

Poetry.

From the London "Forget Me Not," for 1827.

A Dirge.

BY THE REV. G. CROLY.

"Earth to Earth, and dust to dust!" Here the evil and the just, Here the youthful and the old, Here the matron and the maid, In one silent bed are laid, Here the vassal and the king, Side by side lie withering; Here the sword and sceptre rust—"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Age on age shall roll along O'er this pale and mighty throng; Those that wept them, those that weep, All shall with these sleepers sleep. Brothers, sisters of the worm, Summer's sun or winter's storm, Song of peace and battle roar, Ne'er shall break their slumbers more, Death shall keep his sullen trust—"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast, Earth, thy mightiest and thy last! It shall come in fear and wonder, Heralded by trump and thunder; It shall come in strife and toil, It shall come in blood and spoil, It shall come in empire's groans, Burning temples, trampled thrones, Then, ambition, rue thy lust!—"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign, In the east the King shall shine; Flashing from Heaven's golden gate, Thousand thousands round his state; Spirits with the crown and plume, Tremble, then, thou sullen tomb! Heaven shall open on our sight, Earth be turned to living light, Kingdom of the ransom'd just—"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then thy mount, Jerusalem, Shall be like a gorgeous gem; Then shall in the deserts rise Fruits of more than Paradise; Earth by angel feet be trod, One great garden of her God! Till are dried the martyr's tears Through a thousand glorious years! Now, in hope of Him we trust—"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

MR. CARTER'S LETTERS.

From the New York Statesman.

GENOA, APRIL 7, 1826.—The University at Genoa occupies one of the most splendid palaces in the Strada Balbi, presenting a noble front to the street. It is three stories high, enriched with suitable proportion of marble pillars. The portals are of the Tuscan order, guarded by two lions. A terrace on one side of the court, crowned with plants and flowers, gives the entrance a cheerful appearance. The apartments, though sufficiently spacious, by no means correspond with the exterior in grandeur. Their walls are hung with pictures all of a religious cast, and not very celebrated as specimens of the arts. A large library, rich in the various departments of learning, and a botanical garden, are among the appurtenances of the Institution. The Janitor conducted us thro' the room appropriated to Natural Philosophy, and showed us the apparatus, tolerably complete: as also through the Museum of Natural History, which is small and unimportant compared with that of France. In short, the interior of the university contains few objects worthy of notice. The number of Professors is 24—in the faculties of the Law and Theology, four each; in the Medical department, seven; and in the sciences and belles-lettres, nine. Ample provision appears to be made at Genoa for public instruction. Besides the University, there is a Royal College; an Academy for architecture, painting, and sculpture; a school for the deaf and dumb; and three public libraries. A gentleman to whom we took letters of introduction, and from whom we received every attention which hospitality could require, introduced us to a large Reading Room, containing the English and French papers, together with the periodicals and new publications, among which several from our country were observed.

The charitable institutions of Genoa reflect the highest credit upon the humanity and munificence of its citizens. We visited the two principal Hospitals, the Albergo del Proveri and the Albergo Grande, which in extent and arrangement call forth the unqualified admiration of the traveller.—The former is situated without the old walls, in a sunny vale opening from the Apennines, and approached by a broad avenue, bordered with groves of flex. It is a grand, but somewhat irregular pile of buildings, sufficiently spacious to accommodate 2200 persons. The vestibule is decorated with marble columns, and filled with the statues of some of the principal benefactors to the institution. In ascending the noble flight of steps, one would suppose he was entering the palace of a king, instead of a poor-house. Over the entrance were inscribed the words of Solomon, which were never quoted with more propriety—"Nor say there is no Providence." In the interior there is a pretty chapel, containing among other embellishments, the celebrated bas-relief in white marble of the Virgin supporting on her bosom the dead Saviour, by Michael Angelo, and reckoned among his finest productions. Nothing can exceed the affecting simplicity of the design, or the beauty of the execution. The present number of inmates in this Hospital, or rather Work-House, is 1700, of whom 500 are males, and 1200 females, chiefly young persons, who are here clothed, fed, and educated. They are employed in manufactures and the mechanic arts of various kinds. The superintendent conducted us through the long ranges of work-shops, presenting a pretty scene of cheerful industry.

The Grand Hospital is upon a still more extended scale. Its dimensions are something like 400 feet square, being the largest building in the city. Its architecture is of the Doric order, simple, grand, and beautiful. These edifices are all the works of the Republic. Seventy-five full length statues of its benefactors & numerous busts, are among decorations. It is appropriated entirely to the sick of both sexes. Large as the establishment is, the wards were all filled, and exhibited an air of neatness and comfort. Iron bedsteads contribute greatly to the cleanliness. Its extensive pharmacy is open to the city, and the profits arising from the sale of medicine are appropriated towards defraying the expenses of the institution.—Besides those two immense establishments, Genoa contains a hospital for incurables, and two houses of refuge for females where they are trained to habits of industry, and employed chiefly in the manufacture of artificial flowers. In short, I have seen few cities where more ample provision has been made for the poor, and it may be added, few cities stand more in need of such charities.

The churches of Genoa are not less numerous and splendid than the palaces. Religious enthusiasm and a faith beyond all others fond of outward pomp have consecrated to holy purposes the trophies of war, and much of the wealth accumulated by a lucrative trade. At the time most of these edifices were erected, the Genoese had acquired the ascendancy in the Mediterranean, and pushed their commerce to every part of its shores. Their ships returned laden with the spoils of the east—with the marbles and precious stones of Greece, Egypt, and Africa, together with a taste for oriental splendor. Public munificence vied with private zeal in raising temples, shrines and altars, better suited to the oracles of the Delphic god, or the divinity at Ephesus, than to the meek and lowly religion of the Redeemer. The same spirit still exists, without the same wealth to support it, and the consequence is, that the slender resources of the community are exhausted for the maintenance of a showy faith. A poor woman who begs a sou at the door of the sanctuary, instead of appropriating it to feed her starving child, will perhaps cast it at the feet of the first image to which she kneels, as a contribution towards buying a new tiara, or a new set of ribbons for the Madonna, who it must always be remembered is the great object of worship, not to say of idolatry in Italy.

We visited a majority of the forty churches at Genoa, of which a few only will be selected for notice. The first in point of ecclesiastical importance is the Cathedral, called by way of distinction *Il Duomo*. It is a Gothic structure, covered on the outside with black and white marble, in wide alternate stripes, giving it a fantastical appearance, and to my taste destroying all the grandeur which its colossal productions would otherwise produce. Misshapen, spirial columns, add to the deformity of the exterior. The inside exhibits a compound of meanness and splendor. Superb pillars of Parian marble rise along the nave, and chapels and altars glittering with gold and with gems extend on all sides round the walls. Most of the ornaments are tawdry, and some of them ludicrous. Near the entrance a statue of a saint stared us in the face, wearing a cardinal's hat made of wood. The ordinary crowns for the images of the Virgin and her Bambino, (for both are uniformly invested with badges of royalty,) are of tin, sometimes washed

with silver. Their waxes or wooden faces are generally daubed with rouge, and their persons bedazzled with all the fiery imaginable—embroidered petticoats, silks, laces, furbelows, rings, beads, and trinkets of every description. Such trumpery is often mingled with the pictures and statues by the first Italian masters.

In the Cathedral we found little to admire, though much to dazzle. It was brilliantly lighted up at noon day, and crowds were kneeling on the mosaic pavement, before the altars, while the priesthood, clad in gorgeous robes, were busy in burning incense and uttering their prayers. We observed a group of people collected round a little crucifix, which was stretched upon the floor, and to which they in turn knelt, kissing the forehead, hands and feet, as well as the wounds of this rude image of the bleeding Saviour. The picture was affecting, and of too serious a character to excite any other feelings than compassion for such mistaken notions of piety.

This church lays peculiar claims to veneration, as well from its great antiquity, as from other circumstances still more imposing. It is said to occupy the site of an ancient hospice, in which St. Lawrence lodged on his way from Spain to Rome. After the martyrdom of that Saint, about the middle of the third century, the building which had been sanctified by his pilgrim feet was converted into a church, and assumed the name of the martyr. He and saint John the Baptist are joint patrons of the city. The ashes of the latter are said to rest in an urn of iron, beneath one of the altars in this church, having been brought hither from a town in Lysia, where he died. Among the relics of the Cathedral is the celebrated *Catino*, or emerald dish out of which tradition says that the Saviour ate the paschal lamb with his Disciples. It was brought from the Holy Land by Guillaume Embriaco, as one of the spoils of the first Crusade.—When the French took possession of Genoa, Napoleon sent it to undergo an analysis by the Institute. Lady Morgan states, that it was found to be composed of glass. Since the restoration of the Bourbons, this sacred relic has been returned to the church, but like the dust of St. John, it is now kept out of sight.

The Cathedral bears several curious inscriptions, one of which ascribes the foundation of Genoa, the capital of ancient Liguria, to Janus, the double faced god recognized among the divinities of Rome. In the thirteenth century, a Genoese archbishop wrote a formal treatise, still extant, to prove that the city was built 700 years anterior to Rome; rebuilt at the time of Abraham; and after another destruction, restored for the third time, 1246 years before the Christian era! This is laying claim to a tolerably high origin; yet it does not appear from authentic history, that Genoa was a town of much importance in the time of the Romans. The Ligurians were a fierce, warlike, and comparatively uncivilized nation, retreating to the fastnesses of their mountains when invaded, and struggling for liberty against the dominion of their conquerors.

But these things aside—we went to the church of St. Matthew, to see the tomb of Andrew Doria. A young priest lighted a flambeau, and conducted us down a flight of steps into the vault, which consists of a noble arch of white marble, adorned with bas relief and embossed with gold. It is a splendid sepulchre, rather imperial than republican in its character; and destitute of that simplicity, which one would wish to find in every thing connected with such a man. He shares a common tomb with the rest of his family. The solitude and silence of the crypt, hallowed by the dust of the hero; the glare of tapers upon the fretted roof and antique sculpture, imparted a deep solemnity to this mansion of the dead. On our return to the cheerful light of day, half an hour was spent in examining the church of St. Matthew, the interior of which is among the richest at Genoa, being filled with presents from the Doria family. The gothic front is inscribed with the deeds of the chief, who reposes below. We were shocked, while sauntering about the aisles, to come suddenly upon a rude image of the Saviour, large as life, gashed with wounds, and besmeared with blood, stretched out like a corpse in one of the recesses, where it had been stowed away as a part of the lumber of the church, to be borne through the streets on the next religious festival.

On taking leave of the young priest who conducted us to the vault, and presenting to him the ordinary pittance for his trouble, he seized our hands and pressed them to his lips. A salutation of this kind was so sudden and unexpected, that there was no time for resistance; otherwise a descendant of Andrew

Doria and Christopher Columbus should never with us have debased himself by such an act of servility. However, I suppose the hand of a republican is at least as good as the great-toe of the Pope; and the stripping therefore did not stoop to any extraordinary degree of humility. In Italy, every thing is done by kissing. Full grown, bearded men kiss each other on both cheeks, at meeting and parting, as a common salutation—a most unmanly custom, disgusting to the eye of a stranger. Devotees kiss not only crosses and crucifixes, the faces and feet of statues, but the very doors and steps of the churches. A practice so universally prevalent is strongly characteristic of the effeminacy of Italian manners.

To return from another digression:—the antique gothic church of St. Stephen's was visited almost solely for the purpose of examining a celebrated painting over the High Altar, partly by Raphael and partly by his pupil Julio Romano. The subject is the *Stoning of Stephen*, and the picture has been much admired by connoisseurs, as well as by some who are not connoisseurs. Even to our unskilful eyes, the composition, expression, and colouring, all appeared striking. The history of the picture is at least amusing. It was presented to the church by Pope Leo X. On the conquest of Genoa by the French, it emigrated beyond the Alps, and figured for some years in the Louvre, whence it was restored, at the solicitation of David the painter, by order of the Holy Alliance.

STAGES, A CENTURY AND A HALF AGO.

In the year 1672, when throughout Great Britain only six stage coaches were constantly going, a pamphlet was written by one John Cresset, of the charter house, for their suppression, and among the many grave reasons given against their continuance is the following:—"These stage coaches make gentlemen come to London upon very small occasions, which otherwise they would not do, but upon urgent necessity; nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who rather than come such long journeys on horse back, would stay at home.—Here, when they have come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and by these means get such a habit of idleness, and love of pleasure, that they are uneasy ever after."

STATE OF EGYPT.—No journalist is responsible for any statements he may extract from a foreign newspaper. The following passage we have translated from a Paris *Constitutionnel*, and we give it without any assurance of its truth or falsehood. If true in whole, or even in part, (which latter condition, we, for many reasons think correct,) it is a very interesting statement. It purports to be a letter from Alexandria, dated in October.

"The great scaffolding of civilization, which, for some time has been rising in Egypt, has at last fallen to the ground. Religious prejudices have undermined the European institution. Of manufactures, arts, and trades, nothing can be domiciliated on the banks of the Nile. By striving after too much they have gained nothing. Those foreigners who flocked so abundantly to the service of Mahomet-Ali are daily departing—as full of discontent now as they were of hope before. He who expected to be made a Pacha is happy if he can escape with his head. The manufactures in wollen and cotton have failed and those who are able, prefer buying the cloths of Europe and the Muslims of India, which are better and cheaper than any made here. Steamboats have been abandoned because it was found necessary to import coal from England, (wood being scarce) and the climate is too burning to allow of their being conveniently worked. Besides, if any accidents should happen to the machinery, there are no workmen nor materials for their repair. The Pacha feels that he has ventured beyond his ability. The treasury is empty and the public resources considerably diminished. Even the cotton produce is regarded as deteriorated, and the bales formerly sold at 250 francs can scarcely bring 80 now. The other kinds of produce have suffered a similar decline, and in proportion as the means of enaction are lessened, the necessity of bankruptcy is augmented. Than this few things can be more easy for a Vizier. His Highness pays no one, and abuses all. He says that the foreigners send him bad ships. Instead of supplying his agents with money, he covers them with reproaches. Even his Turkish school at Paris (from which so much was predicted) is the object of his revilings, and he threatens to reduce them to their

hereditary condition of *cahons* and arr-drivers at Cairo. Even the paper-mills have entirely failed. Attempts are making to re-establish them. The Pacha, since he has discovered that Messrs. Salt & Drovetti, (the English & French Consuls,) have sold their cabinets for considerable sums, has reserved to himself the monopoly of works of art and antiquity. He has magazines of them at Alexandria and Cairo, but his prices are so exorbitant that they are likely to remain on his hands."

The letter writer asserts that Mahomet cannot keep himself in his former powerful state for more than two or three years. The prophecy is probably a false one—but it is a matter for curious speculation (and also of regret) as to the causes of the failure of this laudable attempt to introduce civilization and its blessings into Egypt.

N. Y. Enquirer.

\* We find under the head of Constantinople (in a journal of later date) a complete confirmation of these statements.

FONTENELLE.

Utterly without heart, generosity, or sympathy with any human being, Fontenelle was extremely complaisant and on all occasions very amusing in general society, where he dealt out epigrams to the very last with a neatness and vivacity that was extremely engaging; and he continued to be universally acceptable, without even pretending to take an interest in any thing but himself. In the whole course of his long life (he died in his 160th year) it was remarked of him, that he was never known either to laugh or cry; and he even came at last, to make a boast of this insensibility.—He had a great liking for asparagus, and preferred it dressed with oil. One day a certain *bon vivant* Abbe, with whom he was extremely intimate, came unexpectedly to dinner. The Abbe was very fond of asparagus also, but liked it dressed with butter. Fontenelle said, that for such a friend there was no sacrifice of which he did not feel himself capable, and that he should have half the dish of asparagus which he had just ordered for himself, and half, moreover, should be done with butter. While they were conversing together very lovingly, and waiting for dinner, the Abbe falls suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy; upon which Fontenelle instantly springs up, scampers down to the kitchen with incredible agility, and bawls out to the cook,—“the whole with oil, the whole with oil, as at first.”

In Scotland, a woman by the name of Marga Lawson had a son who went to sea; and on his return, he found his mother was dead and buried. He inquired of the sexton where she was buried, & was told that she lay in a particular spot, or very near it, but the exact place could not be pointed out with certainty. The son caused a grave stone to be erected, with the following inscription:

Here lies Marga Lawson; 'Tis here or here about— The place where Marga Lawson lies No man can find her out, The place where Marga Lawson lies, No man on earth can tell, Until the resurrection day, 'Till Marga rise herself.

An aged pair in the highlands of Scotland, of the name of Grant, were sitting one morning in their cottage. The good man was crooning a portion of scripture in the good, old, sing-song way, to the auld wite, who sat perched upon her stool, an attentive auditor. He came to that passage in Genesis, which runs—"There were giants in the earth in those days"—and his dim eyes mistaking the *i* for an *r* he read "There were Grants in the airth in those days." He paused in complacency at this testimonial of family antiquity, while the auld woman exclaimed!—"Ah, was there Grants so far back as that?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "we're an auld race!"

George IV.—If we are to argue from the prints in the *London Times*, we should infer that his Majesty has broken a great deal lately in his health. He was formerly remarkable for the grace, ease, and clearness of his delivery. On the opening of the Parliament, his utterance was hurried and indistinct, and his manner calculated to excite alarm. Lord Liverpool stood near the throne, and was extremely nervous whenever the King hesitated.—The Duke of York being dangerously ill, some important changes may be expected soon. The next succession (the Duke of Clarence) is exceedingly unpopular with all classes.

He who receives a good turn, should never forget it: he who does one, should never remember it.