

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Connecticut Herald.

THOUGHTS ON VIEWING THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

I wonder how long ye've been a roarin'
At this infernal rate!
I wonder if all ye've been a pourin'
Could be ciphered on a slate!
I wonder how such a thunderin' sounded
When all New-York was woudin'
'Spose likely some Indians have been drowned,
When rains had raised our doods!
I wonder if wild stags and buffaloes
Hav'nt stood where I now stand!
Well, 'spose (being scared at first) they'd stubb'd
their toes,
I wonder where they'd land!
I wonder if that rainbow has been shinen'
Since sunrise at creation—
And this water fall been underminin'
With constant spatteration!
That Moses never mentioned ye I've wondered,
While other things describ'd,
My conscience! how ye must have foam'd and
thunder'd
When the deluge was substatin'
"My thoughts are strange," magnificent and deep,
When I look down to thee,—
"O! what a glorious place for washing sheep
Niagara will be!
And O! what a tremendous water power
Is wasted o'er its edge—
One man might furnish all the world with flour,
With a single privilege!
I wonder how many times the lakes have all
Been emptied over here!
Why Clinton didn't feed the grand canal
Up here, I think is queer.
"The thoughts are very strange which crowd my
brain
While I look up to thee"—
Such thoughts I never expect to have again,
To all eternity!

JUDGES vs. WIVES.—We mentioned a few days since, a decision by Judge Ruffin, of N. Carolina, in a case of an individual charged with having beaten his wife, and in which the learned judge laid it down as a law, that a man had a right to make use of moderate corporeal punishment, when his wife was refractory, on the ground that the law was made to apply to mankind at large, and not exclusively to the more refined portion of society. We again refer to this case, because a similar interpretation of law by a Canadian judge has of late arrested our attention.—The opinion of the Chief Justice of Upper Canada, in a case where a father sought redress for the ill-treatment of his daughter, who had been induced to leave her husband's house in consequence of receiving from him a chastisement with a horse-whip, agreed very strikingly with that expressed by Judge Ruffin. Chief Justice Campbell, in stating the law to the Jury on a trial of this case, [Hawley vs. Ham] said:—

"It was true it appeared in evidence that a chastisement had taken place; but however ungallant such conduct might be considered, yet a man had a right to chastise his wife moderately, and to warrant her leaving her husband, the chastisement must be such as to put her life in jeopardy. And were it not for the defendant's letter to the plaintiff, in which, certainly, consent [assent] was implied, he would have no hesitation in granting him a non-suit. His Lordship wished the public distinctly to understand what the law was, in such cases as the present—that it was decidedly hostile to the practice of wives running a way from their husbands."

This is, it appears, the English law, according to Chief Justice Campbell. The husband may flog, but the wife must not decamp; the obligation to "love, honor, and obey," also enjoins upon the wife to suffer, and that patiently, the brutality of her lord and master. Talk about negro slavery! the pain and degradation of servitude, where the hand labours at variance with the will! Talk of chains and shackles! What are all these to the slavery of domestic life, if such are the *ex parte* provisions of the law? The Chief Justice, it seems, is not only learned in legal science; he also tells a good story, if we may judge of his powers of narration by an anecdote which he related to the jury, in illustration of the opinion we have noticed above.—His Lordship was inveighing against the interference of the father of the lady, who had so ungraciously received the well meant horse whipping of her loving husband, in a matter which his Lordship looked upon as strictly between husband and wife. This conduct of the father he characterized as "*effacious meddling*" and in pointing out what the department of parents in such cases ought to be, he related with wonderful good humor the following story.

"It once upon a time so happened, that a person who had some dispute with his wife, gave her a moderate chastisement,

upon which the fair one ran home and complained to her father. The father pretended to be in a desperate rage at the husband, said, what! has the scoundrel really had the impudence to beat my daughter—well, I shall be revenged upon him, for I am determined to beat his wife, which he did, and sent her home, and was no more troubled with the quarrels of the parties."

This is a good story, but must have had rather a queer effect related upon the Bench. Seriously, this law, if thus correctly stated, is tainted with the barbarity of an age to which we refer when we call to mind the most degrading violations of justice and humanity. Why should that exist in law, which has no longer its support and sanction in the minds of liberal and enlightened men; which encourages coercion and brutal violence where the words of peace & affection would have triple power? But it is idle to reason upon the matter. The feelings of every generous mind argue the case at once, and establish the law of the Judges to be at war with the advanced state of refinement to which we have happily arrived. While upon this subject, we cannot refrain from giving a quotation from the decision of Sir John Nichol, in the Arches Court, London, in the case of lady Westmeath against the Marquis of Westmeath, in which the lady petitioned for a divorce, on the ground of cruel treatment. Sir John is certainly far before either Judge Ruffin or Chief Justice Campbell, in gallantry, logic, and humanity. His decision was grounded upon the effect produced upon the feelings of the individual upon whom chastisement was inflicted, and the comparative opportunities for the cultivation of refinement and humanity of the party inflicting it; thus graduating the nature of the offence by the degree of wantonness or cruelty actuating the husband, and the pain, not merely bodily, but mental also, inflicted upon the wife.

"It," says he, "cruelty had been inflicted, the reputation of which would endanger the life of the wife, there could be no doubt that the charge of legal cruelty had been established. Not only the natural but acquired feelings, of the parties were also to be taken into consideration. In a low rank of life, persons of different sexes might exchange blows without its causing any great degree of injury to the feelings; yet even in this rank, as well as others it had been considered unmanly to strike a woman; but in higher rank, where a nobleman or gentleman, in whose mind ferocity might be supposed to be softened by education, was proved to inflict personal violence on his wife, the crime became much more aggravated."

It is pleasing to find one Judge who treats the matter in this liberal and generous manner. We have spun out this article beyond our design; but trust we shall find an excuse for doing so, at least among our female readers.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Extract of a letter from Mr. D. T. Potts, dated Rocky Mountains, July 16, 1826.

The southern branches of the Missouri are Seets Kadu and Lewis River, and others of similar note. After passing from this valley, in a S. W. direction, we had very good travelling over an inconsiderable ridge, we fell on a considerable river, called Bear river, which rises to the south on the Utaw Mountains, bears N. 80 or 90 miles, when it turns short to the S. W. and S. and after passing two mountains, discharges itself into the Great Salt Lake.—On this river and its tributary streams, and adjacent country, we have taken beaver with great success. Since the autumn of 1826, you have no doubt heard, and will hear by the public prints, of the furs brought in by Gen. Ashly, which were the product of our toils. The first valley, as you approach from the head of the river, is a small sweet lake, about 120 miles in circumference, with beautiful clean water, and when the wind blows has a splendid appearance. There is also to be found in this valley a considerable sour spring, near the most northerly point of the river. The valley is scantily supplied with timber, as is the case with most of the low grounds of this country. The second, or Willow Valley, is better supplied on this point—this valley has been our chief place of rendezvous, and wintering ground. Numerous streams fall in through this valley, which, like the others, is surrounded with stupendous mountains, which are unrivalled for beauty and serenity of scenery.

You here have a view of all the varieties, plenty of ripe fruit, an abundance of grass just springing up, and buds beginning to shoot, while the higher parts of the mountains are covered with snow, all within 12 or 15 miles of this valley.

The river passes through a small range of mountains, and enters the valley that borders on the Great Salt Lake. The

Great Salt Lake lies in a circular form, from N. E. to N. W. the larger circle being to S. It is about 400 miles in circumference and has no discharge or outlet; it is generally shallow near the beach, and has several islands, which rise like pyramids from its surface. The western part of the lake is so saturated with salt as not to dissolve any more when thrown into it. The country on the S. W. and N. W. is very barren, bearing but little more than wild sage and short grass. The S. E. and E. are fertile, especially near the outlet of the Utaw Lake and Weber's river. The former is about thirty yards wide at its mouth, the latter from fifty to sixty, and very deep.

This river rises to the E. in the Utaw mountains, and in its course passes through three mountains, to where it enters the lake. We expect to start in a short time to explore the country S. W. of the Great Lake, where shall probably winter. This country has never yet been visited by any white person; from thence to what place I cannot say, but expect the next letter will be dated at the mouth of the Columbia. We celebrated the 4th of July by firing three rounds of small arms, and partook of a most excellent dinner, after which a number of political toasts were drunk.

DON'T CARRY YOUR HEAD TOO HIGH.

"Ned, my boy," said my poor old grandfather to me one day, (he is dead now, 'rest and bless him,) "Ned, my boy, mind and don't carry your head too high." I was quite young then, and did not at the time know what the old gentleman meant; but I never forgot his words, and a life of observation has fully convinced me of their truth. The years of my boyhood flew rapidly away, and the more busy ones of manhood succeeded. Yet amid all the fun and frolic of youth, that season of real enjoyment, when the whole heart is glad, and the head is full of nothing but sport and merriment, the words of my grandfather, every now and then, would come across my mind, *don't carry your head too high.* In the course of time, the associates of my youth became settled men, and took to themselves help mates. And then it was, I discovered the meaning of my grandfather's saying.

Dick Thompson, one of my school fellows, was as nice a cobbler, as ever put awl into his hands. He had a good shop, plenty of work, and was well to do in the world. But then Dick took it into his head, it was low business for a fine fellow like him, to be every day measuring the length and breadth of a man's foot. So he broke up his shop, sold his tools, attended the auction of a shoe merchant, bought all his stock, and set up a large shoe store. Dick was no more cobbler now, he got him a sign, and the following words painted on it, in large gilt letters:—

RICHARD THOMPSON, shoe merchant.
Two or three months after, I went into Dick's store, when a man with a long pole came in, tipped Dick on the shoulder, seized every thing in his store, and carried him off to jail. So, thought I, this is what my grandfather meant, when he said, *don't carry your head too high.*

Tom Parker was another schoolmate of mine. After he left school, his father bound him to a barber. His master took a liking to Tom, as he was a smart active lad, gave him his shop, and all his custom. Tom now began to feel like other rich men, and every dollar in his pocket added an inch to his consequence. It was not at all proper for a man of Mr. Thomas Parker's wealth, to be doing nothing else all the days of his life, but holding men's noses. Poh! it was shameful. So away went Tom's razors, down fell the barber's pole, and in its stead was seen a large fancy store. He was now in his glory, and he could be seen daily, dealing out spices and perfumery to ladies and fine gentlemen, who of course gave him plenty of smiles, and little cash. And who cannot live on ladies' smiles?—so thought poor Tom. It was food for his mind, meat for his body, and cash for his pocket. But quarter day came and went, and still Tom got nothing but—ladies' smiles. He sent in bills; the ladies, sweet creatures, gave him smiles, the gentlemen promises. Tom owed money, the day of payment was near, but he had not the wherewithal. He made over his goods to his creditors, and "shut up shop." I met him the other day, his face was lean and thin, his clothes shabby and ragged. He was employed as journeyman by a barber in the neighborhood. I thought of my grandfather—*don't carry your head too high.*

Charles Smith was my bosom companion. We had stuck together in many a boy's frolic, and our attachment grew with our years. He had served his time as a cabinet maker, and his father dying soon after he came of age, left him in possession of handsome property. He opened a shop of his own, and such was his attention to

his business, that he soon had a great run. In short, few young men ever began life with fairer prospects of making the descent into the vale of life smooth and easy. He married a girl of great beauty and many accomplishments. She could sing, play music and dance. In the height of his love he determined that she should want nothing which money could procure, and she, like other young ladies, wanted every thing that money would purchase. Mrs. Sally Jackson had a piano with a drum and triangle, and forthwith Mrs. Charles Smith's was laid aside as unfashionable, and one with a drum and triangle was

and dancing master, French teacher, &c. &c. Charles' purse was drained pretty low. People began to talk of the extravagance of Mrs. Smith—they wondered at the imprudence of Mr. Smith. His customers dropped off, one by one. Want of business produced shortness of cash, this again produced shortness of credit. In short, Charles Smith was a ruined man. He saw his folly when it was too late, and in a fit of d lirim put an end to his life. Poor fellow, he suffered his wife to carry her head too high.

Always happy.—An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal function, without betraying the least impatience.—One of his intimate friends, who highly admired those virtues which he thought impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being *always easy*? "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility; it consists in nothing more than in making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the Bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a place I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred; I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, when all our cares must end and what little reason I have to repine or complain."

Mr. Macon.—This gentleman, who has been so long in the public service as representative and senator, has been invited by some of the citizens of North Carolina to partake of a public dinner. In his reply to the invitation, after the usual expressions of thanks, Mr. Macon says—"Permit me to say to you that I have never been at a public dinner given to any man for public services, and that I never approved them. Now, I am too old to change an opinion so long practiced on, without discovering it to be erroneous, and that I feel compelled to decline your polite and friendly invitation, and hope you will excuse me."

A fair offer.—Make a full estimate of all you owe, and all that is owing to you.—Reduce the same to note. As fast as you collect, pay over to those you owe; if you cannot collect, renew your note every year, and get the best securities you can. Go to business diligently, and be industrious. Lose no time; waste no idle moments; be very prudent and economical in all things; discard all pride but that of acting well; be faithful in your duty to God, by regular and hearty prayer morning and night; attend church and meeting regularly every Sunday, and "do unto all men as you would they should do unto you." If you are too needy in your own circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else you have in your power to do for them cheerfully; but if you can, always help the worthy, poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely, for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable and independent in your circumstances, come to me and I will pay all your debts.—*Franklin.*

Printing.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, HORSE BILLS, CARDS, LABELS, &c. &c. Neatly executed at this office on reasonable terms, and on the shortest notice.