

POETRY.

From Ackerman's Repository.

WOMAN.

O woman! woman! thou art form'd to bless
The heart of restless man, to chase his care,
And charm existence by thy loveliness;
Bright as the sunbeam, as the morning fair,
If but thy foot fall on a wilderness,
Flowers spring, and shed their roscate blossoms there,
Shrouding the thorns that in thy path-way rise,
And scattering o'er it hues of Paradise.
Thy voice of love is music to the ear,
Soothing and soft, and gentle as the stream
That strays mid summer-flowers; thy glittering tear
Is mutely eloquent; thy smile a beam
Of light ineffable, so sweet, so dear,
It wakes the heart from sorrow's darkest dream;
Shedding a hallow'd lustre o'er our fate,
And when it beams we are not desolate!
No! no! when woman smiles, we feel a charm
Thrown bright around us, binding us to earth;
Her tender accents, breathing forth the halm
Of pure affection, give to transport birth:
Then life's wide sea is billowless and calm.
O lovely woman! thy consummate worth
Is far above thy frailty, far above
All earthly praise—thou art the light of love!

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

FROM COLERIDGE'S SIX MONTHS IN THE WEST INDIES.

A WEST INDIA PARSON.

The Church in Roseau is well situated and tolerably furnished without, but the interior is in a miserable state. The common pitch pine, when unpainted, has a particularly unpleasant effect in a hot climate; it always oppressed me in a remarkable manner. About a hundred persons, chiefly colored, attended the morning service: they had few books; and apparently came for the purpose of seeing the bishop; certainly, with one or two exceptions, they were entirely unacquainted with the ordinary ritual of the established religion. The Church of England indeed does not flourish in Dominica, which, considering the great capacity and spiritual affections of the present worthy incumbent, is a matter of some surprise. I believe there are 2000 Protestants in this colony, of which number, the Methodists form the larger part; about 16000 are papists under the care of three Spanish priests; so that it is consolatory to the sympathies of obese and liquescent men to know that if true religion thrive not in Dominica, at the least its minister does upon an ample salary and just so much breathing exercise on Sunday as may conduct to a good digestion for the rest of the week. Not that I would be thought to impeach the zeal of the rector of Roseau; very far from it; it is too well known to be questioned, and it argues an unusual degree of apathy or stubbornness in those who are the daily witnesses of it, that its effects are not more perceptible. Mr. Newman is great and remarkable; but he is not so great and remarkable as his predecessor, Mr. Audain. This Mr. Audain was a patriot, few of his cloth like him: he was not content with praying against the enemies of his country; he fought against them also. St. Peter certainly owned a boat, and the authorized translation (Mr. Audain loved literal orthodoxy) intimates a partnership amongst some of the apostles in a ship. So Mr. Audain built a schooner, and carried on for many years a system of practical polemics with the disputants of the French school to his own abundant profit and notoriety. It is even yet fresh in the recollections of the inhabitants of Roseau, with how joyful a rapture this holy Dominican once broke off the service on a Sunday, unable to repress the emotions of his triumph on seeing the vessel of his faith sail into the bay with a dismasted barque laden with sugar, rum and other Gallie vanities from Martinique. It was shortly after this event that the star of Audain began to wax dim, his zeal was equally great, his courage undaunted, but his evil destiny met him at every turn. An acquaintance of mine met him one day in the streets of Basseterre in St. Kitts, surrounded by negroes, to whom he was distributing plantains, yams, potatoes, and other eatables, and holding private talk with them all by turns. Having caught my friend's eye, he came up to him and said, "I am going to smuggle all these— reveals this evening to Guadalupe." He did so in his schooner, but remained himself on shore. A privateer of Nevis captured the smuggler before she could get to her market. Audain became furious, went himself to Nevis and challenged the owner of the privateer

to fight. The challenge was not accepted, and Audain immediately posted the name of the recusant, as that of a scoundrel, on the court-house. He himself for two days kept watch upon the platform with a sword by his side and four pistols stuck in his belt, to see if any one dared to touch the shields. Audain fitted out another schooner and cruised in her himself. But fate was too heavy for him, though he struggled against it like a man. On the second day a large vessel was seen to leeward; he ascertained her to be a Spanish trader, and, supposing her to be wholly unarmed, bore down upon her as upon a certain prey. When he came within pistol shot, fourteen masked ports were opened, and as many guns pointed at him through them. Audain was obliged to strike in an instant, and, with his carpenter, succeeded in secreting himself under some water casks in the hold of his schooner. The Spaniards came on board and cut every man in pieces, except Audain and the carpenter. These two lay all night under the casks, but in the morning, upon further search, their asylum was discovered. They were brought upon deck, and the Spaniards were on the point of hewing them by inches, when their captain exclaimed with rapidity, "Hold all! this man's life is sacred, and the other's too, for his sake." Audain had formerly done the Spaniard great service at St. Thomas's, and it now saved his own and his carpenter's life. Up to this time Audain, though occasionally nonresident for the aforesaid reasons, had continued the minister of Roseau. He was a singularly eloquent preacher in the pathetic and sensatory style, and he rarely failed to draw down tears upon the cheeks of most of those who heard him. His manners were fine and gentle and his appearance even venerable. He was hospitable to the rich and gave alms to the poor. But his repeated losses were such as to bear a royal merchant down, and the Dominicans became more scrupulous, and a governor came who knew not Audain. So Audain abdicated the pulpit of Roseau. Privatizing and smuggling had failed; so now he commenced honest trader. He went to St. Domingo with a cargo of corn, sold it well and lived on the island. But his star grew fainter and fainter. He quarrelled with two black general officers, challenged them and shot them both severely. Christopher sent for him, and told him that, if the men recovered, it was well, but that if either of them died, he would hang him on the tamarind tree before his own door. Audain thought the men would die, and escaped from the tamarind tree by night in an open boat. He now settled in St. Eustatius, put on his black coat again and recommenced clergyman. St. Eustatius is a free port; yet the division of labor has made surprisingly slow advances in it. There were many religions, but no priests, in the island when Audain made his appearance there. He was become liberally minded by misfortune, and he was always actuated by faith of such immense catholicity that it comprehended within its circle every radiation of opinion from the centre of Christianity, as the felly embraces the spokes of the wheel. Audain offered to minister to all the sects respectively, which the free traders thankfully accepted. In the morning he celebrated mass in French, in the forenoon read the liturgy of the Church of England, in the afternoon sprackened the Dutch service, and at nightfall, chaunted to the Methodists. His star descended prouder and prouder, though he seemed to be gaining wealth and fame. Audain was a married man, but his wife resided and still resides at Bristol. A Dutch widow, rich, pious and large, cast a widow's eyes on Audain; the rigour of creole viduity softened under the afternoon spracklings of Audain, as Dutch butter melts under the kisses of Titan, and she told Audain that, if Heaven had made her such a man, she would have married twice. The hint was as broad as herself, but Audain liked it the better for its dimensions, and married her on the spot, sprackening the service himself. Audain has fought thirteen duels, and is a good boxer. Once upon a time, he fired twice without hitting; upon which he threw down the pistol on the ground, and said sternly to his second, "take care that does not happen again!" supposing his pistol had not been charged with ball. A delay occurred in reloading for the third time, upon which Audain went up to his antagonist, squared his body, saying, "Something between, something between, sir!" knocked him down with a flush hit upon the nose. Audain is now about sixty years of age, and has wholly reformed his manners. He loves his Dutch wife, and says his

prayers so loud at night as to disturb his neighbors. His English wife sends him a Christmas box annually. He is a man of infinite talent, and has seen the world. I trust that the report is true, that, like Lazarillo de Tormes and Gines de Paramont, he is writing a life of himself. It would be the most interesting book of this age. If he does not, these few lines may happily serve to rescue him from an oblivion which he does not seem to deserve. \* This is like the Cornish vicar. He was preaching one day in a seaside church during a heavy south west gale, when all on a sudden his audience began to move, take down their hats, and press towards the door. The vicar, having the advantage of pulpit eminence and long experience, immediately perceived the cause, and, animated with a just indignation at their conduct, ordered them, as they valued their soul's welfare, to remain quiet till the end of the sermon. The good man in his eagerness to restrain them even left the pulpit, and, like Aaron, ran into the midst of the congregation rebuking and exhorting them, till he reached the porch; when, tucking up his gown under his arm, he shouted out, "Now, my boys, let us start for it!" and immediately scampered off, with his flock at his heels, to administer Cornish relief to a distressed merchant. My friend Mr. Oxley, in Barbadoes, says he was present at a scene in Tortola, where Audain figured in the manner mentioned in the text, probably it happened twice. POPULAR EDUCATION. The North-American Review for July, contains an interesting article on Popular Education, from which we make the following extract. It merits, we think, serious consideration. The subject of popular education is one of greater moment to us in this country, than any other people. Education, and the education of the people, too, is the hope, not of our improvement only, but of our existence. It stands, with us, in the place of everything that makes other governments strong. It stands in the place of the Establishment of the army, and the sacred throne; it is the order, and defence, and power of the nation. We look upon this nation as making a momentous and perilous experiment on free and popular institutions; nor is it to be thought, that the experiment has yet gone beyond the point of danger. It is certain, and it cannot be too often repeated, that such institutions as ours can have no permanent standing, but on the basis of knowledge and virtue. The charter of our privileges is our national character. It was this, that bought them when our strength was not in sinews, but in brave hearts; in the spirit of men, that were resolved to "do, or die." If other nations cannot attain to the same privileges; if Spain, and Portugal, and Italy cannot be free, it will be because the spirit of intelligent, virtuous, and courageous freedom is not in them. Let our people swerve from this, and it matters little whether, in name and in form, they are freemen or slaves. Let our national character fail in the great trial, which it is passing through; let luxury and excess grow in our cities; let vice stalk abroad fearlessly in our villages; let our hardy yeomanry become indolent, inefficient, bankrupt in property, and more bankrupt in spirit; let our noble youth lose the principles of a virtuous education, and vie with each other in extravagance and revelling; and farewell to the dignity and joy of freedom. Though the semblance remain awhile, the spirit will have fled forever. Now, that our national character is improving, we wish it were easier to maintain than it is. No sober citizen certainly can look without concern, on the increase of luxury, and the fearful inroads of intemperance among us; nor ask, without solicitude, what is to stay their desolating progress? To say, that we want more virtue, is only saying, that we have too much vice; and is therefore only to descant upon the evil, which we wish to correct. Of the means of correction for our grand national vice, but two things occur to us as at all likely to have any success. One is, to lay a tax on liquors, such as must exclude them from that common use, which now brings temptation to every man's door every day and hour of his life. But to this the community is not yet virtuous and highminded enough to consent; and hence the government will not venture on a measure as impracticable, perhaps, as it is unpopular. Or, to state the case more truly, since, among us, the feelings of the people are represented in the government, the government has no inclination to do it. The other means of prevention, and the only one, it appears, which is now open to us, is to educate, to enlighten, to exalt the public mind. Knowledge, reading, must supply those resources to the mind, which shall render it independent of meaner excitements. For why does a man resort to the intoxicating draught? Commonly, because he is unhappy without it; he wants something to excite or to entertain him. He sits down at home for an evening, and it is dull to him; he goes abroad for relief, and too often finds a relief, which is his ruin. Now let this man have been educated, not in the technical artificial way, which too much prevails, but educated to the love of knowledge; let something of the science and mystery of nature have been opened to

him; let interesting books have been provided for him; let him have been associated with others in the same pursuits; and he would not have found leisure a burden; he would not have found company a snare; he would not have found his home irksome. Life, with him, would have received a new impulse, new resources; and he would be proportionably raised above sense and matter, to intellect and virtue. The hope of seeing communities thus educated, intelligent, virtuous, and happy, is one which we delight to cherish. We gladly go along, however cautiously, with this spirit and promise of the age. Visions of improvement, not of perfectibility, are before us; and though past experience seems to mock them, we will not believe they are dreams. The auspices of freedom, the tendencies of knowledge, the counsels of providence, the promises of Christianity, the hope of man, all forbid despair. Let our favored communities do their duty, and there shall be no place even for scepticism. Tell us not of difficulties, of obstacles, of expenses, in the way of rearing a wise, and enlightened, and righteous generation. Give us the refuse of the superfluous expenditure of the country, the fragments of expensive entertainments and amusements, the cast off garments of sumptuous wardrobes; or store for us what excess consumes, and intemperance swallows in this land; and with these means, we could pledge ourselves to raise up a community, far more enlightened than the world has yet seen. Let every man, moreover, give his own faithful personal endeavors, and we deem it not too solemn to add, his earnest prayers to Heaven, and here upon these shores of promise, shall be reared up a community as pure and happy, as it shall be intelligent and enlightened. THE BEE. Naturalists have taken much pains to give us a correct idea of the history of this interesting insect; many of them, differing as to the manner in which they propagate their species. Some affirm the queen-bee to be self-prolific, and that the drones bear no part in the business of propagation. Many of the ancients as well as moderns, have supposed that the eggs of the female bee are not impregnated with the male sperm, while in the body of the creature, but that they are deposited unimpregnated in the cells; and that the male afterwards ejects the male sperm on them as they lie in the cells, in the same manner as the generation of fishes is supposed to be performed by the males impregnating the spawn after it is cast out by the females. This method of impregnating has been established beyond all contradiction, by the observations of Mr. Debraw of Cambridge. It has been generally supposed that the queen-bee is the only female contained in the hive; and that the working bees are neutral, or of neither sex. But the observations of Mr. Schirach, which are confirmed by others of Mr. Debraw, go to prove, that all the working or common bees are females in disguise; and the queen-bee lays two kinds of egg, viz. those which are to produce the drones, and those from which the working bees are to proceed; and from any one or more of these, one or more queens may be produced; so that every worm of the latter or common kind, which has been hatched about three days, is capable, under certain circumstances, of becoming the queen, or mother of a hive. Mr. Schirach supposes that the worm designed by the community, to be a queen, or mother, owes its metamorphosis into a queen, partly to the extraordinary size of its cell, and its peculiar position in it; but principally to a certain appropriate nourishment found there, and carefully administered to it by the working bees while it was in the worm state. It is computed that the ovaria of a queen-bee contains more than 5000 eggs at one time; and therefore it is not difficult to conceive that a queen-bee may produce 10,000 or 12,000 bees, or even more, in the space of two months. We may consider a hive of bees as a well peopled city, in which are commonly found from 15,000 to 18,000 inhabitants. This city in itself is a monarchy; composed of a queen; of males, which are the drones; and of working-bees, which have been supposed and called neuters. Their combs, which are of pure wax, serve as the magazine of stores, and for their nursing places of their offspring. And such is the great influence of the monarch of this city, that, if by any accident or otherwise, the queen-bee dies, the whole hive cease working, consume their own honey, fly about from hive to hive, at unusual hours, and pine away if not soon supplied with another sovereign. It is also remarked, that, in case of an engagement between two swarms, as soon as the queen of either gets slayed in battle, the two swarms immediately

unite, and all become the subjects of the surviving sovereign. FOR THE CATAWBA JOURNAL. To the Committee of Grievances. I've lately been reading a droll little piece, Put forth in the village last week, Which censures tobacco, day-loungers and geese, In a style not uncommonly meek. It seems as if this "parliamentary band," Regarding the good of the whole, Had determined to purge out the dross of the land, By breaking my pipe at the Bowl. Now I'll tell you, my little committee of men, Before I'll your orders obey, You must give me the how, and the where, and the when, Or I'll still keep smoking away. You say that "tobacco" deprives us of thought, And blunts, into bargain, the taste; You vile little elves—to prove it is nought, Just take me now—"writing in haste." Pray, what would become of the "good of the trade," Now give me your candid opinion, If we were to throw away chewing, that's made The pride of the "ancient dominion." Now I'll tell you again, my sweet little wights, Though, fuddled oft times, I can still Get up of a morning and go home of nights, And hear my wife say "deary Bill." But if you can find it a source of some fun, To keep up your little committee's reports, You're welcome for me; and I'll join you for one, For I like to cry down and enjoy such sports. Let the drunkards be sent to the mines of Peru, To pick up pure gold in the dust; But fuddling and lounging, and telling what's new, Can be kept in the dark—if it must. SMOKER. Governor Troup has, during last week, assumed a very warlike attitude; he has sounded the tocsin of alarm, and has been beating up for recruits, to commence his war against the Indians. He has organised a Volunteer Company of Horse, and about thirty volunteers have come forward and offered him their services. They are to be ordered forthwith into the Cherokee Nation. The declared object of these preparations, is to protect Mr. Fulton, the Engineer, in his surveys of the Cherokee country. But the protection of Mr. Fulton from imaginary danger, is, we presume, but a pretext, for sending a few hot headed men, with arms in their hands, into a savage nation, already provoked to the verge of hostility. It is no doubt hoped that some mischief will come from it; some outrage may be perpetrated on one side or the other, which may serve as an excuse for the commencement of a war of extermination. This no doubt is the concealed object. The Indians are too sensible of their own weakness as a nation, to enter deliberately into any measures of hostility against the whites; altho' it is highly probable that lawless individuals may be pushed to acts of desperation. Georgia Patriot. From India.—The ship Emerald, at Boston, sailed from Calcutta on the 20th February. It is learnt by her that the armistice concluded by the Burmese with the English was a mere sham on the part of the former, to recruit and gain fresh strength; that the war was renewed and prosecuted at the latest dates from the scene of action, at the time of the departure of the Emerald, although the British forces had gained some advantages over the Burmese. THE PHILOSOPHER.—Sir Isaac Newton set out in life a clamorous infidel; but on a nice examination of the principles of Christianity, he found reason to change his opinion. When the celebrated Dr. Halley was talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac addressed him in these or the like words:—"Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy, or other parts of mathematics, because that is a subject you have studied and well understand—but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have, and am certain that you know nothing of the matter." This was a just reproof, and one that would be very suitable to be given to half the infidels of the present day, for they often speak of what they have never studied, and what in fact they are entirely ignorant of. Dr. Johnson, therefore, well observed, that no honest man could be a Deist, for no man could be so, after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity. On the name of Hume being mentioned to him, "No Sir," said he, "Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishopric of Durham, that he had never read the New Testament with attention"