

MISCELLA. V.

Whate'er the mead or flowery field,
The grove, or garden yield,
Of useful, fragrant, choice, and rare,
We still select."

From the Hudson Whig.

TIME.

I saw him basting on his way,
And mark'd his lightening flight,
Where'er he mov'd, there stern decay
Spread its destructive light.
Rapid the gloomy phantom fled,
Envelop'd in the storm.
His eyes shone out in sullen pride,
And fearful was his form.

I saw him grasp the Warrior's wreath,
Won in the gory fray—
The laurel withering sunk in death,
Its beauty fled away,
That wreath was stain'd with bloody dew,
Unhallow'd was its bloom—
It met the phantom's chilling view,
And bow'd beneath its gloom.

I saw him pass by Beauty's bower,
And listen to her lay.
Around the spot was many a flower
Blooming in summer day;
With icy heat the spectre came;
Her lovely form compress'd;
She met his lurid eye of flame—
The tombstone tells the rest.

On youth's warm brow his hand he prest
'Twas cold as mouldering clay—
He laid his hand on manhood's breast,
The life pulse ceased to play,
His soul over Nature passed,
And low she drooped her head—
Her blossom withered in the blast,
And all her verdure fled.

THE DRUNKARDS MIRROR.

THE JUG OF RUM.

Within these earthen walls confined,
The ruin lurks of human kind.
More mischiefs here unite dwell,
And more diseases haunt this cell,
Than ever plagued the Egyptian flocks,
Or ever cursed Pandora's box.

Within these prison walls repose,
The seeds of many a bloody nose,
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath,
The fist for fighting, nothing loth,
The passions quick, no words can tame,
That bursts like sulphur into flame,
The nose, with diamonds glowing reds,
The blotted eye, the broken head,
Forever fastened by this door—
Confined within a thousand more
Destructive fiends, of hateful shape,
Even now are plotting an escape.
Here only by a cork controlled,
And slender walls of earthen mould,
In all their pomp of death reside,
REVENGE, that never was satisfied,
The tree that bears that deadly fruit,
Of murder, maiming and dispute,
ASSAULT, that innocence assails,
The images of gloomy JAILS.
The giddy thought on MISCHIEF bent,
The midnight hour in FOLLY spent;
All these within this jug appear,
And JACK the HANGMAN in the rear!

Thrice happy he, who, early taught
By nature, 'er this poison sought,
Through friendly to his own repose,
Trods under foot this worst of foes,
He with the purling stream content,
The beverage quaffs that nature meant;
In reason's aid his actions weighed,
His spirits want no foreign aid.
Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low,
Placid his easy minutes flow.
Long life is his, in vigor passed,
Existence, welcome to the last,
A spring that never yet grew stale—
Such virtue lies in Adams ale.

THE MORALESS.

[From the Saturday Evening Post.]

THE PILGRIMAGE OF MAN.

Youth is the season when every thing is gay and bright before him, when pleasures and joys shed their inspiring influence—hopes and feelings are sanguine and enthusiastic, and the imagination is deceived by its own fair gilding. Every thing appears unclouded and blooming before him. But the real joys of his condition are slighted for the gay anticipations of a fickle nature, he neglects to prize what he already possesses pure and unalloyed, for the pursuit of that which dazzles at a distance through the beams of false glory. The path is mossy, the sky unruffled, but he skips along unconscious of the softness of the one or the mildness of the other.—Fame sounds her treacherous notes to bear him onward, and he leaves his youthful stage to breath the colder air of manhood. In that, he finds ardour and enthusiasm dissipating, objects appearing less inviting and less pleasing. He encounters difficulties, vexations, and trials; the light-heartedness of youth is departing, and he finds all its fairy visions illusive and deceiving; yet fortune, with her wild capricious hand, scatters some brilliant favors upon him, and the gay triumphs renew and renovate his nature; hope and ambition are again in motion, and revive his powers and energies; new schemes press him to action and exertion. He struggles through perplexities and dangers, and imagines he wears the armour to shield him from the blasts of misfortune and repel the attacks of violence. But years steal over him and still find him labouring, toiling, and hoping, and still dispossessed of what he fancied already within his grasp: life and all its fluctuations are crowding upon him; he hears the noise of warfare continually about him; faculties and powers are disturbed and wearied; a few of his strongest and most hardy feelings are still enduring the strife; but the affections are cut down

and destroyed, and the little endearments of youth are felt no more. Age at length gains upon him, and he finds himself in a calm serene region; but his hopes unsatisfied, his powers weakened, and his energies destroyed. Its tranquil atmosphere destroys every illusion, and teaches him to see through the dark clouds that had put on a deceiving garb; to discern the rocks and shoals in which he had been tossed, and all the gay trivial nothings which had misled him. He feels the end of all things; that joys and pleasures are but glittering shadows, fame a deceiving bauble, and the possession of human content an idle dream, and like the wearied traveller among the shadows of mountains, prepares for a journey to that land that yields less glittering, but more true and substantial blessings.

MATERIALISM.

To think a gross body may be ground and pounded into rationality, a slow body may be thumped and driven into passion, a rough body may be filed and polished into a faculty of discerning and resenting things; that a cluster of pretty, thin, round atoms, (as Democritus forsooth conceived,) that a well mixed combination of elements, (as Empedocles fancied,) that a harmonious contemplation (or crasis) of humors, (as Galen, dreaming it seems upon his drugs and his potions, would persuade us,) that an implement made up of I know not what fine springs, and wheels, and such mechanic knacks (as some of our modern wizards have been busied in divining,) should, without more to do, become the subject of so rare capacities and endowments, the author of actions so worthy, and works so wonderful; capable of wisdom and virtue; of knowledge so vast, and of desires so lofty; apt to contemplate truth, and effect good; able to collect things past and to foresee things future; to search so deep into the causes of things, and disclose so many mysteries of nature; to invent so many arts and sciences; to contrive such projects of policy, and achieve such feats of prowess: briefly, should become capable to design, undertake and perform all those admirable effects of human wit and industry, which we daily see and hear of; how can we, without great indignation and regret, entertain such suppositions? No, no; 'tis both ridiculous fondness, and monstrous baseness for us to own any parentage from, or any alliance to things so mean, so very much below us.—Barrow.

[From the Saratoga Sentinel, Oct. 12.]

SINGULAR AND INTERESTING PHENOMENON.

"The Ethiopian" has changed "his skin."

I had the peculiar gratification of seeing and examining the truly interesting subject of this notice, but a few days since, as he passed through this village, on his way, as he said, to Boston. The following is the substance of the account which he gives of himself:—His name is Tom Clinton; he was born at a place called Hobbs Hole, Essex county, in the state of Virginia. He was formerly the property of one James Edmonson, who, some years since, gave him his freedom. His parents were both from Africa—his father a Guineaman, and his mother a Mandingo. He is, as near as he can ascertain, about sixty years of age, and was always of a glossy black color, until about fifteen years since, when he discovered a white speck, "no larger than a mustard seed," at the root of the nail on the third finger of the left hand. This spot spread slowly, but steadily, over the hand, the other fingers and the arms, and at the end of 15 months the whole of the hand and arm had become perfectly white, excepting a few small patches, which, however, continued to grow lighter. At this period, several other white spots appeared on different parts of the body, thighs, legs, and on the other arm and hand; these continued to enlarge in the same gradual manner as those on the left hand; and, at the present time, more than nine-tenths of the whole surface of his body and extremities are perfectly white, and as smooth and clear as that of any white man of his years; and should the same process continue for 2 years longer, he will have no other vestige of his parentage about him but his wool, which retains its usual appearance, becoming gray with age. He has, from his infancy, enjoyed good health, has a good appetite, and his food always sits well; his evacuations are all perfectly natural and free; he sweats easy, and, what is very remarkable, his perspiration has lost all that rancid odour so peculiar to colored people. He has never had an eruption on his body, of any kind, and his skin is perfectly free from blotches, pimples or roughness, and is, in reality, as soft, smooth and clear as that of a delicate female. He is married, and is the father of twelve children, all healthy, stout negroes.

He appears to be a sober, well disposed man; is very communicative, and for a person in his sphere of life, tolerably intel-

ligent. For the last three or four years he has been travelling, with a view of profiting by the curiosity which the singularity of his case excited; but he does not appear to have been very successful. About the commencement of his travels, he exhibited himself to Dr. Mitchell, and several other distinguished naturalists of New York and Philadelphia, who all agreed in pronouncing his case one of the most singular and interesting, which the age affords. Dr. Mitchell, I believe, published a history of the case, but I do not recollect of ever having seen it. It is probable that it has not had a general circulation. There are several instances on record, of the color of negroes being partially changed, from the operation of causes which have not yet been explained; and, if I am not mistaken, two or three of those instances have occurred in the state of Virginia; but no case is related where the process has operated so generally over the whole surface of the body, as in the one above noticed. Travellers in Africa speak of "pie-bald negroes," and Winterbottom says, "it is not uncommon to see persons whose skins have undergone a change from black to white, the appearance being confined to only a small part of the body." These changes of color are sometimes imputed to a species of leprosy, peculiar to the country, and always to the effects of disease.

It is to be hoped, that the scientific gentlemen of Boston will make this case a subject of particular enquiry, should he show himself there. An occurrence so singular should certainly find a place in the distinguished journals of the day.

[From the Saturday Evening Post.]

SPIDER AND BLACK SNAKE.

We found the other day, the following remarkable account of the feats of a spider, which though it was not vouch'd for by any signature and though the hand writing was not known, we conclude to insert it. If it be true, it is certainly worth notice. A spider is the most ingenious rope-maker, the most adventurous sailor, the boldest fighter, and the most independent proprietor of his own possessions, that we ever saw or heard of.—Such mischievous industry and such venomous perseverance is hardly to be matched by any animal from a mammoth to a bedbug.

One day last week, the workman in Mr. Peck's machine factory, in Southington, discovered under one of the benches a black snake, of the white throat species, and about six inches long, suspended by the web of a spider. The spider was of the common house sort, and not uncommonly large. When first discovered, the little insect had raised his victim about half a foot from the floor, and had him hung by a single thread. The ingenuity and power of the spider were truly powerful. Passing rapidly down upon his line, he would fasten his cordage around the neck of the snake, pass back to his own nest on the under surface of the bench, then going again down, "cast a hitch" around the tail, and returning to his nest he would avail himself of the contortions of the snake, alternately hauling up his lines so as to bring his game nearer home. In this manner he continued his labor until evening, leaving the snake alive, but so completely exhausted and secured as to be safe for the night; in the morning he was dead.

Extract from an oration delivered on the 5th of July last, in Boston, by JOHN EVERETT, Esq.

The permanence of our republican institutions, in their beauty and purity, must depend greatly on a correct estimate formed by our citizens of the military character. There seems to appear, in the history of all free governments, a disposition to waste their energy on the arts of destruction, and to found an opinion of their resources and strength on the *injuries* they can inflict on others. It belongs to every American who would desire the name of republican, to reflect, that of all kinds of distinction, of all forms in which the love of fame can present itself, military glory, simply as such, apart from the cause in which it is gained, is the most worthless, calculable, and mercenary. Build well modelled ships, offer large bounties for recruits, and you may attain as much military glory as the treasury can support. So far is success in contest between regular forces a cause of national pride, that the proudest victories that have been gained in the last war in Europe have been won by chained conscripts on land, and impressed felons at sea; and Russia, whose gigantic military force is now the terror of Southern Europe, owes this supremacy to the barbarous state of its empire, which makes it easy at any time to call her Tartars from the Don and the Caspian, to plant their tents in the Elysian fields. The noblest ancient and foreign empires have been lost by the love of conquest, by the strange desire to divert their resources from the

employments which bring peace, joy, wealth to those which bestow the legacy of national dismemberment and debt. War, with its chivalric associations so unjustly connected with it, the light on glory's plume,—should be viewed by Americans, as that infliction on a principle, where success and reverse to be equally dreaded. Never may the resources of our country be forced into collision with half the world to gratify national prejudice, or dictate the arrangement of foreign governments, if like England, it be nominally for so important a cause of a twenty years' war, the opening of the Scheldt."

HOW TO CATCH AND HOW TO CURE A COLD.

After this time of the year colds are to be caught, and difficult to cure. The following will be found effectual:—After a quick walk in the evening, sit in the door to cool; the consequence will be a severe cold, attended with cough; the next day hoarseness, short breath, and much expectoration: in the evening, at 7, go to a frequented tavern, and drink three or four glasses of strong punch, or stiff rum and water; stay till eleven, walk home and go to bed; you need not get up the next day, but send for the apothecary; the following day for the physician, and the third day your friends will send for the undertaker. You will never feel the effects of an autumnal cold afterwards.

PROPOSALS,

For publishing by subscription, in the

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A monthly Periodical Paper, entitled

THE

GENIUS OF UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION

BY BENJAMIN LUNDY.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

This work has been published, upwards of ten years in the state of Tennessee. To those who have had an opportunity of examining it, nothing need be said respecting the design of the editor, or the plan upon which the paper is conducted—but for the information of others, it may be proper to state, briefly what is the object in view, and to give such explanations as may enable them to judge of the propriety of patronising it.

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The paper now circulates in nearly every state in the Union, and some little abroad. It has been generally patronised by some among the first political and religious characters in the nation; and its subscription list has greatly increased, of late, in the South and the West. In return for this, the editor determined to spare no pains to make it valuable, the sole inducement for removing the establishment to one of the Atlantic cities, is the hope that from the many important advantages of the local situation, he will be enabled to render the work more worthy the patronage of the American people, and even the peace and safety of his friends, his brethren, or his children are placed in jeopardy. With this view he determines to act the part of a faithful sentinel on the national watch-tower, to warn his countrymen of the steady approach of danger from this quarter; and, in a political capacity, to "blow the trumpet in Zion," for the purpose of awakening and arousing those who are at "ease in their tents," while the awful tornado and overwhelming deluge of retribution is rolling towards them.

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