

POETRY.

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

SHAKESPEARE. His was the wizard spell, The spirit to enchain: His grasp o'er nature fell, Creation own'd his reign.

MILTON. His spirit was the home Of aspirations high; A temple whose huge dome Was hidden in the sky.

BYRON. Black clouds his forehead bound, And at his feet were flowers; Mirth, Madness, Magic found In him their keenest powers.

SCOTT. He sings, and lo! Romance Starts from his mouldering urn, While Chivalry's bright lance And nodding plumes return.

SPENCER. Within the enchanting womb Of his vast genius, lie Bright streams and groves, whose gloom Is lit by Una's eye.

WORDSWORTH. He hung his harp upon Philosophy's pure shrine; And placed by Nature's throne, Composed each placid line.

GRAY. Soaring on pinions proud, The lightnings of his eye Scar the black thunder-cloud, He passes swiftly by.

BURNS. He seized his country's lyre, With ardent grasp and strong; And made his soul of fire Dissolve itself in song.

COLERIDGE. Magician, whose dread spell, Working in pale moonlight, From Superstition's cell, Invokes each satellite!

COWPER. Religious light is shed Upon his soul's dark shrine; And Vice veils o'er her head At his denouncing line.

YOUNG. Involved in pall of gloom He haunts, with footsteps dread, The murderer's midnight tomb, And calls upon the dead.

GRAHAM. O! when we hear the bell Of "Sabbath" chiming free, It strikes us like a knell, And makes us think of Thee!

W. L. BOWLES. From Nature's flowery throne His spirit took its flight, And moves serenely on In soft, sad, tender light.

SHELLEY. A solitary rock In a far distant sea, Rent by the thunder's shock, An emblem stands of Thee!

J. MONTGOMERY. Upon thy touching strain Religion's spirit fair, Falls down like drops of rain, And blends divinely there.

HOGG. Clothed in the rainbow's beam, Mid strath and pastoral gleam, He sees the fairies gleam, Far from the haunts of men.

BAILLIE. The passions are thy slaves; In varied guise they roll Upon the stately waves Of thy majestic soul.

CAROLINE BOWLES. In garb of sable hue Thy soul dwells all alone, Where the sad drooping yew Weeps over the funeral stone.

HEMANS. To bid the big tear start, Unchallenged, from his shrine, And thrill the quivering heart With pity's voice, are thine.

LONDON. Romance and high-souled Love, Like two commingling streams, Glide through the flowery groves Of thy enchanted dreams.

MOORE. Crowned with perennials flowers, By Wit and Genius wove, He wanders through the bowers Of Fancy and of Love.

SOUTHEY. Where Necromancy flings O'er Eastern lands her spell, Sustain'd on Fable's wings, His spirit loves to dwell.

COLLINS. Waked into mimic life, The passions round him throng, While the loud "Spartan" stirrings Thrills through his starting song.

CAMPBELL. With all that Nature's fire Can lend to polish'd Art, He strikes his graceful lyre, To thrill or warm the heart.

THOMPSON. The Seasons as they roll Shall bear thy name along; And graven on the soul Of Nature, live thy song.

BARRY CORNWALL. Soft is thy lay—a stream, Meand'ring calmly by, Beneath the moon's pale beam Of sweet Italia's sky.

CRABBE. Wouldst thou his pictures know, Their power—their harrowing truth, Their scenes of wrath or woe— Go gaze on hapless "Ruth."

A. CUNNINGHAM. Tradition's lyre he plays With firm and skillful hand, Singing the olden lays Of his dear native land.

BLOOMFIELD. Sweet bard, upon the tomb In which thine ashes lie, The simple wild-flowers bloom Before the ploughman's eye.

HOOD. Impugn I dare not thee, For I'm of puny brood; And thou wouldst punish me With pungent hardihood.

MISCELLANY.

STORY OF

LADY ELEANOR BUTLER AND MISS PONSONBY.

The romantic history of these two ladies has been frequently before the public in a partial form; but we believe the circumstances connected with it have never been clearly stated. No traveller can pass thro' the beautiful vale of Liangollen, without having pointed out to him the valley in which they have dwelt. The following interesting particulars are collected from an article on the subject in the British Magazine; they are evidently from the pen of a writer who knew both the ladies well. One of them was of the family of Ormond, and the other of the Besborough. In early life they formed a romantic attachment, as deep as it proved to be lasting, and determined to enjoy their friendship in perfect seclusion.—Their history is briefly as follows:

"By a singular incidence which struck their imagination, they were both born in Dublin, on the same day, in the same year; and they lost their parents at the same time; so that these orphans seemed intended by the hand of Providence for mutual sympathy. They were brought up together, and, as they grew in years, talked over the similarity of their fate, and easily persuaded themselves they were designed by Heaven to pass through life together. They spent much of their time at the castle of Kilkenny, the seat of the Ormond family, where they were observed to shun the society of others, and always to seek retirement with themselves; and as they were now about eighteen, at a time of life when their settlement in the world might be looked for, it was the anxious wish of their friends that they should mix with company as other young persons of their age and sex. One morning however, they were missing, and no inquiry could trace them in the neighborhood; but at length they were discovered in disguise on board a merchant's vessel, about to sail from the harbor of Waterford. They were brought back and separated, and every means taken to wean them from this extraordinary, and as it appeared to their friends, most injurious attachment to each other; but it seemed fixed and unalterable, and in some time they were allowed to pursue the bent of their own inclinations. They again proceeded to a seaport, embarked in a Welsh trader, and were landed among the romantic mountains of North Wales. From hence they proceeded from the coast, through the chain of vallies I have mentioned, at that time all but closed from human intrusion, and nearly impassible, except by goats and mountain ponies. Here they searched in vain for a retired spot in which they could fix their residence. The dreary and desolate region presented no habitation which could afford them even a temporary shelter; and they had passed through the last valley of Liangollen, and were about to leave in despair a secluded district, where they had fondly expected to settle themselves. 'While leaving this last hope with heavy hearts,' said Miss Ponsonby to me, when communicating her history, 'we turned round to take a last look at this land of our promise; the setting sun was then shining on the romantic ruins of Dinas Bran, and its sloping beams gave to the wooded sides of the glens so lovely an aspect, that it seemed to invite our return; so we determined to go back and again search for a residence in the shadow of the mountains.' They could find none for the night but a mean hovel on the naked side of a hill, and in this they sheltered themselves, and the next morning agreed with its poor inmates for their hut. Here they set themselves down, and began those improvements on the bleak and bare rocks which now adorn this lovely valley.

"When their absence was known, the nurse of one of them, Mary Carryl, was inconsolable for their loss; she too set out in search of them through the mountains, and, after a long and weary pilgrimage, found them in a comfortless cabin. She determined not to leave them, and was the only attendant that for years supplied them with necessaries. Their friends now finding their resolution of abandoning the world unalterable, no longer pressed their return, and they began to improve and beautify their residence. But when they had effected much, it was notified to them by the proprietor of the mountain that they must leave it. While very desolate at this notification, their faithful Mary Carryl disappeared; and it was supposed she was tired of their solitude, and had returned to her own home; but in some time she came back, and throwing a paper on the table, 'Now, my dear children,' said she, 'you are settled for life.' The paper was a lease of a large tract of the mountain, which she had obtained from the proprietor, having gone to London and purchased it with all her own earnings. From that time the ground's rose in great beauty, and a cottage, distinguished for its taste, elegance, and seclusion, rose in the bosom of the plantation. The fame of these elegant but eccentric girls now expanded, and several persons of the highest rank sought an introduction; but they persevered in their determination, and for twenty years, I believe, never slept out of

their own cottage, nor admitted a stranger into it. Poor Mary Carryl is long since dead—over her grave is a tomb, a triangular pyramid, with three faces for inscriptions. The author describes his affecting visit to the churchyard in company with Miss Ponsonby. The second table has been filled up. Lady Eleanor Butler died about twelve months ago; and her accomplished and desolate friend is now patiently waiting the moment when she shall be called on to join her in a better world; and the triangular monuments in Liangollen church yard will be filled up with the most romantic and interesting story in existence.

GASPARONI THE BANDIT.

In the month of September, 1822, a wedding took place in the village called Valle-Corsa, situated, as its name implies, on the beautiful vale of Corsa, between an amiable and industrious young couple, somewhat above the lower class, who had that day taken possession of a small farm, purchased by their hard-earned savings, and the assistance of their parents. While the guests were amusing themselves with dancing, at an early hour in the evening, Gasparoni made his appearance in the room with a few comrades, and inquired if nothing good had been left from the wedding dinner. Being answered that very little had remained from the concourse of visitors having been greater than they had anticipated, they commenced a search of the house, and unfortunately for the young couple, discovered a rather plentiful 'tho' homely supper, which had been prepared for the guests. The countenance of the bandit immediately changed. 'What,' said he—are Gasparoni and his companions to be denied their supper at a wedding when there are sufficient provisions in the house? Enough! The bride shall go with me.'

Then turning to the youthful husband, he said—'If you are in want of a partner, send me the day after tomorrow, at least six hundred scudi, or you will never see her more.' Resistance was vain; The guests were horror struck, and the unfortunate girl was dragged from the arms of her distracted husband and carried to the mountains. On the second day, as the bandit had intimated, the unhappy husband had contrived, with the assistance of his friends, to collect the sum named for ransom, which he immediately sent by one of his laborers, who consigned it into the hands of Gasparoni. 'You are come,' said the bandit, 'to take your master's young bride home. I will keep my word—you shall take her.' With that he drew his bloody knife and stabbed the innocent virgin to the heart. Such was the strength and dexterity with which he used the diabolical instrument that the point came out at her back. 'Return now,' said he, 'to your master; tell him, from me, to enjoy her and that I hope he will be more hospitable to his friends at his next nuptials.'

The affrighted countryman took the corpse of the murdered girl on his shoulder, and bore it to the anxious and expectant lover. The scene which followed may more easily be imagined than described. Suffice it to say that in the moment of phrenzy, he snatched the lifeless body of his wife from the bearer, and rushing into the house, shot himself through the head, and expired on the corpse.

The police were now in hot pursuit for Gasparoni—and the government, among other edicts, offered a premium of four thousand scudi, for his head, and free pardon, besides this large sum of money, to any one of his comrades who should succeed in destroying him. The knowledge of this edict, and his having discovered among his accomplices many daring individuals who had entered his band with the connivance of government and even assisted him in his robberies with the desperate resolution of gaining the golden prize by his destruction, irritated him exceedingly, and obliged him to dismiss a great number of his followers, and retire with a chosen few on whom he could rely, to the neighborhood of Terracina.—Here, instead of concealing himself, his daring spirit conceived and executed the plan of carrying to his retreat, in a forest, two miles from Terracina, (a garrison town) a colonel of the Austrian army.—He demanded, as his ransom, ten thousand scudi (about £2,000). In this however, he was frustrated by the general in chief of the Austrian army sending him word that if the slightest insult was offered to the colonel, he would fire the whole village of Cicciara, and revenge himself on Gasparoni's parents. This spirited answer alarmed him for the safety of his mother, to whom he was always very much attached, and he immediately gave the colonel his liberty.

Gasparoni attributes his many miraculous escapes from his own associates and the police to the affection of a boy to whom he had stood as compare, or god-father.—This lad, who partook of the ferocity of his preceptor but excelled him in his cunning, and joined him when only seven or eight years of age, would never leave his side, and always watched while the bandit slept—standing or sitting as sentinel at his head—and for the five years

they were together, was never known to be off his guard. Every effort was made by government to seduce this boy, but ineffectually. He was faithful to his trust, and at last died in defence of his inhuman master. The circumstances of this little hero's death were as follows. In October, 1824, Gasparoni having information that the police were informed of his retreat, and that he was to be surrounded in the night, fled to a hut some miles distant which had been indicated to him, taking with him only his boy where he fancied himself in perfect security. He was however, deceived; the information given him was a deep laid scheme in which some of his followers were implicated, to entice him to this spot and if possible to take him alive that a summary example might have been made of him.—The boy, hearing a noise, waked his master, by whom he was immediately urged to fly, Gasparoni trusting to his own wit and courage to get clear himself. The police, who were nearer than they imagined and could see their motions through a loop hole cut in the hut for that purpose, and, fearful of losing their prize, instantly fired amongst them, and the first ball passed through the conical hat of the bandit. The intrepid boy sprung forward with his pistols, and was in the act of firing, when a second shot brought him to the ground. The police had by this time forced the fragile door of the hut, but knowing the ferocity and desperate courage of him they were to take, stood hesitating to enter, when Gasparoni took a cool and deliberate aim with his blunderbuss, killed the first, a brigadier of the gendarmerie, and wounded two others. Taking advantage of the shock his pursuers had received from his fire, and assisted by the darkness of the night, he rushed past them with an agility almost incredible and succeeded in escaping.

He laments the poor unfortunate boy to this day; and could one believe in the assertion of this execrable wretch, he would willingly have died for him. The reward this ill-fated lad received for his fidelity to his fenshish master, was condemnation to death, and his body to be quartered and hung in the most conspicuous places. His head, the only part now remaining, is to be seen over the Porto Angelica of Rome, (a gate leading to Ponte Molla, on the Florence road,) in an iron cage.

The condemnation to death after a man is actually dead, must sound strange to the English reader: but such is the case in the Roman as well as in the Tuscan tribunals; by the latter of which the son of a wealthy merchant of Leghorn, (with whom the writer is acquainted) being accused of a crime a few years since, was, notwithstanding his death by assassination, tried nearly a twelve month afterwards, and sentenced by this strange law to the galleys for life. Every effort has been made, and immense sums spent by his father, to squash this ridiculous sentence, but useless, and the stain still remains on the family.

The following touching anecdote is related in a letter from Washington, written by one of the editors of the Boston Bulletin:

"A circumstance occurred in the Senate on Wednesday last, which demonstrates most touchingly the generous feelings of that body towards the lingering survivors of our revolutionary army. A time-worn veteran who had been waiting upon Congress for some months, had seated himself upon a sofa in the rear of the senators, and the hour for commencing upon the order of the day had arrived, when Mr. M'Kinley, of Alabama, begged the indulgence of the Senate for a few moments, merely for the consideration of a subject of interest, which he said might be despatched without delay. The members generally manifested some impatience to proceed upon the regular business of the day. 'Look,' said Mr. M'Kinley, 'upon that venerable officer of the revolutionary army. He was a Captain in the continental line—was taken prisoner by the fortune of war—carried captive to England—and, after countless hardships was restored to his native land. His claim upon the justice of his country has already been acknowledged by the other house; and he is only waiting the decision of this body for the consummation of his hopes. At this late hour of his life, at the age of 80, every day is to him a period of importance. I beg leave therefore that the Senate may waive, for a few moments, the consideration of other business.' The effect of this brief appeal was electric; almost every member responded or manifested an amen; and the bill in behalf of the old soldier passed instantaneously through its several stages, without a dissenting voice. The war-broken patriot showed upon his countenance a feeling of happy gratification, 'and went his way rejoicing.'

Coming to the Point. "Madam," said an old toper, "have you any water in the house, that you can give a poor man a drink of beer, though I like cider best, and should like a little whiskey. I very seldom get no cider at all at home, my orchard is very small, consisting of only one scattering tree."

TAKEN UP, BY the subscriber living on North Packet, a small BAY HORSE, with a white spot on his right side, and about ten years old. No brands are visible. The owner is requested to come forward, prove his property, pay charges and take it away. ASPACIO EARLE. Rutherford, May 2, 1830.

State of North Carolina, Rutherford County. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions—April Term, 1830. Sarah M'Kinley, alias Sarah Worke vs. John W. Means Adm'r and William C. Means and others, heirs of Jane Worke, deceased. Return of a Justice's execution, levied on lands.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that John Cathey and his wife Hannah C., and William Cathey and his wife Susan, heirs of Jane Worke, deceased, and defendants in this case, are not inhabitants of this State: Ordered therefore, by the Court, that publication be made six weeks successively, in the North Carolina Spectator and Western Advertiser, that the said Defendants appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for said County, on the second Monday of July next, then and there to plead or demur, or judgment will be entered up against them by default, and their interests in the lands so levied on, ordered to be sold in satisfaction of plaintiff's demand. Copy. Teste, ISAAC CRATON, C. C. May 7, 1830. Pr. adv. \$3.50. 12 6v

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NEW YORK AMULET, And Ladies Literary and Religious Chronicle. THE primary object of this work will be to pourtray the deleterious consequences of vice in the most vivid colors—to exhibit the beauties and rewards of virtue in all their captivating loveliness—to awaken the better feelings of human nature—to cultivate the social and domestic affections—to lead the mind through the most delightful avenues to the bowers of happiness and peace. &c. &c. To accomplish these designs, we shall call to our aid all the eloquence of truth clothed in the most fascinating forms—such as moral essays—simple or pathetic tales, varying from "grave to gay, from lively to serene"—poetical sketches—didactic articles in verse—and sometime to enliven our pages, a tale of fancy—a humorous story—an allegory—a ballad—or a song, will receive an insertion. In each and in all, the great end aim will be to convey useful instruction, through a pleasing medium, to the heart.

The entire services of a distinguished literary gentleman, late from London, formerly Editor of the London Literary Magnet, contributor to the New Monthly Magazine, Literary Gazette, &c. are engaged for the New York Amulet. Another gentleman, formerly of London, who is favorably known in literary circles, has kindly promised to become a regular contributor to our columns. These considerations, added to the fact of our having enlisted in our favor, some of the most talented writers in this country, are my recommendation to the favor of a generous public, our claims will, we trust, receive attention. The NEW YORK AMULET will be published semi-monthly, in the city of New York, at the unusually low price of one dollar per annum. Those who forward five dollars shall receive six copies—and those who remit twenty dollars shall receive twenty-five copies—reducing the price to EIGHTY CENTS per volume, only.

From among the many highly respectable journals which have been kind enough to speak of the Amulet, we extract the following commendatory observations—to which might be added numerous others, equally favorable, had we room. Stimulated by such flattering encouragement, nothing shall be wanting on our part, to render the work worthy the approbation which has been so liberally bestowed upon it. "We are highly pleased with the manner in which the work is got up, and take much pleasure in recommending it to the attention of the public." [Wellsburg Gazette.] "Judging from the masterly manner in which it is edited, and the excellent moral selections it contains, we think it promises to be a useful and interesting work." [Somerset Whig.] "We particularly recommend this periodical to the patronage of the ladies." [Jerseyman.] "We have seen no publication for a long time, with which we have been better pleased." [Northern Spectator.] "It is conducted with spirit, and written in an elevated style, calculated to attract the learned, and to instruct the humble scholar. The unusually low price at which it is published, places it within the reach of every family; and it is just such a work as the Christian parent would be instructed by reading himself, and would willingly place in the hands of his offspring." "This paper is beautifully printed, and an excellent work of the kind." [N. C. Gazette.] "For neatness of execution, purity of taste, and elevation of sentiment, it bids fair to sustain a high rank among the many periodicals of the day." [N. B. Times.] "In our opinion, the work is not surpassed in style, matter, or appearance, by any of its kind published in the United States." [West Jersey Observer.] "We would recommend it to the patronage of the ladies in preference to any literary periodicals we have late perused." [Danville Intelligencer.] "If we may be allowed to judge of the usefulness of the work by the specimen before us, we know of no work which promises to be of greater benefit to society. The editorial in the first number evidences deep thought, and the selections are excellent. In mechanical appearance, it will vie with any periodical of the present day." [Piquet Gazette.]

Subscriptions for the above publication will be received at this Office, where the work can be examined.