

Poetry.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE INVOCATION.

ANSWER me, burning Stars of night!
Where is the Spirit gone,
That, past the reach of human sight,
Even as a breeze hath flown?
—And the Stars answer'd me—"We roll
In light and power on high,
But, of the never-dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die!"

O many-toned and chainless Wind!
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?
—And the Wind murmur'd in reply—
"The blue deep I have cross'd,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost!"

Ye Clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race has run?
—The bright Clouds answer'd—"We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For that which cannot die!"

Speak then, thou Voice of God within,
Thou of the deep low tone!
Answer me through life's restless din,
Where is the Spirit flown?
—And the Voice answer'd—"Be thou still!
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, Winds, and Stars, their task fulfil,
Thine is to trust in Heaven!"

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

(From the United States' Literary Gazette.)

THE CREATION OF THE ISLAND OF NANTUCKET.

Among the many amusing traditions of the people who preceded us on this continent, that which describes the emergence of the island of Nantucket, is not the least singular and interesting. It was told to me in my boyhood by my grandfather, to whom it travelled from a worthy old Indian woman, who had it from the lips of the hereinafter named goblin himself. Depend upon it, Mr. Editor, I am an accurate and veracious reporter of the tale, as it has reached my day. I am inclined to treat it as a piece of downright history, from remarking, that the phenomena of the islands where the incidents of the tale are supposed to have happened, do actually seem to imply an uncommon origin. Once, indeed, I came near adopting the belief that they sprung from the sea during the deluge of Deucalion, and the worthy inhabitants were the very stones which Pyrrha and her consort threw behind them. But my grandfather observing me consulting Hyginus and Psalmanzer upon Inexplicabilities, and learning the cause of my perplexity, related to me the story which I am going to recount, and which took away all possibility of their classic origin. I hope the inhabitants of those islands will not be offended at me: I am but the relater of the tale. In truth, if they are ruffled with any body, it must be with my grandfather and the old squaw.

At the distance of thirty miles to the west of Nantucket, there is an island known by the name of Martha's Vineyard—and a very fine place it is for one who loves oysters, and grouse-shooting, and plain christian habits. Before the revolution, it was a province of itself, a kind of St. Marino, with a royal governor, house of commons, and, if I mistake not, a sub-council of Indian sagamores. Upon the northern side of this latter island, and very near its western end, there dwelt, a century or two before its occupation by the white people, a spirit or goblin of unusual properties, a merry, good-natured, convivial old fellow, very fond of laughter and a good joke. By way of reference to the name of the little promontory, or elbow of land, where he had his ordinary residence, he was called the Devil of Cape Higgin. He was by no means so bad a citizen as his title implied. Faults he had, it is true, but we learn from the best of all possible authorities, that no one is without them. He was something of a libertine, and withal rather cross to his wife; but then he did ample penance for the latter foible, by his extreme attentions to the wives of his neighbors. He drank no ardent spirits, ate usually at a meal the moderate quantity of a couple of tons of whale, roasted on the embers, but smoked like a Spaniard in the latitude of Cuba. He claimed, as his due, one-tenth of all the whales, grampuses, and finbacks which might be taken by the people of the island, together with half of the halibut caught in the month of March. He bore the evil of scarcity, so it was not occasioned by indolence, with great composure. But

if a cheat were attempted upon him, or any of his tribute abstracted, he was as angry as an English pig, upon the cloaking of a tithe pector, and growled like the 'Native of Virginia' at the national defaulters. The Indians of the vicinity, and all liable to the assessment, little disposed at any time to battle with the infernal spirits, paid their parochial dues with their grim Apollyon of a neighbour. To tell the truth, it was not for their interest to quarrel with him. He was of main importance to them in many of their pursuits, and assisted them with much good advice. He frequently directed them to a fine school of blackfish, read to them from Low's Almanac the proper time for planting and gathering their corn, and foretold to them the approach of storms, with an accuracy which proved that he did not study the aspect of the heavens from any astronomical diary whatever. He also assisted the young people in their courtships, up to the time of joining hands, but this, it was said, he did from a disposition very proper to a naughty being like himself. Was any glossy little rogue of a squaw solicited to become the wife of a youth whose parents stood out to the tune of more usquebaugh, who but Siwanticot was called in to negotiate for a less quantity. Taking all these circumstances into view, it will be readily concluded that he was a sort of favorite with the people of the island. Indeed, my grandfather was told by the old Indian woman that he was once their Governor, which I verily believe from a view of some old local laws, where the traces of him are very sensible.

But goblins, as well as the children of this world, are subject to changes of opinions, to whims, and phantasies. Siwanticot grew harsh and ill-natured as he grew older, and began to harass his subjects with new demands and querulous exactions. He now frequently demanded half a whale, instead of a tithe, or took *vi et armis* the entirety of a grampus. He broke many well ordered matches, and soured much matrimonial bliss. He set families by the ears, frightened the wild ducks by terrific shouts, cut the springs set for grouse, and in fact, became a very troublesome and impertinent sprite. There was no use in fretting; he was seated as firmly on their necks as the Old Man of the Sea was upon the back of Sinbad. The islanders bore his freaks with great patience, calmly took up with the offals of the whale, and only adopted the precautionary measure of removing from the immediate vicinity of the uncivil fiend.

Upon the southern shore of the same island of Martha's Vineyard, at some ten or twelve miles distance from the residence of the goblin, lived, at the same period of time, a sagem, the proud and arbitrary chieftain of a territory three miles square. He was very wealthy in ponds well stocked with perch, clams, oysters, and wild fowl, in swamps abounding with terrapins, in grounds adopted to the growing of maize, and in numerous other riches of the sea and of the land. He escaped all contributions, taxes, imposts, and tithes, because, as the goblin said, *clericus, clericum non decimat*, the substance of an Indian phrase, which means, goblins do not take from goblins. This legitimate had a daughter, young, brisk, and, for a copper-colored damsel, very beautiful. With bright black eyes, and long black locks, and voice like the music of rills.

Withal she was the most accomplished lady in the sachemry of Sanchequintacket. None drew the bow with equal strength, or tortured the prisoner with equal ingenuity, or danced the war dance with equal agility, or piped the war song with lungs as efficient. I must remark that, according to tradition, the Indian females were much beholden to her for their taste in ornamenting their persons, and that she was the first who ever introduced that beautiful jewel, a crab's claw, into the nasal cartilage. It is not to be supposed, that so much strength and agility, and ingenuity, and musical skill, and taste in dress, failed of exciting love and admiration in the other sex. The paternal palace resembled Grenada in the time of the Abencerrages. She was solicited in marriage by divers sagem and warriors, whose names I would lay before the reader with pleasure, if I remembered them. But no, she was deaf to their intreaties—laughed at their presents or conch shells and terrapins, and carefully and scrupulously barred the door of the royal wigwam against all those suitors, who, according to Indian modes of courtship, came to whisper soft tales at the side of her nocturnal couch. The truth is, she had placed her affections upon a young savage, stern to his enemies, but to her all gentleness, who dwelt at a remote part of the island and was reputed a kind of pro-

phage of the infernal gentleman who figures in our tale.

The course of true love, it is said, seldom runs smooth. The father objected to the match, because the lover had slain but three foes, nor was of royal parentage; and positively forbade the union. What was to be done? The lovers talked the matter over again and again, and finally determined to apply to Siwanticot for his aid and advice. They forthwith repaired to the residence of the goblin. It was a most auspicious moment; he was in a delirium of joy. A school of whales, in a recent dark night, had "got specks in their eye," and fondered upon a neighboring ledge of rocks, and thirty or forty calves had been deposited at the mouth of his cave, as his share. Withal, a brother goblin, who lived upon the main land, had presented him with some fine old *kite-foot*, and these, with the occurrence at the same happy moment of other enlivening circumstances, had wrought him up to such unusual good temper, that he forgot his late determination to annoy all lovers, and promised to befriend them. He rose from his seat, put a few hundred pounds of tobacco in his box, took a half roasted grampus from the coals to pick by the way, and set off for Sanchequintacket, the young warrior perched upon his shoulder, and miss reposing upon a litter formed by his arm, laid horizontally on his breast.

Siwanticot was none of your sprites who fly upon a cloud or a moonbeam, but he could use his feet to great advantage upon terra firma. He was soon at the goal of his journey, and almost as soon at debating its object. With great calmness, and in perfect silence, for he was by no means a loquacious demon, he heard the father give his reasons for refusing his daughter to her lover, and then inquired if this was all he had to offer against the proposed union. He was answered in the affirmative. "How much land must he have?" asked he.

"An island," answered the sagem. "Good: he shall have it," said the goblin, blowing a huge quantity of smoke through his nose. "Follow me."

At the time whereof we write, the island of Martha's Vineyard, as I am informed, extended to, and comprehended the present little island of Tuckanuck, which lies about ten miles from Nantucket. This little isle, as I said, was formerly a part of a large island, but was disjoined from it by some mighty convulsion. To this same Tuckanuck, and to a high cliff upon its eastern side, the goblin conducted his friends. He then sat down upon the ground, and commenced his charm. He first filled his pipe with tobacco, and lighted it with fire procured by the usual Indian method. When this was done, he bowed once to the rising sun, twice to that part of the sky where the north star is seen, blew thrice in a conch shell, and commenced smoking upon a "great scale," as the cotton speculators say. In a few minutes it was as dark as the darkest night. The astonished Indians knew not what to think of the passing occurrences. Presently there was a hissing sound, as if live embers dropping into water. Siwanticot had emptied his pipe. The smoke now began gradually to disperse, and soon there was a low, dark something visible in the east. It was the promised island—the ashes from the goblin's pipe. Yes, gentle reader, an island, a beautiful, interesting insulated, piece of land, with not a tree to mar its loveliness. In time it became as green as the turban of a Turkish emir, and has continued so ever since. The happy couple, for whose use and behoof it was created, gave it the name of Siwanticot, which, in time, degenerated into Siasconit, a word which still survives, though, at this day, it designates only a small, and detached part of the island.

Thus, have I given you, with some labor to myself, reader, the Indian tradition of the creation of the island of Nantucket. For myself, I do not know whether to believe it or not, but my grandfather believes it, and the old squaw had no doubt whatever of the truth of it.

The following extract from the *Life of Theodore Wolfe Tone*, recently published by his son W. T. W. Tone, gives so just and impartial a portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte, and of a part of the causes that prevented the success of the United Irishmen, in effecting the Revolution of Ireland, at that disastrous period, to which these Memoirs refer, that we doubt not its acceptableness to our readers. *Nat. Intell.*

"In order to give a clear and full narrative of the third and last expedition for the deliverance of Ireland, it will be

necessary to ascend somewhat higher. When Carnot, the only able and honest man in the Councils of the Directory, was proscribed, and when General Hoche died, the friends of a Revolution in that Island, lost every chance of assistance from France. Those two great statesmen and warriors, earnest in the cause, of which they perceived the full importance to the interests of their country, and to the extension of republican principles, had planned the expeditions of Bantry Bay, and of the Texel, on the largest and most effective scale which the Naval resources of France and Holland could afford. The former failed partly by the misconduct of the Navy, and partly by the indecision of Grouchy, of that honest but wavering man who twice held the fate of Europe in his hands—at Bantry Bay and at Waterloo—and twice let it slip through them, from want of resolution. The second failed only through the fault of the elements.

On the death of General Hoche, the French Government recalled, to succeed him, the most illustrious of their warriors; he who afterwards wielded the destinies of Europe, and who then, under the name of General Bonaparte, was already acknowledged the first commander of the age; and yet it was an age fertile in great chiefs. But he who, before the age of thirty had already achieved the immortal campaign of Italy; subdued that beautiful country; founded one Republic, (the Cisalpine) and extinguished another, (Venice); humbled the power of Austria, and compelled her, by his private authority, to liberate Lafayette from the dungeons of Olmutz, and acknowledge the French Republic by the treaty of Campo Formio, was more than a mere General. It is, however, with extreme reluctance that I feel myself called upon, by the nature of my subject, to point out any errors in the conduct of the sovereign chief, and benefactor, under whom I bore my first arms and received my first wounds; of him who decorated me with the insignia of the Legion of Honor, and whom I served with constant fidelity and devotion to the last moment of his reign. But the imperious voice of truth compels me to attribute to the influence and prejudices of General Bonaparte, at that period, the prime cause of the failure of the third expedition for the liberation of Ireland.

"The loss of Hoche was irreparable to the Irish cause. Although he died in the prime of his youth—and his deeds, eclipsed by those of his still greater rival, are now nearly forgotten—at that period, they were competitors in glory, and formed two opposite parties in the army. The generals and officers of the two Schools continued, for a long time, to view each other with dislike. But these great men were ambitious; both eager for their personal fame, and for that of France, and bent on raising her to an unequalled rank amongst nations. But Hoche was an ardent and sincere republican; he could sacrifice his own hopes and prospects to the cause of liberty, as he nobly proved, when he resigned to Daendels the command of the Texel expedition. Bonaparte always associated in his mind the power of France and his own aggrandizement—nor could he be satisfied with her being raised to the pinnacle of power and prosperity, unless he was the guide of her march and the ruler of her destinies. Admirably formed by nature for a great administrator and organizer, he meditated already in his mind those vast creations which he afterwards accomplished, and which required an unlimited authority for their execution; he loved the prompt obedience and regulated order of absolute power, and felt a secret dislike to the tumultuous and wavering conflicts of a Republican Government, whose energy is so frequently counteracted by the disunion of its parties, and the necessity of persuading instead of commanding. In short, he never was a republican. This feeling he could scarcely disguise, even then, when it was most necessary to conceal it: for no man, who ever rose to such power, perhaps, ever made so little use of dissimulation. Stern, reserved, and uncommunicative, he repelled with haughty disdain the advances of the Jacobins; and the Emperor Napoleon, the future sovereign and conqueror, might already be discerned in the plain and austere General of the Republic."

But circumstances, at this precise period, rendered that conduct the best which he could pursue. The enthusiasm of democracy was extinct in France; the People were weary of the successive revolutions which had placed so many weak and worthless characters at the head of affairs, and longed for the firm hand and the bit bridle of a ruler. The mean and rapacious members of the Directory, who, in expelling their colleague Carnot, had driven all credit and

respectability from their councils, sought support, and thought to make this young and popular chief their instrument. He was courted by every party. He felt, however, the public pulse, and judged that a premature attempt would be hopeless. It was then that, giving up, for the moment, his designs in Europe, he began to meditate a brilliant project for his personal glory and aggrandizement in the East; a plan to regenerate those regions, and be the founder of a new Empire by means of the victorious arms of France. This plan was only defeated by the battle of the Nile, and the resistance of St. John d'Acre.

To the enterprise against Ireland, the favorite object of Hoche, to prosecute which he was ostensibly recalled, he felt a secret but strong repugnance. Though the liberation of that country might prostrate, forever, the power of England, and raise the Republic to the pinnacle of fortune, (a circumstance for which he did not yet wish, as it would render his services needless) it offered no prospects of aggrandizement to him; it strengthened that Republican cause which he disliked, and, the principles of the Irish leaders, when he investigated the business, appeared to him too closely allied to those of the Jacobins. Neither did he ever sufficiently appreciate the means and importance of that country; his knowledge of it, as may be seen in my father's memoirs, was slight and inaccurate. The Directors, who began to fear him, and wished to get rid of him, entered willingly into his views, when he proposed to use this expedition only as a cover, and direct their real efforts to the invasion of Egypt. It is asserted that he said on the occasion, "What more do you desire from the Irish? You see that their movements already operate a powerful diversion." Like every selfish view, I think this was a narrow one. The two most miserable and oppressed countries of Europe always looked up to Napoleon for their liberation. He never gratified their hopes; yet, by raising Ireland, he might have crushed forever the power of England, and, by assisting Poland, placed a curb on Russia. He missed both objects, and finally fell under the efforts of Russia and England. And it may be observed, as a singular retribution, that an Irishman commanded the army which gave the last blow to his destinies."

* The petty and impotent malice of that great man's adversaries was very unlucky in the choice of the nick-names by which they chose to call him. When the English would only address the Royal prisoner, whose title they had fully acknowledged, in the Conference of Chatillon, by the appellation of General Buonaparte, they gave him the most illustrious name which appears on the pages of history, from the days of antiquity, and one which shines, perhaps, with purer lustre than that of the Emperor Napoleon. When the French Royalists pretended that Nicholas, and not Napoleon was his real name, they were probably ignorant that the meaning of the word, in Greek, is derived from Victory.

† The Directory were so far from approving of this noble act, that they would not even allow Lafayette to return to France. It was not till Napoleon became First Consul, and was thereby enabled to grant this permission, that it was obtained. It was one of the first acts of this Administration.

‡ He was the first man who dared to drive from his doors the "Dames de la Halle," or fish women of Paris, when they came to congratulate him on his victories. One must be familiar with the History of the Revolution to appreciate this fact.

Reynolds' Memoirs.—Among the theatrical anecdotes we find the following amusing one, the consequence of which had nearly damned one of Reynolds' pieces:

"But our misfortune did not stop here: for during Mrs. Billing's *bravura* in the last act, Mr. Billington her husband, who was seated in the orchestra, conceiving that the trumpeter did not accompany her with sufficient force, frequently called to him in a subdued tone, 'Loud, loud, loud!' The leader of the band being of a similar opinion to Mr. Billington's, repeated the same command so often that, at length, the German, in an agony of passion and exhaustion, threw down his trumpet, and turning towards the audience, violently exclaimed, 'It be very easy to cry louder! louder! but by golly, were is de *mind*!'"

Some have said, that marriage fills the earth, and virginity heaven. But others have well answered, how should heaven be full, if the earth were empty?

ON KILLING TIME.

Kill Time to-day, and to your sorrow,
He'll stare you in the face to-morrow;
Kill him again, in any way,
He'll plague you still from day to day.
Till, in the end, as is most due,
Whom oft you kill—at last kills you.

A Lady wrote on a pane of glass in a window—
"The power of love shall never warm my heart,
Tho' he assail me with his fiercest dart."

A gentleman wrote under a motto—
"The lady has her resolution spoke,
Yet writes on glass, in hopes it may be broke."