



The Parterre.

FOR THE PARTERRE.

Messrs. Printers.—If you, after examination, are of opinion that the following lines on Friendship, are worthy a place in your poetic nursery, I shall feel obliged to you if you give them an insertion. They may serve for variety, as daisies make their appearance scattered among roses, or the black streak diversifies the tulip and renders it more beautiful, and, of course, more pleasing to the eye.

A SKEINER.

FRIENDSHIP.—Is Friendship
Fragrant, like buds with dew-drops
In the roses, or more fragrant
In the carnations, or more sweet
Than the gentle mate the love-sick
taste.

In vain, the verdant lawn and flow'ry
mead
Invite my steps or tempt my muse to
stray
Alas! I find no happiness is fled!
And mirth and cheerfulness are now
no more!

The fairest scenes no pleasure can be-
stow
While sorrow rankles in Eurydice's heart
While sweet voice is tuned to strains
of woe

Can aught to me the smallest joy im-
part!
All fate couldst thou no other victim
find
To die, and sad misfortune's shroud
Than that which in mine is spotted and
stained

With folded mantle all the virtues
hide
Fancy now paints her on the bed of war
Child reposes, and the tear of sorrow
See, down her cheek, the tears of sorrow
flow

Black down her bosom heaves the bar-
barous
Sweet, gentle nymph, could friendship
be
Fast would thy flow to ease thy ten-
der heart
Misfortune should no more thy breast
assail
Nor to Elysia point her piercing dart.

How sweet it task thy sorrow all to
forget
From thy cheek to wipe the falling
tear
And with her hand to smother
tears

But alas! intercourse is now forbid-
den
The nature of a lonely subject woe
My heart forever from thy presence
And thine own how has naught to give
—triste tears.

Beloved Elysia would that erasions now
were
Whose pure religion in thy bosom
glows
Or shorten to thee the allative hour
Or conducted thy joyous life to close!

Then when thy lot tastes celestial joy
Which only spirits such as thine can
know
Say, wilt thou gently Friend one thought
forget
Or wait thou till, to look on me below?

And shouldst thy spirit cheer to earth de-
scend
From the bliss of eternal day
Which doth have no not thy Elysia
And strain to escape to mine ears
any?

But cease my mournful muse! and let
me mourn
This gloomy path that leads me to des-
pair
Let God the great Creator's will be done
My mind I leave to his paternal care.

Almighty Father! all my actions guard!
Possess my heart with all that's good
and wise!
This prospect grant me of a blest reward
One day to join in bliss in the skies.

THE FOREST WARRIORS.

"O, war! one of the wretched wrecks
Behold!—My soul with horror starts
For not the least of thy effects
Are ravaged feelings—broken hearts!"

Such simple tales as the Forest War-
riors, have often been told, and perhaps
in a much better manner. Many affect-
ing instances have been recorded, of the
fatal effects of a ruthless war, and many
more yet remain to be told. We need
not go back to the grave of an an-
cient year, nor seek them in foreign
countries, when our own affords us so
ample a share.

The characters introduced into this
little story, are now gathered under their
fathers, and their bones are re-
posing among the coniferous forests of the
silent dead. And, although eye once
saw the living, their history is known
only to a few surviving friends.

William Belgrave had scarcely at-
tained his twentieth year, when the late
war between the United States and
Great Britain commenced. He was
destined by all who knew him, for his
suitable manners and generous dispo-
sition, and but few young men possessed
of a greater share of strength and ac-
tivity, or more intellectual talents and
genius. He was born and brought up
in one of the forests of which this state
is so conspicuous, but a few miles from
the spot where Columbus first set his
foot, which then contained but a
few log buildings. He ardently loved
the young and beautiful Lucy Clapin,
and had solicited her hand in marriage,
which was granted, and the day ap-
pointed for solemnization of the nuptial
ceremony. They were preparing for, and
 anxiously awaiting its approach, when
he was called to defend his native state
from the barbarous savage and the
treacherous Indian.

The rapid strides which they were
making into our territory, compelled him
to take a sudden leave of his home and
his friends. He departed the sorrow-
ful news to his intended bride, in as tender
a manner as possible, and encouraged
her patience, for he hoped soon to re-
turn again in peace and honor. The
color fled from her cheek, and a tear be-
dewed her lovely eye, as he bade her
adieu, saying, but it was of short duration,
and he immediately turned the horses
in position of following him to the battle
camp, and share his fortune in the
conquest of a new world.

He endeavored to dissuade her, by pointing out the
most glowing colors and with full
confidence, the hardships and trials which
awaited her, in the event of her accom-
panying him, but she was inflexible in
her purpose, and after various entreaties
and promises, he reluctantly gave
his consent.

He then, when dressed, which hung
loose, and he was of a very meagre
figure, he immediately turned the horses
in position of following him to the battle
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When her parents discovered that
she was gone, they made the strictest
search, and inquired for her, but in vain,
as no one could inform them of her fate,
but at length a letter was found, written
by her, informing them that she expected
to be absent a short time, when she
would return, and entreat their forgive-
ness for her mysterious conduct; she
concluded by requesting them not to be
uneasy about her situation, as she was
with a friend, who would protect her
and they should meet again.

But a sad poor, devoted girl, how lit-
tle did she think that their next meet-
ing would be in another and a better
world! how little did she think, that in a
few more revolving years, the brightest
and dearest would lay her lowly
bones in the dust;—but that that of the
brave, she would occupy the lowly
mansions of the grave.

The company to which they belonged
was soon marched to the lines. Lucy,
who passed by the assumed name of
James Inman, had already become
expert in all the manoeuvres and duties
of a soldier, and she was often placed on
some dangerous outpost as a sentinel.
It was quite painful to the feelings of
Belgrave, to see her exposed to so many
hazards, although she bore them with
the utmost patience, but it could not be
remitted without exposing her real char-
acter, and endangering her unsuited vir-
tue and integrity. They fondly anti-
cipated the time, when their term of
service would expire, which would be er-
long, and leave them free to consummate
their happiness at the altar, amidst the
congratulation of their friends.—They
were fortunate enough, however to be
placed in one tent, which rendered their
intimacy tedious, and their duties less
pleasant.

On a dark tempestuous night, just be-
fore the memorable battle of Chippewa,
Lucy was appointed to one of the
farthestmost out-posts of the American
camp. Ever faithful to her duty, she
thought that she could distinguish the
raps, and almost silent approach of foot
steps as usual on such occasions, she
demanded in an austere voice, "Who's
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musket towards the sound as signal, and
suddenly retreated towards the camp; a
few hollow groans answered that she

had not fired in vain. The drums im-
mediately beat to arms, but the soldiers
had scarcely grasped their deadly weap-
ons, when they were attacked; but the
enemy was soon repulsed. Thus, by
her vigilance, was our noble band of he-
roes preserved.

Love was the predominant passion of
her heart; it has subdued all her femi-
line timidity, and benumbed all the gen-
tler passions; it was this which had sup-
ported her through the past scenes; and
it was this which had enabled her to en-
ter into the sanguinary battle with calm-
ness.

They were present at the engagement
of Chippewa, which was fought on the
5th of July, and escaped unhurt. Noth-
ing material happened to them until the
25th of the same month, when the ex-
traordinary battle of Bridge-water was
fought. They were under the com-
mand of the generous and gallant Col.
Miller, when he received orders from
General Brown to storm a battery which
the enemy had on a commanding emi-
nence.—This charge is said to have ex-
ceeded any thing experienced by the
British soldiers even in Europe. Thrice
were the Americans repulsed with great
slaughter; the fourth charge was made,
and they were crowned with victory.

They repulsed the enemy with victory,
and "that day's work," as they com-
monly say, "was a good one." They
overcame the enemy with glory.

Lucy was among the number of wom-
en who were conveyed from the field
of action, and the wound proved
fatal to her breast, and was pro-
pounded mortal. It would almost be im-
possible to judge the surprise that was
expressed by every countenance, when it
was discovered that she was a female;
and a young girl, just from even the
tender's arms, to be thus laid low.

She was almost on the verge of death, when
the leaves rushed into the room like a
train of smoke, and advanced towards
the spot where she lay expiring. She
cast a look of unutterable tenderness
towards those the pulse of life seemed
stayed for a few moments—she gave
him her hand, and in trembling accents
said, "I never remember her to her honored
parents and friends—and taking a kiss
from her cheek, she placed it on his
hand, and faintly uttered a last farewell—her
heart then ceased to beat, and she
passed into another world.

She was beautiful even in death—
a pale radiance pervaded her lovely
features;—no trace of youth still
remained, and she appeared
like a flower, plucked before its
time.

He gazed upon her inanimate form,
with the most poignant anguish—but he
did not weep—he did not break forth
into lamentation—he spoke not a
word—but the water-chest that bound
him to his service was loosed, and the
doctor and his attendants were looking—her
features were so lovely, and she appeared
like a flower, plucked before its
time.

As swearing is not so great an accom-
plishment as it was some years ago, prac-
tice it only on particular occasions when
the character of the company requires it.
As the beauty and comfort of life con-
sist in variety, pay but attention to the
old maxim of doing as you would be done
by: it would make the world stupidly
uniform and monotonous.

When you have done eating your din-
ner always pick your teeth with your
fork; it is a prodigious saving of gause
quills.

When eating an apple, or your com-
mon meal, do the business effectually;
and let the snacking sound of your tips
keep time with the up and down opera-
tion of your teeth—this shows that you
are methodical and in earnest to employ
34 many of your faculties at the same
time as you can.

If you carry a white pocket handker-
chief, pin it to your pocket and let half
of it hang out.

If you carry a silk one—never use it;
only draw your breath more suddenly
and powerfully, and it will answer all
purposes and save a deal of washing.

Always take a few draws in the mor-
ning; it gives the revenue, and makes
one feel cleverly. But in this be very
moderate. Do Tripple need to say that
three draws of sing before breakfast
were as good as a command.

If you have occasion to break ill of
your friends, do not behind his back;
and then you will not wound his feelings.

If you are invited to dine with a gen-
tleman to make sure, and are engaged, let
him know that you will dine with him
next day. This will save him trouble,
and make all certain.

If you wish for advice don't ask it un-
less you have made up your mind; thus
you will not be plagued with varying
opinions.

A traveller coming into the kitchen
of an inn, on a very cold night, stood so
close to the fire that he burned his boots.
An arch rogue, who sat in the chimney
corner, cried to him, "Sir, sir, you'll
burn your boots presently." "My boots
you mean I suppose," said the gentle-
man. "No," replied the other, "they
are burnt already."

A lazy young fellow being asked what
made him so long in being up,
"I am busied in hearing counsel every
morning. Industry advises me to get
up. Sloth is still, and so they give me
twenty reasons pro and con. It is my
part to hear what is said on both sides
and by the time the cause is over din-
ner is ready."

The Lord of a village being at din-
ner, allowed one of his tenants to stand
while he conversed with him. "What
business have you?" said the squire.
"None that I know of," replied the
tenant, "except that a sow of mine has
littered thirteen pigs, and she has
only twelve tails." "What will the
fourteenth do?" asked the Lord. "Do
as I do," returned Hodgerwit, "and
look on while the others eat."

A just Reproof.—Two men had come
contention, one was very rich, the other
not so; the rich man finding himself
pressed with plain argument, said a few
words of wit and sarcasm, and said
"I do not care for your words, but I
will show you that I am worth a hundred
times as much as you are." "Yes," replied
the other, "and if you were not worth that, you
would be worth nothing."

A letter passed through a post office
in the valley, on which was the follow-
ing endorsement: "This with haste—
do not detain this letter as you do some-
times—post haste." The clerk to re-
spond to the affront, added the following:
"Their air a grate munny fools in this
heir world."

Corvus Proclamation.—In 1547, a
proclamation was issued by Henry the
8th, "That women should not meet to-
gether to babble and talk, and that all
men should keep their wives in their
houses."

Old to Sleep.—A poet asked a gen-
tleman what he thought of his last pro-
duction, "An Ode to Sleep?" The lat-
ter replied, "You have done such justice
to the subject, that it is impossible to
read it without feeling its whole
weight."

Moral Chronicle.

FOR THE MORAL CHRONICLE.

ON GRATITUDE.

—A Grateful Mind

By owing owes not, but still pays; once
unleaked, and discharged.—MILTON.

No virtue shines with greater
lustre in the human heart, or af-
fords more real enjoyment to its
possessor, than Gratitude. It
cannot live in a barren soil, for
however great the favours you
confer on a fool or a villain, he
feels no soft emotions of ac-
knowledgegment, but resolves them
with brutal insensibility. The
passage from the justly admired
Milton, which I have chosen for
my motto, conveys a striking

idea of this virtue, dressed in
plain attire of truth.

The subject before me opens
a wide field for delightful em-
ployment in the hands of an able
writer would display a rich expan-
sion of luxuriant description and
of every imagery. I pretend not to
possess such requisites, but set do-
my own ideas as they occur, and
plead my youth for any inade-
quacies; and from the nature
of the cause I espouse, hope for
treatment. How weak an
attempt to describe the delicate
sensations gratitude produces
in the ingenious bosom! None
the truly generous breast
taste its heartiest joys; and
can be more delectable to a
valiant mind, than, by relieving
distressed virtue, to receive
fervent ebullitions of over-
sensitivity. While we re-
cognize in all the glowing
of enraptured adoration, we
shall find robust suffi-
ciency to deliberate fugacity
and hateful self-born moroseness
all her native deformity?

The ungrateful breast
is really devoid of every
other feeling; and the wife
would betray his heart, and
wretch unworthy of a
shape, and cannot receive
quite punishment for such
table wickedness. As gra-
titude can only grow in a virtuous
so a virtuous breast will be
found to possess it. A
benevolent mind prefers re-
fined acknowledgments of a
good man, whom it has re-
ceived to any other recompense
could bestow.

Gratitude smiles serene
and placid, and with modest
dignity, and sweet sensibility,
repays the favours of bene-
volence. Who but feels the
somewhat with indignation
abhorrence, when a frightful
ture of ingratitude presents
itself.

On the other hand, who can
train from admiration and
when the lovely features gra-
titude charm his sight and
nature his fancy. No breast
is susceptible of the soft feel-
ings and fine sensations of virtue,
must embrace the lovely de-
with the most ecstatic de-
and spurn with equal hor-
detestation her striking con-

That man possesses a
pride, and improper de-
who is above receiving an
ation from a virtuous be-
ing; but it is just and be-
come in a truly virtuous mind
fect, the proffered honors
emoluments of vice, which
only meant to betray un-
innocence, and too often
to the ruin of the incau-
tion, and the malicious
of the accursed seduc-

As a sincere friend to the
sex, I would wish them to be
particularly on their guard
the snares which lurk under
masks of feigned bene-
volence and esteem. Their ten-
derness (fatal to their peace)
and too readily susceptible
the softer passions, and
willing to put a favorable
construction upon appearances,
are correct myself—too re-
sceptible of the softer pas-
sions. How delightful is that
society, when united with strict
rectitude. What raptures does it
down on the pair whose com-
at souls move in perpetual
mony and beat in perfect
They indeed are truly blest
evolution and Gratitude un-
ters and the lovely offspring
Truth and Virtue, who
but court their chaste em-
anments, and shun the detest-
braces of Avarice and In-
tude, the hateful twins of
good and Vice.

A STRANGE

Nine-tenths of the
of mankind depends on
ing contented in the situation
which the God of nature
signed them.