

POETRY.

HEAVEN.

"This world's" not "all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given"
He that hath sooth'd a widow's woe,

And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day,

He that the christian's course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span

FROM THE WASHINGTON REPUBLICAN.

ACROSTIC.

Consistent in the cause he first began,
A fearless minister, a dauntless man;
Lur'd by no sordid love of place or praise,

TALK.

More charming, fair, or bright, or young,
Or sweeter nought could make her:
And why?—because there was no tongue

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELEGANT EXTRACT

From an address to the Members of Solomon's
Lodge, No. 6, of Poughkeepsie, on the anniversary
of St. John the Baptist, June 24, A. L. 5823,

It is now nearly three thousand years
since the foundation of Masonry; as
yet it has resisted the destroying hand
of time. Kingdoms have arisen, flourish'd
and fallen—the rock of power, the adamant
of genius, have crumbled—moral earthquakes
have dashed in ruin the strongest, the fairest
fabrics of human enterprise and of human
wisdom; Masonry has remained unbroken—
it has not bent to the storm, nor hath it
died in the sluggish calm. If we examine
the nature and progress of man's institutions,
we shall find them all partaking of that
mutability which characterizes his own
strange, and fitful, and feverish existence:
perishable himself, how can he confer
eternity upon his works? He erects his
statue of brass, the colossus of ages—
triumphant Time! thou hurlest in the dust!
True he can ascend the everdaring arch
of Fame, and inscribe there the letters
of his immortality—he can kindle the
fire of his renown which blazes for
ages, a beacon to the universe; but he
cannot recall the last faint sigh of existence,
nor protect his trophies against the scythe
of destruction. Go, and hear this truth
from the melancholy picture of History!
Go, and moralize amidst the ruins of Thebes,
and ask where are her hundred gates,
her thousands of chariots, and her millions
of warriors!

"Ah! there is desolation cold;
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'er grows each mould'ring stone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Are gray and death-like old."

Go and learn wisdom from solitary
Tyre, and ask where are her golden
palaces, and her numberless natives?
Go and ask of Egypt where are her
twenty thousand cities, her temple of
the sun, her Oracle of Ammon, and
her sacred fountain; there the sun now
shines on a bleak waste, the voice of
the oracle hath been silent for ages,
and the wild weed hath long waved
in the bed of its fountain! Let Macedon
produce the trophies of her conquering
son—let Persia shew the diadem of
Cyrus, and the spear of Cambyses;
they are enveloped by the oblivious
pall, and the mournful voice of History
tells only that they have been. So it is
with man, and with the works of man—
child of doubt and danger—the spectre
of uncertainty bends over his om-
nial slumber, darkens the warm noon
of his manhood, and extends his dusky
arm over the evening of his decline—
he walks forth in his majesty, the
image of God, and the Lord of crea-
tion—his path is on the mighty deep—
his footsteps are on the lofty moun-
tain—he stands on his proud eminence,
and looks down on a subject world.
Look once again, and where is he?—
The mysterious fire of his existence is
extinguished—the cold clod presses on
his bosom—the dull worm banquets on
that brow where once sparkled genius
and beauty—and the charnel shroud
enwraps that form where once glowed

the star of honor and the purple of do-
minion!

Since, then, instability is inherent in
the very nature of man, and spreads
itself over all his works, we can best
judge of the value of all institutions by
their longer or shorter resistance to
subduing time. We are safe in the
assertion that no society can compete
with ours in duration. It has resisted
every change and braved every tem-
pest: it hath stood firm and beheld, the
wide-spreading pine of Assyria strew-
ing the earth with its branches, in vast
and gigantic ruin—it hath seen the ris-
ing flood of mighty hosts desolate im-
perial Babylon—it hath seen the starry
throne of the just Haroon broken down—
it hath seen the majestic eagle of
the Romans, extending his dark form
over battle-fields,

"Where death's brief pang was quickest,
And the battle's wrecks lay thickest,
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
Of the eagle's burning crest;
There, with thunder-clouds to fan her,
Who could then her wing arrest,
Victory beaming from her breast?"

Ah, that wing was arrested, and the
proud bird struck down, a prey to the
vultures of the northern forests. So it
hath been—the pomp, the pageantry,
the mightiness of nations have been
humbled; the hand of obscurity had
spread its folds over peace, and temple,
and tower. The fierce storm of war,
and the lazy moth of luxury, have uni-
ted in this work of destruction; and
the impetuous wave of Time hath ever
been chequered by the fragments of
glory, and the wrecks and magnifi-
cence, floating along in fearful and
melancholy ruin.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

RULING A WIFE.

A young married man, named John
King, was brought before the Magis-
trate, charged with having assaulted
Hannah Maria, his wife.

John King is something in the coal
trade, and he appeared before his Wor-
ship in scarlet plush breeches, white
cotton mud bespotted stockings, and
short gaiters to match; a flannel-colo-
red kersey wove jacket tucked under
one arm, and a fan tail'd shallow
under the other. His spouse, Hannah
Maria—a very pretty decently-dressed
young woman, appeared to be precise-
ly "as ladies wish to be who love their
lords;" and she had moreover a little
John King in her arms—their first
pledge of love: and a very nice, little
pledge it was—with lace cap, beaver
hat and feathers, and all that sort of
thing—such a bantling, in short, as
John King, or any King, might well be
proud of.

Hannah Maria stated, that she had
been married to John King "seventeen
months come next Saturday week;"
and, though he was a good, painstaking
husband enough, he was so fond of ru-
ling her that he beat her almost every
day.

His Worship observed, that by her
accounts, John King appeared to be a
pains-giving, as well as pains-taking,
husband; but she must confine her evi-
dence to some particular and recent in-
stance of his severity.

Hannah Maria dropped a curtsey,
slapped little John King, on his little
fat arm to make him lie quietly on her
bosom, and proceeded to state how
John King had brought her a beautiful
flower for her bonnet—how he after-
wards took her into the country on a
visit to their friends—how their friends
laughed and made fun of her flower—
how she cut the flower out of her bon-
net the moment she got home again—
and how John King boxed both her
ears for so doing, till he made her head
ache for hours after.

"Well, John King, what have you
to say in reply to all this?" asked his
Worship.

John King rolled up the sides of his
fan-tail'd shallow, and replied—"please
your Worship, I'm a man what likes to
keep a good house over my head, and
to have every thing genteel and com-
fortable about me."

"May be so, John King"—rejoined
his Worship—"but it does not follow
that you are to beat your wife—that is
not the way to be genteel and comfort-
able, I should think."

"Why your Worship," replied John
King, "perhaps it isn't the best way;
but it's desperate hard, when I have
been working and slaving to make her
look nice, that she should set about
and pull the flower to pieces in her
passion, and all because of foolish non-
sense. It's a poor wife that can't stand
a bit of a joke, your Worship."

His Worship admitted this fact; and
told Hannah Maria he thought she had

been somewhat to blame. "At the
same time, John King," added his
Worship, "she must not be beat—she
is your wife, whom you have solema-
ly sworn to love and cherish so long as
you both shall live: and if I hear any
further complaints of you, I shall hold
you to bail to keep the peace towards
her. In the mean time I shall order
the present warrant to be suspended;
and I recommend you to go home to-
gether, forgive and forget all that has
past, and live more peaceably in future.
John King promised that he would
do so, but Hannah Maria did not seem
to have much faith in his promise; and
she slowly followed him out of the of-
fice, evidently dissatisfied with the is-
sue.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

NEW APPLICATION OF STEAM.

Incubation by steam process.—A man
of respectable appearance appeared be-
fore the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion
House, yesterday, to make known his
discovery of an infallible mode of pro-
ducing chickens from eggs, without
waiting for the delays of nature. He
then placed upon the chief clerk's desk
a basket containing chickens and ducks,
which were hatched in the artificial
way, and appeared to be well acquaint-
ed with the person who introduced
them to the dignity of the city's notice.

The Lord Mayor wished to know
in what manner the Chief Magistrate
of the City of London could be inter-
ested in any new plan for the bringing
forward of chickens, in any other than
the natural way, all natural produc-
tions being confessedly superior to
those which were forced?

The chicken-hatcher said, the inven-
tion had excited the astonishment of
several noblemen, and gentlemen, and
ladies, who were present while he was
hatching, and that he could bring
geese to perfection as well as ducks
and hens. Of the importance of his
plan, all over the empire, there could,
therefore, be no doubt, and he was
bound in duty to make known his dis-
covery in the city of London first. He
had brought with him as a sample
of his skill but a few chickens and
ducks, and his object was to have his
Lordship's sanction, as a recommen-
dation to the Society of Arts, who had
informed him, that if he could prove
his invention before the Chief Magis-
trate, he should receive the reward of
100 guineas.

The Lord Mayor thought the applica-
tion was a very extraordinary one,
and such as he certainly never heard of
before. He had, however, no objection,
if the Society of Arts required
his concurrence in the new way of
hatching eggs, to have an affidavit of
the facts made before him.

The chicken-hatcher said, his labor
in bringing the invention to maturity
had been very great.

The Lord Mayor said, the hatcher
could not mean that he sat himself.

The chicken-hatcher replied, that he
meant the artificial incubation. He
had not tried the experiment of taking
the hen's place, nor indeed did he
suppose that human incubation would
do in the case of the eggs of that bird,
or of the duck, whatever might be its
success in producing the goose.

Mr. Hobler begged to call his Lord-
ship's attention to a singular fact, that
human incubation was adopted for-
merly by other nations, which were
not far behind us in the arts. A Chi-
nese ship of war captured an English
vessel, and determined to convert the
prisoners to some use. Employment
was easily found for the carpenter, the
shoemaker, and the other tradesmen
on board; but what to do with a man
of letters the conquerors could not for
a long time determine. At length,
after a deliberate consideration of the
difficulty, they resolved to put a pair

of feather breeches upon the man of
letters, and to set him to hatch a num-
ber of goose-eggs; and, wonderful to
relate, the young geese appeared in
due time.

The chicken-hatcher then declared
that his discovery far exceeded in its
effects all that could be expected from
any animal either with two or four
legs, for he could produce the living
young in a prime state, and in a short-
er time than they could be produced
according to the laws of nature. He
had constructed a machine for the eggs,
and by the judicious application of
steam, contrived to fulfil the ends of
nature, to the surprize of all who
watched the progress of animation in
the egg. When first he advanced in
his labors with the engine, he was
obliged to sit up 30 days and 30 nights
to turn the eggs, lest the birds should

be deformed, but now he had brought
the thing to such perfection that he
was not obliged to sit up one night for
a brood of 1000 chickens, and they ap-
peared in a more unexceptionable cha-
racter than if brought up under the
care of their mothers.

The Lord Mayor asked what bene-
fit arose from this discovery, as it
was well known that poultry was in a
great abundance.

The chicken-hatcher replied, that
this immense advantage arose from it,
that the public could always be accom-
modated with what were very fre-
quent a great rarity—new laid eggs.
The fowls which sprung out of the
steam had the extraordinary faculty of
laying at all seasons;—whereas those
which nature was the handmaid were
not at all to be prevailed upon, except
at stated periods, to supply the deli-
cacy.

The Lord Mayor then signed an af-
fidavit stating the powers of the inven-
tion, and the chicken-hatcher called
together his chickens and ducks, which
had amused themselves in the course
of the investigation by feeding before
his Lordship, and departed to wait
upon the Secretary of the Society of
Arts to receive the reward of one hun-
dred guineas.

THE LAW.

Is like a mouse trap. You are first
tempted to put your nose into it by the
savory smell of the toasted cheese, or
in other words, the prospect of gaining
an advantage. You venture a little
further; the passage is narrow, it is
crowded full of hungry attorneys, and
you would fain draw back, but you
find a hook in your ear pretty soon,
and to go forward is the only remedy.
The further you go in, the more im-
practicable is the retreat—at last you
are in, head and feet; and then if they
let you out, it will be because you are
too poor for picking. He who knows
enough of the law to keep out of it, is
well off. It is often cheaper to give
his demand, and ten pounds in the bar-
gain, than to go to loggerheads and
gain your suit. You may injure him,
it is true—and you may bite your nose
off to spite your face.

CARICATURES.

Two caricatures appeared in France
at the time Monsieur le Duc d'Angou-
leme entered Spain, which are de-
scribed as follows:—The first repre-
sents a large gate on the frontier line
of France and Spain, through which
Spain is entered. On one side is the
Duke d'Angouleme, followed by his
army; on the other is Mina, who says
to him—"Entrez Monseigneur, on ne
paye qu'en sortant." (Come in, my
Lord, entrance is paid only in going
out.) In the second is seen a consti-
tution, under the figure of a fine Brit-
ish cow. The Duke pulls it by the
tail, Mina by the horns; in the mean
time a highly decorated English officer
milks the cow, and tells them: "Vous
voyez bien que vous ne savez pas vous
prendre." (You see, gentlemen, that
you don't know how to go about it.)

PEPPER.

Black Pepper, is the dried berry of
a climbing, or trailing plant (*Piper
nigrum*) which grows in the East In-
dies, and in most of the Islands of the
Indian sea. Its stem has numerous
joints, and throws out roots at every
joint. The leaves which are some-
what egg-shaped, and pointed, are of
a dusky brown color, and have each
seven very strong nerves. The flow-
ers are small and white. It is custom-
ary in the pepper grounds, in India,
to mark out the fields into squares of
six feet each, which is the usual dis-
tance allowed for the plants; and as
these have not sufficient strength to sup-
port themselves in an upright growth,
they are generally placed near a thorny
kind of shrub, among the branches of
which they creep like ivy. When they
have run to a considerable height, the
twigs, on which the berries hang, bend
down, and the fruit appears in long
slender clusters of from 20 to 30 grains,
somewhat resembling branches of cur-
rants; but with this difference, that
every grain adheres immediately to
the common stalk, which occasions the
cluster to be more compact. The ber-
ries are green when young, but turn to
a bright red when ripe. As soon as
they begin to redden, they are consid-
ered in a fit state to be gathered.
When gathered, they are spread upon
mats in the sun, where they are suffer-
ed to become dry, black, and shrivel-
led, as they come to market. In this
state they have the name of black pep-
per. [Minerva.]

MORGANTON BIBLE SOCIETY.

The first anniversary of this society
was holden at the church in Morgant-
on, on Tuesday the 15th July. The
day being very fine, we were permit-
ted to see a larger concourse of people
than was ever before assembled in the
house. The exercises of the day were
commenced with prayer by the Rev.
R. J. Miller. The Rev. C. Eddy read
a report of the last year's pro-
ceedings, and, in behalf of the board of
managers, solicited the aid of all pre-
sent to carry forward the great and ho-
ly work. Rev. Messrs. Miller, an
Episcopal clergyman—Coffey, of the
Baptist connexion—Gould, of States
ville, and Anderson, a missionary,
in turn, favored the society with able
and appropriate addresses, delivered
with all that animation and pathos
which the uncommonly interesting oc-
casion was calculated to excite.

During the three hours which elap-
sed while these gentlemen were speak-
ing, the audience was held in almost
breathless silence to the last, no trace
of lassitude could be discovered, but
on the contrary, every countenance ex-
pressed more forcibly than it could
have done by words, "It is good for
us to be here." After the speeches,
about forty individuals came forward
and made themselves members, and it
is with peculiar pleasure we notice the
benevolence of a number of females,
who unexpectedly solicited, that the
honor and pleasure of bearing a part in
the holy cause might be extended to
them.

The facts stated in the report, respec-
ting the multitude in our own coun-
ty who are perishing for the want of
that sacred book which guides to eter-
nal life, could not but produce a chill
like the shivering of death in every
feeling bosom, while an exhibition of
what had been done in a short time to
supply them, and the grateful manner
in which the books had been received
by those who are unable to purchase,
could not but raise the highest emo-
tions of gratitude, and strengthen the
hope that the time is near, when all
these destitute shall be supplied.

If we attach a proper value to that
which enlarges the understanding,—
which ripens, as well as elevates the
feelings,—which destroys sectarian
zeal, and kindles in its place the pure
zeal of brotherly love,—which teaches
the tender sympathies of our nature to
feel for moral as well as natural woe—
and which prompts to that benevolent
action by which distress is relieved,
and man assimilated to his God. We
cannot hesitate to say, that this anni-
versary was incomparably more im-
portant, and will be productive of more
good than any occurrence ever before
noticed in this county. This was the
impression at the time, and we are
sure those who were present will look
forward with lively anticipation to
another year, while other friends of
the Bible in the county will regret their
absence, and resolve the next year to
avoid the loss which they now sustain.

As none of the Methodist clergy-
men have been mentioned as present
to take an active part with their bre-
thren, it may be important to notice
that their absence was not owing to any
prejudice or unfriendly feeling. Some
of them have been members of the so-
ciety from the beginning,—all of them
have spoken in favor of it, and the
many private members of that denom-
ination who were present, manifested
as much pleasure, as much libe-
rality, and as much love to the cause
as any others. We have reason to be-
lieve that in this county, as in other
places, this occasion will hereafter call
together all those whose business it is
to preach the gospel of peace, and no
doubt the happy result will be to bind
them together in christian love.

The following gentlemen were cho-
sen officers for the present year:

- CQL. WM. W. ERWIN, President.
J. M. GREENLEE, Esq. 1st Vice Pres.
COL. WM. DICKSON, 2d Vice Pres.
DOCT. SAMUEL TATE, Treasurer.
REV. CHAUNCEY EDDY, Rec. Sec'y.
THOS. WALTON, Esq. Cor. Sec'y.

Mr. Fox and Mrs. Montague were
conversing one day in her own house
on politics. In the course of their
conversation the lady grew warm; at
last she was so much nettled, by some
remarks of Mr. Fox's, that she declar-
ed she did not care three skips of a
louse for him. Mr. Fox took out his
pencil, and produced the following im-
promptu:

Says Montague to me and in her own house,
I dont care for you three skips of a louse;
I forgive it, for women, however well bred,
Still talk most of that which runs in their
head.