

T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

## THE RULER'S FAITH.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Come, lay thine hand upon her, and she shall live."  
*Matthew 9th and 13th.*

Death cometh to the chamber of the sick.  
The ruler's daughter, like the peasant's child,  
Grows pale as marble. Hark, that hollow moan  
Which none may help, and then, the last, faint breath  
Subsiding with a shudder!

The loud wail  
Bespeaks an idol fallen from the shrine  
Of a fond parent's heart. A wither'd flower  
Is there, oh mother, where thy proudest hope  
Solac'd itself with garlands, and beheld  
New buddings every morn. Father, 'tis o'er!  
That voice is silent, which had been thy harp,  
Quickening thy footstep nightly toward thy home,  
Mingling, perchance, an echo all too deep  
Even with the temple-worship, when the soul  
Should deal with God alone.

What stranger-step  
Breaketh the trance of grief? Whose radiant brow  
In meekness, and in majesty doth bend  
Beside the bed of death?

"She doth but sleep,  
The damsel is *not dead*."

A smother'd hiss  
Contemptuous rises from the wondering band  
Who beat the breast and raise the licens'd wail  
Of Judah's mourning.

Look upon the dead!  
Heaves not the winding-sheet? Those trembling lids—  
What peers between their fringes, like the hue  
Of dewy violet? The blanch'd lips dispart,  
And what a quivering, long-drawn sigh restores  
Their rose-leaf beauty! Lo, the clay-cold hand  
Graspeth the Master's, and with sudden spring  
That shrouded sleeper, like a timid fawn,  
Hides in her mother's bosom!

Faith's strong root  
Was in the parent's spirit, and its boon  
How beautiful!

O mother, who dost gaze  
Upon thy daughter, in that deeper sleep  
Which threatens the soul's salvation, breathe her name  
To that Redeemer's ear, both when she smiles  
In all her glowing beauty on the morn,  
And when, at night, her clustering tresses sweep,  
Her downy pillow, in the trance of dreams,  
Or when at pleasure's beckoning she goes forth,  
Or to the meshes of an earthly love  
Yields her young heart! Be eloquent for her!  
Take no denial, till that gracious hand  
Which rais'd the ruler's dead, give life to her—  
That better life, whose wings surmount the tomb!

## SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

AND PRESENT CONDITION OF TRIPOLI, WITH SOME AC-  
COUNTS OF THE OTHER BARBARY STATES.

NO. XI.

BY ROBERT GREENHOW.

By the evening of the 3d of July, the preparations for the bombardment of the Emperor's castle were completed; ditches had been dug to the extent of more than two thousand yards, and the batteries some of which were within musket shot of the walls, were armed with six sixteen-pounders, ten twenty-four-pounders, four eleven-inch mortars and six nine-inch howitzers. In order to secure themselves against any general attack, the French had likewise established communications between the different bodies of their forces by roads across the fields and gardens, while they had barricaded or otherwise fortified the lanes and passes which separated their positions from those of their enemies. All this was done notwithstanding the bold and persevering efforts of the Algerines, who maintained an almost constant though ill-directed fire on the workmen from their batteries, and annoyed them by frequent sorties.

At day break on the morning of the 4th, a rocket was thrown up from the quarters of the French commander as a signal for the commencement of the attack, and all the batteries were instantly opened on the devoted fortress. Its dauntless defenders returned the fire, which they continued for some time with great spirit but with little effect, their balls and shells causing scarcely any damage to the persons or works of the besiegers. The walls of the castle, high and entirely exposed, soon exhibited evidences of the skill of the French artilleryists; the materials of which they were built, crumbled under the "iron shower" falling incessantly upon them; and the embrasures, made unnecessarily wide, afforded but little protection either to the guns or to those engaged in serving them.

By eight o'clock the guns of the castle were nearly all dismantled, and the number of its effective defenders had been so much diminished, that it was found necessary to desert the ramparts, and retire within the great tower, which from the thickness of its walls offered at least a temporary security. On this last place of refuge, the Hasnagee hoisted a black flag, in token of his determination to die rather than yield, according to the promise which he had made to his master. He was however released from this promise by a signal from the Casaubas indicating the Dey's wish that the fortress should be abandoned; this was accordingly done and the garrison escaped just as the French had effected a practicable breach in its wall. General Hurel who commanded the nearest battery, was then in the act of advancing with his men towards the opening, when suddenly the earth shook, the towers of the castle were seen to totter, flashes of flame and dense clouds of smoke rose above them, and an explosion ensued which momentarily stunned the ardent soldiers. The

Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the Tale of Troy divine;  
Or what (though rare) of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

*N. Jersey.*

BOREALIS.

## SACRED SONG.

BY W. MAXWELL.

Oh strike the Harp.

Oh! strike the harp, while yet there lies  
In Music's breath the power to please;  
And if the tears should fill mine eyes,  
They can but give my bosom ease.  
But hush the notes of Love and Mirth,  
Too welcome to my heart before;  
For now those airs that breathe of earth  
Can charm my pensive soul no more.

Yes, I have loved the world too well,  
And roved in Pleasure's train too long;  
And I have felt her sweetest spell  
In Beauty's smile, and Passion's song.  
But now my soul would break her chains,  
While yet perhaps the grace is given;  
Then strike the Harp in Zion's strains,  
And she shall soar at once to heaven.

## A TOUR TO THE ISTHMUS:

*Filled in from the Pencillings of an English Artist,*

BY A YANKEE DAUBER.

Painting is welcome;—

The painting is almost the natural man;  
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,  
He is but outside. These pencilled figures are  
Even such as they give out.

*Timon of Athens.*

### I.

Chesapeake Bay. Hampton Roads. Old Point. Rip Raps.  
The Capes.

*Tuesday, May 26, 1835.* Hurrah! there she goes! Free and fast,—free and fast! Hurrah! Here am I on the green waters of the Chesapeake,—my craft a little clipper, my companion one of the best fellows in creation; and his sister, a bright-eyed French girl, whose spirits seem to rise with every knot our tight little vessel makes upon the dancing waves. Did you ever see a Baltimore clipper under full way? Then you have seen a fair sight. I never saw any craft get over the waves so fast. Her peculiar build, and her yet more peculiar rig fit her for this, and she takes the wind out of any thing and every thing she essays to compete with. We have left a steamboat behind since we left Baltimore. We are just now entering Hampton Roads, and here we are to anchor. "Old Point Comfort," is the name given to a fortification on our right, which, in the dense mirk of the night looks like any thing but the abode of comfort.\* We are riding at anchor upon the surging waves, and beneath dark and heavy clouds

piled one above another in voluminous masses, from which the lightning is playing incessantly. It is a most grand and yet most fearful scene. I stand, with Mariette, my little French companion, and, as if spell-bound, look into the depths of cloudland, watching for every opening of those yawning chasms disclosed by the perpetual play of the lightning, regardless of the warning of the captains, (for we "serve two masters") who are foreboding a fearful night. Excitement! what are we not willing to sacrifice for it,—a new scene, something strange,—a fresh feeling! Here are we, tempests threatening us from every point, the wind veering incessantly from every quarter of the heavens, and the chances that we shall be driven ashore increasing with the lapse of every moment, and yet all is so new, and so exciting, that we are really rather amused than fearful. But then, capitaine, if you *insist* upon it, why, I suppose we must *e'en* go below!

28th. Just returned from a visit to what one of the men who accompanied us called "the last post office I ever *did* see, any how!" It is located in the centre of the grand fort, planned by the most celebrated engineer of his own and Napoleon's time, General Bernard. They mount three hundred guns, and the work, I understand is, or is to be the finest piece of military architecture in the United States. But it was too dark while we were there to observe any thing minutely. We are now approaching blue water very fast. The Rip Raps or Fort Calhoun on our left, will soon be lost to our view. This fortification is only a few feet above the water as yet, nor will it be finished for some years. I do not know who was the projector of it, but presume from the name it bears that it was originally projected by that celebrated South Carolinian statesman, while he was minister of the war department. It is to be built on a similar plan to that of Cherbourg in France, by filling large boats or rafts with stone, and sinking them. This mass is then covered with loose stone, over all which a composition or cement is poured, acting as a binder. This work is about gun distance from Old Point Comfort, and the two, by a cross fire, form a most admirable barrier to James River, thus protecting the ports of Richmond and Norfolk completely. I do not see that Baltimore is by any means adequately guarded, its only protection being a small fort a dozen miles below the town, which might be very easily evaded by a skilful foe.

29th. Only think of a stager of my standing and experience being sea-sick! I am ashamed of myself, after defying Old Nep. in his very lair, in two or three regular marches across his domains, to be here, turning pale in the face from encountering the Capes of Virginia. But so it is, and as that droll Yankee Liston whom I saw in Boston, but whose name I forget,\* was wont to say, "it can't be any *tisser*."

June 4. After all, this sea life is an intolerably monotonous and stupid way of getting along in the world. I would rather be a dormouse or a hedgehog; indeed I might as well be either,—for my only life now is lying in the sun all day, eating if my qualms will allow me, and drinking whether they will allow me or no,—merely *pour passer le temps*: sleeping from seven o'clock, P. M. until seven o'clock, A. M. besides taking a nap in

\* My friend means Finn.