

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Monthly European Magazine.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"Why wouldst thou leave me, oh! gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw roofed cabin, with lowly wall:
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture forever streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Thro' the long bright hours of the summer day;
They find the red cup moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er scented thyme;
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they
know:
Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go!"

"Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell!
Here sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
Flutes on the air in the still noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was never in thy mountains heard."

"My mother sings at twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She singeth under our own green tree,
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee,
I dreamed last night of that music low;
Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go!"

"Thy mother has gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken her babe on her quiet breast,
Thou wouldst meet her footsteps, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door,
Come thou with me to the vineyard's high,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest die."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?
But I know my brothers are at play!
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
And the lung fern leaves by the sparkling well,
Or they launch their boats where the blue streams
flow:
Lady, sweet lady, oh! let me go!"

"Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow,
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy burks were tied,
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?
But the bird and the blue fly rove o'er it still,
And the red deer bound, in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow:
Lady, sweet lady, oh! let me go!"

A FRAGMENT FOR THE LADIES.—"Thy grandmother," said my uncle Toby, addressing himself to young Arabella, just from London, and who was playing the battle of Marengo on the piano—"thy grandmother, child," said I, "used to play on a much better instrument than thine."

"Indeed," said Arabella, "how could it have been better? you know it is the most fashionable instrument, and is used by every body that is any thing."

"Your grandmother was something, yet she never saw a piano forte."

"But what was the name of the instrument? had it strings, or was it played by keys?"

"You must give me time to recollect the name: it was indeed a stringed instrument, but was played by the hand."

"By the hand alone? How vulgar; but I protest I should like to see one, and papa shall buy me one when I return to London. Do you think that we can obtain one?"

"No, you will not probably find one in London, but doubtless they may be found in some of the country towns."

"How many strings had it? Must one play with both hands? and could one play the double bass?"

"I know not whether it would play double bass, as you call it; it was played by both hands, and had two strings."

"Two strings only? surely you are jesting; how could good music be produced by such an instrument, when the piano has two or three hundred?"

"Oh, the strings were very long, one about fourteen feet, and the other might be lengthened at pleasure even to 50 or more."

"What a prodigious deal of room it must take up; but no matter, I will have mine in the old hall, and papa may have an addition built to it, for he says I shall never want for any thing, and so does mamma. Were the strings struck with little mallets like the piano, or were they snapped like a harpsichord?"

"Like neither of those instruments, as I recollect, but it produced a soft kind of humming music, and was peculiarly agreeable to the husband and relations of the performer."

"O! as to pleasing one's husband or relations, that is all Dicky, in the Haut-ton, you know; but I am determined to have one at any rate. Was it easily learnt, and was it taught by French or Italian masters?"

"It was easily learnt, but Frenchmen and Italians scarcely dared to show their heads in our country in those times."

"Can you not possibly recollect the name? How shall we know what to inquire for?"

"Yes, I do now remember the name, and we must inquire for a SPINNING WHEEL."

20th of December.—Three-and twenty years will have elapsed, by noon, this day, since the royal banners of Spain, and the tri coloured flag of France, gave place in this city to the "Stars and Stripes" of the only Republic then on the Continent.—Whilst the inhabitants of Louisiana are in full career of prosperity under the change thus effected, it cannot be amiss to take a retrospective glance at the goal from which they sprung. At present, this notice will be confined to New-Orleans.

When the Commissioners of the United States, (Messrs. Wilkinson and Claiborne,) received the government of the country from Mr. Laussat, New Orleans contained 8,000 souls, and about 1,000 houses. None of its numerous suburbs were then traced out, except that of St. Mary, where very few houses could be seen. In the city rope walks and grave-yards, and large gardens, occupied spot now covered with handsome buildings. The port of Orleans contained few ships, and its trade passed through still fewer hands. Now the population of this city cannot be less than fifty thousand souls, and there are nearly six thousand houses, in the town and suburbs. Our exports during the approaching season will be something like three hundred thousand bales of cotton, one hundred thousand barrels of flour, forty thousand bbls. of sugar, twenty thousand of tobacco, four millions pounds of lead, and many other articles of great value, and in large quantities.

This rough calculation will speak as volumes in confirmation of freedom—liberty, not in name, but in fact secured to the inhabitants of Louisiana and their descendants, by the compact fulfilled on the 20th day of December. With these recollections, and this conviction, we could not pass such a day over in silence; and we conclude by expressing a hope that its return may annually find every Louisianian in full enjoyment of peace and prosperity.

Mercantile Advertiser.

Interesting fact.—The following interesting fact of a young Indian Chief of the Pawnee nation, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, who was on a visit to Washington in the winter of 1824 is extracted from a letter of the R. v. Richard Reese, to the editor of the London Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

"This young warrior, of fine size, figure and countenance, is now about 25 years old. At the age of 21 his heroic deeds had acquired for him in his nation the rank of 'bravest of the brave.' The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this nation. An unfortunate female taken in war, of the Paduca nation, was destined to this horrible death. The fatal hour had arrived, the trembling victim, far from her home and her friends, was fastened to the stake; the whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plain to witness the awful scene. Just when the fire was about to be kindled, and the spectators on the tip-toe of expectation, this young warrior, who sat composedly among the chiefs, having before prepared two fleet horses, with the necessary provisions, sprung from his seat, rushed through the crowd, loosed the victim, seized her in his arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed towards the nation and friends of the captive. The multitude, dumb and nerveless with amazement at the daring deed, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer. They viewed it as an act of the Great Spirit, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly returned to the village. The released captive was accompanied through the wilderness towards her home till she was out of danger. He then gave her the horse on which she rode, with the necessary provisions for the remainder of the journey, and they parted. On his return to the village, such was the respect entertained for him, that no enquiry was made into his conduct; no censure was passed on it, and since the transaction, no human sacrifice has been offered in this or any other of the Pawnee tribes. Of what influence is one bold act in a good cause!"

Extract from the Message of Governor Manning to the Legislature of South Carolina, November 28, 1826.

Execution by burning, which we derive from our European ancestors, which was only suited to ages of barbarity and force, should be abolished as repugnant to the spirit of an age of humanity and wisdom.

Our criminal laws are not so improved as to fix the just proportions between punishments and crimes. Those laws against public sentiment revolts, are and must be virtually repealed; they will never be enforced. Few criminals will be branded for petty offences, and scarcely any will be executed, the highest possible grade

of punishment, for the minor offences of stealing a piece of money, or a horse.

It is believed that the time is either at hand or that it has already arrived, when the advances of improving society, and the accumulated wisdom and knowledge of man will give a resistless call for such a digest, code or whatever else it may please others to denominate it, as will bring laws into such a form, that contradictions, fictions and many unnecessary and unintelligible technicalities may be superceded by rules of written reason and plain common sense, that they may be more easily understood and be more happily adapted to the essentially varied condition of human society at the present day.

Many of the laws now in force as well in this country as in England, owe their birth to ages, when the human mind was yet in the dark, and which proceeding in their operation with successive modifications through semi-barbarous ages and through the lights of half expanded reason, have come down to the present age, with all their unsuitableness and incumbrances about them, burying truth and desirable legal certainty in darkness and doubt, and entangling principles, and the spirit of laws in endless intricacy.

If this book-making age continues long to throw off on the world, countless multitudes of volumes, all human knowledge generally, as well as all human laws particularly will have necessarily to be reduced more to their essences.

All the elements of moral and natural history are to be found in books of law; but they are diffused through a thousand gloomy and unmanageable volumes. There is light, but it is hid in darkness.

Whether the Legislature of South Carolina is prepared or whether it is willing to attempt to introduce a digested body of written laws—in which every thing shall be reduced under its proper head, and convey to the human mind, the light of reason of truth, and of knowledge freed from antiquated forms and obscurities, and to give them the simple, but admirable dress of improved reason, so that not only the Judges who are the expounders of the laws, and the Bar, who are the disciples and agents of them, may understand and agree with regard to their meanings; but that it may be made possible for the citizens also, to know by what tenure they hold their lives, liberties and property;—it is not for me but for you to determine.

If it is not generally the case, it is very often so, that the Judges and the Bar are divided in opinion, and there is no certain and invariable standard, to which reference can be had, in order to determine what are really the laws of the land. Should this continue to be long the case, in an age in which there are approximations to certainty and truth constantly making in every other department of science.

In the other sciences, each age has built upon former improvements, and its own discoveries and the principles developed by previous ages, have been so modified and combined under progressive improvements, as to suit them to the present state of things, and to throw off all else as useless and unprofitable materials.

An Irish Soldier passing through a country village, a large mastiff ran at him and he stabbed him with a spear he had in his hand. The master of the dog carried the soldier before a Justice of the Peace, who asked him why he did not rather strike the dog with the butt end of his weapon.—"And so I should, an please your honor," said the soldier, "had the bastie ran at me with his tail foremost."

A late Bordeaux paper relates the following singular occurrence in the neighborhood of that city. An old woman who had formerly kept a hotel, owed to her confessor that she had amassed a large sum of money which she kept in her house. Soon after this confession made at the tribunal of penitence; she permitted an old postillion who had formerly lived with her, to sleep in her house. About 11 o'clock at night some one knocked loudly at her door and asked in a pitiful voice to be admitted to her hospitality for the night. Believing herself safe by having the postillion in the house, the woman opened the door when in rushed a man hidden by a mask and armed with pistols, who said 'deliver me your money, or I will instantly kill you?' The poor woman at first was almost frightened to death but gaining a little courage conducted the robber into the chamber where the postillion was sleeping; he having heard them coming in, hid behind the curtain. 'My money is in that closet' said the woman at the same time shewing an old piece of furniture almost hidden by a pile of linen. The robber laying his pistols on the table, prepared to take possession of her riches, but the postillion, who had observed his movements, with great sang froid, took one of the pistols and shot him dead on the spot. On taking

off the mask, the robber was discovered to be no other than the confessor, to whom the good woman had told her secret. The postillion immediately proceeded to the Mayor's, and gave himself up until the affair can be investigated. We wait for further particulars, says the paper, before we name the confessor, and the place where this terrible drama was acted.

What is it that freezes up the current of the feelings—that strikes the energies of the soul as with a blight—that cripples and mutilates every hope—that makes every prospect dark, gloomy and dismal—that makes our friends a dire phalanx of enemies and destroyers—that makes time a burden—eternity a dread? What is it that converts the steady bellowing ocean—the fair face of earth, fruits and flowers—the clear blue sky, sun, moon, and stars,—beauties celestial and terrestrial, into a universal wilderness of desolation?—*—vices all of*

blood or cross breed, or any other mode of improving the race of horses, while the foal is subjected to cold and starvation, and hampered with contrivances that run, a fine horse, for the sake of saving the expense and trouble of putting an additional rail on one's fence. The subject demands the consideration of the farmers.

Extract from the report of the Committee on Horses at the last Cattle Show at Canton, N. H.

If you have a colt, which you desire for a disorderly, unruly, poor, mean, short lived horse, the following directions, if strictly observed are as good as any:—In the summer season put him into a pasture without fence or grass; and if he resumes to pass the line of brush which bounds your pasture, fetter, clog, and yoke him so effectually, that he can neither walk nor feed. This sort of treatment will not only tend to abate his courage and strength, but to improve his gait so wonderfully, that the most experienced jockey will be puzzled to decide if he ambles, paces or canters. By this process, also, you may ornament his hoofs with ring bones, and so effectually cripple him in every leg and joint, and render him so uniformly lame, that to a novice he will appear like a sound horse. In the season of the winter he should be suffered to run at large, in the highways and on commons; so that he may learn, as the saying is, to shirk for himself, by plundering his living from waggons and sleighs. By this course of life he soon becomes familiar with clubs, pitchforks, and ball dogs, and forms a general acquaintance with travellers who carry oats, corn, or salt. At three years of age, he should be broken and tutored by a hopeful youth of sixteen; who will initiate him into all the sublime mysteries of racing, jumping prancing, pawing and biting. Thus educated, the horse is fit for service—I mean the service of his owner, and no one else.—He is well qualified to carry his master to trainings, grog shops, and taverns. In order to inure him to hardships, the owner of such a horse must ride, or rather gallop him, at the rate of eight miles an hour on a cold winter's night, and in the height of his heat and perspiration tie him, without covering at the north-west corner of a *tippler's shop* or tavern, where he should remain for the space of four or five hours without eating or drinking, whilst his accomplished owner is within, regaling himself over a comfortable fire, "with reaming swats that drank divinely," disputing politicks, chewing tobacco and smoking cigars. While the happy man is thus engaged in moistening his clay, and settling the affairs of the nation or some disputed points in religion, should his horse, from the effects of cold or hunger, presume by neighing, to interrupt the sublime harangue of his master, he should get out occasionally—sweat at him—kick him, and give him the discipline of the whip. By such kind of mild punishments, and by feeding him plentifully upon meadow hay and rye straw the horse, in time will learn patience under adversity, and grow so orderly and tame, that the owner may even skin him without his manifesting the least resentment or restlessness. About this time also, the owner will be prepared to be skinned by his impatient creditors, who have been waiting for years and watching the progress and motions of the rider and his horse.

The day originally set apart for Theatrical exhibitions appears to have been Sunday—probably because the first dramatic pieces were of a religious cast.

During a great part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the Playhouses were only licensed to be opened on that day.—*Perry.*

BLANK DEEDS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.