POETRY.

Form the Examiner.

The following lines were written on reading the Poem, "The Wants of Man," by the Hon. John Quincy Adams, when it was first published, in 1841! They have never seen the light, and if the Editor of the Examiner chooses to give them a place in his interesting and valuable paper, they are at his service.

March 21st, 1848. F. W. H.

"I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days,
The friend of human kind:
That after-ages as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name."

J. Q. ADAMS.

Thou, patriot, pure and uncorrupt!
In a degenerate age,
This wish, at least, shall be fulfill'd
For bright on history's page,
In glorious companionship
With those who lov'd their race,
And sought its highest happiness,
Thy name shall have a place.

Give to the miser gems and gold!
Wine to the bacchanal;
For pleasure's giddy votary
Light up the festive hall!
Let him who toils for place and power,
Attain his loftiest aim;
What are they all, when weigh'd against
Thy bright untarnish'd fame?

I look far down the stream of time,
Our land, the young, the free,
Hath long been cover'd with the moss
Of hoar antiquity.
No deep, dark forest waves in pride
Through all the wide domain,
But crowded cities skirt the hills,
And fill the laughing plain.

And hurrying on with eager step,
The thronging millions pass,
Fleeting as shadows o'er the sun,
Or dew drops on the grass:
O, ere all the boundless continent
Like leaves in autum shed,
The wise, the great are laid to rest
With the forgotten dead.

And many a name that once was borne
On fame's loud trump afar,
Comes dimly up, as from a cloud
Beams feebly forth, a star.
But *thine*, a halo pure and bright
Encircles it around;
With double immortality
Thy virtuous life is crown'd.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From The Examiner

A Tale of the Carbonari.

(FROM THE GERMAN CHRISTMAS EVE.)

A French officer, a man of ardent but gloomy temperament, formerly attached to the staff of General Moreau, had quitted the service after the court-martial instituted at Paris against his General. He had not been personally compromised in the conspiracy, but being strongly tainted with republican principles, he left France at the first foundation of Napoleon's empire, and went on his travels; making no secret however of his abhorrence for the chiefs of an absolute government, and glorying in the name of a malcontent.

After having traveled for some years in Greece, Germany, and Italy, this officer (whom I shall call Colonel D'Aguesseau) established himself in a village of the Venetian Tyrol, where his moderate fortune and quiet simple habits enabled him to enjoy a life of retirement.

He had little or no communication with his neighbors, but gave himself up to the study of natural history, and to other scientific pursuits; casting from his mind the stormy subject of politics, and in fact living a life of literary leisure.

About this time the secret society of the Carbonari was making rapid progress in the Italian States, even to the shores of the Adriatic. Many inhabitants of the village in which Colonel D'Augesseau had fixed his habitation, was zealous members of this secret association, and longed to enrol their taciturn and mysterious neighbor among their body; being fully aware of the French officer's implacable enmity to the imperial government, and to "the great distroyer of liberty," as he called him, who was at its head.

These crafty Italians accordingly devised a plan by which, without arousing the suspicions of the Colonel, they might effect their object, and for that purpose they agreed to form a hunting party, which was accidentally, as it were, to fall in with D'Aguesseau in some of his solitary rambles.

The project was successful, the meeting was effected, and little inducement was necessary to draw out the opinions of the French officer, when he found himself surrounded by the worshippers of liberty, which was still his own idol, whose magic name still thrilled through his heart; and made the memories of youth spring up freshly before him.

This meeting was followed by others whence ensued the desired and expected result. The melancholy recluse now felt his bosom glow with the delightful sensation of brotherhood in sentiment. The next step was to accede to the proposal of the now confessed Carbonari to join their ranks; and he did so with an enthusiastic pleasure that had long been for him an unknown feeling.

The symbols of the order, with the tokens of brotherhood, were soon after taken. They consisted in an engagement to be at any moment at the disposal of the society, and to die rather than betray their secret.

From the time of his affiliation, the Colonel's outward mode of life; continued as usual, but he secretly awaited the moment of action, when he should be called upon by his brethren to assist personally in the great cause.

The enterprising character of the Venetian Tyrol offers a strong contrast to the indolent nature of their countrymen in Southern Italy. Like the latter, however, they are extremely suspicious, and fearfully revengeful.

Soon after D'Aguesseau had been thoroughly enrolled in the society, some of its members began to look on him as a dangerous person, and one likely to betray their secret. Many affirmed that the fact of his being a Frenchman was alone sufficient to make him an object of suspicion and, as the police were known to be more on the alert than usual in their efforts to unmask the conspirators, they maintained that it behoved them to put the new member to other tests besides the simple formalities of taking the oath.

To this requisition those members who had introduced the Colonel and answered for his fidelity made no objections, and at once acceded, being firmly convinced that his sincerity would stand any trial.

Matters were in this state when news arrived of the defeat and sufferings of the French army at Leipsic; and this served to redouble the ardor of the Carbonari.

Three months had now passed since the affiliation of the French officer; and, as he had heard nothing from his brethren in the interval, D'Aguesseau was beginning to conclude that the duties expected from him must be very trifling indeed.

One day, however, he received a mysterious letter, requiring him to repair on the following night, to a neighboring wood. He was to be at a certain spot at midnight, armed only with his sword, and to remain there until he should receive further orders.

The Colonel obeyed these commands of the letter; was exact to the hour; and remained at the spot until daybreak; when, concluding from his not having seen any one or heard anything particular, that a test of obedience and patience was alone the object, he returned home. This opinion was confirmed, when a few days after, a similar mysterious communication and order were followed, on his obedience; by the like result.

A third command, after another short lapse of time, was issued, and obeyed by the Colonel; whose perseverance was still not exhausted, after many hours' attendance at the appointed spot.

At length just before daybreak. D'Aguesseau could distinguish in the distance the clashing of weapons, and a sudden impulse seized him to advance in the direction from whence the sounds, proceeded. They appeared to become fainter as he approached; and at last, by the struggling drawn, he could perceive that fearful crime, even that of murder, had been committed. A man lay before him bathed in blood, and the Colonel saw, with horror, that two murderous looking ruffians stood over the body! On advancing, however, with the boldness of his nature, to seized the assassins, they darted away with the speed of lightning, thro' the thick foliage, and were soon lost to pursuit.

The Colonel immediately returning, stooped down to examine the body, and found that the unfortunate victim still breathed. On raising him in his arms, however, four gens-d'armes appeared on the spot, and the dying man, making a last effort to speak muttered some words as to his assassin, pointing out D'Aguesseau, as he spoke, to the notice of the officers of justice. Immediately two of the gens-d'armes seized the Colonel, and bound his arms: the other two supporting the apparently breathless corpse of the murdered man.

D'Aguesseau was now hurried on to a distant village where he was conducted to the house of a magistrate, and, after undergoing a private examination was immediately sent to prison.

Pitiable, indeed, was the situation of this brave man, thus wrongfully suspected, and deprived of liberty, in a strange country, without friends, and not daring to appeal to his owngoverument, on account of his well-know opinions. Appearances were all against him, and apparently corroborated by the testimony of the dying man.

D'Aguesseau's firm soul shrunk not, however, from looking into his horrible and hopeless position; and he had already resigned him to meet, as a man and a Christian, a horrible but undeserved fate.

Meanwhile a special commission had been assembled before which the Colonel was commanded to appear; but he could only repeat the testimony which he had advanced before the first magistrate, and which had failed in bringing to his mind a conviction of the deponent's innocence.

Upon the Colonel's solemn asseveration of total ignorance of the muder he was asked how it occurred that he was found armed, at midnight, and in a lonely wood? D'Aguesseau could only answer, that he was conscious appearances were against him, but that he could not explain the circumstances that had led to his being in such a situation at such an hour.

His mystery and silence on this point appeared to condemn him irrevocably in the minds of the commissioners, who unanimously found him guilty, and passed sentence of death on him; remanding him to prison untill the execution of the sentence, was to be carried into effect in a few hours, justice being rather summary at that period in these parts. A priest was introduced into the convict's cell, whom the Colonel received politely, but to whom he declined confessing.

At length the executioner entered to lead the prisoner to the scaffold; but, on the way to the place of execution the mournful procession was stopped by a Colonel of gensd'armerie.

This man was known by the name of Boizart, and was the terror of all evil doers in Italy. He was a person whom every one knew by repute. His name was familiar to Colonel D'Aguesseau, but he had never before seen the person who bore it.

Boizart, having commanded a halt, took the prisoner aside into a private apartment of the court-house, near which he had met the train, and thus addressed him:

"You see, my friend, that everything is against you, no one can save you from merited death but myself. I will do it, but upon one condition. I know you are one of the Carbonari. Name your brother-conspirators, and the nature of their dark machinations, and your life shall be spared, as the reward of your information."

"I will not!" answered D'Aguesseau, firmly.

"Consider well: life is precious!"

"I will not!" repeated the Frenchman. "Lead me on to the place of punishment while I am still an innocent man!"

The procession again moved on; they reached the scafford, where the executioner was already prepared for his fatal office. D'Auguesseau mounted the ladder with a firm step Colonel Boizart following, imploring him to save his own life, by revealing even the names of his brethren without their secrets; but he was inexorable.

"Never!" said the brave man, kneeling down to receive the death-blow.

Immediately the scene changed! Boizart, the executioner, the gens-d'armes, the priest, the spectators, all advanced, admiration in their hearts, acclamations on their lips. They bore the hero in triumph from the scaffold, all having played their parts to perfection! The assassins of the wood, their victim, the judge, and all, having been a deception! The most suspicious among the Carbonari were now convinced that there existed at least one man and be a brother, who carried his sense of honor to the highest pitch, and esteemed life itself of no value, in comparison with the sacredness of an oath!

NATURAL LAWS ARE UNBENDING,

AND DEMAND TO BE KNOWN AND OBEYED.

Existing philosophy, halting between the reasons of the enlightened and unenlightened man, leaves us only puzzled. We know not how to regard the phenomena of the world, and our own relation to them. Many sink into a kind of fatalism which paralyzes the faculties; others ascend into fantastic dreams which exercise a not less baleful influence. Some of the disastrous consequences are sufficiently conspicuous; but many more blaze and expend themselves in privacy, known only in the circles where they have been so fatally felt. The entire conduct of a large portion of society; and more or less that of nearly all the rest, is regulated, or rather cast loose from regulation, by the want of definite ideas regarding that fixed plan of the divine working, on the study and observance of which it is evident that our secular happiness mainly altogether depends. Even acute men of the world are daily seen acting to their own manifest injury, in consequence of their utter ignorance of any system of law pressing around them. With the great bulk of society life is merely a following of a few inferior instincts, with a perfect blindness to consequences. By individuals and by communities alike, physical and moral evils are patiently endured, which a true knowledge of the system of Providence would cause to be instantly redressed. Daily health and comfort, life itself, are sacrificed through the want of this knowledge. It is not in the heyday of cheerful, active and prosperous existence, or when we look only to the things which constitute the greatness of nations, that we become sensible of this truth. We must seek for convictions on the subject, beside the death beds of amiable children, destroyed through ignorance of the rules of health, and hung over by parents who feel that life is nothing to them when those dear beings are no more; in the despairing comfortlessness of the selfish who have acted throughout long years in the supposition that the social affections could be starved hurtlessly; in the pestilences ravaging the haunts of poverty, and revenging in spreading contagion, the neglect by the rich of the hoplessness of their penury and disease stricken neighbors; in the canker of discontent and crime, which eats into the vitals of a nation in consequence of an unlimited indulgence of acquisitiveness by those possessing the most ready natural resources and standing in the most fortunate positions; in the national desolation and misery which follow wars entered upon in the wantonness of pride, greed, and vanity. Doubtless were the idea vividly present in the minds of all men, that from laws of unswerving regularity every act, thought, and emotion of theirs helps to determine their own future, both by its direct effects on their fate, and its reflection from the future of their fellow creatures, and this without any possibility of reprieve or extenuation, we should see society presenting a different aspect from what it does, the sum of human misery vastly diminished, and that of the general happiness as much increased. [*Sequel to the Vestiges of Creation*

GETTING OVER HARD NAMES

An old toothless clergyman used to be much bothered by the lesson in which the names of Shadrach, Meschach, and Abednego so often occur. At last he adopted the expedient of calling them "these three gentlemen;" reading thus: 'So the king commanded these three gentlemen to be cast into the fiery furnace." —*The Examiner.*

the rememdereb and the forgotten

On an evening not long past, I had been reading one of those faultless poems, which Pope has dedicated to St John, and which Time has dedicated to Eternity. I was pondering more especially upon the verses which conclude the essay and upon the strange reversal which their prophecy has met with. The poet, in a transport of admiration and love points out, with a sincerity which is proved by their ardour, these glowing verses to the most admired man of his age:

"O! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies and gathers all its fame

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