

The Muse! what'er the Muse inspires,  
My soul the tuneful strain admires.—SWIFT.



FROM LA BELLE ANNEE. 1661.  
FAREWELL.

The home that blesses and endears,  
The lively hearth that warms and cheers,  
The blushing smiles that charm our fears  
And woes dispel,  
But prompt our grief, but swell our tears,  
When sounds "Farewell."

Each rose-bud that adorns the glade,  
Each withering flow'r that blooms to fade,  
Each falling leaf that decks the shade,  
And strews the dell,  
Seems in its dying charms array'd,  
To say "Farewell."

The morning breeze that ruffles by,  
And waves the dewy rose-bush dry;  
Whilst in a low and pensive sigh,  
Its accents dwell,  
Seems but to sympathize whilst I  
Proclaim "Farewell."

'Tis hard when Love's seraphic fire,  
Thrills thro' the breast with pure desire,  
When partial beauty's heavenly lyre,  
With rapturous spell,  
Bids each advancing doubt retire,  
To say "Farewell."

Enlink'd in friendship's golden chain,  
Congenial spirits may remain;  
But when love adds his melting strain  
With magic spell,  
How hard the task—how sharp the pain,  
To say "Farewell."

The tendrill'd ivy may be torn  
From its embrace around the thorn,  
But there its mark, unceasing borne,  
Its site will tell;  
Hearts then retain the sight forlorn  
When sounds "Farewell."

The summer dries the mountain rill,  
And makes its murr'ring waters still;  
Its channel'd way adown the hill,  
Marks where it fell;  
Thus grief will furrow deep the will,  
When sounds "Farewell."

I've known Ambition's dreams depart,  
I've felt Despair's envenom'd dart,  
But these are nothing to the smart,  
Which nought can quell,  
When bursts upon the afflicted heart,  
The sad "Farewell."

But when the noon of life is past,  
And death's dark eve approaches fast,  
And borne upon the wintry blast,  
Is heard a knell;  
Thou wilt proclaim a long—a last,  
A dark "Farewell."

### Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor.

FROM THE FERTILE ANECDOTES.

#### THE REGICIDE GENERALS WHALLEY AND GOFFE.

Of the fifty-nine judges who signed the warrant for the execution of King Charles the First, twenty-four died before the restoration of Charles the Second; twenty-seven persons, judges and others, were taken, tried, and condemned; some of these were pardoned; but fourteen, nine of whom were judges, were executed. Only sixteen fled and finally escaped. Three of those, Major-General Edward Whalley, Major-General William Goffe, and Colonel John Dixwell, escaped to New-England, where they died, after being secreted nearly thirty years.

On the 22nd of September, 1660, a proclamation was issued, setting forth that Whalley and Goffe had left the kingdom; but as there was great reason to suppose they had returned, a reward of 100*l.* was offered to any one who would discover either of them in any of the British dominions, and cause him to be brought in alive or dead if he made any resistance. Goffe had married the daughter of Whalley, and they escaped to New-England together, arriving in Boston the 27th of July, 1660.

They did not attempt to conceal their persons or characters, when they arrived at Boston, but immediately went to the Governor, Mr. Endicott, who received them very courteously; and they were visited by the principal persons of the town. They fixed their residence at Cambridge, about four miles from Boston, which they frequently visited, attending regularly to their religious duties. They appeared grave, serious and devout; and the rank they had formerly sustained, as well as their prudent demeanour, commanded respect.

It had been reported that all the judges of the late king would be pardoned, but seven; and Whalley and Goffe, who had not been among the most obnoxious, hoped to receive the king's clemency; but when the Act of Indemnity reached Boston, which was not until the last of November, it appeared that they were not excepted.—Some of the powerful persons in the government now became alarmed; but pity and compassion prevailed with others, and they had assurances from some belonging to the general court that they would stand by them.

On the 22nd of February, 1661, the Government summoned a Court of Assistants, to consult about securing them; but the court did not agree to it. Finding it unsafe to remain any longer, they left Cambridge, and arrived at New Haven, about 150 miles distant, on the 7th of March, where they were well treated by the ministers, the Rev. John Davenport and the Rev. Nicholas Street. On the 27th of March, they removed to New Milford, and made themselves known there; but at night they returned privately to New Haven, and were concealed at Mr. Davenport's house until the 3d of April.

About this time, news arrived from Boston that ten of the judges were executed; and the governor received a royal mandate to cause Whalley and Goffe to be secured. This greatly alarmed the country, and there is no doubt that the court were now in earnest in their endeavors to apprehend them: and to avoid all suspicion, they gave commission and instruction to two young merchants from England, Thomas Kellond and Thomas Kirk, zealous royalists, to go through the colonies, as far as Manhados in search of them. The regicides had friends who informed them what was doing, and they removed from Mr. Davenport's to the house of Mr. Jones, afterwards deputy-governor of Connecticut, where they lay hid till the 11th of May, and then removed to a mill. On the 13th they went into the woods, where they met Jones and two of his companions, Sperry and Burrell, who first conducted them to a place called Hatchet-Harbour, where they lay two nights, until a cave or hole in the side of a hill was prepared to conceal them. The hill they called Providence Hill, and there they continued from the 13th of May to the 11th of June. Richard Sperry daily supplied them with victuals from his house, about a mile off; sometimes carrying it himself, at other times sending it by one of his boys, tied up in a cloth, ordering him to lay it on a certain stump and to leave it; and when the boy went for it at night, he always found the basins emptied of the provisions, and brought them home. The boy wondered at it, and used to ask his father the design of it, for he saw nobody. His father told him there was somebody at work in the woods that wanted it.

The incident which made them abandon this cave, is said to have been a visit which they received as they lay in bed, from a panther, or a catamount, who putting his head into the door or aperture of the cave, glared his eyeballs in so hideous a manner upon them, as greatly affrighted them. One of them was so terrified by this grim and ferocious monster, and at his squalling, that he took to his heels, and fled down the mountain to Sperry's house for safety.

The second concealment which they selected, was about two miles and a half north of the first, at the foot of the mountain on the western bank of a small rivulet, which runs along the west side of the West Rock. For some reason or other, they do not seem to have sojourned here long; tradition says, because the Indian dogs in hunting discovered them; they therefore sought another lodgment.

The third place of their abode in the vicinity of New Haven, was at a place called to this day *The Lodge*. It was situated at a spring in a valley, or excavation in a declivity, about three miles west, or a little north-west, from the last mentioned place. When they came to this abode is uncertain; it was in the summer; and they left it, and removed to Milford, August 1661; after having resided in and about New Haven for nearly half a year, from the 7th of March, to the 19th of August 1661.

Among the traditionary anecdotes and stories concerning the events which took place at New Haven, it is related, that when the pursuers, Kellond and Kirk, were expected, the regicides walked out towards the Neck bridge, the road by which they must enter the

town. At some distance, the sheriff or marshal, Mr. Kimberly, overtook them with a warrant for their apprehension. He endeavored to secure them, but they stood upon their defence, and being expert at fencing, repulsed the officer, who went back for assistance. He soon returned with additional aid; but in the meantime, the regicides had escaped into the woods with which the town was surrounded.

One time, when the pursuers were searching the town, the regicides, in shifting their situations, happened to be at the house of a Mrs. Evers, a respectable old lady; she, seeing the enemy coming, ushered her guests out at the back door, who, walking out a little way, instantly returned to the house, and were hid and concealed by her in her apartments. The pursuers coming, inquired whether the regicides were in her house. She answered, they had been there, but were just gone away, and pointed out the way. They went into the fields and woods; and by her artful and polite address, she diverted them, put them upon a false scent, and secured her friends. It is rather probable, that this happened the next day after their coming to New Haven; and that they then left the town, and went through the woods to the mill, two miles off, whither they had retired on the 11th of May.

About the time the pursuers came to New Haven, and, perhaps, a little before, and to prepare the minds of the people for their reception, the Rev. Mr. Davenport preached publicly from this text, Isaiah, xvi. 3, 4. *Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night, in the midst of the noon-day; hide the outcasts, betray not him that wandereth: let mine outcasts dwell with thee: Moab, be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler.*—This sermon had such an effect, that though large rewards were offered for their apprehension, yet no pains were taken by the inhabitants to discover their retreat.

To show the dexterity of the regicides at fencing, it is related, that while at Boston, a fencing master had a stage erected, on which he walked for several days, challenging and defying any one to play with him at swords. At length, one of the regicides made his appearance, disguised in a rustic dress, holding in one hand a cheese wrapped in a napkin for a shield, with a broomstick, whose mop he had besmeared with dirty puddle water as he had passed along; thus equipped he mounted the stage; the fencing-master railed at him for his impudence, asked what business he had there, and bade him begone. The regicide stood his ground, upon which the gladiator made a pass at him with his sword, to drive him off; a rencounter ensued: the regicide received the sword into the cheese, and held it till he drew the mop of the broom over his mouth, and gave the gentleman a pair of whisks. The gentleman made another pass, and plunging his sword a second time, it was caught and held in the cheese, till the broom was drawn over his eyes. At a third lunge, the sword was caught again, till the mop of the broom was rubbed gently all over his face; upon this, the gentleman let fall, or laid aside, his small sword, and took up the broad sword, and came at him with that; upon which the regicide said, "Stop, sir; hitherto, you see I have only played with you; but if you come at me with your broad sword, know that I will certainly take your life." The firmness and determination with which he spake, struck the gentleman, who, desisting, exclaimed, "Who can you be? You are either Goffe, Whalley, or the devil, for there was no other man in England that could beat me." And so the disguised regicide retired into obscurity, leaving the spectators to enjoy the diversion of the scene, and the vanquishment of the boasted champion. Hence it is proverbial in some parts of New England, in speaking of a champion at athletic and other exercises, to say, that "none can beat him but Goffe, Whalley, or the devil."

From their cave in the woods near New Haven, they ventured to the house of one Tomkins, near Milford meeting-house, where they remained two years without ever stirring out; they afterwards took a little more liberty, and made themselves known to several persons in whom they could confide.

In 1664, the commissioners from Charles the Second arrived at Boston. On receiving this news, they retired to their cave, where they remained eight or ten days. Soon after some Indians hunting, discovered the cave, with the

bed; and the report being spread abroad, rendered it unsafe to continue there any longer. On the 13th of October, 1664, they removed to Hadley, Massachusetts, nearly a hundred miles distant, travelling only by night. On their arrival, they took up their abode with the Rev. Mr. Russell, who had previously agreed to receive them. At this house, and that of Peter Tilton, Esq. they spent the rest of their lives, for fifteen or sixteen years, in dreary solitude and seclusion from the world. The minister was no sufferer by his boarders, as they received remittances every year from their wives in England, as well as occasional presents from other persons; Goffe, who kept a regular diary during his exile, has recorded donations from several friends. They were in constant terror, though they had reason to hope after some years that all enquiry for them was over. They read with pleasure the news of their having been killed in Switzerland; and having exact intelligence of every thing which passed in England, they were unwilling to give up all hopes of deliverance. It is said that their greatest expectations were from the fulfilment of the prophecies, as they had no doubt that the execution of the judges was the flaying of the witnesses. Their lives were miserable burdens, and they complained of being banished from all human society. Goffe corresponded with his wife by the name of Walter Goldsmith, and she as Frances Goldsmith. Their letters, some of which are preserved, strongly describe the distress of two persons under such peculiar circumstances, who appeared to have lived very happily together.

During their residence at Hadley, the most memorable Indian war took place. This was called King Philip's war. Philip was a powerful Sachem, and resided at Mount Hope in Rhode-Island, where he was soon after put to death by Colonel Church. All the frontier towns of New England were attacked, and Hadley was then exposed as a place of this description. The time the savages fixed on to make the assault, was while the inhabitants were assembled at the meeting-house to observe a fast day; but fortunately it had been some time a custom for the men to attend public worship armed. Had the town been taken, the discovery of Whalley and Goffe would have been inevitable. The men took up their arms and attempted a defence, but were soon thrown into confusion; when (as it is related to this day) a stranger suddenly appeared among them of venerable aspect, and different in his apparel from the inhabitants, who rallied and disposing them in the best military manner, led them to the charge, routed the Indians, and saved the town. In the moment of victory their deliverer vanished. The inhabitants, unable to account for the phenomenon, believed they had been commanded by an angel sent from heaven for their protection. This supposed angel was Goffe, who never before ventured from his concealment in the cave in the woods, nor was it known who so ably led them against the Indians until after his death.

Goffe and Whalley appear to have been much respected on account of their professions of piety, and their grave deportment, by persons who did not approve of their political conduct. Whalley, who became reduced to a second childhood, died about the year 1676 or 1678; and Goffe, it is supposed, did not live beyond 1680; his last letter is dated April 2nd, 1679.

#### EXTRACT FROM BRACEBRIDGE HALL.

*The Young Lovers.*—To a man who is a little of a philosopher, and a bachelor to boot, and who, by dint of some experience in the follies of life, begins to look with a learned eye upon the ways of man and eke of woman;—to such a man, I say, there is something very entertaining in noticing the conduct of a pair of young lovers. It may not be as grave and scientific a study as the loves of the plants; but it is certainly as interesting. I have, therefore, derived much pleasure since my arrival at the Hall, from observing the fair Julia and her lover. She has all the delightful blushing consciousness of an artless girl, inexperienced in coquetry, who has made her first conquest; while the captain regards her with that mixture of fondness and exultation, with which a youthful lover is apt to contemplate so beautiful a prize. I observed them yesterday in the garden advancing along one of the retired walks. The sun was shining with delicious warmth, making great masses of bright verdure and deep blue shade. The cuckoo, that harbinger of spring, was faintly heard from a distance; the thrush piped from the hawthorn, and

the yellow butterflies sported and toyed and coquetted in the air. The fair Julia was leaning on her lover's arm, listening to his conversation, with her eyes cast down, a soft blush upon her cheek, and a quiet smile on her lips: while in the hand that hung negligently by her side was a bunch of flowers. In this way they were sauntering slowly along, and when I considered them, and the scene in which they were moving, I could not but think it a thousand pities that the season should ever change, or that young people should ever grow old, or that blossoms should give way to fruit, or that lovers should ever get married.—*Winyaw Intel.*

The last number of the Quarterly Review explains the formation of *Icebergs*, islands of ice, in the following manner:

"A bill of water, falling in a little cascade from a precipitous height, is converted into a sheet of ice, in the course of some severe winter; if such a sheet be not entirely melted in the short summer which follows, its volume will necessarily be increased the ensuing winter, and thus the projection of the promontory from year to year, will swell, till the immense mass, by its own weight, and probably undermined by the constant dashing of the waves, breaks off and is floated into the ocean. All our northern navigators affirm, that stones, moss and earth have been observed on the floating *Icebergs* of Davis's Strait and Duffin's Bay."

However valuable ancestry may be in the eye of a man of family, it is in little estimation among farmers, if we may judge from the reply of a country lad made to one who boasted of his *ancient family*. "So much the worse for thee," said he, "every body knows the older the seed, the worse the crop."

### Religious.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

It is not, I think, a little surprising to see many Christian divines, of the first learning and abilities, employing that learning and those abilities, and much of their time, in framing laborious systems of ethics from the law of nature, whilst they have the books of the New Testament continually lying open before their eyes. In Plato and Aristotle, in Cicero and Seneca, this was a laudable and useful undertaking; but, in a Christian, it is neither useful or meritorious, nor wiser than if any one should chuse to shut his eyes in the brightest day-light, only to try if he was able to grope out his way in the dark. It is now as impossible for any man to form a religious and moral institution by the mere efforts of human reason, as to see by a farthing candle in the midst of a meridian sunshine. He must unavoidably adopt the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel, and then mistake them for his own. If his own are true and just, they must be exactly the same; and if they differ, they are unworthy of notice. If we believe the doctrines and precepts transmitted to us in the New Testament to be a revelation from God, we cannot, without presumption, search out for any other, nor even accept the same on an inferior authority. Whatever may be their authority, their unrivalled excellence is indisputable. The moral lessons of Christ are all so concise, so clear, so unencumbered with definitions and inquiries, and enforced by parables so apposite and instructive, as brings them nearer to our hearts, and renders them not only superior to, but unlike all which had ever before been published to the world. In omitting all unnecessary disquisitions on moral and religious subjects, the Apostles imitated the example of their master. In the passage now before us, St. Paul writing to the brethren at Philippi, enjoins them to think on, that is, not to forget to practice, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure." He takes it for granted, that those to whom he wrote, as well as all mankind, knew what things are true, honest, just, and pure; and therefore he enters not into any metaphysical inquiries into the abstract nature of truth, honesty, justice, and purity, which are always useless, and sometimes detrimental, and they never induce men to be virtuous, and sometimes serve to furnish them with excuses for vices. Men want not knowledge of their duty, but inclination to perform it. A definition of virtue will never make any one less profligate, nor an inquiry concerning the origin of property make any one more honest; no more than a dissertation on optics will make a man see, or a receipt for distilling brandy or brewing small beer will make him sober.