

POETRY.

DUET.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Hill.

It's sweet to behold, when the pillow is sleeping,
Some good-colored lark moving gracefully by,
No damp on her deck, but the creature's weeping,
Nor breath whistles for the summer winds' sigh.

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in the day.

SINGULAR MODES OF EATING.

This Maldivian Islanders eat alone.
They retire into the most hidden parts
Of their houses; and they draw down
Their cloths that serve as blinds to their windows,
That they may eat undisturbed.

In some of the solitary islands of the
Maldivian Islands, another reason may
be alleged for this unsocial mode of eating.
They never will eat, with any one who is
inferior to them in birth, riches,
or dignity; and, as it is a difficult matter
to settle this equality, they are con-
demned to lead this unsocial life.

On the contrary, the Islanders of the
Philippines are remarkably sociable.
Whenever one of them finds himself
without a companion to partake of his
meal, he runs till he meets with one;
and, we are assured, that however keen
his appetite may be, he refuses not to
satisfy it without a guest.

The tables of the rich Chinese shew
with a beautiful varnish, and are cover-
ed with silk carpets very elegantly
worked. They do not make use of
plates, knives and forks; every guest
has two little ivory or ebony sticks,
which he handles very adroitly.

The Otaheitan, who are lovers of so-
ciety, and very gentle in their manners,
feed separate from each other. At the
hour of repast, the members of each fam-
ily divide into two brothers, two sisters,
and even husband and wife, father and
mother, have each their respective ha-
bit. They place themselves at the dis-
tance of two or three yards from each
other; they turn their backs, and take
their meals in profound silence.

The custom of drinking at different
hours from those assigned for eating, is
to be met with amongst many savage
nations. It was originally begun from
necessity. It became an habit, which
subsisted even when the fountain was
near to them. "A people transplanted,"
observes an ingenious philosopher,
to preserve in another climate, modes of
living which relate to those from whence
they originally came. It is thus the In-
dians of Brazil scrupulously abstain
from eating when they drink, and from
drinking when they eat.

When either necessity or politeness
are known, the man who invites is
frivolous to a repast, is generally endea-
voured to satisfy his guests for his guests,
and to present them with some amuse-
ment; for the savage guest imposes on
him this obligation. Among the great-
est part of the American Indians, the
host is continually on the watch to en-
courage them to eat; but it relates nothing
himself. In New France he wastes
himself with singing, to divert the com-
pany while they eat.

When civilization advances, we wish
to show our civility to our friends, we
treat them as ourselves; and, it is
said that, in China, the master of the
house, to give a mark of politeness, be-
sides himself while his guests employ
themselves at his table in unobtruded
revelry.

The demonstrations of friendship in
a rude state, have a singular and some-
times a very remarkable character, which
it is very likely curious to observe. The
Tatars put a morsel
of the contents of their bowels into the
mouth of the guest, and they open
his mouth. It is then they clap their
hands and dance before him.

No customs seem more ridiculous
than those practised by a Kanakadee,
a native of the island of New Guinea,
who, when he wishes to make another his

friend, he first invites him to eat.
The host and his guest strip themselves
naked, which is heated to an insupport-
able degree. While the guest devours
the food with which they serve him,
the other continually stirs the fire. He
winks ten times before he will yield;
but, at length, obliged to acknowledge
himself overcome, he begins to com-
plain of matters. He purchases a mo-
ment's respite by a present of cloth, or
by a gift for his host threatens to heat
the fire, and obliges him to eat till he dies.
The stronger has a right of retaliation
allowed to him; he treats in the same
manner, and exacts the same present.
Should his host not accept the invitation
of his guest, whom he has so handsomely
regaled, he would come and inhabit
his cabin till he had obtained from him
for presents he had in so singular a
manner given to him.

For this extravagant custom a curious
reason has been alleged. It is said to
be the person to a trade whose friend-
ship is sought. The Kanakadee, who
is at the expense of the fires and the res-
pite, is desirous to know if the stranger
has the strength to support pain with him,
and if he is generous to share with him
some part of his property. Whilst the
guest is employed on his meal, he con-
tinually heats the cabin to an insupport-
able degree; and, for a last proof of the
stranger's constancy and attachment, he
exact more clothes and more dogs. The
host passes through the same ceremonies
in the cabin of the stranger; and he
shows, in his turn, with what degree
of fortitude he can defend his friend.
It is thus the most singular custom
would appear simple, if it were possible
for the philosopher to contemplate them
in the spot.

As a distinguished mark of their es-
teem, the Negroes of Andra drink out
of one cup at the same time. The King
of Loango eats in one house, and drinks
in another. A Kanakadee kneels be-
fore his guest; he cuts an enormous slice
from a sea-ealf; he erases it into the
mouth of his friend, furiously crying
out—"tana!"—there; and, eating a-
way what hangs about his lips, snatches
and swallows it with avidity.

A barbarian magnificence attended
the feasts of the ancient monarchs of
France. We are informed, that after
their coronation or consecration, when
they sat at table, the nobility served
them on horseback.

THUNDER PROOF CASTLE.

Some forty years ago, the first frame
house was raised in a pleasant little town
on the Connecticut, by a Mr. Flint, who,
with his newly wedded partner, began
their fortunes in it, with as fair a pros-
pect of happiness perhaps as any family
in all New Hampshire. Mr. and Mrs.
Flint were not of that class who find sol-
id enjoyment alone in the depths of sci-
ence, nor of that order, who see happi-
ness alone in the round of affluence.
They are both illiterate and poor. The
ideal happiness, not only of individuals,
but of families, and even great nations
is often overthrown by a single breath
of wind. So it fared with the Flint
family. They had not inhabited their
new dwelling quite a year, when an in-
cident, very trifling in itself, threw a
gloom over their lives, and transformed
a smiling couple into the melancholy
devotees of sorrow.

It was a pleasant day in the month of
June, and the family, consisting of Mr.
and Mrs. Flint, a hired laborer, and a
servant girl, were on the point of sitting
down to dinner, when a rap was heard
at the door. At the customary answer
"walk in," the door opened, and a
hideously deformed old woman made
her appearance, and seated herself. The
possessive of a fortune-teller unluckily
drew an unguarded expression from the
wife, while at table, at which, it is
presumed, the old sybil was secretly offend-
ed; and it may be seen, in the sequel,
that it proved a fruitful source of trou-
ble to the family for many years.

Dinner being cooled, and an opportu-
nity offered to consult their oracle, they
by turns passed the examination of the
fortune-teller, and received their future
prospects from her lips; but as none of
them have any bearing upon our story,
but Mrs. Flint's, we will not presume to
revel their fates, further than our pres-
ent purpose demands.

"In less than one year," said the old
bag, "you will give birth to a son. He
will be a very potent and promising
child, and when he is eighteen years
of age, he will be killed by lightning."

The year rolled round, and brought
with it the promised son. But it did
not bring with it the joy that generally
accompanies such a boon. From the
day of his birth, Henry Flint, (for so
he was named) was nursed with many an
anxious sigh, and was the subject of man-
ny a dreadful dream. Had any accident

fallen him, or had he been of a dull,
sterile mind, the credit of the prediction
would have rested in peace. But it was
not so. He was of a quick and penet-
rating genius, and discovered early sta-
bility of judgment, far above his age;
he was always healthy, cheerful and for-
tunate, and these circumstances, which
ought to awake the gratitude of parents,
only made his more wretched, as they
seemed so completely to accord with
the angry of the old fortune teller.—
Henry was placed at a grammar school,
and no pains were spared to fit him for
the sacred desk; a place to which his
early piety and natural capacity seemed
to destine him.

By his persevering activity, he found
the cause of the melancholy that hung
over his parents' enjoyments; but he
manifested a total disregard of such pre-
dictions, which his better judgment and
education had taught him to despise.—
He strove with all his ingenuity to con-
vert them to reason, and omitted no op-
portunity to bring the inventions of such
cypriotes into ridicule. But the day was
not approaching; and he had already
entered the eighteenth year without any
other fruits of his labors, than a deeper
and more constant gloom on the minds
of former Flint and his wife. Having
found fruitless all his attempts to bring
the lightning from their imaginations, he
desisted, with a firm determination to
think no more about it. Many were
the councils and consultations at former
Flint's cottage, to devise ways and
means to ward off the burst of fate. It
was at last determined to build a retreat,
or castle, if we may so call it, which
should be proof against the destructive
elements, and on the fatal day to lead
him to there for his safety. This was
to be built, without any regard to ex-
pense; of such materials, as had been
procured by observation to escape the ef-
fects of lightning, and on the lowest spot
of ground near the cottage; and Henry
had so far consented to this plan as to
let them go on without ridicule; for
hitherto he had ridiculed every foolish
whim as far as decency to his parents
would allow.

The trying day at last came. Mr.
Flint's family arose, after the sleepless
night, and found the morning unusually
dull and pleasant. To avoid being laugh-
ed at, they said very little of the expect-
ed disaster, and dinner came without a
single sign of war in the elements. The
mother smiled at table perhaps the first
time for weeks; and they all now began
to entertain doubts of the veracity of
fortune-tellers; but they dared not ex-
press or hardly silently cherish that
the day would be sorrowless. The
workmen had returned to the meadow,
the clock had struck three, and madam
Flint had been almost sozzled; when
the unweelcome roll of thunder was
heard echoing over the distant hills; a
few dark clouds had united, and, by
their frowning and glowing, threatened
a tremendous shower. The father came
in, sat down, but said not a word. Ev-
ery countenance was dark, as if it had
become a mirror to the darkening skies.
Henry alone was undaunted; his coun-
tenance was like an angel, or any being
that fears not death. His sisters united
with their mother, and with all the en-
tretries they were capable of, fringed,
besought him to fly to the castle for
safety. But he was now fixed in his
resolution not to stir a step.

The storm was now drawing near
very fast, the lightning became more
vivid every gleam, and the increasing
roar of thunder was mingled with the
rushing sound of the rain in the distant
forest, when the amiable youth took the
Bible in his hand, and walked straight
into the open field. The distressed
souls in the cottage hardly knew where
they were, until the thunder came so
frequently and loud, they began to
tremble for their own safety. "Why
did we not go to the thunder house,"
said little Sophia, as pale as death;
"the thunder will strike the house and
—." She did not finish her sentence,
before a tremendous valley of thunder
filled the room apparently with liquid
fire, and seemed to smother the very
foundation of the earth by its report.

The storm had spent its force, and
the rain ceased almost instantly. The
sun broke out, and all nature, by her
smiles, seemed willing to atone for her
recent wrongs, and the thunder died a-
way like an evening echo, through the
surrounding forest. The despairing
group in the house were riveted to their
seats in suspense—no one daring to stir,
for fear of being the first to behold the
corpse of their dear Henry. They sat
feebly gazing on each other till Henry
opened the door, saying with a smile,
"Your thunder-proof castle is a fine de-
fence; the lightning has dashed it to a
tower." They all rose to see, and it was
so. Former Flint, though on his knees,
went to his work. He was never

known to say a word of it afterwards,
unless first provoked to it; and the whole
family, Henry excepted, although they
were too well bred to be angry, never
heard with satisfaction or complacency
the name of the "Thunder-Proof Cas-
tle."

FROM THE LONDON MORNING CHRONICLE.

THE FAMILY OF PENN.

We have been highly amused by a
letter in the Courier, from "WILLIAM
PENN, one of the Hereditary Lords
Proprietaries and Governors-General of
Pennsylvania," who is mightily offend-
ed that President Victoria should, in
his Address, have spoken of the "ex-
amples of Penn, Washington, Jefferson,
and Bolivar;" and flatters himself that
he has fulfilled his duty, in rescuing
his "great-grandfather's memory from
a foul association with the executioner
of the heroic Andre, the patron of the
mercant Paine, and the marauder of
Peru!"

But the document richly deserves
translation into our columns—and
here it is:

To the Editor of the Courier.

Sir—Through the channel of your
kindness, I wish to submit to the pub-
lic the impression made on my mind by
the Address of President Victoria, as
reported in your paper of the 23d inst.
In no small degree I claim a right of
personal interference on this occasion,
conceiving, as I do, the right which our
law invests in the representatives of an-
cient and honorable families, of watch-
ing over and protecting the monumen-
tal trophies of their ancestors, as typical
of the imperious duties owed to them
to the memory and fair fame of the dis-
tinguished dead, from whom they trace
their descent. In the composition in
question (which, from the specimen
which you have inserted of it, savors
more, in my opinion, of the puppet-show
than of the Cabinet school) the "ex-
amples of Penn, Washington, Jefferson
and Bolivar," are brought forward as par-
allel incentives to a line of policy, which
I hesitate not to brand with the imputa-
tion of rank jacobinism.

In preposterously pressing the au-
thority of my justly celebrated progeni-
tor into such a company, the old adage
of *ab uno disce omnes* is unfairly and
perversely travestied into *ab omnibus
disce unum*. Though bowed down to
the ground, under the loss of feudal pow-
er, superior, and territorial opulence es-
qual, to any now enjoyed by any of the
families now ranged beneath our gra-
cious Sovereign's imperial and paternal
Throne, no Member of the House of
Pennsylvania will ever swerve from
those principles of devoted loyalty and
uncompromising consistency, which in-
duced its founder to repay the well pla-
cated confidence and merited munificence
displayed by King Charles the Second,
(in a charter granting privileges as
prudent as an English Monarch ever in-
vested in an English subject,) by a zeal
in behalf of his unhappy brother's sink-
ing and desperate cause, so prominent as
to include his name in one of King Wil-
liam's earliest proclamations, along with
those of Lords Clarendon, North and
Dartmouth, and Bishop Kent. By al-
luding to this single fact, prominently
placed on historical record, I flatter my-
self that I have fulfilled my duty in res-
cuing my great grandfather's memory
from a foul association with the execu-
tioner of the heroic Andre, the patron
of the mercant Paine, and the marau-
der of Peru. I should not be at all sur-
prised to find M. Victoria following up
the theory, which he has so ingeniously
struck out, by coupling the name of Lou-
is XVI. with those of La Fayette, Ro-
bespierre, and Bonaparte. I am, Sir,
your very obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PENN,
One of the Hereditary Lords Proprietaries,
and Governors-General of Pennsylvania.
London, Dec. 24, 1843.

Bravo, descendant of William Penn;
bravo, ex-hereditary Lord Proprietary
of Pennsylvania. Though bowed
down to the ground, under the loss of
feudal power equal to any now enjoy-
ed by any of the families now ranged
beneath our gracious sovereign's imper-
ial and paternal throne. Got the exam-
ple of the House of Bourbon has not,
it would appear, been lost on the repre-
sentative of "the House of Pennsylva-
nia." Ah, to think of the mortification
of a member of the House of Pennsylva-
nia! A House which, in the memory
of some Scotch Highlander perhaps, was
about ten times greater than the House
of Brunswick—to think only of his col-
lected progenitors being compared to
the marauder of Peru!

We respect the memory of William
Penn, and for his sake are willing to
die very mercifully with his great-
grandson, altho' it would be about as
difficult to recognize the old Quaker in
the ex-hereditary Lord, as the noble duc
of Alexandria, in the top of a hair-hole

How different the latter end of a House
from the beginning! Think only of
a great-grandson of William Penn, who,
when Charles II. sent an order down to
Oxford that the surplice should be worn
according to the custom of ancient times,
fell upon those students who appeared
in surplices, and tore them every where
over their heads—who stood it out so
lustily against constables—and who, in
his most celebrated work, "No Cross,
no Crown," spoke so contemptuously
of the proud man, "that is mighty big
with the honor of his ancestors, and can
tell you of his pedigree, what estate,
what matches, but forgets that they are
gone; to think of the descendant of such
a man, affecting to defend his memory,
and in the same breath dwelling with
complacency on his late feudal power
and territorial opulence.

But let us not trample on the fallen.
The foible of the representative of the
House of Pennsylvania, Ex-Lord Prop-
rietary and Fendal Chief, is as harm-
less to others as the poor inmate of Bed-
lam, who struts about in his cell, his
brows bedecked with a paper crown.
Would that all the representatives of
great houses were as little capable of
injuring others!

MORAL.

"The only doctrinal truth," says
Bishop Sanderson, "which Solomon in-
sisted on, when he took the whole world
for his large but barren text, was, that all
is vanity." This was not the verdict of
a hermit railing from his cell at pleas-
ures untasted, or at grandeur unenjoyed.
Among the sons of men, not one had
sought with more unremitting diligence,
or had wider avenues to the search, for
whatever good either skill or power could
extract out of the world, than Solomon.
No one could judge of the sweets which
can be drawn from this grand Alembic,
with higher natural abilities, or with
deeper experimental wisdom. He did
not descant on the vanity of the world so
eloquently till he had considered it; accu-
rately, and examined it practically. He
was not contented, like a learned theo-
rist, to collect his notions from philoso-
phy or history, or hearsay; he well
knew what he said, "and whereof he af-
firmed." All upon which he so pathet-
ically preached he had seen with his
eyes, heard with his ears, and, in his
widely-roving search, had experienced
in his own disappointed mind, and felt
in his own aching heart. He goes on to
prove, by an induction of particulars, the
grand truth propounded in his thesis, the
vanity of the world. He shows, in a regu-
lar series of experiments, how he had
ransacked its treasures, exhausted its
enjoyments, and even to satiety, revelled
in its honours, riches, and delights. He
had been an intellectual as well as sensual
voluptuary, and had emptied the reservoir
of knowledge as well as of pleasure.—
Then reverting in the close of his dis-
course to the point from which he had set
out, he again pronounces, that all is vanity.

"The conclusion of the whole matter,"
which he draws from this melancholy
argument, as finely exhibited as prescrip-
tively conceived, is a solemn injunction to
remember, what it is to be feared the
Preacher himself had sometimes forgot-
ten, that the whole duty of man is to fear
God, and keep his commandments;—
winding up his fine peroration with a
 motive in which every child of Adam is
equally, and awfully concerned, "because God
shall bring every work into judgment."

May not every real Christian, whose
heart is touched with the affecting
truth of the text, be admonished by the
solemn valedictory declaration? May
he not learn the lesson indicated at his
experience than it was acquired by this
practical master of the science of wisdom.
If another sovereign was told there was
royal way to geometry, the King of Israel
has opened a royal way to a more direct
philosophy. By the benefit to be derived
from contemplating this illustrious ex-
stance of how little are the great things
of this world, the Christian may set out
where Solomon ended. He may be convinced
of the vanity of the world at a price far cheaper
than Solomon paid for it, by a way far
safer than his own experience. He may
convert the experiment made by the
Preacher to his own personal account.
He may find in the doctrines of the
text a confirmation of his truth in his
precepts a counteraction to its perils,
its premises a consolation to its dis-
appointments.