Mr. OLDSCHOOL

The original of the following heroic epistle was found, among other despatches, in a French frigate lately captured in the West-Indies. Poetical epistles from one person to another, are not without precedents, of which the one addressed by the late King Louis, Emperor of China, to his Majesty George III, and returned, is a notable example. A free translation of the above mentioned curious work is given here, through the medium of your paper. I remain, &c. BRITANNICUS.

An Heroic Epistle FROM JACQUES, Emperor of Hayti, TO NAPOLEON, Emperor of the French.

O thou! enthron'd in state, who, like a god,
Roll'st prostate millions by thy awful rod,
Hail!... by those names which bestothine caravalle,
Gallant, Grand-Sovereign, Ah, Emperor! From realms where Hayti's genius wanders in Blood, Where late the pride of tropic cities stood,
Whose smoking ruins now proclaim afar The glories of exterminating war.
Where the proud whites our negro vengeance feel In tortures on the agonizing wheel, Whilst, in death's bitter garden, the mothers bear Their infants wailing on the bloody spear— Woe!... woe!... woe!... woe!... woe!... woe! For great Emperor should greet another.
Ah! in fortune, and alike in fame, I too, with thee, a kindred country claim, To Africa's burning clime! I owe my life! (Afric the source of every plague on earth)
Thy native spot an island ocean vast, Which spring from Afric's fertile coast.
For Rack us, earthquake rent the earth, Let not the mighty yield the weak, Nor let the weak the mighty yield.
Nor let their fierce war cries deafen, The land herbage bitter honey yields.
Round its rough rocks the waves incessant roar, And ships shriff off from Gorgias's black shore.
Most like the rugged soil its toils we find, Sprung from the earth, from mud and slime, What time imperial Rome across the waves Exult'd her conquering thrones, thievish, and useless slaves.
No race more fable's ere rose from Thieves or Troy; Nor ever on their deserts DOMAHAY, Whose kings regale on plantains and palm wine, And then permit all other kings to dine, Observe distress hung o'er our primordial days, Both, with their hearts, with hand, and arm, That are our friends we find, nor love, our foes are Frenchmen, whom we both detest. Thus link'd by fortune, how can I repent, If thy great deeds have yet exceeded mine? Round thy flame, if haply I aspire To pillage countries, and set on fire, To wade to glory through a crimson flood, And murder, helpless prisoners, cold blooded!... If thus I act, yet still unkind and rude, One of the most I want!... Ingratitude!
I'll build my master, mistress, nor would save A white man's child!... but then I saw a sight! Rush'd from short shrubbery by the cowards' shock, Which mark'd with wish'd indelible my back, Each day my blood and sweat maintain'd the soil, Each cursed day renew'd my bitter toil.

My foe to murder I should never start, I'd broil his liver, and devour his heart! Revenge is sweet; but c'man't to gain my ends, I can't betray my patrons, kill my friends; To thy superior soul is't given To outrage nature's own! You sold your king and friend, abjur'd your God, And ruld't your allies with an iron rod. But one great deed exceeds my utmost aim, Damn'd as it is to thunder, fame! Near Ace's battered towers, with shame I tell, Where Sidney sent your ruffian bands to hell, Whilst, Vulture like, Flights, Famine, Shame, I lead Scream'd at your van, and hov'r'd o'er your rear; Your valiant friends, who, urg'd by Honour's laws, Ne'er shrunk from danger, whatever the cause, By grievous wounds were forc'd to keep the bed, (for you they suffer'd, and for you they died!) What then? Unable now to fight or fly, You cooly domm'd the wretched men to die, Eager, with quivering lips, and panting breath, They suck'd the poison'd bowl, and slept in death. Thrown on the rocks and seasick'd, they remain, Their blasted corpses blacken all the plain, Whilst screaming Vultures eye the air, and air, And packs of fam'd'd Jackals yelp around.
We, by Medical science freed, No desperate means shall e'er views impede, For they, who dare our sovereign will deride, No powers shall screen them, and no place shall justify.
Drag'd from amidst their friends in open day, Their lives for their presumptuous thoughts pay, Or starr'd in danges, or by cord or steel, Abroad, at home, our vengeance they shall feel. So Kleber, Pichegru, D'Enghien, and Toussaint, Thus fell— who dare dispute your right to reign? And yet the world prefers to me or you Simple Toussaint, and modest Pichegru. The prating public, curse its tongue and pen, Says, these were greater captains better men. Success is all; the dogs have had their day, And we, the Lions, hold imperial sway, To distant ages shall our actions bloom, Beyond the proudest boasts of Greece and Rome, No ancient, or no modern name can shine In acts of blood, in battles with yours and mine: For cruel Sylla to our fame must yield; Or Caesar, in Pharsalia's sanguine field; Or mad Caligula, who wish'd to find A speedy martyr to his ruthless mind; Or Nero, reeking from his mother's blood, Or dreadful Alaric, the scourge of God! Or sainted Charles, on Barlet'sow great day; Or gloomy Philip, at Ato da Pê, Or Rokais, at Delhi a gentle guest; Or holy Mulay, in his suffer's rest;

* * * * *

* Charles IX of France, who, during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, amused himself with shooting his Protestant subjects as they fled under his palace windows in attempting to escape their murderers.
* Philip II, of Spain.
* Thomas Kaili, called also Nadir, sultan of India, 1735, he invaded India and overthrew the Mogul empire.
* Mohammad Shah, the great mogul, received him as a guest, but while Kaili was smoking a pipe, a pipe was thrown at the worthy Shah and the whole court. He gave the signal for pillaging Delhi. It is computed that two hundred and thirty thousand were massacred.
* Muler Ishmael, Emperor of Morocco, was a prophetic, lineal descendant of Moses. Whenever he proposed to dismiss his subjects to Paradise with his own hand, he appeared in the levee in a yellow silk dress; upon which the imperial princes, the grand caucaschi, the grand constable, the grand admiral, the grand chamberlain, the grand ambassador, the grand judge, the grand vizier, and all his lords, knelt, and by their authority, carried the sovereign, who was as tall as the mast, off as fast as they could— the hindmost carrying off the imperial javelin stuck in his body. After having murdered, with his own person, in this imperial rush, after having enjoyed a long and prosperous reign, died in his bed.

For the Port Folio.

Ode.

Not performed before the President and the ministerial members of both houses of Congress, on the 4th of March, 1845, being the anniversary of the election of the present chief magistrate.

Ah! see where fallen from on high Columbus's prostrate glories lie; Her lands turn, her vigour fed; Sedition's plume dark-waving o'er her head;

Behold her on her funeral pile
Dissolved in each sparkling smile, Whist round her dance a traitor band
The scourge and terror of the land;

Shall dark delusion's magic spell
Create by the powers below Maint ain its empire o'er each breast, And hurl our senses to incalculable rest?

Shall Faction's poisonous breath destroy A nation's pride, a nation's joy? Or Order's wreath her banners wave, And doom our well-earned honours to the grave?

Wake, Columbians, wake and see Your native land no longer free; Sedition's bloody flag unfurl'd, And waves triumphant over a crumbling world.

Dare to resist, and hurl the foe Heading to the powers below; There let them form the darkling spell, And place dire Anarchy on the throne of hells.

Wrest from their impious bands the helm, Preserve the bark they would o'erwin, And let admiring beholders sleep
While life exists, Columbians will be free.

For the Port Folio.

On Sorrow.

Tho' check'd by time the storm may feebly grow, Which would o'erwhelm the turbulent stream of woe; Sorrows there are, which, tho' they seem to sleep, Yet lift their voice and sighs their wond'ring soul keep Still fresh they flow from many a long and wont, More calm indeed, but not the less profound.