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The following touching lines are from the pen of Miss Elizabeth Bogart, of New-York—a lady who has written her share of real poetry. We never meet with a piece bearing the signature of "Estelle" without eagerly perusing it—for the heart is the fountain of all she writes, and we never fail to enter into the feelings of the author.

E. J. of the Baltimore Minerva. From the New-York Evening Journal.

TO MY COUSIN. Time has swept on—and changeless hues have decked his flying plumes, And now the deep romance of thought a thousand shades assumes.

Time has swept on since first we met, and hope so gaily smiled, When thou wast in youth's early spring, and I was still a child.

My cousin dost thou not look back upon those careless hours, And feel how crushed and faded now are life's first blooming flowers?

How like a dream those joys which fill'd the heart's imaginings, How brighter far was fancy's power than aught that memory brings.

And yet, how is it, that thy brows wear not the marks of care— That fortune's changes have not made a single furrow there?

I deemed thy heart was still the same, but scarcely thought to find Thy looks, so like the looks of old, engraven on my mind.

I could forget that time had flown, while gazing on thy face, But that upon the chequered past, his ruins still I trace.

Where are the hopes whose brilliant beams made life a cloudless scene? I know not where—but they are now as if they ne'er had been.

The future has no second ray, like hope's first star of light, The heart no second dreams of bliss, so beautiful and bright.

As those, ere life's first confidence has been deceived and lost— Ere falsehood and ingratitude the trusting mind have crossed.

My cousin! Hast thou learnt to doubt professions and distrust The word of promise? If not so the world has been more just To thee than me—and thou canst not be wrong in comprehending Which bids the heart to fear the more, the more it loves a friend.

Time has swept on, and in his flight the separating years Between us have been gathering in sunshine and in tears; And we should be as strangers now, nor cast a thought behind,

But that there is a tie of blood, which time can ne'er unbind. ESTELLE.

The following Hebrew melody is from the New York Mirror, (the first No. of the new volume), for which the editor has made such extensive and expensive arrangements.— From the signature of the poem, we judge it to be from the pen of P. M. Wetmore, Esq. It is a beautiful production, and fully supports the high and well earned reputation of its author:—

HEBREW. Jerusalem mourneth.—Jeremiah. Ohi, Judah! thy dwellings are sad, Thy children are weeping around, In sackcloth their bosoms are clad,

As they look on the famishing ground; In the deserts they make them a home, And the mountains awake to their cry, For the frown of Jehovah hath come, And his anger is red in the sky.

The tender ones throng at the brink, But the waters are gone from the well; They gaze on the rock, and they think, Of the gush of the stream from its cell; How they came to its margin before, And drank in their innocent mirth; Away! it is sealed, and no more Shall the fountain give freshness to earth.

The hearts of the mighty are bowed, And the lowly are haggard with care; The voices of mothers are loud, As they shriek the wild note of despair: Oh, Jerusalem! mourn through thy halls, And bend to the dust in thy shame, For the doom that thy spirit appals Is famine, the sword, and the flame! M.

MARSHAL NEY. [No apology is requisite for our introduction of the following passage from the life of Marshal Ney, in a volume of the Family Library, entitled "The Court and Camp of Buonaparte."]

In the campaign of 1813, Ney faithfully adhered to the falling emperor. At Bautzen, Lutzen, Dresden, he contributed powerfully to the success; but he and Oudinot received a severe check at Dennewitz from the Crown Prince of Sweden. From that hour defeat succeeded defeat; the allies invaded France; and, in spite of the most desperate resistance, triumphantly entered Paris in March, 1814. Ney was one of the three marshals chosen by Napoleon to negotiate with Alexander in behalf of the King of Rome, but the attempt was unsuccessful, and all he could do was to remain a passive spectator of the fall and exile of his chief.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, Ney was more fortunate than many of his brethren; he was entrusted with a high military command and created a knight of St. Louis, and a peer of France.

But France was now at peace with all the world; and no one of these great military chiefs could be more unprepared for the change than the Prince of Moskwa. He was too old to acquire new habits. For domestic comforts he was little adapted; during the many years of his marriage, he had been unable to pass more than a very few months with his family. Too illiterate to find any resource in books, too rude to be a favorite in society, and too proud to desire that sort of distinction, he was condemned to a solitary and an inactive life. The habit of braving death, and of commanding vast bodies of men, had impressed his character with a species of moral grandeur, which raised him far above the puerile observances of the fashionable world. Plain in his manners, and still plainer in his words, he neither knew, nor wished to know the art of pleasing courtiers. Of good nature he had indeed a considerable fund, but he showed it, not so much by the endless little attentions of a gentleman, as by scattered acts of princely beneficence. For dissipation he had no taste; his professional cares and duties, which, during twenty-five years, had left no respite, had engrossed his attention too much to allow room for the passions, vices, or follies of society to obtain any empire over him. The sobriety of his manners was extreme, even to austerly.

His wife had been reared in the court of Louis XVI., and had adorned that accomplished in her manners, and elegant in all she said or did, her society was courted on all sides. Her habits were expensive; luxury reigned throughout her apartments, and presided at her board; and to all this display of elegance and pomp of show, the military simplicity, not to say the coarseness of the marshal, furnished a striking contrast. His good nature offered no other obstacle to the gratification of her wishes than the occasional expression of a fear that his circumstances might be deranged by them. But if he would not oppose, neither could he join in her extravagance. While she was presiding at a numerous and brilliant party of guests, he preferred to remain alone in a distant apartment, where the festive sounds could not reach him. On such occasions he almost always dined alone.

Ney seldom appeared at court. He could neither bow nor flatter, nor could he stoop to kiss even his sovereign's hand without something like self-humiliation. To his princess, on the other hand, the royal smile was as necessary as the light of the sun; and unfortunately for her, she was sometimes disappointed in her efforts to attract it. Her wounded vanity often beheld an insult in what was probably no more than an inadvertence. In a word she ere long forever regretted the court in which the great captain had occupied the first rank, and their families shared the almost exclusive favour of the sovereign. She complained to her husband; and he, with a calm smile, advised her never again to expose herself to such mortifications; she really sustained them. But though he could thus rebuke a woman's vanity, the haughty soldier felt his own wounded through hers. To escape from these complaints, and from the monotony of his Parisian existence, he retired to his country-seat, in January, 1815, the very season when the busy scenes of the metropolis.—There he led an unfettered life; he gave his mornings to field sports; and the guests he entertained in the evening were such as, from their humble condition, rendered formality useless, and placed him completely at his ease.

It was here that, on the 6th of March, he was surprised by the arrival of an aide-de-camp from the minister at war, who ordered him, with all possible despatch, to join the sixth division, of which he was the commander, and which was stationed at Besancon. In his anxiety to learn the extent of his instructions, Ney immediately rode to Paris; and there, for the first time, learned the disembarkation of Buonaparte from Elba.

Ney eagerly undertook the commission assigned him of hastening to oppose the invader. In his last interview with Louis his protestations of devotedness to the Bourbons, and his denunciations against Napoleon, were ardent—perhaps they were sincere. Whether he said that Buonaparte deserved to be confined in an iron cage, or that he would bring him to Paris in one, is not very clear, nor indeed very material. We reluctantly approach the darker shades in the life of this great officer.

On his arrival at Besancon, March 10th, he learned the defection of all the troops hitherto sent against the invader, and perceived that those by whom he was surrounded were not more to be trusted. He was surrounded with loud and incessant cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"—Already, at Lyons, two members of the royal family had found all opposition vain; the march of Napoleon was equally peaceful and triumphant. During the night of the 13th, Ney had a secret interview with a courier from his old master; and on the following morning he announced to his troops that the house of Bourbon had ceased to reign—that the emperor was the only ruler France would acknowledge! He then hastened to meet Napoleon, by whom he was received with open arms, and hailed by his undisputed title of Bravest of the Brave.

Ney was soon doomed to suffer the necessary consequence of his crime—bitter and unceasing remorse. His inward reproaches became intolerable; he felt humbled, confounded, for he had lost that noble self-confidence, that inward sense of dignity, that unspeakable and exalted satisfaction, which integrity alone can bestow: the man who would have defied the world in arms, trembled before the new enemy within him; he saw that his virtue, his honor, his peace, and the esteem of the wise and the good, were lost to him forever. In the bitterness of his heart, he demanded, and obtained permission to retire for a short time into the country. But there he could not regain his self-respect. Of his distress, and we hope of his repentance, no better proof need be required than the reply, which, on his return to Paris, he made to the emperor, who feigned to have believed that he had emigrated: "I ought to have done so long ago (said Ney); it is now too late."

The prospect of approaching hostilities soon roused once more the enthusiasm of this gallant soldier, and made him for a while less sensible to the gloomy agitation within. From the day of his being ordered to join the army on the frontiers of Flanders, June 11, his temper was observed to be less unequal, and his eye to have regained its fiery glance.

The story of Waterloo need not be repeated here. We shall only observe that on no occasion did the Bravest of the Brave exhibit more impetuous though hopeless valour. Five horses were shot under him; his garments were pierced with balls; his whole person was disfigured with blood and mud, yet he would have continued the contest on foot while life remained, had he not been forced from the field, by the dense and irresistible columns of the fugitives. He returned to the capital, and there witnessed the second imperial abdication, and the capitulation of Paris, before he thought of consulting his safety by flight. Perhaps he hoped that by virtue of the twelfth article of that convention, he should not be disquieted; if so, however, the royal ordinance of July 24th, terribly undeceived him.—He secreted himself with one of his relatives at the chateau of Bessaris, department of Lot, in the expectation that he should soon have an opportunity of escaping to the United States. But he was discovered, in a very singular manner.

In former days Ney had received a rich Egyptian sabre from the hands of the First Consul.—There was but another like it known to exist, and that was possessed by Murat. The marshal was carefully secluded both from visitors and domestics, but luckily this splendid weapon was left on a sofa in the drawing-room. It was perceived, and not a little admired by a visitor, who afterwards described it to a party of friends at Aurillac. One present immediately observed, that, from the description, it must belong to either Ney or Murat. This came to the ears of the prefect, who instantly despatched fourteen gens d'armes, and some police agents, to arrest the owner. They surrounded the chateau; and Ney at once surrendered himself. Perhaps he did not foresee the fatal issue of his trial; some of his friends say that he even wished it to take place immediately, that he might have an opportunity to contradict a report that Louis had presented him with half a million of francs, on his departure for Besancon.

The council of war, composed of French marshals, was appointed to try him; but they had little inclination to pass sentence on an old companion in arms; and declared their incompetency to try one, who, when he consummated his treason, was a peer of France. Accordingly, by a royal ordinance of November 12th, the Chamber of Peers were directed to take cognizance of the affair. His defence was made to rest by his advocates—first, on the twelfth article of the capitulation, and when this was overruled, on the ground of his no longer being amenable to French laws, since Sarre-Louis, his native town, had recently been surrendered from France. This the prisoner himself overruled; "I am a Frenchman," (cried Ney,) and I will die a Frenchman." (The result was that he was found guilty and condemned to death by an immense majority, one hundred and sixty-nine to seventeen. On hearing the sentence read according to usage, he interrupted the enumeration of his titles, by saying: "Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney—now a French soldier, and soon a heap of dust?" His last interview with his lady, who was sincerely and passionately loved, was far more bitter than the punishment he was about to undergo. This heavy trial being over, he was perfectly calm, and spoke of his approaching fate with the utmost unconcern.

"Marshal," said one of his sentinels, a poor creature, "you should now think of God: never faced danger without such preparation."—"Do you suppose (answered Ney) that any one need teach me to die?" But he immediately gave way to better thoughts, and added, "Comrade, you are right, I will die as becomes a man of honour and a Christian. Send for the curate of St. Sulpice."

A little after eight o'clock on the morning of December 7th, the marshal, with a firm step and an air of perfect indifference, descended the steps leading to the court of the Luxembourg, and entered a carriage which conveyed him to the place of execution, outside the garden gates. He alighted, and advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up to despatch him. To an officer, who proposed to blindfold him, he replied—"Are you ignorant that, for twenty-five years, I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He took off his hat, raised it above his head, and cried aloud—"I declare before God and man that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy!"—Vive la France! He then turned to the men, and striking his other hand on his heart, gave the word, "Soldiers—fire!"

Thus, in his forty-seventh year, did the "Bravest of the Brave," expiate one great error, alien from his natural character, and unworthy of the general course of his life. If he was sometimes a stern, he was never an implacable enemy.—Ney was sincere, honest, blunt even: so far from flattering, he often contradicted him on whose nod his fortunes depended. He was, with rare exceptions, merciful to the vanquished, and while so many of his brother marshals dishonored themselves by the most barefaced rapine and extortion, he lived and died poor. Ney left four sons, two of whom are in the service of his old friend, Bernadotte.

From the Journal of Health, July 14. CLEANLINESS, one of what Aristotle calls the half virtues, is recommended in the Spectator, for the three following considerations: first, as a mark of politeness; secondly, as it produces love; and, thirdly, as it bears analogy to purity of mind. In eastern climates, it is enforced in both the Jewish and Mahometan law, as part of their religious observances. The regulations prescribed in Leviticus and Deuteronomy are very explicit on this point; and we learn, that Mahomet used to enjoin his followers to wash the face, neck, hands, and arms, before each prayer. Now as their prayers are repeated five times daily, they are bound to perform their ablutions as often. Besides these, there are others, adapted to particular states and exigencies, which are eminent-ly conducive to individual comfort and health. When the pilgrims to Mecca cannot well procure water, in the deserts of Arabia, they still hold in mind the precepts of their Koran, and rub the parts above mentioned with sand.

The importance of preserving the skin perfectly clean, will be better appreciated by a knowledge of the functions of this organ,

and its intimate connections and relations with other parts. A reference to the article on the skin, in the eighth number of the Journal, will satisfy our readers on this head, and dispense with the necessity of repetition at the present time. The great extent of surface of this membrane, its continuation with, and general similarity to, that which lines the air and digestive passages, and its consequent close sympathy, and, in a measure, community of office with these latter, must not, for a moment, be lost sight of. Let a naked arm be put into a long glass jar, and the space between the two at the mouth, so filled up as to exclude the external air, and we shall soon see the inside of the glass bedewed with a vapour, which becoming denser, is finally converted into drops like water. This vapour is constantly given out or secreted from capillary tubes in the skin of a healthy individual, and is then called insensible perspiration: but when abundant, and condensed into a watery-like fluid, it constitutes sweat. In addition to this, there is also a discharge or secretion, as it is technically called, of an oily fluid; and also of gases, viz: carbonic acid gas, or fixed air, and nitrogen or azote, being that gas which, in union with oxygen or vital air, constitutes common atmospheric air. But the skin has another set of capillary vessels, by which it imbibes or absorbs watery and other fluids presented to its surface, and also oxygen and nitrogen gases. Now the above gases and vapour are precisely those which are given out and absorbed by the lungs; of course impeded functions of the one will affect the regular discharge of those of the other. Connect this with the facts of an external surface, in some of the lower animals, serving both for the sense of touch and for the absorption of nutritive matter, in place of stomach; and of the continuity and general sameness of the outer or cutaneous, and the inner or digestive, membranes, and we have, a priori, most ample reasons why the healthy state of the skin should exert such a powerful influence over the organs of breathing and digestion.

If personal cleanliness, and preserving the vigour of the skin, be neglected, this part loses its delicacy as the seat of touch, and its pores being obstructed, it cannot longer perform its destined offices in the animal economy. Cutaneous eruptions, sluggishness of the other functions, and general disturbance, as in colds, rheumatisms, indigestion, and numerous other ailments, will often be the consequences of such neglect. What we mean to say is, that the common atmospheric vicissitudes would often fail to give rise to colds and rheumatisms but for the neglect to preserve the skin in its healthy state: nor would various kinds of food, which we accuse as causes of dyspepsia, prove such, were this precaution duly attended to.

We cannot, on this occasion, do better than to repeat the rules proposed by Hufeland for preserving cleanliness and a sound state of the skin; which, if observed from youth, may be considered as very powerful means for the prolongation of life.

1st. Remove carefully every thing that the body has secreted, as corrupted or putrid. This may be done by changing the linen often, daily, if it be possible, and also the bed clothes, at least the sheets; dress, which attracts less dirt; and by continually renewing the air in apartments, and particularly in one's bed-chamber.

2nd. Let the whole body be washed daily with cold water, and rub the skin strongly at the same time, by which means, it will acquire a great deal of life and vigour.

3d. One ought to bathe once a week, the whole year through in tepid water; and it will be of considerable service to add to it three or four ounces of soap.

A late writer lays great stress on the beneficial effects of washing with cold water; and details minutely the process which he deems most advisable. He recommends a person on awakening, if determined or obliged then to get up, to remain three or four minutes until perfectly collected. The quilt, or some of the outside covering, should next be thrown off, so that he may, for a minute or two, cool gradually. He should then proceed to wash himself, dressed only to the waist—it being impossible to do it otherwise effectually. The following directions are next given.

Dip the face two or three times in a basin of cold water. The eyes may be either open on immersion, or, as it may be easier on beginning, while under the water. After this, water should be squirted briskly into the eyes with a syringe. On the first trials they may be closed, and opened immediately after the dash, but they will soon be able to bear the shock when open. Water should be squirted against each ear. You must next, with the hands, and using soap, wash well the arm-pits, the back of the neck, behind the ears, the arms, up to the shoulder, the breast, loins, and entirely round the waist. After having well dried with a very coarse cloth, you may finish with a fine towel, and then rub with a hard flesh-brush over the body, wherever you can conveniently reach, particularly the chest, arms, abdomen, and small of the back. The arms should then be thrown back very briskly, twenty or thirty times, which will open the chest, and may promote a salutary expectation. This will altogether occupy, even when well accustomed to it, about twelve minutes, but it will be time well bestowed.

The author asserts confidently, that this practice, when assisted by cleaning the teeth, is a certain preventive of that galling pain, the tooth-ache, and also a cure for those afflicts with it. He of course means that afflicted with rheumatism. It so fortifies and strengthens the system, that those who have labored persevered in it, are not nearly so liable to rheumatism, nor colds and coughs, as before. It also cleans and improves the sight, and contributes much to its duration. The practice ought, of course, to be continued all the year round. The timid are recommended to begin in summer.

The authoress of "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman," says, "were I to name the graces that ought to adorn beauty, I should instantly exclaim, cleanliness, neatness, and personal reserve. So necessary, indeed, is that reserve and cleanliness, which indolent women too often neglect, that I will venture to affirm, that when two or three women live in the same house, the one will be most respected by the male part of the sex."

Simplicity of Health Exemplified, by Hortator.

family, who reside with them, leaving love entirely out of the question, who pays this kind of habitual respect to her person." Elsewhere she says, "In order to preserve health and beauty, I should earnestly recommend frequent ablutions, to dignify my advice, that it may not offend the fastidious ear; and by example, girls ought to be taught to wash and dress alone, without any distinction of rank."

[From the Baltimore Minerva and Saturday Post.]

The life of man is made up of checkered scenes, and strange vicissitudes, in which misery often predominates over happiness, and passion over reason; and in the different parts which we are destined to perform in this eventful drama, we often find ourselves the most active agents in producing our own unhappiness. We are undoubtedly much more the creatures of impulse, than of reason: impulse is always at home with us, and governs us at pleasure; whilst reason is a guest of whom we know not the value, and whom we too seldom entertain. Imaginary evils become real by being dwelt on, and it seldom happens that when the gifts of fortune are so numerous and lavish, as to deprive us of real cause of complaint, that we do not fasten on some shadow, or some ideal misery until it becomes a substance.

My own story is a case in point, and I will relate it. Circumstances which are painful to remember and unnecessary to retrace, deprived my father at a late period of his life, and whilst I was about entering my eighteenth year, of an adequate fortune, which he had acquired by his own industry, and which he then lost by a trust too unsuspectingly reposed in one who was unworthy of it. My father made the necessary sacrifice of his property to meet the demands, against him, with composure, until it became evident that the mischief was more wide spreading than he had anticipated; and that his real estates which he had hoped to save from the wreck, would all be swallowed up in the liquidation of his unfortunate debts. The estates were, however, sold, and my father unable to struggle, at his advanced age, with misfortune and bodily infirmity, soon sunk under the trial.

The world was now before me, and I was to begin life for myself. I had numerous friends and connections, by whom many advantageous offers were made me, and various plans proposed, but in the wide world there was but one spot which was endeared to me, and that was the place of my nativity. But as I must give up my parental roof, I was determined to remove far from its vicinity. In fact, I had vague notions and undefined wishes, even then of repossessing this cherished spot at some future and more happy period; and every succeeding day strengthened the hope, until it became the anchor on which all my wishes and exertions rested. I removed after various consultations to this place. I formed business connections which were fortunate, and friendships which were pleasant. I engaged the regards of the aged and the respect of the young. I was gradually acquiring a fortune, an I might have been happy, could I consider my present place of residence as home from his impel not. I looked on my precarious before the the pious saint looks on the prospect, and alas, I looked forward to a residence in the place of my nativity, as the saint looks to Heaven. Home was the name round which all my past and anticipated enjoyments clung—the only place which I thought could afford me happiness. I have now been absent from my native place some twenty years, and have by industry and good fortune acquired a good estate, when I heard by accident, that my long regretted home was on sale. I immediately commissioned a friend to purchase it for me, and congratulated myself as being at the summit of felicity. I soon collected my property, took leave of my friends, and after a journey rendered more tedious by my impatience, I once more stood on my native soil. Few would understand my feelings, were I to describe them, on seeing for the first time the white turrets of my old home shining through the trees, and fewer still would imagine or sympathise with my childish joy, in again viewing the home of my father.

But my happiness was as evanescent, as it was excessive. I soon found that the period of my absence had been marked with many changes. Of the friends whom I had left, some had removed, others had suffered under vicissitudes of fortune; many had sunk into the arms of death. The estate itself had undergone strange alterations, and had fallen into a state of dilapidation. The fences were thrown down, the grounds laid open to the ravages of the neighbour's cattle, the garden overrun with weeds so as scarcely to leave a trace of its former existence—the lofty poplars and willows on which I had swung when a boy, were uprooted and gone.

The desolation of the prospect was complete, and the desolation of my heart corresponded to it. The melancholy recollections of past events, added to the disappointment of my hopes, rendered this day to which I had looked forward as the end of my troubles and the commencement of happiness, the most miserable of my life. I at once decided to return to my adopted city, and to make myself contented, well knowing no other home could afford me equal satisfaction. Time has given reason to the ascendency over feeling, and has taught me that it is wisdom to form our happiness out of the materials within our reach, and not to refer it to some distant period which may never arrive for us—nor place our happiness on an event which may never occur.

The foundation of a Penitentiary has been laid in the neighborhood of Nashville. The building will be 310 feet by 58, and 3 stories high. A wall 4 feet thick and 30 high, will enclose an area of 310 feet by 800, in the rear of the main building.

Pirates.—Capt. Chaffee, at Providence from Trinidad, reports that two armed vessels had been sent out in consequence of information that two piratical vessels, with 30 or 40 men each, were committing depredations between Trinidad and Cape El de Cruz. They were large open boats, one rigged as a sloop, the other as a schooner.

A young lady at school, engaged in the study of grammar, being asked by her preceptor, whether the word "kiss" was a common or proper noun? the girl blushing deeply, with hesitancy, answered, "it is both common and proper, sir."