

POETRY.

LINES

By a Person, long resident in a Foreign Country, on his return Home.

I came, but they had passed away—
The fair in form, the pure in mind—
And like a stricken deer I stray;
Where all are strange, and none are kind;
Kind to the worn, the wearied soul,
That pants, that struggles for repose—
O that my steps had reached the goal
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close.
Years have passed o'er me like a dream
That leaves no trace on memory's page—
I look around me, and I seem
Some relic of a former age.
Alone, as in a stranger clime,
Where stranger voices mock my ear,
I mark the lagging course of time,
Without a wish—a hope—a fear!
Yet I had hopes—and they are fled—
And I had fears were all too true:
My wishes too! but they are dead,
And what have I with life to do?
'Tis but to wear a weary load,
I may not, dare not, cast away—
To sigh for one small still abode,
Where I may sleep as still as they—
As they, the loveliest of their race,
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep,
Whose worth my soul delights to trace—
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep!
To weep beneath the silent moon,
With none to chide, to hear, to see,
Life can bestow no dearer boon
On one whom death disdains to free!
I leave the world that knows me not,
To hold communion with the dead—
And fancy consecrates the spot
Where fancy's softest dreams are shed.
I see each shade, all silvery white,
I hear each spirit's melting sigh—
I turn to clasp those forms of light—
And the pale morning chills my eye—
But soon the fast dim morn shall rise—
The lamp of life burns feebly now—
When stranger hands shall close my eyes,
And smooth my cold and dewy brow.
Unknown I lived—so let me die—
Nor stone, nor monumental cross,
Tell where his nameless ashes lie,
Who sighed for gold, and found it dross!

SONG.

There's a tear—that falls when we part
From a friend whose loss we shall mourn;
There's a tear—that flows from the half-broken
heart, [never]
When we think he may never return—Oh,
'Tis hard to be parted from those
With whom we ever could dwell;
But bitter, indeed, is the sorrow that flows,
When, perhaps, we are saying farewell—for
ever!
There's a tear—that brightens the eye
Of the friend, when absence is over;
There's a tear—that flows, not from sorrow, but
joy, [never]
When we meet, to be parted no more—Oh,
Then all that in absence we dread,
Is past, and forgotten our pain;
For sweet is the tear we at such moments shed,
When we hold the lov'd object again—for
ever!

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

PRIZE ESSAY.

The following is the successful Essay out
of sixty-three, which were presented
for the premium offered by Mr. Morris,
the liberal and enlightened editor of the
New-York Mirror.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

HUMAN NATURE.

Written by Matilda Murray, of this City, for the
premium of Fifty Dollars.

The human mind is like a tilting field,
Where two contending champions scorn to
yield.
Reason and Passion—each in turn prevails,
Just as the winner regulates the scales.
If wisely he on Reason's side declare,
Passion must yield and happiness be there;
But if, alas, to Passion's side he lean,
Disorder reigns, and desolates the scene.
When Kemble was hissed by an ex-
asperated audience, in consequence of a
ridiculous previously offered to a female
favorite, he could not have chosen a
more plausible excuse than the one
which gained him universal applause.
"Human Nature," said the great tra-
gedian, in his high, shrill, peculiar
voice: "Human Nature."—"Human
Nature!" It was eloquent in the ex-
treme. The ingenuity of the world
could not have devised a wiser pretext
than the frailties and inconsistencies of
human nature. Good and evil are
strangely commingled together. Opin-
ions always fluctuating, and passions
counteracting each other, whirl the
mind into a delirium of contending emo-
tions; and man is so singularly construct-
ed, that he is ever regretting losses con-
sequent on his folly, or miserably disap-

pointed in the accomplishment of his
brightest hopes. In all the ardor of
virtuous meditation he is eager to ac-
knowledge the impossibility of a combi-
nation between happiness and vice;
and yet unallured by true glory, and
unabashed by shame, he daily sacrifices
integrity to earthly pursuits; he aband-
ons an endearing Protector, an everlast-
ing source of joy, for paltry treasures,
which are at any moment liable to be
destroyed by the fickle sport of chance.

Fame, that comes and goes on the
wings of the wind—pleasures, which
flash and disappear like electricity in a
summer cloud—and wealth which glides
irresistibly from the tenacious grasp—
are subjects that monopolize the atten-
tion of the learned, and arrest the steps
of the gay.

The philosopher in his closet, and the
soldier in the field (though the former
professes to teach the emptiness of glory,
and the latter to stem the current of
unjust power) weary the slowly rolling
hours with exertions: the one gaining
admiration by the ridicule of praise,
and the other ingeniously furthering the
cause of humanity by glutting himself
with the blood of his fellow men. We
cannot too deeply impress our minds
with the value of virtue, or too care-
fully mould our meditations into the
shape of truth. Earth abounds with
fascinating temptations, which surround
the adventurer to dazzle his vision with
false glares, and betray his attention
with cheating sounds. The ambient
pleasures will sometimes prove too
strong for eagle-eyed resolution to re-
sist, and faith often sleeps when the bat-
tle is nigh. Unless trained by long
discipline into the practices of honor,
he may not always follow the best in-
clination, or have any good inclinations
to guide them. The flowery wreaths
of vice stupified his senses with their
fragrance, and fill his conscience into a
fatal repose, till the deluded mind is en-
tangled in her hundred thousand folds,
and the whole man sinks a horrid vic-
tim to irretrievable ruin.—Then too
late he sees his error; then the chains
which seemed at first but garlands of
flowers, are metamorphosed into ser-
pents, whose breath is poison, and whose
touch is destruction. Vainly he strug-
gles in their nauseous embrace—seizes
their slippery forms in his useless grasp,
or attempts to controul their bitowy
motions, and trample them beneath his
shrinking feet.—Alas! the creeping
folds have encircled his body, and im-
prisoned every limb; grasping, he is
enveloped in their countless folds, and
yields, conquering and shuddering to
torments horrible as hell!—The course
of vice is a steep descent, and we pass
with accelerated velocity down its
dreadful abyss—a false step, or a heed-
less turn may plunge us into the lion's
den, and the Spirit of God dwells not
with the abandoned one, to pacify their
rugged natures or to soften down their
ire.

Let us on the other hand observe the
noblest work of God—an honest man.—
It is the constitution of humanity to en-
dure every sorrow which is not the re-
sult of sin, and the good man turns a
shielded breast to the its of me, which
rattle like harmless hail-stones on an
armed knight. Virtue to the mind, is a
more imperishable protection than Span-
ish steel to the body; and he who has
equipped himself in her sacred suit,
walks gigantic and immortal, amid the
loudest din and fiercest dangers of tu-
multuous war. The greatest monarch
who has gained his magnificence by the
sacrifice of honor, has no dignity to com-
pare to this; and Lafayette in plain blue
coat, surrounded by the enchantments
which virtue has bestowed, is an object,
comparatively of more interest and ad-
miration than the sultan half buried in
the treasures of the east. Many weak-
minded mortals, at the onset of their
career, vainly suppose it possible to
trifle a little with the pleasures of vice,
and afterwards erect themselves in the
strict practice of all that is just, nonora-
ble and good.—They would amuse
their tastes by sipping forbidden sweets,
being careful not to drain the poison-
ous bowl to the bottom, vainly imagin-
ing that they possess resolution, in
which daily experience proves their fel-
low mortals so miserably deficient—to
allow a few more merry gambols on the
brink of the precipice, without the risk
of being betrayed into the abyss. A
very few, by the peculiar blessing of
fortune may regain their equilibrium,
and re-establish themselves in the
road to happiness; but many, and by
far the majority, find their veins swell-
ing with incurable malady, when they
believed the venomous goblet only
touched their lip; or dizzy and bewil-
dered with the witcheries around them,
loose their hold, and are hurled into the
gaping chasm, when they only intended
a glance over the edge.

An honest man is rarely to be found.

—There is no lack of those sort of be-
ings who abound in negative virtues,
who delight in religion, and detest the
devil; who go to church three times on
the sabbath, and never demulish, a meal
without a good long winded grace. The
excellence of these consist in declara-
tions of what feats they might have ac-
complished, if circumstances had not
prevented, and how noble they would
be—if they could. They grow up like
brutes, delicate in the cultivated pas-
sions of civilized society—exhibiting
their stated periods of youth, maturity
and decay—remote alike from the vir-
tues and the vices, the rewards and the
penalties, the delicate pleasures and re-
fined pains of active existence; and af-
ter having undergone the varieties of ani-
mal life, at last quietly repose them-
selves in their narrow bed; like small
pebbles for a moment disturbing the
peaceful tranquility of the water with
their fall, silently they bury their names
and their natures in an oblivion as deep
as though they had never been. These
compose one of the three classes of the
human kind. The other two consist of
active beings, whose loud voices are
heard, and whose figures are seen and
remembered on the great stage of the
world, conspicuous as the benefactors
or enemies, the glory or shame of their
race. Augustus is one of the former.
In him are combined at once enthusias-
tic admiration of honesty, with will and
power to practise it. Virtue consists
scarcely more in acting, than in resist-
ing. The impulse of a moment may
urge a young, warm disposition into
some glorious undertaking, but it re-
quires firm reasoning, philosophical mor-
tality, the most difficult to attain, to
dely temptations as a rock defies the
waves which are forever beating at its
base, and forever in vain.—This great
characteristic distinguishes Augustus
from the rest of men. He pursues his
varied path, with an unwavering moral
courage, which, with the foppery of un-
necessary display, is faithful in the hour
of danger, and rises in ratio to the tu-
mults in which he is engaged; strength-
ening him in proportion to the oppres-
sive weight, it sheds a glory around his
way, when overclouded with the gloom-
iest shade; and when he is brought to
the test, when Vice stands on one side,
arrayed in her robes of gaiety, with her
long train of false phantoms to urge her
requests, and offering gold and glory,
and all the earth can afford, for a smile
at his lip, or a touch from his hand; and
the plain unadorned form of Truth on
the other, calls with her silver voice,
and bids him beware—then does this
invaluable charm close his ear to sounds
that would betray the unwary, and
soften visions that would ruin the
thoughtless gay. Indeed his mind is a
beautiful piece of moral mechanism,
which presents a barrier to shield from
almost every weapon, or affords a remedy
for every wound. What fills it can-
not palliate, it teaches him to endure,
and when fate banishes him from the
prosperous rays which often shine on
the vicious, it enables him to tread the
dark labyrinths with a light step and a
fearless heart, confident and happy that
joy awaits him at the end.

He possesses a thousand resources for
agreeable thought, which muses his
bosom into a serenity impervious to the
storm. Carefulness perpetually irradi-
ates his heart, from which he has wisely
shut the greatest enemy to man. No
matter what the tempests brood over his
head, or what terrors start up at his feet,
whether he float on the full tide of tri-
umphant prosperity, or smilingly row
his little boat, industrious to the oppres-
sion of winds and waves—he happily
meditates, that if his barque is over-
whelmed, he can beat the surges with
his arms; or if no means of security vary
the waste around, the worst that can
befall him is the momentary crisis,
which not all creation could much long-
er have averted, and he eludes the cru-
elty of the angry storm, by causing the
very winds which wreck his vessel to
wait him to everlasting peace. Manlius,
on the contrary, pursues pleasure over
the path of vice, and, for a few con-
temptible and evanescent throbs of joy,
pays a price, than which, far less would
have purchased an eternity of delight.
Before his youth had ripened into the
energies of manhood, he thought he
perceived many ways whereby he might
indulge in idleness, without making the
results visible in the tenor of his con-
duct, or the recitations of his task; but
he was at length discovered in a false-
hood which he had invented to excuse
a crime, and in addition to the advanta-
ges he had lost, he experienced the flag-
ellation of his tutor, the disaffection of
his companions, and the reproofs and
contempt of all his friends. When the
world presented a broader path, and he
had grown to be a mover in a wider
sphere, his propensities for evil increas-
ed in proportion to the importance of

his situation, until he was elevated from
the manners of being despised, to the
dignity of being hated. By a thousand
unprincipled actions he has accumulated
a fortune, which he lavishes to gain
pleasures he cannot enjoy, and friends
it is impossible for him to preserve.—
The very hirelings who fatten on his
abundance; detest the hand from which
they receive their favors: and while
the flatterer, fawning about his person,
draws a veil over his vices, or eloquent-
ly softens them into generous indiscre-
tion, he is watching the effect of his dose
as the subject of future exposition and
ridicule. Manlius himself, in the midst
of abundance, and the idol of the warm-
est and most promising friends, with
thousands to protect him from the at-
tacks of his enemies, and charms to dis-
sipate reflection, is yet an utter stranger
to that cheerfulness and buoyancy of
spirits, which ever accompany Augustus
through all the vicissitudes of life. Tho'
he is sated with luxuries, he trem-
bles at their insecurity, and writhing be-
neath existence as an anguish, he shrinks
shuddering from its close, as despair.
His pains have no remedy, his pleasures
no delight; his mind, like a dry leaf
fluttering in the air, has been long ago
acrest of its use and beauty; and the
mental eye resembles him, to some gau-
dy fabric, standing insecure on a rotten
foundation, with its massy pillars and
costly decorations; every day acceler-
ates its ruin, and while the cottage, un-
ostentatiously and without danger, lifts
its thatched roof to the wind, the feeble
temple, spreading its valueless magnifi-
cence to the gaze of day, moulders be-
neath the influence of every hour, and
rocks in the summer breeze.

PATRICK HENRY.

The versatility of talent for which the
celebrated American orator, statesman
and patriot, Patrick Henry, was distin-
guished, was illustrated in the most hap-
py manner, on a trial which took place
in the district court of New-London,
Virginia, soon after the war of independ-
ence. During the distress of the con-
tinental army, consequent on the plun-
derings and devastations of Cornwallis,
Phillips, and their worthy compeer and
brother general, the traitor Arnold, in
1781, Mr. Venable, a commissary of
the army, took for the use of the troops
two steers, from Mr. Hook, a wealthy
Scotchman, who was suspected of be-
ing a tory. The act had not been legal;
and on the establishment of peace,
Hook, under the advice of Cowan, a
lawyer of some distinction, brought an
action of trespass against Mr. Venable.
Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant,
and conducted the cause in a manner
highly gratifying to his hearers, the un-
lucky Hook always excepted. After
he became animated in the cause, he
had the most complete control over the
passions of his audience; at one time he
would excite their indignation, and
then vengeance was visible in every
countenance against Hook; again, when
he chose to relax and ridicule him, the
whole audience was in a roar of laugh-
ter. He painted the American army,
exposed almost naked to the rigour of
a winter's sky, and marking the frozen
ground over which they marched, with
the blood of their unshod feet.—"Where
is the man, he exclaimed, who had an
American heart in his bosom, who
would not have thrown open his fields,
his barns, his cellars, the doors of his
house, the portals of his breast, to have
received with open arms the meanest
soldier in that little band of famished
patriots? where is the man? there he
stays; but whether an American heart
beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are
the judge." He then carried the jury,
by the magic of his imagination to the
plains around York, the surrender of
which, together with the capture of
Cornwallis, followed shortly after the
act complained of. He depicted the sur-
render in the most glowing and brilliant
colors of his unrivalled eloquence; the
audience saw before their eyes the hu-
miliation and dejection of the British as
they marched out of their trenches; they
saw the triumph that lighted up the face
of every patriot; they heard the sounds
of victory, the cry of Washington and
Liberty, as it rung and echoed through
the American ranks, and was reverber-
ated from the hills and shores of the
neighboring river; "but hark!" con-
tinued Henry, "what notes of discord
are those which disturb the general joy,
and silence the acclamations of victory?
they are the notes of John Hook,
hoarsely howling through the American
camp, beef! beef! beef!"

The court was convulsed with laugh-
ter; when Hook turning to the clerk,
said, "never mind you men; wait till
Billy Cowan gets up, and he'll show
him the la." But Mr. Cowan was so
completely overwhelmed by the torrent
which bore upon his client, that when
he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was

scarcely able to make an intelligible or
audible remark. The cause was decid-
ed almost by acclamation. The jury
retired for form sake, and instantly re-
turned with a verdict for the defendant.

MORAL.

EARLY PIETY.

There is nothing so truly commendable
in a young man as early piety; nothing
that can add more weight of character, or
secure the lasting respect of mankind, than
an unostentatious, unaffected, unpretend-
ing course of life and conduct, and a strict
observance of our religious duties. It se-
cures the esteem of the old, and the ad-
miration of all—it forces respect even
from the dissolute and profligate; and al-
though they affect to despise the young
man of moral and regular habits, they
secretly venerate the courage that can
persevere, in despite of their scoff and
ridicule, in the even tenor of its way.—
We are compelled to admire the stability
and firmness of that character, that can
in early life, resist the allurements of fol-
ly and vice, and turn its back on the guilty,
though attractive pleasures of the
world, and the vain pursuits and heartless
enjoyments, that form, but too often, the
recreations and pastimes of unthinking
youth. Considerations of duty aside,
and throwing out of question the obliga-
tions we owe our Maker, one would im-
agine that bare policy would dictate a
course of steadiness and virtue; that the
obvious advantages of such a life, and the
manifest contentment and serenity it al-
ways procures, would be a sufficient in-
ducement to abstain from practices that
yield not happiness but always bring re-
pentance. Can any sensible but reflect-
ing young man declare with sincerity and
truth, that the boisterous pleasure of dis-
sipation, and the fashionable excesses and
rights he has been engaged in, brought
peace and satisfaction, or afforded him a
pleasing retrospective? He knows that
it is the very reverse; the languid body
and the troubled mind, have forcibly re-
minded him of his deviations from prop-
riety; have made an appeal to his bet-
ter reason, and urged his return to virtue.
The writer of this has drunk deeply (in
his younger days) of the cup of wordly
happiness, and found its dregs were bit-
terness; he has run the rounds of folly,
and found its vanity; he has trod the
paths of vice and pleasures, and found
they ended in pain and repentance. I
urge not a superstitious and severe rejec-
tion of reasonable enjoyments; but I only
wish to impress on the minds of my
young friends, a manly and virtuous det-
estation of that course of life, that has
destroyed the health, the standing, and
the prospects of many, who otherwise
would have been ornaments to the soci-
ety they now disgrace. Acquire in your
early life, a habit of sobriety and regular-
ity, and you will find that such a course
will bring its own immediate and sweet
reward. You will soon learn to despise
and detest the frivolous enjoyment that
once seemed to constitute your only hap-
piness, but which in reality brought no-
thing but regret, disappointment and dis-
gust. A young man of moral and relig-
ious principles, can claim and take a
stand in society that nothing else can give
him. His character will carry with its
own weight, and command the respect
and esteem of all those whose good opin-
ion is worth acquiring. Nothing can be
truer than the maxim that declares, "a
right course pursued at first, from habit
will be continued from inclination." A
conscience void of offence towards God
and man is of more true value, of more
permanent advantage, than all the wealth
of Peru and the gratification it can pur-
chase; to be able to lay your head on
your pillow in peace; to be able to cast
back a glance on the day that has passed,
with a proud consciousness of having
performed your duty, is a consolation
that none can appreciate, but those who
have felt it. And finally, my young
friends, if you wish to live respected and
honored, and die calm and contented; if
you wish the prayers and benedictions of
the virtuous to be poured over the earth
that covers you, I conjure you by all the
regard you have for present and eternal
happiness, by your past experience and by
your own sober and rational reflections,
to pursue a life of early piety.

Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to
the rich, and a comfort to old age.