## POETRY.

From the Princeton Whig. THE BACHELOR.

While some in lively strains relate, The pleasures of the married state; Shall bachelors unsung remain, A ridiculed though harmless train? A scribbler's name I covet not This hour admired, the next forgot; And useless, thrown neglected by, In dusty heaps his labours lie; I only wish, devoid of pride,

Whatever fate. My Song await, To sing my happy fireside.

No helpless infant's hated squalls, Are ever heard within my walls; Nor does a scolding headstrong wife, Disturb the quiet of my life. Lord of my house. I sit at ease, And smoke my pipe whene'er I please;

Whilet thou, poor man, to woman tied, By cradle's toys And restless boys, Beest occupied thy fireside.

There are, who obstinate and vain, Exult in bonds, and hug the chain; Let these the sweets of Wedlock boast, And toil to " to gild a rotten post." See-Crito, needy and forlorn, In sackcloth curse his bridal morn; Blest with a fashionable bride, He's forced to roam,

Or teased at home; And ne'er enjoys his fireside.

Let others tell the joys of love. But keep me from them, powers above? Preserve me from that plague of life, A forward and expensive wife. But lest my choice should wrongly fall E'en let me have no wife at all; But still to gentle peace allied, With smiles survey

Each new born day, And still enjoy my fireside.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN GIRL. Our hearts are with our native land, Our song is for her glory; Her warrior's wreath is in our hand, Our lips breathe out her story. Her lofty hills and valleys green Are smiling bright before us; And like a rainbow sign is seen Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips For those who meet their foemen, For glory's star knows no eclipse When smiled upon by woman. For those who brave the mighty deep, And scorn and threat of danger, We've smiles to cheer-and tears to weep For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land. Our song is for her freedom; Our prayers are for the gallant band Who strikes where honor'll lead 'em. We love the taintless air we breathe, 'Tis freedoms endless power, We'll twine for him a fadeless wreath Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare, Of "Italy's" proud daughters; Of Scotland's lasses-England's fair. And nymphs of Shannon's waters: We heed not all their boasted charmo, Though lords around them hover; Our glory was in Freedom's arms,-A freeman for a lover.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Paterson Intelligencer. THE SPECTRE MASK,-A TALE OF THE LAKE

It was a still and cloudless night-not a breath stirred the leaves on the high trees that surrounded the great villa of the Count, Minotti, on the Lake of Como, when two figures were seen to emerge from a private door that led into the garden surrounding the house, and descend the stone steps to a little boat, in the stern of which sat a figure mul fled in a coarse cloak .- Perceiving their approach, the man who occupied the boat, immediately arose and assisted the cavalier and his companion, a female of stately from and features, of great beauty, to descend, which they did in silence; and entered the boat, which was immediately pushed off .- There was no moon to add beauty and effect to the scene, but the heavens were studded with stars and the clear blue lake reflected their more intensely blue rays, whilst the lights from the windows of the different dwellings that skirted the shores, were reflected in long lines of gold, and the distant bark of the watch dogs alone broke the stillness of night. Not a word was spoken by either party, until the boat reached the middle of the lake, when the lady laid her small white hand on the shoulder of the cavalier, and looked earnestly in his face for some

Dearest Vicenzo,' Baid she 'why so moody and thoughtful; Yon evening star shines as brightly as on that night you wooed and won my poor heart, but, she continued mournfully, you are changed,

aye, changed-and now scarcely vouchsafe a word.

made thee. no less, and attempted to clasp him round the

ed! Have I said or done any thing to---forcibly removing her arms-peace, I say, and pray dance a Spanish fandango for a few moments, in-

per more and any training - way

The lady fell on her knees, before her merciless lord, and in a frantic manner besought him to have pity, but the frend had steeled his heart, and he harshly bade her to prepare for death; when the tone of his victim suddenly changed, and no longer a suppliant, she vehemently upbraided him for his cruelty.

wrathfully, I am in thy power, but my friends will guinary purpose while the finger of death is pressavenge me! I ask not for life, for I know thy | ing hard upon him. purpose is deadly; but dread the vengeance of my family, who will demand me at thy hands.'

The Count deigning no other reply than a low and inarticulate malediction, made sign to his attendant, who immediately rising, seized the lady by

the arm. their victim, forced in spite of her struggles, over | love, and upsets all their connubial arrangements heavy splash into the water; but she almost immediately rose to the surface, and the count seizing an oar, endeavored to stun her by a blow on the head. The stroke was ill-directed, and missed the countess, who, seizing the oar with both hands, supported herself, and thus addressed her cruel husband;

shall judge you for this deed; I summon you to appear before his tribunal ere the moon is out!'

Her husband instantly directed his attendant to return to his villa. Rumors never touched the breast of Minotti, who was as subtle as he was revengeful and cruel, and he spread it abroad that his wife had eloped from him, and the tale was believed. for he had previously circulated stories of her infi-

Three weeks and more had passed, when a nobleman on the other side of the lake, gave a splendid fete, to which many were invited, and among the rest the count Minotti was the gayest of the gay throng. During the evening he had attentively regarded a lady of exquisite beauty, and he now endeavored to enter into conversation with the object of his admirations, but the lady was coy, and replied to all the fond things he addressed to her with a provoking coldness, and Minotti more than once felt his wrath almost master order. If he handed the beautiful mask an ice, she modestly excused herself and the count in vain begged that she would partake of some slight refreshment without which she could not possible support life through the evening. The room was brilliantly illuminated by innumerable lamps, that mocked the stars above them, and dance and sprightly conversation were not lack-

Dearest lady, said he, excuse a little gentle force, and let me remove that envious vizor from your

His companion made no reply, and Minotti construing her silence as an assent, playfully raised the mask from the lady's face-but oh, horror! what did he behold !- the pale countenance of his murdered wife, who regarded him with a look so fearful that his very blood was chilled, and his knees bent under him.

'Vicenzo!' said the spectre, laying her cold. clammy hand on his, and looking him earnestly in the face, "behold thy wife!"

apparition, and with a gasp fell senseless to the ground. He was discovered by some of the company in a deathlike state, from which, though attend- easy obliterated; but they are graven on the hearts avail to possess all the riches of Potosi, if thereby we ed by the most skilful physicians, he did not recover his senses until morning, when he begged those who attended him to send for a confessor, to whom | as the young, because in their declining age, when | ducts? What freights the barks of commerce in he unfolded what had occurred: but the remem- both the physical and intellectual faculties begin to their liquid flight, threading every channel and brance of the scenes in which he had been an actor fail, ideal troubles will present themselves as fast whiteming every port, but the products of agricu'operated so strongly on his shattered nerves, that as those that are rubbed out with the rag of forget- ture? Whence does the government derive is fit after fit succeeded, and ere the evening bell fulness. But O, my dear friends! amid all your revenues but from the fruits of agriculture! What rung, the guilty soul of Vicenzo had fled for ever.

So far goes common rumor; but the sister-hood of a neighbor ng convent know the sequel of the story. The wife whom her lawless husband would have betrayed to death was not permitted by provi- another, till you emigrate to another and a better artisans and tradesmen perform their part in making dence thus to perish.

Buoyed up by her clothing, and assisted by the | So mote it be ! oar, which by the trepidation of those who intended her murder was left in her possession, she floated a long hour, a living death, upon the bosom of the deep, still, blue lake,

The barge of the nobleman at whose villa the fete took place, rescued the lady as her strength was just exhausted, and the rest the reader knows. It only remains to state that the lady shocked with the world, betook herself to the seclusion of a convent; and it was not thought advisable to disabuse the minds of the peasants of the idea of a supernatural vision for so horrible a crime. Her rescue and subsequent residence were therefore carefully con-

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

I have selected the words of my text for this occa-

Alas! how soon the heart forgets Its deepest, wildest pain; The tear an hour the eyelids wets. And all is joy again; Still rushes on the tide of men. As though the past had never been.

My hearers-Man's heart is a slate upon which is written, with the pencil of memory, the record of past events; but the sponge of time soon obliterates cast from his shoulders the cloak in which he was the whole, and no traces are left to tell of their oc- deed would be their condition, and miserable in the times of the Greeks and the Romans, would thus muffled. 'I have words for thine ear to-night | currence, save here and there, perhaps; a scratch which may not be pleasing-Mariana, thou hast out | of former grief or woe. Well, my friends, it is all lived my love. Hast thou no prayer ready? for | for the best that the wave of oblivion should so frehere I shall absolve myself from the vow my folly quently wash our by-gone ills from the shore of recollection into the dead sea of forgetfulness. It is happy for us, that, after having eaten the oysters of pleasures, we are not obliged to lug about with us forever the shells of care, or burden our memories with the load of troubles we incurred in obtaining what dreadful deed dost thou meditate! Think, oh, them.—It is surprising, nevertheless, how soon the

'Peace!' muttered her stern and cruel partner, stain behind, a person treads upon our corns—we my dear friends, it is with the human heart. To- this suffering clay." day it is harrowed up with pain and trouble, and tomorrow it is as smooth and placid as a pan of un- wrings a brother's bosom, finds a place in our own; skimmed milk. It will not always cling to the recollection of the past while the cares of the present and the hopes of the future conjunctively oppose, Vicenzo!' said she, as her dark eye flashed no more than a musquito will persist in his san- among many, and the same cause, a single circum-

My friends-In order to see how soon the heart forgets its most poignant griefs, you have only observe a thing or two as you journey through life. For instance a man-after a blissfully tedious and excruciatingly delightful courtship-enters into matrimonial partnership, with a young, beautiful not fall," in forming his creatures into a common 'Hurl her into the lake, Jacopo, said Minotti; and affectionate creature of the fancy sex. Sudand the words had scarcely passed his lips, when | dealy death stalks into their blooming bower of | and together praise him forever in heaven. the side of the boat, fell with a faint shrick and a by committing adultery with the lovely object of exults in the destruction of an enemy, has also a the husband's affection, and hearing her forever from his sight in his icy, marrowless arms, or, in ly conceive of a being so isolated from society, as other words, she dies-yes, dies like the flower of that some one will not feel sad when he leaves the field, cropped by the mower's scythe. The fond | them and the world forever and drop a tear upon husband pours out his sorrow in flooding tears upon his fall. A few years since a very wicked sailor, her new made grave, and seeks no comfort this and he was one of the most abandoned of men, died Vicenzo Minotti, thy days are numbered.—God | side of the threshold of heaven. Lite to him hath | in the town of Gosport.—This man was hated by no pleasure; for he has been robbed of that which | the crew with whom he sailed, and these men genhe thinks can never be replaced by any substitute | erally have the strongest attachment for each other, the earth can afford in the shape of feminine worth. | and it is reasonable that they should for their asso-He deposites his love in the urn that contains her | ciation in places far away from home where there ashes-wanders and and disconsolate along the were none but themselves to exchange with them gloomy vale of widowhood, and resolves never to the feelings and affections of friendship and it is of marry till soul weds soul at the altar of the Omni- rare occurrence that one of those men is despised by potent. But, my friends, this thick coat of mirery his messmates. The man we speak of was taken soon wears off from his heart in spite of the care | sick on his passage from the Mediterranean and he takes to have it remain. It won't stick any how | died immediately after the arrival of the ship at it can be fixed. His bitter grief lessens to pensive Gosport. He was buried with but little ceremony, sorrow-his sorrow, to sad regret-his regret to but the crew could not allow his body to be depos partial forgetfulness; and soon you behold him ted in the earth without witnessing the scene and revelling again in hymenial sweets, as happy as a moistening the sod that covered him with their hawk at a hen roost, and as gay and as cheerful as tears; scarcely one of them but wept, and they though he had never experienced any conjuga! continued serious for hours after they returned to burstification.

ing tide of men still rushes on as though the past | ed to shed a few tears for his memory." had never been.' When a poor fellow-being falls from the car of existence, a few merely look back | ing and it is this that gives tears to the memory of for mere idle curiosity, to behold the damage, but | the departed .- That which constitutes our greatest they interest themselves no further. If a shade of | haspinose on earth, causes us to mourn for the sadness come over the heart for the moment, it is | dead; and while our tears are falling upon the cold soon dispelled by a change of scene, location or form of the loved, or we stand in the butterness of circumstances. The beckoning word for man in feeling beside the lowliest, it is consoling to us to his mad career is onward, which he instinctive y know that we may meet them again and be united obeys even though it lead him as straight as a forever. chalk line to the devil.

My dear friends-There is no doubt but it is a great blessing that our hearts are so disposed to Agriculture is the foundation of wealth. The sea forget the woes with which we are visited. Children are ever forgetting and are always happy. and industry richer and infinite'y varied contribu-They wash away all grief by a single burst of tions. Money is nor wealth. It is only the repre-The count heard no more—he recoiled from the tears; and then laugh to dry up the spatterings. Care, disappointment and sorrow only draw faint can command labor; but of what use would it be, if lines upon the surface of their hearts which are labor would not be commanded. What would it of the aged; and the furrows sometimes deepen in- could not acquire the products of Agriculture! to death. The old cannot so easily forget the ills | What are manufactures concerned in but these prohearts' forgettings, don't forget that you are all constitutes the wealth of the country but her cotton, made out of one kind of stuff-that your duties are hemp, sugar, rice, tobacco, wool, wheat, beet and all the same—that all belong to one great family— pork. Agriculture only can be considered the creaand that you are in duty bound to aid & protect one tor of wealth. The merchant, the sailor, the various world, where every one must look out for himself. | the product of agriculture more valuable; in trans-

REFLECTIONS.

"There is a tear for all who die." It is one of the most beautiful features in the regulations that govern mankind, that they are bound together, by a common brotherhood, a sympathy of sentiment, which pervades the habitable globe, and unites in feelings, the antipodes of the flower earth. Death is the common enemy of man, & his doings can starcely be told of without awakening an emotion in his bosom which though it may remain but a brief period, affords ample proof that "there is a tear for all who die."

The grim monster reigns despotic over the mortality of created nature and claims animal life as his birth right. In his goings forth from kingdom to and would not be ready to make such sacrafices kingdom, he treads upon the multitudes, and myriads fall beneath his potent arm; place and circumstances he knows not, condition he respects not, but like a universal destroyer, strides on and on, sweeping before him the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the happy and the wretched: the grave is | homely—and therefore had no chance of testhis mighty garner, into which he gathers "truits of | ing personally, the devotion of American women life" & as long as earth shall be peopled so long shall his ravages continue. Men come upon the stage of being, live their "little hour," and fall, to be seen no more among their fellows, and hopeless inwould retain the knowledge of their existence, and in another and better world cause a happy recognition and the continuance of friendship formed in this.

The hope we enjoy of heaven and eternal happiness, is of more value to the thinking mind, than all the transient pleasure, this vain and perishing world can afford. Mental enjoyments are such as become our exalted nature, and assimilate our happiness of celestial beings; compared with these sensual plea-

in mercy think what you would do! Have I offend- heart forgets its miseries. A cloud drags its gloomy sures dwindle into utter insignificance and seem fit shadow over the sunny landscape, but it leaves no only for the "brutes that perish"-The brief interval, for so it may be called, of our existence that is passed upon earth is too fleeting to merit an undue for thy soul, for thou hast not ten minutes to dulge in half a dozen gratuitous grunts, groans and proportion of our care and attention, and our highest curses, and go our way, as though no collision of aim should be to secure a place in the bright world "human understandings" had occurred. And so, of endless peace, when called to give up to death

> We are creatures of sympathy, the sorrow that we rejoice when they weep, and in our minds experience the pleasure or pains of the body which are confined to the individual; they may be distributed stance, may give pain to hundreds and their sufferings may be similar in every respect, and so universal is the compact of human fellowship that no individual of the great family of mankind can perish without having some to weep his fall, and in this thing we see carried out the design of the Creator of all things, without whose knowledge a "sp. rrow ca brotherhood that they might serve him upon earth

There is a tear for all who die .- The savage that tear for the misfortune of a friend, and we can hardthe ship. The captain, who perhaps felt as deculy My friends—when a friend accidentally takes a las any of them asked why they were so sad, when slide from time to eternity, what do we do? Why, they ought to rejoice at leing rid of so desperate and shed a few formal tears over his mortal remains, dishonorable a ship mate, "Captain" replied one, deposite him in his narrow home—shovel on the who was but the mouthpiece of the whole, for they gravel, and go about our business Aye, we even felt alike, "Captain, he was one of us, he messed run over his grave to pick up pennies, and care no with us, and though he robbed us, and abused us, more for the sacredness of the dust on which we and did every thing to us he could that was evil yet tread than a cat does for a carpet. The ever roll- | we cannot help feeling for him and we are compell-

Without sympathy-life would not be worth hav-

The product of labor is the only real Wealth .--renders her tribute; but the earth presents to skill sentative of wealth. Money is coveted because it porting them so that the advantages of climate are. equalized, and in a condition for use; but agriculture alone produces. Like the leader of Israel, she strikes the rock, the waters flow, and a famishing people are satisfied. She supplies, she feeds, she quickens all. Agriculture is the commanding interest of the country, with which no single interest of a secular nature combined, can be brought into

AMERICAN FEMALE CHARACTER -Mr. Buckingham, (says the Philadelphia Inquirer,) expresses his opin cr, that although the American women make the most faithful wives and mest correct members of society, they do not love with the same intensity as the women of Europe, for the object of their affections Mr. B. was not long enough among us to ascertain the truth in this particular. He was moreover, a married man, somewhat advanced in life, and rather in love matters. In this particular, they are unsurpassed in the world. Our history is replete with instances of womanly devotion, that, in the of those days, in strains of undying verse and eloquence. But Mr. Buckingham admits that the American women are the most beautiful of all civilized nations, and he must therefore be let off mildly.

VERY TRUE .- No man who loves his family fails to take a newspaper, says the Richmond Compiler.

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

Newspapers B. Liberia Herald

February 1842(XI,4)-February 18,1857(n.s. VII,4)