

From the *Litching Gazette & Chronicle*.

In laying before the public the following beautiful and impressive poetic effusions from the pen of a young lady of this borough—Miss JULIET, daughter of the Hon. Ellis Lewis, it may not be uninteresting to state the facts connected with their production. Some time since, it was agreed between Miss Lewis and another young lady of this place, whom it is not necessary to name, that each should select from the index of Mrs. HEMANS' works, a subject, and without reference to her article write an original essay upon it. The one chosen for this purpose by Miss Lewis, is of a peculiarly solemn nature, and we appeal to every unprejudiced mind to say whether it is not ably and eloquently handled. To illustrate more fully the perfect originality of thought, and the dissimilitude of style, we insert the article of Mrs. Hemans, at length, immediately following it, the one above alluded to.—Lovers of good poetry, will no doubt, be delighted by a careful perusal.

Music at a Death Bed.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Bring music! stir the brooding air
With an ethereal breath!
Bring sounds my struggling soul to cheer
Up from the couch of death!
A voice, a flute, a dreamy lay,
Such as the southern breeze
Might waft at golden fall of day
O'er blue transparent seas!

Oh! not such! that lingering spell
Would lure me back to life,
When my wearied heart hath said farewell,
And passed the gates of strife.
Let not a sight of human love
Blend with the song its tone;
Let no disturbing echo move
One that must die alone!

But pour a solemn strain
Filled with the soul of prayer;
Let life's conflict, fear and pain,
And trembling hope be there.
Deeper, yet deeper! in my thought
Lies more prevailing sound,
A harmony intensely fraught
With pleading more profound.

A passion thro' music given
A sweet yet piercing cry,
A breaking heart's appeal to heaven,
A bright faith's victory!
Deeper! Oh! may no richer power,
Be in those notes enshrined!
Can all which crowds on earth's last hour
No fuller language find!

Away! and hush the feeble song,
And let the chord be still'd,
For in another land ere long,
My dream shall be fulfilled.

Music at a Death Bed.

BY JULIET H. LEWIS, (AGED 14 YEARS.)

Oh! sing to me sweet sister, sing
The song I loved to hear,
And when I'm gone, oh sing it still
And think I'm lingering near.

Oh! let me hear before I leave
This world for yonder skies,
The trembling tones of thy rich voice,
On sighing zephyrs rise.

Oh! while we've watched the weary sun
Behind the mountains hide,
Casting his soft, and parting light
On SCOTCHMAN'S side,

And standing by our mother's side,
Or by our father's knee,
That song has risen on the breeze;
Oh! sing it now for me—

In fancy then will rise the scenes
Of my loved childhood's home;
Again I'll pluck my favorite flowers,
And through my loved haunts roam.

The forms of those in childhood dear,
Before me I shall see,
And present sorrow'll be forgot;
Then sing that song for me.

The deep rich tones so sweetly rose
Upon the evening air;
They seemed to stay the hand of death,
And angels lingered there.

The song now ceased—the wail of grief
Succeeded that sweet lay;
For, with the loved and dying strains
HER SPIRIT PASSED AWAY.

THE RESPIRATORY.

NARRATIVE.

Of an Aerial Voyage from Fair Mount, Baltimore.

I must be permitted to preclude this hasty sketch with a defensive remark against any imputation which might be thrown out on a seeming departure from the more delicate duties appertaining to my sex. Chance having made me repeatedly a witness of aeronautic display both in this country and Europe, I imbibed an ardent desire to participate in the pleasures which seemed to me peculiar to such a mode of travel, I wished to look down upon our fair earth from such an eminence as this means only could command—you may say it was curiosity if you will, for that is said to be a characteristic of our sex; however, in this instance, I trust it was a pardonable one. An opportunity offered for the fulfilment of my long cherished design, in the fall of '28, when I contemplated a journey to the skies; but one of those accidents agains which it was impossible to provide, frustrated my hopes—the balloon burst almost at the instant of my intended departure. Mortified at such a result, and convinced that the mul-

titude without the gates was highly incensed I determined it should not be for the want of an importunate appeal, if I did not avail myself of the first opportunity to gratify my own desires, and convince my friends that my intentions were sincere, though doubtful my success. This opportunity did not occur until Thursday last, which day Mr. Michel had appointed for an ascension. The day was fair, the atmosphere scarcely moved by a breeze, and but a few fleecy clouds checked the face of the sky. The balloon was partly inflated, when I requested Mr. Michel to allow me to take his place; he was incredulous—I assured him I was in earnest, and after much sollicitation he consented to leave the point to the decision of the assemblage. The dissentient voices (if any) were lost in the shouts of assent, and the car being attached, I prepared for the voyage.

At about twenty minutes before 5 o'clock, the cord was severed, and the balloon arose to the height of about 100 feet. Elated with the novelty of my situation, I failed to perceive that I was descending, till on a level with the top of the Medical College, when I attempted to cast out ballast, but too late to avoid coming to the earth, and the car presently rested on a clothes line, in a lot adjacent to the enclosure whence I departed. I now deprived myself of the barometer and thermometer, and a quantity of ballast, retaining but twenty-five pounds for the emergencies of the expedition; and desiring the gentlemen to release the car, the balloon moderately ascended, and was borne in a direction almost central over the city.

At a height of about 4000 feet, I attempted to liberate a pigeon, which had so far been my *compagnon du voyage*, but the poor bird seemed reluctant to part company; it perched on the hoop, and gazed with apparent consternation into the abyss below. I took it again in my hands and cast it into the air. It fell like a stone, and I have since been informed by those who perceived it, that the bird appeared to have lost its *self possession* till within one 300 or 400 feet of the earth, when it made use of its wings to some purpose; for to keep out of such a scrape in future, it has not been seen at its old quarters since.

I was now alone beyond the reach of the world, its praises or rebuke, and I determined to "see what was to be seen." Casting out more ballast, the balloon rose rapidly, and presently encountered a current of air, which carried me over Federal Hill, and now reclining upon the edge of the car I enjoyed in no ordinary degree the pleasure of that inimitable scene, sketched in skillful miniature below, yet gorgeously sublime in the magnitude of its excess.

The city had dwindled into Lilliputian dimensions, and the amphitheatre which I had lately left seemed to occupy at least five square feet. I could perceive that it was deserted; turning to look from the other side, in an instant a film came over my eyes; I rubbed them, but to no purpose; I could see nothing but the car and its contents, and hear nothing but the rustling of the balloon as it seemed to struggle with some invisible antagonist in upper air. A moment's reflection taught me that I was enveloped in a cloud, from the feathery edge of which I emerged just as I became aware of my situation, and again that picture of the fair and lovely earth, from which I had isolated myself, burst upon my view, beautiful in its indistinct minuteness, 10,000 feet below the point from which I gazed. I now felt the breeze increase, and as I still rose, it became more southerly, and crossed the basin, passing over Fort McHenry to the Lazaretto, continuing that course for about fifteen miles, unconscious of an incident not worth recording, when a slight hissing in the air made me start to my feet; it increased and scarcely had I secured the end of the valve cord in the wicker of the car, when a flaw of wind struck the balloon and its motion became rotary, the car careering rather more than was pleasant in its prompt efforts to follow in the ethereal waltz; it lasted about thirty seconds, and having become some what more tractable, upon referring to the sun, I found that the wind coming from N. W. and knew that I was rapidly nearing the bay, though unable to distinguish land from water at the elevation I had attained, which I suppose was about 20,000 feet; I therefore thought it most prudent to retain the gas, (as I had now no ballast to dispose of but the grapes,) till I considered it probable that I gained sufficiently upon the opposite shore of the bay, to allow for the action of the eas-

terly breeze I conjectured would be blowing rather brisk near the earth. I was fortunate in the calculation I had made for upon discharging gas, my descent was not so rapid, but that I was carried due west for the last fifteen minutes of my voyage, directly in line over a narrow strip of woodland, in which the anchor secured itself at about ten minutes after 6 o'clock; in this situation I was observed by a negro, who was, as he said, in search "op some pig ting dat he seen 'light on de trees."

Perceiving me as I leaned from the car, about to ask aid, he exclaimed, "Gorry mighty, if dere baint a wax figger in de b'oon, may I neber." I assured him that the figure was composed of flesh and blood, and as he was casting about which way to help me down, a number of gentlemen had come up, to whose courteous assistance I am deeply indebted for the facility of my descent, and the complete security of the balloon and its appendages; effected by the promptness with which several trees were felled by the negroes at the suggestion of the proprietor.

The spot where I alighted was on the property of the late Benjamin Ricard, Esq. of Baltimore, in the vicinity of Chestertown, Kent county about five miles from Rock Hall, and two from the shores of the Chesapeake Bay.

In concluding this lengthened statement, I would avail myself of the opportunity to return my sincere thanks to the hospitable inhabitants of that vicinity for their kind attention, and also to Captain Kenny, of the steamboat Governor Wolcott, for a pleasant passage home.

JANE WARREN,

Baltimore, Sept. 16, 1837.

Ancient not superior to Modern Eloquence.

BY THOMAS BOWMAN, ESQ.

Reverence for antiquity is natural to the human mind. We love to contemplate that which is ancient. The fancy associates with it, a majesty and grandeur which are always delightful. Time throws around it his venerable garb, and it becomes consecrated. Hence the astonishing celebrity which the productions of ancient genius have acquired; and hence also, the erroneous idea that, the world, instead of becoming wiser and better, as it has grown older, has been constantly degenerating; that the human mind has been shorn of its strength, and has lost all its former glory; that the genius of eloquence, especially, has long since been buried in the common mausoleum of Time, and has ceased forever to inspire the hearts of men.

That such a sentiment should have existed in the middle ages, is not at all surprising. During the decline of learning, men caught, through the gloom which surrounded them, the dim outline of the Spirit of Eloquence which once breathed on the lands of Greece and Rome, and arrayed it with a thousand charms, which it never possessed. As the mariner amid the darkness and terror of the storm, gazes with more intense interest upon the beacon lights from which the tempest has driven him; and, in imagination, surrounds his peaceful fireside with a thousand delights, of which it is, in reality, destitute; so, during the Dark Ages, when Ignorance swayed her sable sceptre, and the storm of human passion blasted every thing beautiful and lovely, the world gazed with a kind of adoration upon the glimmering glory which it had lost, and clothed it with a brightness, much of which was entirely imaginary. Nor was it to have been expected that this delusion should be dissipated at the revival of letters. Amid the vast and impenetrable shroud of darkness which then overhung the intellectual horizon, ancient literature presented the only bright spot, and to this the nations looked, as the day-star of their glory. But that this unqualified preference for the ancients, should still prevail, at this period of light and knowledge, may well lead us to suspect the justness of the conclusion, and the solidity of the foundation on which it rests. I would not disturb the ashes of the mighty dead; I would rather strew them with never-fading laurels. But let us not refuse to pay a just tribute of respect to the illustrious spirits of our own days; let us not pluck the chaplet from the brow of the meritorious modern, to place it upon those already crowned. I would not detract the title of a hero from the just and well-earned fame of those ancient orators of renown, who, through their productions, still speak to the world in the true accents of genius; but why, in raising them

to the skies, should we drag others down?

To the absolute merit of the ancient orators we concede all praise. We are willing to admit, that they attained all their circumstances would allow. But that they were superior to their modern successors we cannot grant. For why, in the nature of things, should this superiority exist? Is not the human mind, in its grand distinguishing features, the same in all ages? And had the ancients any facilities for developing it, which we do not possess? Had they republican institutions to secure the rights and foster the genius of their citizens? We have a constitution, in comparison with which, theirs would dwindle into utter insignificance. Did they possess a greater variety and extent of territory than we; and did it abound more largely than ours, in the sublime and beautiful of nature, to awaken and enliven their mental energies? Did they offer greater and more honorable rewards of eloquence than we propose? No! In all these respects the advantage lies with us.

Compare the specimens of modern with those of ancient eloquence, and see if they will not bear a comparison. Do they display less extensive learning,—less power of comprehension,—less clearness and cogency of argument,—less depth of thought,—less brilliancy of fancy,—less sublimity of conception?

But, we are triumphantly asked, is not much of the beauty and force of the dead languages lost in a translation? True; but it is a beauty of the style merely,—a force of words, and not of thought, and every one, who has ever studied a foreign language, knows that the most common thought appears more striking, when presented in a foreign dress. Therefore we most strenuously maintain that no man, unless the classic tongues are as familiar to him as his own,—unless they are the language of his very thoughts and dreams, is capable of deciding impartially on this point. No! This is but a flimsy and delusive effort made by the devotees of antiquity, to wrap their deity in a veil of mystery, and thus palm upon the world the futile idea that he is immaculate, and cannot be approached by the degenerate men of modern days. And, unfortunately for the world, the manœuvre has not been without its effect. Multitudes, impressed from childhood with the thought that there never have been, and never can be, orators equal to those of Greece and Rome, have been content to set down in listless inactivity, & drone away their existence in chaunting their praises. Nay; in their enthusiastic devotion, they erect their intellectual Juggernaut, and multitudes more, in the blindness of their worship, cast themselves before his massive car, and are crushed in hopes and spirits forever!

But we are called to another and still stronger test, and we are significantly asked, did not the ancient orator produce greater effects, than have been produced by moderns? Let the French Pulpit answer! Let the English Parliament reply! Let the American Senate thunder forth its negative! The truth is, the history of the last century is replete with proof that eloquence has lost none of its omnipotent energy. It is true, a Cicero could exasperate Roman Senators, accustomed as they were to be swayed by passion, and arouse to a pitch of frenzy the rabble multitude of Rome, against the vile traitor of Catiline, who had plotted the ruin of the State; but a Sheridan could excite to such a degree, the indignation of a grave and philosophical House of Lords, as absolutely to deprive them of reason; and that too, against the governor of a mere distant province. A Demosthenes, also, when the Macedonian conqueror hung upon the Grecian frontiers, and was about to burst upon them with all the destructive fury of war, could arouse the feeble Greeks, and nerve their hearts for battle; but a Henry could excite to rebellion, a calm, reflecting and quiet people, when the cloud of oppression appeared but a speck in the horizon.

Consider the subject, then, as we will, there is no reason for elevating ancient above modern eloquence. And I rejoice to believe that the world is beginning to view the question in its true light. Truth must and will prevail. As well might men attempt, by stamping on the ground, to check the heaving earthquake; or with the hand to veil the sun and shut out the light of day, as to fetter the progress of Truth. It is a plant natural to all climes, and of an irrepressible, indestructible growth. It will strike deep its root in the most barren, and unpropitious soil. And though the germ

from which it springs, may be deeply buried beneath the dust and rubbish of Error; yet its branches will shoot forth in strength and beauty and rise high towards heaven, and flourish in perennial bloom and fragrance. Like the mountain torrent, as from rock to rock it leaps and foams in madness, it may be checked for a moment, but only to gather increased strength, and bear away with a more irresistible power the feeble obstacles which oppose it. I rejoice to believe, therefore, that the time is not far distant when Justice shall resume her throne; when the wrongs which those master spirits have suffered, who have conferred an honor and dignity on their race, and upon whose lofty accents astonished nations have hung entranced, shall be repaired;—when a hitherto ungrateful world, convinced of its error, shall translate them to a place in the skies, where they shall form a galaxy, resplendent with brightness; beaming on the world and lighting up the path of man's fields of beauty as yet untrodden by human feet, and to prospects of felicity and glory as yet unseen by human eye. Their fame shall never perish. Their names, durable as the everlasting hills, shall survive the wreck of systems, and the decay of empires. In character of living light, they are written in the heavens; nor shall the foul breath of prejudice ever pollute, or the withering blasts of Time ever deface them.

SMILES.—"Modesty to the female character, is like saltpetre to beef, imparting a bluish white it preserves its purity."

The above is only equalled by Ollapod, who says:

"Female lips are but the glowing gateways of so much beef and cabbage."

A NICE DISTINCTION.—In a cause respecting a will, at the Derby Assizes, evidence was given to prove the testatrix (an apothecary's wife) a lunatic; and, among other things, it was disposed that she had swept a quantity of pots, lotions, potions, &c. into the street as rubbish: "I doubt," said the learned judge, "whether sweeping physic into the street be any proof of insanity." "True, my lord," replied the counsel, "but sweeping the pots away certainly was."

A SECOND ELIZABETH.—It is related of Queen Victoria that having expressed a wish to appoint to one of the highest stations about her person, Miss Jenkinson, a daughter of the late Lord Liverpool, who had been a personal friend of her Majesty from earliest youth, it being intimated that the young lady was not of rank sufficiently exalted to be entitled to the honors, the Queen said with energy: "Then I will make her so."

The Portland Times thinks that some folks' hearts in that vicinity would make good lap stones!

A village is like that subterranus cave, called the ear of Dionysius; nothing passes in it or near it, but it is instantly known.

Yankee Courtship.—Jonathan Dunbatter saw Prudence Feastall at meeting. Jonathan sidled up to Prudence arter meeting, and she kind a sidled off. He went closer and asked her if she would accept the crook o' his elbow. She resolved she would, and plumped her arm right round this. Jonathan felt altogetherish, and said he liked the text: "seek and ye shall find," was purty good readin. Prudence hinted, that "ask and ye shall receive" was better. Jonathan thought so too, but, this axing was a puzzler. A feller was apt to git into a snarl when he axed, and snarlin warn't no fun. Prudence guessed strawberries and cream was slick. Jonathan tho't they want so slick as Pru's lips. "Now dont," said Pru, and she gave Jonathan's arm an involuntary hug. He was a leetle started, but thought his farm wanted some female help to look arter the house. Pru knew how to make rale good bread. "Now dont," said Pru, "May be you would'nt,"—and Jonathan shuck all over, and Prudence replied, "If you be comin that game, you'd better telt feyther."—"That's jist what I want," said Jonathan, and in three weeks Jonathan and prudence were "my old man" and "my old woman."

Why is the evening the best time to take up a bill? Because it then falls due (dew.)

Why is a love-letter like a *Capias*? D'ye give it up? Because it is a *Warrant of attachment*.