

Poetry.

LONDON LARICS.

The Lees and the Lawsons.

If you call on the Lees, north of Bloomsbury-square,
They welcome you blandly, they proffer a chair,
Decorously mild and well bred:
Talent on their music, their books, or their pen,
Employment absorbs their attention, and men
Seem totally out of their head.

If you call on the Lawsons, in Bloomsbury-place,
No fabric of order you seem to deface,
No sober arrangement to break;
They lounge on the sofa, their manners are odd,
Men drop in at luncheon, and give them a nod,
Then run to the Sherry and cake.

The house of the Lees has an orderly air,
It sets to its brethren of brick, in the square,
A model from attic to basement:
The knocker is polish'd, the name is japann'd,
The step, unpolluted, is sprinkled with sand,
White blinds veil the drawing-room casement.

The house of the Lawsons is *tout autre chose*,
It certainly proffers no air of repose,
For one of the girls always lingers
Athwart the veranda, alert as an ape
To note to her sisters the forthcoming gaps,
Be it monkeys, or Savoyard singers.

Whenever the Lees to the theatre stray,
The singers who sing, and the players who play,
Attentive, untalkative, find 'em:
With sound to allure them, or sense to attract,
They rarely turn round, till the end of the act,
To talk with the party behind 'em.

The Lawsons are bent on a different thing—
Miss Paton may warble, Miss Ayton may sing,
To listeners tier above tier:
They heed not song, character, pathos, or plot,
But turn their heads back, to converse with a knot
Of Dandies who lounge in the rear.

In life's onward path it has happen'd to me
With many a Lawson, and many a Lee,
In parties to mix and to mingle:
And somehow, in spite of manoeuvres and plans,
I've found that the Lees get united in bands,
While most of the Lawsons keep single.

Coy Hymen is like the black maker of rum—
"De more masse call me de more I vont come,"
He flies from the froward and holds:
He gives to the coy what he keeps from the kind;
The maidens who seek him, the maidens who find,
Are cast in an opposite mould.

The greatest freedom I know in being
Thought a wit by the world is, that it
Gives one the greater advantage of playing
The fool.
Many men have been capable of doing
A wise thing, more a cunning thing, but
Very few a generous thing.

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

[From Flint's Valley of the Mississippi.]

The Arkansas, its Grapes and Cypress Swamps.

We continued to float on through this deep and inundated forest, when at right angles with our course we discovered another opening. It was the Arkansas, moving on with a majestic current of waters of the color of arnotto die.—This is, next to the Missouri, the largest and most interesting tributary of the Mississippi, and from its mouth by its meanders to the mountains, is commonly computed about 2000 miles.—Its course has been traced in these mountains at least five hundred miles, and it is believed that the source of the Arkansas has not yet been explored by our people. One singularity distinguishes this river from any other of the U. States. Where it winds along among the mountains, all agree that it is a broad and deep river, & carries a great volume of water. But no sooner does it emerge from the shelter of woods and mountains into a boundless and arid plain, composed to a great depth of quicksands, than it begins to disappear: and in a hundred miles from the very elevated mountain, near which it enters upon the plain, it is fordable during the summer. Still lower down it is a stream, according to the well known phrase of the country, "sunk in the sand;" that is, it trickles amidst the banks of sand and pebbles, so as in many places to exhibit a dry channel of burning sand from bank to bank.

Here on these vast sandy plains, which will for ages be the Syrtes of America, the home of elks and buffaloes, are the wild fields of those rich native grapes, that all travellers in these regions have spoken of in such terms of admiration. They are said to be conical in shape, large, of a beautiful blue, and transparent. The driving sands rise round the stem, that advances still above the sand. This sand performs

the best office of pruning, covering the superfluous growth and foliage, inflicting no wounds, and affording a most admirable method of ripening the clusters in the highest perfection by the reflection of the sun from the sand. In the expedition of Maj. Long, the extreme sweetness of these grapes is recorded, and other travellers have borne the same testimony. They speak of vast tracts covered with these rich clusters. I shall have occasion elsewhere to speak of these classes of this native grape, which are so much extolled in the internal provinces of Spain. They are common through the pine woods of Louisiana, and known by the name of the pine woods grape.

This grape ripens in June. It would probably be an admirable grape to cultivate. There are also varieties of autumnal grapes, and wonderful accounts are given of the immense quantities of grapes that ripen on the sand plains at the sources of the Red river. The hunters assert that they are richer than any cultivated grape.

At a distance of a mile or two from the river, there are first thick cane brakes, then a series of lakes, exactly resembling the river in their points and bends, and in the color of their waters. These lakes are covered with the large leaves, and in the proper season, the flowers of the "nymphaea nelumbo," the largest and most splendid flower that I have ever seen. I have seen them of the size of the crown of a hat; the external leaves of the most brilliant white and the internal of a beautiful yellow. These lakes are so entirely covered with the large conical leaves, nearly of the size of a parasol, and a smaller class of aquatic plant, of the same form of leaves, but with a yellow flower, that a bird might walk from shore to shore, without dipping its feet in water; and these plants rise from all depths of water, up to ten feet.

Beyond these lakes there are immense swamps of cypress, which swamps constitute a vast portion of the inundated lands of the Mississippi and its waters. No prospect on earth can be more gloomy. The pætic Styx or Acheron had not a greater union of dismal circumstances. Well may the cypress have been esteemed a funeral and lugubrious tree. When the tree has shed its leaves, for it is deciduous, a cypress swamp, with its countless interlaced branches, of a hoary grey, has an aspect of desolation and death, that often as I have been impressed with it, I cannot describe. In summer its fine, short, and deep green leaves invest these hoary branches with a drapery of emerald. The water in which they grow is a vast dead level, two or three feet deep, still leaving the innumerable cypress knees as they are called, resembling circular beehives, throwing their points above the waters. This water is covered with a thick coat of green matter, resembling green buff velvet. The mosquitoes swarm above the water in countless millions. A very frequent adjunct to this horrible scenery, is the moccasin snake with his huge scaly body lying in folds upon the side of a cypress knee; and if you approach too near, lazy and reckless as he is, he throws the upper jaw of his huge mouth almost back to his neck, giving you ample warning of his ability and will to defend himself. I travelled forty miles along this river swamp, and a considerable part of the way in the edge of it; in which the horse sunk at every step half up to his knees. I was enveloped for the whole distance with a cloud of mosquitoes.—Like the ancient Avernus, I do not remember to have seen a single bird in the whole distance, except the blue jay.—Nothing interrupted the deathlike silence, but the hum of mosquitoes.

There cannot be well imagined another feature to the gloom of these vast and dismal forests, to finish this kind of landscape, more in keeping with the rest, than the long moss, or Spanish beard: and this funeral drapery attaches itself to the cypress in preference to any other tree. There is not, that I know, an object in nature, which produces such a number of sepulchral images as the view of the cypress forests, all shagged, dark and enveloped in the hanging festoons of moss. If you would inspire an inhabitant of New-England, possessed of the customary portion of feeling, with the degree of homesickness which would strike to the heart, transfer him instantly from the hill and dale, the bracing air and varied scenery of the north, to the cypress swamps of the south, that are covered with the long moss.

This curious appendage to the trees is first visible in the cypress swamps at about 33 degrees, and is seen thence to the gulf. It is the constant accompaniment of the trees in deep bottoms and swampy lands, and seems to be an indication of the degree of humidity in

the atmosphere. I have observed that in dry and hilly pine woods, far from streams and stagnant waters, it almost wholly disappears; but in the pine woods it reappears as you approach bottoms, streams, and swamps. I have remarked too, that where it so completely envelops the cypress, as to show nothing but the festoons of the dark grey moss, other trees are wholly free from it. It seems less inclined to attach itself to the cotton wood trees than to any other.

This moss is a plant of the parasitical species, being propagated by seed, which forms in a capsule that is preceded by a very minute but beautiful purple flower. Although when the trees that have cast their leaves are covered with it, they look as if they were dead, yet the moss will not live long on a dead tree. It is well known that this moss, when managed by a process like that of preparing hemp or flax, separates from its bark, and the black fibre that remains is not unlike horse hair, elastic, incorruptible, and an admirable and cheap article for mattresses, of which are formed most of the beds of the southern people of this region.

From the Boston Lyceum.

A BACHELOR'S DISSIPATION.

I do not deny that at sixteen I was a poet, a fashionable, a belle scholar, an adept in the solids of science, and wore a tall plume among my compeers in the literature of that day. Neither do I positively contradict that, at the very blushing of my power of hope, I was goose enough to fall in love, was laughed at, and resigned society and the honors consequent upon a degree and a distinguished part in the ceremonies of a commencement, for "Sylvan shades," and the solitudes of study. But the "whirling of Time" went round, and the duties of a profession, pursued with a single eye to fame, brought professional practice; the world of business was opened to me, and in the drudgery of its details I lost sight, and even memory, of the blissful bowers of the polite world, whose sweets were once so enchanting. Twenty years trudged along, like horses in a bark mill, and twenty additional years found me, something like a bachelor; for this term, added to sixteen, (the age of my abjuration of the fair,) serves to bring something like crow's feet around a bright eye, and leads one to think with undue complacency, upon the comforts of flannels, and the advantage of being unnoticed. But my mentor, and Tabitha, who had regulated my whole domestic course, from a sock to a shirt collar, told me in Cassandric prophecy, that it was necessary to marry; previous to which an excursion among modern fashionables, was a paramount duty, in order to make a due selection. With something of a cold chill, I consented; which icy feeling was somewhat softened by a recollection of the puppy exclusion, and this contemplated exclusion of a bachelor tax, which hung in *terrorem* over my unyoked body. My wardrobe (the sinew of war in such cases) was inspected, which was found to have suffered from the inroad of moths. When I had, 20 years since, left the bowers of the fair, I packed in an old chest, with due caution, a superfine coat, stockings and pantaloons, a thick substantial watch, with its accompanying key of massy silver workmanship, and on this grand occasion, when fashion was to play the gardine to age, that the defects of time might be concealed by the curtain of dress, it was, of all things, essential that the "outward man" should be set off to the best advantage.

I would here digress to describe my coat. It was built in those days when the coat describes the man, and never did a bridegroom survey with more delight the charms of his lady love, than did I contemplate myself in the glass, when first its budding beauties adorned my youthful shoulders; its rolling collar—its bright yellow buttons extending over the shoulders like two epaulettes, and claiming acquaintance with two on the back, within kissing distance; and then the indefinite tail appended thereto of Royal origin—oh! sir, a view of its comeliness went to my heart, and the recollection of whilome victories in the field of conquest, spurred me on to new achievements. I could have made love in blank verse to Diana herself—tender sayings came from their cells of thought in which they had been long immured, and were ready to attack the fortalice of female hearts; twice did I tragically stride across the room heedless of my cat, whose tail suffered from my anxiety to observe that of my coat, which became horizontal from partaking of my speed and ecstasy.

But to return. I arrived at the metropolis, and was set down at my quondam landlady's mansion. She was far

lyely May in appearance; but, alas, was now verging toward December.—My friend soon after my arrival called cordially, and the next evening, a darkly thrust into my hand a card, directed in a fine crows-quill hand to "Ichabod Singleton, Esq." the contents of which were as follows:—

Miss Sophronia Syllabus,
AT HOME—Wednesday evening,
Feb.—at 8 o'clock.

I recognized the daughter of my friend, in the address, but its singularity brought out the ungallant phrase, "The d—l she is." My landlady explained, (as the blackamoor was off in an instant,) that it intended an invitation to a dance, and nothing of doubtful morality. Heavily passed the hour, till the moment arrived which was to re-suscitate me as a fashionable. The intermediate space was occupied by the common avocations of existence, to which was superadded the amusement of gazing from the window upon travellers as they slipped, hobbled or tripped along the thronged streets. But the all-important hour approached, and 8 o'clock found me at my friend's, who ushered me into a brilliant lighted saloon, where were the young and fair, impatiently waiting for the commencement of the dance. The half-suppressed flourish of the clarinet, and the demi-semiquaver squeak of the fiddle, proclaimed that all was on the eve of readiness. When I entered, I felt the due weight of character appended to my blue coat, long Marseilles vest, stockinet pantaloons, powdered hair, and black ribbon queue. The youngest turned the bright eye of admiration towards me, and all smiled an overwhelming welcome. Happy was I to see, that twenty years had worn off the crust of reserve in the fair sex, and that I was to receive a portion of its benefits.—"Allow me," quoth mine host, "to introduce you, &c." This sounded rather strange, but did not appear more singular than that there had been a wonderful transformation in the ladies' waists. Formerly, they resembled the foretopail of a man of war, clewed up upon her arrival in port, but now they had become transformed to hour glasses, and each body was squeezed into two inverted cones. Among the gentlemen similar transformations were apparent. The unmentionable under dress of the fair sex was adopted for pantaloons, beneath which sticks or legs might have been concealed—bob minor coat tails were in vogue, and when a gentleman bowed to you, he resembled Taurus in the Almanack, or a frozen pitch mop. Young ladies wore caps, and older ones went without; probably there had been a fever amongst the younger class—but I was so busy in peering into bright eyes around me, and expending my stock of small talk, that I did not materially criticise the outward man or woman who came in contact with me.

Anon, the fiddle struck up, a signal was given and dancing commenced. My friend urged me to join, which I declined till my apologies would no longer be received, and I was introduced to some seven or eight ladies, who all were either engaged or had the headache, and I then thought, that I was fairly excused; but my friend introduced me at last to a jolly, roguish eyed girl, who consented, with almost an eager readiness. I made her a bow of ninety degrees, which rather incommoded my nearest neighbor, (it was what they called a jam) and was leading her to take a place for a contra-dance, when she informed me that a cotillion was the figure; and sure enough there we were, eight of us in a circle like a boxing-ring. I apologized for not understanding anything about this manoeuvre, but she assured me that the negro fiddler would tell us all about it, and I consented to run the gauntlet of trial. We were stationed at the bottom of the octagon, when the negro hawled out, "forward and back too." How is that possible, thought I? But a young nymph came sliding, fronting and sweeping up to me, in a most condescending manner, wherefore I could do no less than to make her one of my prettiest bows. "Opposite gentleman the same," quoth Cuff. At this, my partner told me I must dance; whereupon, nothing loath, I commenced a double shuffle on my post, which I defy any man of my age to excel. I always prided myself on my activity in this particular, and had just commenced the operation with my eyes to the ceiling, when I felt my feet entangled, and looking down, found I had disarranged my partner of lots of roses, and two yards of flounces or flummediddlis, which skirted the lower part of her dress. On this, I turned swiftly to apologize, and the superfluity of east swinging in the opposite direction like the

snapper of a whip directly into the eye of a child of my friend's wife. I had scarcely anticipated a word of apology in front, before the cry of distress arose in the rear, and turning rapidly; again, to ascertain the cause of outcry, and finding that the diabolical flounces and my legs were again in chancery, I pitched head-foremost into the bread-basket of a sputtering Frenchman; and he, myself, and those old boon companions, the shovel and tongs, to say nothing of the fire-fender, were packed like a barrel of herrings in the chimney-corner. The Frenchman laid hold of my queue, to assist him in rising and before I had fairly got the better of my neighborly grievances, and regained a perpendicular, he began a mongrel dialect of swearing and vituperance at and concerning my coat, "mit de tail, and le bare, who no comprehendre le cotillion." I abused him in good set French, and threatened to poke him up the chimney for laying profane hands upon my queue, apologized to my fair partner for the discomfiture of the flounce, kissed the child, wiped my (former) white vest, which had suffered from an intimacy with the superincumbent tongs, and forswore dancing. It would have driven Socrates made to have witnessed the half-concealed grins and titillations of mirth which had beset the whole present community of human bipeds. My friend, by way of comfort, took me aside and advised me to throw aside my idolized coat, abjure queue and powder, and go to a tailor's, assuring me that with my good sense and literary acquirements, I probably might obtain the admiration of both sexes. I thanked him, but assured him I had seen enough of fashionable life. He urged me to stay to supper, which I did: what was it? blanch mange, smoked bonny clabber; masses of corruption, called jelly; raw bacon, cut into thin slices, holy wafer cakes, washed down with that villainous compound of all liquors, called noyau. I tasted of all, went home and took an emetic.

Misfortunes, like wild geese, come in flocks. Miss sent me a note of sorrow, (I hope without her father's knowledge) that I should have so insulted her party by my dress; and the ape of a Frenchman forwarded a challenge, for calling him a baboon. To the former I expressed my regret, that I was thus ignorant of modern etiquette, and promised to release her from farther anxiety on this head, and to the latter, sent a reply that I would beat him into a quail trap, for meddling with my queue.

Sitting as I do now, by the fire-place at the side of my spectacled aunt, and reflecting upon my adventures as they dance over the magic lantern of memory, there is much for speculative musing. The inconsistencies of fashion and of existence; of Philosophy and of Frenchmen, of bachelors, fire-fenders, pretty girls and pokers, leave lessons for grave instruction and sober application. Custom, like the night mare, rides us to weariness, and none have enough of independence to shake off the elf. Fashion holds the scale of opinion, and a man is as much indebted to his tailor as to his classics, for honest fame and a moderate share of a literary reputation. And yet fashion is inconsistent with itself. A Proteus in metamorphosis, to-day, is frightened with its imaginary elegance of yesterday. Oh thou ill-fated well bottomed, narrow backed, interminable coat! which once whisked thy graceful appendage, with so much of pride in the assemblies of other days! how hast thou beaten down those aerial castles betokening consequence and renown among the rosy domains of bright eyes and flattering hearts? *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutantur illis*—the interpretation of which is, "Ichabod, the glory of thy house has departed."

ICHABOD.

Wise sayings of Pope.—Fine sense, an exalted sense, are not half so useful a common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is, in some measure, doing the business of God and Providence.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something where by we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

The world is a thing we must, of necessity, either laugh at or be angry with; if we laugh with it, they say we are named.