Spirit of the Age.

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Poetry.

For the Age.

FORGET ME NOT.

BY A. I. CUMMINGS, M. D.

Forget me not, when thou alone
Shalt wander at the vesper's hours,
When memory deigns my name to own,
And gives with joy affection's power.

Forget me not, in time of need,
When other friends inconstant prove;
When sorrow bids thy bosom bleed,
Then will this heart delight to move.

Forget me not, when pain shall come,
And cause thy fev'rish pulse to beat
With rapid strides, for here, thy home,
Shall furnish a secure retreat.

I will delight to cheer each hour,
And chase away each gloomy fear,
When sorrow, pain, and Death's dark hour,
Shall need a friend thy mind to cheer.

Forget me not, though far away
From thee my friend, I chance to roam,
Affection's signet ne'er decays,
In foreign climes, or at my home.

Forget me not, when beauty fades,
And all her garlands sink to dust;
When ev'ry laurel finds a shade,
And ev'ry other friend is lost:—

Then shalt thou find a heart sincere,
And safely in its presence dwell;
Then shalt thou have no cause to fear,
In trusting one, thou knowest well.

Forget me not, save when around,
Are other friends to claim thy thought;
But when the merry laugh resounds,
Then let my name be e'er forgot.

Forget me not, when others prove
Inconstant as the meteor's flame,
And for the brilliant gem of Love,
But leave a "deed without a name!"

Here shalt thou find a friend sincere,
While life to him and thee is given;
And when we end our journey here,
May Friendship true, unite in Heaven.

Acworth, N. H June, 1847.

THE AMERICAN FRIGATE LADEN WITH PROVISIONS, &c, FOR THE RELIEF OF IRELAND.

From the Illustrated London News.

(The United States ship of war, *Jamestown*, under the command of Captain Forbes, laden with bread stuffs, and provisions for the relief of the distressed Irish, left Boston, on the 28th ult., and, after a splendid voyage of 15 days, arrived at Cork, on Monday evening, on her mission of mercy. She brought 8 000 barrels of flour. This is a free contribution from the States.)

The Alps in their heaven-crown'd might are sublime,
And gloriously throbs the proud breast of the sea,
Whose waves should be links to unite clime to clime,
Enfolding all mankind as men ought to be:
And the fair, fearless barque, though a creature of art,
Sublime must appear to all true men and free,
Which watts the life blood to the market and mart,
And whose mission is hallow'd from seaboard to len.

And surely God's smile must descend on the sails
Most brightly, which forego the terrors of war,
To succor the land where dire Famine prevails,
With the bounty of friends and of regions afar.
When the decks are not arm'd for the fratricide strife,
But freighted with plenty by brotherly love,
When Death must recede from the blessings of life,
And the vulture of Moloch from Charity's dove.

Ay! glorious the path of that barque o'er the wave!
Columbia forgets not the old Father-land;
Her citizens stretch forth the strong hand to save,
And the heart of old friendship is puls'd in the hand.
From the senate to cottage, the cry of distress,
The death-cry of Erin, with anguish was heard;
And the God of all goodness that people must bless,
Who so nobly have followed his merciful word.

Albeit most welcome the life-saving boon,
Yet not here alone shall its influence dwell;
It will cherish the seeds of kind feeling, which soon
To a friendship eternal may gloriously swell.
Though a different flag may stream forth from the mast,
The blood, tongue, and souls of the land are the same,
And their children will smile at the feuds of the past,
In pity, and strive for life's genuine fame—

The fame which the olive of peace may enwreathe,
The fame never sullied by widowhood's tear,
The soul's pure renown which for ages will breathe,
When the clay that enshrined it is mouldering here.
This, this, is the trophy, the triumph whose car
Leads the spirits of men in the holiest chains;
It beams on their souls like the Bethlehem star,
When "Peace" swelled the anthem of angelic strains.

Then bless'd be the sails of the life-freighted barque,
And happy the homesteads of those who can feel
For the land wherein Famine and Pestilence stark,
Might make e'en to rocks a successful appeal.
The death-clouds are passing; Hope's morning will dawn,
And Plenty may speedily smile on the plain;
But men will remember, till life is withdrawn,
Columbia's brave barque with her freight o'er the main.

L.

Miscellaneous.

Jones' Fight.

A Story of Kentucky—by an Alabamian.

From the Spirit of the Times.

Colonel Dick Jones was decidedly the great man of the village of Summerville. He was colonel of the regiment—he had represented his district in congress—he had been spoken of as candidate for governor—he was at the head of the bar in Hawkins county, Kentucky, and figured otherwise largely in public life. His legal opinion and advice were highly valued by the senior part of the population—his dress and taste was law to the juniors—his easy, affable, and attentive manners charmed all the matrons—his dignified politeness captivated the young ladies—and his suavity and condescension delighted the little boarding school misses. He possessed a universal smattering of information—his manners were the most popular; extreemly friendly and obliging, lively and witty; and, in short, he was a very agreeable companion.

Yet truth requires it to be admitted, that Col. Dick Jones was professionally more spacious than deep, and that his political advancement was owing to personal partiality more than superior merit—that his taste and dress were of questionable propriety: for instance, he occasionally wore a hunting-shirt, white fringed, or a red waistcoat, or a fawn-skin one, or a calico morning gown of a small yellow pattern, and he indulged in other similar vagaries in clothing. And in manners and deportment, there was an air of harmless (true Virginian breed and Kentucky raised) self-conceit and swagger, which though not to be admired, yet it gave a piquancy and individuality to his character.

If further particulars are required, I can only state that the colonel boarded at the Eagle hotel—his office in the square fronted the court house—he was a manager of all the balls—he was Vice-President of the Summerville Jocky Club—he was trustee of the Female Academy—he gallanted the old ladies to church, holding his umbrella over them in the sun—escorted the young ladies, at night, to the dances or parties, always bringing out the smallest ones.—He rode a high headed, proud-looking, sorrel horse, with a streak down his face; and he was a general referee and umpire, whether it was a horse swap, a horse race or a rifle-match, or a cock fight, or a dog fight.

It so chanced, on a time, though Col. Jones was one of the best natured kind of men, that he took umbrage at some report circulated about him in an adjoining county and one of his districts, to the effect that he had been a federalist during the last war, and, instead of relying on the fact that he was a school-boy on Mill Creek at that time, he proclaimed, at the tavern table, that the next time that he went over the mountain to court, Bill Patterson, the reputed author of the vile slander, should either sign a liebill, fight, or run.

This became narated through the town,—the case and argument of the difference was discussed among the patriarchs of the village, who generally came to the conclusion that the colonel had good cause for quarrel, as more had been said of him than an honorable man could stand. The young store boys of the village became greatly interested, conjectured how the fight would go, and gave their opinions what they would do under similar circumstances. The young lawyers, and young M. D's, as often as they were in the colonel's company, introduced the subject of the expected fight. On such occasions the colonel spoke careless and banterinly. Some good old ladies spoke depreciatingly, in the general and in the particular, that so good and clever a young man as Colonel Dick should set so bad an example; and the young ladies, and little misses, bless their dear little innocent souls, they only consulted their own kind hearts, and were satisfied that he must be a wicked and bad man that Colonel Jones would fight.

Spring term of the courts came on, and the lawyers all started on their circuit, and with them Col. Jones went over the mountain. The whole town was alive as to the consequences of this trip, and without much communion or understanding on the subject, most of the population either gathered at the tavern at his departure, or noticed it from a distance, and he rode off, gaily saluting his acquaintances, and raising hat to the ladies, on both sides of the street, as he passed out of town.

From that time, only one subject engaged the thoughts of the good people of Summervill; and on the third day the common salutation was, "Any news from over the mountain?" "Has any one come down the road?" The fourth, fifth and sixth came, and still the public anxiety was unappensed; it had with the delay, become insufferable, quite agonizing; business and occupation were at a stand still; a doctor or a constable would not ride to the country lest news of the fight might arrive in their absence. People in crossing the square, or entering or coming out of their houses, all had their heads turned down that road. And many, though ashamed to confess it, sat up an hour or two past their usual bed time, hoping some one would return from court. Still all was doubt and uncertainty. There is an unaccountable perversity in these things that bothers conjecture. I watched the road from Louisville two days, to hear of Grey Eagle beating Wagner, on which I had one hundred dollars staked, of borrowed money, and no one came; though before that day, some person passed almost every hour.

On the seventh morning, the uneasy public were consoled by the certainty that the lawyers must be home that day as court seldom held a week, and the universal resolve seemed to be that nothing was to be attended to untill they were satisfied about the fight. Storekeeps and their clerks, saddlers, hatters, cabinet makers, and their apprentices, all stood out at the doors. The hammer ceased to ring on the anvil, and the bar-keeper would scarcely walk in to put away the stranger's saddle-bags, who had called for breakfast; when suddenly a young man, that had been walking from one side of the street to the other, in a state of feverish anxiety, thought he saw dust up the road, and stopped. I have been told a man won a wager in Philadelphia, on his collecting a crowd by staring, without speaking, at an oppsite chimney. So no sooner was this young man's point noticed, than there was a general reconnoisance of the road made, and before long, doubt became certainty, when one of the company declared he knew the colonel's old sorrel riding horse, "General Jackson," by the blaze on his face.

In the excited state of the public mind it required no ringing of the court-house bell to convene the people; those down street walked up, and those across the square came over, and all gathered gradually at the Eagle hotel, and nearly all were present by the time Col. Jones alighted. He had a pair of dark green specs on, his right hand in a sling, with brown paper bound round his wrist; his left hand held the bridle, and the forefinger of it wraped with a linen rag 'with care.'—One of his ears was covered with muslin scrap, that looked much like the country-woman's plan of covering their butter when coming to market; his face was clawed all over, as if he had had it raked by a cat held fast by the tail; his head was unshorn, it being 'too delicate an affair,' as * * * said about his wife's character. His complexion suggested an idea to a philosophical young man present, on which he wrote a treatise, dedicated to Arthur Tappan, proving that the negro was only a white man well pummelled; and his general swelled appearance would induce a belief he had led the forlorn hope in the storming of a bee-hive.

The colonel's manner did not exactly proclaim 'the conquering hero,' but his affability was undiminished; and he addressed them with. 'Happy to see you, gents; how are you all?' and then attempted to enter the tavern; but Buck Daily arrested him with, 'Why, colonel, I see you have had a skrimmage. How did you make it? You didn't come out at the little *eend* of the horn did you?' 'No, not exactly, I had a tight fit of it, though. You know Bill Patterson; he weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, has not an ounce of superfluous flesh, is as straight as an Indian, and as active as a wild-cat, and as quick as powder, and very much of a man, I assure you. Well, my word was out to lick him; so I hardly put up my horse before I found him at the court-house door, and, to give him a white man's chance. I proposed alternatives to him. He said his daddy, long ago, told him never to give a *liebill*, and he was not good at running, so thought he had best fight. By the time the word was fairly out, I hauled off, and took him in the burr of the ear that raised a singing in his head, that made him think he was in Mosquitoe town. At it we went, like killing snakes, so good a man, so good a boy; we had it round and round, and about, as dead a yoke as ever pulled at a log chain. Judge Mitchell was on the bench, and as soon as the cry of 'fight' was raised, the bar and jury ran off and left him. He shouted. 'I command the peace,' within the court-house, and then ran out to see the fight, 'I can't prevent you!' 'fair fight!' 'stand back!' and he caught parson Benefield by the collar of the coat, who, he thought, was about to interfere, and slung him on his back at least fifteen feet. It was the evenest and longest fight ever tought; everybody was tired of it, and I must admit, in truth, that I was'—(*here he made an effort to enter the tavern.*) But several voices called out, 'Which whipped? How did you come out?' 'Why, much as I tell you; we had it round and round, about and about, over and under. I could throw him at rastle, but he would manage some way to turn me. Old Sparrowhawk was there, who had seen all the best fighting at Natchez, under the hill, in the days of Dad Girty and Jim Snodgrass, and he says my gouging was beautiful; one of Bill's eyes is like the mouth of an old ink bottle, only, as the fellow said, describing the jackass by the mule, it is more so. But, in fact, there was no great choice between us, as you see. I look like having ran into a brush fence of a dark night. So we made it round and round, and about and about' (*here again he attempted to retreat into the tavern.*) But many voices demanded, 'Who hollored?' 'Which gave up?' 'How did you hurt your hand?' 'Oh! I forgot to tell you, that as I aimed a sockdolleger at him he ducked his head, and he can dodge like a diedapper, and hitting him awkwardly, I sprained my wrist; so, being like the fellow who, when it rained mush, had no spoon, I changed the suit and made a trump—and went in for eating. In the scuffle we fell, cross and pile, and, while he was chawing my finger, I adopted Doctor Bones,' the tool smith's, patent method of removing teeth without the aid of instruments, and extracted two of his incisors, and then I could put my finger in and out at pleasure. However, I shall, for some time, have an excuse for wearing gloves without being thought proud.' (*He now tried to escape under cover of a laugh.*)—But vox populi again. 'So you tanned him did you?' 'You were not parted?' 'You fought it out, did you?' The colonel resumed, 'Why, there is no telling how the fight might have gone; an old Virginian, who had seen Francesco, and Otey, and Lewis, and Blevins, and all the best men of the day, said he had never seen any one stand up to their fodder better than we did. We had fought round and round, and about and about, all over the court-yard, and, at last, just to end, the fight, every body was getting tired of it; so, at l—a—a—st, I hollored.—(*Exit colonel.*)

The Steamboat Race.—The New York Herald, gives the following account of the race which came off, on the North River, on Tuesday last:—

'A few minutes before 11 o'clock, the Vanderbilt appeared off the Battery, when the Oregon left her berth, passed around her larboard side, and at four minutes before 11 o'clock, every thing being ready, the signal was given for a start, and both boats appeared to spring from their positions. The race was contested with so much spirit on both sides, that the boats kept side by side for 33 miles, neither one gaining a foot on the other. At first the Vanderbilt gained on the Oregon, the former making 21 revolutions, the latter 19 1-2. The Oregon increased her revolutions to 21 and 22, when she gained on the Vanderbilt, and arrived at the stake boat, opposite Sing Sing, half a length ahead, in 1 hour and 35 minutes from the Battery, 39 miles. When passing the Vanderbilt, she was run into by that boat, and her wheel house much damaged.—Upon turning the stake boat at Sing Sing, the engineer of the Vanderbilt made a mistake in answering the bell from the wheel house, and instead of reducing the speed so as to allow the boat to turn quicker, stopped the engine entirely, which retarded her progress very materially.—The Oregon had the start on the return, and maintained it throughout the race, coming in about 400 yards ahead. When off Harlem, her supply of coal gave out, and they were obliged to burn up berths, settees, chairs, doors, and every thing of a combustible nature they could put their hands on. Several inches of steam were lost by this, but she was so far in advance of the Vanderbilt that the latter could not recover.

On the return both boats were pushed to the utmost. Each made 22 revolutions, and every thing the boilers would bear was put on. The distance from the Battery to the stake boat opposite Sing Sing, and back to the starting point, was 78 miles, and the Oregon run it in 3 hours 15 minutes, against the tide one way and with it the other which is equal to slack water, being an average speed of 24 miles per hour, or an average of a mile in 2 1-2 minutes. When we take into consideration the fact of turning a stake boat the time made is wonderful.

The Oregon and the Cornelius Vanderbilt, are, without doubt, the fastest running steamers in the world. They have by this race established their reputation for speed; and they may hereafter take their time, and can afford to let any boat pass them when on their regular routes.'

The Mexican Race.

There has been nothing, during the progress of the present war, that has caused so much surprise, or occasioned such frequent remark, as the revolutions and counter-revolutions at the city of Mexico. Three or four different governments have succeeded each other in the short space of eighteen months. To-day Farias is in power, as yesterday Paredes was, and before him Herrera. In one hour a successful conspirator rises to be the first man in the republic, in another he falls to obscurity, perhaps to a prison or to death. The spectacle reminds one of the shifting scenes at a theatre, or of the incidenus of eastern tale, where by the same turn of the wheel, the camel-driver rises to a monarch, and the Sultan sinks to a slave.

We cannot understand this seemingly puzzling condition of things, without looking a little more at the Mexican character than has been usual heretofore. It seems almost incredible to an Anglo-Saxon mind, that any people could be engaged in private broils while an enemy is thundering at her gates. But here is the solution of the mystery. The Americans and the Mexicans came of two different races.—The one, from the hour when it first made its appearance on the stage of history and assumed the position which the Romans had lost by intermarriage and the consequent decay of their stock, up to the present hour has been distinguished for indomitable courage, for great perseverance, for an unquenchable love of country; the other has inherited, with its Arab blood, the wild and turbulent spirit, conjoined with the vindictive hatred of the Ishmaelites of the world.

For the Mexicans—we speak now of the spanish portion of it and not of the Indian—is strongly tinged with the blood of the desert. Little doubt now exists that the original inhabitants of Spain, or Lusitania as it was called by the Romans, was at the time of its conquest by the latter, settled by a people of Moorish descent.—We know that it has been extensively colonized by the Carthaghenians, and before that event, it is probable, from its contiguity to Africa, that it had been occupied by the Arabs; at any rate all that we know of the habits and character of its population favors the idea that the Lusitanians were, in reality, Moors; or at least belonged to the same great family. The invasion of the Goths, on the decline of the Roman Empire, did not change the character of this population; indeed invasions never do, unless extermination follows; the masters may be different; but the body of the people continue the same; witness Ireland under the Anglo Saxon, England under the Norman, and Mexico under the Spanish Conquests. Hence, with various admixtures of Roman, Gothic and other blood, the greater part of the population of Spain, especially in the southern provinces, was of Arab blood.—The subsequent invasion of the Moors added new infusions, and tended to restore the common stock. We state a plain physiological fact, easily capable of being disproved if untrue, when we say that the Spanish conquerors, and especially the emigrants who followed after them, had more Arab than any other kind of blood in their composition, and inherited a large portion of the qualities peculiar that great branch of the human family.

For there is more in race than is ordinarily supposed. All history proves that certain inherent characteristics exist independent of circumstances, and indeed in defiance of them; and that moreover they are transmissible from generation to generation, exactly like physical qualities are transmissible in animals of a lesser grade than man. The Tartar of to-day is the same individual described by Oriental writers thousands of years ago, and displays similar attributes whether roaming in the desert or seated on a conquering throne. The Greek of the nineteenth century differs less from the Greek of the time of Socrates, than does the Romanic he now speaks from the pure Attic tongue of Pericles. The German, as described by Tacitus in the second century of the extract counterpart of the German now, allowing for differences of education and government. A Frenchman pure blood under Louis Philippe might set for a portrait of a Gaul, as drawn by the inimitable pen of Cæsar in his Commentaries. The Highlanders who followed Charles Edward to Preston Pans, charged in the very manner their ancestors did eighteen hundred years before. Mountains may change, continents alter, but races of men are always the same. As far back as we can go in history we find the Celt, the Saxon or the Arab, just as far forward as we can conjecture we are justified in supposing that he will continue the same.

The Mexican race, we shall find, is true to its parentage. In it are displayed, not only many of the peculiarities of the Arab physiognomy and frame, but most of the characteristics for which these sone of the wilderness have been celerated since they first went forth under Ishmael.—Do we want a name for perfidy—in Europe they call it Arab treachery, in America, Mexican deceit. Do we wish to speak of a nation divided itself?—abroad they cite the turbulency of the Bedoureens, here the revolution and counter-revolution in Mexico. Do we desire to conjure up the figure of a desperate marauder?—on one continent they refer to the plunderer of the desert, on the other to a ranchero. The Arab will lie in wait for his prey and shoot him from behind a rock; the Mexican horseman lingers in a chaparell and nets his unsuspecting enemy with a lasso. How different, in all respects, the Anglo-Saxon! He is for a fair, open, honorable fight, even in a street brawl he will not allow a man that is down to be struck.—

Indeed the Anglo-Saxon and the Mexican are at the opposite of the human races The one is frank and unsuspecting, the other deceitful and suspicious. The one succeeds best by downright force of character; the other by cunning, intrigue, and all the arts of chicanery. The Anglo-Saxon always gain their advanteges by arms or honest purchase; the Mexicans have the character, in Europe, of being among the most subtle diplomatists in the world. The different characters of the two races may be seen in the despatches of the opposing leaders in this war. Santa Anna is a boaster, Gen. Taylor modest; yet the former is the fugitive, the latter the victon.

From time immemorial the Arab race, in all its various branches, has been celebrated for its intestine dissensions.—Rome, when Hannibal was at her gates, had but one common and heroic sentiment, and that was that each citizen must die for his country. But the Arabs under the Caliphs, as well as the Moors in Grenaca, quarrelled with and murdered each other when their very towns were under siege. There is no instance where an Anglo-Saxon people did this. The instant a foreign foe lands on their soil, their civil brcils are forgotten, they unite for the common defence, and either repel the enemy, or die gloriously in the attempt. When Napoleon was about to invade England, Whig and Tory forgot their differences, and presented one common front of Anglo-Saxon hearts against the threatened Gallic inroad. But in Mexico, even while our armies are close to the capital, the various factions wrangle and dispute, careless of the peril. And we prophecy they will do so to the end. It is in their blood. They do but fulfil the destiny of their race. Give them as many Constitutions as you please, call their chief executive a President, General, or what you please, the Mexican race will still, true to its Arab stock, be wild and turbulent as a nation, deceitful and treacherous in the individual—Mexico, under the government of this race, must always be accursed.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Death of a Robber.

We find in the Barre Patriot the following account of the last sickness and death at Brattleboro', Vt., of the celebrated English robber, who figured under the name of Thunderbolt:

"He had been a resident of that place for a number of years, and enjoyed much celebrity as a physician. During his last illness he refused to be undressed, and when near his end, hired two men to bury him in his clothes, just as he died; a contract which was not fulfilled on their part in consequence of the neighbors, who were desirous of giving his remains a more decent and befitting burial. On removing his clothes previous to his being laid out, the cause of this eccentric desire of his was manfest—the withered leg and cork heel, the shot marks, and the scar which witnessed a previous attempt at suicide—precisely as laid down in Lightfoot's description of him—marked him as the Thunderbolt who had gained such notoriety in England and this country, as one of the most daring and successful highwaymen that ever graced the annals of crime. On his person there were also found a dirk and a pistol, and among his effects, arms of all descriptions, together with watches, diamonds, jewelry, &c. &c. to an enormous value packed away in saw dust. He always went dressed in three suits of clothes, to make his figure more portly and to prevent recognition, and his withered leg was found wound with cloths to make it appear of the size of the other.