

THE STREET WAS A RUIN.

AN ORIGINAL ODE,
WRITTEN BY R. T. PAINE, JUN. ESQ.
And sung at the Anniversary Celebration of the
Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, by
Mrs. Jones.

THE Street was a ruin, and Night's horrid glare
Illumin'd with terror, the face of Despair;
While houseless, bewailing,
Mute Pity assailing,
A Morn'g's wild shrieks pierc'd the merci-
less air.
Beside her stood EDWARD, imploring each
widow,
To wake his lov'd sister, who linger'd behind;
Awake, my poor MARY,
Oh! fly to me, MARY
In the arms of poor EDWARD, a pillow you'll
find.

In vain he call'd, for now the volum'd
smoke
Crackling between the parting rafters
broke;
Thro' the rent seams the forked flames
aspire.
All hail is lost—the roof's on fire—the roof's
on fire.

A flash from the window brought MARY to
view,
She scream'd as around her the flames in ec-
stasy blew;
Where art thou, Mother,
Oh! fly to me, Brother!
Oh! save your poor MARY, who lives but for
you!
Leave not your poor MARY,
Ah! save your poor MARY!

Her vision'd form deserv'g,
On wings of horror flying,
The youth erects his feeble gaze,
Then plunges in the madd'ning blaze!
Alas! he dauntless soars,
The flaming room explores;
The roof in clu'der, crushes,
Thro' tumbling walls he rushes!
She's safe from fear's alarms!
She faints in EDWARD'S arms!

Oh! NATURE, such thy triumphs are,
Thy simplest child can bravely dare!

From the New-Hampshire Argus.

It has been observed, that Hutchinson the
royal governor of Massachusetts, said, that
it would never be good times in America, till
the Common people were glad of a sheep's head
and pluck. An old Farmer, hearing that ex-
pression, soon after killed a sheep, and hung
the head and pluck over the door of the state-
house.

EXTRAORDINARY ANTIDOTE

To the bite of a Rattlesnake.

BENJAMIN ALDER, who lives near Shark
River, Monmouth county, New-Jersey, was
bitten the 2d of this month by a rattlesnake
with three rattles, as he was stooping to pick
up some chips. The snake fastened its
fangs in his finger until he lifted it near 3
feet from the ground. The wound bled, and
in a few minutes began to swell and pain him
up to his elbow. He went to a place where
bricks had been made, and mixed some of
the clay with his urine, and applied it to the
wound. In half an hour the pain ceased,
and he has not suffered any further inconve-
nience from it.—Trenton Tr. Am. May 8.

From the Salem Register.

Mr. CARPENT, I send you without any apology,
the pathetic description of KATHARINE'S Suffer-
ings del Negro, by DUBOIS.

"A FIRE" broke out last night in the
Square of St. Peter, near the Vatican. It
was first discovered at the hour when aged
persons and children are already asleep, and
the organatic and nocturnal still waking—
The fire was a conflagration more terrible; it
threatened to destroy all Rome. Irritated
by a violent wind, it bore its path in-
stantly into flames. The darkness of one of the
brightest of nights seemed to add to the
urgency of the fire.—What horrid scenes
were dreadfully by its light! I saw, I hear
every thing.—The cries of mothers still
my heart—I had passed the evening in the
neighbourhood of the Vatican, and was return-
ing to my lodgings in the Piazza di Spagna.
On entering the Square of St. Peter, I per-
ceived the flames, which burst forth from
the roof of the poor man's house, which they
had already devoured, were mounting along
to my marble columns, to the summit of the
Vatican. I was alone, and must confess,
that supposing myself merely viewing a mag-
nificent spectacle, I was enjoying the sight.
But at the same moment a youth passed, a-
bout twenty years from me, carrying an old
man on his shoulders. By the manner of his
looking round him, and the care he took to
choose his way, he was the case of the aged man
on his back. I easily discovered that it was
his father. This old man, snatched sudden-
ly from sleep and from the flames, knowing
neither where he was, whence he came, what
he is guilty, or what is passing, appeared
to give his ass up for lost; a little child,
however, perceived them, who notwithstanding
his distress and terror, cast a look at them
from time to time, and an angel was almost
naked, with an air of indifference, carrying
the old man's clothes, brought up the rear.
I was following them with a tearful eye,
when I discovered, at a little distance, ano-
ther young man, who, entirely naked, and
pressed by the fire, which was pursuing him,

was hanging by his hands on the outside of
a window all in flames, and thusing the least
dangerous part of the pavement on which to
fall.

The strongest light for discovering all a
mother's heart, is certainly that of a conflag-
ration! How does that woman from the top
of that terrace, reach out to her husband, be-
low, the dear pledge of their union! She ad-
vances, she leans forward, she leans still fur-
ther forward; the child in her arms clinging
either to her bosom or her lips; but at length
between the extended arms of the mother,
and the extended arms of the father, the child
just taken sleeping from its cradle—I turned
away my eyes and fled.

I had already traversed the square, when
I met, escaping from a burning palace, a tall
woman of majestic beauty and stature, full-
dressed and in tears, magnificently habited,
and holding before her by the hand two na-
ked children. The smallest of these child-
ren, seeing her mother lament and weep, was
weeping and lamenting also. The sister,
who had a charming face, benumbed with
cold, was striving to cover, and even to veil
her youthful and tender body with her arms
and hands. Unhappy mother! she surely
had lost a child; she had two which she held
by the hand, and she was weeping.

In the meanwhile, old men, children, sol-
diers, priests, rich and poor, were continual-
ly swelling the multitude, which rolled from
one end of the square to the other, like one
agitated by a tempest. I see them now enter
St. Peter's, now come out of it, then re-
turn to the church, then rush headlong for-
ward, and fall. I beheld a young girl who
had fainted away, pass by me, carried by
four soldiers, on their crossed sabres. She
was beautiful! the brightness of the face was
reflected from her pale forehead and colour-
less cheeks, and glittering in the tears escap-
ing from her eye-lids. But, in all this dread-
ful scene, what made me shudder most with
horror, was the silence in those intervals
when the wind was hushed. Then issued
from all parts smothered sighs, profound
groans, the roaring of the flames, as they
destroyed; the crash of the buildings, falling
every moment, and the heart-rending cries
of mothers. I was at length about to leave the
place, when suddenly, at a window of the
Vatican, by the very side of the flames, I
beheld a crucifix, priests, and the sovereign
pontiff in his sacred robes! In an instant the
multitude after a cry, in an instant they are
on their knees; the tearful eyes of the
wretched people are all directed to the vене-
rable pontiff, and thousand extended arms
lifted up in prayer. He raises his eyes to
heaven and prays.—Imagine the storm,
the conflagration, and the prayers mingling
their murmurs as if in concert, amidst this
profound and awful silence. How shall I
paint a scene which presented itself at this
moment to my eyes.—On one of the steps
of the church, single and separated from the
multitude, a mother was pressing together
the little hands of her child upon its knees
beside her, joining them with complacency,
and putting them in the attitude of prayer.
Behind them stood a young girl, with dishe-
velled hair, and lost in tears, stretching with
all her grief (and doubtless with all her love)
the most pathetic hands towards the pontiff,
while at the feet of this girl, on the contrary,
seated with her back to the Vatican and the
pontiff, a woman neither weeping nor pray-
ing, surveyed her with an air of astonishment.

Her child, indeed, was playing in her
bosom. In the mean time the pontiff had
ended his prayer and rises; the people ob-
serving him, with unutterable expectation.
With a voice full of hope, and a serene com-
tenance, the pontiff now sheds over the pro-
strate multitude, the holy words of benediction,
when on a sudden or as if by a miracle,
are the last words of the benediction are pro-
nounced, the winds have ceased; the flame
falls; the smoke rises in a black whirlwind;
envelopes and smothers the conflagration,
and restores to the night all its original ob-
scurity.—Ah! how admirable is this pic-
ture, by Raphael at the Vatican!

IMPROVEMENTS.

From the Western Telegraph.

WE have frequently noticed the progress
of improvement in the inland navigation of
the river Potomac, and its tributary streams;
and believing that no enterprise has been at-
tempted by a private company, in this new
world, of so much public utility, we shall
continue to lay before our readers, such ma-
terial information respecting it, as it may be
in our power to obtain, from sources entirely
correct.

It is generally known, that this great work
was begun under the auspices of Gen. Wash-
ington a few years after the revolutionary
war; about five hundred thousand dollars
have been expended in its prosecution; several
years must first elapse, before the whole
of the object in the contemplation of the
company, can be completely effected. E-
nough, however has been accomplished, to
afford such facility to the back inhabitants
of that part of the country, so remote from any
seaport, by land conveyance, as to prohibit
the raising any thing for sale, except cattle,
have become, and are daily becoming the
best grain settlements in the Atlantic states.
Merchant mills are erecting in the Allegany
mountains, and farmers 200 miles from sea-
port, get their flour transported, to the seat
of Government of the United States, of an ex-
pense less than is paid for fifty miles land-
carriage.

The main branch of the river, which ex-
tends from tide water, to the foot of the Al-
legany mountains, is now navigable to the
mouth of George's creek, about 250 miles

by water from the city of Washington; and
20 some odd miles above the town of Cumber-
land: there remains however, some trifling
obstructions in this branch, which impede
the navigation in the dry seasons of the year;
but it is questionable whether this inconve-
nience does not result more from the bad
construction of the boats employed in the
navigation, than any defect of the work on
the river. These boats carry 120 bbls. flour,
and draw from 22 inches to 2 feet water. If
they draw but 12 or 14 inches, they would
meet with no difficulty for ten months in the
year, and experiments are making, the suc-
cess of which is said to be certain, to reduce
them to the proper draft of water.

In this year there has been no interruption
in the navigation for the want of water, or
too great draft of the boats: large quantities
of flour timber and other articles have de-
scended the river; and the prospects are
such as to leave no doubt, that every thing in
the upper country, prepared or preparing for
water transportation, will readily find its way
to market, in the present season. One gen-
tleman, a rich enterprising farmer in Freder-
ick county, Maryland, residing some miles
higher up the river. Monocacy than Freder-
ick town, has already sent his boat five times
to this market since the breaking up of the
frost, and has delivered upwards of five hun-
dred barrels of flour.

There are several streams that discharge
themselves into the main branch of the river,
some of which are scarcely less important
than the river itself. The most considera-
ble are the Shenandoah, the South Branch,
the Monocacy, and the Conochocheague. The
South Branch is now navigable 40 or 60
miles, the Monocacy about half that dis-
tance and into the heart of Frederick county,
the largest, richest, and most productive
county in Maryland—the other two branches
are not in a state of so much improvement,
but the whole ramifications of the company are
now directed to an operation on the Shenan-
doah, which will cost 40 or 50,000 dollars,
and which, when finished, will add to our
present inland navigation, little short of 200
miles, and in the great country of the United
States.

From these data, the public will draw its
own conclusions. Every intelligent reader
will perceive in this great effort of a private
company, consequences above the reach of
ordinary minds, not to a large portion of the
people of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsyl-
vania only, who are more immediately to en-
joy the benefits of this navigation; but to the
best interests of the whole people of the U-
nited States in the duration of our union.
Between the heretofore navigable eastern
and western waters, there is a country of im-
mense extent, the greater part of which is
without inhabitants, and so would have re-
mained, but for the enterprise of which we
are speaking. It was in vain to hope that
this country could be settled, unless naviga-
tion could be carried nearly to its centre. It
was equally visionary to imagine that the
Atlantic and western states separated by such
a barrier, could remain long under one go-
vernment. The Potomac navigation, which
now extends westward within 40 or 50 miles
of the navigable western waters, will largely
contribute to the immediate settlement and
cultivation of this wilderness, by affording to
the cultivators, the means of carrying to mar-
ket the fruits of their industry. It will also
afford to the people on the western waters,
as low down as the falls of the Ohio, and per-
haps lower, the easier and cheaper convey-
ance for those supplies from the old world,
which their necessities and their comforts re-
quire. No ties are so indissoluble as those
of interest. This navigation is also interest-
ing to the people of the United States, though
in a smaller degree in the influence it must
have on the rapid growth, and future grand-
eur of the city which is established by the
constitution and the laws, &c. by a still strong-
er bond, the general convention of the whole
people, as the permanent seat of their gov-
ernment.

From the Monmouth Gazette

Sketches of the Life and Character of

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WE are naturally desirous of an acquaint-
ance with the fortunes and characters of those
whose writings have given us pleasure and
been of service to mankind.—We feel inter-
ested in their circumstances; and events,
which in the lives of others would be passed
over without notice, receive additional im-
portance when they relate to them.—To those
who have been pleased with the labors of
Goldsmith, and none have read them with-
out pleasure, a brief sketch of his life will not
be unwelcome.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was the third son of
the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, of Elphin in
Ireland. He was born on the 29th of Nov.
1731. In his early years he discovered no
marks of extraordinary genius, nor, while
in the University at Dublin, where he was
placed at the age of thirteen, with an elder
brother, was he distinguished in any other
way than by being obliged to study two years
more than usual before he was admitted to
the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

From the University he removed to Edin-
burgh, where he commenced the study of
physic. Here his benevolent disposition,
for which he was ever remarkable, hurried
him into difficulty, which compelled him to
relinquish the study, and leave the place.—
He had become bondsman for an unfortunate
fellow student in the sum of fifty dollars due
to a tailor, and finding himself unable to dis-
charge the debt, he suddenly fled, but was
pursued and arrested at Sunderland.—He
was relieved from the threatening horrors of

a jail, by the interposition of Mr. Maclean,
and Dr. Sleight, who discharged the debt and
set him free.

Being now at liberty, and thirsting for
knowledge, he determined to make the tour
of Europe, and moneyless and unaided, per-
formed the greater part on foot, support-
ing himself by playing on his flute to the
peasants of the countries through which he
passed.

On the frozen mountains of Switzerland,
a situation, one would suppose, not very
favorable to the Muses, he gave the first
specimen of his poetical abilities in a letter
to his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith,
in which, in the simple feeling language of
nature, he thus displays his fraternal affec-
tion, and describes his own situation:

Remote, unaided, melancholy I lay,
Or by the Lazy Scheld, or wide Rhine,
Or onward, where the rude Comedian bores
Against the howl'd is danger from the snow,
Or where Campania's plains forfaken lies,
A weary waltz expending to his flies.
Where'er I roam, who never return to be
My heart untravell'd loudly turns to thee,
Still to my brother turns in grateful pain,
And sings, at each remove a sighing strain.

This poem is known under the title of the
Traveller, and is esteemed one of the most
finished pieces of poetry in the English lan-
guage. In it is discovered much of that
native simplicity and that genuine spirit of
philanthropy which were the chief charac-
teristics and the greatest beauty of the wri-
tings of Goldsmith.

In Geneva he was engaged as a travel-
ling tutor to a young man who had lately
come to the possession of a considerable un-
expected fortune, with a proviso, that he
should not interfere in the government of
his pupil. In this situation his manner of
travelling was more agreeable, but he was
still more unhappy than before. The avari-
cious disposition of his pupil, formed a stri-
king contrast with his generosity, and ren-
dered him unhappy; for there is nothing
more disagreeable than for a man of a liberal
mind to suffer a connection with a person of
a different disposition. But they remained
not long together; they had some dulcely
in the south of France separated. The young
man returned to England, and Goldsmith
wandered on the continent, till having in
some measure satisfied his curiosity, he re-
turned to his native country penniless as he
went, poor in purse and laden with knowl-
edge.

He arrived at London without money,
without friends, and with a mind overbur-
dened with gloomy prospects. In this condi-
tion he applied to several Apothecaries for
employment; but his countenance was not
inviting, his Irish accent was disgusting and
they would not receive him. Having learn-
ed that his old friend, Dr. Sleight, resided
in the city, he, with difficulty, found his re-
sidence, and visited him. The Doctor re-
ceived him with all the warmth of the most
generous friendship, and welcomed him to
his house and his purse. Soon after he was
engaged as assistant in an Academy a short
distance from London, in which situation
he continued for three years. While in the
Academy he wrote several articles of criti-
cism for the Monthly Review, which attract-
ed the attention of the public, and occasioned
the editor of that publication to engage him
in the compilation of it. He also wrote for
one of the public papers, in which most of
his essays and his *Chinese Philosopher*, or *Ci-
tizen of the World* first appeared.

The most celebrated poetical composi-
tion of Goldsmith, is his *Deserted Village*,
in which he pathetically laments the pro-
gress of luxury in his native land, and com-
pares the happiness of a free and natural
state with the vices and misery introduced
by the luxuries and the overbearing great.
This with his *Traveller*, and *Edwin and An-
gelina*, a ballad unequalled in the delicate
simplicity of the language, and the purity
of the thought, has placed the author in
the first rank of English poets; while his
Histories of Rome and of England warrant
him a seat among the first historians of his
age; and his *Animated Nature*, entitles him
to all the honors of a natural philosopher.

Few who have written so well, have writ-
ten on so many subjects as Goldsmith. In
the language of Johnson, "he left no spe-
cies of writing untouched or unadorned by
his pen." He excelled as a Poet, an His-
torian, and a Philosopher, but the benevo-
lence and honesty of his heart are most to be
admired.

Before his death fortune had made am-
ple amends for her former unkindness, and
enabled him to display his benevolence in
acts of generosity, and he then repaid to the
poor, with interest, the kindness which he
received from his friends in the days of his
poverty.

He died on the 4th April, 1774. A ma-
rble monument has been erected to his me-
mory, in the Poet's corner of Westminster Ab-
bey.

OLIOS.

IN the first code of laws in Massachusetts
we find the following wholesome provision
made to restrain scolding: "Whereas there
is no express punishment by any law hither-
to established, affixed to the evil practice of
sundry persons, by exorbitancy of the tongue
in railing and scolding; it is therefore, or-
dered, that all such persons, convicted before
any court or magistrate, that hath proper
cognizance of the case, shall be gagged or
set in a ducking-stool, and dipped over head
and ears three times in some convenient
place of fresh or salt water, as the court or
magistrate shall judge meet."