



POETRY.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

THE LYRE OF FAME.

ONE estive eve, when ev'ry scene
Was charming to behold;
When groves were drest in cheerful green,
And mountains tip'd with gold;

I wander'd from the busy town,
To seek some lonely nook;
And in a valley, sat me down
Beside a shaded brook.

The setting Sun, shone from the west,
With faint and feeble ray,
While evening's shady mantle, drest
The fading form of day.

The lark his plaintive ditty sung,
The vale was all serene,
The brook with mournful murmurs rung;
A sadly pleasing scene.

Where sweet Contentment smiles around,
And Fancy loves to dwell,
To hear the streamlet's soothing sound
Some fascination tell.

Where all conspires to soothe the soul
And wipe away its stains,
Where no rude passion has controul,
But contemplation reigns.

Where sweetly sounds the vocal string,
To sad reflection given,
While on the Muse's plaint wing,
The soul ascends to Heaven.

There while my busy thoughts, survey'd
The pond'rous roll of Time,
I saw a nymph in light array'd,
And mournfully sublime.

A lyre of golden strings she bore,
With wreaths of roses bound;—
It was the lyre of lyric lore,
Of sweet enchanting sound.

She scatter'd flowerets round her seat
And wav'd me to remain,
Then touch'd the string of music sweet,
And bid me tell the strain.

Oh! sing bright goddess of the skies
I thankfully replied,
The sons of Fame, fair Virtue's prize,
And final fate of pride.

And show, though oft, the trump of Fame
Proclaims the world around,
The Knave or impious Tyrant's name,
Yet Virtue scorns the sound.

She tun'd her lyre the theme to sing,
But wak'd the lay in vain,
For ne'er from Thalia's feeble string,
Had tumbld such a strain.

With fault'ring voice she wildly sung,
And wild the numbers came,
The air with broken pulses rung,
Unlike the song of Fame.

While thus she toil'd, a splendid throng
All burst upon my sight;—
'Twas Fame, with all the powers of song
From worlds of ether bright.

And mid the choir a nymph was seen
That did my soul inspire;
Divinely beautiful was her mien,
And heavenly her attire.

Her right a flaming wand display'd
Of silvery shining hue,
To part oblivion's gloomy shade,
And hidden things renew.

And in her left was seen a scroll,
Snatch'd from devouring Time;
The deeds of ages as they roll,
Of ev'ry shore and clime.

A modest smile adorns her face,
And radiant is her eye,
She looks with bright celestial grace—
Her name is Memory.

They crouded round the tuneful maid,
Who ceased the frantic strain;
'Till Fame her golden lyre display'd
And wak'd thee theme again.

Oh! matchless is the lyre of Fame,
And many are the strings,
One for each noted hero's name,
Of whom the goddess sings.

And first upon the glorious list
With blazing wreath entwined,
Was seen the sacred name, of CHRIST
The Saviour of mankind.

Pure was the string of spotless sheen,
That spoke the heavenly name;
The fairest, brightest, to be seen
Upon the lyre of Fame.

There too the champions of his word,
The Martyrs had a wreath,
Who suffer'd for their CHRIST, their Lord,
And smil'd in pangs of death.

Each prophet's and apostle's name,
And all the pious throng,
'Were sacred to immortal fame
And everlasting song.

And all the Champions, Peers, and Kings
That shine in CLIO's page,
Had many wreaths and many strings,
To blaze from age to age.

There was the Macedonian chief,
The petty lord of man,
Who wept in execrable grief,
His race of carnage ran.

There too the savage NERO's name,
The butcher of his times;
A string was sacred to his fame,
But canker'd with his crimes.

And there in spotless splendor shone,
Immortal ALFRED's string;
The pride and boast of Britain's throne,
The sample of a king.

There blazing on the lyre of Fame,
In glittering wreaths unfurl'd,
Was seen NAPOLEON's noted name,
The terror of the world.

And mid the rest away'd in light,
Yet milder in its glare,
Was WASHINGTON, the pride of fight
And ornament of war.

Nor long I view'd each noted name,
Nor long each shining string,
For soon the glittering chords of Fame,
Were tun'd a theme to sing.

The goddess plac'd her golden lyre
Amid the tuneful throng,
And all the nine, celestial quire,
Join'd in the sounding song.

She wak'd the lay to sacred things,
The theme of Heaven on earth;
She struck the lyre of thousand strings
And sung her Saviour's birth.

Now went the symphony around
With heavenly ecstasy,
While rapture swell'd in ev'ry sound,
And beam'd in ev'ry eye.

O'er distant hills and distant grounds,
Ten thousand echoes rung,
All nature hush'd the blessed sounds
While thus the goddess sung.

"Behold! Destruction hov'ring o'er
"A guilty suffering world,
"Behold! the wrath of heavenly pow'r,
"Almost in fury hurld.

"And who shall reinstate again,
"Or who devise, a plan
"To save from everlasting pain,
"The sinful race of man.

"Can mortal arm God's anger stay?
"Will mortal strength suffice?
"Can universal nature, sway
"The author of its rise?"

"No! but the opening heavens declare
"A Saviour smiles on earth;
"While strains seraphic rend the air,
"To celebrat his birth.

"He comes! He comes! from mansions
"Bright,
"The everlasting King,
"While angels hail the joyous night,
"And spotless seraphs sing.

"Behold in yonder joyful sky
"A star directs the road,
"Then to yon manger turn the eye
"And see the infant God.

"Now see the blind receive their sight,
"The leper smiles restor'd,
"The dumb can praise him with delight,
"The deaf can hear his word;

"The man possess'd from Satan free,
"The palsied man from pain,
"The widow joys in ecstasy,
"Her son's alive again;

"The lame man walks to health restor'd;
"From utmost shore to shore,
"His sacred everlasting word,
"Is preach'd unto the poor.

"All nature trembles at his sway
"And owns the son of God,
"The boisterous elements obey,
"And shrink beneath his nod.

"Behold him on the stormy deep;
"Reposing in its rage,
"While overwhelming tempests sweep
"With terrible presage.

"Now foam the waves, all furious driven
"They lash the sounding shore,
"Now gleam the fiery bolts of Heaven,
"While awful thunders roar.

"But mark he waves, and sees the wave
"All dashing o'er the deep;
"He bids the tempest cease to rave
"The howling surges sleep.

"The towering billows where so late
"Distress and terror rode,
"Now cease to roar; hush'd by the great
"Commanding voice of God."

And now, to low and doleful sound
She tun'd the joyful string;
And wept, (with mournful notes resound)
Her dying Lord to sing.

"Oh proud misguided cruel man,
The weeping goddess sung,
Oh proud misguided cruel man,
The rocks and mountains rung.

"Why blind to all the precious light
"By God and nature given,
"Why crucify thy Lord, and slight
"The first born child of Heaven.

"Behold expos'd to impious scorn,
"He whom the spheres obey;
"Be sold upon the cross tormented,
"The sun of gospel day.

"Ah! see he dies, receives the doom
"With mild submissive nod,
"While darkness veils in solemn gloom
"Th' glittering throne of God.

"Now his last cry to heaven ascends
"Oh murderous man for you;
"Father forgive! nor take revenge
"They know not what they do.

"Thus was the awful covenant seal'd
"The earth in sunder riven
"While God's tremendous thunder peal'd
"With doleful roar in Heaven."

End of part first.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM THE DARIEN GAZETTE.

Pathetic Letter.—The letter written by Ann Boleyn, whilst confined in the Tower of London, A. D. 1586 to her husband, Henry VIII. of England, though it breathes the most simple pathos and sensitive tenderness, as well as dutiful resignation to the will of her inexorable consort, who finally destroyed her that he might indulge his criminal passion for Jane Seymour, has received more commendation than it actually deserves. Trained up and educated at a Court the most dissolute as well as brilliant in Europe, it seems hardly possible that she should have entertained sentiments which were considered not only unfashionable but ridiculous by her associates and instructors. When maid of honor to Queen Catherine, she is accordingly found exercising all her ingenuity, to supplant her mistress in the affections of Henry, and after having accomplished a separation between them, ascending the bed from which a woman exemplary virtuous had just been banished. It is in vain that her conduct is examined to discover any analogy between her heart and the letter, which can only be viewed as the last effort of a powerful mind to evade the axe of the executioner; by feigning virtues at variance with the whole tenor of her life.

Under circumstances very different, the subjoined letter was written. The husband, a mechanic, with more talents and vices than usually fall to the lot of men, abandoned his wife and little daughter without leaving with them a cent or other means by which to obtain the common necessaries of life, other than the benevolence of the neighbors, who had great reason to be offended with him. His career, though short and disastrous, would furnish matter for a volume, but the virtues of the wife shall shield his blemishes from investigation and detail by us. It is sufficient to say, that while he was following very reprehensible measures in Camden, (S. C.) and at a moment when his child was soliciting charity to support herself and her mother at the doors in Raleigh, that his wife enclosed him one third of her "little all," in the accompanying letter, desiring to know his pleasure in regard to her following him on foot, or remain where she was, in both of which cases she must subsist by begging. It is the language of Nature, expressed on an occasion entirely separate from every thing like personal interest or fear, and contains more genuine pathos and dutiful submission, than we remember to have seen from the pen of a female. It is an honor to the American Nation and to human nature; and we cannot but hope it may find a depository in archives less perishable than the columns of newspapers.

"Raleigh, October 21.

"My dear Husband.—Nothing could have gratified me so much as your letter, except seeing you, though I feel very uneasy on account of

your illness, O, my dear, why did you not send for me, and let me be with you, and wait on you? O, if you have not recovered, write me as soon as possible, so I may come on and see you. If you have, whether you will return from that place, or go on. Pray, don't venture too soon, I wish I were with you; but I will try and content myself, by doing whatever you may bid me. You cannot conceive how I felt, when I heard you was gone distracted in Fayetteville. I heard it from the lower class of people. Mr. ——— and ——— told me it was no such thing—they have been very kind to me. You will let me know in your next, whether I must write again.— You will please accept of ten dollars—you may want it; I have twenty left. We are all well. May Heaven bless you, and bring you safe home to your family, is the prayer of your affectionate wife,

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SCARCITY OF CASH.

One cause (says the Boston Kaleidoscope) of the many complaints on this subject, may be found out, perhaps, by perusing the following anecdote. OLD TIMES.

Before Banks were known in New-England, or ere paper money of any kind was in vogue, there was in Connecticut, a cry of "hard times;" "no money to be got;" "let's petition the Governor and Legislature to make paper money." One of the greatest advocates for this scheme, called on the Governor, when the following dialogue ensued:

Governor. Well, friend, what is your business with me?

Jonathan. Why, may it please your honor's excellency, the times are hard, and money scarce, and some of us talk o' petitioning to have paper money made, so that every body may have enough on't.

Governor. But, friend, there is considerable money in the province now, gold, silver and copper, which you know, is of more solid value than any paper whatever. Among others, I have a small sum on hand, and if you are in want, and have any thing valuable to sell, I will be a purchaser, at a fair price, and relieve you from your embarrassment.

Jonathan. O dear, your honor, I've nothing to sell and scarce any thing to keep.

Governor. Well, you look strong and healthy, and I presume, are willing to work for a living, I will give you employment and pay you in solid coin.

Jonathan. Why, I work sometimes, but really I can't say I like it.

Governor. Very well. Then supposing government should make never so much money, and you have neither property nor labor to give in exchange for it, you would have no way of procuring it, but by borrowing or stealing.

Jonathan. By Jingo, Mr. Governor, come to think on't, I guess you're above haaf right.

The Sententious or a Serious World.

Early rising will add many years to your life.

Dine late; it makes the day longer, and saves a supper.

Take your tradesman's receipt, though you pay ready money.

Never pay a tradesman's bill till you have cast it up.

If you mean to buy a house, which you intend to alter and improve, be sure to double the tradesman's estimate.

A little spittle takes out grease spots from woollen cloth.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and Poverty soon overtakes her.

Allow a man to have wit, and he will allow you to have judgment.

When Religion is made a science there is nothing more intricate; when made a duty there is nothing more easy.

Do not brave the opinion of the world. You may as well say, that you care not for the light of the sun, because you can find a candle.

In the morning, think of what you are to do in the day, and at night think on what you have done.

If you incline to corpulency, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

To brood over a misfortune is the way to make it longer.

Try to be regular, and it will soon become a second nature.

Keep company with learned men and you will have less occasion for much reading.

Marrying a man you dislike, in hopes of loving him afterwards, is like going to sea in a storm, in hopes of fair weather.

Every valuable Recipe for the Ennui, and Consumption of the Purse.

Take so much of each day for industry, whether of body or mind, as may be necessary: mix this with temperance three times a day, at the most convenient regular periods—the remaining part, after deducting six or seven hours for sleep, to be devoted to useful reading and innocent recreation. Be careful to manage all your concerns by the principles of virtue and christianity, noting every evening the errors of each day, to be reformed the next.

J. MORAL, M. D.

A NEWSPAPER

Is a bill of fare, containing a variety of dishes, suited to the different tastes and appetites of those who sit down at the entertainment.

Politics are beef steaks, palatable to almost every one. Those who prefer them rare done, choose those from France—Electioneering is venison—Congress news, is stuffed meats—Essays, humours, speculative, moral and divine, are a fine boiled dish, where, by a happy mixture in the use of bread, meat and vegetables, a diet is obtained, nutritive, pleasant and healthy—Ship news is a glass of grogg at eleven—Poetry is custard—Marriages are sweetmeats—Ballads and love-ditties, plumb pudding—Anecdotes, conundrums and epigrams are seasoning spice and mustard—Sometimes there comes along a Printer's Dun—that is sour croul or cranberry tart.

Several weighty reasons why I in particular, ought to be excused from taking the Newspapers.

There's no occasion for my taking the papers; I am in neighbor's store every day and see it as soon as it comes.

There's no use in my taking the papers, for we can't have it a minute after it comes into the store; one or another catches it up so quick.

I can have no need to take the papers, I can always read it at the barber's.

I need not take the papers; for I am so much among people, that I can hear all the news at the post-office, and see the arrivals in Boton papers, and that's all I want to know.

It is no matter about our taking the papers; (a man once told the printer) father generally goes to meeting every Sunday, and comes back by Mr. M's as it is no more than three miles and a half out of the way through the woods, and borrows his paper every week.

I don't want the paper; there's a parcel left at the school house every week, and the boys bring one home for us to read.

We don't want the paper, there's one or two left at the house for back neighbors, that we read.

I don't want the paper but a few minutes, just run over the Foreign News, to see what Congress or the Legislature are about, or to look at the Advertisements, and one will lend one long enough for that, without taking it myself.

And I, who live so near the printing office, can go there and see the papers from all parts of the Union—it is, therefore unnecessary for me to subscribe for any paper.

A Post-Rider at the bottom of a dun, has the following singular Nota Bene:—

"N. B. If the owner of this paper should not see this Advertisement, I wish his children (if he has any) would show it to him. If he has no children, I wish his good neighbor, who has been in the habit of borrowing the paper, would ask him how much he owes the Post!"