

POETRY.

FROM THE BOSTON CENTINEL. THE HERO'S WREATH—In memory of the 12th September, 1814. Come twine the wreath—the hero's wreath, Of laurel sprigs and of the willow,— For those who calmly sleep beneath This scroll of fame, on glory's pillow: Sweet be the soldier's sleep, for he Hath fought and died for liberty. Bestrew with flowers the hero's grave, Your smiles and tears together blending, Ye sisters of the glorious brave, Who fell your country's rights defending: Sweetly sleeps the hero here, Who dies to dry his country's tear. Come twine the fitful wreath for those, Who stay'd the threatening foe's advances; Who met their country's haughty foe; With hero's hearts and freemen's lances: How sweet the hero's rest must be, Who dies defending liberty. We'll twine the hero's wreath—O yes, We'll blend the laurel and the willow: His honor'd manes we will bless, And sooth it on a downy pillow; For downy must his pillow be, Who sleeps in death for liberty.

PYTHIAS.

FROM THE BOSTON CENTINEL.

On seeing an interesting and beautiful young Lady confirmed at church. The matin bells have pealed the hour To summon holy hearts to prayer; And beauty owns religion's power, And pays her adoration there. The temple of the Lord is still; A halo round his priest is shed; And glory beams from Zion's hill, To crown with light his hallowed head. Hush'd now the organ's deep-toned note, The vocal sounds of music cease, And only inward breathings float Towards the azure throne of peace. Before the altar humbly kneels The fairest of the work of Heaven; And mercy to her heart reveals The promise of salvation given. Confirm'd at truth's eternal shrine, A member of the house of God, Her robe is spotless and divine; Her feet are with salvation shod. Oh! if in Heaven above the rest One joy a brighter ray afford, 'Tis when on woman's virtuous breast The cross she beareth of the Lord. And blessed art thou whose soul from earth, And earthly thoughts, itself has freed; Received in Christ thy second birth, And won of faith the glorious meed. BOSTON BARD.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRISH WOMEN.

The women of Ireland represent the national character better than the other sex. Like an Italian landscape in the moon-light, we see its beautiful outline softened, but yet more distinctly, than when the sun poured upon it his fierce and burning splendor. In the soothing softness of his picture, we discern all that gave value to the deeper tint of the noon day radiance; the kindness and goodness of the Irish heart, without its depravity; its faithfulness and devotedness, without its fierceness. All its original gentleness and truth, such as was before yet calamity and oppression had disfigured and corrupted it. Its playfulness and gaiety, touching every subject of thought and taste, and feeling and fancy: fearlessly because pure, and freely because above suspicion. Gentleness is civilization—woman is, therefore, naturally more civilized than man. Full of the natural genius of the country; the acuteness, the bright intelligence, the lively fancy, the fine imagination, without the pretension which so frequently in the other sex spoils and disfigures these precious gifts of nature. We have seen these brilliant, dangerous talents, in all their richness and glow and glory, like the lambent flame that girt the head of Anchises' son, the delight and wonder of the surrounding circle, without a thought or consciousness of their existence disturbing the mind of the possessor. The women of England, if they possess the talent which belongs to their sex in the sister island, have not the courage to use their brilliant stores; or use them awkwardly, or give themselves up to a taste so refined as to approach the last shade of insipidity. The strength and freedom of Irish intellect, and of the Irish heart in its large and warm pulsation, would look something like vulgarity in England. We have heard it said, that an English woman would not be safe in treading the path which would be firm and secure to the foot of an Irish female.

We do not think this; we think more highly of the women of England. We would not, if we could, rub out the shades of character, or efface, in the least degree, the superior refinement of that country, or the truth and freedom of nature, which charms, perhaps, still more in the women of the other island.

In France we have all the freedom without the truth of character, and all the gaiety without the steadfast principle which makes it innocent, and gives it all its sweetness. The Irish women are more cultivated than the French, with less pretension to knowledge, and gay with less effort and manner. The French woman dwells and delights in mystery; the Irish woman in the light. In France the sex has approached nearer to the male, in manner and habits, and has lost much of its charm in its approximation; in Ireland the sex has stooped to none of this promiscuous mingling, but has preserved all the freshness and delicacy of nature, with all its frankness and freedom.

The form and countenance ever correspond to the character of the mind. The women of Ireland possess great softness and variety of feature, and a power of expression, arising from the absence of constraint, which gives to beauty more than the grace of loveliness. There is upon the human face a mysterious emanation of the mind which is past our comprehension, though it forms the delight and happiness of our world. Restraint clogs its evanescent and inexplicable action. Dissoluteness destroys it in its source, and substitutes one coarse and unvarying expression, which soon tires and disgusts.

In England, perhaps, women have—in France they certainly have—a more independent existence than in Ireland. In the latter country the sex leans more upon their male relatives, and have less of a separate being. In married life a woman loses more entirely her individuality in her love, and if repulsed by unkindness, or repelled by an uncongenial spirit, she has less resource in herself or in society. The very warmth and goodness of her nature, deprived of its natural object, instead of giving her more entirely to the world, takes her out of its circle. A delicate and amiable woman can by no art be raised into a standard; the beautiful leaves and the gay and clustering tendrils of a pure affection will rather wither and rot upon the earth.

The female character in all nations, is a softened and improved representation of the male; it shows the virtues of the people, even their courage without its sanguinary shading; their generosity and hospitality, their faithfulness and talent, and peculiar genius. Even their love of country is more fully developed in the female sex, and wears a more decided and nobler aspect. Women, in their happy seclusions, are less exposed to have their finer feelings depraved or destroying the miserable traffic of low and sordid interest which engage the life of man. They yield themselves more easily to kind and generous affections, and sooner free themselves from the trammels of party prejudices and sectarian antipathies.

Hence it is that in Ireland, though there are thousand of men, who, since the days of Cromwell, have been born, and fed, and have flourished, and been happy with the fulness of the soil, and are yet foreigners in the land of their fathers and of their children, and without one kindly or generous feeling towards the beautiful island of their nativity, or the fine race of men who claim them as their countrymen and fellow-citizens; though there are such men, there are few such women. The natural love of country, so amiable, so valuable, could not be so long in making its home in the female heart.—The women of Ireland are all Irish. O'Driscoll's Views of Ireland.

KENTUCKY MONEY.

The Kentucky Reporter gives us a most shocking picture of the financial concerns of that state. We will present the main facts in their due order. Fact No. 1.—We understand that Mr. Wickliffe, in a powerful address in the market house, on Monday last, observed that the people were indebted to it for declamation and stump eloquence; but that too many relief speeches had been paid for in advance—the treasury being, as he had predicted last year actually insolvent. Such is, indeed the fact. We have it from an unquestionable source, that

there is not even a dollar in the treasury; but, on the contrary, the treasury has overdrawn, from the Bank of the Commonwealth, twenty-three thousand and nine hundred and ninety-six dollars and seventeen cents. So we go.

Fact No. 2.—In a neighboring county, a case like the following, we are informed, lately became a matter of record. A poor man was sued on a note for 12 dollars, credited on the bank by 6 dollars received. There was no proof that the six dollars were paid in paper, and the magistrate said he was bound to consider six dollars as six dollars; and, as paper was worth two for one, the amount of the note appeared to have been paid, and accordingly gave judgment for costs against the plaintiff.

Fact No. 3.—If a man refuses to pay his bond, judgment can be obtained against him for one half only; and thus he clears fifty per cent. by being sued. If he prefer not paying even one half of his just debt, in commonwealth paper, he can replevy two years, he may send his creditors to seek wild lands—provided the relief legislators hold the scales of justice two years hence.

Fact No. 4.—The appraisement Law—This is also a part of the "system;" but where it comes in we do not exactly know. The whole is, however, so dovetailed that the system would not be complete without it. The poor debtor can give his house, worth ten thousand dollars, to the relief commissioners, to be appraised in their estimation—it will, probably, be valued at sixteen thousand, as it is to pay the mechanics six thousand dollars for building it and finding materials. The claim of the mechanics being for six, the judgment of court is three thousand. The house must sell for twelve thousand, (three fourths the valuation,) or it cannot be sold. The "scaling system" here operates inversely. It reduces the demand of the poor mechanics one half, but advances the value of the rich debtor's house when it is to be sold. We cannot imagine how such a law as this can be viewed in any other light than as a nuisance—to abate which we hope all honest mechanics will unite on the first Monday of August.

Fact No. 5.—We hear every day industrious, intelligent, worthy people say, commonwealth money, bad as it is, is better than none! Good hard money circulates in every country in the world, where there are no laws to prevent it; and even where there are such laws, the value of the medium is based upon hard money. Every body knows for example, that it is the hard money in Kentucky that causes the circulation of commonwealth money—

The market price of rags changes and fluctuates from day to day, because more or less hard money can be had at different times for the same nominal amount of rags. Exchange is now 100 per cent. advance; it therefore requires two hundred dollars of commonwealth to buy one hundred good money.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

The following strange story is copied from an article which appears in a late number of the Louisiana Advertiser. We know not if there be any foundation for it. Perhaps some of our city readers may be able to inform us:

"I was in the city of Washington soon after Congress moved there, and made it the seat of government. There existed, at that time, a great range for speculating in city lots, and all the great proprietors, whose estates were within the ten miles square, were desirous of selling while the market was high. A man arrived in town, who gave out that he had brought with him funds to a very large amount, which he was going to lay out in city lots, both on his own account and that of others for whom he was agent—he being authorized to select the most eligible situations. He was invited to dine with one of the most respectable families in the city; his story took wind; the people there are naturally hospitable, and invitations to breakfast, dine and sup, flowed in upon Mr. C. so fast, that he had no time to look after the business that brought him to Washington; when he at length declared his determination to examine and compare the different sites, he was at no loss for conveyance; each proprietor had recommended his own as the most desirable property in the city, and Mr. C. was seen driving at one hour in the splendid carriage of General M. in another that of Mr. V's, again in Mr. C. of C's, and in fact,

every rich proprietor endeavored to prevail upon him to settle in their city. It is true, Mr. C. was an illiterate man, nothing very prepossessing in his appearance; but then he was a shrewd man and vastly rich. After Mr. C. had thus amused himself as long as he thought convenient and safe, by feasting and riding with the gentry, he very deliberately paid his bill at the hotel, changed his lodgings, and made an engagement with a bricklayer, which was his profession, and was seen the next day with his trowel and apron laying bricks in the capitol, which was not then finished. The circumstance made some noise at the time; the populace laughed, the rich proprietors raved, and threatened to prosecute the poor fellow as a swindler; but he had got no endorsement nor committed any overt act—he therefore continued to lay his bricks, and laugh at their threats."

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The following is an extract from an Oration delivered on the 4th ult. at Newark, N. J. by the Rev. Hooper Cumming.

"It must be a source of proud exultation to a Jerseyman, that one of the representatives of his State, by a laconic speech signalized for its energy, its disinterestedness, and its burning patriotism, turned the scale which was at that moment equipoise, and decided the passage of the Declaration of Independence. "There is," as I have been credibly informed, "there is," said the venerable Witherspoon, when he perceived the house wavering, "there is a tide in the affairs of men—a nick of time. We perceive it now before us. To hesitate, is to consent in our own slavery. That noble instrument upon your table which insures immortality to its author, should be subscribed this very morning by every pen in the house. He who will not respond to its accents, and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions, is unworthy the name of freeman. For my own part, of property I have some—of reputation more. That reputation is staked on the issue of the contest—that property is pledged. And although these gray hairs must soon descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather they would descend thither by the hands of the public executioner, than desert at this crisis, the sacred cause of my country." The Declaration was signed by every member present—and the heart of the illustrious Jefferson palpitated with joy.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Extract from a communication in the Washington, (N. C.) Recorder, containing Gen. Washington's sentiments on Religion.

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these gallant pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connexions with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in the courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

To the Printers and Editors of Newspapers in the United States—The Remonstrance and Protest of the vowel O, crustily sheweth:

That when people lose any thing, your remonstrant is compelled, in nine cases out of ten, to perform double duty—thereby he becomes apparently a loose character, when he hereby stupidly protests he is not. His esteemed neighbor S, also, who lives only four doors below your remonstrant, is made in such case to appear a tight, hissing character, which he avers he is not, when the letters of such a word are properly arranged; and by which error before mentioned, he loses the voice of his twin brother Z—(and all electioneering people know the value of a voice.)

Your remonstrant demands immediate relief from this grievance, and in self duty bound will ever cry.

THE POLITICAL HORSE RACE.

Mr. Editor: Dr. Johnston, I believe, has somewhere observed, "that a superb title page to a meritless volume, is like a great gun placed at the door of a pigstye." Burns, in a very sombre poetical effusion, has attempted to prove "that man was made to mourn." But any one who will take the trouble to examine the extensive periodical catalogues of new books and the columns of Newspapers, may with more propriety exclaim, "man was made to write." No subject can escape the fertile imaginations of this illuminated generation, so laudably infected with "cacoethes scribendi." Horace complains, that in his day "doctum indoctum que scribunt." But who, from the Augustan age to the present more enlightened period, ever hit on so happy and novel a theme as the "Political Horse-Race!" None! The author has immortalized himself, both by his ready invention and acute discrimination. His acumen is indubitably beyond imitation. He alone has had the tact to discern that the American people are to be duped by a horse jockey. My brains have not acquired the velocity of a vertigo, yet I confess they have been strongly set in motion by reading the "Political Horse Race," and as many celebrated writers have defined wit or genius to be invention, I have, I think, lit upon a scheme that will entitle me to the praise of an original writer as much as our political jockey, viz: A motto to a ballad. Who ever heard of a motto to a ballad? Nay, if the above named great critic, were on the present arena of literature and profound erudition, he, I presume, would be less severe on my fronting piece of ordinance of heavy calibre to my main body, than on some productions of less merit and higher pretensions. I leave it to you to determine, Mr. Editor, whether my rival in invention, the Jockey, or your humble contributor, has the greater claim to originality; consequently to genuine talent.

Alas! I would the learned gentleman did but know, how difficult it is for the petty dealers in the wares of antiquity to pluck from our memories a rooted "preference," Raze out the written records of our "choice," Or cleanse our bosoms of the "amor patriæ,"

and so forth. It would, I think, move his pity to think how many old days he has set to learn new tricks; how many venerable parrots he hath taught to sing a new song; how many gray heads he has added by vain attempts to exchange their own old *Mumfimus* for his new *Mumfimus*.

But let it pass—Humana perpassimus—all changes around us, past, present, and to come; that which was history yesterday, becomes fable to-day; and the truth of to-day is hatched into a lie by to-morrow.

Now for the second line of my heavy artillery, which is, in truth, the touchstone of my invention and originality, and the real Motto to the Ballad—

"Non canimus surdis.—Respondent omnia silvæ."

Determined were the corps who trod Along the steep defile; Great Mars himself, the Martial God, Had not so stern a smile As he who led them on;—his hand Impatient wad'd to urge the band.

The pass was gain'd, when such a peal Of cheering cries and clanging steel, Made every insect pause; Swift, as electric globules meet, Sprang hand to hand, and feet to feet. O Muse relate the cause!

The cause,—the cause was nothing worth; Fierce pride was cause enough for both; Unyielding pride that mighty God, That shakes great empires with a nod, Impell'd them to the strife. The battle rages!—haughty heads, In giddy whirls, find "gory beds," The burning heart's pulsations cease, Their tides discharged, repose in peace: Thus ends the warrior's life.

You ask, I dare say, Mr. Editor, the meaning of all this; why sir, do you not know that its want of meaning is its chief merit. For, as I said before, who ever saw a motto to a ballad. Therefore, as I not only outwit the Political Jockey in that particular, but also this literary age of invention, repetition, tautology, plagiarism, paraphrases and sublimated sentiment. And you will grant, that though I have not got the pride of genius of my own contemporaries, yet I presume I have at least the pride of invention; therefore, by matter of right, not of petition, I claim a column of your paper. You see Mr. Editor, in the present struggle for political ascendancy, I am no humble petitioner for a place in your columns, but leave my claims on as indubitable a plinth as the Political Horse Jockey. S. M. N.

Turkish Love of Literature!—The Ottoman Porte has given orders to sell by weight all the fine libraries at Constantinople. Among others are mentioned those of the Princess Morousi, who have become the objects of the jealousy and hate of that despotic government, in consequence of their wealth, patriotism, and talents.