

## POET'S CORNER.

### THE SCENES THAT ARE PAST.

Surrounded by cares of this wide world of sorrow,  
Of its grief mingled cup—ever dead 'd to taste;  
The heart can a woe-soothing balm often borrow,  
From the cheering remembrance of scenes that are past.

The smile, from friends, country, relatives, banish'd,  
Will out the dull hours of solitude waste;  
Retracing the joys of his youth which have vanish'd,  
While the tear of regret falls for scenes that are past.

And yet while reviewing his blithely spent childhood,  
A gleam of joy's sunshine o'er his soul will be cast,  
As he dwells on the sweets of his dear native wild wood;  
'Ere he sigh'd in remembrance of scenes that were past.

What bosom that throbs with the least touch of feeling,  
Youth's joys can forget while its life pulse shall last?  
Though shadows of time o'er it careless are stealing;  
'Twill cling to remembrance of scenes that are past.

Wherever I'm placed on this stage of commotion—  
Though misfortunes dark clouds should my prospects o'er cast,  
My heart will e'er beat with a pleasing emotion;  
When it calls to remembrance the scenes that are past.

Then cheerful I'll quaff of prosperity's measure,  
Nor repine at adversity's soul chilling blast!  
And ever recal with a warm thrill of pleasure;  
The soothing remembrance of scenes that are past.

### FRUITLESS SORROW.

And why do I permit this heart to stray,  
Where hope is never seen, can never come,  
Why waste in fruitless sorrow life away,  
And fix a languid gaze upon the tomb?

Soft weeping heart, return, no longer trace  
Those gloomy paths, where the dark cypress bends;  
Cast thine eye forward to the realms of peace,  
Nor vainly grieve more for the long lost friend.

This sorrowing pensive bosom, once the seat  
Where hope illusive held her cheering reign,  
With rapid rous' joy oft its warm pulses beat,  
And calm life's current roll'd thro' ev'ry vein.

But fancied bliss in vain do we pursue,  
And find the charm as treacherous as fair,  
The promis'd joy which we transported view,  
Flies like a phantom thro' the wilds of air.

Thro' life's dark paths have trod and lived to know  
Some of its grossest ills, a painful part,  
The varying sources of fast springing woe,  
The throbs of anguish and a broken heart.

## LONDON, JULY 16.

Paris, July 11.

On the 5th of July were drawn out of a pit near Calais, in which there was very little water, the bodies of two young persons, bound together with a shawl. The female, aged under 18 years, was quite dead. She was the daughter of a respectable shopkeeper in the town. The young man was a baker's servant; he expired almost immediately. A note, written by him, and found in his apartment, announced that, being opposed in their project of an union, they had determined, a month since, upon putting themselves to death.

We have just learned the tragic fate of Gen. Letellie. He could not survive his wife, who died towards the end of last month, in consequence of the unfortunate overturning of her chaise. Since that melancholy event, he has never ceased to complain of his misfortune, and did not conceal from his friends that he was resolved soon to join her whom he had lost.—He kept his word too well. Yesterday morning, after having sent his servant to one of his friends with a letter, in which he announced his fatal design, he shot himself with a pistol in the heart, and died instantly. His friend, who, on receiving the letter hastened to the spot, found him extended on his bed, and weltering in his blood. His left hand, which was placed near his heart, had round it a lock of his wife's hair, and a handkerchief which she had used recently before her death. His last will, which is written with the most affecting sensibility, directs that he should be buried beside his wife.

**Breach of Promise of Marriage.**—A curious case of breach of promise was tried lately in the Court of Common Pleas, Dublin, before Lord Norbury, and a respectable city jury. The plaintiff was a widow lady, above 53 years of age, named, Hawkins, and the defendant, Mr. Kelly, at least 65. The lady had been married early in life, when she was very beautiful, to Mr. Blosset, and after his disease had married Mr. Hawkins. Subsequent to the death of her second husband, a long courtship took place between her and the present defendant, and a marriage was agreed upon between them. He borrowed £50 from Mrs. Hawkins, for the purpose, as he assured her, of purchasing the wedding clothes, and when he received the money set off to Limerick, and there married a Mrs. Hamet. Upon the present action being commenced, the defendant wrote the plaintiff a letter, in which he threatened, that, if she went to law, he would prove that she had permitted him to take the grossest liberties

with her. This letter was stated to be couched in terms so exceedingly indelicate, that the Counsel, to use the words of the Noble and Learned Judge, in his charge to the Jury, "dropped a curtain of decency on it," and waved the reading it in Court, and sent it up to the Jury. No proof of the truth of the allegations contained in this letter was given. The main defence was the lack of conduct in the lady; but nothing more was proved than that she had been married very young to her first husband, who was then an elderly gentleman; and that, as is no very uncommon in such cases, her character was freely spoken of, though nothing injurious to her fame could be established. The damages were laid at £1000. The Judge gave a verdict for the plaintiff—£250.

**BOXING.**—The battle between William Neate and Thomas Oliver took place on Friday. A spacious ring was first formed in Bulstrode Park, Bucks, on a beautiful eminence, but the Magistrates interfered and the cavalcade hurried off to Mile-end, over a rough road of many miles, where the battle was fought. Betting was 11 to 8 upon Neate. Seconds—Cibb and Belcher, for their countryman; and Jones and Clark for Oliver.

**Round 1.** After some feints to measure tactics, Neate, in hitting short, was returned upon slightly, and he slew out his right hand which floored Oliver by a blow on the throat.

**2.** Both men hit short, and in a confused meeting Neate went down by an overbalance.

**3.** Neate produced first blood from the back of his neck. Oliver placed a smart body blow upon his ribs and broke his ribs, and Neate missed a tremendous right-handed lunge. A rally followed in which each devil was shewn, but Oliver's science are him the best, although he was well hit. Neate was knocked down—6 to 4 on Oliver.

**4.** Oliver primed upon his mettle, commenced a rally, but the men overhit themselves and both down.

**5.** A round of seven minutes took place, but it was occupied in cautious manoeuvres, Oliver hitting without the force of the body with it, seemingly not to have a repetition of the right handed taste in the first round.—They exchanged frequent hits and separated, and in rallying Neate went down.

**6.** Decidedly in favour of Oliver, who planted one, two, hits with much gaiety, and floored his adversary, who had retreated to the ropes—2 and 3 to 1 on Oliver.

**7.** Oliver bled from the mouth, and a manly round was fought, rather in favour of Neate, who cut Oliver severely upon the chin. After a ruffianing rally both went down.

**8.** Oliver steadied himself, and Neate made play at him, and floored him by a heavy hit upon the forehead which produced a stream of claret—6 to 4 on Neate.

**9.** Neate slipped, in making play.

**10.** A severe hitting round, in favour of Oliver, who closed with his adversary, and gained the fall.

**11.** A bloody round, in a strong trial of courage, and Neate had none the worse of it, although he got pinked about the ribs, and there were strong symptoms of the Clannery suit. Both hit themselves tired, and both down.

**12.** Oliver shewed weakness, and had the worst of the round, which brought betting even.

**13.** A severe rallying round, and Neate was hit down; 6 to 4 on Oliver.

**14.** Neate had rather the best in rallying; but he was thrown.

Oliver brought the betting to ten to one in his favour in the 19th round; but in the subsequent round Neate caught his adversary a flush hit on the jaw, which dropped as if a pistol ball had hit him, and the fight was supposed to be ended. Oliver, however, like a true English bull-dog, staggered up to his adversary in the next round, and was floored again, bleeding from the ears.—He partially recovered, but in the 29th and 30th rounds, he was hit senseless with his adversary's right hand, and he could not be brought up again. The battle lasted one hour and three minutes, and it was a real game one. Both were hideously hit, and Neate's jaw had an ornamental screw.

West Country Dick was beat in 10 minutes by Hudson.

S. Davis, Neate's cousin, beat the Jew, with much gallantry, in 15 rounds.

A novelty presented itself on the ground, in a splendid Barouche and four, in which were two ladies, who viewed the fight with much attention.

JULY 26.

In our paper of last week, we merely noticed the production of Mr. Jamieson's new piece *Nine Points of the Law*, at the Hay-Market Theatre: for the performance was over at so late an hour, that we are unable to render it the justice which it deserved.—As we feel a strong partiality for this writer (the best comic writer of the day, though

with innumerable faults) we shall now endeavour to supply what was there wanting. And as the best method of giving our readers a suitable notion of this play, and its peculiar character, will be to give a part of the dialogue itself,—we shall endeavour to do this from memory. The play is not published, nor probably will be so; we cannot pretend, therefore, to give the dialogue with literal correctness. We shall give enough, however, to afford an imperfect idea of the chief character—*Precise*, a polite Magistrate:—

*Scene*—Enter *Precise* and *Mrs. Prim*, a Living-House Keeper.

*Precise*.—Well, *Mrs. Prim*, now let me have every thing quiet, clean, and comfortable—and without any slight to you, *Mrs. Prim*, with us little talking; for after the noise and bustle and dirt of a Police Office all day, a little silence and cleanliness are a necessary repose.

*Mrs. Prim*.—Ah, Sir! you are so good, that I never can make you a sufficient return. Had it not been for you, when my husband died, I should have been turned out into the world; but you paid his debts, and set me up in this house, where by industry and patience, and your goodness—

*Precise*.—Come, say no more of this.

*Mrs. Prim*.—Well, I will not, Sir. But now, Sir, if you would give me your advice and assistance in the little affair I was mentioning to you this morning—

*Precise*.—You mean the business of *Feeble*. Well, now tell it to me, and as short as possible. And remember, if you wish me to understand you, the fewer words the better.

*Mrs. Prim*.—Well, Sir, as I told you in the morning, though I am down a little in the world at present, yet I am of very good kin. My grandmother was—

*Precise*.—Well, we'll talk of your grandmother another time—Suppose, we now begin with your mother, or yourself.—

*Mrs. Prim*.—Well, Sir, as I was saying, I am of very good kin, and by the mother's side. Mr. *Feeble*, a very rich old gentleman, is a near relation to me. Now, Sir, this Mr. *Feeble* lives a few streets from hence; he is a rich old man, and has a very good estate.

*Precise*.—What do you call a good estate?

*Mrs. Prim*.—Why about two or three thousand a year.

*Precise*.—So do I.—Go on.—There is nothing like understanding each other.

*Mrs. Prim*.—Well, Sir, and for many a long year he has lived such a huggler-muggler kind of life—

*Precise*.—What do you call huggler-muggler?

*Mrs. Prim*.—Why a kind of—a something of a—In short a—Lord, Sir, I wish you understood me.

*Precise*.—Well, I have a tolerable notion from your explanation.—Go on.

*Mrs. Prim*.—Well, Sir, this Mr. *Feeble* has a servant by the name of *Crafty*, who keeps all his friends and relations from the door. If we go to see him, he opens the window of the area or first floor, and answers that his master will see no one. And in this way all his natural relations were kept off, and no one sees the old gentleman but this knave. Now, Sir, I cannot help thinking that all is not right. What do you think?

*Precise*.—I think so too.

*Enter a Servant with a letter for Mrs. Prim.*

*Mrs. Prim*.—*Precise*, the meantime, doubling up his gaiters, his coat, &c. in a formal, neat, characteristic way.

*Mrs. Prim*.—Oh! Sir—such news in this letter. Will you give me leave to read it to you. My cousin *Chubby*, and her son, master *Charles*, are coming to town, and want my lodging. Shall I read you the letter?

*Precise*.—Is that all that the letter is about?

*Mrs. Prim*.—Yes, Sir.

*Precise*.—Why, then, as I know what the letter is, we'll read it another time.

*Mrs. Prim*.—Now, Sir, if you would oblige me—

*Precise*.—How, *Mrs. Prim*?

*Mrs. Prim*.—Why, Sir, you must know that my Cousin *Chubby* is very well to do in the world.

*Precise*.—What do you call "Well to do in the world?"

*Mrs. Prim*.—Lord, Sir, why you don't understand English—I mean, comfortable plenty of money.

*Precise*.—That's English.

*Mrs. Prim*.—Well, Sir, now as she is rich, I should wish her to be comfortable; and if you would let her have your room—

*Precise*.—Hey—what?

*Mrs. Prim*.—You are so good, Sir, and have been so good to me—now, if you would go up into the garret, or into the back attic, which has such a pleasant prospect into the Butcher's slaughter-yard—

*Precise*.—Here, my trunk, (calling to the servant) good bye to you.

*Mrs. Prim*.—Nay, my dear Sir. Well,

then, I am glad he is gone. A stiff, formal, precise old Bachelor.

The following will give a sufficient notion of the plot:—

*Crafty*, (Barnard) formerly the servant of a deceased man of fortune, named *Feeble*, keeps possession of his house, and represents that his master is still living. He forges a will in his own favour, and is countenanced in the scheme by a drunken fellow servant (*Liston*) who finally deserts him, and discloses his villainy. *Mrs. Chubby* (*Mrs. Devonport*), with her son *Perceval Chubby* (*Token*), being relatives of the deceased gentleman, are very importunate to be admitted into his house. *Crafty* uses all his arts to exclude them, but they are at length introduced, through the bungling of his drunken associate.

There is another plot, whether principal or secondary it is hard to determine. The Honourable Mr. *Hairbrain* (*Jones*), in love with *Miss Liquorice* (*Miss Mathews*), follows her to her relation's house, whither also his father, *Lord Liquorice*, (*Russel*), pursues her with the same view of offering his hand in marriage. The son is naturally preferred by the young lady, and as she proves in the end to be the heiress of the late Mr. *Feeble*, her relative, the Noble Lord consents to her union with his son.

Boston, August 16.

[Translated for the *Charleston Times*.]  
Official letter from D. Simon Ponce de Leon, commander of the Spanish brig of war *S. Fernando*, to His Excellency the commandant General of the Marine Department, dated

Havana, July 11, 1818.

**Most Excellent Sir.**—On the 24th, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, I separated from the brig *Churrucó*, with the two schooners—the brig continued her course with the convoy. On the 26th, we anchored opposite the bay of St. Augustine. At 4 o'clock of the following day, the schrs. entered the port and we immediately set sail. At 5 in the afternoon of the 1st inst. the Island of Abaco bearing S. S. W. distance 40 leagues, we were brought too by a sch'r which, on nearing us, hoisted the flag of Venezuela. We hoisted that of Buenos Ayres, and when within speaking distance, took down the Buenos Ayrean, hoisted the Spanish flag, fired into him, when he lowered his colors and his people precipitated themselves in the hold. At this crisis it being calm and my vessel not manoeuvring with the readiness that I wished, he was enabled, owing to the lightness of his vessel, to escape beyond the reach of my fire before I had completely crippled him, though I had done much damage to his rigging. We lost sight of him in the night, and notwithstanding our endeavours to find him, at day-light he was not to be seen. We then steered our course for Providence channel, where on the 9th I brought to the sloop General Aury, Capt. Nicholas Patterson, near the Berry Islands, under American colours, and bound according to the papers he presented from the port of Charleston to Saint Thomas, one of the little Antilles.—When we overhauled him, he was bearing N. E. from the bank of Bahama, a course far out of his proper direction. We found on board the sloop seventy two negroes, slaves, not mentioned in her books, and which they endeavoured to conceal from us. After some remonstrances, the captain delivered up his commission to cruise against Spain, issued by the government of Buenos Ayres. He had on board iron and ammunition of war, the flags of Buenos Ayres and Venezuela—in consequence of which the negroes are placed on board this vessel, and the captain and crew made prisoners. During the rest of our cruise, nothing worthy of notice occurred.

God preserve you many years,  
SIMON PONCE DE LEON.

It is to affection the world owes its whole race of coxcombs; Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part: she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of the man's own making.

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