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T. W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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T. W. WHITE, PRINTER; OPPOSITE THE BELL-TAVERN.
1842.

BIRTH-DAY SONNET.

The sands of one year more have filled life's glass !

Become they brighter with the march of time ?

Move they unto a purer, heavenlier clime ?

Or grow they earthly, as the swift years pass !

Pass the years swiftly more ! Moments, alas !

Seem years in moving—and yet years do climb,

Till they our youth's aspirings, far surpass,

And send us back to seek our vanished prime.

One little year ! with how much it is fraught

Of times of life ! yea, and of death how much

May we in its few moons be deeply taught !

Hopes—pleasures—expectations—how the touch

Of the chill finger which drives these away,

Doth turn our thoughts to things beyond the clay !

Millville, New-York, 1842.

CYLLENE.

LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.

Translated by H. T. Tuckerman.

T. W. WHITE, Esq.

Dear Sir.—The following letters accidentally fell into my hands recently. They were written a few years since by a young Italian, a man of education and character, and one of the many innocent victims of political persecution who have sought an asylum in the New World. As presenting the first impressions of an enlightened and sensitive foreigner upon his arrival among us, they are not without interest, and seem well calculated to excite sympathy and respect. I have therefore translated them for the Messenger. They were addressed to the exile's friends at home, and of course were never intended for publication here.

"I was reading Yorick and Didimo* on the 26th of December, the very day preceding your departure; and I wept for you, for Didimo and myself, earnestly wishing, at the moment, that our countrymen would yield at least the tribute of a tear to the memory of Foscolo, recalling his sublime mind and the history of those lofty but hopeless feelings which drove him a wanderer, out of Italy, to find repose only in the grave."

I often ponder upon these few words written by you on the blank leaf of my Didimo. I can never read them unmoved, for they awaken a sad emotion in my heart, as if they were the last accents I am destined to hear from your lips. Never have I so vividly felt the absence of your voice—your presence and your counsel—as now that, driven by my hapless fortune to a distant land, I have no one either to compassionate or cheer me, nor any with whom to share my joy or sorrows. Believe me,

* The name assumed by Foscolo as translator of Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

Eugenio, the love of country and friends was never so ardent in my bosom as now, that I am deprived of them; and time, instead of healing, seems rather to irritate the wound which preys so deeply upon my heart. I often wrote you while on the Atlantic, describing the various incidents of our voyage, the dangers we encountered, and the fearful and sweet sensations I alternately experienced, as the sea lashed itself into a tempest, or reposed beneath the mild effulgence of a tranquil night. But upon reviewing those letters, I find they breathe too melancholy a strain, and are quite too redolent of my wayward humor, even for a dear friend's perusal; and, besides reaching you too late, they could only serve to grieve both yourself and my poor mother. But at length I have arrived at a place, whence I can give you some definite account of my welfare.

On the night of the 15th of March, notwithstanding the contrary wind which had beat us about here and there for several successive days, we cast anchor in Boston harbor. That night was long and wearisome to me. Obligated to remain on board until dawn, I passed it like many others during the passage, unable to sleep. The weariness and anxiety consequent upon a long sea-voyage, were at length over. Indeed, the moment I caught the first glimpse of land, they were forgotten. Yet I could scarcely persuade myself that I had reached America. The remembrance of the last few months of excitement and grief, passed in that dear and distant country, which perhaps I am never destined again to behold, came over me anew, and, contrasting with my present situation, awoke in my mind the most painful sense of uncertainty. I felt doubtful of every thing, even of my own existence. I experienced, at that moment, an utter want of courage. The flattering hopes which had brightened the gloomiest hours of my voyage, all at once abandoned me. My imagination no longer pictured scenes of promise. I looked within and around, and beheld only the naked reality of things. I realized only the sad certainty, that a new life was before me. I revolved the various necessities of my situation;—the importance of immediately forming new acquaintances—the uncertainty how I should be received by the few to whom I had brought introductions—my own natural aversion to strangers, and a thousand other anxious thoughts—which made me long for day as the signal of relief from their vexation. At length the morning dawned; but it was obscured by a damp fog and heavy fall of snow. All around wore a gloomy and cheerless aspect. In a few moments, the Cap-

THE FATE OF A RAIN-DROP.

Its home was the breast of a beautiful cloud,
That brilliantly curtained the sky,
And caught from the sun the rich color that glowed,
In the light of his glorious eye.

The rain-drop was gazing on all that was spread
Beneath, like a magical scene;
Till it pined to repose on a canopy bed,
Of lovely and delicate green.

A zephyr came roving in idleness by,
And down on its gossamer wing,
The tremulous rain-drop sprang, eager to try
A flight on so viewless a thing.

The zephyr careered through the mid-summer air.
And just at the eventide close,
Laid gently the delicate burden it bare,
In the innermost cell of a rose.

The wanderer gazed in a transport of bliss,
At the crimson-wrought tapestries hung
So gorgeously round it;—and fragrance like this
O'er its bosom had never been flung.

'Twas the joy of a moment. A beautiful girl
While straying through garden and bower,
Paused lightly to show her companion the pearl,
That lay on the breast of the flower.

"'Tis a chalice containing an exquisite draught,
Which Emily only shall sip,"
He said as he gathered the rose-bud—she quaffed,
And the pearl was dissolved on her lip!

M. J.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER.

[Continued.]

Returning to the United States after two years' service in the West Indies, the vessel was laid up for repairs—the men were discharged, and the officers detached.

Homeless, and, beyond the sphere of my profession, nearly friendless, I soon tired of the shore, and my heart yearned for the sea, its associations, and its sympathies. Long before the expiration of my leave of absence, I was an applicant for service, and my application met with immediate success.

I was detailed for the *Hornet*,—the symmetrical, the beautiful *Hornet*! endeared by the achievement of two glorious victories.

We fitted out at Norfolk, and before we were ready for sea, one of our oldest Midshipmen,* who was, in fact, a man of mature years, was taken seriously ill. At length, his life was despaired of; but he lingered long, a perfect maniac. He had no friends; his dissipated habits and his rude

* Reference is here made to date of warrant. He was unquestionably the most advanced in years.

manners having long estranged his messmates. His paroxysms were so frequent and so violent, that he required unceasing and vigilant superintendance. We had no hospital whither to send him, and the persons usually employed as nurses in the town, absolutely refused to take charge of him. He was therefore solely dependant on the humanity of others.

Hearing, one afternoon, how much he was unavoidably neglected, and how he had, the night before, seriously injured himself, I volunteered to sit up with him that night. I knew not the hazard I encountered, and those who were better informed were too interested to enlighten me.

About 8 P. M., I entered his room and found him sitting on the side of his bed, furiously biting his nails, which, as well as his mouth, were stained with blood. His beard was long and clotted, and his hair matted and dangling over his red and swollen eyes. An old negro woman was in vain endeavoring to persuade him to partake of food which she held before him. When he saw me, he became outrageous; and, gnashing his teeth, strove to rise from the bed, while the woman resisted him. A severe fit followed, after which he was comparatively calm.

Inquiring of the woman how long he had been without food, she told me nearly two days, and that he refused to eat, because he thought that every thing was poisoned. At the last word he became again excited, and said that they were all trying to poison him. I had heard, that when practicable, it was better to humor than oppose the fancies of a maniac. "You are right," I said to him; "the cook did try to poison you, but the doctor found her out and sent her to jail, and this food I know to be good."

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Is she though? Can't she get out?"

I told him that she could never get out.

"Give me! give me!" he cried, pointing to the food, which he clutched eagerly and devoured with voraciousness. After his meal, he slept for upwards of an hour. When he awoke, the first thing which caught his eye, was a fly sleeping on the wall above him.

"See that fly!" he called out. "Look at him, how he swells! He is as big as an elephant. O, my God! my God! he will crush me!" and he struggled desperately, as if to free himself from an overwhelming pressure.

Again he became quiet; and I supposed he was sleeping; but after sometime he started up, and I sprung forward to hold him. Beckoning to me to keep quiet, with a mischievous glance, he pointed to the old woman. She was fast asleep, nodding in her chair. Perceiving from his countenance that he had nothing malicious in view, I suffered him to proceed. Stealthily as a cat, he slowly approached her. When he gained her side, he sud-