

POETICAL.



THE THREE TWILIGHTS.

The world from sleep is waking—
When in the east a few faint rays
Denote that day is breaking!
And then, when from the ocean's verge
A broader light is gushing,
And brilliantly the sea and sky
With vermilion dye are blushing;
When stars withdraw their gentle light,
The moon her brightness veiling,
And tinged with glory to the south
The clouds of night are sailing;
When winds pour forth their melody
To hail the early dawning,
And all the world seem to greet
The twilight of the morning.

When winter days have passed away,
And loosed the ice-lock'd fountains;
When trees put forth their tender leaves,
And verdure clothes the mountains;
When in the valley or the plain,
The first fresh leaves are springing,
And joyously the lighthearted bird
From branch to branch is winging;
When cheerfully along their way
The woodland rills are flowing,
And with a pleasant melody
The western winds are blowing—
How happy every creature!
How doth the twilight of the year
Be decked with smiles all nature!

How much the twilight of the year,
And twilight of the morning,
Are like that happy time in life—
Our childhood's early dawning!
When unknown care and unknown pain,
The heart is free and lightest,
And every hope and every joy,
And all things shine forth brightest!
When all the past hath no regret—
The present void of sorrow—
And not an anxious thought is there
Of what may come to-morrow,
O, well it were, if thus through life—
All care and woe at distance,
We could live on, as free as at
The twilight of existence.

A PICTURE.

A thousand faults in man we find,
Merit in him we seldom meet;
Man is inconstant and unkind;
Man is false and indecisive;
Man is capricious, jealous, free—
He's insincere, trifling too;
And yet the Women all agree,
For want of better we MUST do.

The Baltimore Republican contains the following highly interesting and well drawn sketch of an incident in real life of COMMODORE BAINBRIDGE.

The death of this gallant veteran recalls to mind an incident which occurred thirty-eight years ago, and which is strikingly characteristic of those noble qualities of humanity, generosity and patriotism, which have since signalized his glorious career; and it also shows the strong presentiment he had even at an early day, that an opportunity would be afforded him of avenging the insults which were offered to his country's flag. In the month of August, 1795, on his homeward bound voyage from France to Philadelphia, he boarded the American brig *Cincinnatus*, from Belfast to Wilmington, on board of which, the writer of this article was a passenger; and as he stepped on the deck of the brig, such a scene of distress presented itself as drew from him tears of commiseration. He saw despair depicted in every countenance—he heard the most heart rending cries from every part of the vessel; he paused, listened, and earnestly inquired into the cause. He was told that three British frigates had just left us, after a detention of three days, during which time, they had impressed fifty passengers, and four seamen, beating unmercifully every one who offered the least resistance to go into the boat—that they had ransacked the hold, cut open every bale of linen, and thrust their swords into every locker, in order to drag from their hiding places, those who would rather have met death in any shape than be dragged from their loved relatives, in a hated service. He listened with peculiar emotion to the fate of a brave and powerful man, who, when the officer ordered him into the boat, addressed him thus:—“Sir, I have an aged mother and three sisters, and I am their only protector—what will they do in a strange country?—Have pity on them, I pray you!” “Go into the boat—we'll have none of your paver—men, take a rope's end to him,” was the reply.

Six of the most powerful of the English sailors advanced, one of them made a blow at him, he threw up his arm, and jerked the rope's end out of his hand.—“Gentlemen,” said he, “stand off—I have applied to your officers in vain—I am a peaceable man—I would not hurt the hair of your head, but go I will not, and the first man lays hands on me I'll strike him down.” Instantly, four of them sprang upon him—he looked at his mother, he looked at his sisters, his lips trembled, his whole frame became convulsed—he uttered a terrific groan, and Sampson-like, sprang upon his assailants; in an instant four of them lay sprawling on the deck, but seeing several officers rushing towards him with their swords drawn, he pounced like an eagle on his prey, grasping two of them round the neck, one under each arm, and like an enraged shark, he made a desperate pitch, in order to plunge into the sea—but the officers perceiving his intention, frustrated it by some of them holding on, while others brutally stabbed and hacked the brave fellow, until he lay apparently lifeless on the deck. In this state, four of them threw him at full length on the benches of the boat, until by the force of the fall the blood was seen to flow

in streams from his eyes, nose, mouth and ears.

At this part of the narrative, the youthful Bainbridge exclaimed, “Monsters! if ye had possessed one spark of true magnanimity, you would have released the noble fellow; such barbarity is an indelible stigma on the British name.” He then paced the deck with agitation, a tear stole down his manly cheek, he brushed it off, and turning round, said, “Captain Robinson, do you know that something whispers me, that I shall yet have day about with these proud lords of the ocean; they have chased me ever since I left France—I can run away from their fastest frigates; but, oh! it breaks my heart, to think that the stars and stripes should be obliged to fly from the British jack. The day will come when, instead of showing them my heels, I'll make them feel my hands, and when I shall pay them with interest, the debt I owe them.” How prophetic was this impression, and how well he kept his word, the Java bore witness.

The frigates were the *Thetis* and *Hussar*, in company with their prize, *La Provocante*, under the command of captains Cochrane and Beresford; the boarding officer was Lord Cochrane.

Capt. Bainbridge remained on board the brig at least two hours, and liberally distributed fruit and wine among the passengers and crew. Before taking leave, he put the trumpet to his mouth, and ordered his first officer to spread all sail, that Capt. Robinson might see the stern of the beauty. This order was promptly obeyed, and the *Hope of Philadelphia*, appeared to our admiring eyes. She sailed majestically round us several times, when the gallant Bainbridge parted with us, amidst the tears and prayers and thankful hearts of all on board—one of which will cherish the remembrance of his kindness, till it ceases to beat; it has marked his career ever since with the deepest solicitude—exulted in his triumphs, and now mourns his loss. He was as graceful a seaman as ever trod the quarter deck; a perfect model of manly beauty. May his noble spirit rest in peace.

The celebrated counsellor Tone, and his interesting family, were passengers in the *Cincinnatus*. Major Tone, in his memoirs of his father, alludes to the impression above-mentioned.

A LATIN SCHOLAR.

A Clergyman, in New England, had an only son named Jacob, (he had lost his two first, Abraham and Isaac) to whom he determined to give a liberal education. He therefore prepared him for college. Jacob entered the college of —— with as much credit as most boys of his age; but Jacob was somewhat dull, a little fat, and somewhat waggish. At the end of the term he prepared to pay a visit to his parents, and there spend the vacation. While on his way he began to think his father would question him on the proficiency he had made in the Latin &c. In this reverie, passing a farm yard, he saw the tenants of a pig-stye endeavoring to extricate themselves from their prison; the old sow, probably the mother of the brood, took the most prominent part. This was lucky for Jacob, for he had ransacked his brain for a subject perfectly original. He exclaimed, “*Sacra, sacra, sacra, ut grecum, operam tuam!*” “By jingo that's good Latin,” said the delighted Jacob, and proceeded on his way repeating it to himself. Stopping to refresh himself and feed his horse, he became impatient at the slow movement of the animal's Jaws while masticating his oats, and with some impetuosity exclaimed, “*Horreum, edam edam edam!*”

“That's more good Latin, Said Jacob, as he mounted and proceeded on his journey. But night set in before he reached his father's house; the moon shone with splendor, which furnished with another scrap of Latin. “*Moonum, moonum, moonum!*” “I guess that will satisfy dad,” said Jacob, “that I havn't been to college for nothing, and commenced whistling “Home sweet home,” which he continued till he dismounted at his father's door. His parents were delighted; his fond mother (after seeing his extraordinary longitude) declared she always knew he was an aspiring genius. Jacob was soon seated at supper where he displayed his talents as an epicure; another cup! asked his mother, as he rose from the table. He replied, “*Secum, de-greco, Parcups!*” His father started at his seat at the sound of his favorite language. His mother looked at him again, first through and then over her spectacles. “I perceive,” said the old man, as they drew near the fire, “that you have made some progress in the Latin.” “A little, sir,” said Jacob. “I do not recollect,” said the old man, “what author you quote from, Horace or Virgil. I confess that I am a little rusty in the tongue.”

“I do not recollect, sir,” answered Jacob, but the plain English is, that we shall become as fat as hogs, with good eating.” Very well,” said his father, “have you any more?” “Yes sir, *sacra, lacrum, sty, garum, ence, ventrum!*” “The English, Jacob, if you please?” “The old son tearing the sty to pieces, sir. Another,” says Jacob, “*horreum, edam, edam!*” that is horse eat your oats. “*Moonum, moonum, moonum!*—the moon shines bright.” “Enough, enough,” said the old gentleman, “we will retire for the night.” Early next morning the person ordered the cart to be placed at the head of manure in the barn yard, in which he had placed a fork. Jacob soon made his appearance, when his father thus interrogated him, “What is the Latin of cart, Jacob?” “*Cart, abus, sir?*” What is the Latin of fork?” “*Fork, abus!*” “The Latin of manure, in which it is standing?” “*Munus, abus, sir.*” “Well, Jacob-us,” said his father, “take that fork-a-bus, and pitch that manure-a-bus into that cart-a-bus, or I'll slit your dull brain-a-bus.” “*Festina sat!*” muttered Jacob, as he reluctantly took the fork. Thus ended the education of poor Latin Jacob.

INDIAN FUN.

One of the earliest settlers around Lake Champlain, was Col. Edward Raymon.—He understood the character and disposition of the natives of the forest, and lived with them in much harmony; frequently employing them to row him up and down the lake as he had occasion. One stout fellow, by the name of Big Bear, had his wigwam at no great distance from the Colonel's dwelling, and was often there. The Colonel, having occasion to visit some distant shore of the lake, employed Big Bear to row him in his canoe. On their return, they passed near a high, yet sloping ledge of rocks, on which lay an immense number of rattlesnakes asleep and basking in the sun. The Indian gave a penetrating look at the Colonel, and thus inquired, “Raymon love fun?” “Yes was the reply. “Well then, Raymon have fun; mind braham, and hole a ghum?” So he rowed along silent and slow, and cut a crotch-stick from a bunch of hazels upon the bank. Steady now,

hole a ghum, Raymon,” said he as he clapped the crotch astride the neck of a serpent that was as deep as the edge of the water.—“Take um now, Raymon; hold fast.” The Colonel, then took hold of the stick, keeping the serpent down, while Big Bear tied up a little sack of powder, putting one end of a slowmatch therein. He then made it fast to the snake's tail and touched fire to the match, gave orders to let um go; at the same time pushed off from the shore; the snake being liberated, crawled away to his den. The Indian immediately then stood up and clapping his hands, making as loud a noise as possible, and thus roused the serpents, who all in a moment disappeared.—

“Now look, Raymon, now look; see fun,” said the Indian, and in about a moment the powder exploded, when there was to be sure, fun alive. The snakes, in thousands, covered the rocks, all hissing, rattling, twining, twirling, and jumping in every way imaginable. Col. Raymon burst into a loud laugh, that echoed across the lake, pleased alike at the success of the trick, and the ingenuity of the savage's invention. But Big Bear, from the beginning to the end, was as grave as a judge, not moving a muscle, and having not the least show of risibility in his countenance. This is truly characteristic of the American aborigines; what causes the excitability of laughter in others, he has no effect upon them, they may love fun, but never in the smallest degree exhibit that character in their looks.

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Anecdote.—A gentleman meeting a very homely man, thus addressed him—“My dear friend, you ought to take saffron constantly.” “If or what?” inquired the latter. “To keep the ugliness out, for if it ever strikes in, it will certainly kill you.”

Exact.—An ingenious gentleman has

communicated an important discovery in

the Encyclopaedia, viz: that ninety millions

of mite's eggs amount exactly to one pif-
eon's egg.

A Pleasant Temper.—At the special Sessions, yesterday, Robert Kidd, for an insult on his wife, was sentenced to the penitentiary. On retiring from the box, he thanked the recorder for his kindness.—“Now, may it please your honor,” said Captain Kidd, “I shall have six months peace!”

What inference would you draw from that portion of Scripture, which says, “The ass snuffeth the east wind?” asked a preacher of a pious horse jockey he had converted. “If I were to draw any inference,” replied he, “it would be, that he would snuff long before he would grow fat on it.”

A man lately made Justice of the Peace, was asked what would be done with the man who committed suicide. The squire answered with much mestigial gravity, that he must be confined in the State Prison, to hard labor during life!

From a dialogue between a father and a child.

Child—Pa, what's a dilemma?

Father—A dilemma, dear, is—a dilemma; when any person don't know what to do; that is a dilemma.

Child—Yes! I know; a dilemma is just like you when ma scolds you.

Father—Hem! you talk too much, child.

A Happy Turn.—At one of the late country assizes, where an indictment for assault had been preferred against a woman for the ill usage of her husband, who is superannuated, his counsel, in the heat of declamation, happened to say, that half the sex were devils. But seeing a number of genteel females in the court, after a very short pause he went on—But the other half are angels! and several of them (said he) are now present.

Delicate Compliments.—A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him, the only objection which she had to a union with him, was the probability of his dying before her; and leaving her to feel the sorrows of widowhood; to which he made the following reply: “Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled.”

The Reason Why.—A small lad asked permission of his mother to go to a *Ball*. She told him it was a bad place for little boys. “Why mother, didn't you and father used to go to balls when you was young?” “Yes, but we have seen the folly of it,” answered the mother. “Well mother,” exclaimed the son, “I want to see the folly of it too.”

A Good Joke.—An Irish girl who had been in this country about four months, and at service, was asked by her mistress to get the spider. She went into the closet, and after being gone sometime, returned, with a fly in her hand, which she held by one leg, saying, “Madam, the devil a spider can I find, but here's a fly.”

Boston Transcript.

Effect of Oil on Water.—The following is a secret worth knowing: In rough weather, they (the fisherman, of the Bosphorus) spread a few drops of oil on the surface, which permits them to see clearly to a great depth. I was aware that oil would calm the surface of the sea; but until recently I did not know that it rendered objects more distinct beneath the surface. A trinket of some value had been dropped out of one of the upper windows of our palace into the Bosphorus; which at this place, was ten or twelve feet deep. It was so small, dragging for it would have been perfectly useless, and it was accordingly given up for lost, when one of the servants proposed to drop a little oil on the surface. This was acceded to, with, however, but faint hopes of success. To our astonishment, the trinket immediately appeared in sight, and was eventually recovered. [De Key's sketches of Turkey.]

Drug & Chemical Store.

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Blue Pill Mass	Cantharides
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Sulphate Quinine	Senna Alexandria
Extract do.	Spermacti
“ Colocynth	Sal Ammoniac
“ Cicta	Cocculus Indicus
“ Balladona	Arrow Root Pulv.
“ Liquorice	White Arsenic
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“ Tragacanth	Antimonium pulv.
“ Elastic	Frankincense
“ Styrax	Armenian Bole
“ Aloes	Carb Zinc
“ Guiac	Nux Vomica
“ Kino	Russian Castor
“ Amomina	Ext. Catechu
Radix Spigelia	Calbicum
Sugar Lead	Roll Brimstone
Blue Vitriol	Sheet Corks
White do.	Bottle do.
Tartaric Acid	Vial “
Sap. Carb. Soda	Oil Peppermint
Carb. do.	“ Almonds
Manna Flakes	“ Wintergreen
Orange Peel	“ Cinnamon
Nutgalls	“ Cloves
Jalap Pulv.	“ Lavender
Catombol. do.	“ Bordeau
Virginia Snake Root	“ Anise
Seneca do.	“ Caraway
Radix Valerian	“ Orange
Uva Ursi	“ Spruce
Burgundy Pix	“ Bergamot
Pimento	“ Sassafras
Adhesive Plaster	“ Origanum
Cantharides do.	“ Hemlock
Mercurial do.	“ Pennyroyal
Dyachilon do.	“ Cedar
Court do.	“ Turpentine