

Poetical Asylum.



THE LOST DARLING.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

She was my darling. Night and day to scan
The fine expansion of her form—and mark
The unfolding mind like vernal rose-bud
start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight—
To find her fairy footsteps following me,
Her hand upon my garments, or her lip
Close sealed to mine—and in the watch of
night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.
Her voice was like some tiny harp that
yields
To the slight-fingered breeze, and as it held
Brief converse with her doll—or kindly
soothed
Her moaning kitten—or with patient care
Comm'd o'er the alphabet—but most of all
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer,
Thrilled on the ear like some ethereal tone,
Heard in sweet dreams. But now alone I
sit,
Musing of her, and dew with mournful
tears
The little robes that once with woman's
pride
I wrought—as if there were a need to deck
A being formed so beautiful. I start,
Half fancying from her empty crib there
comes
A restless sound, and breathe the accus-
tom'd words
“Hush, hush, Louisa, dearest!”—then I weep
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.
—Gone to God!—
And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features—nor the ghostly
white
Settling around her lips—I would that
Heaven
Had taken its own, like some transplanted
flower,
In all its bloom and freshness.
—Gone to God!—
Be still my heart!—what could a mother's
prayer
In all the wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling, like the bliss of Heav'n

Miscellaneous.

From the Constellation.

FLOGGING A VETERAN.

In Massachusetts, during the last war, lived a veteran, whom we shall here call by the name of Captain Blunt. He was with most of the people of New England, opposed to the war, while it so happened that a majority of his townsmen were in its favor. Politics run high. The Captain was a warm partizan, and often came into collision with his opponents. But though he was opposed to the war, he was not afraid of the devil and all his imp.

He had a sarcastic turn which was exceedingly provoking to his opponents, whom he charged with being bar-room & grog shop warriors, and fighting all their battles in their chimney corner. Dispute after dispute arose; the Captain dealt out his sarcasms, and the warmen blustered in return.

“If you was a young man,” said Peter Gust, “I’d give you an all-fired lickin’.” “Never mind my age,” returned the Captain, “if that’s all you’re afraid of.” “It wouldn’t be no credit to lick a man old enough to be my grandfather,” said the windy blusterer.

“No, nor to get beat, if you should undertake it,” replied the sturdy veteran. You talk about fighting your valier lies in your tongue.” These disputes occurred so often, and so provokingly, that Peter Gust and his valorous compeers at last determined that the Captain, old as he was, should have a flogging. But instead of undertaking it themselves, they hired a stout nigger as they called him, to do it for them.

This sable mercenary came to the Captain’s house, prepared to execute his commission. He had as much courage as his employers, and considerably more of good manners. Not deeming it either honorable or polite to attack the veteran, without first naming his object, he began, “Massa Capem Blump, I come to gib you one all jofire lickin’.”

“You have, ha!” said the Captain, seizing a hoop-pole which lay near him.

“Yes massa. But I no do it on my own cashion. Misser Peter Gust, he and two free odders, dey hire me.”

“Well you go home and tell Misser Peter Gust and two or three others, if they have any business with me to come themselves.”

“No massa must do dat. I promise on my saker honor, for two quart o’ rum dat I gib you de most infernal lickin you eber had in you life. Now, Massa, Blump, you put down dat hoop pole and I do it directly.” Thus saying, Cato put himself in an attitude of attack.

“Get out of the way you black rascal,” said the Captain, “before I knock you down.”

“I muss lick you, massa,” said the persevering negro, still making demonstrations of attack; “cause you see I ‘gaze to do it, and my honor be on a saker. I beg you pardon, mosse uncerely. You neber injure me. But what I ‘gaze to do, I ‘gaze to do. Dat is de bonable ting, Massa Blump.”

“Get out the way,” said the captain again, “don’t trouble me with your jaw.”

“Not wid my jaw, massa—I no bite, I

take my fist.” Then doubling up his huge black paw, he made a pass at the Captain. But the veteran, who knew how to adapt his warfare to the nature of the enemy, stepped aside, very dexterously for an old man; and feinting the hoop-pole a sweep took Cato full upon the shins. One blow was sufficient. Down dropped the mercenary, and kicked, and hopped, and rolled over and rubbed his shins, and bawled with all his might—

“Oh! massa! you kill me dead! you break my shins. Oh! don’t tush me ‘gin. I beg on you, massa Blump. My brain all smash out now!”

“Your brains! where the devil do you keep your brains? I haven’t touched your head.”

“Dat wat make me feel so, massa.—You trike my head! I no mind it. But, Oh, gosh a-mighty! trike a poor black fellow on de shin! dat beat me all to bossin—I no tan dat.”

“Pick up your black carcass now,” said the Captain and clear out. And hark here—do you tell those cowardly white niggers that sent you here to be flogged, that if they will come themselves, I am ready to treat with them upon the same terms.”

“But, massa, I can’t pick up myself—I can’t tan,” said the black, making a feint to rise.

“Can’t tan! Well I’ll tan your hide for you.” With that, he drew his hoop-pole, and was about laying on again, when Cato’s legs recruited wonderfully; and springing up, he limped home as well as his battered shins would permit.

When he told his story to Peter Gust and his companions, they stormed. swore like troopers, and declared that the old Captain must be flogged if they had to do it with their own hands.

“Bery wal’ said Cato—who had taken a gill of rum, and was shaking it down into his shins—“Misser Capem Blump, be ready for you—he got a hoop-pole all cut and dry—he flog ebery dibble on you, all in a heap. He terrible ole man—dat Capem Blump!”

“He must be flogged,” said Peter Gust, endeavoring to raise his own courage by blustering.

“It takes a man to do dat, massa Gust, said Cato, who sat groaning over his wounded shins—“an if you take a nigger device, you no tuch him—you let misser Blump lone, hereafter, foreber an day.”

Peter Gust and his compeers blustered about, swore drank rum, and finally set out to put their threats in execution a gaints the sturdy old Captain. But their courage like that of Bob Acres, oozed out by the way; the advice of Cato was adopted; and thus ended the attempt at flogging the veteran.

A SCENE IN THE LAST WAR.

... The war with France being over, Ser Peter Parker took leave of his wife at Bordeaux, and we, with a large convoy carrying troops, made sail to the coast of America. We arrived in the Chesapeake at the time that the detestable war of conflagration was at its height. When we entered the Potomac, a large river which empties itself into the Chesapeake, the fertile shores of this beautiful abode presented the sad effects of the war, on each side houses were burning with fearful rapidity, and when night came on, they resembled the signal-fires of the Indians, blazing in all the horrors of destruction. The next day our marines accompanied the marines of the rest of the squadron in one of these expeditions.—We were commanded by Sir G. Cockburn in person; and with him as an amateur, was the late gallant General Ross, who was afterwards killed at Baltimore. Our destination was up a river which runs at the back of St George’s Island; and the object was to destroy a factory, which was not only the abode of innocent labor, but likewise the resort of some few militia men guilty of the unnatural sin of protecting their own country. We started in the morning, and having landed about five miles up the river proceeded along a pretty fair road, flanked on each side by large woods, which led to the factory.—General Ross directed the movements of our skirmishes, and instructed our sea general in some of the safeguards of a land army. When we arrived within two hundred yards of the town, Sir Peter gave the word for his division to charge; and at a full trot we arrived at the factory. Our approach had been long known; every one but the women and children had deserted the town, and had taken with them most of the implements of their labour; we therefore most valiantly set fire to the unprotected property, notwithstanding the tears and the cries of the women; and, like a parcel of savages as we were, we danced round the wreck of ruin. It is now of no use to dive into the reason why this savage mode of warfare was resorted to; it was generally asserted to be merely retaliation in the South, for aggressions in the North; in short, as the Americans burnt right and left in Canada, we did them the same compliment in the Chesapeake, thereby following an example which greater barbarians than ourselves have shuddered to commit. Be it as it may, every house which we could by ingenuity vote into the residence of a militia-man was burnt; and, as almost every man in America did belong to the militia, we had abundant opportunities of becoming the most scientific destroyers of all sorts and kinds of property. On our return from the factory, General Ross went on board the Admiral’s ship, whilst Sir G. Cockburn and Sir P. Parker, with a sufficient force, landed on the shore im-

mediately behind St. George’s Island, and proceeded to surround a dwelling-house near the beach. It was nine o’clock in the evening; the sun had long set, and the moon threw a clear pale light over the landscape. The house was surrounded with fir trees; and the inhabitants little dreamt, in so calm and beautiful a night, that the destroyer was at hand.—All was hushed and quiet, with the exception of the chirping cricket, and the ripple of the water as it broke on the beach. Like midnight murderers we cautiously approached the house; the door was open and we unceremoniously intruded ourselves upon three young ladies sitting quietly at tea, occupying themselves with their work, and apparently expecting a visit from some persons with whom they were better acquainted. Sir G. Cockburn, Sir Peter Parker, and myself entered the room rather suddenly, and a simultaneous scream was our welcome. Sir G. Cockburn has naturally an austere countenance; but Sir Peter Parker, who was the handsomest man in the navy, wore always a winning smile and a cheerful demeanour. The ladies instantly appealed to the latter; but he was a good officer, and knew how to obey as well as command. Sir George asked for the colonel, their father. He was out, and not expected home. “He provided arms for some of the militia,” continued Sir George. There seemed a slight acquiescence on the part of the ladies, which was followed by these words—“I am sorry to be guilty of an apparent incivility; but your father has mainly assisted in arming the militia and I must now do my duty. In ten minutes time I must set fire to this house; therefore use that period in removing your most valuable effects, for at the expiration of those ten minutes I shall give orders to burn the premises.” Any one who knew Sir George would have known that he never deviated from his word, and consequently would have begun to have packed up with all dispatch. Not so the young ladies; they threw themselves on their knees, begged, implored, urged, and prayed the Admiral to depart and leave them to their home and their father.—“They never assisted in the war, excepting to succour a wounded enemy”—“They never urged their father to arm the militia; they were, in fact, poor and unprotected females. Five minutes had elapsed: in vain they implored Sir George to forego his intentions. The youngest, a girl of about sixteen, and lovely beyond her general beauty of those parts, threw herself at Sir Peter Parker’s knees, and prayed him to intercede. The tears started from his eyes in a moment; and I was so bewildered at the affecting scene that I appeared to see through the thick mist. There stood Sir George, his countenance unchanged and unchangeable: his watch on the table, and his eyes fixed upon it. One girl had seized upon his left arm, which she pressed with her open hands, another stood a kind of Niobe of tears; whilst the third and youngest was on her knees before Sir Peter. His feelings soon overcame his duty, and he had begun a sentence, which the Admiral cut short; the time was expired, and I was desired to order the men to bring the fire balls. Never shall I forget the despair of that moment. Poor Sir Peter wept like a child, whilst the girl clung to his knees and impeded his retreat; the Admiral walked out with his usual haughty stride, followed by the two eldest girls, who again and again vainly implored him to countermand the order. Sir Peter was scarcely clear of the threshold when the flames of the house threw a light over the before sombre darkness. We retreated from the scene of ruin, leaving the three daughters gazing at the work of destruction, which made the innocent houseless, and the affluent beggars. I will not give an opinion concerning the feelings of Sir George: I am sure he felt as a brave man always feels, when female beauty interferes with his duty. The last struggle to retain his composure when he called out “Begin!” was ineffectual; he felt as much as others, but he had more command over his feelings. I know he is a brave man, and therefore am sure he inherits that feeling which is common to that class of men.

By the light of that house we embarked, and returned on board. It was a scene which impressed itself upon my heart, and which my memory and my hand, unwillingly recal and publish.

SCIENTIFIC HINTS.

Ice is the natural state of water; it is only by the addition of caloric, (heat,) that it becomes fluid. The reason why water in freezing bursts the closed vessel in which it is contained, or rises in the form of a bubble in an open one, is because ice is more porous than water, and therefore occupies more room. A single cubic inch of water, while freezing, expands with a force equal to thirteen tons. The porous nature of the ice accounts for its swimming on the surface of water.—Were it not for this beautiful exception to the common law of nature, by which all other bodies contract on the application of cold, successive layers of ice would be formed, and sink to the bottom, till the whole fluid mass would become one solid body of ice, by which all evaporation would be prevented, and vegetables deprived of their nourishment would wither and decay; animals would perish from thirst and cold, & this single change in the law of nature would be sufficient to destroy all living substances. *Columbian Register.*

THE Saturday Bulletin.

A Family Newspaper of the very Largest class, free from all Political bias. Published every Saturday, by EDMUND MORRIS, No. 95, Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

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Administrators.
Mt. Vernon, March 15, 1832.