

## Poetical.

From Ackerman's Repository.  
WOMAN.

O woman! woman! thou art formed to bless  
The heart of restless man, to chase his care,  
And charm existence by thy loveliness;  
Bright as the sunbeam, as the morning fair,  
If but thy foot fall on a wilderness,  
Flowers spring, and shed their roseate blossoms there,  
Shrouding the thorns that in thy path-way rise,  
And scattering o'er it hues of Paradise.

Thy voice of love is music to the ear,  
Soothing and soft, and gentle as the stream  
That strays mid summer flowers; thy glittering tear  
Is mutely eloquent; thy smiles a beam  
Of light ineffable, so sweet so dear,  
It wakes the heart from sorrow's darkest dream;  
Shedding a hallow'd lustre o'er our fate,  
And when it beams we are not desolate!

No! no! when woman smiles, we feel a charm  
Thrown bright around us, binding us to earth;  
Her tender accents, breathing forth the balm  
Of pure affection, give to transport birth:  
Then life's wide sea is billowless and calm.  
O lovely woman! thy consummate worth  
Is far above thy frailty, far above  
All earthly praise—thou art the light of love

From the National Journal.

### AMERICAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

(Concluded from last week.)

on with so much vigor, has produced the natural and necessary consequence of rendering those animals more timid and fewer in number, by their destruction, without reference to season.

This makes it extremely desirable that new situations should be explored, where these animals may be found in greater abundance and procured with less uncertainty and risk. The result of the voyages heretofore, show satisfactorily that the objects of value to this branch of commercial enterprise are to be found with great facility in the remote polar regions.

Parry informs us, that the number of whales in high latitudes was astonishing, that no less than fifty were seen in the course of one watch; in other places they were seen sporting in shoals like porpoises.

We may also state, that human beings have been found as far north or south as explorations have yet been made.

The discovery of Islands of great size, or even a continent to the south, is not too much to be hoped for, if we may be allowed to draw any inference from the obvious indications afforded by analogy, the observations of experienced navigators, or the natural signs presented by currents, &c. already known to exist in those regions. The great probability that such discoveries may be made, is doubled with a certainty, that the profits to be derived from them in a commercial point of view, especially in animal furs, oil, &c. may hereafter be pursued to the great advantage of our common country.—We venture the assertion that the land of the sea otter will be found in the south.

But, abstract from all theoretical ideas, the following conclusions may be deducted by every impartial observer of the facts hitherto collected on this subject:

1. The expeditions hitherto fitted out, have not returned because it was impracticable to proceed further.

2. Those who have gone farthest have, in more than one instance, put back with an open sea before them.

3. The experience acquired by preceeding attempts would, at

present, enable an expedition to go to sea, prepared to avoid most of the obstacles heretofore experienced.

4. As far as explorers have yet gone, North or South, abundance of human inhabitants, and land and marine animals have been discovered.

5. All these circumstances combined, justify us in believing that the renewal of this inquiry, at this time, and by the citizens of this country, with the view to determine the figure of the earth, collect interesting facts in natural history, open new channels for commercial enterprise, &c. &c. would be followed by the most important results, tending to the immediate honor and advantage of our common country, and to the world at large.

Description of the vessels, number of men, scientific corps, instruments, &c. belongs rather to the appendix of a journal, than to a paper of this kind. We have already stated, on another occasion, that this enterprise has not been prematurely undertaken, and that we have received the council, and advice, and assurance of a friendly co-operation of names dear to science and to our country.

As the object of the expedition is strictly national, we entertain the expectation that there are some daring spirits in our Army and Navy, who are tired of "inglorious ease," and who would, with leave of absence, enter with delight upon this new path to fame.

While we feel a deficiency in our abilities to conduct the part that may be allotted us, we are inspired with the utmost confidence in the skill, enterprise, and perseverance of our seamen; with them we hope to bear our national colors to the unexplored regions of the South; unless, indeed, it should be found that there is a limit beyond which human enterprise cannot extend—a line that must for ever mark the "ultima Thule," of human knowledge.

J. N. REYNOLDS.

Washington City Aug. 15, 1826.

National Characteristics.—The following character of the principal nations of Europe was written about the middle of the last century by Mr. Mezer, who was envoy from the Elector Palatine to Hanover. Though it may appear somewhat tinged with prejudice, and time may have made some alterations, yet the moral & political features of each country are pretty correctly drawn, and may be recognised as a portrait at the present day.

"England.—The domain of liberty and property—the country of extremes. Virtue is here divine—vice infernal. Here are liberty of conscience, political liberty, civil liberty, commercial liberty, liberty of thought tongue and pen, to and beyond the limits of the most profligate license, newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, registers; turfs, cockpits, clubs, macaronies, stocks, lotteries, schemes, lame ducks, clever fellows, humour, and November big with suicide; post chaises, Italian music and pictures, but few with ears of eyes; the nest of foreigners; the country of Shakspeare, Newton and Hogarth.

"France.—The country of Citizens and Mode. Here things are

esteemed by their air. A watch may be a masterpiece without exactness, and a woman rule the town without beauty, if they have air. Here life's a dance, & awkwardness of step its greatest disgrace. Character here is dissolved into the public, and an original a name of mirth. 'Cela se fait, et cela ne se fait pas,' are here the supreme umpires of conduct. Their religion is superstition, fashion, sophism. The ladies lay on rouge in equilateral squares, and powder with brick. Tyranny may grind the face, but not the countenance of a Frenchman: his feet are made to dance in wooden shoes. The Parliament resembles an old toothless mastiff. France was the country of Le Suar and Racine, and is that of Voltaire.

"Spain.—The dregs of a nation two centuries past the arbiters of Europe and leaders of discovery. Still sense, sagacity, and cool courage, are tamely submitted here to the iron yoke of the inquisition; and each note of humanity drowned in the yells of poor victims. The prerogatives of society moulder here in provincial archives—these are the exorable factors of Europe. To see a sceptre in the gripe of women. Confessors and favorites make no characteristic of Spain, nor is the country of Calderon and Cervantes, more than its neighbors the land of ignorance, vanity, poverty and envy.

"Portugal.—Something of literature & history, glare gallantry, superstition, daggers, earthquakes, inquisition; the bloody dawns of an uncertain day; the country of Camoens.

"Germany.—Its heroes, like Italian pictures, show best at a distance. The rest parcel out to deserts, petty tyrants, pedigreed beggars, and pedants; and all her neighbors know Germany. Yet this is the mother of Arminius and Frederic, of Leibnitz and Wolfe, of Handel and Graun, of Meings and Donner, of Winkleman and Raimarus.

"Russia.—The motley creation of Peter, called the Great Imitator of all Europe, but not Russians: a country taught to rear the produce of southern climates to vapid life, and to neglect its own vigorous offspring. History, mathematics, geography, a general balance of trade, inhuman intrepidity, slavery, savage glare of wealth.

"Holland.—A country, through all its ages, fertile of patriots, though now wealth, and unstrung by public indolence. A nobility once full of republican metal, sneaking by degrees into courtiers. Here are scholars, civilians, laborious trippers, trade. Here absence of misery is happiness; profit, honor. Here sentiment is nonsense; plain sense, wit; jollity, pleasure; possession, enjoyment; money the anchor of the mind, the gale of passion, the port of life.

"Switzerland.—The land of liberty. Trade, taste, knowledge, discovery among the Protestants, vigor in all; despisers of death; slaves of money. Abroad, contemptible swarms of valets, clerks, officers, artists, schemers; the leeches of fools.

The tomb of woman.—"For myself I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of a calm indifference; but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of woman, I associate

every soft, tender, & delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful virgin with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of her heart: as the kind & affectionate wife, absorbed in the exercise of her domestic duties; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tired with the follies of the world, and preparing for that grave into which she must so soon descend.—Oh! there is something in contemplating the character of a woman, that raises the soul far above the vulgar level of society.

She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his cares and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress, she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can I look down upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory—woman never. The pages of history lie open to the one; but the meek and unobtrusive excellencies of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave.—in her may have shone the genius of the poet, with the virtue of the sprints, the energy of the man with the tender softness of the woman. She too may have passed unheeded along the sterile pathway of her existence, and felt for others as I now feel for her."

Ancient Inscriptions.—In various parts of Galloway, large crags are to be met with, having very ancient writings on them, some of which the antiquary deciphers, but others not; one of these, in the farm of Knockiebay, has, cut deep, on the upper side—

"Lift me up, and I'll tell ye more."  
A number of people at one time gathered to this rock, and, after, much labor, succeeded in lifting it up, with the hopes, no doubt, of being well repaid for their trouble with the treasure beneath; but, how must they have been disappointed, when, instead of finding any gold, they found written on its ground side—

"Lay me down as I was before."  
Fredrick the late king of Prussia having rung his bell one day & no body answering opened the door and found the page in waiting asleep on a sofa. He was just going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a paper out of his pocket, on which something was written; this excited his curiosity; he pulled it out and found it to be a letter from the mother of the page thanking him for having sent her part of his wages which had proved a very timely assistance to her; and in conclusion beseeching God to bless him for his filial duty.

The king stepped softly to his room, took a rouleau of ducats and slipped them with the letter in the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rung so violently, that the page awoke opened the door, & entered—"You have been asleep," said the king. The page attempted to excuse himself; and in his embarrassment, happening to put his hand into his pocket, felt with astonishment the rouleau. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word. "What is the matter?" said the king; "Ah! sire," said the young man throwing himself at his majesty's feet, "somebody wishes to ruin me: I know not how I came by this money in my pocket."—"What God bestows," resumed the king, "he bestows in sleep; send the money to your mother; salute her in my name, and assure her that I shall take care of both her and you."