POETRY.

From the New-York Athenæum.

"GO, MARK HER CHEEK!"

Go, mark her cheek!—the rosy hue
Of beauty on it once was there;
And o'er its bloom no shade had past
Of woe—no trace of care!
The rose that blossom'd there is dead;
Aye, faded on the stem—
Its shrivelled leaves were bright enough
Till falsehood wither'd them.

Go, mark her eye!—once war'ton'd there
Bland passion's spirits-beam—
And hope shot forth in every glance,
Its sunrays o'er life's stream:—
The orbs that once shone gloriously
Are fading from their spheres—
And grief hath dimm'd their passion-light
With wrong'd love's wretched tears!

Go, mark her form!—fram'd in the mould
And fashion of those ones,
That float on cherub wings among
Fair waters and bright suns:—
Now grace is fled, and nought is left
But shadow-like, and wan,
Cold relics, of a warm heart, crush'd
By the faithlessnes of *man!*

IANTHIS.

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From the United States' Literary Gazette.

SUMMER.

The successive changes of the year are generally regarded by periodical essayists, as themes well calculated to interest their readers; indeed, in most literary journals which do not strictly confine themselves to what are called, —sometimes by a sad misnomer,—reviews, such subjects recur almost as regularly as the seasons. Nor is this at all surprising; let these descants be sung as often as they may, the theme can neither be trite, nor seem to be so, if he who has chosen it, aims only at the portraiture of his own feelings, and the simple expression of those thoughts, which the changes in the world without, and the world within him, naturally excite.

The Spring is of all others the favorate theme of song; most writers of imagination or sentiment, have, in one form or another, endeavored to paint its various beauties, and speak of the influence of peace and joy, which every heart then receives with glad welcome, if it ever opens to any emotions that do not belong to the lowest parts of our animal nature. There is indeed in this season of universal renovation, when all the beings that people earth and air, and all that is given them for food or habitations, awaken at once into life and loveliness;—when the fields put on their robes of beauty, and the gentle breezes are redolent of perfume and melody and vernal freshness, and all created existence seems to sing its song of thankfulness and hope,—there comes, indeed, with this season of beauty and promise to most persons, a momentary sense of undoubting and shadowless peace, a clearness and tranquillity of spirit, and if I may so speak, an opening into flower, of joys and hopes we knew not of,—that the heart may feel deeply, but language cannot adequately express. Still, I cannot but think,—perhaps because it is now with us,—that Summer is almost equally deserving of grateful notice. Spring is the season of promise, but the fulfilment comes with Summer; and this point of difference between the seasons I certainly regard as altogether to the advantage of Summer. I do not forget that the world thinks, or pretends to think, that anticipation always promises profusely, while the actual good is a sad niggard in redeeming her word; but, neither do I forget, that I have all the right, which my own experience can give, to believe there are more instances of exception to this rule, than of conformity with it; therefore I love enjoyment better than anticipation, Summer better than Spring. The earliest offspring of the year" comes arrayed in a garniture of rich blossoms, of beauty as various and brilliant, as is the rainbow. Had it trembled and fallen, and sowed itself as seed in the earth, her tresses are wreathed with flowers of all hues and forms, her breath is a mingling of odorous sweets, and her pathway over the fields is marked by the upspring of their loveliest ornaments. But Summer has her flowers too, and with them she has her fruits: her airs move as gently, and bring a freshness far more welcome: they sigh through her laden trees, and play with fluttering petals of her full blown roses, and bear away a perfume that is yet more delightful, because with it there is a coolness that tempers the fervour of her sun.

But I love the Summer not for those charms only, which she has in common with the Spring; she has others which are wholly her own. It is not until the warmer months have come, and the fervours of the sun are fully disclosed, that we learn to appreciate fairly, and fully to enjoy the morning and evening coolness. A beautiful Spring day, contrasts its animating glow with the coldness of the night: Winter seems to linger in the darkness, because the hours of sunshine are yet too few and feeble wholly to overcome his influence. But when Summer is established, the breath of morning only invigorates and prepares for a day of not unpleasant langour; and the renovating coolness of evening brings with it positive delight. We have few days of intense heat; but be it as hot as it will, I do not know many things more pleasant, than to lie upon the green sward where the unmitigated odours of the sun have not yet fallen, and listen to the soothing music of the rippling brook, and lazily watch the dancing leaves as they playfully toss the sunbeams from one to the other and down to the still fresh grass. We have too, in summer, those showers, than which there is nothing more beautiful or sublime. Right well do I love to see the distant clouds roll their black volumes together, and hang their gold and purple skirts around the horizon, in all wild and graceful forms, as if to decorate with fitting tapestry, the arch of heaven. The heavy rain comes slowly until the fire bursts from its dwelling, and, then falls in torrents, as if the imprisoned waters had escaped, when the lightning flash rent asunder the dark mass;—and the angry voice of thunder calls from cloud to cloud, from hill to hill, from heaven to earth, as if to bid man be still, and gaze with silent reverence, while He who rides upon the whirlwind passes by.

We have, to be sure, some days of such fierce and exhausting heat, that all sense of enjoyment or action, is lost in universal debility, if not in pain; these days are uncomfortable enough, I grant, and it some times happens that even the shadows of night appear to take away only the light of day, and leave its burning heat. But such days come very seldom, and when they do they are much less disagreeable,—at least to me, —than those chilly, misty, blue-devil days of Spring, which are perpetually recurring, to shake the leaves from the trees, and to death every bud of promise, and turn one's face ten times more blue than the damp sky, and which is worst of all, almost make one despair of summer. In short, I think the Spring may well be compared to a budding rose-bush—beautiful, very beautiful, indeed;—but we are perpetually looking to see this beauty expand into perfection, and we now and then find our fingers pricked unexpectedly with stinging thorns; while Summer is rather an orange tree in full bloom and bearing. The blossoms, which we could almost think woven of a snow-wreath, exhale delicious fragrance, and cluster round more delicious fruit; and we gladly forgive the rich perfume, even if it happens to breathe upon us with sickening intensity.

From the Masonic Mirror.

WATER,

ITS COMPOSITION AND DECOMPOSITION.

It was formerly believed by the ancients, that water was one of the four elements of which all other bodies in nature were composed: But in modern times, by the aid of chemical science, those false notions entertained by them have been abandoned; and the bodies they consider as elementary, are now proved to be compound. The composition of water does not appear to have been known until within the last half century: and Mr. Henry Cavendish is the first Philosopher who revealed it to the world; to him, therefore, the merit of this important discovery is due. The experiments of Mr. Cavendish, Lavoisier, Dr. Priestly and others, have resulted not only in showing water to be a compound body, but accurately determining its precise composition. Mr. Cavendish found that by burning hydrogen gas mixed with common air, and afterwards hydrogen and oxygen gasses, there resulted in both cases, a fluid possessing all the characteristic properties of water. From these experiments he concluded that water is a compound, consisting of these two gasses, or their basis, chemically united in consequence of losing their latent calorie, which maintained them in a state of elastic fluidity. Mr. Watt, also from the experiments of Dr. Priestly and himself, adopted similar conclusions. If we put into a glass receiver two measures of hydrogen and one of oxygen gasses, they intimately unite, independent of agitation, and would remain so, unaltered for centuries; but if a lighted taper be brought in contact with them, they instantly take fire, producing a violent explosion. In this experiment a quantity of water is generated and deposited exactly equal in weight to the gasses employed. Should this explosion take place over water, no sensible residuum will accrue; but if the experiment be conducted in a dry glass vessel, or a plate be held over the flame arising from the combustion of the gasses, water will be found adhering to their surfaces. The formation of water is also shown by burning hydrogen alone. If a long glass tube be held over the flame of this gas, its internal surface will, in a short time, become covered with a thin coating of perfectly pure water. Now in this experiment, the hydrogen, at the moment of its combustion, unites with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and thus the product is water. Hence hydrogen cannot produce water without previously combining with oxygen. These two gaseous bodies unite with each other only in definite quantities; and there is no satisfactory reason for believing that they combine in any other proportions than that necessary for constituting water: hence this fluid is the only oxide of hydrogen with which we are acquainted. It appears then, that water is composed of two simple substances, called oxygen and hydrogen, and that they always exist in it in the same proportions; viz—one volume of the former to two of the latter; or by weight, of eighty-nine parts of the former to eleven of the latter. Water can be decomposed and its composition thus proved analytically. At a high temperature, water is susceptible by the superior affinity which subsists between iron and one of its elements, of undergoing a chemical change, and being resolved into its constituent gasses. This is effected in two ways: either by passing steam through red hot iron pipes, or by mixing fragments of iron or zinc with sulpluric acid and water. The phenomena are accounted for on precisely the same principles, if we have recourse to either of the above methods. Take an iron pipe, or (which will answer the purpose,) a gun-barrel deprived of its but end, and put in it some iron wire or iron filings, then place it across a small furnace, where it can be heated in the middle to a white heat: to one end of the barrel connect a small glass retort, which must be luted air tight: make a communication between the other and a receiver inverted full of water, over a pneumatic trough. Now supposing all arrangements necessary for decomposing water, to be fulfilled, by applying the heat of a spirit-lamp to the retort, the water will soon begin to boil, and the steam having no where else to go, must pass through, or into the gun barrel; where, coming in contact with the ignited surfaces of the iron, it is decomposed, or resolved into its elements; the oxygen as it is formed uniting with the iron, which, of course, we do not see; but the hydrogen, having no affinity for the iron, and nothing to combine with, passes through in abundance into the receiver. After the experiment, if the wire or filings be examined, they will be found corroded, assuming a dirty red colour; or in the language of chemists, they are said to be oxidised, and are called oxide of iron. The proper conclusions drawn from these experiments, obviously are, that this decomposition is effected by two causes; viz. a very intense temperature, and a powerful affinity which subsists between iron and oxygen; or in other words, iron has a stronger affinity for oxygen than hydrogen has. It is not always necessary, however, that an intense heat should be excited before we decompose water; because the decomposition goes on slowly at the common temperatures, as is proved by the circumstance of polished iron surfaces becoming rusty after exposure to a humid atmosphere.

In these processes only one product is collected; but if water be decomposed by a galvanic apparatus, both gasses may be separately collected, and measured. Dr. Hare of Philadelphia, has invented an instrument, called a deflagrator, which is well calculated to produce this effect. If in this instrument, the plates be immersed into the corroding fluid, and the extremities of the wires, leading from both poles, be brought under the surface of water, small bubbles of gas will be seen rising from each of these extremities; over which, by placing small phials filled with water, they may be collected in a separate state. One of these wires must be platinum, viz. that connected with the positive pole; for if iron be substituted no gas will rise. On the examination of these gasses we shall find the one which came from the iron wire or negative pole, to be hydrogen. Allowing these phials to be of the same capacity, at the time one is half filled with gas, the other will be entirely filled; or the bulk of the gas in the former, being to that in the latter as 1 to 2. By throwing water into hot fires, it often happens that it is decomposed: its oxygen, as it is presumed, uniting with the carbon of the fuel forming carbonic acid or oxide; and the hydrogen, at the same time, with another portion of the carbon forming carburetted hydrogen.—Hence in the case of large fires in our city, a small quantity of water is injurious; for in consequence of the formation of these gasses, they, by their combustion, serve rather to accelerate than retard the natural progress of the flames. Thus, we have presumptive proofs of the compound nature of water, and are enabled, by a knowledge of chemistry, to obtain the substance constituting this compound nature, and assign the philosophy of the processes by which they are obtained.

A Votary of Science.

From the Boston Medical Intelligencer.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

Since the frequent publication of cases in which persons have been committed to the grave before the principle of vitality had ceased to exist, has not excited the popular horror of premature interment which could have been hoped and expected, it becomes the duty of the profession to interfere, and check a practice from which every feeling of humanity ought to shrink. If the lifeless body of a solitary and friendless pauper is taken from the grave for the purpose of enlightening the age on some point essential to the future welfare and health of mankind, clamor and tumult, "horrible sacrilege," "unfeeling wretches," sound in every ear, and the story of the inhuman act spreads, with the rapidity of wild fire, to every quarter of the country. A man, after a fit of sickness, ceases to breathe; the bystanders say with a sigh, "alas! he is dead;" and before twenty-four hours are elapsed, he is buried with the usual ceremony, and left, if he chance to revive, to stifle and horrify himself to death in his narrow mansion. Such cases occur much, very much oftener, than is generally imagined. Take, for example, the number of cases in which the coffin is opened after burial, and the proportional number in which there have been evident marks of revival: take then the whole number of cases in which the coffin is not opened after burial, and then see what is the proportional number in which we have a right to suppose life has existed in the grave! Is there a human being who does not shudder at the result! It is but a few weeks since a man in Ohio, supposed to have died of small pox, was put in a coffin and placed in the church yard, while the grave was made. "Some children, who stood near the coffin, thinking they heard a groan, mentioned the circumstance to the grave digger, who, however, took no notice of it, and the body was interred. The children having talked of what they heard, attention was excited, and on the following morning the body was taken up, when, dreadful to relate, the torn state of the shroud left no doubt that the poor wretch was buried alive!" This case, which we have on undoubted authority, was published in the newspapers, and there it ended. No anathemas were pronounced, no one accused of inhumanity, no excitement was produced, and no resolutions to interdict interment, until decomposition commences. Chemical decomposition is the only *sure* and unerring sign of death, and until this commences, no body should be committed to the grave, or even left without a watch.

It is a singular constitution of our nature, that we should be so unreasonable as to shudder and rebel against a practice in itself so innocent and useful as dissection, and regard with indifference a practice so truly inhuman, so unspeakably cruel and dreadful, as premature interment. We must take men, however, as we find them, and as common sense and the common voice have not put a stop to the habit of burying as soon as *appearances* of life are gone, it becomes the duty of the Faculty to inforce it themselves. Let us always advise, for we can only give our *advice*, that no body be interred until putrefaction commences; and if this will not produce the desired reform, let our authorities pass a *law* to the same effect. It is the only method of putting a stop to this serious evil.

From the Georgia Statesman.

Soon after the Pioneers of Mr. Cooper made their appearance, we visited the scenes of that interesting Romance,—that is, the mountains, caverns, lake, hotel, mansions, &c. of Templeton and its vicinity, Otsego county, N. Y.—the ancient residence and immense landed possessions of the Cooper family. Strolling through the burying ground of the author's family, we beheld a stone erected to the memory of his sister, who was supposed to be the Elizabeth of his Drama. On this stone is the following inscription, by his Hon. Judge Cooper, father of the Author and of the Heroine.

Adieu! thou gentle, *pious*, spotless fair,
Thou *more* than daughter of my fondest *care*,
Farewell! farewell! 'till *happier ages* roll,
And waft me *purer* to thy kindred soul;
Oft shall the orphan and the widow'd poor
Thy *bounty* fed, this lonely spot explore,
Here to relate, thy seeming hapless doom,
(More than the *solemn record* of the *tomb*)
By tender love inspired, can e'er pourtray,
Nor sculptured marble, nor the plaintive lay
Proclaim thy virtues thro' the vale of time,
And bathe with grateful tears thy hallow'd shrine.

Slumbering in the same silence and in the same cemetery, we saw the "tufted mound" of our old faithful African, Agamemnon, who, as the reader will remember, exposed his Turkeys to the sharp-shooters of the Pioneers. There is a rude slab of free stone erected over his grave, by his revered master, and chiseled by his own hand, as follows:

In memory of Scipio,* an aged slave, a native of Africa, who died March 27, 1799.

Oft did he, shivering call, to bless the hand
That would bestow a cordial to his wants,
Oft have I drop'd a tear to see his furrow'd
face cast smiles around
On those whose feeling hearts
Had, for a minute,
Made him forget the hardness of his fate.
His venerable beard was thin and white;
His hoary head bespoke his length of days;
His piteous tales of woe,
While bending o'er his staff,
He did relate,
Were heard in pensive mood
By those
Who looked beyond his tattered garl,
And saw his many sorrows.

* Scipio.—His dramatic name was Agamemnon.

Curious Advertisement.—The following is copied from the Vermont Gazette printed at Bennington: "Notice! It is the request of the subscriber, that his *friends* and *cousins* should suspend their visits for two years. HIRAM HULL."

EPIGRAM.

Well, said my friend, I like your creed—
That friends in need are friends indeed;
Thus you and I are friends most true,
For I'm in need, and so are you!

Mr. Bingham: I should like to see the following thought in your useful paper. It may be new to many, and also assist the simple and honest christian to resist the sophisms of those persons who, to palliate the reproaches of conscience, and embolden them in the cause of sin, elicit all their ingenuity and strength of intellect, to invalidate the authenticety of the holy scriptures.

—*A constant reader of the Journal.*

A THOUGHT FOR DEISTS AND SCEPTICS.

A clear and concise demonstration of the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, taken from the works of the Rev. J. W.

There are four grand and powerful arguments which strongly induce us to believe that the bible must be from God, viz:—miracles, prophecies, the goodness of the doctrine, and the moral character of the penmen.

All the miracles flow from Divine power; all the prophecies from divine understanding; the goodness of the doctrine from divine goodness; and the moral character of the penmen from divine holiness.

Thus christianity is built upon four grand pillars, viz:—the power, understanding, goodness and holiness of God. Divine power is the source of all miracles; divine understanding, of all prophecies; divine goodness, of the goodness of the doctrine; and divine holiness, of the moral character of the penmen.

I beg leave to propose a short, clear, and strong argument to prove the divine inspiration of the holy Scriptures.—The bible must be the invention either of good men or angels, bad men or devils, or of God.

1. It could not be the invention of good men or angels, for they neither would nor could make a book, and tell lies all the time they were writing it, saying thus saith the Lord, when it was their own invention.

2. It could not be the invention of bad men or devils, for they would not make a book which commands all duty, forbids all sin, and condemns their own souls to hell to all eternity.

3. Therefore, I draw this conclusion, that the bible must be given by divine inspiration.

There is far more satisfaction in doing than receiving good. To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of: it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence: and is attended with a heavenly pleasure, unknown but to those that are beneficent and liberal.

Men that are destitute of religion, says Lactantius, are so far from being learned philosophers, that they ought not to be accounted so much as reasonable men.