

SELECTED POETRY.

THE WORLD TO COME.—BY BOWRING.

Hail our hopes and all our fears,
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound:
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no world beyond;
Oh! what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Oh! who would venture then to die—
Oh! who would venture then to live!

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, beyond,
And tempests thunder over head;
Where not a sun-beam breaks the gloom,
And not a flower smiles beneath;
Who could exist in such a tomb—
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

And such were life, without the ray
From our divine religion given;
'Tis this that makes our darkness day—
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom:
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to come.

I saw on the top of a mountain high,
A gem that shone like a fire by night;
It seemed like a star, that had left the sky,
And dropped to sleep on the lonely height.
I climb'd the peak and found it soon
A lump of ice in a clear cold moon.
Can you its hidden sense impart?
'Twas a cheerful look and a broken heart.

MUTABILITY.

Such is the mutability of all mortal hope;
So fickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come into their aimed scope,
They fall so short of our frail reckonings,
And bring us pale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should embrace;
This is the state of Caesars and of kings.
Let none therefore that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.

From "Home in the Nineteenth Century."
TOMBS.

Tombs formed a far more important feature in ancient communities than in ours. They were not crowded into obscure churchyards, nor hidden in invisible vaults, but were sedulously spread abroad in the most conspicuous places, and by the sides of the public ways. It would seem as if these sentiments of mortality were not so painful, nor so saddening, to pagans as to Christians; and that death when believed to be final dissolution, was not so awful and revolting as when known to be the passage to immortality. Is it, that in the secret heart of man, the still small voice of conscience bids him to tremble, rather than rejoice in a judgment to come, so distinctly announced, a state of future existence so daily unveiled? The threatened terrors of futurity may often be predominant over its promised joys; revelation, therefore, may have thrown over the valley of the shadow of death a deeper gloom than a brighter radiance.

The tombs of the Romans were characterized by the most solemn grandeur.—Those who have traced the long line of the Appian way, between its margins of ruined and blackening sepulchres, or stood in the street of tombs, that leads to the gates of Pompeii, and gazed on the sculptured magnificence of these marble dwellings of the dead, must have felt their solemnity, while he admired their splendor.

The ancient Romans did not permit interments within the walls of the city, but Pabricola was buried on the Palatine hill, and the Vestal Virgins, who died spotless, received the same honorable tomb.

Roman sepulchres were either square, circular, or pyramidal buildings, without windows, and with one entrance only, which was invariably on the side furthest from the public road. They usually consisted of a vault in which the urns and sarcophagi were deposited, and a chamber above, in which the statues or effigies of the dead were placed, and the libations and obsequies performed. The entrance to these sepulchral chambers, was generally at the top, to which the funeral train, bearing lights, ascended by an external stair, and descended by an internal one; a mode calculated to give great effect to the procession.

The custom of carrying torches at funerals is of very remote antiquity. The Catholics derived it from the Romans, the Romans from the Greeks, and the Greeks from the Egyptians; for the burning of lights before the dead was considered by the ancients as essential to the repose or safe passage of the departing spirit.

From the ruins of the Columbarium we proceeded along the Appian Way, to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which is generally acknowledged to be the most beautiful sepulchral monument in the world. It consists of a round tower formed of immense blocks of Tuscany stone, fixed together without cement, and adorned with a Doric marble frieze, on which are sculptured heads of oxen, festooned with garlands of

flowers. This beautiful tower rests upon a square basement. The wall of the tower itself is twenty feet at least in thickness, and the interior is built entirely of brick. Its solidity and circular form have resisted the attacks of time, and of barbarian violence. The sepulchral vault was below the present level of the earth, and it was not till the time of Paul III. that it was opened, when the beautiful marble sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella was found in it. A golden urn, containing the ashes, discovered at the same time, has long since disappeared. That Cecilia Metella, for whose dust this magnificent monument was raised, was the daughter of Metellus and the wife of Crassus, is all we know. Time and the devoting tomb have swallowed all the rest. We pursued our course along the deserted and grass grown line of the Appian Way. The immense number of mouldering sepulchres which arrested our gaze, as we passed along, all excepting the few whose names I have now noticed, are unknown. It is impossible to contemplate unmoved these forgotten tombs of magnificence. They speak that awful lesson—from dust ye came, and to dust you shall return.

Near the Porto San Paolo, stands the gray pyramid of Caius Cestius. Who or what he was is unknown. The monument that commemorates his death, alone tells us that he lived. The pyramid, of more than a hundred feet in height, is entirely built of marble, but time has changed its color and defaced its polish. The gray lichen has crept over it, and wild evergreens hang from its crevices. But what it has lost in splendor it has gained in picturesque beauty; and there are few remains in the eternal City that the eye rests upon with such unwearied admiration as this gray pyramid.

Five miles from Rome is the tomb of Ovid. On whichever side you leave Rome the feeling desolation strikes you with strange and fearful surprise. From a great metropolis—the seat of the most refined arts, you plunge at once into a desert.—You know you are close to a large and populous city, yet you see no houses, no people, no cultivation, no signs of life; you meet no passengers on the road, or if you catch a glimpse of a human being, he wears the garb and aspect of a savage. He is clad in shaggy skins, his legs and feet are bare, and his eyes glare wildly on you as he crosses the waste.—The incongruity of your own figures and equipage, in a scene like this startles you. You sometimes feel as if left alone in the world.

OSTIA.

Our last excursion from Rome was to Ostia. Nothing can be more dreary than the ride to this once magnificent sea port. Even before you leave the gates of Rome you find yourself in a desert. You issue out through the Porto San Paolo, pass the graves of your countrymen, the proud sepulchral pyramid of Caius Cestius, the deserted convent of San Paolo, and proceed through a continued scene of dismal and heart-rending desolation; no fields, no dwellings, no trees, no land marks, no signs of cultivation, except a few scanty patches of corn thinly scattered over the waste, and huts like wigwags, to shelter the wretched and half-savage people, that are doomed to live on this field of death.

The Tiber rolling turbidly along in his solitary course, seems sullenly to behold the altered scenes that have withered a round him. Two thousand years ago, his shores were blooming in beauty, and crowded with the proud palaces of the great and gay. A few miles from Ostia we entered upon a wilderness indeed. A dreary swamp extended all around, intermingled with thickets, through which roamed wild buffaloes, the only inhabitants of the waste—sometimes seen breaking through the brake or treading down reeds higher than themselves—sometimes swimming across the stagnant waters—in their habits, grown amphibious like the scenes they tenanted.

The modern fortifications of Ostia appeared before us long before we reached them; at length we entered its gates, guarded by no sentinel; on its bastions appeared no soldiers—no children ran out of its houses to gaze at the rare splendor of a carriage; no woman stood with her sock and spindle at her cottage door; no passenger was seen in the grass grown streets. It presented the strange spectacle of a town without inhabitants. After some beating and hallooing on the part of the coachman and lacquey at the shut up door of one of the houses, a woman, unlatching the shutter of an upper window, presented her ghastly face, and having first carefully reconnoitered us, slowly and reluctantly admitted us into her wretched hovel. "Where are all the people in the town?" we inquired. "Dead!" was the brief reply.

The fever of the Malaria annually carries off almost all whom necessity confines to this pestilential region. But this was the month of April; the season of compar-

ative health; and we learnt, on more strict inquiry, that the population of Ostia at present nominally consisted of 12 men, 4 women, no children, and two priests. A body of convicts, whose lives it is convenient to shorten, are also kept here; but they, with the few soldiers who constitute the guard, were out at labor when we arrived. Their principal work is at the Stagno or salt marshes, where by natural evaporation the salt is made that is used in Rome. The men were roaming about the marshes, shooting birds and buffaloes, and the woman whom we saw, was literally the only parson in this deserted town.

Ostia was built at the mouth of the Tiber, by Ancus Martius, grandson of Numa, 600 years before Christ. It was so delightfully situated, that the Romans generally spent a part of the year there, as a country residence, or for the pleasure of sea bathing and air. The coast had changed so far in the time of Strabo, A. D. 25, as to separate the port from the town; and the islands, which at first secured ships in the harbor, had been so much enlarged by deposits from the Tiber, that both harbor and town had been left by the retreating waters, so as to be quite at a distance from the sea. Ostia is now in the wilderness.—The sea is two miles from the ancient port. The cause of this seems to be, that the flatness of the land not allowing the Tiber to carry off the immense quantity of earth and mud its turbid waters bring down, elevates the shores, causes the river to flow more and more sluggishly, and thus the sea recedes, and the marshes are continually extending.

We intended to cross to the sacred island in the middle of the stream, and from thence to Fiumicino on the other side, where there are still to be some remains of the ancient Portus. But a storm suddenly came on with such tremendous fury, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could keep our feet, and our plan of crossing the wide mouth of the Tiber in a crazy boat was entirely frustrated. The remains of old Ostia are on higher ground, scattered over a green plain, purpled with vernal flowers. Broken columns of granite, slabs of marble, and fragments of inscriptions without number, were strewn along the grass. All over it the turf was heaved in grassy mounds and hillocks, the graves of ruined palaces and temples. We saw the fine Roman brick walls of an ancient building, but we looked in vain for any traces of the camp of Aneas, which must have been near here, this being the branch of the river where he entered "its yellow tide." Our examination of the remains of antiquity at Ostia, was, however, abruptly terminated. Obedient to yield to the increasing violence of the storm, we were driven back to the wretched osteria we had left. In its large black kitchen, hall, and common apartment, the only habitable place in it, we found some wild ruffian looking men, who had sought shelter like ourselves from the gale; two of them were playing at the game of Morra, their countenances inflamed with passion, as they told the game. But no bloody conflict ensued. They soon resigned to us the dirty table of boards, and the wooden benches, which, except a few crazy stools and empty casks, formed the only furniture of the place, and here we ate the cold dinner we had brought from Rome.

AMERICANS IN GREECE.—Evans' last view of Greece contains some notices of the prominent Grecian and American characters who are engaged in the cause of Greece. The Americans are Howe, Jarvis, Miller, Washington and Allen. Howe is a Bostonian, of small stature, but of middling height, and possesses talents and resolution. He is usefully employed in Greece, and Mr. Evans presumes he will meet with much success. His principal objects in going to Greece were the restoration of his health and the improvement of his knowledge of surgery. Jarvis is a native of this country, but had been a resident of Germany. He is of common stature, and about thirty years of age—rather ordinary in his appearance—a man of native shrewdness, and in his habits truly a Greek. He has been in Greece about five years, and has given proofs of his courage. Washington is a Virginian, and about 22 years of age—a tall and elegant man, and possesses brilliant talents. Evans says "It is unnecessary to speak of him further." Miller is from Vermont, from thirty to forty years of age, rather below the common stature, and of ordinary personal appearance. He has native talents, but they have not been extensively improved, nor well regulated. Were he in military life, Evans thinks he might display some courage, but as yet has exhibited nothing of the kind worthy of notice. Allen is from New York, and was formerly a midshipman in our navy—is 27 years of age, and "a tolerable good looking man." He has sailed on several cruises under Mianhis and the Greek commanders, by whom he

has been much praised. He has been gallantly in several engagements, and several times severely wounded.

The following is the concluding paragraph of Mr. Sprague's Eulogy on Allen and J. Brown:

"Our country has been sometimes reproached for not erecting monuments to statues to her departed worthies. What avails the monument of brass and stone! Sink its foundations deep—let it as high as human ken; when the rolling years press on—it falls—they sweep it, and leave not a trace of its glory behind. Erect the statue of marble—let it become dust in his hands. But the patriots, statesmen and philanthropists, those whom we this day commemorate, who have been the instruments of Providence in adding to the numbers and happiness of the human race; who have peopled and gladdened new regions—their memorials are every where! Their statues are man; living, feeling, intelligent, adoring man; bearing the image of the Maker; having the impress of divinity. These shall endure, by constant succession, through countless ages, vigorous in the embrace of time, becoming more and more abundant. Their monuments are the everlasting hills which they have clothed with verdure—Their praises are the odors of health and joy, in valleys which they have made fruitful—To them increase daily rises in the perfume of fragrant flowers which they have spread with cultivation.—Fair cities proclaim their glory—Magnificent mansions speak their munificence.—Their names are inscribed on the good habitations of men; and on those hallowed temples of God, whose spires ever point to the heaven which, we trust, has received them.

TUNIS.—An American officer, who lately visited Tunis, states, on the authority of a lady resident there, that there are in that city in the course of the year not less than one hundred apostacies from the Christian faith. Renegades, who possess no talent, are immediately taken into favor, and loaded with riches and honors. The whole number of Christians residing permanently at Tunis is 1500. They have churches and a convent.

[Extract of a letter dated Pensacola, Aug. 3, 1822.]

This city fell short of my expectations it is in a state of dilapidation, and the country around is miserably poor. The climate, however, is agreeable, and the people kind and hospitable. Judging from appearances, I should not expect the yellow fever to originate here. That which desolated the place in 1822, according to the account of the inhabitants, was produced by a cargo of damaged codfish. The water from springs is abundant and excellent—and our vicinity to New Orleans enables us to get almost any thing we are desirous to buy, in a few days. The frost in 1822 killed all the orange trees in Louisiana and West Florida, but they are putting up again from the roots, and will bear next year. The fig is produced here in perfection. The vine makes but little figure, but it will, no doubt, do well. The Spaniards pay no attention to improvements, and the first swarm of adventurers after the transfer, soon passed away. The rent of the houses that brought fifty dollars per month rent, can now be had for half—I know of several that are occupied for free.

The gardens produced wonderfully to their looks. There is little or no soil—noting but white sand, the reflection from which is disagreeable and hurtful to the eyes. Bathing in the bay is much practiced, and is a luxury within the reach of all.

The good land in the territory is estimated at only 250,000 or 300,000 acres. That around Tallahassee, the seat of government, is a sandy loam, and produces corn, cotton, and sugar cane abundantly. A fine tract of United States' lands will be sold next winter, on the Chipola—a rich soil.

The best uncultivated lands will not bring more than ten dollars per acre. I have been much amused with the account of a journey from St. Augustine to this place on horseback—about 500 miles. The gentleman swears that he would sooner return to the United States by the way of China, than go back the same route.

This is the land of flowers—the cape jessamine is abundant, but the most beautiful shrub I ever saw is the fringe myrtle.—I must try and send you some of the seed when ripe.

Lord Chesterfield's physicians having informed him that he was dying, he said, "Be thanked Heaven, that he was not yet a foot and a half as Sir Thomas Robinson."