

The Wilmingtonian.

AND DELAWARE REGISTER.

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POETRY.

TO MY WIFE,

On the anniversary of her wedding-day, which was also her birth-day, with a ring.

BY SAMUEL BISHOP.

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed"—
So, fourteen years ago, I said—
Behold another ring—"for what?"
"To wed thee o'er again?"—Why not?
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence and truth;
Taste long admird, sense long rever'd,
And all my Molly then appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
And when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy truth and plightd mine.)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues which before untried,
The wife has added to the bride:
Those virtues whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.

And why?—They show me every hour,
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,—
And teach me all things—but repentance.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

From the Dutch of Dirk Smits.

Een reer van Englen zag.

A host of angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impell'd
Upon the earth beheld,
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In Heaven's vast halls of light.

They saw, with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendor;
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor wo.

The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From heaven's enchanting region;
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it—
That little pearl which shone
With lustre all its own,—
And then on high they bore it
Where glory hath its birth—
But left the shell on earth.

Lays of the Early Martyrs.

THE WIFE'S ADIEU.

I soar to the realms of the bright and the blest,
Where the mourners are solaced, the weary at rest,
I rise to my glories; while thou must remain
In this dark vale of tears to dejection and pain.

And hence, though my heart throbs esultant to die,
And visions of glory expand to my eye,
The bosom that struggles and pants to be free,
Still beats with regret and affection for thee.

I fear not another, more fond and more fair,
When I am forgotten, thy fortunes should share;
Oh! find but a bosom devoted as mine,
And my heart's latest blessing forever be thine!

I fear lest the stroke that now rends us apart,
From the faith of the Christian should sever thy heart;
Lest seeking in anguish relief from despair,
The vain world should lure thee to look for it there.

But oh! should it tempt thee a while to resign
A treasure so precious, a hope so divine;
Should the light of his glory be hidden from thee,
In the hour of thy darkness, Oh! think upon me.

Remember the hope that enlivens me now,

Though the dews of the damp grave are cold on my brow:
The faith that has nerved me with transport to see
The hour of my doom, though it tears me from thee!

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"

Ask the aged to look back upon the scenes through which they have passed, upon the years which they have spent; intreat them to tell you in what light they see them—attend to their answer, for with the aged there is wisdom. What is it they reply? They confirm the oracles of God. The weaver's shuttle they say, is not more swift, the shooting star is not more momentary, evanescent and unreal. Some of you may consult your children instead of advising your fathers; and all may ask your brethren, if time be not very short. The registers of the dead are not unfaithful; they cannot err; they are not interested; consult then the register of the dead. Look upon the tombs—are their inhabitants all old? No—not all. Many? No—not many. Babes there are, who have been born to weep and die—babes there are, who in all their sportive innocence, have gone down to the grave; youths there are, who in their gayest hours and amidst the most pleasurable scenes, have been recalled to lie down in darkness and the dust. Numbers too are there, who, in the pride of manhood, the maturity of life, in the full career of business and of hope, have been eased of all their anxieties and defeated of all their expectations, and fast bound in the fetters of death. The young lie thick as dew drops on the ground, here and there only do we find a monument erected upon years and wisdom; we wonder when we find it, and yet this our wonder does not cure us of our security and confidence. Perhaps even now the scythe of time is lifted to cut down those who little think of it, who are expecting the departure of their friends, or preparing to carry their fathers to the tomb. To-morrow, that idol deity, in which the world have agreed to place their trust; to-morrow, that hair-span thread on which they hang the weighty concerns of eternity! What is to-morrow? No part of our possessions, no part of our inheritance—it is a part in the great chain of duration, but perhaps no part of our present being. Clear, and bright and steady, as it shines to-day, some sudden blast may blow out the lamp of life—and to-morrow may have conveyed us into other company and settles us in other scenes. Boast not of to-morrow, till you have unrolled the book of fate, and learnt what to-day shall bring forth.—Last night, it is probable, many a gay youth threw himself on the bed whence he shall rise no more; and many a busy head reposed itself upon that pillow, where it shall sleep now and take its rest. How sad and serious are many now, who, but last night, were giddy, thoughtless, presumptuous and vain; how terrible has this to-morrow proved to many, who but yesterday said unto themselves, that it was yet soon enough to repent and be converted. 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!' was a severe yet a gracious warning. In every breeze that blows there is a flight of human fates; in every breath we breathe, we drink in the deadly poison—every hour we stand in jeopardy; then every man in his best estate is altogether vanity. In every walk we take death treads upon our steps; he watches us in our retirements, he follows us in our business; he mingles with the angels that stand round our beds; in that very moment when our hearts are most attached to this world—in that very moment when we are least apprehensive of fate, then the tyrant springs upon his prey, rejoicing to add to his native horrors the necessary terrors of surprise.—In the midst of life we are in danger of some fatal blight—in the highest health we may be nearest to some mortal malady. What then is your life? Is it not a fleeting cloud, an evaporating smoke, an exploding meteor, a painted bubble.—Break, the bubble must—in its greatest beauty it will break, and it may break ere night.

From the New Hampshire Collections.

COLONEL HAYNE.

After the city of Charleston had fallen into the hands of Lord Cornwallis, his Lordship issued a proclamation, requiring of the inhabitants of the colony; that they should no longer take part in the contest, but continue peaceably at their homes, and they should be most sacredly protected in property and person. This was accompanied by an instrument of neutrality, which soon obtained the signatures of many thousands of the citizens of S. Carolina, among whom was Col Hayne who now conceived that he was entitled to peace and security for his family and fortune. But it was not long before Lord Cornwallis put a new construction on the instrument of neutrality, denominating it a bond of allegiance

to the king, and called upon all who signed it to take up arms against the REBELS! threatening to treat as deserters those who refused! This fraudulent proceeding in Lord Cornwallis roused the indignation of every honest and honorable man. Col. Hayne being now compelled in violation of the most solemn compact, to take up arms, resolved that the invaders of his native country should be the objects of his vengeance. He withdrew from the British and was invested with a command in the continental service; but it was soon his hard fortune to be captured by the enemy, and carried into Charleston. Lord Rawdon the Commandant, immediately ordered him to be loaded with irons, and after a sort of mock trial, he was sentenced to be hung! This sentence seized all classes of people with horror and dismay. A petition headed by the British Governor Ball, and signed by a number of the Royalists, was presented in his behalf, but was totally disregarded. The ladies of Charleston, both whigs and tories, now united in a petition to Lord Rawdon; couched in the most eloquent and moving language; praying that the valuable life of Col. Hayne might be spared; but this was also treated with neglect. It was next proposed that Col. Hayne's children, [the mother had recently expired with the small pox] should in their mourning habiliments, be presented to plead for the life of their only surviving parent; being introduced into his presence, they fell on their knees, and with clasped hands, and weeping eyes, they lisped their father's name, and plead most earnestly for his life. (Reader, what is your anticipation? Do you imagine that Lord Rawdon pitying their motherless condition, tenderly embraced these afflicted children, and restored to them the fond embraces of their father? No! the unfeeling man was still inexorable; he suffered even those little ones to plead in vain!) His son a youth of thirteen was permitted to stay with his father in prison, who beholding his only parent loaded with irons and condemned to die, was overwhelmed with grief and sorrow.—'Why,' said he, 'my son will you break your father's heart with unavailing sorrow? Have I not often told you, that we came into this world to prepare for a better? For that better life, my dear boy, your father is prepared. Instead then of weeping, rejoice with me, my son, that my troubles are so near an end. Tomorrow I set out for immortality. You will accompany me to the place of execution; and when I am dead take me and bury me by the side of your mother.' The youth here fell on his father's neck, 'Oh! my father! my father! I will die with you! I will die with you!' Col. Hayne would have returned the strong embrace of his son; but alas! his hands were confined with irons. 'Live, said he, my son live to serve your country; and live to take care of your brothers and little sisters!' The next morning Col Hayne was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself and said: 'Now, my son, show yourself a man! that tree is the boundary of my life's sorrows. Beyond that, the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too much to heart our separation from you: It will be but short; it was but lately your mother died: to-day I die, and you, my son, though but young, must shortly follow us.' 'Yes, my father, replied the broken hearted youth, I shall shortly follow you, for indeed I feel that I cannot live long.'

On seeing therefore, his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horror. 'Till then he had wept incessantly, but as soon as he saw that sight, the fountain of his tears was stanch'd, and he never wept more. He died insane, and in his last moments often called on the name of his father in terms that brought tears to the hardest heart.

"If I had Leisure"—Ah, yes, if you had leisure, what would you do? Why says the man who is engaged in business, If I had leisure, I'd prosecute this charitable object—I'd aid in such and such benevolent plans—I would do a great deal of good. But I am so much engaged that I have not a spare moment to devote to any thing but my business. The man is innocent in his declaration—he really believes what he says—he doesn't know, because he never experienced it, that leisure is the mother of indolence, and that if he had plenty of the one, he would, ninety-nine chances out of a hundred, have the other in exact proportion.

If I had leisure, says the merchant I would pay more attention to my accounts; and try to collect my debts more punctually. Chance if you are not mistaken, friend, if you had leisure probably you would pay less attention to the matter than you now do. The thing you want is not more leisure, but more resolution. The spirit to do—to do now—my word for it, after all, you waste, actually waste, more time than would be necessary to accomplish all your desires.

If I had leisure, I'd repair that weak place in my fence said a farmer—he had no leisure, however, and while he was drinking cider with a neighbor, the cows broke in and destroyed his crop. He found leisure to plant another.

If I had leisure, said my friend the wheelwright, last winter, I'd alter my stove pipe. He did not find leisure though—but when his shop took fire, and burnt down, he had to take time and build another.

If I had leisure, I'd some times go to meeting, old Tom Rattle used to say; but he found so much "better business," as he called it, on Sunday, that he never got there. He's dead and gone now, poor soul—but he regretted at his dying day that he had played a cheat off upon himself in that matter.

People are apt to be very much mistaken in this affair of "leisure," there are very few men who put every hour of their time to the best possible use. Often those who

have least to do don't half do that little, while those who are most engaged do every thing thoroughly. I'll give a plain illustration, drawn from every day experience. If you want any matter, whether of profit or charity, or of what description so ever done—done expeditiously and well done too; go to, not the man who, half his time, stands or sits with his hands in his breeches pockets; but to the identical person who, being a thorough business doing man, is always at work. That's the man for you. An idler from habit regards every thing that requires a little labor, study or confinement, as an ant look at a mole hill; it seems a mountain. But an industrious active man, from habit, looks at the labour with the eye of a man; is not afraid of it; and herein lies the secret spring of his ability; he does not loiter, or hesitate; he acts, promptly, spiritedly, immediately.

COLLECTANEA.

The following was written by Josiah Peirce, Esq. of Baldwin, Maine, (brother-in-law to Count Rumford) and contains directions to his children on the formation of character.

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

Being fully persuaded that the most rational happiness which intelligent free agents enjoy, arises from a consciousness of having properly employed their implanted powers and passions—and as the virtues themselves when carried to excess, either fail of obtaining their objects, or degenerate into vices, it is therefore my most ardent desire—that my children may be—

- Pious but not Enthusiastic.
- Religious but not Bigoted.
- Just but not Vindictive.
- Righteous but not Hypocritical.
- Virtuous but not Ostentatious.
- Charitable but not Weak.
- Strict but not Austere.
- Meek but not Mean.
- Humble but not Abject.
- Mild but not Effeminate.
- Modest but not bashful.
- Complaisant but not Deceitful.
- Affable but not Loquacious.
- Polite but not Ceremonious.
- Condescending but not Undetermined.
- Believing but not credulous.
- Cautious but not timid.
- Watchful but not jealous.
- Sensible but not Irritable.
- Emulous but not Envious.
- Learned but not Pedantic.
- Benevolent but not Vain-glorious.
- Generous but not Profuse.
- Noble but not Prodigal.
- Dignified but not Proud.
- Spirited but not Haughty.
- Bold but not Assuming.
- Brave but not Savage.
- Valiant but not Fool-hardy.
- Resolute but not Obstinate.
- Confident but not Boasting.
- Industrious but not Avaricious.
- Prudent but not Parsimonious.
- Economical but not Covetous.
- Refined but not Affecting.
- Soft but not Simple.
- Neat but not Foppish.
- Communicative but not Tale-bearers.

FRAGMENT.

The following is said to be a fragment of an ancient Egyptian king found at Thebes.

I never denied justice to the poor for his poverty; neither pardoned the wealthy for his riches.

I never gave reward for affection, nor punishment upon passion.

I never suffered evil to escape unpunished, neither goodness unrewarded.

I never denied justice to him that asked it, neither mercy to him that deserved it.

I never opened my gate to the flatterer nor mine ear to the back-biter.

I always sought to be beloved by the good, and feared of the wicked.

I always favored the poor, that was able to do little, and God, who was able to do much, always favored me.

The writer of this Poem was one of that multitude of gallant young men, who, on the raising of the Prussian volunteers threw up their studies and took the field against Buonaparte. After distinguishing himself in several desperate actions in the beginning of 1813, and obtaining for his bravery, a commission in the Hussars, he died of wounds received, we believe, in the great battle of Juterbach, the engagement by which Berlin was saved, and the final blow given to the French predominance in the north of Germany. In the intervals of the campaign, and on his dying bed, he occupied himself by the pursuits natural to his accomplished mind; and some of the most striking national poetry of his brief day was from the pen of Kerner.

BATTLE HYMN.

Father of earth and heaven, I call thy name,
Thou soundest the smoke and shout of battle roll,
Mine eyes are dazzled with the rushing flames;
Father sustain an untried soldier's soul;
Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round the struggling hour.

Thou know'st 'if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lower
On my young fame!—O hear, God of eternal power!

God, thou art merciful—the wintry storm,
The cloud that pours the thunder from its womb,
But show the sternest grandeur of thy form:
The lightnings glancing thro' the midnight gloom,
To Faith's raised eye, as calm, as lovely come,
As splendours of the autumnal evening star,
As roses shaken by the breeze's plume,
When like cold incense comes the dewy air,
And on the golden wave the sunset burns.

ROCKING STONES.

At the Pulling Mills in the town of Warwick, Rhode Island, is a peculiar curiosity of this kind, which has been frequently visited, though not deservedly celebrated. A minute description of this stone, accompanied with a correct drawing, was published in Silliman's Journal, No. 2, vol. 7, furnished by Mr. Steuben Taylor, of this town—the drawing by Mr. Partridge. Its form resembles that of a tortoise, convex at the bottom, and somewhat concave on the top, placed in a horizontal position; about 10 feet in length, six in breadth, and two in thickness.—It reposes on another rock, which rises a few feet above ground, and supports it at two points, forming a double fulcrum near each end. Upon these points it is so exactly poised, that it moves laterally with the gentlest touch; and although its weight is estimated at 4 tons, yet a child five years old may set it rocking, so that one of the sides will describe an arc, the chord of which will be 15 inches. The easiest way of rocking it is by standing upon it, and inclining the body alternately to either side. What renders this rock peculiarly remarkable is, that when one side descends it gives four distinct pulsations, as if hitting at as many distinct points. The sound produced, is much like the beat of a drum, though much louder, and this has given it the appropriate name of "The Drum Rock." The noise, in a still evening, has been heard 6 miles.

It was evidently once united to the rock on which it rests, but whether placed on its present situation by some convulsion of nature, or a combination of mechanical skill, is uncertain. It has been attributed to the Indians, and for aught we know might have served to lull-a-by the royal *hahsoot*, and cradled the infant genius of Massasoit and Philip; though it would seem to have required the aid of machinery to effect its removal, beyond the mere labour of hands. This rock is fortunately so situated that neither a band of nimble sailors, nor the 4th. of July Bloods, or even the Roxbury workmen, could remove it without great labour, and we may therefore hope it will long remain, a subject of inquiry and a place of resort for the curious.

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

Near the top of the mountain, under the first cliff of rocks, about a mile and a half from the road leading to Niagara, (on the Canadian shore) is situated a large Cave, within which about a rod of its mouth, is a spring which flows the whole year. About the end of March, the water issuing from the rocks freezes, forming large pieces of ice. During the heat of summer the ice continues to form. In the Fall of the year, about the end of September, as the weather gets cooler, the ice disappears, and there is no ice formed, during the cold winter months, until the ensuing spring. The water is quite pure issuing out of the rock.

SNAKES.

Professor Luigi Metexa, of Rome has published an account of some singular experiments made by him on snakes. Among others he endeavored to ascertain the truth of the assertions of the ancients respecting the predilection of Snakes for music and dancing. In the month of July 1822, about noon, he put into a large box a number of different kinds of Snakes, all quite lively, with the exception of some vipers, which were enclosed in a separate box. As soon as they heard the harmonious tones of an organ, all the non-venomous serpents became agitated in an extraordinary manner; they attached themselves to the sides of the box and made every effort to escape. The *claphis* and the *coluber Esculapii* turned towards the instrument. The vipers for their part exhibited no symptoms of sensibility. This experiment has been frequently repeated, and always with the same results.

THE INQUISITION.

In a work entitled *Letters Normandes*, published in Paris, in 1820, the following account is given of a mode of torture practised in the Inquisition at Toledo, which may claim at least the praise of ingenuity.

"General Lasalle, being at Toledo, went to visit the palace of the Inquisition; for in Spain the humility of inquisitors is like that of other monks, it wears a coarse cloak and dwells in a marble palace. At sight of the instruments of torture, the General, as well as the officers who were with him were seen to shudder, for it was more horrible than any thing presented by a field of battle. Among these instruments, there was one which more particularly fixed the attention of the visitors, by giving the impression of a sacrilege. At the further end of a subterranean dungeon, near the chair of the inquisitor, whose duty it was to interrogate those who were accused of heresy, there was placed in a niche, a statue of the Virgin.

A golden halo surrounded her head, and her drapery descended in silken folds from her shoulders to her feet. In her right hand she held the ancient standard of the kings, and a breast plate was just visible under the folds of her robe. Altogether the statue resembled that of Joan of Arc at Orleans. On examining it a little nearer, they perceived that the breast plate was glistening with points of a vast number of little knives, and of nails sharpened like needles.

The arms of the statue were moveable, and a handle placed behind the partition regulated its motions. General Lasalle gave orders for putting the machine in operation, and the sack of a Polish granadier was put in the place of the heretic.—When the handle was turned, the statue extended its arms and pressed the sack closely to its breast. When it relaxed its grasp, the sack was found to be a perfect sieve; it was pierced with a thousand holes, and the knives had covered some lines in depth.