

## Poetry.

The following soft and descriptive SONG is from the pen of Cunningham, the pastoral poet, and a more beautiful description cannot be found in the works of Theocritus or Virgil.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare,  
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,  
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,  
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,  
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;

Her casement sweet woodlines crept wantonly round,  
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,  
Fresh fruits, and she call'd me the best,

Till, thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,

Lovely silly stool into my breast.

I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied;

Ye virgins, her voice was divine!

I've rich ones neglected, and great ones denied,

But take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,

So simple, yet sweet were her charms;

I kiss'd the lip roses that glow'd on her cheek,

And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,  
And if on the banks of you stream,

Reclined on her bosom, I sink into sleep,

Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range on the slow rising hills,

Delighted with pastoral views;

Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,

And point out new themes to my Muse.

To pomp or proud titl's she ne'er did aspire,

The charms of humble descent;

The cottage, *Peace*, is well known to her sire,

And the shepherds have named her *Content*.

—

From the New-York Minerva.

## HOPE IN THE HOUR OF PERIL;

A DREAM.

Upon a precipice I stood:—  
Below me foamed the angry flood,  
On either hand an icy glaze;  
Above dark clouds, below despair!  
Thrice I resolved no more to strive,  
But down the abyss of fate to dive;  
Yet something whisper'd—"Stay, oh stay!"  
You low'ring cloud shall one  
Its flood-gates, and shall melt away  
The icy glaze."—This, this was *Hope*!

The clouds more dark and darker grew;  
The whirling winds fierce and fiercer blew;  
The slippery slope, with hostile glaze,  
Forbade the hope of safety there!  
The clouds no generous aid bestow—  
They're gone—alas! I, too, must go!  
"A little longer," whispers one,  
"And man his heart shall one,  
To save a brother's widow's son,  
And lead thee hence." This, too, was *Hope*.

Lethargic slumbers seize me now;  
I sink upon the chasm's brow;  
Hope whispers still—"Oh! don't despair,  
There's mercy in the changing air;  
The sun may send a cheery ray,  
And melt the icy glaze away."  
Fate's chilly winds more chilly grow,  
And mercy's sun is gone;  
More furiants rave the waves below,  
The crabs hasten out!

Lonely I cannot bear the hate,  
Nor torments of malicious fate;  
The gulf below, the drear abyss,  
Have nothing half as drear as this;  
"Yet persevere," the whisper says,  
"Till mercy's God his power displays."  
Impatiently I spurned the spite,  
And leaped upon the slate!  
Down down! I went!!! This put to flight  
The Nightmare, with its rider—*Hope*.

Baltimore. PYTHIAS.

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THE MIND.

Oh! magick of the Mind, whose might  
Can make the desert heavenly fair,  
And fill with fiery brightness!  
The dreary vacany of air,  
And spread the soul from clime to clime,  
Through stormy oceans roar in vain,  
And bid the restless wheels of Time  
Roll backward to their goal again.

The riches that the Mind bestows,  
Outstrip the purple's proudest dye,  
And pale the brightest gold that glows  
Beneath the Indian's burning sky!  
The Mind can dull the deepest smart,  
And smooth the bed of suffering,  
And 'midst the winter of the heart,  
Can renovate a second spring.

Then let me joy, whate'er betide,  
In that unclouded treasury,  
Nor grieve to see the step of pride,  
In purple trappings sweeping by;  
Nor murmur if my fate shot out  
The gaudy world's tumultuous din!  
He recks not of the world without,  
Who feels he bears a world within!

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BATTLE OF GUAMANQUILLA.  
TEN—Bruce's Address.

Hark! in Southern climes afar,  
Like the Earthquake'sullen jar,  
Rolls the mingled din of war,  
Strife and rivalry!

On the hoary Andes high,  
Streaming to the winter sky,  
Lo! the Patriot banners fly,  
Scoring Royalty.

Soon the gath'ring hosts of Spain  
Dare Guamanquilla's plain,  
Daring to the fight again,  
Freedom's chivalry.

Now conflicting squadrons pour;  
Louder swells the battle's roar;  
Beder grows the field with gore,  
Mid the revelry.

Clash of armour rent's the air,  
Horse and horsemen waver there,  
Drum and bugle drown despair,  
"Our dash is the cry."

Hov'ring in the battle cloud,  
Wreaths of smoke the vulture shroud,  
As nift he screens about,  
Of his destin'd prey.

Peering through the storm of war,  
Lo! the bright Columbian Star,  
Millions shout for BOLIVAR  
And for victory!

Hail fair Bolivian's fair Son!  
Hail thou second WASHINGTON!  
They triumphant sound hith won  
Immortality!

North and South thy deeds proclaim,  
Distant nations bless thy name,  
Precious—endless is thy fame,  
Son of Liberty?

—

When the present Archbishop of Canterbury was first made a Bishop it was, of course supposed to be through the nobility to whom he is related, and particularly at the request of the beautiful Duchess. The following lines were written on the occasion:—

"Old poets tell, how could it be?  
That *Venus* rose from the seas;  
But modern times more wonders show—  
The sea from *Venus* rises now."

## Miscellaneous Articles.

### ATHENS, AND GENERAL ODYSSEUS.

*From Stanhope's Greece.*

ATHENS, March 6, 1821.

I am delighted with Athens: with its atmosphere, its beautiful situation, its antiquities, its General, and its enfranchised people. Yesterday a meeting took place, for the purpose of choosing three persons to serve as magistrates for Athens.—The persons were named, their respective merits were canvassed, and they were then balloted for, and chosen by universal suffrage. This day, another meeting took place, for the purpose of choosing their judges. I attended the assembly held in the square opposite the fort Odysseus, with others, was seated on the hustings. Opposite stands an old tree, surrounded with a broad seat, from which the magistrates addressed the people, explained the objects for which they were assembled, and desired them to name their judges. A free debate then took place, it lasted long, became more and more animated, and at last, much difference of opinion existing, a ballot was demanded, and the judges were chosen.

I have constantly been with Odysseus. He has a very strong mind, a good heart, and is as brave as his sword; he is a *doing* man, he governs with a strong arm, and is the only man in Greece that can preserve order. He puts, however, complete confidence in his people.—He is for a strong government, for constitutional rights, and for vigorous measures against the enemy. He professes himself of no faction, neither of Israëlites, nor of Colocotronis, nor of Mavrocordatos; neither of the Primate's nor of the Captain, nor of the foreign king faction. He speaks of them all in the most undignified manner. He likes good foreigners, is friendly to a small body of troops, and courts instruction. He has established two schools here, and has allowed me to set the press at work.

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We understand that several Spaniards have recently arrived here from Cuba, in consequence of the establishment of a Military Commission in that island, after the plan of those lately formed in Spain for the detection and punishment of all persons suspected of liberal principles. Many of the arrests, imprisonments, &c., which have taken place in that country for some months past, have been effected by assemblies of this description, and similar scenes may be expected in Cuba. Governor Vivès has heretofore been considered a man of moderation and liberality; but in submitting to be the instrument for effecting the unprincipled designs of Ferdinand, he appears to have lost his claim to such a character.

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### BREACHES OF MARRIAGE PROMISE.

To relieve the excess of damages and number of cases lately brought before our courts, a writer in the New-York American, purporting to be a lawyer, publishes the following applications to him from distressed dairies.

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Y. N. Daily Advertiser.

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### NOTICE.

WITH a view to make a dividend among the creditors of Mr. BENJAMIN JAMES HARRIS, at the earliest period possible, as early as the provisions of a deed of trust, made by the said Harris, dated the 9th day of April last, and recorded in Henrico county court, for the benefit of his creditors, which is worded as follow, in part—"and that the acceptance of such dividend by any creditor, shall of itself, cause as a release, acquittance, and discharge of the debt due from the said Harris."—It is therefore earnestly requested, that all those who have claims against the said Harris, will, without loss of time, send them in, properly authenticated, to R. & T. Gwathmey, our Agents, who will examine and adjust the same in proportion to their respective amounts, when a dividend is made.

Those who do not intend to accept of the terms of the deed of trust, will be pleased to signify the same in writing to us, or to our Agents above named, within 60 days from the date hereof, otherwise, it will be taken for granted that such is their determination, and we shall go on to make a dividend accordingly.

### A FRAGMENT.

It was one of the coldest nights of the season. The wind blew with remorseless violence.—Aunt Eunice was herself ill, and begged that I would step up and see how the poor woman was. I entered the habitation. It was a poor shelter. The pale moon-beams played on the door thro' the chinks, and the wind whirled through the broken windows. On the bed, pale and emaciated with a fever, lay the poor woman. In a cradle by the side of the bed, wrapped in a single rug, slept an infant, and in the corner, over a small fire sat a little boy about five years old. There was no other being in the house; no friend to sooth her distress; no nurse to moisten her burning lips, with a drop of water. Poverty has few allurements; sickness has none; and prudence and uncharitableness readily avail themselves of the frailties of the poor sufferer, to excuse their neglect.

I stepped out to procure a loaf of bread for the children. I was not long gone, and on returning to the door, the sound of footsteps on the floor told me somebody was within. O, it was a pleasant sight! A young female friend, whose genius is not unknown to her literary acquaintance—whose virtues and amiable disposition, render her beloved as extensively as she is known, had preferred to the gay scenes of mirth or the charms of a novel, a lone and unostentatious visit to the house of poverty and the bed of sickness! Like an angel of mercy, she was ministering to the comfort of the poor woman and her infant!

I have seen the assemblies of the great. I have seen women glowing with beauty—arrayed in the richest attractions of dress, whose charms were heightened by the "pride, and pomp, and circumstance" of "elegant conviviality." A lovely woman, in such a scene, irresistibly commands our admiration. But alone—at the bed of poverty and sickness—she appears more than human; I would not be impious, but she seems almost divine.

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BY virtue of a deed of trust, executed to the subscriber and Beverly Smith, by Frederick Clarke, bearing date the 3d day of May, 1819, and duly recorded in the clerk's office of the county court of Chesterfield, to secure the payment of certain sums of money therein named, due to the Banks in the city of Richmond, and others, will be sold without reserve on Monday the 2d day of May next, at public auction on the premises, at 12 o'clock, for cash, all that piece or parcel of Land lying in the county of Chesterfield, just above the town of Manchester, on which the said Frederick now resides, containing about 120 acres.

The improvements on this land are valuable, particularly to persons who are desirous of having funds in any business which requires water power; having an extent of at least 200 yards of canal already cut and in use, with sufficient fall to construct water works to almost any extent.

There is on the premises and now in operation, a grist-mill built of brick, with 2 pair of stones, one moiety of which is included in the deed, and will go with the land. The other improvements consist of a spacious two-story brick dwelling-house, with every other necessary out-house, all in the best repair.

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WM. B. CLARKE, Acting Trustee.

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APRIL 1.—TTS.

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