

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 roseat blos-
soms 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 glit-
tering 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 EXPEDI-
TION,

(Concluded from last week.)
on with so much vigor, has pro-
duced 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 desira-
ble that new situations should be
explored, where these animals
may be found in greater abund-
ance and procured with less un-
certainty and risk. The result of
the voyages heretofore, show sat-
isfactorily that the objects of value
to this branch of commercial en-
terprise are to be found with great
facility in the remote polar re-
gions.

Parry informs us, that the num-
ber 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 por-
poises.

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 ex-
perienced navigators, or the na-
tural signs presented by currents,
&c. already known to exist in
those regions. The great proba-
bility that such discoveries may
be made, is doubled with a cer-
tainty, that the profits to be de-
rived 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 ven-
ture the assertion that the land of
the sea otter will be found in the
south.

But, abstract from all theoreti-
cal ideas, the following conclu-
sions may be deduced by every
impartial observer of the facts
hitherto collected on this sub-
ject:

1. The expeditions hitherto
fitted out, have not returned be-
cause it was impracticable to pro-
ceed further.

2. Those who have gone far-
thest have, in more than one in-
stance, put back with an open sea
before them.

3. The experience acquired
by preceding attempts would, at

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

4. As far as explorers have
yet gone, North or South, abun-
dance 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 de-
termine 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 honorand advantage
of our common country, and to
the world at large.

Description of the vessels, num-
ber of men, scientific corps, in-
struments, &c. belongs rather to
the appendix of a journal, than to a
paper of this kind. We have al-
ready 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 "in-
glorius 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 confi-
dence in the skill, enterprise, and
perseverance of our seamen;
with them we hope to bear our na-
tional colors to the unexplored
regions of the South; unless, in-
deed, 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 knowl-
edge,

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. Mozer, who was en-
voy from the Elector Palatine to
Hanover. Though it may appear
somewhat tinged with pre-
judice, 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, news-
papers, magazines, pamphlets, reg-
isters; turfs, cockpits, clubs, mac-
aronies, stocks, lotteries, schemes,
lame ducks, clever fellows, hum-
our, and November big with sui-
cide; post chaises, Italian music
and pictures, but few with ears or
eyes; the nest of foreigners; the
country of Shakspeare, Newton
and Hogarth.

France.—The country of Citoyens
and Mode. Here things are

esteemed by their air. A watch
may be a masterpiece without ex-
actness, and a woman rule the
town without beauty, if they have
air. Here life's a dance, & awk-
wardness of step its greatest dis-
grace. 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 Sueur 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 execrable factors of
Europe. To see a sceptre in the
grip 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 litera-
ture & 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 dis-
tance. The rest parcel out to de-
serts, petty tyrants, pedigree beg-
gars, 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 Imita-
tors 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, mathe-
matics, geography, a general
balance of trade, inhuman intre-
pidity, slavery, savage glare of
wealth.

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

Switzerland.—The land of liber-
ty. Trade, taste, knowledge, dis-
covery among the Protestants,
vigor in all; despisers of death;
slaves of money. Abroad, con-
temptible swarms of valets, clerks
officers, artists, schemers; the leech-
ers 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 invol-
untarily escapes me. With the
holy name of woman, I associate
every soft, tender, & delicate affec-
tion. 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 con-
templating the character of a
woman, that raises the soul far
above the vulgar level of society.
She is formed to adorn and hu-
manize mankind, to soothe his
cares and strew his path with flow-
ers. 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
saints, 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 vari-
ous 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 dis-
appointed, when, instead of finding
any gold, they found written on
its ground side—

"Lay me down as I was before."

Fredick the late king of Prus-
sia having rung his bell one day &
no body answering opened the
door and found the page in wait-
ing asleep on a sofa. He was just
going to awake him, when he per-
ceived the end of a paper out of
his pocket, on which something
was written; this excited his curi-
osity; he pulled it out and found
it to be a letter from the mother
of the page thanking him for hav-
ing sent her part of his wages
which had proved a very timely
assistance to her; and in conclu-
sion beseeching God to bless him
for his filial duty.

The king stepped softly to his
room, took a roleau of ducats and
slipped them with the letter in the
page's pocket. Returning to his a-
partment, he rung so violently,
that the page awoke opened the
door, & entered—"You have been
asleep," said the king. The page at-
tempted to excuse himself; and in
his embarrassment, happening to put his
hand into his pocket, felt with astonish-
ment the roleau. 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 throw-
ing himself at his majesty's feet, "some-
body 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."