

## POETRY.

### THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs,  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end,  
Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying, none were blest.  
Beyond the flight of time,—  
Beyond the reign of death,—  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath,  
Nor life-affections' transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.  
There is a world above  
Where parting is unknown,  
A long eternity of love  
Form'd for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that glorious sphere.  
Thus star by star declines,  
'Till all are past away:  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day,  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

From a London Paper.

### GRAMMATICAL TAUTOLOGY.

I'll prove the word that I have made my theme,  
Is that that may be doubled without blame;  
And that that *that*, thus trebled, I may use,  
And that that *that* that critics may abuse—  
May be correct. Farther—the dross to bother;  
Five *thats* may closely follow one another!  
For be it known that we may safely write,  
Or say that *that* that that man writ was right:  
Say, *even*, that that *that* that *that* that follow'd  
Through six repeats, the Grammar's rule has  
hallow'd;  
And that that *that* (that that that that began)  
Repeated seven times is right—Deny't who  
can.

## VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

### BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

From Cooper's new work—*Lionel Lincoln*.

[Lionel is a Major in the British service, but a Bostonian by birth. The battle is seen from Copp's hill, which he had ascended with Generals Clinton and Burgoyne, of the British army.]

The whole scene now lay before them. Nearly in their front was the village of Charlestown with its deserted streets and silent roofs, looking like a place of the dead; or, if the signs of life were visible within its open avenues, was merely some figure moving swiftly in the solitude like one who hastened to quit the devoted spot. On the opposite point of the south-eastern face of the peninsula, and at the distance of a thousand yards, the ground was already covered by masses of human beings, in scarlet, with their arms glittering in a noon day sun. Between the two, though in the more immediate vicinity of the silent town, the rounded ridge already described, rose abruptly from a flat that was bounded by the water, until, having attained an elevation of some fifty or sixty feet, it swelled gradually to the little crest where was placed the humble object that had occasioned all this commotion. The meadows, on the right, were still peaceful and smiling as in the most quiet days of the province, though the excited fancy of Lionel imagined that a sudden stillness lingered about the neglected Kilas in their front, and over the whole landscape, that was in gloomy consonance with the approaching scene. Far on the left, across the waters of the Charles, the American camp had poured forth its thousands to the hill; and the whole population of the country for many miles inland, had gathered to a point, to witness a struggle charged with the fate of their nation. Bunker's hill rose from out the appalling silence of the town of Boston, like a pyramid of living faces, with every eye fixed on the fatal point, and men along the yards of the shipping, or were suspended on cornices, cupolas and steeples, in thoughtless security while every other sense was lost in the absorbing interest of the sight. The vessels of war had hauled deeper into the rivers, or more properly these narrow arms of the sea which formed the peninsula, and sent their iron missiles with unweary industry across the low passage which alone opened the means of communication between the self-devoted women on the hill, and their distant countrymen. While battalions landed after battalion on the point, cannon-balls from the battery of Cops, and the vessels of war, were glancing up the natural glets that surrounded the redoubt, burying themselves in its eastern parapet, or plunging with violence into the deserted sides of the lofty height which lay a few hundred yards in its rear; and the black and smoky bonds appeared to hover

above the spot, as if pausing to select the places in which to plant their deadly combustibles.

Notwithstanding these appalling preparations, and ceaseless annoyances, throughout that long and anxious morning, the stout husbandmen on the hill never ceased their steady efforts to maintain, to the utmost extremity, the post they had so daringly assumed. In vain the English exhausted every means to disturb their stubborn foes; the pick, the shovel, and the spade continued to perform their offices, and mound rose after mound, amidst the din and danger of the cannonade, steadily, and as well as if the fanciful conceits of Job Piny embraced their real objects, and the labourers were employed in the peaceful pursuits of their ordinary lives. This firmness, however, was not like the proud front which high training imparted to the most common mind; for ignorant of the glare of military show, in the simple and rude vestments of their calling, armed with such weapons as they had seized from the hooks above their own mantles, and without even a banner to wave its cheering folds above their heads, they stood, sustained only by the righteousness of their cause, and those deep moral principles which they had received from their fathers, and which they intended this day should show, were to be transmitted untarnished to their children. It was afterwards known that they endured their labours and their dangers even in want of that sustenance which is so essential to support animal spirits in moments of calmness and ease; while their enemies, on the point, awaiting the arrival of their latest bands, were securely devouring a meal which to hundreds amongst them proved to be their last. The fatal instant now seemed approaching. A general movement was seen among the battalions of the British, who began to spread along the shore, under cover of the brow of the hill—the lingering boats having arrived with the rear of their detachments—and officers hurried from regiment to regiment with the final mandates of their chief. At this moment a body of Americans appeared on the crown of Bunker's hill, and descending swiftly by the road, disappeared in the meadows to the left of their own redoubt.

The Americans had made a show, in the course of that fearful morning, of returning the fire of their enemies, by throwing a few shot from their light field-pieces, as if in mockery of the tremendous cannonade which they sustained. But as the moment of severest trial approached, the same awful stillness which had settled upon the deserted streets of Charlestown, hovered around the redoubt. On the meadows, to its left, the recently arrived bands hastily threw the rails of two fences into one, and covering the whole with the mown grass that surrounded them, they posted themselves along the frail defence, which answered no better purpose than to conceal their weakness from their adversaries. Behind this characteristic rampart, several bodies of husbandmen from the neighbouring provinces of New-Hampshire and Connecticut, lay on their arms, in sullen expectation. Their line extended from the shore to the base of the ridge, where it terminated several hundred feet behind the works; leaving a wide opening in a diagonal direction, between the fence and an earthen breast work, which ran a short distance down the declivity of the hill, from the north-eastern angle of the redoubt. A few hundred yards in the rear of this rude disposition, the naked crest of Bunker's hill rose unoccupied, and undefended, and the streams of the Charles and the Mystic sweeping around its base, approached so near each other as to blend the sounds of their rippling. It was across this low and narrow isthmus, that the royal frigates poured a stream of fire, that never ceased, while around it hovered the numerous parties of the undisciplined Americans hesitating to attempt the dangerous passage.

In this manner Gage had, in a great degree, surrounded the devoted peninsula with his power; and the bold men who had so daringly planted themselves under the muzzles of his cannon, were left, as already stated, unsupported, without nourishment, and with weapons from their own gun hooks, singly to maintain the honour of their nation. Including men of all ages and conditions, there might have been two thousand of them; but as the day advanced, small bodies of their countrymen, taking counsel of their feelings, and animated by the example of the old Partisan of the Woods, who crossed and re-crossed the neck, loudly scoffing at the danger, broke through the fire of the shipping, in time to join in the closing and bloody business of the hour.

On the other hand, Howe led more

than an equal number of the chosen troops of his Prince; and as boats continued to ply between the two peninsulas throughout the afternoon, the relative disparity continued undiminished to the end of the struggle. It was at this point in our narrative that, deeming himself sufficiently strong to force the defences of his despised foes, the arrangements preparatory to such an undertaking were made in full view of the excited spectators. Notwithstanding the security with which the English general marshalled his warriors, he felt that the approaching contest would be a battle of no common incidents. The eyes of tens of thousands were fastened on his movements, and the occasion demanded the richest display of the pageantry of war.

The troops formed with beautiful accuracy, and the columns moved steadily along the shore, and took their assigned stations under cover of the brow of the eminence. Their force was in some measure divided; one moiety attempting the toilsome ascent of the hill and the other moving along the beach, or in the orchards of the more level ground, towards the husbandmen on the meadows. The latter soon disappeared behind some fruit trees and brick-kilns just mentioned. The advance of the royal columns up the ascent was slow and measured, giving time to their field guns to add their efforts to the uproar of the cannonade, which broke out with new fury as the battalions prepared to march. When each column arrived at the allotted point, it spread the gallant array of its glittering warriors under a bright sun.

"It is a glorious spectacle," murmured the graceful chieftain by the side of Lionel, keenly alive to all the poetry of his alluring profession; how exceeding soldier like! and with what accuracy his "first arm ascends the hill, towards his enemy!"

The intensity of his feelings prevented Major Lincoln from replying, and the other soon forgot that he had spoken, in the overwhelming anxiety of the moment. The advance of the British line, so beautiful and slow, resembled rather the ordered steadiness of a drill than an approach to a deadly struggle. Their standards fluttered proudly above them, and there were moments when the wild music of their bands was heard rising on the air, and tempering the ruder sounds of the artillery. The young and thoughtless in their ranks turned their faces backwards, and smiled exultingly, as they beheld steeples, roofs, masts, and heights, teeming with their thousands of eyes bent on the show of their bright array. As the British lines moved in open view of the little redoubt, and began slowly to gather around its different faces, gun after gun became silent, and the curious artillerist or fired seaman, lay extended on his heated piece gazing in mute wonder at the spectacle. There was just then a minute when the rear of the cannonade seemed passing away like the rumbling of distant thunder.

"They will not fight, Lincoln," said the animated leader at the side of Lionel—the military front of Howe has chilled the hearts of the knaves, and our victory will be bloodless?"

"We shall see, sir—we shall see!"

These words were barely uttered, when, platoon after platoon among the British, delivered its fire, the blaze of musketry flashing swiftly around the brow of the hill, and was immediately followed by heavy volleys that ascended from the orchard. Still no answering sound was heard from the Americans, and the royal troops were soon lost to the eye as they slowly marched into the white cloud which their own fire had alone created.

"They are cowed, by heavens—the dogs are cowed!" once more cried the gay companion of Lionel, "and Howe is within two hundred feet of them, unharmed!"

At that instant a sheet of flame glanced through the smoke, like lightning playing in a cloud, while at one report a thousand muskets were added to the uproar. It was not altogether fancy which led Lionel to imagine that he saw the smoky canopy of the hill to wave as the trained warriors it enveloped filtered before this close and appalling discharge; but in another instant the stimulating war cry, and the loud shouts of the combatants were borne across the strait to his ears, even amid the horrid din of the combat. Ten breathless minutes flew by like a moment of time, and the bewildered spectators on Copp's were still gazing intently on the scene, when a voice was raised among them, shouting—

"Hurrah! let the rako-hellies go up to Breed's; the people will teach 'em the law!"

"Throw the rebel scoundrel from the hill! blow him from the muzzle of a

gun!" cried twenty soldiers in a breath.

"Hold!" exclaimed Lionel—"tis a simpleton, an idiot, a fool!"

But the angry and savage murmurs as quickly subsided, and were lost in other feelings, as the bright red lines of the royal troops were seen issuing from the smoke, waving and recoiling before the still vivid fire of their enemies.

"Ha!" said Burgoyne—"tis some feint to draw the rebels from their hold!"

"'Tis a palpable and disgraceful retreat!" muttered the stern warrior nigh him, whose truer eye detected at a glance the discomfiture of the assailants—"Tis another base retreat before the rebels!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

As an instance of the effects of imprisonment for debt, the following article is copied from a work lately published by S. G. Woodworth, of New-York.

Some years since, a young man by the name of Brown, was cast into prison in this city for debt. His manners were interesting. His fine dark eyes beamed so much intelligence, his lively countenance expressed so much ingenuousness, that I was induced, contrary to my usual rule, to seek his acquaintance. Companions in misery, we soon became attached to each other.

Brown was informed that one of his creditors would not consent to his discharge; that he had abused him very much, (as is usual in such cases) and made a solemn oath to keep him in jail "till he rotted." I watched Brown's countenance when he received this information; and, whether it was fancy or not, I cannot say, but I thought I saw the cheering spirit of hope in that moment desert him forever.

Nothing gave Brown pleasure but the daily visits of his amiable wife. By the help of a kind relation, she was able to give him soup, wine and fruit, and every day, clear or stormy, she visited the prison to cheer the drooping spirits of her husband. She was uncommonly pretty. She seemed an angel, administering consolation to a man about to converse with angels. One day passed the hour of one o'clock, and she came not.—Brown was uneasy.—Two, three, and four passed, and she did not appear. Brown was distracted. A messenger arrived.—Mrs. Brown was very dangerously ill, and supposed to be dying in a convulsive fit. As soon as Brown had received this intelligence, he darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning. The inner door was open; and the jailer who had just let some one in, was closing it as Brown passed violently through. The jailer knocked him down with a mussy iron key which he held in his hand; and Brown was carried back lifeless, and covered with blood, to his cell.

Mrs. Brown died—and her husband was deprived even of the privilege of closing her eyes. He lingered for some time, till at last, he called me one day, and gazing on me, while a faint smile played upon his lips, he said, "He believed death was more kind than his creditors." After a few convulsive struggles he expired.

## MORAL.

### SELECTED.

Some Christians seem to view the Almighty as encircled with no attributes but his sovereignty. God, in establishing his moral government, might indeed have acted solely by his sovereignty. He might have pleaded no other reason for our allegiance but his absolute dominion. He might have governed arbitrarily, without explaining the nature of his requisition: He might have reigned over us as a king, without the offer of remuneration. Instead of this, while he maintains his entire title to our obedience, he mitigates the austerity of command by the invitations of his kindness, and softens the rigour of authority by the allurements of his promises. In holding out menaces to deter us from disobedience, he balances them with the offered plente of our own felicity, and thus instead of terrifying, attracts us to obedience. If he threatens,—it is that by intimidating he may be spared the necessity of punishing; if he promises,—it is that we may perceive our happiness, to be bound up with our obedience. Thus his goodness invites us to a compliance, which his sovereignty might have demanded on the single ground that it was his due. Whereas he seems almost to waive our duty as a claim, as if to afford us the merit of a voluntary obedience; though

the very will to obey is his gift, he promises to accept it as if it were our own act. He first inspires the desire, and then rewards it. Thus his power, we may hazard the expression, gives place to his goodness, and he presses us by tenderness almost more than he constrains us by authority. He even condescends to make our happiness no less a motive for our duty than his injunctions; hear his affectionate apostrophe—"Oh, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river!"

It was that his goodness might have the precedency of his Omnipotence, that he vouchsafed to give the Law in the shape of a covenant. He stooped to enter into a sort of reciprocal engagement with his creatures,—he condescended to stipulate with the work of his hands. But the consummation of his goodness, was reserved for his work of Redemption. Here he not only performed the office, but assumed the name of Love; a name with which, notwithstanding all his preceding wonders of Providence and Grace, he was never invested till after the completion of this last, greatest act:—an act towards his pardoned rebels, not only of indemnity but promotion;—an act which the angels desire to scrutinize, and which man will never fully comprehend till he enters on that beatitude to which it has introduced him.

### EXTRACT.

Had we no other monition—had the voice of the Deity been silent, the immortal destiny of man would testify itself in his sufferings. Why do we suffer? Why are our natural hopes frustrated, our best founded expectations deceived? Why should the mother, as she hangs over her infant, anticipating the lapse of time, and already beholding him a youth—a man—in his turn her protector, and requiting those anxious cares which she now lavishes upon him; why should death, or worse than death, filial ingratitude, disappoint her after those fond expectations? Why should the dreams of youth be only dreams? Why should disappointment so often blight the hope that nature inspires? And why should nature have given to us that beautiful faculty, which like Noah's dove vainly searches for a resting place? Is it not that the fond expecting heart, allowed to flutter for a time over the expanse of terrestrial joys, may, through disappointment and suffering, at last be prevailed upon to return to that ark of refuge, where alone it can repose in security? The mere moralist believes that such may be the case. But the Christian knows it. He who cannot deceive, has called to his compassionate arms the sorrowful and the unfortunate—"Come unto me," says he, "all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He too has told us, that those who mourn are blessed, for they shall be comforted. Too surely, indeed, has he prophesied to us, that in the world we shall have tribulation—but still we are to be of good cheer.

Though the favor and applause of men may gratify vanity, and promote pecuniary interest for a few years, yet of how little value will they appear at the close of life? Men know but little of each other's real character and merit, and frequently err by undervaluing and overvaluing them. They have often lavished fame and glory on the undeserving, and denied them, at least during life, to their greatest benefactors.

Men are so apt to envy, to arraign, to be ungrateful, that a wise man will take care, if possible not to let the fabric of his happiness rest on a pillar so tottering as the people's favor. He will endeavor to do good and to act reasonably, and leave popularity to follow her own caprice, and not let it be said of him, that his health and happiness depend on the applause or the want of it.

If a great deal of knowledge is not capable of making a man wise, it has a tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

A firm belief in a future state is a great consolation to a good man. It is the balsam that cures all his miseries in this life.