

# The Wilmingtonian,

AND DELAWARE REGISTER.

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## POETRY.

### SONG OF A CHIPPEWA GIRL.

They tell me that men with a pure white face,  
Belong to a purer, nobler race;  
But why, if they do,—and it may be so—  
Do their tongues cry *yes* and their actions *no*?  
They tell me that white is a heavenly hue,  
It may be so—but the sky is blue;  
And the first-born, as the old men say,  
Had earth-brown skins, and made of clay.  
But throughout my life I've heard it said,  
There is nothing surpasses a tint of red;  
Oh! the white man's cheeks look pale and sad,  
Compared to my beautiful Indian lad.  
Then let them boast of their race divine,  
Their glittering domes and sparkling wine—  
Give me a lodge as my fathers had,  
And my tall, strait, beautiful Indian lad.  
LOGAN.

From the Saturday Herald.

### PARODY ON

"*Thou' Love is warm as white.*"

Thou' woman loves awhile,  
Soon she grows cold;  
Nothing will make her smile,  
When she can scold!  
Oh! who could bear to be,  
Slighted thus oft by thee,—  
Why not that tongue confine,  
Ere you grow old!  
Woman can never prove  
Faithful as fair,  
Nor can she fondly love,  
Or absence bear—  
For when afar we rove,  
Absence soon cools her love—  
Nor will she ever sing,  
"Welcome, DESPAIR!"  
DAMON.

"Grieve not thy Father as long as he liveth."  
Son of Sirach

Alas! grieve not him, whose silver hairs  
Thin o'er his wasted temples stray,  
Grieve not thy Sire, when time impairs  
The glory of his manhood's sway.  
His tottering step with reverence aid,  
Bend his sunk brow with honor's wreath,  
And let his deaden'd ear be made  
The harp where filial love shall breathe.  
What though his pausing mind partake  
His frail companion's dark decay,  
Though wearied, blinded memory break  
The casket where her treasures lay.  
With ready arm his burdens bear,  
Bring heavenly balm his wounds to heal,  
And with affection's pitying care  
The error that thou mark'st conceal.  
Say! e'er thou tell how those arms  
Have clasp'd thee to that shielding breast,  
When infant fears, or fancied harms,  
Thy weak and wayward soul distress?  
Know'st thou how oft that lip has strove  
Thine untroubled mind to aid?  
How oft a parent's prayer of love  
Has risen on midnight's deepest shade?  
Grieve not thy father till he die!  
Lest when he sleep on nature's breast,  
The record of his highest sigh,  
Should prove a dagger to thy rest.  
For if thy holiest debt of love  
Forgotten or despis'd should be,  
He, whom thou call'st thy Sire above,  
Will bend a judge's frown on thee.

We doubt whether Tom Moore has ever written so many lines of superior elegance to the following, from the pen of an accomplished writer in the United States Literary Gazette.—They possess a bewitching sweetness and simplicity, without partaking of the mawkish sentimentalism and affection, which characterizes "the lake school of poetry."

### JUAN FERNANDEZ.

There's an island afar in the western sea,  
Where spring smiles forever, for you love and me;  
The wind-breathing fragrance will waft away care  
And sorrow and envy can never be there.  
The sun sets on the fountains and flowers,  
Will leave not a flower so delightful as ours;  
And the moon rising pale on that island of green,  
Will shed her calm light over souls as serene.  
To solitude lovely, then hasten to me,  
Where Paradise blooms in the isle of the sea;  
Oh! I shall not regret the lost Eden of bliss,  
With a being like you, in an island like this.

### TO A STAR.

Oh! sacred star of evening, tell  
How thou unseen celestial sphere,  
Thine spirits of the perfect dwelt,  
Too pure to rest in sadness here.  
Rough thro' the crystal fields of light,  
O'er paths alone by angels trod?  
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright,  
Their home the paradise of God?  
Soul of the just! and canst thou soar,  
Amidst those radiant spheres sublime,  
Where countless hosts of heaven adore,  
Thou' the unbounded fields of time?  
And canst thou join the sacred choir,  
Thou' heaven's high dome the song to reach,  
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre,  
In ever-during notes of praise?  
Oh! who would heed the chilling blast,  
That blooms o'er time's eventful sea,  
If doom'd to hail, its perils past,  
The bright wave of eternity?

And who the sorrows would not bear  
Of such a transient world as this,  
When hope displays beyond its care,  
So bright an entrance into bliss!

### SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

#### ON WAR.

"Can Peace procure a scene comparable to  
sympathetic feelings—fired by war."

That vice is more profitable and pleasurable than virtue, was the devil's first preaching to our parents in Paradise: "The day ye eat thereof (and disobey your kind Creator) ye shall be as gods!" wise, great, and happy. Thus mankind's grand deceiver tempts us still, and ruins all the credulous like them.

To answer this inquiry, rise, ye butchered multitudes! and whisper what your "sympathetic feelings" were, while bleeding dying agonizing bodies graced the fields of battle! Languishing heaps of men breathing their last! embrace with "sympathetic feelings" their expiring friends! Loud instruments of music labouring hard, to silence sighs, and drown their dying groans! Last, whole and wounded victors shouting over the numbers slain (the more the better!) Then burying breathless enemies (dear fellow mortals!) fifties, hundreds, thousands, in one doleful grave! What "sympathetic feelings" these! How "moving is this scene!" Horrid to hear of! much more to see and share! What seas of blood and sympathizing tears has war (infernal monster!) shed on earth in seven and fifty centuries! What wounds, woes, deaths procured! Say, ye immortals slain by fire and sword, have you forgot your violent passage to eternity? Can seraphs count your numbers, speak your sorrows, calculate your pains? Can he who "weighs the mountains," weigh the worlds of grief! sustained by myriads massacred in war?

"Silence in heaven there was" and needs must be; Such queries sol'd not by infinity!

Shall Christians then assist the prince of hell, who "was a murderer from the beginning," by telling the world the benefit of war? Shall protestant publications proclaim to the nations, that "war is a blessing of Providence?" Shall "sons of peace" turn advocates for offensive hostilities, by asserting that war is preferable to peace? "Tell it not in Gath! publish it not in the streets of Askelon! lest uncircumcised heathens blaspheme the Prince of Peace," because of the contrast in his peaceless professors. O cease, ye Reformed, to contradict by your conduct a christian character! Let Papist aggressors have the honour and glory of pleading for, and practising men-killing Crusades!

O, cruel war! O, cruel sin! O, cruel crowned heads! who slaughter their subjects for inanimate dust! when one Immortal far outweighs in value worlds of transitory wealth! "Surely, mighty men," says King Solomon, "shall be mightily tormented!"

### THE SABBATH.

How still the morning of this hallowed day!  
Mute is the voice of rural labour haste!  
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.

Auspicious morning! celebrated by angels, chanting hallelujahs to Him who burst the bars of death, and triumphed over the grave. Shall men observe a dumb silence? The ploughboy may suspend his unmeaning whistle, and the rudy milk maid her innocent song; and with reverence join in a hymn of adoration and thanksgiving.—How charming is the day? See the rich and the poor, the old and the young repair to the temple of the Lord. The swain at dawn of day, beats away the dew of night to bathe himself and restore his tired limbs; and another with active steps hurries to the assembly, and long anticipates the sound of the deep toned bell; all join in praise—praise universal echoes from every heart. On this divine jubilee—this day of rest, the toils and hardships of the week are forgotten—and hushed are all the saving passions. Thus dressed in cleaning robes, "and like the king's daughter, all glorious within," the people walk onward to the temple of Zion. Ever grateful day! hail the king of other days—king of domestic peace—of pleasure; of rest! Thou art ever welcome ever lovely—whether in winter's frozen robe, or autumn's rural walks to taste her richer fruits; on summer's sultry rays, to sit beneath the foliage of her groves; or in the lovely Spring, to view the violet, the lily, or the rose. Thou fillest all seasons with divine respect. The woodland walk, the verdant meadows, and haunting choir converse, and the moral man, receive their rich delights from thee! Hallow'd! hush'd! be the ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song."

Ignorance stupefies the mental faculties and is a source of many crimes.

### CHARACTERS.

Of the principal nations of Europe.

In religion, the German is sceptical; the English devout; the Frenchman zealous; the Italian ceremonious; the Spaniard a bigot.

In keeping his word, the German is faithful; the Englishman safe; the Frenchman giddy; the Italian shuffling; the Spaniard a cheat.

In giving advice, the German is slow; the Englishman fearless; the Frenchman precipitate; the Italian nice, the Spaniard circum-spect.

In external appearance, the German is large; the Englishman well made; the Frenchman well looking; the Italian of middle size; the Spaniard awkward.

In dress, the German is shabby; the Englishman costly; the Frenchman fickle; the Italian ragged; the Spaniard decent.

In manners the German is clownish; the Englishman barbarous; the Frenchman easy; the Italian polite; the Spaniard proud.

In keeping a secret, the German forgets what he has been told; the Englishman conceals what he should divulge, and divulges what he should conceal; the Frenchman tells every thing; the Italian is close; the Spaniard mysterious.

In vanity, the German boasts little; the Englishman despises all other nations; the Frenchman flatters every body; the Italian estimates cautiously, the Spaniard is indifferent.

In eating and drinking, the German is a drunkard; the Englishman gross and luscious; the Frenchman delicate the Italian moderate; the Spaniard penurious.

In offending and doing good, the German is inactive; the Englishman does both without consideration; the Italian is prompt in beneficence, but vindictive; the Spaniard indifferent.

In speaking, the German and French speak badly, but write well; the Englishman speaks and writes well; the Italian speaks well, writes much and well; the Spaniards speak little; writes little but well.

In address, the German looks like a block-head; the Englishman resembles neither a fool nor a wise man; the Frenchman is gay; the Italian is prudent but looks like a fool; the Spaniard is quite the reverse.

In courage, the German resembles a bear; the Englishman a lion; the Frenchman an eagle; the Italian a Fox; and the Spaniard an elephant.

In the sciences, the German is a pedant; the Englishman a philosopher; the Frenchman is a snarler; the Italian a professor, and the Spaniard a grave thinker.

Magnificence.—In Germany the Princes, in England the ships, in France the court, in Italy the churches, in Spain the armouries, are magnificent.

### ATTACHMENT.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. I would not choose; says a French philosopher, to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted. A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of profession. They love the world and all that it produces; they love life, and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinwang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who falling at the Emperor's feet addressed himself as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendor of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinwang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeas'd with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases the fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life seems the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet un-exhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases; yet for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its joys have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise; yet still we love it; destitute of every agreement, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure of increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

### AWFUL SITUATION.

The celebrated Aaron Hill, when in Egypt, had the curiosity to examine a catacomb. He was accompanied in his expedi-

tion by two gentlemen, and conducted by one of the natives of the country as a guide. They at length arrived at the spot, and without taking any notice of some fellows who were sauntering about the place descended by ropes into the vault. No sooner were they let down, than they were presented with a spectacle which struck them with horror. Two gentlemen apparently starved to death, lay before them; one of these unhappy victims had a tablet in his hand, on which was written, in a very pathetic language, that they were brothers of rank and family of Venice, and having in the course of their travels intrusted themselves with one of the natives for the purpose of visiting the catacomb, the perfidious villain had left them to perish. The danger to which Mr. Hill and his friends were exposed, instantly alarmed them. They had scarce read the tale, when, looking up, they beheld their inhuman guide, assisted by two others whom they had seen near the spot, closing the entrance into the vault. They were now reduced to the utmost distress; they however, drew their swords determined to make a desperate effort to rescue themselves from a situation so appalling. With this resolution they were groping about at random, in the dark when they were startled at the groans of some one seemingly in the agonies of death. They listened to the dismal sound and at length, by the glimmering light from the catacomb, they saw a man just murdered, and a little beyond they beheld his inhuman murderers, flying with the utmost precipitation. They pursued them immediately, and though not able to come up with them, they had the good fortune to reach the opening through which the wretches escaped out of the cavern, just before they had time to put the stone on the top of it.

### YOU MISS IT.

When I see a young lady carrying almost as much sail as a man of war, spinning about the streets at the rate of ten knots an hour, smiling at every thing said, thereby calculated to attract a beau—Is there that will not join with me in saying, dear ma'am—*You miss it.*

When I see a young man stepping into the different mechanic shops, in town for the purpose of disposing of his cargo of acquired knowledge and re-freighting with speculation in order to cut a dash, I am ready to tell him—*you miss it.*

When I learn that a new married couple hug their pillow till ten in the morning I suppose they may in time have some; thing else to hug—and think they *miss it*, because they do not rise early and provide for a rainy day.

When I behold a hot headed politician railing against principles and men praising his own side and condemning every thing on the other, I guess, before a twelve month pa se away, the people whisper in his ear the consoling sentence—*you miss it.*

Doubtless every well meaning member of society will agree with me in saying that any who suppose he knows more than all the rest of the world, and that all should yield to his judgment—*misses it.*

Parents who incautiously, suffer their children to do as they please without chastisement—*misses it.*

In short, every person who breaks a promise, by engaging more than he is able to fulfil—*misses it.*

### THE GENEROUS PEDLAR.

A TRUE STORY.

In one of the circles of Germany one of the inhabitants of a village was reduced to the most extreme indigence and poverty. For some days his family had subsisted only on a small portion of oatmeal; and this being exhausted, their misery became so great, that it may be better conceived than expressed.

A baker to whom the father was indebted nine crowns, positively refused, with unrelenting cruelty, to supply them with any more bread till the debt should be discharged. The cries of his wretched babes, almost expiring for want, and the tears of an affectionate wife pierced him with unutterable anguish. "Dearest husband," said the distracted mother, "shall we suffer these miserable infants, the dear pledges of our mutual love, to perish through want? Have we been the instruments of bringing them into existence only to behold them die with hunger? See these poor victims, the fruits of our love, their cheeks already covered with the paleness of death! For me—I expire with grief and misery. Alas! could I but preserve their lives at the expense of my own, I would cheerfully resign my breath into the hands of my Maker. Run; fly to the next town; make your distresses known; let not a false shame conceal them! Every moment you lose is a dagger plunged into the hearts of your dying family. Perhaps Heaven may yet be touched with our miseries; and you may yet find some good heart that will come forward to relieve our woes."

The unhappy father, whose tattered garments, and meagre appearance, bespoke a being more resembling a spectre than a man hastened to the town; where he entreated he solicited, he described his wretched situation, with all the affecting eloquence, which the utmost poignancy of anguish alone could inspire. In vain he implored compassion. No one would listen to his mournful tale; nor would any one step forward to assist him. Rendered desperate by such unexpected cruelty and hardness of heart, he made the best of his way into a wood, with a determined resolution to attack the first person who might happen to pass that way. Dire necessity now appeared a law, and an opportunity of putting his dreadful resolution into practice shortly after occurred.

A pedlar was the first person that made his appearance, and he fell a victim to the poor man's rage. The pedlar, however, made not the least resistance, but gave up his purse containing twenty crowns. No sooner had the man committed the robbery, than the horrors of a guilty conscience pervaded his soul; remorse took possession of him, and returning to the place, he threw himself, overwhelmed with tears, at the feet of the pedlar. "Take back your money," said he; "believe me, when I relate the circumstances of my deplorable situation, and think, oh think, what extreme torture the mind of a parent, who beheld his family starving to death, must be in, before he could resolve upon committing a crime similar to that which I have just now done. My heart has been unaccustomed to guilt like this. Let me beseech you to come to my cottage, that you may have and opportunity of beholding the deplorable condition of my wife and children; upon the sight of which, I am persuaded you will not only forgive, you will not only pity me, but you will become my benefactor, may my preserver."

The honest pedlar, perceiving the poor man's embarrassment, raised him from the ground and comforted him. Unable to withstand his solicitations, or rather yielding to the feelings of his own compassionate heart, he hesitated not a single moment to follow the peasant, though he did not know but it was at the hazard of his life. But what were his emotions when he entered the peasant's ruinous habitation, and beheld the scenes of distress which pervaded every corner of the place. How moving every object! The children almost naked, lying upon straw, dying with hunger; and the mother, dreadful reflection! overwhelmed with sorrow, and distracted with despair.

The peasant now related to his wife, with extreme anguish, the horrid circumstance of his resolution to rob, and of his attack upon the pedlar. "You know, said he, with what eagerness I went to the town, indulging the fond hope, that I might find relief from some compassionate person. I told my artless tale to one and to another; to a third, and to a fourth; but, alas! I found none but flinty hearts; all were busied in amassing riches, or in dissipating what they had already acquired. Refused by all, I became desperate; and, in the height of my fury, I went into a neighbouring wood—Can you believe it? I have dared to lay violent hands on this good man. I have dared to rob him." Here his tears, beholding the distresses of his family, and remorse for the commission of so atrocious an action, totally hindered him from uttering another word.

The wife, knowing their situation, seeing the distresses of her husband, and fearing that he might be hurried to prison, and perhaps to execution, exclaimed, with the utmost agitation of mind; "Oh! Sir, pity my poor babes; consider our miserable situation. Poverty, alas! has not altered our sentiments. In all our misery we hitherto preserved our honesty; but till the fatal hour, when my husband impelled by distress, and hurried on by despair, ventured, rashly ventured, to molest you in the wood, I beseech,—let me not supplicate in vain,—I beseech your mercy for my husband; I implore your compassion for my tender infants."

The good pedlar, overcome by this melancholy scene, mingled his tears with those of the poor people. "Fear not, said he, I am not your enemy, but your friend. Take these twenty crowns. I insist upon it. Would to God my ability were equal to my wishes! I would relieve you more amply. I am heartily sorry that I cannot secure you a happier lot for the future."

"What, exclaimed the peasant, instead of treating me as your enemy, are you so kind as to become my benefactor and protector? Would you be my preserver? Alas! my crime renders me unworthy of the least favour from you. No; though I die through hunger, I cannot consent to take the money."

The pedlar however, positively insisted upon their taking the sum he offered, and the distresses of the family compelled them to accept it. The father, mother, and children, now kissed the benevolent hand of him who had rescued them from the devouring and corroding jaws of death.—Tears only on every face bespoke the gratefulness of their hearts; and the pedlar retired with that delight and satisfaction which benevolent minds alone can taste.

Oh! ye, on whom Fortune has designed to smile, ye gay, ye proud, ye avaricious! after perusing the above relation of the benevolence of a poor pedlar, can your hearts be ever steeled against the cries of the miserable, or the pinings of distress? Can you henceforth behold the sufferings of your fellow creatures without endeavouring to relieve them? Can you, after reading this, refrain from doing good? Oh! sleep not in the bosom of affluence, but let your purse be open to relieve the distresses of the poor! Consider Fortune is inconstant. Enjoy her present favours; but superfluous is this important truth, that your fortunes at least, are the patrimony of the poor. And, my children, to sympathize with another whose woes or misfortunes are great, is in some sort a mode of relief, although it may not be in your power to afford them any pecuniary assistance; if you had money to spare, I am convinced you would do that also.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

### LUCKY CAR.—A TALE.

It was in those rambles abroad that I met with an adventure which made a singular impression on my mind—because it seems to illustrate human life from its beginning to its end in a very span—bringing the Light and Shades of our existence into a compass that could be embraced by a single glance. It lingers in my memory still, a living scene, though most of the actors have gone beyond mortal vision. It was a fine summer afternoon; but towards sunset a dark cloud arose; the heavens became enveloped in gloom and a full charged thunder storm forced me to take refuge in a lonely hermitage that stood some distance from the road, embowered amid the flowering shrubbery. I was here introduced into a room full of company. It appeared to me made up of singular mar-