

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## FROM AUDUBON'S ORNITHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY.

## THE OWL.

It is during the placid serenity of a beautiful summer night, when the current of the waters move silently along, reflecting from its smooth surface the silver radiance of the moon, and when all else of animated nature seems sunk in repose, that the great horned owl, one of the Nimrods of the feathered tribes of our forest, may be seen sailing silently and yet rapidly on, intent on the destruction of the objects destined to form his food. The lone steersman of the descending boat observes the nocturnal hunter, gliding on extended pinions across the river, sailing over one hill and then another, or suddenly sweeping downwards, and again rising in the air like a moving shadow, now distinctly seen, and again mingling with the sombre shades of the surrounding woods, fading into obscurity. The bark has now floated to some distance, and is opposite the newly cleared patch of ground, the result of a squatter's first attempt at cultivation, in a place lately shaded by the trees of the forest. The moon shines brightly on his hut, his slight fence, the newly planted orchard, and a tree, which, spared by the axe, serves as a roosting-place for the scanty stock of poultry which the new comer has procured from some liberal neighbour. Amongst them rests a turkey-hen, covering her offspring with extended wings. The great owl, with eyes keen as those of any falcon, is now seen hovering about the place. He has already espied the quarry, and is sailing in wide circles meditating his plan of attack. The turkey-hen, which at another time might be sound asleep, is now, however, so intent on the care of her young brood, that she rises on her legs and purs so loudly, as she opens her wings and spreads her tail, that she rouses her neighbours, the hens, together with their protector. The cacklings which they at first emit, soon become a general clamour. The squatter hears the uproar, and is on his feet in an instant, rifle in hand; the priming examined, he gently pushes open his half closed door, peeps out cautiously, to ascertain the cause by which his repose has been disturbed. He observes the murderous owl just alighting on the dead branch of a tall tree, when, rising his never-failing rifle, he takes aim, touches the trigger, and the next instant sees the foe falling dead to the ground. The bird is unworthy of his farther attention, and is left a prey to some prowling opossum or other carnivorous quadruped. Again, all around is tranquillity. In this manner falls many a great horned owl on the frontiers, where the species abound.

## FROM WILSON'S AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

## THE OHIO.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality towards this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin on one side is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface, while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of a considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great freshets or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alteration that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the Great Owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed, some laden with produce from the different head-quarters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company.

The margins of the shores and of the river were at this season amply supplied with game. A wild turkey, a grouse, or a blue-winged teal, could be procured in a few moments; and we fared well, for, whenever we pleased, we landed, struck up a fire, and, provided as we were with the necessary utensils, procured a good repast.

Several of these happy days passed, and we neared our home, when one evening, not far from Pigeon Creek (a small stream which runs into the Ohio, from the State of Indiana), a loud and strange noise was heard, so like the yells of Indian warfare, that we pulled at our oars, and made for the opposite side as fast and as quietly as possible. The sounds increased, we imagined we heard cries of 'murders'; and as we knew that some depredations had lately been committed in the country by dissatisfied parties of aborigines, we felt for a while extremely uncomfortable. Ere long, however, our minds became more calmed, and we plainly discovered that the singular uproar was produced by an enthusiastic set of Methodists, who had wandered thus far out of the common way, for the purpose of holding one of their annual camp meetings, under the shade of a beech forest. Without meeting with any other interruption we reached Henderson, distant from Shippingport by water about two hundred miles.

When I think of these times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I

picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that every where spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elk, deer, and buffaloes which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot, when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses, when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and, although I know all to be the fact, can scarcely believe its reality.

Whether these changes are for the better or for the worse I shall not pretend to say; but in whatever way my conclusions may incline, I feel with regret that there are on record no satisfactory accounts of the state of that portion of the country, from the time when our people first settled in it. This has not been because no one in America is able to accomplish such an undertaking. Our Irving and our Cooper have proved themselves fully competent of the task. It has more probably been because the changes have succeeded each other with such rapidity, as almost to rival the movements of their pen. However, it is not too late yet; and I sincerely hope that either or both of them will ere long furnish the generations to come with those delightful descriptions which they are so well qualified to give, of the original state of a country that has been so rapidly forced to change her form and attire under the influence of increasing population. Yes; I hope to read ere I close my earthly career, accounts, from those delightful writers, of the progress of civilization in our western country. They will speak of the Clarks, the Croghans, the Boons, and many other men of great and daring enterprise. They will analyze as it were, into each component part, the country as it once existed, and will render the picture, as it ought to be, immortal.

## FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

## DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

DREAM'ST thou of Heaven?—What dreams are THINE?

Fair child, fair gladsome child!

With eyes that like the dewdrop shine,  
And bounding footstep wild.

Tell me what hues th' immortal shore  
Can wear, my Bird! to thee,  
Ere yet one shadow hath pass'd o'er,  
Thy glance and spirit free?

Oh! beautiful is Heaven, and bright  
With long, long summer days!

I see its lilies gleam in light,  
Where many a fountain plays.

And there unchecked, methinks I rove,  
Seeking where young flowers lie,  
In vale and golden-fruited grove—  
Flowers that are not to die!

That Poet of the lonely thought,  
Sad heir of gifts divine!  
Say, with what solemn glory fraught  
Is Heaven in dream of thine?

Oh! where the living waters flow  
Along that radiant shore,  
My soul, a wanderer HERE, shall know  
The exile-thirst no more!

The burden of the stranger's heart  
Which here unknown I bear,  
Like the night-shadow shall depart,  
With my first waking there.

And borne on eagle-wings afar,  
Free thought shall claim its dower  
From every sphere, from every star,  
Of glory and of power.

O woman! with the soft sad eye  
Of spiritual gleam!  
Tell me of those bright realms on high,  
How doth thy deep heart dream!

By thy sweet mournful voice I know,  
On thy pale brow I see,  
That thou hast lov'd in silent wo,  
Say, what is Heaven to THEE?

Oh! Heaven is where no secret dread  
May haunt Love's meeting hour;  
Where from the past, no gloom is shed  
O'er the heart's chosen bower:

Where every sever'd wreath is bound;  
And none have heard the knell

That smites the soul in that wild sound—  
Farewell, Belov'd Farewell!

MRS. HEMANS.

ANECDOTE OF FARQUHAR, THE DRAMATIST.—Being in great distress, Wilks, who was manager of Drury lane theatre, gave him his best advice in the kindest manner, and said there was but one way left for him to pursue, viz:—'Write a play, and it shall be got up with all imaginable expedition.' 'Write!' cried Farquhar, starting from his chair, 'is it possible that a man can write common sense who is heartless, and has not one shilling in his pocket?' 'Come, come, George,' replied Wilks, 'Banish melancholy, draw your drama, and bring the sketch with you to-morrow, for I expect you to dine with me. But as an empty pocket may cramp your genius, I desire you to accept my mite,' and he presented him with twenty guineas. When Wilks was gone, Farquhar retired to his study, and drew up the plot of *The Beaux's Stratagem*, which he delivered to Wilks next day, and the design being approved, he was desired to proceed, and not to lose a day with the composition. This comedy, which is one of the best extant, was begun, finished, and acted in the space of six weeks; but too late, with all that haste, for the advantage of the author. On the third night, which was for his benefit, Farquhar died of a broken heart.—*Gall's Lives of the Players.*

ROME.—The associations connected with this august title are such, that no one susceptible of their impression, can enter the modern portion of the Italian metropolis, without some feeling of dissatisfaction. Common reflection ought, perhaps, to induce the conviction, that a lapse of centuries, and total change of circumstances must necessarily occasion an entire alteration of external appearance. It is, nevertheless, disappointing to find a place so ennobled by title, resembling others of less or little note—to meet with hooded monks instead of robed senators—houses, streets and shops very much *a la Parisienne*—men and women of ordinary appearance, habits, and capacities—and (Oh, worse than all!) in lieu of Latin Proclamations, printed bills announcing the superiority of Turner's blacking, or the Italian publication of Cobbett's pamphlet in favour of Catholic Emancipation.

The Piazza del Popolo forms a noble vestibule to the modern city, which is intersected by the Corso, a handsome street of great length, but confined width. Here you have good shops and some bustle, but pass into the branch streets and you look around for a companion. The Corso runs in a direct line from North to South, having the great body of the modern city on the west, embraced by the Tiber, which separates it from the castle of St. Angelo, the church of St. Peter, and the Gianiculum Mount. On the east of the Corso lies the lesser but more respectable portion of the town, with the Pincion, Quirinal, and Viminal hills. The Capitoline and Tarpeian rock complete the southern portion of the peopled town, beyond which lie the Esquiline, Palatine, Aventine and Celian Mounts, with the Coliseum surrounded by its venerable partners of antiquity.

Far beyond the inhabited boundary extend the irregular walls of the ancient city, pierced by sixteen gates, and including, together with many an isolated ruin, church and residence, a large space of cultivated ground nurseries and pleasure gardens. The golden palace of the Cæsars rises amid salad and chickweed; the baths of Caracalla supervise an extensive crop of cabbages; the temple of Minerva Medica is changed into a tool-house, and (as a matchless instance of the 'base uses into which we may return,') the FORUM ROMANUM is appropriated to the service of a cattle yard! The Pagan and the Papal Rome assimilate only in name.

From the summit of the Gianiculum, behind the Farnese Palace, the city looks most proudly, and the sunset prospect from the Pincion, reconciles us to the productions of our painter, Martin. Viewed from any lofty summit, Rome cannot fail to impose, were it only from the number of her cupolas. The Appennines in the eastern distance form a noble back ground.

As a residence, Rome is sufficiently objectionable—gloomy, dirty, close, and for the most part, unwholesome. A few distinct portions of the city are pointed