

POETRY.

[For the Spectator and Advertiser.] Mr. Editor: Should you regard the following parody of Hamlet's Soliloquy worthy of notice, you can give it an insertion.

To smoke—or not to smoke—that is the question, Whether 'tis better to abjure the habit, And trust the warnings of a scribbling doctor, Or buy at once a box of best Havana And ten a day consume them— Nay, more, to waste the tender fabric of the lungs, And risk consumption, and the thousand ills The practice leads to—'tis a consummation Discreetly to be shunned. To smoke—to puff— To puff—perchance to doze—aye, there's the rub, For in that dozing state we thirsty grow; And, having burnt the tube up to the stump We must, have drink—and that's one cause We modern youth, are destined to short life. For who can bear to feel his mouth parched up, His throat like whalebone, and his chest exhausted, His head turn giddy, and his nerves astray, When he himself might drench these ills away With wine or brandy? Who would live in smoke, And pine and sicken with a secret poison, But the dread of breaking o'er a rule Prescribed by fashion, (whose controlling will None disobey) puzzles ambitious youth, And makes us rather bear the ills we feel, And others, which the doctor warns us of? Thus custom doth make spectres of us all, And thus the native hue of our complexion Is sicklied o'er with pale consumptive cast. The appetite (a loss of greater moment) Falled by the weed, and the digestive powers Lose all their action.

[Extract from Pollok's Course of Time.]

SEDUCTION.

Take one example, one of female wo. Loved by a father and a mother's lover; In rural peace she lived, so fair, so bright Of heart, so good, and young, that reason, scarce, The eye could credit, but could doubt, as she Did stoop to pull the lily or the rose From morning's dew, if it really, Of flesh and blood, or holy vision, saw, In imagery of perfect womanhood. But short her bloom, her happiness was short. One saw her loveliness, and, with desire, Unhallowed, burning, to her ear addressed Dishonest words: "Her favour was his life, His heaven; her frown his wo, his night, his death. With turgid phrase, thus wove in flattery's loom, He on her womanish nature won, and bego Suspicionless, and ruined, and forsook. For he a chosen villain was at heart, And capable of deeds that durst not seek Repentance. Soon her father saw her shame, His heart grew stone, he drove her forth to want And wintry winds, and with a horrid curse Pursued her ear, forbidding all return.

Upon a hoary cliff, that watched the sea, Her babe was found—dead. On its little cheek, The tear that nature bade it weep, had turned An ice-drop, sparkling in the morning beam; And to the turf its helpless hands were frozen. For she, the woful mother, had gone mad, And laid it down, regardless of its fate And of her own. Yet had she many days Of sorrow in the world, but never wept. She lived on alms, and carried in her hand Some withered stalks she gathered in the spring. When any asked the cause, she smiled and said, They were her sisters, and would come, and watch Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke Of her deceiver, father, mother, home, Or child, or heaven, or hell, or God, but still In lonely places walked, and ever gazed Upon the withered stalks, and talked to them; Till, waded to the shadow of her youth, With wo too wide to see beyond, she died— Not unatoned for by imputed blood, Nor by the Spirit, that mysterious works, Unsansctified. Aloud, her father cursed, That day, his guilty pride, which would not own A daughter, whom the God of heaven and earth Was not ashamed to call his own; and he, Who ruined her, read from her holy book, That pierced him with perdition manifold, His sentence, burning with vindictive fire.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"O call my brother back to me, I cannot play alone; The summer comes with flower and bee— Where is my brother gone? The butterfly is glancing bright Across the sunbeam's track; I care not now to chase its flight— O call my brother back! The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd Around our garden tree; Our vine is drooping with its load— O call him back to me!" "He would not hear my voice, fair child! He will not come to thee: The face that once like spring time, smil'd, On earth no more thou'lt see. A rose's brief, bright life of joy, Such unto him was given;— Go, thou must play alone, my boy! Thy brother's in heaven." And has he left his birds and flowers? And must I call in vain? And through the long summer hours, Will he not come again? And by the brook, and in the glade, Are all our wanderings o'er?— Oh! while my brother with me played, Would I had loved him more!"

MISCELLANY.

[From the Sullivan, (N. H.) Mercury.] THE DEATH SHIP.

At a time when a malignant fever was raging in the city of— Vincent Creighton, embarked for England with his wife and child, having sacrificed his property in the hope of preserving what was dearer to him than the wealth of a world. He engaged his passage on board a noble ship, which, from the representations of the Captain, and the character she sustained among the merchants, he judged to be the most free from any thing like infection. But, alas! who shall tell where omnipotent and invisible death is? Who can escape the Destroyer, who walks in the sunshine of noon-day, and rides upon the storm winds of midnight—who makes pale the glow of health, and stiffens the sallow features of disease—who lays his icy palm on the heart of manhood, or stops the hair-current of life in the veins of old age?— Death Death! is every where—and it is wiser to study to meet him calmly, than to avoid him cunningly.

It was a brilliant morning when the haughty ship spread her sails to the winged wind, and bouned out of the harbor like an animated thing. The clouds lay like folded darkness along the horizon—the waves struggled and frolicked in the warmth of the rising sun—it seemed as if the spirits of beauty and of grandeur were contending for the rule of the elements—wafted onward by favorable breezes, and glad, at their escape from the ill-fated city, the first few days of their voyage was gay and joyous. The crew lounged about the ship, or amused themselves in harpooning the lively dolphins as they wheeled and gambolled about the bow. The passengers contemplated with delight the sea-scenes, to them, new beauties. Vincent, as he gazed, now on his beautiful boy, frolicking at his mother's feet, now on the infinite ocean, as it undulated away with its snow-wreathed waves to lave some far-off beach, and now on the "royal sun," as he arose from his couch of golden clouds, and traced on the waters an ever-moving pathway of joyous light, felt the warm fountains of happiness unsealed within his soul. But joy is too often the hypocritical courier of misery.

One morning, as Vincent was sitting in the cabin with his little family, the Captain entered with a sad and solemn expression on his weather-beaten countenance. He was an old, experienced sailor, and his general deportment was that of a man who with a light heart and an unsoiled conscience had trod life with a merry step.— It was the contrast of his present appearance with his usual good-humored look, that attracted Vincent's attention. "How now, Captain," said he, "what has happened this morning to cloud your brow?" Has this slight foretaste of a calm, put your patience to flight? "Mr. Creighton," replied the seaman, "a calm is a sad thing to a sailor, but a sadder and heavier matter than that, has brought me here!"—"Concealment is of no use," continued he, with deep emotion, and a husky voice, "we have brought the fever with us. One man died last night, and two others are now sick." He left the cabin abruptly. Vincent gazed wildly after him—then looked at his pale and motionless wife—then at his child, who clung to his mother, and with the tear-sympathy of infancy, looked fixedly in her face—"Father of mercies! must it then be so—must this beautiful woman, this stainless innocent, die thus—die so soon?—Oh! God, Oh! God, murmured the agonized husband, as he covered his face with his hands, and bowed his head in despair. Alice was the first to recover from the shock. She whispered of hope—of the chance of escape—and of the consolation there would be in leaving the world together, if escape was impossible. Vincent was calmed by her resignation, and went on deck, to inquire into the particulars of the case.

He found no comfort—the leaded sea was motionless—the lurid sun seemed fixed in the smoky sky, and poured down sultry and suffocating heat—and the ship, with her sailless masts seemed settling down into the stagnant deep. The sailors stared at each other, with the blank despair of doomed men. An unearthly silence, unbroken, save at intervals, with the groans of death, was over all. Vincent was chilled into utter hopelessness. He turned towards the Captain,—the old man shook his head mournfully in answer to his look,—and Vincent, sick at heart, returned to the cabin.

Before night, the sick men died, and were buried in the deep grave of the seaman. No prayer was uttered—not a word was spoken, Vincent watched the slowly sinking bodies with a fearful interest, as if his own frame sympathized with the lifeless clay. But nothing could banish them from the mind of the wretched husband.— He dreamed of them day and night. He saw them lying on the bottom of the sea, with the monsters of the deep banqueting upon them—then the features would change, and he saw there his wife and child, instead of the two sailors. Clarence's dreams became a reality to him. Before morning, all the crew were laid low. Groans and sighs came from every part of the ship. Still the fever touched

not Alice nor her boy. It seemed as if their innocence and beauty made even death pause. Vincent mechanically followed the Captain about the ship, administering medicine, or aided him in consigning the bodies of the dead to their ocean grave. Day after day passed,—and day after day some of the sailors died.— Meantime the calm continued—the elements seemed watching the doomed vessel—the waves were yet quiet, as though the command, "Peace, be still," had but just gone forth. The ship still stuck in the water—the air grew closer and closer—the rays of the sun hotter and hotter—not a breath moved the smallest cord in the vessel.

Thus desolation spread—thus merciless death stole into every heart, except those of the passengers and the Captain, and put out life. But the absence of disease was to them no pledge of the absence of danger. The ship was powerless amid the elements, and should their sullen apathy break out into fierce rage, there were none to guide and manage her. If the fever spared them, the tempest would not. The wretched victims held no converse—for there were no words of comfort—not a straw for the faintest hope to rest upon, and these needed no voice to describe or warn them of their danger. The child knew no fear—but he felt the woe of his parents—he caught by sympathy the stillness of despair. And Vincent sometimes thought the joyless look—the silence of the laughing voice—the vacancy of the bright eye of his beautiful boy, the most saddening of the terrible things around them.

The doubt was to which evil was to destroy them, continued but a short time. A few days moved by—with the slow step that misery gives to time, when Alice and her boy were stretched together on a couch, sick and dying. The old Captain had laid them on the quarter deck, with a faint hope that even the hot, close air might benefit them. But it was vain. The irrevocable decree had gone forth. The seal of death was set upon the brow of beauty—the dancing blood of childhood was curdling. Love and sympathy, could only endeavor to make the blow fall as lightly as possible. And there they lay—the beautiful woman, with the fever-flush on her cheek, and wild delirium in her eye. One hand was clasped by her husband, who knelt beside her, dead to all things around, and gazing with the unblenching eye of despair, on the adored beings, whom death was about to snatch from him forever—the other arm pressed close to her heart, her boy. His blue eye quivered with star-like brightness, his deepening lip trembled with the agony of disease, and his bright locks floated like curling vine-leaves over his snowy shoulders. The old seaman sat on the tiller, and by the nervous workings of his hard features, showed that forty years buffeting of the storm, and the heat and the cold, had not quenched the feelings of humanity within him.

The deep stillness of the grave was over all things—the whole universe seemed pausing—presently Alice murmured in her delirium—"see, Vincent, see!—angels are dropping from heaven with sun-lit wings!—Oh! how beautiful!—where is my boy! come, Vincent—they beckon us up to them! come, dearest!" She pressed the child yet closer—he struggled a little—drew his arms around her neck, and laid his cheek on hers. Their spirits paused a moment on their lips in a bright and heavenly smile—and then floated upward together.

It was evening—the spell of the calm was broken. The old Captain was watching the sky with a seaman's look—and then casting his eyes mournfully on the naked spars and masts. Vincent was reclining, almost without life or feeling, on the couch which so lately held his wife and child. Black masses were toiling with gloomy slowness up the deep sky—and as the sun sank behind them, they seemed to damp up floods of light which strove to break over them in fiery cataracts. At last day was gone. A few frightened stars stole out, but were driven back by the dense clouds which spread like the pall of the universe, over the heavens.—The thunder crashed—the lightning blazed, as if it were the light of exploding suns—the wind sighed through the shrouds—and lifted with its damp breath, the locks on the head of the unconscious Vincent.

The storm grew fiercer and fiercer—the waves howled and dashed by the ship, like doomed spirits on their endless path—the hip bounded and shuddered amid their tremendous conflict. The Captain wrapped his sea-cloak around him, secured himself and awaited the event. Just after gust rushed onwards—the tall masts quivered like shaken reeds. Presently—there came a flash of lightning, accompanied by a thunder peal that seemed to rend the heavens—and Vincent was a black, distorted corpse. The storm blast rushed again over the ship—and all went by the board.—The hull was driven onwards and onwards—it plunged and leaped on the bosom of the ocean, at the mercy of the fierce element.

Morning came. The storm was abated. The Captain descried a vessel, which had weathered the gale, and made signals

of distress. They are seen—he is taken from the wreck. The vessel is scuttled—and the Death-Ship goes slowly down to the bottom of the ocean.

Dinner given to Mr. Poinsett at Baltimore. Before the announcement of the fourth toast, Mr. Meridith rose and said—

I beg leave, gentlemen, to preface by a single word, the next toast, which I shall have the honor of offering to you.

It has ever been the lot of great and virtuous men to be the chosen marks of malice and detraction.—None have ever been able to advance themselves "above pale envy's threatening reach." To the many memorable instances of this humiliating truth, we have now another before us, in him whom we have this day met to honor;—in him whom we are all proud to claim, as our countryman, and our friend. The wise, the fearless and incorrupt Minister—the ripe and accomplished Scholar,—the amiable and high-minded Gentleman,—even he has been assailed abroad by the intriguing and malevolent, and the cry of disappointed malice, has been faintly echoed at home. But the Nation have already vindicated his fame,—the Nation will reward his merit. For himself, and for his own consolation, although "Traded by ignorant tongues, which neither know His faculties nor person, yet will be The chronicles of his doing,—let him think, 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake That virtue must go through."

You will join me, gentlemen, I am sure you will all sincerely and heartily join me, in the toast which I now propose—

Our Guest—who so ably represented his country, and so intrepidly vindicated her character and dignity in the midst of prejudice and personal peril.

The sentiment was received with acclamation, and drew forth the following reply from Mr. Poinsett:—

FELLOW-CITIZENS: To follow the example of my friend, and borrow the language of the poet and great master of human nature, I will say to you that

"The purest treasure mortal times afford, Is spotless reputation." and however true it may be that mine has been assailed only by the ignorant & malevolent, the testimony of your approbation which has just been expressed with so much eloquence, is to me, under the peculiar circumstances in which I have been placed, a high and enduring gratification. It is peculiarly grateful to my feelings to receive this flattering mark of distinction from the citizens of Baltimore, both because from their extensive commercial relations with Mexico they must be well acquainted with what has passed there, and because from my early youth I have felt a strong interest in this city. It was from Baltimore I embarked to cross the Atlantic, and to travel for the first time in Europe, and I have since returned to its hospitable walls and witnessed its rising prosperity with renewed and increasing pleasure. On my return from Mexico, this was the first of our great Atlantic cities that I reached, and it needed not the aid of contrast for me to be struck with its prosperous and flourishing condition.

Go where he may, an American, who has a heart to feel, will always return with pride and delight to his own glorious and happy country. Glorious by the achievement of her Independence, by her brilliant naval victories, and by the valour and conduct displayed in repelling a foreign foe, in which Baltimore bore so conspicuous and so honorable a part. Happy in her admirable republican institutions, and in the superior moral character of her people—to which we owe all our prosperity and greatness. I never was more forcibly impressed with the truth of this than on returning from my late mission. I left the blue sky and glowing clime of Mexico, its fertile and abundant soil, its rich mines, its magnificent cities, swarming with priests and soldiers in religious procession of military parade; its splendid edifices inhabited by an amiable people, possessing great natural abilities; but where a long reign of superstition and despotism, still felt in its baneful consequences, had paralyzed all these advantages, and reduced the great mass of the people to inactivity and wretchedness. I arrived in my own country, ascended the mighty waters of the Mississippi and Ohio, breaking thro' the ice in our passage, and traversed mountains covered with snow, and found every where nature subdued by the efforts of a free, hardy and virtuous population, which in a few short years had converted an uncultivated desert into a smiling garden.— It is true I saw no palaces on my route, but neither did I see any where the abodes of poverty or wretchedness. I saw nothing of the pomp of war, but around me were a people excelling in the use of arms, and ready to wield them at their country's call to defend her rights or vindicate her honor. I met no splendid pageants of christian worship, but abundant proofs of sincere piety and unaffected attachment to our holy religion. In short, every thing on my passage proclaimed the dominion of wise and wholesome laws, and the happy influence of republican institutions, wearing the aspect of rapid improvement and wide spread happiness.

Now that our neighbors are independent, and their country open to the light of the nineteenth century, I will venture to hope, that their improvement will be equally rapid with our own; that they will cling to their federal republican constitution, that they will shake off the habits acquired under a despotic government, and cheerfully obey the laws they themselves have framed; and imitating our example become a free, tranquil and happy people.

I thank you very sincerely, gentlemen, for the very favorable opinion you have expressed of my conduct under circumstances of new and unexampled difficulty, as well as for the very distinguished honor you have this day conferred upon me; and beg leave, in the toast I am about to give, to express a hope, which if realized, must lead this city to high destinies: May the prosperity of Baltimore be commensurate with her industry and enterprise.

Washing the Head. Daily washing the head with cold water is an excellent remedy against periodical head aches. In coryzas, or defluxions of the humors from the head, and in weak eyes, the shaving of the head often affords immediate relief, while, at the same time, it opens the pores and promotes perspiration. It is altogether a mistake idea, that there is a danger of catching cold from the practice of washing the head, or leaving it exposed to the free air after having been washed. The more frequently the surface is cleansed of scorpotic and scaly impurities, the more easy and comfortable we feel.

A German innkeeper in Pennsylvania, not in any danger of being hung for his wit, became a zealous member of an anti-dram-drinking society. To wean off from the bar was rather a hard task, and he began to complain of a weak stomach. What was to be done? His stomach grew worse daily; and the good wife after a solemn consultation, determined to call in the doctor.

That grave personage arrived—felt his pulse—threw a knowing look at the ceiling—and in a low whisper, ordered him an ounce of brandy per diem. When the doctor had made his exit, in came Christopher, the eldest son. "Christoffie! Christoffie!" cried the old anti, "go down stairs agin un bring up to Sistant, and look among de tables how much makes an ounce of prandy."—Christopher complied, and read aloud from the book, "eight drachms make one ounce." "Stop dare, Christoffie, stop dare, I say—tat is tector for me—he understand my case he gives me eight drams a day, un I never took more as six afore, put I always wanted, eight—so bring me on—te society don't prevent us from takin medicine."

A wag observing a fellow steal a fish, and put it under his jacket, which was too short to conceal the theft, whispered to the purloiner, in future, either to wear a longer jacket or steal a shorter fish.

As an honest seaman who had just come into port, was taking a stroll into the country he saw a bull dashing furiously along the road directly towards him, according to the custom of the animal when in full speed. "Bull ahoy!" roared Jack, making a speaking trumpet of his hands, "epoe off your pankeen sheet there, you lubberly son of a cow, or you'll be afoul of me."—The bull paid no attention to the warning of the sailor, and the next moment Jack was rolling in the dirt. "There, d—n your eyes! said the enraged tar, I told you, you would run afoul of me!"

Advertising for a Clergyman. The Little Falls, N. Y. Friend contains a notice, in which the Members of a Reformed Dutch Church, in that vicinity, express a wish to obtain a Minister, "one who will regard the flock more than the fleece."

DR. W. F. THOMAS, RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Burke County and the public, that he has established himself at Maj. J. E. PARSON'S (Harrisburg) on the road leading from Morganton to Rutherfordton, where he may at all times be found unless professionally absent, ready to attend to who may desire his assistance in the different branches of his profession, viz: Surgery, Obstetrics and the Practice of Medicine. He hopes from his unremitting attention to business to receive a share of public patronage. Harrisburg, (Burke Co.) May 11, 1830