



POETRY.

FROM THE FRANKLIN GAZETTE. THE NORTH STAR.

Mild star that mark'st, thy lonely way, in yon expanse of cloudless blue; Whose gem-like form and steady ray, Attract the heedless peasant's view, And him whose thoughts to unknown regions stray;

Full oft the wanderer, fortune's child, Benighted, and doom to roam, Beholds with joy thy aspect mild, That tells of happiness and home, And guides him onward 'mid the trackless wild.

Off, too, the sea-boy marks thy beam, When ocean sleeps in peaceful calm; While o'er its breast thy peaceful gleam, Plays wanton, and with sacred charm, Lulls the rapt soul in fancy's pleasing dream.

And, oft sweet star, at even-tide, When all around is hushed to rest; My thoughts ascend and pensive glide, To distant climes and regions blest, Where wo-worn care and grief would gladly hide.

And fancy whispers in mine ear, That those which once were here beloved, To friendship and affection dear, Now from this fleeting scene removed, Repose, bright star, in thy ethereal sphere. W.

Miscellaneous.

SKETCH OF ROSCOE.

The publication of a new work, entitled "The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. No. 1," has been already announced, and is ascribed to the elegant pen of our countryman Washington Irving, Esq. From the first number, which contains five distinct sketches, we select the following sketch of Roscoe, distinguished in the literary world for his histories of the Medici family, and his enthusiastic devotion to Italian literature.—R. I. American.

In the service of mankind to be A guardian god below; still to employ The mind's brave ardor in heroic aims, Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling herd And make us shine forever—that is life. THOMPSON.

One of the first places to which a stranger is taken into Liverpool, is the Athenaeum. It is established on a judicious and liberal plan; contains a good library, and a spacious reading room, and is the great literary resort of the place. Go there what hour you may, you are sure to find it filled with grave looking personages, deeply absorbed in the study of newspapers.

As I was once visiting this haunt of the learned, my attention was attracted to a person just entering the room. He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but it was a little bowed by time—perhaps by care. He had a noble Roman style of countenance, and a head that would have pleased a painter; and though some slight furrows on his brow showed that wasting thought had been busy there, yet his eye still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling race around him.

I inquired his name, and was informed that it was Roscoe. I drew back with an involuntary feeling of veneration. This, then, was an author of celebrity; this was one of those men whose voices had gone forth to the ends of the earth—with whose mind I have communed even in the solitudes of America. Accustomed, as we are in our country, to know European writers only by their works, we cannot conceive of them, as of other men, engrossed by trivial and sordid pursuits, and jostling with the crowd of common minds in the dusty paths of life. They pass be-

fore our imagination like superior beings, radiant with the emanations of their own genius, and surrounded by a halo of literary glory.

To find the elegant historian of the Medici; therefore, mingling among the busy sons of traffic, at first shocked my poetical ideas; but it is from the very circumstances and situation in which he has been placed, that Mr. Roscoe derives his highest claims to admiration. It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves; spring up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary, but irresistible way, through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the cherishing assiduities of art, with which it would rear legitimate dullness to maturity; and to glory in the vigor and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will now and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-place, all the beauties of vegetation.

Such has been the case with Mr. Roscoe.—Born in a place apparently ungenial to the growth of literary talent—in the market place of trade, without fortune, family connexions, or patronage; self-prompted, self-sustained, and almost self-taught, he has conquered every obstacle, achieved his way to eminence, and having become one of the ornaments of the nation, has returned the whole force of his talent and influence to advance and embellish his native town.

Indeed, it is this last trait in his character which has given him the greatest interest in my eyes, and induced me particularly to point him out to my countrymen. Eminent as are his literary merits, he is but one among the many distinguished authors of this intellectual nation.—They, however, live but in general for their own fame, or their own pleasures. Their private history presents no lesson to the world or, perhaps, a humiliating one of human frailty and inconsistency. At best, they are prone to steal away from the bustle and common place of busy existence, to indulge in the selfishness of lettered ease; and revel in scenes of mental, but exclusive enjoyment.

Mr. Roscoe on the contrary, has claimed none of the accorded privileges of talent. He has shut himself up in no garden of thought or elysium of fancy; but has gone forth into the highways and thoroughfares of life, he has planted bowers by the way side, for the refreshment of the pilgrim and the sojourner; and has established pure fountains, where the laboring man may turn aside from the dust and heat of the day, and drink of the living streams of knowledge. There is a "daily beauty in his life," on which mankind may meditate and grow better. It exhibits no lofty and almost useless, because inimitable example of excellence; but presents a picture of active, yet simple and imitable virtues which are within every man's reach, but which few men exercise, or this world would be a paradise.

But his private life is peculiarly worthy the attention of the citizens of our young and busy country, where literature and the elegant arts must grow up side by side with the coarser plants of daily necessity; and must depend for their culture, not on the exclusive devotion of time and wealth, or the quickening rays of titled patronage, but on hours and seasons snatched from the pursuit of worldly interest, by intelligent and public spirited individuals.

He has shown how much may be done, in hours of leisure, by one master spirit, for a place; and how completely it can give its own impress to surrounding objects. Like his own Lorenzo de Medici, on whom he seems to have fixed his eye, as on a rare model of antiquity, he has woven the history of his life with the

history of his native town, and made the foundations of his fame the monuments of his virtue. Wherever you go, in Liverpool, you perceive traces of his footsteps in all that is elegant and liberal. He found the tide of wealth flowing merely in the channels of traffic; he has diverted from it invigorating rills, to refresh the gardens of literature. By his own example and constant exertions, he has brought into effect that union of commerce and the intellectual pursuits, so elegantly recommended in one of his latest writings; and has particularly proved how beautifully they may be brought to harmonize, and to benefit each other. The noble institutions for literary and scientific purposes, which reflect such credit on Liverpool, and are giving an impulse to the public mind, have mostly been originated, and all effectively promoted by Mr. Roscoe; and, when we consider the rapidly increasing opulence and magnitude of that town, which promises to vie in commercial importance with the metropolis, it will be perceived that, in a waking ambition of mental improvement among its inhabitants, he has effected a great benefit to the cause of British literature.

In America, we only know Mr. Roscoe as the author—in Liverpool, he is spoken of as the banker; and I was told of his having been unfortunate in business. I could not pity him, as I heard some rich men do: I considered him far above the reach of my pity. Those who live only for the world, and in the world, may be cast down by the frowns of adversity, but a man like Roscoe is not to be overcome by the mutations of fortune. They do but drive him in upon the resources of his own mind, to the superior society of his own thoughts, which the best of men are apt sometimes to neglect, and to roam abroad in search of less worthy associates. He is independent of the world around him. He lives with antiquity and with posterity; with antiquity, in the sweet communion of studious retirement—and with posterity, in the generous aspiring after future renown. The solitude of such a mind is its highest state of enjoyment. It is then visited by those elevated meditations, which are the proper aliment of noble souls, and are like manna sent from Heaven in the wilderness of this world.

While my feelings were yet alive on the subject, it was my fortune to light on further traces of Mr. Roscoe. I was riding out with a gentleman, to view the environs of Liverpool, when he turned off, through a gate, into some ornamented grounds. After riding a short distance, we came to a spacious mansion of freestone, built in the Grecian style. It was not in the purest state, yet it had an air of elegance, and the situation was delightful. A fine lawn sloped away from it, studded with clumps of trees, so disposed as to break a soft fertile country into a variety of landscapes. The Mersey was seen winding a broad, quiet sheet of water through an expanse of green meadow land, while the Welch mountains, blending with the clouds, and melting into distance, bordered the horizon.

This was Roscoe's favorite residence during the days of his prosperity. It had been the seat of elegant hospitality and literary retirement. The house was now silent and deserted. I saw the windows of the study, which looked out upon the soft scenery I have mentioned. The windows were closed—the library was gone. Two or three ill favored beings were loitering about the place, whom my fancy pictured into retainers of the law. It was like visiting some classic fountain, that had once swelled its pure waters in a sacred shade but now dry and dusty, with the lizard and the toad brooding over the shattered marbles.

I inquired after the fate of Mr. Roscoe's library, which had consisted of scarce and foreign books, from any of which he had drawn the

*Address on the opening of the Liverpool Institution.

materials for his Italian histories. It had passed under the hammer of the auctioneer, and was dispersed about the country. The good people of the vicinity thronged like wreckers, to get some part of the noble wreck that had been driven on shore. Did such a scene admit of ludicrous associations,—we might imagine something whimsical in this strange irruption into the regions of learning. Pigmies rummaging the armoury of a Giant, and contending for the possession of weapons which they could not wield. To notice some knot of speculators, debating with calculating brow over the quantum of an obsolete author; or the air of intense, but baffled sagacity, with which some successful purchaser attempted to dive into the black-letter margin he had secured.

It is a beautiful incident in the story of Mr. Roscoe's misfortunes, and one that will be appreciated by the studious mind, that the parting with his books seems to have touched upon his tender feelings, and to have been the only circumstance that could provoke the notice of his muse. The scholar only knows how dear these silent, yet eloquent companions of pure thoughts and innocent hours, become in the hours of adversity. When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, these only retain their steady value. When friends grow cold, and the converse of imitates languishes into rapid civility and common place, these only continue the unaltered countenance of happier days, and cheer us with that true friendship that never deceived hope, nor deserted sorrow.

I do not wish to censure, but, surely, if the people of Liverpool had been properly sensible of what was due to Mr. Roscoe and to themselves, his library would never have been sold. Good worldly reasons, may, doubtless, be given for the circumstance, which it would be difficult to combat with others that might seem merely fanciful: but it certainly appears to me such an opportunity as seldom occurs, of cherishing a noble mind struggling under misfortunes, by one of the most delicate, but expressive tokens of public sympathy. It is difficult, however, to estimate a man of genius properly, who is daily before our eyes. He becomes mingled and confounded with other men. His great qualities lose their novelty, and become too familiar with the common materials that form the basis even of the loftiest character. Some of Mr. Roscoe's townmen may regard him merely as a man of business: others, as a politician: all find him engaged like themselves, in ordinary occupations, and surpassed, perhaps, by themselves, on some points of worldly wisdom. Even the amiable and unostentatious simplicity of his character, which gives the nameless grace to real excellence, may cause him to be undervalued by some coarse minds, who do not know that true worth is always void of glare and pretension. But the man of letters who speaks of Liverpool, speaks of it as the residence of Roscoe. The intelligent traveller who visits it, inquires where Roscoe is to be seen. He is the literary landmark of the place, indicating its existence to the distant scholar. He is, like Pompey's column at Alexandria, towering alone in classic dignity.

The following sonnet, addressed by Mr. Roscoe to his books, on parting with them, is alluded to in the preceding article. If any thing can add effect to the pure feeling and elevated thought there displayed, it is the conviction, that the whole is no effusion of fancy, but a faithful transcript from the writer's heart.

TO MY BOOKS. As one, who, destined from his friends to part, Regrets his loss, but hopes again ere while To share their converse and enjoy their smile, And tempers as he may, affliction's dart; Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art, Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile My tedious hours and lighten every toil, Now resign you; nor with fainting heart—

For pass a few short years, or days, or hours, An happier seasons may their dawn unfold, And all your sacred fellowship restore; When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers, Mind shall with mind direct communion hold

An kindred spirits meet to part no more

FROM THE AMERICAN WATCHMAN.

Mr. Printer—I make no doubt but the charitable and humane object which the writer here has in view, will induce you to give the following an insertion in your valuable paper.

I have a child two years and six months old, who has been in a very uncommon degree afflicted with the bowel or summer complaint; and after trying in vain the various prescriptions of the physicians. I was advised by an old lady, my neighbor, to try a tea made of the inner rind or bark of the black oak; which was administered to the child in the quantity of a table spoonful three times a day; and which has performed a perfect cure in three days—I recommend it to mothers to do likewise.

Respectfully, A MOTHER. N. B. The tea should be sweetened with a little sugar.

ECONOMY.

Economy when grounded on a proper basis, has a present reward, as well as the anticipation of a future one—it has in this life all the good which profusion would furnish, and further, by the proper saving and application of time and money almost infinitely extends the sphere of usefulness and enjoyment—dissipates the contracted gloom of penury and unsatisfied desire, and displays an horizon rich, cheerful and animating.—Economy is by some considered as a gift of Providence, and therefore that no blame should be attached to the person who does not possess it—so indeed, are other virtues; but to urge such a plea for their nonperformance would be considered as absurd and criminal—economy, whether viewed as a pleasure or a duty, should be diligently sought, and when opulence is above its obligation, nor penury below it—It will be a solace to the wise and a defence to the simple—It is the highway of safety—the well supported arch which will sustain with ease the weight of the most numerous society.

Domestic Troubles.

Husbands, who suffer their feelings to be disturbed by reason of attentions paid to their wives by other men, distrust their own powers to captivate, and say in strong language to the unprincipled, that their wives are unprincipled also.

Husbands, who prefer to pass their time at taverns or places of reveling, rather than with their families, betray a want of those refined sensibilities, who raise the mind above the vulgarities of life, and give dignity and consequence to social relations.

Husbands, who communicate to their wives, all their ordinary business, subject themselves to mortification, by the misuse of that knowledge, which is itself of no importance.

Husbands, who frown, when their wives advance ideas of their intellectual powers, and make them in reality, what is most to be deprecated.

Husbands, who commit one act of incontinence, inflict a wound in the bosom of their wives, yielding perpetual pain, and which subsequent rectitude can never entirely heal.

Marriage Ceremony.

"You bromish," says old Squire Cabel to the bridegroom, whoever that happy one may be, "You bromish to hap dis woman for your wife." Yes, "Unt you madam bromish to hap dis man for you husband." Yes, "Vell I bronounce you to pe one flesh unt one peef. Unt now I pooblish de bawns of dis matrimony pefore Got, my frow Dolly, Harry unt de rest of de childers. Unt ash le skripture says, vat Got poofs to edder, let not man poof asoounder. Unt now (giving the bridegroom a poke in the ribs,) vere ish mine tollar."