

POETRY.

FROM THE NEW-YORK REPUBLICAN. CHOICE OF SITUATION.

From scenes of care, let me retire, And yonder winding glen explore; Let every musing thought expire, And grief and sorrow be no more.

O'er smiling hills with verdure spread, And laughing valleys opening new, Where myrtles sweet, their odour shed, And balmy flowers exhale with dew.

Where silver streams e'er gently glide, Along the smooth and silent glade, Sedately there, let me reside, Retir'd beneath some sylvan shade.

No envious lot, nor costly dome, Should e'er my eager wishes meet. The flow'ry shade my rural home, More dear would be than splendor's seat.

LAURA.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN. THE WRECK OF LOVE.

Love's bark was launched on Rapture's tide, In beauty's brightest day, And gaily on, in conscious pride, She ploughed her sunny way; The breeze of bliss her snowy sails, All soft and silent, swell'd; O'er dimpled seas, with gentler gales, Her careless course she held.

Joy seized the helm: his will commands The pilot, Pleasure, gave The bark to steer to fairy lands, Where Wisdom's Folly's slave: Swift o'er the glassy surface now With heedless haste she flies, While Hope sits laughing at the prow, At hoodwink'd Wisdom's eyes.

But hark!—along the deep has sped The hollow blast of woe: Joy drops the helm, and Hope has fled, Pale Pleasure shrinks below: Where art thou, Love?—The billows roar Above the vessel's deck: Love wakes upon Destruction's shore— Shame's vortex 'gulphs the wreck!

BOSTON BARD.

EPIGRAM.

MONITION TO THE LADIES.

Myrtilla, rising with the dawn, Steals roses from the blushing morn; But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten, Aurora steals them back again.

The following application for a marriage licence, was recently sent to the clerk of Frederick (Md.) county court:

- "Sir—to prevent interrogations,
" We've the consent of all relations;
" And what perhaps you'll not presage,
" Though no less true, we're both of age.
" Now, if you'll grant us your permit,
" An hymenal blacksmith we'll soon get."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FATE OF MAN.

The most sensible motive to abate the passions is death. The tomb is the best course of mortality. Study avarice in the coffin of the miser; this is the man who accumulated heap upon heap, riches upon riches—see a few boards enclose him, and a few square inches of earth contain him. Study ambition in the grave of that enterprising man; see his noble designs, his extensive projects, his boundless expedients, are all shattered and sunk in this fatal gulph of human projects. Approach the tomb of the proud man, and there investigate pride; see the mouth that pronounced lofty expressions, condemned to the silent grave; the piercing eye that convulsed the world with fear, covered with a midnight gloom; the formidable arm that distributed the destinies of mankind, without motion or life! Go to the tomb of the nobleman, and there study quality; behold his magnificent titles, his royal ancestors, his flattering inscriptions, his learned genealogies, all gone, or going to be lost in the same dust! Study voluptuousness at the grave of the voluptuous; see his sense destroyed; his organ broken to pieces, his bones scattered at the grave's mouth, and the whole temple of sensual pleasures subverted from its foundation.

IRON CHURCH.

The following is extracted from the Christian Observer for April 1823. We have not before known that such large portions of Churches had been built of iron.

"St. George's Church is an object of considerable architectural interest for its taste, and as having been nearly the first cast iron church erected in the kingdom. The whole of the frame-work of the windows, doors, pillars, groins, roof, and pulpit, and ornamental enrichments, are of cast iron. The length of the church is 119 feet; the breadth 47. It is ornament-

ed with a splendid cast window of stained glass. The tower, raised to the height of 96 feet, and standing on a hill, the site of an ancient sea beacon, is elevated 345 feet above high-water mark, and commands one of the finest views in the kingdom, comprehending the town and shipping of Liverpool, the estuary of the Mersey, the level surface of Lancashire, as far as the eye can trace the prospect, with the craggy hills of Wales towards the west, and towards the northeast the distant mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The contemplative Christian, viewing so many of our churches thus characteristically situated, will be inclined to see in them an apt emblem of what the ministers of Christ themselves should ever be, "guides and way-marks in the path to bliss," or in still more authoritative language, "cities set upon a hill which cannot be hid."

MADRID.

Madrid is situated about six hundred and twenty-five miles from Paris, on a large plain, surrounded by high mountains without any ramparts for its defence. It is remarkable for the temperature of its atmosphere, and was on that account originally selected as the royal residence. It is washed by the river Manzanares, over which two magnificent bridges are erected.—There are seven thousand three hundred and ninety-eight dwelling houses—and about one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants. The buildings are of brick, and the windows secured with iron grates, present a gloomy and sullen appearance. The streets are long, broad, clean and commodious, enlivened and refreshed at proper intervals with fountains. The market place is a square, surrounded with three hundred houses, five stories in height, and each is adorned with a handsome balcony. The bull fights were formerly exhibited in this place. The royal palace, now perhaps the residence of the duke of Angouleme, is only two stories in height.

MADAGASCAR.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman, dated "St. Denis, Bourbon, April 23, 1823.

"I spent nearly four months at Madagascar, and thus had an opportunity of observing the manners of the people new to me. The Malagash are a sprightly race of people, and possess much shrewdness and native intelligence—and I am convinced, that if the arts of civilized life, and the advantages of education, could be introduced among them, they might vie in many respects with any people on the globe. But they seem to be deficient in steadiness and firmness of mind. Many of them are remarkably eloquent, and would excel as orators. This may be attributed to their frequent practice of speaking in their Cabars, or meetings of their chiefs and principal men, where disputes are settled, and justice administered. In size they equal Europeans or Americans. They are generally well proportioned, have agreeable features, and a frank, open air in the countenance. Their complexion varies from olive to nearly black.—The hair is curly, the nose is rather broader than that of the whites, and generally less prominent, and their lips rather thicker. But their appearance differs very considerably from that of the negroes on the continent. I have seen noses among them that would not disgrace a Roman, and eyes that the prettiest brunette in America might be proud of. They are said to be partly descended from the Arabs. The chiefs write the Arabian characters, and none but the chiefs possess this accomplishment. Of Religion, I know not whether it can be said: they have any. They acknowledge a Supreme Being, indeed, whom they call Zannhar, and circumcise their children at the age of 7 or 8 months. But if circumcision among them be a religious rite, I believe they have no other. They are very much addicted to intemperate drinking, and consume vast quantities of arrack, a fiery liquor made from the juice of the sugar cane, which they prefer even to brandy.

"Among the curiosities which I saw at Fort Dauphin, was a Camelion. I had a number of them which I kept for some time. They are shaped like a lizard, except that the back is not so flat. I have seen them from 4 to 13 or 14 inches long. The prevailing color of the Camelion is green, or a yellowish green. When excluded from the light for a short time, they appear of a dark chocolate color. They cer-

tainly have the property of assuming, in some degree, the color of what they are placed on; but for instance, though I placed them on white paper, I never saw them turn white. The most remarkable thing in this animal is the construction of its eyes, which are placed in little moveable globes in the head, which globes turn every way, and project a little, so that the creature with one eye turned forward, and the other backward, can see every thing around it, without turning the head, which it is incapable of doing, except in a very small degree. There is a remarkably large species of the bat in Madagascar; I saw one, the wings of which, when extended, would measure at least 3 1-2 feet from tip to tip—the body about the size of a small cat."

FROM THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER. AMERICAN ACCENT.

Most persons who have travelled abroad, may probably relate anecdotes similar to the following, which we copy from the letter of a friend now in Europe. The incident related happened during a journey from a town on the continent to London.

I had a couple of fellow travellers in the coach, who turned out to be, one a Jew Broker, and the other a young man born in England of French parents, and who had passed the greatest part of his life in France and Belgium. They were both persons of some intelligence and taste in literature, but each had upon his tongue the certificate of his origin. The Broker had the Jew brogue, and the language of the other was strongly tinged with Gallicisms, and had also the cockney peculiarity of leaving out the letter H where it is, and pronouncing it where it ought not to be, at the beginning of words. We all entered into conversation very familiarly, and they had not the slightest suspicion of my not being an Englishman, until upon the opening of our trunks on the frontier, they saw on the top of mine some American newspapers. This gave them the idea that I must be an American, and having as little wish to conceal the fact as to make an unnecessary display of it, I improved the occasion to let them know it. The conversation then turned upon the United States, and among other things upon the state of literature and the language with us. After treating the subject for a while my companions informed me, in a very civil way, that I spoke the language with the American accent,—both of them employing at the time their peculiar Jewish and Gallo-cockney brogue.—Their remark written down as they pronounced it would appear as follows. The Jew; I tink, shir, dat you have a shlight tinge of de Americanish akshent. The Frenchified cockney; I do hagree vit my camrade, Sir in tinkin dat you ave de least possible tange of de Hamerican hacksong. I was a good deal amused by the pretensions of these mongrel geese to find fault with my pronunciation. The answer to their remarks should have been, that what they took for the American accent was the good English accent in distinction from the corrupt brogues used by themselves, and probably most of their associates. Not wishing however to offend them, I stated the idea in a more general shape, and observed to them that being an American I spoke of course with the American accent, but that the language had been preserved, and was spoken by the mass of well informed people, and indeed by the public at large, with us, in greater purity than it was in England, and that a good accent was more general with us than in England, on account of the greater number of foreign and corrupt dialects in the mother country. They had not of course much to say in answer to this, and after a good deal of conversation and argument, they finally came to the conclusion, that if they had not known me to be an American, they should have certainly taken me for one of their own countrymen, and that I spoke and pronounced the language with as much purity and elegance as themselves. The whole scene was truly ludicrous, and would furnish Mathews with a choice subject for one of his evenings at home.

AUWARD PREDICAMENT.

Sir Richard Steel was entirely ignorant of Greek, though it was necessary for his literary reputation, that this defect should be kept concealed from the public. This was done, but was the occasion of his being placed in a most embarrassing situation. It is related of him that, being at a Coffee House one morning, a warm dispute

arose between two gentlemen relative to the translation of a passage in Homer. Seeing Steel at the upper end of the room they agreed to refer it to him. They accordingly stated the case, and after making suitable apologies for troubling a stranger, they asked his decision. Steel parried the attack for some time, but being much urged, and seeing his reputation as a Greek scholar in danger, he, with great presence of mind, asked one of the parties to repeat the passage, and then give his sense of it. The gentleman did so. He then with gravity, requested the other to do the same, which he also complied with. Steel then paused some time, as forming a judgement of the matter; and then told them, "that although there were some grounds to justify both translations, he thought that gentleman (pointing to the one whom he had the best opinion of, from his manner of reciting the passage) was nearest the author in his original meanings." Both gentlemen bowed to his decision; and Steel dreading a rallying point, quitted the Coffee House soon after.—Salem Gazette.

HOLY ALLIANCE.

The Trenton Emporium gives the following blessed picture of the holy alliance, a precious set of wretches truly, to have the destiny of millions in their hands?

The Holy Alliance.—Does any one ask at this day who are the members of the Holy Alliance; we answer, they are six in number; the sovereigns of the most powerful empires in Europe. But what are their characters? The Emperor of Russia, a hypocrite from the beginning, tainted with strong suspicion of being the murderer of his father, who with consummate duplicity wears the double face of a christian, and a persecutor of religion; a friend of peace, and the stern and bloody engenderer of war; an advocate of liberty and an unbending tyrant, is at the head of the holies, and for aught we know is the holiest of them. Francis of Austria, a brainless blockhead, notoriously destitute of virtue, the traitor, and joint murderer of his son-in-law, and the gaoler of his daughter and grand son, as well as the spoiler of Naples, is the second person.—George the 4th, of England, the reputed assassin of his wife and daughter—the drunkard and debauchee, is the third.—Louis the 18th of France, a man on the borders of the grave, who publicly keeps his mistress—and whose cowardly hands are stained with the blood of Frenchmen and Spaniards—with just talent enough to be a scoundrel, is the fourth in order.—The crazy king of Prussia is the fifth.—And the sixth is the traitor Bernadotte, who, in 1812, drew his sword against the man who raised him from the dust to a throne. As to the Kings of Spain, Naples, Denmark, Holland, and Saxony, they are mere ciphers. Such is the Holy Alliance! Such are the crowned heads of Europe—such the arbiters of the fate of millions; such the men by whom liberty and justice and the eternal rights of man are trampled to the earth. O Tempora!

EXCUSES for not attending public worship,—by an exemplary Christian.

Overslept myself; couldnt dress in time. Too cold—too hot—too windy, too wet—too damp—too sunny—too cloudy; dont feel dispos'd; no other time to myself; look over my drawers; put my papers to rights; letters to write to my friends; taken a dose of physic; been bled this morning; mean to walk to the Bridge; going to take a ride; tied to the store six days in a week; no fresh air but on Sundays; can't breathe in Church, always so full; feel a little feverish; feel a little chilly; feel very lazy; expect company to dinner; stump'd my great toe; got a head-ache; caught cold last night at a party; must watch the servants; can't leave the house for fear of fire; servants up to all mischief when I go to church; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; tore my muslin dress coming down stairs; got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning; wasnt shaved in time; dont like Liturgy—always praying for the same thing; dont like an organ—it's too noisy; dont like singing without music, makes me nervous; cant sit in a draft of air—windows or doors open in summer; stove so hot in winter, always get a head-ache; cant bear an extempore sermon—too frothy; dislike a written sermon—too prosing; nobody to-day but our own minister; cant always listen to the same preacher; dont like strangers—too bombastical; cant keep awake when at Church; snor'd aloud last time I was there—shan't risk it again; tired to death standing to praying; hate to kneel, makes my knees stiff; mean to inquire of some sensible person about the propriety of going to so public a place as a Church. Will publish the result. Nat. Gaz.

SALT.

The following statement of the quantity of salt manufactured at the Onondaga, New-York, works, is from a paper printed on the spot, and can be relied upon.

At Salina there are about fifty blocks of buildings—at Liverpool twenty—at Geddes thirteen—averaging fourteen kettles each, and making in the whole 83 blocks; each of these is capable of making forty bushels of salt per day, amounting to three thousand three hundred and twenty bushels, or six hundred and sixty-four barrels, which command a quick sale at 14s and 14s 6d per barrel, making the amount manufactured in a day equivalent to one thousand one hundred and sixty-two dollars, and exceeding three hundred thousand dollars a year!

Interesting facts.—It has been stated to us by a gentleman of respectability, who has been at some pains to ascertain the facts, that an instance is not known of the Small Pox having been taken west of the Ohio River—that although emigrants from the east have repeatedly been dispersed through every quarter of this country while labouring under the dire effects of the disease, and although many of them have actually died among us under its influence, yet no instance is known of the disease having been communicated on the west side of the Ohio. It is said, on the same authority, that not a solitary instance of Hydrophobia is recorded as having occurred in the state of Ohio. If in truth, these things are so, (and we are not prepared to controvert them,) they are truly interesting facts, and worthy of notice. [Olive Branch.

SINGULAR INTERMARRIAGE.

A Mr. Hardwood had two daughters by his first wife, the eldest of whom was married to John Coshick; this Coshick had a daughter by his first wife, whom old Hardwood married, and by her he had a son; therefore John Coshick's second wife could say as follows:

My father is my son, and I'm my mother's mother. My sister is my daughter, and I'm grandmother to my brother.

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

The following circumstances are stated in the Discourse recently delivered at Schenectady by the Hon. Dr Witt Clinton:

"At this moment, a respectable mechanic of the city of London is collecting materials for writing our history. He is favorably noticed by distinguished members of Parliament; and although his mind has not been disciplined by regular education, yet its productions display vigor and cultivated powers."

MARSHAL NEY.

It appears by an article going the rounds of the public prints, that the unfortunate Marshal Ney, who was shot at Paris on the restoration of the Bourbons, was an American by birth, was born near Elkton, Maryland, and that his proper name was Michael Rudolph. His history is briefly this: he commenced his military career, and received the first rudiments of his education in Capt. Lee's dragoons of the Maryland line during the revolution, from which he was honorably discharged.

He was born in Cecil county in that State, and after the period of his discharge from the army, he removed to Carolina, where he married, but his matrimonial connexion rendered him unhappy, on which he left his family, took a vessel to the West Indies, remitted the proceeds and declined returning to his native country, since which no trace could be found of him, until the French government after the execution of Ney took possession of his papers and made the discovery. Gen. Lallemand, when in this country, while travelling through Maryland from Philadelphia to Baltimore, confirmed this by a reference to the circumstance. [Bridgeton Whig.

FROM THE NEW-YORK AMERICAN.

Mr. Nicholas Clary, formerly merchant of Marseilles, has just died here, after a long illness. He was brother-in-law at one time to two Majesties, the former King of Spain (Joseph) and the actual King of Sweden, (Bernadotte.) Mr. Clary was never tempted to claim any share in the vanities, nor the power which belong to the vanity of thrones. He would take no place, desired no decorations, and was ambitious of no other title than that of a proprietor. He is one of those who have succeeded in making a vast fortune without lavishing it. He married Miss Rouyer, daughter of a former member of the national convention. He was a widower, but has left many children to inherit one of the finest successions in Europe.