

The Native

"OUR COUNTRY, ALWAYS RIGHT,"

VOL. IV.] CITY OF WASHINGTON,

POETRY.

THE INDIAN'S FAREWELL.

Here dwell my tribe: these wooded hills,
These grassy plains were ours,
This forest, with its fruits and game,
Its rivulets and flowers.

'T will fall before the white man's stroke,
Like my own banished race,
Nor tree nor stone be left to mark
Our home or burial-place.

The rifle, where the arrow of
The hunter whistled rings,
Where, by the wood, his dwelling stood,
The grass untrodden springs.

Beneath his heart-stone breeds the snake,
And weeds above it grow,
And from his grave the bones are raked
And scattered by the plough.

A free-born race beside me grew,
Brave sons they were and tall,
I saw them, by the white man's stroke,
Like trees in blossom fall.

And here, a withered oak I stand,
Whose leaf has long been shed,
That, though it feebly battle with
The wind, at heart is dead.

Cold are our hearth-stones—desolate—
Their smoke has passed away—
Moss-grown, they moulder by the lake,
Where quenched their brands decay.

But, let us go! to wilds, untamed,
The wolf and panther flee;
The white man's home is for the slave,
The red man's for the free.

Dialogue between a lady and a lover, who vainly
supposed that their intimacy and confidence, would
permit the slightest allusion to any supposed imper-
fection.—*London Notes.*

JOHN.
I love thy cheeks of rosy hue,
Thy pearly teeth, so white;
I love thy eyes of heavenly blue,
But hate thy appetite.

MARY.
I love thy form of manly mould,
Thy calm majestic brow;
I love thy weighty purse of gold,
But hate thy awkward bow.

JOHN.
I love thy "zone encircled waist,"
Thy proud and lofty state;
I love thy sweetly modest taste,
But hate thy mincing gait.

MARY.
I love thy stern majestic air,
Thy looks, which speak command,
I love thy glossy, raven hair,
But hate thy monstrous hand.

JOHN.
I love thy fair feet, so rare,
Thy bust, its beauty's pride;
I hate thy curls, thy deep red hair,
Thy mouth so horrid wide.

MARY.
I love thy eyes of stubborn grey,
Thy whiskers, large and black;
I hate thy vain and pompous way,
Thy slightly crooked back.

JOHN.
I love thy pouting lips, so red;
I hate thy fickle, false, and
I hate the carriage of thy head—
I hate thy double chin.

MARY.
I love thy smile, benignant, kind;
I hate thy bony frame—
I hate thy feeble, feeble mind,
I hate thy ugly name.

JOHN.
I hate thy temper—thy disgrace,
I hate thy false pretence—
I hate the rouge upon thy face
I hate thy want of sense.

MARY.
I hate thy manners, rude, uncouth;
I hate thy length of ears;
I hate thy wonted tale of truth—
I hate—O I'm in tears.

MISCELLANY.

AMERICA REPAYING HER MOTHER COUNTRY.

Enthusiasts have often foretold that in less than a century from our assuming our national rank, the human mind in this country, propelled forward with an accelerated pace by the glorious impulse of free institutions—unclouded, unfettered by the corrupt and overshadowing superstitions and artificial distinctions of old monarchies, would furnish the lights of science as well as the laws of liberty to the old world.—That epoch seems already approaching. We are in a fair way of being soon "quitted" by our mother England for all that we boast from her of the common law, "Chatham's and Shakspeare's tongue," and all the other inborn elevated attributes and enlarged capacities derived from our Anglo-Saxon blood. The extraordinary flight too, of untrammelled American mind, into all the regions of mechanic useful inventions, threatens to be eclipsed by the masterly perfection with which those shadowings forth of the constructive organs is likely to be carried out, in that elaborate workmanship of machinery in which England has hitherto, for centuries, maintained an undisputed supremacy. Not only may we speak exultingly of such men as Whitney, whose cotton-gin is the source of our immense trade in this staple—of Godfrey, whose plundered honors will be decreed to him in after ages, by every gallant tar

that raises the quadrant to the heavens,—and of our daring navigators, and of the discovery of a continent by Palmer and Wilkes,—not only of Franklin, whose demonstration of the identity of the thunder with the electric fluid was only equalled by the electric power of his eloquent vindication of all our rights while at foreign courts,—not only of Cooke, the Vermont blacksmith, who first applied electro-magnetism to rotary motion,—not only of the immortal Fulton, who, while he beggared himself, enriched the whole world with his mighty genius,—not only our penitentiary establishments, and our railroads and inclined planes, and our naval constructions, which serve as models for Europe, and also of our mechanics, in every branch, and whose workmanship is now pressed into service even in those departments where England was thought the strongest. Thus among other evidences may be adduced the fact that the Gloucester and Birmingham rail-road company of England, have now in use, on their road, not less than ten of the noble engines of Mr. Norris, of Philadelphia, so celebrated for their power, and the last accounts inform us, have ordered four more. What is better, Yankee engineers are sent for, to conduct these machines on English roads. No one doubts that in steamships, where England has taken the lead so honorably, we could construct them in every respect as powerful and rapid, if the embarrassed state of the times permitted.—*N. Y. Star.*

ENGLISH MANUFACTURES.—"We are credibly informed that some kinds of cotton goods manufactured in the northern states of the Republic, can be brought to England, pay the import duty and other charges, and be sold in the Manchester market at ten per cent. under the present low prices of similar goods made in Lancashire."—*London Bankers' Circular.*

The time we think not is very far distant, even now we see it in our mind's eye, when American industry, American ingenuity, and American enterprise, will rival Great Britain, not in the manufacture of cotton alone, but of all other articles in which she has now an exclusive and profitable monopoly. England's boast is her ships, her colonies and her commerce; but let America become her rival in manufactures, as she is destined to be, and these three principal sources of her power and her greatness will be necessarily annihilated; these arteries through which the life's blood of her prosperity flows, will be dried up. Her ships, instead of whitening every sea, will lie listlessly in port, attractive only to barnacles; her colonies, finding no reciprocal benefits to be derived from the connexion, will one by one, as England's power to coerce them wanes away, cut the connecting links that joins the young and vigorous child to the old attenuated parent, and declare themselves free, sovereign and independent; and her commerce, which is but the creation of her manufactures, will dwindle into nothingness as sure as effect follows cause. The tens of thousands of her, at present, hardworked, ill-paid, badly-fed mechanics, on whom the greater part of the civilized world are now dependant for most manufactured articles of luxury, ornament and use, will then be thrown idle on the world—the loom will stand still, the shuttle will cease to perform its functions, and the hammer will be silent.

At such a crisis where would be the dense population—the sturdy artisans of Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and the other manufacturing towns? Would they quietly fold their arms, with that patience with which a martyr would ascend the scaffold? They would not, for hunger is the last thing to which an Englishman will submit—they would rally out in the desperation of infuriated lions, trampling away every record of the national debt, which so long crippled their energies, and destroying all those monarchical institutions, which English statesmen arrogantly point to as the "admiration of surrounding nations."

It was to such a state of things as this which we have attempted to describe, that the republican-minded Lord Byron alluded, when he said

"God save the King and Kings,
For they cannot save themselves much longer,
Methinks I hear a little bird that sings,
The people by and by will be the stronger."

England's manufacturing power is one of the main props on which her greatness rests for support; take it from her, and her national importance will dwindle down to a size corresponding with her geographical limits, which will be a falling off indeed, and such a one as American enterprise and industry must inevitably effect. It is from the decay of her manufactures, and not in the defeat of her navy or her armies, that England's almost colossal power will receive its first shock.—*N. O. Pic.*

From the Southern Literary Messenger. REFLECTIONS OF A REFORMED DRUNKARD.

It was a pleasant world, with its green fields, and sunny skies, and broad majestic mountains, before the advent of this iron age. But, alas! ten years have done the work of a century. The world is changed, and we are changed with it. No more are our sorrows lightened by that ethereal spirit, doing his spiriting gently as Ariel—ALCOHOL. The very name sounds huge and monster like now, but a child may remember the day when the weak, and the timid, and the fainting were not afraid of his presence. Let me not indulge in the reminiscence! "The butt is out, and we must drink water. Public opinion is a god. Let us submit as we may. Think not, reader, that I was a drunkard. No unbecoming levity—no want of self-respect did I betray, in the brightest days of the golden age. A quiet gentleman and a comely, of an uncertain age, I was to be seen daily perambulating the shady streets of W—, my countenance, perchance, a trifle flushed—a shade more I fear than the gentle exercise I had taken would warrant—and my step, at times, loftier than becometh me. I was a dreamer then.

But I was injuring my constitution. Not at all! I but drank for amusement. I saw plainly the absurdity of purchasing present pleasure at the price of future pain.—Therefore did I practice the most rigid self-denial. I flatter myself my judgment is a sufficient guide.

"Est modus in rebus," with one exception—the temperance society. Like space, it has no limits. Its advocates will never be satisfied, till they bring the world to sign a pledge of entire abstinence from every thing eatable and drinkable—even bread and water. I expect to see the day when to eat an apple will be an indelible disgrace, and milk and water will be sold by the druggists as a medicine. Champagne will soon rank in point of acidity with nitric acid.

I count myself a martyr. I have joined the society! I had lived a year in solitude, tho' in the midst of my friends, and could bear it no longer. For twelve long months, my neighbors shunned me like a viper, merely because—listen, posterity! I occasionally indulged to excess in my favorite beverage, *Whiskey punch!* But it is all over now. I have signed the pledge, and since it is done I will make a virtue of necessity. For the good of my country, is it, ye persecutors! that ye have required me to join? Because my neighbor is a drunkard I must taste no more wine! Admirable logic! Suppose he were a glutton—must I forego my dinner? Yes, I am a martyr—the prince of martyrs. The Deceit should not be named in the same breath. They died for their country; I live!

Too true alas! it is. Do you doubt it? Why then, when upon earth, did our Savior turn your boasted water into wine? I thank heaven for that miracle.

To what will not the world come? I know men who really believe wine to be a deadly poison. Let me tell them that a Toper's stomach is stronger than they imagine. We are not killed so easily.

"Fertur Prometheus insani leonis,
Vino stomacho apposuisse nostrum."

and we can yet endure another draught. Nobody thinks, now a days, of drinking brandy; a very few aspire to rum—but most of the old veterans of my acquaintance have taken refuge in wine. "Fortiter occupa Portum," is their motto. But even here they are not secure! Quail while ye may, my masters! I foresee the time when you will be glad to drink water.

What a quiet, delightful, dream-infested village was W— before the broaching of this new doctrine. There, of a summer afternoon, beneath that huge elm, might you see the patriarchs of the town, with their sons and grandsons, and great grandsons forsooth, stretched on the green grass, or sitting at ease on the smooth pine benches, smoothing perchance, or discussing gingerly and calmly some piece of village gossip—whilst ever and anon the antique punch-bowl, long since departed, passed cheerfully around the circle. And were not these good men and true? Let me not insult their memory by the question.

I have a fondness for antiquity. These old customs, mellowed as they seem by time—their sharp corners worn off by its silent and invisible flow—how it goes to my heart to see them vanishing like a ghost by candle light! The fashions of the day, like wine, want age.

Ugh—this dry cough—Lackaday—my pitcher and bottle of—Lackaday—my pledge! Hold—we will not drink.

Mine, alas! is a thirst that many waters cannot quench. I will chew a little camomile.

Three weeks! It seems an age. I did not believe when I signed, that I should be able to abstain so long. What would I not give for a *bona fide* attack of "bodi-

ly infirmity." Then could I drink with a clear conscience—but I have signed the pledge, and my word is my bond. Such has always been my fortune!—since I stopped drinking, I have not seen a sick moment. It is intolerable. I would not have joined the society so readily, had I not thought I could be most conveniently ill, at least six times a day. Let me be patient. To-morrow, I may have a glorious choice. Ah! I have it! I will watch with my friend L— to-night. Losing my sleep will give me a superb headache in the morning, and gin has always been my medicine.

The doctor take it! I have watched with my friend—broad awake all night—drank a glass of cold water at midnight—hoping to induce the cholera—another at sunrise—and feel this morning as if I had slept in Paradise. It is too intolerable. The fates are against me. I fear I shall never see another sick day. If I had continued to drink, I warrant I should have had the headache daily, as usual. But now that I want an excuse for taking the least drop in the world, I feel as light as a swallow. Well, some people are born to fortune. I was always a luckless dog!

If I delect any thing, it is water. Horace speaks of a fountain whose waters were better than the glass.

"Fons Bandusia splendor viti."
We have no such springs here—though it is true a slight dash of water in your wine, of a hot day, is not out of place—a mere trifle; it gives it a dewy freshness, which—but why should I dwell on this! I am without hope. My pulse beats like an eight-day clock. I despair of the headache, and will bethink me of some other excuse. If I could but find an apology for one glass, I would lay up a stock of "bodily infirmity" for a year.

After all, can I deny that they are in the right? Think of the wives lonely and desolate—the children starving—the wretched victims of drunkenness strongly bound in these woven and strong-linked chains which it is so hard for me to break. Think of these! I do not regret a struggle as thou wilt—thou almost invincible habit, that I have disappointed thee! I remember now that men wagged their heads as I passed them, and said—*what they shall not say again.* Not I am no drunkard! My hand is firmer. It trembles not as before. My step is lighter—my sleep is sweeter—*that thirst*, burning like fire within me, is less agonising. My tortures are dying away with the flame—and now, O God! as I look back, I see—I feel—I know that I was almost (*was I not quite?*) a drunkard!

Yet one glass! I would still my heart's throbbing—only one—I shall desire no more. It shall be the last—the farewell glass. It is at my lips—the liquor has a celestial fragrance. I can imagine no deeper bliss than such a draught inspires—and it is *at my lips!* Taste its sparkling foam. Once—once only! Shall I drink? One moment to decide!

No! Again I am a man. Drop by drop, I pour it out upon the ground, like water. God! I thank thee, I am safe!

Once of the most costly, stupendous and magnificent works now in course of prosecution in this country is the CROTON AQUEDUCT, by which the city of New York designs to supply itself with an abundance of pure and wholesome water for drinking and all other domestic purposes. New York, it is well known, is worse off on the score of good drinking water than any other city in the Union, and in endeavoring to remedy this great want, her citizens have wisely resolved to obtain a supply of water, of which the quality shall not only be all that desirable, but of which the quantity shall be adequate to the public requirements for many years to come. The great work of this Aqueduct was therefore undertaken, by which the limpid streams of the river of that name are to be made to flow into the city of New York. The original estimate of the cost of this work was \$4,718,000; but is now ascertained that it will not fall short of \$10,000,000—the expenditures upon it to the 1st of January last having already reached within a fraction of \$4,000,000.

Mr. Tanner, in his useful and interesting work on the canals and railroads of the United States, remarks that, "of the true character and magnitude of this important work (the Croton Aqueduct) but few, even of the citizens of New York, have an adequate conception."

National Antipathies.—It is said that a Frenchman has as great an antipathy to plum pudding as an Englishman has to frog fricassee. We'd take a well made Yankee pumpkin pie in preference to either dish.—*Pic.*

Catlin's gallery of Indian portraits is extremely attractive in London. The elite of English society visit it in crowds.

Commodore Edwin Moore, commander of the Texian Navy, is a native of Alexandria, D. C.

American.

"BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY,"

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1840.

[No. 1.]

AGRICULTURE.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier. HARVEST.

Hubbardian, lift up thine eyes and see
The Lord of the harvest is blessing thee!
He causes the sun on thy fields to glow;
He speaks the word and the waters flow;
The evil and good his bounties share,
The just and unjust are still his care—
The grass at his bidding grows up around,
And heeds for the service of man around.
The cattle are his on a thousand hills,
They quiver there at his crystal rills
Which spring up for them at the sound of his voice,
And the lion sits, and mountainous, and all-gyre, feel
Hubbardian, bow thy head and kneel,
For the Lord of the harvest calls to thee!
He calls to thee from the waving plain,
From the rippling corn, and standing grain—
He speaks to thee in the rushing thunder,
In each passing breeze—listen and wonder:
"Harken, oh man, unto thee I call,
I am thy Maker, the God of all."
Man! who go'st forth in the morning to toil,
Who reap the fruits of the teeming soil,
As evening advances thy labors close,
And, wearied, thou seek'st the sweets of repose—
O man, ere in slumber thy pillow is pressed,
Think of the God who has given thee rest!
Tune your clear voice in a hymn of praise,
Your heart in grateful penitence raise,
And the Lord of the harvest, who cares for thee,
Thy Father, thy Friend, and Redeemer will be!

With many persons there is a prejudice against green crops for cattle: they believe that nothing will pay but corn or grain crops. On walking with one of these, and admiring his fine crop of beets, he said, "tis all very well, but beets pay no rent, remember." But let him make a calculation of the profit in cattle-feeding and manure, and compare the condition of the land with the same, after a grain crop—it is by taking things for granted that men keep themselves hoodwinked.

Poor and exhausted lands may be recovered by a course of green and root crops, equally well as by being laid down to grass; and these would pay far better than light crops of corn or grain to those farmers who know how to expend them upon their own premises, and those who do not stand much in need of information. Lands which will not grow grain enough to pay for harvesting, might soon be reclaimed by these means and left in fine till and condition.—*Cab.*

The Striped Bug.—Every person who cultivates cucumbers and melons must be acquainted with the yellow striped bug. In former years we depended most on our activity in catching them, chiefly in the cool of the morning and evening, but we have an easier way to manage them. In the hottest weather they are the most active and seemingly the most voracious; and some days ago, when the mercury stood at 80°, aware of this danger, we visited the cucumbers, and found the bugs in great numbers. A sprinkling of quick lime, however, scattered them in haste; and we have not seen a dozen since in the whole garden.

But the large brown bug that infest squashes and pumpkins, must be treated differently, and nothing is better than decapitation.—*New Genesee Farmer.*

Anchor Worm.—This is the cognomen of an insect which has made its appearance in Michigan. A correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, after stating that the Hessian fly had made great havoc in many places, adds,—"Later a new enemy has appeared, called the Anchor Worm—they are nearly as numerous as the flies of Egypt. So annoying and plenty have they been, that they would inundate whole fields, and the farmers have in some instances made trenches around their fields and houses, to save themselves. They move in a mass from one field to another. After finishing a repast and crossing a road, the earth is nearly obscured for many rods."—*Baltimore Farmer.*

Hoing Ruta Baga.—An inexperienced cultivator of the ruta бага may commonly be known by his leaving the plants about four times as thickly together as they ought to stand. On ground of any tolerable degree of fertility, the distance of one foot at least should be allowed between the roots except they be in drills three feet asunder, when they may be suffered to stand a little nearer. If sown broad cast, eighteen inches square should be allowed to each root. If the land is rich enough, they will be so much larger in consequence of this increased space; as considerably to increase the amount of the crop and greatly diminish the labor of harvesting.

We have observed, on the best soil, well manured previous years, where the crop have been sowed broadcast, and two feet square allotted to each plant, roots weighing from ten to fifteen pounds, and yielding about fifteen hundred bushels an acre.

If the soil be poor, the above remarks will not of course apply, and the roots must be much nearer together, as they cannot be made to grow large, and number must be made to compensate, in a small degree though it be, for a want of magnitude.

Paint your Tools.—Every farmer should be provided with a small quantity of the coarser kind of paints—a few paint pots and brushes and paint oil. It is very easy to learn to mix them, and by keeping a small supply, he might keep his implements always in a good state of preservation. The expense would be trifling, and the trouble next to nothing; and besides it is wisely ordained that we can neither sow nor reap without trouble. The greatest of all troubles must be that of having nothing to do. To have a place for every tool on the farm, and to keep them all painted and in good order, and when not used protected from sun and air, ought to be an amusing, as it is undoubtedly, a binding obligation on every farmer.—*Baltimore Farmer.*

Early Discovery of America.—The Copenhagen Antiquarians have recently discovered new evidences of the early settlement of this continent by the Scandinavians. Dr. Lund, a celebrated Danish geologist, has communicated to the Northern Archaeological Society, an interesting account of some excavations made by him in the vicinity of Bahia, in Brazil, which are confirmatory of the Scandinavian hypothesis. His discoveries began with the fragment of a flagstone, covered with engraved Runic characters, but greatly injured. Having succeeded in deciphering several words, which he recognized as belonging to the Icelandic tongue, he extended his researches, and soon came upon the foundations of houses in brown stone, bearing a strong architectural resemblance to the ruins existing in the northern parts of Norway, in Iceland, and in Greenland. Thus encouraged he went resolutely on, and at length, after several days' digging found the Scandinavian god of thunder, Thor, with all his attributes—the hammer, gauntlets, and magic girdle. The Society had commissioned Prof. Rain (who first established in an authentic manner, the existence of ancient relations between Iceland and North America, anterior to the discovery of this part of the world by Columbus) to report on the subject of Dr. Lund's letter and to publish his report, with a view to direct the attention of the learned to this very interesting discovery, which would seem to prove that the ancients of the North had not only extended their maritime voyages to South America, but even formed permanent establishments in this country.

Native American Minstrels.—We have been favored with so many foreign minstrels, Hungarian, Tyrolean, Styrian, &c.; have imported so many Savoyards, Bavarian broom girls and Italian vocalists, that our country is in a fair way of becoming inoculated with the divine art through foreign channels, if in no other way. But thank fortune, whether by imitation or otherwise, we are falling back on our domestic resources, and, as in domestic manufactures, are carrying our American system into music, as well as into cotton bags. We too can now boast of our American minstrels. We have before had occasion to notice a quartette or glee party of those native born Boston boys, who were about a year since in our city. They are again with us, and are, we believe, at the Astor, where they dined yesterday afternoon, and soon after the cloth was removed unexpectedly and delightfully entertained those present by suddenly bursting forth in most harmonious and heart-stirring strains, on a beautiful air of their own composition, set to the words of one of Morris's American ballads. They favored the company with a number of other popular native airs from the same esteemed writer, as set to music by Horn, and arranged as glees by Mr. White, one of these Enterpeian songsters. They are on their way to Saratoga, and we know that their pure and natural style of singing, comprehending a beautiful soprano and powerful basso, and two intermediate voices, will meet with great patronage. Let us encourage a native taste for music, for it is certainly innate in our people. The New England psalmody in schools proves it; and Morris and Horn have touched a cord which has vibrated with responsive feelings throughout our land. These ballads are become our household gods, and we owe them gratitude for giving them embodiment and charms so attractive. Who in America, or peradventure across the big deep, has not listened, as a large and enchanted assemblage did yesterday, to that delicious air,

"Near the bank where drops the willow,
Long time ago?"

N. Y. Star.

Emigrants to America.—Such was the number of German families traveling from Paris to Havre, there to take shipping for this country, at the last accounts, that the ordinary vehicles were insufficient to accommodate them, and additional diligences were put in requisition for their use.

Mr. Healy and Mr. Rand, two American artists, are now pursuing their profession in London. The former has recently returned from Paris, where he was honored by a sitting from Louis Philippe; the latter has just painted a portrait of our Minister, Mr. Stevens.