

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because another's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be!

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle dove or dove;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be!

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness bless'd,
Which may merit name of best;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be!

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo;
And, unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be!

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve,
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be!

WITHE.

From Poulson's American Daily Advertiser.

ACROSTIC.

Cease thus to clamour, men of high renown,
Of other's errors, but repair your own;
Nor be thus lavish of a people's fame,
Generous in blood, and noble still in name:
Releat! be cautious—patriotic—just!
Exert your wisdom to perform your trust!
So shall the "general welfare" be improved,
So shall you be respected, honour'd, loved.

X.

ANASTASIUS; OR THE MEMOIRS OF A GREEK.

A work under this title has recently been published in London—the following extracts from it are taken from the Literary Gazette.

"I had left a storm gathering in Egypt, of which I since have thanked God I witnessed not the bursting. Already previous to my departure the consequence of the scarcity had begun to appear in many places; but it was only after I left the country that the famine attained its full force; and such was, in spite of every expedient of human wisdom, or appeal to Divine mercy, the progressive fury of the scourge, that at last the Schiachs and other regular ministers of worship, supposing the Deity to have become deaf to their entreaties, or incensed at their presumption—no longer themselves ventured to implore offended Heaven, and henceforth only addressed the Almighty through the interceding voices of tender infants; in hopes that, though callous to the sufferings of corrupt man, Providence still might listen to the supplications of untainted childhood, and grant to the innocent prayers of babes, what it denied to the agonizing cry of beings hardened in sin. Led by the Imams to the tops of the highest minarets, little creatures from five to ten years of age there raised to Heaven their pure hands and feeble voices; and while all the countless myriads of Cairo, collected round the foot of these lofty structures, observed a profound and mournful silence, they alone were heard to whisper from their slender summits entreaties for Divine mercy. Nor did even they continue to implore a fertility, which no longer could save the thousands of starving wretches already in the pangs of death. They only begged that a general pestilence might speedily deliver them from their lingering and painful agony; and when, from the gilded spires, throughout every district of the immense Massr, thousands of infantine voices went forth the same instant to implore the same sad boon, the whole vast population below with half extinguished voices jointly answered, "so be it."

"The humble request God in his mercy granted. The plague followed the scarcity, and the contagion completed what the famine had begun. The human form was swept away from the surface of the land, like the shadows of darkness which the dawn puts to flight. Towns and villages, and hamlets innumerable were bereft of their tenants to a man. The liv-

ing became too few to bury the dead. Their own houses remained their cemeteries. Where long strings of coffins at first had issued forth, not a solitary funeral any longer appeared. Hundreds of families, who had fled from famine to Syria, were overtaken by the plague in the midst of their journey, and with their dead bodies marked their route through the desert. Egypt, smitten by the two fold visitation, almost ceased to appear inhabited; and both plagues at last disappeared, for want of further victims to slay."

In Arabia the hero of the narrative performs pilgrimages to Mecca and Medina, and his views of these and other Arabian customs are of the most attractive kind. Thence to Constantinople, Chio, (where his father dies before he can see his son), and again to Egypt, we with great delight follow the adventurer and a friend named Spiridion. At Cairo, the account of a miser's death forms a fit sequel to our preceding extract.

"The reader may remember the dreadful famine which I had left hanging over Egypt. Emin, on this occasion, was one of the provident. During the years of plenty he had laid by for those of want. But, like the ant, he labored for himself, and cared not to share his savings with the idle. Though his granaries groaned under their loads of corn, he saw unmoved the thousands of wretches who every day perished with hunger under their very walls. When the bodies of the sufferers choked up the entrances of his store houses, he still refused to unbar their surly gates, until the corn had reached the exorbitant price fixed by his avarice. This it at last attained; and now, exulting at the thoughts of the millions he should make in a few hours, Emin took his keys and opened his vaults. But O horror! O dismay! Instead of the mountains of golden wheat he had accumulated, he only beheld heaps of nauseous rotteness. An avenging worm had penetrated into the abodes fortified against famished man! A grub had fattened on the food withheld from the starving wretch! While the clamour of despair resounded without, a loathsome insect had in silence achieved within the work of justice. It had wrought Emin's punishment in darkness, while his crimes shone in the light of heaven! The miser's wealth was destroyed, the monster's hopes were all blasted! At the dire spectacle he uttered not a word. He only a few minutes contemplated the infected mass with the fixed eye of despair; then fell—fell flat on his face upon the putrid heap. God had smitten him! On raising his prostrate body life had fled. Like his corn, his frame was become a mass of corruption."

The third volume ranges through Egypt, Arabia, (among the Bedouens, and Wahhab tribes,) Malta, Sicily, Italy, &c. but we have no room for the particulars. Enough to say, that Anastasius has a son named Alexis, whom he recovers in Egypt, after many dangers, and bears off in gladness and triumph to Europe. The loss of his child cannot be perceived with a dry eye—we never read any thing more powerfully affecting.

"My cousin's letter had promised me a brilliant lot, and—what was better—my own pockets ensured me a decent competence.—The refinements of an European education should add every external elegance to my boy's innate excellence, and having myself moderately enjoyed the good things of this world, while striving to deserve the better promised in the next, I should, ere my friends become tired of my dotage, resign my last breath in the arms of my child.

"The blue sky seemed to smile upon my cheerful thoughts, and the green wave to murmur approbation of my plan. Almighty God! what was there in it so heinous, to deserve that an inexorable fate should cast it to the winds!

"In the midst of my dream of happiness my eye fell upon the darling object in which centered all its sweets. Insensibly my child's prattle had diminished, and had at last subsided in an unusual silence. I thought he looked pale;—his eyes seemed heavy and his lips felt parched. The rose, that every morning still so fresh, so erect on its stalk, at midday hung its heavy head, discoloured, wan and fading; but so frequently had the billows, during the fury of the storm, drenched my boy's little crib, that I could not wonder he should have felt their effects in a severe cold. I put him to bed and tried to hush him to sleep. Soon, however, his face grew flushed, and his pulse became feverish. I failed alike in my endeavours to procure him repose

and to afford him amusement;—but though play things were repulsed, and tales no longer attended to, still he could not bear me an instant out of his sight; nor would he take any thing except at my hands. Even when—as too soon it did—his reason began to wander, his filial affection retained its pristine hold of his heart. It had grown into an adoration of his equally dotting father; and the mere consciousness of my presence seemed to relieve his uneasiness.

"Had not my feelings, a few moments only before, been those of such exceeding happiness, I should not so soon perhaps have conceived great alarm; but I had throughout life found every extraordinary burst of joy followed by some unforeseen calamity; and my exultation had just risen to so unusual a pitch, that a deep dismay now at once struck me to the heart. I felt convinced that I had only been carried to so high a pinnacle of joy, in order to be hurled with greater ruin into an abyss of woe. Such became my anxiety to reach Trieste, and to obtain the best medical assistance, that even while the ship continued to cleave the waves like an arrow, I fancied it lay like a log upon the main.—How then did my pangs increase, when, as if in resentment of my unjust complaints, the breeze, dying away, really left our keel motionless on the waters. My anguish baffled all expression.

"In truth, I do not know how I preserved my senses, except from the need I stood in of their aid;—for while we lay cursed with absolute immobility, and the sun ever found us on rising in the same place where it had left us at setting, my child—my darling child—was every instant growing worse, and sinking apace under the pressure of illness. To the deep and flushing glow of a complexion far exceeding in its transient brilliancy even the brightest hues of health, had succeeded a settled, unchanging, deadly paleness. His eye, whose round full orb was wont to beam upon me with mild but fervent radiance, now dim and wandering, for the most part remained half closed; and, when—roused by my address—the idol of my heart strove to raise his languid look, and to meet the fearful enquiries of mine, he only showed the former fire of his countenance extinct. In the more violent bursts indeed of his unceasing delirium, his wasting features sometimes acquired a fresh but sad expression. He would then start up, and with his feeble hands clasped together, and big tears rolling down his faded cheek, beg in the most moving terms to be restored to his home; but mostly he seemed absorbed in inward musings, and—no longer taking note of the passing hour—he frequently during the course of the day moved his pallid lips, as if repeating to himself the little prayer which he had been wont to say at bed-time and at rising, and the blessings I had taught him to add, addressed to his mother in behalf of his father. If, wretched to see him thus, and doubly agonised to think that I alone had been the cause, I burst out into tears which I strove to hide, his perception of outward objects seemed all at once for a moment to return. He asked me whether I was hurt, and would lament that young and feeble as he was, he could not yet nurse me as he wished—but promised me better care when he should grow stronger.

"In this way hour after hour and day after day rolled on, without any progress in our voyage, while all I had left to do was to sit doubled over my child's couch, watching all his wants and studying all his looks—trying, but in vain, to discover some amendment. "O for those days!" I now thought, "when a calm at sea appeared an intolerable evil, only because it stopped some tide of folly, or delayed some scheme of vice!"

"At last one afternoon, when totally exhausted with want of sleep, I sat down by my child in all the composure of torpid despair, the sailors rushed in, one and all—for even they had felt my agony, and doated on my boy. They came to cheer me with better tidings. A breeze had just sprung up; the waves had again begun to ripple, and the lazy keel to stir. As minute pressed on minute, the motion of the ship became swifter: and presently, as if nothing had been wanting but a first impulse, we again dashed through the waves with all our former speed.

"Every hour now brought visibly nearer the innocent recess of the deep Adriatic, and the end of our journey. Pola seemed to glide by like a vision; presently we passed Fiume: we saw Capo d'Istria but a few minutes;—at last we descried Trieste itself! Another half hour, and every separate house became vi-

sible; and not long after we run full sail into the harbour. The sails were taken in, the anchor was dropped, and a boat instantly came alongside.

"All the necessary preparations had been made for immediately conveying my patient on shore. Wrapped up in a shawl, he was lifted out of his crib, laid on a pillow, and lowered into the boat, where I held him in my lap, protected to the best of my power from the roughness of the blast and the dashing of the spray, until we reached the quay.

"In my distress I had totally forgotten the taint contracted at Melada, and had purposed, the instant we stepped on shore, to carry my child straight to a physician. New anguish pierced my soul when two bayonets crossed upon my breast forced me, in spite of my supplication and rage, to remain on the jette, there to wait his coming and his previous scrutiny of all our healthy crew. All I could obtain as a special favor was a messenger to hurry his approach; while panting for his arrival, I sat down with my Alexis in my arms under a low shed which kept off a pelting shower. My mind was so wrapped up in the danger of my boy as to remain wholly unconscious of the bustle around, except when the removal of some cask or barrel forced me to shift my station. Yet, while wholly deaf to the unceasing din of the place, I could discern the faintest rumour that seemed to announce the approaching physician. O how I cursed his unfeeling delay: how I would have paved his way with gold, to have hastened his coming!—and yet a something whispered continually in my ears that the utmost speed of man no longer could avail.

"Ah, that at least, confirmed in this sad persuasion, I might have tasted the heart-rending pleasure of bestowing upon my departing child the last earthly endearments!—but, tranquil, composed and softly slumbering as he looked, I feared to disturb a repose, on which I founded my only remaining hopes. All at once, in the midst of my despair, I saw a sort of smile light upon my darling's features, and hard as I strove to guard against all vain illusions, I could not at this sight stop a ray of gladness from gliding unchecked into my trembling heart. Short however, was the joy: soon vanished the deceitful symptoms!—On a closer view it only appeared to have been a slight convulsion which had hurried over my child's now tranquil countenance, as will sometimes dart over the smooth mirror of a dormant lake the image of a bird in the air. It looked like the response of a departing angel, to those already on high, that hailed his speedy coming. The soul of my Alexis was fast preparing for its flight.

"Lest he might feel ill at ease in my lap, I laid him down on my cloak, and knelt by his side to watch the growing change in his features. The present now was all to me: the future I knew no longer should reckon.—Feeling my breath close to his cheek, he half opened his eye, looked as if after a long absence again suddenly recognizing his father, and, putting out his little mouth—seemed to crave one last token of love. The temptation was too powerful: I gently pressed my lip upon that of my babe, and gathered from it the proffered kiss. Life's last faint spark was just going forth, and I caught it on the threshold. Scarce had I drawn back my face, when all respiration ceased. His eye-strings broke, his features fell, and his limbs stiffened for ever. All was over: Alexis was no more."

THE FOLLY OF ANTICIPATING TROUBLE.

Afflictions seen in perspective are more appalling than when they actually arrive; for there are few but are attended with some alleviating circumstances that deaden their force. Why, then, should we sour the present cup of happiness by anticipating trouble that may never reach us, and in probabilities dependent only on a thousand contingent circumstances never likely to occur at once? The folly of doing so, will be placed in a stronger light by the following anecdote:

A countrywoman set her daughter, a girl of fifteen, to bake, while she went to a neighbour's. After some stay she returned, and found the oven sparkling hot, and her daughter in another apartment, in the greatest agony and in tears. A sight so unexpected excited the tenderest sympathy in the maternal bosom, and solicitude for the cause. After much entreaty the daughter complied: "I was thinking," said she, "if I was married, and should

have a dear little child, and it should live to run about, and I should be baking, as I am now, and I should go out for fuel, and should leave it alone, and it should take a chair, and should get up to the mouth of the oven, and should crawl in, and should burn itself to death, what a terrible thing it would be; Oh! Oh! Oh! dear, what should I do?"

BAD LUCK BY DEGREES.

Sir James Hall and servant—Scene—Parlor.

Sir James—Well, Peter, what news?

Peter—Nothing in particular, Massa, 'scept Bob's lame.

Sir James—Bob lame! What's the matter with Bob?

Peter—He hurt himself, trying to stop de horses, Massa.

Sir James—Horses! what horses, pray?

Peter—Old Massa's horses run a-way wid de carriage.

Sir James—Father's horses run a-way with the carriage! what started them?

Peter—Firing cannon, Massa.

Sir James—What was cannon firing for?

Peter—To alarm the folks, Massa, and make em come and help to put out de fire.

Sir James—Fire! what fire pray?

Peter—Your big new house burnt all down, Massa.

Sir James—My new house burnt down!

Peter—Took fire while we gone to funeral, Massa.

Sir James—Funeral! who is dead pray?

Peter—Your father dead, Massa, cause he hear de bad news.

Sir James—Bad news! what bad news?

Peter—The bank fail, Massa, and he lose all he money.

Sir James—You rascal, you, why didn't you tell me of this bad news at once?

Peter—Case, Massa, I 'fraid it too much for you all at once, so I tell you little at a time.

SANCHO.

From the Becks Journal.

WAR.

There is a strange idea prevails in the world, that wars are necessary at the return of different periods in the age of a nation; and on this principle there are those who justify a pleasing anticipation of this most capital of all misfortunes. It will, however, be generally found, on examination, that this insensibility to the misery of our species, arises from an unprincipled love of gain; for what are wars in general, but robbery and murder on an extensive plan? The two principal inducements to all the wars which have deluged the world in blood, have been avarice and ambition. The first has given rise to predatory excursions, and extended the limits of particular states and kingdoms. The latter has led to that species of war, which, while it diverted the attention of the people from contemplating their domestic misery, enabled the tyrants of the earth to rivet the chains of slavery, and extend the limits of their despotism. Hence wars, however successful, and however advantageous to individuals, are always a losing business to the people. Happy and free must that country be, whose policy is of a pacific nature.

REFLECTION.

There is an even tide in the day. While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwelling, the splendors of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when the earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being; our hearts follow the successive splendors of the scene; and while we forget, for a time, the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel "that there are yet greater things than these," and that we have a Father who dwelleth in the heavens, and who yet deigneth to consider the things that are upon earth.

QUICK DESPATCH.

"Doctor," said a London lawyer, who was lately examining a mine in Cornwall, to a clergyman, his friend, who stood at the top, "as you know of all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit to that in the infernal regions?" "I cannot exactly ascertain the distance," replied the divine, "but let go your hold, and you will be there in a minute."