

THE PARTERRE.
VARIETY bustle into the mind a relief for
the useful and the sweet.

SELECTED FOR THE HERALD.
Translation of a Song in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered."
See the gentle budding rose,
Early as the morn she blows,
In virgin modesty and bloom
attire;
Half within herself conceal'd,
Half unto the eye reveal'd,
The less she seems expos'd, the more
she is admir'd.

Next she shows her bosom fair
Open to the fragrant air,
Her former modest looks no longer
she retains;
See her languish! see her die!
No more pleasing to the eye,
No more desired by maids, no more
admir'd by swains.

Swift as happy minutes fly,
So swift youth and beauty die;
So swift the noon of life is follow'd by
its eve.
Tho' each revolving season brings
Other summer's flowers and springs,
The spring of life is then past adorns
no retiree.

Then early as the dawn of day
Pluck the budding rose of May,
At noon she blooms, at night she fades
away.
Gather now the roses of love,
Now the fleeting hour improve,
For if you would be loved learn be-
times to love.

FROM THE N. Y. STATESMAN.
THE AMERICAN ENSIGN.
Flag of the planet gem!
Whose supple-crested diadems
Stead every sea, and shore, and sky;
Oh can thy children gaze
Upon thy silver blaze,
Nor kindle at the rays
Which lead the brave of old to die?
Thou banner beautiful and grand,
Float thou forever o'er our land!

Flag of the stripes of fire!
Long as the hard his lofty lyre
Constricks, thou shalt inspire our song,
We'll sing thee—round the hearth,
We'll sing thee—on strange earth,
We'll sing thee—when we forth
To battle go, with clarion tongue,
Flag of the free and brave in blood,
For age be thou the blest of God!

Flag of the bird of Jove,
Who left the clouds and stars above,
To point the hero's lightning path;
Around thee we will stand,
With glittering sword in hand,
And swear to guard the land
Which tamed the lion's earthquake
wrath;
Flag of the West! be thou unfurled
Till the last trump arouse the world!

Flag of two ocean shores!
Whose everlasting thunder roars,
From deep to deep, in storm and foam;
Thou sink'st to slumber; yet
With him in glory great
Thou risest and shalt share his tomb!
Thou banner beautiful and grand,
Float thou forever o'er our land! N.

ON MUSIC.
When whispering streams do softly steal
With creeping passions thro' the heart;
And when, at every touch we feel
Our pulses beat and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heart-string quaver,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
The soul can melt in harmony.

O hush me, hush me charming air,
My sense is rock'd with wonders sweet,
Like snow on wood thy fallings are,
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet;
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

Lines worked on a Hearth-Rug.
Fair one, take heed how you advance,
Nor tempt your own undoing;
If you're too forward—fearful chance!
A spark may prove your ruin.

FROM THE FRENCH.
Thou speakest ill of me,
And I speak well of thee,
Luckless art thou—luckless am I,
For every body knows—both lie.
Epitaph on a Baker, by his Wife.
With him I have scatter'd the spot
where he lies,
But I hope to the Lord it won't make
his crust rise;
I'll flower his grave, but I'll not do as
he did,
For I beg to assure him, his dough is
not leaved.

An Epigram.
Ned calls his wife his counterpart,
With truth as well as whim;
Since every impulse of her heart
Runs counter still to him.

BEN PIE,
OR THE INDIAN MURDERER.
FOUNDED ON FACTS.
(Concluded.)

Red Fox and Crow departed im-
mediately through the desert with
such rapidity and zeal, that the mo-
ment Ben had finished his narrative,
they knocked at the door of the room
in which the Colonel, his frightened
lady, and Ben, were sitting. They
asked for admission, and at the same
time, they were heard in a low voice
to command their dogs, who smelt
the murderer, to be still. Ben drew
his knife, and putting his back against
the door, seemed determined to de-
fend it to the last extremity; but the
Colonel, more prudent than the man
of the forest, answered to the call of
the two Indians, that he was coming,
and losing no time to save if possible
the life of one who once had saved
his own, he took the candle and plac-
ed it in the trembling hand of his
wife, and pointing to a door on the
east side of the room, he told her to
light Ben through the entry of the
light Ben through the entry of the
back window. His request being
complied with, he made a sign to Ben
by him he grasped his hand and shook
it with the warmest gratitude. Ben
being safe, the Colonel opened the
front door, where he found the two
Indians whom he had previously met
in the yard; they had with them two
dogs, one resembling a wolf, and the
other a terrier. The Colonel asked
them in their own language what they
said their dogs had found, and they
wanted to know if he could tell them
where he was. To which the Colonel
replied that an Indian came to his
house a little while before, and had
asked for food, and shore, and sky;
Oh can thy children gaze
Upon thy silver blaze,
Nor kindle at the rays
Which lead the brave of old to die?
Thou banner beautiful and grand,
Float thou forever o'er our land!

Ben had visited this place more
than once, either as a warrior, or as a
hunter, and had not forgotten that
one pursuing a deer from a salt
lick on the top of the hill, the poor
creature taking a leap into the cavity
fell dead at the bottom. He entered
that place with confidence, having no
idea that he could ever be discovered
in so dark and damp a recess, from
which the rays of the sun are exclud-
ed by the thick foliage of innumerable
hemlocks, extending their branches
from the broken trunks, and forming
a perfect canopy over its whole
extent. This cavity formed a narrow
passage fifty rods long, and terminat-
ed by a perpendicular precipice about
two hundred feet, from which a num-
ber of calcareous rocks, integrated
with beds of slate, frequently detach-
ed themselves. With his usual daring,
Ben climbed to the middle of this pre-
cipice, and seated himself on a large
rock, the upper part of which, by
its looseness, convinced him that with
a little exertion it could be hurled
from its resting place. He thought if
his enemies came from below, he
could ascend to the top, and by the
Indian path go to the southward; or
if they came from above, he could de-
scend into the hollow, recross the
Papskema, and seek safety on the op-
posite side of the Head which deprived
our unhappy Indian of the society of
his friends, of his family, and of the
innocent pleasures he enjoyed in his
nation, was continually preying on
his mind. The murdered Norack was
forever before his eyes: he imagined
he heard him groaning in the agony
of death; the last cries of Somtruna
continually vibrated in his ear; he
saw her expiring at the side of her
husband; and so horrid were his sen-
sations, so poignant his remorse, that
he did not notice a dreadful storm
which was gathered over his head.
Vivid flashes of lightning shot through
the balow, and one of them entirely
illuminated that awful abyss—he dis-
covered by their vigilant pursuers,
guided by their faithful dogs, were
directly before him. Crow immedi-
ately attempted to climb the steep: Ben
felt for his knife, but he had lost it
in crossing the creek; he then looked
for his tomahawk, but he recollected
that it had sunk in the water with Ya-
cano, and collecting at that perilous
crisis all the strength of his nervous
arm, he raised from its base the upper
part of the rock on which he had been
sitting, and pitching it over, it carri-
ed along with it an immense quan-
tity of loose slate and hardened clay.
Crow, Red Fox, and their dogs, were
all buried under the enormous mass;
their faint and mothered groans, mix-
ed with the howling storm, reach-
ed the ears of Ben, who could not
help rejoicing at the success of his
stratagem. Having regained the top
of the hill, he gave a terrible bound
like a ball, and flew to the southward
by the old Indian path, which he had
trodden under more joyful circumstan-
ces. He expected to enjoy more tran-
quility among the fishing tribes on
the north-west gale. He could not
help comparing their innocent amuse-
ments to the torments of his soul,

and condemn the false honour which
had excited him to spill the blood of
a fellow being. Ben, though a savage,
was not destitute of honest feelings;
he was violent, and in the first effort
of his wrath, almost similar to the
wildest beast of the forest; but when
his passion was over, he could reason
and acknowledge his wrong; had edu-
cation tempered his native manners,
he would have been a good man.

"Here I am," said he to himself,
"like a roe-buck when pursued by
hunters, or a night-owl perched on a
tree, while on the other side of
that creek, over which I have been
swimming like a dog, all is pleasure
and contentment. Oh wicked man,
you have done it—yes, it is that
it not born for, my fists alone should
have challenged Norack. I should not
have brought upon me the punishment
of our law, and Ben Pie would be a
respected chief among his people. Oh
wretched man! your powder and your
fire arms have never inflicted more
woes upon us than your liquor!" He
then thought he heard his wife's
in the ravine, and ascending the other
side, he bent his course to the
north along the summit of a rocky
ridge. But his perturbed mind saw
by him he grasped his hand, and more
every where his enemies, and more
than once the screeching of the owl
or the howling of some wild animal,
was mistaken by him for the terrible
yell of Red Fox and Crow. He soon,
however, arrived at another place,
more secure than the first, and hav-
ing descended into it, he recollected
that he was in the well-known hollow,
on the north side of which was the
Indian path leading to the southward,
through which the Mohawks were
formerly in the habit of going to the
sea-board to collect the tribute of dried
clams and wampum annually sold
to those fierce warriors. The principal
fishing tribes, the principal of which
were the Manhatan and the Mo-
hawks; the first being inhabitants of
New York, and the other of Long
Island.

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than once, either as a warrior, or as a
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The following remarks, by Dr.
Dwight should be read with attention,
and impressed on the heart of every
being who properly regards his own
happiness the welfare of friends or
the good order of society.

No reputation, no wisdom secures a
man against drunkenness. This sin is
found in the cottage and in palace, in
the study of the philosopher, and in
the sacred desk, in the hall of the coun-
cil and bench of justice; and contrary
to what would seem the dictates of
nature as well as of delicacy, in the fe-
male sex, even in instances where dis-
tinction, understanding, amiableness
and refinement would appear to for-
bid even the suspicion.—In most, if
not in all these cases, the evil creeps
insidiously on the unhappy subject, and
overcomes him before he is aware. A
prime object to be here regarded, is
therefore to keep the danger always
before our eyes. We are ever to feel
that we ourselves are in danger, and
to consider an habitual and lively
dread of it as our best safety.

Nothing pleads for it except the
mere appetite for strong drink—an
appetite unusually unnatural and cre-
ated by casual indulgence. All things
else in heaven and earth exclaim a-
gainst it with a single voice.—Our
health, our safety, our reason, our use-
fulness, our living, our souls, our fac-
ilities and our friends, in solemn and
affecting union, urge, entreat and per-
suade us to abstain. God commands
Christ solicits; the spirit of grace in-
duces us to abstain; angels and glo-
rified saints behold our conduct with
such anxiety and alarm as happy be-
ings can feel, and watch and hope to
see our escape. The law, with a ter-
rible voice, thunders in our ears that
dreadful denunciation—"Drunkards
shall not inherit the kingdom of God."
Even hell itself, hostile as it is to our
salvation, follows the rest of the uni-
verse, and in spite of its own unreluc-
tance, subjoins its dreadful admonition,
by marshalling before us the innum-
erable host of wretches this sin has
driven to its manes of despair.

Who that does not already sleep the
sleep of death, can refuse to hear, a-
wake and live?

THE SCRIPTURES.

"I will confess to you," says Ros-
seau, "that the maxims of the Scrip-
tures strike me with admiration, as the
purity of Gospel hath its influence on
my heart. Peruse the works of our phi-
losophers with all their pomp of dis-
tinction; how mean, how contemptible
they compared with the Scriptures! Is
it possible that a book at once so sim-
ple and sublime should be merely the
work of man? Is it possible that the
sacred personage, whose history it con-
tains should be himself a mercenary? Do
we find that he assumed the tone of
an enthusiast or ambitious sectarian?
What sweetness, what purity, in his
manner! what an affecting graceful-
ness in his delivery! what sublimity in
his maxims! what profound wisdom in
his discourses! what presence of mind
in his replies! how great the command
over his passions! Where is the man
where the philosopher, who could so
live and so die without weakness, and
without ostentation? When Plato de-
scribed his imaginary good man, with
all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the
highest reward of virtue, he described
exactly the character Jesus Christ.
The resemblance was so striking, that
all the Christian fathers perceived it."

Hints for a Moral Collection.

Q.—What are friends made of?—
A.—Persons who can please or serve
each other.
Where can I get them? Every where
if you have rank, influence, or money.
Will they break? Unless they mu-
tually bend they must break very
soon.

What are enemies made of? The
most bitter of friends.
What are they good for? To weary
us of earth and make us endeavour to
fit ourselves for heaven.

What does "enough" mean? A lit-
tle more than we have.
Where can I get it? I never knew
any body who had it.

What is experience made of? Ob-
servation on other people's mistakes,
and the remembrance of suffering
from our own.

What is it good for? To make dis-
appointment bearable.
What is love? An illusion—a dream,
from which we awake dissatisfied. Im-
portant, only when it concerns our-
selves—ridiculous, when we observe
it in others.

Can it be bought? No; but though
extremely precious, it is generally
thrown away. When it is offered, it is
genuine; when asked the commodity
rendered will generally be found to
be gratitude.

Where does it come from? Heaven,
it pure it mounts thither again. It is
too exquisite for earth, and seldom
rests on it long.

What is courage made of? The fear
of contempt.
What is it good for? Self-preserva-
tion, and the protection of others.

What is justice? The principle and
cause of all virtue, as light is the prin-
ciple and cause of all colour.

Can it be sold? Yes, but it is very
dear.

What is politeness? The art of a-
voiding unnecessary pain.
What is flattery? The art of de-
ceiving others in order to ingratiate
ourselves in their favour.

What is hope made of? Our wishes
—it dances before our path, but flies
when we attempt to grasp it, like the
rainbow, which seems to rest on earth,
but is only the creation of our vision.

What is disappointment made of?
Hope.
Where can I get it? Every where,
if you take imagination and passion
for your guides.

What is pity? The uneasy sensation
we feel when we look at suffering.
What is it good for? Nothing, un-
less accompanied by active benevo-
lence.

What is mischief? The wit of fools.
What is punning? The folly of wit.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

Behold the road to happiness! rows
of trees on each side, uniting at the
top, from a beautiful arbour. See! vo-
man is striving it with flowers,—how
sweet, how refreshing the smell. See,
too, the temple of happiness, built of
the purest alabaster; its white columns
rise amidst the green foliage—it stands
upon a foundation of almanac. Its in-
terior, is one large and spacious dome;
around which, are set many jewels of
uncommon lustre, namely: virtue,
truth, love, affection, friendship, and
innocence; but in the centre, it
is one far brighter than the rest—it
sheds no single ray—but one vast vo-
lume of uncreated light, surpassing in
brilliance the sun itself—yet mild as
the moon beam. It penetrates, fills, and
surrounds every part of the spacious
dome—and reflecting, all the colours
of the rainbow, fit, quiver, and stream
with flickering radiance. This jewel
assumes the freshness of youth, new
beauties are added to the blush of love
contentment sports around and the
placid smile of real pleasure sits upon
every lip, and lightens every counte-
nance.

ELLWOOD.

AGRICULTURAL.

Effect of Lime on Apple Trees.

In the spring of 1819, I planted
some apple trees of a very different
and uneven growth; they were knot-
ty, and inclined much to growing
sprouts from the roots; inasmuch that
I began to despair of their being worth
cultivating.

However, in the spring of 1820, I
cleared the roots and bodies of sprouts,
which were in abundance; then cut
off the tops of the trees, and grafted,
which of course gave them a greater
disposition to sprout; in consequence
of which, the grafts grew but little
that season, and the sprouts came out
from the roots and bodies in abun-
dant.

In the fall of 1820, I trimmed them
clean; then took lime and made a
whitewash, and limed the trees there-
with from the graft down to the roots
except a few of them, which I left un-
limed to prove the experiment. These
few remain rough, sprouty, and un-
thrifty; while those that were limed
have cast off their rough coats of bark,
have but little disposition to growing
sprouts, and are now thrifty, growing
trees. This so fully convinces me of
the good effect of lime on apple trees,
that I recommend it without hesita-
tion.
Hillsborough Record.

One watch, set right, will do to try
many by; and, on the other hand, one
that goes wrong, may be the means of
misleading a whole neighbourhood.
And the same may be said of the ex-
ample we individually set to those a-
round us.

Contemptible and Contemnptions.

Porson had once exasperated a dis-
putant by the dryness of his sarcasm.
The petulant opponent at length ad-
dressed the professor thus: "Mr. Por-
son, I beg leave to tell you, sir, that
my opinion of you, is perfectly con-
temptible." Porson replied, "I never
knew an opinion of yours, sir, that
was not contemptible."

A PUN, in two parts.

Old Nobbes, the famous punster,
was walking in St. James's Park, with
a gentleman in company with Doctor
Garth, coming up to him—"Nobbes,"
said he, "how comes your coat to be
so short?" "Pshaw!" answered he, "it
will be long enough before I get ano-
ther."

Garth knowing that king William
loved a pun, notwithstanding all his
dryness and gravity, the first time he
was called to his majesty—"Sir," said
he, "I'll tell you majesty the best
pun you ever heard. A friend of mine
I other day observed to Nobbes, that
his coat was too short; and Nobbes
replied—that it would be a long time
before he got another." Sir Samuel
was confounded when he saw no risi-
bility moving upon the face of his ma-
jesty, who coldly telling him he could
not find out the pun, the Doctor
scratched his head and retired, mut-
tering that "e'gad he was sure it was
a very good story when he heard it."

June 19