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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1834. WHOLE NO. 542.

TERMS:

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POETRY.

OCTOBER.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
  Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
  The Summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
  As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
  Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice—
  It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice—
  When earth was lovely to my gaze!
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,
  Where are thy loving raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—
  I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold
  My life's dim emblems, rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
  The year's dead honors on the ground:
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
  While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
  Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightsome moments shone,
  They came in zephyrs from the West,—
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
  They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast:
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,
  They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat
  In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast
  When life is fresh and joy is new—
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
  And transient all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreathe,
  Which hope about her forehead twines,
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe—
  Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas! for Time, and Death, and care,—
  What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
  The burial-pageant of the spring,
The dreams of each successive year
  Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
  And sleep in darkness, side by side.

October, 1834. C.

BLENVARA, THE HARPER.

The harp of Blenvara no more shall awake
  From its silvery chords its wild numbers:
Near the cairn on the banks of the desolate lake,
  Its master in quietude slumbers.

Now low is that head which the laurel had won,
  And sunk is that eye of devotion;
His spirit is fled to Eternity's bourne,
  From the scenes of all earthly commotion.

The cushat-dove's moan and the egret's wild cry,
  Show the sward where the harper reposes;
The hare-bell spontaneous flourishes by,
  With its sisters, the wild-blooming roses.

When lowers the storm with the darkness of night,
  And elves with lone spirits commingle,
The form of his wraith by the quick levin-light,
  Is seen as it darts through the dingle.

Such the legend goes round—but his harp is unstrung,
  Neglected it hangs on the willow;
Through the halls of Clan-Albin the descant 's unsung,
  Blenvara lies cold on his pillow.

From the Georgia State Rights Sentinel.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

Whence comes the gibberish which is almost invariably used by mothers and nurses to children? Take for example the following, which will answer the two-fold purpose of illustrating my question, and perpetuating one of the peculiarities of the age.

A few days ago I called to spend an hour in the afternoon, with Mr. Slang, whose wife is the mother of a child about eight months old.

While I was there, the child in the nurse's arms, in an adjoining room, began to cry.

'You Rose,' said Mrs. Slang, 'quiet that child.' Rose walked it, and sang to it; but it did not hush.

'You Rose! if you don't quiet that child, I lay I make you.'

'I is tried, ma'am,' said Rose, 'an' he wouldn't git hushed'—(Child cries louder.)

'Fetch him here to me, you good for nothing hussy you. What's the matter with him?' reaching out her arms to receive him.

'I dun know ma'am.'

'Nhei—nhum—nha—nha'am!' mocking and grinning at Rose.

As Rose delivered the child she gave visible signs of dodging just as the child left her arms; and, that she might not be disappointed, Mrs. Slang gave her a box, in which there seemed to be no anger mixed at all, and which Rose received as a matter of course, without even changing countenance under it.

'Da den!' said Mrs. Slang, come elong smuddy, (mother.) Did nassy Yosey (Rose) pague muddy thweety chilluns? (children) pressing the child to her bosom and rocking it backward and forward tenderly. 'Muddins will whippy ole nassy Yosey. Ah! you ole uggy Yosey,' knocking at Rose playfully. 'Da den; muddy did whippy bad Yosey.'—(Child continues to cry.) 'Why what upon earth ails the child? Rose, you have hurt this child, somehow or other.'

'No m'm, cla' I didn't; I was jis sitt'n down dar in the rock'n chair long side o' Miss Nancy's bureau, an't want doin' nothin' tall to him, jis playin' wid him, and he jis begin to cry of heself, when nobody want doin' nothin' 'tall to him, and nobody want in dar nuther sept jis me and him, and I was'——

'Nhing—nhing—nhing—and I expect you hit his head against the bureau.'

'Let muddy see where ole nassy Yosey nocky heady 'gin de bureaus. Muddy will see,' taking off the child's cap and finding nothing.

(Child cries on.)

'Muddy's baby was hongy. Dat was what ails Muddy's darling, thweety ones. Was cho hongy, an' nobody would givy litty darling any sings 'tall for eaty,' loosing her frock bosom. 'No nobody would gim thweety ones any sings fo' eat 'tall 'tall,' offers the breast to the child, who rejects it, rolls over, kicks, and screams worse than ever.

'Hush! you little brat! I believe its nothing in the world but crossness. Hush, (shaking it) hush, I tell you.'

(Child cries to the NE PLUS ULTRA.)

'Why surely a pin must stick the child. Yes, was e bad pin did ticky chilluns. Let muddy see where de uggy pin ticky dear prettous creter,' (examining)—'why no it isn't a pin. Why what can be the matter with the child? It must have the cholic, surely. Rose, go bring the paragoric off the mantle-piece. Yes muddy's prettous darly baby.' Pressing it to her bosom and rocking it. (Child cries on.)

Rose brought the paragoric, handed it, dodged, and got her expectations realized as before.

'Now go bring me the sugar and some water.'

Rose brought them, and delivered both without the customary reward; for at that instant the child being laid perfectly still on the lap, hushed.

The paragoric was administered, and the child received it with only a whimper now and then. As soon as it received the medicine, the mother raised it up and it began to cry.

'Why Lord help my soul, what's the matter with the child? What have you done to him, you little hussy?' rising and walking towards Rose.

''Cla' Missis, I ent done nothin' 'tall—was jus sitting down da by Miss Nancy's bu——'

'You lie, you slut,' hitting her a passing slap; 'I know you've hurt him. Hush, my baby,' (singing the Coquet,) 'dont you cry, your sweetheart will come by'm by; da de dum dum dum dum day, da de dum diddle dum dum day.'

(Child cries on.)

'Lord help my soul and body, what can be the matter with my baby?' tears coming in her own eyes. 'Something's the matter with it, I know it is, (laying the child on her lap and feeling its arms to see whe ther it flinched at the touch of any particular part.) But the child cried less while she was feeling it than before.

'Yes, dat was it; wanted little arms yubbed. Mud will yub its sweet little arms.'

(Child begins again.)

'What upon earth can make my baby cry so!' rising and walking to the window.

(Stops at the window, and the child hushes.')

'Yes, dat was it; did want to look out e' windys. See the pretty chickens. O-o-o-h! Look at the beauty, rooster! Yonder's old aunt Betty! See old aunt Betty, pickin' up chip fo' bake bicky (biscuit) fo' good chilluns. Good aunt Betty fo' make bicky fo' sweet baby's supper.'

(Child begins again.)

'Hoo-o-o! see de windy!' knocking on the window.

(Child screams.)

"You Rose, what have you done to this child? You little hussy you, if you don't tell me how you hurt him, I'll whip you as long as I can find you.'

'Missis, I 'cla' I never done nothing 'tall to him, I was jis sett'n down da by Miss Nancy's bu——'

'If you say 'Miss Nancy's bureau' to me again, I'll stuff Miss Nancy's bureau down your throat, you little lying slut. I'm just as sure you hurt him, as if I'd seen you. How did you hurt him?'

Here Rose was reduced to a *non plus;* for, upon the peril of having a bureau in her throat, she dared not repeat the oft-told tale, and she knew no other. She therefore stood mute.

'Julia,' said Mr. Slang, 'bring the child to me, and let me see if I can discover the cause of his crying.'

Mr. Slang took the child and commenced a careful examination of it. He removed its cap, and beginning at the crown of its head, he extended his search slowly and cautiously downward, accompanying the eye with the touch of the finger. He had not proceeded far in this way before he discovered, in the right ear of the child, a small feather, the cause, of course, of all its wailing. The cause removed, the child soon changed its tears to smiles, greatly to the delight of all, and to none more than to Rose.

BALDWIN.

From the Knickerbocker.

WILD BILL,

OR THE MISSISSIPPI ORSON.

It was the lot of that wonderful person, Caspar Hauser, to be emancipated and tamed among a people every way disposed to note all the peculiarities of a mind permitted almost to reach maturity, before it had received the impress of a single effort at training it. This training was then undertaken by instructors, excited by an enthusiasm of curiosity to trace the first manifestations of his mind under its new series of impulses. Of course, we have in his case most impressive chapters upon the influence of the magnificent universe—the green earth, the sun and moon in the blue heavens, and the grandeur of the starry hosts when first shown to him. We have a novel and most striking history of mind under the first impressions of external nature, and the first lights of instruction.

The annexed brief and unpretending narrative lays no claim to virtue of this sort. Wild Bill, it is true, was thrown among a people humane and civilized; but they were pressed by numberless and imperious necessities, incident to a new settlement in the wilderness. Their condition was too full of labor, care, and danger to admit of the exercise of curiosity. Thus they were less disposed to mark the first movements of his mind, after he had been caught, and the process of the training of society was commenced upon him. In a forest full of Indians and wild animals, Wild Bill was an object of very little higher interest than a tamed bear or panther. Of course no documents remain to show how he was impressed with the new views which society presented to his mind. I have even been unable to ascertain whether any efforts were made to place him at school, or under the influence of any other instruction or training, than that of the new circumstances in which he was placed.

Although his story may not claim parallel interest with the eloquent history of mind in the case of Caspar Hauser, it may, nevertheless, fearlessly present one claim to attraction; it is literally a matter of *fact*, without the slightest admixture of coloring of any sort, and within the knowledge of citizens of the highest standing in Mississippi and Louisiana. Judge Butler, of the latter state, is capable of furnishing many more details than I have been enabled to obtain. Although I have heard the oral statements of many persons who have seen the subject of the narrative, I am indebted mainly for the facts it contains—with which the statements uniformly referred to agree—to one of the first planters in the parish of Rapides, Louisiana. He became a temporary resident at Woodville, a considerable village in the interior of Mississippi, in 1811. Here he first saw the boy called Wild Bill, who then resided with a Mr. Benjamin Rollins. He had at that time made so much progress in learning to converse that he was quite intelligible. It is believed that he had then been taken about eighteen months or two years.

He was secured in the Mississippi swamp, not far from the present site of Pinkneyville. The circumstances that led to his being taken were these: Some settlers, who had recently settled in that vicinity, saw on the margins of the swamps the prints of the naked foot of a boy. This led them to closer observation; which soon discovered to them a boy, walking with the gait and in the manner of a hunting animal, on the shore of one of the lakes that abounds in that region. His object was to catch frogs—a species of hunting at which he seemed very expert. When he had caught them, he devoured them raw. The discoverer attempted to approach him: but so soon as the wild lad saw him, he fled with the usual terror of an untamed creature, at the sight of a man, towards a lake, into which he plunged—diving and swimming with the ease of an amphibious animal.—These occurrences naturally excited much interest among the settlers; and they collected in a body to make a united effort to take him. After hunting for him for some time, they at length discovered him under a Persimmon tree, eating the fruit. As soon as he observed his pursuers, he fled as before, doubling the bush like a fox, and making again for the water. Excusing themselves by their motive, the hunters adopted their usual expedient for catching animals. They put their dogs on the trail of the strange game. They soon tired him down, and brought him to bay. Though no metaphysicians to form mental theorems out of the case of their new conquest, they discovered that the two-legged, unfeathered creature, had the natural animal instinct of fight, for he made battle upon dogs and men with the full amount of courage and ferocity that might be expected to result from his age and physical strength. But although he fought like any other animal, he was compelled to yield to numbers, and was fairly caught and bound. He was then, it is supposed, not far from nine years old; naked and perfectly speechless. His form was slender, but well proportioned, and capable of extreme agility. His eyes were brilliant, his hair sandy, and his complexion florid; a circumstance which may be accounted for, from his having lived almost entirely in the deep shades of the forest. Woodville was the nearest considerable settlement, and thither was he carried, for the experiment of domestication.

Eighteen months or two years after his capture, the period, as I said, when my informant first saw him, he had still a look perfectly indicative of his name. He was yet wild, although he could make himself understood. It was more difficult to overcome his appetite for raw flesh than to learn him to speak. The love of the excitement of alcohol seems to be another common appetite of the man of nature; for he soon manifested an unconquerable longing for spirits in any form, especially when rendered very sweet—upon which he became intoxicated whenever he had an opportunity. Whether he discovered the usual developement of the other animal propensities, my informant does not know; but he always remained a wild animal in the fierceness of his temper.—When playing with lads of his age, the moment his passions were roused in any way, his first movement was to strike them with whatever instrument was nearest at hand. After his partial domestication, they attempted to put him to work, but he showed a truly savage disrelish for labor. He was sure immediately to run away; generally making for the town, where his amusement was to mount on horseback whenever he was allowed the opportunity. Riding was his passion; and he would mount every horse in a livery stable in succession, merely for the pleasure of riding them to water. In other respects he was quick and intelligent. His appearance was rather agreeable, and in his favor.

The training which he received was either unfavorable to a good moral developement, or it had originally been denied him by nature; for he became quarrelsome, addicted to drunkenness, and not at all a lover of truth. Consequently a great deal of doubt and uncertainty must rest upon his history of his early recollections; though they were so often repeated, and so nearly in the same form, as to have credence with the people among whom he lived. He stated that he had a dim remembrance of coming down the Mississippi with his father's family in a flat boat,—that the boat landed—that his father killed his mother, and that he fled in terror to the swamps expecting that his father would kill him also: and that from time to time he subsisted on frogs, animals, and berries, living, in warm weather, among the cane, and in cold weather in a hollow tree.

It is extremely unfortunate that so few details remain of the domestication and character of Wild Bill; though it is hoped that this imperfect account may call forth from the persons with whom he lived and died, ampler and more satisfactory information respecting him. It is believed that he died at the age of 18 or 19; that is, near the year 1818, after a domestication of about nine years. Alas! the uneducated and untrained man of the woods is but a kind of forked, straddling animal, very little superior to what we call the lower animals, and in many respects far below them. And, viewing the mass, even in the highest state of freedom and civilization, seeing them so readily and wilfully the victims of their prejudices, and, more than all, their own supposed knowledge and illumination—seeing, too, how easily and universally they become the stupid instruments of unprincipled and ambitious demagogues, one is almost driven to adopt the painful and humiliating axiom of Dean Swift, that man is not a reasonable animal, but only capable, under certain circumstances, of becoming such.

M.

THE AUCTIONEER IN NEW YORK.

There is no man who spends so much breath, who talks so fast and is so lavish of words, as the auctioneer. He repeats the same thing over and over, and never grudges his labor. He is fond of smart sayings and sudden turns in the sense; and he is witty at the expense of his customers. He can talk of several different things at once and without confusion, but sometimes very ludicrously mixes up different subjects in the same sentence.

For instance, lately dropping in at a book auction, there happened to be a man who annoyed the company and the auctioneer with a segar. The book had gone up to twenty-seven cents and a half, and the auctioneer dwelling upon it, cried, "And a half, and a half"—when smelling the annoyance, he shouted out, "D—n your segar!—and a half, and a half, twenty-seven and a half—thirty—thirty-two and a half, and a half—kick that man out with the segar—and a half, and a half—going, going—thirty five, thirty-five—thirty-seven and a half—curse that segar smoke!—and a half, and a half—I'd rather have the devil about me—and a half, and a half, and a half—it gives me the phthisic—and a half, and a half—going, going—forty, forty cents—forty-two and a half—who's putting brimstone on the stove?—and a half, and a half—I wish I had hold of that boy—and a half, and a half—I'd choke the rascal—and a half, and a half—going, going, who says forty-five?—not half the price of the book—and a half, and a half—forty-two and a half—forty five—now forty-seven and a half, and a half—a treatise on the tooth-ache, gentlemen—who'll give fifty cents for the tooth-ache?—and a half, and a half—forty-seven and a half—look at that boy there—and a half, and a half—pocketing one of those penknives—and a half, and a half—I can't have my eyes every where—and a half, and a half—fifty—fifty-two and a half—kick all the boys out of the room—and a half, and a half—kick 'em out, I say—and a half, and a half—going, going, gone."—*N. Y. Transcript.*

WARLIKE DISPOSITION OF MAN.

Carthage, for the conquest of Sicily, 408 years before our Saviour, made preparations for three years. The army consisted of 300,000, the fleet of 2000 men of war, and 3000 transports. By the interposition of Gelon, the tyrant of Syracuse, at the investment of the city of Hymera, every man was either killed or taken prisoner, and only eight ships made their escape. The first Punic war lasted twenty-four years, the second seventeen, and the third a little more than four, when the renowned city of Carthage, containing the immense population of 700,000 human beings, was so completely burned that not a single house remained. Being fired at all points, the conflagration was terrible, and burned with prodigious fury 17 days. The plunder carried away by the Roman soldiers, in precious metal alone amounted to 4,470,000 pounds of silver: Julius Cæsar, in Germany, is said to have slaughtered 400,000 men in one battle. When Attila, king of the Huns, was defeated at Chalans, 300,000 men perished. But the most memorable devastation of human life on record, which was melancholy beyond all precedent, was the memorable army of Xerxes, marching into Greece. It consisted of 5,283,220 according to all ancient authorities. Nearly the whole of the mammoth collection of soldiers were entirely destroyed. It was equal to the entire male population of the United States.

EQUAL JUSTICE!

A man was recently fined *forty shillings*, for crying "sweep," in one of the streets of London. On the same day, a man, who was proved to have cruelly beaten his aged mother, and to have violently assaulted her landlord, who stood up in her defence, was fined *ten shillings*.

It is not necessary, however, to go across the Atlantic for specimens of this sort of impartial distribution of the punishments of the law. The records of our own courts are not quite destitute of similar sentences. We mention but one as an illustration. Every body recollects that, in one of our western counties last year, a theft to the amount of some thousands of dollars was punished by imprisonment in the common jail for a short period; and another,—the merest petty larceny—was punished by a long confinement of the offender to hard labor in the State Prison.—*Boston Courier.*

A correspondent of a Southern paper speaks in the following terms of the Public School system of New England—of which, above all her other admirable institutions, her people have just cause to be proud:

The school houses of New England have been called the fortresses of New England. You see them in the country every two miles or less, on almost every important road—and every body knows or ought to know that New England is cut up with roads—half roads—I was going to say. These Free Schools, where the poor are educated at the expense of the rich, I verily believe, give that peculiarity of which I have spoken, to the whole Yankee nation. They arouse and stimulate whatever of intellect there is in a man. They foster enterprise and emulation. They educate to a certain extent all the people. Hence New England men have the benefit that education always gives—the ardent thirst for knowledge and for intellectual and moral achievement. They aim high and reach high. Work they must or starve, for the soil is not the bountiful giver of the fruits of a soil under a Southern sun,—the climate is cold,—the summers are short,—and then comes growling November, and fiercely raging winter, with its ice and its storms, so that one man then eats up from October to May what may be gathered the rest of the time. Thus necessity demands the exercise of every faculty, and our free schools teach all, how to use them to the best advantage.

In the large towns and cities every thing is done that can be done to stimulate and arouse the boy. The most perfect equality exists in all schools. The poorest boy in the free school feels as high and as proud as the son of the richest. "You do not mean," said Gov. Barbour, of Virginia, "that these schools are *free!*" "Indeed I do," said the school committee man. "You remember the boy that got the medal in the class we have just examined, and the boy that lost it! The first is the son of that wood-sawyer there, (pointing to a man that was sawing wood in the street,) and the second is the son of John Quincy Adams, the President of the United States." The Virginian stared in astonishment at a spectacle like this, and no longer wondered at the prosperity of New England. But the other day I was at the school dinner in Boston—a dinner given to the boys who have won the medals for superior scholarship—and a long table, extending the whole length of Faneuil Hall, was filled up with as bright and spirited boys as can be found on the face of the earth—two-thirds of whom, I was told, were from the poorer or middle classes of the city. The Mayor addressed them, and toasted them as 'the Jewels of Boston.' Old Faneuil Hall rang with thunders of applause. The Lieut. Gov. of the Commonwealth boasted that he had been educated in the same schools. The tables were filled with distinguished men, educated in the same manner, among whom was Daniel Webster, the boy of a free school, and a schoolmaster himself. The stimulus these boys then received, they will never forget to the day of their death. It is an era in their lives—it is an impulse which will move them in every thing—it is a pledge that they will never be false to themselves nor their country.

These free schools do a double duty—they not only educate the poor, but they open to the ambitious and enterprising young man, the avenue upon which he can advance still further in the pursuit of knowledge. The pay which he receives for instructing them enables him to obtain a collegiate education; and yet that pay is not much, some times as low as ten dollars per month, seldom over twenty. But upon this he advances, and thus gradually obtains an education.

At this season of the year, the academies are crowded with young men fitting themselves to keep school. A few months study makes an instructor of a man! And the business of school keeping is so pleasant, that many rush into it. The school master in New England is the great man of his district—all look up to him—all attend to him—kindness exhausts its efforts upon him. Is a social party to be given, who so quickly thought of as the schoolmaster? All eyes are upon him—all hearts—hearts disengaged at least—are his, if he chooses to win them. The best food is upon his table; the welcome hand is ever stretched to cheer him. Enter, he can, wherever he pleases, and all are proud of his company. This license to the schoolmaster makes his vocation a delightful one, and arouses him to perform his duty. This, too, is what makes New England schools so excellent. All you see there are nurseries of talent, of enterprise, of skill, of industry; and they, it is, which make the people of New England a peculiar people. But more anon.

Sir John Mennis is the author of "Musarum Deliciæ, or Muses' Recreation." London, 1656. In this volume are the lines,

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,"

which have been generally but erroneously supposed to form a part of Hudibras.

Hops.—The Bangor (Me.) Republican, says, there are farmers not thirty miles from Bangor, who have taken a *thousand dollars* in cash as the clear income from their crop of Hops this season.