

Poetry.

STANZAS.

BY HENRY NEPHE.

Like the young spring-buds sweet and bright,
And like the lark, and like the light,
And like the wind, and like the wave,

And like the dew upon the thorn,
And like the blushing break of morn,
And like a vessel harbored well,

And like the azure skies of June,
And like the sun, and like the moon,
And like a bowl, and like a smile,

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

EXTRACT from the AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW, for December.

TRAVELS OF LIEUTENANT DEK ROOS.

Lieutenant De Ross has fallen among thorns, but has probably self-complacency enough to defend him from a scratch.

The Lieutenant commences his book as follows:—

"On the 15th of May, 1826, my kind friend, Admiral Lake, gave me a month's leave of absence from my ship at Halifax, and after considerable hesitation, whether I should shape my course towards the Falls of Niagara, or the cities and dock-yards of the United States, I decided to proceed to the latter. I embarked in the Frolic packet, having fortunately found a very agreeable companion, in Major York, who consented to accompany me as long as our routes lay together. As we did not sail till the 16th, the wind being foul, I dated my leave from the day. The only books I could find in Halifax, relating to the United States, were a long and statistical account, by Bristed; and the tour of an American to the Falls of Niagara, beginning with 'I lay down in my military cloak,' &c. and until by accident I met with Duncan's book, I could find no good account of that part of the world."

By italicizing the word "lay," the Lieutenant would seem to indicate, that he had caught our unucky "American" sinning against the majesty of Lilly and Lowth; and that of course, his book could not possibly be worth reading. A man, however, may tell a great deal worth hearing, although he now and then commits a trifling error in moods and tempers; and there are worse faults in a book, than an occasional ignorance or disregard of grammatical niceties. Even the mighty sea-faring grammarian, had just before intimated, that two "roues" might "lay together;" and why not an officer and his cloak?

The great English navigator, who commanded the Frolic packet, after a week's voyage, made Black Island, which, we presume, he mistook for York Island; and where the Lieutenant saw "two pretty girls." After two days more, being luckily guided by Long Island, our great navigator at length found his way to the light-house at Sandy Hook; and aided by a fair wind, entered the bay of New York, which he thus sketches with tolerable accuracy:—

"About eight o'clock in the evening, we reached the Narrows, or entrance to the Bay of New York. This channel does not exceed a quarter of a mile in breadth. The high land and picturesque scenery on each side, form a fine preparation for the first view of New York. That magnificent city, which was now plainly distinguished, lies embosomed in the waters of her beautiful Bay, whence she sends forth her innumerable shipping to every quarter of the world. The bank of the Bay, form one continued garden."

This description is pretty correct, except that the Lieutenant is mistaken by more than one ball, in the breadth of the Narrows; and that the land on one side is quite flat and low. As the Lieutenant, however, sees most of his landscapes by moonlight, or starlight, such little inaccuracies are excusable.

"Our voyage," continues the Lieutenant, "had consumed nine days, though it has frequently been made in three; and this loss of time was to me, who had only leave of absence for one month, a matter of serious annoyance. I consoled myself, however, with the hope of proceeding faster during the remainder of my journey."

And truly he loses no time afterwards. He goes to the city, and thence sails forth to the theatre, where the acting reminds him of that of Portsmouth; and "the most vulgar songs were loudly called for, and encored, between the acts

and pieces,"—in imitation of the polite London audiences, we presume. The Lieutenant being resolved to lose no time, gallantly attacks the City Hotel, where it seems he took up quarters.

"The house is immense, and full of company; but what a wretched place! The floors were without carpets, the beds without curtains; there was neither glass, mug, nor cup; and a miserable little rag was dignified with the name of towel. The entrance of the house is constantly obstructed by crowds of people passing to and from the bar-room, where a person presides at a buffet, formed upon the plan of a cage. This individual is engaged from 'morn till dewy eve,' in preparing and issuing forth punch and sprits to strange looking men, who come to the house to read newspapers and talk politics. In this place, may be seen in turn, most of the respectable inhabitants of the town."

We extract a lesson that may be useful nearer home.

Touching his account of the City Hotel, there is some truth, and a great deal not true, in his description. There are certainly a great many strange men to be seen there—that is, strangers to ourselves, and the Lieutenant; but we never remember to have seen any persons that walked on their heads, or on all-fours, or that did not wear a tolerably Christian aspect, bating sometimes a little redness at the nose. As for the deficiency of mugs, glasses, cups, and other nameless things, we speak not from actual experience; neither can we affirm, positively, to the identity of the little rag of a towel. Let the chambermaids look to these matters; we wash our heads of the unlucky towel, leaving it to be torn into utter tatters, by the wrathful Lieutenant. There is, however, without doubt, among many of the visitors and sojourners, at our public houses, an unseemly habit of lounging in bar-rooms, infesting the doorways, and standing in the porches or steps of hotels, staring modest women out of countenance as they pass along the streets. We have seen persons wearing the honorable livery of soldiers, and sailors, disgracing their country and their profession, by such exhibitions of impudence; and have blushed with shame, or reddened with indignation, to witness the hardy effrontery with which these tavern-loungers barred the doorway against passengers, and stared out of countenance all those unfortunate females who came within reach of such unmanly insult. Did they know how their uniform is tarnished by such disreputable effrontery, they would at least put on a plain coat, and save the other for a more honorable service. It is not, however, as the Lieutenant affirms, "the respectable inhabitants," that are seen in turn visiting the "buffet" of the bar-keeper, except it may be to inquire, whether persons whom they mean to visit, are at home. It however is degrading to descend to a refutation of these wholesale calumnies of ignorance, vanity, or prejudice; nor should we have noticed them at all, except to show how low an officer, and in it is presumed a gentleman, can descend, to pamper the ignorant hostility of his countrymen.

"During dinner, the conversation turned upon the Commission which was then employed, in settling the price of the slaves taken during the war, by the English; and we heard a very interesting account of the affair. It appears, that the Americans founded their claim on a point of grammar, in a clause which they had the cunning to insert in the last treaty of peace with England. The question was referred to the arbitration of the Russian cabinet, which decided in favor of America."

We confess that this passage, notwithstanding the insinuation about "cunning," comforted us exceedingly, as being an unequivocal acknowledgment on the part of a most competent judge, that the English diplomatists do not understand grammar. The late war was peculiarly unfortunate to England, who was not only beaten by sea and land, but what is still more to the discredit of that most learned and grammatical nation, worsted in a grammatical construction, agreeably to the decision of a most legitimate authority—the Emperor of Russia himself.

"A mistaken notion," he observes, "has gone abroad, as to the Americans calling such ships as the Pennsylvania, seventy-fours; which, at first sight, to one acquainted with the reason, bears the appearance of intentional deception. But this is explained by the peculiar wording of the Act of Congress, by which a fund was voted for the gradual increase of the American navy. In it, the largest vessels were described as seventy-fours; but great latitude being allowed to the commissioners of the navy, they built them on a much more extended scale. The official mode of registering these, is as seventy-fours," &c.

It is amusing to observe the sturdy honesty of these English. They cannot bear any thing that looks in the least like deception, unless they keep all the benefits themselves. They went on from century to century, beating the French, the Spaniards, and the Dutch, with forty-four gun frigates, carrying fifty-six guns, and seventy-fours, carrying ninety; and the world was good enough to give them

credit for superior prowess, rather than superior force. They had not—for they are too upright, magnanimous, and brave—they had not the least idea of practising deception, but, somehow or other the world was deceived, and the bugbear of English naval superiority continued to float unquestioned on the high seas, until the late war, when Captain Hull first put it to flight. This discomfiture being followed up by a succession of similar mishaps, the English forthwith fell to counting guns, and weighing shot. They exclaimed with a most pious and holy indignation, against the very practice which we had borrowed from them; and never forgave us for beating their overgrown forty-fours, with ships of the same description. They wrote and they swore, that ships ought to be rated according to the number of their guns; and while they affirmed, that the American frigates were sixty-fours in disguise, they denied, with unblushing effrontery, that their own frigates were equally underrated in the naval list. Ever since, with a sort of prospective prudence, as if anticipating the time when they will again be under the necessity of apologizing for new defeats, they have taken every opportunity to magnify our ships, which they seem to view through the exaggerated medium of fear. Hence, in the eye of Lieutenant De Roos, our seventy-fours are first-rates; our frigates, sixty-fours; and our pretty little sloops of war, a match for a British thirty-six. So let them ever believe. The impression, true or false, will be a milestone about the neck of their naval glory, by combining with the recollection of numerous disasters, the anticipation of more.

Lieutenant De Roos was something less than twenty hours in the city of Philadelphia, during which he shaved and dressed himself three times—delivered his letters of introduction—visited the navy yard, and counted all the guns—the Academy of Arts, and condemned all the pictures—dined out—rode to the water-works, and finally discovered, that the evening was the usual hour for visiting in Philadelphia; and that it was "the fashion to sit out of doors, on the steps, and under the trees, in front of the houses, to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the evening." Truly the good man made the most of his time, and of his eyes. He saw every thing that was, and a great deal that was not to be seen.

We next find him suddenly in New-York, where, gallantly bidding defiance to the "old rag of a towel," he again establishes himself at the City Hotel, in spite of the melancholy dearth of carpets, glasses, cups, &c. &c., and the other horrible enormities of that place. He does not explain his reasons for preferring it to all the other establishments of the kind, in the city; but, we presume, they were potent. Here, he "purposes remaining till the sixth, allowing himself ten days to get back to Halifax, by way of Boston." His opportunities, it will be seen, were great, at New-York; and he availed himself of them in a masterly manner.

"A citizen of credit and renown," invites him to dinner, where such is the keen inquisition of our traveller into the mysteries of fashionable manners, that it is not until the dinner is nearly over, that he makes the enormous and appalling discovery, that "he is dining at a table d'hote!" In truth, he does not make the discovery himself, but is apprized of the fact by one of the guests. This however, is nothing to a blunder he made afterwards at Niagara Falls, where he staid in the hotel all day, grumbling and fidgeting, because it rained so hard. It was not till evening that he learned this untimely rain was nothing but the spray of the Falls beating against the window! The Lieutenant was inclined to call this a "Yankee trick," until he recollected that he was on the Canada side.

In the next paragraph after the table d'hote affair, the Lieutenant, being conciliated, mellowed, and mollified, by the company drinking the king's health, indulges in the following unparalleled effort of liberality:—

"The manners of the men, though they may appear rough and coarse to a fastidious observer, are cordial, frank, and open. It has been the fashion among travellers, to accuse the Americans of an habitual violation of veracity, in conversation; but, as far as my observations went, this accusation is without foundation. Their thirst for information, might be construed by a person disposed to criticise, into inquisitiveness, bordering on impertinence.

"The manners of the women are so easy and natural, that they soon dissipate the unpleasant impression which is generally excited, at first, by the drawl of their pronunciation, and the peculiarity of their idiom, [we suppose the Lieutenant means their omitting the h in 'heggs,' &c. and other elegant peculiarities of English pronunciation.] Some of their expressions and metaphors are so singular, as to be nearly unintelligible; and lead to strange misconceptions.

"Upon one occasion, the conversation turned upon a lady, who was described as being 'quite prostrated.' On inquiring to what had happened to her, I learned, that being quite prostrated, was being very ill in bed. Many of their expressions are derived—from their mercantile habits. A young lady, talking of the

most eligible class of life, from which to choose a husband, declared, that, for her part, she was all for commissions. This elicited from my companion, the Major, one of his best bows, in the fond presumption that she alluded to the military profession—not at all; the sequel of her conversation, explained but too clearly, the commission merchants were the fortunate objects of their preference."

Certainly the Lieutenant must have been introduced to queer people of fashion at the table d'hote and soda shops. The best part of the story however is, the mortification of the poor Major, and the discomfiture of his red coat, at this unexpected turn.

English in America. "I am at a loss to guess," says the Lieutenant, "by what peculiar mark we are known." Now, we Americans never fail to recognise such a one, by the following invariable characteristics. The "peculiarity of their idiom," as the Lieutenant says of the American ladies of fashion their "admitt oughts"—their elegant management of the letter h—and their eternal repetition of some cant word or other, which stands in the place of wit, whim, and eccentricity—is one of the marks by which we detect the cockney. Whenever here is any doubt on the subject, we put him to the shibboleth of "hard eggs," which never misses. An experienced person cannot fail to detect him, at a table d'hote, or at dinner in a steam-boat, where he invariably uses his eyes and mouth at the same time, and while devouring the roast beef, devoting the turkey with equal spirit to condign mastication. All this he doth with such an air of ferocity, that one would suppose he was eating in pure spite, against the Yankee beef and turkeys. But if you fail to recognise him by these marks, and by the little black ribbon crossing his breast, and bearing the pendant eye-glass, you cannot mistake his solemn taciturnity, his majestic habits of retirement while travelling in a steam-boat, or his lofty indifference to the scenery, in passing up or down one of our fine rivers. If perchance he honors it by lifting his eye-glass, it is only for a moment, when he lets it drop again, as if despising himself for his undignified curiosity. His solicitude about his comfort and accommodation—the busy curiosity with which, on stopping at a tavern, he pries in every hold and corner, for "a single bedded room," is another distinguishing mark. A barbarian, or an American, will take things as he finds them, knowing it is but for one night—but your true-born cockney will write a book on purpose to abuse a country, where he may have chanced, some half a dozen times, to miss the luxury of "a single-bedded room."

Important to Ladies.—A very considerable medical writer begs to inform the fair sex, that by too active a use of their fans, they check perspiration, which produces pimples, and an actual change of the complexion.

A stranger, apparently about 45 years of age, of genteel appearance, came to Mr. Winrott's Inn, in Citysburg, Penn. on Monday morning the 16th inst. and complaining of indisposition, was shown a room, where he remained during the day; and, it is supposed, took a quantity of opium, as some of the article was found in his pocket. He was discovered in an insensible state in the evening, and every means were used to relieve him in vain; he died in a few hours. There was nothing about him to lead to a discovery of his name, or whence he came. He had stated he had traded to New Orleans. In his hat were some paintings, and in his pocket book were written these lines:—

Let me live and let me die,
And never a stone tell where I lie.

THE CONVERTED JEW.

The following affecting narrative has appeared in some of the periodical Journals both in this country and in England, and has excited so much interest and sympathy with the individual who forms the principal subject of it, as to induce considerable inquiry as to its correctness.

One of our friends has been at some pains to trace out the story, and we are assured that the result of his researches has been entirely satisfactory. After receiving various accounts, all of which tended to confirm the truth of the narrative, a clue was at length obtained, which led him to the person through whose means it was first published. The character of this gentleman is highly respectable, and he has politely furnished such data as place the reality of the facts and the accuracy of the statement beyond doubt.

"Travelling lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an aged and highly respectable clergyman give the following account of a Jew, with whom he had recently become acquainted.

"He was preaching to a large and interesting audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing a man entering the house the lineaments of whose countenance had every appearance of a Jew. The stranger was well dressed—

his countenance was noble, through its expression seemed to indicate that his heart had lately been the habitation of deep sorrow. He took his seat and was absorbed in attention to the sermon, while tears stole unconsciously down his cheek. After the service was over, the clergyman was too much interested in the stranger to refrain from speaking to him. Fixing his eyes steadily upon him he said, 'Sir, am I not correct in supposing that I am addressing one of the children of Abraham?' 'You are,' was the reply.—

"But how is it that I meet a Jew in a christian assembly?" The substance of his narrative was as follows:—He was a very respectable man, of superior education, and handsome fortune; who with his books, his riches and an only child, a daughter in her seventeenth year, had found a beautiful retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his bosom before he left Europe, and he had known little pleasure except in the society of his beloved child. She was indeed worthy of a parents love. Her person was beautiful; but her cultivated mind, and amiable disposition, threw around her a charm superior to any of the tinselled decorations of the body. No pains had been spared in her education. She could read and speak with fluency, several different languages; and her proficiency in other departments of literature was proportionate, while the ease and gracefulness of her manners captivated all who beheld her. No wonder then, that a tender father, whose head was now sprinkled with grey hairs, should place his whole affections on this only child of his love; especially as he knew of no source of happiness beyond this world. Being himself a strict Jew, he educated her in the strictest principles of his religion, and he thought he had presented that religion with an ornament.

"It was but a little while ago that this beloved daughter was taken ill—the rose faded from her cheek; her eye lost its fire—her strength decayed; and, it soon became apparent, that an incurable and fatal disease was preying upon her constitution. The father hung over the bed of his child with a heart fraught with the keenest anguish. He often attempted to converse with her, but could seldom speak, except by the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance; but no human skill could avert or arrest the arrow of death.

"He had retired into a small grove not far from his house, where he was pensively walking, wetting his steps with tears, when he was sent for by his dying daughter. He immediately obeyed the summons, and with a heavy heart, entered the door of her chamber; soon alas! he feared to be the chamber of death. The parting hour was at hand, when he was to take a last farewell of his endeared child; and his religious views gave him but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter. She clasped the hand of her parent in her own now cold, with the approach of death, and summoning all the energy which her expiring strength would admit of, she thus addressed him:—

"My father, do you love me?" "My child, you know that I love you—that you are now more dear to me than all the world besides!" "But, father, do you love me?" "Oh why my child, will you give me pain so exquisite? Have I then never given you any proofs of my love?" "But, my dearest father do you love me?" The afflicted father was unable to make any reply, & the daughter, continued, "I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me—you have been the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you—will you grant me one request? Oh, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter! will you grant it?" "My dearest child, ask what you will—though it take every cent of my property; whatever it may be, it shall be granted—I will grant it." "My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth!" The father was dumb with astonishment—"I know," continued the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught; but I know that he is a Saviour—for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe that he will save me, although I never before loved him. I feel that I am going to him—that I shall ever be with him. And now, my father, do not deny me;—I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth! I entreat you to obtain a testament which tells of him; and I pray that you may know him; and, when I am no more, that you may bestow on him the love that was formerly mine!"

The exertion overcame the weakness of her enfeebled frame. She stopped, and her father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind, and before he could compose himself, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight; I trust into the bosom of that blessed Saviour, whom, though she scarcely knew, yet she loved and honoured. The first thing the parent did, after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure a New-Testament. This he read diligently and devoutly; and taught by the Holy Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the once despised Jesus.