

TO THE SPIRIT OF HEALTH.

SWEET Spirit of the sunny brow
And smiling eye! where wanderest thou,
Like spring-cloud softly gliding?
Dost thou among the mountains stray?
Or in some low glen far away,
'Mong cottage-elves light sporting play,
From thy sad votary hiding?

I've sought thee in the youthful hour
Of spring, when every little flower
Its timid eye was closing:
I've traced thee to the streamy dell,
Where living waves clear-gushing well,
And calmly in its mossy cell
The violet lies reposing.

The clifly steep I've climb'd for thee,
And skimm'd the dewdrop from the lea,
When thro' the clouds upspringing,
Light carolling his gladsome lay,
To hail the virgin-blush of day,
Soaring aloft away, away,
The lark his song was singing.

When Summer suns wheel'd sultry by,
And glittering heat flamed o'er the sky,
To shady groves slow-wending,
Full oft, amid the quiet hours,
I've traced thy steps o'er fragrant flowers,
Or felt in gentle balmy showers
Thy influence descending.

In bounteous Autumn oft with thee
I've roam'd, to mark plain, dell, and tree
With golden treasures glowing;
Even when stern Winter's storms blew chill,
And billowy snows wreath'd vale and hill,
A keen invigorating thrill
I've felt thy breath bestowing.

Whither, sweet Spirit! hast thou fled?
Where dost thou lay thine Angel-head?
In what secluded dwelling?
Hear! mid thy wanderings blest and free,
Thy humblest votary calls on thee
With clasped hands and bended knee,
And bosom deeply swelling.

Canst thou behold the feeble streak
Lessening on that pale hectic cheek?—
A rose-bud clogg'd and fading:—
And canst thou hear the sick long sigh
Heaving that lovely bosom high?
Or see faint dimness cloud that eye,
Its living light o'er shading?

Thou canst not! Come, then, Spirit mild!
Come from the far, the breezy wild!
Come from the healthy mountain!
Come from the leafy glen! And bring
With thee gales sweet as breathing Spring,
When Zephyr stirs, with airy wing,
Young flowers that kiss the fountain!

Dear Spirit! come! and spread once more
Thy own bright bloom that pale cheek o'er,
In all its native beauty:
And I will weave thee garlands fair,
Of every flower that scents the air,
And oft shall rise to thee my prayer,
And hymns of grateful duty!

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From the La Belle Assemblee.

WEDDINGS: BY A PARISH CLERK.
(Concluded.)

There was something I thought exceedingly strange about another wedding which took place nearly at the same period. One chariot contained the whole party, which consisted of an elderly and a young gentleman, and the bride, a very pretty girl, not more than seventeen or eighteen at the utmost. She was handsomely dressed, but in colours, and not with the precision and neatness of a bride: her clothes, though fashionable and expensive, were certainly not entirely new, bearing slight tokens of having been worn before. Neither did she show any thing like timidity or bashfulness; asking a hundred questions, as if totally ignorant of the forms and ceremonies usually observed at weddings, laughing heartily at the idea of a set of demure bridesmaids, and exclaiming continually, "La! how ridiculous!" The bridegroom lounged upon the chair and benches, and said it would be a fine addition to a parson's income, if he could unmarried the fools who were silly enough to slip into his noose; and the old gentleman listened to this idle conversation with a grieving and mortified air. The young couple, it seems, had not very long returned from Scotland, and were now reunited, to satisfy the scruples of the bride's father; although both appeared as if they would have been as well pleased to have been left at liberty to seize the facilities offered in the North for annulling, as well as the celebrating of contracts, too often hastily performed and speedily repented.

There was a gentleman, a sort of Blue-beard I must call him, who, having his town-house in our parish, came five times to be married; and I observ-

ed that in all his five wives he seemed to make a pretty good choice, at least as far as beauty went. The first was a blooming country nymph, who, except that her hair was powdered, and she wore high-heeled shoes, might have passed, with her large curls pinned stiffly in a row, immense hat, and spreading furbelows, for a belle of the present day; and a mighty comely pair she and the 'Squire made. The second wife was a languishing lady of quality, who, annoyed at the bridegroom's old-fashioned prejudice against a special license, kept her salts in her hand, said that the church smelled of dead bodies, and that she should catch some disease and die: and so she did. Then came the third, buttoned up in a riding habit, which was an ugly fashion adopted at weddings some fifteen or twenty years ago, with man's hat upon her head, and a green gauze veil: her partner, then a little inclining to the shady side of life, affected the fooleries of the times, and was dressed in the very tip of the mode. She looked as though she would see him out; but he came again; and the fourth, a pale, pensive, ladylike woman, apparently far gone in a consumption, who seemed, poor thing, as though she had been crossed in love, and now married only for a maintenance, did not last long. The fifth time we had three weddings: the old gentleman and his son espoused two sisters; the former taking care to choose the younger lady, and his daughter married the uncle of her father's bride. It was a droll exhibition; and I think that the elder Benedict would have done well to remain in his widowed state; for he appeared to have caught a Tartar at last, and would have some difficulty in carrying things with the high hand which he had done with his former wives. I have not heard of his death, but I still retain the expectation of seeing his widow.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Letter from Paris.—We cheerfully lay aside several editorial articles, some of which have been struggling for a place a week or more, in order to give the following letter from a friend in Paris, received by the Stephania, and dated October 20:

THE RETURN OF THE KING.

During the hot months the royal family are in the habit of retiring to St. Cloud, the former residence of Napoleon, in his days of power. This country house possesses the advantages of being within a half-hour's ride of Paris, is beautifully placed as to situation and view, and is as retired as a palace can well be. I found the Thuilleries deserted—the windows were closed, a carriage was rarely seen to enter the court, the few servants who remained performed their duties with great nonchalance and the sentinels walked their posts indolently under the broiling sun, as if wearied with watching over the empty splendor of deserted apartments. How changed is every thing to day!—The gazettes announced, a week ago, that the royal family would return to town on the 8th at 11 o'clock precisely. As I had seen the king but once, and then under unfavorable circumstances, I determined to witness his arrival. It was, of course, no more than an ordinary removal of the family from one of the palaces to another. Common place, however, as was the event, the symptoms of busy preparation were apparent for several preceding days—here and there a window was opened, and the passenger caught a glimpse of domestics dusting, brushing, and unweaving the different articles whose splendor had been hid for months under cloths and gauzes.

On the 7th, the "Battery of the kitchen," as the French called their sauce pans and griddles, was unmasked, a certain evidence that a winter's campaign was about to be opened among the gourmands of the palace. On the same day I saw at least a dozen caissons arrive, loaded with trunks, some beautifully constructed and drawn by six horses, with postillions in the royal livery, others with four, and others again with two, according to the dignity of the several chemises and night caps they were destined to contain. This latter conclusion is altogether one of my republican inferences, but I fancy it is not far from the truth.

On the 8th, Sunday—for this King, who is a warm supporter of religion, and a great friend of the congregation, generally chooses the Sabbath for all his movements, such as reviews and horse races—on Sunday the 8th, I was at the garden of the Thuilleries, in proper season.

I found a dozen small detachments of the guard, in the court, the sentinels doubled at all the gates, mounted cuirassiers at the great entrances, and smart young officers of the guard—loitering a-

bout their respective posts—lancers were seen passing and repassing the Place de Carrousel, the bearers of messages, with their little red and white flags fluttering above their plumes, and gens d'armes abounded—the windows were opened—the Halle aux Marchaux, a pavilion in the centre of the Palace, was thronged with the garde du corps, and servants in the livery of the household were to be seen gliding past the openings with the air of domestics who stood, already, in the presence of their masters.

At ten o'clock the privileged people began to make their appearance. They entered the court of the palace through the private gates, and drove to those different doors where their respective duties called them. The entree of the Palace, of its several apartments, from the anti-chambers to the private cabinet, and even the right of driving in and stopping at this or that door, are all matters of distinction in this country, which depend, like the honors of the peerage itself, solely on the royal will. I watched the passage of these vehicles for an hour, with singular curiosity.—The history of the times, and character of the country, were to be seen peeping out, amid the bustle and show of their traicants. The revolution had impoverished most of the ancient families of France—an income of ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year is thought great, and yet Paris is nearly as dear as London, as a place of residence; it is therefore the study of these gentry to make their pride and pleasures accord with their necessities.

The visitors were all men, and most of them officers. The dress of a French man is generally in bad taste—if plain, it is commonly so without being neat—if smart, it is usually foppish, and if intended to be rich, is always tawdry—gold lace and embroidery abound, but they are ill assorted, usually overdone, and rarely well fitted to the person.—Of all the different classes of men in France, the soldiers of the guard are those who best enact their parts, so far as appearances go. These surpass in mind, intellect, and general conduct, I have no doubt, the common soldiers of any other country. Their dress is by no means as neat or as military as that of the English, but there is no comparison between the men—that they are chosen out of this over-populous country, any one can see who has an opportunity of comparing them with the regiments of the line. The same observation, however, applies to the gens d'armes, the cuirassiers, lancers, grenadiers a cheval, &c. with, I think, this difference, that the gens d'armes at Paris are uniformly better looking men than those we see in the provinces—in short, this latter observation applies to every thing in France. The country itself is more fine, for it was made by a far mightier hand than was even Paris, but there its advantages cease. All the beauty, elegance, fashion, cleanliness, rare as it is, and in short, every thing that makes a great people, which, in the nature of things can well be there, is collected in Paris; but these are things to be commented on elsewhere.

I saw many handsome and neat equipages enter the Court of the Thuilleries—more that were ill-assorted and imperfect, and some that were vastly inferior to a New-York hack, in every particular; whether as to horses, harness, or carriage. These vehicles invariably contained a personage in a court dress or uniform, with ribbons, and stars in profusion, and were indicative of the fortunes of their owners. Rank, you know, when it is hereditary, is permanent, and like fame, brighter and more enviable as it becomes older; but no, alas! is a fleeting article; and yet there is something pitiful in the assertion of rank, that is, in its tawdry assertion, without money to support it—poverty always tempts or compels to some discrepancy between pride and dignity. Such, therefore, was the effect of most of these pie-bald equipages. Sterne might have made the case out differently, but this was the effect on my matter-of-fact senses.

There was, however, now and then, an old man, who contrived to make even his poverty imposing—one in particular deserves to be mentioned: He was at least seventy years of age—his head was bald on top, but a profusion of well powdered hair on its back furnished the material of a queue, that was probably in fashion in the reign of Louis XV.—He wore breeches of black satin, white silk stockings and vest, and a coat of chargeable silk, the predominant colour of which was green—he had ruffles at the hands, gold buckles in his shoes, and a rich sword at his side—his hat was carried under his hand, and he went on foot, bowing and receiving bows, as he passed the guards, the gens d'armes, the footmen, and even the gentry, who

crowd'd the court of the Palace. He had doubtless come to the grille in a cabriolet, which was not permitted to enter the court, and he achieved the remainder of his journey in the dignity of nature.

At length a train came whirling through one of the grilles, and the majesty of France made its appearance.—It is difficult to conceive of any thing much more imposing, in the way of equipages, than the passage of the royal carriages. To-day there were but two, but it is not long since I met five, each drawn by eight beautiful bays, and moving at the rate of ten miles the hour. Two of these carriages were cased, it being part of the etiquette to have a carriage always in reserve in case of accidents. They were preceded and followed by cuirassiers of the guard, and a cloud of mounted footmen.

The Duc de Bordeaux was yesterday transferred from the keeping of the women to that of the men. Yesterday, in passing the Palace, I saw his carriages standing before the entrance of his mother's apartments. In a few minutes he made his appearance, and he train came within twenty feet of me. He was in a coach and six, and followed by another with four horses—a body of lancers preceded him, and footmen followed. As he passed the crowd who waited his approach, the little fellow pulled off his hat with a very good grace, and was greeted with much good nature in return, though without acclamation. He is a pale-faced, undersized child, of his years, with small features, but a lively eye. I should think the chance of the Duc de Chartres to the crown, as by no means trifling.—You know the females are excluded from the throne, in this gallant country, where they are made to perform half the other ordinary occupations of the men.

A BIT OF ADVICE.

It has been ascertained, with a considerable degree of accuracy, that there is annually consumed in this State, New Hampshire, 1,000,000 gallons of ardent spirits, wines, &c. distilled amongst us, and imported from the West Indies and Europe.

The cost of this poisonous liquid cannot be calculated at less than \$2 per gallon; taking all sorts, from old Madeira, or Cognac, to potatoe whiskey; and as a great portion of it is drunk by the gill, with the profits of the dram shop; and in a variety of compound forms, such as punch, toddy, flip, sling, bitters, &c. &c. At this rate, it costs the State annually \$2,000,000. An enormous sum—ninety-nine hundredths of which is unnecessary.

Say not a word, then, about taxes, salaries, lawyers, courts, or women's extravagance. Your government, your courts, your clergymen, your schools, your lawyers, and your poor, do not cost one third so much as one paltry article, which does you little or no good, but is more destructive of your lives than famine or the sword.

I will now tell you how to pay your taxes, without feeling them.

- 1st. Fee no lawyers.
- You say lawyers have too high fees. I say they have not. They cost me not one farthing. Do as I have always done, and lawyers' fees will be no trouble at all. If I want a new coat, or my wife wants a new gown, we have agreed to wear the old ones until we have got cash or produce to pay for them. When we buy, we pay in hand—we get things cheaper than our neighbours—merchants never dun us—and we have no lawyer's fees to pay.
- 2dly. I allow my family but two gallons of rum a year. This is enough for any family, and too much for some of them. I drink cider and beer of my own manufacture; and my wife makes excellent beer, I assure you. I advise you all to do the same. I am astonished at you, good folks. Not a mechanic or a labourer goes to work for a merchant, but he carries home a bottle of rum. Not a load of wood comes to town, but a gallon bottle is tied to the cart stake to be filled with rum. Scarcely a woman comes to town with tow cloth, but she has a wooden gallon bottle in one side of her saddle bags, to be filled with rum. A stranger would think you to be a nation of Indians, by your thirst for the paltry liquor.
- 3dly. Never buy any useless clothing.

Keep a good suit for Sundays and other public days, but let your common wearing apparels good substantial cloths and linens of your own manufacture. Let your wives and daughters lay aside their plumes. Feathers and fripperies suit the Cherokees; but little become the fair daughters of America.

My countrymen, I am not trifling with you; I am serious. You feel the facts I state; you know you are poor,

and ought to know, the fault is all your own. Are you not satisfied with the food and drink which this country affords? The beef, the pork, the wheat, the corn, the butter, the cheese, the cider, the beer, those luxuries which are heaped in profusion upon our tables? If not, you must expect to be poor. In vain do you wish for mines of gold and silver. A mine would be the greatest curse that could befall this country. There is gold enough in the world, and if you have not enough of it, it is because you consume all you earn, in useless food and drink. In vain do you wish to increase the quantity of cash by a mint or by paper emissions.—Should it rain millions of joes into your chimneys, on your present system of expenses, you would still have no money. It would leave the country in streams. Trifle not with serious subjects, nor spend your breath in empty wishes.—Reform—economize. This is the whole of your political duty. You may reason, speculate, complain, raise mobs, spend life in railing at Congress and your rulers; but unless you import less than you export, unless you spend less than you earn, you will eternally be poor.

New Hampshire Journal.

The Chinese Language.—Dr. Morrison asserts, that the ignorance of the Europeans concerning the true elements and spirit of the Chinese language, is owing principally to the widely spread belief of its difficulty. Instead of 50,000 letters being indispensable for understanding Chinese, he says, 2,000 are sufficient, and that by means of them a European may express himself intelligibly to the Chinese, either at Canton or Peking, upon almost every subject. To facilitate the learner to the acquisition of Chinese letters, Dr. Morrison's Chinese Miscellany gives a collection of the old emblems, which are, as it were, an etymology of the language, and never before printed in Europe. Of the primitive words (216) the pronunciations and significations are also given, and several examples of the different styles of prose and poetical compositions. Besides these, Dr. Morrison gives a catalogue of 1,111 syllables, of which the language of the Mandarins is formed, by means of a different intonation and accent.

Instinct and Reason.—The following fact goes far towards proving that instinct differs chiefly in degree from reason:—"A few years since, a pair of sparrows, which had built in the thatch roof of a house at Poole, were observed to continue their regular visits to the nest long after the time when the young birds take flight. This unusual circumstance continued through out the year, and in the winter, a gentleman, who had all along observed them, determined on investigating its cause. He therefore mounted a ladder, and found one of the young ones detained a prisoner, by means of a piece of string or worsted, which formed a part of the nest, having become accidentally twisted round its leg. Being thus incapacitated from procuring its own sustenance, it had been fed by the continued exertions of its parents.

The Quarterly Review.—Eternal vicissitude is the condition of all worldly existence. There is nothing in the great circle of eye and ear which is not constantly undergoing some process of transformation and change. Follow the analogy into things metaphysical, and the great law of nature equally prevails. Opinions alter, as well as things material and irrational. What wonder, then, that the Quarterly Review, heretofore the bitter and envenomed enemy of every thing American, should have so last changed its malignant incentives to the gentlest eulogies. The last number contains several passages in laud of our activity, enterprise, and intellect. It even admits that "the wealth, the domestic comforts, the refinements, and the elegancies of English life," "exist in a high degree, only not so generally diffused, in the better part of the United States." In another article, we find digression in praise of Mr. Cooper, whose novels they place next to those of Walter Scott, though they maintain the interval between the two writers is very wide one. These panegyrics prove either a claim on our part which is no longer to be denied, or an awakened feeling of candor and justice on theirs.

N. F. English.

The President in danger.—The Senate of Georgia have passed resolutions directing the "Committee on the State of the Republic to inquire into the expediency of framing a complaint to the House of Representatives of the United States, against the President, for not removing Col. John Crowell, he having been so often solicited to do so by the Legislature of this state"—and also for not having arrested Gen. Gaines, and had him tried for his insults to the State.