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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.--SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1832. WHOLE NO. 427.

POETRY.

From the United States Gazette.

LINES

INTENDED FOR THE ALBUM OF A VERY INTERESTING AND AMIABLE YOUNG LADY.

Young Flowers spring up, and bloom and die,
Oaks lift their lofty heads and fall;
Days, weeks, and months, and years glide by,
Time buries and consumes them all.
On Beauty's cheek the rose is spread,
Her crimson mantle soon shall fade;
In conscious pride man rears his head
That in the dust shall soon be laid.

Small streams to mighty rivers flow
And rivers to old Ocean run;
And Ocean from its depths below,
Yields up its spirit to the Sun.
The unseen vapours daily rise,
Pay tribute to the God of all;
His essence fills the earth and skies
Who bids again the waters fall.

Earth's but a star of shining light,
To other far off brighter spheres,
Man dwells in darkness, till the night
Of Death divides his hopes and fears.
Here Life and Death—change and decay
With man and nature ever dwell,
'Till He shall burst the bars away,
Which lock the spirits in their cell.

Then let not Beauty's toilet care,
Consume too much thy passing time;
And Manhood! "trifles light as air,"
Should vanish in its early prime.
Frail creatures all, but look above,
And view the God earth worships there;
Then if this world ye wisely love,
Faith may behold one far more fair.

Time! ere we bid adieu to thee,
Let's gather but Earth's fairest flowers,
And throw aside those weeds that we
Have cherished in our mis-spent hours.
Those of the mind; oh, let us seek,
That Virtue's budding charms may bloom,
When in the arms of Death we sleep,
That they may flourish in the tomb.

"The Passion Flower" Religion gives,
Should grow here, nearest to the heart—
That blooms on Earth—in Heaven that lives,
Whose fragrance never shall depart.
Still, one of Folly's children, I
E'en twine the poor weeds of the world
Round Hope, expanding 'neath the sky,
With yet but half its leaves unfurled.

Since Time, then, doth consume all things,
On Earth that's pleasant to the view,
What's on a Throne, the pride of Kings,
But poverty and splendour too!
The poor and rich, the high and low,
To time—to Time must yield at last;
We hug the naked dust below—
Life, death, and day, and night, are passed.

From Frazer's Magazine.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF APPARITIONS.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

It is very evident that this extraordinary delusion was dependent altogether upon indigestion, occurring in a frame irritated, unstrung, and rendered morbidly sensitive by a distressing degree of nervous irritability. It was a curious fact that these phantasms were more particularly gamesome and intrusive at the time that the food remained in the stomach undigested and unacted upon by those peculiar functions of that organ; as soon as digestion commenced they began to disappear, and when the function was completed, they had totally vanished. It was a fortunate circumstance for Nicolai that he was a man of strong nerves and of enlarged information; had he not been so, he must have been irrevocably maddened by those spectral visitants. His own remarks on such cases are admirable.

"Those who pretend to have seen and heard ghosts, obstinately maintain, they perceived these apparitions by the usual agency of their senses. In order to defeat that belief, we generally desire them to consider how many people have been imposed upon by artful novices. We advise them to lay hold of the supposed spectres, assuring them that they are generally found to be of a very corporeal nature. But those who have a predilection for the miraculous, pay no attention to these objections: insisting that the productions of their morbid imaginations are real beings. We cannot, therefore, collect too many of such well substantiated facts, as show how easily our imagination imposes on us erroneous notions, and deludes not only delirious persons, but even those who are in full possession of their faculties, by causing them to see phantoms, which can scarcely be distinguished from real appearances."

Then follows the narration we have quoted, with these sensible observations: "I cannot assign any other cause for these illusions, than that a continued rumination on the vexations I had suffered, which I could not forget, and the consequence of which I meditated to counteract. These meditations always occupied my mind three hours after dinner, *just when my digestion commenced.* . . . . . All that I could infer was, that while my nervous system was in such an irregular and irritable state, the phantasms would appear to me as if I actually saw and heard them; that these illusions were not modified by any known laws of reason, imagination, or the common association of ideas; and that probably other people, who may have seen similar apparitions, were exactly in the same predicament."

The patient was right with regard to the cause of these capricious visitors; for as his nervous irritability subsided, their visits became less frequent, until they were wholly discontinued, not, perhaps, without some degree of regret on the part of the recovering hypochondraic, for he tells us: "At different times there appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes, whose addresses tended to appease my grief. These consolatory speeches were in general addressed to me when I was alone, and most needed them; sometimes I was accosted by these consoling friends while in company, and frequently while real persons were speaking to me. These addresses consisted sometimes of abrupt but impressive phrases, and at others they were regularly and eloquently connected." We can readily believe that these addresses were, indeed, "consolatory." Let us picture to ourselves a man of quick, irritable, sensitive disposition—a true specimen of the *genus irritable*, plunged in grief and anger at the base ill-usage and ingratitude, real or imaginary, of an unfeeling world; let us imagine such a person shutting himself in his own chamber, disgusted, and sorrowful, smarting moreover under the sharp sting of his assumed wrongs, calling to his aid, with the air and solemnity of an enchanter, his attendant genii, and receiving from them that consolation which every one else withholds. Such was Nicolai's case, who, conscious though he was of the delusion and its cause, must, nevertheless, have yielded somewhat to the strange and vivid impression of the moment.

But a more palpable physical cause has produced an effect equally extraordinary.—Persons subject to gout have experienced these strange hallucinations, particularly in the form of the disease which the learned called *recedent*. Although generally a disease of the joints of the extremities, gout has occasionally attacked the stomach, and the brain; and in the latter case violent pains have been produced, which have been followed by the most vivid and painful ideas. To these symptoms spectral illusions have sometimes supervened, as in the following case, recorded by Dr. Alderson:—

"I was called to visit Mrs. B., a fine old lady, about eighty years of age, whom I had frequently visited in fits of the gout.—At a period when, from her general feelings, she rather expected the gout, she was seized with an unusual deafness, and great distention in the organs of digestion. From this time she was visited by several of her friends, whom she had not invited, and so far considered them as actually present, that she told them she was very sorry she could not hear them speak, nor keep up a conversation with them; she would, therefore, order the card table, and ring the bell for that purpose. Upon the entering of the servant, the whole party disappeared; she could not help expressing her surprise to her maid that they should all go away so abruptly, but she could scarcely believe her when she told her that there had been nobody in the room.—She was so ashamed, that she suffered for many days and nights together, the intrusion of a variety of phantoms, and had some of her finest feelings wrought upon by the exhibition of friends long lost, and who only came to cheat her fancy, and revive sensations that time had almost obliterated. She determined, however, for a long time, not to complain, and contented herself with merely ringing her bell, finding that she could always get rid of the phantoms by the entrance of her maid, whenever they became distressing. It was not till some time after that she could bring herself to relate her distresses to me. She was all this time convinced of her own rationality, and so were those friends who really visited her; for they never could find any one circumstance in her conduct and conversation to lead them to suspect her in the smallest degree deranged, though unwell. This complaint was entirely removed by cataplasms to the feet and gentle purgatives, and terminated in a short time afterwards in a regular slight fit of the gout. She has remained ever since, now somewhat more than a year, in the perfect enjoyment of her health and faculties."

From these examples—and we could adduce many others—we are led to infer that the production of spectral illusions is necessarily connected with certain affections of the body, caused by some derangement of the nervous or circulating system. Of such affections Reginald Scott, the resolute opposer of witchcraft and demonology, has well remarked, that—

"Though they appear in the mind of man, yet they are in the body, and proceed from this humour, which is the very dregs of blood, nourishing and feeding these places; from whence proceed fears, cogitations, superstitions, fastings, labours, and such like. This maketh sufferance of torments, and (as some say,) foresight of things to come."

It would really be a most interesting pursuit to follow up this subject, and to show how that peculiar temperament, which constitutes the highest grade of sensibility and genius, contributes to render its possessors so susceptible of these serious impressions.—It was this temperament, excited by an accidental circumstance, that produced the well-known vision of Dr. Donne; who while he was residing at Paris, saw the figure of his wife, then in London, pass through the room with her hair dishevelled, and carrying a dead child in her arms. The poem which he wrote, previously to their separation, will afford a sufficient clue for the appearance of such a vision.

It is under circumstances similar to these that the "Scottish Second Sight" is produced. Much has been written about this very extraordinary quality; and many proofs of its effect have been adduced. The following instances related by Dr. Ferrier, in his interesting little work on Apparitions, are so well authenticated, and so striking that we shall narrate them in his own words:

"A gentleman connected with my family, an officer in the army, and certainly addicted to no superstition, was quartered early in life in the middle of the last century, near the castle of a gentleman in the North of Scotland, who was supposed to possess the second sight. Strange rumors were afloat respecting the old chieftain. He had spoken to an apparition which ran along the battlements of the house and had never been cheerful afterwards. His prophetic vision excited surprise even in the region of credulity; and his retired habits favoured the popular opinion. My friend assured me, that one day, while he was reading a play to the ladies of the family, the Chief, who had been walking across the room, stopped suddenly, and assumed the look of a *seer*. He rang the bell, and ordered the groom to saddle a horse; to proceed immediately to a seat in the neighbourhood, and to inquire after the health of Lady ———. If the account was favourable, he then directed him to call at another castle, and to ask after another lady whom he named.

"The reader immediately closed his book, and declared that he would not proceed until these abrupt orders were explained, as he was confident that they were produced by the second sight. The Chief was very unwilling to explain himself, but at length he owned that the door had opened, and that a little woman without a head had entered the room, that the apparition indicated the sudden death of some person of his acquaintance; and the only two persons who resembled the figure were those two ladies after whose health he had sent to inquire. A few hours afterwards the servant returned, with an account that one of the ladies had died of an apoplectic fit, about the time when the vision appeared."

Another time the Chief was confined to his bed by indisposition, and my friend was reading to him on a stormy winter night, while the fishing boat belonging to the castle was at sea. The old gentleman repeatedly expressed much anxiety respecting his people, and at last exclaimed, "My boat is lost!" The Colonel replied, "How do you know it, sir?" He answered, "I see two of the boatmen bringing in the third drowned, all dripping wet, and laying him down close beside your chair." The chair was shifted with great precipitation. In the course of the night the fishermen returned with the corpse of one of the boatmen.

These death tokens are very curious, but they may be physically accounted for by the great and intense anxiety of the seers, directed in most instances towards the objects whose dissolution is portended. But connected with this subject "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *our* philosophy."

In a wild and retired district in North Wales, that namely which extends from Dolgelly westward to Barmouth and Towyn, where there is certainly as much superstition as in any other district of the same extent, and where there are as many individuals who lay claim to the title and capabilities of *seers*, the following occurrence took place, to the great astonishment of the mountaineers. We can vouch for the truth of the statement, as many members of our own *teulu* or clan, were witnesses of the fact. One dark evening, a few winters ago, some persons with whom we were well acquainted, were returning to Barmouth on the south or opposite side of the river. As they approached the ferry-house at Penthryn, which is directly opposite Barmouth, they observed a light near the house, which they conjectured to be produced by a bonfire, and greatly puzzled they were to discover the reason why it should have been lighted. As they came nearer, however, it vanished, and when they inquired at the house respecting it, they were surprised to learn that not only had the people there displayed no light, but they had not even seen one; nor could they perceive any signs of it on the sand. On reaching Barmouth, the circumstance was mentioned, and the fact corroborated by some of the people there, who had also plainly and distinctly seen the light. It was settled, therefore, by some of the old fishermen, that this was a "death token," and, sure enough, the man who kept the ferry at that time, was drowned at high water a few nights afterwards, on the very spot where the light was seen. He was landing from the boat, when he fell into the water, and soon perished.

The same winter the Barmouth people, as well as the inhabitants of the opposite banks, were struck by the appearance of a number of small lights, which were seen dancing in the air at a place called Borthwyn, about half a mile from the town. A great number of people came out to see these; and, after a while, they all but one disappeared, and this one proceeded slowly towards the water's edge, to a little bay where some boats were moored. The men in a sloop which was anchored near the spot, saw the light advancing—they saw it also hover for a few seconds over one particular boat, and then totally disappear. Two or three days afterwards, the man to whom that particular boat belonged, was drowned in the river, while he was sailing about Barmouth harbour in that very boat. We have narrated these facts just as they occurred: we must leave the solution of the mystery to the ingenuity of our readers.

Considering this as a digression, we return to the spectral illusions; and there can be no difficulty in attributing them to a particular physical condition of the brain, which may be termed a disease, and called *Hallucinatio*. The physician well knows, that, in certain diseases of the brain, such as insanity, and even simple delirium, spectral illusions occur, and continue, as in Nicolai's case, for many days. It is true that Nicolai was neither mad nor delirious; but his brain was, nevertheless, deranged, and excited by his misfortunes, and thus were engendered those visions which haunted him so long.—

In all nervous maladies the brain must be more or less affected; and it is curious to observe what a strange confusion of ideas and perception occurs in such cases. The senses either lose their powers altogether, or, so distort and alter their impressions, as to create the most extraordinary perplexity.—Persons have imagined themselves converted into stones and statues—into glass or china ornaments, and have been afraid of moving, lest they should be dashed to pieces by an unlucky fall, or an unfortunate collision. Some patients have conceived themselves so hugely enlarged in bulk, as to be unable to enter a room, or a carriage, or a gate: while others, carrying about with them an immense "mountain of flesh," have fancied themselves as lean as the "living skeleton." But all these illusions, as well as others too numerous to mention, arise, of course, from physical causes, and may be traced to some derangement of the brain, changing, disordering, and reversing the action of the external senses.

In addition to this explanation of the appearance of apparitions, it has frequently occurred that the mind has magnified or distorted harmless and even inanimate objects, into the most horrible spectres. Fear and terror are wonderfully creative, and the scathed and withered branches of an old tree have caused more alarm and consternation than a band of robbers, or a legion of warlike plunderers. This species of spectres carries with it its own detection; but, with regard to the more abstruse illusions, *their* origin may be always seen by a calm, candid, and careful examination. We might have extended our illustrations to a greater length, but our limits forbid us to indulge in the exposition; and we have already said sufficient, perhaps, to induce the reflecting reader to "ponder upon our words and be wise."

THIRD VOYAGE OF HUCKABACK.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ One night I found the water washing by the side of my standing bed-place in the cabin, and jumping out in alarm to ascertain the cause, I plunged over head and ears. The fact was, that the ship, when lifted by the ice, had sprung a leak, which gradually filled, without my perceiving it. My fear of drowning was so great, that I ran into the very danger which I would have avoided. I darted out of the cabin windows into the sea, whereas had I gone upon deck I should have been safe; for a little reflection might have told me, that a vessel laden with oil could not have sunk: but reflection came too late, and benumbed with the coldness of the waters, I could have struggled but a few seconds more, when I suddenly came in contact with a spar somewhat bigger than a boat's mast. I seized it to support myself, and was surprised at finding it jerked from me occasionally, as if there was somebody else had hold of it, and who wished to force me to let go; but it was quite dark, and I could distinguish nothing. I clung to it until day-light appeared, when what was my horror to perceive an enormous shark close to me. I anticipated every moment to feel his teeth crushing me in half, and I shut my eyes that I might not add to the horrors of my death, by a witness to the means. Some minutes had elapsed, which appeared to me as so many hours, when, surprised at being still alive, I ventured to open my eyes. The shark was still at the same distance, and on examining I perceived that the boat's mast or spar, to which I was clinging, had been passed through his nose in a transverse direction, being exactly balanced on either side. The shark was of the description found in the North Seas, which is called by the sailors the blind shark. I now perfectly understood that he had been caught and *spritsail-yarded*, as the seamen term it, and then turned adrift for their diversion. The buoyancy of the spar prevents the animal from sinking down under the water, and this punishment of their dreaded enemy is a very favorite amusement of sailors.

I summoned up all my courage, and being tired of holding on by the spar, resolved to mount upon his back, which I accomplished without difficulty, and I found the seat on his shoulders before the dorsal fin, not only secure, but very comfortable. The animal, unaccustomed to carry weight, made several attempts to get rid of me, but not being able to sink I retained my seat. He then increased his velocity, and we went on over a smooth sea, at the rate of about three knots an hour. For two days I continued my course to the southward, upon my novel conveyance, during which I had nothing to eat except a few small barnacles, and some parasitical vermin, peculiar to the animal, which I discovered under his fins. I also found a small *remora*, or sucking fish, near his fin; but when I put it to my mouth, it fixed itself so firmly on both my lips, that I thought they were sealed forever. No force could detach it, and there it hung like a padlock for many hours, to my great mortification and annoyance, but at last it died from being so long out of water, and when it dropped off I devoured it.

On the third day I observed land at a distance; it appeared to be an island, but I had no idea what it could be. My steed continued his course straight towards it, and being blind run his nose right upon shore; before he found out his mistake I slipped off his back, and climbing the steep sides of the island, was once more, as I thought, on terra firma. Tired with long watching, I laid down and fell fast asleep.

I was awakened by something touching me on the shoulder, and opening my eyes I perceived I was surrounded by several people, whom I naturally inferred to be the natives of the island. They were clad in dresses which appeared to me to be made of black leather, consisting of a pair of trowsers and a long pea-jacket, very similar to those worn by the Esquimaux Indians, which we occasionally fell in with in the Northern Ocean. They each held a long harpoon, formed entirely of bone, in their right hands.

I was not a little surprised at being addressed in the Patois dialect of the Basques in my own country, which is spoken about Bayonne and other parts adjacent to the Pyrenees. To their questions I answered that I was the only survivor of the crew of a whaler, which had been frozen up in the ice during the winter; that she had filled with water; and that I had saved myself upon the back of a shark.

They expressed no surprise at my unheard of conveyance to the island: on the contrary, merely observed that sharks were too vicious to ride, and asked me to accompany them to their town, an invitation which I gladly accepted. As I walked along, I observed that the island was composed of white porous pumice stone, without the least symptoms of vegetation; not even a piece of moss could I discover: nothing but pure pumice stone, with thousands of beautiful green lizards, about ten inches long, playing about in every part. The road was steep, and in several parts the rock was cut into steps to enable you to ascend. After an hour's fatiguing walk, which I never should have accomplished in my weak state without the assistance of the islanders, we arrived at the summit. The view which met my eye was striking. I was on the peak of a chain of hills, forming an immense amphitheatre, encircling a valley which appeared about fifteen miles in diameter, and the major part of which was occupied by a lake of water.

I could discern what appeared to be the habitations of men, on different parts of the lake; but there was not a tree or a shrub to be seen.

"What!" demanded I of the man who appeared to take the lead of the rest of the party, "have you no trees here?"

"None whatever; and yet we can do very well without them. Do you not observe that there is no mould; that the island is composed entirely of pumice stone?"

"I do," replied I. "Pray what is the name of your barren spot—and in what part of the world are we?"

"As for its name, we call it Whale Island," replied the man; "but as for where we are, we cannot exactly tell, ourselves, for we are a floating island, being composed entirely of pumice stone, whose specific gravity, as you must know, is much lighter than that of water."

"How strange," observed I; "I cannot believe that you are in earnest."

"And yet not quite so strange as you imagine," replied my conductor. "If you examine the structure of the island, from where you now stand, you perceive at once that it has been the crater of some large volcano. It is easy to imagine, that, after having reared its head above the surface of the sea, by some of those sudden caprices of ever-working nature, the base has again sunk down, leaving the summit of the crater floating on the ocean. Such is our opinion of the island; and I doubt whether your geologists on the continent would produce a more satisfactory theory."

"What! you have communication from Europe, then?" cried I, delighted with the hopes of return.

"We have communication; but we do not communicate again. In the winter time, this island, which, strange as it may appear to you, does not change its position many hundred miles in the course of centuries, is enclosed with the icebergs in the north; when spring appears, we are disengaged and then drift a degree or two to the southward, seldom more."

"Are you not then affected by the winds and the tides?"

"Of course we are; but there is an universal balance throughout nature, and every thing finds its level. There is order when every thing appears disorder—and no stream runs in one direction without a counter stream to restore the equilibrium. Upon the whole, what with the under currents, and the changes which continually take place, I should say that we are very little, if at all, affected by the tides—which may be considered as a sort of exercise, prescribed by nature to keep the ocean in good health. The same may be affirmed with respect to the wind. Wind is a substance, as well as water, capable of great expansion, but still a substance. A certain portion has been allotted to the world for its convenience, and there is a regularity in its apparent variability. It must be self-evident when all the winds have been collected to the eastward by the N. W. gales which prevail in winter, that it must be crowded and penned up in that quarter, and from its known expansive powers, must return and restore the equilibrium.—That is the reason why we have such a long continuance of easterly winds in the months of February and March."

"You said that you had communication with Europe?"

"We have occasionally visits perforce, from those who are cast away in ships or boats; but the people who come here have never returned. The difficulty of leaving the island is very great, and we flatter ourselves that few have remained any time with us who have ever felt the desire."

"What! not to leave a barren rock, without even a blade of grass upon it."

"Happiness," replied my conductor, "does not consist in the variety of your possessions, but in being contented with what you have;" and he commenced the descent of the hill.

I followed him, in a melancholy mood, for I could imagine little comfort in such a sterile spot.

"I am not a native of this island," observed he, as we walked along; "it is more than four hundred years since it was first inhabited by the crew of a French vessel, which was lost in the Northern ocean. But I do not wish to leave it; I was cast on it in a whale boat, when separated from the ship, in a snow storm, about twenty-five years ago. I am now a married man, with a family, and considered one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the island, for I possess between forty and fifty whales."

"Whales!" exclaimed I, with astonishment.

"Yes," replied he, "whales, which are the staple of this island, and without them we should not be prosperous, and so happy as we are. But you have much to see and learn; you will by-and-by acknowledge that there is nothing existing in the world which, from necessity, and by perseverance, man cannot subject to his use. Yon lake, which covers the bottom of our valley, is our source of wealth and comfort, and yields us an increase as plentiful as the most fertile plains of Italy and France."

As we arrived close to the foot of the hills, I perceived several black substances on the shore of the lake. "Are those whales?" inquired I.

"They were whales, but they are now houses. That one by itself is mine, which I hope you will consider as yours, until you have made up your mind as to what you will do."