

Poetry.

THE TARS OF COLUMBIA.

TUNE—Anacreon in Heaven.

YE sons of old Neptune, whose spirits of steel,
In tempests were harden'd, by peril were
temper'd,
Whose limbs, like the wild winds that sweep
the bare keel,
By fetters of tyrants shall never be hamper'd:
Mid the storm and the flood,
Still your honors shall bud,
And bloom with fresh fragrance though nur-
tur'd with blood;
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that the ocean's their throne
or their grave!

The eagle of empire, from Europe's rich plain,
O'er the wide rolling waters, long urg'd his
proud pinion;
Now enthron'd on our heights that o'ershadow
the main,
He exults in the fields of his new-born do-
minion.
In the tops of our pine,
With refugeance divine,
The blaze of his eye shall eternally shine;
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne
or their grave.

The chiefs who our freedom sustain'd on the
land,
FAME's far-spreading voice has eterniz'd in
story;
By the roar of our cannon, now called to the
strand,
She beholds on the ocean their rivals in glory.
Her sons there she owns,
And her clarion's bold tones,
Tell of HULL and DECATUR, BAINBRIDGE
and JONES:
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne
or their grave!

She speaks too, of LAWRENCE, the merciful
brave,
Whose body in death, still his flag nobly
shielded;
With his blood he serenely encrimson'd the
wave,
And surrendered his life, but his ship never
yielded.
His spirit still sears,
Where the sea-battle roars,
And proclaims to the nations of earth's farthest
shores,
That the tars of Columbia are lords of the
wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne
or their grave!

When the lightning of night fires the turbu-
lent deeps,
When toams the red wave under war's
wasteful demon,
When, save Danger and Death, every sea-spirit
sleeps,
Then on danger and death smiles Columbia's
bold seaman,
Unmov'd as the pole,
His invincible soil,
The bolts and the battle still round him bids
roll:
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne
or their grave!

His ship's the lov'd ark of his safety and cheer,
His canopy, Heaven, and his path, the broad
billow;
By the pole-star of duty, all dauntless he'll steer,
To the laurels of age, or a coral grown pil-
low.
But whenever fate's tie
Breaks, and lets his soul fly,
There's a glorious state-room that awaits him
on high,
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne
or their grave!

Columbia shall yet view her maritime hosts
On her lakes, seas, and rivers, impervious
surround her;
Like the rocks that have girt, since creation,
her coasts,
On them every sea-borne assailant shall found-
er,
Be it Britain or Gaul,
Still her sons at the call
Shall guard her, and grace in their triumph or
fall.
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne
or their grave!

From the time-hallowed oaks of oracular Jove,
Burst the voice of the God at Dodonia's fam'd
fountain;
Our oaks on the ocean more gloriously rove,
Than wad'd their broad boughs, overshadowing
the mountain;
Their oracles bold
In deep thunders are roll'd,
And announc'd in dark volumes, to empire un-
fold,
That the tars of Columbia are lords of the
wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne
or their grave!

Our country's a ship of imperial state,
New built from the staunchest materials of a-
ges,
While majestic she moves in the sea of her
fate,
Her beauty the eyes of the nations engages.
Her colours sublime
Shall salute every clime,
Borne safe through the shoals & the tempests
of time;
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne
or their grave!

PORT FOLIO.

VIRTUE.

Would you the bloom of youth should last!
'Tis Virtue that must bind it fast,
An easy carriage wholly free,
From sour reserve and levity;
Humility enough to own
The frailties that a friend makes known;
And decent pride enough to know
The worth that Virtue can bestow.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is like a cobler's tie,
That joins two SOLES in unity,
But love is like a cobler's awl,
That pierces thro' the SOLE and all.

EPIGRAM.

A place under government
Was all that Paddy wanted,
He married soon a scolding wife,
And then his wish was granted.

A TALE.

THE Missionary's ride was long and dreary. Night had closed in ere he lost sight of the last deserted cottages of Brownstown, and it now gathered around him with more than ordinary gloom. The battle, indeed, had ceased to roar along the banks of the *River Raisin*; but like the blasting stroke of Heaven, its horrors remained though the sound was subsided. The furrowed earth was yet stained with recent carnage. The fragments of the forest that fell before the wasting artillery, had not yet withered—for no sun had risen on the ruins of that day. All was dreary—all was sympathizing gloom. As he passed along, the wolves started from the unburied corpses—the owl screamed in the branches, and on the hollow sounds of the night, were borne the frequent and distant shouts of the exulting savage. A gleam of light that shot from the side of a mountain, shewed where was held this carnival of darkness. Our traveller turned from it with horror, and plunged into the thickest glen. The sound of an approaching storm made him quicken his pace, and though exposed to a thousand accidents, he soon found himself escaped to some distance from the scene of horror. "Surely," thought the Missionary, as he mused on what he had seen, "Surely man is become worse than a wolf to his fellow man! The beast devours to satisfy his hunger; but man is the monster which dips in blood, not to answer the calls of appetite, but the lusts of pride—of ambition." Here his mind adverted to the scripture account of the origin of wars. *Come they not of your own lusts?* "But we are com- manded to subdue those passions.— Why then is the sword drawn? Why must I butcher my brother—even though he invades my rights? *Would it not be better patiently to suffer every wrong and wait a deliverance from Heaven?*"—Here a clap of thunder bursting near him, interrupted his meditation. His horse started at the flash, and plunging from the path, he was lost in a seemingly inextricable thicket. It was in vain that he attempted to regain the road. Both horse and rider were bewil- dered, and each new attempt only carried them further into the wood.— The darkness was now intense—the storm drew nearer, and clothed in all the sublimity of midnight horror, seemed to threaten immediate destruction. The Missionary trembled, but was calm and resigned. At a pause in the storm he thought he distinguished a cry of distress; but in a moment the tempest was sheeted in an universal flame, and the black cloud rolled on still nearer by the groaning crash that followed. A torrent now burst from the clouds and overwhelmed, in our traveller, every other consideration. When the first gust had swept over, the cry was again heard. It seemed faint and expiring, but it was distinct—it was a fellow- creature in distress, and friend or foe, the traveller's heart impelled him thro' every danger, to attempt its relief.

The "pelting of the storm" was un- felt. Guided by the cries, which be- came every step more distinct, he at length reached the scene of distress; and beheld, by the almost continued glare of the lightning, that it proceed- ed from a female. She was lying ex- hausted in a wind-fall—her clothes torn with the briars, her hair scattered over her face—her voice weak and incoher- ent. She uttered shrieks at intervals, and seemed in a state of temporary in- sanity. The Missionary addressed her, but she did not notice him. She did not appear to fear him, and he conduc- ted her as well as he could from the thicket and set her on his horse to carry her—alas! he knew not whither! Ye who have hearts of humanity—who have known the pangs of "another's woe," without being able to relieve it— judge ye, what must have been the dis- traction of his benevolent heart, as he looked with hopeless pity on this love- ly insensate, half-expiring "victim of war"! She was faint, but he had no restoring cordial to administer—she was cold and benumbed; no hospita- ble fire was at hand. He looked around on the dark and impenetrable wilder- ness, and upward, with a groan on the unabated pouring of the tempest. For a moment he was tempted to murmur at Providence; but he could not forget that Being who "has his way in the storm," and is calm again. As this mental storm was allayed in his bosom, the tumult of the Heavens began to subside, and the retiring thunders had not ceased to be heard in the east, when his joy was completed by the dis- covery of a light. It seemed to pro- ceed from the abode of civilized man, and he hastened forward to seek assist- ance. He found a cottage of logs, in which was but one person, and that, a superannated female. He stated his situation, and after much entreaty and many difficulties arising from the very natural fears of the recluse inhabitant of the cottage, he gained admittance for him and his charge. Proper restora- tions being administered, the unknown female was so far recovered as to be able to take some refreshment—and when the missionary saw her provided with a comfortable lodging and appar- ently in a sweet slumber, he conceiv- ed strong hopes that her reason was not incurably destroyed. Early the

next-morning his hopes were realized. She awoke calm and sensible, and on learning who was her deliverer, she desired, as she was too weak to rise, to see him in her room. She did not break out into extravagant expressions of gratitude, but gave him her thanks by a look far more expressive; and pressing his hand, faintly articulated, "I will try to thank you." She was apparently about sixteen; of a most engaging figure, and a countenance, though now pale and languid, alternately charging with the glow of indigna- tion, the smile of gratitude, and the transient flush of beauty. Day after day, as her deliverer sat by her bed side, anxiously watching the return of her health, he became more interested in her appearance— more impatient for that period, when he might safely ask her story. The countenance he was contemplating, of all he had ever witnessed, exhibited he thought the most moving touches of real distress. Her fine blue eyes never met his, but the smile of gratitude in- stantly subsided into pensive melan- choly, and tho' patient as an angel, her eloquent silence seemed to say to all around her, "Have pity on me— have pity on me, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Monitorial.

To aid the cause of Virtue and Religion.

THE SABBATH.

"The awful consequences of pollu- ting and profaning this day, "hallow- ed by Heaven, and set apart by God himself for his peculiar worship," can- not be too much dreaded. The same Being who proclaimed to the people of old "Verily my Sabbath ye shall keep," is now noticing our profligacy. And shall we think to elude his vige- lance? Shall neither the thunders of Mount Sinai deter us from sin, nor the benevolent invitations of the Gospel of peace draw us from the beaten way of iniquity? "We should all do well to think seriously on those things, and to use our utmost endeavor to effect a thor- ough reformation."

"TRUTH is not only a man's orna- ment, but his instrument—it is the great man's glory, and the poor man's stock. A man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, his letter of cred- it. Every one must acknowledge lying to be one of the most scandalous vices; a crime of deep dye, and of an exten- sive nature—leading into innumera- ble sins; for it is practised to deceive, injure, betray, rob, steal, destroy, and the like. Lying on this sense, is the concealing of all other crimes—the sheep's clothing on the wolf's back—the Pharisee's prayer—the harlot's blush—the hypocrite's paint—the murder- er's smile, and the thief's cloak.

"Lying is a sin destructive to soci- ty; for there is no trade where there is no truth—and yet this cursed trade of lying crept into all trades as if there was no living without it; but sure it is, we had better be losers than liars; for he sells a dear bargain indeed, that sells his conscience with his commo- dity."

DISAPPOINTMENT & HOPE.

THE morn of my life was cheerful as the singing of birds, and lovely as the opening of spring; not a cloud a- rose to mar its beauty, or obscure the bright sun of innocence and youth; every sense was gratified, every flower was sweet, and every rose without a thorn. Every kiss was a pledge of affection, and every friend was true.— My cheeks were then blooming with health, and my eyes glistened with happiness. But, alas! the charm is broken, the scene is changed, the flow- ers have lost their fragrance, and on ev- ery rose I have found a thorn. Friends who were dear, have departed, and nothing is left me, but the melancholy recollection of joys that are fled.— Grief has stolen the rose from my cheek and my eyes overflow with tears.— But a little while and my sorrows will be forgotten; my heart strings, which are now touched with anguish, will then thrill with rapture: my friends which I have lost, will be restored, and our affection will be as pure and as lasting as the paradise which we shall inhabit. The lovely flowers, which are not withered and gone, will be re- vived with increased beauty; no more will the lily and the rose, when spark- ling with the morning dew, be an em- blem of sorrowing virtue; for every gale will waft happiness and every zephyr fragrance.

APHORISM.

He who writes with insolence when anonymous and unknown, and speaks with timidity in the presence of the good, seems to be closely allied to baseness.—*Lavater.*

The world which you figure to your- self smooth and quiet, as the lake in the valley, you will find a sea foaming with tempests and boiling with whirlpools; you will sometimes be overwhelmed by the waves of violence, and sometimes dashed against the rocks of treachery.

A man who finds no satisfaction in himself seeks for it in vain elsewhere.

AMUSING.

When Dr. Franklin printed a news- paper in Philadelphia, a person brought a piece which he desired might be pub- lished. The Doctor requested him to leave it till the next day, when he would give him an answer. He accordingly returned at the time appointed, and re- ceived the following answer from Frank- lin: "He had," he said, "perused the piece, and found it to be scurrilous and defama- tory. To determine whether he should publish it or not, he had gone home in the evening, purchased a two-penny loaf at the baker's, and with water from the pump, had made a supper of it: He then wrapped himself up in his great coat, laid himself on the floor, and slept sound- ly till morning; when on another loaf and mug of water he breakfasted, and felt no inconvenience whatever from this regimen. Finding he could live in this manner, he had formed a determination never to prostitute his press to the pur- poses of corruption and abuse, for the sake of obtaining a mere comfortable subsistence."

There has been many jokes about the refusal of an Irish gentleman to marry a lady whose name is *Fortune*. If, how- ever, we are to trust to satirists, many a man who marries is wedded to *Mis- fortune*.

Public Speaking.

Dr Witherspoon, in giving instruc- tions to his pupils, once observed, that some of them would probably be called in the course of life, to take a part in public speaking; but he advised them never to speak when they had nothing to say, and always to leave off when they had done.

When the brave Sir George Rooke was making his will, some friends who were present expressed their surprize that he had no more to leave: "Why," (said the worthy man) "I do not leave much; but what I do leave was honestly acquired, for it never cost a sailor a tear, nor my country a farthing."

A lady asked her husband what the difference was between exportation and transportation.—"My dear," replied the good natured husband, "there is a differ- ence, and I will endeavour to bring it as near your understanding as possi- ble; suppose now you were exported, I I certainly should be transported."

An officer in battle happening to bow, a cannon ball passed over his head, and took off the head of the soldier who stood behind him, 'you see' said he, 'a man never loses by his politness.'

A fellow who had been committed to Newgate, Dublin, about twelve at night on a charge of burglary, apologise to the goaler, for breaking in on his rest at so late an hour.

An Irish gentleman in company a few nights ago, seeing that the lights were so dim as only to render the darkness visible; called out lustily: "Here waiter let me have a couple of decent can- dles, just that I may see how these oth- ers burn."

An Irishman went the other day into a cooper's shop, and begged the master to give him an empty barrel of flour to make his *hog a hen-coop*.

A poor man had an affair that puzzled him, and he much wished to have the advice of a neighbouring lawyer. "In- deed, my friend," said the lawyer, (not ex- pecting any great fee from the man's appearance) "your affair is so intricate I cannot tell where to begin." The man took the hint, and giving him two half guineas, all he had, "there is a pair of spectacles for you, Sir."

A gentleman being told of an Attor- ney dying very rich, and leaving a hand- some legacy in his will to found a hos- pital, neatly observed, "I am glad to hear of it, it will be an assylum for those he has ruined."

An Apothecary near Fowey, has it written above the door—"All sorts of dying stuff sold here."

A whimsical expression being made one day between a clock and a woman, Charles Fox gallantly observed, "That he thought the simile bad; for" said he "a clock serves to point the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

As two rustic neighbors were talking together on a late market day, in Dro- more, says one to the other "Can you tell me, Paddy, what makes candles so dear this season." "Why the war," re- plied the other.—"Lord bless us" cried Pat, "are they going to fight by candle light?"

One cold winter night an Hibernian having remained out late with a drink- ing party could not get admittance on his returning to his lodgings. After wandering about some time, without seeing any person, and being nearly fro- zen, he set up a loud cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" Many people rushed out of their houses, demanding "Where? where?" "By St. Patrick" replied Paddy, "I cannot tell, if I could, I'd be after get- ting to it, so I would."

An old Jack Tar returning from sea, met his old mess-mate, *Bet Bloomy*; he was so overjoyed that he determined to commit matrimony; but at the altar the Parson demurred, as there was not cash enough between them to pay the fees; on which Jack, thrusting a few shillings into the sleeve of his cossock, exclaimed, "*Shiver my timbers, brother, never mind! marry us as far as it will go.*"

A traveller stopped at a certain inn to dine. When the bill was brought in (which by the way was lengthy.) Mr. Host was asked his name; "*Partridge, Sir,*" replied the landlord. Indeed, it ought to have been *Woodcock* by the length of your bill."

A few days ago a gentleman, in look- ing over his tailor's account, observed a charge of six or seven shillings more on a coat than he had been accustomed to pay. On enquiring, the tailor informed him "that he had been obliged to take up an additional quantity of cloth."—"Good God!" cried the gentleman, "It was scarce half a year ago that you told me you managed to get a waistcoat for your little boy from what remained of the cloth you made my coat from, I can- not conceive why I should require more now, as I am convinced I have not in- creased in size since that period."—"No, Sir," said Snip, "you are much the same as usual, but my little boy is so surprisingly grown, you'd scarcely know him."

The daughter of Themistocles had two lovers, the one a coxcomb, the oth- er an honest man. He took the honest man; "For I had rather," said he "have a man that wants wealth, than wealth that wants a man."

Magnanimity of a Roman Senator.

When Vespasian commanded a Sena- tor to give his voice against the inter- est of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side; the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power although the event was uncertain, answered with a smile—"Did I ever tel- you that I was immortal? My virtue is in my own disposal—my life in yours. Do what you will, I shall do what I ought; and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels."

A certain noted Physician at Bath was lately complaining in a coffee-house in that city, that he had three fine daugh- ters, to whom he should give ten thou- sand pounds each, and yet that he could find nobody to marry them.—"With your leave, Doctor," said an Irishman, who was present, stepping up and mak- ing a very respectful bow, "I'll take two of them!"

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the Pallais, a place in Paris, somewhat like what our exchanges for- merly were, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's, that a suspicious fel- low stood rather too near him. The gen- tleman was dressed, according to the fashion of those times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels; upon which the thief (for such he was) began to have a design; and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him turned his head another way, on purpose to give him an opportunity; the thief immediately set to work, and in a trice, twisted off 7 or 8 of the silver tags; the gentleman immediately perceived it, and slyly drawing out his pen-knife which cut like a razor, caught the fel- low by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. Murder! Murder! cries the thief, Robbery! Robbery! cries the gen- tleman. *There are your tags and buttons!* Very well, says the gentleman, throwing it back in like manner, *there is your ear!*

An innkeeper lately complaining to a French gentleman that his house was greatly infected with rats, and that he would willingly give a considerable sum to get rid of them, was on the morning after he had received his bill, accus- ted by him, "Sir, I shall tell you vich way you shall get rid of de rat."—"I will be much obliged to you if you can," re- plied the landlord. Well den, only charge de rat as you charge me, and de rat will never come to your house again!

A few years since, three Irishmen landed at New-London directly from the sod. They went to a tavern and called for dinner. The landlord having dined, he informed them that he had no victu- als prepared but apple dumplings; which were accordingly set before the Paddies. One says to the other, what sort of meat is this? I never saw such meat set before any body in Ireland. "Arrah by my shoul," says one of them "I'll soon tell you what it is," so taking one of the dumplings in his hand, he threw it under the table to a large dog, who instantly swallowed it. The heat in the apple severely burnt the poor dog's throat. The animal opens his mouth, down with his nose on the floor, and began pawing in his mouth with both his feet.—"There by Saint Patrick!" says the Irishman, "it is a dogs trunk; (*Jews'-harp*) see how he plays on it."

False friends, says an Italian wit, are like the shade of a dial, which appears when the sky is clear, only.