

POETICAL.



From the London Court Magazine for June.

THE YOUNG DEAD.

Thou hast gone to rest in the spring time hours,
In the freshness of early feeling;
While the dew yet lies on the new born flower.

And winds through the wood paths are stealing;
While yet life was gay to thine advent eye,
While thine rich hopes filled thy bosom;
While each dream was pure as the upper sky,
And sweet as the opening blossom;
But thy promise of being which shone so fair
Hath passed like a summer cloud in air;
Thy bosom is cold, which with love was warm,
And the grave embraces thy gentle form.

Thou art slumbering now in a voiceless cell,
While Nature her garland is wreathing;
While the earth scences touched with a radiant
spell.

And the air of delight is breathing;
While the day looks down with a mellow
beam.

Where the roses in light are blushing;
While the young leaves dance with a fitful
gleam;

And the stream into song is gushing;
While bright wings play in the golden sun,
The tomb hath ceased there, thou faded one!
The clod lies cold on that settled brow,
Which was beaming with pleasure and youth but
now.

Should we mourn that Death's angel, on dusky
wing,

O'er thy flowery path has driven?
That he crushed the buds of thy sunny spring—
That thy spirit is borne to Heaven?
How soon will the vision of earth grow dim—
How soon will its hopes be faded;
And the heart that hath leaped to the siren's
hymn.

With sadness and bloom be o'er shaded!
The feelings are fresh but a little while—
We can back but an hour in affection's smile;
For the friend and the lover have passed away—
For the anthem is sung o'er their wailing clay.

Then take the rest in that shady hall,
In thy mournful shroud reposing;
There is no clod on the soil to fall—
No dust o'er thy light is closing;
It will shine in glory when time is o'er,
When each phantom of earth shall wither;
When the friends who deplore thee, shall sigh no
more.

And lie down in the dust together,
Thou and winds wail in the express hour,
Thou art resting untroubled and calmly now,
With a seal of sleep on thy folded eye,
While thy spirit is glad in the courts on high.

From the Western Shield.

THE CONVOY.

We had been detained in Kingston harbor for several days waiting the departure of an English convoy; the day of sailing had at length arrived, and we were wafted gracefully at sea, by the trade-winds which blew fresh and favorable, and promised with its continuance a speedy arrival at the United States. The fleet was composed of at least forty sail, vessels of all nations, who had like us sought the convoy's protection from the many piratical cruisers, which at that time infested the shores of the West India Islands. There might have been seen the clumsy Hollander, and the more fragile vessel of Spain, the large unwieldy barque of Russia, and the light felucca of the Mediterranean, the strong and handsome Englishman, and the beautiful, fast sailing trader of the United States, the high black lugger of Bremen, and the long, low cruiser of Portugal; all with their flowing canvass set, gracefully plunging the green waves of the Atlantic. I had embarked in an American ship bound for the port of Baltimore, a truly noble vessel, and I felt a secret pride thrill through my veins, as I cast my eyes along the tapering spars, suffering them to rest upon the well trimmed head rigging and belling topsail; there was not a brace, stay, or halyard, but was drawn tight to its respective place, and the light foot ropes hung in graceful curves from the numerous yards in beautiful contrast with the running and stationary rigging. On deck every thing presented as neat an appearance as aloft, the guns were newly painted and bound to their places with widely plated breeching, the deck had been cleared of every fibre of useless stuff, and the running rigging hung from the cleets and belaying pins in beautiful coils. When I had finished my survey of the appearance, I turned almost involuntarily towards the stern, and suffered my gaze to fall upon the star spangled banner which rolled in graceful folds from the main gaff—the guardian of all this beauty—the protection of all this elegance.

Our captain was a large and finely moulded man, but the most distant and tacit being I had ever encountered; he would stand for hours leaning over the taffrail and gazing in the blue deep of the ocean, as if he could read therein some darkly fascinating page of futurity; his eyes were grey and deeply sunken, yet they flowed with an almost unnatural lustre, and seemed to search and be satisfied of your most secret thought with a glance; to a superficial observer he appeared a being ill calculated to gain the affection of mankind, yet every one on board loved him, and appeared to take pleasure in executing his mandates; there was something so singularly and impressively interesting in the expression of his countenance—something so stern, so noble, and so decisive, that I felt, as I gazed upon him, that his like I should never behold again.

As my eyes fell from the banner of my country they encountered his; he had been observing me for some time, and I felt that his penetrating glance was master of my feelings. "American," said he, advancing, "these hands are the first that ever raised you proud banner to a gaff,

fought, bled, and conquered under your stars and stripes, and while the arm which first reared is left me, it shall never be lowered in submission to create man." I could make no answer to his speech, but I grasped his hand with a pressure which indicated far more than words could express; after a moment's pause he looked around to observe that none were within hearing, and again resumed, "Yes, stranger, I once shot a man dead for laying his hand upon the halyards with the intent of striking that proud banner to a foam." A fierce, though animated light for a moment illumined his expressive eye, and then turning abruptly away, he strode to a distant part of the quarter deck, which seemed to forbid further intercourse; this singular man had made a deep impression on me, and I resolved to study him well during the voyage.

There was a general movement among the ship's company, and the eyes of all on board were turned towards the squadron, and then inquiringly, on the captain, as if to hear and obey his commands.

His Britannic Majesty's ship Hyperion, had overhauled the squadron, and informed by her signals, that the Duke of Clarence, now William the Fourth, King of England, was on board. In a few minutes the peak of every vessel in the fleet, save ours, was lowered, and for a while nothing was heard on the waste of water, but the cracking of sheaves, as the halyards sped swiftly through the blocks, peak after peak, fell in honor of the royal passenger, but the gaff of our vessel was motionless, and reared its proud head while all around had submissively fallen. When I learned the cause of this movement, I turned towards the captain, and never shall I forget the ghastly smile that at that moment played around his lips—"Fools!" muttered he, "mimons, to do homage to the boy whose father's foot is on their neck—by Heavens! I'd suffer death before my peak should bow to the effeminate pup of the purple," and he cast his eyes jealously along the spotless canvass.

"John Bull seldom allows such disrespect as this to go unpunished," whispered Bob Barnacle, "see, they are lowering the yawl from the davits for the purpose of boarding us, and if the judgment of an old seaman don't deceive him, we shall have some heaving of iron before this squall blows over." "I hope nothing serious may accrue to us," said I.

The naval veteran shook his head importantly as he answered, "the captain is like a Dutch Lagger in a blow." As the veteran concluded, he moved away leaving me to conjecture the meaning of his mysterious sentence. Again I turned my attention to the commander; for a moment he regarded the yawl as it left the ship's side, and then folding his arms he continued to pace the quarter deck until its arrival. Our Independent bearing had been perceived by the whole squadron, and the eyes of men, of more than one nation, were turned upon us with jealous curiosity, and a thrill of national pride traversed my veins as I contemplated the proud sense of freedom we had so nobly displayed, yet we had committed a daring if not a rash action, and there was no alternative but to follow it up manfully, or disgrace the proud pennons that floated over us, in presence of the citizens of almost all the christian nations of Europe. The dark man who paraded the quarter, was the sole being upon whom was rested the responsibility of our country's honor; his command might exalt us in the eyes of many a jealous rival, or on the other hand it might render us an object of contempt and ridicule; but at that moment I felt a certainty of conviction, that our commander would honorably finish the work he had so nobly begun. The English yawl had now arrived, and a young midshipman, arrayed in all the naval finery of his nation, ascended the ship's side and sprung upon the deck.

"Are your peak halyards choked, or has your mizen down hauls given way, that you refuse to drop your gaff to his grace, the Duke of Clarence?" asked he as he gazed severally on those around in order to discover the commander.

"Neither, young man," was the calm reply of our captain.

"Then why have you dared to insult the flag of Great Britain on the high seas?" demanded the youth with an impudent and cocked air. "Are you not fearful that we will inflict the chastisement you richly deserve?" A flash of anger flashed in the eyes of our commander, but it instantly passed away and he calmly replied, "no, boy, I am not fearful of receiving punishment at your hands—nor shall my peak or banner ever be lowered to the cross of England while I have life to lose in its defence."

"By saint George, sir Rebel, you speak tauntingly of my country's powers," exclaimed the midshipman, "more such language as that might tempt us to tear that rag of thine from the gaff and trample it beneath our feet."

At this disgraceful allusion to our flag, the lips of our commander quivered with rage, and turning to one of the sturdy seamen that lined the deck, he vociferated, "Barnacle, throw that man overboard."

"Ay, ay! Sir," exclaimed the veteran, and seizing the slight form of the midshipman, he hoisted him over the gunwale and plunged him into the sea beneath.

A roar of laughter ensued among the sons of Neptune, and even the British seamen were observed to chuckle with smothered delight, as they drew him dripping from the briny element, and shoved off to return. When the yawl which contained the exasperated midshipman had arrived at the side of the British vessel a general stir was observed on her decks;

her long black yards were swung round and her bow was to windward in a straight line with our vessel, and it was evident by their movements that it was their intent to run us down and pour in a broadside. Studding sails, spankers and stay-sails, were spreading in all parts of her wide extended rigging, and in a few minutes every boom, mast and stay, was clothed in its respective robe of flowing canvass; yet for nearly an hour, during which she had gained rapidly upon us, we continued our course without adding a sail to those with which we had cleared the harbor. Our commander who had hitherto stood silently regarding the advancing vessel turned to the seamen with the usual premonitory command of "silence;" in an instant, the murmured hum which arose from the ship's deck, was hushed and each ear was sharpened to catch the following order: "clear away the long tom."

"Ay, ay sir!" shouted a dozen of the seamen—and in a few moments the gun was prepared for discharging, and the men stood awaiting his further orders.

By this time, the advancing ship had approached so near that her hobstays and lan-yards were seen distinctly relieved from the dark and massive hull; men were observed clambering the shrouds; crowding forward and stationing themselves in the starboard chains, for the purpose of admiring the saucy Yankee, who evinced no disposition either to run away or come to close quarter; still she swept onwards, and in a few minutes the letters of her name grew legibly detached from the fore netting, and the swelling notes of "Rule Britannia" rose upon our hearing; yet our commander stood motionless, attentively surveying the noble Briton as she swiftly advanced, dashing proudly aside the white spray that gathered around her bow—not a word was spoken on board of our ship, and every eye was bent on the Englishman with absorbing interest; it was the most exciting moment of my life—I fairly held my breath with the thrilling, indescribable feeling that was awakened in my mind. "Stand by the weather braces!" shouted our commander, and the ropes were disengaged from their respective cleets—again an interval of silence succeeded as the captain again turned his gaze on the ship in chase.

"Wear ship," shouted he at the top of his voice, and the long yards of our vessel were swung around, until her bow veered gracefully to windward; this manoeuvre was scarcely executed, when a volume of smoke issued from the bow of the ship in chase, and the loud report of a cannon rang upon the breeze; in an instant every eye was thrown aloft to discover if their fire had proved effectual, but all above remained untouched, the ball had passed us harmlessly by. "Keep her at that," exclaimed the commander to the man at the wheel, as our topsails were thrown aback and the vessel lay motionless in the wind's eye, then glancing his eyes along the gun he pointed it to suit his aim—and priming was fired—and the crack of our cannon reverberated on the ears with its wonted stunning effect. "Huzza!" shouted our seamen as the mizen top of the Briton flew in splinters and the top, top gallant and royal mast flew over the stern, dragging along with it the proud banner of England. For a moment I stood regarding the lamed vessel with a glow of delight which can better be imagined than described; national pride, and the exciting thrill of triumph, swept through my veins, and I felt that I could not breathe another than as an American. I turned towards the commander—he still gazed at the vessel astern, while his eye was alighted with a fierce triumph and his lips curled with a grim, though not unpleasant smile. Thus, said he, addressing me, snail Paul Jones ever do homage to the pennons of British tyranny and oppression. Then suffering the excitement of his countenance to vanish, he gave the loud command of fill away! our vessel then swung round on her course, the sails were again filled, and again she bounded forward through the green waters of the Atlantic. Set the studding-sails, and crowd on sail, exclaimed the commander, the light booms were speedily run out from the extremity of the yards and in a few hours our antagonist and those of the ships of the squadron were lost in the rotundity of the ocean.

From the New-York Traveller and Times.

STOLEN KISS.

OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF MATRIMONY.

The following anecdote, related of a highly respectable and talented clergyman, now preaching within the vicinity of Lynn, Mass., is from the Messenger, published in that town. It appears that this clergyman had been settled for some time, and had got pretty well along in years, when he became conscious that, in reference to worldly matters, there yet remained one thing needful, to give him that weight of character which it was desirable he should possess, and also to embrace if not to perfect his earthly felicity, viz: an help mate. Immediately on the conception of this idea, he began anxiously to look about; but having neglected this important matter so long, as might have been expected, he imbibed many of those strange and unaccountable notions, so peculiar to the single blessed of either sex, after they had attained a certain age; and these operated to his disadvantage in such wise, that he found it extremely difficult to select one at whose side he thought he could, without any fearful forebodings, stand before the altar of Hymen.

Now it became known to the dame, round about here how Mr. —, was then circumstanced, and many there were who would fain have relieved his embarrassment. Some joined his church; and many

more were seen to blush like the first rose of summer, if, in the progress of his disputation from the pulpit, he should drop his eye toward the pew in which they were seated—though of course they dare not acknowledge even to themselves anything in particular, because of the great doubt relative to the vice versa of the case.

But to make a short story shorter; travelling into town one night about dusk, parson —, had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed parishioner, who among other worldly possessions, had two or three fine daughters as ever graced the county of Essex. He had scarce knocked at the door, when it was hastily opened by one of these blooming maidens, who as quick as thought threw her arm round his neck, and before he had time to say, "O! don't," brought her warm delicate lips to his, and gave him as sweet a kiss as ever heart of swain desired. In utter astonishment, the worthy divine was endeavoring to stammer out something, when—"O! mercy, mercy! Mr. —, is this you?" exclaimed the damsel, "why I thought as much as could be, it was my brother Henry."—"Pshaw, pshaw!" thought the celibate, "you didn't think any such thing." But taking her hand, he said in a forgiving tone, "there is no harm done; don't give yourself any uneasiness—though you ought to be a little more careful." After this gentle reproof, he was ushered into the parlor, by the maiden, who as she came to the light, could not conceal the deep blush that glowed on her cheek—and the bouquet that was pinned upon her bosom (for all this happened in summer) shook like a flower garden in an earthquake. And when he arose to depart, it somehow fell to her lot to wait upon him to the door; and it may be added, that in the entry they had discourse together for some minutes—on what subject it is not for us to say.

As the warm hearted pastor plodded homeward, he argued with himself in this wise: "If Miss — knew it to be me who knocked at the door, and I verily believe she did, else how should she know me in the dark, before I had time to speak? and is it probable that her brother would knock before entering? she must be desperately in love—psaw! psaw!—But supposing she did think me to be her brother?—why, if she loves a brother at that rate, how much must she love her husband—for, by the great squash, I never felt such a kiss in my life."

We have only to add—that it was not long after this, that Mr. — had occasion to summon a brother in the ministry to the performance of one of the most solemn as well as pleasant duties attached to the sacred office—and that the lovely Miss — above spoken of, thereupon became Mrs. —, whom we doubt not, many of our readers well know, though perhaps they never before heard the above anecdote.

NAMES.

A young married lady in a town a few miles distant from this, had her first born christened "Paul Clifford." She saw the title probably on the back of the novel on the shelves of some circulating library, and deeming that Paul must be some worthy man, has tacked his cognomen to the surname of her infant. This is an honor Bulwer never dreamt of.

Talking of names, we will record an amusing affair which happened under Jefferson's administration. A gentleman in New Hampshire, anxious that some one of his descendants should be the President's namesake, was dreadfully disappointed during the six first years of Jefferson's administration by the birth of nothing but daughters. At length he swore in the violence of his patriotism that his next child should be called THOMAS JEFFERSON, at all events. His next child was—another daughter! But faithful to his oath he called her Thomas Jefferson—and Miss Thomas Jefferson B—, and her patriotic father are still living in New Hampshire. For the truth of this we can vouch.—N. Y. Times.

Hard Names, or the Yankee Outwitted.

A Yankee being in company at a tavern in Albany, a Dutchman happened in and enquired the name of the Yankee. I will bet you a bottle of wine, replied he, that I have the hardest name in company. Done says the dutchman—what is it? My name sir, is STONE, said he, exultingly. "Well den," rejoined the farmer, "your name is Stone, and mine is HARDER (which was the case)—now pay de bottle." The Yankee remarked, that he was rather a hard concern, but that he was fairly beaten, and paid the forfeit.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.

Not long ago in a town in Vermont, a storekeeper who was a furious antimoson, had his little store very much infected with rats, which he was in the habit of calling "d—d masons." He one day told his son, a young lad, to set some traps and catch some "masons," which he accordingly did and caught several, each time informing his father he had caught a "mason." At length he had caught a mole in his trap and ran to his father, crying out "I've caught an antimoson." Caught an antimoson, muttered the father, "what do you mean, you little rascal?" "Why," replied the boy the other animals I caught had eyes and you called them masons: the one I have just caught is blind—he can not see and of course he must be an antimoson.—Atlas.

Liberality in a Bridegroom.—At a late wedding in Essex county, the Bridegroom gave the Preacher a silver half dollar!—Upon some one's intimating to him that his douceur was insufficient, he the next day ponied up another shilling!

Filling out a Column.—The editor of the United States Gazette fills out a column with the following statistics, in which there is truth if not poetry.

"There is nothing in life so shocking, As a fine girl with a hole in her stocking."

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Oct. 5th, 1833—17

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AND SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

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