

## Poetry.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TIMES CHANGE'S.

I saw her once—so freshly fair  
That, like a blossom just unfolding,  
She open'd to life's cloudless air,  
And Nature joy'd to view its moulding.  
Her smile, it haunts my memory yet—  
Her cheek's fine line divinely glowing—  
Her rosy mouth—her eyes of jet—  
Around on all their lights bestowing:  
Oh! who could look on such a form,  
So nobly free, so softly tender,  
And darkly dream they mightly storm  
Should taint such sweet, delicious splendour!  
For in her gaze, and in her face,  
A smile her young days they lightens,  
Young could they capture raptur'd face.  
But beauty's glow, and pleasure's bright glare,  
I saw her twice—sad she'd charm—  
But still of argo's soft, sweet,  
Thou, school's scholar in love warm,  
Though yet of earth's rights the first:  
Upon her cheek she held her child,  
The very image of its mother,  
Which ever to her smile, smiled,  
They seem'd to live but in each other,  
But matron eyes, or looking on,  
Her thoughtless, sinless youth had banish'd,  
And from her cheek the roseate glow  
Of youth's beauty soon had vanish'd;  
Within her eyes, upon her brow,  
Lay a smiling softness, deeper,  
As if in dreams, some vision'd wo  
Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.  
I saw her thrice—fate's dark decree  
In widow's garments had array'd her,  
Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,  
As even my reverie would bid her;  
The glow, the glance had pass'd away,  
The sunshine, and the sparkling glitter,  
Still, though I noted pale decay,  
The retrospect was secretly bitter,  
For, in their place a calmness sweet,  
Serenity, and soothing, holy,  
In feeling, which the ocean felt  
That every power north is fully—  
A pensiveness—such is not grief,  
A stiness—as of sunset streaming—  
A fairy glow on flower and leaf,  
The earth looks like a landscape dream'd.  
A last time—and unmoved she lay,  
Beyond life's dim, uncertain river,  
A glorious mould of fading clay,  
From whence the spark had fled for ever.  
I gazed—my breast was like to burst—  
And, as I thought of years departed,  
The years when I saw her first,  
When she, a girl, was light and bested,  
And when I nursed on later days,  
As moved she in her matron dress,  
A happy mother in the bliss  
Of open'd hope, and sunny beauty,  
I felt the chill—I turn'd aside—  
Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me,  
And being seem'd a trou'd tide,  
Whose wrecks in darkness swim before me!

## Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

### A TALE.

The following is extracted from "The Traveller," a tale by the author of Redwood.—A family of travellers is represented as having stopped at a point of land at the junction of the Oswegatchie with the St. Lawrence, to view the remains of an old fortification. While they were viewing this monument of other time, a gentleman appeared, who, like them, had been attracted to the spot by curiosity, and after introducing himself, begged leave to relate a traditional story, which he had picked up in his journey through Canada, some of the events of which had been located at this place.—The family very readily assented to the proposal, and the stranger related the following particulars:

A commandant of this fort (which was built by the French, to protect their traders against the savages) married a young frequenter, who was before or after the marriage, converted to the Catholic faith. Her brother lurked in this neighborhood, and procured interviews with her, and attempted to win her back, by all the motives of national pride and family affection; but all in vain. The young Garanga, or to call her by her baptismal name, Marguerite, was bound by a threefold cord—her love to her husband, her son, and to her religion. Mecomich, finding persuasion ineffectual, had recourse to stratagem. The commandant was in the habit of going down the river often on fishing excursions, and when he returned he would fire his signal gun, and Marguerite and her boy would hasten to the shore to meet him.

On one occasion he had been gone longer than usual. Marguerite was full of anxiety, and naturally enough at any time, when eminent dan-

ger and half-breadth escapes were of every day occurrence. She had sat in the tower watching for the returning canoe till the last beam of day had faded from the waters. The deepening of twilight played tricks with her imagination.—Once she was started by the water-level, which, as it skimmed along the surface of the water, imagined to her fancy the light canoe, impelled by her husband's vigorous arm. Again she heard the leap of the heavy maul—longly, and the splashing waters sounded to her fancy like the first dash of the oar. That passed away, and disappointment and tears followed. Her boy was beside her; the young Louis, who, though scarcely twelve years old, already had his imagination filled with daring deeds. Born and bred in a fort, he was an adept in the use of the bow and the musket; courage seemed to be his instinct, and danger his element, and battles and wounds, were "household words" with him. He laughed at his mother's fears; but in spite of his boyish ridicule, they strengthened, till apprehension ceased reality. Suddenly the sound of the signal gun broke on the still of the night. Both mother and son sprang upon their feet, with a cry of joy, and were pressing, hand in hand, toward the outer gate, when a sentinel stopped them to remind Marguerite, that it was her husband's order that no one should venture without the walls after sunset. She, however, insisted on passing, and telling the soldier that she would answer the commandant for his breach of orders, she passed the outer barrier.—Young Louis held up his bow and arrow before the sentinel, saying gaily, "I am my mother's body guard, you know." Tradition has preserved these trailing circumstances, as the events that followed rendered them memorable.

The distance, continued the stranger, from the fort to where the commandant moored his canoe, was trifling, and quickly passed. Marguerite and Louis flew along the foot path, reached the shore, and were in the arms of Mecomich and his fierce companions. Entreaties and resistance were alike vain. Resistance was made, with a manly spirit by young Louis, who drew a knife from the girdle of one of the Indians, and attempted to plunge it into the bosom of Mecomich, who was roughly landing his wampum belt over Marguerite's mouth, to deaden the sound of her screams. The uncle wrested the knife from him, and smiled proudly on him, as if he recognized in the brave boy a scion from his own stock.

The Indians had two canoes; Marguerite was conveyed to one, and Louis to the other, and both canoes were rowed into the Oswegatchie, and up the stream as fast as it was possible to impel them against the current of the river.

Not a word or cry escaped the boy; he seemed intent on some purpose; and when the canoe approached near the shore, he took off a military cap he wore, and threw it so skillfully that it lodged, where he meant it should, on the branch of a tree which projected over the water. There was a long white feather in the cap. The Indians had observed the boy's movements—they held up their oars for a moment, and seemed to consult whether they should return and remove the cap; but after a moment they again dashed their oars in the water and proceeded forward. They continued rowing for a few miles, and then landed; hid their canoes behind some trees on the river's bank, and plunged into the woods with their prisoners. It seems to have been their intention to have returned to their canoes in the morning, and they had not proceeded far from the shore, when they kindled a fire and prepared some food, and offered to share it with Marguerite and Louis. Poor Marguerite, as you may suppose, had no mind to eat; but Louis, saith tradition, eat as heartily as if he had been safe within the walls of the fort. After supper, the Indians stretched themselves before the fire, but not till they had taken the precaution to bind Marguerite to a tree, and compel Louis to lie down in the arms of his uncle Mecomich. Neither of the prisoners, as you may imagine, closed their eyes. Louis kept his eye fixed on his mother. She sat upright beside an old decayed oak; the cord was fastened around her waist and bound round the tree, which had been blasted by lightning; the moon poured its beams through the naked branches upon her face, convulsed with the agony of despair and fear. With one hand she held a crucifix to her lips, the other on her rosary. The sight of his mother in such a situation, stirred up daring thoughts in the bosom of the heroic boy; he lay powerless in his uncle's naked, brawny arms. He tried to

disengage himself, but, at the slightest movement, Mecomich, though still sleeping, seemed conscious, and strained him closer to him. At last the strong sleep, that in the depth of the night steeped the senses in utter forgetfulness, overpowered him; his arms relaxed their hold, dropped beside him, and left Louis free.

He rose cautiously, looked for one instant on the Indians, and assured himself they all slept profoundly. He then possessed himself of Mecomich's knife, which lay at his feet, and severed the cord that bound his mother to the tree. Neither of them spoke a word; but with the least possible sound they had come to the shore; Louis in the confidence, and Marguerite with the faint hope of reaching it before they were overtaken.

You may imagine how often the poor mother, timid as a fawn, was startled by the evening breeze stirring the leaves, but the boy bounded forward as if there was neither fear nor danger in the world.

They had nearly attained the margin of the river, where Louis meant to launch one of the canoes and drop down the current, when the Indian yell, resounding through the woods, struck on their ears. They were missed, pursued, and to escape was impossible. Marguerite, panic struck, sunk on the ground. Nothing could check the career of Louis. "On—on, mother," he cried, "to the shore—to the shore." She rose, and instinctively followed her boy. The sound of pursuit came nearer and nearer. They reached the shore, and there beheld three canoes coming swiftly up the river. Animated with hope, Louis screamed the watch-word of the garrison, and was answered by his father's voice.

The possibility of escape, and the certain approach of her husband, infused new life into Marguerite. "Your father cannot see us," she said, "as we stand here in the shade of these trees; hide yourself in that thicket, I will plunge into the water." Louis crouched under the bushes, and was completely hidden by an overhanging grape-vine while his mother advanced a few steps into the water, and stood erect, where she could be distinctively seen. A shout from the canoes apprised her that she was recognized, and at the same moment, the Indians, who had now reached the shore, rent the air with their cries of rage and defiance. They stood for a moment, as if deliberating what next to do; Mecomich maintained an undaunted and resolved air; not so his followers; the aspect of armed men, and a force three times their number, had its usual effect—they fled. He looked after them, cried "shame!" and then, with a desperate yell, leaped into the water and stood beside Marguerite.—The canoes were now within a few yards; he put his knife to her bosom, "The daughter of Tecumseh," he said, "should have died by the judgment of our warriors, but now by her brother's hand she must perish;" and he drew back his arm to give vigor to the fatal stroke, when an arrow pierced his own breast, and he fell, insensible, at his sister's side. A moment after, Marguerite was in the arms of her husband, and Louis, with his bow unstrung, bounded from the shore, and was received to his father's canoe; and the wild shores rang with the acclamations of the soldiers, while his father's tears of pride and joy were poured like rain upon his cheek.

### THE ABOMINATION OF CALUMNY.

"Against slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend; nor man deplore so fell a foe. It stabs with a word—with a nod—with a shrug—with a look—with a smile. It is the pestilence walking in darkness—spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveller cannot avoid; it is the heart-searching dagger of the dark assassin; it is the poisoned arrow, whose wound is incurable; it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder—murder its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport."

The man who breaks into my dwelling, or meets me on the public road, and robs me of my property, does me injury. He stops me on the way to wealth, strips me of my hard-earned savings, involves me in difficulty, and brings my family to penury and want. But he does me an injury which can be repaired. Industry and economy may again bring me into circumstances of ease and affluence; and the smiles of gratitude may yet play upon the cheeks of my offspring, as they receive the small tokens of parental love.

The man who comes at the midnight hour and fires my dwelling, does me injury. He bars my roof, my pillow, my

vestment, my every shelter from the storm and the tempest. But he does me an injury which can be repaired.—The storm may indeed beat upon me, and chilling blasts assail me; but Charity will receive me into her dwelling—will give me food to eat and raiment to put on,—will kindly assist me in raising a new roof over the ashes of the old; and I shall again sit by my own fireside, and taste the sweets of friendship and of home.

But, the man who circulates false reports concerning my character—who exposes every act of my life which can be represented to my disadvantage—who goes first to this, then to that neighbour, tells them he is very tender of my reputation, enjoins upon them the strictest secrecy, and then fills their ears with hearsays and rumours, and what is worse, leaves them to dwell upon the hints and suggestions of his own busy imagination—the man who in this way 'filches from me my good name,' does me an injury which neither industry, nor charity, nor time itself can repair.—He has told his tale of slander to an uncharitable world. Some receive it as truth; others suspect that the half was not told them; and others dress what they have heard in the highest colouring, add to it the foul calumny of their own invention, and proclaim it in the corners of the streets and upon the house tops. Should I prove myself innocent, and attempt to meet the scandal with contradiction, the story of my disgrace outstrips me, or my solicitude to contradict it excites suspicion of guilt. Should the slanderer confess his crime, the blot is made, and his tears of repentance cannot wash it out. I might as well recall the winds, or quench the stars, as recall the tale of infamy, or wipe this foul stain from my character.

I attach a high value to the esteem and confidence of my fellow men. I cannot but wish, that, while I live among them, I may hold a place in their affections, and be treated with the respect which is due to my station. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches; or than 'precious ointment.'

"It is the immediate jewel of the soul, The purest treasure mortal times afford." Give me this, and I can face the frowns of fortune—can be pointed at as the child of poverty, and still know what it is to be happy. Take this away, and you strike a dagger into my soul—you render life itself a burden. The frowns of a world, the finger of scorn and the hiss of contempt, are more than man can endure.

Yet, dear as reputation is, 'and in my soul's just estimation prized above all price,' it is not too dear, it is not too sacred, for the slanderer so tarnish and destroy. He can take from me the confidence of my employers, the respect of my friends—can blast my reputation with his pestilential breath, and feel not a pang of remorse. He would blight the fairest flower in the garden of innocence, demolish the loftiest temple of human purity, and place his broad stamp of infamy on the holiest servant of the living God.

The slanderer has not a single pretext or excuse to palliate his offence.—A desire of gain may urge some to the commission of crime. The incendiary and the assassin may be excited by this base passion to perpetrate their deeds of darkness and of death. But the man that attacks me with slander has no hope of personal good; and if he robs me of my character, he

"Robs me of that which not enriches him, But makes me poor indeed."

He gratifies the malice of his heart, adds one more to the family of wretchedness and wo, and enjoys a secret pleasure—yes, even triumphs, as he reflects on the infamous achievement.

How base, how contemptible is the character of the slanderer! However various their motives or diversified the means which they take to accomplish their object, they are all the enemies of man. Some may perpetrate this iniquity with designs directly malicious; some, from a busy, meddling disposition, always insatiable, unless when interfering with the concerns of others; and some, from a wish to be thought extensively acquainted with private history. But they are all characterized in Scripture by the significant names of *evil-speakers, busy-bodies and tale-bearers*, and are considered there, and every where else, as the disturbers and pests of society.

What mischief may not be occasioned by the tongue of slander! What character is proof against its poison?—How are individuals, families and neighbourhoods, affected by its malignity! Better dwell amid the infections of an hospital, than move in an atmosphere contaminated by the breath of slander. Better meet an enemy in the field of battle, or fall into the hands of

the ruthless savage, than be overtaken by this 'pestilence which walketh in darkness.'

What does the slanderer think of himself? Does he hope to be respected by men or approved of God? Let him ask his conscience; and if that is not already 'seared as with a hot iron,' it will tell him that the smiles, the flattery and the politeness which he puts on when in the presence of those he slanders, are thinner than gauze. His real character is discerned by men, and his whole heart is naked to the eye of Omniscience.—Does he think that his is a small crime, and that he shall go unpunished? If there is a God in heaven—if He has said 'speak not evil one of another,' 'thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour,' most assuredly the slanderer will not go unpunished—verily, he will have his reward. If there is a God in heaven—if He has said, that 'for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment,' may I, and may you, dear reader, be saved from the sentence which awaits that man, whose tongue is the tongue of Slander.

*Sketches of Character.*—The number of persons who pass through the village of Buffalo for pleasure or on business, during the summer season, is immense. Notwithstanding the great number however, it is said of many of the inhabitants of the village, that they can almost at a glance, decide from what section of the country each visitor comes, and "nothing is more common on the appearance of a party of strangers, than the expression, they are Bostonians, Albanians or Southerners, as the case may be."

A writer in the Buffalo Journal is amusing himself with drawing sketches of the manners and character of visitors there from the various cities of the Union. His portrait of the New-Yorkers can hardly be called complimentary, and his remarks respecting the ladies of our city are absolutely petrifying.—"The waiting maids," he says, "are altogether finer women than their mistresses." We are not naturally inquisitive; but we really cannot help being a little "curious to know" how this discovery has been effected. Perhaps he found the waiting maids not particularly given to contemptuousness, which he seems to think the besetting sin of their mistresses. But let him speak for himself.

"The New-York cockneys are known by their affected pronunciation; they either clip their words or lisp prettily, and express a mortal aversion to Yankeeism. Talk to them of groves and fountains, and they will silence you with praises of battery. Speak of the falls of the Niagara, and they will recite the wonders of the city hall. Their dislike of the country is evident from the anxiety which they manifest for a speedy and safe return to their friends. They are in the main harmless fellows, and are held in high esteem by our tavern keepers, as they eat little, spend their money like princes, and never ask the item of a bill. We have seen no very favorable specimens of New-York belles. Their waiting maids are altogether finer women than their mistresses.—They are reserved, to dullness, and appear to hold the natives in great contempt, much to the mortification of sundry of our small gentry, who esteem themselves vastly pretty fellows.—Red Jacket is thought by them to be the only distinguished personage in the western district, and I have known a company of city belles to stand an hour in a bar room, listening to a conversation held with him by a learned gentleman of their party, the cunning Indian nodding his head in reply to what he could by no possibility, have understood. The Albany beau is quite the reverse of his New-York neighbor. He drinks brandy and talks politics, swears at the servants, & quarrels with his landlords, and is in fact what he styles himself, "a real roarer." The ladies under his protection are usually handsome; but resemble their gallant indiscretion; they romp the streets without protection, address strangers with the utmost confidence, and look country gentlemen out of countenance.

"The Philadelphia fair are distinguished by the mildness of their manners, and their fondness for conversation or aptness at small talk. They have much of what the French style *en bon point* in their appearance, generally handsome, and sometimes beautiful, and would be more agreeable with less exertion to appear so. They are usually accompanied with a quaker father, a dull news reading husband, who are continually boring their auditors with Schuylkill Water Works and regular streets. Your real Philadelphia buck rarely ventures beyond the bounds of civilization, which he conceives to be limited by the bounds of his native city."