

ROBERT EMMET.

No Irishman can pronounce this name without love and veneration. Robert Emmet was one of those patriotic martyrs whose memory will live forever in the affections of his countrymen—and to whom, the scaffold consecrated by his blood, will remain a prouder trophy than the loftiest monument that rears its head in Westminster Abbey.

Previous to his execution, it is said that he requested his epitaph should not be written until the wrongs of his country were redressed—until she stood "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the inimitable genius of universal emancipation." It is to this mournful request that Moore alludes in the following beautiful and deeply pathetic lines:—

"Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade,  
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;  
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,  
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,  
And the tear that we shed, though in silence it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

The time to which Emmet so ardently bent his prophetic vision has arrived. His epitaph may now be written—and where shall we look for it, but from the pathetic, rich, animated, and patriotic muse of Moore.

The following is an extract from a spiritedly written essay on *Irish Character*. It is taken from the *Natchez* (Mississippi) Statesman:—

PIERCE BUTLER, born and educated in Ireland, a lineal descendant of the celebrated dual house of Ormonde, possessing an estate of £5,000 sterling in the south of Ireland, held a Major's commission in the British army at the commencement of our revolution. Attached to the better principles of the British Constitution, when he had reason to believe liberty was assailed, he resigned his British commission, and joined the American army with the same rank. He was declared a rebel—his large paternal estate was confiscated—and, as if to cap the climax of intolerance for attachment to the rebel cause, he was expelled from a travelling Lodge of Masons attached to his British regiment. He served with credit and applause to the end of the revolution. He settled in South Carolina, and was afterwards supported as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States by the southern section of the Union. He was the only foreigner who aspired to that elevation. One of his daughters is now married to Dr James Mease, (the son of another Irish veteran of the Revolution) whose philanthropy and literary acquirements shed a radiant lustre over the literature of his country. These are only two out of many instances of the most generous, personal and pecuniary devotion of Irishmen to the cause of American freedom, at the time when her citizens were branded with the ignominious name of rebels—when a large reward was offered for the heads of her warmest patriots—when her fate was worse than doubtful.

Mr O'Connell.—The Dublin Evening Post says, that on Sunday the 8th June, Mr O'Connell left Dublin for Ennis, and as he proceeded through the intervening towns was followed, met and greeted by thousands anxious for his success. The whole population of the country in some places seemed to be out, bearing green branches in their hands, so that the road had almost the appearance of a continued grove.—At the towns where he arrived in the night, the windows were illuminated. At Limerick they drew up a lofty tree before the door of his hotel, in the top of which several musicians played national airs. The people in the mean time gathered about the hotel, and when O'Connell was ready to set out again, there were about 40,000 persons collected in the streets. As the procession moved on, it increased to such a degree that the journalists do not pretend to estimate its numbers. At the Ennis side of Cratloe wood, O'Connell made a short harangue to the people, reminding them, that at that spot he first addressed them on the first election. He made the multitude another speech at Six Mile Bridge, accusing Sir Edward O'Brian, who has two sons in Parliament—one representing the county, the other the borough of Ennis, of having broken his promise to support O'Connell's right to sit in Parliament. For this he said Sir Edward's

son would walk out of the county, and that when he got into Parliament he would drag before the country the monopoly and corruption of the borough represented by the other son. The declaration was followed by tremendous cheering.

The multitude now became so dense that Mr O'Connell's carriage could only move at the rate of a mile an hour, and it was near 1 o'clock on Tuesday morning before he reached Ennis. Here he again harangued the people, observing that he had addressed them five times the day before, and four times already on that day—that he was, therefore, exhausted in body, but that his spirit and resolution to serve them were inexhaustible.

The Boston Palladium in a notice of the city of New York says:—There is one virtue, which the ancients would call piety, manifested in New York in a surprising perfection when compared with that of Boston—the care of the dead, or the respectable appearance of the burial grounds. In Boston, we need no other proofs that death is below ground in our church yards, than the decaying appearance of each memento mori above it. In New York, particularly in Trinity and St. Paul's church yards, the places of graves is shaded by the solemn and healthful umbrage of elms and various other kinds of shrubbery; the monuments are not prone to earth, as if the winds of the resurrection had prostrated them. There is a remarkable cleanliness and beauty in those yards referred to, which we might look for in vain in the Chapel or Granary burial grounds of Boston.

In Trinity church yard, a marble monument has been erected to the memory of Hamilton, bearing the following inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
ALEXANDER HAMILTON,  
THE CORPORATION OF TRINITY CHURCH HAS  
ERECTED THIS MONUMENT IN TESTIMONY OF THEIR  
RESPECT FOR  
THE PATRIOT OF INCORRUPTIBLE INTEGRITY,  
THE SOLDIER OF APPROVED VALOR,  
THE STATESMAN OF CONSUMMATE WISDOM,  
WHOSE TALENTS AND WHOSE VIRTUES WILL BE  
ADMIRIED BY GRATEFUL POSTERITY LONG AFTER THIS  
MARBLE SHALL HAVE MOULDERED  
INTO DUST.  
HE DIED JULY 2, 1804, AGED 47.

Near the monument erected to the memory of Hamilton, there is an inscription on a tomb so singularly and affectingly beautiful we cannot forbear to record it and the emotions it awakened in the bosom of a stranger. It is an oblong pile of masonry surmounted by a slab of stone, on which are deeply cut the following words:

MY MOTHER  
The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise.  
There are no other letters or characters to be found on the slab or the pile. If there is one inscription in the thousand languages that are, or have been, of earth, fitted to retain its sublime meaning through every period of time up to the resurrection morning, it is this. The writer seemed aware that names would be forgotten and titles fade from the memory of the world. He, therefore, engraved the name by which he first knew her who gave him birth, on the stone—and the dearest of all names—that of mother shall send a thrill through the heart of every one who may ever lean over this monumental pile.

PUNCTUALITY.  
A mechanic promised to do a piece of work for me at a certain time; I called at the time—it was not done—he had forgotten it, but promised to do it by 10 o'clock the next day: I called again—it was not done—"could not possibly get it done"—I discharged him, and left what he had done towards it, on his hands. I engaged another mechanic to do the same piece of work at a certain time—called at the time—it was not done—I discharged him. These mechanics had violated their word, disappointed me, (by which I sustained loss, in money and time,) and lost a customer.—So much for want of punctuality.  
I went to another mechanic—he promised to do the work at a certain time—called for it at the time—it was ready for me. This mechanic enjoyed the consciousness of having kept his word, performed his contract, and done justice to his customer, by which he secured not only my work in future but my good will, which gained him many more customers.—So much for punctuality.  
It is but ten years since the occurrence of these things, and during the interval I have marked the progress of these three mechanics. A crisis towards

which the affairs of all three had been gradually approaching, has just been reached: The two first have lost their business, their little property has been squandered, they have lost their characters and their large and helpless families are suffering for the necessities of life—if you would know their persons, seek for them in the grog shop—their names, seek for them in the records of insolvency. The last has retired with a comfortable independency to a large farm—is blessed by his family, admired by his friends and possesses the good will of all. Brother Mechanics, read and reflect. FRANKLIN.

A CANE BRAKE.

The following description of a cane brake is taken from Flint's Geography and History of the Western States. "Every one has seen this reed in the form in which it is used for angling rods. It grows on the lower courses of the Mississippi, Arkansas, and the Red river, from fifteen to thirty feet in height. We have seen some in these rich soils, that would vie with the bamboo. The leaves are of a beautiful green, long, narrow, dagger-shape, not unlike those of the Egyptian millet. It grows in equidistant joints, perfectly straight, almost a compact mass; and to us, in winter especially, is the richest looking vegetation we have ever seen.—The smallest sparrow would find it difficult to fly among it; and to see its ten thousand stems, rising almost contiguous to each other, and to look at the imperious roof of verdure which it forms at its top, it has the aspect of being a solid layer of vegetation. A man could not make three miles a day through a thick canebrake. It is the chosen resort of bears and panthers, which break it down, and make their way into it, as a retreat from man. It indicates a dry soil, above the inundation; and of the richest character. The ground is never a better preparation for maize, than after this prodigious mass of vegetation is first cut down and burned. When the cane has been cut, and is so dried that it will burn, it is an amusement of high holiday to the negroes, to set fire to a cane-brake thus prepared. The rarified air in the hollow compartments of the cane bursts them with a report not much inferior to a discharge of musquetry, and the burning of a cane-brake makes the noise of a conflicting army, in which thousands of muskets are continually discharging. This beautiful vegetable is generally asserted to have a life of five years, at the end of which period, if it has grown undisturbed, it produces an abundant crop of seed, with heads very like those of broom corn. The seeds are farinaceous, and said to be not much inferior to wheat, for which the Indians and occasionally the first settlers have substituted it. No prospect so impressively shows the prodigality of nature, as a thick cane-brake. Nothing affords such a rich and preternatural range for cattle, sheep and horses. The butter that is made from the cane pastures of this region is of the finest kind. The seed easily vegetates in any rich soil.—It rises from the ground, like the richest asparagus, with a large succulent stem, and it grows six feet high before the body hardens from this succulency and tenderness. No other vegetable could furnish a fodder so rich or abundant, nor in our view does any other agricultural project so strongly call for a trial as the annual sowing of cane, in regions too northern for it to survive the winter. We suppose this would be the latitude of 39 degrees.

FLOUR IN BURNS.

From various reports of cases in the foreign journals, it appears that the application of flour to the denuded surface produced by burns and scalds is often attended with great relief, and productive of the happiest results; and has sometimes effected a cure when many of the more usual remedies had been employed to little purpose. This remedy acts by shielding the part from the influence of the external air, by checking the profuse discharge, and moreover, as is supposed by some, by the supply of that animal gluten which is essential to the process of incarnation. In many cases in which it was applied, the pain was at once relieved, and the process of healing went on with unusual rapidity. We have known this practice repeatedly tried in this city, with results equally favorable to its reputation. Two cases of this description, by Dr. Storer, will be found in this Journal. The remark had previously been made by many persons who had treated ulcerated surfaces caused by burns, that the frequent removal of the dressings, and exposure of the parts to the external air, were productive of unnecessary pain to the patient, and retarded healing; and that such surfaces required a permanent protection. The present plan seems entirely in accordance with this principle. The effort of nature to protect the part by scabbing is seconded by the application—no unnecessary disturbance is produced, and the sanative process goes on with the least possible interruption.