POETRY

From the common School Assistant.

TO NIAGARA:

Written dt the first sight of its Falls—Aug. 13, 1838.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

1.

Mail! Sovereign of the world of Floods! whose majesty and might
First dazzles—then enraptures—then o'crawes the aching sight;
The pomp of Kings and Emperors, in every clime and zone,
Grows dim beneath the splendors of thy glorious watery throne.

2.

No fleets can stop thy progress--no armies bid the stay—
But onward—onward—onward—thy march still holds its way;
The rising mist that veils thee—as thine herald, goes before—
And the music that proclaims thee—is the thundering Cateract's roar.

3.

Thy diadem is an emerald green, of the purest brightest hue.
Set around with waves of snow-white foam, in spay of feathery dew,
While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thine ample sheet,
And the Rainbow lays its gorgeous gems, in tribute, at thy feet.

4.

Thy reign is of the ancient days, thy sceptre from on high—
Thy birth was when the morning stars together sang with joy;
The Sun, the Moon, and all the Orbs that shine upon thee now,
Saw the first wreath of glory which entwin'd thine infant brow.

5.

And, from that hour to this, in which I gaze upon thy stream,
From age to age, in Winter's frost, or Summer's sultry beam,
By day, by night, without a pause, thy waves, with loud acclaim,
In caseless sounds, have still proclaimed the Great Eternal's Name.

6.

For whether, on thy forest banks, the Indian of the Wood,
Or, since his days, the Red Man's foe, on his father land have stood,
Whoe'er has seen thine incense rise, or heard thy torrents' roar,
Must have bent before the God [of All! to worship and adore.

7.

Accept, then, O! Supremely Great! O! Infinite!—O! God!
From this primeval Altar, the green and virgin sod,
The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay
To thee! whose [illegible] guarded me through all my wandering way.

8.

For, if the Ocean be as nought, in the hollow of thy hand,
And the stars of the bright firmament, thy balance, grains of sand,
If Niagara's rolling flood seems great to us who lowly bow,
O! great Creator of the whole! how passing Great art Thou!

9.

Yet tho' thy power is greater than the finite mind can scan,
Still greater is thy Mercy shown to weak, dependant man;
For him, thou fill'st the teeming fields with abundance yielding seed,
For him, the woods the lakes, the seas, supply his hourly need.

10.

Around, on high—or far, or near—the universal whole
Proclaims thy glory, as the orbs in their fixed courses roll;
And from Creation's greatful voice, the hymn ascends above,
While Heaven re-echoes back to Earth, the chorus, "God is Love."

J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

"I STRIKE MY FLAG."

These were the dying word of Commodore Hull. Rev. Walter Colton gives the following beautiful poem on this striking exclamation of the expiring hero:

I strike! not to the sceptred king—
A man of mortal breath—
A weak, imperious, guilty thing:
I strike to thee, O Death!

I strike that flag which, in the fight,
The hope of millions hailed;
That flag which threw its meteor light
Where England's lion quailed.

I strike to thee, whose mandates fall
Alike on king and slave;
Whose livery is the shroud and pall,
And palace court, the grave.

Thy captives crowd the caverned earth,
They fill the rolling sea;
From court and camp, the wave and hearth,
All, all have bowed to thee.

But thou, stern Death, must yet resign
Thy sceptre o'er this dust,
The Power that makes the mortal thine.
Will yet remand his trust.

That mighty voice shall reach this ear,
Beneath the grave's cold clod;
This form, these features re-appear
In life before their God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Origin of the name "Old Dominion,"

AS APPLIED TO VIRGINIA.

There is, in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, a coin of the following description. On one side is a head, and the words "Georgius III. Rex." On the other side is a shield, on which are quartered the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, and *Virginia*. The whole surmounted by a crown, and encircled with the word "Virginia 1773."

A similar coin was dug up a few years since, and the following statement was published with the description of it. "During the usurpation of Cromwell, the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. Shortly after, finding that Cromwell threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce Virginia to subjection, and fearing the ability of this feeble state to withstand this force, she sent over in a small ship, a messenger to Charles II., then an exile at Breda, in Flanders. Charles accepted the invitation to come over, and be King of Virginia, and was on the eve of embarking when he was recalled to the crown of England. As soon as he was restored to the throne of England, in gratitude for the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat of arms to be quartered with those of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as an independent member of the Empire.

The above coin is clearly confirmatory of these facts. Hence the origin of the phrase "Old Dominion," frequently applied to Virginia.

History does not confirm all these statements, though it establishes some; and sufficiently discloses in the conduct of Virginia, during the Protectorate of Cromwell, a cause for the origin of the name, "*Old Dominion.*" The facts as gathered from a variety of reliable histories appear to be these

After the death of king Charles I., and the installation of Oliver Cromwell as Protector, the colony of Virginia, refused to acknowledge his authority, and parliament having subdued opposition elsewhere, were not disposed to submit to such a resistanee of its authority by the twenty thousand inhabitants of Virginia. It issued an ordinance declaring them notorious robbers and traitors; prohibited all intercourse with the refractory colonists, either by the people of England, the inhabitants of the other American settlements, or with foreign nations; and finally, sent over a fleet under Sir George Ayscue, "to overpower the provincial royalists, and extinguish the last traces of monarchical authority; that still lingered in the extremities of the empire" The commissioners "appointed to accompany this expedition" were empowered to try in the first instance the efficacy of pardons and other conciliatory propositions in reducing the colonists to obedience; but if their pacific overtures should prove ineffectual, they were then to employ every species of hostile operation, &c.

From Barbadoes, Sir, George Ayscue despatched Capt. Dennis with a small squadron of ships to the Chesapeake to land his forces, and drive Sir William Berkley out of Virginia; for during the whole preceding struggle of Charles I., and the parliament, the Virginians were firm on the side of the King, and enacted a declaration, "that they were born under a monarcy, and would never degenerate from the condition of their births, by being subject to any other government." After the King was beheaded, they acknowledged the authority of the fugitive Prince, and actually continued the Provincial government under a commission, which he sent to Sir William Burkley, from this retreat at Breda. The young Prince was not however actually invited over to establish a kingdom in Virginia; though according to Clarendon, Sir William Berkley was so assured of the loyalty of the inhabitants and so impressed with confidence of success, that he wrote to him *almost inviting him to America.*" In these acts consisted the enmity of the Parliament, to the Governor; and for this open defiance of its power, Virginia was to be ravaged by a fleet on her waters, and insidious assassins on her soil. Historians differ greatly as to the proceedings of Sir William, after the arrival of the fleet within the capes of Virginia, several, as Beverly, (p. 54) Old mixon (i. 375) Burke (European settlements (ii. 223) Grahame (i. 99) have asserted that he made a great show of resistance, assisted by the Dutch ships in the harbour, and the royalists, who were the majority of the population.

Bancroft however, (i. 223) citing contemporary authorities of the highest value, says, "no sooner had the Guinea frigate anchored in the waters of the Chesapeake, than (quoting from Clarendon,) "all thoughts of resistance were laid aside." It marks continues Bancroft, the character of the Virginians; that they refused to surrender to force, but yielded by a voluntary deed and mutual compact." "By the articles of surrender, a complete indemnity was stipulated for all past offences; and the colonists, recognizing the authority, were admitted into the bosom of the English commonwealth, and expressly assured of an equal participation in all the privileges of the free people of England. In particular, it provided that the provincial Assembly should retain its wonted functions, and that "the people of Virginia shall have as free trade as the people of England, to all places and with all nations?" and "shall be free from all taxes, customs and impositions whatsoever, without the consent of their own assembly." Berkley disdained to make any stipulation for himself, with those whom his principles of loyalty taught him to regard as usurpers. Without leaving Virginia, he withdrew to a retired situation, where he continued to reside as a private individual, universally beloved and respected, till a new revolution was to summon him once more to defy the republican forces of England and restore the ascendency of royalty in the colony.

This was in March, 1652. And affairs continued much in this state until 1660. In mean time, Richard Bennet, Edward Diggs, and Samuel Matthews had been severally elected by the Burgesses, Governor of Virginia, under allegiance to Oliver Cromwell, and on his death in 1658, to Richard Cromwell. But in 1660, Gov. Matthews died, and the people discontented with some commercial restriction imposed by the Protectorate, did not wait for a new commission from England, but elected Sir Wm. Berkley, and "by an obliging violence, compelled him to accept the Government." He however, refused to act under the usurpation of the Cromwell's and would not consent, unless they "joined with him in venturing their lives and fortunes for the King, who was then an exile."

"This" says Beverly, "was their dearest wish, and therefore, with an unanimous voice, they told him that they were ready to hazzard all for the king."—Now, this was actually before the King's return to England, and proceeded from a brave principle of loyalty, for which they had no example. Sir William Burkly embraced their choice, *and forthwith proclaimed Charles II, king of England, Scotland, Ireland and Virginia,* and caused all process to be issued in his name. *Thus His Majesty was actually King of Virginia before he was in England.*" On the restoration of the King, he sent Sir William a new commission, and granted him permission to visit England.

He was received by the monarch with which kindness' and there is recorded a tradition that the King in compliment to the colony, wore at his coronation, a robe made of the silk which was sent from thence. —such is a condensed narrative of the causes and incidents which gave to Virginia the honored title of "The Old Dominion."—*Savannah Georgian.*

THAT HOLE IN THE POCKET.

Miss Martineau has written any quantity of matter more tiresome than the following, which we clip from the Cincinati Cronicle—but she never compressed so much good sense in so short a space in her life.—The author is Mr. James H. Perkins, one of the vigorous writers of the young West, whose sketches, collected in a volume, would make a book alike readable and useful.

In this lies the true secret of economy—the care of sixpenses. Many people throw them away without remorse or consideration—not reflecting that a penny a day is more than three dollars a year. We should complain loudly if a head tax to that amount were laid upon us; but when we came to add that we uselessly tax ourselves for our penny expenses, we shall find that we waste in this way, annually, quite enough to supply a family with winter fuel.

"It is now about a year since my wife said to me, one day, 'Pray, Mr, Slackwater, have you that half dollar about you that I gave you this morning?' I felt in my waiscoat pocket, and I felt in my breeches pocket, and I turned my purse inside out, but it was all empty space—which is very different from specie; so I said to Mrs. Slackwater, 'I've lost it, my dear, positively, there must be a hole in my pocket—'I'll sew it up,' said she.

"An hour or two after, I met Tom Snibbins.—'How did that ice cream set?' said Tom. 'It set,' said I, 'like the sun, gloriously.' And, as I spoke, it flashed upon me that my missing half dollar had paid for those ice creams; however, I held my peace, for Mrs. Slackwater sometimes makes remarks; and even when she assured me at breakfast, next morning, that there was no hole in my pocket, what could I do but lift up my brow and say, 'Ah! isn't there! really!"

"Before a week had gone by, my wife, like a dutiful helpmare, as she is always, gave me her loose change to keep, called for a 25 cent piece that had been deposited in my sub-treasury for safe keeping; 'there was a poor womon at the door,' she said, 'that she had promised it to, for certain." 'Well, wait a moment,' I cried; so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then in that, and then in the other—but vacancy returned a horrid groan. 'On my soul,' said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, 'you must keep my pockets in better repair, Mrs. Slackwater: this piece, with I know not how many more, is lost, because some corner or seam in my plaguy pockets is left open.'

"'Are you sure?' said Mrs. Slackwater.

"'Sure! aye, that I am; it's gone, totally gone.'

"My wife dismissed her promise, and then, in her quiet way, asked me to change my pantaloons before I went out, and, to bar all argument, laid another pair on my knees.

"That evening, allow me to remark, gentlemen of the species 'husband,' I was very loathe to go home to tea: I had half a mind to bore some bachelor friend; and when hunger and habit, in their unassuming manner, one on each side, walked mo up to my own door, the touch of the brass knob made my blood run cold. But do not thing Mrs. Slackwater is a Tartar, my good friends, because I thus shrunk from home; the fact was, that I had, while abroad, called to him the fate of her 25 cent piece, which I had invested in smoke—that is to say, cigars; and I feared to think of her comments on my pantaloon pockets.

"These things went on for some month; we were poor to begin with, and grew poorer, or, at any rate, no richer, fast. Times grew worse and worse; even my pocket book was no longer to be trusted, the rag slipped from it in a manner most incredible to relate—as an Irish song says,

'And such was the fate of poor Paddy O'More,
That his purse had the more rents, as he had the fewer."

"At length one day my wife came in with a subscription paper for the Orphan's Ayslum. I looked at it, and sighed, and picked my teeth, and shook my head, and handed it back to her.

"'Ned Bowen,' said she, 'has put down ten dollars.'

"'The more shame to him,' I replied; 'he can't afford it; he can but just scrape along, any how, and in these times it aint right for him to do it.' My wife smiled in her sad way, and took the paper back to him that brought it.

"The next evening she asked me if I would go with her and see the Bowens, and as I had no objection, we started.

I knew that Ned Bowen did a small business, that would give him about $600 a year, and I thought it would be worth while to see what the sum would do in the way of housekeeping. We were admitted by Ned, and welcomed by Ned's wife a very neat little boy, of whom Mrs Slackwater had told me a great deal, as they had been school mates. All was as nice as wax, and yet substantial as iron—comfort was written all over the room. The evening passed, somehow or other, though we had no refreshment, an article which we never have at home, but always want when elsewhere, and I returned to our own establishment with mingled pleasure and chagrin.

"'What a pity,' said I to my wife, 'that Bowen don't keep within his income.'

"'He does,' she replied,

"'But how can he on $600?' was my answer, 'if he gives $10 to this charity and $5 to that, and live so snug and comfortable, too?'

"'Shall I tell you?' asked Mrs. Slackwater.

"'Certainly if you can.'

"'His wife,' said my wife, 'finds it just as easy to go without twenty or thirty dollars worth of ribbons and laces, as to buy them. They have no fruit but what they raise and have given them by country friends, whom they repay by a thousand little acts of kindness. They use no beer, which is not essential to his health as it is to yours; and then he buys no cigars or ice cream, or apples at 100 per cent, on market prices, or oranges at 12 cents a-piece, or candy, or new novels, or rare works that are still more rarely used—in short, my dear Mr. Slackwater, he has no hole in his pocket!'

"It was the first word of suspicion my wife had uttered on the subject, and it cut me to the quick! Cut me? I should rather say it sewed me up, me and my pockets, too: they have never been in holes since that evening

RISING GENIUSES.—*Scene in a scool-room.*

Master—"Fuss class'n jograree!" *Scholars*—"Yeth'm." *Master*—"Tumas, what's the biggest river in Amoriky?" "The Tom*big*bee, zur—Ike keeps a pichin' on me?" "He pinch't me first, zur, and I pinch't him back again." "Go and take yer seats—fuss class in parsin!" "Yeth'm." "Moses, parse 'Arkansas'—sixth line from the top." "A-r-k *ark*, a-n-s *ans*, *arkans*, a-s *ass*, *Arkansas*." "Pronounce it Arkansaw—but, Moses, you aint spellin,' yer parsin,' child!" "O, yeth'er!—Harkhandsaw is a noun—objective case—indicative mood—comparative degree, third person and nomity case to sciz-zors." "You hav'nt said what gender, Moses." "Feminine gender." "Why?" "Cortzitz——." "Next." "Don no." "Next." "Cortzitz a she-male." "Next." "Forgetten zur." "Come David, you know." "Yeth'm." "Well, why is Arkansas of the femine gender, David?" "Corzitz—why corzitz got Miss Soury on the norf—Louisa Anna on the souf, Mrs. Sippy on the east, and ever so many more she males on the west." "Very well, David—you may go to the head—you're a rising genius and'ill make a man before you're mother." Yeth'm." —*Claremont Eagle.*

AYES I NOES O.

[illegible] the other [illegible] the following resolutions—and as they were [illegible] we offer them to our readers

1. *Resolved*, That legislators, while vigilant in [illegible] wealth of the people, has been too negligent [illegible] their education.

2. *Resolved*, That the people should be [illegible] make a right use of the faculties which the Creator has given them, and then trust them fearlessly to themselves

3. *Resolved*, That we recognise the following maxim to be true: that [illegible] teacher, so is the [illegible] and as is the pay so is [illegible].

4. *Resolved*, That [illegible] ining the amount of education given, we [illegible] ask how many children are sent to the schools, but what is the [illegible] character of the school.

5. *Resolved* That [illegible] to educate the mind, than to support the aged criminal.—*Common School Assistant.*

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

XII. Newspapers
B. Liberia Herald

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1845