



POETRY.

From the Boston Centinel. AMERICAN SKETCHES.

MADOCKAWANDO,

A Norridgewock Chief of strange and wonderful memory.

Around his neck terrific hung A huge and brindled skin, And fish bones o'er his bosom swung, As thrice he danced and thrice he sung And struck his war-club's din.

The Bear he strangled in his den, The brindle Fox pursued, And yelled through many a poisonous fen, That ne'er was trod by mortal men, And many a pathless wood.

The hill of Rattlesnakes he sought, And choked them one by one, The Mountain-Cat pursued and caught, And down the valley swift as thought, The tall grey Moose outran.

He built a car of flaming fire, The dreadful Indian shook, To see his king, his chief, his sire, Ride flaming up careering higher, Than mount Ajocochook.

He made a sledge of hickory, And o'er Seegees' ice, With she wolves harnessed three and three, He drove and sung with jollity, Like one who wins at dice.

The weeds shall grace his burial place, And round his bones shall sing, At midnight's hour a spiritual race, And as his wondrous deeds they trace, Pale ivy o'er him fling. A. K.

Miscellaneous.

THE DISTRICT OF MAINE.

The following remarks on the natural advantages of that portion of the eastern country which is about to form a co-extended member of the Union, are extracted from an article in the Alexandria Herald.

The soil of Maine is generally of a superior quality. Her fertility was not tested till the late war; and before that period its excellency and its luxuriance were almost wholly unknown. The inhabitants, until that period, were generally employed in the lumber trade and in the fisheries, and agriculture generally neglected and the soil considered unfit for cultivation. The war putting an end, in a great measure, to this business, a great part of the people were thrown out of employment, and obliged to cultivate the earth for a subsistence, and the abundant crops they realized well repaid their labors. The productions of the soil of Maine are excellent in their quality, and this district is one of the finest grazing countries in the world. The mutton raised there is of an excellent and uncommonly delectable flavor, and the pork and beef not inferior to that of any other portion of N. England. The butter of a superior kind; and cheese, with a little more attention to the making of it, would rival, if not excel, any of the dairies of Rhode Island and Connecticut. Apple orchards are thriving, and yearly planting, and the cider made from their produce uncommonly good and equal to that of New Jersey. And to these the fisheries, and the nearness of Maine, to the fishing ground, and the superior faculty with which vessels for that purpose may be fitted out from her sea ports. Her rivers are noble and majestic. They abound with the finest salmon and bass, as well as other fish, which, at proper seasons, are taken in the greatest abundance; and the people, with little labor and trifling expence, may lay in, during their leisure hours, a part of their winter and yearly provision for their families, especially during an unfavorable season and in the event of a scanty harvest, as was the case in 1816, though, since that period, the crops have been uncommonly plentiful and abundant. The harbors of Maine are, in general,

large, deep, safe, and capacious; and, on account of the cheapness of timber, vessels are built there for residents in other parts of the country, and the mechanics employed for this purpose are inferior to none, in point of skill, ingenuity, and industry. In manufactures as well as in agriculture, Maine has lately made considerable, and is still making rapid improvements. Her citizens are hardy, robust, active, and enterprising. In short, the District of Maine abounds with all the necessaries and comforts of life, and her inhabitants have every prospect of becoming a rich and happy people. In an unreserved conversation, the present governor of Massachusetts, after his return from his tour through that district, being asked what opinion he had formed of it, observed, among other remarks, in his reply, that it, "was the back bone of the country, and would become in process of time, the Ireland of America."

From the Connecticut Mirror.

THE CHINESE.

But little is known, either in Europe or America, of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the "Celestial Empire," or of the arts, sciences, literature or religion of that singular people. The prying eye of curiosity, which in every other country ascertains much, turns from China with scarcely the smallest gratification—such is the caution, jealousy and circumspection of both the government and people. From the little that has been learnt, however, it is very certain that time seems to have stood still with the Chinese. We find them, (says the Quarterly Review) neither improved in learning, nor in morals, nor in the system of government and legislation, nor one whit more enlightened in religion or the sciences, than they were three thousand years ago. The cut of their robes, the plan of their houses, the form of their furniture have not changed in all that time. But as human nature is every where pretty much the same. China appears nevertheless to have its male and female elegantes, as well as other countries. In a Chinese novel called Hung-how-Mung; or the Red Chamber Dreams, part of which has been translated by a Mr. Davis, two characters are introduced, whose costume may be amusing to the belles and beaux, dandies and exquisites, of this country. The dress of the lady, who is denominated a Lautze, (something sharp or pungent) is thus described:—"On her head her knot of hair was adorned with gold and silk, and eight precious stones pendant. It was fastened with a pin of pearls dropping from five little eagles. An ornament of virgin gold, enlivened with insects, embraced her neck. Around her waist was an upper dress of deep red colored silk, on which were embroidered an hundred gold butterflies, fluttering among the flowers. Over this was a narrow garment made of the skins of stone colored mice, and silk of five different colors. Below all was a petticoat of foreign crap, of a green color, sprinkled with flowers. She had a pair of most bewitching three-cornered eyes, and two eye brows curved like the young willow leaves; her person was slender, light and airy. The gentleman was also covered with butterflies, fluttering among flowers of gold; his beautiful nose was full and round, like the gull bladder of a quadruped; and he had a face like a moon in the midst of autumn—covered with white paint, and lips tinged with vermilion.—From his head to the end of his tail, which dangled to the ankles, hung four strings of precious stones set in gold. His upper tunic was pink spangled with flowers; his trowsers and stockings were embroidered and his shoes were of a deep red color with thick white soles. This irresistible youth is said to have ten thousand thoughts of love collected in the corner of his eye."

\* Quiet, we presume.

From the Union. The following beautiful lines were cut out of the side of a common Liverpool pitcher:—

WASHINGTON,

The defender of his Country the founder of Liberty, The friend of Man. History and tradition are explored in vain, for a parallel of character, In the annals of modern greatness He stands alone. And the noblest names of antiquity loose their lustre in his presence. Born the benefactor of mankind, he united all the qualities necessary to an illustrious career. Nature made him great: He made himself virtuous. Called by his Country to the defence of her Liberties, he triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity; And on pillars of National Independence laid the foundation of a great Republic.

Twice invested with supreme magistracy, by the voice of a free people. He surpassed in the Cabinet the glories of the Field; And voluntarily resigning the sceptre and the sword, retired to the shades of private life. A spectacle so new and so sublime, Was contemplated with the most profound admiration; And the name of WASHINGTON, Adding new lustre to humanity, resounded to the remotest regions of the earth. Magnanimous in youth, glorious through life, Great in Death. His highest ambition the happiness of mankind, His noblest victory the conquest of himself.

Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame; And building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen.

He lived, The ornament of the Eighteenth Century; He died, Regretted by a mourning world.

— E. B. jun.

From Dr. Chalmers' Sermon on Universal Peace.

THE FASCINATIONS OF WAR.

The first great obstacle to the extinction of war is the way in which the heart of man is carried off from its barbarities and its horrors by the splendor of its deceitful accompaniments. There is a feeling of the sublime in contemplating the devouring energy of a tempest, and this so elevates and engrosses the whole man, that his eye is blind to the tears of bereaved parents, and his ear is deaf to the piteous moan of the dying, and the shriek of their desolated families. Their is a gracefulness in the picture of a youthful warrior burning for distinction on the field, and lured by this generous aspiration to the deepest of the animated throng, where, in the fell work of death, the opposing sons of valor, struggle for a remembrance and a name, and this side of the picture is so much the exclusive object of our regard as to disguise from our view the mangled carcasses of the fallen, and the writhing agonies of the hundreds more who have laid on the cold ground; where they are left to languish and to die. There no eye pities them. No sister is there to weep over them. There no gentle hand is present to ease the dying posture, or bind up the wounds, which, in the maddening fury of the combat, have been given and received by the children of one common Father. There death spreads its pale ensigns over every countenance, and when night comes on, and darkness around them, how many a despairing wretch must take up with the bloody field as the intended bed of his last sufferings, without one friend to bear the message of tenderness to his distant home, without one companion to close his eyes. I avow it: On every side of me I see causes at work which go to spread a most delusive coloring over war, and to remove its shocking barbarities from the back ground of our contemplation altogether. I see it in the history

which tells me of the superb appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their charges. I see in the poetry which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transports its many admirers—as by its images, and its figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry, it throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of legalized slaughter. I see it in the music which represents the progress of the battle; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet notes of preparation, the whole beauty and tenderness of a drawing room are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment; nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of wounded men as they fade upon the ear, and sink into lifeless silence. All, goes to prove what strange and half sighted creatures we are. Were it not so, war could never have been seen in any other aspect than that of unmingled hatefulness; and I can look to nothing but the progress of Christian sentiment upon earth, to arrest the strong current of its popular and prevailing partiality for war. Then only will an imperious sense of duty lay the check of severe principles on all the subordinate tastes and faculties of our nature. Then will glory be reduced to its right estimates—and the wakeful benevolence of the gospel, chasing away every spell, will be turned by no treachery or delusion whatever from its simple but sublime enterprizes for the good of the species. Then the reign of truth and quietness will be ushered into the world, and war, cruel, atrocious, unrelenting war, will be stripped of many of its bewildering fascinations.

Curious Love Letter.

A young woman had lived a servant at a respectable farm-house, at the village of L—, in Northamptonshire, whose sweetheart was an honest rustic of the same place, but whom cruel fate had at length destined to move to a distant part of the country, which, instead of diminishing, only served to increase their mutual regard. They were now, of course, obliged to have resort to correspondence; but alas! how was this to be carried on? for poor Mary could not write; but it was not long before she received a letter from William, wherein he declared the increased ardor of his love, and implored her to marry. She was now compelled to have recourse to a confidential female friend to assist her in reading the letter, and who readily offered to write an answer; but no, Mary could not even to her friend impart the main secret, and declined the proffered service; yet as true love is seldom a loss for the means of invention, Mary adopted the following concise method:—Having procured a sheet of writing paper, with the end of a burnt stick from off the hearth, she formed the little top of it, and enclosed a small piece of sheep's wool, which comprised Mary's significant answer, "I wool." Her friend wrote the superscription, and the letter was sent off, post haste; it was as well understood, and received with as much real pleasure as any Belles Lettre could have been. Banns were soon after published, and they were married with as little delay as possible, and, it is hoped, rendered happy for life.

London paper.

Wasp Eater.—A few days since a fellow in the neighborhood of Ermsly, named Fisher, whose gluttonous propensities have long since acquired him the name of the Cormorant, and undertook for a trifling wager, to eat a dozen live wasps, with their stings in them, and demolish two pounds of raw salmon, in the space of ten minutes. This he achieved with comparative expedition, notwithstanding he was sorely perplexed over his first course. He afterwards offered to eat wasps by wholesale, at the rate of sixpence per dozen: this he continued doing till he had consumed nearly two dozen of these creatures, when his throat

and month from their stings, became so dreadfully swollen and inflamed, that he was obliged to desist, in a state almost bordering on madness and suffocation. London paper.

Comets.—A German Astronomer, of the name of Hayer, has recently published a new theory of these curious luminaries. He maintains, that the body is composed of water, and that the tail consists of solar rays refracted through this medium—that an impure atmosphere collects around it, which is dispersed by approximation to the sun; and that when a comet comes near the earth, it purifies the air, and promotes vegetation.

Another Astronomer, M. Olbus, of Bremen, has calculated, that, in 68,000 years, a comet will approach the earth as near as the moon; that in 4,000,000, it will come within 7,770 geographical miles; and, if its power of attraction be equal to the moon, will cause a rise in the ocean of 13,000 feet, which must make a deluge. But, what is still more frightful, the same philosopher says, that 220,000,000 years, a comet will come in contact with the earth, and produce consequences, which can only be imagined.

Singular Forgery.—Two men were lately convicted and sent to the state prison New-York for forgery. Soon after they appeared publicly at liberty. This produced an inquiry by what means they obtained their pardon. One of the judges of Herkimer county common pleas wrote to the governor for information. The governor returned him a petition for their pardon, signed by the judge himself, and many other respectable characters. It was accompanied by a statement of the occurrences at the trial, ingeniously drawn up and calculated to make a strong case in favor of a pardon. The whole proves to be a forgery, made for the purpose of imposing on the governor, and to obtain a pardon, which was easily effected.

The Sagacious Indian.—An Indian of Peru, who had lost a horse, discovered, after diligent search that a Spaniard had stolen it. He complained to a magistrate of the place, and the parties were ordered to appear; when the Spaniard offering to swear that the horse was his own, the poor Indian was on the point of losing his cause; but suddenly throwing a cloak over the horse's head he said to the Spaniard: "If it be really your horse, you can surely tell of which eye he is blind." The Spaniard after some hesitation and depending at least on the chance of the guess, said the left.

"May it please your worship," said the Indian, and taking the cloak off, "he is blind of neither." The Judge perceiving the roguery of the Spaniard, and admiring the natural acuteness of the Indian, ordered the horse to be restored to him with costs of suit, and committed the thief to prison.

ANECDOTE.

Original.—Two milk-men, some few days since, finding cents very scarce, were much troubled in making change when they sold their milk. They accordingly agreed to go to the United States Branch in this city and get twenty dollars in cents. After the cents were delivered to them, on their way to the ferry, they stopped at a Porter-House to get some punch, when they deposited the bag containing the money on the table, "Ah!" said an old man who sat in the room, "if all that was in that bag was half joes, it would be something handsome." To which remark, one of the milk-men said, "they are half Joe's;" upon which the old man offered a bet of ten dollars. The stake-money was put in a third person's hands, when the milk-man, making the bet, called the other milk-man, whose name was Joseph—"Joe," says he, "are not those in the bag half your's." "Yes," says Joe. "There," says he "I told you they were half Joe's;" and accordingly took the bet. N. Y. pa.