

FOR THE STAR.

Messrs. Editors, The following lines were written by an absent husband, confined to a bed of sickness, as a tribute to an affectionate wife. If you think them worthy of a place in the STAR, their insertion will oblige

A FRIEND.

Hobd' for a time, of all my soul holds dear, Pining in sickness, still my beating heart Points to its object, as the starry pole Commands the magnet's undulating aim. Though tracts of country bleak and cheerless lie, And pushing torrents roll their watery hoar Between my prospect wishes and their ead, Still let me fold her image to my breast In soft idea, whilst tortured memory Recounts the bliss that lovers only know.

Come then sweet Fancy on poetic wing, Assist my numbers flowing from the soul, Distract a pen that no instruction knows Simply recording dictates of the heart.

Say if thou canst, what 'twas my bosom felt, When these fond eyes at Johnson's stately dome Encountered first their beautiful sovereign! Say it was love, but not that vulgar love That feels a selfish, solitary joy, But of that nobler kind that seeks to raise Its influence to a sublimated form, Respects the basis, and its summit, bliss, Hope's hat'ring pencil from that very time Pictured a scene of happiness supreme, And bade me follow—sure indeed I did, And made the pleasing prospect all my own, Thro' six revolving years behold us still Loving and lov'd pursue our equal course, Two smiling cherubs dandling on the knee, O! may the son attain his father's wish, The daughter, prove her mother's counterpart, And then concentrate all her sex's charms.

When spring returns, that season of delight, When flower's enamel o'er the lap of earth, When sylvan choristers on ev'ry spray Attune to melody their vocal throats, Then, hand in hand, thro' each bewitching grove Far from the tumult of the noisy world We'll wander, careless of a higher joy, Than sylvan scenes and rustic haunts afford.

The summer's sultry heat will scarce allow The bland amusements of the open field, But when content upholds her pleasing reign, 'Tis not to pine that happiness belongs. For when the sun, high on the burning line, Bids us scorching radiance on the thirsty land, When bleating flocks forsake the flow'ry feast To seek the shelter of the noontide shade, A thousand pleasing and domestic cares Press eager on, and claim the ready will. 'Tis joy, 'tis happiness to see and hear The playful actions and the lipping voice Of artless prattlers, as in mazy round They dance and leap and frisk the time away; But Ah! of Autumn's deadly rage beware! When fall disease, with all her ghastly powers, Frowns on the land, and leads his numerous hosts Against the secret spring of active life, Fly then, my Delia, from the consuming blast, That sweeps contagion from the southern sky, And with a hasty, doanating stride, O'erwhelms the widow and the orphan too. In undistinguished ruin and despair; Fly to Virginia's hospitable call, Or with full sail and unabating breeze To Ostracock's fam'd asylum repair, Where seaming billows lash the sounding shore.

The dreadful season past, return in glee To wide dominions late so strictly shut'd, When gild winter's hoary reign begins To silver o'er the lofty pines with snow. E'en now the steady and contented mind, Ever alert, most cheerily moves on In wonted harmony, and finds alike Each time its place & change of circumstance Cheer'd by the pleasures of a blazing hearth; Now frolic, jokes and repartee surround, Or with uplifted hand, the sounding dice Proclaim backgammon's social pastime near; But whilst serene Winter hovers along the plain, When rushing Boreas sounds his chilling blast, When in the regions of the frozen North Crags upon crags of ice stupendous hang, And glassy rivers shine a wide expanse, Folding my Delia to my throbbing breast I bid defiance to the boisterous rage Of warring elements, and think on nought But her rare virtues, innocence and truth.

LITERARY.

FOR THE STAR. ANCIENT LITERATURE.

The man who can read the works of the ancient Classic writers, without being sensible of their beauties, "is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; let no such man be trusted," and he who has laboured with any degree of diligence among those venerable fathers of science, without inhaling a portion of that ethereal spirit which animates their writings, will ever remain insensible to whatever is great and excellent in nature. In studying the classics, the poet has free access to the pure waters which flow from Mount Helicon, and the mind of the public speaker is imbued with just and elevated conceptions, with a facile, chaste and nervous eloquence. Many accomplishments peculiarly useful and ornamental to the orator, may be acquired by a proper attention to ancient literature. The effect which it has on his language, his voice, his look, and his general deportment, is perceptible to all. A composure and dignity of manner, a correspondent harmony of language and sentiment, a manliness and elevation of countenance distinguish him, who has formed an intimate acquaintance with those great models of taste and learning.

In the works of the ancients we find whatever is profound and elegant in literature—they bear the genuine stamp of wisdom—they have on their own intrinsic merit, shone for successive ages, with undiminished splendour, and will remain monuments of the power of human genius, which

—Nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas. OSMOND.

AGRICULTURE.

On the Cultivation of Hemp.

It is believed that there is at this time no crop that so well compensates the labours of the husbandman as that of hemp. Many persons have erroneously supposed that it required a peculiar soil and that its cultivation was attended with much uncertainty. It is now however ascertained from daily experience, that not only the fertile banks of the Connecticut and Genesee rivers, but most of our warm uplands if properly prepared, produce it in abundance.—The situation of many of our river towns, particularly of Wetherfields, is on many accounts peculiarly favourable to its production.—Their light warm soil, their convenience for water rotting in the cove, and the facility with which it may be sent to market by the river, are great and important advantages. Still without these, there are few towns in the state where any other seed can be put into the ground that shall yield so many hundred fold.—As evidence of the profits arising from the cultivation of hemp, I would state, that thirty five dollars per acre have been paid for one years use of land for this purpose.—and I am credibly informed that the town of Longmeadow has received at Boston, New-York, and New-Haven, thirty five thousand dollars for one years crop. An average crop from land in good heart may be considered from 8 to 12 cwt. per acre; and the land if properly taken care of the second year will produce more than it did the first. A judicious farmer in my neighbourhood lately told me that he had taken 8 cwt. off an acre last year and had no doubt that with little more attention he should this year at least get 12 cwt.—I have noticed in the Courant that \$ 415 per Ton had lately been paid in Boston, for hemp raised at Longmeadow—this is a very unusual price—it has been considered a fair peace price at \$ 200 when our intercourse was open with Russia; and at that, it will pay vastly more than any other crop, as may be seen by the following very liberal estimate of cultivating & dressing the product of one acre of land that is in good order

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include 12 Loads of Manure, Ploughing and harrowing 3 times, 2 1-4 Bushels of seed, at 4 D., Sowing and Harrowing, Pulling and Cutting, Breaking and Swinging.

Sure profit, per acre, 54,00

Half a ton, at 200 D. is 100,80

The above estimate which is undoubtedly as high as it should be, would be reduced considerably by having the hemp dressed in a mill, for which purpose a number are already erected about the country, and by converting the stocks or shieves of manure, which purpose they answer to a considerable degree.

There exists no danger from a glutted market, it will never be imported cheaper from abroad, and should we go successfully into the cultivation of it, for many years to come we should not more than equal the demand there would be as soon as our ships are permitted to spread their sails on the ocean.

The following method of cultivation has been practised with great success.—The ground if not already broken up to be thoroughly ploughed in the fall, that the turf may be well rotted; and in the spring as early as the season will permit, to be ploughed again with more or less manure, according to the condition of the land; the ploughing to be repeated until the soil becomes light and mellow; that which is peculiarly proper would not require more than two ploughings in the spring; the seed to be sown, and well harrowed in, on a very even surface from the 1st. to the 10th May, that it may be out of the way of frosts, by which it is liable to be injured. When the blossom falls from the male hemp, as it will about the middle of August, it is to be pulled by making alleys through the field and selecting the male from the seed hemp, which is to be left a month longer to ripen.—To be bound with rye straw in small bundles and left a few days in the field to dry that the bark may be tougher and not injured in moving—the bundles to be laid under water to rot from 10 to 20 days according to the weather, as it rots much the fastest in warm weather. Clear, standing, soft water is best for this purpose, and salt water, by a recent English publication is considered altogether inadmissible. After it is sufficiently rotted, which is easily ascertained by drying and breaking a little of it, the bundles to be dried in the open air and when thoroughly dried, to be housed; when dressed, first to be passed thro' a coarse brake and afterwards thro' a common one and swinged like flax.

The seed hemp is to be pulled as soon as the seed begins to fall from the stalk, and to be bundled and carried immediately to the place where it is to be threshed; there to be set up in the sun a few days and then gently threshed; and again put in the sun a few days more and afterwards threshed again—it is then to be treated as before directed for the male hemp.

This may serve as a general direction, but the intelligent farmer will make such experiments as his land, his situation and his convenience will permit, and by communicating the result will confer an obligation on that class of the society of which the writer of this is one.

Connecticut Courant.

MISCELLANY.

FROM KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW-YORK. Description of the ingenious people of Connecticut and their habits.

Now so it came to pass, that many years previous to the time of which we are treating, the sage cabinet of England had adopted a certain national creed, a kind of public walk of faith, or rather a religious turnpike in which every loyal subject was directed to travel to Zion—taking care to pay the toll gatherers by the way.

Albeit a certain shrewd race of men, being very much given to indulge their own opinions, on all manner of subjects (a propensity exceedingly obnoxious to your free governments of Europe) did most presumptuously dare to think for themselves in matters of religion, exercising what they considered a natural and unextinguishable right—the liberty of conscience.

As however they possessed that ingenious habit of mind which always thinks aloud; which in a manner rides cock-a-hoop on the tongue, and is forever galloping into other people's ears, it naturally followed that their liberty of conscience likewise implied liberty of speech, which being freely indulged, soon put the country in a hubbub, and aroused the pious indignation of the vigilant fathers of the church.

The usual methods were adopted to reclaim them, that in those days were considered so efficacious in bringing back stray sheep to the fold; that is to say, they were coaxed, they were admonished, they were menaced, they were buffeted—line upon line, precept upon precept, lash upon lash, here a little and there a great deal, were exhausted without mercy, but without success; until at length the worthy pastors of the church, wearied out by their unparalleled stubbornness, were driven in the excess of their tender mercy, to adopt the scripture text, and literally "heaped live embers on their heads."

Nothing however could subdue that invincible spirit of independence which has ever distinguished this singular race of people, so that rather than submit to such horrible tyranny, they one and all embarked for the wilderness of America, where they might enjoy, unmolested, the inestimable luxury of talking. No sooner did they land on this loquacious soil, than as if they had caught the disease from the climate, they all lifted up their voices at once, and for the space of one whole year, did keep up such a joyful clamour, that we are told they frightened every bird and beast out of the neighbourhood, and so completely dumb-founded certain fish, which abound on their coast, that they have been called dumb-fish ever since.

From this simple circumstance, unimportant as it may seem, did first originate that renowned privilege so loudly boasted of throughout this country—which is so eloquently exercised in newspapers, pamphlets, ward meetings, porch committees and congressional deliberations—which establishes the right of talking without ideas and without information; of misrepresenting public affairs; of decrying public measures—of aspersing great characters, and destroying little ones; in short, that grand palladium of our country, the liberty of speech; or as it has been more vulgarly denominated—the gift of the gab.

The simple aborigines of the land for a while contemplated these strange folk in utter astonishment, but discovering that they wielded harmless though noisy weapons, and were a lively, ingenious, good-humoured race of men, they became very friendly and sociable, and gave them the name of Yanokies, which in the Mais-Tchusag (or Massachusetts) language signifies silent men—a waggish appellation, since shortened into the familiar epithet of Tankees, which they retain unto the present day.

True it is, and my fidelity as a historian will not allow me to pass it over in silence, that the zeal of those good people, to maintain their rights and privileges unimpaired, did for a while betray them into errors, which it is easier to pardon than defend. Having served a regular apprenticeship in the school of persecution, it behoved them to shew that they had become proficient in the art. They accordingly employed their leisure hours in banishing, scourging or hanging, divers heretical papists, quakers and anabaptists, for daring to abuse the liberty of conscience; which they now clearly proved to imply nothing more, than that every man should think as he pleased in matters of religion—provided he thought right; for otherwise it would be giving a latitude to damnable heresies. Now as they (the majority) were perfectly convinced that they alone thought right, it consequently followed, that whoever thought different from them though wrong—and whoever thought wrong and obstinately persisted in not being convinced and converted, was a flagrant violator of the inestimable liberty of conscience, and a corrupt and infectious member of the body politic, and deserved to be lopped off and cast into the fire.

Now I'll warrant, there are hosts of my readers, ready at once to lift up their hands and eyes, with that virtuous indignation with which we always contemplate the faults and errors of our neighbours, and to exclaim at these well meaning but mistaken people, for inflicting on others the injuries they had suffered themselves—for indulging the preposterous idea of convincing the mind by roasting the carcass, and establishing the doctrine of charity and forbearance, by intolerant persecution.—But soft you, my very capacious sirs! what are we doing at this very day, and in this very enlightened nation, but acting upon the very same principle, in our political controversies. Have we

not within but a few years released ourselves from the shackles of a government, which cruelly denied us the privilege of governing ourselves, and using in full latitude that invaluable member, the tongue? and are we not in this very moment striving our best to tyrannize over the opinions, tie up the tongues, or ruin the fortunes of one another? What are our great political societies, but mere political inquisitions—our pot-house committees, but little tribunals of denunciation—our newspapers but mere whipping posts and pillories, whilst unfortunate individuals are pelted with rotten eggs—and our council of appointment—but a grand auto de fe, where culprits are annually sacrificed for their political heresies?

Where then is the difference in principle between our measures and those you are so ready to condemn among the people I am treating of? There is none; the difference is merely circumstantial. Thus we denounce, instead of banishing—We libel instead of scourging—we turn out of office instead of hanging—and where they burnt an offender in propria persona—we either tar and feather or burn him in effigy—this political persecution being, some how or other, the grand palladium of our liberties, and an incontrovertible proof that this is a free country!

But notwithstanding the fervent zeal with which this holy war was prosecuted against the whole race of unbelievers, we do not find that the population of this new colony was in any wise hindered thereby; on the contrary they multiplied to a degree, which would be incredible to any man unacquainted with the marvellous fecundity of this growing country.

This amazing increase, may indeed be partly ascribed to a singular custom prevalent among them, and which was probably borrowed from the ancient republic of Sparta; where we are told the young ladies, either from being great romps and hoydens, or else like many modern heroines, very fond of meddling with matters that did not appertain to their sex, used frequently to engage with the men, in wrestling, and other athletic exercises of the gymnasium. The custom to which I allude was vulgarly known by the name of bundling—a superstitious rite observed by the young people of both sexes, with which they usually terminated their festivities; and which was kept up with religious strictness, by the more bigoted and vulgar part of the community. This ceremony was likewise, in those primitive times considered as an indispensable preliminary to matrimony; their courtships commencing, where ours usually finish—by which means they acquired that intimate acquaintance with each others good qualities before marriage, that has been pronounced by philosophers to be the sure basis of a happy union. Thus early did our cunning and ingenious people, display a shrewdness at making a bargain which has ever since distinguished them—and a strict adherence to the good old vulgar maxim about "buying a pig in a poke."

The first thought of a Yankee, on coming to the years of manhood, is to settle himself in the world—which means nothing more nor less than to begin his rambles. To this end he takes unto himself for a wife, some dashing country heiress; that is to say, a buxom, rosy checked wench, passing rich in red ribbons, glass beads and mock-to-rise-shall combs, with a white gown and morocco shoes for Sunday, and deeply skilled in the mystery of making apple sweetmeats, long sauce and pumpkin pie.

Having thus provided himself, like a true pedlar with a heavy knapsack, wherewith to regale his shoulders through the journey of life, he literally sets out on the peregriation. His whole family, household furniture and farming utensils are hoisted into a covered cart, his own and his wife's wardrobe packed up in a firken—which done, he shoulders his axe, takes staff in hand, whistles "yankee doo!" and trudges off to the woods, as confident of the protection of providence, and relying as cheerfully upon his own resources, as did ever a patriarch of yore when he journeyed into a strange country of the Gentiles. Having buried himself in the wilderness, he builds a log hut, clears away a cornfield and potatoe patch, and, providence smiling upon his labours, is soon surrounded by a snug farm and some half a store of flaxen headed urchins, who by their size, seem to have sprung all at once out of the earth, like a crop of toad-stools.

But it is not the nature of this most indefatigable of speculators, to rest contented with any state of subaltern enjoyment—improvement is his darling passion, and having thus improved his lands the next care is to provide a mansion worthy the residence of a land holder. A huge palace of pine boards immediately springs up in the midst of the wilderness, large enough for a parish church, and furnished with windows of all dimensions, but so rickety and flimsy withal, that every blast gives it a fit of the ague.

By the time the outside of this mighty air castle is completed, either the funds or the zeal of our adventurer are exhausted, so that he barely manages to half finish one room within, where the whole family burrow together; while the rest of the house is devoted to the curing of pumpkins, or storing of carrots and potatoes, and is decorated with fanciful festoons of withered peaches and dried apples. The outside remaining unpainted, grows venerably black with time: the family wardrobe is laid under contribution for old hats, petticoats and breeches to stuff into the broken windows, while the four winds of heaven keep up a whistling and howling about this aerial palace, and play as many unruly gambols, as they did of yore, in the cave of old Eolus.