

## POETRY.

The following lines are on the "Falls of Niagara," and among all the tributes of the Muse to that great wonder of nature, we do not remember any so comprehensive, and at the same time so geographically correct, as this.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,

While I look upward to thee. It would seem  
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,  
And hung his bow upon thy awful front; [him  
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to  
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,  
'The sound of many waters,' and had bade  
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,  
That hear the question of that voice sublime?  
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rang  
From war's vain trumpet by thy thundering side!  
Yes, what is all the riot man can make  
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!  
And yet, bold babbling, what art thou to Him  
Who drown'd a world and heap'd the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave  
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might.

## AUTUMN.—BY HARRY CORNWALL.

There is a fearful spirit busy now:  
Already have the elements unfr'd  
Their banners: the great sea-wave is upur'd:  
The cloud comes: the fierce winds begin to blow  
About, and blindly on their errands go,  
And quickly will be pale, red leaves be hur'd  
From their dry boughs, and all the forest world  
Stopp'd of its pride, be like a desert howl.  
I love that moaning music which I hear  
In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul  
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere;  
And in sublime, mysterious sympathy,  
Man's bounding spirit ebbs and swells more high,  
Accordant to the billow's loiter roll.

## VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

## FROM THE TRENTON EPICUREM.

### THE HAPPY MAN.

That some men in the world enjoy more happiness than others is unquestionable, and that this arises rather from the peculiarly constitution of the mind than from any other source is equally certain. Most of the evils we encounter in life, are imaginary, and the pain they occasion is proportionate to the acuteness of our minds.

Harry Farr was a name long remembered in the neat village of Alesbury, and remembered with that warmth of friendship which has its origin deep in the heart. Sorrow and misfortune never found a more stiff-necked rebel than they found in him—he possessed a mind of rather an eccentric cast, and though on every subject he thought rationally, though in all his ideas the workings of a strong and steady mind were visible, still he thought, and acted out every hypothesis of his brain, with steadiness and unwavering constancy. He seemed to be incapable of dwelling on particulars, always looking forward to general results—and when the whole prospect, as far as the eye could reach was overclouded, his mind went further and dwelt in happy contemplation on a still more distant resting place beyond the last anchorage of mortality.

He had his troubles—who has not? He came at manhood to a small estate, an inheritance for which a worthy ancestor had labored long and hard—and he was merry when he spoke of the many days of toil fortune had thus put away from him—but just as he was commencing shop-keeping business, a distant kinsman discovering a flaw in his title, ejected him and he was turned penniless on the world. It seemed not to cause a momentary disappointment.—It is best, he said, that one should have something to occupy the mind; and business may as well do it as pleasure; I shall eat and drink, and sleep as soundly as before; I am happy, because I will be so.

He had engaged himself, when his prospects were most fair, to a pretty girl in the village, who, being mistress of a small legacy herself thought it would be derogatory to her to marry any other than a man of property, and Harry's misfortune determined her to cut the tie, and run loose. She received him the next evening, after the news of the termination of the suit arrived, in her father's parlor: it was remarked that she had prepared herself on the occasion, with extraordinary pains, to look as killing as possible, and when he was seated, she told him with an air of great dignity, in substance that he was now poor, he was consequently unworthy of her, and would please to govern himself accordingly. She waited, possibly expecting him to drop down dead in a minute, before her. But Harry only drummed on the chair back, laughed at her pretty formality, and tapped his snuff-box to take a pinch together,

as he said, before they parted. The young lady was mortified; she resolved to strike deeper, and added in a confidential whisper that she was to be married to young Mr. Stubs, in a fortnight. Indeed, said Harry, astonished, well my dear madam shall I have the honor to sell you the wedding suit? with a simplicity which bespoke the sincerity of the question.

A great portion of discontent which broods over human life, arises from the petty jars with others, to which we are all constantly liable. Harry was proof against trouble of this sort. If people ill-treated him, he pitied them; if they tried to injure his character, he laughed at it, because said he, they do but throw dust in their own eyes who throw against the wind, and a man who by his actions gives the lie to slander, always keeps to the windward of his enemy. If any one abused him, he generally listened with perfect indifference; put his hands in his pocket, and said it is like other wind, it neither breaks the bones nor bruises the flesh, it gives no pain; and he often observed jocularly, that he wondered how people could be much ruffled by the mere combination of sounds he uttered; mere breath, which costs the brawler all the labor, the hearing nothing.

Thus Harry Farr parried off the evils which dash with bitterness the bowl of human happiness in so many instances. He had made up his mind to be contented from the beginning, "what can't be cured must be endured," and he reasoned very logically that what must be endured, however unpleasant it may appear to the mind, might as well be endured with a light heart as a heavy one. Nor was there wanting a single spark of good sound sense in his conduct, few as may be the examples of the same conduct in the world. If Providence overrules and directs all the wants of life, surely we ought not to repine; though in filling up the history of our fortunes she throws much shade as well as sunshine; only admit the maxim that all for the best, and we cannot have a rational foundation on which to build the castle of discontent.

Over many of the early years of Harry Farr, the clouds of misfortune hung blackly; but he made the best of every thing, and thanked God for what he had, instead of fretting about what he had not. If he met with losses he set about repairing them at once; if sick he managed his concerns as well as he was able; if wronged, took the wisest method of getting justice; he would not throw away two dollars after one in a law suit, or be a blackguard because others began it and set him the example; and how think you, reader, he came out at last.

There is a large white stone mansion, on the eastern hill side; you may see it from the village; with capacious barns and out houses; in the midst of as noble a farm as any in all the country.—The ornamental and fruit trees arranged in beautiful order; the fields elegantly laid out; the firm stone fences; the droves of fat cattle that fatten in the meadows and the fine horses that sport round the capacious barn yard, mark as a residence of taste and wealth. That is the homestead of the Farr family; they own all the hill side: and their motto is—"Do right yourself, and Providence will do you no wrong in the end."

## MOSCOW.

The following details of the great Napoleon's escape from the palace of the Czar, is picturesque and entertaining. It was shouted that the Kremlin was on fire; and this incident decided Napoleon. He hastily descended the northern staircase famous for the massacre of the Strelitzes, and desired to be guided out of the city to the distance of a league on the road to Petersburg, toward the imperial Palace of Petrowsky.

"But we were encircled by a sea of fire, which blocked up all the gates of the Citadel, and frustrated the first attempts that were made to depart. After some search, we discovered a postern gate leading between the rocks of the Moskwa. It was by this narrow passage that Napoleon, his officers and guard, escaped from the Kremlin. But what had they gained by this movement? They had approached nearer to the fire, and could neither retreat nor remain where they were; and how were they to advance? how force a passage thro' the waves of this ocean of flame? Those who had traversed the city, stunned by the tempest and blinded by the ashes, could not find their way, since the streets themselves were no longer distinguishable amidst the ruins.

"There was no time to be lost.—The roaring of the flames around us became every moment more violent. A single narrow winding street, all on fire, appeared to be rather the entrance than the outlet to this hell.—The Emperor rushed on foot and without hesitation

into this narrow passage. He advanced amid the crackling of the flames, the crash of floors, and the fall of burning timbers, and of the red hot iron roofs which tumbled around him. These ruins impeded his progress. The flames which, with impetuous roar, consumed the edifices between which we were proceeding beyond the walls, were blown about by the wind, and formed an arch over our heads. We walked on a ground of fire, beneath a fiery sky, and between two walls of fire. The intense heat burned our eyes, which we were nevertheless obliged to keep open and fixed on the danger. A consuming atmosphere, glowing ashes, detached flames, parched our throats, and rendered our respiration short and dry; and we were almost suffocated by the smoke.—Our hands were burned, either by endeavouring to protect our faces from the insupportable heat, or in brushing off the sparks which every moment covered and penetrated our garments.

"In this inexpressible distress, and when a rapid advance seemed to be our only means of safety, our guide stopped in uncertainty and agitation. Here would probably have terminated our adventurous career, had not some pillars of the first corps recognized the Emperor amidst the whirling flames; they ran up and guided him towards the smoking ruins of a quarter which had been reduced to ashes in the morning.

"It was then that we met the Prince of Eckmuhl. This marshal, who had been wounded at the Moskwa, had desired to be carried back among the flames to rescue Napoleon, or to perish with him. He threw himself into his arms with transport, the Emperor received him kindly, but with that composure which in danger he never lost for a moment.

"To escape from this vast region of calamities, it was further necessary to pass a long convey of powder which was defiling amidst the fire.—This was not the least of his dangers, but it was the last, and by night fall he arrived at Petrowsky."

Segur's Russian expedition.

## Candidates for Matrimonial Honors.

The increase in the matrimonial advertisements puts us in mind of a box of this sort which was played off a short time since. It was agreed in a gay party of ladies and gentlemen that an advertisement should be inserted in a London morning paper, as from a lady who felt inclined to taste the joys of matrimony, more speedily than to all appearance the ordinary way would enable her to do, giving the longing maiden a fair portion of beauty and riches. Letters were received in reply from between fifty and sixty swains of all descriptions, to each of whom an answer was addressed, stating that so far the writer was not objected to, but that the lady would like previously to his being introduced to her, "unseen to see him;" at the same time requesting each to be in the pit of the Drury-lane Theatre on a certain evening, dressed in a particular way, and immediately on the conclusion of the first piece, to stand upon the benches and apply a quizzing glass to the right eye.

All succeeded so well, that as soon as the curtain fell, above 50, of all ages, mounted the benches—from the smooth-chinned Adonis of fifteen, to the sleek, portly, self-confident widower of fifty, and the shrivelled, worn out, and emaciated bachelor of sixty, all adorned according to order in the gayest style, and with the utmost nicety, to make the deeper impression on the heart of the fair prize. High swelled their bosoms with hope, as with studied action the sparkling glass was raised to the eye; but who shall paint the astonishment, dismay, and rage, alternately depicted on their countenances, on discovering the sudden failure of all their hopes? With such velocity did they all descend from their unenviable attitude, to "hide their diminished heads" among the crowd, that the decrepit lover of sixty, might have fancied his knees once more possessed of the pliancy of twenty. If this should meet the eye of some of the actors in this humorous piece, they will readily believe that no Farce produced at Old Drury, ever went off so much to the satisfaction of the authors; though the actors thought the conclusion rather too tragic to allow a repetition.

Her's Mercury.

**Welch Nuptials.**—Our readers are not, perhaps, a ware of the existence of a curious wedding ceremony among the Welch. The bride gathers round her a party of friends on horse-back, and being herself mounted on the best horse she can get, she sets off, pursued by the husband and her party, similarly equipped. When the husband has caught the bride he becomes entitled to espouse her. These races are more or less numerously attended, according to the re-

spect in which the parties are held, and are sometimes obstinately prolonged.—Even after the bride is caught, the race continues for the prize, which is some mark of distinction given to the winner. One of these marriages took place last week at Methyr Cinog, to the great entertainment of that part of the county of Monmouth. *One hundred and fifty horses* had a race of 23 miles at full gallop, during the whole of which distance the bride was one of the foremost; and was captured with much difficulty by the bridegroom. The race was at last won by a grey mare, and as our informant says, none of the slenderest.

Hereford Independent.

**An old 'Revolutioner.'**—"Here, boys, are the marks of war," said an old veteran, the other day, as he opened an old revolutionary vest, full of bullet and bayonet holes, and showed the scars on his breast. He was wounded, dreadfully wounded, *nine* times in the battle of fort Griswold. His breast was literally torn open by bayonets and musket balls, so that the beating of his heart was distinctly seen. "Would you still fight, if you were able?" asked a British officer, as he passed by him weltering in his blood, "Yes!" was the bold reply, and the opportunity for thus expressing his devotion to the cause of his country, rekindled the expiring lamp of life.—This officer happened to possess a spark of humanity. "It is a pity that so young and noble a man should die in this manner," and he gave him a silk cap, which he stuffed into his breast, and staunchly recovered. The young soldier unexpectedly recovered, and is now a venerable and respected inhabitant of this town. "Here, boys, are the marks of war," and his whole soul seemed beaming from his keen eye, as he exhibited his numerous wounds to a group of youths who had gathered around, and gazed with admiration on one, who, in olden time, arose, as it were from the dead.—*Bos. Gaz.*

A coffer without a lock, shows that it contains no treasure; as a mouth always open denotes an empty brain.

## ON DEATH.

Some have styled this certain, but at most times unwelcome visitor, the King of Terrors, when he might with less impropriety have been termed the terror of Kings. The Poet has lent his fictions, the Painter his colors, the Orator his tropes, to portray Death as the grand destroyer, the enemy, the prince of phantoms and of shades. But can he be called the destroyer, who for a perishable state, gives us that which is eternal? Can he be styled the enemy, who is the best friend only of the best, who never deserts them at their utmost need, and whose friendship proves the most valuable to those who live the longest? Can he be termed the prince of phantoms and of shades, who destroys that which is transient and temporary to establish that which alone is real and fixed? And what are the mournful escutcheons, the sable trophies, and the melancholy insignia, with which we surround him—the sepulchral gloom, the mouldering carcase and the slimy worm? These, indeed, are the idle fears and empty terrors, not of the dead but of the living. The dark domain of Death we dread, indeed, to enter, but we ought rather to dread the ruggedness of some of the roads that lead to it. But if they are rugged, they are short; and it is only those that are smooth that are wearisome and long.—But perhaps he summons us too soon from the feast of life. Be it so; if the exchange be not for the better, it is not his fault, but our own: or he summons us late—the call is rather a reprieve than a sentence; for who would wish to sit at the board when he can no longer partake of the banquet, or to live on to pain, when he has long been dead to pleasure? Tyrants can sentence their victims to death, but how much more dreadful would be their power could they sentence them to life? Life is the goaler of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is Death: what we call life is a journey to Death, and what we call Death is a passport to Life. True wisdom thanks Death for what he takes, and still more for what he brings. Let us, therefore, like sentinels, be ready because we are uncertain, and calm because we are prepared. There is nothing formidable about death but the consequences of it; and these we can ourselves regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest is too short if it do not.

## National Tales.

A NEW PERIODICAL WORK.

THE first volume of a *Series of Tales*, translated and compiled from the works of different authors, and not previously published in the United States, was issued from the New-York Press in the month of July last; and in October next a second volume will make its appearance.

In the preface to the first volume, the editor announced it to be his intention to continue the work quarterly, if the public patronized the undertaking. Since then he has had the most satisfactory proofs, that his efforts to increase the present stock of literary amusement and instruction have been generally acceptable. The following are a few of the testimonies in its favor, which have appeared in different journals:—

"I from the examination our leisure has permitted us to give it, we think it quite an entertaining volume for those who generally devote themselves to that branch of reading. It is the first of a projected series, and purports to be translated and compiled from the writings of different authors; and we infer that the design of the editor is to collect and preserve such pieces as are really worthy of preservation, but which, as they are scattered through a variety of publications, are fugitive and perishable. The number before us (which to the credit of the editor be it spoken, is on handsome paper, and very well printed,) contains eleven tales, pretty equal in merit, and so selected as to suit a diversity of taste."—*New-York Statesman.*

"We have not leisure to peruse the whole, but from what we have read, we entertain no doubt but the book will be sought after by those readers who find in works of fiction, a relaxation from the labours and anxiety of business. The handsome style in which the volume is got up, will powerfully recommend it to the notice of the ladies."—*Mercantile Advertiser.*

"The object of the editor, as he declares in his preface, is to preserve fugitive tales of merit, that might otherwise sink into oblivion, and also to communicate to the public such deserving original pieces as may come within his reach. He appears to have made in the present volume a very interesting compilation, and we doubt not it will be read with great pleasure."—*New-York Gazette.*

"A beautiful little volume entitled 'National Tales,' has just been published by the book-sellers of this city. The compiler and editor has shown considerable taste in the present selection, and if he continues to be guided by the same discriminating spirit, he will confer a great boon on the public by his judicious labours.—There is, perhaps, no species of writing so instructive and amusing as little tales and stories in which the manners and customs of foreign nations are faithfully embodied. To young persons they are peculiarly attractive. The incidents of the plots create an interest directly in the mind, but this interest is merely the enchantress that leads the young intellect to a just apprehension of historical facts, or national manners."—*National Advocate.*

"The editor intends, if sufficient encouragement is given, to issue a volume quarterly.—From a cursory perusal of the first volume, we think he is well qualified for the task he has undertaken. To some, it may seem no labour, merely to select; but they little know what perseverance it requires to drudge through all the works of fiction which this fruitful age has produced. Setting aside this, it requires nice discrimination to separate the worthless from that which is valuable, and the moral from that which is vicious. We would recommend this volume to the patronage of the public. The tales are selected with good taste and judgment—the typographical execution of the work is neat, and moreover, it is offered at a reasonable price: three considerations that are important—but in our day extremely rare. We hope the editor will meet with sufficient encouragement to enable him to go on with a work which he seems so well qualified to make interesting and instructive."—*New-York Courier.*

"This selection of entertaining tales, is the promising commencement of a plan of no little propriety and necessity, that of collecting and combining in a regular form the choicest of modern tales; a species of writing which seems to have become as popular in this age as polite essays have in others. The present duodecimo comprises eleven tales, combining several varieties of style. Each may be read with vivid interest, supplying with amusement or moral instruction those occasional moments of leisure, which count as too many to be passed without employment, and as too few to allow of an occupation that requires a stretch of attention."—*New-York National Advocate.*

"The first volume of a projected series of tales, translated and compiled from the works of different authors in every country, who have acquired celebrity in that department of literature, has just been published in New-York. It contains eleven well-written stories, some sober and some gay. One of their best qualities (at least, that which will gain the popular favor) is their brevity."—*Boston Galaxy.*

"The selections for the present volume, are, *The Freeshooter, Transmigration, The Thebanian Lover, Mary Stokely, The Fair Marcelline, The Crusaders, The Fortress of Saguntum, Ambaladi's Lamentation, The Monks of La Trappe, Goodrich Castle, and Master and Man.* We have not room for a particular discussion of the merits of these tales; and shall therefore simply say, that they appear, in the language of physicians, to be well calculated to "fulfill the indications" hinted at by us above. They are short, well imagined, in different styles, and of various merits. Some people, we are aware, make it a point to set up against this sort of writing, a most obstreperous and pertinacious clamour, which is either sheer affectation, or the fruit of a dull and unexcitable fancy. We insist that there is more true talent, more originality, more genius, required for the invention of a really good tale, age, even of a "Tale for the Nurse," than is wanted for the concoction of volumes of the solemn quackery, which passes in these days of humbug for science and philosophy."—*New-York Review.*

Having offered a premium for original domestic tales, the editor calculates on giving a considerable portion of these in the progress of the work. Already several competitors have appeared, whose productions, if approved of, shall have a place in the forthcoming volume.

"National Tales" will in future be published at 42 William-street, New-York, at four dollars per annum. To subscribers who transmit a year's subscription in advance, the four volumes will be forwarded regularly as published, to any post-town in the State of New-York, free of additional expenses; all charges for conveyance beyond the State, must be paid by the subscriber. Single volumes may be had at one dollar.

New-York, September, 1845.