POETRY.

From the American Weekly Messenger.

HE WAS OUR FATHER'S DARLING.

He was our father's darling.
A bright and happy boy—
His life was like a summer's day,
Of innocence and joy.
His voice, like singing waters,
Fell softly on the ear,
So sweet, that hurrying echo
Might linger long to hear.

He was our mother's cherub,
Her life's untarnish'd light,
Her blessed joy of morning,
Her vision'd hope of night.
His eyes were like the day beams,
That brighten all below—
His ringlets like the gather'd gold
Of sunset's gorgeous glow.

He was our sisters' plaything,
A happy child of glee,
That frolick'd on the parlor floor,
Scarce higher than our knee.
His joyous bursts of pleasure
Were wild as mountain wind—
His laugh, the free unfetter'd laugh
Of childhood's chainless mind.

He was our brothers' treasure,
Their bosom's early pride:
A fair depending blossom,
By their protecting side.
A thing to watch and cherish,
With varying hopes and fears—
To make the slender, trembling reed,
Their staff for future years.

He is———a blessed angel,
His home is in the sky—
He shines among those living lights,
Beneath his maker's eye.
A freshly gather'd lily,
A bud of early doom,
Hath been transplanted from the earth,
To bloom beyond the tomb.

THE REPERTORY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

ON THE UNDUE AND PERNICIOUS

INFLUENCE OF WEALTH.

"*Aurum omnes victa pietate colunt.*"

In no instance do mankind manifest more weakness, than in the love of money, which forms so striking a characteristic of our race. Upon nothing do they place a more false, artificial, and exaggerated estimate, than upon wealth: No human passion is so intense, so ardent, as the "*sacra fames auri*"—nor is any passion so universal in its operation, so ruinous in its consequences.

Every man seems to think he has been placed in this world to promote the selfish views of himself—alone, and to accomplish but one object—the acquisition of wealth. Wealth! this is the glorious prize for which we are all striving. To obtain it, is the first duty of man; to possess it, is happiness How foolishly do we neglect the certain means of happiness, and engage in the pursuit of a glittering phantom, which either eludes our grasp altogether, or if secured, entails lasting misery upon us.

Cannot experience teach men that riches do not confer happiness? Will they not be guided by wisdom into the true road to happiness? No—they cannot; will not.—They toil for wealth, and yet dissatisfied with that they possess, they still continue to toil on through life hoarding up immense treasures which they cannot enjoy, and which will, in all probability, prove a curse to their posterity.

Are there not other important, noble and agreeable objects of pursuit? Does the improvement of the mind and heart and conduct afford no pleasure? Do innocence, contentment, evenness of temper, and the domestic and social virtues possess no charms? Is the practice of virtue, in promoting the welfare of our fellow men, an object unworthy our attention! These things have little, very little influence upon the mass of mankind. All their motives, feelings and principles, are subservient to the predominant, unconquerable love of money. All their thoughts & actions converge to one point—money. The universal cry is—money.

It is the duty of every man to provide for himself a competency. It is essential to happiness to be above want. It is a source of pleasure to enjoy "the glorious privilege of being independent." These presuppose that a man is in the enjoyment of all the comforts and conveniences of life.—If he have them he is then in the possession of all the real good which money can afford Wealth may indeed, furnish luxuries; but they are hurtful. They enervate both mind and body; corrupt the heart and affections, and engender vicious inclinations and indulgences. Luxury is a rich soil, producing an exuberant growth of noxious, poisonous weeds.

Happiness shuns the abode of voluptuous wealth, as well as that of squalid poverty. She dwells most frequently with contented competency. Peace, cheerfulness, simplicity and virtue, are the companions who attend upon her. She delights in serenity and calmness; and in the quiet joys of innocence, contentment, and benevolence. This is the golden medium of happiness!

Wealth, when honestly acquired and properly used, is not at all objectionable. It indeed may be, but often is not, honestly acquired, and properly to use it, requires a degree of disinterestedness, philosophy and virtue, which few men possess.

It is insatiate avarice, and the arbitrary, extraordinary estimate placed upon wealth, which are to be deplored as a prolifice source of evils.

They cause us to neglect the duties we owe to our families, to the world, and to God. To ourselves—they divert our attention from those things which would secure real happiness. To our families—occupied by the all-absorbing love of money, we neglect their moral, mental, and religious culture and improvement. To the world—the selfishness always attendant upon avarice renders us totally regardless and insensible of the rights, interests and welfare of our fellow men. To God—in the ardent pursuit of wealth, we have neither time, opportunity nor inclination to perform the sacred duties we owe to him.

They destroy the peace of individuals and families; are productive of discontent, disquietude and misery—of injustice, vice and crime. They mar the pleasures of social intercourse; and above all, produce that state of feeling, that course of conduct, which, when generally prevalent throughout a republic, are dangerous to liberty, and the sure precursors of the downfall of free institutions.

The love of money has been said by foreigners, and not without cause, to be a prominent feature in the character of Americans. We pay to wealth servile homage and adoration. Mammon is the God we worship. It would be well for us if we obeyed the scripture commandment, and worshipped *no other Gods but one.* But we have a multitude of Gods. We not only worship Mammon, but we worship also the priests of Mammon—these holy personages who enjoy his peculiar favor, and are distinguished by the golden decorations which adorn them. We worship men—we extend our veneration for wealth to the men who possess it. We are gross idolators, & like the ancient Egyptians, worship calves, and asses, and apes. The natural dignity of man the noble independence of of freemen, are sacrificed upon the altar of idols.

We remember not,

"That rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The MAN's the gold for a' that."

We remember not, that riches do not confer honesty, or worth, or virtue. Vice and corruption may build golden places, and revel in oriental splendour and magnificence; yet they are vice and corruption still, they retain the same odious features as before.—Gilded vice and folly are even more dangerous because more powerful, than when clothed in the humble habiliaments of poverty.

The splendor of wealth dazzles the mind, and exerts upon it a magical influence.—Like the silver veil of the Prophet of Khorassan, it inspires the beholder with respect and awe, and conceals the most hideous deformities of mind and body. We are apt to think that if a man be rich, he is at once endowed with all the attributes of a superior being. We forget that a man *ought* to be respected only in so far as he is deserving of respect, that he can deserve it only by good principles, good conduct, wisdom and virtue, and that riches do not, necessarily. render him either virtuous or wise.

This undue estimate of wealth would not be so injurious to society, if we did not in overrating it, at the same time undervalue merit. But as our veneration for wealth increases in the same degree does our regard for intrinsic merit decrease—in the same degree is diminished our respect for those who are so unfortunate as to be poor.

It is apparent, that these principles and feelings must operate deleteriously upon the character of individuals, and society in general.

Men perceiving that wealth is prized more highly than any thing else, and will alone confer upon them rank and distinction soon learn to consider *that* the great desideratum of life—the only object worthy their ambition, their toils and struggles. They soon lose all respect for virtue, and become unscrupulous of the means they use to acquire riches. They cheat, lie, defraud, steal, murder, dare every danger—perpetrate every crime to get riches, knowing that they secure impunity, and purchase the good opinion of the world.

When they have acquired wealth, they freely indulge their vicious propensities.—They are then independent of the world—and think themselves at liberty to do whatever prejudice, passion, and interest may suggest:—their delinquencies and crimes will always be excused, or justified by interested friends and partizans.

There is another pernicious consequence arising from the homage paid to wealth.—The mere possession of it is a sufficient passport into the temple, in which that coterie who claim to be superior to humanity, and exempt from the frailties of mortals—who look down with scorn and contempt upon the humble beings who move about beneath them—who will not pollute themselves by a base contact with common men—that temple in which this sacred band meet to perform the unhallowed rights of the religion of Mammon, to pronounce the oracles of their wisdom, to give laws to the inferior world, and declare who are worthy to be damned by being admitted into fellowship with them, and who are to be blessed by exclusion from their society. A man has only to exhibit his golden credentials, and he is admitted into the inmost recesses of the temple of fashion.

Wealth thus places a man in the front rank of society. Hence, that which is termed the "highest class," will be composed partly, if not wholly, of such as have no other qualification; of such probably, as lack good sense, good breeding, modesty, honor, and merit. The number of this description of persons, will vary according to the degree of influence which wealth exercises over the community.

Such are the men the community will admire, such the men, whose behests we obey, whose opinions we adopt, whose sentiments we imbibe, whose examples we follow. The natural consequence is that the standard of intelligence, morals and virtue will be degraded. If we imitate such models, our character will sink below the proper standard. The result will be universal corruption throughout the community.—Honorable ambition will be diverted from its lofty purposes, to the ignoble employment of delving for gold. Honesty, justice and virtue, will be mere abstract, metaphysical terms, not reducible to practice. Philanthropy will be the prudent care of one's self. Self respect, and spirited independence, will sink into cringing sycophancy and degraded manworship.

Again, where riches constitute merit, poverty, honesty, becomes a disgrace: and the honest poor are contemed, despised, & abused. Whatever intrinsic worth they possess is unnoticed, unencouraged, unrewarded. Their errors and imperfections are magnified, their talents and virtues are undervalued. The public cannot perceive how a man can at the same time be poor & meritorious—humble, and yet great.

"Through tattered clothes small vices do appear,
Robes and furr'd growns hide all."

Poverty, then, becomes a real evil—a source of real misery. For who can bear the slights, scoffs, scorn and derision of his fellow men? How mortifying to a man, proudly conscious of his own integrity, to be subjected to the insults of the rich and great, probably less deserving than himself, merely because they wear the golden livery of fortune which he does not wear. He then feels poverty to be a curse indeed.—He writhes and groans under it. He becomes discontented with his lot—unhappy and miserable. He perceives the difficulty of rising by merit alone, and ceases to feel the laudable desire to earn a good name among men. He yields to the seductions of vice, or becomes desperate, becomes abandoned, guilty and criminal.

Supercilliousness and injury on the part of the rich, create a spirit of resentment on the part of the poor; which combined, tend to mar the pleasures of social intercourse, by preventing an interchange of friendly offices, and by producing personal animosities and family feuds.

On the other hand, the haughty pride and arrogance of the rich are met by many with the most spiritless acquiescence, the most tame submission, the most servile sycophancy. The rich man who feeds them, of course, thinks, speaks, and acts for them. Such men deserve to wear the yoke of slavery which disgraces them. But God forbid there should be many of this character in our country. They would barter their liberties for a mess of porridge.

From the Baltimore American.

It has been remarked, that the only two Americans, whose names are familiar to foreigners are Washington and Franklin. Great as is the fame of these distinguished men, as the father of his country and the successful champion of her rights, there is a peculiar reputation attached to the latter, in which he has never had his superior. We allude to his practical common sense. Gifted with great powers of intellect, his faculties were devoted to what may be termed the every day concerns of life. In this point of view the results of his experience and observations are especially valuable. Possessing a most happy manner of conveying his ideas in plain and forcible language, he uttered to the world precepts that the most learned must appreciate whilst the plainest intellect can comprehend them. His wisdom was that which busies itself with the numberless fragments which collectedly form the sum of human happiness, and whilst other great minds have been satisfied with the general effect, without descending to details, there was nothing so small as to escape the vigilance of his searching intelligence. The precepts of Franklin are chiefly to be valued because his habits of life furnished practical illustrations of the soundness of his views. Independent in feeling and untiring in industry, from a small beginning he succeeded in elevating himself to a position in which he attracted the attention and respect, not of a nation, but of the whole civilized world, and he has handed down to posterity a fame which must endure as long as sound sense has admirers and advocates. The following remarks in reference to the deportment of persons connected with the public press are worthy of being written in characters of gold, and should form the rule of conduct of those who unfortunately too often permit unworthy private sentiments to mingle themselves with the discharge of their professional duties:

Franklin's advice to Editors.—In the conduct of my newspaper I carefully excluded all libelling and personal abuse which is of late becoming so disgraceful to our country. Whenever I was solicited to insert any thing of that kind, and the writer pleaded, as he generally did, the liberty of the press, and that a newspaper was like a stage coach in which any one that would pay had a right to a place, my answer was, that I would print the piece separately if desired, and the author might have as many copies as he pleased to distribute himself, but that I would not take upon me to spread his detraction; and that having contracted with my subscribers to furnish them with what might be either useful or entertaining, I could not fill their papers with private altercations in which they had no concern, without doing them manifest injustice. Now many of our printers make no scruple of gratifying the malice of individuals, by false accusations of the fairest characters among ourselves, augmenting animosity even to the producing of duels. These things I mention as a caution to young printers, and that they may be encouraged not to pollute the press and disgrace their profession by such infamous practices, but refuse steadily, as they may see by my example, that such a course of conduct will not on the whole be injurious to their interests.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN! Thou art with us. Already we feel the prickles of the morning air. And the stars shine out at night with a peculiar lustre. Shortly, we see the rich tints which thou flingest on woodlands, and then thy russet livery. And if thou art now bright and gay, and beautiful, thou art not less lovely, when the hazy atmosphere spreads a voluptuous softness over nature—when the sun himself is shorn of his beams, and like a pale planet wanders through the sky.

Autumn! With its fields of ripening corn—and its trees laden with fruit, and its vines with the clustering grapes

"Reeling to the earth, purple and gushing."

and clear sparkling streams, and salmon-fishing, and field sports, is here.

Out in the Autumn woods! The broad leaf of the Sycamore hath fallen upon the streamlet and hath passed on with its tumbling waters or disparts them where it has rested against some obstruction. The Buckeyes are bare. Maple is golden leaved, save where, is spread on a field of orange, the hectic flush which marks approaching decay, or where the sap is yet faintly coursing, and a delicate green remains.—The Oak is of a deep crimson, and the gum is the event of a bloodier hue. Far off on the tall cliff, is the spiral pine and cedar in their eternal green.

Out in the Autumn woods! When the leaves are falling, like the flakes in the snow storm. It is a time for reflection—it is but a time for lofty contemplation. The soul is full if it have the capacity to feel, and it gushes forth though the tongue speaks not. And yet it is irresistable to roam through the autumn woods, and listen to the thousand whispering tongues which fill the air. The fulness of feeling must be relieved by the merry shout and loud halloo.

We welcome thee, Autumn. Thou art the dearest to us of the seasons—save the flower month. We hail thy coming, though not as has been our wont. Since thou wast last here, we have lost friends; and in thy wailing winds, and out beneath thy sky, and roaming through thy varied gorgeous liveried woods, our thought shall be turned to their memories.—*Louisville Gaz.*

NO NEWSPAPER.

The time is coming when the man who has the means and does not take a newspaper, will be looked upon by his neighbors as a fish without a fin, a crow without a wing, a blind horse, a mole, or what you please. Such an individual might do well enough to live in the manner of a Robinson Crusoe, but he has no excuse for thrusting himself amongst those who do take newspapers and are better informed to gather up whatever crums of political or general intelligence they may choose to drop for him. We know many such men, and might name them, but we refrain, but you gentle reader, can point them out yourself. Picture for a moment a——(we were going to write the occupation of our hero, but we desist,) in opulent circumstances, supping from silver spoons, and purchasing imported cloths and silks; and riding a hundred dollar horse, and—borrowing a newspaper! that costs but two dollars for a period long enough for the earth to make a revolution round the sun! You do. Then mark the words of the printer.—That he may be rich, but he will not be respected; and the children of that man may have jingling pockets; but there will be a deficiency in their upper story, lack lustre windows, dead flies and cobwebs; and if they walk in the footsteps of their father, they may at last go down

"To the vile dust from whence they sprung
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

INDIAN DANCE.

Public curiosty was very strongly excited on Wednesday last, to witness the novel and extraordinary spectacle of an Indian dance, which was announced in the official paper to take place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, (provided the weather was suitable,) on the public square at the corner of Fourteenth street, near the Franklin Row. Long before the time appointed a very large concourse of people, probably 5,000 were assembled in the margin of the square. Carriages, gigs, vehicles of every description filled with spectators, lined the contiguous streets; and all the houses and buildings commanding a view of the Indians were also crowded. The Secretary of War, and many other distinguished functionaries, were present; also a large assemblage of ladies. The Sioux Indians went through their war and other dances, much to the apparent gratification of the assembled multitude. The Indians performed their war and buffalo dance, while some of their party beat upon the drum. Some of their chiefs made speeches in which we understand they recited their warlike exploits to animate the dancers, as they jumped, yelled, and whooped upon the green. All the Indians who took part in these dances appeared with their skins and faces blacked or painted: and they wore no other clothing than a mere apron, encircling their waists. It was altogether a very curious and exciting spectacle. Some thousands of the spectators, however, we are sorry to say returned home without witnessing it as expected owing to the extreme pressure of the crowd and their unwillingness to submit to those regulations which the police had made for the accommodation of the numerous company. The Sacs and Foxes, with *Keokuk* and *Black Hawk*, and his son were also upon the ground, and would also, we are assured have performed their war and other dances, if proper order had been kept in the field.—*Nat. Int.*

A village is like that subterraneous cave called the ear of Dyonisius; nothing passes in it, or near it, but it is instantly known