



POETRY.

LOVE SONG.

Adapted to Modern Times.

Boast not to me the charms that grace The finest form or fairest face; Shape, bloom and features I despise; Wealth—wealth is beauty to the wise. Come, then, O come, and with the bring The thousand joys from wealth that spring; Oh! bring the deeds of thine estate, Thy quit rents, mortgages and plate. Still keep unseen those auburn locks, And yield the treasure in the stocks; O hide that soft, that snowy breast, And give, instead, thy iron chest. Thy dollars shame the blushing rose, Which in those cheeks unheeded blows; Too sweet for me that ruby lip, Give me thy bank stock, bonds and scrip.

FROM THE WASHINGTON CITY GAZETTE. GOOD WIVES.

Good wives to snails should be a kin, Always their houses keep within; But not to carry (fashion's backs) All they are worth upon their backs.

Good wives like echos still should do, Speak but when they're spoken to; But not like echos (most absurd) To have forever the last word

Good wives like city clocks should rhyme, Be regular and keep in time; But not like city clocks aloud Be heard by all the vulgar crowd.

Miscellaneous.

THE SKETCH BOOK, No. 3.

We have been politely furnished with this number containing "A Royal Poet," "The Country Church," "The widow and her son," and "The Bear's head Tavern, East cheap." The demand for this work continues to be so great, that a second edition of the 1st and 2d Nos. is now in the press; and we are fully justified in believing that it will be one of the most popular of American publications.

"The Royal Poet," is an exhibition of the gallant James the First, of Scotland, in a new light. In him historians have described the warrior and the statesman; but it has been reserved for Mr. Irving to add the lover and the poet. The misfortunes and early imprisonment of James—his amiable character—his high poetical fancy—and his fondness, amid the gloom and loneliness of his prison house, "one fair spirit for his minister"—are described with great felicity. The force of the following extract will be acknowledged by all such as "reverence the lyre."

"It was the good fortune of James, however, to be gifted with poetic fancy, and to be visited in his prison by the choicest inspirations of the muse. Some minds corrode and grow inactive, under the loss of personal liberty; others, morbid and irritable; but it is the nature of the poet to become tender and imaginative in the loneliness of confinement. He banquets upon the honey of his own thoughts, and, like the captive bird, pours forth his soul in melody.

"Have you not seen the nightingale, A pilgrim coop'd into a cage, How doth she chant her wonted tale, In that her lonely hermitage? Even thro' her charming melody doth prove That all her boughs are trees, her cage a grove."

Indeed, it is the divine attribute of the imagination, that it is irresistible, unconfined.—That when the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and, with a necromantic power, can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of the dungeon."

During the King's confinement in Windsor castle, the window of his apartment looked forth upon a small garden, which lay at the foot of the tower." It was in this 'quiet shel-

tered spot, adorned with arbours and green alleys, and protected from the passing gaze by trees and hawthorn hedges, that he accidentally saw 'the beautiful Lady Jane,' and was at once captivated. All the feelings of the lover and the poet were enlisted, and the 'King's Quair,' the subject of which poem was his love for the Lady Jane, was composed. Our author continues—

"It was the recollection of this romantic tale of former times, and the golden little poem that had its birth place in this tower, that made me visit the old pile with such lively interest. The suit of armour, richly gilt and embellished, as if to figure in the tourney, brought the image of the romantic prince vividly before my imagination. I paced the deserted chambers where he had composed his poem. I looked out upon the spot where he had first seen the Lady Jane. It was the same genial month—every thing was bursting into vegetation, and budding forth the tender promise of the year. Time seems to have passed lightly over this little scene of poetry and love, and to have withheld his desolating hand. Several centuries have gone by, yet the garden still flourishes at the foot of the tower. The arbours, it is true have disappeared, yet the place is still sheltered, blooming, and retired. There is a charm about a spot that has once been printed by the footsteps of departed beauty and hallowed by the inspirations of the poet, that is heightened, rather than impaired, by the lapse of ages. It is, indeed the gift of poetry to consecrate every place in which it moves; to breathe around nature an odour more exquisite than the perfumes of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of the morning."

In "The Country Church," innate dignity and good breeding are well contrasted with pride, vanity and self-sufficiency.

"The widow and her son." In this sketch, the peculiar simplicity of the author's style appears in all its beauty. The passion of grief, and all the yearnings of maternal and filial affection, are most tenderly but powerfully depicted. Seldom, indeed, are the feelings of a reader more intensely wrought up—and seldom are they drawn towards so touching a scene of earthly suffering and deprivation. We shall not offer any apology for copying the following:

"When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her 'the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her.—What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they leave friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs.—What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are the sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation."

"The Bear's-head Tavern," is a pleasant satire upon those voluminous commentators whose ponderous tones have become much more noted for bulk than interest.

Whether we are most attached to the peculiarities of the author's style; the delicacy and chasteness of his thoughts; or the character in which he comes before us, that of an American citizen,—we have never stopped to enquire. Nor shall we turn aside to erect some fancied but rigid standard of criticism, and decide upon the merit of the writer by the quantum of formal and cold morality.—True, it is not altogether certain, but foreign scenes and foreign asso-

ciations have been too frequent with our author to bear constant repetition: But we are not disposed to quarrel with him for this—we are content to be pleased; and to regard these sketches of our countryman as some of those chaste and beautiful flowers that varigate and adorn the literary landscape. We have wandered in Spencian groves—have bowed with reverence to classic grandeur—and have followed the bold musings of the "mighty masters of the lay;" but from these have turned with satisfaction to look upon native genius, and draw refined pleasures from the fanciful fountains of the Sketch Book." Catskill Recorder.

BIOGRAPHY.

[It is well known, that one of the signers of the declaration of Independence, was STEPHEN HOPKINS, of Rhode-Island; and most of those who have the fac similies of the signatures to that immortal document, have noticed the peculiar chirography of that gentleman, and made inquiries, which the following biographical sketch, from a new work entitled "The Gazetteer of Connecticut and Rhode-Island," recently published at Hartford, will answer.]—Centinel.

"The Hon. STEPHEN HOPKINS, a distinguished patriot and statesman, was a native of that part of Providence, which now forms the town of Scituate. He was born in March, 1707. In his youth, he disclosed high promise of talents, and soon became esteemed for his growing worth, his early virtues, and his regular and useful life. At an early period, he was appointed a Justice of the Peace, was employed extensively in the business of surveying lands, and was appointed to various other offices, some of which were responsible and important; and he discharged the duties of all with great ability and faithfulness, and with equal advantage to his own reputation and the public interest. In 1754 he was appointed a member of the board of Commissioners, which assembled at Albany to digest and concert a plan of union for the Colonies. Shortly after this, he was chosen chief justice of the superior court of the colony of Rhode-Island; and in 1755 he was elevated to the office of chief magistrate of the colony, and continued in this dignified and important station about eight years, but not in succession.—He was also for years chancellor of the College. At the commencement of the difficulties between the colonies and Great-Britain, Governor Hopkins took an early, active, and decided part in favor of the former. He wrote a pamphlet in support of the rights and claims of the colonies, called, "The Rights of the Colonies examined," which was published by order of the general assembly. He was a member of the immortal Congress of '76, which declared these States (then Colonies) to be "free, sovereign, and independent," and his signature is attached to this sublime and important instrument, which has no example in the archives of nations.

Governor Hopkins was not only distinguished as a statesman and patriot, but as a man of business—having been extensively engaged in trade and navigation, and also concerned in manufactures and agriculture. He was a decided advocate, and a zealous supporter, both of civil and religious liberty; a firm patriot, a friend to his country, and a patron of useful public institutions. He possessed a sound and discriminating mind, and a clear and comprehensive understanding; was alike distinguished for his public and private virtues, being an able and faithful public officer, and an eminently useful private citizen.

Governor Hopkins finished his long, honorable and useful life, on the 20th July, 1785, in the 79th year of his age."

"LOOKERE YOU LEAP."

"If you are attracted by the charms of beauty, look twice as often at my text as on the face of your charmer; remember "beauty is but

skin deep." Nature, say some physiognomists, unites an amiable mind with a fair face. It may be this was nature's original plan; if faithfully executed, no men of sense would marry a woman without beauty. But art has got the upper hand of nature. When a handsome lady looks into the glass, vanity is almost sure to be her companion as her own image—vanity whispers in her ear, that her fortune is made for this world; away with such old fashion stuff as the improvement of the mind, says this monitor; it is fit only for ugly faces, a mere invention of art to supply the defects of nature. If you see a fine lady, who pays frequent devotion to her own image, beware, I say. "Look ere you leap" into the snares of love.

"If your neighbor's cattle break into your cornfields, or he and you have a dispute about a few acres of land, "The law is a bottomless pit;" and lawyers, who sometimes help you into it, and sometimes out, will not help you either way for nothing. Leave out your dispute to men of candour and judgment; if you are not perfectly satisfied, it is better to resign a small part of your interest, and live in peace, than to mortgage your whole estate, and entail ill will to your neighbor and yourself upon your posterity.

"When thieves, horse jockeys and speculators, offer you a great bargain, "look ere you leap."—Stolen goods are sold cheap; but they are liable to be taken away for nothing—besides, the suspicion of being a partner in the theft. Gay horses are often as great a cheat as gay women; look well and consider thoroughly, before you leap at mere appearances.

"Above all, stand on your guard when an arch speculator lays his deeds, patents, mortgages, assignments, plans, notes, bonds, &c. &c. before you, and talks about his millions of acres in the Tennessee, Kentucky, on the Ohio, the Kanhawa and the Mississippi, and tells you, that for a few hundred dollars in hand, and a few more in notes, you may make your fortune—then, I say, "look ere you leap." Take care how you put your pen to paper. Your seal to his bond may seal you up in prison."

From the Baltimore American.

A Dublin paper of July last contains a speech of Mr. Crappinger on catholic emancipation, at a late general aggregate meeting in Ireland, wherein he says: "Will the enemies of reconciliation never reflect on the mischievous consequences of perpetrating religious discord and disunion? Will they never learn to cultivate peace and harmony? Do they want an example of the blessings of toleration? Let them look to America—that highly spirited and enlightened nation—renowned in arts, arms and commerce; whose fame is spread in every quarter of the globe; whose hospitable shores, ever ready to receive the persecuted and oppressed, afford a new asylum to the ill fated victims of despotism! let them look to America and say, to what is her present greatness and renown to be attributed, but to the happy constitution which she enjoys: a constitution which, instead of making religion serve as a pretext for persecution—instead of upholding revolting tests and declarations, grants unbounded liberty of conscience to all, and knows no other distinctions but those which merit and patriotism ensure?"

Mission to the Sandwich Islands.

By or before the middle of Oct. next, Providence permitting, a mission to the Sandwich Islands will be embarked at Boston, under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; comprising besides four of the natives now at the Foreign Mission School, eight or nine of our own countrymen, most of them married, and one having a family of five children, in all more than twenty five persons; two, Messrs. Hiram Bing-

ham, and Asa Thurston, ordained Missionaries; two, Samuel Ruggles, and Thomas Hopoo, (a native of Owyhee, and the friend of Obookiah) advanced in preparations for the ministry, and well qualified for Catechists and Teachers: a physician, a printer, and a prime farmer, with qualifications, also for teaching. Individuals of the company are, besides, skilled in various mechanical trades.

Any donations of sea stores, books, medicines, implements of husbandry &c. designed for this mission, may be left at Mr. Armstrong's No. 50, Cornhill, on or before the first of Oct. Such necessary articles as are not received in donations must be purchased. It is desirable, therefore, that all persons, who wish to aid the mission by specific donations should leave them as soon as convenient, at the place above-mentioned. Any of the above described articles, which can be conveniently transported, may be left with the Rev. Mr. Harvey, Goshen, or Henry Hudson, Esq. Hartford, Co.

Articles of cotton and linen clothing, both for adults and children, will be very acceptable and very useful to the mission.

Boston Cent.

By a judicious disposition of time, the Christian may accomplish much without being subject to frequent disappointments or perplexities: the psalmist David prayed seven times a day, yet we do not find the important duties incumbent on him in his elevated and responsible station were neglected, or suffered on account of his devotions. History also informs us that "Alfred, king of England, who fought fifty-six battles with the Danes, many of which were gained by his own personal courage and example, dedicated, with strict punctuality, eight hours every day to acts of devotion, eight hours to public affairs, and as many to sleep, study, and necessary refreshment.

Singular effects from inhaling the nitrous Oxide.

Most of our readers have, no doubt, been entertained by the whimsical effect produced upon many persons who have inhaled gas, which has been called the Laughter and Dancing-exciting gas. At a recent lecture on the human frame, delivered by Dr. Thornton, in London, the following effects are stated to have been produced by the respiration of this gas which might have been penned by Baron Munchausen.

"The first gentleman who inhaled it, laughed, and then danced to a very lively tune, which he sung.—The next gentlemen after the excitement to laughter, delivered a speech of Shakespeare, equal to Keen, he then danced, singing the lively tone of Merrily, ho, Cheerily, ho, in full glee; and after that sung in a deep fine bass tone, the Wolf, as well as Braham. He was unconscious of what he was doing, but expressed himself as highly delighted, as did the other gentleman. No debility follows after inhaling this powerful gas."

Ludicrous.—A correspondent in a neighboring town sends us the following as a matter of fact:

A Mr. M. last evening, in a paroxysm of melancholy or hypochondria, left his wife in bed and retired to another room, for the purpose of terminating his existence by cutting his own throat. His wife missing him, made an alarm; search was made by the neighbors, and he was at length found with his sleeves rolled up to the shoulders, collar opened, prostrate on a bed, with his head extended back as if dead and a razor in his hand. As no blood was shed, it is to be presumed that he made a mistake, and used the back instead of the edge of the razor; but it was a long time before he could be convinced that he was in existence. Catskill Recorder.