

FROM THE MONTHLY AND EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Oh! what is pleasure, in whose chase
Life's one brief day is made a race
Of vanity and lightness?
A star, to gaze on whose bright crown,
We wait until the sun goes down,
And find, when it has o'er us shone,
No warmth in all its brightness.

And what is Friendship? That false flow'r
Which spreads its leaves at daylight's hour,
And closes them at eve;
Opening its petals to the light,
Sweet-breathing while the sun shines bright,
But shut to those who, 'midst the night
Of doubt and darkness, grieve.

And what is Fame? the smile that slays,
The cup in which sweet poison plays;
At best, the flowery wreath,
That's twined around the victim's head,
When, 'midst sweet flow'rs around it spread,
And harps and timbrels' sounds, 'tis led
Melodiously, to death.

And what are Hopes? Gay butterflies
That on the breath of fancy rise,
Where'er the sun-beam lures them,
For ever, ever on the wing,
Mocking our faint steps following,
And if at last caught, perishing
In the grasp that secures them.

And our Affections, what are they?
Oh! blossoms smiling on the spray,
All beauty, and all sweetness;
But which the canker may lay bare,
Or rude hands from the branches tear,
Or blighting winds leave withering there,
Sad types of mortal fleetness.

And what is Life itself? A sail
With sometimes an auspicious gale,
And some bright sunbeams round it,
But oft'ner amidst tempests cast,
The low'ring sky, the howling blast,
And 'whelm'd beneath the wave at last,
Where never plummet sounded.

H. N.

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

Extracts from the "Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence."

MR. RODNEY.

The vivacity of Mr. Rodney's domestic manners was carried into his public life, and those whose memory is stored with reminiscences of the Old Congress, and the Revolutionary War, have a tale, to illustrate the gaiety and humour of Cæsar Rodney. Among others the following one may be recorded, from an authentic source. The delegates from the southern states, but especially from Virginia, were remarkable, during the early periods of the Revolution, for indulging a sectional prepossession, not indeed malicious, but often sarcastically. When it broke out in high-wrought eulogies and preferences to Virginia, over all the other members of the confederacy, it was termed *dominionism*. Among the representatives of that ancient and really noble state, there was no one who more delighted or oftener indulged in this complacent but somewhat mortifying species of gratulation, than Mr. Harrison; he was, however, completely cured of it by an incident which occurred, when his state was threatened with an invasion by the enemy. He had frequently displayed the "abundant and powerful resources of that meritorious member of our Union;" and although he had painted them in colours brighter than was correct, he no doubt believed them to be just. When, however, the danger was approaching, the picture was found too glaring. He introduced a demand for supplies of arms, munitions of war of every species, troops, and assistance of every kind; and declared the state destitute in every point and circumstance. When he sat down there was a momentary silence, all being surprised that such a development should come from him. Cæsar Rodney rose from his seat, in a style peculiar to him. He was at that time, an animated skeleton; decorated with a bandage, from which was suspended the green silk covering over one eye, to hide the ravages of his cancer—he was indeed all spirit, without corporal tegument. He was thin, emaciated, and every way the antithesis of his friend Harrison; who was portly, inclining to corpulency, and of a mien, commanding, though without fierce. But of the members were really representatives of their respective states. Rodney, who was endowed, as we have mentioned, with a natural and highly amusing vein of humour, began, with a crocodile sympathy, to deplore the melancholy and prostrate condition of his neighbouring, extensive, and heretofore "powerful" state of Virginia! But, said he, in a voice elevated, an octave higher than concert pitch,

her be of good cheer; she has a friend in need; Delaware will take her under its protection, and insure her safety." Harrison was astounded; but joined (for he relished a good hit, for or against him) in the laugh; and the subject lay over to another day.

JUDGE CHASE.

In the year 1794, some excitement of popular indignation at Baltimore, occasioned a disgraceful riot, in which two men were tarred and feathered in the street. Judge Chase took on this occasion, a stand highly honourable to his firmness, and resolute determination to assert the supremacy of the law. Holding at this time, the office of chief Judge of the criminal court, he took measures for an investigation of the outrage, and caused two men, of very respectable standing, and great popularity with the ruling party, to be arrested as ringleaders.

The court room was crowded with many who had taken active parts in the riot, and hundreds of the same character, were about the court house, with drums and fifes, and with colours flying. The persons arrested, refused to give security to the judge, to appear at the next court—"Then," said the judge, "You must go to jail." One of the most opulent citizens proposed himself as surety, but the prisoner refused permitting it, when the judge ordered the sheriff to take him to prison; the sheriff replied he could not take him; the judge then told him to summon the posse comitatus to his assistance; it was answered, he could get no one to serve,—he judge then said, summon me, sir, I will be the posse comitatus, I will take him to jail. A member of the bar, of the first respectability, then addressed the judge, advising him to pass over the affair, and intimating to him, that he apprehended his life and property were in danger. "God forbid," was the emphatic reply of the judge, "that my countrymen should ever be guilty of so daring an outrage; but, sir, with the blessing of God, I will do my duty—they may destroy my property, they may pull down my house from over my head, yea, they may make a widow of my wife, and my children fatherless,—the life of one man is of little consequence compared to the prostration of the laws of the land—with the blessing of God, I will do my duty, be the consequences what they may." He gave the parties time to reflect upon the importance and propriety of yielding, and appointed the next day to meet them. It was observed that the morrow would be Sunday—"No better day," replied Judge Chase, "to execute the laws of our country, I will meet you here, and then repair to the house of my God!"—Not obtaining security for their appearance on Sunday, he sent an express to the governor and council, on that day, calling for the support of the state. On Monday, he was waited upon by three of the most wealthy and respectable citizens of Baltimore, to request him to desist, and give up the point, apprehending serious consequences to the city—He replied to them with great warmth, asked if they meant to insult him by supposing him capable of yielding the law to two obstinate men. They left him, and a few hours after, as the judge was going to court, the persons charged met him in the street, and consented to give the security. When the court met, the grand jury refused to find a bill against the parties accused, and delivered a presentment against Mr. Chase.

The presentment of the grand jury comprises only two specific charges against the judge. First, of having insulted them by openly censuring the sheriff for having returned so bad a jury. And, secondly, of having violated the bill of rights, by accepting and exercising, at the same time, two different offices, chief judge of the criminal court, and chief judge of the general court of the state.

There is much verbiage in the presentment, but it all amounts to no more than this.

The reply of Judge Chase was marked by temperate moderation and firmness. He gently reminded them how much they had gone beyond the proper sphere of their duties, in meddling with such subjects as the holding two offices, & justified his censure of the sheriff, as well founded, to the extent that he had actually uttered it.

In the conclusion of this reply he told the jury, "you will, gentlemen, continue to do your duty, and I shall persevere in mine; and you may be assured that no mistaken opinion of yours, or resentment against me, will prevent my having respect for you as a body."

In the succeeding December his holding the twofold judicial station became the subject of debate in the house of delegates, and an attempt was made to procure his removal from the

presidency of the general court.

The attempt did not succeed, but although the vote was forty-one to twenty in his favour on the question of removal, yet a majority concurred in the resolution that the continuation was infringed by the simultaneous tenure of the two offices.

MR. HANCOCK.

The eye of Congress was immediately fixed on Mr. Hancock as the successor of Mr. Randolph, and he was unanimously elected president. With a modesty not unnatural at his years, and a consciousness of the difficulty he might experience, in filling a station of such high importance and responsibility, he hesitated to take the seat to which he had been elected. Mr. Harrison was standing beside him, and with a ready good humour that loved a joke even in the senate house, he seized the modest candidate in his athletic arms and placed him in the presidential chair, then, turning to some of the members around, he exclaimed, "we will show mother Britain how little we care for her, by making a Massachusetts man our president, whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation."

MR. HARRISON.

An anecdote has been preserved of Mr. Harrison, which, if it appears somewhat inconsistent with the solemnity of the scene, yet serves in no slight degree, to exemplify the bold and lively character of the man. Mr. Gerry, a delegate from Massachusetts, as slender and spare as Mr. Harrison was vigorous and portly, stood beside him at the table, while signing the Declaration of Independence. He turned round to him with a smile, as he raised his hand from the paper, and said, "When the hanging scene comes to be exhibited, I shall have the advantage over you. It will be over with me in a minute, but you will be kicking in the air, half an hour after I am gone."

MRS. ADAMS.

There has been preserved a letter written by Mrs. Adams to a friend, at one of the most gloomy periods of the revolutionary war, in which she thus expresses the noble patriotism which she cherished in common with her husband. "Heaven is our witness that we do not rejoice in the effusion of blood, or the carnage of the human species; but having been forced to draw the sword, we are determined never to sheathe it slaves of Britain. Our cause, sir, is I trust, the cause of truth and justice, and will finally prevail, though the combined force of earth and hell shall rise against it. To this cause I have sacrificed much of my own personal happiness, by giving up to the councils of America, one of my nearest connexions and living for more than three years in a state of widowhood."

From the New-York Times.

ANTHRACITE.

This valuable mineral, which has but lately attracted notice, or been in any degree appreciated, is found in various parts of our country, and may be esteemed one of the richest features in its natural history, that it is "in the greatest quantity in sections of the coal regions which are most accessible by water."

The fact that there are always impressions of plants in beds of coal, countenances the belief that it is of vegetable origin. The manner and progress of its change, from verdant, ligneous, organized substances, to a stony, metallic looking mass, presents a subject of curious inquiry to the observation of philosophers. One hypothesis which seems plausible is, that at some distant era land or sea floods have overwhelmed the surface where vegetation was flourishing, leaving as they subsided deep coverings of earthy matters; some of the vegetable principles beneath were slowly decomposed; new combinations took their places; and time, operating with these secret chemical agents, produced the different kinds of coal, which geologists divide into three classes, the lignite, the bituminous, and the anthracite.

The oldest anthracite, which, from having been longer undergoing the influences of these operations, is reduced more nearly to its ultimate principles; carbon and water. The next in age contains bitumen in addition to its ultimate principles; while the lignite, which is the most recent, contains bitumen and acetic acid.

Mr. J. Pierce, one of the most intelligent contributors to the American Journal of Science, has given in the No. for March an account of the anthracite and bituminous coals, salt, iron and other minerals. It is an extensive tract, spread over an average width of 150 miles, crossed by the Blue Ridge, the Alleghany, and numerous minor bluffs.—Mr. P. states, that "in no part of the world can anthracite be more valuable in the arts or for economical pur-

poses than in Pennsylvania. To agriculture it will be a material auxiliary; wherever calcareous valleys are intersected by canals or navigable streams, lime, so valuable as a manure, and in the arts, can be calcined at a low rate by the aid of anthracite." As it contains no sulphur or other injurious ingredients, it is peculiarly advantageous in the manufacture of iron. Wrought iron of every description is more malleable and and tough "when fabricated with anthracite, than with bituminous coal," and iron castings are stronger when the melting is done with this, than with any other fuel.—"For breweries, distilleries, and the raising of steam, it is preferable, the heat being more manageable and steady, and the boilers less liable to corrosion by sulphuric acid, while no bad effects are produced by smoke or bitumen." In no part of the district described by Mr. P. "does the anthracite occur in such inexhaustible beds as in the vicinity of a village called Mauch Chunk, on the Lehigh, 35 miles from Easton, and 108 from Philadelphia."—It is obtained from the flat summit of a mountain which rises 1500 feet above the level of the ocean.—Wherever they have penetrated, at various altitudes, coal has been found at the same distance from the surface, and "it is not improbable that it forms the nucleus of the mountain which rises with a steep acclivity." The coal is easily detached, and from this bed was sent to Philadelphia in 1825, 750,000 bushels, and it is expected that 1,000,000 will be forwarded in the coming year (1826.) Mr. P. anticipates the most important benefits to the countries on the Atlantic, from the unparalleled abundance of this material, which, already cheap, will be yet less expensive, when the railways, canals, &c. now under survey, are completed, reducing the cost of transportation. Among many advantages enumerated, he suggests the warming of houses by flues arranged for the purpose in the construction of buildings, dispensing with fire places, and large open chimneys, as no risk can arise from fire, and no obstruction from soot, or annoyance from smoke. The western part of Pennsylvania is as abundantly supplied with bituminous coal, as the eastern is with anthracite. It is in the greatest plenty near Pittsburgh, and furnishes that junior Birmingham with an ample supply for its numerous manufactures. Bituminous coal is found also in Tioga county in this state, and when the contemplated canal is completed, which is designed to connect the Susquehanna & Seneca Lake, interchanges may be easily effected, of anthracite, bituminous coal, salt, and gypsum, highly valuable both to Pennsylvania and New-York.

FROM THE TRENTON EMPORIUM.

HONESTY IS IDLENESS.

No man, said my uncle Timothy, can be perfectly honest, and at the same time perfectly idle. It was a saying which had grown into so much credit with him that he always let it out when there was even the smallest occasion for it. When I speak of my uncle, I speak of days long past—of times and scenes far back in the dim vista of departed years, to which memory sometimes still turns with a childish fondness.—and whither sometimes a sigh will stray.—I was then young and thought myself a good deal wiser than my gray headed uncle—but I am now old, and my opinion of my uncle's wisdom has been increasing and of my own gradually diminishing every since. Time has shaken my theories and established his.

Whenever I heard the old gentleman deal out this maxim of his, I felt, a strong disposition to correct an error, into which it seemed to me he had thoughtlessly fallen; and one day I took the liberty of speaking on the subject. I supposed a case of a man in independent circumstances; a man who owned two or three farms, or had a great deal of money at interest—and I said surely such a man may take his ease, and be idle if he likes, and yet pay his debts punctually, and wrong nobody, and be honest. But my uncle always settled cavils in a brief way—he was a man of few words. Look into the world, Bob, said he, and you'll see how that is. Experience and observation is the mother of wisdom.

Well, I have looked into the world, and every year has unfolded problems which at first appeared mysterious.

My neighbour Thornhill had a large estate and a large family. He passed a peculiarly quiet life of glorious idleness, as a modern loungeur would say—and paid his debts, and was esteemed a very upright, clever man. But when he died his property was insufficient to maintain his children each in the ease and luxury of the paternal home—yet they had imitated their father—they were so incorrigibly idle, that they all sunk to nothing—and then Thornhill's

memory was charged with the foul dishonesty of ruining his boys. It was a heavy charge.

I have found it to be a matter of fact, that one idler would generally do more mischief in the village than twenty industrious men who minded their own business—and one fellow I remember, who lived at the Swan, on a couple of hundred dollars as a year allowed him by his father, actually became so great a nuisance that the people threw him into the mill pond one day, and having given him a thorough ducking, sent him out of the bounds of the township.

The truth is, that the active exercise of the bodily or mental powers, in a profitable or useful way, seems inseparable from the idea of a right employment of time. Every man accomplishes much good or much evil in the world. If he adds nothing to the stock of knowledge, or of property in society, though he be not immoral or vicious, he stabs, by the influence of his example, the very vitals of virtue and good order.

THE DRUNKARD.

"A just reverse of fortune on the drunkard waits." Would you learn how like a serpent drunkenness blindeth, and how like an adder it stingeth? then contemplate the figure, and deplorable circumstances of Silenus. Behold this miserable wreck of man. He is not turned of forty, yet totters in his steps like one of fourscore. See him weakened in his intellect, morose in temper, lost to all affection towards the wife of his bosom, and his innocent though helpless children. Mark the stupidity of his countenance, the morose aspect of his bloodshot eyes, his palsied hand, and the leprous tetter that covers his skin.

Turn now and behold his wife. See her covered with a thin tattered robe, shivering over a handful of coals; see her pale and emaciated; her eyes dim with tears. Hapless woman! who but can pity thee? Who can but mingle tears with thine? Look next on the dear suffering children. They receive naught but frowns, curses and blows from the man whom they had been taught to call by the endearing name of father; yet they have a friend whose bosom throbs with tenderness towards them; but her hand is too feeble to supply their needs. They ask their mother for bread, but she has none to break for them. The storm howls through the broken windows, and they say, "we are cold."—She answers them only with sighs. Alas! she has none to bind up her own bleeding heart. And is this the once sensible and sprightly Silenus, fortune's child. The same: "How fallen, how lost!" And what wrought this terrible reverse in their circumstances?—What has turned this man into a brute?

What has plunged this woman in the deepest distress, inasmuch as that her tears are her meat? What has rendered these children miserable? What fiend has poisoned and destroyed the happiness of the whole family? That fiend is drunkenness! Time was when Silenus was a kind husband and an affectionate father, when his company gladdened the heart of his wife; when his little prattlers used to meet him at the door and receive his fond caresses.—Time was when every room in his mansion was gilded with domestic happiness: when he ranked in society as a useful member, an ornament; and when the eyes that saw him, blessed him, and the ear that heard him, was perfectly attentive. Silenus looked on the sparkling liquor, while giving its color and temptingly moving itself into the glass, he tasted; he at length tumbled daily; the habit became riveted, he plunged occasionally into intoxication, and became at last a downright sot. His estate is consumed; and of all poor people his family are the most wretched; "big they are ashamed." This is not a romance. There are many families in the country, whose deplorable situation corresponds with this description. Oh how much are the colors heightened when the other sex presents the portrait; for the honor of our species, we could wish none such were to be found; but alas! the evil is so great, that they may be found in the highest as well as the lowest ranks of life, that otherwise might be a blessing to their families and an ornament to society.

A shrewd madman.—When the Earl of Bradford was before Lord Chancellor Loughborough to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the Chancellor asked him—"How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, a live or a dead sheep?" "Is not the same thing?" said the Chancellor. "No, my lord," said Lord Bradford, "there is much difference: a living sheep may have four legs, a dead sheep has only two. There are but two legs of mutton—the two fore legs are sold for less."