



POETRY.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING-POST.

Sir Philip Sidney said, as Addison tells us, that he never could read the old ballad of Chevy Chase, without feeling his heart beat within him, as at the sound of a trumpet. The following lines, which are to be ranked among the highest inspirations of the Muse, will suggest similar associations in the breast of the gallant American officer.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,

Unfurled her standard to the air, She tore the azure robe of night, And set the stars of glory there! She mingled with its gorgeous dyes The milky bladrick of the skies, And striped its pure celestial white With streakings of the morning light; Then, from his mansion in the sun, She call'd her eagle bearer down, And gave into his mighty hand The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form, To hear the tempest, trumping loud, And see the lightning-lances driven, When stride the warriors of the storm, And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven! Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given To guard the banner of the free, To hover in the sulphur smoke, To ward away the battle stroke, And bid its bendings shine afar, Like rainbows on the cloud of war, The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy fields shall fly, The sign of hope and triumph high! When speaks the signal trumpet-tone, And the long line comes gleaming on, (Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet, Has dimm'd the glist'ning bayonet) Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn To where thy meteor-glories burn, And, as his springing steps advance, Catch war and vengeance from the glance! And when the cannon-mouthings loud, Heave in wild breaths the battle-shroud, And gory sabers rise and fall, Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall! There shall thy victor-glances glow, And oowering, foes shall sink beneath, Each gallant arm that strikes below, That lofty messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave, When Death, careering on the gale, Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail, And frighted waves rush wildly back, Before the broad-side reeling rack, The dying wanderer of the sea Shall look, at once, to heaven and thee, And smile to see thy splendrous fly, In triumph, o'er his closing eye, Flag of the free heart's only home, By Angel hands to valor given! Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, And all thy huges were born in Heaven! For ever float that standard sheet! Where breathes the foe but falls before us? With Freedom's soil beneath our feet, And Freedom's banners streaming o'er us!

CROAKER & CO.

THE ATHEIST.

God is the wretch, and blasphemous the man, Who being finite, will attempt to scan The works of Him that's infinitely wise, And those he cannot comprehend, denies; Our reason is too weak a guide to show, How God Almighty governs all below.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

Ah! few and full of sorrow are the days Of miserable man; his life decays Like the frail flower which with the Sun's uprise, Her bud unfolds, and with the evening dies; He like an empty shadow glides away, And all his life is but winter's day.

DEXTEROUS PUNNING.

The following anecdote was sent by a young lady to her lover, whose name was "NOTT," a few weeks before their marriage. The nuptial knot was fastened soon after the discerning lover deciphered its import.

Why urge, dear sir, a bashful maid To change her single lot? When will you know I've often said In truth I love you, NOTT.

For all your pain, I do NOTT, care, And trust me, on my life, Though you had millions, I declare, I would, NOTT, be your wife.

An epigram should be, if right, Short, simple, pointed, keen and bright, A lively little thing, Like wasp with taper body—bound By lines—not many, neat and round, All ending in a sting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Savannah Museum.

THE QUIZIC ONONDRIA,

BY FUDGE PUFFENDORF, ESQ.

[In this number squire Puffendorf speaketh of the feelings of mankind, and maketh known that they are changed by money—which to show the extent of his learning, he calleth Plutus's finger, and likewise maketh mention of Erebus, for the some purpose. After which he proceedeth to relate an Anecdote—and to the intent that all, excepting those concerned should remain entirely in the dark, he hath made use of feigned names, which he supposeth will also have the effect of exciting curiosity, and raising himself higher in public estimation—which to be sure, "is a consummation devoutly to be wished."—TOBIAS.]

The feelings and affections of mankind, often change with their circumstances. I have known the bosom that swelled with philanthropy—was warm with humanity when in poverty—became cold and unfeeling in wealth. I have seen the hand that was open to relieve distress, become closed in prosperity. I have seen the finger of Plutus transform the heart of benevolence itself into stone; and make the brow that once beamed nothing but love and friendship, scowl darker than Erebus.

I have been led into these remarks by a conversation which I accidentally fell into the other day, with an unfortunate emigrant. "I was bred," said he, in the town of M—, and my father occupying the same tenement with Mr. Marktime, an intimacy from my earliest years, was formed with his son, Janathan Marktime, a lad of my own age.—As we grew up this intimacy ripened into what I thought a mutual and disinterested friendship. For nearly fifteen years were our sports and pursuits the same; we ate, drank and slept together. Our parents though above want, were always poor, and at the age of seventeen, I was sent from home as an apprentice to a respectable mechanic, and Jonathan went into a counting-house as clerk to a neighboring merchant. He was soon after sent to America on some mercantile speculation, and that was the last I heard of him. Though not forgotten, I almost looked upon him as dead, and the memory of him seemed like the image of a dream.

The late distress in Europe extended to the neighborhood I lived in. My business proved unproductive; and following the tide of emigration, chose rather an uncertain subsistence in this country, to certain starvation at home. But he who is doomed to eternal poverty, on whom the fates scowl with malign aspect, and whose evil genius bears him down like a night mare, might as well remain at home, and brood patiently over his own destiny, as go farther, and fare worse. Your climate proved uncongenial to my constitution, and I sunk under it.—I was just recovering from a severe attack of the fever, when a newspaper was put into my hands, and glancing over a list of consignees of goods per the —, my eye rested on the name of my old friend. I immediately enquired for his counting-room, and debilitated as I was, walked over. I found him at his desk; and though ten or twelve years had wrought some change in his appearance, yet I could at once see the friend of my youth, and accosted him familiarly, "Was about to grasp his hand. Clapping his pen behind his right ear, and looking round at me over his shoulder, his phiz squared with a mercantile exactness, and his eye cocked, to take a sample of my appearance—(which, to confess the truth, was none of the best) "Truly sir," said he, "the balance is greatly in your favor, I can't turn directly to that page of my journal, whereon we have had any transactions together. Perhaps, however, you may be furnished with vouchers, which may rectify any mistake on my ledger." Indeed, said I, you cannot have forgotten your old friends at M—. "Ah truly," I had nearly overlooked some out-standing accounts with that place; but time had

almost closed the transactions. My correspondent was always rather deficient in returns; and indeed his paper was protested during the late war. I am very glad, however, to see you well, Mr. Humphry Dobson, and if you have any drafts you want cashed, I shall be extremely happy to oblige you, at a reasonable discount, although my business with that place, has been pretty much closed." I have no bills for your acceptance, said I, and only beg of you to draw upon your own memory, for the recollection of many circumstances, which most certainly cannot be forgotten. "I have no deposit, in that bank" said he "and so must bid you a good morning. I shall always be glad to her of your health, Mr. Humphry Dobson, and hope you will not fail to call upon me, whenever you have any business in my way. So taking his pen from his ear, resumed his desk again, with the utmost composure.

Mr. Dobson left me, and I could not help exclaiming, "This is a vile and villianous world, we live in." There is no bearing with the unfeeling insolence of a purse-proud man. When his belly is filled with cognac, and his pocket with dollars—Zounds! if he doesn't walk over God's earth, as though it were his own plantation; and scorn, and trample upon the humble sons of poverty, as though they were grasshoppers under his feet! Scowl and frown upon them, as though they were monsters of unholy birth, sent into the world by the devil, and not God! whose touch would be pollution, and whose near approach, disgrace!

From the Cumberland Herald.

We regret to find that the publication of the "Monongalia Spectator," at Morgantown, Virginia, has been discontinued. The following is the concluding paragraph of the Editor's farewell address:—

"To my friends I wish every joy and comfort this life can afford; peace and plenty, health and long life; may their declining years be crowned with roses divested of every thorn. To my enemies (if I have any) I wish better hearts and better judgment, repentance before death, and a happy Eternity. To my creditors I wish patience, and to my debtors full purses and willingness to pay me. To young ladies I wish judgments to choose, affections unalterable, and husbands of their own choosing. To young men I wish fortitude to bear disappointments, friends to support their pretensions, and, when they wish to get married, no opposition but the hearts of the femals they wish to espouse. To farmers I wish good crops and good prices; to the merchants I wish quick sales and good money, and to bankers better credit. To politicians a careful perusal of the Constitution, the Laws, and Marshall's Life of Washington. To mechanics plenty of custom and the money down. And finally, to the world I wish peace; and to PRINTERS, good friends, a plenty of money."—and this they will most probably have, if subscribers do their duty!

Beauty in England, France, & Italy.

BY M. STANDHAL.

ANCONA, (ITALY) MAY 27.

I met, at St. Cirac, a Russian general, a friend of Erfuth, who had just come from Paris.

A physical peculiarity of the French shocked my Russian friend very much—the dreadful leanness of the most of the danseuses at the Opera. In fact, it seems to me, on reflection, that many of our fashionable women who are extremely slender, have caused this circumstance to enter into the idea of beauty.—Leanness is in France considered necessary to an elegant air. In Italy, people think very rationally, that the first condition of it is the air of health, without which there is no voluptuousness.

The Russian is of opinion that beauty is very rare among the French ladies. He maintains that the finest

figures he saw at Paris, were English women.

If we take the trouble to count in the Bois de Bulogne, out of 100 French women; eighty are agreeable, and hardly one beautiful. Out of one hundred English women; thirty are grotesque, forty are decidedly ugly, twenty tolerably well, though *nausades*, and ten divinites on this earth, from the freshness and innocence of their beauty.

Out of one hundred Italian women, thirty are caricatures, with face and neck besmeared with rouge and powder, fifty are beautiful, but with no other attraction than an air of voluptuousness—the twenty others are of antique beauty, the most overpowering, and, in our opinion, surpass even the most beautiful English women. English beauty seems avaricious, without soil and life, beside the divine eyes which Heaven has given to Italy.

The form of the bones in the hand is ugly at Paris; it approximates to that of the monkey, and it prevents the women from resisting the attacks of age. The three most beautiful women of Rome are certainly more than 45. Paris is farther north—and yet such a miracle was never yet observed there. I observed to the Russian general, that Paris and Champagne were the parts of France where the configuration of the head partakes least of beauty. The women of Pays de Vaux, (in Normandy) and of Arles (in Province) approximate more to the beautiful forms of Italy. Here and there is always some grand feature, even in the heads of the most decidedly ugly. Some idea may be formed of this, from the heads of old women of Leonardo da Vinci, and of Raphael.

As to male beauty, after the Italians, we give the preference to young Englishmen, when they escape clumsiness.

A young Italian peasant that happens to be ugly, is frightful; the French peasant is silly; and the English is vulgar.

Literary Shoemaker.—The fraternity of Shoemakers have, unquestionably, given rise to some characters of great worth and genius. The late Mr. Holcraft was originally a shoemaker. His dramatic pieces must rank among the best of those on the English stage. Robert Bloomfield wrote his poem of "The Farmers's Boy," while employed at his business, and Dr. William Carey, Professor of Sanscrit and Bengalee, at the College of Fort William, Calcutta, and the able and indefatigable translator of the scriptures into many of the eastern languages, was in early life a shoemaker in Northamptonshire. The present Mr. Gifford, the translator of the Juvenal, and the supposed editor of the Quarterly Review, spent some of his early days in learning the "craft and mystery" of a shoemaker, as he tells us in one of the most interesting pieces of autobiography ever penned, and prefixed to his nervous and elegant version of the Great Roman Satirist.

A late New-Hampshire Sentinel contains an Indian Treaty, in which are a great number of Indian names, with their respective significations annexed; which gives occasion to the following paragraph in that paper:—

Indian names.—Those of our readers who may undertake a peregrination through the terrible jaw-cracker in our preceding columns, must not be afraid if they should see 'the Devil Standing,' 'Between the logs,' 'Pick up a Club' to 'Split the River.' They must not tremble if they see 'Old Foot,' 'Clouding up,' 'Shake the ground'—for a 'Whirlwind,' 'Full moon,' and 'Clearing up' will soon follow. They may be diverted at the sight of the 'Widow of the Crane' and 'King George,' 'Holding his hands about,' 'His neck down,' 'Looking at her' and the 'Man without a tail,' 'Flat belly,' 'Slippery nose,' 'Mark on his hip' and 'Bunch on his forehead,' 'Crying after,' 'Give it to her!' If

the reader is fatigued he may stop at the 'Coffee House,' 'Round the Point,' where 'Civil John' will make his 'Conge,' and furnish a 'Razor,' 'Wild Duck,' 'Black Raccoon,' 'Mollasses,' 'Twenty Wives,' and 'Heap of any thing.' He will thereabout meet 'Isaac Hill,' 'Running about,' 'Carrying the news.' He may see 'Big Belt,' 'Hold the Sky,' and 'Blue Jacket,' a 'Matiman,' with 'Silver heels,' 'Carrying the Basket' to catch a 'Falling Star' at 'Sun Rise.' Finally reader, if you are not a 'Resolute Man,' 'When you are tired sit down.'

The following curious advertisement, is copied from a New-York paper of the 4th instant:—

BACHELOR'S CLUB.

"Oh! Matrimony, thou art like To Jeremiah's figs; The good were very good—the bad Too sour to give the pigs."

The first anniversary of the Club will be celebrated This Day, the 4th inst. The members will meet in front of the City Hall, at 12 o'clock. They will form in procession precisely a quarter before one, and proceed down Murray-street, and cross the ferry to Hoboken, where a Turtle Repast will be prepared for the occasion.

On this, your Club's great natal day, Come forth ye crooked, blind and grey, Doff your old specks, your crutches hide, Dismount your wigs—your cock'd hats lay aside.

By Order. A. A. Secretary.

Curious Advertisement.

The following advertisement appeared in Granway's Daily Advertiser printed in Calcutta on the 6th of September 1818:—"Be it known, that six fair and pretty young Ladies with two sweet and engaging children, lately imported from Europe, having the roses of health blooming on their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable tempers, and highly accomplished, yielding tacitly to all necessary wishes, whom the most indifferent cannot behold without expressions of rapture, are to be Ruffed for next door to the British Gallery.—Scheme, 20 Tickets, at 12 Rupees each. The highest of three throws, doubtless, takes the most fascinating, &c."

A Mathematical Toast.

The following toast is said to have been drank at an association of school masters:

"I he fair daughters of Columbia. —May they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociability, and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination."

A-Las! A-Las!—A person bemoaning the uncomfortable prospect of celibacy, and comparing the respective happiness of the married and single states, exclaimed, "What can make the bitter cup of a bachelor go down." A wit in the company assuming the tone and manner of the complaint, exclaimed, "a lass! a lass!"

Clerical Wit.

The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entreating the commanding officer of a regiment at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds. The officer granted his petition on condition, that Mr. Morrison should accord with the first favor he asked. The favor was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen were invited to the christening. Mr. Morrison desired Major — to hold up the dog.

"As I am a minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said Mr. Morrison, "I must proceed accordingly."

Major — said he asked no more. "Well, then Major, I begin with the usual question: You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?"

The Major understood the joke, and threw way the animal. Thus Mr. Morrison turned the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.