

POETRY

TO THE IVY.

Oh! how could fancy crown with thee  
In ancient days the god of wine,  
And bid thee at the banquet be  
Companion of the vine.

Thy home, wild plant, is where each  
sound  
Of revelry hath long been o'er;  
Where song's full notes once pealed  
around,  
But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle-plains,  
Where kings before his eagles bent,  
Entwined thee with exulting strains,  
Around the victor's tent;

Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,  
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,  
Better thou lovest the silent scene,  
Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,  
The bards and heroes of the past;  
Where through the halls of glory gone,  
Murmurs the wintry blast;

Where years are hastening to efface  
Each record of the grand and fair;  
Thou, in thy solitary grace,  
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Thou o'er the shrines of fallen gods,  
On classic plains dost mantling spread  
And veil the desolate abodes  
And cities of the dead;

Deserted palaces of kings,—  
Arches of triumph long o'erthrown,—  
And all once glorious earthly things,  
At length are thine alone.

Oh! many a temple once sublime  
Beneath a blue Italian sky,  
Hath nought of beauty left by time,  
Save thy wild tapestry.

And reared midst crags and clouds 'tis  
thine  
To wave where banners waved of yore,  
O'er mouldering towers by lovely Rhine,  
Cresting the rocky shore.

High from the fields of air, look down,  
Those eyeries of a vanished race,  
Homes of the mighty, whose renown  
Hath passed and left no trace;

But thou art there! thy foliage bright  
Unchanged, the mountain storm can  
grave;  
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,  
And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,  
That rise round grandeur's marble  
halls,—  
The vivid hues by painting thrown,  
Rich o'er the glowing walls;

The Icanthus on Corinthian fanes,  
In sculptured beauty waving fair;  
These, perish all—and what remains?  
Thou, thou alone art there!

'Tis still the same—where'er Iwe tread,  
The wrecks of human power we see;  
The marvels of all ages fled,  
Left to decay and thee!

And still let man his fabrics rear,  
August in beauty grace and strength;  
Days pass, thou Ivy never seer,  
And all is thine at length.

American Tale

THE FATE OF JANE M'C

The heroine of this tragic tale, was  
the daughter of a respectable farmer of  
New York, who previous to the Ameri-  
can Revolution, owned a fertile and beau-  
tiful property in the inland part of that  
imperial state. She was an only daugh-  
ter and a favorite one. Her parents did  
not love merely they idolized her; and  
their feelings of parental pride were not  
excited so much by the surpassing beau-  
ty, as by the sterling and attractive qua-  
lities of her heart. It is not possible for  
pure human nature to be perfect—but in  
symmetry of form, in outline and deli-  
cates coloring of feature, in tenderness of  
feeling and in religious firmness of prin-

ciple Jane — came as near to perfec-  
tion as possible among the erring sons  
and daughters of a sinful race.

In the immediate neighbourhood of  
their residence dwelt Captain D——,  
an old, approved, and respected friend of  
Jane's father. He was a half pay cap-  
tain in the British service. He had long  
fought in the battles of his country; and  
had acquired distinction enough in his  
prime to shed around the evening of his  
days a halo of military glory. But he  
had a large family, and in the expecta-  
tion of riding prosperously upon the  
golden flood which was said to be flow-  
ing over the young and thriving Colony,  
he had emigrated from England, long  
before an hostile feeling had exhibited  
itself in the American dependencies.—  
With his remaining funds he purchased  
an estate, partly cultivated, in the back  
country whither he retired. He soon  
improved and enriched it. His family  
grew around him—they bloomed and  
then matured to manhood. The elder of  
these Henry—in his twentieth year, be-  
came the acknowledged lover of the  
beautiful and charming Jane. They had  
been reared together from childhood,  
and had associated so long that love had  
wove its adamant link around their  
hearts. There was no inequality in  
their situations or fortune; and after the  
covness of love had been surmounted,  
and the eloquent, though silent offer was  
made and accepted, the consent of their  
parents was speedily obtained for the con-  
summation of their wishes. Their hap-  
piness, like the azure meridian of a sum-  
mer sky, smiled radiantly and was all  
brightness and peace.

At this time a troubled star dawned on  
the colonies. All men lived in peace  
with one another, but the politics of the  
times had begun to insinuate themselves  
into every bosom, and as the clouds  
muster before the storm breaks so they  
were silently preparing for the grant po-  
litical change which afterwards ensued.  
Time flowed on apace. Remonstrances  
were made and a deaf ear was turned to  
them. Taxes were imposed and their le-  
gality was denied. Force was used to  
subdue the aspirations of Britons, by de-  
scent or birth for national liberty. It  
ended—the page is written in history.—  
Resistance was made against military  
rule—the Colonies shook off their allegi-  
ance to the parent state,—loyal men be-  
came rebels, and the young states a the-  
atre of a deadly desperate civil war.—  
The brightest gems of the English crown  
were obstinately flung away by the sin  
and obstinacy of ignorant Council.

Unfortunately Jane's father declared  
openly on the side of the Colonists,—  
Captain D—— as might be expected,  
stood true to old King George. There  
is nothing which so speedily cuts to the  
root even the oldest and closest friend-  
ship, as a dissimilarity of political op-  
inion. Men with a perfect good fellow-  
ship may hold different creeds, indulge  
in opposite philosophical theories, pro-  
fess contradictory opinions in criticism  
or literature—but let them quarrel about  
Kings and Constitutions, and their  
friendly intercourse is at an end. The  
Colonel and his friend in the early part  
of the controversy took their sides and  
battled the argument stoutly. As the  
plot thickened—they met seldomer, and  
parted always with a diminution of re-  
gard. But after Franklin's letters had  
been received, after the meeting of the  
Delegates had been called, and the Act  
of Independence resolved upon, the Col-  
onel broke off the connection with his  
neighbour; and like a hearty old Eng-  
lishman swore, "his son should sooner  
be buckled to a she-imp of the d——  
than to the daughter of such a rebellious  
yankee scoundrel."

For some time previous to this the lo-  
vers had only met, by stolen and secret  
interviews—but these, which came like  
angel visits, few and far between, were  
sweetened perhaps by their very rarity.  
It is the fruit which hangs on the outer  
edge of the highest branch, that when  
obtained delights the daring youth best.  
When the parents quarrelled however,  
even these were rendered impossible;  
and Jane, like the beautiful Rebecca,  
openly felt that her father's ex-pressed  
wishes ought to be as binding on her in  
his absence as in his presence. For her  
duties she was answerable to her God,  
and the eye of omnipotence could not be

closed. She consented to meet Henry  
once, and for the last time—poor girl!  
she knew not the weakness of her own  
heart. In that meeting the lover plead-  
ed so eloquently, that she swore on the  
Bible (ah! it was a fearful mockery of  
heaven) that come weal or woe, she would  
never marry another.

We pass over months and years. Suffi-  
ce it to say, that Col. D—— and his fam-  
ily fled to Canada. Jane's father fell a  
victim to the love of liberty. Henry in  
the Spring of 1777, had joined as a vo-  
lunteer, a gallant but unfortunate army  
of Burgoyne. He was present at the in-  
vestment of Ticonderoga—fought at the  
brilliant affair at Fort Anne,—and perse-  
vered in their difficult march from to  
Port Edward.

As soon as he arrived on this ground,  
and in the neighborhood of his betroth-  
ed, he determined to adopt some mea-  
sures to gain the possession of his mis-  
tress. Accordingly, with the permission  
of the General he despatched one of the  
most trusty of the Indians with a letter  
to his Jane, binding him to deliver it in-  
to her own hands, and bring back her  
answer. That letter entreated her to  
leave her friends—to leave their habita-  
tion, which must soon be surrounded by  
the deadly terrors of war, and to come to  
him where he would receive her with  
open arms and have their union instan-  
taneously consummated. To this letter he  
received a favourable answer. She agreed  
to leave home, in the course of a week,  
provided he could send a secure escort to  
conduct her.

Henry received this intelligence with  
the liveliest emotions of pleasure. He  
would readily have gone himself—but he  
was aware he could neither receive con-  
sent of his superior officer, nor could he  
have gone beyond the line occupied by  
the English troops, into that which had  
been so lately transformed into an ene-  
my's territory without risk of detection  
and imprisonment—perhaps something  
more tragic! Accordingly he selected a  
fair stranger's skull with a bloody toma-  
hawk. The poor innocent uttered one  
piercing cry, and falling lifeless on the  
sod, expired. No requiem was sung  
over her, and only one fact remains in  
this tragedy to tell;—her head was clove-  
n in twain, and the remnants of each  
party bore a half to the fond and anxious  
lover.

She fell at the root of a lofty pine tree  
which still spreads out its branches into  
a shadowy and graceful foliage. There  
her friends buried her and by her side the  
waters of the spring sweep murmuringly  
by. They clothe it in spring with a ver-  
dant foliage, and in summer the wild  
rose and the rododendron bloom over it.  
It is a sweet and sylvan spot, and altho'  
the mausoleum of a hero and patriot had  
been there erected, it could not have at-  
tracted more numerous visitors nor have  
been approached with a more solemn and  
respectful awe. Jane's grave and the bat-  
tle field of Saratoga are seen by every  
traveller.

What became of Henry? He bore up  
for two years from a strong sense of re-  
ligious duty, against the blow which hea-  
ven had struck at him. But life stagnat-  
ed. He emigrated to Europe. Distance  
had no effect in relieving his sorrows—  
the image of Jane was deeply and indeli-  
bly fixed upon his memory. He entered  
into foreign service and on the first occa-  
sion, volunteered for the "forlorn hope."  
He was the first to mount the breach and  
the first to fall. He however, was not  
the victim of military glory—he was a  
true martyr to Love!

Unluckily Henry after two days had  
elapsed, conceived, in the intenseness of  
his anxiety, that the party of Indians  
whom he had despatched, had either been  
decoyed or proved false; and induced  
by the promise of a still larger bounty,  
a second party to set out on the same er-  
rand. He little knew that this impati-  
ence, which arose it is true, from the ar-  
dency of love, would, like a deceitful  
spirit, in the fabling of romance, mock  
with the promise of happiness and secu-  
rity, and in the end conduct him into a  
deeper labyrinth of ill.

Jane and the first party started from  
their house, on a fine morning in the  
month of June. The air was bland and  
agreeable, but after they entered the forest  
through which the road lay, the sun shone  
fiercely down, and oppressed them with  
his burning rays. They approached a  
deep sylvan dell within whose solemn  
shades, a cool clear spring burst up its  
refreshing waters, and at its brink the  
whole party halted to quaff the stream  
and allay their burning thirst.  
Whilst they tarried here, the second  
party of the Indians entered the dell by  
the opposite pathway. Signs of friend-  
ly recognition in the first instance passed  
between them—but when the latter saw  
the fair European was in possession of  
the former, and that they would lose  
their reward, for which they had been  
induced to undertake so perilous a jour-  
ney, they began to burn with envy and  
indignation and their eyes to glance with  
fire. The chief of the second party was  
induced by his associates to hold par-  
lance with the other chief and ascertain  
if he was willing that the booty should  
be shared equally between them. He

resisted the first demand, first with con-  
tempt and then with indignant firmness.  
The fair daughter of the lily white race  
was in his keeping, and he should not  
yield her up without a full ransom.

With this answer the chief returned to  
his companions, who stood within the  
bounds of the shady grove, in the bosom  
of which the spring bubbled up. After  
hearing it they delayed little in consult  
before the resolution was adopted. Their  
united voice was for war. One of the  
most fiery and eloquent among them  
whetted the courage of himself and his  
comrade by describing their injury in the  
wild impassioned and metaphorical style  
of his country—at its conclusion he rais-  
ed the loud war-hoop and brandishing his  
tomahawk on high he rushed forward with  
a menacing air, followed closely by his  
companions. The war cry was now  
echoed back by those against whom they  
advanced and never before or since has  
that valley rung with so appalling a din.  
A deadly conflict ensued, the verdant  
grass was soon dyed with gore, and even  
the waters, which before flowed so pure  
and softly became purpled with blood,  
and began to bubble in its rill.

After the conflict had been continued  
for nearly an hour, the strength of the  
few remaining survivors was nearly ex-  
hausted; and as if by tacit agreement,  
they rested from their deadly carnage.—  
The dell was now a fearful scene. Heads  
lay with eyes gazing ghastly, bodies were  
quivering in the agonies of departing life,  
legs and arms were flung about—and the  
wounded and the dying stretched upon  
the green sod, were uttering their moans  
and dying with curses on their tongues.

Victory proclaimed itself for Jane's  
protectors. They prepared to leave the  
dell and to carry their prize along with  
them; but just as the chief was bearing  
her off, the most powerful adversary  
started from the ground, rushed ruthles-  
sly on, and before they were aware of, or  
could prevent his purpose, cleaved the  
fair stranger's skull with a bloody toma-  
hawk. The poor innocent uttered one  
piercing cry, and falling lifeless on the  
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HUMOR.—The following droll adver-  
tisement is copied from the Paterson In-  
telligencer:

"To Creditors and Constables.—As  
the subscriber has been under the neces-  
sity of being waited upon by the Consta-  
bles oftener than he would wish, and has  
put them, to some trouble of finding him  
this is to inform them that he will be at  
his residence John Street, Paterson, on  
Sunday, the third day of November,  
from ten till there o'clock, where he may  
be come-at-a-ble."

his  
PATRICK M KEENAN,  
mark.

He who never courts solitary reflec-  
tion, knows none of the pleasures of an  
intellectual being.