

# POETRY.

## TYRE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

In thought, I saw the palace domes of Tyre;  
The gorgeous treasures of her merchandise;

All her proud people, in their brave attire,  
Thronging her streets for sports, or sacrifice.

I saw her precious stones and spices;  
The singing girl with flower-wreathed instrument;

And slaves whose beauty asked a monarch's  
Forth from all lands all nations to her

And kings to her on embassy were sent.  
I saw with gilded prow and silken sail,

Her ships, that of the sea had government.  
Oh! gallant ships, 'gainst you what

She stood upon her rock, and in her pride  
Of strength and beauty, waste and wo de-

I looked again—I saw a lonely shore:  
A rock amid the waters and a waste

Of trackless sand—I heard the black sea  
And winds that rose and fell with gusty

There was one scathed tree; by storms  
Round which the sea-birds wheeled, with

Ere long came on a traveller slowly  
Now east, then west, he turned with curi-

Like one perplex'd with an uncertainty.  
While he looked upon the sea—and

Upon a book—as if it might supply  
The thing he lacked—he read, and gaz-

Yet, as if unbelief on him wrought,  
He might not deem this shore, the shore

Again, I saw him come: 'twas eventide—  
The sun shone on the rock amid the sea;

The winds were hushed; the quiet billows  
With a low swell;—the birds winged si-

Their evening flight around the scathed  
The fisher safely put into the bay,

And pushed his boat ashore; then gather-  
His nets, and hastening up the rocky way,

Spread them to catch the sun's warm eve-  
I saw that stranger's eye gaze on the

"And this was Tyre?" said he, "how has  
Within her palaces a despot been.

Ruin and silence in her courts are met,  
And on her city rock the fisher spreads his

net."

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## MISCELLANY.

### DEATH OF AMPATO SAPA, AND HER TWO CHILDREN.

Who perished in the cataracts of the Falls of St. Anthony on the Mississippi. From Major Long's second expedition.

This beautiful spot in the Mississippi is not without a tale to baffle its scenery, and heighten the interest which, of itself, it is calculated to produce. To Wazekaga, the old Indian whom we saw at Shaken's, we are indebted for the narration of the following transaction to which his mother was an eye witness.—An Indian of the Decota nation had united himself early in life to a beautiful female, whose name was Ampato Sapa, which signifies the dark day; with her he lived happy for several years, apparently enjoying every comfort which the savage life could afford. Their union had been blessed with two children, on whom both parents doated with that depth of feeling which is unknown to such as have other treasures besides those that spring from nature. The man had acquired a reputation as a hunter, which drew around him many families, who were happy to place themselves under his protection & avail themselves of such part of his chase as he needed not for the maintenance of his family. Desirous of strengthening their interest with him, some of them invited him to a connexion with his family, observing, at the same time, that a man of his talent and importance required more than one woman to wait upon his numerous guests whom his reputation would induce to visit his lodge. They assured him that he would soon be acknowledged as a chief, and that, in this case, a second wife was indispensable. Fired with the ambition of obtaining high honours, he resolved to increase his importance by an union with a daughter of an influential man of his tribe. He had accordingly taken a second wife without ever having mentioned the subject to his former companion; being desirous to introduce his bride into his lodge in a manner which should be least offensive to the mother of children, for whom he still retained much regard, he introduced the subject in these words; "You know" said he "that I can love no woman so fondly as I doat upon you; with regret have I of late seen you subjected to toils, which must be oppressive to you, and from which I would gladly relieve you, yet I know

no other way of doing so, than associating with you in the household duties, one who shall relieve you from the trouble of entertaining the numerous guests, whom my growing importance in the nation collects around me; I have therefore resolved upon taking another wife, but she shall always be subject to your control, as she will rank in my affections second to you."

With the utmost anxiety, and the deepest concern, did his companion listen to this unexpected proposal. She expostulated in the kindest terms, entreated with all the arguments which undisguised love and the purest conjugal affection could suggest. She replied to all the objections which his duplicity led him to raise. Desirous of winning her from her opposition, the Indian still concealed the secret of his union with another, while she redoubled all her care to convince him that she was equal to the task imposed upon her.

When he again spoke on the subject, she pleaded all the endearments of their past life, she spoke of his former fondness for her, of his regard for her happiness, and that of their mutual offspring; she bade him beware of the consequences of this fatal purpose of his. Finding her bent upon withholding her consent to his plans, he informed her that all opposition on her part was unnecessary, as he had already selected another partner; and that if she could not see his new wife as a friend she must receive her as a necessary incumbrance, for he had resolved that she should be an inmate in his house.

Distressed at this information, she watched her opportunity, stole away from the cabin with her infants, and fled to a distance where her father was. With him she remained until a party of Indians with whom he lived, went up the Miss. on a winter hunt. In the spring, as they were returning, with their canoes loaded with peltries, they encamped near the falls. In the morning as they left it she lingered near the spot, then launched her light canoe, entered into it with her children, and paddled down the stream singing her death song; too late did her friends perceive it; their attempts to prevent her from proceeding were of no avail; she was heard to sing in a doleful voice, the past pleasures which she enjoyed while she was the undivided object of her husband's affections; finally her voice drowned in the sound of the cataract; the current carried down her frail bark with inconceivable rapidity; it came to the edge of the precipice, was seen for a moment enveloped with spray, but never after was the canoe or its passengers seen.—Yet it is stated by the Indians that often in the morning the voice has been heard to sing a doleful ditty along the edge of the fall, and it dwells ever upon the inconstancy of her husband. Nay, some assert that the spirit has been wandering near the spot with her children wrapped to her bosom. Such are the tales of tradition which the Indians treasure up, and which they relate to the voyager, forcing a tear from the eyes of the most restless!

**Triumph of Art.—Great improvement in Printing.**—It is stated in the Times, that that paper is now printed with an improved machine the invention of Mr. Charles Applegeth, which strikes off the astonishing number of four thousand copies an hour, or seventy copies in a minute. The speed is twenty times greater than could be attained with a kind of press, in use a dozen years ago; for with that press, a paper the size of the Times could not have been worked on one side only, at the rate of more than four hundred impressions in an hour, that is two hundred an hour on both sides.

It would be curious to make a computation of the increased power given to man by the press of circulation of knowledge, and though this cannot be done with accuracy, we may form some idea of it from calculating the saving of human labor produced by printing the Times, instead of writing out the copies by an amanuensis. To write out the contents of one of its numbers with a pen, would occupy an amanuensis six days; the extent of its circulation is we believe, between 8000 and 9000 copies; taking therefore at the lower number, it would require 48,000 persons to write out, in one day all the copies of that journal published daily. But this is very defective view of the case, we have yet no allowance for the great power

of compression and the vast utility of that power which the art of printing affords. The paper requisite for an amanuensis to write out in an ordinary hand, the contents of that newspaper would cost twelve times as much as the paper that is used for printing it; the great bulk of this paper would make it inconvenient to read, and almost impossible to circulate the journal. The importance of compression then is obvious, and if for the sake of it the amanuensis should be obliged to compress his writing into the same space as the printing, supposing this possible, it would take at least four times as long to perform his task.

To write out in this way the Times newspaper would, therefore, occupy 192,000 scribes. But the press which works off this newspaper is moved by steam, and completes the impression in two hours: if it were necessary, the same press might be going 24 hours, in which time it would do the work of two millions two hundred and four thousand scribes. Yet all the manual operations which produce this result are performed by about two dozen hands. Such are the advantages we owe to mechanical art, that one man can do in the present day, what four centuries ago, would have required one hundred thousand.—London paper.

**Intoxication.**—The laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigour in Sweden. Whosoever is seen drunk is fined, for the first offence, three dollars; for the second, six; for the third and fourth, a still larger sum; and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative.—He is, besides, publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offence the fifth time, he is shut up in a house of correction, and condemned to six months hard labour; and if he is again guilty, to twelve months punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, at an auction &c. the time is doubled: and if the offender has made his appearance in a church, the punishment is still more severe.—Whosoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled if the drunken is a minor.—An ecclesiastic, if he should fall into this offence, loses his benefice; if it is a layman who occupies any considerable post, his functions are suspended, and perhaps he is dismissed.—Drunkenness is never admitted as an excuse for any crime; and whoever dies while drunk, is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell, any spirituous liquor to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison, and detained until sober, without being on that account exempted from the fines. Half of these fines goes to the informers, (who are generally police officers) the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money, he is kept in prison until some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a year these ordinances are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy; and every tavern-keeper is bound, under penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house.

**HANGING.**—A Highlander was one day brought before his Chief, being accused of sheep stealing. The crime being fully proven, Donald was sentenced to be hanged. It however happened, that a singular indulgence was allowed the criminals in those days, viz. the choice of any particular tree they might be hanged on. Accordingly the fellow in office went up to Donald to inquire of him, "which tree he should prefer to be tucked up to?" Donald, with a rueful countenance, shrugging up his shoulders, grunted out "Oh oich! For I would like a grossurd bush." A grossurd bush you vool! A grossurd bush is not large enough to hang you on. "Oh oich I but I'm in no hurry, I wul joost wait tull it grow."

**GYMNASTICS.**—A writer in the last number of the American Quarterly; who writes as one having authority on the subject declares in a most dictatorial style of recommendation:

"Every town ought to appropriate a piece of ground for a gymnasium, large enough to admit all the necessary apparatus, with room for the performance of gymnastic games and for running. A teacher should be appointed, with a fixed salary, and one or two assistants, as the number of pupils may require, who are best taken from the class of soldiers."

Without venturing to doubt the propriety of the direction, we would suggest the means of carrying it into effect. To obtain a space ample enough for the performance of the contemplated exercise, we would include every orchard, hill-side, meadow, and cornfield in the country; and instead of fixing up poles, ropes, and bars, for little or great boys to climb, tumble and break their necks on or from, we would provide store of ploughs of our townsman Witherbee's improved construction, scythes with Darby's patent rifles, and shovel, pick-axe, hoe and spade, to make up the complements of agricultural implements, and then we would require every hand to be busied in those games that may provide bread for the mouth. To supply the want of a competent teacher with a fixed salary, that most important qualification, every town might appoint its highway surveyors to be professors of shoelling, and authorize them to instruct every idle person in their districts how to dig stones and wheel gravel for the improvement of the public ways. For the amusement of our fair country women, performances on that ancient musical instrument, the spinning-wheel, might be revived, and for the exercise of speaking, the formation of charitable societies might be practiced, and the distribution of benevolence among the children of poverty.—Natl. Egis.

The omniscience of God is no grief to the righteous, but matter of comfort. It gives them pleasure to think that God is every where, and that he knoweth all things. It is a consolation to them in trouble, and a comfort in prayer. When honest Peter had repented and wept bitterly for what he had done and Jesus put the question to him once and again, "Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" it was a consolation to him that Jesus knew all things—that he knew his heart.—Peter's conduct had been such that it was difficult for him to give conclusive external evidence of his love.—The objector might have replied, You say, Peter, you love him; but are you not a hypocrite! You said once before, that if all should deny him, you would not even though you should die: and yet, in a little while you denied him thrice. And what shall we think of you now? You talk fair,—and so you did before. After all, are you not a designed, or a self-deceived hypocrite? And now, what can grieved Peter do? Why all that he can do is to say—"Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."—Halleck.

Alas! the overwhelming thought of having Jesus, when he shall come clothed in all the glories of Jehovah, ashamed of us! And yet how just, if we are now ashamed of him! But to have him confess us as his friends, brings to view a glory too weighty for flesh and blood to sustain or inherit.—

**Solemn Warning.**—A shocking case of the effects of intemperance occurred in this city, last Sabbath. A man who had spent the day in riding, and carousing, between this place and Troy, on returning, not finding he had drunk enough, stopped at a grocery at the upper end of the city, drank his glass, reeled to his wagon, drove about a hundred rods, stopped for another glass, and while the boy was in act of handing it to him, fell from the bench DEAD! Albany Reg.

**Connecticut.—Poets.**—Upon consideration, it will be seen that Connecticut has produced nearly all the poets of our country, who have attained any degree of celebrity. Among the list we may enumerate Trumbull, the author of M'Fingal, Barlow, Dwight, Hopkins, Alsop, Pierpont, author of "Airs of Palestine," Halleck, the author of Fanny, Alhwick Castle, and better known as Croaker, Brainard, Percival, and numerous others.—Commercial.

"Where is God?" said a clergyman who interrogated a little boy on his catechism. "I will answer you," replied the child, "when you have told me where he is not."—C. Ob.