

O D E T O W A R.

LORD of the scythed car! whose chief delight,
 'Tis to raise the soul to fight;
 Come mighty God! and fill my strain
 With thy fury-flashing heat;
 Which like a roaring torrent sounds,
 As o'er the horrid rock it bounds;
 Or like the ocean's thundering heat,
 When by the howling winds on high,
 Its waves are lifted to the sky.
 'Tis by thy aid alone,
 The tribe who pant to swell the fight,
 And see the cannon's flashing light;
 While awful thunders fill the air,
 Can view the tumult void of fear,
 And feel the scene their souls delight.—
 O! now my fancy views thy train,
 In dreadful splendor pass the plain!
 Thy sister ANGER marches first,
 With lightning darting from her eyes;
 Her heart doth beat,
 With furious heat,
 As though each moment it would burst;
 While with up-lifted arm she threatens the skies,
 And curling off her birth,
 Doth stamp with mad'ning fury 'gainst the earth.
 Next comes *Revenge* an awful form!
 Who kindles all the rage of storm;
 His eyes a beamy horror dart,
 That shakes with fear the tim'rous heart;
 His breast a steeld plate enfolds,
 A brazen helmet guards his head,
 While in his hand a spear he holds,
 And all a dazzling terror shed.
 Next *Jealousy* the god of spleen,
 Of doubting heart, but piercing mein,
 With trembling step, comes slowly on,
 And casts his fearful eyes around;
 To heaven now, and now to earth,
 And now he laughs with inward joy,
 But terror soon displaces mirth,
 And like a bashful maiden coy,
 He starts at ev'ry sound,
 And pauses now, and now in haste he flies along the ground,
 Then marches on a martial band,
 With arms and music in their hand;
 Now boldly sounds the shrilly fife,
 And wakes the sleeping soul to life;
 The doubling drum improves the sound,
 While from the hills the notes rebound:
 Hark! the sonorous trumpet blows,
 But louder plays the sweetly winding horn,
 While ev'ry breast with valour glows,
 And ev'ry soul with rage is borne
 On rapid wings, to join in war,
 The insulting foe, whose silly sounds are faintly heard from far.
 Last in the train comes *Liberty*,
 A GOD-LIKE BEING of the sky,
 Bright streams of light around his head,
 Dazzling silver-glory spread:
 His golden-hair amidst the blaze,
 In curling lines of beauty plays;
 His snowy robe of spotless hue,
 Wash'd in heaven's ethereal dew,
 Wide floats upon the buoyant gale,
 While all around his presence hail!
 His left hand holds a sounding harp,
 While with his right he sweeps the silver wires,
 And piercing music, fierce and sharp,
 Inflames each breast with his own fires—
 The armed band with quicken'd pace,
 In equal measures beat the ground;
 And brighter beams in ev'ry face,
 The heavenly glow at ev'ry sound.
 But now he sweeps with bolder hand,
 The golden chords of deeper tone,
 And soul-subduing music floats,
 That melts to tears the warrior band,
 Who mute and listening stand:
 Quite ravish'd with the thrilling notes,
 They gaze and gaze on him alone.—
 Now all awake the listening soul,
 He ceas'd awhile the tuneful sound;
 And brightest tears of rapture roll,
 While thus he hail'd the troop around.
 "Ye glorious band! together wove,
 By mutual interest and by love;
 Be forever still the fame,
 Still be rous'd by virtue's flame,
 When'er the hagg'd *servile train*,
 Shall dare your liberty restrain,
 Thou *Anger* shew thy awful eye,
 Whence consuming lightnings dart;
 And thou *Revenge* of thundering air,
 Lift on high, thy beamy spear,
 That shakes with fear the coward's heart.
 And *Jealousy* thou changeful god!
 Who affect'st the doubting nod,
 Still extend thy piercing sight,
 And drag enslaving schemes to light:
 For by your aid combin'd alone,
 Shall I preserve my sky-built throne.
 And last ye glorious *martial band*!
 Who firmly tread this *fav'or'd land*,
 When'er I strike my sounding harp,
 And rouse the accents fierce and sharp;
 Led by the ardor of your *Gods*,
 Grasp in rage your gleaming arms,
 And pour from gaping wounds, the purple floods
 Of those who madly dare to rouse your dread alarms."
 Again he sweeps the golden strings,
 Loud echo with the music rings;
 The lofty mountains all around,
 With thundering shouts of praise resound.
 Now higher, bolder swells the note,
 And now the modulating sound,
 Upon the trembling wind doth float,
 Then murmuring dies away along the ground.
 The band inspir'd, now again,
 In quicken'd measure beat the plain;
 Now in a glorious blaze of light,
 They vanish from my fancy's sight.

U L L I N.

R E M A R K.

THE friends of Virtue and Religion in the United States, will receive a fine addition to the opinions and principles of the wisest and best men of the present and past age, in the work of M. NECKER, just re-published in this city by Carey, Stewart, & Co. No person of sentiment, who can spare the small sum of six shillings, will deny himself the pleasure and advantage of that inestimable performance.

THE department of the North, which, after the late unfortunate Massacres at Douay, retired to this town, proceeded, on Sunday last, to elect a new Bishop: the poll lasted, at St. Peter's Church, till Wednesday afternoon, when the majority of electors appeared to be in favour of M. Primat, Curate of St. Jacques, Douay, a worthy priest; and the same, who, when the mob were dragging their mangled victims along the streets, interceded on his knees with the ruffians, to give up the bodies for interment. This act of humanity has been the principal means of his elevation to the Episcopal Chair.

L O N D O N, April 9.

There is a fall of 77 per cent. in the Russian ruble. By the last mail we learn it was as low as twenty-seven pence halfpenny, which is a fall from forty-eight pence, the price it stood at before the war.

The National Assembly has decreed, that the new edifice of Genevieve shall be appropriated to receive the ashes of great men; that M. de Mirabeau's ashes shall be deposited there; and that over the door shall be engraved, "*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante.*"

If any man had said, in the last century, that the Turkish empire was to be saved by Christians, his prediction would have been considered as the very essence of folly; and yet that crisis approaches fast.

Last week a person named Archibald Cameron, of Inch Keith, a small island on the North West coast of the Highlands of Scotland, died without pain, groan, or previous sickness, in the 122d year of his age. This post-diluvian Patriarch had served seven Lords of the isle in the employment of domestic piper, during the course of ninety-four years, but his fingers failing, he lived on a small pension allowed by the family.

On Friday last at noon, ten millions of Assignats were burnt at Paris, making, with those burnt before, fifty-two millions of livres, or 2,166,606l.

The coronation of the Emperor at Prague, as King of Bohemia, will give occasion to the revival of an amusement, that of the tournament. There is to be one in that city in September, with lance and sword, similar to that given in 1616. Prince Adam, of Hugsberg, is to be the Marshal; and the mountain of Ziska, the scene of the contention.

M. Lambro Cazoni has arrived at Trieste, to take upon himself the command of the Russian flotilla, in the Mediterranean.

If the late Mr. Wray actually conceived at the time of his inserting within his last testament, a bequest of five hundred pounds towards a fund for the discharge of the national debt, that such an event was likely to take place, a ground for setting aside the will, under a suspicion of the insanity of the donor, appears at least as firm and tenable as that upon which the Parliament voted that Colonel Strangeways must have been out of his senses, when he left behind him a legacy of thirty thousand pounds for a similar purpose. A case at least as strange as either of these in question is that of Colonel Norton, who, dying at Southwick, his residence near Portsmouth, in December, 1732, bequeathed a real estate of six thousand pounds a year, and sixty thousand pounds in money, to the poor, the hungry, and the thirsty; to the naked, to strangers, the sick, the wounded, and prisoners, until the end of the world. He left his pictures and other valuable effects to the King; appointing the Parliament of Great Britain his executors; and directed that if they refused the trust, it should devolve upon the Bench of Bishops. Trustees were immediately appointed, under proper authority, to take care of this extraordinary legacy; but the will bore such striking marks of insanity, that it was soon afterwards set aside; and, if we mistake not, the estate is now enjoyed, with more propriety and justice, by (one of his relations) Mr. Thistlethwayte.

Died on Sunday, at Busselsleigh, near Oxford, where he had gone for change of air, in his 61st year, Dr. John Berkenhout, long distinguished in the literary world for his productions in various sciences.

A P R I L 12.

Yesterday Lord Porchester moved the following resolutions in the House of Peers—which were negatived.

- 1st. That a war of Conquest is repugnant to the honor or policy of the British nation.
- 2d. That the war entered into with Tippto Sultan, and the treaty for the partition of his dominions, is highly disgraceful to the British name.
- 3d. That the Board of Controll and Court of Directors, be directed to transmit such orders to their servants abroad, as are most likely to restore the general tranquility of that country.

The National Assembly of France has at length resolved to put a period to its own existence; for it has decreed that a New-Assembly shall be called and meet in July next.

Mr. Sheridan presented a petition from Glasgow, signed by eighteen thousand persons, against the Corn Bill. Ordered to be referred to the Committee on the Bill.

D U B L I N, March 5.

The Roman Catholics of the British Empire have reason to glory in this age of philosophy. A few years will put them on that equality with their fellow subjects, which we find in the wise and noble policy of the United States.

The Americans improved on the British Constitution; they are now the happiest people in the world—rising from despotism into opulence and respectability. All classes are united, and happy. How powerful will the revolution of a century render them under such a government!

P O R T S M O U T H, (N. H.) May 28.

We are credibly informed that, should the lower counties in the district of Maine, succeed in their endeavors to have that district set off as a separate State, the inhabitants of the county of York will use their united exertions to be annexed to this State.

The proximity of the above county to this State, the habits of intimacy between the inhabitants, and their relative situation both in an agricultural and commercial view, must render such a connection not only politic as a local, but highly judicious as a national measure.

The Turks have lost since the beginning of the War with Russia, nearly 220 large ships, carrying more than two thousand guns of different calibres.

Accounts from Madrid say—"The King has just given orders to M. Cavellero, the late Minister of the war department, to quit Madrid, but for what reason is unknown."

The Circuit Court of the United States, having finished the business brought before it, in this town, was on Thursday afternoon last adjourned without day. And yesterday their Honors Chief Justice JAY and Judge CUSHING, set out for their respective homes.

N E W - H A V E N, June 8.

Last week the corner stone of the first abutment of East-river bridge, was laid, under the direction of the Mayor of this city, attended by the Rev. Doctor Stiles, and other gentlemen of the Clergy—the Aldermen and other officers of the corporation, the civil magistrates of the town, and a number of gentlemen and ladies; the ceremony was closed with three huzzas. The preceding day having been wet, rendered it unsafe for the company to partake of a cold collation in the field, and they repaired to the house of Alderman Daggit, (one of the contractors for the bridge) and were entertained with elegance and hospitality; on the stone was the following inscription:

E R E C T E D,
 M A Y 31st,
 A. D. M, DCC, XCI.
 A M E R I C A N I N D E P E N D E N C E.
 X V.
 H O N. R O G E R S H E R M A N,
 M A Y O R.

N E W A R K, June 9.

Married, at Philadelphia, on Monday evening, the 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Nesbit, President of Dickinson College, the Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon, President of Princeton College in this state, to Mrs. Ann Dill, widow of Dr. Dill, of York county, in that state, a lady of great beauty and merit.—On Wednesday, after the President's return to Princeton with his amiable lady, a deputation of the Students waited upon him, to congratulate him upon the joyful occasion, and he politely gave them two days holiday. In the evening, in regard to their worthy President, and to testify their joy upon his happy marriage, the students illuminated the college, which afforded a most grand and beautiful sight to the numerous spectators who had collected upon the occasion. There were six hundred candles in the front of the college, which were lighted almost instantly on a signal given by the discharge of a cannon, and on the like signal they were all immediately extinguished.

During the illumination, which lasted about an hour, a number of students in the belfry, entertained the great concourse of people who attended, with a most agreeable and delightful concert of music from different kinds of instruments. The whole was conducted with elegance and taste.

"Joy sparkled in every eye,
 and every heart was glad."

L A N S I N B U R G, June 3.

By the last Bennington paper we are informed, that the party at the British post lately holden in that state, has recently been recalled.