

Poetry.

From the Forget Me Not.

THE GREEK AND THE TURKMAN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

A night attack by Constantine Paleologus, on a detached camp of the troops of Mahomet the second, at the siege of Constantinople.

The Turkman lay beside the river, The wind play'd loose through bow and quiver, The charger on the bank fed free, The shield hung glittering from the tree, The trumpet, shawm, and atabal, Were hid from dew by cloak and pall; For long and weary was the way The hordes had marched that burning day.

Above them, on the sky of June, Broad as a buckler, glow'd the moon, Flooding with glory vale and hill, In silver sprang the mountain rill, The weeping shrub in silver bent, A pile of silver stood the tent; All soundless, sweet tranquillity, All beauty, hill, and tent, and tree.

There came a sound—'twas like the gush When night winds shake the rose's bush; There came a sound—'twas like the flow Of rivers swell'd with melting snow; There came a sound—'twas like the tread Of wolves along the valley's bed; There came a sound—'twas like the roar Of ocean on its winter shore.

"Death to the Turk!" uprose the yell; On roll'd the charge—a thunder peal: The Tartan arrows fell like rain, They clank'd on helm, on mail, on chain; In blood, in hate, in death, were twined Savage and Greek, mad, bleeding, blind; And soft on flank, on front, and rear, Eged, Constantine, thy thirstiest spear!

Brassy and pale, a type of doom, Laid on the moon, through deepening gloom, Down plunged her orb—'twas pitchy night— Now Turkman, turn thy reins for flight! On rush'd their thousands through the dark: But on their camp a ruddy spark, Like an uncertain meteor, reel'd: Thy hand, brave king, that firebrand wheel'd!

Wild burst the burning element O'er man and coursers, flag and tent; And through the blaze the Greeks outsprung, Like tigers, bloody, foot andfang, With dagger's stab and falchion's sweep Beaving the stunn'd and staggering heap— Till lay the slave by chief and Khan, And all was gore that once was man.

There's wailing on the Euxine shore— Her chivalry shall ride no more. There's wailing on thy hills, Altai, For chiefs—the Grecian vultures' prey! But, Bosphorus, thy silver wave Hears shouts for the returning brave, The kingliest of her kingly line, For there comes glorious Constantine!

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From a preliminary view of the French Revolution, prefixed to the life of Napoleon Buonaparte—By the Author of Waverley.

"Three men of terror, whose names will long remain, we trust, unmatched in history by those of any similar miscreants, had now the unrivalled leading of the Jacobins, and were called the triumvirate.

"Danton deserves to be named first, as unrivalled by his colleagues in talent and audacity. He was a man of gigantic size, and possessed a voice of thunder. His countenance was that of an Ogre on the shoulders of a Hercules. He was as fond of the pleasures of vice as of the practice of cruelty; and it was said there were times when he became humanized amidst his debauchery, laughed at the terror which his furious declamations excited, and might be approached with safety, like the Maelstrom at the turn of tide. His passion was indulged to an extent hazardous to his popularity, for the populace are jealous of lavish expenditure, as raising their favourites too much above their own degree; and the charge of profligacy finds always ready credit with them, when brought against public men.

Robespierre possessed this advantage over Danton, that he did not seem to seek for wealth, either for hoarding or expending, but lived in strict and economical retirement, to justify the name of the incorruptible, with which he was honored by his parishians. He appears to have possessed little talent, saving a deep fund of hypocrisy, considerable powers of sophistry, and a cold exaggerated strain of oratory, as foreign to good taste, as the measures he recommended were to ordinary humanity. It seemed wonderful, that even the scathing and executions of the revolutionary cauldron should have sent up from the bottom, and long supported on the surface, a third so liberally void of claims to the public distinction; but Robespier-

re had to impose on the minds of the vulgar, and he knew how to beguile them, by accommodating his flattery to their passions and scale of understanding, and by acts of cunning and hypocrisy, which weigh more with the multitude than the words of eloquence, or the arguments of wisdom. The people listened as to their Cicero, when he twangled out his apostrophes of *Peuple, Peuple vertueux!* and hastened to execute whatever came recommended by such homed phrases, though devised by the worst of men for the worst and most inhuman purposes.

"Vanity was Robespierre's ruling passion, and though his countenance was the image of his mind, he was vain even of his personal appearance, and never adopted the external habits of a sans culotte. Amongst his fellow Jacobins, he was distinguished by the nicety with which his hair was arranged and powdered; and the neatness of his dress was carefully attended to, so as to counterbalance, if possible, the vulgarity of his person. His apartments, though small, were elegant, and vanity had filled them with representations of the occupant. Robespierre's picture at length hung in one place, his miniature in another, his bust occupied a niche, and on the table were disposed a few medallions exhibiting his head in profile. The vanity which all this indicated was of the coldest and most selfish character, being such as considers neglect as insult, and receives homage merely as a tribute; so that, while praise is received without gratitude, it is withheld at the risk of mortal hate. Self-love of this dangerous character is closely allied with envy, and Robespierre was one of the most envious and vindictive men that ever lived. He never was known to pardon any opposition, affront, or even rivalry; and to be marked in his tablets on such an account, was a sure, though perhaps not an immediate sentence of death. Danton was a hero, compared with this cold, calculating, creeping miscreant; for his passions, though exaggerated, had at least some touch of humanity, and his brutal ferocity was supported by brutal courage. Robespierre was a coward, who signed death-warrants with a hand that shook, though his heart was relentless. He possessed no passions on which to charge his crimes; they were perpetrated in cold blood, and upon mature deliberation.

"Marat, the third of this infernal triumvirate, had attracted the attention of the lower orders, by the violence of his sentiments in the journal, which he conducted from the commencement of the Revolution upon such principles that it took the lead in forwarding its excessive changes. His political exhortations began and ended like the howl of a blood-hound for murder; or, if a wolf could have written a journal, the gaunt and famished wretch could not have raved more eagerly for slaughter. It was blood which was Marat's constant demand, not in drops from the breast of an individual, not in puny streams from the slaughter of families, but blood in the profusion of an ocean. His usual calculation of the heads which he demanded, amounted to two hundred and sixty thousand; and though he sometimes raised it as high as three hundred thousand, it never fell beneath the smaller number. It may be hoped, and for the honor of human nature we are inclined to believe, there was a touch of insanity in his unnatural strain of ferocity; and the wild and squalid features of the wretch appear to have intimated a degree of alienation of mind. Marat was like Robespierre, a coward. Repeatedly denounced in the Assembly, he skulked instead of defending himself, and lay concealed in some obscure garret or cellar among the cut-throats, until a storm appeared, when, like a bird of ill omen, his death-screach was again heard. Such was the strange and fatal triumvirate, in which the same degree of cannibal cruelty existed under different aspects. Danton murdered to glut his rage; Robespierre, to avenge his injured vanity, or to remove a rival whom he envied; Marat, from the same instinctive love of blood, which induces a wolf to continue his ravage of the flocks long after his hunger is appeased.

"Danton despised Robespierre for his cowardice; Robespierre feared the ferocious audacity of Danton; and with him to fear was to hate—and to hate was—when the hour arrived—to destroy.—They differed in their ideas also of the mode of exercising their terrible system of government. Danton had often in his mouth the sentence of Machiavel, that when it becomes necessary to shed blood a single great massacre has a more dreadful effect than a series of successive executions. Robespierre, on the contrary, preferred the latter process as the best way of sustaining the reign of terror. The appetite of Marat could not be satiated but by combining both modes

of murder. Both Danton and Robespierre kept aloof from the sanguinary Marat.

Among the three monsters mentioned, Danton had that energy which the Girondists wanted, and was well acquainted with the secret movements of those insurrections to which they possessed no key. His vices of wrath, luxury, love of spoil, dreadful as they were, are attributes of mortal men—the envy of Robespierre, and the instinctive blood-thirstiness of Marat, were the properties of fiends. Danton, like the huge serpent called Boa, might be approached with a degree of safety when gorged with prey—but the appetite of Marat for blood was like the horse-leech, which says, Not enough—and the slaughterous envy of Robespierre was like the gnawing worm that dieth not, and yields no interval of repose. In glutting Danton with spoil, and furnishing the means of indulging his luxury, the Girondists might have purchased his support; but nothing under the supreme rule in France would have gratified Robespierre; and an unlimited torrent of the blood of that unhappy country could alone have satiated Marat. If a colleague was to be chosen out of that detestable triumvirate, unquestionably Danton was to be considered as the most eligible."

"Who reads an American Book."

This insulting word has again and again been practically replied to, in a manner rather galling, probably, to the impudent querist. Numerous books, written by Americans, have gone thro' extensive editions here—have been translated into several of the European languages, and every where lauded "to the very echo." Such facts are assuredly the best and most triumphant answer to the sneering query above.

Another American book has just been issued from the press in this city. Messrs. G. & C. Carvill have published a volume of poems from the pen of Halleck. It is ushered into the literary world under the plain and modest title of "Alhwick Castle, with other Poems"—strictly in accordance, however, with the adage, "good wine needs no bush." Some of the poems had previously been published; several others have never before met our eye.—In all of them we find the same nerve, wit and sweetness that have always characterized this gifted writer's productions. The extract from "Connecticut, an unpublished poem," is the measure of Byron's Don Juan, is a remarkably beautiful effort, combining, in a happy manner, the pathetic and the ludicrous. We conceive the mingled style, passing with ease "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," to be that in which Mr. H. peculiarly excels. The following stanza—from a tale of the "Green Mountaineer, the Stark of Bennington"—is terse and epigrammatic. It is endowed with the essence of wit—its soul, brevity:

"When on that field his band the Hessians fought, Briefly he spoke before the fight began— 'Soldiers! those German-gentlemen are bought For four pounds eight and seven pence per man, By England's King—a bargain, as is thought: Are we worth more? Let's prove it, now we can; For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun, Or Mary Stark's a Widow!' It was done."

We earnestly hope and trust that the publication of the remainder of this poem will not long be delayed.

N. Y. Gazette.

An old lady proverbial for her pride of Christianity, one afternoon discovered while in the midst of her work, the reverend shepherd of the flock of which she was a member, within a few paces of the house, and making straight to the door. Wishing to be thought well employed she threw her spinning aside and seizing her spectacles and bible, though she could not read a word, sat down and was engaged so deeply at the time the good man entered, as not to observe him until he gently tapped her on the shoulder, with "Madam, do you read with your bible upside down?" "Oh dear is it Mr. B.," said she, "yes, I always read so; I'm left handed."

From the Trenton Emporium.

PRAISE AND CENSURE.

The world, some people say, is censorious—and it is to a certain extent, true;—But the world sometimes compliments very highly—and I have a strong inclination to say, that its praise does more mischief than its censures—I say it.

more highly of themselves than they ought to think, needs some general corrective—and censure, though an unpleasant, is often, in these cases, a very wholesome medicine.

Praise, on the other hand, touches on a more dangerous key. It nurses instead of suppressing the dangerous propensity to pride.

"He's a genius," people said of my young friend Alenzor—and it got to Alenzor's ear, as such things will in nine cases out of ten. The youth was promising fair for manhood—with industry and prudence to follow up the advantages he enjoyed, he would have become an ornament to society. But the idea of being a genius haunted him night and day. He put on a thousand ridiculous airs, and fell into as many ridiculous practices—became puffed up with vanity and self conceit and let slip all his golden opportunities in grasping after the foolish phantoms that flitted before his bewildered brain. He turned out a poor creature.—Praise had done the mischief.

"What a beautiful girl!" the young gentlemen used to say when they passed Jane Seymour's window, and got a glance at her fine face and pretty figure. It was no wonder that they called her beautiful, for she was so. But persuade a young lady that she is very beautiful—and she must be a girl of extraordinary good sense if she don't let the thing run in her head to the exclusion of more profitable thoughts. Jane once cultivated her mind, was industrious and ingenious with her needle—bid fair to become an excellent housekeeper—she would have been a rare prize if left to the guidance of natural judgment. But she soon began to conclude that she was beautiful—that beauty compensated for every thing else. Those of the beaux who were worth having, thought differently—the others she would not accept, and this misunderstanding lost her a husband. No sensible man ever thought a beautiful wife worth as much as one that could make a good pudding.—I wish the girls all knew this, for I feel a great interest in their welfare.

Praise has made more fools and coxcombs, than censure ever made misanthropies.—They are both good things in their exact paces—but it requires a great deal of judgment to place them there. When misapplied, the first flows generally from, better feeling than the last—and it is a pity friends should do another an injury. These axioms are indisputably correct—and ought to be always borne in mind.

OLIVER OAKWOOD.

Reflections on the state of Marriage, by a Married Man.—The leading features in the characters of a good woman are mildness, complaisancy, equanimity of temper. The man, if he be a provident and worthy husband, is immersed in a thousand cares. His mind is agitated, his memory loaded, and his body fatigued. He retires from the bustle of the world, chagrined perhaps, by disappointment, angry at indolent or perfidious people, and terrified lest his unavoidable connexions with such people should make him appear perfidious himself. Is this the time for the wife of his bosom, his dearest and most intimate friend, to add to his vexations, to increase the fever of an overburthened mind by a contentious tongue or a discontented brow?

Business, in its most prosperous state, is full of anxiety, labor and turmoil. O, how dear to the memory of a man is the wife who clothes her face in smiles, who uses gentle expressions, and who is ever ready to relieve and hush his cares to rest. There is not in nature so fascinating an object as a faithful, tender and affectionate wife.

From Zion's Herald.

TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.

Mr. Editor.—I am no friend to superstition, yet I cannot help revering some of the good old steady habits of our ancestors.—Much has been said against the ancient New Englanders for hanging people on the charge of witchcraft. Perhaps there were some things wrong in their conduct; but had they been regulated by the same principles which governed the proceedings at a late trial for witchcraft, where I was present, I know not that much could be said against them. In this case the prisoner, (who was a corpulent, red-faced, smiling sort of a woman,) plead "not guilty." She was well assisted by able counsel who proffered their services gratuitously. Why they did so, I know not; unless it was because she had bewitched them. After hearing the evidence, the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty." The presiding judge, whose name was Turner, immediately proceeded to pass sentence according to law. I will give you his words as near as I can recollect them.

Addressing the prisoner, he said, "You have been tried according to law and evidence, and not by the antique ordeal of casting into the water. You have been found guilty of the most atrocious witchcraft. You have broken the bands that united parents and children, and placed the destructive weapons in the hands of a son, and impelled him to take the life of an affectionate father. You have prostrated many of your neighbours in the mire of the streets, and one of them was, through your means, thrown into the fire and burnt to death.—Others have been slowly, yet mortally poisoned by your pretended medicines, while you professed to be one of their warmest friends. You have bewitched some into a state of partial derangement, in which they have committed the basest crimes. You have snatched the bread from the mouths of innocent children, and, by magic power, changed it into liquid fire to consume the vitals of their parents. You have thrown some of your neighbours into prison; hung up others on the gallows, and drowned many in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. The sentence of the court is, that you be immediately taken to some convenient place of execution and hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead, and may you die to live no more for ever. I am informed that the name of the criminal was Intemperance. I remain yours, with much respect. \*\*\*\*\*

JOHN KNOX.

The pure, heart-searching doctrines, which were preached by the Scotch Apostle, were then as they are now, offensive to the carnal heart; and he was commanded by the voluptuous court of Mary to desist. Knox, who knew no master, and obeyed no mandate, that was in opposition to his God and his Bible, paid no attention to the command of the palace. Hearing from the enemies of the cross, who were the favorites and friends of the palace, that her orders were disobeyed; the haughty Mary summoned the Scottish reformer into her presence. When Knox arrived, he was ushered into a room in which were the Queen and her attendant Lords. On being questioned concerning his contumacy, he answered plainly that he preached nothing but truth, and that he dared not preach less. "But, (answered one of the Lords) our commands must be obeyed on pain of death—silence or the gallows is the alternative." The spirit of Knox was roused by the dastardly insinuation that any human punishment could make him desert the banner of his Saviour; and with that fearless, indescribable courage, which disdains the pomp of language or of action, he firmly replied—"My Lords, you are mistaken if you think you can intimidate me to do by threats, what conscience and God tell me I never shall do; for be it known unto you, that it is a matter of no importance to me, when I have finished my work, whether my bones shall bleach in the winds of heaven, or rot in the bosom of the earth." Knox having retired, one of the lords said to the queen, "We may let that man alone, for we cannot punish him." Well, therefore, might it be said by a nobleman at the grave of John Knox, "Here lies one who never feared the face of man."

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side; or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together.

Ingratitude never so thoroughly pierces the human breast as when it proceeds from those in whose behalf we have been guilty of indiscretions.

Avoid the eye that discovers with rapidity the bad, and is slow to see the good.

If your wife be a sensible woman, make her your private secretary.

Choose a wife as you choose an eye; look well at her temper. Marrying a man you dislike, in hopes of loving him afterwards, is like going to sea in a storm, in hopes of fair weather. He who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, nor strong, nor rich, nor wise."