

POETRY.

FROM PICKNEY'S POEMS.

The North American Review says, (in speaking of the following lines) "If he who reads it is a lover already, it will make him love the more, and if he is not, he will determine to become one forthwith. There is a devotion and delicacy about it, an ardent and at the same time respectful and spiritual passion breathed out in it, which must insure for it a ready admiration."

A IDEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up Of loveliness alone, A woman, of her gentle sex The seeming paragon; To whom the better elements And kindly stars have given, A form so fair, that, like the air, 'Tis less of earth than heaven. Her every tone is music's own, Like those of morning birds, And son'g more than melody Dwells ever in her words; The coinage of her heart are they, And from her lips each flows, As one may see the burthened bee Forth issue from the rose. Affections are, as thoughts to her The measures of her hours; Her feelings have the fragrant, The freshness of young flowers; And lovely passions, changing oft, So fill her, she appears The image of themselves by turns, —The idol of past years! Of her bright face one glance will trace A picture on the brain, And of her voice in echoing hearts A sound must long remain: But memory such as mine of her So very much endears, When death is nigh, my latest sigh Will not be life but her's. I fill'd this cup to one made up Of loveliness alone, A woman, of her gentle sex The seeming paragon— Her health! and would on earth there stood Some more of such a frame, That life might be all poetry, And weariness a name.

The following was written by an Englishman on the heights of Brooklyn, (tune, Moore's Meeting of the Waters,) and sung by General Swift, after the dinner at Sykes's New-York Collection House, at the recent celebration of the completion of the Grand Canal:

There is not in the wide world a Land so complete, As this land in whose bosom the bright waters meet; Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart, Ere this day of proud triumph shall fade from my heart. Yet it is not that Nature has shed o'er the scene Her purest of Crystal, and brightest of green; It is not the sweet magic of streamlet or rill,— Oh no! it is something more exquisite still. 'Tis that Liberty chose this blest spot for her own, Where Seas, Lakes and Rivers, unite now in one; And where Freedom, and Commerce, and Industry prove That the Gods are protecting the land of their Love.

A PRINTER'S APOLOGY,

Asking his subscribers to pay for the paper. "Out of wood, and clothing scant; Dry Goods due for; hats in want; Children fretful; wife complaining; Credit difficult sustaining; Notes to manage, discounts rare; Debt enough; can't live on air; Though I would by no means *dam* ye, Think ye, do I not want MONEY?"

Travels.

FROM THE NEW YORK STATESMAN.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO XXIII. LONDON, 13th AUGUST, 1825.—In the streets and buildings of London, public and private, with the exception of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey and a few others, I have been egregiously disappointed. There is nothing impressive or prepossessing in its aspect. Most of the houses and shops are of dark brick, two and three stories high, and much crowded, situated upon irregular, narrow and dirty streets. Drury Lane and Covent-Garden, which sound so well on paper, resemble the region about the Collect in New York. Even the west end of the town has by no means answered my expectations. Its buildings will not bear a comparison with the upper parts of Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has a neat house; but Lord Wellington's, near the entrance of Hyde Park, is a large, square, plain building, of smoky brick, destitute of every spe-

cies of ornament and elegance. Lord Liverpool's, the Duke of Northumberland's and the residences generally of the nobility exhibit little taste. As for the Duke of Devonshire, his dwelling is so encased by high brick walls, that no one has an opportunity of viewing it. St. James' Palace, and in fact all the royal edifices about London, are most unprincipally looking places, displaying neither elegance nor splendor.

The handsomest part of the town is about Regent's Park and Portland Place. Regent street and Waterloo Place are also fine. The houses are of brick, uniform in their construction, and covered with a thick stucco, giving them an appearance of being built of white marble. In this part of the city, the streets are spacious and airy.

The great avenues through London run parallel to the Thames, from Westminster to the eastern end. There are two of them. Different sections of the one nearest the river, and generally within fifty rods of its left bank, go by the several names of Piccadilly, the Strand, Fleet street, Ludgate, and some others, leading to the Tower. The other great thoroughfare runs parallel to this, at the distance of half a mile to the north, and leads through Holborn, Cheapside, and Cornhill. These streets are generally wide, but are constantly thronged, from morning till midnight, with carriages, carts, and vehicles of every description, as well as with foot passengers. So great is the promiscuous multitude, and the difficulty of passing, that it occupies a much longer time to ride than to walk the same distance. No person can witness these ceaseless tides of population, ebbing and flowing like the restless ocean, and reflect that in a short time the whole will sink into oblivion, giving place to a new generation, without having his mind forcibly impressed with the vanity of life. Few of the busy, gay, and fashionable throng are known beyond their narrow spheres, or will be remembered after the curtain drops. But this is not the place for moralizing.

One of the leading features in the topography of London is the great number of public squares and parks. These are every thing to a city thus crowded and confined, adding equally to its health and beauty. Several of the largest are open to every one, and afford delightful promenades. We have rambled through most of them. The principal ones are St. James' and Hyde Park, at the west end of the town. Both of them are spacious, beautifully adorned with trees, gravel walks, and artificial waters, which cool the air and vary the prospect. I could almost forgive the mock-battle upon the Serpentine, in which the flag of our country was struck by order of his majesty, to gratify the potentates of Europe, for the grateful breeze it afforded me, while walking on a warm afternoon, upon its green and shady bank.

Our visit to Hyde Parke was at the most fashionable hour, for the purpose of witnessing the style of the "nobility and gentry." This Park contains about 400 acres. At the entrance is a colossal statue of Achilles, standing upon a lofty pedestal, and armed with his sword and shield. It was cast from cannon taken at the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and Waterloo, and is inscribed by the ladies to "Wellington and his brave companions in arms." Around the Park there is a carriage path, resembling a race-course, where all who are able to ride, and some who probably are not, parade in full dress and equipage. Lords and ladies roll on in their coaches, which, by the bye, are generally heavy and inelegant; while a troop of dandies, with sugarloaf hats, whiskers meeting at the chin, and mustachios covering the upper lip, gallop after. The last mentioned ornament is all the rage here at present, being worn by some of the nobility. Of all the whims and follies in dress, this is the most outrageous, indecent and disgusting. One would think that every polished society would cry out against it; yet the fashionables are seen walking the streets arm-in-arm with the ladies, wearing a tuft of dirty hair upon the lip.

Our walk was extended quite round the Park; and to Kensington Gardens. The whole of these spacious grounds were filled with crowds of people, high and low, old and young, male and female. Such a general rendezvous afforded us a pretty fair opportunity of seeing the population of London in their best attire, and with smiling countenances. The ladies very generally have pretty faces. Some of them are extremely handsome. It is in fact an uncommon thing to see a woman with an ugly set of features, except in the lowest classes. But in their forms, and the whole contour of their persons, except their faces, they do not surpass in delicacy and beauty the ladies of our own country. The former are generally much grosser than

the latter, and appear to enjoy an excess of good health. Some of the higher classes are said to be perfect angels. But this is a delicate subject, and perhaps my opinion has already been expressed too freely. I will at any rate change the topic for one of a graver character.

Nearly two out of our ten days in London have been passed in Westminster Abbey, and as many more might be devoted to its numerous monuments with equal pleasure. It is indeed a most fascinating place to one who has read and admired the poets, orators, philosophers, jurists, and divines of England; who is familiar with the civil, military, and naval history of the country; or who is fond of witnessing an exhibition of the arts, erected for the noble purpose of perpetuating the remembrance of genius, learning, taste. The building itself is admirably fitted for a repository of the distinguished dead. No one could approach the venerable pile, with its grey Gothic turrets, without feelings of reverence and solemnity, even if it were divested of those associations, which the recollection of departed greatness awakens. Whether it be meretricious, or owing to some peculiarity in the architecture, or the sombre complexion of the material, the Abbey even at a distance, wears an aspect of sober grandeur, and an air commanding veneration, which no other edifice I have ever seen possesses; and the eye of the spectator, as it surveys the weather-beaten structure, its lofty portals, and Gothic windows, sends a thrill to the heart.

The only entrance at present is through the southern transept, denominated "the Poet's Corner," and who could wish for a more interesting passage? In this section of the Church, the visitant finds himself at once surrounded by monuments to the memory of Ben Johnson, Butler, Milton, Gray, Mason, Prior, Grenville Sharp, Shakspeare, Thompson, Rowe, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Gay, Goldsmith, Addison, Handel, Hales, Dr. Barrow, Camden, Chaucer, Dryden, Cowley, Philips, Drayton, and many others less known to the world. Finding himself in the midst of such a group, with so many attractions on all sides, one scarcely knows to whom first to turn and pay the tribute of respect. Having the day before me, I began with "Rare Ben Johnson," whose monument is near the entrance, and proceeded deliberately around the walls of the Abbey, against which these mementoes of the dead are placed. Fatigue often compelled me to brush the dust from the pedestal of one tomb, and set myself upon its corner, to read a long inscription and to examine the sculptured marble of the next in order. Full notes were taken of the designs, the epitaphs, and other circumstances, even in some cases to the color of the stone.

There are obvious defects in grouping the monuments of the Abbey. Had the idea of "the Poet's Corner" been strictly adopted, it would have been a great improvement. It is gratifying to see those sleeping side by side, who in life were united by the ties of friendship, or assimilated by kindred pursuits. There are several beautiful illustrations of this principle in the Abbey. The monument of Gray is immediately under that of Milton, and connected with it. On the former, the lyric Muse, in alto-relievo, is in the attitude of holding a medallion of Gray, and at the same time pointing her finger to the bust of Milton above, with the following inscription:

"No more the Grecian Muse unrivalled reigns, To Britain let the nations homage pay; She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains, A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

Another instance of this kind was observed, still more striking and beautiful. The remains of Johnson and Garrick repose side by side beneath the pavement, at the feet of Shakspeare. Here is a triple association of the most interesting character. The moralist and tragedian were intimate friends in life, sustaining the relation of preceptor and pupil, and the still nearer one of having encountered penury and neglect together; they sleep at the feet of the great dramatic master, whose genius they both illustrated, in the closet and upon the stage. Shakspeare's is beautiful in design and execution, worthy of the poet whom it commemorates, and of the taste of Pope, who was a member of the committee that superintended its erection.

In another part of the church, the relics of the two great orators, William Pitt and Charles James Fox, rest by the side of each other. But the violation of this principle of grouping the monuments is so frequent, that the foregoing instances seem rather accidental than premeditated. Dr. Watts' slab is interposed between military and naval heroes, knights and noblemen, whose pursuits were entirely foreign to his own. The superb monument in memo-

ry of Sir Isaac Newton, although grand in design and elegant in execution, is liable to the same objection. He is surrounded by women, and has not a scientific or literary associate in the neighborhood. Addison has fallen into a more appropriate circle. His monument consists of a full length statue, which is said to be a good likeness, standing upon an elevated pedestal, and looking towards the Poet's Corner, where he loved to linger while living. Goldsmith's head, in relief, is over one of the doors, and is remarkable for little else, than the classical and complimentary epitaph by Dr. Johnson.

While in some of these monuments grate taste is displayed, in others, the designs and ornaments are fantastic and almost ludicrous. On a little slab in the pavement, not more than eighteen inches square, is the inscription—"O rare Sir William Davenport"—and nothing more. No one can read it without a smile. As a discriminating mark of merit, a monument in the Abbey is a most fallacious test, and its principal object is in a great measure defeated. Wealth, power, friendship, or favouritism, has foisted into the cemetery, and commemorated by lofty pyramids of marble hundreds of persons who might as well have slept elsewhere. On the other hand, many illustrious names are not here to be found. I looked in vain for Locke, Bacon, Cowper, and even Pope, whose taste contributed so largely to the embellishment of the sculptured marble. There does not appear to have been much point in Nelson's celebrated motto—"Victory or Westminster Abbey."

It is, however, reckoned a high honor to obtain a niche in this ancient and venerable repository; and the prominence upon the walls, which some of its inmates have acquired by the unaided efforts of their own genius and talents, is a creditable commentary on the character and institutions of England. Shakspeare, Johnson, Garrick, and hundreds of others, whose memories are cherished and revered, rose to eminence from the humblest origin. Nor are these honors in all cases merely posthumous. Several of the most prominent characters now in power are self-created men. The Prime Minister, is the son of an actress; Lord Liverpool's father was a cobbler; and Lord Eldon, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was once a servant boy, whose business was to sweep the office of an attorney.— This is a noble feature in the English constitution, and in some degree atones for the opposite defects, with which it is associated. Our happy republic carries the principle to a still greater extent.

Miscellaneous.

From the Connecticut Mirror.

MONEY.—Every body in this country loves money, for it seems to be the handy means of gratifying all wishes. This is true to its utmost extent, let a man's wishes be what they will. If he be a man with a broken reputation, that has been split by facts and proofs finer than old trees shivered by lightning, give him money, and it will be set up and hooped round, and become as tight as a cask of dollars. If he is a downright drunkard, give him money, and he will dress well, drink his Madeira with his friends, get tipsy at home on the "best of liquors," and his next appearance may be as a prominent member of some society for the suppression of vice. Is a man dishonest—with money enough, he can be honest enough; a bank bill will plaister over many a sore. If he has the character of neglecting his faith, his family, his religion, his bible and his God, and finds that the moral and conscientious part of the public place no confidence in him, a well timed donation shall coat as with quicksilver his brassy pretensions, and he will shine. Let us not be misunderstood. Very many of the best men in this country are rich men. They show their goodness by their sobriety, liberality, and unfeigned piety.— In erecting works of ornament and splendor, they patronize the poor, and judiciously give away employment, as well as the cash for it. It is the public, composed of all sorts of folks, that are to blame, for they judge of men by their wealth. All hopes of getting along in life point to that one desideratum, for no matter how it is obtained, if there be cash, there is power, respectability, security.

A sensible, honest, industrious man finds out that without being rich, his prospects in this world are hardly worth looking at; and a dashing, brazen faced scoundrel finds out the same thing. The abominable aristocracy of birth is acknowledged on all hands to be bad enough, but the reason why that appears to the eyes of men in its naked and unsoftened absurdity is, that a man cannot choose his own parents; he cannot, with all his enterprise, speculate upon the moral capital of his ancestors. But one man may run the same chance of being rich as another, and the preposterous claims of the aristocracy of wealth, ten thousand times worse any where, and more particularly bad in a republican country, where there is no check to stand in its way as a rival, has a sweep that encircles every thing. A poor, illiterate, unprincipled puppy, comes somehow into the possession of vast wealth. See

what the world makes of him. Look at men who commenced business with a small stock of money, a reputation fairly acquired for punctuality, integrity, who have employed and set up hundreds in profitable business—who have been the very foundation of their town's prosperity; and who, by some wild speculations of the over greedy, have at once lost all. Their characters, their services, their wants, the situations of their families, the obligations of their former friends—all but their poverty, is forgotten. That is remembered, and the mean and bitter taunt of the broken spendthrift, whose dissipation has brought him to the poor house, is, "once you worked in a store, or stood all day behind a counter, and warned me to be industrious and temperate, lest I should come to want; now, how much better are you, and in how much higher estimation does the world regard you? I ask no man for assistance, for I shall surely be denied; you go to your friends, and feel a pang that never reached me, in hearing that they are sorry they cannot assist you, but so it is." All this is true and so long as people will judge of character by present wealth, where, on earth, is the motive of being honest, except to gain credit—of being a good citizen, except that you may be a rich one! Now, he that steals from me my good name, steals trash; but he that steals my purse, leaves me poor indeed.

From the Charleston Courier.

The Fall of the Leaf.—It is well for man that he is so often reminded of the uncertainty of mortal life, and that every thing borne upon the stream of Time, soon passeth away, and is seen no more on earth forever. Landscape scenery, at one and the same view, not unfrequently exhibits the mellow foliage of Autumn, the luxuriance of Summer, and the garniture of Spring; like the family group, possessing within its favored circle the various stages of youth, manhood, and age, it presents to a contemplative mind, no unmeaning or un instructive picture. Even the Chrysalis and the Butterfly, ephemeral as they are, impart a moral lesson; nor, particularly at this season of the year, is the fallen Leaf, in the mute eloquence of its brief history, swiftly swept away, as it is, by the passing winds, a less impressive monitor. It tells us, that on earth there is no perennial Spring, that Autumn has come, the Summer is past, and that Winter is hastening on apace,—

"Dreary Winter that shuts the scene"

Music is the language of love, the vehicle of amorous conversation. A crotchet has caught many a heart, and a semiquaver cracked more than one brain. It is dangerous to listen to the music of pretty lips: there is something catching about it. I never see a young Miss at her piano, playing one of those melting languishing airs, without being reminded of the bird that is taught to sing sweetly in its cage to decoy others into the trap. A Piano is a perfect man-trap.

Power of Music.—There are many instances recorded of the effects of Music on animals. A singular occurrence happened in Troy, N. Y. a few days since. A fellow was performing on a hand organ on the corner of State and River streets, and had collected a considerable number of hearers, when a Rat of large size crept from his quarters under a stoop on the opposite corner, and travelled leisurely directly towards the crowd, more than half across the street, occasionally stopping as if to listen to the sound of the organ. The poor animal, however, was soon saluted with the shouts of the boys, and was for safety compelled to make a hasty retreat. Northern Budget.

Caution in visiting sick rooms.—Never venture into a sick room in a violent perspiration, (if circumstances require a continuance there for any time,) for the moment the body becomes cold, it is in a state likely to absorb the infection, and receive the disease. Nor visit a sick person, (especially if the complaint be of a contagious nature) with an empty stomach, as this disposes the system more readily to receive the infection. In attending a sick person, stand where the air passes from the door or window to the bed of the diseased, not betwixt the diseased person and any fire that is in the room, as the heat of the fire will draw the infectious vapour in that direction, and much danger would arise from breathing in it.

Large Estate.—Lord Breadalbane's estate, which supports a population of 55,537 persons, commences two miles east of Tay Bridge, in the county of Perth, and extends westward ninety-nine miles and a half to Esdale, in Argyleshire, varying in breadth from three to twelve and fifteen miles, and interrupted only by the property of three or four proprietors, who possess one side of a valley or a glen, while Lord Breadalbane has the other, so that varying his direction a little to the right or left, he can travel nearly 100 miles from east to west on his own property. Boston Statesman.

The inhabitants of the city of New-York, according to the returns already made under the law authorizing a new census, have increased to 170,000.