

POETRY.

The following fine translation, taken from the London Literary Gazette, is by a member of the Garrick Club, a theatrical association, whose formation we noticed some time since :

Chorus from the Seven before Thebes of Æschylus.

[The two brothers Eteocles and Polyneices are supposed to be just gone out to fight.]

Strophe 1.

Thou evil prophetic! dread power!  
Goddess or fiend, whatever you be—  
For of the gods is none like thee—  
I see thee come in thine own hour,  
To consummate a funeral dower;  
Unnatural strife, unnatural ire,  
The curses of a frantic sire.

Antistrophe 1.

The sword that made two brothers foes,  
And keen the edge in either hand,  
Was forged in Scythia's iron strand.  
What patrimony had they?—woes;  
What heritage their days to close?  
What destiny? the fate of slaves;  
What kingdom? space but for their graves.

Strophe 2.

When brother falls by brother slain,  
And earth, polluted, drinks the tide,  
The crimson stream of fratricide,  
What power shall purify again?  
What expiation cleanse the stain?  
New crimes on old, and woe on woe,  
Is all the end their house shall know.

Antistrophe 2.

But why this thrice-told warning tell?  
Th' oracular voice is heard at last,  
The generations too are past;  
That speed which tracks the steps of ill  
Pursues the race of Laius still,  
Who, passion blinded, would not see  
His own, the city's destiny.

Strophe 3.

To better counsels conscience mute,  
He wedded misery, grim bride,  
And propagated parricide.  
The seed might well produce the fruit;  
The stem must have a bloody root:  
Madness and blindness both had he  
To plough such soil, and graft such tree.

Antistrophe 3.

Ills swell like seas, as fast—and now  
As one subsides, another raves,  
And still a third with mightier waves,  
To whelm the vessel, strikes the prow,  
And shall our towers withstand the blow?  
Our walls are weak, their circuit wide,  
The foe is strong, and fierce the tide.

Strophe 4.

Curses sink not into the grave!  
The deadly feud 'twixt son and son  
Must end but there. The strife's begun,  
The billows rise, the tempests rave;  
Blind man, would you your weak bark save,  
Go, lighten her of half her board,  
And throw the cargo o'er the board!

Antistrophe 4.

Then boast not of your riches at freight,  
Or think of CE lipus the while,  
So mighty once, so proud and great,  
That gods grew envious of his state;  
And Thebes, who basked in plenty's smile,  
Hailed, from the S-chinx's bondage free,  
In him almost a deity.

Strophe 5.

But saddest change was his, to find  
That all things were as prophesied—  
A murdered sire, a mother-bridle,  
A maddening frenzy seized his mind—  
To end his crimes came suicide;  
But first a deed of night was done,  
Of night befitting such a son!

Antistrophe 5.

The curse remains: the hour is come,  
Invoked in bitterness of hate,  
That imprecated hour! and fate,  
The sword, and vengeance, seal their doom;  
Their thirst of sway but blood can sate.  
Then haste thou murderer of a sire!  
Fury! arise, and slay your ire!

[FOR THE NEW-YORK AMERICAN.]

DEATH.

Ye may twine young flowers round the sunny brow,  
Ye may deck for the festal day,  
But mine is the shadow that waves o'er them now,  
And their beauty has withered away,  
Ye may gather bright gems for glory's shrine,  
Afart from their cavern home—  
Ye may gather the gems—but their pride is mine,  
They will light the dark cold tomb.  
The warriors breast beats high and proud,  
I have laid my cold hand on him;  
And the stately form hath before me bowed,  
And the flashing eye is dim.  
I have trod the banquet room alone—  
And the crowded halls of mirth,  
And the low deep wail of the stricken one  
Went up from the festal hearth.  
I have stood by the pillared domes of old,  
And breathed on each classic shrine—  
And desolation gray and cold  
Now marks the ruins mine.  
I have met young Genius, and breathed on the brow  
That loves his mystic trace—  
And the cheek where passion was wont to glow,  
Is wrapt in my dark embrace.  
They tell of a land where no blight can fall,  
Where my ruthless reign is o'er—  
Where the ghastly shroud, and shadowy pall  
Shall wither the soul no more.  
They say there's a home in yon blue sphere,  
A region of life divine,  
But I seek not—since all that is lovely here,  
The beauty of earth—is mine.

E. F. E.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense," is the only remark we have to make in inserting these somewhat free lines; which, if they even partially succeed in correcting one of Fashion's excesses, will not be thrown away:—

[FOR THE NEW YORK AMERICAN.]

Dédommagement à la mode.

When Fashion proclaimed from her dazzling height,  
Emboldened by power and forgetful of right;  
And at her wits ends to devise something new  
That the bosom thenceforth should be veiled from the view.  
'Twas received with a loud burst of indignation,  
And threw her fair voices in great consternation.  
Some questioned her right: some demurred, and some doubted;  
Some affected to scorn; some wept, and some poued.  
Yes, cur'd with resentment was many a lip—  
'Twere heaven to look on and rapture to sip:  
And sweet mouths of roses, all blooming and pretty,  
Were pale with dark anger, and quivering and fretty.  
What a shame, they exclaimed, that charms such as these,  
Should be hid from the sight, when they're just made to please.  
Some thought by evasion it might be defeated:  
Some tried it with gauze; some puffed, and some plaited;  
Some vowed—almost swore; some sighed; some protested—  
The sweet pretty charmers should not be molested.  
Many councils were held, and committees elected,  
And many dark schemes of rebellion projected.  
'Till Fashion alarmed at the far swelling rage  
Thought it best, by concession, the storm to assuage;  
But resolved, like all tyrants with more power than sense,  
That with the late edict she would not dispense.  
'Twas all one, she said, what e'er nature intended,  
Her royal prerogative must be defended;  
But dutiful subjects might look very soon  
For some compensation in shape of a boon.  
And although to this law strict obedience was meant,  
Yet something, perhaps, might be done for the feet;  
Which might, when with neat little buskins protected,  
From under the dress, be a wee-bit projected.  
At the name of the foot every bosom beat high,  
To think that it's day of deliverance drew nigh:  
'Twas in vain to conceal what every one saw,  
How easy 'twould be to evade every law;  
Once open the door to a licence below  
And no mortal could tell to what height it would go.  
Ere half of the realm the new ordinance knew  
Some thousands of pretty feet popt'd into view:  
And such was the magical power of the foot  
That they very soon added the dancé to *hoot*.  
Unwilling that things should be done by the halves  
They took in a tuck and then outpeep'd the c—  
Now in every new scheme there will always be starters,  
And some thought it better to raise to the g—:  
While others, desirous in all things to please,  
Resolved that the limit should be at the k—  
Nay, in this windy weather, which all must deplore,  
There are those who imagine they even see more;  
And think, though the fashion I cannot admire,  
There is every appearance that things will go higher!

PEEPER.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

'Tis not alone the poesy of form—  
The melody of aspect—the fine hue  
Of lips half blushing, odorless and warm,  
Of eyes like heaven's own paradise of blue;  
Nor all the graces that encharm the view,  
And render beauty still more beautiful;  
But the resemblances that can renew  
Past youth, past hopes, past loves, no shade may dull;  
Affections, years may dim—but never quite annul!  
Wresting from death and darkness, undecayed,  
The kindred lineaments we honored here;  
The breast on which our infant brow had laid,  
The lips that kiss'd away our first brief tear—  
The all we lost, ere yet the funeral bier  
Conveyed to our young souls how great a blow  
Laid desolate the homes we loved so dear;—  
Oh, heart!—too early wert thou doomed to know  
The grave that held thy sire, held all thy hopes below!  
Then, ah!—for ever sacred be the art  
Which gave me all the grave had left of mine!  
I gaze upon this portrait till my heart  
Remembers every touch and every line;  
And almost do I deem the gift divine,  
Direct from heaven, and not from human skill;  
Instinct with love, those noble features shine—  
The eyes some new expression seems to fill—  
And half I know thee dead, half hope thee living still!

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED, on Wednesday evening, 9th May, by the Rev. Dr. McCarter, Mr. W. Smart, to Miss Margaret Brower, all of this city.  
Thursday morning, 10th May, by the Rev. Henry Hunter, Mr. Edward Roome, to Miss Frances H., daughter of Charles Oakley, all of this city.  
On Wednesday evening, 9th inst. by the Rev. George Dubois, Rev. Henry Heermance, to Miss Catharine E., only daughter of Edgar Laing, merchant, of this city.  
On the 9th May, by the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, at Stratford, (Conn.) Wm. Currie Roberts, M.D. to Matilda, daughter of the late Mr. Martin Hoffman, all of this city.  
On Thursday evening, May 10, by the Rev. John M. Guion, Thomas Brown, Esq. of Montego Bay, (Jam.) to Ann, daughter of the late Captain Elihu Marshall, of this city.  
On Thursday evening, 10th instant, by the Rev. Manton East burn, Mr. Francis Morris, to Miss Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late Matthias Valentine.  
At Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, 5th instant, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Kendrick, Louis Charles Philippe, Comte de Neverlee, to Mademoiselle Louise Josephine Clementine Le Maane Chermont.  
On Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Dunbar, Mr. Smith Read, to Miss Maria Morgan, both of this city.  
At Cincinnati, Mr. Wesley Smead, to Miss Annelia C. McKinon, of New-York.

DEATHS.

DIED, on Sunday 6th inst. at his residence at Rhinebeck, in his 81st year, Thomas Tillotson, Esq.  
Tuesday evening, Charles Edward son of John F. Townsend, aged one year.

Thursday morning, 10th May, after a short illness, Frederic Vernylyea, aged 27 years.  
Thursday morning, 10th inst. after a short illness, Mr. James Sergeant, in the 70th year of his age.  
On Friday morning, May 11th, after a protracted and painful illness, Mrs. Euphemia, wife of John Cotwill, Esq. in the 60th year of her age.  
On Saturday morning at 3 past 3 o'clock, Capt. James Tallman, 97 years of age, formerly of Camden, Maine, but for several years past a ship master of this port.  
At Schuyler, near Utica, on the 7th inst. in the 77th year of his age, John Graham, Esq. formerly of Morrisiana, Westchester co. and lately of this city.  
Mr. Graham served in the Revolutionary war as volunteer aide-camp to the late (Vice President) George Clinton, and was for a short time attached to the staff of General Washington.  
In Boston on the 12 inst. Mary, consort of Allan Pollock, Esq. Monday evening, of the scarlet fever, James Wm. Dominick, son of Jared L. Moore, aged two years and six months.  
The friends and connexions of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral this afternoon from 249 East Broadway at 6 o'clock precisely without further invitation.  
At Boston, on Wednesday last, Hon. Israel Thordike, aged 76. Mr. Thordike has been for the last half century, one of the most distinguished and eminent merchants in this country, and has left a fortune of two millions. He was for many years a distinguished member of the Senate of Massachusetts.

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS.

The City Inspector reports the death of 114 persons during the week ending on Saturday, 12th inst, viz:—30 men, 20 women, 39 boys, and 25 girls—Of whom 28 were of the age of 1 year and under, 12 between 1 and 2; 17 between 2 and 5, 5 between 5 and 10, 10 between 10 and 20, 11 between 20 and 30, 14 between 30 and 40, 10 between 40 and 50, 3 between 50 and 60, 4 between 60 and 70, 4 between 70 and 80, and 1 between 80 and 90.— Diseases:— Apoplexy 4, asthma 1, burned or scalded 2, casualty 6, consumption 29, convulsions 5, dropsy 2, dropsy in the chest 2, dropsy in the head 6, drowned 3, dysentery 2, fever, puerperal, 1, fever, remittent 1, fever, scarlet 3, fever, typhus 1, hives or croop 5, hysteria 1, inflammation of the bowels 4, inflammation of the brain 2, inflammation of the chest 1, intemperance 3, marasmus 1, measles 9, palsy 1, peripneumony 3, pleurisy 1, scirrhus of the liver 2, scrofula or king's evil 1, small pox 1, still-born 5, teething 4, unknown 1, whooping-cough 1.  
ABRAHAM D. STEPHENS, City Inspector.

PASSENGERS.

Per ship Louisville, from New Orleans:—Madame Carrick, Mr Lockhart, lady, 2 children and servant, Mr Wm F Krumhaar and lady, Mrs Stansbury, child and servant, Mrs Night and servant, Mrs and Miss Jenkins, Miss Wyllis, Messrs R Holmes, Bishop, J Ballagh, W S Lyne, L H Woodworth, P F Thomas, W R Price, B Destouet.  
In the ship John Jay, from Liverpool:—Major Mercer and servant, of Edenborough; Messrs Wilson, of do; Hawes, of London; Alexander, of Dublin; L & J Weld, of do; Gapper, lady and daughter, York, U; Gumble, Bolton, of do; Hall, Need, Holly and Taylor, of London; Buckley, of Wales; Gibson, of Liverpool; McIntire, Montreal; Jacob, of N York; Bissell, of N Carolina; Francis Henry, of Cornwall, Eng; Kaufman, of N York, and Dr Macartney, Edenborough.  
Per packet ship York, for Liverpool:—Samuel Baker, of Jamaica; M Floyea, of do; Edward L Parsons and lady, of New York; John Huges, and Mr Ferguson, of do; Miss Dent, of do; Mr Kennedy, R E, of Bermuda; Mr Biscoe, of do; Rev C S Stuart, U S Navy; James Davidson, of Kingston, Jamaica; Mr Pickersworth, of Mexico; Mr Weil, of New York; Mr Backhouse, of England.

Per Comet, from St Barts:—Mrs Charlotte Hammersley and servant.  
Per ship Florian, from Savannah:—Capt J Bennett, J M Johnson, M Hutchins, W J Haskell, U S Commissioner for Mexico; Col Thompson, W Parsons and lady, S H Thompson, G H Cowen and family, Miss Efferson, Mrs Starr and servant, Miss Halsey, Mrs J Connest, niece and two children; M J Brown.

NEW-YORK AMERICAN, TRI-WEEKLY.

The NEW-YORK AMERICAN is now published THREE TIMES A WEEK, in addition to the Daily and Semi-weekly, as usual. This arrangement is made to accommodate a large class of business-men in the country, who are desirous of seeing the advertisements of the day, yet are unwilling to encumber the expense of subscription and postage of a daily paper by this arrangement, it will easily be perceived, their wishes may be gratified, at one half the expense of a daily paper, as most of the advertisements, both of the Daily and Semi-weekly papers, will appear in the Tri-Weekly American; and the reading matter as published in the Daily paper, it will be issued on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at FIVE dollars per annum in advance,—to subscribers out of the city of New-York, and forwarded, according to their order, and for any length of time.

All letters relating to the TRI-WEEKLY AMERICAN may be addressed to the Publisher and part Proprietor,  
D. K. MINOR, No. 35 Wall-st. N.Y.

TO RAILROAD CONTRACTORS.

THE Ithaca division of the Ithaca and Owego Railroad (from Ithaca, at the head of the Cayuga Lake, to Owego, on the Susquehanna River) is now under contract, and large forces of men and teams are at work upon the several sections hereof.

PROPOSALS FOR GRADING the Middle and Owego divisions of this Railroad, (amounting to about 20 miles) will be received at the office of the Company, at Ithaca, Tompkins Co. N. Y. until the 16th day of July next.  
The Maps and Profiles of this part of the road may be seen at the office of the Engineer in Chief on and after the 2d day of July.  
The ground will be divided into sections of suitable length, and prepared for the examination of Contractors by the 10th day of July next.

JOHN RANDEL, Jr.

Engineer in Chief.

Engineer Department of the Ithaca and Owego Railroad, April 22, 1832. m108w

TOWNSEND & DUFFEE, Rope manufacturers, having machinery for making ropes to any required length (without splice), offer to supply full length Ropes for the inclined planes on Rail-roads at the shortest notice, and deliver them in the City of New-York, if requested. As to the quality of the Rope, the public are referred to J. B. Jervis, Eng. M. & H. R. R. Co., Albany; or James Archibald, Engineer Hudson & Delaware Canal & R. R. Co., Carbondale, Luzerne County Pennsylvania.  
Palmyra, Wayne County, New-York,  
1st mo. 22d, 1832. J80 if