

POET'S CORNER.

SELECTED.

ELEGANT SCRAP.

FROM POEMS BY ANNE BANNERMAN.

Supposed to be uttered by an ariel or spirit of the poet's own imagination.

HIGH on yon cloud's cerulean seat,
I ride sublime thro' ether blue,
To fling, while reigns the power of heat,
On fainting earth the summer dew:
Bid the rose in crimson glow,
And spread the lily's robe of snow;
Waft from heav'n the balmy breeze,
That sighs along the sleeping seas.
Where the wild ocean's heaving waves
Boil round Magellan's stormy coast;
When long and loud the tempest raves,
I mark the straining vessel tost.
By night along unfathom'd seas,
To see the living current freeze;
As horror grasps each fainting form,
High 'mid the fury of the storm,
Till the tall mast in scatter'd fragments lie,
And plung'd amid the surge, the sufferers sink
and die.

Soft be your bed, and sweet your rest,
Ye luckless tenants of the deep!
And o'er each cold and shrouded breast,
May spirits of the waters weep!
And still when awful midnight reigns,
My harp shall join the solemn strains;
My voice shall echo to the waves
That dash above your coral graves:
Blest be the gloom that wraps each sacred head,
And hushes the unbroken sleep and silence of
the dead!

THE SMILE.

BRIGHT sunbeam of th' illum'd face,
Best ornament of every grace,
Without whose fascinating play
Inert is beauty's fairest ray;
I love, across the mantling cheek,
To see thy sportive dimples speak;
To mark thy magic radiance fly,
Quick glancing, to th' expressive eye!
Attractive lightning! Angel smile!
Form'd every sorrow to beguile:
Each pleasing feeling to improve;
Oh! ever grace the lips I love!

THE EYE.

MAGIC, wonder beaming eye!
In thy narrow circle lie
All our varied hopes and fears,
Sportive smiles and graceful tears!
Eager wishes, wild alarms,
Rapid feelings potent charms!
Wit and genius, taste and sense,
Shed, thro' thee, their influence!
Honest index of the soul,
Nobly scornful all control,
Silent language, ever flowing,
Every sweet thought avowing,
Pleasure's seat, Love's favourite throne,
Every triumph is thine own!

HEROISM OF A PEASANT.

The following generous action has always struck me extremely; there is somewhat even of sublime in it.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the part on which was the house of the tollgatherer, or porter, I forgot which, and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction.—They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming and imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water.

In this extreme danger, a nobleman who was present, a count of Pulvermi, I think held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stone, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit.

A peasant passing along was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, bro't his boat under the pile; & the whole of the family descended by means of a rope. "Courage! cried he, now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to the shore. "Brave fellow, exclaimed the count, hand the purse to him, here is the promised recompence." "I shall never expose life for money," replied the heroic and generous peasant, "my labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family who have lost their all."

MISCELLANY.

From the Monthly Magazine.

Curious particulars concerning the Osages, a nation of American Indians, living south of the river Missouri. Addressed to Lindley Murray, Esquire, by Samuel L. Mitchill.

IT has been questioned, whether the natives of North America have any poetical taste. For a long time I was inclined to this opinion, that they had no compositions of this kind, or at least, none beyond a single sentence or ejaculation. This was my belief, when, after the cession of Louisiana to the United States, the Osage Indians, from the regions far west of the Mississippi, made their first appearance on the shores of the Atlantic. A party of them had been sent from Washington in 1804, to see the maritime country, & had travelled as far as New-York. Having repeatedly seen these strange visitors, and the gentleman who attended them during their stay in that city, I was much gratified by the answers made to many questions I asked concerning them. Among other information I received, was the fact that the party had a poet among them. I endeavoured to procure a retired interview with this son of song; but such was the press of company, and such was their incessant occupation, that I found it utterly impossible.

The next year another party of these red men of the west, came to Washington, the seat of the American government. I visited them, cultivated their acquaintance, and had repeated visits in return. I was both instructed & entertained with the geographical delineations they made of the regions they were acquainted with. They drew for me, with chalk, on the floor, a sketch of the rivers Arkansas, Missouri, and Mississippi, and of the Osage and Gasconade. They depicted the villages of the Great and Little Osages, and their route thence toward the city of Washington, and they marked the spot, where the vast Saline exists, to the westward and southward of their settlements.

Among other displays of their knowledge, they favoured me with concerts of vocal and instrumental music. Four or five performers stood up together in a row, and uttered with measured tone and accent, several of their popular songs. A small basket, with stones in it, like a child's plaything; a rattlesnake's tail tied to the extremity of a wild turkey's long feather, a sort of board to be beaten by the hand, and a flute, or rather whistle, made of native reed, were the instruments employed by this harmonious band.

Their concert was animated, and seemed to give the actors a great deal of pleasure. The spirit and satisfaction which they manifested, made me curious to know what were the words and sentiments of the songs. After various efforts, I succeeded in procuring several of these aboriginal pieces, by aid of their interpreter. He gave me the literal translation, and this I have thrown into English verse with but small amplification or paraphrase. When I took the pen, ink and paper, the chief musician or poet, felt so much timidity or embarrassment, that he could with difficulty be prevailed on to repeat the words. At length, however, on being told, "that the red man kept his song in his mouth, but that I would show him the white man's method of putting it into his pocket," his scruples were overcome; for he laughed, and then slowly and distinctly uttered the words of several songs.

I give you, as specimens of their talent in this way, three different rhythmical compositions. These are on *Friendship*, *War* and *Peace*, and afford striking illustrations of the manner of thinking among those simple and unlettered people.

You will judge of the sagacity and quickness of wit which they possess, by the following anecdote; I observed to one of the chiefs, who visited me, "that, as the white men would soon begin to encroach upon them, the woods would be destroyed by fire, or cut down. Then game would grow scarce; deer and bison would disappear, and the Osages would be obliged to retire, and dispossess their neighbours by force, or remain at home, and adopt the manners of the white men. I asked him, when food grew so scarce, what he and his countrymen would do?" "Father," said he, in reply, "we hear that the president of the United States is a very rich man, and has got a great quantity of money; we have been told, that the secretary at war is exceedingly wealthy too, and keeps many bags of dollars; the senator, from New-York, likewise, Father, possesses a great estate, and has as much silver as he wants; what will Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Dearbone, and Mr. Mitchell do, when all their money is gone?"

I. OSAGE SONG OF FRIENDSHIP,
Composed on the arrival of a party of their warriors at Washington, in December, 1805, and sung at Dr. Mitchill's, with their accompaniment of aboriginal musical instruments. The joy of this band was the greater, on having reached in safety the place of their destination, in as much as another band had

been killed, on their journey, by the murderous Sioux. They also express singular delight, in having had an interview with the president of the United States, whom they called their "Great White Father."

My comrades brave, and friends of note!
Ye hither come from lands remote,
To see your grand exalted fire,
And his sagacious words admire.

"The Master" of your Life and Breath,
Averted accidents and death;
That you might such a sight behold,
In spite of hunger, foes and cold.

Ye Red men! since ye here have been,
Your Great White Father ye have seen;
Who cheered his children with his voice,
And made their beating hearts rejoice.

Thou Chief Osage! fear not to come,
And leave awhile thy sylvan home;
The path we trod is clear and free,
And wide and smoother grows for thee.

When here to march thou feel'st inclined,
We'll arm a length'ning file behind;
And dauntless from our forests walk,
To hear our Great White Father's talk.

II. OSAGE WAR SONG.

Wanapasha, one of their chiefs, encourages them to be intrepid in battle.

Say, warriors, why, when arms are sung,
And dwell on every native tongue,
Do thoughts of death intrude?
Why weep the common lot of all?
Why fancy you yourselves may fall,
Pursuing or pursued?

Doubt not your Wanapasha's care,
To lead you forth, and show you where
The enemy's concealed;
His single arm shall make th' attack
And drive the fly invaders back,
Of stretch them on the field.

Proceeding with embodied force,
No nation can withstand our course,
Or check our bold career;
Though did they know my warlike fame,
The terrors of my form and name,
They'd quake, or die with fear.

III. OSAGE SONG OF PEACE,
On terminating the War with their Neighbours, the Kansas.

Ye brave Osages! one and all
My friends and relatives I call!
Here smoke the calumet at ease;
The Kansas come to talk of peace;
The same, whose warriors, babes & wives,
Beneath your fury lost their lives;
As suppliants now your grace implore,
And sue for peace from door to door.
May red men form, for happiest ends,
A band of relatives and friends!

Ye brave Osages! one and all
My friends and relatives I call!
There, take the hands the Kansas show;
Forget that they were once your foe;
Repentment check; be calm and mild,
Like men sincerely reconciled,
And recollect the temper good,
That joins them to your brotherhood.
May red men form, for noblest ends,
A band of relatives and friends!

Ye brave Osages! one and all
My friends and relatives I call!
Your life's Great Master now adore,
That War's destructive rage is o'er;
He always views with equal eye
The children of his family.
May peace unnumber'd blessings bring,
And may we never cease to sing
How red men form, for wisest ends,
A band of relatives and friends!

I hope the attention of gentlemen, who speculate upon the genius and intellect of the people called savages, may be turned to this subject.

* *The Great Spirit, or Supreme Being, is called by the Osages, "The Master of Breath, or Master of Life."*

† *Wanapasha died afterwards at Washington.*

RUSTIC FELICITY.

MANY are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant, who rises cheerfully to his labour.—Look into his dwelling—where the scene of every man's happiness chiefly lies:—he has the same domestic endearments—as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well—to enliven his hour, and gladden his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station.—And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters—that the upshot would prove to be little more than this;—that the rich man had the more meat, but the poor man the better stomach;—the one had more luxury—more able physicians to attend and set him to rights; the other more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help; that, after these two articles betwixt them were balanced—in all other things they stood upon a level;—that the sun shines as warm, the air blows as fresh, and the earth breathes as fragrant, upon the one as the other; and that they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

From the Boston Mirror.

HAPPINESS.—A FRAGMENT.

**** "THE scenes of my life have been sad," said a poor Frenchman, who had scrambled up one of the most precipitous mountains of North Wales, and was now pensively leaning on his stick, and casting a mournful look towards the wide expanse of waters which bounded his prospect.—"The scenes of my life have been sad," repeated he, and a tear silently stole down his cheek, as the painful recollection of the past again struck his soul:—"I have pursued the bubble happiness all over the world, and have lived but to find it a phantom of the brain—I have suffered the torture of the inquisition in Spain—I have been chained to the galleys in Italy—I have starved on the mountains of Switzerland—I have groaned as a slave in Turkey—I have languished beneath the republican tyranny in France—and, lastly, I have been whipped as a vagabond in England—and I am grown gray in misery, and old age has overtaken me in wretchedness!"—The tears streamed plentifully down the cheeks of the unfortunate old man, as this painful retrospect presented itself to his mind. The sun was just casting his last rays over the waters, and the west was tinged with the bright streaks of vermilion and gold. Not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the deep—not a sound invaded the ear—all was stillness and serenity, except when the last notes of the ascending skylark sunk on the air, while the feathered songster himself was lost in distance. He instinctively felt his spirits tranquillized by the universal harmony which seemed to reign around.—The balm of peace descended upon his soul.—He looked upon the wanderings of his past days with a calm, but melancholy regret.—It was too late to begin life anew; and, after having spent his youth in toil and vexation, he now felt that a little rest was necessary. When the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, he laid himself on the turf, and soon dropped into a sweet, and uninterrupted slumber. In the morning he rose refreshed. Beneath the wide spreading branches of a venerable tree, he constructed a simple hut.—His meat was supplied by the roots and the herbs of the valley; and the crystal spring, which bubbled by his dwelling, afforded him a wholesome beverage. Every evening beheld him sinking peacefully to repose on his bed of leaves; and every dawning day saw him rise refreshed and cheerful. In a short time he discovered that he was happy.—The discovery astonished him. He was isolated—an outcast—depending on the spontaneous products of the earth for sustenance, and only sheltered from the inclemency of the weather by a cabin, over which the den of the wild beast possessed many advantages.—Under such circumstances, that he could be happy, was to him incomprehensible.—After musing sometime on the strangeness of the fact, he found out that all the miseries of his past life were to be imputed to himself; that they arose from his own restlessness and ambition; and that the true philosopher's stone, which converts every thing it touches into gold, the real source of all human happiness, is CONTENTMENT.

From the New-England Palladium.

LIGHT AND SOUND.

Those who are habituated to the use of artillery, are able to judge accurately of the direction in which a cannon is fired, by comparing with each other the first and second flashes of powder. The one from the muzzle, the other from the touch-hole. The ball always going on the contrary side from that on which the flash from the touch-hole is seen. They stand on a wall or fortification, and observing the fire of the distant cannon, say, this ball goes to the right—that to the left. But that well pointed one (where the flashes are in a line with each other) strikes the spot, from which they take care to leap, as soon as they see the flash. The ball passes through the air at the rate of three miles in a second; but the light of the burning powder is conveyed to the eye at the rate of 198,000 miles in a second. Therefore they have time to see the flash, and to get out of the direction, before the arrival of the ball, which would kill them before they could hear the report of the gun; which report moves only at the rate of a quarter of a mile in one second. In thunder storms the burning vapour, which constitutes the ball, explodes before the clap commences. The flash is conveyed to us at the rate of 198,000 miles in a second, but the thunder clap creeps on at the rate of 13 miles in a minute. Hence when we hear the thunder we know we are safe from that explosion of vapour, which must have passed off from us before the arrival of the thunder, and, by this comparative calculation of light and sound, the thunder clap is computed to be distant about one mile when we see the lightning five seconds before we hear the thunder.

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