

MISCELLANY.

From the Washington City Chronicle. ENTERING ROME.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PIER, D. D.

In hujus, nate, auspicio illa inchoa Roma—Vir.

Once more, within thy hourly way, O Rome!

Again a pilgrim from my native land

I find myself—as I last time—

Around thy wondrous scenes, my fancy warms

And my heart beats with inspiration here—

Here ancient mistress of the conquered world,

I tread anew upon thy hallowed plains—

After much wandering, after ploughing through

The dark, strange ocean, tossed and rocked by

storms,

And sickened by the wildness of the deep.

Yes, thou didst labour on thy perilous way,

Thou gallant bark—while on thy noble prow,

The bust of him who braved another storm

More fierce than that thou struggledst with, stood

fast.

Breasting the roaring waters, breaking off

The foam, the rage, of the contending storm.

Safely landed on the plains of France,

Most fair, yet most unhappy, of all realms;

A garden a wide, a scene of desolation,

Trembling with green and brown, shuddering forth

Upon the biting gale the breath of flowers,

And the sweet start of the vine—O France!

When wilt thou rest thee from thy wars?

And wilt thou rest thee from thy wars?

'Tis time that, wreathed in green garlands,

plucked

From the sweet vineyards, in the arms of peace

Thou shouldst be seen—remember what we lost,

The stream of blood that, like a torrent wild,

Flow'd from a thousand veins—the purple blood

Of the best of men—recall thy crimes

The tragical which made thy King a martyr

And, after seeing of the French dead,

Stride, strike the breast compunctive, and repent.

Then as I bend my course towards the East,

Parent of all that's grand and wonderful,

The snowy Alps, the fields of battle, heights

And valleys, and the sea, and the wide world

Of everlasting waters—where the sun

Shines upon the mountains, and the sea

Over those hills, which I would fain see

Cherish'd only by some solitary cross

Planted to guide the traveller on his way,

And to remind us of the world of woe

I gain'd the highest peak, and I descend round

The mountain's side, while their proud summit

is

Over the dark vapours, bearing with them

When down the precipitous, the descent

With boundless spirits, I descend, till

Turn reverse time in her bosom hills

Land of my ancestors, where in their tombs

Sculptured with their names, their names are

Their ashes rest—and may thy rest be peace!

Yes, she is beautiful, elegant, polite,

Pang in the smile, and the sweet smile

Here, with the sweet smile, and the sweet smile

And all its charms, and its sweet smile

Next Milan, she is the wonder of all men

Land of an Annapolis, City of St. Charles

Seat of the noble, the noble, the noble

Who gave Annapolis to the Christian world,

And who is the father with the former

Wielded the cross for the love of his

Dear saint? I know not, near the sacred shrine

Where my blood was shed, and my blood

Stated when I thought of the noble

And yet how little worthy still I be

An humble pray—I read up to thee

My sinners, on my own birthday,

Unceasing I've sworn to pray and to

But what, Bologna, shall I sing of thee?

For I am in Rome—thy city of the Pope

Is it all this? Art thou, Bologna, resolved

To trample the tithes to the ground?

What means that initial verger, if there,

But peace—Bologna, hearken to my

Hiss, for a while, the hearing of

If thou wouldst be as happy as the masses

Submit again—its glorious to submit

To the good Father of the Christian world.

Eternal Home! along the Cassian way

My chariot rattled, till the clouded dome

Arose before me, on the Vatican.

My sight grew dim with age, and my brain

Normal, while I pondered over what is past—

What I tell of the great Rome!

Surround'd by thy palaces, thy fountains

Thy golden churches, and thy meditated temples;

Thy gorgeous monuments, thy fallen columns!

The wrecks of pagan religion's glories!

Silent must I come, and I am

In a sad wonder on the spot around,

And feel—for every thing proclaims the truth;

How art the sanctuary of the Lord.

Rome, Nov. 1831.

*The bust of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, from

whom the ship derives her name—see lately command-

ed by Capt. W. Lee.

From the Rochester Gem.

FRAGMENT.

'Well, well, I think it's likely; but don't

tease me any more you saucy jaded poor brother

has married a poor girl, one whom I forbid

him to marry, and I won't forgive him, if they

all starve together, and there's the end on it!

The speech was addressed to a beautiful

girl scarcely eighteen years old—beautiful as

the lily which hides itself away under the

dark waters. She was parting the silver locks

of her father's high, handsome forehead, of

which her own was a miniature, and pleading

the cause of her delinquent brother, who had

married against her father's will, and had

consequently been disinherited and left to

poverty. Old Mr. Wheatly was a rich old

gentleman, a resident of the city of Boston. He

was a fat, lazy, good natured old fellow,

something given to wine and wine, and sat in

his arm chair from morning till night, smok-

ing his pipe and reading the news-papers—

Sometimes a story of his own exploits at the

battle of Bunker Hill filled up a passing hour.

He had two children the runaway son, and

the lovely girl before spoken of. The fond

girl still went on pleading.

'Dear father do forgive him; you don't

know what a beautiful girl he has married,

and—

'I think it's likely,' said the old man, 'but

don't tease me, and open the door a little;

this pleasy room smokes so! now give

me my handkerchief, my eyes are so weak!

'Well,' continued the lovely Ellen, 'won't

you see her now, she is so good—and the lit-

tle boy—he looks so innocent—

'What did you say?' interrupted the fa-

ther 'a boy! have I a grand child? why, why,

Ellen, I never knew that before! but I think

it likely.

'Well now give me my chocolate, and then go

to your music lesson.'

Ellen left him. The old man's heart began

to relent, 'well,' he went on, 'Charles was

always a good boy; a little wild or so at col-

lege, but I indulged him; and he was always

good to his old father for all; but he disobey-

ed me by marrying this poor girl; yet as my

old friend and fellow soldier, Tom Bonner,

used to say, we ought to forgive and forget.

Poor Tom! I would give all the old shoes I've

got to know what ever became of him! if I

could but find him I would share my last crum-

ble with him. If I could but find him or one

of his children—heaven grant they are not suf-

fering! This pleasy smookey room—how

my eyes water! If I did but know who this

poor girl was whom Charles has married—but

I have never inquired her name. I'll find

out and—

'Then you will forgive him!' said Ellen,

rushing into the room.

'I think it's likely,' said the old man.

Ellen led into the room a beautiful boy ab-

out two years old. His curls near and rasy

cheeks could but make one love him.

'Who is that?' said the old man wiping his

eyes.

'That is Charles's boy,' said Ellen, throwing

one of her arms around her father's neck,

while with the other she placed the boy on his

knee.

'The child looked tenderly up into his face,

and, tipped out from him, what makes you cry

so? that's just like mother.'

The old man clasped the child to his bos-

om and kissed him over and over again. After his

emotion had a little subsided he bade the child

tell him his name.

'Thomas Bonner Wheatly,' said the boy, 'I

am named after Grandpa.'

'What do I hear?' said the old man, 'Thom-

as Bonner your grandfather?

'Yes,' replied the boy 'and he lives with

Ma.'

'Get me my cane!' said the old man, and

some Ellen, you come along—be quick

child!

'She started at a quick pace, which soon

brought them to the poor though neat

cottage of his son. There he beheld his old friend

Thomas Bonner, seated in one corner, weaving

baskets, while his seated limbs showed how

unable he was to perform the necessary task.

His lovely daughter, the wife of his Charles

was preparing the frugal evening meal, and

Charles was out seeking employment to sup-

port his needy family. Old Mr. Wheatly

burst into tears.

'It's all my fault,' sobbed the old man as he

embraced his old friend, who was piteously

with amazement. When they had become a

little composed—'come,' said Mr. Wheatly,

'come all of you home with me, we will all

live together there's plenty of room in my

house for us all.'

By this time Charles had come. He asked

his father's forgiveness, which was freely given

and Ellen was almost wild with joy.

'Oh, how happy we shall be! she exclaim-

ed, and, father, you will love Thomas; and

he'll be your pet, won't he?'

'Aye,' said the old man, 'I think it's like-

ly.'

TEMPERANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

We have received an extract of the Albany

Daily Advertiser, containing an account of a

great temperance meeting in London, on the

26th of February, transmitted to Chancellor

Walworth by the British and Foreign Tem-

perance Society. A letter from an American

gentleman present, says:

It was one of the richest meetings I ever

attended. It was held in King-street, St.

James', at the west of Court end of the town.

A Temperance meeting had never been called

in this influential neighbourhood, and this

served to introduce the subject to the higher

ranks of society. At one o'clock the chair

was taken by the Right Hon. Lord Hentley,

who opened the meeting with some appropriate

and stirring remarks. His lordship is al-

ways found at his post in any enterprise which

has a tendency to alleviate human misery.

His fine countenance glowed with an expres-

sion which said his heart was in the cause.

Upon the platform were the Bishop of Ches-

ter, Sir A. Agnew, Bart. P. Crampton, Esq.

Solicitor General of Ireland, and a number

of members of Parliament. Letters were re-

ceived from the Bishop of Chichester, and

many others, regretting their necessary ab-

sence, but sent money, and their names as

patrons. The meeting was addressed in a

most masterly style by Lord Henly, John

Wilks, M. P. Bishop of Chester, Rev. Dr.

Bennett, Rev. Sandersin Robbins, P. Cram-

pton, Esq. Solicitor General for Ireland, and

Capt. Benton, R. N. I was delighted.—The

often, and warm, and manly, and Christian

allusions which every speaker made to Am-

erica, went home to my inmost heart. In fact,

I was really ashamed. I did not know who

ther to laugh or cry. I stood delighted nearly

throughout the whole period of the long

meeting. I am sure the Temperance efforts

of our beloved countrymen, are doing more

to raise our national character than all our

naval exploits. The spectacle which she pre-

sents to the world, in this behalf, crowns her

name with an imperishable wreath. These

simultaneous efforts seem to produce in prac-

tice what they promised in theory, judging

from what has been done here. Properly or-

ganized, they will in future years be a most

overpowering moral engine. By united at-

tempts the moral power of good men will be

measured. Perhaps no one thing is so little

understood as the moral power or strength

which God has delegated to man. There is

power enough to reform almost any giant evil,

if it is only directed against the evil by com-

bined effort. We have pulled, one at one

time and another at another time, but this ex-

periment, I trust, will teach us a new econ-

omy.

We subjoin a part of the remarks of John</