

## Poetry.

From *Delaware's "Forget Me Not."*

### The Cliffs of Dover.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud  
Your crested heights array;  
And rise ye like a fortress proud,  
Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand,  
Breasting the billow's foam;  
Oh, thus for ever guard the land  
The sever'd land of home!

I have left sunny skies behind  
Lighting up classic shrines,  
And music in the southern wind,  
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers  
Have floated o'er my way,  
The pilgrim's voice at vesper hours  
Hath sooth'd me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,  
The purple heavens of Rome—  
Yes, all are glorious; yet again  
I bless thee, land of home!

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land,  
And thine the guarded hearth:  
And thine the dead, the noble band  
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze;  
Their steps are on thy plains;  
Their names, by old majestic trees,  
Are whisper'd round thy lanes:

Their blood hath mingled with the tide  
Of thine exulting sea;—  
Oh, be it still a joy, a pride,  
To live and die for thee!

## Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From the Charleston Courier.

Extract from an unpublished manuscript,  
entitled *Sketches of the Seminole  
Campaign*, by an Officer.

"April was now drawing to a close, and we had advanced about mid-way between St. Mark's and Suwaney. Our march continued over a flat, monotonous country, intersected at short intervals by marshes, Creeks, and innumerable defiles, each of which would have been disputed by a vigorous foe, yet we passed them unmolested; the enemy no doubt concentrating his forces at Suwaney, but resting his defence chiefly on the barrenness and natural obstructions of the trackless wilderness. The streams were for the most part clear and cool, but sluggish. Their current was however accelerated where the adjacent country happened to be of an undulating character, and in such cases the perturbed surface indicated the rocky bed over which it rushed. As yet we had met with none of that grandeur of scenery; those rocks, cataracts, or other gorgeous decorations of nature, which irradiated by the rising or setting sun, and brought into life by the plastic hand of a master, breaks upon us so sweetly in works of fiction; in fact the ground here traversed is but what painters call the *vanishing point* of the great *Ea-noed-fa-noked* swamp.

The light companies, however, when on advance duty, at a distance from the din of arms, the hoarse word of command, and the grumbling or merriment of their comrades in the main body of the army, could contemplate with melancholy delight the savage scenery which flanked the trail. But meditation of this kind is seldom the soldier's attribute; his restless passion rests on deeds of arms, or garrison frolics long gone by, and losing nothing of importance in the narration of a veteran, who thereby stimulates the newly formed soldier to martial fame, or perhaps fills him with envy: as to the present, he seldom teases himself with the spring, or tendency of passing events; and in perspective he sees, but the luxury of light duty, good quarters, and the smiling plentitude of the sutler's booth.

About 12 o'clock, the usual hour for halting, one of the 'spies' was seen galloping from the front along the centre column, and reined in close to the commanding General, to whom he made some hasty communication. Officers of the staff, like rays from the solar focus, immediately darted in every direction; and in a few minutes about one hundred and fifty of the line (including the light companies not in advance) together with three hundred mounted Tennesseans, left the columns at double quick time, headed by Gen. Gaines. We soon learned that the movement was made in consequence of the 'spies' having lighted on a *fresh trail* (the imprint of feet, &c. on the path) indicating that a numerous body of Indians, cattle, &c. had passed that way since the last day

fell; moreover, we noticed one or two trees which had been *blazed* (that is, divested of bark to a certain extent) on the side that would meet the view of persons following in the same direction. On the tree thus laid bare were traced several hieroglyphics; rough sketches of horses, of horned cattle, &c. with numerous perpendicular lines; the whole intended to apprise their friends of the numerical force and description of their party, and the route it had taken.—There were also some circular marks colored black and red, to denote the number of scalps lost or taken by them.

And here I must remark on the wonderful sagacity with which the eye of the subtle son of the forest, be he white or red, traces the movements of a foe, his numbers, &c. from the imprint of feet, a few prostrate blades of grass, broken twigs, and other signs which he is accustomed to regard from infancy, yet which would be passed unnoticed by the undisciplined eye of the Atlantic borderer and European. We pursued the path which, as usual, was so tortuous as to conceal objects that awaited our view at a few hundred yards; suddenly we fell on some of those war or hunting sheds used by the Indians, formed by a few, upright stakes, a ridge pole, and covered with pine bark. The hum of voices that vibrated from front to rear suddenly ceased; the preparation for attack was quickly made; but on exploring the *penetratia* of those doughty citadels, nothing was found save a tattered blanket, a few bones, and other remains, the mention of which is "which better in the breach than in the observance." The march was resumed with so much eagerness, as scarcely to admit of leaving the column time to drink at the ponds which skirted the way. The day was intensely warm, and altho' as light as *light bobs* could be, having but a few articles of undress in the knapsack, and less weight still in the haversack, yet, with a musket weighing fourteen pounds, forty-seven rounds of ammunition, accoutrements, &c. all fields of exertion except those for fighting were unwelcome. But the moral influence of discipline on a soldier, is never so apparent as in the cheerfulness with which he undergoes fatigue and privation; he never inquires about the motive for action; and turn it as we will, the motive at all times must be so distant, or obscure, as to preclude the idea that it can have an immediate influence on him. Whilst on this subject, I must be permitted to avow the desire I have often felt, that those little capacity, who brawled so loudly about the soldier's ease and idleness; if such, would dare to trust themselves in the *rear* of an army on active service in an Indian country but for one day; they would ever after consider a county court speech, a stump oration, or the *captivating* counter grin and bow to a customer, all "trifles light as air" compared to the soldier's daily hardship.

Continuing the pursuit, we met several horses which had been abandoned by the enemy. The jaded appearance of those animals evinced precipitancy of movement; whilst the perspiration and saddle marks on the most of them shewed that they had been but lately in use; in fact every thing gave promise of successful termination of the pursuit. About an hour before sunset we waded a wide and rapid creek, with a broken flinty bottom, in no wise welcome to such as wore moccasins. The water was breast high, and cartridge boxes, haversacks, &c. were as usual carried on our heads. Night was approaching; the troops exhausted and considerably in advance; a halt was ordered; and at twilight we were joined by the main body.—The bivouac was soon marked out, arms piled, fires lighted, when after swallowing a sorrowful mouthful of beef cured without salt, we laid down on the green sward, to dream of the balmy stew, the savoury fricassee, the juicy ham, the luscious roast, with the appendages of claret, madeira, &c.

In the morning we stood to our arms as usual two hours before day break; then came reveille to assure us we were awake, or lest we might again fall asleep; and the whole wound up with searching, rummaging of haversacks to hunt up a breakfast, at which even the stomach of a monk of La Trappe would revolt. The rising sun saw us pursuing the giant steps of Honor, and I will venture to say with more voracious appetites for "vivers and vittles" than for the flesh of all our enemies in the country.

The company to which I belonged, was one of those that formed the advance this day. Signs similar to those remarked yesterday, were visible and fresh. Nothing remarkable occurred until near mid-day, when we heard a discharge of rifles by the spies, (who were a few hundred yards ahead) followed by some dropping shots. Quickening our step, we saw a warrior extend-

ed on the ground; another of gigantic stature stood near him, bleeding profusely from a wound in his thigh, and close to the latter, stood a woman with an infant in her arms, and two children holding the skirts of her blanket. The eldest of the latter was a girl about six years old, whose chin was crossed wide divided by a rifle ball. As Capt. C— with myself advanced towards the party, the little sufferer nestled in her mother's blanket, sobbing piteously, but evidently not from pain, as we had no sooner spoke to her in a soothing tone, and gently patted her hand, than she not only ceased to cry, but looked up at us with an expression that would have reached the heart of the most hardened, by a channel not to be resisted. Her mother, and the man standing near, who proved to be her father, preserved a sullen silence. At this juncture, one of the friendly Indians, attached to the 'Spies,' walked hastily to one of our men who had a case knife in his belt, and obtained the loan of it, without its intended use being known to the lender. The savage warrior darted on his foe with an eagle-pounce, planting one knee on his breast, and making a quick circular incision in the scarf of his head; then applying his teeth, with the rapidity of thought, (in fact so quick as to baffle interference) he tore the reeking scalp from his victim, when jumping up and waving his bloody trophy, with a loud whoop and demonic laugh, he several times repeated *Hoh-es-che*, "It is so," or, "It is right." Meanwhile his enemy, whose limbs stiffened in death, lay like the Giaour of Byron, "his back to earth, his face to Heav'n." But to the others—a few men were detailed to convey them to the commanding general, and at the first movement, the woman was observed to stoop and spit blood, which by signs she gave us to understand, proceeded from a wound in the body. During this time she evinced no symptom of pain, uttered no groan, shed not a tear, moved not a muscle, save when endeavoring to make herself understood, but awaited her death with an undaunted mind. The child she bore in her arms was transferred to her husband's—her blanket removed—when it was discovered a ball passed thro' her body, entering near the spine, and coming out just below the right breast. To add to the horror of the catastrophe, she appeared far advanced in that state which gives the object a passport to our kindness—our sympathy—our protection. It was with difficulty she was persuaded to allow herself to be passed to the rear in a blanket; whence with her husband and the two younger children, together with some provisions and a safeguard, she was placed by direction of the commanding general, in one of the deserted wigwams I have heretofore mentioned. Her doom however was sealed, she died within an hour after we left her; and on the return march from Suwaney, some ten days after, I stepped from the column to look at her corpse. It lay on the verge of a small pond, divested of covering, save a piece of coarse blue cloth around her loins—I shrank from the sight, and almost deprecated the profession in which I had been educated. My ideas on the occasion are inaccessible to speech or writing, and even after a lapse of years, my flesh yet creeps at the recollection. The wounded little heroine was adopted by one of our Indians; and it created a charm in the breast of all who saw her each day riding behind her foster father, whose whole care concentrated seemed in the comfort of his adopted child.

We learned that the tracks we had pursued during the last two days, were those of a body of *Uchee* Indians (hostile,) on their route to join the Chief M'Queen; that the main body had for this purpose turned off to the Southward, and that the unfortunate stragglers whose fate I have narrated, having discovered a *Bee Tree*, were engaged in collecting the honey when discovered by the 'Spies.'—The Indians took to flight, attempting to gain a close thicket. They were partially screened by a thick undergrowth, when the 'Spies,' being totally unable to distinguish age or sex, poured a fatal fire. Thus no blame could attach itself to those brave fellows, who would consider the most brilliant feats unprofitable, tarnished with one speck of inhumanity."

The following letter is said to be from the pen of one of the greatest and best men that Virginia has produced.

ADVICE FROM A FATHER TO HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.

Written immediately after her marriage.

MY DEAR—You have just entered into that state which is replete with happiness or misery. The issue depends upon that prudent, amiable, uniform conduct, which wisdom and virtue so strongly recommend, on the one hand, or on that imprudence which a

want of reflection or passion may prompt, on the other.

You are allied to a man of honor, of talents, and of an open, generous disposition. You have therefore, in your power, all the essential ingredients of domestic happiness: it cannot be marred, if you now reflect upon that system of conduct which you ought invariably to pursue—if you now see clearly, the path from which you will resolve never to deviate. Our conduct is often the result of whim or caprice, often such as will give us many a pang, unless we see beforehand, what is always the most praiseworthy, and the most essential to happiness.

The first maxim which you should impress deeply upon your mind, is never to attempt to control your husband by opposition, by displeasure, or any other mark of anger. A man of sense, of prudence, of warm feelings, cannot, and will not, bear an opposition of any kind, which is attended with an angry look or expression. The current of his affections is suddenly stopped; his attachment is weakened; he begins to feel a mortification, the most pungent; he is belittled even in his own eyes; and he is assured, the wife who once excites those sentiments in the breast of a husband, will never regain the high ground which she might and ought to have retained. When he marries her, if he be a good man, he expects from her smiles, not frowns; he expects to find in her one who is not to control him—not to take from him the freedom of acting as his own judgment shall direct, but one who will place such confidence in him, as to believe that his prudence is his best guide. Little things, what in reality are mere trifles in themselves, often produce bickerings, and even quarrels. Never permit them to be a subject of dispute; yield them with pleasure, with a smile of affection. Be assured that one difference outweighs them all a thousand, or ten thousand times. A difference with your husband ought to be considered as the greatest calamity—as one that is to be most studiously guarded against; it is a demon which must never be permitted to enter a habitation where all should be peace, unimpaired confidence, and heart felt affection. Besides, what can a woman gain by her opposition or her differences? Nothing. But she loses every thing; she loses her husband's respect for her virtues, she loses his love, and with that, all prospect of future happiness. She created her own misery, and then utters idle and silly complaints, but utters them in vain. The love of a husband can be retained, only by the high opinion which he entertains of his wife's goodness of heart, of her amiable disposition, of the sweetness of her temper, of her prudence, and of her devotion to him. Let nothing, upon any occasion, ever lessen that opinion. On the contrary, it should augment every day; he should have much more reason to admire her for those excellent qualities, which will cast a lustre over a virtuous woman, when her personal attractions are no more.

Has your husband staid out longer than you expected? When he returns receive him as the partner of your heart. Has he disappointed you in something you expected, whether of ornament, or furniture, or of any conveniency? Never evince discontent; receive his apology with cheerfulness. Does he, when you are house-keeper, invite company without informing you of it, or bring home with him a friend? Whatever may be your repast, however scanty it may be, however impossible it may be to add to it, receive them with a pleasing countenance, adorn your table with cheerfulness, give to your husband and to your company a hearty welcome; it will more than compensate for every other deficiency; it will evince love for your husband, good sense in yourself, and that politeness of manners, which acts as the most powerful charm! it will give to the plainest fare a zest superior to all that luxury can boast. Never be discontented on any occasion of this nature.

In the next place, as your husband's success in his profession will depend upon his popularity, and as the manners of a wife have no little influence in extending or lessening the respect and esteem of others for her husband, you should take care to be affable and polite to the poorest as well as to the richest. A reserved haughtiness is a sure indication of a weak mind and an unfeeling heart. With respect to your servants; teach them to respect and love you, while you expect from them a reasonable discharge of their respective duties.—Never tease yourself, or them by scolding; it has no other effect than to render them discontented and impertinent. Admonish them with a calm firmness.

Cultivate your mind by the perusal of those books which instruct while they

amuse. Do not devote much of your time to novels, there are a few which may be useful in improving and in giving a higher tone to our moral sensibility; but they tend to vitiate the taste, and to produce a disrelish for substantial intellectual food. Most plays are of the same cast; they are not friendly to the delicacy which is one of the ornaments of the female character. History, Geography, Poetry, Moral Essays, Biography, Travels, Sermons, and other well written religious productions, will not fail to enlarge your understanding, to render you a more agreeable companion, and to exalt your virtue.—A woman devoid of rational ideas of religion, has no security for her virtue; it is sacrificed to her passions, whose voice, not that of God, is her only governing principle. Besides, in those hours of calamity to which families must be exposed, where will she find support, if it be not in her just reflections upon that all ruling Providence which governs the universe, whether animate or inanimate.

Mutual politeness between the most intimate friends, is essential to that harmony, which should never be once broken or interrupted. How important then is it between man and wife!—The more warm the attachment, the less will either party bear to be slighted, or treated with the smallest degree of rudeness or inattention. This politeness, then, if it be not in itself a virtue, is at least the means of giving to real goodness a new lustre; it is the means of preventing discontent, and even quarrels; it is the oil of intercourse, it removes asperities, and gives to every thing a smooth, an even, and a pleasing movement.

I will only add, that matrimonial happiness does not depend upon wealth; no, it is not to be found in wealth, but in minds properly tempered and united to our respective situations.—Competency is necessary, all beyond that point, is ideal. Do not suppose, however, that I would not advise your husband to augment his property by all honest and commendable means. I would wish to see him actively engaged in such a pursuit, because engagement, a sedulous employment, in obtaining some laudable end, essential to happiness. In the attainment of a fortune, by honorable means, and particularly by professional exertion a man derives particular satisfaction, in seen applause, as well as from the increasing estimation in which he is held by those around him.

In the management of your domestic concerns, let prudence and wise economy prevail. Let neatness, order, judgment be seen in all your different departments. Unite liberality with a just frugality; always reserve something for the hand of charity; and never let your door be closed to the voice of suffering humanity. Your servants, in particular, will have the strongest claim upon your charity; let them be well fed, well clothed, nursed in sickness, and never unjustly treated.

To married Ladies.—If you see any imperfections in your husbands, (which is probable enough) do not pride yourselves on your penetration in discovering them; but in your forbearance in not pointing them out; strive to show no superiority, but in good temper.

A neat compliment.—Henry Erskine, celebrated for his elegant repartee, being in company with the beautiful Dutchess of Gordon, asked her, "Are we never again to enjoy the pleasure of your Grace's society in Edinburgh?"—"Oh," said she, "Edinburgh is a vile dull place, I hate it."—"Macadam," replied the gallant barrister, "the sun might as well say this is a vile dark morning, I won't rise to-day."

It would be a noble improvement, or rather a recovery of what we call good breeding, if nothing were to pass among us for agreeable which was the least transgression against that rule of life called decorum, or a regard to decency. This would command the respect of mankind, because it carries in it deference to their good opinion, as humility lodged in a worthy mind is always attended with a certain homage, which no haughty soul, with all the arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchase.

Longevity.—Joseph and Elizabeth Copland, of Plymouth, (Mass.) have had 12 children, eleven of whom are now living of the following ages; 90, 88, 86, 83, 81, 79, 77, 76, 71, 68, 67.

Upwards of twenty thousand ship letters were received at the Post-Office New York, from the 8th to the 15th inst. inclusive. Eight thousand were received in one day.

There has been a frost at Havana, a circumstance never before known; but the Coffee trees were not supposed to be injured.