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BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

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WHOLE NO. 518.

TERMS:

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POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker, for May.

A SONG OF MAY.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

The Spring's scented buds all around me are swelling—
There are songs in the stream—there is breath in the gale;
A sense of delight in each bosom is swelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;
The desolate reign of Old Winter is broken;
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token
Of love, oh thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee.

The sun looks forth from the halls of the morning,
And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year.
He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers—
He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;
He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,
And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion;
He timidly sails in the infinite sky;
A greeting to May, and her fairy dominion,
He pours, on the west-wind's fragrant sigh;
Around, above, there are peace and pleasure—
The woodlands are singing—the heaven is bright;
The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas, for my weary and care-haunted bosom!—
The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;
The song in the wild-wood—the sheen of the blossom—
The fresh-swelling fountain,—their magic is o'er!
When I list to the stream—when I look on the flowers,
They tell of the Past, with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throngs of my long-vanished hours,
And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide spreading earth—from the limitless heaven,
There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;
To my veil'd mind no more is the influence given,
Which coloreth life with the hues of a dream:
The bloom-purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth—
I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave;—
But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,
Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended—
'Tis not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;
But the *newness* and sweetness of Being are ended—
I feel not their love-kindling witchery now;
The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping—
There are those who have loved me, debarr'd from the day;
The green turf is bright, where in peace they are sleeping,
And on wings of remembrance, my soul is away.

It is shut to the glow of this present existence—
It hears, from the Past, a funeral strain;
And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance,
Where the last blooms of earth will be garner'd again;
Where no mildew the soft, damask rose cheek shall nourish—
Where Grief bears no longer the poisonous sting;
Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,
Or stain with his blight the luxuriant spring.

It is thus, that the hopes, which to others are given,
Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;
I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven—
I drink the bland airs that enliven the day;
And if gentle nature, her festival keeping,
Delights not my bosom, ah! do not condemn;—
O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,
For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

How strong is Woman in her love! but oh!
How often madly blind, and culpable!
She kneels in deep idolatry, before
Unworthiness itself; and twines her arms
Around a thing whose core is rottenness.
And she will leave it not—nor friend's advice—
Nor her own consciousness that it will prove
A blight upon her happiness and hopes—
Nor the entreaties of the few that love
Her as their own existence—can avail:
She disregards them all, and madly clings
Unto the object of her heart's embrace—
And, *when it falleth of its rottenness,*
She with it falls!

POCAHONTAS.

The following sketch of the character of Pocahontas, is from Mr. Hilliard's "Life of Captain John Smith," contained in the second volume of Spark's American Biography. For many interesting particulars respecting this remarkable personage, we refer our readers to the work itself.

It is difficult to speak of the character of Pocahontas, without falling into extravagance. Though our whole knowledge of her is confined to a few brilliant and striking incidents, yet there is in them so complete a consistency, that reason, as well as imagination, permits us to construct the whole character from those occasional manifestations. She seems to have possessed every quality essential to the perfection of the female character; the most graceful modesty, the most winning sensibility, strong affections, tenderness and delicacy of feeling, dovelike gentleness, and most entire disinterestedness. These beautiful qualities were not in her nurtured and trained by the influences of refined life, but were the native and spontaneous growth of her heart and soul.

Her mind had not been formed and fed by books, or the conversation of the gifted and cultivated; the nameless graces of polished life had not surrounded her from her birth, and created that tact in manner and deportment, and becoming propriety in carriage and conversation, which all well-bred people, however differing originally in refinement and delicacy of perception, seem to possess in about the same degree; nor had the coarse forms of actual life been in her eyes concealed by the elegant drapery which civilization throws over them. From her earliest years she had been familiar with rude ways of living, uncouth habits and lawless passions. Yet she seems to have been, from the first, a being distinct from and unlike her people, though in the midst of them. She reminds one of a delicate wild flower, growing up in the cleft of a rock, where the eye can discern no soil for its roots to grasp, and sustain its slender stalk. We behold her as she came from the hands of her Maker, who seems to have created her in a spirit of rebuke to the pride of civilization, giving to an Indian girl, reared in the depths of a Virginia forest, that symmetry of feminine loveliness which we but seldom see, with all our helps and appliances, and all that moral machinery with which we work upon the raw material of character.

But in our admiration of what is lovely and attractive in the character of Pocahontas, we must not overlook the higher moral qualities which command respect almost to reverence. Moral courage, dignity and independence are among her most conspicuous traits. Before we can do justice to them, we must take into consideration the circumstances under which they were displayed. At the time when the English first appeared in Virginia, she was a child but 12 or 13 years old. These formidable strangers immediately awakened in the breasts of her people the strongest passions of hatred and fear, and Captain Smith, in particular, was looked upon as a being whose powers of injuring them were irresistible and super-human. What could have been more natural than that this young girl should have had all these feelings exaggerated by the creative imagination of childhood, that Captain Smith should have haunted her dreams, and that she should not have the courage to look upon the man to whom her excited fancy had given an outward appearance corresponding to his frightful attributes?

But the very first act of her life, as known to us, puts her far above the notions and prejudices of her people, and stamps at once a seal of marked superiority upon her character. And from this elevation she never descends. Her motives are peculiar to herself, and take no tinge from the passions and opinions around her. She thinks and acts for herself, and does not hesitate, when thereto constrained, to leave her father, and trust for protection to that respect, which was awakened alike by her high birth and high character among the whole Indian race. It is certainly a remarkable combination which we see in her of a gentleness and sweetness with strength of mind, decision and firm consistency of purpose, and would be so in any female, reared under the most favorable influences.

The lot of Pocahontas may be considered a happy one, notwithstanding the pang which her affectionate nature must have felt, in being called so early to part from her husband and child. It was her good fortune to be the instrument, in the hand of Providence, for bringing about a league of peace and amity between her own nation and the English, a consummation most agreeable to her taste and feelings. The many favors which she bestowed upon the colonists, were by them gratefully acknowledged, and obtained for her a rich harvest of attentions in England. Her name and deeds have not been suffered to pass out of the minds of men, nor are they discerned only by the glimmering light of tradition. Capt. Smith seems to have repaid the vast debt of gratitude which he owed her, by the immortality which his eloquent and feeling pen has given her. Who has not heard the beautiful story of her heroism, and who, that has heard it, has not felt his heart throb quick with generous admiration? She has become one of the darlings of history, and her name is familiar as a household word to the numerous and powerful descendants of the "feeble folk" whom she protected and befriended.

Her own blood flows in the veins of many honorable families, who trace back with pride their descent from this daughter of a despised people. She has been a powerful, though silent advocate in behalf of the race to which she belonged. Her deeds have covered a multitude of their sins. When disgusted with numerous recitals of their cruelty and treachery, and about to pass an unfavorable judgment in our minds upon the Indian character, at the thought of Pocahontas our "rigor relents." With a softened heart we are ready to admit that there must have been fine elements in a people, from among whom such a being could spring.

FROM MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

SENATE CHAMBER,
Washington, 16th May, 1834.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the New York Daily Advertiser.

You may look out for me nigh upon as soon as you get this letter, for I guess you must begin to think that I belong to the Post Office Committee, or some other committee in Congress that dont like to make no report, seein that you haint heard nothin from me ever since I writ to you about the Gineral's 2d Protest, and telled you that story about "*Old Sile*" and the rest on 'em down East there, at old Miss Crane's tavern, when they *tried an experiment* in wiping out the chalk marks agin 'em. But, my good old friend, I haint been idle since that time, but I have been knockin about here every day pretty much arter the old fashion all day; and then at night talkin over all matters with Mr. Clay, who has treated me so kind ever since I have been at his house that some folks begin to think that he is *putting up* with me instead of my *putting up* with him.

When the Gineral come to hear where I was and what I was busy at, he has been in a pesky worryment, and almost every day I would get some kind of a coaxin hint, from some of his friends here in Congress, that he would like to have me back agin with him. And Mr. Clay has telled me over and over that I needn't make no bones on't, but as soon as I thought I would be better off with the Gineral, I could pack up and go back agin, and he wouldn't think a bit hard on't.

But I am determined to let the Gineral see that I haint got as good an opinion of the folks about him as he has, and I would sooner hoe potatoes all day, than submit agin to mix up with sich a set of chaps as he has all the while about The Government; and the last time the Gineral sent me a message, and asked me the reason I wouldn't quit the Senate and Mr. Clay and go back to the White House, I set down and wrote to him every word of that are story about old Deacon Whittlesy's two sons and the flock of sheep. You remember when the old Deacon died, about a year before the Embargo, he left two sons, Ezra and Ichabod, and telled 'em in his will they might have all his property equally atwixt 'em. Ezra was a pretty sly, cute critter, and Ichabod warn't quite so much so, but was good natured, and some folks thought he never would cut his eye teeth, though I always thought in the long run he had a pretty considerable share of mother wit, but took his own way in showin on't. Well, when they came to divide off the sheep, (for the Deacon had one of the biggest flocks of sheep in all them parts,) Ezra thought he'd try and git the best of the bargin, and he got up early in the mornin and put all the fine healthy and clean sheep in one pen, and all the scabby and snuffle noses and tag locks in another pen, and then he put Old Billy along with 'em—Old Billy, you know, was a pet ram, and Ichabod loved him almost as much as he did any thing in this world, for he had taken care of him ever since he was a lamb. So Ezra thought that Ichabod would take that share, seein that Old Billy was among 'em. Well, arter breakfast they went out, and says Ezra, here, says he, Ichabod, the sheep are all divided off and seein it's you, and I don't want to take no advantage on you, you may take your choice of pens, Ichabod he got *on the fence*, and he looked at one flock, and then agin he looked at another, and as soon as Old Billy see him, he began to ba-ha-ha right out arter him, as he always use to do whenever he see Ichabod, and Ichabod he looked agin, and to rights he took up the tail of his coat and wiped his eyes, (for he was an amazin tender-hearted critter,) and says he, my old friend Billy its plagy hard for me to part with you, I tell you; I like you, says he, nigh upon as well as ever I did, but you are surrounded by sich a raft of snuffle nose, scabby set of tag tails, that I cant have nothin more to do with you. And with that Ichabod telled Ezra he'd take t'other flock, and so Ezra got the worst on't after all his pains. He got Old Billy to be sure, but then he got an everlastin set of scabby scamps along with him. And all the neighbours about say to this day, that upon the hull, tho' Ezra is a pretty sharp felly, they some how think that Ichabod got the best of that bargain.

I have hearn tell, but I wont say sartin its true, (for I wont say nothin is true now-a-days until I see it,) that when the Gineral got my letter containing this story, he read it over two or three times, and couldn't somehow git the bottom on't.

He said he was sartin there was somethin in't important to the "Government," for he never knew the Majer to take the trouble to write about a story without there bein somethin in't of that natur, and so he slatted round and ordered Amos, and Levi, and Ruben, and Barry, and Blair, and pritty nigh the rest of the Cabinet to get together and to lend him a hand in understandin this matter. As soon as they got into the Cabinet room and found out what the Gineral was arter, and all of 'em had read my letter over, they began to whisper round among themselves, and to rights one on 'em tell'd the Gineral there was one story almost as important as the Major's sheep story, and that the Gineral better take that up at once, and that was, that Biddle had refused to let the Committee, sent by Congress to examine into the Bank, have the books and papers of the Bank, to take over to their lodgings out of the Bank and to examine them there. And that he wouldn't let the Committee have his private letters, that he had written and received, nor his wife's, nor his children's private letters. Nor would he tell the Committee how much it cost him every day to go to market, nor whether he roasted his potatoes or boil'd 'em.

And when the Committee asked him if he wore a wig or his own natural hair, he tell'd them it warn't none of their business; that if they wanted to examine the Bank, and all the money, and books and papers in't, there it was for 'em, and a good room in the Bank for 'em to do all their work in they wanted, and that he or some other officer of the Bank would all the while be present to explain every thing and keep an eye on every thing and he would'nt let a single book or paper go out of the Bank so long as he was President on't; that once when Congress sent a Committee there afore Reuben Whitney swore pint blank to some things that took place on a *certain day*, 'twixt him and the *Squire* at the Bank he was sure on't for he marked it right down on paper; and if it hadn't been for a little piece of paper that the Squire found by accident, he never could have shown that on that very day *he* was at Washington and not in the Bank, and so, as it's important to keep all the papers of the Bank in order, he won't let nobody handle 'em without keepin some one at hand to have an eye out, and put 'em all strait agin, and so forth. The Gineral got hoppin mad at hearin this, and especially when they tell'd him it was impossible to find any mistake or error in the Bank unless the committee had the siftin and mixin all the papers, and unless they had all the Squire's private letters, and those of his wife and children, and also knew what it cost the Squire to go to market every day, and whether he roasted his potatoes or not; and more especially, nothing could be done unless they knew whether the Squire wore a wig or his own natural hair.

Well says the Gineral, I'm glad of this, and it's jist what I expected; now says he, I'll order the committee back to Washington, and all on you must turn to and lend the Committee a hand in writin a report to Congress that will blow Biddle and the Bank all to splinters; it will help keep folks from lookin into other matters, wont it Barry? says the Gineral. The Major give the gineral a look as knowin as old *Sile* did, at old Miss Crane's Tavern. Now says the Gineral, let us take up Major Downing's Letter agin, and jist then another one of the Cabinet he spoke up, and says he, Gineral, you hain't hearn yet about the Frenchmen refusin to pay up Rives' Treaty? hadn't we best take up that business?—and so he tell'd the Gineral all the news jist receiv'd from France, about that matter. The Gineral some how did'nt seem to think much about that—he said he always had a kinder notion that Rives had quit France a leetle too soon, and that he had boasted too much about it, and that there was a plagy deal of difference atwixt making a bargain and clinchin on't, howsever, says the Gineral, if we don't git the money, we have got the Treaty, and that's more than Mr. Adams got of the Frenchmen, and we have had our full share of *glory* out on't any way, I, reckon. I wish though, says the Gineral, instead of Mr. Livingston, I had sent Major Downing right out there in the Two Pollies, along with Capt. Jumper, and says he, talkin about Major Downing, let's take up that Letter of his'in agin, and the Gineral begun to hunt for it among a hull pile of papers on the table, and not findin it, he got 'em all huntin for it, and he begun feelin for it as he did for his spectacles a spell ago, and was jist gittin into the same trouble and was tellin what difficulty he met with in keepin things in order ever since I left him, when another member of the Cabinet seein the Gineral would'nt give up or forgit that sheep story, asked him what he thought of that new plan of makin Whiskey, that it was one of the most important things that ever was, for seein now that Masonry and Anti-Masonry was pritty much all one, and goin to vote the entire Whig Ticket, all over the country and all the foreigners too; and if somethin warn't done to git up another party they were all gone—and seein that the Temperance Society was now the biggest and strongest in the country, it was all important to get that on the Gineral's side. But that's impossible," says the Gineral, for some of our strongest leaders would jist as soon go barefoot as to give up Whiskey." What says the Gineral, would become of ——, and he was jist goin to give a good list of whiskey folks, when the other one went on tellin how it could be done, that a new invention was discovered to make Whiskey that any man could drink and git drunk too, without showin on't no more than if he drank water all the while; and the hull trick on't was, in alterin the worm; and instead of havin that crooked, to make it straight, for the crook of the worm was the hull cause of folks realin round when they drank Whiskey. So now by this discovery any man could be a good temperance man and drink as much Whiskey as he pleased, and no one would be the wiser on't. The Gineral was so taken with this notion, he stop'd lookin any further for my Letter; he telled the Cabinet right off to go to work and git up a proclamation in favor of temperance; and to have all the crooked worms altered to strait ones. Why, says he there is no tellin to what a pitch my government will go yet when any man may drink what he pleases, and no mortal can tell the difference? and whilst Mr. Jefferson could say "we are all Federalists and we are all democrats," I'll say in my next message "we are all drunk and we are all sober."

I begun this Letter, by tellin you I'd be in New York nigh upon as soon as this would, and I hain't tell'd you yet why I am goin there—Well you see the Senate has ben waiten for a long spell to git a report from Mr. Taney, of the exact condition of the Pet Banks, where the Gineral keeps the money now—and as "The Government" don't choose to tell much about it, I have offered to go and look into the work myself—I ask'd some of the Senators if they wanted to give me any directions about it, and how I was to act, but they saw I know as much about it as any on em; but seein that tother House had jist sent a committee to examin Squire Biddle's Bank I best follow the same track they took and give the pet Banks a siftin arter the same fashion; and so I am off for New York, in a day or two, as soon as I can get my boots footed, and some shirts mended. I want you to tell Zekel Bigelow I calculate on him to act as my Secretary—and he can be gittin things in order, for a rale genewine and close examination—I think it will be best to begin in New York, for I shall have the aid of Zekel and if I give them Banks a siftin and I find ev'ry thing there free from all party business and corruption, and no *monsters* among 'em, my notion is, there wont be no occasion to look no further—as I want to be as nigh Wall street, as possible, tell Zekel to try and get a room for me in Howard's *Exchange Hotel*, Broad street, and one big enuf for spreadin books and paper about.

You needn't say much about my plans, as I should like to hop in upon the pet Banks as I did upon Squire Biddle's Bank last summer without lettin 'em know of my comin.

Yours, &c.

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

CAPT. WILFUL.

Captain *Wilful* was the veriest land lubber that was ever placed by a lucky accident in the command of a ship. He had contracted a strong dislike to one of his employers, and in doubling the Cape of Good Hope, having in the hold a valuable assortment of spices and sweetmeats belonging to the obnoxious employer, he resolved to destroy them, and, for this purpose, bored a hole in the botttom of the vessel. It never occurred to Captain Wilful that any thing on board but the spices and sweetmeats was likely to suffer from the influx of the salt water.

In a short time, however, the crew, perceiving that all was not right with the ship, discovered that there was four feet water in the hold. The men flew to the pumps, but the Captain commanded them to desist, and do only as he bid them. "I bored the hole in the bottom myself," said he, "and I am responsible for the consequences."

Consternation now spread through the vessel. The hardy mariners stood in groups about the deck, shaking their heads, and looking mournfully at each other. The good ship was fast setting down in the ocean and it became apparent that, in a brief space she must go down in the caverns of the great deep. The Captain was astonished that consequences so disastrous should follow so trivial a cause. He saw his mistake, and no doubt secretly repented it; but the last thing the Captain ever thought of, was to acknowledge himself in error. The passengers surrounded him, and with prayers and tears implored him to man the pumps and save their lives.

"Be quiet, my friends," said he, "I am trying a grand experiment. I have reason to believe that my ship will sail as well under as above water. Only be patient an hour or two, and we will see whether my experiment succeeds."

"Your experiment is madness," said one—"it will be death to all on board. It must fail."

"If this experiment fails, I will then try another." I am determined, at all events, that my ship shall never again sail above water."

"But you have no right, sir," said another passenger, in despair, "to sport with the lives of those who are committed to your charge. In fifteen minutes the ship will sink, and we shall all perish."

"Let her sink, and let all perish and be d——d," said Captain Wilful in a rage, "I will try my experiment, and will not be pestered in this manner any longer. I would rather suffer the tortures of ten Spanish Inquisitions, than sail above water another league."

The ship remained in this perilous situation at the period of the latest intelligence from her. The captain might have yielded, it was believed, to the entreaties of the crew and passengers, but for the sinister influence of the first mate, and a roguish little cook, who flattered and encouraged him in every freak of folly, however extravagant. The one declared that it was glory enough for him to have served under so great a navigator, and the other insisted that if Captain Wilful, in making a grand experiment, chose to sink his own ship, and drown his own crew and passengers, it was his own business, and no one had a right to complain.

P.

The following incredible account is taken from the Hamburgh Correspondent:—"The infant daughter of some peasant in the environs of Elsinore has excited universal attention by the wonderfully precocious developement of her faculties. She is only two years old, but had been adopted by the captain of a ship; and it is to this circumstance that her peculiar inclination to the study of geography and astronomy is to be attributed. When scarcely three months old, she could promptly point out on the map almost all the countries and remarkable places in the four quarters of the world. She could at any given time state the hour it was at Madeira, Copenhagen, Paris and Pekin. At night she could name the planets and principal stars as they appeared, without making a single mistake."

A Proclamation.—The locusts have been, within the last year, very destructive in some parts of China, and the countries bordering on that empire—insomuch that Foo Yuen, a Vice Roy of one of the Provinces, and a kinsman of the emperor, issued his *Proclamation, protesting* against their enormities, and prohibiting the entrance of the locusts into his territories under pain of death. It is said that the locusts treated his proclamation with contempt.

The excesses of youth are draughts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.