Poetry.

HOME.

What though we range in ceaseless change
And wander on from pole to pole;
What though bright eyes and sunny skies,
And realms of beauty charm the soul;
What though in mind all unconfined
We range each land of beauty o'er;
We still may roam, nor find a home,
From clime to clime, from shore to shore.
The brightest eyes and heavenliest skies,
May warm our hearts where'er we roam;
But still the breast, all void of rest,
And wearied spirit turn to HOME.

Dearer than all we can recall
Of golden visions rudely broken,
Or than the voice of her, our choice, [ken,
When love's first, faltering word was spo-
Is the sweet tho't full often brought
From memory's brightest, dearest bower,
That bears us back on that loved track
We trod in childhood's guiltless hour:
For then the eye turns lingeringly
Back to the still remembered dome,
And through the rime of snowy time
Looks weeping on its earliest HOME.

The riper grace that we may trace
In beauty's autumn still may charm,
May fire the heart and bliss impart,
And still the cooling bosom warm:
But who that turns, while passion burns,
Back to his youth's bright, ardent hour,
When first he felt what 'twas to melt
To simple, artless beauty's power,
But mourns the day that saw him stray
O'er friendless, cheerless lands to roam,
And wonders why he e'er could fly,
And leave that consecrated HOME. H.

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From the N. Y. Daily Avertiser.

ENGLAND.

The last number of the Edinburgh Review contains an article under the general title of "*The Present Administration.*" in which the writer speaks a bolder language, regarding the political situation and circumstances of Great Britain, than any thing that we have recently met with from that country. He expresses a decided opinion, that if the seceding ministers should return to power, they must come "pledged to oppose every reform, to maintain a constant struggle against the spirit of the age, and to defend abuses to which the nation is becoming every day more quicksighted;"—and "that they will not have the power, even if they should have the inclination, to act otherwise. And what," says he, "must the end of these things be? We answer, without hesitation, that, if this course be persisted in, if these counsels and these counsellors are maintained, the end must be a revolution, a bloody and unsparing revolution—a revolution which will make the ears of those who hear of it tingle in the remotest times. The middling orders in England are, we all know, attached to the institutions of their country, but not with a blindly partial attachment. They see the merits of the system; but they also see its faults; and they have a strong and growing desire that these faults should be removed. If, while their wish for improvement is growing stronger and stronger, the government is to become worse and worse, the consequences are obvious. Even now, it is impossible to disguise, that there is arising in the bosom of that class a Republican sect, as audacious, as paradoxical, as little inclined to respect antiquity, as enthusiastically attached to its ends, as unscrupulous in its choice of its means as the French Jacobins themselves,—but far superior to the French Jacobins in acuteness and information—in caution, in patience, and in resolution. They are men who have been put into training for violent exertion. All that is merely ornamental—all that gives the roundness, the smoothness, and the bloom, has been exuded. Nothing is left but nerve, and muscle, and bone."

"A strong democratic party would be formed in the educated class. In the lowest, and the most numerous order of the population, those who have any opinion at all are democrats already. In our manufacturing towns, it is even now formidably strong; and it is not strange that it should be so: for it is on persons in this station that the abuses of our system press most heavily. The difference between an arbitrary and a limited monarchy vanishes, when compared with the difference between one meal-a-day and three meals a-day. It is poor consolation to a man who has had no breakfast, and expects no supper, that the King does not possess a dispensing power, and that troops cannot be raised in time of peace, without the consent of Parliament. With this class, our government, free as it is, is even now as unpopular as if it were despotic—nay much more so."

"The history of our country, since the peace of 1815, is almost entirely made up of the struggles of the lower orders against the government, and of the efforts of the government to keep them down. In 1816, immense assemblies were convened, secret societies were formed, and gross outrages were committed. In 1817, the Habeas Corpus Act was twice suspended. In 1819, the disturbances broke out afresh.—Meetings were held, so formidable from their numbers and their spirit, that the Ministry, and the Parliament approved of the conduct of Magistrates who had dispersed one by the sword. Fresh laws were passed against seditious writings and practices. Yet the following year commenced with a desperate and extensive conspiracy for the assassination of the cabinet, and the subversion of the government. A few months after this event, the Queen landed. On that occasion, the majority of the middling order joined with the mob. The effect of the union was irresistible. The Ministry and the Parliament stood aghast; the bill of pains and penalties was dropped; and a convulsion, which seemed inevitable, was averted. But the events of that year ought to impress one lesson on the mind of every public man;—that an alliance between the disaffected multitude and a large portion of the middling orders, is one with which no government can venture to cope, without imminent danger to the constitution.

A government like that with which England would be cursed, if the present Ministry should fall before the present Opposition, would render such an alliance not only inevitable, but permanent. In less than ten years, it would goad every Reformer in the country into a Revolutionist. It would place at the head of the multitude persons possessing all the education, all the judgment, and all the habits of co-operation, in which the multitude itself is deficient. The great body is physically the most powerful in the state. Like the Hebrew champion, it is yet held in captivity by its blindness. But if once the eyeless Giant shall find a guide to put his hand on the props of the State—if once he shall bow himself upon the pillars, woe to all who have made him their laughing stock, or chained him to grind at their mill.

We do therefore firmly believe, that even if no external cause were to precipitate a fatal crisis, this country could not be governed for a single generation by such men as Lord Westmoreland and Lord Eldon, without extreme risk of revolution. But there are other symptoms in the body politic, not less alarming than those we have described. In Ireland there are several millions of Catholics who do not love our government; and who detest with all their heart, with all their soul, with all their mind, and with all their strength, the party now in opposition. The accession of that party to power, would be a death-blow to their hopes of obtaining their demands by constitutional means, and we may fairly expect that all the events which followed the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, will take place again, on a greater and more formidable scale.—One thing, indeed, we have no right to expect, that a second Hoche will be as unfortunate as the former. A civil war in Ireland will lead almost necessarily to a war with France, and the class of neutral and belligerent pretensions will then produce war with America. Then come expeditions to Canada, and expeditions to Java. The Cape of Good Hope must be garrisoned; Lisbon must be defended. Let us suppose the best; that best must be a long conflict, a dear bought victory, a great addition to a debt already most burdensome, fresh taxes and fresh discontents. All these are events which may not improbably happen under any government—events which the next month may bring forth—events against which, no minister however able and honest, can with perfect certainty provide—but which ministers, whose policy should exasperate the people of Ireland, would almost unavoidably bring upon us. A cabinet formed by the ex-ministers could scarcely exist for a year, without incensing the lower classes of the English to frenzy, by giving them up to the selfish tyranny of its aristocratical supporters, without drawing Ireland into a rebellion, and without tempting France to war."

A polite Correspondent.—A gentleman at Paris, writing a few days since to a lady at St. Petersburg, thus commenced his letter:—"Madam, I should apologise for writing to you in my shirt sleeves; but the weather is so excessively hot, that I have been under the necessity of tucking them up." *Le Foret.*

HUNTING AND HAWKING IN PERSIA.

"The huntsmen proceed to a large plain or rather desert, near the sea side: they have hawks and grey hounds; the former carried in the usual manner, on the hand of the huntsman; the latter led in a leash by a horseman, generally the same who carries the hawk. When the antelope is seen, they endeavor to get as near as possible; but the animal, the moment it observes them, goes off at a rate that seems swifter than the wind; the horsemen are instantly at full speed, having slipped the dogs. If it is a single deer, they at the same time fly the hawks; but if a herd, they wait till the dogs have fixed on a particular antelope, the hawks skimming along near the ground, soon reach the deer, at whose head they pounce in succession, and sometimes with a violence that knocks it over. At all events, they confuse the animal so much as to stop its speed in such a degree, that the dogs can come up; and in an instant men, horses, dogs, and hawks, surround the unfortunate deer, against which their united efforts have been combined.—The part of the chase that surprised me most was the extraordinary combination of the hawks and the dogs, which thro'out seemed to look to each other for aid. This, I was told, was the result of long and skilful training.

"The antelope is supposed to be the fleetest quadruped on earth, and the rapidity of the first burst of the chase I have described is astonishing. The run seldom exceeds three or four miles, and often is not half so much. A fawn is an easy victory; the doe often runs a good chase, and the buck is seldom taken. The Arabs are indeed afraid to fly their hawks at the latter, as these fine birds in pouncing frequently impale themselves on its sharp horns.

"The hawks used in this sport are of a species that I have never seen in any other country. This breed, which is Cherkh, is not large, but of great beauty and symmetry."

Sometimes the antelope is hunted by dogs only, several of which are lead to the field in a long silken leash, and slipped in succession until the game is overcome by fatigue. The Hubara, on the other hand, is pursued only by hawks.

"I accompanied a party to a village about twenty miles from Abusheher, to see a species of hawking, peculiar, I believe, to the sandy plains of Persia, on which the Hubara,* a noble species of bustard, is found on almost bare plains, where it has no shelter but a small shrub called geetuck. When we went in quest of them we had a party of about twenty, all well mounted. Two kinds of hawks are necessary for this sport; the first the Cherkh, (the same which is flown at the antelope,) attacks them on the ground, but will not follow them on the wing; for this reason, the Bhyree, a hawk well known in India, is flown the moment the Hubara rises.

"As we rode along in an extended line, the men who carried the Cherkhs every now and then unhooded and held them up, that they might look over the plain. The first Hubara we found afforded us a proof of the astonishing quickness of sight of one of the hawks; he fluttered to be loose, and the man who held him gave him a whoop, as he threw him off his hand, and set off at full speed. We did the same. At first we only saw our hawk skimming over the plain; but soon perceived at a distance of more than a mile, the beautiful speckled Hubara with its head erect and wings outspread, running forward to meet his adversary. The Cherkh made several unsuccessful pounces, which were either evaded or repelled by the beak or wings of the Hubara, which at last found an opportunity of rising, when a Bhyree was instantly flown, and the whole party were again at full gallop. We had a flight of more than a mile, when the Hubara alighted, and was killed by another Cherkh, who attacked him on the ground. This bird weighed ten pounds. We killed several others, but were not always successful, having seen our hawks twice completely beaten, during the two days we followed the fine sport.

* "The Hubara usually weighs from seven to eleven pounds. On its head is a tuft of white and black feathers; the back of the head and neck are spotted black; the sides of the head and throat are white as well as the under part of the body; the breast is slate colored; the feathers of the wing are greenish brown speckled with black; the bill of a very dark grey; and on each side of the neck is a large and handsome tuft of feathers, black and white alternately."

A new fire.—Captain Parry, in preparing for the singular expedition on which he is now engaged, found great difficulty, we believe, in providing for the necessary process of cooking during the period he and his companions would be likely to be absent from the ship. At length he fixed on the lamp with incombustible wick, which is fed with spirits of wine. This sort of fire is not only very weak, but very expensive, and is, of course, incapable of being applied upon a large scale. We have recently seen another description of fire, which is procured from a very cheap and common liquid, without the interposition of wicks of any kind. The heat which it produces is so intense, that it boils a kettle of water in a few minutes, and causes a much greater ebullition than coal fire. It is applied to all purposes of cookery, to any extent that may be required. It would, therefore, be peculiarly convenient to the naval and merchant service. In the summer season, it would be the most agreeable and economical fire which families could wish for, as it may be kindled in a moment, and extinguished merely by closing a valve. It is free from all danger, as the liquid will ignite only in the cauldron in which it is used. Experiments are about to be undertaken for applying it to the boilers of steam engines; and if they be favorable, as there is no reason to doubt that they will be, steam-boats may soon traverse all the season the face of the globe, as the liquid that supplies the fire may be contained within a very moderate compass. This important discovery has, as yet, been exhibited only to two or three persons—we were of the number, and received permission to describe it to this extent. We have only to add, that we have repeatedly seen it in operation, and that we have no doubt whatever, that it will fully answer the expectations entertained of it. Like all extraordinary things of the kind, this discovery was the result of accident, and it is so simple, that when it is made public, every body will be surprised that it has not been in use since the beginning of the world.

[*Monthly Review.*

BATTLE OF ANTS—By M. Hanhart.

The author in this memoir, describes a battle which he saw between two species of ants; one the *formica rufa*, and the other a little black ant, which he does not name, (probably the *fofusca.*) In other respects there is nothing new on this subject, this kind of combat having been described in detail, and in a very interesting manner by M. Huber, (Recherches sur les mœurs des Furmis. 1810,) a work to which we refer, not being able here to enter into the requisite details.

M. Hanhart saw these insects approach in armies compose' of their respective swarms, and advancing towards each other in the greatest order. The formica rufa marched with one front on a line from 9 to 12 feet in length, flanked by several corps in square masses, composed of from 20 to 60 individuals.

The second species, (little blacks,) forming an army much more numerous, marched to meet the enemy, on a very extended line, and from one to three individuals abreast. They left a detachment at the foot of their hillock to defend it against any unlooked for attack. The rest of the army marched to the battle, with its right wing supported by a solid corps, of several hundred individuals, and its left wing supported by a body of more than a thousand. These groups advanced in the greatest order, and without changing their positions.—The two lateral corps took no part in the principal action. That of the right wing made a halt and formed an army of reserve; whilst the corps which marched in column on the left wing manœuvred so as to turn the hostile army, and advanced with a hurried march to the hillock of the formica rufa, and took it by assault.

The two armies attacked each other and fought a long while without breaking their lines. At length disorder appeared at various points, and the combat was maintained in detached groups; and after a bloody battle, which continued for three or four hours, the formica rufa were put to flight and forced to abandon their two hillocks, and go off to establish themselves at some other point with the remains of their army.

The most interesting part of this exhibition, says M. Hanhart, was to see these insects reciprocally making prisoners, and transporting their own wounded to their hillocks. Their devotedness to the wounded was carried so far, that the formica rufa in conveying them to their nests, allowed themselves to be killed by the little blacks without any resistance, rather than abandon their precious charge.

From the observations of M. Huber, it is known that when an ant hillock is taken by the enemy, the vanquished are reduced to slavery, and employed in the interior labors of their habitation.—*Bull. Uni. Mai.* 1826.

Age of Birds.—The following has been compiled from different authors by Count Morozzo, in a letter from him to Lacepede: Swan about 200 years; parrot, about 100; goose, 80 or more; eagle, bustard, duck & turkey, period of life not known; peacock, 25 to 28; pheasant, 18 to 20; crow, 100 or more; nightingale, 17 to 18; hen, 16 to 18; pigeon, 16 to 17; linnet, 13 to 14; canary, 13 to 14; goldfinch, 18 to 20.

Veteran Drunkards.—A few drunkards truly live to old age. You will now and then find a grey-headed tippler, a veteran bacchanalian. And the solitary instance when it does occur, is triumphantly referred to by the hard drinkers, as a sufficient refutation of all that may be said in opposition to their favorite indulgence. But "the dead tell no tales," and the thousands that have fallen out of the way, and gone to early and unhonored graves, (while the hardier few have survived) are not taken into the account.

The human constitution is as infinitely diversified in different individuals, as the lineaments of the human face; and in no instance, perhaps, is this diversity more strikingly exemplified, than in the power we possess of resisting morbid poisons.—The workmen in the tin mines of Cornwall, England, constantly breathe an atmosphere loaded with the fumes of arsenic; and to those who remain constantly exposed to its influence, this poisonous mineral is usually fatal in the course of 20 months or two years. None but wretches that the gallows has spared, can be induced to enter these abodes of death. Yet, strange as it may seem, there are occasionally found individuals who resist the action of arsenic, and live to an old age, through one generation of miners to another—regarded by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood with a kind of superstitious horror, as if they bore about them a charmed life.

We ought, in like manner, to regard the aged drunkard as a natural curiosity—a kind of "lusus naturæ"—and instead of excusing ourselves by his example, for pursuing the same course, we ought to enquire for the boon companions who embarked with him on the voyage of life. We shall find that they have been shipwrecked by thousands, and that, like the messenger of Job, he alone escaped to tell the tale.

Apologue.—By the learned Geneva.—"The fox," says he, "once came near a fine garden, where he beheld lofty trees laden with fruit that charmed the eye. Such a beautiful sight, added to his natural greediness, excited in him the desire of possession. He fain would taste the forbidden fruit, but a high wall stood between him and the object of his wishes. He went about in search of an entrance, and at last found an opening in the wall; but it was too small for his body. Unable to penetrate, he had recourse to his usual cunning. He fasted three days, and became sufficiently reduced to crawl through the small aperture. Having effected an entrance, he carelessly roved about in this delightful region; making free with its delightful produce, and feasting on its most rare and delicious fruit. He staid for some time, and glutted his appetite; when a thought struck him that it was possible he might be observed; and in that case, he should pay dearly for the enjoyed pleasure. He therefore retired to the place where he had entered, and attempted to get out; but to his great consternation he found his endeavours vain. He had by indulgence grown so fat and plump, that the same space would no more admit him. "I am in a fine predicament," said he to himself. "Suppose the master of the garden were now to come and call me to account, what would become of me? I see my only chance of escape is to fast and half starve myself." He did so with great reluctance; and after suffering hunger for three days, he with difficulty made his escape. As soon as he was out of danger, he took a farewell view of the garden, the scene of his delight and trouble, and thus addressed it: "Garden! garden! thou art indeed charming and delightful, thy fruits are delicious and exquisite; but of what benefit art thou to me? What have I now for all my labor and cunning? Am I not as lean as I was before?"

It is even so with man. Naked comes he into the world—naked must he go out of it; and of all his toils and labour, he can carry nothing with him save the fruits of his righteousness.

GRATITUDE.—Words were never made to express the feeling of a heart deeply sensible of disinterested kindness. My tongue has failed to utter one word of thanks for the most valued favors; but some of the sweetest emotions of my life have accompanied the expression of that gratitude by more eloquent actions; and they are still the source of my dearest and most cherished recollections—the green sunny spots of life, on which the eye can rest without a sigh or a blush. Amid all the vicissitudes of life, they will accompany me; and serve to enliven many an hour of disappointment and depression. It is only by actions that the grateful heart can give utterance to its feelings. All else is deceitful or insufficient.