

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TEMPEST.

Earth's face is grave, the winds in slumber rest,
Dull smoke descends, from buoyant air released.
The dread, portentous calm no sounds disturb,
Save the hoarse notes of yon ill-omened bird,
That cawing flies regardless whither borne,
Or sits entranced and courts the coming storm;
And the low rumbling thunder, from afar
Half heard, betokening elemental war.

I look again: The boiling clouds arise,
And fiercely drive, and shut out sun and skies.
Wild roaring winds with hollow voice declare
The storm at hand, and bid the world prepare.
The world astonished seeks to shun the charge,
To lose her orbit and to run at large
In nature's field, but chafing Sol, severe,
Restrains her course, unheeding plaint or fear.

Again I look: The mantled west along
Roused elements to battle thickly throng,
Tempestuous, in eddying mazes whirled,
And bellowing charge this surface waving world.
The plundered fields, and flying stacks of corn,
And scattered fence, and tangled hedge of thorn,
The falling hut, and draught-built trembling tower,
And prostrate trees, evince their dreadful power.
Huge rocks, from mountains torn, desert their beds,
And sky-raised peaks let go their trembling heads.
But what is yonder? See, by tempest driven,
A MAN in air, 'twixt earth and heaven.
He swings in winds, and flies a giddy round,
The vortex 'scapes, then plunging strikes the ground.
Nor rests the thunderer—his bolts of fire
Seethe the firm oak, or seek the livid spire;
His fatal streams of power flash dismay,
And light the stormy dark to dreadful day.

Why murmur, man? Behold thy guilty race,
What hellish combats human kind disgrace!
What fell oppression marks the laborer's toil!
What spouting gore distains the tranquil soil!
How many thousands draw their glittering blades,
Strike once for names, and seek the ghostly shades!
How many towns in sheeted billows burn!
How many regions devastated mourn!
But look at these, and ask, what rage the storms?
Tis thy own tempest nature most deforms.
Ethereal wars are marked on nature's scale,
Changing no more for man than for the gale.
Then hold thy peace, nor dare transduce the laws
Of the almighty, president, great First Cause.
Find what thou must, and learn to trust the rest,
Secure of being as thy merit blest.

DELTA.

THE QUEEN BEE.—Mr. Dunbar, of Appleton, states that he noticed the operations of a hive on the loss of a Queen: for the first day all was noise and confusion, when the loss was discovered. After this had a little subsided, in consequence of the loss being ascertained, the bees, to avoid a state of anarchy, laid the foundation of royal cells, and of four more the next day, and placed the larva of (what is supposed to be) the working bee in them. At the end of fourteen days, a new queen issued forth from one of the cells; and, with an instinct equalling Turkish wisdom and policy, proceeded to tear open the other royal cells, no doubt with the determination of destroying what was likely to produce a rival to her power. The working bees rebelled against this unconstitutional exercise of authority, and hauled her majesty away from her job. They succeeded in protecting the junior branches of the royal family, and were rewarded for their loyalty by the birth of a princess. But it was of no avail; for the Czarina, who had, as it should seem, a preferable claim, in virtue of the priority of her birth, killed her fair and unfortunate rival. Mr. Dunbar, in corroboration of the above fact of the formation of an artificial queen, narrates an instance of its having been done by an artificial swarm also. A number of bees, (not an uncommon circumstance,) depended, in a large cluster, from the door of the hive; he suddenly removed the hive from their sight, and placed another, containing empty cells, in its room, having previously taken the precaution of putting into it about three inches square of pure honey comb, containing larva and honey; and the astonishment of the bees was very great when they entered the new hive, and missed their rich stores and their beloved monarch, the fair and stately queen: they bustled about in every direction; but the next day, finding that the royal family had removed and taken away the treasury, they began to lay the foundation of royal cells, and in course of time made themselves a new queen. Mr. Dunbar has repeated this latter experiment with great success.—*English paper.*

WILLIAM PENN.

The following is perhaps the most elegant and highly finished eulogium which has been pronounced upon a man in whose praise almost all men unite. May we be permitted to add, that it is as true as it is eloquent.—*S. E. Post.*

"WILLIAM PENN stands the first among the law givers whose names and deeds are recorded in history. Shall we compare with him Læurgus, S. don, Romulus, those founders of military commonwealths, who organized their citizens in dreadful array against the rest of their species, taught

them to consider their fellow men as barbarians, and themselves as alone worthy to rule over the earth? What benefit did mankind derive from their boasted institutions? Interrogate the shades of those who fell in the mighty contests between Athens and Lacedæmon, between Carthage and Rome, and between Rome and the rest of the universe. But see William Penn, with weaponless hands, sitting down peaceably with his followers in the midst of savage nations, whose only occupation was shedding the blood of their fellow men, disarming them by his justice, and teaching them, for the first time, to view a stranger without distrust. See them bury their tomahawks in his presence, so deep that man shall never find them again. See them under the shade of the thick groves of Coaquannuck, extend the bright chain of friendship, and solemnly promise to preserve it as long as the sun and moon shall endure. See him then with his companions on the sole basis of religion, morality and universal love, adopting as the fundamental maxims of his government the rule handed down to us from Heaven—"Glory to God on high, and on earth peace and good will to all men."

MOTHERS.—The following passage is from Buckminster.

"If any thing in life deserves to be considered as at once the exquisite bliss, and pre-eminent duty of a mother, it is this,—to watch the dawning disposition and capacity of a favorite child; to discover the earliest buds of thought; to feed with useful truths the inquisitiveness of a young and curious mind; to direct the eyes, yet unsullied with the waters of contrition, to a bounteous benefactor, to lift the little hand yet unstained with vice, in prayer to their Father who is in Heaven. But so it is.—The child, as soon as it is released from the bondage of the nurse, and needs no longer a careful eye to look after its steps, and guard it from external injury, is too often surrendered to instructors, some of whom are employed to polish the surface of the character, and regulate the motions of the limbs, others to furnish the memory, and accomplish the imagination, while religion gets admission as she can, sometimes in aid of authority, and sometimes in a Saturday's task, or a Sunday's peculiarity, but how rarely as a sentiment. Their little hearts are made to flutter with vanity, encouraged to pant with emulation, persuaded to contract with parsimony, allowed to glow with revenge, or reduced to absolute numbness by worldliness and cares, before they have ever felt a sentiment of devotion, or beat with a pulsation of sorrow for an offence, or gratitude for a benefit in the presence of God. Believe me, mothers, you have no right to expect that the sense of religion will be infused by the labors of others.

When parents have ceased to be teachers, religion has ceased to be taught."

ENGLISH COTTAGES.—Instead of great unfinished wooden houses, which are scattered through the country in America, rags and old hats serving for windows, the front yards filled with stones and logs, you find here a one-story thatched cottage, with a diamond-shaped window glass, set in lead, through which you may see pots of flowers, neat in arrangement, and beautiful in variety. In front is a small flower garden, inclosed by the hedge. Even more common cottages, that apparently have stood a century, and where there must be much poverty, have the same aspect of neatness. These flower-pots and gardens may be of little use, but they certainly evince a refined taste in the female occupants. I noticed, what I have often before heard remarked, that nature in her liveliest of green, presents a deeper and a livelier color than with us. It is because the country is less liable to parching heats and long droughts.—*Carter's letters.*

A striking instance of false tuition, and instilling prejudices into the minds of children, occurs in the following anecdote:

Three female pupils of the deaf and dumb institution being at York, in Pennsylvania, on their way home to Fayette co. were asked "what are Yankees?" One of them took a pencil and wrote "They are people living in the eastern states, famous for making wooden nutmegs." It is easy to conceive the effects of such instruction.

AN EXTRACT.—"Above all, let men begin early to reverence Truth, which is a qualification indispensable necessary to the existence of friendship among brethren. Falshood is inimical to good brotherhood, and to every thing joyous and beneficial to society. A deceitful man is incapable of being a true friend, or a good citizen. Falshood implies double-mindedness, hypocrisy, treachery, and all those vices of the heart whose direct tendency is to mislead and deceive the sincere and the upright, and to sow strife and discord among friends and brethren. As candor is essential to true friendship, so the want of it implies every thing that is baneful to the pleasures and interests of social life.

So long as truth guards the heart, it will be the seat of virtue and of steady friendship; but if that guard be once dismissed, the heart is at once laid open to every species of depravity. Accordingly, the first early symptom of a mean and worthless character, in which you can place no confidence, is always that of a want of regard to the sacred laws of truth.

Let all men, therefore, as they regard their honor and happiness, in this life, beware of false God, and be always sincere in every thing that they both say and do. Then will all men honor and put trust in them."

A Scotch parson once preached a long sermon against *drum-drinking*, a vice very prevalent in his parish, and from which, report said, he was not himself wholly exempt. "Whatever ye do, brethren," said he, "do it with moderation, and, above all, be moderate in drum-drinking. When you get up, indeed, ye may take a dram, and another just before breakfast, and perhaps another after; but dinna be always drum-drinking. If ye are out in the morn, ye may just back yourselves up with another dram, and perhaps take another before luncheon, and some, I fear, take another, which is not so very blameable; but dinna be always drum-drinking awa. Nobody can scruple for one just afore dinner, and when dessert is brought in, an' after it's t'en way, and perhaps keep ye frae drowsing and snoozling; but dinna be always drum-drinking. Afore tea, after tea, and between tea and supper, and before and after supper, is no more than right and good; but let me caution ye, brethren, not to be always drum-drinking. Just when ye start for bed, and when ye wake in the night, to take a dram is no more than a Christian man may lawfully do; but, brethren, let me caution you not to drink more than I've mentioned, or may be ye may pass the bounds of moderation!"

WINTER EVENING IN ICELAND.—"A winter evening in an Icelandic family presents a scene in the highest degree interesting and pleasing. Between three and four o'clock the lamp is hung up in the principal apartment, and all the members of the family take their stations with their work in their hands. One of the family advances to a seat near the lamp and reads aloud. Being but badly supplied with printed books, the Icelanders are under the necessity of copying such as they can borrow. The reader is frequently interrupted, either by the head or some intelligent member of the family, who makes remarks or proposes questions on what is read, to exercise the ingenuity of the children and servants. In some houses the *Sagas*, (or historical poems,) are repeated by heart, and instances are not uncommon of itinerants gaining a livelihood, during the winter, by staying at different farms till they have exhausted their stock of knowledge. The custom above described appears to have existed from time immemorial.

Instead of the *Sagas*, some of the more pious substitute the scriptures, particularly the historical books. At the conclusion of the family labors, which are frequently continued till near midnight, the family join in singing a psalm or two; after which a chapter from some book of devotion is read, if the family are not in possession of a bible; but where this sacred book exists, it is preferred to every other. The head of the family then prays, and the exercise concludes with a psalm. When an Icelandic awakes, he does not salute any person who may have slept in the room with him, but hastens to the door, and lifting up his hands towards the heavens, adores Him who made the heavens and the earth, the author and preserver of his being, and the source of every blessing. He then returns into the house and salutes every one he meets with "God grant you a good day."

TAKE CARE!

Take care, Mr. Mechanic, I suppose times begin to be stirring with you—and, depend upon it, there's a great deal in the manner in which you do business. Look to every thing yourself—if you do this, and work a little with your boys besides, it will save you two journeymen's wages. Never disappoint a customer—he is as punctual to the hour as the sun. I'll warrant you to thrive. Be careful with your boys—induce them to read a little, and by and by they will read much—this will be worth more to them than two freedom suits. Take care, Mr. Farmer—do you see how green your fields begin to look?—well, there's a fine prospect, but are your fences tight and strong? If they are not, take care of your toes! Half a dozen hungry cattle will do mischief if they get in. "A

farmer's merchandize thrives while he sleeps"—I've heard so—but I think it depends on how long he sleeps—like many other shrewd maxims, it needs to be qualified before it is practised upon. Then would say a word to you, which every one may be profitably reminded of now and then. How are your expenses regulated? I had an industrious friend, who shaved the skin, in trade, and lived sometimes

many might be rich—if they would begin in time, and save every pin's worth?—*B.*

HAUGHTINESS.—Nothing has so great a tendency to render men unpopular as haughtiness. As it is generally found connected with weakness, so it is always attributed to it, whether it really has such a foundation or not. One of the most conclusive arguments against the doctrine of superiority and inferiority among men, is to be found in our natural aversion to every thing that carries the semblance of pride and arrogance. If Heaven had designed that one should lord it over another against his will, it would have given us different feelings from those we have. Contempt is always uppermost when pride erects itself in our path.—*B.*

ANECDOTE.—A dandy, remarking one summer day, that the weather was so excessively hot that when he put his head in a basin of water, it fairly boiled, received for reply: "Then sir, you had calf's head soup at very little expense."

An Irishman having arrived in this country and felicitating himself on having safely reached this "Land of Liberty, to be sure," called on a brother who had been in America better than two years, and exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, I am just here a gentleman, to be sure, in this land of freedom!—Och, faith brother, a land of liberty, indeed, where you may wear your shoes if you can, buy them, if not you are at liberty to go barefooted, to be sure!"

THE OHIO MEDICAL REPOSITORY.

THIS work will be published on the first and third Wednesdays in each month, on a sheet corresponding in size to that of the "Boston Medical Repository," and printed with new type, by Wm. Hill Woodward, 137, Main Street, Cincinnati, at 2 dollars, per annum, in advance. To be conducted by GUY W. WRIGHT, M. D., and JAMES M. MASON, M. D., to either of whom, or to W. H. Woodward, letters or communications (postage paid) may be addressed.

PROSPECTUS.

The editors deem it altogether improper to present to the public a long and inflated prospectus containing promises which they might not be able to perform; or presenting inducements to their medical brethren merely with a view of obtaining their immediate patronage. Their only wish is that their paper may stand upon its own merits and usefulness. It is a singular fact that there is not one periodical publication appropriated to the improvement of the medical and surgical sciences, in all the vast extent of country west of the Alleghany mountains, a country enriched by numerous and flourishing cities, towns and villages; a country where the rapid increase of population has already elevated one of its states to the third rank in the constellation of American States, where refinement is fast and constantly advancing, and literature and the fine arts are beginning to be liberally encouraged; and above all, in relation to our undertaking, where superior inducements are held out for the cultivation of scientific medicine.

The principal design in the publication of the Repository is to promote and extend the knowledge of Medicine and Surgery in the Western country, to effect which, the editors rely, with confidence, on the professional industry, learning and good feelings of the medical gentlemen of the west, whose contributions are respectfully solicited. The paper will always be open to original communications; and the editors invite the attention of medical men to the diseases of this section of the country, and to the investigation of the physical and moral causes by which they are modified, as objects of the most importance, many of which have proved so difficult to manage, and so fatal.

The editors have access to the principal American and many of the Foreign Medical Journals, and from these they intend to extract such disquisitions, cases, digests of intelligence, &c. as may seem to them most important and interesting. Thus, with the aid of their medical friends, and their own resources, among the editors to hope that their paper will be made a rich Repository, and a constant source of intelligence and improvement to its readers.

Cincinnati, April 1, 1826.

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