

Poetry.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

On the edge of a rock in the midst of the deep,
Where the billows of Ocean loud roar,
Where the sea fowl retires for shelter and sleep,
Was a mariner lash'd to his oar.

From the topmast they spied him, as quick
fore the wind
A well furnish'd ship scudded by—
William saw—was transport'd—Hope ravish'd his mind,
And the big tear rush'd quick to his eye.

"All hail!"—shouted William—"Soon, soon shall I see
My friends, and my dear native land—
Then no longer, thou terrible Death! threaten me,
For deliverance is already at hand.

In this moment of rapture his heart testified,
(And the thought was luxuriant indeed,) That his bounty and friendship had ne'er been denied,
To the claims of a brother in need.

But the captain was steel'd gainst the call of distress—
And onward his course he yet stood—
William, 'rest of his hope—saw the vessel grow less—
Then roll'd in despair in the flood!

MORAL.

This story, reader, I have told,
To make you hate that deed—
And teach you never to withhold
Your aid from those in need.

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To wed or not to wed? this is the question.
Whether 'tis better still to rove at large
From fair to fair, amid the wilds of passion,
Or plunge at once into the sea of marriage
And quench our fires!—to marry—have a wife—
No more!—and by that act to say we still
The restless ardors; all the natural tumults
That flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.—To marry—have a wife;—
A wife—herchance a devil—Aye there's the rub;—
For 'mongst the angel sex, what devils are found
When they have shuffled off this virgin mask,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect
That makes a prudent man so long a Bachelor,
For who would bear the taunts of willing maids—
The coquette's artifice, the prude's disdain
With all the fears arising from success,
When he might his own quietus make
With one kind woman? Who would lose his rest
In doubt respecting those whose Love he claimed;
But that the dread of something after honey-moon,
That gaily-fleeting period whose short joys
Few lovers, alas! survive!—puzzles the will
And makes us rather linger in the path
That well known simple path of single life
Than tempt the dark perplexing way of matrimony.

Thus Prudence does make Bachelors of us all;—
And hence the face of many a willing maid
Is sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought,
And many a Youth of no small pith and moment
With this regard spends all his day's a wenching,
And scorns the name of Husband.

INTERESTING VIEWS OF OUR COUNTRY.

Translated copy of a letter from a distinguished and enlightened French Emigrant to his friend in Washington, dated from the Arkansas Post, 25th March.

My Dear Friend—Of all the privations I have endured during the last five months, that of remaining without letters from you, the most sensibly affects me. It would be too formidable a task to attempt to give you extracts from my notes on the Ohio, the Mississippi, the river Volt, the St. Francis and the White River, which afford no position suitable for a large settlement; but, from what I have myself seen here, and from every information which I receive, I feel assured that I shall find on the borders of this river all that we can desire. The higher you ascend the long river Arkansas, the more picturesque and fertile is the country, particularly that part of it lying on the right bank, which belongs to the Indians—who feel the

greatest attachment for the French, and the strongest desire that they would form a settlement near them; styling them their Great Fathers, and characterizing them by the remark that they are as good as Indians. It is confidently asserted that government is at this moment negotiating the purchase of a considerable portion of this immense territory, which has only two or three hundred families for sovereigns, legitimate proprietors of a country extending three hundred miles in length and two hundred in breadth. If this purchase should be made, it might be practicable, after having obtained the left bank, to induce a cession of the right also, which would be very advantageous. I have been obliged to remain at the Post of the Arkansas, on account of the rising of the river, and the difficulty of procuring a light boat to ascend it; but this week's delay has not been lost. I have visited a great proportion of the lands situated between the White River, the St. Francis and the Arkansas, and have seen immense prairies. The largest is nearly one hundred miles in circumference, its soil of middling quality. The smaller, which is a Spanish cession not yet confirmed, would be extremely desirable for any who could stock it with two thousand head of cattle, but would not be suitable for a colony—Nearly all the inhabitants of the Arkansas post and its environs, are French, many of them very amiable and sociable.

All unite in wishing for us as neighbors, unless it be a few who live by hunting and trading; but the greater part have given up this mode of life for the cultivation of the land. More than one hundred families have, within a few years, established themselves here as squatters, at 150, 200 and even 300 miles from this post, on the beautiful banks of the Arkansas. There the lands are of an admirable fertility for the production of cotton, tobacco, indigo, rice, maize, vines, fruits and vegetables. This is, without doubt, the most beautiful and agreeable part of the United States, both in point of temperature of climate and fertility of soil. Nothing is wanting in this delightful portion of your happy country, but useful and industrious hands and intelligent heads, to render it the most flourishing of your immense possessions. All the riches of nature abound in profusion. The mountains contain nitre, alum, salt, vitriol, lead, copper, iron, silver, lime-stone, mill-stone, quarries, fuller's earth, chrysal, good clay for delft ware, and sand for glass ware.

Vegetation is gigantic; the cypress, the cedar, the white oak, the plumb tree, the cherry, the sassafras, the mulberry for silk worm, and above all, the indigenous olive, flourish here.*—I do not know if this beautiful tree, which rises to the height of one hundred feet, and whose fruit I have seen, will produce oil equal to that of Provence; but I am confident it will answer well for the manufacturing of soap, the tanning of leather, for burning, &c. &c. I believe this discovery is my own, and that it will be a valuable acquisition to the country. I think, also, that the olive of Europe would most assuredly succeed here. Madder, Indigo, peccoon, fit for dying red, the yellow tree, the gum tree, which yields a rosin highly aromatic, the lemon tree, which produces an excellent lemon, &c. all flourish here, without care or culture. I cannot enumerate all the varieties of the vine, among which are the prune grape, ripe in June, the red, the white, the black, the violet, &c. This, my dear sir, is the vast and natural nursery of Bacchus.

* The writer has enumerated a number of trees and plants, but having given the French names instead of the Classical ones, we have not been able to render them into English, which we lament, as our traveller is a celebrated Naturalist.

I have devised a very simple and economical mode of speedily obtaining good grapes from the wild vines. It is to cut down an adjacent tree, on which I incline the vine, taking care not to injure its stem, removing all unnecessary foliage from around it, to free it from shade, and pruning it on the prostrate tree, which serves as a prop for it.—There are large districts in which almost every tree supports two or three enormous vines. Your northern country is the Arabia Petra of America; and your vegetation stunted when compared with this.—Here are many trees growing more than 200 feet high. What a beautiful country, if it could be secured from inundation! I tire every one I meet with my questions, and every day I learn something new and useful. My zeal and ardour do not abate, too happy if my privations and exertions prove beneficial to my companions in misfortune.

A manufactory of chamois leather and a tannery, established here would surely insure an independence. Fine buffalo skins, whose hair would make an excellent mattress, &c. could be purchased at 75 cents each. A cruel war is carried on against these poor animals solely for their fat. The flesh is more delicate than that of our best oxen. Fish are caught, game killed and wild fruits produced without difficulty, and vegetables of every kind succeed well.

I have left the advance guard of the colony on the banks of the Ohio. The patriarch **** abandons his retreat to accompany us. The inhabitants of New Madrid and those of this post, wish to sit down beside us; but I do not think we ought to make a very extensive purchase, unless we were assured of obtaining from government a protracted term for payment. Good cultivation will afford greater profits than speculating on the re-sale of the land, on account of the great extent of country to be sold on the borders of the Arkansas, when the surveying of it shall be completed.

A mail has been established this year between this post and St. Louis, and another is much wished for from hence to Washita; but it is absolutely necessary that there should be a ware house at the mouth of the river, on the banks of the Mississippi, for the loading and unloading of steam-boats and sloops, and the housing of merchandize, &c. A Frenchman resident here, who is warmly attached to the interests of the Arkansas settlement, has in contemplation to undertake this establishment on the Indian Territory.—You may go down from this to New-Orleans in 10 or 12 days; 35 or 40 are necessary for the ascent in a keel boat. I have never seen any river whose navigation is equal to that of the Arkansas. It can be ascended in a loaded boat, at the rate of 300 miles in 12 days. With scarcely any other expence than that of horses, there might be relays established on the banks, by which means boats might be drawn up as fast as the mail travels. The shallows are hard bottomed, wide and naturally kept clear by the current. There are neither rapids nor dangerous rocks. The river is as beautiful as the Seine, and only wants a Rouen or a Paris in miniature. I find myself left to complete my operations alone. Five months have I been wandering in the woods, and do not think I shall have completed my researches before the middle of May. It is not enough merely to cast the eye over a vast territory; it is necessary to explore and examine it; to compare one part with another and note all its disadvantages. The society have required of me a salubrious climate, a fertile soil and navigable water. This desirable trinity is not easily found assembled; but I feel, however, confident of meeting with them on the banks of

this river, if my health and strength do but continue. I assure you that I encounter much fatigue and many thorns. I have just written to Gen. ***** to urge him to come and pass the summer on the delightful Arkansas mountains, and escape from musketoes and yellow fever. Every one enjoys health here.

There are already 14 or 1500 squatters on the borders of this river; the greater part of whom have given up hunting and trading for the cultivation of lands, whose products are certain, and the necessary labour peaceful and without danger. The white man who wishes to live independent and tranquil, freed from the shackles of sophisticated society, may here enjoy full and complete satisfaction. Agriculture, the chase, fishing, and the pleasures of a well provided table, will amply compensate him for the absence of the too often perfidious attentions of the shining city. Those who have played a distinguished part in life retain their greatness in solitude, but lose it on the pavements. Adieu, my dear friend—I could write you a volume; but I dread the task, and fear you will be scarcely able to read my scrawl. My hands are only suited to the plough, and to it I destine them for the remainder of my life—*"Ubi Libertas, ibi Patria."* My respects to the illustrious exiles.—Tell them, I beg you, that they cannot better place the wreck of their fortunes than here. With 5 or 6000 dollars and discretion, a respectable beginning can be made, life be enjoyed, and independence secured.—With courage and perseverance, we shall speedily attain a fortune, rely upon it.

Tell your friend Anacreon ***** not to bury himself in the snows of the St. Lawrence: let him transport his talents and chemical apparatus here, and we will keep a continual jubilee. Here is a country ignorant of arts, and rather one that calls aloud for them. Did I not dread writing, I could sketch him scenes in blooming colors. Be kind enough to communicate to him my long epistle. Apropos: There is scarcely any winter in this country. We are already in the midst of spring. Frost is seen but five or six times during winter, and the heat is said not to be so great as at Philadelphia. The cultivation of cotton, the manufacturing of oil and soap, and attention to the vine, are sure means of obtaining independence here. One man can cultivate six acres of land; when cleared, the acre yields from one thousand to twelve hundred pounds of cotton in the pod, and three hundred lbs. picked. The net produce of the acre may be estimated at 50 dollars. Children can be employed to gather it, and men be very profitably engaged, in making oil, soap, brandy and staves, which will sell for 50 dollars the thousand at New-Orleans. Sufficient for their support may be easily raised, and the food for the cattle cost nothing, which is a very great advantage.—You shall be the first to hear where we fix our settlement. Write to me soon, and be assured of my sincerest respects and regard.

QUEBEC, July 12.

During the last fortnight, the weather in this district has been favorable to Agriculture; warm, with occasional rains. The progress of vegetation has accordingly been very rapid. Wheat sown about the middle of May, begins to shoot out in ear. Our reports from different parts of the district are rather favorable than otherwise. We think, generally, that vegetation is farther advanced than at the same period last year.

The Weather.—From the 14th to the 20th of July the people of Montpelier experienced the most hot and sultry weather that had been remembered for many years. The thermometer in the shade was justly from 95 to 98.