid of an audience communicates itself by sympathy to the performers.

By pursuing the plan here recommended, the audience will inspire the players with confidence, give respectability to the theatre, and more completely attain the end they propose by visiting it, than by the present wretched system of paralyzing indifference, or revolting insult.

Will the formidable host of newspaper critics allow me to address a few words to them on this subject, with all due deference? The object of theatrical criticism is not, as some seem to believe, merely to expose faults, and deal forth censure. This is a most egregious error, and, to say no worse of it, implies great defect of judgment at least. There is more true taste and infinitely more goodness evinced, by an ingenious and accurate discovery of excellence, and by appropriate and just encomium, than by the detection and display of imperfection and deformity. Even when censure is really necessary, it ought to be delivered with delicacy. The critic ought to consider what would be his own sensations, were he dragged forward and abused without the power of defence. All the purposes of criticism may be effectually answered without wounding the feelings of performers, even of mediocre talents. On such, praise may be very frequently bestowed without violating truth; and opportunities of doing this, ought to be seized, when they occur. Over occasional errors, arising from the imperfection inherent in human nature, a veil may be sometimes drawn without impropriety. Let the critic bear in eternal remembrance, that he wages a very unequal war with the performer, who, however his superior in other points, may be totally unaccustomed to write, or, even if he be not, is debarred of the advantage of newspapers to make his defence, or to retort the attack—and is even totally ignorant of his persecutors. This consideration would disarm a truly generous assailant. Such a man would scorn to attack an enemy on unfair terms. Let the critic, too, reflect, that however elegantly he rounds off his periods, and however sportively he may write, his labours tend to dry up the source which supplies sustenance to a considerable number of people. While he is thinning

the seats of the playhouse, he is depriving many of bread. This, I need not say, is a truly serious consideration. The character of an assassin who stabs in the dark, cannot be a very desirable one. Yet in the awful name of the Maker of heaven and earth and of all things therein, what other term can be applied to the anonymous writer, who, goaded on by the blackest malignity, remorselessly pursues his unoffending, his defenceless, his prostrate victim, till he renders life an insupportable burden, and hurries him on to the awful precipice of self-murder !

ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.

BY RICHARD RUSH.

A COUNTRY is not to be understood by a few months' residence in it. So many component parts go to make up the grand total, where civilisation, and freedom, and power, are on a large scale, that the judgment gets perplexed. It pauses for re-examination. It must be slow in coming to conclusions, if it would be right. Often it must change them. A member of the diplomatic corps, an enlightened and shrewd observer, said to me a few days ago, that, at the end of his first year, he thought he knew England very well ; when the third year had gone by, he began to have doubts ; and that now, after a still longer time, his opinions were more unsettled than ever. Some he had changed entirely ; others had undergone modification, and he knew not what fate was before the rest.

There was reason in his remark. If it be not contradictory, I would say, that he showed his good judgment in appearing to have at present no judgment at all. The stranger sees in England, prosperity the most amazing, with what seems to strike at the root of all prosperity. He sees the most profuse expenditure, not by the nobles alone, but large classes besides ; and throughout classes far larger, the most resolute industry supplying its demands and repairing its waste ; taxation strained to the utmost, with an ability unparalleled to meet it ; pauperism that is

startling, with public and private charity munificent and unfailing, to feed, clothe, and house it; the boldest freedom, with submission to law; ignorance and crime so widely diffused as to appal, with genius, and learning, and virtue to reassure; intestine commotions perpetually predicted, and never happening; constant complaints of poverty and suffering, with constant increase in aggregate wealth and power. These are some of the anomalies which he sees. How is he then at once to pass upon them all? he, a stranger, when the foremost of the natives in knowledge and intelligence, do nothing but differ after studying them a life-time; when in every journal, every book, every pamphlet that comes out about England politically, he reads scarcely any thing but conflicting assertions, conflicting opinions, conflicting conclusions; when this is alike the case in their parliamentary speeches—even in the very statements and evidence contained in the elaborate reports emanating from the same body.

One of the things that strike me most, is their daily press. By nine in the morning, the newspapers are on my breakfast table, containing the debate of the preceding night. This is the case, though it may have lasted until one, two, or three in the morning. There is no disappointment; hardly a typographical error. The speeches on both sides are given with like care and fulness; a mere rule of justice to be sure, without which the paper would have no credit; but fit to be mentioned where party feeling always runs as high as in England.

This promptitude is the result of what alone could produce it; an unlimited command of subdivided labour ot the hand and mind. The proprietors of the great newspapers, employ as many stenographers as they want.

One stays until his sheet is full ; he proceeds with it to the printing office, where he is soon followed by another with his ; and so on, until the last arrives. Thus the debate as it advances is in progress of printing, and when finished, is all in type but the last part. Sometimes it will occupy twelve and fourteen broad, closely-printed, columns. The proprietors enlist the most able pens for editorial articles; and as correspondents, from different parts of Europe. Their pecuniary ability to do so, may be judged of from the fact, that the leading papers pay to the government an annual tax in stamps, of from twenty to fifty thousand pounds sterling. I have been told that some of them yield a profit of fifteen thousand pounds sterling a year, after paying this tax, and all expenses. The profits of "*The Times*," are said to have exceeded eighteen thousand a year. The cost of a daily paper to a regular subscriber, is about ten pounds sterling a year ; but subdivision comes in to make them cheap. They are circulated by agents at a penny an hour in London. When a few days old, they are sent to the provincial towns, and through the country, at reduced prices. In this manner, the parliamentary debates and proceedings, impartially and fully reported, go through the nation. The newspaper sheet is suited to all this service, being large, the paper substantial, and type good. Nothing can exceed the despatch with which the numerous impressions are worked off, the mechanical operations having reached a perfection calculated to astonish those who would examine them.

What is done in the courts of law, is disseminated in the same way. Every argument, trial, and decision, of whatever nature, or before whatever court, goes immediately into the newspapers. There is no delay. The following morning ushers it forth. I took the liberty of

remarking to one of the judges, upon the smallness of the rooms in which the courts of King's Bench and Chancery sit, when the proceedings were so interesting that great numbers of the public would like to hear them. "*We sit,*" said he, '*every day in the newspapers.*" How much did that answer comprehend ! what an increase of responsibility in the judge ! I understood, from a source not less high, that the newspapers are as much to be relied upon, as the books of law reports in which the cases are afterwards published ; that, in fact, the newspaper report is apt to be the best, being generally the most full, as well as quite accurate. If not the latter, the newspaper giving it would soon fall into disrepute, and give way to more accurate competitors. Hence, he who keeps his daily London paper, has, at the year's end, a volume of the annual law reports of the kingdom, besides all other matter ; and what variety, what entertainment, what a fund of original discussion and anecdote, does every paper contain !

In the discussions, editorial as otherwise, there is a remarkable fearlessness. Things that in Junius' time would have put London in a flame, and things as well written, pass almost daily without notice. Neither the sovereign nor his family are spared. Parliament sets the example, and the newspapers follow. Of this, the debates on the royal marriages in the course of the present month, give illustrations. There are countries in which the press is more free, by law, than with the English ; for although they impose no previous restraints, their definition of libel is so loose, that a jury may make one out of almost any thing ; but perhaps no where has the press, in point of fact, so much latitude.

Every thing goes into the newspapers. In other coun-

tries, matter of a public nature may be seen in them; here, in addition, you see perpetually the concerns of mere individuals. Does a private gentleman come to town, or take his departure for Brighton? you hear it in the newspapers; does he build a house, or buy an estate? they give the information; does he entertain his friends; you have all their names next day in type, with sometimes also a list of the very dishes and courses; is the drapery of a lady's drawing room changed from red damask and gold to white satin and silver ? the fact is publicly announced. So of a thousand other things. The first burst of it all upon Madame de Stael, led her to remark, that the English seemed to have realized the fable of living with a window in their bosoms. It may be thought that this is confined to a class, who, surrounded by the allurements of wealth, seek this kind of publicity to their names and movements. If it were only so, the class is large, beyond all parallel, in England ; but its influence affects other classes, giving each in their way the habit of allowing their personal inclinations and objects to be dealt with in print ; so that, altogether, these are thrown upon the public to an extent without example in any other country, ancient or modern. When the drama at Athens took cognisance of private life, what was said became known first to a few listeners ; then to a small town ; but in three days, a London newspaper reaches every part of the kingdom, and in three months every part of the globe.

Some will suppose that the newspapers govern the country. Nothing would be more unfounded. There is a power not only in the government, but in the country itself above them, and this lies in the educated classes. True, the daily press is of the educated class ; for

its conductors hold the pens of scholars, often of statesmen. Hence, you see no editorial personalities ; which, moreover, the public would not bear. But what goes into the columns of newspapers, no matter from what sources, comes into contact with equals at least in mind among readers, and a thousand to one in number. The bulk of these are unmoved by what newspapers say, if opposite to their own opinions ; which passing quickly from one to another in a society where population is dense, make head against the daily press, after its first efforts are spent upon classes less enlightened. Half the people of England live in towns, which augments moral as physical power ; the last, by strengthening rural parts through demand for their products—the first by sharpening intellect through opportunities of collision. The daily press could master opposing mental forces, if scattered ; but not when they can combine. The general literature of the country also reacts against newspapers. The permanent press, as distinct from the daily, teems with productions. There is a great and powerful class of authors always existent in England, whose sway exceeds that of the newspapers as the main body the pioneers. The periodical literature is also effective ; a match at least for the newspapers, when its time arrives. It is more elementary ; less hasty. In a word, the daily press in England, with its floating capital in talents, zeal, and money, can do much at an onset. It is an organised corps, full of spirit and always ready ; but there is a higher power of mind and influence behind, that can rally and defeat it. From the latter source it may also be presumed, that a more deliberate judgment will in the end be formed on difficult questions, than from the first impulses and more premature discussions of the daily

journals. The latter move in their proper orbit by reflecting also, in the end, the higher judgment by which they have been controlled. Such are some of the considerations that strike the stranger who reads their daily newspapers. They make a wonderful part of the social system in England.

CHILDHOOD.

BY W. H. FURNESS.

Our childhood's joys. How oft this tale is told!
Yet where is he to whom this tale is old?
Why do we turn so gladly to the days,
When the heart bask'd beneath life's morning rays?
Why for those scenes of joy, those dreams of bliss,
That place my soul in any world but this,
Why back to early pleasures do I fly?
What grants to youth this grand monopoly?
O there's a joy in youth, ne'er felt again,
The joy of new-found being fills us then,
The novelty of life—the buoyant sense
Of young existence, exquisite, intense.
Let woe come then, beneath the heart's own ray
How soon it melts like moon-lit clouds away!
Then the brief past has no regrets to fling
Athwart our minds, and memory no sting.
Then time flies fast, while laughing childhood throws
Handfuls of roses at him, as he goes.
And all the future like a lake is spread,
A calm expanse beneath Hope's angel tread.
When young we gaze on life as on a show,
The bright we love, and let the gloomy go.
Worlds of our own creation rise around,
Where not one form of sorrow can be found.
But all the scene our playful fancy fills
With fairy gifts, and glittering pinnacles!

We never think, while yet but "fools to fame,"
What mighty passions shall our hearts inflame;
Nor dream the current, that within our veins
Rolls to the music of mirth's careless strains,
Will ever rush in maddening course along,
Roused by ambition and the deeds of song.
Home is our realm, our throne a mother's knee,
Our crown, her smile bent o'er us lovingly.
And then alone, ere that unholy throng
Of giant passions which time leads along
Rush in and trample on life's springing flowers—
Then, only then, sweet innocence is ours.
All, all is peace within—we do not start
To read the pages of a child's pure heart,
No lines are there which we would wish were not,
The virgin leaves are yet without a blot.
O well did He, to whom all power was given,
To bring our wandering spirits back to heaven,
Call little children to him and declare,
"Resemble these or never enter there."
And well may we, through all our coming years,
To childhood's unstain'd joys look back with tears,
Sigh to forget the cares of busy men,
And long to live them o'er—those happy times again!

EDUCATION.

BY JOHN SERGEANT.

Education, in all its parts, is a concern of so much consequence, so deeply and vitally interesting, that it ought not to be exposed, without great caution, to hazardous experiments and innovations. Is it, then, susceptible of no improvement? Is the human mind, progressive upon all other subjects, to be stationary upon this? Shall not education be allowed to advance with the march of intellect, and its path be illuminated with the increased and increasing light of the age? Or shall it be condemned to grope in the imperfect twilight, while every thing else enjoys the lustre of a meridian sun? These are imposing questions which are not to be answered by a single word. Admitting the general truth of that which they seem to assert, namely, that education, in all its departments, ought to be carried to the highest attainable perfection, and that the methods of reaching that point deserve our most anxious and continued attention—it must at the the same time be apparent, that as long as the argument is merely speculative, implying objections to existing methods of instruction, and raising doubts about their value, without offering a distinct and approved substitute, great danger is to be apprehended from its circulation.

There is no doubt that improvement may be made in the seminaries of our country—there is no doubt that it ought to be made—and it is quite certain that it requires

nothing but the support of enlightened public sentiment to bring it into operation. The improvement adverted to is improvement in degree—a better preparation for admission into college—a somewhat later age, and of course more mature powers—and, as a consequence, higher and more thorough teaching. The result can not be secured, unless the means are employed; and their employment does not depend upon those who are immediately entrusted with the care of the instruction of youth. Professors and teachers would unfeignedly rejoice, in raising the standard of education—in advancing their pupils further and further in the path of learning—if parents, duly estimating its importance, could be prevailed upon to afford them the opportunity—for *they*, (unless totally unfit for their trust,) must be justly and conscientiously convinced of the value of such improvement. But their voice is scarcely listened to. By a prejudice, as absurd and unreasonable as it is unjust, *they* are supposed to be seeking only to advance their own interest; and *their* testimony is, on that account, disregarded; when, upon every principle by which human evidence ought to be tried, it is entitled to the highest respect. *Their* means of knowledge are greater than those of other men. They learn from daily experience—they learn from constant and anxious meditation—they learn from habitual occupation. It is theirs to watch with parental attention, and with more than parental intelligence, the expanding powers of the pupils committed to their charge. It is theirs to observe the influence of discipline and instruction in numerous instances, as it operates upon our nature—and it is theirs, too, with parental feeling to note the issues of their labours, in the lives of those who have been under their charge—to rejoice with becoming pride, when following an alumnus of the college with the eye of affectionate ten-

derness, they see him steadily pursuing a straight forward and elevated path, and becoming a good and an eminent man—and to mourn, with unaffected sorrow, over those who have fallen by the way, disappointing the hopes of their parents and friends, turning to naught the counsels and cares that have been bestowed upon them, and inflicting pain and misery upon all who felt an interest in their welfare. *Experto crede*, is the maxim of the law; and it is no less the maxim of common sense. Why is it not to be applied to the case under consideration, as it is to all others which are to be determined by evidence? The sneering and vulgar insinuation sometimes hazarded by those who find it easier to sneer and insinuate, than to reason, that teachers, as a body, have a peculiar interest of their own, sufficient, upon questions which concern their vocation, to bring into doubt the integrity of their judgment, and thus to make them incompetent to be witnesses, if rightly considered, is not so much an insult to this useful and honourable, and I may add, in general, faithful class of men, as it is to the parents who entrust them with their children. What judgment shall we form of *their* intelligence—what shall we say of *their* regard for their offspring, if, at the most critical period of life, they place the forming intellect in the hands of men of more than questionable integrity, to be fashioned by them into fantastic shapes to suit their own purposes, or gratify their own whims? The truth is, that it is an appeal to ignorance, which can succeed only with those who are unable or unwilling to think, and is employed chiefly for want of solid argument.

The circumstances of our country, it must be admitted, have encouraged and have favoured an early entrance into life, and so far have been averse to extended education. This cause has naturally, and to a certain extent, justifi-

ably, induced parents to yield to the restless eagerness of youth, always anxious to escape from the trammels of discipline, and confide in the strength of their untried powers.

Pride, too, a false and injurious pride is apt to lend its assistance. Instead of measuring the child's progress by his advancement in learning and in years, the parent is too much inclined to dwell only upon the advance he has made in his classes, and to note, with peculiar gratification, the fact, that he is the youngest of the graduates. Often, when it is evident to the teacher, that the pupil's lasting interest would be promoted by reviewing a part of his course, the very suggestion of being put back, is received as an affront, and indignantly rejected, though offered from the kindest and best considered motives. It is a mistake, a great mistake. To hurry a youth into college, and hurry him out of it, that he may have the barren triumph of extraordinary forwardness, is to forget the very end and object of education, which is to give him the full benefit of all that he can acquire in the period, which precedes his choice of a pursuit for life. What is gained by it? If, as frequently happens, he be too young to enter upon the study of a profession, there is an awkward interval when he is left to himself; he is almost sure to misapply and waste his precious time, and is in great danger of contracting permanent habits of idleness and dissipation. But even should this not be the case, of what consequence is it to him, that he should enter upon a profession a year sooner or later, compared with the loss of the opportunity of deepening, and widening, and strengthening the foundations of character, which are then to be laid in a seminary of learning. This opinion is not without decided support. Many intelligent parents have been observed to adopt it in practice, voluntarily lengthening

out the education of their children beyond the ordinary limits. Such an improvement as has now been alluded to, ought unquestionably to be aimed at. The progress of liberal education ought to bear some proportion to the rapid advances our country is making in other respects, and to the character and standing which her wealth, her strength, and her resources require her to maintain. It is especially due to the nature of our republican institutions, in order to win for them still higher esteem with mankind, that their capacity should be demonstrated, to encourage and produce whatever is calculated to adorn and to improve our nature, and to contribute our full proportion to the great society of learning and letters in the world. It would be much to be regretted, if the multiplication of colleges were to have the contrary effect, of lowering the standard of education, or of preventing its progressive elevation. Let the competition among them be, not who shall have the most pupils within their walls, but who shall make the best scholars!

SAUL'S LAST DAY.

BY DR. R. M. BIRD.

That day the spirit of the monarch fled,
His hand was nerveless, and his heart was dead:
Around him thousands in their armour stood,
And, marvelling, watched their gloomy leader's mood.
On his strong limbs the jointed brass was hung,
The tempered falchion on his harness rung;
Strapped to his arm, the plaited buckler shone,
And spear and jav'lin at his feet were thrown.
From his dark front the frowning plume descends,
On his brow waves, and o'er his shoulder bends;
And such a brow! while all around, elate
With triumph shone, or wrinkled black with hate,
His, his alone of all the martial crew,
Retained a ghastly and a craven hue.
Yet not from fear th' unusual colour came,
Nor deadly hatred, nor consuming shame:
No longer these had interest or control;
The fit, the horror is upon his soul!*

Shall the harp ring his flagging spirits on?
Ah no! the harper that could soothe is gone:
The harp rejected for the vengeful brand,
The son of Jesse leads the hostile band.†

* But the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him. 1 Samuel, c. xvi. v 14.

† "David and his men passed on in the rearward with Achish." (1

Then sound the clarion, wake the timbrel shrill
Pale and abstracted is his aspect still.
Strike then the cymbal and the rolling drum !—
His God has left him, and his hour is come.*

His captains spoke ; the warrior raised his eye,—
" And these," the gloomy prophet said, " must die."
His sons rebuked him,—" Ye must also fall,
And they, and I, and Israel, and all."†
" Know ye the weapon that ye bear in hand ?"
The wistful monarch looked upon his brand :—
" Ay, sons, my steel—a warrior's woik has done,
And soon shall finish what the Lord begun.‡
Ye gaze on it, and then survey the foe ;
Ye know 'twill smite, but that is all ye know.
Proud steel ! the prophet tells me what thou art,—
The night shall find thee in a monarch's heart.
Why stand I here to descant on my shame ?
He told me not that I was lost to fame !
He told me not, my sinews should deny
Their wonted office, or be stretched to fly !
Come, chiefs, array ! light up your martial fire ;
Like Saul ye conquer, or like Saul expire !"

As rocks that topple from some mountain hoar,
Crash in the waves, and drive them to the shore ;
Or howling torrents that from high hills leap,
And o'er the valleys with destruction sweep ;

Sam. xxix. 2.) The jealousy of the Philistine lords, however, caused Achish to send David back into the land of the Philistines; and he did not appear in this battle.

* The Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy. 1 Samuel, ch. xxviii. v. 16.

† Ch. xxviii. v. 19.

‡ The Lord shall deliver the host of Israel into the hand of the Philistines. 1 Samuel, xxviii. 16—20.

So from Gilboa's reverend slope they fly,
Charge with the Gentiles, with the Gentiles die,
Batter'd and dripping with the scarlet gore,
Their shields and swords reflect the sun no more;
Fierce through the ranks the scythed chariots flash,
And mow out alleys wheresoe'er they dash:
The prancing charger neighs and springs in air,
And treads down hundreds that the sabres spare;
By furious arms opposing spears are thrust,
And man and steed together bite the dust.—
Hark! hark! a shriek! 'twas loud, and wild, and shrill,
Echoed in thunder from the shuddering hill;
And caverned silence, maddened with the sound,
Opes his scared lips, and pours the yell around.
Ah me! how yonder spouting rills are dyed
With crimson issue from the Hebrew's side;
And the green grass, with dew late sprinkled o'er,
Smokes up to heaven, a sacrifice of gore!

"Back, back, great king! Gilboa's caves shall show
Some present refuge from the unsparing foe."
"Said I not thus?" the desperate chief replied,
The winged arrow trembling in his side;
"Said I not thus, the godless should prevail
And Israel fall, like corn before the hail?
Where are my sons?"—"These corses!"—"Said I not—
A monarch's children like a beggar's rot.
Away, away! degenerate Hebrews fly!—
But Saul——Begone! nor see a monarch die.
The dreadful phantom, vainly now implored,
Unmann'd my spirit and unedged my sword,
Else fled not Saul before the haughty foe,
Nor on his back received the Gentile blow.—
Haste, slave—strike, strike:* the victor shall not say

* Ch. xxxi. v. 4.

The chief of Israel was a living prey :
Strike the sharp weapon through my mangled breast ;
One better wound be added to the rest."
" O fly, great chief! a happier day——" " Away,
Thou poor pale coward : this is Saul's last day!
This is the day—Said I not?—this is the hour:
Saul not outlives his glory and his power........
Eternity! how dark the waves that roll
In booming discord on my frighted soul!
Eternity! how filled with wrack and gloom!—
Creation's vast and never-closing tomb!—
Billows that float in awful shade and fire,
Black lowering horror, and fierce flashing ire ;
Mystic and hideous, yet unshunn'd by me,
Thy dismal desert, O Eternity!"

He said: the weapon made its furious way—
And night and horror closed the fatal day.

THE TRUE AMERICAN STATESMAN.

BY NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

For the high and holy duty of serving his country, he begins by deep and solitary studies of its constitution and laws, and all its great interests. These studies are extended over the whole circumference of knowledge—all the depths and shoals of the human passions are sounded to acquire the mastery over them. The solid structure is then strengthened and embellished by familiarity with ancient and modern languages—with history, which supplies the treasures of old experience—with eloquence, which gives them attraction—and with the whole of that wide miscellaneous literature, which spreads over them all a perpetual freshness and variety. These acquirements are sometimes reproached by the ignorant as being pedantry. They would be pedantic if they intruded into public affairs inappropriately, but in subordination to the settled habits of the individual, they add grace to the strength of his general character, as the foliage ornaments the fruit that ripens beneath it. They are again denounced as weakening the force of native talent, and contrasted disparagingly with what are called rough and strong minded men. But roughness is no necessary attendant on strength; the true steel is not weakened by the highest polish—just as the scymetar of Damascus, more flexible in the hands of its master, inflicts a keener wound than the coarsest blade. So far from impairing the native strength

of the mind, at every moment this knowledge is available. In the play of human interests and passions, the same causes ever influence the same results; what has been, will again be, and there is no contingency of affairs on which the history of the past may not shed its warning light on the future. The modern languages bring him into immediate contact with the living science and the gifted minds of his remote cotemporaries. All the forms of literature, which are but the varied modifications in which the human intellect develops itself, contribute to reveal to him its structure and its passions; and these endowments can be displayed in a statesman's career only by eloquence—itself a master power, attained only by cultivation, and never more requiring it than now, when its influence is endangered by its abuse. Our institutions require and create a multitude of public speakers and writers—but, without culture, their very numbers impede their excellence—as the wild richness of the soil throws out an unweeded and rank luxuriance. Accordingly, in all that we say or write about public affairs, a crude abundance is the disease of our American style. On the commonest topic of business, a speech swells into a declamation—an official statement grows to a dissertation. A discourse about any thing must contain every thing. We will take nothing for granted. We must commence at the very commencement. An ejectment for ten acres, reproduces the whole discovery of America—a discussion about a tariff or a turnpike, summons from their remotest caves the adverse blasts of windy rhetoric—and on those great Serbonian bogs, known in political geography as constitutional questions, our ambitious fluency often begins with the general deluge, and ends with its own. It is thus that even the good sense and reason of some become wearisome, while the undisciplined fancy

of others wanders into all the extravagances and the gaudy phraseology which distinguish our western orientalism. The result is, that our public affairs are in danger of becoming wholly unintelligible—concealed rather than explained, as they often are, in long harangues which few who can escape will hear, and in massive documents which all who see will shun. For this idle waste of words —at once a political evil and a social wrong—the only remedy is study. The last degree of refinement is simplicity; the highest eloquence is the plainest; the most effective style is the pure, severe, and vigorous manner, of which the great masters are the best teachers.

But the endearing charm of letters in a statesman, is the calmness and dignity which they diffuse over his whole thoughts and character. He feels that there are higher pursuits than the struggles for place. He knows that he has other enjoyments. They assist his public duties—they recruit his exhausted powers, and they fill, with a calm and genuine satisfastion, those hours of repose so irksome to the mere man of politics. Above all, and what is worth all, they make him more thoroughly and perfectly independent. It is this spirit of personal independence which is the great safeguard of our institutions. It seems to be the law of our physical and of our moral nature, that every thing should perish in its own excesses. The peculiar merit of free institutions is, that they embody and enforce the public sentiment—the abuse which has destroyed them is, that they execute prematurely, the crude opinions of masses of men without adequate reflection, and before the passions which excited them can subside. Opinions now are so easily accumulated in masses, and their action is so immediate, that unless their first impulses are resisted, they will not brook even the restraints which, in cooler moments, they have

imposed on themselves, but break over the barriers of their own laws. Their impatience is quickened by the constant adulation from the competitors for their favour, till, at last, men become unwilling to hazard offence by speaking wholesome truth. It is thus that the caprice of a single individual, some wild phantasy, perhaps, of some unworthy person, easily corrected, or, if there were need, easily subdued at first—when propagated over numerous minds, not more intelligent than the first, becomes, at length, commanding—and superior intellects are overawed by the imposing presence of a wide-spread folly, as the noxious vapor of the lowest marsh, may poison, by contagion, a thousand free hills. That is our first danger. The second and far greater peril is, when these excited masses are wielded by temporary favorites, who lead them against the constitution and the laws. For both these dangers, the only security for freedom is found in the personal independence of public men. This independence is not a mere abundance of fortune, which makes place unnecessary—for wealth is no security for personal uprightness—but it is the independence of mind, the result of talents and education, which makes the possessor conscious that he relies on himself alone—that he seeks no station by unworthy means—will receive none with humiliation—will retain none with dishonor. They take their stand accordingly. Their true position as that where they can best defend the country equally from this inflamed populace and their unworthy leaders—on the one hand, resisting this fatal weakness—the fear of losing popular favor—and, on the other, disdaining all humiliating compliances with men in power.

Of the ancient and modern world, the best model of the union of the man of letters and the statesman was he, with whose writings your studies have made you familiar

—Cicero. The most diligent researches, the most various acquirements, prepared him for the active career of public life, which he mingled with laborious studies, so as never, for a moment, to diminish the vigor of his public character. How often, and how well he served his country all history attests. When the arts and the arms of Cataline had nearly destroyed the freedom of Rome, it was this great man of letters who threw himself into the midst of that band of desperate conspirators, and by his single intrepidity and eloquence rescued the republic.

When that more noble and dangerous criminal, Cæsar, broke down the public liberty, after vainly striving to resist the tide of infatuation, Cicero retired to his farm, where he composed those deep philosophical works which have been the admiration of all succeeding time. But they could not avert his heart from his country—and on that day—on that very hour, when the dagger of Casca avenged the freedom of Rome, he was in the Senate, and the first words of Brutus on raising his bloody steel, were to call on Cicero—the noblest homage, this, which patriotism ever paid to letters.

Let it not diminish your admiration that Cicero was proscribed and put to death. They who live for their country must be prepared to die for it. For the same reason, hatred to those who enslaved his country, his great predecessor, Demosthenes, shared a similar fate. But both died in their country's service—and their great memories shall endure for ever, long after the loftiest structures of the proudest sovereigns. There were kings in Egypt who piled up enormous monuments with the vain hope of immortality. Their follies have survived their history. No man can tell who built the pyramids. But the names of these great martyrs of human liberty have been in all succeeding time the trumpet call to free-

dom. Each word which they have spoken is treasured, and has served to rally nations against their oppressors.

Trained by these studies and animated by the habitual contemplation of the examples of those who have gone before you, as a true American statesman, you may lay your hand on your country's altar. From that hour—swerved by no sinister purpose, swayed by no selfish motive—your whole heart must be devoted to her happiness and her glory. No country could be worthier of a statesman's care. On none has nature lavished more of the materials of happiness and of greatness—as fatal if they are misdirected, as they must be glorious when rightly used. On the American statesman, then, devolves the solemn charge of sustaining its institutions against temporary excesses, either of the people or their rulers—and protecting them from their greatest foes—which will always lie in their own bosom. You can accomplish this only by persevering in your own independence—by doing your duty fearlessly to the country. If you fail to please her, do not the less serve her, for she is not the less your country. Never flatter the people—leave that to those who mean to betray them. Remember that the man who gave the most luxurious entertainments to the Roman people, was the same who immediately after destroyed their freedom. That was Julius Cæsar. Remember that the most bloody tyrant of our age was the meanest in his courtship to the mob, and scarcely ever spoke without invoking for his atrocities what he called "the poor people." That man was Robespierre. Never let any action of your life be influenced by the desire of obtaining popular applause at the expense of your own sincere and manly convictions. No favor from any sovereign—a single individual, or thirteen millions, can console you for the loss of your own esteem. If they are

offended, trust to their returning reason to do you justice, and should that hope fail, where you cannot serve with honor, you can retire with dignity. You did not seek power—and you can readily leave it, since you are qualified for retirement, and since you carry into it the proud consolation of having done your duty.

But should you ever be called to act the stern, yet glorious part which these patriot statesmen performed, you will not fail in the requisite energy. It may be, that, not as of old, another robust barbarian from Thrace, like Maximin—not a new gladiator slave, like Spartacus—but some frontier Cataline may come up with the insolent ambition to command you and your children. More dangerous still, the people may be bartered away as other sovereigns have been, by faithless favorites, just as the very guards at Rome sold the empire at open auction to the highest bidder, Julian. The same arts which succeeded of old, may not be unavailing here—a conspiracy of profligate men, pandering to the passions of the people, may inflame them to their ruin—and the country, betrayed into the hands of its worst citizens, may be enslaved with all the appearances of freedom. Should that day come, remember never to capitulate—never to compromise—never to yield to the country's enemies. Remember that crime is not the less guilty—it is only the more dangerous by success. If you should see the cause betrayed by those who ought to defend it, be you only the more faithful. Never desert the country—never despond over its fortunes. Confront its betrayers, as madmen are made to quail beneath the stern gaze of fearless reason. They will denounce you. Disregard their outcries—it is only the scream of the vultures whom you scare from their prey. They will seek to destroy you. Rejoice that your country's enemies are yours. You can

never fall more worthily than in defending her from her own degenerate children. If overborne by this tumult, and the cause seems hopeless, continue self-sustained and self-possessed. Retire to your fields, but look beyond them. Nourish your spirits with meditation on the mighty dead who have saved their country. From your own quiet elevation, watch calmly this servile route as its triumph sweeps before you. The avenging hour will at last come. It cannot be that our free nation can long endure the vulgar dominion of ignorance and profligacy. You will live to see the laws re-established; these banditti will be scourged back to their caverns—the penitentiary will reclaim its fugitives in office, and the only remembrance which history will preserve of them, is the energy with which you resisted and defeated them.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

BY HENRY D. BIRD.

Thine was the death that many meet,
That many deem the best;
To lay them down at glory's feet
To their eternal rest—
For glory's glittering toy to rave,
And find the bauble in the grave!

What 'vails it where we barter life?
Whether upon the plain,
Amid the spirit-stirring strife,
Or on the stormy main?
On land or sea, it is the same;
We die; and what to us is fame!

Why liest thou stiff and idle there,
Thy hand upon thy sword,
While rapine shouts upon the air
His fearful signal word?
Up, up! and join the gathering clan
Of human fiends that prey on man.

Up, and away! the squadron'd horse
Approach in fierce array;
They'll mar thy poor dishonor'd corse,
And tread thy form; away!
Madly o'er faint and dead they pour,
And hoof and fetlock smoke with gore.

Thou heed'st me not; thou hearest not
The trumpet echoing near;
And even the roaring cannon-shot
Flies soundless by thine ear,
Thy leader shouts—away, away!
Ah, soldier! thou canst not obey!

An hour ago thou wert all life,
With fiery soul and eye,
Rushing amid the kindling strife,
To do thy best, and die—
And now a gory mass of clay
Is stretch'd upon the warrior's way.

Why are those trappings on thy form?
The harness could not shield
Thy bosom from the iron storm,
That hurtled o'er the field.
Men fled the terrors of thy brow—
The vulture does not fear thee now!

A thousand like thyself, ah me!
Are stretch'd upon the ground;
While the glad trump of victory
Is pealing round and round:
Hark, how the victors shout and cheer?
It matters not—the dead are here!

Arise! the Pæan rings aloud,
The battle field is won;
Up, up, and join the eager crowd,
Before the booty's done:
What—wilt not take the meed of toil,
Thy share of glory and of spoil?

Silent, and grim, and sad to view,
  Thou liest upon the plain;
To bleach or fester in the dew,
  The sun, the winds, the rain:
What art thou now, poor luckless tool?
A murderer's mark, a tyrant's fool.

PREDICTION.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

In the year 1812, shortly after the declaration of war with Great Britain, I made an excursion, partly of business, partly of pleasure, into that beautiful and romantic section of Pennsylvania, which lies along its northeastern boundary. One morning while pursuing my journey, I heard at a distance the sound of martial music, which gradually became more distinct as I ascended the Blue Ridge, and seemed to proceed from a humble village, situated in the deep valley beneath, on the bank of the Delaware. Nothing could exceed the splendour of the scene that lay below. The sun was just rising, his first beams were gradually stealing through the break or gap in the distant mountains, which seems to have been burst open by the force of the torrent; and as they gilded the dark green foliage of the wilderness, presented a view which might well awaken the genius of art, and the speculations of science, but was far too pure to be estimated by those, whose taste had been corrupted by admiration of the feeble skill of man.

There are indeed throughout the globe, various features which the most plausible theories are scarce sufficient to account for, and among them may truly be classed that to which we have alluded, where the Delaware has cut its way through the rugged bosom of the Kittatinny mountain. The scene is indeed sublime, and while

raising the eye from the surface of the water to the blue summit of the ridge, a perpendicular height of twelve hundred and fifty feet, the question forcibly occurs, was this wonderful work the effect of an inward convulsion of nature, or was it occasioned by the irresistible pressure of water, ages before the European dreamed of the existence of a western world?

After gazing and reflecting for some time on the wonders of nature, thus suddenly spread before me, I resumed my journey. The music, which still continued, proceeded, as I found, from a band of soldiers drawn up in the main street of the village, surrounded by their friends and families who had evidently assembled for the purpose of taking a melancholy farewell. I descended the mountain by the circuitous path, and rode up to the inn before which the crowd had gathered, but they were all too busily engaged with their own feelings to notice the arrival of a stranger. Wives were listening to the last injunction of their husbands, the widowed mother to the voice of her valued son, the prop of her declining years, and many a bashful maiden lent her ear to the protestations of eternal affection, which, at that time, sounded tenfold sweeter as they flowed from the lips of the warlike lover. The shrill fife was playing, the drum beating, and amid the jargon of voices, the corporal was heard swearing like a trooper, in order to keep up the dignity of his station. The little bandy-legged drummer beat with uncommon earnestness; it was uncalled for at the time, and I was at a loss to account for his making such a deafening noise, when I perceived a shrewish looking beldame at his elbow, whose shrill voice satisfied me that he would find comparative tranquillity in the field of battle, to being within its appalling influence. The

fifer, out of compassion, lent the aid of his shrill music to relieve his friend from this last unpleasant lecture.

Removed from the crowd, I observed a young man, an officer of the corps, in conversation with a young woman, who did not strive to conceal her sorrow on the occasion. Health, beauty, and innocence, were strongly depicted in her countenance, and her rustic garb concealed a form, even thus decorated, far more attractive than many who move, for a season, the constellation of a ball-room, and imagine they have attained the extent of worldly ambition. The young man's face was animated, yet in the enthusiasm of the moment, he could not conceal the sadness of his heart, while gazing on the lovely being standing in tears beside him ; the order was given to march ; he embraced her, imprinted a fervent kiss upon her pale forehead, placed her in the arms of an aged woman, who stood hard by, and hurried to the ranks. The soldiers left the village followed by a troop of little urchins, who were either pleased with the parade, or were desirous of prolonging the melancholy moment of separating from a parent or brother. The women remained in the street watching them as they slowly ascended the mountain path, until they were out of sight, and then returned to their lonely cottages: one only lingered on the spot until the last sound of the distant drum was no longer repeated by the echo of the mountains.

I inquired of the innkeeper concerning the young woman just mentioned, who informed me that her name was Lucy Gray, the only child of a poor widow, who in former days had been in more prosperous circumstances: that she had been betrothed to Hugh Cameron, the young soldier, from their childhood, and that their nuptials were to have been celebrated in a few weeks, but as he

was draughted for the frontiers, prudence obliged them to postpone the ceremony until the campaign should be over.

Mine host was as loquacious as most village landlords, and as he was familiar with the life, birth, and parentage of every individual in the village, it was not long before I received a full account of the young officer, who, to use the narrator's own words, "had gained the good will of all the gray heads and green hearts on that side of the Blue Mountain."

Hugh Cameron had been protected from his infancy by his grandmother, who was a native of the Highlands of Scotland, and whose mind was strongly imbued with the numerous superstitions of the uneducated of her country. He was the child of her only daughter, who had fallen a victim to unlimited confidence in him she loved, and finally expiated her offence by a broken heart. Hugh soon learned the history of his mother's shame from his playmates, who upon the slightest offence would remind him of it, in derision, for man appears determined most religiously to adhere to the law, as laid down in Deuteronomy, where it is written, that the unfortunate in birth, "even to his tenth generation, shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord."

The taunts of his schoolmates, preyed upon the mind of the boy; he avoided them and sought seclusion. What time was allowed from study, was passed in the deepest recesses of the mountain, or on the giddy precipice, where the eagle made his eyry. Often was he seen by the astonished villagers, apparently hanging in mid air, by some projecting rock, hitherto untrodden by mortal foot, shouting with joy at the affrighted birds of prey, as they wildly dashed in circling flight around his head. They had nothing to fear from the approach of

the daring boy, for his was not a heart, wantonly to inflict a wound upon the humblest of God's creatures. His feelings were acute, and his imagination vivid. For hours he would listen to the tales of his grandmother, of warlocks, witchcraft, omens, and prognostics of death. With her, not a breeze agitated the woods or the river ; not a drop of rain fell, nor an insect moved, but for a special purpose. He never became weary of listening to her, nor she of relating, the wonderful legends with which her mind was stored.

The village schoolmaster was also every way calculated to give a freshness of colouring to the rude narratives of the old crone, and increase their fascination with the semblance of reality. He had lived long and seen much of the world : a Hungarian, a classical scholar and fond of that lore which too frequently destroys the worldly hopes, and enervates the mind of the possessor. He fed on thriftless verse until his mind sickened at the realities of life. His reading had been various and profound, but that which was speculative and visionary, possessed more charms for his mind, than that which partook of earthly matter. He was an accomplished musician, and many a time at midnight was his solitary flute heard in the deep recesses of the mountain, and on the surface of the river.

He was an isolated man, and imagined no earthly being possessed a feeling in unison with his own. When he discovered the wildness and delicate texture of his pupil's mind, they became almost inseparable companions. The youth improved rapidly under his guidance, not only in literature and music, but in the facility of creating theories, which, at the time they expanded and enlarged his mind, involved it in an ocean of difficulty and doubt, without a compass to guide it to a haven.

With years, the feelings of the youth became more sensibly alive to the charms of nature. For hours he would contemplate the rolling river, and as wave succeeded wave, the Hungarian would discover some analogy to human life, which served to illustrate his visionary theories. The hollow moan of the forest, at midnight, which foretold the coming storm, was music to their ears, and those hours which the wearied villagers devoted to repose, were passed by the old man and his pupil in gazing at the stars. The Hungarian fancied he had ascertained the star of his nativity, and for years, whenever visible, he regularly rose at the hour of twelve, to note its station in the heavens. He had made his calculations and predicted the day of his death. He communicated the time to his pupil, who, though a convert to his opinions, and fearful that the prediction would be verified, treated it lightly, and endeavoured to remove the impression from his mind. The attempt was fruitless. The night preceding his death, at the hour of twelve, he called at Hugh Cameron's cottage, awoke him, and they proceeded to the grave-yard together in silence, for the Hungarian's mind was so engrossed with thought, that Hugh did not venture to break the chain of reflection.

They paused beneath the tall cypress that stood in the eastern corner of the yard: the old man examined the position of the star upon whose movements, he said, depended his destiny, and then turning to his companion, added—

"It is a weakness to feel any concern about the disposition of the body when life is extinct, for, though the dust, of which this frail tenement is composed, be scattered to the four corners of the earth, there is that magnetism inseparable from each particle which at one day

will cause re-union; yet it is natural that the mind at parting from the body, should feel some interest in its future destiny, and I have often marked spots where I fancied the sleep of the dead would be more undisturbed than in others; and this is one of them. I make but one request; when the few sands which yet linger of my life are run, see that my remains be decently interred beneath this cypress tree. This is all I ask of you in this world."

Hugh replied that he hoped he would live long, to command many a service of a less melancholy nature.

The old man continued in a solemn tone; "Do you see that star; it is already low in the west, and its rays are fitful and feeble. When the first gray light of the morning shall have extinguished it, my light will also be extinguished. I have predicted it for years, and at this moment there are too many omens concurring to leave a doubt of the accuracy of my calculation. At times the mind is so delicately attuned as to shrink instinctively from unseen approaching danger, without the slightest sound or touch to communicate it to the outward senses, and such is the present state of my feelings. My life has been a long one; not altogether unprofitably, and I humbly trust, harmlessly spent. 'My basket and my store' are not quite empty, and to you I bequeath the gleanings of my life. Among my papers you will find one to this effect. I have not much to leave, but what little there is will be of consequence to one whose mind is constituted like yours." He struck his cane into the earth, and added; "remember this spot, Hugh Cameron; here let my head lie. Come, my last request is made."

He left his stick where he had planted it, and they returned in silence to the village. When they came in

front of Hugh's cottage, they parted. It was a parting under a full conviction of meeting no more in this world. Much time elapsed before Cameron could compose his troubled mind to sleep, and when finally exhausted, he slumbered in a state of consciousness. He arose about two hours after the sun, and hurried towards the residence of his friend. His heart felt like a lump of lead in his bosom, as he discovered at a distance the shutters of his chamber window bowed. The chamber was on the ground floor of the cottage, and opened into a little flower-garden, the cultivation of which was the Hungarian's chief delight. He was curious in flowers, and had acquired the art of varying their colours by the application of minerals to the root. Hugh crossed the garden, and with trembling hands, pulled open the shutters. He stood for a moment transfixed with grief, then shrunk from the sight that presented itself.

On a broad board supported by chairs, lay the mortal remains of his friend already clad in the garments of the grave. He silently closed the window, and on entering the house learnt, that as the Hungarian had not appeared at his usual hour of rising, the family had entered the room, apprehensive that he was ill, and discovered him lying in bed, his body already stiff and cold. Upon a small table, near the head of the bed, a lamp was still burning, though broad daylight, and his clenched hands still held his bible, which rested upon his bosom ; the book still open at the page he was last reading. Every circumstance proved that his death was as calm as the sleep of the spotless infant. He was buried in the place pointed out the preceding night, and all the villagers, from infancy to age, followed him in sorrow to the grave. On examining his papers his will was found, in which he

bequeathed his little possessions exclusively to his pupil, Hugh Cameron.

This is briefly the substance of the prolix narrative of mine host. My horse being refreshed, I mounted and pursued my journey, reflecting upon how frail a thread human happiness depends. As I passed along the street all was silent and dejected; not even a dog stirred to bark at me, but as the village gradually receded from my view, other thoughts engrossed my mind, and the lovely Lucy Gray and her sorrows were forgotten.

Shortly after the peace, business obliged me to take a similar journey. The sun was about setting as I found myself upon the summit of the Blue Mountain, and the welcome village in the deep valley, again presented itself. My jaded horse leisurely descended, carefully kicking every stone out of the way that lay in his rugged path. When half way down the height, I paused to rest the weary animal. A young woman suddenly emerged from a cluster of blooming laurels and wild honeysuckles, which grew round the base of a large projecting rock. Her dark hair was luxuriant, and bound with neatness and simplicity ; her face lovely and blooming, yet slightly overcast with sadness, and the matchless symmetry of her small and elastic frame, was heightened by the uncommon neatness of her rustic apparel. On one arm hung a basket, well stored with rich and various mountain flowers, while the other was extended, to assist a young man to rise who was seated at a short distance from the rock, and upon whose enfeebled frame the hand of death pressed heavily. He was a cripple, deprived of his right arm, and his manly forehead was difigured by a wound. He rose with difficulty, and stood silent, absorbed in thought.

"I fear," said Lucy, for it was the widow's child, "we have extended our walk too far. The mountain path was too rugged for you yet. You are fatigued, but in a few weeks you will be strong enough to revisit the haunt you loved so when a boy."

"No, Lucy, no," he replied in a hollow, tremulous voice, "I shall never again clamber to the rugged brow of yonder ridge, upon which the beams of the setting sun are now dancing. It would give a new impulse to my heart to be for a moment there, and the flagging stream of life would flow more freely; but I shall never again gaze upon the setting sun from that loved spot; never again listen to the roar of the torrent that dashes down that precipice."

They disappeared behind the rock and struck into another path; I urged my horse forward, and as I descended, the drowsy tinkling of bells was heard, as the sheep boy, whistling, leisurely followed his charge to the fold. The village boys were driving the herds to water; some were paddling the light canoe across the river, while others, more idle, were busied with their childish sports upon the lawn. Several women were at work with their wash-tubs on the bank, and, as I drew nigh a momentary cessation from labour ensued. One of them in particular was calculated to attract notice. She was tall and meagre; her visage was sharp, swarth, and wrinkled, and every line of it denoted that the family, into which it was the fate of Socrates to wed, had not become extinct even to the present age. My eyes were turned upon her, and I fancied I recognised her countenance. I accosted her, and she no sooner gave loose to her inharmonious tongue, than my doubts vanished. It was impossible to forget the sound having once heard it. It

was the voice of the village shrew, the bandy-legged drummer's wife.

"And are you the stranger," she exclaimed, drawing her skinny arms from the suds in which they were immersed, and placing them akimbo; "Are you the stranger, who baited at our village years agone, when our husbands and our sons were marching to the wars in the Canadas?"

"I am the same."

"Well, my old eyes have not failed me yet, in spite of all my sorrow. That was a woful day to many of us, and many a woful day did it bring after it." I inquired after the fate of her husband. "Good man," she continued, "he has gone to a more peaceful world than this. He was a hard-working man, and well to do, and never wronged another of the value of that suds, and that is more than some can say that ride in their gilt coaches. But he has now gone where honesty will turn to better account, than all the gold and dross of this world. If he were but back again, I should not be slaving here like a galley slave as I am, to find bread for his poor dear orphan boy. Gilbert!" she cried in a shrill tone, and continued: "but I will train him up in the right path, and he will not depart from it. Gilbert!" she again cried with increased energy. "He is the comfort of my age, the joy of my widowed heart. Gilbert, you Gilbert," she shrieked, "which way can the brat have gone?" She espied the luckless little ragged urchin hard by, laughing aloud and wrestling with a water dog, dripping wet from the river. "I'll change your note, you undutiful hound, take that," she exclaimed, at the same time suiting the action to the word. The boy made a hasty retreat, crying, and the dog ran after him, barking, and

rubbing his wet skin on the green sward, in the fulness of joy, which can hardly be attributable to the lad's misfortune.

I inquired of the virago how her husband, the drummer, died.

"Like a soldier on the frontiers. He was shot with a musket ball, and fell by the side of Hugh Cameron, who, heaven bless him, was at the same time maimed, and made a cripple for life. See, yon he goes, leaning on the arm of Lucy Gray. Poor souls, their only joy is to be together, but that joy will not last long. I have lived a goodly time, and have seen many, but never a pair like them. Their troth was plighted before the wars; he loved Lucy more than life from the time he was a boy, and used to break the hush of the mountains with the sound of his flute at midnight, with him who now rests under the big cypress tree. Yet when he found himself a cripple, and unable to support his Lucy by the labour of his hands, he sent a letter from the hospital where he was lying, many a long mile from this, releasing Lucy from her vows, and making her quite free to marry another if she fancied him."

"It was nobly done on his part: what answer returned Lucy?"

"She wrote to him, that as Hugh Cameron was no longer able to work for Lucy Gray, she was able and willing to work for Hugh Cameron. He no sooner received the letter than he left the hospital, and travelled homewards, for he was impatient to see her that he now loved more than ever. He travelled far and fast, night and day, which brought on a fever, and when he arrived at last, he looked like the shadow of what he was. He lay on his sick bed for weeks; the fever was cured, but it left behind a disease which no medicine can cure."

Lucy and the invalid had by this time entered the village ; I felt a curiosity to see more of them, and taking an abrupt leave of thc loquacious widow, I rode up to the inn, and was cordially welcomed by my quondam host. I lost no time in directing my steps towards the widow Gray's cottage. As I approached, the unceasing hum of the widow's wheel denoted that she was at her station. I entered, and on making myself known as an early acquaintance of her husband, she recognised me, though her features had escaped my memory. The room was uncommonly neat. The fragrance of the wild flowers, culled by Lucy, was perceptible. They were placed in water upon a bureau, in front of a looking glass, in a well polished mahogany frame. Lucy and the young soldier were in the garden. We passed into it through the back door of the cottage, shaded by an arbour, over which the vines were already gradually stealing. The lovely girl was at the extremity of the little garden, bending over a flower that required her attention.

"Every evening it is thus," said the widow, "whenever she can spare an hour from her labour, she devotes it to the garden, and really the care she takes, adds much to the appearance of our dwelling."

"Truly," I observed, "her labour has not been idly spent."

"A blessing," continued the widow, "appears to attend all she does."

The invalid appeared intent upon what Lucy was doing, but the praise which escaped the widow's lips, did not escape him. He turned towards us and said—

"True, mother, even the drooping narcissus revives at her touch, your aged heart grows glad in her presence, and the weight of years is forgotten ; nay, even I dream

of coming happiness when I see her smile, but the narcissus will bloom only for a few days longer, then wither and sink to the earth."

"But the flower will revive again in spring," said Lucy, "more beautiful than at the time it faded."

"All things look glad in spring," he continued, "the notes of the various birds are more melodious, the buds burst forth, the mountain trees put on their rich attire, the flowers of the valley dispense their hidden fragrance, the ice-bound brook is freed from its fetters, and every breeze is fresh with fragrance; but I, amid this general revival, must fade and die alone. I would the autumn were already arrived, and the leaves were falling, for then to die would be natural, and I should leave the world with less regret."

We returned to the cottage, and the widow resumed her station at the wheel, while Lucy prepared the tea-table, which was covered with fine bleached linen, which the widow mentioned with an air of pride, was the product of her hands. The humble meal was soon ready, and was eaten with thankfulness and delight by the cottagers, a joy unknown to those who have not by their own labour, first produced the sustenance of life.

The meal being over, the widow returned to her wheel, and recounted the occurrences of former days, until the sadness of the present was forgotten in the remembrance of the past. The brow of the invalid became more cheerful, and Lucy's spirits resumed their natural buoyancy from the transient gleam of sunshine that lit up the face of her lover. She sang. Her voice was sweet, and there was a heart-thrilling wildness in it, seldom to be found in those more refined and cultivated. It was powerful and spirit-stirring. Hugh Cameron dwelt upon each note with intense interest. His fea-

tures became animated, and he mingled his voice with her's. The widow stopped her incessant wheel and lifted her head to listen. The invalid suddenly raised his voice, and cried, "that note again, Lucy, that note again."

She repeated it with so full a tone, and so clearly that the glasses in the window, and on the cupboard, vibrated with the sound.

"Hush ; that is the note, I know it well. Now listen." He attempted to imitate the note, but he failed, for his voice was too feeble. He then added, "Not yet, Lucy, not yet ; my time is not come yet." The cheerfulness of the poor girl was suddenly changed to sadness ; she ceased to sing ; the widow's countenance fell, and she resumed her labour in silence.

The evening was now considerably advanced, and I arose to take my departure. The invalid accompanied me towards the inn. I expressed my curiosity to know what he meant by his observation, when he failed to imitate the note.

"That," said he, "was the note to which the heavenly spheres were attuned, when concord prevailed throughout creation ; when the mighty plan was first set in motion, and God pronounced all good."

I looked at him with astonishment. He continued, "I have heard that note at midnight, proceed from the voice of my dog, as he howled beneath my chamber window at the moon. It was ominous. I have heard it in the voice of the screech-owl, while perched on the large cypress tree in the church-yard. I have heard it in the echoes of the mountains when I have shouted ; in the howling of the tempest, in the murmuring of the waters, and the rustling of the trees ; for every thing, both animate and inanimate, retains that sound, to which univer-

sal harmony will again be attuned by the master-hand. And when that sound proceeds from this voice, I shall cease to think of earthly matters. I perceive you doubt the truth of my theory. If you suspend a piece of metal or glass by a thread, and strike the note which lies dormant therein, upon a musical instrument, you will draw it forth; the substance will respond; and when the heavenly harps are attuned, and their notes are permitted to extend to the numberless spheres, all created things, both animate and inanimate, will join in the concord; the discordant particles will be reconciled and all be harmony again. All things partake of heaven. Even the daisy of the valley and the wild flowers of the mountain, retain and diffuse a portion of the aromatic atmosphere, which prevails in purer regions than this. As we approach death, the sense of smelling becomes more acute and delicate; so much so, that I can already discover in the flowers of the season, that fragrance which belongs to this world, and that which is ethereal. There are numberless omens in nature, which warn the wise man of approaching change, and they are not to be idly slighted." With these remarks we arrived at the inn; he pressed my hand at parting, and slowly retraced his steps to the widow's cottage.

I arose early the succeeding morning, and continued my journey towards the border line of New York. I was absent about two weeks from the village, and it was a calm evening as I again approached it, through the valley formed by the Delaware. Before the village appeared, I heard the solemn tolling of a church bell, which grew louder and fainter, as the breeze that swept up the valley rose and died away. Every hill responded to the knell. I quickened my pace, and as I drew nigh to the village, it appeared quite deserted. I rode up to the tavern, but

my attentive host did not make his appearance. I remained seated on my horse, with my face towards the Blue Ridge. The winding road which led across the mountain, though nearly concealed by the towering trees, was at intervals to be seen, perfectly bare, from the village. A long retinue appeared crossing one of these interstices; it moved slowly along, and was lost in the shades of the forest. When the last had disappeared I alighted, and discovered at a short distance a lad with his eyes fixed intently upon the spot, over which the mournful train had passed. It was little Gilbert, the drummer's child. I inquired the reason of the village being deserted, and he sobbed, "Hugh Cameron is dead, and they are now burying him where he wished to be buried." The boy, still weeping, led the way to the stable, and supplied my horse with food.

What are the promises of this world! There was a time when fancy whispered to Hugh Cameron, the ceaseless hum of the widow's wheel would be silenced; her chair would occupy the most conspicuous place around his fire-side, and clambering on her knees would be seen, a little image of his lovely Lucy. The dream was a joyous one, and life is but a dream. He whose fancy can paint the hopes of to-morrow in the most vivid colours, attains the summit of all earthly bliss; for there is much, very much in anticipation, but little, very little in fruition.

In the evening I went to condole with the mourners. Lucy had already retired, for hers was a sorrow to obtrude upon which, would add to its poignancy.

"The day you left us," said the widow, "the departed crossed the river with Lucy and little Gilbert. They strolled up the cypress hollow until they arrived at his favourite retreat, where the torrent dashes impetuously

down the side of the mountain, and the surrounding pre cipice sends back numberless echoes. He seated himself, and listened intently to the roar of the waters. Not a sound escaped him, and every note was tried by his ear. He stooped by the stream where the water gurgled over its pebbly bed, and discovered notes imperceptible to any ear less acute than his own. A sudden gust of wind agitated the tall pines ; he stood erect, paused and pointing to the bending tops of the trees, exclaimed, 'it is there too, Lucy, even in that hollow moan of the monarch of the forest I detect it.' He shouted, and the valley rung with echo ; he repeated it ; listened to every sound, and his face became animated as he caught the faint return made by the most distant hill. His dog raised his ears and barked, 'it is there too, Lucy,' he exclaimed, 'even the voice of poor Carlo is full of melody, and your voice, Lucy, even when you first told me that you loved, sounded not so musically, so heavenly sweet.' He directed Gilbert to gather for him, the mountain honeysuckle, the cypress branches, the laurel, and such flowers and blossoms as were putting forth. The boy soon came with his arms full, and laid them at the feet of the invalid. 'My sense of smelling,' he said, 'was never so acute. The fragrance arising from these branches almost overpowers me. Yet I enjoy it, and although widely different in their odours, I can perceive a portion of the same subduing fragrance proceeding from each. Their colours are more vivid, sounds are more distinct, and my touch more sensible than formerly. These changes tell me that I shall never visit this valley again.' He rose from the rock upon which he was seated, took Lucy by the arm, and proceeded towards the village in silence. Carlo walked closely, and dejectedly by his master's side, and even the reckless Gilbert did not ven-

ture to break the silence, until he had safely paddled them across the river, and was left alone to secure the canoe.

"From that day," continued the widow, "he grew worse, and it was evident to all, that the dear boy would not long be with us. The evening preceding his death, he was lying on the bed, and Lucy and myself were taking our solitary meal with little appetite, for he who dispensed joy around our board, was unable to take his wonted place. He turned in his bed, and said in a voice scarcely above his breath, 'mother, what time does the moon go down?' I told him the hour, and inquired why he asked. 'Nothing,' he added, 'only this, mother, say all you have to say to me, before the moon goes down.' His voice was scarcely articulate. Lucy burst into tears, and removed her chair to the head of his bed. He perceived her grief, and pressing her hand to his feverish lips, said, 'do not weep, Lucy, indeed I have more cause to grieve than you, though my heart feels little of sorsow at present.' She asked him his cause of grief. 'It is this, Lucy, that I cannot live to repay your matchless love, and unwearied care of me.' The poor girl's tears flowed afresh, and her heart sobbed as if it would break. The evening was spent in reading such passages of the scriptures to him as he pointed out. His mind continued firm and clear. About midnight he desired that the casement of the window might be thrown open. It opened upon a full view of the river. The night was sultry, and almost as bright as day. An owl was hooting from the grave-yard, and the whip-poor-will was flying low and screaming. Poor Carlo howled sorrowfully. The sounds did not escape the notice of the dying man. Two or three canoes were in the middle of the river, with a bright blazing fire kindled in the stern of each. He said

in a low voice, 'the villagers are preparing to spear the salmon trout, then the moon must be nearly down.' His bed lay beside the window, and he desired to be removed to the extremity, that he might look out upon the sky. He did so. His face became animated, and as we replaced him in his former position, he said, 'the works of God never before appeared to me so exquisitely beautiful,' and yet his whole life had been passed in admiring the works of God. He whispered to me, that it was time for us to take our last farewell. My heart in the course of a long life, met only once with so trying a moment as that of parting with the boy; but my Lucy—my poor Lucy; I thought her heart would break outright. He then desired the window to be closed; the light to be removed into the next room, and not to be disturbed. At a short distance, we listened to the rattling in his throat, for about an hour, when it suddenly ceased. Lucy imagined he slept, and softly approached the bed. I put my hand under the bed cover, and felt his feet. They were stone cold. Animal heat had forsaken his extremities, and the chills of death were fast invading his heart. I induced my child to retire to her chamber, under the belief that he slept, and she did not learn his fate until she arose in the morning." Thus ended the widow's simple narrative.

Poor Lucy Gray! No being is more deserving of commiseration, than an amiable female brooding over the sorrows of hopeless love. If her afflictions are occasioned by the treachery of man, the bitterness of thought poisons the very sources of life, and works a sure and rapid decay. Even a deviation from the path of rectitude, may be philosophised into a virtue, when occasioned by one beloved, but it will rise up in judgment, when passion has lost its influence, and the fatal convic-

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tion flashes upon the mind, that the object was unworthy of the sacrifice. But she who has watched by the death-bed of him she doated on, and by her angel-presence, drawn his thoughts to heaven, and taught him resignation; who kissed his soul when passing from his lips, and watched the glazed eye that even in death expressed his tenderness, until she fancied that he lingered still, and paused to hear him breathing—such a one may mingle in society, and pass along unnoticed with the rest of the crowd; she may join the sportive dance and seem to partake of its merriment; the wound may apparently be healed, and the smile of cheerfulness may enlighten her countenance; but still her midnight thoughts are working in the grave, and straining near to madness to picture the being that is mouldering there. She fades, without being conscious herself of gradual decay, and like the tulip, becomes more lovely, in consequence of disease engendered at the root. Such has been the fate of myriads of the fairest and the best of creation, and such was the destiny of Lucy Gray.

SUFFOLK'S SOLILOQUY.

[From the Prophet of St. Paul's.]

BY D. P. BROWN.

She bade me leave her—and in future deem her
But as a friend.—So should she think of me,
As if the "charter'd libertine," the mind
Could be subdued and taught forgetfulness,
While each repulsive lesson would revive
Love's dear remembrance and confirm it more.
'T is all in vain—the heart can never learn
To throb by rule or shun what it adores.
Friendship may swell to love and fill the soul,
But love ne'er shrinks to friendship, till it dies.
Extremes beget extremes, and sometimes hate
Usurps the throne of tenderness and joy,
And riots in their ruin.—But true love
Shudders at diminution as at death.
Nay, it is death—the glowing heart is cold,
Is cheerless, all its charms are lost,
And from its former height it sinks, at once,
To the low level of instinctive brutes.
Hearts that have ever loved, as *we should love*,
Will stoop to no abatement—no restraint
No change—no barter—but a soul for soul!
Why cease to love—or cease to be beloved?
The Great Creator taught the breast to glow
With generous emotion, and to cling,
Close as to life, to sympathetic arms.

What is the world without it, what the glare
Of pride and pomp—of wealth and pageantry?
They cannot buy, vain-glorious as they are,
The least emotion that I feel for thee.
Who is the richer then? The wretch that hugs
His golden store and nightly gloats upon 't,
Or the warm spirit that shakes off its chains
—This clod of earth—and limitless, and pure,
As Heaven's own ray, sheds light and transport round?

MISREPRESENTATIONS OF AMERICA.

BY J. W. WILLIAMS.

It is doubtless the fate of all countries to be misrepresented. The honest credulity of the old travellers, ignorant of science, led them into a thousand exaggerations concerning the physical characteristics of distant nations, by which a child of our times would scarcely be deceived for a moment. They saw, wondered, believed, (for belief, in rude times, is the child of wonder,) and narrated. Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, and others of that category, ran no danger of being dubbed, like poor Lucian, great scoffers at religion, because, like him, they could not see the hole in Syria, through which Deucalion's deluge retired into the earth, in all its original proportions. *Their* powers of vision were unlimited. But they were more prone to narrate than to enquire, and it is astonishing what an amount of very conscientious absurdity may in that manner be produced. The man who merely glances at the landscape as he skims over the roads or sails along the rivers of a country, ought to beware how he reasons about soil and productions. He would probably very much mislead a settler. Yet is this very traveller the most dogmatical and opinionated person in the universe. He trusts exactly those impressions which, in all the ordinary affairs of life, are scrutinised with jealousy, and seldom acted upon without revision, by men of shrewdness and experience. They form his premises

—false in fact, or so imperfectly apprehended as scarcely to exhibit one quality of truth; his results must of course be essentially false in doctrine. If he ever distrusts himself he is soon over-convinced by his own vehemency of assertion, as great liars are, by dint of repetition, compurgators to their own consciences. Such men, fresh from London and De Lolme, study no strange constitutions. If the institutions of a foreign country diverge from those of their own, by so much they set them down inferior. They pull out their guage and mark the difference. They carry the statutory standard in their pocket, and, like the inspector of weights and measures, will not hear an argument upon its correctness. It has the Tower stamp upon it, and that is enough for them.

America has had her share, and more than her share, of such supercilious visitants. Simple and unsuspecting as youth always is, in nations as well as in individuals, somewhat elated too, perchance, and vain with her recent acquisitions of the emblems of empire, with all the virtues and many of the weaknesses of a young heir just come to his estate, she received and welcomed them with open-hearted confidence and affection. She looked not for a spy upon the sanctity of her household gods in the stranger that sat within her gates. She scarce supposed that the hand of a clumsy servant, like the claws of the harpies, could utterly mar and defile the feast which honest hospitality had provided. She lacked, as she well knew, the diadem and the mitre, the sumptuousness of crown and crosier, and the dim aisle of the lofty cathedral. But she had patriotic hearts, (one above all whose very ashes are holy,)—a history which, though brief, was not altogether ignoble, since it comprised the annals of self-denying virtue and of that courage which knew how to vanquish the intensity of human passion by the lofti-

ness of the human will. She boasted not of her faith, since her faith forbade it; but she sprang from the loins of pilgrims, whose graves are still green in the land, and for whose memories she brings an annual tribute of thanksgiving. Contented with her homely institutions, she determined to preserve them, because they were the firstlings of her heart, and endeared to her by the recollection of anxiety and danger. She valued them, moreover, as much in the light of reason as from the instinct of affection. They were, in her eyes, indispensable for the preservation of those principles on whose truth she had gaged her all. They were the leaden casket which concealed her jewel—the shrine which contained her god.

These were the peculiar possessions which a young nation had, and still has, to offer to the consideration of a stranger, whose desire to study for himself the polity of a distant country may lead him hither. In our own view, they offer something not altogether contemptible to a liberal and investigating spirit, coupled, though they may be, with little of the physical grandeur which feudality and superstition have borrowed from art to deck the bosom of Europe—little of the circumstance which royalty loves to dispense, and which loyalty is prone and proud to boast of—little of the grace and elegance which are the best offspring of privilege and wealth. With a confidence, sometimes, no doubt, almost arrogant, we overpraised (we could not over-value) our own institutions. We could not altogether appreciate our own defects. The tower which we aspired to build had its base on a site so lofty that its proportions were partially concealed—its head was already among the clouds—*caput inter nubila condit.* We had no eminence from which to overlook it. Yet might the grandeur of the design

and the boldness of the execution have a little tempered the ridicule of critics whose taste had been formed on different models. They should not have forgotten that simplicity is the main element of beauty as well as of strength, and that the ornaments with which modern society is overlaid are not coeval with its structure, but superinduced as time or occasion produced or exhibited defects. When a nation is to be created and the fate of a long posterity to be settled, men breathe more freely after they have fixed its corner-stone upon some grand and comprehensive principle—to do this is no child's play at card-houses, as some of us have seen, and our forefathers have told us—it is the work of giants.

With us that principle was sought in the sovereignty of the people, as the source of power—in the empire of enlightened thought, expressed and recorded, as opposed to the fluctuating rule of force or prerogative, and in the dominion of laws emanating from the consent of the governed. Its enforcement and sanction are found in no romantic abstraction—neither in Plato, nor Harrington, nor Sidney—in no real example of ancient or modern democracy (so miscalled); not in the volatile flexibility of Athens; nor in the political stoicism of Rome, great only in the poor security of human virtue; nor in the stern rule of the laws of hate and fear and malignant jealousy which distinguished the Adriatic commonwealth, unnaturally strong in the still poorer security of human infirmity; nor yet in the turbulent liberty of the modern Free Towns—free only in their power to fight for the choice of a master, to part a livery, or espouse a faction, on scarcely more intelligible differences than the green or blue symbols of the champions and charioteers of the Byzantine circus; not in any nor in all these, nor in the polity of other cognate societies, but in the ethics of ex-

perience, and the lessons of history, which teach that to reconcile the interest and the duty of men, to make the passions subservient to the reason, to reduce the evil principle to a subordinate instead of an antagonist power to the good—co-working instead of counterworking—is to solve the great problem in the philosophy of politics, and to establish a rule of dominion whose duration can only cease with the structure of our humanity.

It was, after all a great attempt, to which some deference and toleration were due—some research to learn its principles—some patience to await its progress. That petty wall over which Remus leaped in wanton insolence, grew in time to be a lofty rampart, under whose arches kings marched in sad procession. Had the gibe, however, passed unpunished, the very hands that helped to raise it might have leveled it in despair. This is the reason we defend our institutions. We will not have them depreciated in our own eyes. The sensitiveness at which Europeans affect to wonder, is not the result of their disdain, but of our own self-respect. When they record the homeliness of our manners, and ridicule our primitive and straitened homes—when, in a country just redeemed from the wilderness, they are disgusted at our rude fare and sordid pursuits affecting to find in the absence of old association a fruitful source of disorder and disloyalty; and when, speaking in authoritative language, they promulgate, in our own tongue, disparaging sentiments concerning our intellectual and religious condition, want of sensibility would indicate a fatal distrust of ourselves and of the wisdom of our ancestors. If (as they would intimate), for the sake of political institutions, all the social virtues and enjoyments—all the flower and perfume of life—all the dignity and ornament of public function—are to be destroyed: if to preserve the code

of Lycurgus we must, like the Spartans, sup black broth, send our boys to the revels of our slaves, or expose our virgins in promiscuous dances, better give over self-government than to buy it so dearly. We protest still, as in America we always have protested, against the conversion of circumstances into consequences—against metamorphosing the incidents of the social relation into the results of a political system. We insist that ignorance, however ingeniously it may "assume facts in order to have the pleasure of censuring faults," shall be brought to answer, and stand exposed in all the plenitude and magnitude of its misrepresentations—that disappointed avarice, though it may redeem its unthrift at our cost, shall not belie the wisdom and the honour which it cannot comprehend, without being brought out, shorn and bound, to pay the penalty; and that the smooth and polished man of mark, who slides into our families to sell us to his bookseller, shall not be sheltered by a sneer, because forsooth "he did but jest—poison in jest." Sensitive we certainly are; the lion may be roused by a gadfly or a gnat, whose torture, while it stings him into madness detracts not from the nobleness of his nature, nor reduces him to a level with the insect that molests him. Heaven forbid that we should ever become so passively lethargic as not to be roused by a sense of violated confidence and unjust aspersion! The judgment in that cause shall never go against us by default.

If we are not mistaken, however, the day for small tourists has gone by. Their topics were so limited, that repetition has made them nauseous. They afforded but a paltry variety of slander; and of late they have been eked out by some political lucubrations so puerile and absurd, that the medicine cannot be swallowed even with the aid of the confection. There are many intelligent

persons in Europe, whose tendency is to examine for themselves a little more deeply than a flippant satirist can enable them to do, the spring and principle of institutions under which numerous communities live in harmony and prosperity, self-governed and self-balanced, notwithstanding the existence of modes of thought and theories of association unknown to older states. The progress of enquiry has reached a point from which it cannot retrograde. The science of politics is no longer a monopoly. The divinity that "doth hedge a king" has forsaken his tripod. Ordinances have ceased to be oracles. The fundamental law that Louis XVIII *gave*, Louis Philippe has *accepted*. What was once begged is now claimed. Parchment and prescription are no longer broad enough to cover abuse and anomaly. The Cornish freeholder comes to the polls without a charter from "Richard king of the Romans," or his lord paramount. The source of his right is higher up than Norman, or Saxon, or Dane; he derives it from the first Briton who struck his plough into the soil. Intelligent minds are fully awake to the knowledge that the spirit of government is changing, and even where old forms are retained, that much of its ancient character is passing away. They are accordingly marking out and measuring the base of the pyramid, heretofore hidden in the sands or encumbered with rubbish. They will no longer believe those careless or prejudiced travellers who would convince them that it is shapeless and monstrous, since they have seen some of its proportions for themselves. They want its length and breadth, its figure, its material, and its construction; its relation to the superstructure, its capacity to withstand the convulsions of nature, the corrosion of time, and the efforts of an enemy.

We shall owe much to the day which witnesses the

satisfactory solution of this problem, or a closer approximation to it. It will change the minority into a majority, and we shall get the benefit of a division in which the strong side votes with us. Its arrival may be deferred, but the light which it throws forward is already reaching us. Nay it has reached, in times long past, every great spirit whom the truth has made free, and who, in daring to assert the prerogative of human thought, has done his part in the enfranchisement of his species. Our own country is an incident in the history of improvement, the sequel of which, if unfortunate, may influence, but cannot finally obstruct, the progress of knowledge. The heretic (as he was called) who fled into the desert to escape the fagot of his orthodox brethren, in the early days of the church, had the same cause with the pilgrims whom the Stuarts drove across the Atlantic. The one left a name, the other founded an empire, consecrated to human rights. Name and empire may both perish, still thought will not be enslaved; the *veteris vestigia flammæ*, the traces of that ancient fire, cannot be obliterated. We will no more stake the hopes of liberty upon the fate of one republic, than we would have done those of conscience upon the life of Wickliffe, or the progress of science upon the freedom of Galileo. We see them rather in the history of mankind, and in the exertions which every age renews with redoubled energy and effect. We see them in the increased and manifold strength with which, like Antæus, man rises from his successive prostrations upon the earth, in the calmer and more confident bearing of her advocates, and in the buoyant and persevering spirit of her cause. It is we who are dependent upon freedom, not freedom upon us.

EPISTLE TO GIFFORD.

BY WILLIAM CLIFTON.

In these cold shades, beneath these shifting skies,
Where fancy sickens, and where genius dies;
Where few and feeble are the Muse's strains,
And no fine frenzy riots in the veins,
There still are found a few to whom belong
The fire of virtue and the soul of song;
Whose kindling ardour still can wake the strings
When learning triumphs, and when Gifford sings.
To thee the lowliest bard his tribute pays,
His little wild-flower to thy wreath conveys;
Pleased, if permitted round thy name to bloom,
To boast one effort rescued from the tomb.

While this delirious age enchanted seems
With hectic fancy's desultory dreams,
While wearing fast away is every trace
Of Grecian vigour, and of Roman grace,
With fond delight, we yet one bard behold,
As Horace polish'd, and as Persius bold,
Reclaim the art, assert the Muse divine,
And drive obtrusive dulness from the shrine.
Since that great day which saw the tablet rise,
A thinking block, and whisper to the eyes,
No time has been that touch'd the Muse so near,
No age when learning had so much to fear,
As now, *when love-lorn ladies light verse frame*,
And every rebus-weaver talks of fame.

When Truth in classic majesty appeared,
And Greece, on high, the dome of science reared,
Patience and perseverance, care and pain
Alone the steep, the rough ascent could gain:
None but the great the sun-clad summit found;
The weak were baffled, and the strong were crowned.
The tardy Transcript's high wrought page confined
To one pursuit the undivided mind.
No venal critic fattened on the trade;
Books for delight, and not for sale were made.
Then shone, superior, in the realms of thought,
The chief who governed, and the sage who taught;
The Drama then with deathless bays was wreathed,
The statue quickened, and the canvass breathed.
The poet then, with unresisted art,
Swayed every impulse of the captive heart.
Touched with a beam of Heaven's creative mind,
His spirit kindled, and his taste refined;
Incessant toil inform'd his rising youth;
Thought grew to thought, and truth attracted truth,
Till, all complete, his perfect soul displayed
Some bloom of genius which could never fade.
So the sage oak, to Nature's mandate true,
Advanced but slow, and strengthened as it grew!
But when at length, (full many a season o'er,)
Its virile head, in pride, aloft it bore;
When stedfast were its roots, and sound its heart,
It bade defiance to the insect's art,
And, storm and time resisting, still remains
The never dying glory of the plains.

Then, if some thoughtless Bavius dared appear,
Short was his date, and limited his sphere;
He could but please the changeling mob a day,
Then, like his noxious labours, pass away:

So, near a forest tall, some worthless flower
Enjoys the triumph of its gaudy hour,
Scatters its little poison thro' the skies,
Then droops its empty, hated head, and dies.

Still, as from famed Ilyssus' classic shore,
To Mincius' banks, the Muse her laurel bore,
The sacred plant to hands divine was given,
And deathless Maro nursed the boon of Heaven.
Exalted bard! to hear thy gentler voice,
The valleys listen, and their swains rejoice;
But when, on some wild mountain's awful form,
We hear thy spirit chaunting to the storm,
Of battling chiefs, and armies laid in gore,
We rage, we sigh, we wonder and adore.
Thus Rome, with Greece, in rival splendour shone,
But claimed immortal satire for her own;
While Horace, pierced, full oft, the wanton breast
With sportive censure, and resistless jest;
And that Etrurian, whose indignant lay
Thy kindred genius can so well display,
With many a well aimed thought, and pointed line,
Drove the bold villain from his black design.
For, as those mighty masters of the lyre,
With temper'd dignity, or quenchless ire,
Through all the various paths of science trod,
Their school was NATURE and their teacher GOD.
Nor did the Muse decline till, o'er her head,
The savage tempest of the North was spread;
Till armed with desolation's bolt it came,
And wrapped her temple in funereal flame.

But soon the arts, once more, a dawn diffuse,
And Danté hail'd it with his morning Muse;
Petrarch and Boccace joined the choral lay,
And Arno glisten'd with returning day.

Thus science rose; and, all her troubles passed,
She hoped a steady, tranquil reign at last;
But Faustus came: (indulge the painful thought,)
Were not his countless volumes dearly bought?
For, while to every clime and class they flew,
Their worth diminished as their numbers grew.
Some pressman, rich in Homer's glowing page,
Could give ten epics to one wondering age;
A single thought supplied the great design,
And clouds of Iliads spread from every line.
Nor Homer's glowing page, nor Virgil's fire,
Could one lone breast, with equal flame, inspire,
But lost in books, irregular and wild,
The poet wonder'd and the critic smiled;
The friendly smile, a bulkier work repays;
For fools wilt print, while greater fools will praise.

Touched with the mania, now, what millions rage
To shine the laureat blockheads of the age.
The dire contagion creeps thro' every grade,
Girls, coxcombs, peers, and patriots drive the trade:
And e'en the hind, his fruitful fields forgot,
For rhyme and misery leaves his wife and cot.
Ere, to his breast, the watchful mischief spread,
Content and plenty cheer'd his little shed;
And, while no thoughts of state perplex'd his mind,
His harvest ripening, and Pastora kind,
He laughed at toil, with health and vigour bless'd;
For days of labour brought their nights of rest:
But now in rags, ambitious for a name,
The fool of faction, and the dupe of fame,
His conscience haunts him with his guilty life,
His starving children, and his ruin'd wife.
Thus swarming wits, of all materials made,
Their Gothic hands on social quiet laid,
And, as they rave, unmindful of the storm,
Call lust refinement, anarchy reform.

No love to foster, no dear friend to wrong,
Wild as the mountain flood, they drive along:
And sweep, remorseless, every social bloom
To the dark level of an endless tomb.

By arms assailed, we still can arms oppose,
And rescue learning from her brutal foes;
But when those foes to friendship make pretence,
And tempt the judgment with the baits of sense,
Carouse with passion, laugh at God's controul,
And sack the little empire of the soul—
What warning voice can save? Alas! 'tis o'er,
The age of virtue will return no more;
The doating world, its manly vigour flown,
Wanders in mind, and dreams on folly's throne.
Come then, sweet bard, again the cause defend,
Be still the Muses' and religion's friend;
Again the banner of thy wrath display,
And save the world from *Darwin's* tinsel lay.
A soul like thine no listless pause should know;
Truth bids thee strike, and virtue guides the blow.
From every conquest still more dreadful come,
'Till dulness fly, and folly's self be dumb.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY DR. BENJAMIN RUSH.

It is agreeable to observe how differently modern writers, and the inspired author of the proverbs, describe a fine woman. The former confine their praises chiefly to personal charms, and ornamental accomplishments, while the latter celebrates only the virtues of a valuable mistress of a family, and a useful member of society. The one is perfectly acquainted with all the fashionable languages of Europe; the other, "opens her mouth with wisdom" and is perfectly acquainted with all the uses of the needle, the distaff, and the loom. The business of the one, is pleasure; the pleasure of the other, is business. The one is admired abroad; the other is honoured and beloved at home. "Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also and he praiseth her." There is no fame in the world equal to this; nor is there a note in music half so delightful, as the respectful language with which a grateful son or daughter perpetuates the memory of a sensible and affectionate mother.

It should not surprise us that British customs, with respect to female education, have been transplanted into our American schools and families. We see marks of the same incongruity, of time and place, in many other things. We behold our houses accommodated to the climate of Great Britain, by eastern and western directions.

We behold our ladies panting in a heat of ninety degrees, under a hat and cushion, which were calculated for the temperature of a British summer. We behold our citizens condemned and punished by a criminal law, which was copied from a country where maturity in corruption renders public executions a part of the amusements of the nation. It is high time to awake from this servility—to study our own character—to examine the age of our country—and to adopt manners in every thing, that shall be accommodated to our state of society, and to the forms of our government. In particular it is incumbent upon us to make ornamental accomplishments, yield to principles and knowledge, in the education of our women.

A philosopher once said "let me make all the ballads of a country and I care not who makes its laws." He might with more propriety have said, let the ladies of a country be educated properly, and they will not only make and administer its laws, but form its manners and character. It would require a lively imagination to describe, or even to comprehend, the happiness of a country, where knowledge and virtue, were generally diffused among the female sex. Our young men would then be restrained from vice by the terror of being banished from their company. The loud laugh and the malignant smile, at the expense of innocence, or of personal infirmities—the feats of successful mimicry—and the low priced wit, which is borrowed from a misapplication of scripture phrases, would no more be considered as recommendations to the society of the ladies. A double entendre, in their presence, would then exclude a gentleman for ever from the company of both sexes, and probably oblige him to seek an asylum from contempt, in a foreign country. The influence of female education

would be still more extensive and useful in domestic life. The obligations of gentlemen to qualify themselves by knowledge and industry to discharge the duties of benevolence, would be increased by marriage; and the patriot—the hero—and the legislator, would find the sweetest reward of their toils, in the approbation and applause of their wives. Children would discover the marks of maternal prudence and wisdom in every station of life; for it has been remarked that there have been few great or good men who have not been blessed with wise and prudent mothers. Cyrus was taught to revere the gods, by his mother Mandane—Samuel was devoted to his prophetic office before he was born, by his mother Hannah—Constantine was rescued from paganism by his mother Constantia—and Edward the Sixth inherited those great and excellent qualities, which made him the delight of the age in which he lived, from his mother, lady Jane Seymour. Many other instances might be mentioned, if necessary, from ancient and modern history, to establish the truth of this proposition.

LINES

ON SEEING AN OLD COPY OF THOMAS MORE'S MISCELLANEOUS LATIN POEMS DRILLED THROUGH BY WORMS.

BY J. C. SNOWDEN.

Once on a time (the story's short)
Sir Thomas graced King Harry's court;
A very Stagyrite at Greek,
And famed for repartee and freak.
His janty thoughts in crabbed Saxon
We long have ceased to pay a tax on;
His bed of* plank, and shirt of hair,
No more create a stupid stare;
And all his verse and prose in Latin
Serve only moths and worms to fatten;
Himself and they, though highly rated,
Have both been since decapitated.

It chanced, a quidnunc, t'other day,
At Dobson's stopp'd, 'twas in his way;
And as he view'd the learned shelves,
Espied a tome in dusty twelves:
The title-page upon it bore
The name and style—Sir Thomas More;
And modern brains to puzzle quite,
'Twas wrote in Latin out of spite.
Poems of every name and nature,
Odes without fire, and harmless satire,

* Penances to which Sir Thomas thought proper to subject himself.

And epitaphs that moved no pity,
And epigrams that were not witty,
With panegyrics wrote in fear
To o'ershoot the mark—but came not near,
Were crowded here in imitation
Of Knickerbocker celebration.
Now as he turn'd the pages o'er,
In hope, amidst the musty lore,
Some wit to glean, or manly sense
To bear away in triumph thence,
He spied a hole, through which had crept
A worm, as on the shelf they slept,
Which, many a misanthropic year,
Had here indulged his ghostly cheer,
Till every leaf was more or less
The prey of his insatiateness.
The reptile seem'd a brute of sense,
And waged his war with some pretence.
Where Love displayed his rosy bowers
He trod with caution o'er the flowers;
As loth to mar a scene so fair,
Or else he deem'd the banquet spare:
Perhaps 'twas prudence bade him shun
An ambush worse than pike or gun;
Perhaps he now had lost the zest,
And spurn'd what once he fancied best;
So on he journey'd, till he came
To open fields and fairer game.
Where Panegyrics round him lay,
The hero urged his desperate way;
And, heedless or of lie or truth,
He plied his sharp remorseless tooth,
To prove the adage, since forgotten—
"In fancy ripe, in reason rotten."
These past, a strange amorphous group
Beneath him lay—an armed troop,

That naughty dames and lords assailed,
Astrologers and knaves impaled:
Not such as those old Martial writ,
That show'd their teeth, and barked, and bit;
But such as you and I might write,
To ease ourselves of present spite.
Besides, there are some arrant fools
Who scorn to live by sober rules;
Self-loved alone, who, soon as spoke,
Discharge a friend with every joke;
And who amidst their missile dirt
Cry out forsooth, 'tis all in sport:
I do not say Sir Tom's are such,
But put this in by way of crutch.
Here to these EPIGRAMS he clings,
And robs them of their guiltless stings.
Tired of his critic task (the elf
Had passed his life upon this shelf,
A hundred years and more had sped
Over his labours and his head)
Poor *Dennis* lays him down to die
Midst EPITAPH and Elegy.
But e'en in death (so true is Pope)
His ruling passion still had scope,
For ere the gloomy leaves he quitted,
Was every dirge with malice twitted.
Nestor of worms! thy race is run!
Dennis of worms! thy task is done!
'Tis mine to toll thy funeral knell—
Thou Prince of Critics! fare thee well!

THE PESTILENCE OF 1793.

BY C. B. BROWN.

In proportion as I drew near the city, the tokens of its calamitous condition became more apparent. Every farm-house was filled with supernumerary tenants; fugitives from home; and haunting the skirts of the road, eager to detain every passenger with inquiries after news. The passengers were numerous; for the tide of emigration was by no means exhausted. Some were on foot, bearing in their countenances the tokens of their recent terror, and filled with mournful reflections on the forlornness of their state. Few had secured to themeslves an asylum; some were without the means of paying for victuals or lodging for the coming night; others, who were not thus destitute, yet knew not whither to apply for entertainment, every house being already overstocked with inhabitants, or barring its inhospitable doors at their approach.

Families of weeping mothers, and dismayed children, attended with a few pieces of indispensable furniture were carried in vehicles of every form. The parent or husband had perished; and the price of some moveable, or the pittance handed forth by public charity, had been expended to purchase the means of retiring from this theatre of disasters; though uncertain and hopeless of accommodation in the neighboring districts.

Between these and the fugitives whom curiosity had

led to the road, dialogues frequently took place, to which I was suffered to listen. From every mouth the tale of sorrow was repeated with new aggravations. Pictures of their own distress, or of that of their neighbors, were exhibited in all the hues which imagination can annex to pestilence and poverty.

My preconceptions of the evil now appeared to have fallen short of the truth. The dangers into which I was rushing, seemed more numerous and imminent than I had previously imagined. I wavered not in my purpose. A panic crept to my heart, which more vehement exertions were necessary to subdue or control ; but I harbored not a momentary doubt that the course which I had taken was prescribed by duty. There was no difficulty or reluctance in proceeding. All for which my efforts were demanded, was to walk in this path without tumult or alarm.

Various circumstances had hindered me from setting out upon this journey as early as was proper. My frequent pauses to listen to the narratives of travellers, contributed likewise to procrastination. The sun had nearly set before I reached the precincts of the city. I pursued the track which I had formerly taken, and entered High street after nightfall. Instead of equipages and a throng of passengers, the voice of levity and glee, which I had formerly observed, and which the mildness of the season would, at other times, have produced, I found nothing but a dreary solitude.

The market-place, and each side of this magnificent avenue were illuminated, as before, by lamps ; but between the verge of Schuylkill and the heart of the city, I met not more than a dozen figures ; and these were ghost-like, wrapt in cloaks, from behind which they cast upon me glances of wonder and suspicion ; and as I ap-

proached, changed their course, to avoid touching me. Their clothes were sprinkled with vinegar; and their nostrils defended from contagion by some powerful perfume.

I cast a look upon the houses, which I recollected to have formerly been, at this hour, brilliant with lights, resounding with lively voices, and thronged with busy faces. Now they were closed, above and below; dark, and without tokens of being inhabited. From the upper windows of some, a gleam sometimes fell upon the pavement I was traversing, and showed that their tenants had not fled, but were secluded or disabled.

These tokens were new, and awakened all my panics. Death seemed to hover over this scene, and I dreaded that the floating pestilence had already lighted on my frame. I had scarcely overcome these tremors, when I approached a house, the door of which was opened, and before which stood a vehicle, which I presently recognised to be a *hearse.*

The driver was seated on it. I stood still to mark his visage, and to observe the course which he proposed to take. Presently a coffin, borne by two men, issued from the house. The driver was a negro, but his companions were white. Their features were marked by ferocious indifference to danger or pity. One of them as he assisted in thrusting the coffin into the cavity provided for it, said, I'll be damned if I think the poor dog was quite dead. It wasn't the *fever* that ailed him, but the sight of the girl and her mother on the floor. I wonder how they all got into that room. What carried them there?

The other surlily muttered, their legs to be sure.

But what should they hug together in one room for?

To save us trouble to be sure.

And I thank them with all my heart; but damn it, it

wasn't right to put him in his coffin before the breath was fairly gone. I thought the last look he gave me, told me to stay a few minutes.

Pshaw ! He could not live. The sooner dead the better for him ; as well as for us. Did you mark how he eyed us, when we carried away his wife and daughter ? I never cried in my llfe, since I was knee-high, but curse me if I ever felt in better tune for the business than just then. Hey ! continued he, looking up, and observing me standing a few paces distant, and listening to their discourse, What's wanted ? Any body dead ?

I stayed not to answer or parley, but hurried forward. My joints trembled, and cold drops stood on my forehead. I was ashamed of my own infirmity ; and by vigorous efforts of my reason, regained some degree of composure. The evening had now advanced, and it behoved me to procure accommodation at some of the inns.

These were easily distinguished by their *signs*, but many were without inhabitants. At length, I lighted upon one, the hall of which was open, and the windows lifted. After knocking for some time, a young girl appeared, with many marks of distress. In answer to my question, she answered that both her parents were sick, and that they could receive no one. I inquired, in vain, for any other tavern at which strangers might be accommodated. She knew of none such : and left me, on some one's calling to her from above, in the midst of my embarrassment. After a moment's pause, I returned, discomforted and perplexed, to the street.

I proceeded, in a considerable degree, at random. At length I reached a spacious building in Fourth street, which the sign-post showed me to be an inn. I knocked loudly and often at the door. At length a female open-

ed the window of the second story, and in a tone of peevishness demanded what I wanted? I told her that I wanted lodging.

Go hunt for it somewhere else, said she; you'll find none here. I began to expostulate; but she shut the window with quickness, and left me to my own reflections.

I began now to feel some regret at the journey I had taken. Never, in the depth of caverns or forests, was I equally conscious of loneliness. I was surrounded by the habitations of men; but I was destitute of associate or friend. I had money, but a horse shelter, or a morsel of food, could not be purchased. I came for the purpose of relieving others, but stood in the utmost need myself. Even in health my condition was helpless and forlorn; but what would become of me, should this fatal malady be contracted. To hope that an asylum would be afforded to a sick man, which was denied to one in health, was unreasonable.

The first impulse which flowed from these reflections, was to hasten back to *Malverton;* which, with sufficient diligence, I might hope to regain before the morning light. I could not, methought, return upon my steps with too much speed. I was prompted to run, as if the pest was rushing upon me, and could be eluded only by the most precipitate flight.

MONODY.

BY MORTON M'MICHAEL.

Departed one, farewell!
A long—a last farewell we bid thee now:
Pale Death hath set his signet on thy brow;
And in that dreamless cell,
Where worn Mortality casts off its woes,
In blest oblivion of all earthly throes,
Where but the lifeless dwell,—
Thou hast laid down in everlasting rest:
Care cannot reach thee now, nor grief distract thy breast.

Unfortunate! thy soul
Was nobler far than men's of common mould;
But, through thy heart a tide of feeling roll'd
That might not brook control,
Nor be restrained in its impetuous course,
But onward rushed, as bounds an Arab horse
Seeking his destined goal:
Thy spirit sought renown, and this to gain
Thou didst encounter toil, and penury, and pain.

Alas! that man should bow
So slavishly before the phantom Fame;
Or feverish thirst of an immortal name
Have power to scathe the brow
With the deep lines of premature decay.
Those outward tokens which too well display

What words may not avow—
The inly spirit's travail, and the pain
That rolls in floods of fire aross the aching brain.

Thine was a hapless fate!
Though Genius girt thee with his magic spell,
And bright-eyed Fancy loved with thee to dwell,
And thy rapt mind, elate,
Borne upward on its viewless wings would soar
The empyrean through, and all its heights explore;
Yet couldst thou not create,
With all thy gifted skill, the deathless name
For which thy bosom burned with an absorbing flame.

Thou wert but young to die!
Yet brief and transient as thy life hath been,
In gazing o'er its many-coloured scene,
Too much we may descry
Of deep and wasting care, and the keen sense
Of injury and wrong, corroding and intense;
Then better thus to lie
In thine appointed house, the narrow grave,
Than be to this cold world a victim or a slave.

Lamented one! fond eyes
Have wept for thee till all their founts were dry,
And from fond lips hath burst the thrilling cry;
And moans and choking sighs
Have swelled the anguish'd heart, and that deep grief,
To which nor time nor change can bring relief:
Untimely sacrifice!
Friendship hath poured for thee the willing tear,
And strangers mourned thy doom standing beside thy bier.

Yet, let us not repine :
Thy loss of earth to thee is heavenly gain.
Thou hast exchanged a state of wo and pain,
For one that's all divine ;
And springing from the darkness of thy clay,
Uprisen in a new and glorious day :
The place of rest is thine—
Thy race is o'er—thou hast obtained the goal,
Where mortal sin and strife no more possess control.

THE EXPRESSION OF SPEECH.

BY DR. JAMES RUSH.

Schoolmen make a distinction between thoughts and feelings, and common usage has adopted their language. This is not the place for controversy on this point: nor is it necessary to inquire, deliberately, whether the above distinction refers to the essential nature of the things or to their degrees. Some whose powers of analysis enable them to see beyond the common reach, may be disposed to adopt the system that supposes thoughts and feelings to be various degrees of intensity in ideas: since that function which may be noted as a mere thought in one, has in another, from a further urging, and not from a difference of motive, the bright hue of a feeling; and since in the same person, at different times, like circumstances produce, according to the varied susceptibility of excitement, the mental condition of either a feeling or a thought. Perhaps it might not be a difficult or tedious task, to show that these functions of the mind have many accidents in common; and that no definite line of demarcation can be drawn between them. However inseparably involved these accidents may be, at their points of affinity, they are in their more remote relationships, either in kind or degree, distinguishably different. The effect of the voice in conveying these manifest peculiarities of sentiment or feeling, is called, in the language of Elocution, the Expression of Speech.

The classifications of science were instituted to assist the memory and imagination; but while they fulfil the purpose of communicating and preserving knowledge, they unfortunately produce the undesigned hindrance of its alteration or advancement, by their vain assumption of its completion. The endless revolutions of scientific arrangements are full of admonitions: yet we forget how often the fictitious affinities and the distinctions of system, have on the one hand presumptuously united the real divisions of nature, and on the other broken the beautiful connection of the circle of truth.

I can as well suppose all those works of usefulness are already accomplished, which are foretold by the scope of human faculties, as that the arts which employ taste, have yielded up all the accuracy of their principles, and their sources of enjoyment. Let us leave the seventh day of rest, to the holiday rejoicings of patriots and politicians, who look upon their copied creations, and cunning schemes for human misery, and pronounce them original and finished and good. Let them build strongly around the perfection of their Chartas and Constitutions. Let them guard the ark of a forefather's wisdom, and proclaim its holiness to the people, for the safety, honor, and emolument of the keeper. The real creators of Knowledge have never yet found, and perhaps never will find, their day of rest: and the proud forefathers of all the great works of usefulness and of glory, are, by the use of that same magic which raised their own extraordinary creations, transmuted to corrigible children in the eye of the advancing labour of a later age.

It has been alleged of the expression of speech, that the discrimination of its modes is beyond the ability of the human ear. If the term human ear is sarcastically used for that fruitlessly busy and slavish organ, which

has so long listened for the clear voice of nature, amid the conflicting tumult of opinion and authority, we must admit the truth of the assertion. But it is not true of the keen, industrious, and independent exercise of the senses: nor can it be affirmed, without profanity, of the supremacy of that power of observation which was counselled and deputed at creation, for the effective gathering of truth, and the progressive improvement of mankind.

The victory over nature must be the joint work of man and time: and having often, with more curiosity than hope, consulted the thoughts of others, on the possibility of delineating the signs of expression, I have generally received some query like this—Is it possible to recognise and measure all those delicate variations of sound, which have passed so long without detection, and which seem scarcely more amenable to sense than the atoms of air on which they are made?—It is possible to do all this: and if we cannot "find a way" for this conquest over nature, "let us," with the maxim, and in the contriving spirit and resolution of the great Carthagenian captain, "let us make one."

It will not be denied, that the sounds constituting expression may be distinctly heard, and that there is no danger of mistaking the sentiments which dictate them. No:—it is the faint nature and rapidly commingling variety only, of these sounds that cannot be distinguished. I leave it to those who make this objection, to reflect on the truism, that there is nothing in the nature of sound but the audible: and, as the feelings are so readily recognised in its varieties, to ask themselves whether a distinct measurement is not implied in that recognition. The truth is, the delicate sounds of expression are always actually measured in the strictest meaning of the word, but they have never been named: and although all persons

who are observant in this way, have nearly an equally acute perception of the expression of speech, they have no language for designating those delicate discriminations which are every day unconsciously made even by the popular ear.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

BY H. D. GILPIN.

HAIL, HOLY MAIDS! who haunted once the steep,
That hangs o'er Delphi's old prophetic fane;
Hail, holy maids! who still your influence keep,
Still claim the poet's vows, and bless his strain:
Pass'd of all others is the fabled reign,
Which faith and genius once had made divine;
The cavern breathes its omens all in vain,
No suppliants bow, no votive altars shine,
No trembling priestess chants, nor God protects the shrine.

The wandering Dryad has forgot her bower,
The Naiads all have left the lonely spring,
Fair Dian sports not at her twilight hour,
The bird of Venus plumes no more her wing,
No more Apollo strikes the heavenly string,
Mars' fiery helm, Saturnia's angry frown,
E'en Jove's dread thunders, now no terrors bring;
All, save in ancient story, are unknown—
But yet, as then, YE reign—yet worshipp'd, though alone.

Hail, holy maids! in many a ruder clime
Than that of fairy Greece, ye linger still—
Still proudly triumph o'er the spell of time,
O'er war, o'er glory, gain'd from human ill;
And they, who once fame's loudest blast could fill,

Less than the humblest votary of your smile,
Now in some narrow grave forgotten dwell—
But HE, the gathering wrinkle can beguile
From Time's old brow, and seize immortal youth the while.

Are not these turrets symbols of your power?—
From whom the pomp of that sepulchral cell?—
Warriors, and priests, and sages—that their hour,
Their passing hour, have fill'd and fill'd it well;
Warriors, who tamed the proud, the infidel;
Priests, who have led the erring soul to God;
Sages admired—yea loved; long tablets tell
Their fame, and gaudy scutcheons their abode—
Yet who for thought of them, these halls and aisles hath trod?

No! no! they do not give these towers their charms,
'Tis not for them, that wandering strangers come,
That genius lingers, beauty's bosom warms—
They warm, they linger, o'er a poet's tomb.
Yes! holy maids! that poet's hallow'd doom—
Hallow'd if generous virtues may atone
For human frailty—shall your lamp relume,
Your shrine restore, in scenes to fame unknown,
And many a breast, now cold, the potent spell shall own.

POETRY.

BY E. BURKE FISHER.

It has been asserted, that the love of Poetry is one of the most absorbing and general principles of the human soul, and in investigating its assimilation with character, its effects upon the history and manners of nations, and more especially its prevailing influences in the ruder ages, we see that the characteristics of a people may be more accurately deduced from their practical literature, than their constitutional laws. It is the vehicle of those emotions, which spring directly from the heart, untrameled by the cold dictates of policy and scorning the adventitious barriers of prudence, infuses into contiguous objects a portion of its own fire, and while elevating the standard of language also serves to convey a lasting spiritual impression. Whether considered as the agent of genius in giving birth to its glowing conceptions, or drilled in the imitative, artificial school of the last two centuries, we find it exercising unlimited sway over the mind, tempering the earlier ages with those beneficial influences which gradually dispelled the mists of barbarism from the ancient world, and causing civilisation to spring like a well sinewed giant into universal dominion, strong in its most essential elements, the thirst for chivalrous deeds, and the consequent desire for their portraiture in song.

"I would rather be the author of the national songs of a people, than of their laws"—is the truism of a writer

of our own times, while commenting upon the enthusiasm with which the French people chanted the celebrated Marsellois hymn, which awoke in the bosom of France, a fire of erring patriotism, so phrenzied, and powerful, that crowns were trampled under foot and sceptres broken, told that a new spirit now animated the people who, for centuries, had borne with their slavery as though it was a household god, a familiar spirit, handed down from their sires.—The lament of the Jewish captives, the song of the Barmecides—the war chant of the Cid Rodrigo—the Rule Brittania of the British people, and our own thrilling anthem of Hail Columbia are cases in point—the former affecting to tears the wandering children of Judah and the degenerate sons of the gallant Spaniard—the latter awaking to ecstasy the love of country, and rendering us the playthings of ardent, subjective feelings, which are the very essence of lyric poetry.

Nor should the *Ranz des Vaches* of the Switzer be forgotten in this enumeration, the feelings wrought out by hearing it, afford a striking illustration of the power of song. The mercenary bands of Swiss, who are to be met with, fighting under any, and every banner, are, it may be fairly presumed, less gifted with excitable feelings of national enthusiasm, than the inhabitants of Northern Europe, yet even their sluggish natures have been at times aroused, as the uncouth strains of the Alpine horn has told of home and its associations, and the soldier of fortune has flagged in the midst of the fight—his fiery nature quelled as though a spirit had withered its daring, while his mind was wandering far away to his snow crested mountains, and the cot of his childhood. How beautifully has Mrs. Hemans expressed the idea in her song of the Exile of Scio.

"I miss that voice of waves, the first
That woke my childhood's glee!
The measured chime, the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue Sea!—

All nations, no matter how small their numbers, or insignificant their political positions, have musical associations, and by rude, and unlettered verse keep alive the love of country. The roving Ishmaelite, who treads the soil, consecrated as the birthplace of the Muse, is rich in poetical imagery, the barbarian of the North, the savage child of the wilderness, and even the degraded islander of the South Seas, have their legendary recollections, embodied in song, uncouth, yet true to nature, giving to each tribe or nation, a character for virtue and greatness, in a proportionable ratio with the ability of the poet.

THE BLUE BIRD.

BY ALEXANDER WILSON.

When winter's cold tempests aud snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-appearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the Lakes are a-steering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing;
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
O, then comes the Blue-bird, the HERALD OF SPRING!
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring ,
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together:
O, then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair;
Your walks border up ; sow and plant at your leisure;
The Blue-bird will chant from his box such an air
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up *destroyers* wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile *grub* from the corn he devours;
The worms from their webs where they riot and welter;
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is, in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows—now mounting to cheer him;
The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow ling'ring schoolboys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er
And autumn slow enters so silent and sallow;
And millions of warblers, that charmed us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;
The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heav'n,
Or love's native music have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are giv'n,
Still dear to each bosom the Blue-bird shall be;
His voice, like the thrillings of hope is a treasure;
For, through bleakest storms if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure!

HENRY MAC KENZIE.

BY W. R. JOHNSON.

"There is no idea, perhaps, more pleasing to an ingenuous mind, than that the sentences which it dictates in silence and obscurity, may give pleasure and entertainment to those by whom the writer has never been seen, to whom even his name is unknown. There is something peculiarly interesting in the hope of this intercourse of sentiment, this invisible sort of friendship, with the virtuous and the good; and the visionary warmth of an author may be allowed to extend it to distant places and to future times."—*Mac Kenzie.*

Among the multitude of honoured names with which the great northern capital of the British isles is decorated, few, perhaps, deserve a brighter scutcheon than that which is affixed to the above sentiment. It is not, therefore, so much with a view to respond to the general truth, as to furnish in regard to the author himself, a suitable illustration of the last clause in the quotation, that I have selected it for the motto of this paper.

When speaking of Henry Mac Kenzie, it is to be understood that I refer solely to his *literary character.* The recent announcement of his death, at a very advanced age, has recalled to my mind the delight often experienced, in the perusal of his charming sketches and more elaborate productions, written half a century ago; and has excited a desire to know something of his personal history. But at this distance it is nearly impossible to collect, at once, any thing which would be satisfactory; and after all, his mind, not his person—his sen-

timents, not his manners—his style and not his outward personal adornments, are what we of this country are most concerned to know.

His own countrymen will, no doubt, in due time do justice to his biography, and on their province I would by no means intrude. But intellect is of no peculiar country; it asks no passports when it leaves the land where its corporeal dwelling is situated, and it heeds neither the flattery of obsequious friends, nor the malice of local enemies—however these may, at home, affect the temporary prosperity, and may elevate or depress the spirits, of the possessor. Neither do the literary and scientific productions, to which that intellect gives birth, depend for their acceptance on the whims and caprices of the veering goddess fashion. While therefore, we leave the personal history of an individual to his own friends and countrymen, we may without arrogance, venture to invite the attention of those who admire intellectual worth, to a renewal of their acquaintance with such personages as the "Lounger," "the Man of Feeling" and "Julia de Roubigné." I would hold up the untarnished "*Mirror*," both to vice and to virtue, as reflecting with equal fidelity the hideousness of the former, and the gracefulness of the latter.

The first trait of mind to which I would advert as characteristic of Mac Kenzie, is that of ardent and delicate feeling;—not the rapture which evaporates in verbosity and which grows turgid where it would seem impassioned, but the glowing and sympathetic elevation of soul which springs from, and flows to, the "godlike of earth;" which with natural sensibility for its basis, has been fostered by dwelling on the glorious and the lovely whether of the physical or of the moral world. The sentiments conveyed by his more serious reflections and

ethical trains of thought, are accordingly imbued with the colours of those objects in life which had excited his sympathies, and led to the construction of his sketches, anecdotes, and tales.

The next circumstance, worthy of notice in his productions, is the purity of his literary taste. In every form of the *essay*, and in every variety of description, the same characteristic trait marks the course of his pen. The broadest humour in which he indulges never goes so far as to overleap the bounds of refinement in diction. While his keen perception of the ridiculous, as well as of the beautiful, must have induced him to paint both in the most glowing colours, we find his satire always as chaste as it is pungent, and his irony as playful as it is discriminating.

Another mark of his literary character is versatility. Some appear to imagine, that this consists in an ability to compose with equal success novels, poems, histories, sermons and reviews, but, in truth, in these numerous *forms* of composition there may be no greater versatility displayed than in the various parts of the same production. The world has seen several works bearing the title of poems, which were in fact nothing more than novels in verse; and the writer who excels in historical romance, may, even when intending to write of sober realities, actually give us only a romance of history. The different strains in which periodical essays alone are composed, exhibit in the hands of MacKenzie, as great and as varied talents as any of the nominal *varieties* of composition above mentioned.

But evidence that talents of a high order belong to any author, is to be sought as well in the succession, as in the nature or the variety of his productions. The contrary opinion has, I am aware, many practical advocates, who

conceive that one or two felicitous efforts may stamp a character which will endure the ravages of time. But the genius that glitters *for a day*, will seldom be found to attract admiration for an age. Even military glory, the most deceitful, and of the most uncertain foundation, must, in general, have more than one signal victory to give it enduring eclat. How much more that which rests on the imperishable monuments of mind? It is the persevering effort, or rather it is the power to make such effort, that can entitle an author to claim our full confidence; to challenge our unqualified respect. That the chief contributor to the Mirror and the Lounger, had that command of powers which enabled him to concentrate at will the energies of his mind on whatever subject he chose to handle, appears from the fact that of the *hundred and ten* papers in the former, no less than *forty nine*, and of the *hundred and one* of the latter, *fifty five* bear the name of Mac Kenzie. Both these papers appeared weekly and though some time elapsed between the discontinuance of the former, in 1780, and the commencement of the latter in 1785, yet there is no evidence that the interval was occupied in the preparation of the subsequent series. I do not advert to the frequency of his efforts as *unparalleled* or superior to that of others who had preceded him in the same walks of authorship, but as placing him among the front ranks, "'ενι προμαχοισι" with those gigantic heroes of the pen, among whom to be second is, indeed, vastly more honourable than to be *first* among the ordinary herd of authors.

The command of one's powers, may, however, according to the dispositions of the individual, be turned either to good or to evil; to the erection of artificial rules of life, and the fostering of literary selfishness, or to the wide and general diffusion of intellectual pleasures. The ties

of humanity may possibly escape the regards of an author, while he fosters the conceit of the cold and the unfeeling. General happiness may vanish from before the sight of him who fixes his eagle gaze only on the dazzling splendours of literary fame. Not such was the course of him whom I have attempted to present to the reader. His bent of mind was towards the generous and heartfelt charities of life. He reproved and satirized the follies of the great, because they weaken the natural ties of brotherhood, that bind our race together; and he discouraged and ridiculed the attempt on the part of persons in moderate circumstances, to render those follies more generally prevalent. The reader will readily recollect as examples of this raillery, the amusing letters* of John Homespun and his daughter, and those of the ingenious Miss Marjory Mushroom.

A deep sense of the value of that practical morality which is founded on just sentiments of piety, is every where apparent in the writings of Mac Kenzie; but we have no prosing lectures on the efficacy of dogmas, or on the value of this or that abstract speculation. He appears to have entertained the rather obsolete notion, that *goodness consists in being good.* The story of La Roche exemplifies the nature of those principles and feelings, which, according to the views of our author, can give the most certain consolations in adversity and cast into comparative obscurity all the "pleasures of philosophical discovery, and all the pride of literary fame."

The humane and generous spirit of this author will be duly appreciated, when it is considered, that he was among the first to invoke the smiles of public favour

*See "Mirror" Nos. 12 and 25; also "Lounger" Nos. 17, 98, 53, 36, 56 and 62.

upon the early efforts of the poet Burns. At a time when that most extraordinary child of genius was struggling against the frowns of fortune and of former friends, and when he had by great efforts caused a small edition of his early poetical effusions to be put to press, at a country town in the west of Scotland, in order to raise the means of embarking to a foreign land, where his genius would in all probability have soon gone with his bones to the oblivion of a West Indian charnel house; at that time did the amiable Mac Kenzie immediately invite public attention to the simple, natural, and "truly pastoral strains" of the "Ayrshire ploughman.* " The fact that the poet was soon found in all the circles of taste and refinement within the Scotish capital, where he was "universally admired, feasted, caressed, and flattered;" and that his genius and writings became known and appreciated throughout England, is ascribed, and probably with justice, by one of his biographers, to the timely interference of him, who thus proved that the "*man* of feeling" was not a mere "creature of the brain."

*See Lounger, No. 97.

LOVE ASLEEP.

BY J. N. BARKER.

'Tis said that music is the food of Love,
Light diet, certes, though excess of it,
As the bard sings—THE BARD, par excellence—
May give a surfeit, and the appetite
Sicken and die—the Irish way, perhaps
The poet meant—to live a little longer.
If some have died for love, 'tis probably
Not over-eating, but the lack of food
Led to such sad catastrophes. The limners
Have sometimes made this Love a chubby child,
Like Clara Fisher, (who's a little love,
Par parenthese,) in Gobbleton. But who
Would think of Cupid, as of one o' the quorum,
(Not but that aldermen can love, however,)
Dying of calipash and calipee!—
Yet music is the food of love, nay more,
It is the vital air of love, its soul,
It's very essence, love is harmony
Or nothing; love's the music of the mind—
(Perhaps that thought is stol'n from Lady Morgan
Whose books I read with pleasure, notwithstanding
Some pigmy critics here, and those they ape,
Those barbarous, one-eyed Polyphemuses,
The Cyclopes of the English Quarterly.)
But to return from rambling—Cupid's movements
Are the true "poetry of motion," (that

I'm sure belongs to Lady Morgan,) full,
We must confess, of strange variety.
From epic down to ballad. Here's a pair
Will bow and curtsy, in chapeau and hoop,
Then stalk the stately minuetto round,
Ending where they began their metaphysics,
With bow and curtsy! this is called "engagement"—
Very engaging truly! Here's another,
Goes you to church in galliard, and returns
In a coranto. One is all adagio,
Another naught but jig. All times, all movements,
This mighty master of the heart-strings tries
In his capricio: most full of crotchets,
And quavers, too, is love—as I have learn'd
From the old book of nature, always open.
I knew a gentleman was quite unlover'd,
('Twas in the days when youthful damsels sew'd
What time our mothers flourish'd,) for his mistress
Threaded her needle with a too careless air
While he read Werter to her. And 'tis giv'n
As a strict verity, when Dame Von Haller
First rear'd her cambric banner o'er the stage,
Commanding tears to flow—two German barons,
Warm lovers too, as German barons may be,
Broke troth and plight with their affianced brides
The self-same night—the first because his lady
Was weak enough to weep a sister's fall;
The other, for his fair display'd a heart
So hard, it would not melt at other's woes.
And such is love—or such, at least, the whims
Of those by courtesy call'd lovers, fellows
Who plume themselves upon their manliness,
And arrogate superiority
Over a sex, which, in all things where love
Truly is shown:—in faith and constancy,
(Ay, sneer ye brainless coxcombs, constancy,)

In perfect self-devotedness: in courage
To brave the world's barbarity; and patience
To bear e'en wrong from him for whom that world
Was cast aside, and lost: in truth and honour:
In pure, enduring, fond and fix'd affection,
Nature has placed upon an elevation
In her great scale of being, over man;
Man, that mere egotist, vain, fickle, selfish,
In whom e'en love is a disease, a kind
Of tertain that by fits freezes the soul,
Or burns it up with fever—yea, as high
As the most glorious Heavens are raised above
The gross and sordid Earth. But to resume
My tale—which, by the way, I have not yet
Begun, I think—without more preface, or
Digression—for I hate digressions more,
If possible, than long and wordy preface—
But who could ever yet encounter woman
And keep the onward, jog-trot, business pace,
Passing her without reverence?—To my story:—
There lived in Italy, I think near Florence,
Some brace of centuries past, a good old count,
Who, in his fine old castle rear'd a daughter,
His only child—Angelica—so named,
Perhaps, from her of the divine "Orlando;"
Medoro's fair Angelica, the fondest
And tenderest of women, whose sweet face,
As given by Cipriani I could kiss
Although but in translation, from the copper
Of Bartolozzi. Our Angelica
Was beautiful:—but I had rather not
Describe minutely, lest it should be deem'd
Invidious, by some female friend of mine
Whom the description suited not. 'Tis dangerous
To dwell on female charms too long or warmly,
Or too particularly—I never do,

Save in a sonnet to my lady's eye-brow,
And then, if that be flaxen, I avoid
Praise of the raven arch, and vice versa.
So, what our heroine was, in shape or air
And feature and complexion—whether pale
And interesting, of fragile, sylph-like form—
Or flush and fat—I beg a million pardons,
I mean—approaching to the embonpoint,
Haply the painter may divulge, not I.
She was a frank, kind-hearted, generous creature—
Had proved a most dear daughter; and, within
Her innocent heart had stores of precious love
To bless the happy husband, far beyond
His fondest hope, were he the veriest miser
In Hymen's wide domain. I can't aver
She was in love, for she had liv'd secluded,
Shut out from all society, to please
Her good old sire, who, since her mother's death,
Grew, to be plain, hypochondrical.
Yet so it was, she was betrothed, to one
She thought, at least, she loved. Ippolito
Was a fair youth of a right noble lineage,
Who came from Florence duly every summer,
To rusticate among his father's oaks.
Angelica and he had met—and so
Became of course, in the country, lovers—and
The match being eligible on either side,
The estates already wed, the parents smiled,
The notary chuckled, and the lovers blush'd
And were betrothed: how soon a contract's made
When all are to be gainers. Love, however,
Smiled not, it seems, on those solemnities.
Perhaps he did not like the notary,
Love does not write his billets doux on parchment.
The sequel will denote he was displeased,
Yet such a sequel to a tale of love

Perhaps was never read of. You shall hear.
'Twas near the day of marriage, when our bride
Stood at the casement, whence she'd often watch'd
The light step of her lover, as he came
Across the smiling meadow. 'Twas a day
The hottest of the hottest summer—one
Almost too hot for love, who's fire itself:
'Twas afternoon—Angelica, poor girl,
Had not, as usual, taken her siesta,
(Why, is unknown—young ladies, it is said,
Get fidgetty when near their wedding day.)
I would advise both old and young, who live
In melting latitudes, not to omit
Their little snug siesta after dinner,
It is refreshing, and prepares the mind
And body too, for evening business.
Angelica in vain look'd far and wide
For her Ippolito: the gentle youth
No doubt was fast asleep. She sat her down
And tried her lute—'twas out of tune, and harsh;
Her voice—'twas weak and husky. Then she look'd
Out on the sylvan scene—all nature seem'd
Sunk in siesta; not a single bird
Was seen or heard; the very flowers gave forth
A sleepy kind of odour, like the breath
Of slumb'ring beauty. There was not abroad
A sound, nor scarce a motion. The dull breeze
No longer flapp'd its flagging wings—it slept.
The air seem'd powder'd fire—all—all was hot,
Hot, hot and hush—that e'en the waterfall
That glitter'd in the sun, look'd like the gush
Of boiling water from a copper kettle.
Angelica arose, and walk'd across
The apartment to her glass—how natural:
She did not like her looks; she did not like
The glass, nor e'en the harmless peacock's feather

That hung above; who can like any thing
In such hot weather? Then she sat again,
In a great chair, and look'd upon her flowers,
And took a volume up, and laid it down,
And then applied her compasses to the globe,
Haply to see how far it was from thence
To a cold country. Nothing would avail,
A charm was in the air, and every thing
Must sleep—books—compasses
Fell on the floor—and slept; Angelica
Lean'd back her head in her great chair—and slept.
I do not know how long the lady slumber'd,
These are particulars my manners will not
Permit me to pry into, but 'tis clear
'Twas a sound nap she took. Ippolito
Had finished his some time, and made his toilet,
Which was no hasty matter. The fresh breeze,
(Refresh'd by sleep,) was springing up, in short,
'Twas almost evening, when the lover stept
Empassion'd and perfum'd into the room.
I never yet could fully comprehend
The doctrine of antipathies—nor pardon
The man who feared or hated what in nature,
Was innocent and harmless—yet there be
Such arrant fopperies—and of all fopperies
They are the worst—and of this worst the worst
Is, that a man shall hate to see a woman
Eat, and so forth—my lord Ippolito
Was no Lord Byron in the main, yet he
Was as ridiculous in this particular.
'Twas his aversion—what a pretty term—
To see or hear a woman sleep. Ye gods,
Aversion to a sleeping woman—well,
The histories do not say Angelica
Breathed louder than young ladies ought to breathe
When they're asleep—no one has dared to say it,

Nor would I for ten thousand worlds presume it.
But 'twas enough—our fine Ippolito
Yielded to his aversion, and instead
Of gazing on the blessed sight before him,
Like the rapt votary at the holy shrine,
Or on his knees, stealing a sacred kiss
From the fair hand that hung so temptingly,
Or even from those rich and ruby lips
That seem'd to ask it—if those little freedoms
Were sanction'd by the manners of the age,
I know not, I, but think that kissing lips
Should ne'er go out of fashion. Our fine spark,
Instead of this, thrice twirl'd, with lordly finger,
His amiable whiskers, and, while she,
Perhaps, was dreaming of the senseless ingrate,
Took snuff, shrugg'd up his shoulders, turn'd his back,
And gallop'd off to Florence.

'Tis not thought
Angelica went mad—of all God's creatures,
A coxcomb is the thing soonest forgotten.

THE SET OF CHINA.

BY MISS LESLIE.

How thrive the beauties of the graphic art?—*Peter Pindar.*

"Mr. Gummage," said Mrs. Atmore, as she entered a certain drawing school, at that time the most fashionable in Philadelphia, "I have brought you a new pupil, my daughter, Miss Marianne Atmore. Have you a vacancy."

"Why, I can't say that I have," replied Mr. Gummage; "I never have vacancies."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Atmore; and Miss Marianne, a tall handsome girl of fifteen, looked disappointed.

"But perhaps I *could* strain a point, and find a place for her," resumed Mr. Gummage, who knew very well that he never had the smallest idea of limiting the number of his pupils, and that if twenty more were to apply, he would take them every one, however full his school might be.

"Do, pray, Mr. Gummage," said Mrs. Atmore; "do try and make an exertion to admit my daughter; I shall regard it as a particular favour."

"Well, I believe she may come," replied Gummage: "I suppose I can take her. Has she any turn for drawing?"

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Atmore, "she has never tried."

"So much the better," said Gummage; "I like girls

that have never tried; they are much more manageable than those that have been scratching and daubing at home all their lives."

Mr. Gummage was no gentleman, either in appearance or manner. But he passed for a genius among those who knew nothing of that ill-understood race. He had a hooked nose that turned to the right, and a crooked mouth that turned to the left—his face being very much out of drawing—and he had two round eyes that in colour and expression resembled two hazel-nuts. His lips were "pea-green and blue," from the habit of putting the brushes into his mouth when they were overcharged with colour. He took snuff illimitably, and generally carried half a dozen handkerchiefs, some of which, however, were to wrap his dinner in, as he conveyed it from market in his capacious pockets; others, as he said, were "to wipe the girl's saucers."

His usual costume was an old dusty brown coat, corduroy pantaloons, and a waistcoat that had once been red, boots that had once been black, and a low crowned rusty hat—which was never off his head, even in the presence of the ladies—and a bandanna cravat. The vulgarity of his habits, and rudeness of his deportment all passed off under the title of eccentricity. At the period when he flourished—it was long before the time of Sully—the beau ideal of an artist, at least among the multitude, was an ugly, ill-mannered, dirty fellow, that painted an inch thick in divers gaudy colours, equally irreconcilable to nature and art. And the chief attractions of a drawing master—for Mr. Gummage was nothing more—lay in doing almost every thing himself, and producing for his pupils, in their first quarter, pictures (so called) that were pronounced "fit to frame."

"Well, madam," said Mr. Gummage, "what do you

wish your daughter to learn? figures, flowers, or landscapes?"

"Oh! all three," replied Mrs. Atmore. "We have been furnishing our new house, and I told Mr. Atmore that he need not get any pictures for the front parlour, as I would much prefer having them all painted by Marianne. She has been four quarters with Miss Julia,* and has worked Friendship and Innocence, which cost, altogether, upwards of a hundred dollars. Do you know the piece, Mr. Gummage? There is a tomb with a weeping willow, and two ladies with long hair, one drest in pink the other in blue, holding a wreath between them over the top of the urn. The ladies are Friendship. Then on the right hand of the piece is a cottage, and an oak, and a little girl dressed in yellow, sitting on a green bank, and putting a wreath round the neck of a lamb. Nothing can be more natural than the lamb's wool. it is done entirely in French knots. The child and the lamb are Innocence."

"Ay, ay." said Gummage, "I know the piece well enough—I've drawn them by dozens."

"Well," continued Mrs. Atmore, "this satin piece hangs over the front parlour mantel. It is much prettier and better done than the one Miss Longstitch worked of Charlotte at the tomb of Werter, though she did sew silver spangles all over Charlotte's lilac gown, and used chenille, at a fi'penny-bit a needleful, for all the banks and the large tree. Now, as the mantel-piece is provided for, I wish a landscape for each of the recesses, and a figure-piece to hang on each side of the large looking-glass.

* Miss Julianna Bater, an old Moravian lady, from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, who was well known in Philadelphia, many years since, as a teacher of embroidery.

with flower-pieces under them, all by Marianne. Can she do all these in one quarter?"

"No, that she can't," replied Gummage; "it will take her two quarters hard work, and may-be three, to get through the whole of them."

"Well, I won't stand about a quarter more or less," said Mrs. Atmore: "but what I wish Marianne to do most particularly, and, indeed, the chief reason why I send her to drawing-school just now, is a pattern for a set of china that we are going to have made in Canton. I was told the other day by a New York lady, (who was quite tired of the queer unmeaning things which are generally put on India ware,) that she had sent a pattern for a tea-set, drawn by her daughter, and that every article came out with the identical device beautifully done on the china, all in the proper colours. She said it was talked of all over New York, and that people who had never been at the house before, came to look at and admire it. No doubt it was a great feather in her daughter's cap."

"Possibly, madam," said Gummage.

"And now," resumed Mrs. Atmore, "since I heard this, I have thought of nothing else than having the same thing done in my family; only I shall send for a dinner set, and a very long one too. Mr. Atmore tells me that the Voltaire, one of Stephen Girard's ships, sails for Canton early next month, and he is well acquainted with the captain, who will attend to the order for the china. I suppose in the course of a fortnight Marianne will have learnt drawing enough to enable her to do the pattern?"

"Oh! yes, madam—quite enough." replied Gummage, suppressing a laugh.

"Very well," said Mrs. Atmore. "And now, Mr. Gummage, let me look at some of your models."

"Figures, flowers, or landscapes?" asked the artist.

"Oh! some of each," replied the lady.

Mr. Gummage had so many pupils—both boys and girls—and so many classes, and gave lessons besides, at so many boarding-schools, that he had no leisure time for receiving applications, and as he kept his domicile incog., he saw all his visiters at his school-room. Foreseeing a long examination of the prints, he took from a hanging shelf several of his numerous port-folios, and having placed them on a table before Mrs. Atmore and her daughter, he proceeded to go round and direct his present class of young ladies, who were all sitting at the drawing-desks in their bonnets and shawls, because the apartment afforded no accommodation for these habiliments if laid aside. Each young lady was leaning over a straining-frame, on which was pasted a sheet of drawing paper, and each seemed engaged in attempting to copy one of the coloured engravings that were fastened by a slip of cleft cane to the cord of twine that ran along the wall. The benches were dusty, the floor dirty and slopped with spilt water; and the windows, for want of washing, looked more like horn than glass. The school-room and teacher were all in keeping. Yet for many years Mr. Gummage was so much in fashion that no other drawing-masters, not even Beck and Smith, had the least chance of success. Those who recollect the original, will not think his portrait overcharged.

We left Mr. Gummage going round his class for the purpose of giving a glance, and saying a few words to each.

"Miss Jones, lay down the lid of your paint-box. No rulers shall be used in my school, as I have often told you."

"But, Mr. Gummage, only look at the walls of my castle; they are all leaning to one side; both the turrets

stand crooked, and the doors and windows slant every way."

"No matter, it's my rule that no body shall use a rule. Miss Miller, have you rubbed the blue and bistre I told you?"

"Yes sir; I've been at it all the afternoon; here it is."

"Why, that's not half enough."

"Mr. Gummage, I've rubbed, and rubbed till my arm aches to the shoulder, and my face is all in a glow."

"Then take off your bonnet, and cool yourself. I tell you there's not half enough. Why, my boys rub blue and bistre till their faces run of a stream. I make them take off their coats to it."

"Mr. Gummage," said one young lady, "you promised to put in my sky to-day."

"Mr. Gummage," said another, "I've been waiting for my distances these two weeks. How can I go any farther till you have done them for me?"

"Finish the fore-ground to-day. It is time enough for the distances: I'll put them in on Friday."

"Mr. Gummage," said another, "my river has been expecting you since last Wednesday."

"Why, you have not put in the boat yet. Do the boat to-day, and the fisherman on the shore. But look at your bridge! Every arch is of a different size—some big, and some little."

"Well, Mr. Gummage, it is your own fault—you should let me use compasses. I have a pair in my box —do, pray, let me use them."

"No, I won't. My plan is that you shall all draw entirely by the eye."

"That is the reason we make every thing so crooked."

"I see nothing more crooked than yourselves," replied the polite drawing-master.

"Mr. Gummage," said another young lady, raising her eyes from a novel that she had brought with her, "I have done nothing at my piece for at least a fortnight. I have been all the time waiting for you to put in my large tree."

"Hush this moment with your babbling, every soul of you," said the teacher, in an under tone: "don't you see there are strangers here? What an unreasonable pack of fools you are! Can I do every body's piece at once? Learn to have patience, one and all of you, and wait till your turn comes."

Some of the girls tossed their heads and pouted, and some laughed, and some quitted their desks and amused themselves by looking out at the windows. But the instructor turned his back on them, and walked off towards the table at which Mrs. Atmore and her daughter were seated with the port folios, both making incessant exclamations of "How beautiful!—how elegant!—how sweet!"

Oh! here are Romeo and Juliet in the tomb scene!" cried Marianne. "Look, mamma, is it not lovely?—the very play in which we saw Cooper and Mrs. Merry. Oh! do let me paint Romeo and Juliet for the dinner set! But stop—here's the Shepherdess of the Alps! how magnificent! I think I would rather do that for the china. And here's Mary Queen of Scots; I remember her ever since I read history. And here are Telemachus and Minerva, just as I translated about them in my Telemaque exercises. Oh! let me do them for the dinner set—shan't I, Mr. Gummage?"

"I don't see any figure-pieces in which the colours are bright enough," remarked Mrs. Atmore.

"As to that," observed Gummage—who knew that the burthen of the drawing would eventually fall on him,

and who never liked to do figures—"I don't believe that any of these figure pieces would look well if reduced so small as to go on china plates."

"Well—here are some very fine landscapes," pursued Mrs. Atmore; "Here's the Cascade of Tivoli—and here's a view in Jamaica—and here's Glastonbury Abbey."

"Oh! I dote on abbeys," cried Marianne, "for the sake of Amanda Fitzalan."

"Your papa will not approve of your doing this," observed Mrs. Atmore: "you know, he says that abbeys are nothing but old tumble-down churches."

"If I may not do an abbey, let me do a castle," said Marianne: "there's Conway Castle by moonlight—how natural the moon looks!"

"As to castles," replied Mrs. Atmore, "you know your papa says they are no better than old jails. He hates both abbeys and castles."

"Well, here is a noble country seat," said Marianne —"'Chiswick House,'"

"Your papa has no patience with country seats," rejoined Mrs. Atmore. "He says that when people have made their money, they had better stay in town to enjoy it; where they can be convenient to the market, and the stores, and the post office, and the coffee house. He likes a good comfortable three story brick mansion, in a central part of the city, with marble steps, iron railings, and green Venetian shutters."

"To cut the matter short," said Mr. Gummage, "the best thing for the china is a flower piece—a basket, or a wreath, or something of that sort. You can have a good cypher in the centre, and the colours may be as bright as you please. India ware is generally painted with one colour only; but the Chinese are submissive animals, and will do just as they are bid. It may cost something more

to have a variety of colours; but I suppose you will not mind that."

"Oh! no—no," exclaimed Mrs. Atmore. "I shall not care for the price; I have set my mind on having this china the wonder of all Philadelphia."

Our readers will understand, that at this period nearly all the porcelain used in America was of Chinese manufacture; very little of that elegant article having been, as yet, imported from France.

A wreath was selected from the port folio that contained the engravings and drawings of flowers. It was decided that Marianne should first execute it the full size of the model (which was as large as nature), that she might immediately have a piece to frame; and that she was afterwards to make a smaller copy of it, as a border for all the articles of the china set; the middle to be ornamented with the letter A, in gold, surrounded by the rays of a golden star. Sprigs and tendrils of the flowers were to branch down from the border, so as nearly to reach the gilding in the middle. The large wreath that was intended to frame, was to bear in its centre the initials of Marianne Atmore, being the letters M. A., painted in shell gold.

"And so," said Mr. Gummage, "having a piece to frame, and a pattern for your china, you'll kill two birds with one stone."

On the following Monday, the young lady came to take her first lesson, followed by a mulatto boy, carrying a little black morocco trunk, that contained a four row box of Reeves's colours, with an assortment of camel's hair pencils, half a dozen white saucers, a water cup, a lead pencil, and a piece of India rubber. Mr. Gummage immediately supplied her with two bristle brushes, and sundry little shallow earthen cups, each con-

taining a modicum of some sort of body colour, masticot, flake white, &c., prepared by himself and charged at a quarter of a dollar a piece, and which he told her she would want when she came to do landscapes and figures.

Mr. Gummage's style was, to put in the sky, water, and distances with opaque paints, and the most prominent objects with transparent colours. This was probably the reason that his foregrounds seemed always to be sunk in his backgrounds. The model was scarcely considered as a guide, for he continually told his pupils that they must try to excel it; and he helped them to do so by making all his skies deep red fire at the bottom, and dark blue smoke at the top; and exactly reversing the colours on the water, by putting red at the top, and blue at the bottom. The distant mountains were lilac and white, and near the rocks buff colour, shaded with purple. The castles and abbeys were usually gamboge. The trees were dabbed and dotted in with a large bristle brush, so that the foliage looked like a green fog. The foam of the cascades resembled a concourse of wigs, scuffling together and knocking the powder out of each other, the spray being always fizzed on with one of the aforesaid bristle brushes. All the dark shadows in every part of the picture were done with a mixture of Prussian blue and bistre, and of these two colours there was consequently a vast consumption in Mr. Gummage's school. At the period of our story, many of the best houses in Philadelphia were decorated with these landscapes. But for the honour of my towns-people, I must say that the taste for such productions is now entirely obsolete. We may look forward to the time, which we trust is not far distant, when the elements of drawing will be taught in every school, and considered as indispensable to education as a knowledge of writing. It has long been our

belief that *any* child may, with proper instruction, be made to draw, as easily as any child may be made to write. We are rejoiced to find that so distinguished an artist as Rembrandt Peale has avowed the same opinion, in giving to the world his invaluable little work on Graphics: in which he has clearly demonstrated the affinity between drawing and writing, and admirably exemplified the leading principles of both.

Marianne's first attempt at the great wreath was awkward enough. After she had spent five or six afternoons at the outline, and made it triangular rather than circular. and found it impossible to get in the sweet pea, and the convolvolus, and lost and bewildered herself among the multitude of leaves that formed the cup of the rose, Mr. Gummage snatched the pencil from her hand, rubbed out the whole, and then drew it himself. It must be confessed that his forte lay in flowers, and he was extremely clever at them, "but," as he expressed it, "his scholars chiefly ran upon landscapes."

After he had sketched the wreath, he directed Marianne to rub the colours for her flowers, while he put in Miss Smithson's rocks.

When Marianne had covered all her saucers with colours, and wasted ten times as much as was necessary, she was eager to commence painting, as she called it; and in trying to wash the rose with lake, she daubed it on of crimson thickness. When Mr. Gummage saw it, he gave her a severe reprimand for meddling with her own piece. It was with great difficulty that the superabundant colour was removed; and he charged her to let the flowers alone till he was ready to wash them for her. He worked a little at the piece every day, forbidding Marianne to touch it: and she remained idle while he was putting in skies, mountains, &c., for the other young ladies.

At length the wreath was finished—Mr. Gummage having only sketched it, and washed it, and given it the last touches. It was put into a splendid frame, and shown as Miss Marianne Atmore's first attempt at painting: and every body exclaimed "What an excellent teacher Mr. Gummage must be! How fast he brings on his pupils!"

In the mean time, she undertook at home to make the small copy that was to go to China. But she was now "at a dead lock," and found it utterly impossible to advance a step without Mr. Gummage. It was then thought best that she should do it at school—meaning that Mr. Gummage should do it for her, while she looked out of the window.

The whole was at last satisfactorily accomplished, even to the gilt star, with the A in the centre. It was taken home and compared with the larger wreath, and found still prettier, and shown as Marianne's to the envy of all mothers whose daughters could not furnish models for china. It was finally given in charge to the captain of the Voltaire, with injunctions to order a dinner-set exactly according to the pattern—and to prevent the possibility of a mistake, a written direction accompanied it.

The ship sailed—and Marianne continued three quarters at Mr. Gummage's school, where she nominally effected another flower piece, and also perpetrated Kemble in Rolla, Edwin and Angelina, the Falls of Schuylkill, and the Falls of Niagara; all of which were duly framed, and hung in their appointed places.

During the year that followed the departure of the ship Voltaire, great impatience for her return was manifested by the ladies of the Atmore family—anxious to see how the china would look, and frequently hoping that the colours would be bright enough, and none of the flowers omitted—that the gilding would be rich, and

every thing inserted in its proper place, exactly according to the pattern. Mrs. Atmore's only regret was, that she had not sent for a tea-set also; not that she was in want of one, but then it would be so much better to have a dinner-set and a tea-set precisely alike, and Marianne's beautiful wreath on all.

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Atmore, "how often have I heard you say that you would never have another *tea*-set from Canton, because the Chinese persist in making the principal articles of such old fashioned, awkward shapes. For my part, I always disliked the tall coffee pots, with their strait spouts, looking like light-houses with bowsprits to them; and the short, clumsy tea-pots, with their twisted handles, and lids that always fall off."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Atmore, "I have been looking forward to the time when we can get a French tea-set upon tolerable terms. But in the mean while I should be very glad to have cups and saucers with Marianne's beautiful wreath, and of course when we use them on the table we should always bring forward our silver pots."

Spring returned, and there was much watching of the vanes, and great joy when they pointed easterly, and the ship-news now became the most interesting column of the papers. A vessel that had sailed from New York for Canton on the same day the Voltaire departed from Philadelphia, had already got in; therefore the Voltaire might be hourly expected. At length she was reported below; and at this period the river Delaware suffered much, in comparison with the river Hudson, owing to the tediousness of its navigation from the capes to the city.

At last the Voltaire cast anchor at the foot of Market street, and our ladies could scarcely refrain from walking down to the wharf to see the ship that held the box that

held the china. But invitations were immediately sent out for a long projected dinner-party, which Mrs. Atmore had persuaded her husband to defer till they could exhibit the beautiful new porcelain.

The box was landed, and conveyed to the house. The whole family were present at the opening, which was performed in the dining room by Mr. Atmore himself—all the servants peeping in at the door. As soon as a part of the lid was split off, and a handful of straw removed, a pile of plates appeared, all separately wrapped in India paper. Each of the family snatched up a plate and hastly tore off the covering. There were the flowers glowing in beautiful colours, and the gold star and the gold A, admirably executed. But under the gold star, on every plate, dish, and tureen, were the words, "THIS IN THE MIDDLE!"—being the direction which the literal and exact Chinese had minutely copied from a crooked line that Mr. Atmore had hastily scrawled on the pattern with a very bad pen, and of course without the slightest fear of its being inserted *verbatim* beneath the central ornament.

Mr. Atmore laughed—Mrs. Atmore cried—the servants giggled aloud—and Marianne cried first, and laughed afterwards.

A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

BY JOHN D. GODMAN.

'Tis midnight's solemn hour! now wide unfurled
Darkness expands her mantle o'er the world:
The fire-fly's lamp has ceased its fitful gleam,
The cricket's chirp is hushed; the boding scream
Of the gray owl is stilled; the lofty trees
Scarce wave their summits to the failing breeze;
All nature is at rest, or seems to sleep;
'Tis thine alone, oh man! to watch and weep!
Thine 'tis to feel thy system's sad decay,
As flares the taper of thy life away,
Beneath the influence of fell disease:—
Thine 'tis to *know* the want of mental ease
Springing from memory of time misspent;
Of slighted blessings; deepest discontent,
And riotous rebellion 'gainst the laws
Of health, truth, heaven, to win the world's applause!
  —See where the waning moon
  Slowly surmounts yon dark tree tops,
  Her light increases steadily, and soon
  The solemn night her stole of darkness drops:
  Thus to my sinking soul in hours of gloom
  The cheering beams of hope resplendent come,
  Thus the thick clouds which sin and sorrow rear
  Are changed to brightness, or swift disappear.
Hark! that shrill note proclaims approaching day;
The distant east is streaked with lines of gray;

Faint warblings from the neighbouring groves arise,
The tuneful tribes salute the brightening skies.
Peace breathes around; dim visions o'er me creep,
The weary night outwatched, thank God! I too may
sleep.

BENJAMIN WEST.

BY R. M. WALSH.

The details of the career of this remarkable man must be so familiar as to render it a work of supererogation to record them. His humble birth, in an obscure settlement, where civilisation had advanced scarcely farther than the threshold ; the singular precocity of his imitative talent; the irresistible strength of his vocation, which overcame every impediment, even the uncompromising spirit of sectarian prejudice ; the kind friends whom he was so fortunate as to encounter, who fostered his genius and contributed the means of enabling him to cultivate it to the utmost in the richest school of art ; the sensation which he excited in Italy, both by the anomaly at that period of a young American's repairing thither to acquire excellence with the pencil, and the merit of the works which he produced; his subsequent success in England, where he elevated himself to a friendly communion with royalty, and what was a far more honourable testimony to his character, was raised by his fellow-artists to the loftiest station amongst them, the Presidential chair of their Academy, and where he died, full of honours and of years—all this might almost be called one of our school-boy lessons, so proud do we naturally and properly feel that our Temple of Fame should so soon have had one of its most eminent niches filled in a department which, in the progress of other nations, has generally

been long unoccupied; and so inspiriting is the lesson which it inculcates, of the admirable results of industry and virtue and perseverance, no matter what the obstacles through which they may be obliged to force their way.

The merits of West seem to us to be better calculated to attract the artist than the mere amateur. In the excellence of his composition and the correctness of his design, there is much that the former must love to contemplate, for purposes both of gratification and instruction; but admirable as those qualities are, they cannot be duly appreciated and enjoyed by the unscientific, when not befriended in just proportion by one or another of the two requisites most essential for communicating general delight, in which he was deficient—expression and colouring. He neither enthrals the mind, nor fascinates the eye. His is not the magic pencil around which the passions throng, nor that which is dipped in the hues of the rainbow. He rarely if ever "gloriously offends," or snatches a grace which uninspired art may not reach. Soul is wanting there, and the most attractive quality, upon canvass, of body likewise. Take, for instance, his celebrated work belonging to the Hospital of Philadelphia, Christ healing the Sick, and what are the effects which it is fitted to produce? It is doubtless skilfully and judiciously composed, and the figures are well drawn, but is not your eye immediately repelled by the want of *morbidezza* in the tone, by the hardness of the outlines, exhibiting the work of the *pencil* as distinctly as that of the brush, and destroying all illusion by the evidence thus afforded, that the personages before you were born not of women, but of the artist's hand, and by the absence of that genial glow of complexion which seems to indicate the active current of the life-streams beneath? Is one inspiring

idea excited in your mind, one powerful emotion awakened in your bosom, by the sublimity and pathos of the subject? Does the head of the Saviour prompt you to adoration, and gratitude, and love ? do you commiserate the sufferings of the sick man, or rejoice in the release which he is about to obtain ? do you sympathise with the distress of the mother, desiring yourself to wipe away that tear which seems not to have dropped from her eye, but to have been placed on her cheek for the occasion ? do you second the father's prayer for his daughter's restoration to sight ? or are you horrified by the malignant hatred and covert rage of the priests, or shocked by the contortions of the demoniac boy ? Imagine the same scene depicted by Raphael. What dignity inspiring homage, what compassion inducing love, would have been blended in the person of the Redeemer—what strength and diversity of sentiment would have been imparted to the apostles, the disciples, the priests, and the gazing crowd—what depth of parental and filial love, illumined by hope and yet tempered by awe, would have been impressed upon the countenances of those soliciting his mercy for their afflicted kindred—what commingling of physical infirmity with moral elevation would have been portrayed in the expectants of divine bounty—how vividly would the whole spectacle have spoken of helpless humanity and celestial power and goodness ! The group of which the demoniac boy is the chief figure, is a strong reminiscence of the one of the same nature in the Transfiguration; the woman looking at the Saviour and pointing to the possessed behind her, is almost a copy ; but what a difference between her unmeaning, and we must say, rather vulgar physiognomy, and the striking countenance of Raphael's creation, so admirably contrasted

with that heavenly face of the other female, who is looking upon the poor boy with such indescribable feeling!

In making these remarks, we must be understood as speaking relatively. We are far from asserting that the picture is altogether devoid of expression. It affords abundant evidence that the author *knew* what ought to be done. Every one of the figures indicates the right *intention*, but in none of them is the deed as good as the will. The impression which they are designed to produce is true, as far as it goes, but it is weak at the moment of reception, and liable soon to be effaced.—It is but just also to acknowledge, that although the colouring of West is usually defective, instances could be shown in some of his works of an excellence in that respect, which might be deemed worthy of Titian.

"Death on the Pale Horse," is esteemed the loftiest effort of West, and it must indeed be a noble production, in which he has surpassed himself, if what is said of it be true. In it, according to Cunningham, he has more than approached the masters and princes of the calling. The Battle of La Hogue, and the Death of Wolfe, are the best of his historic pieces, and esteemed the best of that kind of the English school, which, however, they might easily be, without possessing half their merit.

In estimating the rank of West, it should be recollected, that although he is not the first in his department of the art, that department is the first; and that to attain the distinction in it which he did, a rarer combination of qualities was requisite, than is demanded for superiority in an inferior branch. The vast number of his compositions, also, almost all of which are at least respectable, should be taken into consideration, manifesting as they do, a wonderful fertility of invention and rapidity of ex-

ecution. One circumstance should be recorded to his lasting honour, that he never prostituted his pencil to a subject on which the most delicate mind could not dwell, which could have been a source of the smallest regret upon his bed of death.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

BY ALEXANDER WILSON.

When morning dawns, and the blest sun again
Lifts his red glories from the Eastern main,
Then through our woodbines, wet with glittering dews,
The flower-fed humming-bird his round pursues,
Sips with inserted tube, the honeyed blooms,
And chirps his gratitude as round he roams!
While richest roses, though in crimson drest,
Shrink from the splendour of his gorgeous breast;
What heavenly tints in mingling radiance fly!
Each rapid movement gives a different dye;
Like scales of burnished gold the dazzling slow,
Now sunk to shade, now like a furnace glow!

ORATORY.

BY G. M. WHARTON.

If there be one attribute of man, which, more than any other, establishes the supremacy of his nature, it is that of oratory. The pleasures of sight, however varied or enticing ; all the illusions of the eye; even the enchanting strains of music ; are feeble in their effects upon the imagination, compared to the soul-inspiring, spirit-stirring emanations of "eloquence divine." The first are but the impressions of the external world—the next, however imposing or delightful, convey no stamp of intellect ; but the latter mark triumphantly the mind within. It is the better part of man—his spirit—gleaming through his clay, and attesting his claim to something higher than a material world. Eloquence is the mightiest engine with which man can act upon his fellow—its effects, whether for good or ill, have been attested from the fearful moment when the seductive tongue of the "arch-enemy" darkened the fortunes of our first parents; and the glorious results of its impassioned voice, when exerted in the cause of the violated rights of our race, stand prominent on the page of history. We have almost all felt, and some of us have beheld it, in the suppressed breath, the heaving chest, the lightning of the eye. The history of eloquence (we refer now to the theatre for its display), is a subject of the deepest interest. From the rude eloquence of the savage—man

speaking to man with the voice of pure and unaffected nature, and rich with her imagery—to the debates of popular assemblies among nations we have been accustomed to venerate as classical, and yet, in many respects, rude ; upward to the contests of argument, wit, refinement, and passion, which have graced the deliberative assemblies of Britain and our own country—every step in the progress teems with instruction and interest. We behold in such a picture the advance of mind—the play and the strife of the intellect. It is a field eminently free for talent to put forth her strength—unaided by factitious importance—unimpeded by the cobwebs of fashion. Native genius at once assumes her propor rank ; she wields a weapon, against which no armour yields protection, and from which no subtlety can escape. If there be a spectacle in this world more imposing than another, it is the victory of talent in a contest with which physical power is entirely disconnected, and where the forces and the arms are wholly intellectual.

With some splendid exceptions of individual efforts, even national partiality must admit, that the British Parliament has been the body the most graced by oratorical display. For a long series of years, the halls of St. Stephen's have resounded with the voice of eloquence. It has been a great arena, where the wit, the sarcasm, and the feeling of the British nation have contended for superiority. It has been a mighty school, where the youthful talents for debate of her aspiring citizens have been developed and disciplined ; where proud presumption has been humbled ; and overweening arrogance taught a useful lesson : and where, in fine, hearty and unfeigned applause has ever been bestowed upon successful exertion. British oratory would seem to have attained the utmost height to which eloquence can reach : polished, nervous,

witty, sensible, yet impassioned. The eloquence of savage nations is too metaphorical to please a chastened ear. We meet in it with much that charms us by its ingenuousness and simplicity, and engages our attention by the striking truth of its comparisons—but its images are all material, derived from the external world : we of course look in vain for the logic of argument or the reflections of philosophy. It may be considered a literary heresy to breathe aught against the supremacy of Grecian and Roman eloquence; but it would seem to us, that the human mind has profited little by extended civilisation and Christian knowledge, if their influence has not raised the character of human eloquence—if men's views have not been enlarged as their information has expanded—and if this improvement were not visible in their mental exercises. Again ; but two great names present themselves among the orators of the illustrious people we have mentioned : blot out the memories of Demosthenes and Cicero, and Grecian or Roman eloquence would not be mentioned in connection with their music, their statuary, their painting, their architecture, and their poetry. On the contrary, in modern Europe, we can point to a splendid galaxy, who have exhausted in every department of oratorical effort, the brightest intellectual endowments.

Let us not be supposed to underrate the eloquence of our own country, or to deny that a field, even fairer (because more extended) than England affords, is not opened to our own citizens. A word upon this subject may not be out of place here.

The condition and circumstances of our land, natural and political, are well known, and therefore need not be dwelt upon here. But we are not aware that they have been noticed in connection with her eloquence. Here, the climate, the soil, and the character of the people are

favourable to rapid, precocious, and vigorous growth of natural and intellectual products. Plants shoot up to an enormous size—population swells in an unexampled degree—*magnitude* is a feature of the country; and the same may be said of the *speeches* of the people. The length of American orations is their primary characteristic: it is so obvious a mark, and one so much of the essence of an harangue, that it cannot escape notice. It is in some measure the evidence of want of due precision of idea and expression, and certainly of an uncorrected taste. It is the sign of an exuberance of ideas, which would be pruned by careful preparation and education, that would suggest the propriety of not starting in every discussion *ab ovo*, and of presuming the previous knowledge of certain first principles. The remark is of equal force and truth, when applied to legal arguments, judicial opinions, legislative, literary or popular discourses. Of all and each it may be said, "they drag their slow length along."

STANZAS.

BY I. C. SNOWDEN.

Life is a faithless ocean!
Upon its tide awhile,
Our way is cheer'd by flattering gales,
And summer's gentle smile:
O, could it thus for ever be,
Our course were gladly run;
Nor had my tears been shed for thee,
Thus early lost, my son!

Few saw, or seeing knew thee,
My bright and beauteous boy!
The world—how little doth it heed
A parent's grief or joy!
We mourn thee, dear one, we alone—
Our woe shall sacred be;
The cold applause from others won,
We will not ask for thee.

Thy form of passing beauty
I see before me now,
The conscious look, the manly air
That graced thy lofty brow;
I saw in these, or deem'd I saw
The germ of noble things,
But now the thought exalts my pain—
A keener anguish brings.

'Twas not when thou wast dying,
I felt the weight of woe,
Nor when, with solemn step and rite,
We placed thy limbs below;
It was the fearful moment, when,
With prescience sadly true,
I first the dreaded day beheld
In the dim distant view:

It came—the hour of parting!
O God! and must we part!
I gazed upon his fading face,
And press'd him to my heart:
And she was there, whose constant watch
Was kept his couch above,
Whose wasted form and sunken eye
Told of a mother's love.

Why should the tie be sever'd
It were so meet should last?
Why should our hopes so fairly bloom,
To wither in the blast?
For thou wast all my wishes crav'd,
Joy of her heart and mine,
And all a parent's love could do
Was surely done by thine.

Beyond life's troubled ocean,
Thine is a better sphere,
And 'tis a soothing thought, to feel
We made thee happy here.
Beautiful Infant! doubly blest?
Two worlds 'twas thine to gain,
One that is far beyond all grief,
And this without its pain.

THE ICE ISLAND.

BY DR. R. M. BIRD.

Mastless, helmless, gaping at every seam, and groaning and crashing at every pitch over the rolling surges, yet supported above the water by the buoyancy of the cargo, our miserable bark still struggled with the tempest. Sailors without further duty, and passengers without further hope, were seen in various parts lashing themselves to the rigging, and commending their souls to heaven.

It is always awful to die; but when perishing in the unvisited solitudes of the deep, while the heavens and the seas are at war with each other, and nature herself seems to encourage the anarchy of her elements, awe is swallowed up in a more subduing horror. It was night, too, and there was a moon in the sky, but a moon that

> Wandered darkling in the eternal space—

covered and concealed by massy volumes of vapour, which, except when shooting forth sheets of living flame, enveloped the great abyss with impenetrable darkness.

The uproar of the tempest was such as may be recalled by those who have witnessed similar scenes. Thunder that crashed, and rattled, and yelled through the firmament; winds that howled and whistled through the

bleak air; and billows that put forth their voices in a hoarse, harsh roar—made up the music of the tempest.

A sudden dying away of the wind, and an unaccountable tranquillity—a comparative tranquillity of the waters, filled our souls with transport; and many of us were expressing our joy with loud shouts and congratulations, when a voice, deep and hoarse, but thrillingly distinct, exclaimed among us—"The ice islands!"

"The ice islands! It is not so: it cannot be," replied a dozen trembling voices; "It cannot be the ice islands!"

"It is, it is," replied the same hoarse, deep voice; "and God have mercy on us all!"

A flash of lightning, bright and universal, as if the whole sky were for an instant in a conflagration, revealed our situation to us. Masses of ice—the same that we had, in the evening, gazed upon with such pleasure and admiration stretched about us to the northwest, rolling and rocking in the waves; and near to us, very near to us, towered a vast and tremendous bulk, like some gigantic mountain, with its citadels and towers, undermined and sent drifting about in the shoreless seas. The flash was but momentary, yet it was sufficient to fill us with horror: and even after complete darkness had been restored the dashing of the billows over these floating desolations, heard above the general roar of the tempest; the grinding and crashing of the fragments, as they struck against each other with a violence, which, on the solid land, would have caused a shock like an earthquake; continued and aggravated our apprehension into a wild, ungovernable horror, little short of madness.

"We are under its lee!—It is upon us!" shouted a voice that rang like the peal of a trumpet in our ears; and at the same instant another bright and wide spread

flash discovered the tremendous object moving swiftly towards us. As if to increase the horrors of the scene, by blasting our eyes with continued sight of it, the moon, like a wan and haggard ghost, at the same time burst through the clouds ; and although the horizon around, on all quarters, still remained in frightful gloom, a circumscribed central spot, embracing within its limits the terrific island and the devoted vessel, now lay in a state of vivid illumination. There came the mighty desolation, its grand cathedral-like summits reflecting and refracting the lunar rays in many a wild and fantastic spectrum, and nodding to the force of the billows that drove it onwards.

I possess but little of that philosophic indifference of death which is found in some men : my fears distracted me. I remember nothing of the catastrophe but a loud, clamorous shock ; a sinking of the broken deck ; a whirling of the watery chaos ; a wild and congregated shriek, so piercing, so horrible, that even the savage waves seemed to restrain their fury for an instant, to listen ; and then I sank insensible among the waters.

I awoke as from a painful and horrid dream, disturbed by something striking with repeated blows upon the back of my head—I lay on my face—and turning sluggishly round, I was startled by the rushing of wings. An albatross, or sea-eagle, or some fowl of the deep, darted with shrill cries before my vision. I put my hand to my head ; it was bleeding and mangled. My limbs were stiff and sore, and in many places severely lacerated.

I rose, and found myself in a hollow or cavern of the ice, the bottom of which was filled with fissures, underneath which I could hear the rumbling and dashing of waves ; and fearing lest this frail floor, should give way,

and precipitate me again into the abyss from which I had so providentially and mysteriously escaped, I crawled to the entrance of the cavern.

The sun was up ; the waves were at rest, or rather were rolling onward with a regular and sluggish motion, scarcely sufficient to disturb the equilibrium of my icy float. Other ice bergs were seen at a distance, shining like fire in the sunbeams.

Where were my companions ? I shouted aloud: nothing answered me : the silence of death was on my island.

A harsh scream struck my ear. A bird of prey was hovering in the air a rod or two from me, and occasionally darting swiftly into a hollow of the ice, from which it issued again with wild cries. I approached the spot. Before me lay the corse of a young man, whose good humour and mirth had often, in dull and weary hours, enlivened the spirits of his fellow voyagers. Although his body was dreadfully mangled, and his face contorted and in some measure mutilated by the voracious fowl, I soon recognised him, and for a moment endeavoured to please myself with the thought that he was not wholly dead. This however was soon proved by his glassy and sunken eyes, his motionless heart, and the general rigidity of his limbs.

A black ribbon was hung round his neck ; I drew it forth, and discovered the miniature of a beautiful young woman. I wrapped it, together with his watch and pocket-book, in his neck-cloth, determining, if saved myself, to transmit them to his friends, as mournful mementos of his unhappy end. I then lifted the body in my arms, and approaching a brink of the ice, rolled it into the sea. I would gladly have kept it by me, and made society of it, but a horrid suspicion that famine might before long tempt me to a repast abhorrent to my present

feelings, determined me to put it beyond the reach of violation, and I committed it to the deep. I was now alone.

Struck to the heart with a feeling of my loneliness and forlornness, I sat down, buried my face in my hands, and gave myself up to despair. Why had not I perished with my companions ? A quiet grave at the bottom of the ocean, or in the bowels of one of ocean's monsters, was preferable to this icy and living tomb.

The love of life prevailed over despair. Providence had not snatched me from the devouring waves to expose me to a more dreadful death, by deserting me in my greater need. I rose upon my feet, and looked around me for the means of preserving my existence. I soon discovered that in the vast mass of ice, upon which I stood, there were imbedded many fragments of rocks, trunks of trees, and other substances, denoting it to have been formed on the shores of some distant land. Nothing however capable of satisfying hunger, was to be found. No frozen animal, nor lifeless bird, rewarded my search; and having wandered painfully and laboriously about, wherever the asperities of the ice, or the presence of some land object, afforded me a precarious footing, I at last reclined hopelessly upon a cloven pine tree, that projected from the ice. Above me—for the berg was of great height—towered in inexpressible grandeur, cold and glittering pinnacles of pure and almost transparent ice. Below lay the ocean, silent and calm, presenting a surface, soundless and unvaried.

The day passed away wearily and monotonously ; the night found me ; and still I clung listlessly to the shattered pine.

The moon rose—I have always loved the moon ; and that night, while gazing upon her pure orb, now doubly

solitary, and thinking of many friends with whom I had sat at my own vine-covered porch, almost adoring her peaceful loveliness – of many friends who might be, that very hour, in my own lost land, recalling the memory of their friend by gazing upon her again—I forgot for a time that I was alone, and a dweller on an ice berg.

A rack of clouds passed over her face ; I started—a sudden explosion, followed by a long and heavy growl of thunder, admonished me of another tempest. I fastened my arms to a branch of the pine, while the winds rose, and covered the moon and stars with black clouds. The ocean again was lashed to fury, and the foam of billows dashing against the sharp angles of the island, and snatched up by the winds, broke over me in incessant showers.

It was some time before my floating habitation felt and acknowledged the influence of the storm ; but when the agitation of the sea had arrived at its height, there commenced a scene so appallingly sublime, that even the apprehension of approaching destruction could not wholly unfit me for enjoying it. The island rocked, but not as a ship rocks, when she tumbles from a lofty wave into the trough of the sea, nor even as a mountain, when vexed by the earthquake in its bowels. It seemed rather to reel or spin round, like a kraaken in the whirlpool of Norway ; sometimes lurching heavily over, until its tallest precipices were buried in the waves. Then a more regular assault of gusts and breakers prevailing, it would stoop and yield before the wind, and drift with amazing celerity through the waters.

Happily my position was in a central part; and although occasionally a billow more mountainous and voracious than the rest, would seem almost to overwhelm

the island, and dash itself at my feet, I felt myself partially secure.

All this, however, was trifling to that which soon followed. I know not whether the tornado had huddled the other ice islands together and impelled them with violence against my own, or whether my island may not have struck upon some concealed rock. Be that as it may, I was suddenly alarmed by a shock that communicated itself in a vibratory shudder to all parts of the island, followed by a deafening crash; and in another moment, I was made sensible, by the distracted and impetuous tossing of my berg, and by many successive shocks, that it had been split in twain, and was now breaking to pieces. ————

The storm died gradually away; and with the morning sun came another calm, and another day of famine and of misery.—

Several days succeeded to this, a dull and horrid calendar of starvation, distraction, and stupor. Of water I had plenty: I slaked my thirst, by sucking it from a piece of ice, or by scooping it in my hands from the puddles that formed every day around the trees, rocks, and earth on my island. But food—I had no food. I chewed such splinters of bark and wood as I could tear away from the pine tree—they were dry and disgustful. I cut strips of leather from my shoes, and endeavoured to eat them. A letter that I had valued beyond my life, remained in one of my pockets—I chewed and swallowed it; but it gave me no relief.

A burning, excruciating fire was in my stomach; and although I drank copiously of the melted ice, the feverish agony increased, till at last even this grew nauseous, and my stomach revolted at it. Then I began to sicken

and swoon, and lie for hours in a state of stupefaction, insensible to every thing but a dull gnawing pain in my stomach. Rains would pour down upon me, and beat in my face, unregarded; and once there happened another storm, almost as violent as those I have described, which I listened to with indifference. I cared not—nay I rather desired that some friendly billow might wash me away, and make an end of my miseries. But they disturbed me not ; and still I lay by my pine tree, unmindful of the joyous sun that burst out after the gale.

Once too, as I lay in that state of fearful stupefaction, my nostrils were suddenly saluted with delicious odours coming upon the breeze, and my ears invaded with the shrill cries of birds. I started up, and, looking around, I beheld myself within a few leagues of land.... Was this an illusion of madness ? Did I dream ? Were those glorious blue hills that rose before my eyes, those green fresh forests, those yellow beaches edged with snowy surf, merely a phantom paradise made up of delusive fogs ?—an airy nothing, conjured up to mock me in my misery ? My soul was filled with transport : the vision grew in my eyes, and as the current bore me nearer and nearer to it, it increased in beauty, magnificence, and reality. I could count the shells on the shore ; I could distinguish the seal and the turtle sunning themselves in the golden sands. I could behold rivulets of fresh water come dashing down the blue hills, in a sparkle of light and splendour. Tall palms, and cabbage trees, rose on my sight; green sloping hills, and verdant valleys, were before me.

I was evidently under the control of a current that seemed to sweep round a little promontory, and then make a circle into a deep bay beyond it.

Distracted, frantic with joy, I waited for the moment

when I was to double the cape, and throw myself from my island, in an effort to swim to the shore.

It came—I whirled round the point, and the next moment found that the estuary beyond it was the mouth of an impetuous torrent, which in an instant swept me far from the land. I shrieked, I howled, I tore my hair ;—I approached the edge of an icy cliff to throw myself into the sea, and drown : but my emotions were beyond my strength—I fell into a swoon, and that blissful shore, that Eden of the waters, was lost to me for ever.

I awoke from my trance—I cast my eye back to the land ; it lay like a blue cloud on the horizon, sinking and sinking in the distance and the twilight, until it vanished, and I was again sent out into the wide ocean.

Famine, fatigue, suffering, and disappointed hope had done their work ; and the afternoon of another day saw me reclining on a fragment of rock, watching with a voracious eye flocks of sea birds skimming and eddying above me. They flew around me, croaking and screaming, nay they flapped their wings in my face, as if impatient of the hour which was to give them a banquet upon human flesh. I waved my hand ; I shouted, and the hoarse sound frighted them from me. One alone remained ; it crept for food into a little hollow of the ice, where I followed and secured it. I tore it with my nails, and devoured it. Refreshed, although but half satisfied, I arose and looked again upon the ocean. A white speck appeared on the horizon; it grew, it increased, it approached —I saw it—a sail— one, two, three, four—O heaven ! a gallant fleet, rising white and glorious, from the blue waters. Onwards and onwards they came, their sails set, and their prows dashing up the dark element in clouds of snowy foam. Hope gave me supernatural strength : I climbed an icy peak, and stretched forth my arms to

them. I shouted to them, till my voice, hollow and broken, dwindled into a feeble whisper. The foremost of them was now within a mile of me. I could see men thronging the decks, and methought even at that distance I could distinguish them, all with their eyes fixed on me, and some surveying me through glasses. But they did not deviate from their course—they seemed passing me; I tore the garments from my back, and waved them in the air. They passed on in their course. The second came, and the third—all—all—they passed me, and replied not to my frantic signals. The seventh and last, the convoy of the squadron, now appeared. The starry flag of my country fluttered from her peak. My gestures and cries were now like those of a madman. I flung my neckcloth high in the air; and the wind swept it from me into the sea. But they saw it—they saw it! They fired a gun; and I looked for them to lay to. I watched for the launching of the boat. I deceived myself. It was a signal for the squadron to vary their course; and squadron and convoy soon vanished from my eyes.

I swooned, and revived to curse my fate and act the madman. The sun was setting. I crawled to a brink of the ice, fully resolved to throw myself into the sea. A dark object presented itself to my eyes, lying immediately under the island, and night had not so far advanced, as to prevent me from recognising in this singular apparition, a wreck, water-logged and without masts, rolling heavily in the sea. Something moved upon the stern. O heaven! was it a human being—one like myself, spared to be mocked as I had been?—I endeavoured to call aloud, but my previous exertions had left me voiceless. I presented myself on the cliff, and this miserable creature now appeared to me a dog, which, seeing me, set up a loud howl. It was not the plaintive cry we so often

hear uttered by this animal; not the animated yelp of recognition: no—hunger had changed its nature, as it had changed mine—it was the howl of a famished fiend, the scream of a beast of prey. This also disappeared, and night was again upon the ocean.

The morning came: I cared not for it. The sun was melting my island under me, and must soon mingle it with the waters: I cared not for that. Days passed; I forgot to count them. I was resigned to my fate; the pangs of hunger were now unfelt. I was happy, for I knew I was dying: but death came slowly, my constitution resisted him. I lay in a horrid stupor.

From this state I was roused by a human voice—yes, many voices shouting and calling aloud. I crawled from my cave—I rose feebly to my feet. A ship with her sails backed, lay a few furlongs to windward of me. They had descried my handkerchief, which I had hung upon a branch of the pine, and stuck in one of the most elevated parts of the island.

They saw me, and shouted cheeringly and triumphantly. They put out a boat, which approached the ice: but its sharp and upright sides rendered it impossible for them to land on it. I succeeded in crawling to a part of the berg, where it inclined shelvingly to the water, and as a last effort, slid myself down into the sea.

I was taken up, and found myself fostered among the rude but kind-hearted tars of my own country.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WHIST.

BY C. W. THOMSON.

The road of life is but a game,
Where some a thirst for power and fame,
And some for pleasure feel—
But every player does not win,
Although he fairly may begin,
And make a proper deal.

Some men assume the part of trade,
Some turn the soil with active spade,
While some to wealth incline,
And making into earth their way,
Bring up, before the light of day,
The diamond of the mine.

In clubs some take an active part—
While some the dictates of the heart
With eager zeal pursue;
And, giv'n to wine, their ruin prove—
Or, trusting else in faithless love,
Their disappointment rue.

All have their different parts assign'd,
And ranks throughout the world we find,
'Mid people red and black,
Each on the one below him leans—
Some rise aloft to Kings and Queens,
Some sink to humble Jack.

But whether stationed high or low,
He who his honest heart can know
Free from reproving thumps,
E'en though he own nor house, nor lands,
That man in native glory stands,
The very ace of trumps.

Some men will shuffle through their day,
Unmindful how their partners play ;
Unmoved they seem to stand,
And throw their cards with a most bold
And tranquil face, although they hold
A miserable hand.

The daring spirits take the lead,
While those that in the game succeed,
Seem bound to follow suit,
Such play the very deuce at last,
Their fortune, character they blast,
And reap the bitter fruit.

How oft alas! it is the fate
Of jarring comrades, wise too late,
To play a luckless club,
And sadly finding out at last,
The time for meditation past,
A heart had gained the rub.

By honour some their fortunes win,
And some by trick, nor deem it sin
To profit as they may—
But time will oft the wretch expose
To merited contempt, who chose
Dishonourable play.

'Tis only he, who, void of guile,
Knows that he has a right to smile,
And tells his heart the same—
'Tis only he, when Fate shall close
His pack of chequered joys and woes,
Has fairly won the game.

REMINISCENCES OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY MRS. SARAH HALL.

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.—*Twelfth Night.*

As human nature is said to be the same in every age and country, it is reasonable to expect that our infant stage should successively exhibit every character that has flourished in maturer regions. The antiquary, one might imagine, could find no food in our new world to regale his appetite. Yet even antiquaries are starting up amongst us; and our ancients are called upon to ransack their memories, and recite the tales of days long past. It is said to be the spirit of the times to neglect the aged, and give all honour to the young. Old men, and old women, will then be gratified by this unexpected summons, and will, very probably, bring out all their stores. America has no Druidical altars; no incomprehensible Stonehedge; no circle of Dendara, to elicit her lore. Every thing with us is young; all is within the memory or the attainment of her citizens. Some ancient monuments have indeed been discovered in our western states, and their origin and design have hitherto baffled the investigations of our philosophers. We have, then, no subjects of inquiry but the gradual progress of our settlements, and the ever-changing manners of their inhabitants; and if man be the proper study of man, these topics may not be without interest to the curious.

There are yet living in Philadelphia, many who can tell of incredible revolutions since they played in her streets. They well remember when this wide-spread metropolis was comparatively a village, and had the simple manners of a village. The impressions of childhood are too deep to be effaced. The language of that day, when they said of a person who was about to make a voyage to England, that he was going *home*, seems to them but of yesterday; and the peal of Christ church bells, for the king's birth-day, or the discovery of the gunpowder plot, still rings in their ears. The revolution made a change in all these matters of homage to the mother country, not more remarkable than that which it quickly produced upon the appearance of the city and the manners of the people.

Previous to the occupation of Philadelphia, by the British troops, in 1777, Water, Front, and Third, were the only streets parallel with the Delaware river, that were closely built. Many houses in these days, which are not now thought sufficiently genteel or convenient for a second-rate tradesman, were then inhabited by the rich and honourable of the land. The cross streets, from Pine to Vine, extended from the river to Fourth street. A large double house in Market street,* between Fifth and Sixth, stood alone, and was considered *out of town.* It was afterwards successively occupied by the two Presidents, Washington and Adams. The house now tenanted by the Schuylkill Bank, is the only one besides, recollected in this quarter. This belonged to Joseph Galloway, Esq., and was confiscated, in consequence of his adherence to the king in the revolutionary war. The state house, a

* Built by William Masters, Esq., whose eldest daughter was the lady of the governor, Richard Penn.

jail, a court house, an hospital, and almshouse,* and a city library, and about a dozen churches, constituted the amount of our public buildings. The jail, and library, have been long since removed. The former, together with its yard, (enclosed by a stone wall,) and the jailer's house, occupied about one-third of the west side of Third, from the corner of Market street: and the latter, a mean one story tenement of stone, stood in a muddy lane—which is now Fifth street—and near to the corner of Chestnut—a spot now ornamented by our state-house square.† The market-house extended from Front to Third streets, and at this last extremity—convenient to its parent, the jail, stood a pillory and whipping post, where felons were usually exhibited on market days. Still, Philadelphia, at this early day, was not without many spacious mansions; but they were distributed in all parts of the city. We could boast of none of those splendid rows which now challenge a comparison with the edifices of any other metropolis. Carriages, or *coaches*, and *chariots*, as they were then respectively called, were yet more scarce, than large dwellings. Our progenitors did did not deem *a carriage* a necessary appendage of wealth and respectability. Many merchants and professional gentleman kept a one-horse chair, but every man's *coach* was known by every body. There were not more, perhaps, than ten or twelve in the city. A hack had not been heard of. There was one public stage to New York, and there may have been stages to Baltimore and Lancaster, but they are not recollected;—indeed, there was so

* Then called the bettering house.

† A few years more, and it will be forgotten that we owe this embellishment and convenience, to the taste and exertions of the father of our worthy fellow citizen, John Vaughan, Esq.

little intercourse between our city and these towns, that their names were scarcely known until the war brought them into notice.

Let it not however be supposed that we were without refinement: we were polite, though frugal. We had a theatre and a dancing assembly. The latter was held once a fortnight, and managed by six married gentlemen, of the most respectable rank and character. This association, it must be confessed, partook of the aristocratic feeling infused into our community by a monarchical government. The families of mechanics, however wealthy, were not admitted. The subscription was 3*l.* 15*s.* and admitted the master and the females of his family. Young men never appeared there under the age of twenty-one, and then they paid for their own tickets. Young ladies could not be introduced under eighteen.

Supper at the assembly consisted of tea, chocolate, and rusk—a simple cake, now never seen amidst the profusion of confectionary that inundates our entertainments. We had at that time no spice of French in our institutions; consequently, we did not know how to romp in cotillions, but moved with grave dignity in minuets, and sober gaiety in country dances. Every thing was conducted by rule and order: places were distributed by lot, and partners were engaged for the evening; and neither could be changed, by either forwardness or favouritism. Gentlemen always drank tea with their partners the day after the assembly. Private balls were sometimes given: *tea parties* were not known by that term, yet by the established modes of visiting, ten or a dozen ladies were often collected, to partake of that pleasant beverage. Christmas was peculiarly the time for dinner parties. Families, and the circle of their intimate friends, invariably took the round of dinners during the holidays; and the

meeting was always protracted to a supper. Morning visits were very rare. Hours were, comparatively, very early: the most formal dinner was on the table at two or three, and supper between nine and ten. Of the few practices not to be commended in these primeval days, perhaps it is one, that supper, after tea, was a customary meal in every family. Sociable visits were then paid, not at night, but in the afternoon. A matron would drink tea with her friend, return home by candle-lighting, tie on her *check* apron, and put her children to bed.

As we are not instituting a comparison between the rusticity of our state, whilst we were dependent colonies, and our improvements and conveniences since we become a sovereign nation, we shall simply state the amount of our attainments in the infancy of the city. Marble mantels, and folding doors, were not then indispensably necessary to make a house tenantable—nor sofas, nor carpets, nor girandoles. A white floor, sprinkled with clean sand, large tables, and heavy high-backed chairs of walnut or mahogany, decorated a parlour genteelly enough for any body. Sometimes, a carpet, not, however, covering the whole floor, was seen upon the *dining*-room. This was a show-parlour up stairs—not used but upon state occasions—and then to *dine* in. Although many articles which now minister to our comfort were then unknown, yet our houses were abundantly provided with necessary and substantial furniture. Pewter plates and dishes were in general use: having no trade to China, the porcelain of that country, if seen at all on a dinner-table, was only displayed on great occasions. Plate, more or less, was seen in every family of easy circumstances; not indeed in all the various shapes that have since been invented, but in massive waiters, bowls, tankards, cans, &c. &c. Glass tumblers were but little used; punch, the most

common beverage, was drunk by the company from *one* large bowl of silver or china; and beer, from a tankard of the former metal. Dress was discriminative, and appropriate, both as it regarded the season and the character of the individual. Ladies never wore the same dresses at work and on visits. They sat at home, or went out in in the morning, in chintz—brocades, satins, and mantuas, were reserved for evening or dinner parties. Robes, or negligées, as they were called, were always worn in full dress. Muslins were not worn at all. Little misses, at a dancing-school ball—for these were almost the only fêtes that fell to their share in the days of *discrimination*—were drest in frocks of lawn or cambric. Worsted was then thought dress enough for common days. We should shock the grandfathers, perhaps we might say the fathers, of the present race, if we should tell them, that when boys, they wore long coats and small-clothes! Gentlemen wore light-coloured cloths of every hue: blue, green, drab, blossom, or scarlet. Black was used as mourning only, or as a professional dress.

Boarding-schools for girls were not known in Philadelphia until about the time of the Revolution; nor had they any separate schools for writing and ciphering, but they were taught in common with boys. The ornamental parts of female education were bestowed on them, but geography and grammar were probably thought too abstruse for their flimsy minds—at any rate no one dreamed of making the experiment, until a certain gentleman, named Horton, proposed to teach those sciences to young ladies. He obtained a class of about half a dozen, and the idea being once broached that females had intellects, institutions for their improvement soon multiplied.

But perhaps there is a balance of advantages and dis-

advantages in every age. In the olden time, domestic comfort was not every day interrupted by the pride and the profligacy of servants. There were then but few hired; black slaves, and German and Irish redemptioners, made up the mass. Personal liberty is unquestionably the inherent right of every human creature; but the slaves of Philadelphia were a happier class of people than the free blacks of the present day, who taint the very air by their vices, and exhibit every sort of wretchedness and profligacy in their dwellings. The former felt themselves to be an integral part of the family to which they belonged; they experienced in all respects the same consideration and kindness as white servants, and they were faithful and contented. Servants, in the days of which we speak, affected no equality with their masters; they knew their places, and they kept them; nor did they, in either dress or manners, indicate an ambition to rise to the level of their superiors.

It is certainly an evidence of the honesty of our population, previously to the Revolution, that our front doors stood open all day; in pleasant weather they were open also in the evening, at which time people frequently sat in the porches which were appended to every dwelling. By this practice the social intercourse of neighbourhoods was facilitated: neighbours sat together, or walked from door to door, and chatted away a friendly hour. All who lived within the square, and whose rank was nearly the same, had this appellation, and were visited accordingly. It may be proper, here, to inform the reader that Philadelphia then had no influxes of strangers as she now receives from year to year. The inhabitants were the descendants of the first settlers, and were almost all known by name, and a considerable part personally to one another. Of late

years, the practice of visiting families who come into your vicinity, has been in a great measure disused; formerly it was a hospitality very seldom omitted.

In submitting these brief notices of Philadelphia as it was, to our readers, we suppose we shall elicit a smile, and perhaps a sneer too, at the rusticity of the early settlers; yet it may not be unamusing. Manners and customs pass away, and new inventions take their places—but all are good in their own times—a Christmas turkey was as palatable fifty years ago from a dish of pewter, brightly scoured, as a bouillé is now, from one of French china.

The age of our city does not much exceed a century and a half. Since the date of our independence, it has increased with such astonishing rapidity, both in extent and opulence. Our new streets approach to patrician splendour, and the old houses, in which our ancestors acquired wealth, are becoming so offensive to our improved ideas in taste, that they are continually disappearing, to make room for a better order of things. We often fear that our venerable state-house, and old Christ church, will start up some of these days in a dress of marble, in accordance with the modern morbid passion for magnificence.

Since then the prevailing temper of the times is to make all things new; and the generation which by personal knowledge, or by tradition, possesses the power of telling of things as they were, is fast passing away—it is a matter of some interest to collect amongst them, the relics of our infant condition. The older inhabitants of our towns and cities can contribute much towards a history of the early settlers in the minor particulars of their customs and habits, far more illustrative of their character, than great events. They can tell how America, by patience

and industry, has developed her genius, and advanced from insignificance amongst the nations of the earth, to a station not merely respectable, but greatly to be envied.

Since we commenced these remarks, we have been kindly favoured with the sight of a curious manuscript on the same subject. The writer is a very enthusiast in antiquities, and seems to have laid under contribution all the well-stricken in years within his reach. From the most respectable authorities, he has collected a mass of curious facts and anecdotes, respecting Philadelphia and the neighbouring villages—particularly of Germantown. Springs, creeks, groves and copses, which once broke and diversified the ground, now levelled and drawn out into streets, are located and recorded. They are all gone, long since, and forgotten; but this indefatigable inquirer has performed a grateful service to society by rescuing them from oblivion.

The rapid increase of our city being frequently the subject of conversation, gentlemen, not much beyond the middle age, are heard to say, that they have skated on ponds as far east as Seventh, and even Fifth, streets; and many remember lots, inclosed by post and rail fences, in the now most populous and busy streets. But we had not heard of a duck and geese pond near to Christ church, until we found it mentioned in the manuscript just alluded to. The writer of this interesting collection has discovered also the location of a mineral spring, spoken of in Penn's letters; and at least of six others within the city; and particularly a remarkable basin surrounded by shrubs, called "Bathsheba's spring and bower." Many circumstances respecting Philadelphia, not of sufficient importance to be admitted into a regular history, will be found in this book. They will be amusing to our children; and indeed there is much, of which the younger

part of the present generation are entirely ignorant. These things, trifling as they may appear, at first view, are worth preserving; and all who remember the olden time will do well to contribute their mite.

THE MERMAID'S SONG

TO THE "HORNET."

BY H. S. GIBSON.

I CAME from ocean's deepest cave,
And near the ruins of a wreck,
Snatched this sea garland from a grave,
Whose weeds had overgrown the deck.
List—listen to the mermaid's song,
Though shrill her voice, and wild the note;
The music of the seas belong
To those that o'er our caverns float.

The spirit of the storm below,
Awakened from his ocean bed,
And sent his messenger of woe
To bid the living join the dead.
The mirror surface of the sea,
Whose heavy swelling bosom's still
As death, when mountain waves shall be
The subject of our Neptune's will.

List, mariners! the sea-bird screams,
The tempest and the whirlwind's nigh!
Now starts, affrighted in his dreams,
The sailor boy, whose visions fly,
Like phantoms from the home of bliss
That sailed on fancy's pinions there,
To know that in a world like this,
Hope's spirit leaves it in despair.

Look, mariners! yon sable cloud
  Is clothed with thunder! as it forms,
Thick darkness gathers like a shroud,
  Suspended o'er a sea of storms.
List, panic stricken crew! and hear
  The peal that ocean's echo brings,
That bursts upon the startled ear,
  Whilst desolation spreads her wings.

The whirlwind's sporting with my locks—
  I feel the stormy spirit's breath,
That kisses on our coral rocks,
  Their mermaid messengers of death.
More wildly now my ringlets wave—
  Destruction's hidden shoals are near;
Avoid them as thou would'st the grave,
  As hope would shrink from panic fear.

I'll leave your crowded ship—farewell;
  I seek my coral groves once more,
The next high mountain waves that swell,
  Shall dash ye on a flinty shore.
The Hornet hath my warning heard—
  If fate should plunge her in the deep,
The screaming of the wild sea bird,
  Shall ne'er disturb the dreamer's sleep.

The mermaid sunk—the waves arose,
  On naked rocks they dashed their foam;
That fatal spot's the grave of those
  Who made the Hornet's deck their home.
Her gallant crew will rise no more,
  Till wakened from their ocean bed;
She, anchored 'neath life's bleaky shore,
  Hath joined the navy of the dead.

THE WAYWARDNESS OF GENIUS.

BY STEPHEN SIMPSON.

The waywardness of genius has been a perpetual theme for the moralist, the poet, and the philosopher. One of the most striking traits of wayward genius is an incapacity of satisfying its own expectations, as well as those of the world, in relation to its moral and physical character; not only as it concerns its intellectual achievements, but even in relation to its personal deportment; for it is a fact attested by all history and experience, that men of genius are seldom more agreeable in conversation, than they are faultless in their productions or happy in their lives. Seldom, or never, handsome, they are still less apt to be amiable, or pleasant as companions, or agreeable as friends. Being of quick sagacity, and nice observation, they readily detect blemishes in others: and naturally irritable and sarcastic, they are prone to indulge in satire and turn the defects of others into ridicule. Vain and presuming, they are at the same time diffident and jealous of praise; and while they are morbidly sensitive to censure, they are equally dissatisfied with applause. When you praise them, they doubt your sincerity; and when you reprove them, they question your judgment or suspect your friendship. They are neither satisfied with themselves nor reconciled to the world. Although they are sometimes vain, yet they are too conscious of their own defects to be arrogant; but they are so superior to the world, that they feel proud when put in comparison

with the general order of men, though humble when considered in the scale of positive perfection.

Genius is, indeed, an enigma; a something always to be studied, yet never to be understood. The strong and masculine features of lofty minds seem to conform every thing about them to this all controlling spirit of the soul. Made up of a concentration of violent passions, they form vigorous conceptions and decided judgments; and thus become as inflexible in opinion, as they are rigid and unconciliating in manners. It is generally the quality of feeble minds and instinctive life, gifted with very moderate powers of perspicacity, or of imagination, to be amiable, soft and conciliating; and it is less from acerbity of temper, than energy of intellect, that we find men of genius rough and ungentle in the announcement, and not less positive in the retention of their opinions. In general, women and men, not distinguished for strong attributes of mind, are the subjects of the soft, mild, and agreeable traits of character; which depend less on the goodness of the heart, than the serene composure of the intellect. Nervous irritability is more the *cause* than the effect of genius; and as this impels the mind to the perception of relations never discerned by others, so it awakens feelings and thoughts, which cannot brook the ignorance of less profound and comprehensive intellect, and fails to excite the sympathies of the less feeling heart.

It is for this reason that genius becomes too colossal to retain the proportions of grace, or the features of feminine delicacy in its character, however it may be distinguished for those qualities in its productions. Hence it is that men of genius are seldom, or never esteemed; and very rarely loved. They offend too many prejudices to be agreeable—they assail too many errors not to be feared;

they break down too many customs to be admired—they shock too many feelings to be loved. Generally dislike, fear, envy and hatred seem to be the only emotions they inspire, when they mix with the world—while, on the contrary, universal admiration and lasting renown are their lot, when they seclude themselves in devotion to the *divinity* that stirs within them. Then kindling to inspiration, they throw off the gems of heaven from the glowing laboratory of a fervid and exhaustless imagination, or compose treasures of knowledge for the instruction of posterity. Thus they never satisfy the world in their personal and moral character; and never, or very seldom, fail in the achievement of posterior glory.

This, one would naturally suppose, is a measure of affliction quite sufficient to rescue the unfortunate genius from further calamity; as we are all disposed to think that some countervailing good is always in store for those who suffer severe and protracted trials. Yet is this among the least of the evils which hurry down genius before the whirlwind of passion into the blackness of despair. The incapacity to satisfy its own expectations is a corrosive poison to its peace, and a gnawing worm that never dies. It cherishes a glowing and a boundless ambition for excellence unattainable, and for glory beyond the lot of mortals. Oh! I have seen genius weep away its nights of anguish into days of humiliation, that it could not equal in composition the shadowy imaginings of invention, as they flitted before it like the stars of heaven, now burning bright, and now lost in darkness, as if shining only to deceive and putting on their glories merely to lure us to ruin. Alexander wept when he heard of his father's victories, lest he should leave him no harvest of glory to reap. Cæsar too played the woman when he had con-

quered the world, to find that his cup of fame was full and that his genius must become in future a prey to apathy and languor. For glory is the food of genius—its sole delight—its only occupation. Deny it *that*, and wo unutterable is the assured lot of that brilliant wretch whose ken pierces the veil that skreens eternity from the common gaze, and riots in visions that constitute the enjoyments of the gods. Thus it pants after perfection not easily reached; and, when attained, not satisfactory, because fresh glory must be gained, or ruin overwhelms the soul, when thus left without its natural aliment. It is for this reason, that genius seems never to be satisfied with itself; for as the fruition of glory cannot be incessant, the doom of its misery is as inevitable as it is dark and deep —combining all that can be conceived of horror, or imagined of anguish. Then it is, in these mysterious moments of despondency, that genius, despising its own destiny, perverts its might to its own destruction, in preference to wearing away an existence not illumined by the rays of glory or sweetened by the perpetual voice of praise.

For the same reason, no men are so susceptible of flattery and so liable to become victims to adulation as men of genius; yet their incredulity would save them from this deception, did they not prefer praise to sense, and fiction to judgment.

In the moments of despondency just described, the waywardness of genius is most observable; for when the sun of its fame is obscured, it loses itself in the labyrinth of its own woes, and begins to scorn that very glory which is the canopy of its ambition's throne. It is in such moments, oh, unhappy genius! that the fiery darts of thy sublimated soul pierce deep into thine own vitals; at such times, beware! Think not of the poisoned bowl,

or the bloody dagger! Reflect not on the woes that press thee down, but fly to NATURE for succour and repose. Expand the wide wings of thy sublime fancy over the beautiful and mysterious productions that lie spread before you in the glowing landscape and the gleaming river —in the foaming cataract and the placid vale—the humble cot of industry, or the virtuous habitation of content. Give up your soul to active solitude, or devote your days and nights to deeds of benevolence or designs of love. Fly to the coverts and the fields, or seek the abode of misery to succour its afflictions, and pour gilead into its wounds! But touch not, oh, son of vivid feeling and exquisite fancy! touch not the inebriating draught that smiling Bacchus proffers to your lips, as he chants the song of pleasure, which falsely promises oblivion to your woes. Fly! fly from the magic charms of his tabor and flute, and the delicious but intoxicating goblet that he holds forth dressed in wreaths of flowers, whose folds conceal the serpent death, and the hag despair! Touch it not, as thou hopest for the glory of earth or the sublime immortality of God! But to the fields repair; and climb the craggy cliffs that overhang the giddy cataract, and lose, in the sublime contemplation of nature, the littleness of thy own ambition.

Wayward child of genius! thus envied, thus admired, how shall I describe thy fickle temper, and thy mysterious career? When censured, irritable and melancholy—when praised, still wretched and dissatisfied with thy attainments, improvident and reckless; thou placest thy happiness in visions and neglectest the only means of rational felicity and permanent independence. Inhabiting a world of thy own creation, thou art the victim of *realities*, which, while they constitute the pleasure of rougher mortals, crush sensibilities like thine into unutterable wo!

Fame, how futile and vain are thy aspirations! Well mayest thou, proud genius! envy the carpenter at his bench—the smith at his forge—the tinker at his pots, and the shoemaker at his lapstone—their happiness is infinitely superior to that of all the boasted geniuses who lap unreal glory in a fancied elysium—or, at the best, purchase immortality by a life of wo, and a career of anguish, disappointment and disease.

LINES.

ON A BLIND BOY, SOLICITING CHARITY, BY PLAYING ON HIS FLUTE.

BY R. T. CONRAD.

> 'Had not God, for some wise purpose, steel'd
> The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
> And barbarism itself have pitied him.'

'Tis vain! They heed thee not. Thy flute's meek tone
Thrills thine own breast alone. As streams that glide
Over the desert rock, whose sterile frown
Melts not beneath the soft and crystal tide,
So passes thy sweet strain o'er hearts of stone.
Thine out-stretched hands, thy lips' unuttered moan,
Thine orbs upturning to the darken'd sky,
(Darken'd alas! poor boy, to thee alone!)
Are all unheeded here. They pass thee by.
Away!—those tears, unmark'd, fall from thy sightless eye!

Ay, get thee gone, benighted one!—away!
This is no place for thee. The buzzing mart
Of selfish trade, the glad and garish day,
Are not for strains like thine. There is no heart
To echo to their soft appeal. Depart!
Go, seek the noiseless glen, where shadows reign,
Spreading a kindred gloom; and there, apart
From the cold world, breathe out thy pensive strain:
Better to trees and rocks, than heartless man, complain!

I pity thee—thy life a live-long night;
No friend to greet thee, and no voice to cheer:
No hand to guide thy darkling steps aright,
Or from thy pale cheek wipe th' unbidden tear.
I pity thee—thus dark, and lone, and drear!
Yet haply it is well. The world from thee
Hath veiled its wintry frown—its withering sneer —
Th' oppressor's triumph, and the mocker's glee:
Why then, rejoice, poor boy—rejoice, thou canst not see!

SETTLERS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY PETER M'CALL.

Poets of all countries, in embodying their thoughts of man as he ought to be, not as he is, have described a period of the world, an age of purity, happiness, and peace, which never had existence but in the rainbow colours of their own beautiful fancy. The picture of the primitive society of Pennsylvania needs but the touch of this enchanting pencil to elevate it to a golden age. The belief in mysterious and supernatural agency, and the discussion of subtile points of theology, literally rent New England in pieces. A single trial for witchcraft, which ended, however, in an acquittal, stands upon the records of Pennsylvania, as the Keithian controversy was the only one that disturbed the harmony of the Society of Friends. Indeed it is a striking feature of that society, that will doubtless recommend it to the good opinion of not a few, rather studiously to avoid than to invite or willingly engage in polemical discussion.

Eminently calculated to diffuse a spirit of harmony and order, to systematise society, and to promote that tranquillity which is the great motive of its institution, the end and object of its laws, the principles of the Friends inculcated a deep and solemn veneration for the constituted authorities of government. "Government," says Penn, "seems to me a part of religion itself, a thing sacred in its institution and end." Thus regarded as an

emanation of divine power, and invested with a religious reverence, the moral guilt of arresting or disturbing its functions enhanced the civil crime.

The spirit of private litigation is perhaps more fatal to the peace of society, than the daring outrage which *openly* insults the majesty of the law. It unseals the bitter fountain of evil passion; it saps the morals, it weakens the energies of a community. The early inhabitants of Pennsylvania endeavoured to set bounds to an evil that militated with their pacific principles, and made frequent legislative efforts to check and control what they could not wholly exterminate. In illustration of their peaceful character, it is related that the adversary of the venerable Pastorius, a name honourably distinguished in our annals, to deprive him of all professional assistance, retained the entire bar of the province. Happy age! when such a stratagem could be effected; when Pennsylvania required the services of but three lawyers.

An honest and straightgoing simplicity, a simplicity truly republican, adorned the path of our fathers. In dress, habits, manners, accomplishments, learning, legislation, in every sphere and department of life, in public and in private, this is the pervading beautiful characteristic.

In the statute book, it is seen to reject with an unsparing hand, the cumbrous forms and artificial processes which time, not reason, had consecrated in the mother country. While it never flattered vanity at the expense of truth, nor sacrificed utility to senseless show, the simplicity of our ancestors was entirely aloof from the ascetic severity of gloomy fanaticism; it claimed no kindred with the sanguinary spirit which dictated the blue laws of a sister province. Springing, not from the physical necessities of a new settlement, but from the purer source

of religious principle, it continued to adorn their conduct, when wealth unlocked her stores, and invited them to banquet.

It requires no depth of penetration to discover, that the simplicity and pacific disposition enjoined by the testimonies of the Friends, must have powerfully contributed to the preservation of social order. Could principles like these—principles which, by chaining the passions, restrain the chief agents of human misery, be brought into general and effectual operation, our jails would be empty, our criminal tribunals deserted, and prison discipline matter of curious speculation, rather than as now a subject of immense practical importance.

What, indeed, on the score of morals and social improvement, might not be hoped for from a system which sought to destroy the current, by stopping up the source of vice? How profound and practical is the wisdom of that memorable provision of the first laws, which dictated that all children of the age of twelve years "be taught some useful trade or skill, to the end that none may be idle, but the poor may work to live, and the rich, if they become poor, may not want!" A specific is here furnished for the maladies which the political physician is required to treat, more sovereign and effectual than sanguinary edicts, or the rigid sanctions of penal enactments.

It may, perhaps, be thought that a state of society so pure, so simple, so regular, is congenial only to the limited scale of a narrow and unambitious community. It is true, indeed, that the theories of political experimentalists have seldom been fairly tested on an extensive scale. In not a few of its features, the system established by the Friends of Pennsylvania resembles the beautiful model attributed to the genius of the humane and enlightened Berkeley. If it did not exhibit the rich colourings, the

high-wrought mouldings, the splendid ornaments of some other systems, its arrangements were more convenient, its foundations were deeper, its materials more solid; it was better calculated to resist the shocks of faction, and the waves of time.

It is but a just tribute to her Quaker rulers to say, that under their mild and equable administration, Pennsylvania, the youngest of the colonial sisters, advanced with unparallelled rapidity in her career of prosperous improvement. Commerce poured her treasures into the lap of peace. The canvass of her merchants whitened the most distant waters. Long before the Parrys and the Franklins of our day had achieved immortality by their heroic enterprise, the ship Argo, equipped by the merchants of Philadelphia, sailed on the perilous voyage of polar discovery.

With reference to our present and our future interests, the review of that portion of our annals to which your attention has been invited, is not without profitable instruction. If there be any truth in experience, any moral in history, any lesson inscribed on the tombs of empire, it is that virtue is the life of free institutions. Virtue was emphatically the glory of our fathers; may it long continue to be that of their sons! And as a means of preserving a heritage so inestimable, let us reverence the memory, and cherish the principles, and emulate the actions of those wise and good men, who planted the tree that now covers us with its broad shade. To look back upon their institutions, to retrace with historic step the paths they trod, will not fail to animate, invigorate, and refresh. Thus, gentlemen, may your society fulfil a higher and a nobler purpose than the mere gratification of literary curiosity. It may fulfil an important duty to our common country.

SUNDAY MORNING.

BY J. K. MITCHELL.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest (*Sabbatismos*) for the people of God."

The Sabbath morn is calm and clear,
And flowers perfume the balmy air
Around the cottage door;
Beneath the spreading oak's dark shade,
In Sunday's tidy garb arrayed,
Behold the pious poor.

The weekly toil is over now,
All worldly care has left the brow
Of him who loves to trace
The lesson for his artless child.
His Rosa, tractable and mild—
She has her mother's face!

While little Will stands silent by,
With hat in hand, and listening eye,
And meditative air;
He loves his Sabbath-teacher's rule,
And longs to carry to the school
The well-committed prayer.

See saucy Sally, stick in hand,
With lifted finger gives command,
To Snap, at home to stay;

For, well the sneaking fellow knew,
He made a noise in father's pew,
And barked the other day.

On trusty donkey's back they place
The honoured grandsire of the race,
To walk, too feeble now;
While o'er her father's hairless head,
The daughter's handkerchief is spread,
To shield his naked brow.

At least, this once, however frail,
To go to church he cannot fail,
For Mary means to-day
To dedicate herself to God,
And tread the path her fathers trod,
And he for her must pray.

His grandchild solaced his decay,
Illumined his declining day,
For through her sunny eye,
He loved to look on nature's face,
Kindled into a richer grace
By youthful piety.

The youngling, too, by *all* carest
Must not be left behind the rest:
An undivided band,
Imbued with love, and heavenly grace,
They hasten to his holy place,
To honour God's command.

Oh, who would forfeit such a joy
As gilds the face of that sweet boy,
And smooths his grandsire's brow,
And beams in Rosa's ardent eyes,
And heaves in Mary's pensive sighs,
For all earth could bestow?

Yes, blessed Sabbath-morn, thy light
Is affluent in pure delight,
To those who love thy *rest;*
Beyond *thy* sun a heavenly ray
Adds *moral* lustre to the day,
And shines into the breast!

That lustre brightens dim despair,
And makes the fairest scene more fair,
And gilds the captive's chain;
Illumines sickness, freshens health,
Cheers poverty, enhances wealth,
And dulls the edge of pain.

There's not an earthly lot too low
To catch thy heart-consoling glow—
There's not a lot too fair
To borrow lustre from thy ray,
For those who keep thy holy day,
And love the house of prayer.

Then, reader, do not close the book,
Before you take another look
At such a scene as this!
Will such a bright example fail
To make *you* Sabbath's morning hail,
And welcome Sabbath's bliss?

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BY DR. TOGNO.

The approach to Bourdeaux is very imposing: its fine Pharos, its spacious squares, planted with trees and well built all around, its stupendous bridge, which Napoleon first projected, and for the building of which he gave five millions of francs from his own purse, are all objects that command admiration. This bridge is one of the boasts of Napoleon, although it has since been finished by a private company. Every thing that this extraordinary man has ever touched is impressed with that stamp of grandeur which no other sovereign will ever equal; and, if we remark any thing on the continent of Europe, that has that stamp, be sure that it has been planned or executed by this gigantic innovator, with the rapidity of thought; for physical obstacles were nothing to Napoleon. I am gratified to have an opportunity to mention this bridge, because a double purpose is involved in its construction; and the science displayed here may be useful to us in the construction of railroads. Passengers are admitted on the bridge, as on every other structure of the kind; but there are two galleries in the very body of it, one on each side, from which you look up and down the river, and which may be readily converted into passages for locomotive engines, without interfering with the horse carriages above. Such a bridge, I conceive, might be constructed to great advantage over the Schuylkill, above

the falls. What is still more remarkable in this city, and as worthy of our attention, is its almshouse, or hospital. Its construction is admirable; it is spacious, well ventilated, cleanly, quiet; and, in its internal economy, comfort and even grandeur, if grandeur can inhabit such a place, it surpasses every other establishment of the kind. The justly celebrated naval hospital of Plymouth, and that of Rochefort, are in many respects inferior to it; and when we compare it to our *old almshouse,* we perceive that, in that of Bourdeaux, genius and foresight pervade the most minute details, while in the latter, ignorance of the object of such an institution, is visible every where. Had a medical board been consulted respecting the best mode of constructing such an establishment, and *their advice followed,* instead of simply that of an architect, and a few carpenters and bricklayers, we should not have now an immense pile of stone, brick and mortar, more hurtful in its results, than beneficial to its inmates. But, the opinion of the wise, (and I call the medical profession, at least in their own affairs, the truly enlightened class of mankind,) Cassandralike, is never listened to. But in the case of the *new almshouse,* on the other side of the Schuylkill, the Board of Physicians has been wisely consulted as to its structure, and, therefore, in this instance, we have reasons to congratulate ourselves. I regret, however, that for the sake of humanity the plan of this hospital was, perhaps, unknown to the architect and medical gentlemen consulted, and who designed and superintended the building of it. I had the good fortune to become acquainted with J. Berguer, the admirable and talented architect of this stupendous work. I complimented him about it, and he was so kind as to give me a set of all the plans of it, which I hope may prove useful to our country in some future undertaking of the kind.

The theatre of Bourdeaux, as a piece of architecture, is a subject of continual admiration to all strangers. It is the favourite theme of the natives, as the waterworks of Philadelphia are with us. Apropos of the theatre, I must inform you of my good fortune. While passing under the colonnades of this edifice, I remarked a heap of books, pellmell on the pavement, and a vender crying: "A six sous le volume! Allons, Messieurs, achetez!" I stopped to examine more closely the literary chaos, and, behold! here I found many valuable ancient medical works, for which I had vainly inquired at Paris from various booksellers! Seeing this, I made short work, and took possession of seventy volumes, well bound, at six sous each, for which I should very willingly have given a dollar. This is to me a princedom; and it did not fail to put me in a good humour with Bourdeaux, and with the individual who was pleased to die and leave me the books. My treasure is now wafted over Neptune's dominions. My journey from Bourdeaux to Toulouse was pleasant enough, and has presented to me many subjects for meditation: but I shall be prevented, by want of space and time, from communicating them at present. An anecdote, however, amused me so much on this route, that I cannot resist the temptation of narrating it. I was in the Coupé with a young American, my travelling companion, when, stopping on the road at Moissac, a gentleman, unknown to us, was handed in. For a Frenchman, he was at first very cold, and far from being addicted to dicacity. My companion, having spoken in English to me, aroused his curiosity at hearing the name of America mentioned. Then he was curious to understand who we could be, and grew animated in the conversation. He turned to naval subjects and commerce, and, of course, hearing me talk so wisely upon these topics, took me for

a sea captain. But, for the discomfiture of my inquisitive man, the conversation soon after turned upon education, and, from the remarks I made, he then concluded that he was mistaken in his former opinion, and took me now for a travelling Mentor, and the young American for my Telemachus. But, the perplexities of my man did not stop here; new scientific subjects rolled before us, while we were rolling in the diligence; and, from my saying that I was travelling in search of scientific information, he then supposed me a mere traveller, and was again cut loose on a sea of uncertainty. But, at last, when to my former assertion, I added that I was particularly in search of medical knowledge, and that I was a medical man, he, only then, was relieved from the continual perplexity in which he found himself. This gentleman's name is Daiguy, attorney of the king in this district, and a well informed and gentlemanly person. He was very kind to us while at Toulouse; although we were perfect strangers to him, he voluntarily offered his services as a cicerone. He pointed out to us especially the famous bridge built under Louis XIII., which cost immense sums of money; and Louis, on hearing that it was finished, asked if it was built with crown jewels; showing that under the old as well as the modern Bourbons, the finances of France have been always wretchedly administered. Not so under Napoleon, who personally researched, examined, and confronted every public document, in the least questionable, that was financial in design or detail.

The greatest public work of our times, which I saw on leaving Toulouse, is the Languedoc Canal. I embarked at Toulouse, and proceeded in its line of canal boats for Bezières. This work is truly worthy of the Romans, during the era of imperial magnificence, and is famous in the annals of modern internal improvements. It is,

even now, the greatest and most perfect undertaking in Europe, notwithstanding the progress of the arts and sciences. It must be remembered, that this canal was begun at the time when works of this nature were imperfectly understood, and every thing was to be created by the projector. The great difficulty to be surmounted here, was not in cutting through hills or avoiding marshes, instead of going through them, and by so doing spending millions uselessly, as it has been done in the case of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. All this was wisely avoided; but it was the source that was to supply the necessary water at the culminating point, six hundred feet above the level of the ocean, that constituted the great difficulty. When M. Riquet, Seigneur de Bonrepos, the projector of the canal, first conceived the happy idea of forming a vast reservoir of water on the Montagne Noire, a place five leagues from the culminating point of this canal, he, like Archimedes, exclaimed, "I have it! I have it! The thing is done!" But, although the mother idea of this stupendous work was conceived, still it was far, very far, from being easily accomplished. Many had been the plans given for this canal, but none had been thought feasible; the one of M. Riquet, however, was acknowledged by the commissioners to be possible. He remarks on this subject, in a letter to Colbert, that "La pensée première m'en vint á Saint Germain; j'en *songeai* les moyens, et, quoique fort êloigné, ma rêverie s'est trouvée juste sur les lieux. Le niveau m'a confirmé ce que mon imagination m'avait dit à deux cents lieux d' ici." There is a very curious fact attached to the inventor of this canal. M. Riquet is a descendant of the noble Florentine family of Arrighetti, which name by emigrating to France was corrupted into *Riquetti*, and thence into Riquet. But now, the present General Andreossi, descen-

dant of an Italian geometrician of that name and joint commissioner of the canal, claims for his ancestor the glory of the enterprise. So that the invention of the plan of this canal and its execution is contended between two Italians; and it is in reality to the descendant of an Italian that France owes the happy execution of the idea of uniting the two seas by a canal, which is an inexhaustible source of wealth. At the culminating point there is a feeder which supplies the water to the canal, and the water of which comes from a basin at five leagues' distance. It is enclosed by mountains and immense walls, and gathers all the waters of many rivers and torrents which have been turned out of their natural beds into new channels. This basin is so large that, after filling the whole canal in all its extent, the loss of water in the reservoir is not felt. The beds of many rivers pass beneath the canal and under bridges, which serve as aqueducts to the bed of the canal itself; so that while some rivers have been turned out of their channels, others have been compelled to the service of man, levels found, mountains perforated, difficulties of every kind subdued, and every physical obstacle has yielded to inventive genius. With reference to all these difficulties surmounted, Riquet wrote to the Minister Colbert:

"Par préjugé on me qualifie le *Moise* du Languedoc; toute fois avec cette difference, dit—on, que *Moise* ne fit jaillir que des sources pour de petites fontaines, et que j'en dispose pour de grandes rivières."

The canal is large and well built, with a fine walk on each side planted with trees, which is a delightful promenade for the passengers. It is well constructed in all its details. There is a very ingenious use made of the bullrush, an aquatic plant growing in marshes. It is planted along both sides of the canal, just at the water's

edge, and where there is always the greatest detrition of the canal by the passage of the boats and the movement of the water, which by this means is completely prevented. I never saw this plant thus usefully employed in our country. I hope these remarks will not go unnoticed by the superintendents of our various canals. This plant is cut and trimmed every year, so that it is not only useful, but becomes very ornamental to the banks. But even with all these improvements, *canals* will never be equal to *railroads* for expedition and cheapness of construction. In this instance a *railroad* might have been made in half the time, and with one fourth of the money, to enable the traveller to go over the same distance in one fourth of the time; and, by this means, the union of the two seas might have been as effectually made as by a canal; for the ultimate object of all this immense work is to transport merchandise from the ocean to the Mediterranean, and *vice versa.* We arrived at last at Montpellier, where, after seeing what was most interesting to me personally and professionally, I went to see the library belonging to the medical school of the city. Here I was shown a very curious and interesting manuscript of Torquato Tasso being the first plan of the different arguments of his poem the *Gerusalemme Liberatà.* The argument of the first canto begins thus

"Già volgea il sesto anno che i principi Cristiani erano passati." etc.

The beginning of the sixth stanza, same canto, is:

"Il sesto anno volgea che in Oriente
"Passo il popol Cristiano a l'alta impresa," etc.

With a very slight transposition of his original prose argument, this divine poet has formed the richest poetry,

and most harmonious versification of the *Sweet South;* which, without being overloaded with historical facts, is both instructive and full of the most brilliant poetical images. You may have some curiosity to know why this manuscript was found at Montpellier. I was myself no less astonished; and, upon inquiry from the Dean of the University, M. Dubreuil, I learned that it was sent by the minister, Chaptal, who had been raised by Napoleon, from a professorship in that university to the station of a minister. You know that Napoleon, in his various invasions of his *mother country,* had carried away the most valuable, and, at the same time, interesting manuscripts, from the Italian libraries. This was one of those stolen, at that time, from that ever prolific mother of genius—far-famed Italy. If she were only free, thousands of her sons would arise to illustrate and immortalise her once more; and, for ages yet to come, the *new barbarians* might plunder again the *masterpieces* of her sons, to enlighten and civilise the Goths and Vandals yet uncreated.

While at Montpellier, I learnt another singular circumstance concerning Italian literature, which I never saw mentioned. It is this. You must be aware that the Countess of Albany, during her residence in Italy, became Alfieri's mistress, as the Countess Guiccioli was Byron's. Alfieri, dying, left to his widow, who was also the relict of the last unworthy Stuart, (for it is known that they were, soon after their first acquaintance, secretly married, to quiet the *conscience* of her ladyship,) his library, which was very select, and contained a great many valuable books, especially all the editions ever made of Alfieri's works, as well as all his manuscripts. After the death of Alfieri, the Countess took a fancy, so fame relates, to a French painter from Montpellier, called Fabre, a man of some talent as an artist, and a friend of the poet.

Her ladyship, contrary, no doubt, to the wishes of the great Italian bard, left, at her death, Alfieri's library, manuscripts, and all her own books to M. Fabre, who, proud of such rich spoils, left Italy, his adopted country, where he had learned to hold the crayon, and to wield the brush, whose very sky, and the air he breathed, had inspired him with the feelings of a painter, to return to Montpellier, to the authorities of which city he presented his booty, books, manuscripts, pictures, and all, as well as a valuable collection of pictures, collected by himself, and works of his own pencil. So exasperated am I at the Countess of Albany, for thus disposing of the library of the Italian bard, who is the very type of the present age, that, were she alive, I could travel a thousand leagues to unfold my mind, and display the utmost degradation of a degraded dynasty. May she meet forever, hereafter, the just punishment of this black and treacherous deed, the piercing and reproachful looks of the disembodied spirit, who, had he thought for a moment that his books, which he so dearly loved, would ultimately have this Gallic destination, would, certainly, have ordered them to be burnt; to such a degree did he detest the French, as a nation, although Fabre, a renegado, was united to him in friendship. Among other things in the *Musée Fabre*, as it is called, there is an excellent bust in marble of Alfieri, and a portrait, by Fabre himself, of the same poet, both very good. The portrait is the original, copied to make that fine engraving, which we see at the head of the finest Florentine edition of his works. There is also a very good portrait of Antonio Canova, the sculptor, by Fabre. In conclusion, there is, at Montpellier, in the university, another interesting production of the arts, stolen from Italy; I mean the antique bust, in bronze, of the old and renowned Hippocrates.

CAPE MAY.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

NEW JERSEY! thy blue hills are fair to the vision,
Serene are the beauties thy valleys display;
Thy streams are romantic, thy gardens elysian,
And dear to this bosom thy sea-beat CAPE MAY.

How pleasant to wander where nought but old ocean
Is heard interrupting calm nature's repose;
Or gaily to mingle where pleasure in motion
Waits on the first day-beam and hallows its close.

Sweet innocence, beauty and fashion uniting,
See the votaries of health and good-feeling appear;
Gay wit wreaths the bowl with rich humour inviting,
And Pleasure is queen of the festival here.

How tranquil the scene, when Atlantic's proud billow
Sleeps calm 'neath the moon-ray! When tempests deform;
How truly majestic, as roused from his pillow,
The god of the waters careers on the storm:

When deep calls to deep and the surge mocks the mountain,
And the voice of the tempest is heard on the main,
When the storm-cloud, in anger, has opened its fountain,
And the torrent has deluged the valley and plain!

Soon the gale dies in whispers, the billows are bounding,
The moans of the tempest in sympathy cease;
While I gaze at new beauties the prospect surrounding,
My heart is expanded to pleasure and peace,

Though thy blue hills, NEW JERSEY! are fair to the vision,
Unnumbered the beauties thy valleys display;
Though thy streams are romantic, thy gardens elysian,
Yet lovelier, I reckon, thy sea-beat CAPE MAY.

AMERICAN CRITICISM.

BY B. H. COATES.

I CONFESS I am disgusted with the ferocious and malignant style in which much of the criticism of the day deals with those unfortunate individuals who attempt to amuse the public with their efforts at poetry. In handling the works of those whose reputation is already established, we observe something like attention to the rules of ancient criticism and modern politeness; but when the reviewer gets hold of an obscure writer or one whom he chooses to consider as a dunce, those principles of conduct by which we are taught as a duty to avoid unnecessarily wounding the feelings of our neighbour, seem to be entirely dismissed from the mind, and the unfortunate author is handed over to bull dogs to be baited, with as little remorse, as if, instead of being a harmless proser, he were a high offender against the peace and welfare of the community. He seems to be, habitually and as a thing of course, regarded as a criminal. "Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur," is a motto which has not adorned the front of a celebrated journal without a clear application and a steady, unsparing enforcement. The unlucky wretch who is guilty of dulness, or, what is the same thing, who belongs to a different political party, or has given private offence to one of the leading reviewers, is not even held entitled to the refinements of modern penal jurisprudence. Unlike the murderer, the offend-

ing scribbler, thus tried and condemned without a jury of his peers, is subjected not only to execution but to the torture; the utmost ingenuity of authorship being tasked to inflict the rack more severely, and to awaken the feelings of the lacerated sufferer to the utmost pitch of torment.

Of this it would not be difficult to cite abundant instances. I shall not, however, occupy time with quoting what is so very familiar. It is still harder, that the unfortunate writer has to submit not only to the stings of wit and genius, but to the coarse and blundering assaults of rival dulness. It is some satisfaction to have it said, "Ænææ magni dextrâ cadis." The pangs of the wound are greatly softened by the fine edge and delicate polish of the weapon; and even the sufferer, if nature and education have endowed him with taste, can occasionally derive some pleasure from the grace and dexterity with which it has been wielded. Of this he is deprived when the attack is made by an inferior hand and with an imperfect instrument. Thus the rusty, jagged and shapeless blade of the Malay kreese, roughly hammered out of soft iron, inflicts an incomparably more painful and rankling wound than the finest scimitar of Damascus. A tolerable example of the temper with which one unsuccessful writer occasionally views his fellows, may be found in the verses I have appropriated as a motto. They are selected from a recent production which has lately fallen under my eye, not certainly from their intrinsic poetical beauty, or their grammatical correctness, but from their affording a fair specimen of the virulent style, and sufficient to exemplify what I have in view. What can there be in the transitory poetry of the day to justify the expression of such emotions? Is it possible, that the mere fact of having written a number of poet-

ical pieces, of various merits and demerits, the majority certainly not inferior to those of the author who expresses himself in this vehement manner, can ever justify professions of hatred and contempt, and the use of reproachful and insulting language, such as by unanimous consent is forbidden in society?

We have heard of a politician who, in the heat of an angry debate, was unceremoniously addressed with the significant words, "You lie." Our citizen was not deficient in that virtue, so necessary to a statesman, self-command. "Stop there!" he said, "Let us argue that! If you will only listen to me, I will undertake to convince you that I did not lie!" In imitation of this reasonable disputant, I will endeavour to point out some of the arguments which might be used by an unlucky dunce alleged to be taken in the act of violating the good taste of the community by the perpetration of perfectly detestable verses, in order to protect himself against the severity of criticism and disarm the anger of the outraged public. He should move court in mitigation of sentence; and then represent that in reality the injury to the commonwealth was not by any means so great as has been represented. The writing of bad poetry "breaks no man's leg, nor picks his pocket." His wares are put in the market precisely as is done with any others, and there exists no more reason why a man should be punished for offering bad poetry for sale than for keeping cloth of an inferior quality, or selling a badly made coat. "Caveat emptor." No man is obliged to buy. He who purchases takes the article at his own risk, and if he "like not the tragedy," he may throw it down. Besides, even if the individual who has bought a volume think himself under obligation, from the incidental circumstance of having purchased it, to peruse the whole,

and be thereby put to serious loss and damage of his time, yet even then, it may be considered that the amount of the latter consumed is usually small, that it is not always certain that said time would otherwise have been better employed, and that it is not improbable that a considerable proportion of the readers who shall so act, will not receive any very acutely painful sensation from the violence thus done to their good taste. He may besides plead his utter innocence of any evil design in the production of the poetry in question; he having sincerely intended to write only that which was really good and sufficient for the public taste, and bona fide entertained the opinion, at the time of publication, that the verses in question did really possess the adequate merit to which we have here alluded. Nor could, I think, a reasonable court fail to admit that these pleadings would greatly abate their estimate of the extreme criminality of the action.

But to drop the impersonation of the unhappy culprit, I will proceed, in my own proper style, to express the reasons why I think acrimony in judging of even bad poetry unsuitable and unbecoming. The writing of poetry is essentially a noble and honourable task. It is an attempt to communicate an innocent and elevated pleasure; and is rarely executed without a consentaneous effort to improve, or at least to refine the mind. He who eminently succeeds in it has been held in honour in all ages of the world. As has been lately remarked by a critic, in speaking of Lord Byron, the death of a great poet is felt as a more personal loss, by each member of the community, than that of any man of political distinction. The successful and celebrated bard winds himself into the feelings of the reader, supplies him with new ideas, and awakens his most concealed sympathies;

filling, in short, the place of a private friend. Such an individual then, is not only honoured but loved. He contributes largely to the enjoyment of his fellows, and is accordingly rewarded by them. Now, what is the extent of the offence committed by an unsuccessful imitator? Led by that very common, if not almost universal source of error, an undue estimate of his own powers, he has undertaken to amuse the public! he has attempted to give a refined and honourable pleasure! he has had the presumption to think that what cost him labour and time, is worthy to fill up a few of the idle moments of others, and he has accordingly induced a bookseller to multiply copies of it, and make their existence known! For this imprudence he is punished by disappointment; he experiences the mortification of neglect: he finds that what cost him so much trouble and was taken to be the offspring of a moment of high inspiration, is not considered by the public as worthy of the languid glances of a few unemployed minutes; he experiences the silent and cutting conviction of his inferiority in natural faculties and influential rank to the writers whom he had hoped to equal if not to excel. And, to aggravate his misfortune, he is an individual belonging to a peculiarly sensitive class; it has been for years his professional task to excite and to preserve in their utmost acuteness all those emotions of his mind, which the habits of ordinary business are calculated to blunt. In order to work upon the feelings of others, he has intentionally kept his own sensations of pain in the liveliest exercise. "Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi," was the precept of the critic; and he has put it in the most complete execution. To find himself, in addition to this, treated, and that habitually, with a rudeness of language and style which implies that he is not considered entitled to the

ordinary respect due to a gentleman, is indeed additionally wounding to the individual himself, but, as there is no retaliation, is not very honourable to the manliness of the reviewer.

If we examine the office and duty of the latter, we shall not, I think, find any new motives to confirm us in our admiration of the brutal style of criticism. The general obligation of a reviewer or other critic, as I understand it, is not to *punish*, but to *discriminate*—he is not employed as an executioner, nor even as a constable, but as a judge. The importance of his office is certainly very great. The larger mass of the reading public are too much occupied with business or amusement to be able to peruse more than a very small portion of the books that come out ; and the influence which may be exerted on the selection of those they do read, by a critic, himself generally attended to, and speaking with the authority conferred by talents and learning, must naturally, till it meets with contradiction, be almost unbounded. And when an authority of this class does clash with its competitors, it is generally about the works of individuals who are the political or other rivals of the editors; leaving the great mass of literature to the operation of ordinary causes. The public are habitually influenced in their opinions by these tribunals to a very great degree indeed, and consider their perusal as a short cut to a great amount of knowledge, which most persons have no time to acquire in any other form.

Of how much importance, then, is it that these duties should be faithfully performed. From how much useful knowledge or agreeable reading may an unfaithful reviewer debar us, as effectually as if by the combustion of a library ! By the simple disapprobation of an influential tribunal, the public are prevented from inquiring ; there

is no appeal, and all future efforts of the same author are blasted with the reproach of dulness, and almost deprived of the utter possibility of a retrieval. Now, when we reflect upon the ordinary progress of authorship, this will appear manifestly unjust. There are scarcely any instances of an author having met with brilliant success in his first attempt. Voltaire, Pope, Byron, and a number of others, who afterwards reached the highest distinction, met at first with disheartening failures ; and had they been crushed in the bud, had excessive severity succeeded in discouraging them from all future efforts, I will not now say what a loss to mankind ! but what a shameful injustice to the youthful aspirants !

It is time now to draw this essay to a conclusion ; and I will only recapitulate by saying, that I do not mean to object to candid and rigid criticism ; but only to the manifestations of ill-nature, cruelty, and a partisan spirit, when the task is executed. I maintain that justice should be done to the merits of the weakest writer whenever his productions are noticed at all ; and that bitter and sweeping condemnations of the whole of a candidate's productions are just as unsuitable to the true character of criticism as those nauseous and inflated panegyrics, which we occasionally find inserted in the daily sheets, to aid in the circulation of trash and mawkishness. Dulness and imbecility should undoubtedly be discouraged from wasting their own time and that of the public ; but the censure should be founded upon the real merits of the case, and not depend upon political partisanship, the wishes of a bookseller, or the personal dislikes of an editor. And above all things, critics, in the utmost severity of their indignation, should never forget that they are bound as much as any other mortals by the common rules of humanity and politeness.

THE GENIUS OF POETRY.

BY T. H. STOCKTON.

Genius of Poetry! thou noblest born!
Thy themes are as thy joys—rich and sublime!
Creation is thy range; where'er a star
Sends forth a ray, thy wing is wont to fly.
And oft, where never rolled an orb, away
In solitary, unillumined gloom,
Thou holdest high communion with thy God.
His omnipresent pow'r and tender love
Delight thy musing moments, and thy harp
Is richest and most eloquent in praise,
Thy quick perception gladdens in events,
To others hid; thou knowest sounds and views
Unheard, unnoticed by the grosser-born.
Where'er thy pinions wave, new pleasures rise
Sweet in thy breast, and eye and ear, and all
Thy ravish'd senses wonder and admire.
The music of the spheres is heard by thee,
And angels ne'er may know its richest tones,
Delighting thee;—thou see'st a purer light
In ev'ry beam, than falls on other eyes;
Colours have finer shades than others see,
By thee perceived—and when the thunder speaks
Loud from his midnight throne, thou dost discern
An import and a tone none else may know;
And in the lightning flash thou see'st a glance,
That else who once beholds shall surely die!

Does grandeur call thee? Lo! the boundless scene
Glows with a living spirit; and thy heart
Swells with expanding rapture, high and wild,
And unexpress'd, save in thy thrilling song.
The aged forest bows his hoary head,
In reverence, and waves his trembling arms
On high, to hail thy coming to his shades.
The mountains loftier lift their lofty heads,
And stand like giants guarding the sweet vales
Of humble peace, from the demoniac storm.
The seas explain to thee their mysteries;
For thee the blue heavens cast their veil aside,
And sun, and moon, and stars come near, and show
Unto thy favour'd eye their wondrous things.
Does novelty attract thee? things more strange
Appear in things the strangest, and a power
Alike peculiar, wonders in thy sight.
The clouds assume all hostile forms, and wage
Celestial warfare; meteors on swift wing
Bear to the Prince of Hell tidings of earth;
And comets, issuing from the eternal throne
To see if earth's iniquity is full,
Wave wide the threat'ning sword—the startled sky
Shrinks from the horrid light, and pales with fear.
Earth listens, motionless, expecting still
The thunder of Destruction's chariot wheels—
And Time throws down his scythe, crushes his glass,
And, trembling, waits th' archangel's dooming voice!

THE WISSAHICCON.

BY B. MATTHIAS.

> "Its bounding crystal frolicked in the ray,
> And gushed from cleft to crag with saltless spray."—*Byron.*

It is probable there are but few individuals residing in the vicinity of Philadelphia, who have not heard, during some interval of business engagements, of Wissahiccon creek, a beautiful and romantic stream that falls into the no less romantic Schuylkill, about five miles above the city. The stream is visited, statedly, by but a small number of persons, but as it is neither found on any map, nor marked in any gazetteer that I have ever examined, there may be some apology offered for the indifference to its magnificent scenery, manifested by hundreds and thousands of our citizens, who, though domiciled in its immediate vicinity, have never deemed it worthy of a visit. So true it is, that there is a proneness in human nature to undervalue the gifts of Providence which are placed within our reach, and to admire and covet those which are located at a distance. Were a fatiguing journey of several hundred miles necessary, in order to enjoy a ramble along the banks of the Wissahiccon, we should then, without doubt, view its placid waters, its sluggish meandering course, its richly covered banks, and its imposing precipices, with the admiration and enthusiasm which scenes of this character never fail to inspire in the minds of those who passionately love the untouched works of

the hand of Nature. But the delightful little stream courses along within a few miles of our doors, and a ride to its most picturesque views, is but an hour's excursion; hence, except to a few whose researches have discovered, and whose good taste enabled them to appreciate, the beauty, sublimity, and majesty of this stream, it is almost unknown.

But there are persons who have not been thus negligent of nature's treasures in this vicinity, and to these a visit to the fascinating Wissahiccon, calls up remembrances and associations of the most delightful character. To those who enjoy Nature in her majesty—free, uncontrolled, undespoiled of her beauty by the effacing efforts of human skill—there is no spot, within a circle of many miles, so rich in imagery, so imposing in appearance, so fascinating in attraction, as the banks of the Wissahiccon. The stream takes its rise from several springs in the upper part of Montgomery county, and flows, for a short distance, through a limestone country, remarkable for fertility and a high state of cultivation.—Thence it passes, southwesterly, "a sweet smiling stream sleeping on the green sward," into more undulating land, until it reaches the Chestnut ridge, from which it progresses, at times indolently, and at times with an impetuous current, through a narrow valley, hedged in on either side by high hills, steep and craggy cliffs and precipitous mountains, until it strikes the Schuylkill, about a mile above the falls. Along its whole course the scenery of the Wissahiccon is beautiful, but it is the portion lying within four or five miles of its mouth, that is generally regarded as the most attractive, as it exhibits, in bolder relief than any other portion, the peculiar sublimity and grandeur of the stream, and the imposing and majestic ledge of rock work through which it passes. It is along this dis-

tance that I have been accustomed to ramble during leisure moments, for years, and it is under the shade of the forests of brilliant hue that line its banks, that I have often reclined, and enjoyed, undisturbed, the sweet melody of nature, issuing from the bursting green foliage around me. I love nature with enthusiasm, and whether standing on the bank of a running stream and listening to the sweet gushing sound of its waters, or seated on an eminence overlooking the waving fields of golden fruit that bless the labour of the husbandman; whether enchanted by the Siren song of nature's minstrels in the spring, or watching the many-coloured leaves of the forest, as they are borne through the air by the whistling winds of autumn—there is, in the scene before me, absorbing attraction, calling forth reflections which never fail to mellow down the selfish and unkind feelings of the heart, and to shed a peaceful consoling and happy influence—all-pervading and lasting in its impressions—over the heart.

The wild and majestic are, however, the scenes to which I am most strongly attached and which invariably elicit, to a greater extent than those of a softer character, passionate emotions of wonder and admiration. I love to stand at the base of a mountain whose summit reaches the clouds, and to clamber among rocks and under precipices whose projecting cliffs threaten destruction to the hardy adventurer—I love to explore the dense forests of our bold and beautiful hills, and to bury myself in the hidden recesses of nature, where the foot of man has never trod, where the sound of civilisation has never been heard —I love to stand at the foot of Niagara, and watch the mighty torrent of a mighty inland sea, hurling its concentrated power into the gulf below, and to gaze deep, deep, into that awful abyss—unfathomable, destructive, appalling—I love to see the elements at war, to hear the rush of

the tornado and whirlwind, laying prostrate in their furious course every impediment to their destructive progress, and to witness the fall of the powerful oak and the whirlings of its cleft branches in the sea of matter above, crushing and overwhelming the most formidable obstacles of art. These are scenes in which the spirit of the enthusiast revels, and they are scenes which strike the soul with awe, speaking trumpet-tongued of the presence of an Almighty power! of the omnipotence of his authority, of the insignificance of human effort, and the frailty of human life.

The scenery near the mouth of the Wissahiccon is of a wild, romantic and imposing character, beautiful in its ever-varying aspect, and interesting in its mystic associations. High hills, occasionally assuming the appearance of mountains, rise on either side, covered with a dense and beautifully variegated foliage. The dogwood, with, its beautiful flowers, the chestnut, the locust, the melancholy willow, the sumac, the gum, with its vermillion leaves, and the gloomy hemlock, flourish here in all their native grandeur, and the lofty oak, the father of the forest, stretches out his thickly covered branches to afford shade and shelter to the weary pedestrian. Wild flowers, in great number and varieties, rivalling each other in loveliness, are found in the underwood, giving effect to the drapery of the verdant trees, by enlivening the dark hues of the thickly-growing and overshadowed forest. Some of these flowers and plants are of rare quality and surpassing beauty, and far eclipse in attraction many that are culvated with care and pride in our horticultural gardens; but here they spring up, year after year, in silence and solitude, being literally

> " Born to blush unseen,
> And waste their fragrance on the desert air."

In the valley of the stream along the eastern side of which, for a mile or two, a convenient road has been chiseled and scooped out of the sides of the stony hill, the vision is completely obstructed by the imposing banks, and hills rising above hills, on either shore, and but for the unpoetic noise of a labouring mill, and the span of a rude bridge which crosses to a small cavern or clevity in the rocky slope, there would be nothing to betray the presence of man, or to mark the contiguity of human enterprise. Alas! that not one spot—not even the glorious Wissahiccon—bearing the undoubted impress of the hand of the God of nature—can escape the desolating depredations and officious interference of the onward march of civilisation.

The carriage road commencing at the mouth of the Wissahiccon, crosses the stream on a covered bridge, about a mile and a half above, winds up a hill of considerable elevation and passes over to the Ridge. From the covered bridge access along the creek is obtained by means of a foot path, on the western side, which is marked through the forest, over crags and cliffs, rugged rocks and rooted trees, until it reaches a beautiful green lawn, a little parlour in the wilderness, celebrated as the resort of occasional pic nic parties of young ladies and gentlemen from the city, and where, on the grassy floor, youth and beauty have often mingled in the graceful dance, and joined in the merry song of innocence and gay hilarity. It is a sweet spot, and surrounded as it is, by scenery of the wildest and most romantic character, may, very appropriately, be designated the "oasis of the Wissahiccon." Near this place, immediately on the water's edge, the ruins of an antiquated stone building are discovered, scattered over the ground, and as no trace of the original appearance of the edifice can be found, the imagination is

permitted to enjoy free scope in dwelling upon the character and pursuits of its ancient founders. On the opposite side, the banks rise up, in many places almost perpendicularly, to the height of mountains, and but few have the temerity to attempt a passage along the course of the stream, as a single false step might hurl them among the dangerous rocks and jutting cliffs below. Here, as well as on the western side, several clevities and caverns in the granite rocks may be found, but it does not appear that they extend to any great depth under the massive structure; and here upon the edge of a hill, may be seen the point at which it was some time since proposed to throw a bridge over the stream, to carry across the rail-road from Philadelphia to Norristown. The projectors of the scheme reached thus far in their onward progress, but in casting a glance over the precipice into the gulph below, were struck with dismay at the formidable obstacles which appeared, and prudently abandoned the hazardous and wildly-conceived undertaking.

Near Garsed's flax mill, the foot-path crosses to the eastern shore of the stream, on a rude log chained to an adjacent stone, and passes up through a forest overhanging the sluggish waters, and through a thick underwood, which, in some places, is almost impenetrable. Occasional openings in the dense foliage, which become more frequent as the pedestrian progresses up the stream, afford highly picturesque and enchanting views of the surrounding hills, such as those who appreciate nature in her majesty, would journey miles upon miles, and endure pain and fatigue without murmuring, to behold. In every direction the scenes unfolded to the eye are rich and enchanting beyond description, and remind the visiter who associates therewith ideas of intellectual pleasure and enjoyment, of the beautiful lines of the poet:

"Dear solitary groves, where peace does dwell!
Sweet harbours of pure love aud innocence!
How willingly could I for ever stay
Beneath the shade of your embracing greens,
List'ning to the harmony of warbling birds,
Tun'd with the gentle murmur of the stream;
Upon whose banks, in various livery
The fragrant offspring of the early year,
Their heads, like graceful swans, bent proudly down,
Reflecting their own beauties in the crystal flood."

One of the most interesting spots on the Wissahiccon, is in the immediate vicinity of the great perpendicular rock of granite, opposite Rittenhouse's mill. Here the dark shadows of the hill fall, with beautiful effect, upon the gurgling stream, and the rich and deep wood-land foliage, the tangled shrubbery, redolent of fragrance, the towering cliffs on the one side, and imposing hills and dales on the other, give to the place a charm and fascination, which the reflecting mind may enjoy, but of which it is impossible to convey with the pen, any accurate description. It was near this enchanting place, on the sun side of a high hill, as is currently believed, that Kelpius and his friend, scholars of Germany, located themselves about the close of the seventeenth century, and where for years they dwelt in quiet and religious meditation, awaiting, with anxious prayer, the coming of the "Lady of the Wilderness," and where they died, as we now know, "without the sight." It was here, that, at a period long anterior to the arrival of Kelpius, the untamed monarch of these wilds, came to enjoy the rich treasures of nature, and to worship in silence, the goodness and bounty of the Great Spirit. It was here, perhaps, on the summit of this very hill, that the original owners of the soil assembled for the war dance and to make preparations for a furious and bloody contest; or mayhap it was here that the chiefs of different tribes as-

sembled to bury the hachet of war and to smoke the calumet of amity and peace. Perhaps it was here that the noble young warrior, flushed with the honours of victory, stole silently at the midnight hour, to breathe his tale of love and his vows of devotion, into the ear of his blushing and affianced bride; and surely no spot can be found, in the whole range of our wide spread territory, so suitable for scenes of this character. Here is the abode of romance; here the spirit of nature holds undisputed sway—and here, among these rugged rocks and in this dense foliage—by the side of this poetic stream, with its associations of woody heights and shady dells—it is fitting that pure and holy vows of love should be uttered, where Heaven, in every leaf of the forest, in every blade of grass, may be called upon to bear witness to their sincerity and truth.

But the Wissahiccon has fallen into other hands. The untutored savage no longer strolls over these silent mountains and vales, for his abode has been removed far away, beyond the western waters. The bones of his warrior father lie bleached and neglected in the depths of the valley, for the high-bounding spirit of the son is tamed, by the contaminating influence of his civilised brethren. The active deer no longer bounds over the hills and dales of the Wissahiccon, for he has been driven to more sequestered abodes. The stream is, however, much the same—its placid waters are still beautiful as mirrors—its shores are still romantic—its groves are still enchanting—and so may they ever remain, undisturbed, untouched by the dilapidating hand of man! The place should ever be reserved as a refreshing retreat, where the soul may be uplifted in devotion, and the heart gladdened in sweet contemplation—where no sound shall be heard but the notes of melody and joy, in delightful unison with the tones of the murmuring rill.

" To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen;
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude—'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's claims, and see her stores unroll'd."

Two or three miles above the perpendicular rock, on the eastern shore of the stream, and in a spot equally beautiful and romantic, stands an edifice of great antiquity, connected with which there are a number of interesting associations. It is built nearly on the summit of a slope that stretches into a ravine, walled in on three sides by elevated hills, thickly covered with foliage. The building is of stone, three stories high, with numerous windows, four to each chamber, of uniform size and appearance; sixty years ago there was a balcony around the second story, and the old-fashioned eaves, plastered in semi-circular form, still to be seen, exhibit the architectural taste and style of a past century. The date of its erection is supposed to be the year 1706, and its founders a society of religious Germans, probably known as *Pietists* or *Seven day Baptists*, who no doubt selected this secluded situation in order to secure peace and quietness in their religious devotions. Many of the aged inhabitants of the neighbourhood remember this monastery, as a building of unchanged appearance, even from the days of their boyhood, and some have connected therewith curious traditions of romance and legends of mystic tale. Notwithstanding the edifice has lately undergone a thorough alteration, and is now the permanent residence of a highly respectable and very intelligent family, it still bears the reputation of being visited by spirits.

The fact of this building having been occupied as a monastery, by a brotherhood of Germans, is, however, involved in doubt. One tradition alleges, that it was tenanted, for some time, by a fraternity of Capuchins, or White Friars, who took upon themselves vows of abstinence and poverty, and who slept upon wooden or stone pillows, with places scolloped out for the head. In confirmation of this tradition, an ancient burial place near the premises, now under tillage, is pointed out, where repose the remains of many of the brotherhood. Another and more probable story is, that the building was actually erected for a religious society, professing a faith similar to that of of the Seven day Baptists at Ephrata, near Lancaster, but never occupied, as those, for whom it was designed, deemed it expedient to leave the neighbourhood and join the settlement at Ephrata. The Chronica Ephrata expressly states that previous to the formation of that community, in May, 1733, they had dwelt in separate places as hermits, and "the hermits of the Ridge" are frequently mentioned. That there was a feeling of affection between these hermits and the brotherhood in Ephrata, is beyond all doubt, as the Chronica, in another place, speaks of some brothers of single devotedness at Roxborough, "who subsequently fell in with the spirit of the world and married."

Kelpius, probably the first of the hermits on the Wissahiccon, died in the year 1708. He was succeeded by Seelig, who survived him many years, and who was contemporary with Conrad Matthias, another recluse, whose cave was near the Schuylkill. Tradition speaks of these Germans as being men of undoubted piety and great learning. Kelpius wrote several languages, and his journal, in Latin, is now in the possession of a distinguished antiquarian of Philadelphia. He waited the

coming of the "Lady of the Wilderness,"—the "woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars," spoken of in the Scriptures, as having "fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days." (Rev. xii.) We may wonder that such a man as Kelpius should labour under a delusion of this character, but those who will visit the spot he selected for his "prayerful waiting," will agree with me in opinion that it was singularly well chosen to harmonise with and foster his eccentric views and romantic religious expectations.

There is another interesting legend, connected with the monastery on the Wissahiccon, which I feel inclined to allude to, if I may do so without being held responsible for its veracity. It is a tale of unhappy love, and relates to a young, beautiful and accomplished French lady, who followed her lover to the Indian wars, who fought in disguise by his side, and who closed his eyes when he fell at her feet, mortally wounded. Being subsequently admitted, for temporary shelter, into the monastery, she passed a day or two in unavailing grief, and died heart-broken at the loss of all she held near and dear on earth. The particulars of the melancholy fate of the beautiful Louisa, I may hereafter unfold to the reader, but I beg my young friends who may discover the mound which covers her remains at the foot of a weeping willow, washed by the gurgling stream, to shed a tear to the memory of one whose beauty and virtues deserved a happier fate.

I have thus attempted to give a sketch of the ever-delightful Wissahiccon, and to cast a hasty glance at a few of the prominent incidents with which it was once asso-

ciated. If I have failed to excite interest in the mind of the reader, let him not hesitate to attribute the circumstance to the feeble powers of the writer, rather than to the paucity of the subject to which his attention has been called. Beautiful and magnificent beyond comparison are the picturesqne views of this romantic stream, and for ages to come may its crystal waters continue to course through the valley, affording peaceful enjoyment to the pedestrian on its banks, and unqualified delight to those who may ramble through its attractive forests.

CANZONET.

BY C. C. CONWELL.

HASTE to yon hallowed spot,
Earth's dearest daughter—
Haste to my viny cot,
O'er the blue water.
Tell me not dearest one
How the world views us,
Envy and spite alone
Make them abuse us.
What if the world disprove
Coldly and drearly—
Sweetest, while thus we love
Fondly and dearly—
Tell me not how the vow
Fervently plighted,
Warm from affection now,
E'er can be blighted—
Say not that love can flee
Forms that embow'r it,
And, like the sated bee,
Leave the spoil'd flowret.
Love, like the rose-fly, his
Plant still must cherish,
Share with it storm and bliss,
Die if it perish.
The broad sun that bade the day
Gaze on my treasure,

Steals all his light away,
    Leaves us to pleasure.
Now is the hour of bliss,
    Now the day closes;
Now Autumn's breezy kiss,
    Dies on the roses.
Dian o'er Ether's breast
    Leads her bright million,
Here be our bed of rest,
    Heaven our pavilion—
Here be our bloomy bed,
    Here in the valley—
Here where around thy head
    Hangs the lime-alley.

SAGITTO, THE WARRIOR OF THE WASHPELONG.

BY MORRIS MATTSON.

Through what is now one of the western states, about half a century ago, there roamed a small band of aborigines, who were the terror of the neighbouring whites. They were, altogether, not more than fifty in number, consisting entirely of those, who, actuated by a restless and warlike spirit, were at continual enmity with the less enterprising and turbulent brethren of their tribe, and accordingly formed themselves into a band of reckless desperadoes. Sagitto, by common consent, was elected their war chief. He was chosen, perhaps, partly for his unwavering intrepidity; and partly, because he was known to possess extraordinary prudence and foresight. Sagitto was by no means one of the worst of men. Although bold, daring, and oftentimes merciless, yet there was a loftiness and grandeur in his character, that partially obscured every evil passion of his nature. His muscular and proportioned frame—his haughty and majestic stride—his manly and prepossessing features—all seemed to proclaim that he might be fashioned for some noble and exalted purpose. Over his followers he exercised a strange and unbounded influence. His occasional severity only tended to increase their admiration and love. They looked upon him as a superior being, invested with the entire control of their destiny; and Sagitto, shrewd and penetrating as he was, lost not the

advantage of their credulity. He taught them to believe that the very elements were obedient to his command; and it was a tradition among them, that at one time, when surrounded by his enemies, he had retreated to the top of a mountain—and, lo! the heavens were overspread with clouds, and Sagitto, in his terrible and vindictive wrath, grasping the hissing and angry lightnings, hurled them over the earth, scathing and destroying all within his reach. And, when the storm had passed away a thousand corses were scattered along the wilderness. So much for the traditions of a simple, confiding, and romantic race.

We were speaking of Sagitto's influence over his little tribe of *Seminoles*. At the waving of his hand, they were silent as death. A single whisper, and their battle-axes were gleaming in every direction; and then yells and whoops passed through the everlasting forest, like the loud blast of the equinox. Their retreat was in a narrow pass, between two mountains, that terminated abruptly on the Missouri river. They were continually at warfare with the white settlements; more, perhaps, for the sake of plunder, than a desire of shedding blood. But as they frequently met with opposition, a contest, of course, would ensue, which too often terminated in their complete success.

The Washpelong believed that there was little probability of their hiding place being discovered. In this they were mistaken. Some incidental circumstance led to their detection. It was ascertained that their resort could be approached from the river. Boats were got in readiness and a large body of veteran marksmen were prepared to commence the attack. They chose a tempestuous night, when, they believed, the Indians would

not be upon their guard. In landing, almost in breathless silence, an arrow whizzed by them. They stood, for a moment, unmoved. Another—another, and another!

Still they were silent. They could see no object through the darkness of midnight. At length an arrow struck one of the adventurers in the temple; he gave a loud scream, and fell dead upon the spot. A single gun was fired, and the supposed sentinel howled in the agonies of death. The whites were drawn up on the shore, prepared for battle. The breathing of the wounded Washpelong was now distinctly heard. From the sound, it appeared as though he might be unsuccessfully endeavouring to regain his feet. One of the men groped his way through the underwood, about fifty yards from the main body, and discharged his musket. This stratagem, though dangerous to the individual, had the desired effect. The Indians directed their attention to this quarter, and the noise occasioned by the movement, gave the whites a momentary advantage. Several volleys were instantly fired, and, as it was supposed, not entirely without effect. They were, however, too well acquainted with the subtle enemy with whom they had to contend, to remain any longer exposed, and consequently retreated immediately to their boats.

The hostility between Sagitto's tribe and the borderers (or hoosiers) was now of the most deadly character. The latter, who had been the aggressors, made active preparations to defend themselves from an attack which, they had every reason to apprehend, would soon be made. For this purpose, every house was plentifully supplied with arms and ammunition; but when they fancied their security the greatest, they became, in a brief hour, the victims of their enemies.

They were surprised during the night, and before they

could make any effectual resistance, the whole village was on fire. It is unnecessary to describe the conflagration, plunder, and havoc of that fearful night. The red men were determined to avenge the wrongs they had sustained ; and the result can easily be imagined. But few, very few of the villagers escaped. Those who quit their dwellings were slaughtered upon the spot. House after house was burnt to the ground, until they were nearly all consumed. There was yet one, standing alone, to which the fire was just communicated. The roof was beginning to blaze. The infuriated Washpelong immediately assembled around it, prepared to cut off every possible retreat of its inmates. What a spectacle was here presented ! the fiendish countenances of the assailants, each eager for his prey, looked not unlike so many statues of bronze, as they stood, gazing intently upon the conflagration, ready to glut the murderous tomahawk with the blood of those who might have the hardihood to fly. Suddenly the casement of a window flew open, and a female appeared, as if in the act of leaping to the earth. While she remained for a moment in this position, she was entirely enveloped in a sheet of flame. She sprang forward, and fell prostrate upon the ground. A dozen battleblades gleamed in the livid and sickly light, above her beautiful head.

"Hold !" wildly exclaimed Sagitto, rushing among them. They all fell back without a murmur.

"The Great Spirit is angry ! continued Sagitto, as he caught up the female in his arms. For a moment he looked intently upon her features, and a tear stole down his swarthy cheek. Her senses returned, and she was carried away a captive by the war chief. He gave her the name of Orania, and bestowed upon her every possible attention. It was a long time before she could be re-

conciled to her lot, but at last she grew contented and even cheerful. Sagitto instructed her in his own language; and under his direction, she acquired the art of decorating her person according to the peculiar fashion of his tribe. Her habits were at length almost entirely assimilated with those of the Indians; and as the reader has, perhaps, already anticipated, she became the bride of Sagitto. Her young affections were entirely his—she loved him with all a woman's fondness. He, strange as it may appear, was the only object before whom she bowed in adoration. His image was shrined too deeply in her heart, ever to be obscured. If he was thoughtful or gloomy, she was never satisfied until she had inspired him with cheerfulness and good humour. She was as a ministering angel ever ready to soften his rugged sorrows. For hours she has sat in the pale light of the moon, pouring out her soul in all the fervour and eloquence of song to charm away the Manitou of evil from the bosom of her devoted lord.

Five months, only, had elapsed during their matrimonial existence, when Sagitto and his followers were drawn into another contest with the whites. Orania remained at home. After an absence of nearly a whole summer, the chief found himself obliged to fight a desperate battle. His enemies were very strong, and he had but little hope of success; still there was no alternative. The contest commenced; but it was of short duration. The whites, actuated by a revengeful spirit, pressed madly on their foes, and overpowered them in an instant. Sagitto was their prisoner. He and the remnant of his band were securely bound. That night, they encamped upon a hill. At sunset, the following day, the prisoners were to be shot. The next morning, Sagitto was upon his feet. He was leaning against a tree, to which he had

been fastened by his captors. He was silent and meditative. He communed entirely with his own thoughts For a long time he had been gazing towards the east. His abstraction was observed by Colonel N ——, one of the principal officers, who approached him.

"What do you see?" he asked with a tender solicitude peculiar to this excellent man.

"A mountain," significantly replied the chief.

"A mountain? And why do you look upon it so earnestly?"

"It is my home. In the moon of flowers,* many years ago, I burnt one of your villages. We took many scalps. One of your daughters I carried away. She was beautiful as the magnolia, and her voice sweeter than the songsparrow. She is my wife."

"And you wish to see her?"

"You say I am to die? Would a paleface see the wife of his bosom, before he goes to the Great Spirit?"

"We will send for her to the Camp," said Col. N ——.

"No," cried the chief with emotion, 'She is your enemy. She wears the red paint.'† She is terrible as the hissing of the Great Serpent! Are you mad? would you take away her life? I would talk to her in my own weegewam.

"The fox, if it once escapes, never returns," said the officer.

"The palefaces talk with their own hearts. A chief would not disgrace his tribe with a lie. The Great Spirit would be offended. Why do you doubt? Was I ever guilty of deceit? Bid me go free. Tell me, without asking a pledge, that I am no longer your prisoner.

* May is called by the Indians the moon of flowers.

† An emblem of war.

And what would I do? Would I bury the tomahawk? Would I forget my wrongs? Would I quietly smoke the calumet of peace? Would your midnight slumbers be undisturbed? No! The warwhoop should ring in your ears. Our knives would reek with your blood, and our mantles be covered with your scalps. But, if I depart, with the promise to return, rely on my word. Shall I go?"

The chief was unbound.

"An hour before sunset," said Col. N——, "you will hear the sound of the wardrum. This will be the signal for your return."

Sagitto walked slowly away. In a few moments he was lost among the trees. He journeyed on to the home of Orania. She met him in the forest where she was gathering flowers. She beheld her long absent lord, and flew to his embrace.

"Oh, Sagitto, you have at last returned. My heart is full of joy. But you were unkind, very unkind to leave me so long. Oh, I had such a fearful dream? I thought you were dead, and that I was scattering flowers upon your grave. Are you well? Do not frown upon me. How mournful you look. Will you not kiss me, Sagitto? There! once more. Now, are you better? If you would smile—but for a moment!"

"Orania!" said the chief, after a long pause, "a messenger of the Great Spirit has whispered to you the truth. Your dream is true. I am doomed to death by your white brethren."

"What madness is this? Are you not with your dear Orania? Tell me the truth? The white men doom you to death? They dare not do it! By the great and good Wahconda!* I repeat, they dare not do it!"

* The Supreme Being.

"Orania, you are deceived. I am their prisoner. I pledged my word to return an hour before sunset."

"Then there must be no violation of promises. But I will accompany you. You shall not perish alone. I will show the palefaces that I have no woman's heart." The chief clasped his bride still closer to his breast, and for a long time they were conscious only of each other's presence.

A little before the appointed hour, they were both in sight of their enemy's camp. The drum beat. This was the signal for Sagitto's appearance. Every eye was looking anxiously around. He walked forward with a bold and majestic step. Orania hung upon his arm. In Col. N ——, the commanding officer, she recognised her brother. But she made not known the secret. She sought not the acquaintance of those who were preparing to shed her husband's blood. She looked upon all present, with a calm and sullen indifference. She was asked no questions ; for the paint, with which she was accustomed to daub her face, prevented, perhaps, a surmise as to the reality of her person. Sagitto and his wife were ordered to take their stations at the western extremity of the camp. The six other Indian prisoners were led out, and placed at a distance of about fifty yards. A body of twenty men, armed with muskets, advanced in regular order, and stood before them. The word was given, and they fired. The work of death was complete. One of the unhappy wretches sprung several feet into the air. Col. N —— approached the chief, who had been looking, unmoved, upon this scene of slaughter.

"You see," he said, "the dreadful extremity to which we are sometimes driven."

"I see," replied the chief.

"Are you ready ?"

"Ready!" he answered. Sagitto embraced his wife, and took his stand near the spot where his followers had just been offered up to the vengeance of the usurpers. A dozen muskets were levelled at his person. Col. N—— stood at a distance, with his sword drawn, ready to pronounce the word "Fire." Orania walked boldly forward, and clutched him violently by the arm.

"Hold!" she cried, "or a sister's curse shall rest upon you for ever!"

"Woman, away! I know you not," he replied.

"But you *shall* know me," she exclaimed, and in a spirit of phrenzy she tore off the ornaments of her person; and spoke confusedly and hurriedly of a hundred different circumstances, that tended to prove her his only sister. The evidence was irresistible; and he paused a moment to receive her embrace. Still he was inexorable in his purpose. The chief was represented to be the husband of his sister; but in this, according to the summary code of frontier warfare, he could find no reason why he should not be dealt with as his crimes deserved. He lifted his hand as a signal for the men to fire, while Orania hung convulsively about his neck to prevent, if possible, the fatal command. It was too late. A moment, and Sagitto was no more.

Orania survived him but a few months. She returned to her kindred race; but she languished away like the autumnal flower. The spell that bound her to the earth was broken. The birds had lost their melody—the moon, and the stars, their lustre—and the rivers and mountains no longer had a charm; and when the light of Paukannewah* glowed over the silent midnight, and the dancing spirits† arose from the bosom of the arctic zone, the unhappy Orania departed to the land of dreams.

* Ursa Major. † The Aurora Borealis.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

I WOULD that thou wert dead, devoted one,
For thou art all too pure to linger here ;
Life's joyous sands to thee have fleetly run,
And sorrow's hand hath made thy being sear—
Thy girlhood was a pure and artless dream,
And many a sunny hope has thrilled thy breast,
And many an air-blown bubble gilt life's stream,
Flash'd for a moment—broke, and sunk to rest—
Emblems of youth and loveliness were they,
And like hope's fairy visions pass'd away.

I would that thou wert dead, forsaken girl,
That high pale brow enshrined within the tomb;
For as with gentle winds still waters curl,
So fades at sorrow's touch young beauty's bloom—
Thou art too pure and fair for this cold earth,
A thing too guiltless long to dwell below,
Thy voice has lost its cadences of mirth,
The glory has departed from thy brow—
And youth's pure bloom has left thy virgin heart,
And beauty like a phantom will depart.

I would that thou wert dead, for life to thee
Is as a broken reed—a withered flower;
Dark shadows rest upon thy destiny,
And storms of fate around thy fortunes lower—
Wedded to one thy bosom cannot love,
Banished from him thine every thought employs,

Thou art in heart a bruised and wounded dove,
And earth to thee can yield no future joys,
Wearily passes life and time with thee;
A dusky shadow dims thy destiny.

I would that thou wert dead, devoted one,
And thy bright spirit disenthralled of clay;
E'en as the dew-drop wastes beneath the sun,
Thus by disease thy being wastes away—
Oh, who that knew thee when thou wert a child,
With a glad voice and heaven unfolding eye,
A creature as the snow flake undefiled,
With a bright lip and cheek of rosy dye,
Oh, who that knew thee then, can see thee now,
Nor wonder for the beauty of thy brow.

I would that thou wert dead, and sanctified—
Thy spirit with high elements is fraught,
And that which scorn and cruelty defied,
The lingering stealth of pale disease has wrought—
Yes, death is near thee now, sweet Genevieve,
And thou shalt haste to meet him with a smile;
It is in vain thy gentle sisters grieve,
Thy soul shall soon flee by each starry isle,
That glitters brightly through the calm blue skies,
Like white lids lifted from pure spirit's eyes.

Thou soon shalt die, sweet martyr, and the earth
Will nurture gentle flowers above thy grave,
Sweet emblems of thy being and thy birth,
With cypress leaves around thy tomb shall wave—
And when the pensive stranger wanders nigh,
His lips shall waft a tributary prayer,
For her who soon shall prematurely die,
For her whose seraph form shall moulder there—
Farewell, sweet Genevieve—'tis sad to part,
Farewell, thy beauty shrouds a breaking heart.

PENNSYLVANIA HISTORY.

BY J. R. TYSON.

The national feeling which was engendered by Pennsylvania's being the principal theatre of war—by being the locality of the first Congress—and by being the place whence emanated the Declaration of Independence—almost absorbed provincial attachments and local sympathies. Sectional predilections were exchanged for the brighter and more transcendant glory of the whole confederacy. The wise providence of her sisters in arms, while animated by the patriotic fire which sought to destroy the pretensions of Britain over the Union, did not permit them to be frigid upon the subject of their own reputations. They have blazoned their exploits in a hundred narratives and histories, and perhaps too sedulous of fame, have sometimes despoiled Pennsylvania of the laurels by which her brow should be adorned. Not content with assuming merits and gallantry which, perhaps, they legitimately claim, the disposition has been frequently observed to filch from Pennsylvania some of 'the mighty meed of *her* large honours,' by attributing to cowardice or toryism the effect of religious tencts, and by ascribing to the state at large the disaffection of a few. During all this period—a period beyond half a century—we have so far acquiesced in the justice of these reproaches as to maintain the profoundest silence, and though *vires acquirunt eundo,* not a production has ap-

peared which aspires to the dignity of defending the purity and patriotism of her course by an authentic narrative. The materials for a history lie scattered in the richest profusion over works which, to the burning shame of our patriotic sensibilities, be it spoken, are seldom examined. That part of our story which is interwoven with the country, is accessible in every form in which it can be presented, by compilations of original documents—the attraction of personal memoirs—and the graver productions of elaborate histories. But where are the narratives of Pennsylvania in particular, subsequent to the year 1775? The total absence of any sober and authentic development of her transactions, sufferings, and services, has not been without its effects upon the currency of opinions involving the detriment of her revolutionary fame.

The absence of a formal history during and since the revolution, has not only proved injurious to the fame of our civic patriotism, but it conveys a really mortifying reflection upon our indifference to national glory. From the labours of this society, the accumulations of Mr. Hazard, and the curious researches of Mr Watson, the historian can labour under no paucity of materials. The selection of an individual who is competent to such a task, by the charms of an elegant and finished English style—by philosophical studies—by liberal and enlarged views—is a matter of very general, even public concern. The reputation of a country and the moral influence of her example upon her contemporaries and posterity, must essentially depend upon the ability of her historians. How can the one or the other of these be effected, but through the medium of a performance whose intrinsic and superior merits shall command the esteem of other countries and of other times? The brilliancy of great events, or the glare of imposing successes and dismal catastrophes, is

not necessary to the preservation of a people's memory or the perpetuity of a people's influence. The nation whose opening effulgence and meridian splendour are embalmed in the pages of a Livy, and whose decrepitude and decline are recorded by the pen of a Tacitus, is less indebted for her fame to the power of her arms and the wisdom of her counsels than to the elegance of her historical authors. Would not the bays of ancient Greece long since have been faded or obscured, if the genial and kindly influences of Homer, Herodotus, and Thucydides had been withdrawn? Such events as the Persian and Peloponnesian wars and the expeditions of Alexander, which comprise the principal exploits of that celebrated people during the lapse of three centuries—illustrious as they are—may have been surpassed by nations whose memory, not perpetuated by genius, is lost in the mists of remote antiquity. A smile may perhaps be excited at an allusion to the ever enduring fame of Greece and Rome, with relation to the domestic transactions of Pennsylvania; but it would not be improper before the contemptuousness of ridicule be indulged, that our history, before, during, and since the revolution, be fairly examined and truly known. Genuine philosophy unfettered by the trammels of education and uninfluenced by eclat, will coolly scan premises and investigate facts, before she will pronounce a decisive judgment. In imitating this prudence let us be guided by no blind or vainglorious partiality, but contemplate with calmness, some of the broad lines of the image which it will be the duty of our historians to exhibit.

STANZAS.

BY S. L. FAIRFIELD.

My father died ere I could tell
  The love my young heart felt for him:
My sister like a blossom fell;
  Her cheek grew cold, her blue eye dim,
Just as the hallowed hours came by,
  When she was dearest unto me;
And vale and stream and wood and sky
  Were beautiful as Araby.
And, one by one, the friends of youth
  Departed to the land of dreams:
And soon I felt that friends, in sooth,
  Were few as flowers by mountain streams;
And solitude come o'er me then,
  And early I was taught to treasure
Lone thoughts in glimmering wood and glen,
  Now they are mine in utmost measure.
But boyhood's sorrows, though they leave
  Their shadows on the spirit's dial,
Cannot by their deep spell bereave—
  They herald but a darker trial;
And such 'tis mine e'en now to bear
  In the sweet radiance of thine eye,
And 'tis the wildness of despair
  To paint vain love that cannot die.
Yet thus it must be—like the flower,
  That sheds amid the dusky night
The rays it drank at mid-day hour,

My spirit pours abroad its light,
When all the beauty and the bloom,
The blessedness of love hath gone,
And left the darkness of the tomb,
Upon the glory of its throne.
The hour hath come—it cannot part—
Deterring pride—one hurried deed
Hath fixed its seal upon my heart,
And ever it must throb and bleed,
Till life, and love, and anguish o'er,
The spirit soars to its first birth,
And meets on heaven's own peaceful shore
The heart it loved too well on earth.

THE VISION OF EFETA.

BY OWEN STOVER.

> Truth stands before him in a full, clear blaze,
> An intellectual sunbeam, and his eye
> Can look upon it with unbending gaze,
> And its minutest lineaments descry.—*Percival.*

After the death of an ancient relative, who seemed to take much delight in the contemplation of human life, and to note any remarkable events that might throw light upon the character of his species, a number of curious manuscripts were found in his study, one of which bore the above title, and is as follows:

"Having leisure, and prompted by the curiosity of our nature, I set out upon a voyage to distant countries and nations, to behold, with my own eyes, the varied beauty, the magnificent scenery, and multiplied phenomena which nature has lavished so profusely over the visible universe; to visit those spots which the study of youth had rendered memorable as the theatre of heroic action; to view man in his different gradations of improvement, and meditate upon those causes, which, operating on the flexibility of his nature, mould and fashion him into a being of such infinite diversity. The charm of novelty gradually subsiding, and wearied with the toil and privation of such a pilgrimage, I returned to my native home. But ''t is distance lends enchantment to the view,' and the face of nature was now changed, the

dream of life had vanished; and the unhallowed workings of undignified passions, obscuring the brightest horizon, the pang of grief that seems even to gnaw the heart of beauty itself, and the gloomy abodes of misery and human wretchedness, which I had seen, threw me in a solemn and profound meditation. There was a voice that whispered within me: 'Man is born to mourn, the noblest sons of Adam are doomed to taste the cup of bitterness —yes, by the inexorable decrees of the Omnipotent, woes and joys are inwrought in the human heart: spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.' Wholly absorbed with these thoughts, I unconsciously arrived in a beautiful grove of majestic oaks, under whose thick foliage I took shelter from the burning rays of the sun. The delicious zephyrs, that fanned my wearied brow, soon lulled me into a deep slumber. Methought I saw an immense assembly of people before me, whom, I understood, a phalanx of distinguished sages where to entertain with their schemes and devices for the improvement of human felicity. As this was a subject deeply interesting to me, I rejoiced at this opportunity of hearing the views of these good and learned men. When I was about entering the hall, my attention was arrested by a clear and exceedingly sweet voice behind me, saying, 'Follow me.' Its rich and melodious tones touched my heart; and, when I looked around, I beheld one of the loveliest objects in creation. Plain, neat, and simple in attire, her stature was a perfect symmetry of elegance and grace; her countenance glowed with the most exquisite beauty, and ten thousand delicacies. Fear and suspicion were extinct, in the unbounded confidence and raptures which I felt. She again bade me follow her; and waving a golden sceptre in her hand, I instinctively obeyed. She moved with a blazing torch before her,

and, as she passed onward, every object became bright and luminous with her radiance. She conducted me to an elevated mountain: she paused, touched my forehead with her sceptre, and my vision became exceedingly clear and powerful. 'Now look to your left,' said she; and, turning, I saw a huge and immense valley, overshadowed with clouds, thick mist, and pestilential vapours. I discovered a large, cumbrous figure squatted upon a slimy mound, in the centre of the extended marshes and ravines; whenever she attempted to rise, she was again drawn back by huge leaden anchors; at last she endeavoured to reconcile herself to her unhappy condition, although nearly suffocated by the noxious effluvia and heavy atmosphere that arose in volumes from the surrounding bogs and fens. Upon the back of her iron crown I perceived, in large characters, Ignorance. I observed, likewise, a great number of vultures, ravens, cormorants and serpents; of foxes, panthers, and wolves, flying, hissing, and coursing through the valley, insomuch that every corner of it echoed with the most dismal croaking and howling. I looked upon my guide and said that, 'that gloomy abode chills my heart.' She smiled and replied: 'That is the Vale of Indolence; but it has undergone a great revolution, for Avarice once descended there and cohabited with Ignorance, and the consequence was a very numerous progeny, which you have seen, and whose real names are Hate, Suspicion, Envy, Malice, Calumny, Ingratitude, Uncharitableness, and their more remote descendants. This is a fierce and inveterate generation: their nature and the constitution of their minds are assimilated to the murky atmosphere which they breathe: their appetite is insatiable. When a foreign being of a more noble nature, with the most innocent views, enters within their precints, they all eagerly follow him, and, unless he

be clothed in the invincible armour, conferred by a neighbouring sovereignity, they never cease their merciless pursuit, until they have fed upon his vitals. When there is no other prey, they fall upon each other. Then their combat grows terrific—their fury, unrelenting!' I took another view, and, as flashes of lightning broke through the darkness that hung upon the bottom of the vale, I discovered deep pits, unobserved before, and was told by my guide that these were the pits of misery, despair, and perdition, into which this evil generation were all ultimately ingulfed. I drew a heavy sigh, as my heart sunk within me. My guide then led me to a greater elevation, and, as she bade me look to the right, I beheld a magnificent prospect. The richest verdure covered the landscape; trees of every variety, loaded with blossoms and glowing fruit, embellished it; fountains of crystal water and pellucid streams refreshed and adorned the scene. The balmy air, filled with dewy odours, was fanned by gentle zephyrs; and a perpetual sunshine hung upon the lovely spot. In the midst of this enchantment there was a white transparent palace, based, as it seemed, on a vast adamantine rock, which tornadoes and the convulsions of nature could not shake. Its top was lost in the heavens. Within this splendid palace I observed a majectic figure, enthroned, like a goddess, in a circle of refulgent light. Grace, dignity, and ease were in all her actions; her eye glowed with hallowed fire, and her whole countenance beamed with benevolence and justice. She seemed feasting on ambrosia, distilled by Hope in the cup of Immortality. A host of bright and buoyant nymphs danced around her:

'Hearts burning with a high empyreal flame.'

I felt delighted with the sight before me, and asked

my guide what happy place this was. 'That,' said she, 'is the Garden of Knowledge, and the loveliest dwelling within it, which you see yonder, is the Temple of Virtue, in which the Goddess of Wisdom presides. And the happy race of beings, that inhabit there, are known by the name of Justice, Mercy, Honesty, Charity, Sympathy, Love, and many other tribes. Among these the most perfect harmony and affection subsists, and

'A chain
Of kindred taste hath fastened mind to mind.'

No warfare, no thoughts of injury and injustice are indulged, all passions are purified; but the most remarkable characteristic of this godlike race is that every being has a pure light burning within him, which no external violence or accident can extinguish; and while it burns, by a law of his nature, the possessor cannot be positively unhappy. This is a most beautiful economy in Providence, that, although the tie of Sympathy with its fellow beings, which gives birth to many joyous raptures, should be lost or severed, the seal of bliss is, nevertheless, stamped upon his soul by the presiding Deity of the place. If, perchance, there should be any collision in their will and desires, to which the mortal part of their nature renders them subject, and light up the flame of discord, still it is cœlestibus iræ, the anger of heavenly minds, and honour, dignity and justice never lose their dominion over his intellect: animum ex suâ mente et divinitate genuit Deus.' —Here my guide paused; and, as I felt grateful obligations for the revelation she had made, I desired to know to whom I owed this happiness. She told me, Truth: that she frequently visited this favourite garden, where she was ever held in grateful remembrance, but seldom

the dismal vale she had shown me, as there she was not only despised, but outraged and insulted. Suddenly a loud cry and the trampling of horses awoke me; and I found myself in the grove, where I had fallen asleep, and a large pack of hounds, and many horsemen were diverting themselves in a fox chase."

THE DEATH OF LAFAYETTE.

BY T. A. WORRALL.

Come forth, pavilioned cloud,
And let night's mantle o'er the earth be spread—
The sage is in his shroud!
The widow's and the orphan's tears be shed—
Weep, children of the free! where'er ye dwell,
For Freedom's son has bid the world *farewell!*"

Toll now the muffled bell,
Its death-cry well may speak a nation's wo—
Hearts echo to the knell;
It is the festival of grief—we go
With measured steps—while rolls the funeral drum,
As if a great calamity had come.

Fond memory turns to him
Who was a nation's foreign, cherished son—
Whose fame time cannot dim;
While age on age shall keep what he hath won.
Honour will rise in many a hymn of praise,
And myriads sing the deeds of other days.

Ours is no clamorous cry,
Or vulgar wo, the mockery of grief!
The brave and good must die.
He sunk to earth, as falls the Autumn's leaf;
But he had sown the seed of other years
For a rich harvest—Europe, dry thy tears!

A knell comes o'er the deep—
The nations' lamentation for the dead,
Whose clay is wrapp'd in sleep!
We shall no more behold the form which bled
With sires, who fell upon their country's heights—
The ransom, to redeem a nation's rights.

Weep, freemen, in your sadness!
When despots strewed your mother earth with dead,
His young heart beat with gladness,
To seek for honour on the warrior's bed:
A name, or else a grave! He left the crowd
At Freedom's call, for glory or a shroud!

France! thou hast cause for wo—
Thy *brave* will weep—thy *good* cannot forget;
His like ye ne'er shall know.
The chief among thy chief—thy sun hath set;
But there is resurrection—even his bones
Shall shake all Europe's kings and mouldering thrones!

Weep when thy thought returns
To the dark era of thy bloody hour;
And if thy bosom burns
That cannibals did riot in thy power,
Think of thy chief, betrayed by heartless men—
Weep for thy chief, in Olmutz' midnight den!

Smile, that his soul was true,
Unquailing, and unquenched before his foes—
The foes of Freedom, too!
'Twas well—that hour a radiance round him throws,
No sceptered monarch ever yet obtained—
A martyr's wreath! and nobly was it gained.

The great may not be good—
The truly good are great; thy honour'd just,
Pent in his solitude,
And chain'd to earth, was greater with his *crust*,
Crown'd with the fame his youth and valor won,
Than Charlemagne upon the Roman's throne.

He was the chosen friend
Of him who foremost stood upon the earth,
A new world to defend—
Whose spirit gave confederate nations birth:
His name is written on each heart—his grave
Looks out obscurely on Potomac's wave.

Sarmatia, where's thy power?
Now fallen is the mighty—he who stood
Thy champion, in the hour
When the fierce tiger revell'd in thy blood.
The Autocrat denied thy children *graves*—
Where are thy chosen? *in Siberia's caves!*

Pulaski fell in fight—
De Kalb, in leading freemen to the shock!
Sublime, yet fearful sight,
When nations meet, as ocean strikes the rock!
The spangled banner waved above the brave;
It was the death ye sought—a *freeman's* grave!

Sleep on, and take your rest—
Oblivion cannot wrap your deeds in night,
Upon our hearts imprest!
Time's rolling years shall hallow them in light.
Farewell! for ever—Kosciusko sleeps:
The *last* is fallen now, for whom an empire weeps!

PHILADELPHIANS.

BY W. H. DAVIDSON.

As a true Philadelphian, strongly attached to my native city, and jealous of her reputation, I have often felt mortified on hearing remarks made in disparagement of her hospitality and friendliness towards strangers. If it be so, that the inhabitants of this metropolis are really wanting in attention to a virtue so amiable as hospitality, it is time that a reformation should take place; and every one who has the spirit of brotherly love in his breast, or who desires to promote improvement in all that is "lovely and of good report," should make it his endeavour to contribute to the attainment of a better character in this respect.

It does not become us, when we are censured for coldness towards strangers, to be affronted, and hasty in denying the charge; but rather to enquire how far we are justly liable to blame, and by what means our manners may be amended. That the inhabitants of Philadelphia possess the qualities essential to friendship and genuine civility, has not been questioned by any who have frequented our city ; on the contrary, the substantial virtues of our citizens have been much eulogised. Strangers, however, have complained of a certain reserve of manner and formality in our conduct to them, at least upon first acquaintance; and it has been frequently said that our sister cities are not liable to this imputation. At

the same time, it is well known that such as have brought respectable letters of introduction, have met with a reception highly gratifying to them, and I heard an observation made which deserves to be considered; that the civilities of Philadelphians, are not diminished in proportion to the length of a stranger's visit, as has sometimes been the case in places where there is greater promptitude in offering a welcome. It is true, that we are not in the habit of making extraordinary professions of delight on a first interview, and that the people of this city are cautious in their intercourse with persons whom they do not *know* to be worthy of regard; we can easily imagine what effect upon the mind of a stranger must be produced by any excessive reserve resulting from this prudence of disposition. Frank and easy manners are very prepossessing, and leave a pleasing impression on one who comes to day and departs to-morrow; a better acquaintance might, in some instances, dispel the illusion produced by mere outward politeness, but there are comparatively few who remain long enough to gain such experience.

While it is admitted then, that Philadelphians are somewhat too deliberate in their manner of showing civilities to newly arrived guests, it is not intended to plead guilty to any charge of unsociableness of temper. In order to form a just estimate of the social qualities of any people, it is necessary to consider other traits in their character, and the circumstances of their situation. The inhabitants of this city are a considerate and prudent race, generally and comparatively speaking. They are not easily agitated or thrown into a bustle, but pursue the even tenor of their way in quietness and sobriety. They are diligent in the transaction of their private or public business, and generally every one has some regu-

lar occupation; steady in their attachments; and the intercourse of relatives, friends and acquaintances, gives scope to the exercise of their social feelings. Punctuality in fulfilling their engagements, and integrity in their dealings are their recommendations to those whom commercial pursuits bring hither ; and it is not their practice to entertain with feasts which the guest may afterwards find to have been at his expense. When hospitable attentions are offered they are the manifestation of a sincere spirit of good will, or of a sense of obligation to practise kindness and urbanity.

Residents in the country, and particularly those who live on plantations in southern states, are apt to think citizens inhospitable, because of the difference in their manners. Let them consider for a moment, that people living in secluded situations, are glad on their own account, to receive the traveller and entertain him in their mansions, but the same motive cannot have influence in a populous city, where society of any description is always to be found with little seeking. Besides this, our country friends have so much more leisure, that they are not under any necessity of making a sacrifice of time, and they are not compelled by style of living to take any unusual pains in the entertainment of guests.

It is probable, that the principal cause of the apparent reserve of our townsfolk, is an over nicety about the manner of entertaining strangers. Many seem to think they must do things in a certain style, and that a formal visit, followed by an invitation to an elaborate dinner, is the only admissible mode of commencing their intercourse with a person whom they have never before seen. Were such people to spend a few months in a foreign land, they would learn how much more grateful to the feelings of a stranger, are little kindnesses that flow from

an open heart, than all the ceremonious politeness that can be exhibited. When there is a genuine disposition to be friendly, to do as we would be done by in similar circumstances, it would be best evidenced by endeavours to make visiters feel at home among us. It is a great mistake to suppose, that hospitality consists in giving sumptuous feasts and making formal calls.

Philadelphians have been spoken of sometimes, as being too cautious and particular, in requiring letters of introduction or some other evidence of a stranger's respectability, before they will admit him to their circle of acquaintance. I do not know that there is any ground for imputing to us an excess in this prudence. It has been of service in preventing pseudo-barons and knavish adventurers from imposing upon us, to the extent they have done in some other quarters ; and as long as impostors exist, it will be proper and right to inquire, who a man is, before we give him admission into our families. Is it reasonable for any body to expect, that in a large city, resorted to by individuals of all characters, hospitality will be spontaneously tendered to one whose personal appearance is the only credential of respectability which he presents !

If those who visit us have sometimes just cause of complaint, have not we also, often reason to complain of the conduct of strangers to us ? How often has it happened that a letter of introduction has been presented some *weeks* after the bearer's arrival ; and perhaps the very persons who behave thus, cast reflections upon our city. How often have visits to take leave, been the the first intimation received of a stranger's presence. I have known several instances of such unsociableness that were sufficiently provoking. This too is a subject for reformation.

CHAMOMILE TEA.

BY DAVID P. BROWN.

Let doctors, or quacks, prescribe as they may,
  Yet none of their nostrums for me;
For I firmly believe—what the old women say—
  That there's nothing like chamomile tea.

It strengthens the mind, it enlivens the brain,
  It converts all our sorrow to glee;
It heightens our pleasures, it banishes pain—
  Then what is like chamomile tea?

In health it is harmless—and, say what you please,
  One thing is still certain with me,
It suits equally well with every disease;
  O, there's nothing like chamomile tea.

In colds or consumptions, I pledge you my word,
  Or in chills, or in fevers, d'ye ye see,
There's nothing such speedy relief will afford,
  As a dose of good chamomile tea.

Your famed panacea, spiced rhubarb and stuff,
  Which daily and hourly we see,
Crack'd up for all cures, in some newspaper puff,
  Can't be puff'd into chamomile tea.

The cancer and colic, the scurvy and gout,
  The blues, and all evils d'esprit,

When once fairly lodged, can be only forced *out*,
  By forcing *in* chamomile tea.

You all know the story how Thetis's son
  Was dipp'd to his heel in the sea;
The sea's all a farce—for the way it was done,
  He was harden'd by chamomile tea.

Or, if dipp'd in the Styx, as others avow,
  Which I also deny, by the powers—
The Styx, it is plain, must in some way or how,
  Have been bank'd up with chamomile flowers.

When sentenced to die, foolish Clarence they say,
  Met his fate in a butt of Malmsey:
He'd have foiled the crook'd tyrant, and lived to this day,
  Had he plunged into chamomile tea.

Let misses and madams, in tea-table chat,
  Sip their hyson and sprightly bohea;
It may fit them for scandal, or such things as that,
  But it's nothing like chamomile tea.

Let tipplers and spendthrifts to taverns resort,
  And be soak'd in their cups cap-a-pie;
Their champaign and tokay, their claret and port,
  Are poison to chamomile tea.

Why, the nectar the gods and their goddesses quaff,
  In potations convivial and free,
Though Homer mistakes it—nay, pray do not laugh,
  I suspect it was chamomile tea.

Then fill up your goblets, and round let them pass,
  While the moments and hours they flee;
And let each gallant youth pledge his favourite lass,
  In a bumper—of chamomile tea.

THE RAINBOW AND THE CROSS.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

It was an afternoon in the month of June I had left the city, and had approached the country as far as the House of Refuge, in Francis' lane.—Opposite the building, is a burying ground. Some one had "set before me an open door;" and I entered the silent but instructive mansion of the dead, to meditate among the tombs, and familiarise myself with scenes in which all must become unconscious participants.

I looked around—the green carpeted earth and swelling herbage told of life; but of a life that depended on seasons and their incidents; and in a few months at best, the breath of the North would sweep away their glories, and desolation would take the place of their beauties. These things told of death in the vegetable world. The hillock by which I stood, was a memento of what had been; while the stifled cough, and the face that disease had blanched white as the monumental stones among which it was, told plainly what was to be in the animal creation. We inhale death with the first inspiration of life, and all our marchings are in the downward path to the tomb, from whose open door the hand of death continually beckons the contemplative, while pleasure smooths down the track for the thoughtless and the gay.

Hillock after hillock told of the long abiding place of beings, who had once gone forth among their fellows in

the pride of health and the boast of friendship. Their agile limbs had stiffened; the manly sinews had shrunk; the bright eye had become dim; beauty and strength had departed, and those who had once loved them, had hastened to bury the dead out of their sight. They had heaped up the earth, and erected stones in memorial of life—perhaps of virtue and of friendship; but the earth was gathering back its imparted dust; and that which had once stood out upon earth, and talked of life, and rights, and liberty —which had claimed affinity with spirit, and had measured the path of the sun—"numbered the stars, and called them all by name;" had passed away from such eminences, shrunk into the narrow grave, and was becoming one with the parts, and with the fellow occupants, of its long home.

Stepping up upon one of the newly sodded graves, I leaned over the headstone to contemplate the scenery, and thereby mellow the feelings into that melancholy richness that constitutes the enjoyment of those whose afflictions have not indurated their affections. It is good for the dying to stand up among the dead, and discourse of death; it is profitable, among the wasted glasses of life, to court the few remaining sands that are running for us, and think how soon, and for what, the wheel will be broken at the cistern—and why it yet turns. The heart beats—the breast dilates, and the limbs move, these are the machineries of life—does their busy function keep alive that spirit which is only found where those functions are? or does the spirit—that unseen portion—give motion and activity to the frame. Is one the effect of an independent cause, or are both dependent. If the latter, on what a store house do we stand!—the depository of priceless wealth, that shall not leave its treasury.

Where is the Token of the Promise, that the Slum-

bers of the grave shall be broken; or where is the Sign that the sleepers shall awake!

The whole heaven was darkened; and in the east especially a black, dense cloud, which had passed round from the south rested upon the horizon, like the pall of the departed day. All was hushed—the gloomy doubts that had pressed upon my mind seemed to have hung also a gloom upon the earth and the heavens. Just then the clouds of the west broke away, and the sun, sinking into night, threw his parting beams upon the earth—the brilliant cross of Saint Augustine's church caught the rays, and flashed out its glories upon the dark clouds that rested in the east; while above its emblematic radiations, shone a brilliant *Rainbow*, spangling the whole horizon with its liquid hues.

While wrapt in awe at the scene before me I gazed in admiration—was it imagination, or did the voice that instructed my infancy, now breathe along the evening breeze, the monition—" *Behold the Token of the Promise, that the slumbers of the grave shall be broken; and the Sign that the sleepers shall awake.*

RETROSPECTION.

BY WILLIAM D. BAKER.

The setting sun sinks gently now
Behind yon western hill—
Dejection sits upon my brow
Sad thoughts my bosom fill.
The past all joyous seems, and gay—
The future sad and dreary—
I would not die—the thought away !
And yet of life I'm weary.

A pilgrim lone I've wander'd through
The busy haunts of men,
Unknowing all, me no one knew;
I mov'd not in their ken.
For there are men who wear a smile
As murderers wear a mask,
And there are those who kiss you, while
Their hands foul weapons grasp !

Oh! I would sooner walk alone
In humble paths, unseen—
Than be the incumbent of a throne
Where flatterers e'er have been.
Give me to know my certain fate,
Though dreadful it may be,
Then death may early come, or late,
Sweet messenger to me !

The tiny insect buzzing round—
Rejoices—disappears—
And man, poor man is only found
Ling'ring through three score years.
And he, he only has the power
To rush from life unbidden,
When keen misfortune bids him cower—
His heart by woe is ridden !

Our life is but one scene of ill—
Some power its chains throws o'er us,
We're creatures of another's will
Until our graves close o'er us—
And then we're usher'd—tell us where !
That knowledge could we gain—
Earth's bitterest curses we might bear
And grieve, tho' not complain !

EARLY POETRY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY J. G. FISHER.

The cultivation of poetry seems, at least in the British race, the strongest evidence of refinement. Among them, it was not the growth of a barbarous age, and it never was the pleasure of the humble. To discover, therefore, amongst our colonists a taste for poetry, will do much to vindicate their claim to literary advancement and intellectual refinement. That this taste existed, is to be proved, not so much by adducing one or two brilliant displays of genius, as by naming numerous and successive efforts, which, although only partially successful in their day, and altogether unworthy at the present of our admiration, establish nevertheless the fact of the constant cultivation of the art; and assure us that the best poetry of England was sought for, read, admired, and imitated, not only frequently, but constantly by men who have been stigmatised as unpolished, illiterate, and rude.

The first twenty years of our colonial history produced, it is probable, but little poetry—nothing which deserves the name has descended to us. The exalted and cultivated minds of some of the first settlers were no doubt often possessed with sublime imaginations, inspired by the native grandeur of the wilderness; or, when recollecting the beautiful homes of their youth, were filled with tender emotions nearly allied to poetry—but their duties were imperious, the hours spared from pri-

vate labour were engrossed by public affairs ; and, while we thank them for the institutions they have established, we must regret that little remains of theirs but an honourable name.

But the second generation, relieved from the toils of settlement in the forest—reposing under liberal establishments and laws framed by the enlightened wisdom of the founder and his companions—and reaping plenty from rich and beautiful fields cleared by the labour of their fathers—first, turned their eyes to Heaven in thankfulness, and then to Parnassus for inspiration to celebrate the beauty and delights of their happy country. Although it cannot be denied, that the tuneful inhabitants of that sacred hill rarely descended into the green valleys of our province, or that

erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia

still their smiles were not altogether withheld from their rustic votaries, and this was quite encouragement enough. During the early part of the 18th century, several poets flourished in Pennsylvania, whose lines merited the approbation of their cotemporaries. Few of these productions are now to be discovered, and those which are found in print were, it is probable, by no means the best. We must look for them in the Almanacs—a strange place to seek for poetry—but at that early day they were the only publications to which rhymes could obtain admittance ; and certainly never since have Almanacs been embellished with better verses. They are for the most part greatly deficient in poetic graces, but some of them may certainly with justice be commended for sprightliness and ease.

The want of a periodical sheet was felt by those mo-

dest geniuses, who, not confident of the intrinsic merit of their pieces, would have been happy to trust to the generosity of the public an unfathered offspring, which might not obtain favour for an acknowledged author. The invitations of the editors of our two earliest newspapers were eagerly accepted by a score of nameless sons of Apollo. Scarcely a week passed that some new attempt at rhyming was not made ; or, to speak more appropriately, that our ancestors did not hear some young Orpheus beginning to take lessons on the lyre. These first strains certainly were not always melodious. The first poetry of Pennsylvania may generally be characterised as inelegant, unharmonious and spiritless ; yet, there were several brilliant exceptions, which surprise us by their sweetness and vivacity, and were beyond a doubt the productions of cultivated and refined minds. There are many verses which would not discredit any English author of the last century, and still may be read with pleasure ; and although, perhaps, they have not enough of originality or brilliancy to deserve a reproduction in an age overstocked with all the lighter kinds of literature, may certainly be noticed with satisfaction, and referred to with pride.

A CONTRAST.

BY W. G. CLARK.

It was the morning of a day in spring—
The sun looked gladness from the eastern sky;
Birds upon the trees and on the wing,
And all the air was rich with melody;
The heaven—the calm, pure heaven, was bright on high;
Earth laugh'd beneath in all its fresh'ning green,
The free blue streams sang as they wandered by,
And many a sunny glade and flowery scene
Gleam'd out, like thoughts of youth, life's troubled years between.

The rose's breath upon the south wind came—
Oft as its whisperings the young branches stirr'd,
And flowers for which the poet has no name;
While, midst the blossoms of the grove, were heard
The restless murmurs of the humming-bird:
Waters were dancing in the mellow light;
And joyous notes and many a cheerful word
Stole on the charmed ear with such delight
As waits on soft sweet tones of music heard at night.

The night-dews lay in the half open'd flower,
Like hopes that nestle in the youthful breast;
And ruffled by the light airs of the hour,
Awoke the pure lake from its glassy rest:
Slow blending with the blue and distant west,

Lay the dim woodlands, and the quiet gleam
Of amber clouds, like islands of the blest—
Glorious and bright, and changing like a dream,
And lessening fast away beneath the intenser beam.

Songs were amid the mountains far and wide—
Songs were upon the green slopes blooming nigh:
While, from the springing flowers on every side,
Upon his painted wings, the butterfly
Roamed, a sweet blossom of the sunny sky;
The visible smile of joy was on the scene;
'Twas a bright vision, but too soon to die!
Spring may not linger in her robes of green—
Autumn, in storm and shade shall quench the summer sheen.

I came again. 'Twas Autumn's stormy hour—
The wild winds murmured in the faded wood;
The sere leaves, rustling in the yellow bower,
Were hurled in eddies to the moaning flood:
Dark clouds enthrall'd the west—an orb of blood,
The red sun pierced the hazy atmosphere;
While torrent voices broke the solitude,
Where, straying lonely, as with steps of fear,
I mark'd the deepening gloom which shrouds the dying year.

The ruffled lake heav'd wildly—near the shore
It bore the red leaves of the shaken tree—
Shed in the violent north wind's restless roar,
Emblems of man upon life's stormy sea!
Pale autumn leaves! once to the breezes free
They waved in Spring and Summer's golden prime—
Now, even as clouds or dew, how fast they flee—
Weak, changing like the flowers in Autumn's clime,
As man sinks down in death, chilled by the touch of time!

I marked the picture—'twas the changeful scene
Which life holds up to the observant eye:
Youth's spring, and summer, and its bowers of green,
The streaming sunlight of its morning sky,
And the dark clouds of death which linger by:
For oft, when life is fresh and hope is strong,
Shall early sorrow breathe the unbidden sigh,
While age to death moves peacefully along,
As on the singer's lip expires the finished song.

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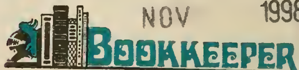

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