

## SELECTED POETRY.

From the Charleston Courier.  
The "Last Song" of a favorite Canary—addressed by the author to his daughter.

### THE SPIRIT BIRD.

"Little Cherry soon must leave thee,  
Swiftly wing'd the moments fly,  
Tis the parting song, believe me,  
Hark! the Spirit Bird is nigh.  
"Gentle as the youthful bosom  
Is to me thy tender care;  
Still for thee may flowrets blossom,  
And thy heart be light as air.  
"See! perennial groves appearing,  
Little Cherry now must flee;  
All I ask is one endearing  
Pensive sigh, and tear from thee."  
Cherry's song had scarcely ended  
With the voice and note of love,  
When he flutter'd and ascended  
To the Spirit Bird above.

From "Lines written in early Spring."  
BY WORDSWORTH.

To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that through me ran;  
And much it grieved my heart to think,  
What man has made of man.  
Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.  
The birds around me hopped and played;  
Their thoughts I cannot measure;  
But the least motion which they made,  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.  
The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

From the Trenton Emporium.

### THE RIGHT WAY.

There is one right way and a great many wrong ways of living, acting and speaking; of doing every thing, and the right is always the best, because it is the easiest, the safest, the most profitable, and the most pleasant. And it is much easier to show that the great mass of mankind mistake this way, than to give the reason why they do so. It is a plain road—there are pointers up at every corner—and he who runs may read. And yet compared with the scattered crowd, but a few solitary travellers are to be found journeying on through life in the right way.

Most people who go wrong, know very well what they are about—and where they are. The prodigal, the drunkard, the grossly criminal, do not generally pretend that they are in the right way—they can give you many excuses for leaving it, and such perhaps as seem reasonable to themselves—I don't say satisfactory—for he who misses the way, never misses the forfeit—and all who travel the wrong road must pay the toll gatherer however plausible the reason that brought them there may be.

Among these excuses one of the foremost and most frequent is, that the first wanderings were unintentional and to them imperceptible—and that they have now gone so far astray that the force of habit prevents their return. This is just as reasonable as it would be for a man whose business lay in Boston, to persist in travelling to New Orleans, because by a mistake he had gone a day's journey south instead of east.

The truth is the the wrong way has a strange fascination about it, the force and operation of which we see without being able to account for it—it is the same nameless & mysterious charm with which the serpent enchains the powerless bird—and full as it is of disappointments, and sorrows, few who have gone far in it ever return. There are a series of progressive steps from bad to worse, each of which when taken renders the task of getting back more difficult.

A great many men have a spice of idleness in their composition, that often tempts them to indulgence—those who are idle want to dress a little better than others—they must keep company like themselves; and these vices, must all be at the receipt of the customs—every one who has to do with them must pay his quota of the tax. It often happens too, that something

ery imposes on many men to become insolvents.

How much better it would be then for all of us to choose the right way; the choice requires simply, the exercise of reason—plain common sense, wherever it is permitted to preponderate over the passions, will be a sufficient guide—for, the reason why we see so many enigmas in the conduct of men is, that they control reason, instead of suffering reason to control them.

OAKWOOD.

From the New-York American.

We have read with a good deal of interest, Capt. Weddell's Narrative of a voyage towards the South Pole. He succeeded in reaching a considerably higher latitude than Capt. Cook, or any preceding navigator; and when he put back, had before him a clear sea without land or ice in view, to obstruct an onward course. Being however on a mercantile voyage, and in a very small and, for the purpose of discovery, unprovided vessel, he was compelled to forego the honor of penetrating further. The information he has imparted will we doubt not lead to some better organized undertaking for discovery in that region.

Captain Weddell visited the Falkland islands, the South the Shetlands and Terra del Fuego: of the inhabitants of the latter place, and their quiet and inoffensive manners, he gives an interesting account. We have made some extracts from the work, which will, we think, be found interesting—among them the following story, which is new to us, in all its parts.

"New Island is remarkable for having been, for two years the solitary residence of a Capt. J. Barnard, an American, whose vessel was run away with in the year 1814, by the crew of an English ship, which on her passage from Port Jackson, had been wrecked on the south side of these islands. I met with Captain Barnard in 1821, at the place of his exile, and his conversation naturally turned to that subject, which being interesting, "I greedily devoured." A particular account of his residence on an uninhabited island, would not fail being considered almost as wonderful as the celebrated fiction of Robinson Crusoe, since there was a great similarity in their situations. The principal incidents attendant upon this event were as follow: Capt. Barnard was at New Island with his vessel in the performance of a voyage for seal furs, and when on the south side of the island, he met with the crew of the wrecked English ship. Their number might be about 30, including several passengers, some of whom were ladies. He kindly took them to his vessel, and treated them with all the hospitality which their destitute situation required. Captain Barnard was from America, with which England was then at war, and this circumstance created doubts as to sincerity of their friendly intentions to one another, though he had promised to land them on his passage home at some port in the Brazils.

Owing to the additional number of people, hunting parties were frequently sent out to procure supplies: and when the captain, with four of his people, were on an excursion of this kind, the wrecked crew cut the cable, and, in defiance of the Americans who were on board, ran away with the ship to Rio Janeiro; whence they proceeded to North America.

On Capt. Barnard's return to New Island, he was struck with astonishment at finding his ship carried off as he had never suspected any design of the kind. On reflection, however, he soon guessed the cause, as it was quite apparent, that the fear of being taken to America, where they would become prisoners of war, had been the motive to the commission of this action, which was a bad return for the asylum Capt. Barnard had afforded the perpetrators of it. His conduct towards them, certainly, did not justify their entertaining such a suspicion: but it seems they chose rather to act dishonorably than trust to his protestations, that he would land them in the Brazils.

Nothing in the way of supplies having been left for Barnard and his companions, of which even the captors of his ship ought to have thought, he was forced to consider how they were to subsist; and recollecting that he had planted a few potatoes, they directed their attention to them, and in the course of the second season, obtained a serviceable supply.—They had a dog which now and then caught a pig; and the eggs of the albatross, which were stored at the proper season, with potatoes, formed a substitute for bread; and the skins of the seals for clothes.—They built a house of stone, still remaining on the island, which was strong enough to withstand the storms of winter, and they might have been comparatively happy, that they were cut off from their relations and friends, without any immediate prospect of being removed from the island.

To add to the misfortunes of Capt. Barnard in being separated from his wife and children, his companions over whom he ex-

ercised no authority, but merely dictated what he considered was for their mutual advantage, became impatient of even this mild control, took an opportunity to steal the boat, and left him on the island alone. After being thus entirely abandoned, he spent the time in preparing clothes from the skin of the seal, and in collecting food for winter. Once or twice a day he used to ascend a hill, from which there was a wide prospect of the ocean, to see if any vessel approached, but always retired disappointed and forlorn—no ship was to be observed. The four sailors, in the meanwhile, having experienced their own inability to provide properly for themselves, returned to him after an absence of some months.

He still found much difficulty in preserving peace among his companions; indeed one of them had planned his death, but fortunately it was discovered in time to be prevented. He placed this man alone with some provisions on a small island in Quaker harbor, and in the course of three weeks, so great a change was made on his mind, that when Captain Barnard took him off, he was worn down with reflection on his crimes, and truly penitent.

They were now attentive to the advice of their commander, and the above mentioned offender became truly religious and exemplary in his behaviour. In this way they continued to live, occasionally visiting the neighboring island in search of provisions till the end of two years, when they were taken off in December, 1815, by an English whaler, bound for the Pacific. Captain Barnard informed me, that a British man of war had been sent expressly from Rio Janeiro to take them off, but by some accident the vessel, though at the islands, did not fall in with them."

A SIXTH CONTINENT.—An extraordinary phenomenon presented in the southern ocean may render our settlements in New South Wales of still more eminent importance. A sixth continent is in the very act of growth before our eyes! The Pacific is spotted with islands through the immense space of nearly fifty degrees of longitude, and as many of latitude. Every one of these islands seems to be merely a central spot for the formation of coral banks, which, by a perpetual progress, are rising from the unfathomable depths of the sea. The union of a few of these masses of rock, shapes itself into an island; the seeds of plants are carried to it by birds or by the waves; and, from the moment that it overtops the waters, it is covered with vegetation. The new island constitutes, in its turn, a centre of growth to another circle. The great powers of nature appear to be still in peculiar activity in this region, and to her tardier process she sometimes takes the assistance of the volcano and the earthquake. From the south of New Zealand to the north of the Sandwich islands, the waters absolutely teem with those future seats of civilization. Still the coral insect, the diminutive builder of all these mighty piles, is at work; the ocean is intersected with myriads of those lines of foundation; and, when the rocky superstructure shall have excluded the sea, then will come the dominion of man.—*Lon. Monthly Review.*

A correspondent of a Brooklyn (N. Y.) paper says, "I observed in your paper, that flour is used in Philadelphia for horse feed, on account of the low price. Will you be so good as to inform our brethren of that brotherly city, that a baker in this village keeps my horse at 12 dollars per month, and feeds him on light wheat bread, made from the same flour that he serves his biped customers with, when made into excellent bread. He says it is less expensive than oats for feed."

COMETS.—It is now certain that the same comet has appeared in our planetary system in the years 1785, 1794, 1801, 1805, 1818, and 1825. It appears now certain that in its course it never passes the orbit of Jupiter. The period of its revolution (which is the shortest known) very little exceeds three years and a quarter; and its mean distance from the sun is not more than twice that of the earth. It seems to be especially connected with the system in which our globe is placed, and crosses our orbit more than sixty times a century. M. Olbers, the celebrated astronomer of Bremen, who has bestowed much attention to this comet, has been lately occupied in calculating the possibility of its influence on the destinies of our globe. He finds that in 35,000 years, this comet will approach the earth as nearly as the Moon, and that in 4,000,000 of years it will come to within a distance of 7,700 geographical miles; the consequence of which will be (if its attraction be equal to that of the earth) the elevation of the waters of the ocean 13,000 feet, that it to say, above the tops of all the European mountains, except Mount Blanc. The inhabitants of the Andes and the Himalaya mountains alone will escape this sec-

ond deluge; but they will not benefit by their good fortune more than 216,000,000 years, for it is probable that, at the expiration of that time, our globe standing right in the way of the comet, will receive a shock severe enough to insure its utter destruction.—This is really very alarming.

## THE RIVER NILE,

Or Specimen of Social Instruction.

The River Nile rises within a few degrees of the equator and extends beyond the tropic. Its course is such, that it is Spring at its head when it is Winter at its mouth. The fertility of the country depends upon regular overflowings of the river which arise from the rains that fall in Ethiopia, and carry inundation over the level lands of Egypt. So important is this annual inundation generally deemed, that when the water rises to the height which indicates a productive season, the natives, knowing the consequence, rejoice as much in Spring as many nations in harvest. The inhabitants of lower Egypt send boats to the head of the Nile. There it is Spring—each boat being loaded with Bee Hives, regularly placed and numbered, the bees are set at Liberty, and gather honey from every flower. Every bee returns at night instinctively to its own, as if it knew the number. When the spring season begins to change, and the quantity of flowers materially decrease, the mariners of this navigation move lower down, gradually, at the night, when the bees are housed among their honied treasures—anchoring in the day and allowing the active travellers to take their busy range and collect the honey from myriads of flowers, for the bees in an Egyptian Spring wear the crown of beauty, and the whole atmosphere is filled with fragrance. The water decreases and the flowers diminish, and again the mariners move on and halt again, and again they move on till they arrive to greet the Spring, in the Delta, amidst the mouths of a river which during so long a course, from every little flower, and sweet herb, and every poisonous beauty, and every lovely plant, has rendered them nothing but the sweetness of honey and the honey-comb.

The boatmen return the hives, as numbered, to their respective owners, receiving from each a small piece of money, which amply rewards in the aggregate their care and toil.

This account was once related to a number of interesting young persons, by a friend of youth. They hung on his lips, and were delighted from the expectation which an unprepared introduction had excited. Attention was raised only to contemplate industry, and be rewarded with its instructive lessons. But the inference drawn by the relater was likely to leave a lasting impression. Thus, says he: "my dear young friends, you are now in the spring of life, make use of that energy in which industry delights; seek that serenity which religion alone can give. Thus as you move through life, you will gradually accumulate in mental good, the sweetness I have been contemplating amidst rural pleasures.—You will from every advancing circumstance, from every poisonous, bitter or pleasant flower gather as you go,—increase in strength, knowledge, virtue and piety."

Solemnity closed a serene summer evening, and the juvenile party returned rest as if the honey dew of Heaven distilled upon them, in affection and friendship.

The true "feast of reason and flow soul" is—

The soul's calm sunshine,  
And the heart-felt joy, true virtue's prize.  
FRIEND OF MAN.

## LIST OF LETTERS,

REMAINING in the Post Office at Richmond, Indiana, on the 1st day of July, 1826, if not taken out before the 1st day of October will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

B. James Bannen, John Bentley, John Bain.  
C. John B. Chapman, William M. Clark, J. Cook, Bethuel Coffin, Aminda Clayton, Charles, Jacob Crampton, Peter Cox, Moses Culford, John Cue.  
D. Richard Dameron, Elizabeth Darby.  
G. Alexander Greives, Nancy Grimes.  
H. Horten Howard, Joseph Hopkins, Sarah B. man, John or William Hunter.  
J. Westley Jackson, Samuel Jennings, William Jessop.  
M. Benjamin B. Moore, Synthe Moor, Moore, John McCatee, Samuel Mesnick, Ed. M. dick, Silas Moore, Jesse H. Mudlick, Mirex, Edward Mathews, John Mason.  
N. William Newby.  
P. William Parsons, Morris Plesco.  
R. Mary Reeder, Anna Renberger.  
S. Samuel W. Stuart, Nathan Smith, George Stephenson, David Sutherland.  
T. Walter Thornburgh, Pierce Thomas, William Throovitt.  
W. Hezekiah Williams, Mathew Williams.  
Y. Ruth Young. (50 letters.)

ROBERT MORRISON, P. M.

Richmond, July 1, 1826. 115-3

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