

POETRY.

[From the Nantucket Inquirer.]
THE BOTHERED PRINTER TO HIS TRADE.

A PARODY.

Composer of printing fame,
Quit! Oh, quit thy wooden frame!
Working, starving, dunning, hunting,
On the gain, the loss of printing!
Cease, fond printer, cease thy trade,
And shun the laws for printers made!
Hark! they sentence—Judges say,
“Libel printer, go away!”
What is this embitters life?
Starves my children, grieves my wife?
Sends me off to other scenes—
Tell me, my trade, what all this means?
Profit recedes; it disappears—
Forfeits invade my purse—my ears
With bonds and dungeon ring—
Lend, lend your wheels, I mount, I fly!
O Judge! where is thy victory!
O Law! where is thy sting!

— The Heart's Motto—“Forget me not.”

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Appealing language! unto me
How much thy words impart!
They seem as if designed to be
The Motto of the Heart:
Whose fondest feelings, still the same,
Whate'er his earthly lot,
Prefer alike this touching claim,
And say—“Forget me not!”

The soldier, who for glory dies,
However bright may seem
The fame he wins in other's eyes,
Would own that fame a dream,
Did he not hope a better part
Would keep him unforget,
The chosen motto of his heart
Is still—“Forget me not!”

The sailor, lost on stormy seas,
Though far his bark may roam,
Still hears voice in every breeze,
That wakens thoughts of home.
He thinks upon his distant friends,
His wife, his humble cot;
And from his inmost heart ascends
The prayer—“Forget me not!”

The sculptor, painter, while they trace
On canvas, or in stone,
Another's figure, form, or face,
Our motto's spirit own;
Each thus would like to leave behind
His semblance—and for what?
But that the thought which fills the mind
Is this—“Forget me not!”

The poet too, who, borne along
In thought to distant time,
Pours forth his inmost soul in song,
Holds fast this hope sublime!
He would a glorious name bequeath,
Oblivion shall not blot,
And round that name his thoughts enwreath
The words—“Forget me not!”

Our motto, is, in truth, the voice
Of nature in the heart:

For whom mortal life, by choice,
Forgotten would depart?

Nor is the wish by grace abhor'd,
Or counted as a spot:

Even the language of the Lord
Is still—“Forget me not!”

Within the heart his spirit speaks
The words of truth divine,
And by its heavenly teaching seeks
To make that heart his shrine.

This is the “still small voice,” which all
In city or in grot,

May hear and live—its gentle call

Is—“Man, forget me not!”

The Edinburgh Review for November, 1820, contains the following remarks upon the poetical works of Bernard Barton.

“Though (say the Reviewers) there is much that is pleasing in this little volume, the thing that has pleased us most about it, is to learn, that it is the work of a Quaker;—and that, not merely because a Quaker Poet is a natural curiosity, but because it is gratifying to find that the most tolerant and philanthropic and blameless of all our sectaries, are beginning to recommend themselves by the graces of elegant literature; and to think it lawful to be distinguished for their successful cultivation of letters, as well as of science. The interdiction of all light and frivolous amusements, and of all those pastimes, which merely dissipate the mind, and distract the affections, ought never to have been construed as extending to that pursuit which not only implies the most vigorous exercise of the intellectual faculties, but may be truly defined to be the art of recommending moral truth, and making virtue attractive. Poetry has been commonly supposed, indeed, to aim more at the gratification than the instruction of its votaries, and to have for its end rather delight than improvement: but it has not, we think, been sufficiently considered, that its power of delighting is founded chiefly on its moral energies, and that the highest interest it excites has always rested on the representation of noble sentiments and amiable affections, or on deterring pictures of the agonies arising from ungoverned passions. The gifts of imagination may, no doubt, be abused and misapplied, like other gifts; but their legitimate application is not, for this, less laudable or blameless;—and much of the finest poetry in our language may, unquestionably, be read by the most religious moralist, not only with safety, but advantage.

“To a Quaker poet, it is perhaps true that the principles or prejudices of his sect would oppose some restraints, from which other adventurers are free; and that the whole range of Parnassus could not be considered as quite open to his excursions—

some of its loftiest as well as some of its gayest recesses being interdicted to his muse. The sober-mindedness which it is the great distinction and aim of the society to inculcate and maintain, will scarcely permit him to deal very freely with the stronger passions; and the mere play of lively and sportive imagination, the whole department of witty and comic invention, would, we suspect, be looked upon as equally heterodox and suspicious. They have no reason, however, to complain of what remains at their disposal;—all the solemnity, warmth, and sublimity of devotion—all the weight and sanctity of moral precept—all that is tender in sorrow—all that is gentle in affection—all that is elegant and touching in description, is as open to them as to poets of any other persuasion; and may certainly afford scope for the most varied as well as the most exalted song. When employed upon such themes, and consecrated to such objects, it is impossible, we should think, for the most austere sectary to consider poetry as a vain or unprofitable occupation, or to deem amiss of an attempt to recommend the purest sentiments, and enforce the noblest practice, by all the beauty of diction, and all the attractions of style. The society was, for a good while, confined to the lower classes; and when it first became numerous and respectable, the revolting corruptions of poetry which took place after the Restoration, afforded but too good an apology for the prejudices which were conceived against it; and as the Quakers are peculiarly tenacious of all the maxims that have been handed down from the patriarchal times of their institution, it is easy to understand how this prejudice should have outlived the cause that produced it. It should not, however, be forgotten, that Wm. Penn amused himself with verses, and that Elwood, the Quaker, is remembered as the friend and admirer of Milton, and the man to whose suggestion the world is indebted for the *Paradise Regained*. In later times, we only remember Mr. Scott, of Aimwell, as a poetical writer of the Society.”

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

A brief view of Dr. SPRING's sermon on Education, preached recently before the Orphan Asylum in New York.

Our first general inquiry is, what are those particulars in the education of children to which the mind of parents should be especially directed. 1st. Habits of subordination should be formed, (the mischiefs of the alternative and benefits that might be expected from this measure were clearly displayed.) 2d. Habits of industry.—It is fashionable to bring up our daughters in splendid uselessness—one fruitful source of misery is the consciousness felt by persons so educated of being without value as members of society. Industry is a great prevention of temptations. 3d. The choice of companions for them so far as it may be controlled.—To 16 or 18 years of age, children should be kept at home, and find their companions there under the mother's eye—especially this is true in large cities—this period is the most dangerous in the life of the child in reference to the formation of his character, I decry the practice of those who ridicule the home sickness of youth—this feeling arises from some of the most amiable and valuable traits in their character. If we cannot command piety we should require principles of honor too high to admit of association with low company. 4th. The rank this world should hold in their esteem—we are apt to make the world appear of too much importance. When we seek for them too eagerly worldly prosperity, we seek their ruin. 5th. But the grand object in the education of children, is their religious instruction.—“Seek first the kingdom of God.” To the religious character of children, every thing should be subordinate. Here is the sin of neglect in attention to the instruction of children found. We cannot expect them to be pious without anxious and persevering efforts—means must be employed for this as for any proposed object.

II. What are the measures to be adopted for the attainment of the end.—1st. The most important is example.—This is the measure that operates soonest and most effectually, especially when it is the example of a parent—subordination and industry are thus best enforced. The son generally follows the father, and the daughter the mother. The influence of evil example is proverbial. Success in the education of children is in vain expected without influence of example. 2d. Frequent and well digested instruction, particularly religious instruction, by the Bible, hymns, catechisms, religious conversation on suitable occasions—but not to surfeit or to be too short and unfrequent. It must also be affectionate.—3d. Much advantage will be found in gaining the confidence of children. We should show them we are their best friends. They should be familiarized to our society. We should not be severe,

but unyielding and regular in our government—never capricious—caprice will spoil any child. (The question of the propriety of corporeal punishment in the government of children was here taken up, and the speaker expressed himself as decidedly in favor of it on suitable occasions. He adduced the authority of Solomon and Dr. Johnson.) We should never express regret afterwards. The kisses and caresses sometimes lavished as a sort of atonement are of ruinous effect. There should be a unity in the views of the parents in instruction and government. Much may be effected by prayer—special occasions should be set apart for prayer in behalf of our children.

III. Motives to faithfulness in this duty. 1st. The intrinsic importance of the child; Moses, Solomon, and Paul, Newton, Locke, and Bacon, were children. Children are made little lower than the angels. This point is to be considered in relation to both worlds.—The relation which children sustain to parents is a strong motive. They are entrusted to them by the Deity, and to parental guidance in all their interests.—Parents not feeling this relation, are justly compared to the ostrich of the desert. 3d. Children in proportion to their religious education, become valuable to society in church and state. Our sons are soon to be rulers of our most important concerns. Our daughters the mothers who shall form the characters of succeeding youth. The next generation takes its impress from the present. Who can estimate the consequences of neglecting the religious education of our children. 4th. The peculiar encouragement contained in the promise of God “The generation of the upright shall be blessed.” If it be said, the children of pious parents are as bad as others—let the fault lie in the right place. But it is not true. “Christian families are as much the nursery of the church on earth, as she is of that in Heaven.” Let parents consider which of their children they are willing to lose before they determine to neglect their religious instruction.—*Rel. Ch.*

(From the *Trenton Emporium*.)

IT'S ALL MOONSHINE.

When I was a boy, and lived with my grandmother at Willow grove, I remember once walking out with her among the trees that sheltered our green from the summer sun one moonlight evening. We had not gone far, before the old lady perceived something on the ground that appeared like a white handkerchief, and as she stooped, intent on picking it up, I perceived that it was but the light of the moon shining through an opening in the branches above us, and called out “La, grandma, it's all moonshine!” “It is but moonshine, truly,” said she, rubbing her fingers in evident disappointment; “but, Oliver, many people grasp at moonshine.”

I laughed at my good grandmother then, but I have since often witnessed the truth of her remark.

When I see a young man pursuing a gay butterfly of a girl, because she is beautiful, though she possesses none of the qualifications necessary to make a good housekeeper, or a good mother; it brings to my mind the old story, depend upon it he is grasping a phantom; it's all moonshine.

When I see pleasure hunters, and those who are seeking after happiness, plunge into dissipation, or seek gay and giddy company, or drink deep of the cup of sensual enjoyment, I feel for them; I know the disappointment that awaits them; these are not the pearls of price, that bring with them peace and contentment; they are worthless, they are nothing but moonshine.

When I see a gambler for ever at the billiard table, with eager hopes of making money thereby, and carrying with him the means by which alone his family can be supported, to squander it there, I think with a sigh, how sadly that poor man mistakes the path of wisdom, and labors after that which is all moonshine.

He is grasping at moonshine, who strives to raise his consequence in the world by a suit of fine clothes, or an unpaid sideboard, and so is he who is aiming to build a foundation upon which to elevate himself in the estimation of the world, of a few thousand of paltry dollars, for as Burns says,

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that,
and none can ever become truly great but those whom nature has fitted to be so.

These are plain, palpable cases; I have sometimes thought men were grasping at moonshine who attempted to live by literature, or make money by printing newspapers, or dreamed of collecting their debts, or of receiving legacies in these times; yet as these may be doubtful, I will not persist in them.

O. OAKWOOD.

There is always something great in that man against whom the world exclaims, at whom every one throws a stone, and on whose character all attempt to fix a thousand and crimes without being able to prove one.

The Integrity of a Christian and the Gravity of an Infidel.—Complain, a French merchant, having embarked in Egypt, in the prosecution of his business, had the misfortune to be captured by a pirate at Tripoli, and sold to a rich individual. Though treated with great gentleness, the prospect of hopeless separation from his family and relatives plunged him into melancholy. His master having in vain endeavoured to comfort him, at length allowed him to revisit his native country, and settle his affairs, on a promise that he would return within a limited period. Complain passed a few months in the bosom of his family, and, like another Regulus, fulfilled his engagement with the generous barbarian. On his arrival at Tripoli, he found the latter overwhelmed with grief on account of the dangerous illness of a beloved wife. “Christian,” said he, “you return most opportunely: you see my suffering. Pray to God that he would take pity on my wife and myself;—for the prayers of the righteous avail much.” Complain instantly fell on his knees, blending his supplications with those of the Moslem; and the fair patient was soon restored to health. Her grateful husband would no longer have an unhappy person in his presence.—“Cease,” said he, “to lament your fate. Gladly would I retain you under my roof, pass my days in your society, and give you my daughter in marriage; but the law of the prophet forbids the union. Accept, then, the only worthy present that I can give, nor thank me till I have merited your gratitude. Receive your freedom,—and take your passage in the vessel which I have loaded. The cargo is your own; for I would not restore you empty handed to your friends. Go in peace; and may Heaven protect and bless you!”

What is wedded happiness made of? mutual forbearance, tenderness and respect.

Is it dear? It cannot be dear at any price.

Will it break? When it is broken by death, it is rejoined in heaven.

What is beauty? A key to the heart of the beholder, the apology for many follies and the inducement to many more.

Can I buy it? Not the thing itself, but you may the person who has it.

What are romances made of? Stories of people who never lived, chronicles of things never known, and relations of words never spoken.

What are they good for? To soften the heart, amuse the fancy, and refine the taste.

Virtue dwells not on the tongue, but fixes its abode in the heart.

When I meet a professor of religion dressed like a dandy of the first water—“Thinks I to myself,” that person is in love with “the world, the flesh, and the devil.”

There is none so bad to do the twentieth part of the evil he might, nor any so good as to do the tenth part of the good it is in his power to do. Judge of yourself by the good you might do and neglect, and of others by the evil they might do and omit. Your judgment will then be poised between too much indulgence for yourself and too much severity on others.

If you never judge another till you have calmly observed him, till you have heard him, heard him out, put him to the test, and compared him with yourself & others, you will never judge unjustly.

Keep him at least three paces distant who hates bread, music, and the laugh of a child.

Could you hear in what manner one speaks to the poor and despised, when he thinks himself unobserved, you might form a judgment of his character.

Avoid, as a serpent, him who writes impertinently, yet speaks politely.

He who sees, produces, honors, what is respectable in the despised, and what is excellent in misrepresented characters; he who prefers a cluster of jewels, with one unique and many trifling stones, to one composed of all good but not one unique; he who in a book feels forcibly its genius, it's unattainable part, is formed by nature to be man and a friend.

Of children. Let them not eat too much. Let them not eat raw, cold, fat or greasy things. Do not suffer them to speak much. Do not let them be idle.

A Clergyman being possessed of a negro woman to whom a man of her own complexion paid his addresses;—her master having some objection to the poor suitor, the latter took the liberty to ask him a question, which was “Massa know wat de lebent commandment be?” The parson could not tell. “Well” said the negro, “me will tell a you wat it be—de lebent commandment is, *Bes every one mine he own business.*”

We have heard of the fall of Cromwell, and the fall of Woolsey, but one of the pleasantest tumbles on record was that of Mr. JOHN FELL, who when he moved from one part of the metropolis to another, wrote over his door—*I FELL FROM HOLEBORN HILL.*—*London paper.*