

POETRY.

From the London Literary Gazette.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

Oh, not that look to me, my love,
Oh, not that look to me;
Cold looks I may from others bear,
But never one from thee!

I meet thee in the glittering crowd,
We meet as strangers do;
The pang that rives my inmost soul
Is all unmasked by you.

Last night we met as now we meet,
A gorgeous throng was nigh—
I heard you scoff at constant love,
Then sternly pass me by.

It is enough!—I do resign
My claim on love and thee;
I will forsake the hope that long
Had fed on memory.

Then look not so, I will forget
What once those fond eyes said:
The dead will soon forget—and I
Shall soon be with the dead.

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

From the London Literary Magazine.

Tales by the O'Hara Family. 3 vols. 12 mo.

Irish affairs, to use the Eastern
phrasology which has inundated the
West, are at a premium, if we may judge
from the demand in which they are,
both in the political and literary world.
In the former, they have been voted a
bore by several good authorities—we
should be sorry to think them so in the
latter; and while such novels as the above
are given us, we have no dread of
that awkward consummation.

These Tales by the O'Hara Family,
are written by Mr. Banim, the author
of Damon and Pythias, the Celt's Paradise,
&c. assisted, we understand, by a
relation. He appears to know the affairs
of his native land thoroughly, and
to have entered into all its circles. An
anxiety to give his national character,
in the most appropriate costume, has
induced him, in some instances, to write
so much after the vernacular dialect
of his heroes, as somewhat to puzzle
the English reader; but this is much
better than softening it down so as to
lose the peculiarities which form the
principal charm of such narratives.

There are three tales—Crohoore (Cornelius) of the Bill Hook, the Fetches,
and John Doe. The first is inferior to
the others. It is an unmixed picture of
Irish low life; no character in it being
of higher degree than a snug farmer,
and descending so low as the beggar.—
We are not so absurd as to object to
description of low life, but we expect to
see it relieved by the admixture of
representations of the other classes of
society. The story is well told, but it
would occupy too much of our space
were we to analyze it. The reader
will be better pleased, and the powers
of the author shown to more advantage,
if we extract a vivid passage describing
a contest between a small party of mili-
tary, and a tumultuous crowd assembled
to rescue a couple of prisoners. The
mob had succeeded in abusing and dis-
arming the soldiers, and were about to
dismiss them unhurt, when—"brave
fellows," cried the serjeant, "for brave
you are to attempt and succeed in an
action, such as you truly say we have
never seen equalled, and generous fel-
lows, too, to give us life and liberty
when we least expected either—brave
men, listen to me. You say no harm
is intended us; but to send us to our
quarters without our swords or carbines,
would be the heaviest injury you could
inflict; we should all be tied and pun-
ished for cowardice; I should be turned
into the rags; these poor fellows tied
up the triangle, and half hanged to death;
in short, you ruin us if you keep our
arms. I propose a treaty.—Discharge
our carbines with your own hands, and
then let us have them back, when we
cannot further use them to your annoy-
ance; and as for the swords, we shall
each of us swear on his own, as you re-
store them, instantly to put them into
our sheathes, and ride off without draw-
ing them; by the faith and honour of
soldiers and of men, we shall."

"It 'ud be too bad on the poor crea-
tures not to listen to 'um," said the leader
to his companions.

"Faith, an' it would," said another.

"An' they so much in earnest, an'
promis in' so well," said two or three
more.

"We are not your enemies," resumed
the serjeant, seeing them wave, "but
English soldiers, come into your coun-
try as brothers, and only doing as sol-
diers, a disagreeable duty; besides, you
have bound us to you in gratitude fore-
ver, and treachery, even if it was in our
power, would be impossible."

"Arrah, we'll gi' them the arms,"
now burst from the whole crowd.

"Stop," said Pierce, advancing; it
is my duty, as this rescue has been un-
dertaken for my advantage, to see that
no evil grows out of it to my unknown
friends; so let the carbines be discharge-
ed, his commands were obeyed; and
now, serjeant, you will prove your sin-
cerity by handing us your cartridge-
pouches; the serjeant readily compli-
ed; Pierce emptied them separately,
and returned them, together with the
carbines and swords, which latter were,
according to treaty, at once sheathed,
while the dragoons remained still dis-
mounted. The military party, with
many professions of thanks, then gain-
ed their saddles, superfluously assisted
by their new friends, who zealously o-
pened to give free passage; and their
miserable throats were also opened for
a parting shout, when the serjeant,
wheeling his troop around, gave the
word, "Soldiers, fire!"—The pistols
hidden in the holsters had been, by one
party, forgotten, and were instantly dis-
charged; every ball took effect, and fif-
teen men fell.

"Fellow me, now lads!"—the ser-
jeant continued, dashing spurs into his
horse, and plunging forward amid the
throng, his horse's head pointed towards
his quarters; three file closely followed
him, and he and they cut through the
dense crowd, who had not yet recover-
ed breath or action from this sudden
change of affairs; but on the remainder
of the troop they closed in an instant af-
ter, with frantic cries and gestures of
desperation and revenge.

"The dragoons, thus surrounded, at
first spurred and spurred to free them-
selves; but the outward circles of the
country people pressed on those with-
in, so that the horses stood wedged and
powerless. A second volley from the
holster pistols then immediately follow-
ed, with effect as deadly as the former;
and louder and louder, and fiercer, grew
the shouts and efforts for vengeance.
The wretched people were unprovided
with any weapon except sticks, but
they were furious as bulls, and ferocious
as tygers; some grappled the reins of
the horses, and others dragged the ri-
ders to the ground; though cut and
hacked with the sabres that were still
available, and trodden and trampled un-
der the prancing feet of the affrighted
animals, or themselves treading and
trampling on the bodies of their dead
companions, they did not flinch a jot;
while their antagonists, unable to act in
a party, every moment found their sin-
gle bravery useless, or overpowered by
repeated and ceaseless onsets. One
man among the peasantry bounced up
behind a dragoon, clasped him in his
arms, and both tumbled to the earth; in
an instant he was on his legs again,
jumped on the breast of his prostrate
enemy, wrenched the sword from his
grasp, forced it through his temples,
and emitting a shrill cry that was heard
above all the other clamour, then waved
it aloft, and with the rifled weapon
proceeded to inflict deep and indiscrimi-
nate wounds on men and horses, until
one well-aimed thrust brought him
down, and he was crushed beneath the
hoofs of the chargers. A goaded horse,
unable to plunge forward, reared up
and fell on his haunches, and the ill-fat-
ed rider was instantly deprived of life
by the crowd that, bounding into the air,
leaped and danced upon him. He who
at the first commencement of the affair
had acted as leader, laid hold of one of
the poles of the mock bier, and with it
much annoyed the soldiers; a sabre
reached him in the abdomen; he snatch-
ed a handkerchief from a woman's neck,
bound it round the ghastly wound, and
daring forward on his assaulter, grap-
pled with him till the dragoon was life-
less, and the handkerchief giving way,
his own intestines burst from his body,
with the exertion. While all this went
on, frantic women lined the fences of
either side of the road, and with terri-
ble acclamations of encouragement,
prayers for their enemies, clapping of
hands and tearing of their hair, added
to the already deafening yell of the com-
batants; to their shouts of savage onset
or savage triumph, and the groans or
shrieking of the wounded.

"This bloody scene was enacted in
little more than a minute. In fact, the
serjeant and the three men who had at
first broken through the crowd with
him, after discovering that they were
galloping alone on their road homeward,
scarcely had time to face about again to
the relief of their eleven comrades, and
to re-approach the outward lines of the
infuriated crowd, when these eleven
were reduced to one. From their eleva-
tion above the heads of the assailants
they were then able to form a pretty
correct opinion of how matters stood.
They had not yet discharged their pis-
tols, but after a moment's pause of in-
dignation, did so; and, as before every

shot told. The wildest cry that had
yet been heard arose, a number of voices
exclaiming together, as the dragoons
followed up their volley with a furious
charge—"Make way, boys, and let them
in!"—The crowd accordingly divided.
This was what the serjeant had wished
and tempted; he fell back with his little
party, and cried out,

"Fly, comrades! retreat, retreat!"
The single survivor rushed, pale and
bloody, through the human gap, escap-
ing many missiles aimed at him by the
battled people, and—

"Away, serjeant, away!" he shout-
ed, striking, for one push at life, the
sides of his snorting steed.

"Where are the rest?" asked the
serjeant,—"why do they lag behind?"

"They can't help it," answered the
rescued, and, till that moment, despair-
ing man, spurring past them,—"nor we
either—on, on!"

"Is it so?" resumed the serjeant;
"let us ride then!"—and all instantly
galloped off at their horses' utmost
speed, a mingled roar of disappoint-
ment, rage and triumph, following them
for the short time they remained in
view."

Extract from Mr. Everett's Oration, deliv-
ered at Concord Mass. on the 19th of April.

"There is not a people on earth so
abject, as to think that rational courtes-
y requires them to hush up the tale of
the glorious exploits of their fathers and
countrymen. France is at peace with
Austria and Prussia; but she does not
demolish her beautiful bridges, banished
with the names of the battle fields,
where Napoleon annihilated their ar-
mies; nor tear down the columns, mol-
ten out of the accumulated heaps of their
captivity artillery. England is at peace
with France and Spain, but does she
suppress the names of Trafalgar and the
Nile; does she overthrow the towers of
Blenheim castle, eternal monuments of
the disasters of France; does she tear
down from the rafters of her chapels,
where they have for ages waved in tri-
umph, consecrated to the God of battles,
the banners of Cressy and Agincourt?—
No; she is wiser: wiser did I say? she
is truer, juster to the memory of her fa-
thers and the spirit of her children. The
national character, in some of its most
important elements, must be formed,
elevated and strengthened, from the
materials which history presents. The
great objection which has been urged
at the point of the bayonet, at the mouth
of the cannon, by the partisans of arbi-
trary power in Europe, against revolu-
tionary and popular governments, is,
that they want a historical basis, which,
alone, they say, can impart stability
and legality to public institutions. But
certainly the historical basis is of much
greater moment to the spirit, than to
the institutions of a people; and for the
reason, that the spirit itself of a nation
is far more important than its institu-
tions at any moment. Let the spirit
be sound and true, and it will sooner or
later find a remedy for defective institu-
tions. But though the institutions should
surpass, in theoretic beauty, the fabled
perfection of Utopia or Atlantis, with-
out a free spirit, the people will be slaves;
they will be slaves of the most despic-
able kind—pretended freemen.

And how is the spirit of a people to
be formed and animated and cheered,
but out of the storehouse of its historic
recollections! Are we to be eternally
ringing the changes upon Marathon and
Thermopylae; and going back to read
in obscure texts of Greek and Latin of
the great exemplars of patriotic virtue?
I thank God, that we can find them
nearer home, in our own country, on
our own soil;—that strains of the noble
sentiment that ever swelled the
breast of man, are breathing to us out
of every page of our country's history,
in the native eloquence of our mother
tongue;—that the colonial and the pro-
vincial councils of America, exhibit to
us models of the spirit and character,
which gave Greece and Rome their
name and their praise among the nations.
Here we ought to go for our instruc-
tions;—the lesson is plain, it is applic-
able. When we go to ancient history,
we are bewildered with the difference
of manners and institutions. We are
willing to pay our tribute of applause to
the memory of Leonidas, who fell nobly
for his country, in the face of the
foe. But when we trace him to his
home, we are confounded at the reflec-
tion, that the same Spartan heroism to
which he sacrificed himself at Thermo-
pylae, would have led him to tear his only
child, if it happened to be a sickly
babe—the very object for which all that
is kind and good in man rises up to
plead—from the bosom of its mother,
and carry it out to be eaten by the wolves
of Taygetus. We feel a glow of admira-
tion at the heroism displayed at Mara-
thon, by the ten thousand champions of
invaded Greece; but we cannot forget

that the tenth part of the number were
slaves unchained from the workshops
and door-posts of their masters, to go
and fight the battles of freedom. I do
not mean that these examples are to de-
stroy the interest with which we read
the history of ancient times; they possi-
bly increase that interest, by the singu-
lar contrast they exhibit. But they do
warn us, if we need the warning, to seek
our great practical lesson of patriotism
at home; out of the exploits and sacrifices
of which our own country is the theatre;
out of the characters of our own fathers.
Then we know, the high-souled, natu-
ral, unaffected, citizen heroes. We know
what happy firebrands they left for the
cheerless camp. We know with what
pacific habits they dared the perils of
the field. There is no mystery, no roman-
ce, no madness, under the name of
chivalry, about them. It is all resolute,
manly resistance, for conscience and lib-
erty's sake, not merely of an over-
whelming power, but of all the force of
long-rooted habits, and native love of
order and peace.

Above all, their blood calls to us from
the soil which we tread; it beats in our
veins; it cries to us, not merely in the
thrilling words of one of the first vic-
tims in this cause—"My sons, scorn to
be slaves!"—but it cries with a still
more moving eloquence—"My sons,
forget not your fathers." Fast, oh, too
fast, with all our efforts to prevent it,
their precious memories are dying a-
way. Notwithstanding our numerous
written memorials, much of what is
known of those eventful times dwells
but in the recollection of a few revered
survivors, and with them is rapidly
perishing, unrecorded and irretrievable.
How many prudent counsels, conceived
in perplexed times; how many heart-
stirring words uttered when liberty was
treason; how many brave and heroic
deeds, performed when the halber, not
the laurel, was the promised meed of
patriotic daring—are already lost and
forgotten in the graves of their authors!
How little do we—although we have
been permitted to hold converse with
the venerable remnants of that day—how
little do we know of their dark and an-
xious hours; of their secret meditations;
of the hurried and perilous events of
the momentous struggle! And while
they are dropping around us like the
leaves of autumn, while scarce a week
passes that does not call away some
member of the veteran ranks, already so
sadly thinned, shall we make no effort
to hand down the traditions of their day
to our children; to pass the torch of
liberty, which we received in all the
splendor of its first enkindling, bright
and flaming, to those who stand next
to us in the line; so that when we shall
come to be gathered to the dust where
our fathers are laid, we may say to our
sons and our grandsons, "If we did not
amass, we have not squandered your
inheritance of glory?"

From the North American Review.

IGNORANCE OF FOREIGN REVIEWERS.

To a citizen of the United States, it is
in the highest degree amusing to observe
the speculations into which our brethren,
on the other side of the water, allow
themselves to be drawn, when they touch
on the politics of America. Sixteen
years only have passed away, since the
Edinburgh Reviewers, professing a kind-
ly interest in our affairs, lamented, in
terms truly bewailing, the self-destroying
tendency of what they were pleased to
consider our ill-contrived and disjointed
political fabric, and ventured most lu-
gubrious predictions of its premature
dissolution. They were constrained to
call it an 'absurdity,' and bemoaning its
inherent aptness to 'dismemberment and
ruin,' they, in a very solemn manner, ad-
vised the American reformers to think
of gradually dissolving their state gov-
ernments, and really incorporating them-
selves into one people, and one name.
In time of peace, they thought it might
be possible to keep the government to-
gether, but war, they assured us, 'would
give a tremendous shock,' and 'the whole
frame of the constitution would be in
danger of falling to pieces.' A pitiable
prospect, truly! And how have these
ominous predictions been verified? We
have gone on gathering strength every
day, new states have been taken into the
Union, our numbers have increased with
a rapidity unexampled, and the most
sanguine patriot of the Revolution, in the
brightest visions of his country's rising
glory, could never have anticipated a
success so decided, or a prosperity so un-
checked, as this whole nation has enjoyed
up to the present moment. We have
had a war, under circumstances of high

party excitement and peculiar disadvan-
tages, but no shock has been felt, nor
have the pillars of government been mo-
ved in the slightest degree. So far from
shaking the frame of the constitution,
this war contributed, more than any
thing else has done, to test its stability,
and consolidate its parts; the public
mind was brought to act in a common
cause; a national feeling was kindled,
and local partialities were swallowed up
in the greater interests of the whole.
The burden of expense was cheerfully
borne; and, in short, the entire history
of the government of the United States
has proved the apprehensions of its ill-
informed friends abroad, and the eager
prophecies of its enemies, to have been
equally without foundation.

The Edinburgh Reviewers have al-
ways been unlucky prophets: the Cu-
mæan Sibyl was not more oracular than
these gentlemen in the first year
of their labors; they brought not only
Great Britain, but Bonaparte, and all Eu-
rope, within the field of their vision;
they cast broad horoscopes for detecting
the secret destinies that awaited the
nations, and revealed their discoveries with
due condescension and solemnity. It is
no wonder, therefore, that sixteen years
ago, these political seers should turn the
eye of foresight on America, and be so
much deceived as in cases of greater mo-
ment nearer home. They have at length
closed their book of oracles, and begun
to search for knowledge, like the rest of
the world, in the lessons of experience,
the wisdom of caution, and the plain facts
of history.

But what shall we say of the present
Poet Laureate of England? He continues
to dream dreams and see sights, to in-
dite ominous presages, and to scatter his
portentous forebodings about America,
with as much pertinacity as ever, and with
as much apparent ignorance of the prin-
ciples of our government, and the organ-
ization of our society. A twelve-month
has but just elapsed, since the sagacious
politician suggested several important
changes in our constitution, without
which he is convinced the whole system
of American Republics must come to a
speedy end, and the people be left in a
deplorable state of mental and moral de-
gradation. And what do our readers
imagine these reforms to be, which are
to rescue our republican institutions
from perils so threatening? No other,
indeed, than a gradation of ranks, heredi-
tary titles and wealth, and a Church es-
tablishment! These are the salutary ap-
pendages that Mr. Southey, in his wis-
dom recommends as the necessary safe-
guard to our liberty, rights, morals, and
religion, which he says are fast decaying,
and fears will soon be extinct. His mod-
esty, it may be presumed, prevented his
adding one thing more as requisite to
the good government, virtue and happi-
ness, of these United States, and that is
a Poet Laureate.

The following incident, connected
with the battle of Bunker's Hill, is given
in a northern paper, on the authority, and
in the words, of the late venerable Colo-
nel Prescott, who acted a very important
part on that memorable Day:

"The first man who fell in the battle
of Bunker Hill was killed by a cannon
ball, which struck his head. He was so
near me, that my clothes were besmeared
with his blood and brains, which I wiped
off in some degree with a handful of
fresh earth. The sight was so shocking
to many of the men, that they left their
posts and ran to view him. I ordered
them back, but in vain. I then ordered
him to be buried instantly; when a man,
who from his appearance I judged to be
a sabalteen officer, came up, and throw-
ing his arms around me, exclaimed—
'Dear Colonel, are you going to bury
him without sending for a minister and
having prayers?' I replied, 'This is
the first man that has been killed to-day,
and the only one that will be buried to-day.
I put him out of sight, that the men may
be kept in their places. God only knows
who or how many of us will fall before
it is over. To your post, my good fel-
low, and do your duty.'"

Abolition of Ancient Absurdities.—Lord
Holland has given notice in the British
Parliament, of his intention to introduce
a bill to do away with forfeitures and
corruption of blood. Thus, gradually,
an enlightened effort is making in the
various departments of the British law,
which must eventually, if successful, in
the amelioration of the state of society
in that country, improved as it may be.

Charleston Courier.