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NEC REGE, NEC POPULO, SED UTROQUE.

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LITERATURE.

ORIGINAL.

For the Chronicle.

TO ARINA.

Soft as the shades that usher in the day;
Pure as the pendant dew-drop on the spray;
Lovely as light, when slowly pass away
The clouds that veil'd the moonbeam's silver ray.
Grateful as kindness when dull griefs annoy,
And sweet as Hope when fears each thought employ;
Welcome as love combin'd with constancy,
Such is Arina's rosy smile to me.

Beauty can claim the tribute of a song,
And admiration pleas'd its notes prolong;
Beauty from eloquence commands applause,
And sighs of Hope from aching bosoms draws;
Beauty the Poet's pen can touch with fire,
And songs of love, and lays of bliss inspire;
When brightly she appears at break of day,
And streaks the fields of light with colours gay;
So she appears when Cynthia crowns the night,
And sheds "from azure skies her silver light;"
But these must yield in beauty and in grace
The Palm to young Arina's heav'nly face.

For the Chronicle.

ON A VIOLET.

Its fragrance flinging o'er the gale,
Lo! where yon flow'ret blooms unseen;
The pride and boast of all the vale,
Though hidden in its bow'r of green.

That scented flow'r, though bright its bloom,
And shelter'd be its Sylvan bed;
Shall feel too soon, the winter's gloom.

POINTS IN HISTORY.

THE REBELLION IN SCOTLAND, 1745.

(Continued.)

THESE characters, these changes and these turns of elevated sentiment are very astonishing. It is impossible to remark without respect and admiration, the noble daring and enthusiastic generosity of those devoted followers of the Youthful Prince, who came to wrest the sceptre from the grasp of the House of Brunswick. Those brave warriors paused not to cast one look upon the gigantic force opposed to them.—Without hesitating to contrast the Highland Kilt and Spear, with the formidable Lance and Bayonet of England, with her Artillery at her feet, and her Fleet in the distance, these men rushed on their cause, when at every step, they incurred Treason and Death. They put no question to their Chief, but "was it his will?" none to the Prince, but "did he lead?" The History of the world can hardly afford such an instance of magnanimity and elevation of sentiment. From this fact, we may learn an important lesson; videlicet, the necessity of spreading political knowledge among the people! for want of this, were those brave men doomed to perish! and the benefits of the Revolution to be endangered! and by whom was this two fold injury to be inflicted? by the noblest race of men, subject to the British Crown.

Had they been joined by the northern Counties of England, the danger might have been fatal to the Constitution! Had the northern Counties been as generous and brave, as they were mistaken in principle, the Rebellion would have been successful, the Brunswick Family would have been chased from the Throne, and the general cause of human liberty defeated; and all this arising from a mistake, from a misstatement of hereditary right. This, and this alone, led Scotland to stand by the Pretender.

We should not, as some have done, insult these brave men, these heroes of the Highlands: they were *not* led on by the hope of plunder and ambition: no, it was affection to the Chief, in the follower; it was loyalty to the Prince, in the Chief.—This, it was, which made them boast of it, as the good, and the true cause. It was from their notions of the indefeasible notions of heriditary right—As it was sung in the ballad of the day.

His right are the hills, his right are the valleys,
Where the wild bird finds shelter, but he can find none.

This was the cause, which they resolved to support, however it might be deserted by the time-serving sycophants of the Lowlands and the South. It is impossible to consider such feelings and sentiments, without admiration; it is right that we should meditate upon them, that we may catch the divine flame; but heroic sentiments and generous feelings are not enough: they are lights from Heaven, but they are lights that will deceive us, if they be not kept under the superintending power of reason, lest they lead astray. Reason is to be found in the facts now under consideration.

What was the attempt of these generous, noble, and brave men?—To destroy the liberty of a free people!

For whom did they contend?—For the very Representative of Tyranny!

What was their ultimate object?—To overthrow the happy constitution of England!

It pleased the beneficent, and all-ruling Providence, that their cause should not succeed: they lay slaughtered upon the *Plains of Culloden*—they were hunted down by their conquerors, in their native glens; they perished! and the cause perished with them! So perish the remembrance of their faults!

At this point, it is painful to note, the want of perspective wisdom, in the English Cabinet. The only step taken, was an order to disarm the Highlanders. To seize their arms, and to leave their hearts to be seized by others! and, hence, what was to be expected, did happen; the well disposed gave up their arms, and the evil part concealed them!

Sir Robert Walpole (a man, by the bye, who deserves a better reputation than he has obtained; but to whom posterity may and should, pay a just though tardy compensation,) advised, that a Highland army [illegible] it in the North. Before concluding this paper, we must take once more a general view of this enterprise, and contrast the Highlanders with the People of England.

What is the simple fact mentioned by Gibbon?—That Charles and his followers marched into the heart of the kingdom, without being either joined by their friends or opposed by their enemies. From what could this arise?---From national apathy! We cannot think it pusillanimity. It will be said, that they were not prepared; that they were not accustomed to the use of arms. But what need was there of arms? Why did not the nation rise as one man and beat back the insolent invader? It is by comparing the Highland Character with the English at that time, that we can resolve the difficulty. The fact is, that by commerce, manufactures, peace and prosperity, the generous and chivalric feelings of a former age had been obliterated. They had no visions of imagination; no Giants on the mountains; no Spirits in the air; no Fairies in the forest; go national music; no bonds of generosity.—Much was heard of the balance of trade, and more of profit and loss. The useless ness of sentiment without the sober guidance of the judgment and of the understanding has been already pointed out; it now remains to be shewn that along with the judgment and understanding there must be elevated sentiment to complete the character. In a commercial country; abilities and science cannot defend the inhabitants without such a spirit. The romantic sentiments of nature although they may be despised on the Stock Exchange, or even in the Royal Society, must not be banished from the Land; or, if they be, we shall become, like Holland; surrounded by the Images of its commercial greatness; but no longer, that same Holland, which had defied Philip, and, had defeated the armies of Louis. In saying thus much, it is not intended to detract from the blessings of commerce and opulence, but to assert, that, without personal virtue, and personal spirit, they have a tendency to draw on ruin. This spirit therefore, should be cherished; and, this cannot be done by pressing hard on the democratical part of the Nation; this cannot be done by withholding education from the poor: it can only be done, by means, contrary to these; by accustoming each man to consider himself as of importance, and to take an interest in the affairs of his native country.

Such are the reasonings which force themselves upon our attention when considering this important and romantic feature in the History of Great Britain.

The young Student is cautioned against a hasty decision; his enthusiastic admiration for the noble Highlanders must not blind him to their errors; nor must he be too eager to condemn the apathy of the English. An attentive perusal of Home, Smollett, LaCretelle and Gibbon will give ample scope to his reasoning faculties, and by the aid of Walter Scott, the Chevalier Johnstone, Mr. and Chambers, he will come to a just conclusion on this interesting subject.

SELECTED.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY MRS. NORTON.

I have tasted each varied pleasure,
And drunk of the cup of delight;
I have danced to the gayest measure
In the halls of dazzling light;
I have dwelt in a blaze of splendour,
And stood in the courts of kings;
I have snatched at each toy that could render
More rapid the flight of time's wings.
But vainly I've sought for joy or peace,
In that life of light and shade;
And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home—
The home where my childhood played.

When jewels are sparkling round me,
And dazzling with their rays,
I weep for the ties that bound me
In life's first early days.
I sigh for one of the sunny hours,
Ere day was turned to night;
For one of my nosegays of fresh wild flowers,
Instead of my jewels bright.
I weep when I gaze on the scentless buds
Which never can bloom or fade;
And I turn with a sigh to those gay green fields,
The home where my childhood played.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HEAT AND THIRST---A SCENE IN JAMAICA.

THE TORCH was lying at anchor in Bluefields Bay. It was between eight and nine in the morning. The land wind had died away, and the sea breeze had not set in---there was not a breath stirring. The pendant from the mast-head fell [illegible] at the distance of a cable's length [illegible] not distinguish the water-line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began, until the casual dashing of a bucket overboard for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon reunited, and she again floated double, like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense that the iron stancheons of the awning could not be grasped with the hand, and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing in long shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying fish would spark out from the unruffled bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a flash into the sea again. There was not a cloud in the heavens, but a quivering blue haze hung over the land, through which the white sugar-works and overseers' houses on the distant estates appeared to twinkle like objects seen through a thin smoke, whilst each of the tall stems of the cocoa-trees on the beach, when looked at steadfastly, seemed to be turning round with a small spiral motion, like so many endless screws. There was a dreamy indistinctness about the outlines of the hills, even in the immediate vicinity, which increased as they receded, until the blue mountains in the horizon melted into sky. The crew were listlessly spinning oakum, and mending sails, under the shade of the awning; the only exceptions to the general languor were Johncrow the black, and Jackoo the monkey. The former (who was an *improvisatore* of a rough stamp) sat out on the bowsprit, through choice, beyond the shade of the canvass, without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust, busy with his task, whatever that might be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whiles confabulating with his hairy ally, as if he had been a messmate. The monkey was hanging by the tail from the dolphin striker, admiring what Johncrow called "his own dam ogly face in the water."---"Tail like yours would be a good ting for a sailor, Jackoo, it would leave his two hands free aloft---more use, more hornament too, I'm sure, den de piece of greasy junk dat hangs from the Captain's taffrail.---Now I shall sing to you, how dat Corromantee rascal, my fader, was sell me on de Gold Coast.

"Two red night-cap, one long knife,
All him get for Quackoo,
For gun next day him sell him wife---
You tink dat good song---Jackoo?"

"Chocko, chocko," chattered the monkey, as if in answer. "Ah you tink so---sensible honimal!---What is dat? shark? Jackoo, come up, sir; don't you see dat big shovel-nosed fish looking at you? Pull your hand out of water, Garamighty!" The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bowsprit to take hold of the poor ape, who, mistaking his kind intention, and ignorant of his danger, shrunk from him, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. The shark instantly sank to have a run, then dashed at his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three or four feet out of the water, with poor Jackoo shrieking in his jaws, whilst his small bones crackled and crunched under the monster's triple row of teeth.

Whilst this small tragedy was acting---and painful enough it was to the kind-hearted negro---I was looking out towards the eastern horizon, watching the first dark blue ripple of the sea breeze, when a rushing noise passed over my head.

I looked up and saw a *gallinaso*, the large carrion crow of the tropics, sailing, contrary to the habits of its kind, seaward over the brig. I followed it with my eye, attention was attracted by a dark speck far out in the offing, with a little tiny white sail. With my glass I made it out to be a ship's boat, but I saw no one on board, and the sail was idly flapping about the mast.

On making my report, I was desired to pull towards it in the gig; and as we approached, one of the crew said he thought he saw some one peering over the bow. We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly. "Why don't you haul the sheet aft, and come down to us, sir?"

He neither moved or answered, but, as the boat rose and fell on the short sea raised by the first of the breeze, the face kept mopping and mowing at us over the gunwale.

"I will soon teach you manners, my fine fellow! give way, men"---and I fired my musket, when the crow that I had seen rose from the boat into the air, but immediately alighted again, to our astonishment, vulture-like, with outstretched wings, *upon the head*.

Under the shadow of this horrible plume, the face seemed on the instant to alter like a hideous change in a dream. It appeared to become of a deathlike paleness, and anon streaked with blood. Another stroke of the oar—the chin had fallen down, and the tongue was hanging out. Another pull—the eyes were gone, and from their sockets brains and blood were fermenting, and flowing down the cheeks. It was the face of a putrifying corpse. In this floating coffin we found the body of another sailor, doubled across one of the thwarts, with a long Spanish knife sticking between [illegible] fraction, as [illegible] small water cask in the bow was staved, and empty.

We had no sooner cast our grappling over the bow, and begun to tow the boat to the ship, than the abominable bird that we had scared settled down into it again, notwithstanding our proximity, and began to peck at the face of the dead boy. At this moment we heard a gibbering noise, and saw something like a bundle of old rags roll out from beneath the stern-sheet, and apparently make a fruitless attempt to drive the gallinaso from its prey. Heaven and earth, what an object met our eyes! It was a full grown man, but so wasted, that one of the boys lifted him up by his belt with one hand. His knees were drawn up to his chin, his hands were like the talons of a bird, while the falling in of his chocolate-coloured and withered features gave an unearthly relief to his forehead, over which the horny and transparent skin was braced so tightly that it seemed ready to crack. But in the midst of this desolation, his deep set, coal black eyes sparkled like diamonds with the fever of his sufferings; there was a fearful fascination in their flashing brightnes, contrasted with the deathlike aspect of the face, and rigidity of the frame. When sensible of our presence he tried to speak, but could only utter a low moaning sound. At length —"Aqua, aqua"—we had not a drop of water in the boat. "El muchaco esta moriendo de sed—Aqua."

We got on board, and the surgeon gave the fellow some weak tepid grog. It acted like magic. He gradually uncoiled himself, his voice, from being weak and husky, became comparatively strong and clear. "El hijo---Aqua para mi pedrillo —No le hace para mi---Oh la noche pasado, la noche pasado!" He was told to compose himself, and that his boy would be taken care of. "Dexa me verlo entonces, oh Dios, dexa me verlo"---and he crawled, grovelling on his chest, like a crushed worm across the deck, until he got his head over the port-sill, and looked down into the boat. He there beheld the pale face of his dead son; it was the last object he ever saw---"Ay de mi;" he groaned heavily, and dropped his face against the ship's side---He was dead.

From the Mirror.

BOARDING-HOUSES AND HOTELS.

FEW persons there are who, after a long day's peregrination, and especially if the weather has been tempestuous or cold, have seasonably found a comfortable room, good fire, a pair of wax candles, (tallow ditto at present not the thing,) and a very well furnished larder to back all other pretensions, but have felt a sort of pleasant sensation, which is not unaptly expressed by the old household word *comfort*. On the other hand, if a man perchance has been shaking and knocking at a door alternately for some couple of hours, in the winter solstice, and about the time of midnight, feeding his imagination with the speedy enjoyment of all the good things which that aforesaid door, together with four walls (of brick or wood, as the case may be) enclose, and should, instead of hearing the words, "open sesame," see presented to his astonished vision, and towards his person, a long shining barrel, the very mouth of which seems ready to vomit forth incontinently the dire contents of a well-charged gun, such a person must, we think, understand the meaning of the phrase *comfortable quarters*. There are very few travellers, (and in such comprehensive terms may be included most males from the age of fourteen and upwards,) but must have noted an im- of things during the first week's occupancy of a new domicil, and the same set of objects after a longer period has transpired, and especially if you are what is called an easy man, that is, can put up, with almost any kind of treatment without complaining. At the first your basin and tumbler in the sleeping-room are regularly filled every day, and a clean towel placed; and you are assigned, if it is winter, a place near the fire in the sitting-room. If you should happen to possess a decent person, are between twenty and thirty, and there should be unmarried and marriageables females in the family, you are the lion of the week; but make the most of your time, for your days are numbered. During that time all the albums in the house will be open to you, and what you write in them will be lauded, whether you can only tag two rhymes, only *abstract* verses from some obsolete book, and palm them for your own, or write like Mrs. Hemans, and like what Mrs. Norton is *said* to do. On the eighth day the handkerchief passes, and you may inscribe *Hic transit*, etc. Generally speaking, the inns, hotels, boarding-houses, and places of public entertainment characterize the manners of a people. In England there are scarcely such things to be found in the fashionable world as *tables d'hote*, or the boarding-house sitting-room of the United States. In the coffee-rooms and saloons of first-rate and fashionable hotels in England, you may mingle with respectable *male* society. To female circles there requires *par usage* a more particular introduction. In the United States the inmate of the house has the *entree*, and he is entitled to mingle with [illegible] sant---circumstances, doubtless, regulate the practice of each. That too much reserve and retirement is unfavorable to popularity the French monarchs were fully sensible of, who, at least during the old regime, dined in public. The kindler and better feelings are called forth by the public display of pleasing manners on the part of the class who possess emphatically the respect of mankind. On the other hand, the circumstance of general privacy lies perhaps at the very foundation of that respect. In England it may with some truth be stated, that the nobility serve not only as a political but a moral check to the haughty pretensions of the uneducated, and unamiable wealthy; and the middling and lower classes of society contemplate the fact with great satisfaction, that those who more immediately cause their greatest mortifications *are not at the top*. But we are like a ship at sea lying-to—we begin to drift a little.—The candidate for a good dinner, and well dressed, for the chance of hearing some good things occasionally, and who does not make sel[illegible]ness an indispensable quality in his society, may do remarkably well at the best ordinaries in London, and in the coffee and travellers' rooms in the country. The gentlemen of the whip sometimes crack a pleasant joke; most of them are adepts at small talk, and no people in the country are better judges of *bees' wings* and the age of sherry. It was at one of these houses we heard the following little tale related:—A second mate of an English merchant vessel had in the latitude of the West Indies, succeeded in inducing the captain of the vessel, and that with the greatest difficulty, to fight a French privateer, which the result showed carried a larger force than it would have been prudent to have withstood; but the brave fellow acted like a second Nelson. He was at the helm, at the bows, loading the guns in the immediate part of the deck called the slaughter-house, manning the stern-chasers, and all nearly in as many minutes. The privateer depended on boarding, and the two vessels were at one time locked; but Kingsley, (for that twas his name,) took the helm at the important moment, and eased off the Demerara from the privateer; two-thirds of the crew of the Demerara fell in the action, and towards the latter part of the fight Kingsley had both his legs carried away by a cannon shot. The privateer after this would have captured the brig, but for the circumstance of a very brisk gale coming on, and the fore-topmast of the former being wounded. Kingsley's sufferings, having no regular surgeon on board, on the vessel's passage home to London, cannot be described. When arrived there the surgeons pronounced that his *active* life was closed, as the power of locomation could not with all the aid of art be restored. The owners of the vessel were applied to for a pension for poor Kingsley, in consideration of his good conduct; but it came out in the course of this application, that it would have been for the interest of the firm had the vessel been captured, and being private property, nothing further was to be done. Kingsley's father and mother resided in a cottage in Kent, which the humble couple, by constant labor, although advanced in life, contrived to keep over their heads. They had heard, as the action was related at full length in all the newspapers, of the bravery of their son, and welcomed him home to share their last morsel. To return to his birth place and become a burden to his aged parents was not the only difficulty which Kingsley had to solve in his resolute mind: there was one within the limits of that parish who had figured to her eager imagination the return of her Kingsley as the harbinger of joy and as the first act in a long drama of happiness. She flew to her brave sailor's parents, hung upon their necks, and demanded him in any state; showed her rosy arms, and protested that she could labor for both. In the meanwhile the refusal of the pittance on the part of the owners of the Demerara had sunk deep into the manly spirit of Kingsley, who could not endure the thought that his dependence for life should rest upon the labor of his wife, or in default of that, upon his parents. Day after day he refused his food; his pistols, faithful in the fight, had been kept every night under his pillow. One morning he was found stretched on the bed lifeless, with a shot through his heart. The poor lost Mary may be now seen every day, with tresses floating in the wind, and arms extended, demanding him of the coaches which pass through the village. The passengers are differently affected—some, on hearing the melancholy fate, which is hourly related, execrate the avarice which could cause such heart-rendering woes; some give money for her support; and a few, besides the donation, drop a silent tear. T.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

COQUETRY.

Concluded.

But in the more honest epoch of youth, and amongst women not wholly perverted by society, there is nothing more likely to cure a coquet than a good, strong, durable passion; and if this cure be, as La Rochefoucauld has elewhere observed, "the greatest miracle which love can work," it is only because coquetry is so rarely developed in and grimacing and acting without stint or pause. They are for ever laying traps to catch attention; and every movement is calculated to remind the company of their presence and pretensions. No matter what may be the subject of conversation, or what the character and condition of the interlocuters, they contrive to give the discourse a turn to themselves, and to inveigle the company into a compliment to their person. I remember a lady of this description, *d'ailleurs* a woman of some talent, who turned her coquetry to a good account by the power she obtained through it over persons of weight and influence in society: she would, however, not the less stoop to throw away a lure on a peasant or a tradesman, or on any thing male that crossed her path; and after having pinned a general officer or a judge to her apron-string for an entire morning, would triumph in putting a common fellow to confusion, or making him own, by some quaint and extraordinary remark, the influence of her charms.

In her instance, indeed, a perfect *bon ton*, and some wit, redeemed the failure, and sometimes rendered it even agreeable; but generally speaking, there is nothing more obtrusive and troublesome in conversation, than a coquet of this inordinate calibre. If, on the contrary, it be asked in what the difference consists, between the conversation of a man of a lively fancy and well-stored mind, and that of a woman of sense and spirit, or why the latter possesses a decided superiority over the former? I should not hesitate to place the unknown charm in that dash of coquetry which is inseparable, from female nature. The woman constantly *agacee* by the desire to please, like an high-spirited horse that feels the spur, is kept on the alert, and throws out all her fire in a thousand graceful and lively movents, which are not strictly necessary to the progression of discourse, but which infinitely adorn it. The conversational powers of a man of wit can only be excited by the desire to shine; but between that desire and the wish to please there is a vast difference. The desire to shine is apt, at every turn, to betray the speaker into presumption, and to stimulate him to usurp too large and overpowering a share of the conversation. It leads, also, to an unhappy forgetfulness of the genius of the time and place, to a disregard of "*les convenances*." The wish to please, on the other hand, shows itself as much in forbearance as in action, and it developes a delicacy of tact that leaves every one present satisfied with himself. The charm of female society of the highest polish, is no where so well known, or so powerfully felt as in France; and it is in France, if any where, that coquetry is reduced to an art—I had almost said, a science; for in a French woman of any talent, the instinct is controlled and subdued with a nicety that partakes almost of philosophy. With such a woman, no matter what her age or personal appearance may be, the sex of the speaker is never absent from your thoughts, though she never directly reminds you of it herself; and she makes it impossible to listen to her with that languid indifference which will sometimes steal over the senses in male society, however brilliant, or however profound. In this particular, Madame de Stael was an exception among her countrywomen. In her, the vanity of the author prevailed over the coquetry of the woman. Constantly possessed by the idea of herself, she disserted when she should have discoursed, and talked only for display. Byron measured her very justly, when he preferred her conversation—for an hour. By reducing herself to the level of a man, she lost a large part of that