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[The following Ode, composed by R. T. PARKER, Esq. of Boston, was sung at the Anniversary of the *Massachusetts Humane Society* in that city a few days ago.]

AN ODE.

TUNE—*Anacreon in Heaven.*

I.

On the tem'pests of Scotia—truth's mysterious elves,
When the impious tiaras of Rome was shattered,
Lest the year of our race, in the wind-drift of Time
Should be buried, when Sherry, Mum, and Jaffaith were scattered!
But the Genius of Art,
Mad to man to impart
By a language, that speaks through the eye, to the heart:

CHORUS.

Yet rude was mention, when first the reverend, Fire a hieroglyphic page, and a tongue fonged'd the field.

II.

As time wing'd his pinions, Art sight, as the view'd,
How dim was the image her emblem reflected,
When Orpheus, Father *Fleart* broke her bottle of wood,
Wrought the parts into shape, and the whole re-moulded
Art with nobler model, trod,
For her hieroglyphics could move,
Tear asunder, cleave, slake the leaves of a grove
Chorus.

And the colors of thought in their elements run, Revive prismatic glow shades the lace of the sun.

III.

In the morn of the west, as the light will stray
From the fair eyes of regions, by bigotry clouded,
With sweet wine our Franklin, and, hoisting the day,
His Promethean fire
Brew'd a pack from the clouds, and made Printing direct
Chorus.

When the fire, by his rod, was attracted from its flash, by the tube, his conductor, was given.

IV.

Ancient Wisdom may boast of the spice and the weed,
Which enshroud the cold forms of its heroes and sages!
But the Fame shines clear on the leaf of the reed,
Which has grown through the clefts in the ruins of ages;
Cedar, Cypress, they would shed,
Like Cypress's bowls,
Tears of soul on the spot, where the world they had led.

CHORUS.

O! Pompeii and Cumæ autumn is the tuck, But the grove in their forum—the page is their book.

V.

What Genius of type!—blows the vista of time
As the light leaves behind them the vistas of crime
On! transmit on the spirit this Inspirit spirit, and blessed be the Press
The Press can comment, or dismember a nation,
Be by smoke the mind!
Fly, fly like Vesta, immortal,
Watch and foster the flame, which inspires human kind!

CHORUS.

Preserving all arts, say all arts should they, And thy science and virtue twice sent to be free!

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

From an oration delivered at New York, by John T. Irvine, before the Tammany and other societies, on the 4th of July last.

"EARTH! Gem of the Ocean! EARTH! the land of beauty, of liveryy, and enthusiasm! Where an Orr, a Fitzgerald perished, on the threshold of liberty; where a Tone once waved the bearing sword of patriotism like a *bide* around his brows; where an Emmet sacrificed himself in virtue, who made a Felix to tremble in the very seat of military power—who dashed tears of tribute to the bour of its triumph; who descended into the tomb like a flame, and whose genius shed a blaze of glory round the horrors of his grave! (In sorge!) Or might some of bards! Have you fallen fallen in vain? Have your genius been wasted in the wind! Has your blood sunk forgotten in the earth! No, no! Ireland has numbered your groans; Ireland has recorded your aspirations; Ireland has received your blood upon her bosom; it shall nourish future race of heroes, brave as their fathers, but more successful.

"Like the stare of the battle yoke,
But enough of your glory remains on earth
To kindle
To light them to victory yet."

"The harp of Erin shall again be struck to the song of liberty; your tears of sorrow shall be exchanged for smiles of gladness, and her green isle, O! gem, with the shouts of emancipated millions."

SINGULAR ESCAPE.

Mr. Eliscon's recital of his singular escape from Verdun.

Liverpool, July 5th, 1809.

"As you wish to know how I effected my escape, I shall briefly give you the heads of it.—Last July a friend and myself were employed to attempt to give the rascals the slip; but as both of us were entered into an engagement with eight more to our commission to be responsible for each other, and that, if one ran away the others should be imprisoned, we were clear of it. We missed muster one morning on purpose to get imprisoned, which succeeded. We had ropes made out our bodies; saws, gimblets, &c. in our pockets, that we thought might work our way out, though surrounded with sentinels. We got close to one, where we had a hole, but not been up to be hailed us, and we scampered off. He must have been a young recruit, for he did not hear us charge, and we got down the wall. The rope was so small we could not hold it, and both of us fell about fifty feet; I was much bruised, the hand, and fainted as soon as I reached the wall, (where we previously stowed our provisions.) My companion strained his ancle, and we supposed in the end four days till he was able to march. We were taken the thirteenth day, going through a small town a dozen or eight, and conducted back to Verdun, where they kept me, hands and feet in irons for a month, and then sent us off to Bitche, which is a most dreadful place; and where they kept us in general confinement. It is a strong fort, built upon an amazing high rock, and surrounded at the bottom by three different high ramparts, the rock is entirely hollowed out, and capable of lodging the whole garrison if besieged. After being there a little time we made interest with the commandant to live above ground; and as sooner got possession of a room upstairs, then we began to scheme how to get out of it. There were twelve of us—we first began manufacturing a rope, which we made out of a new ticken cloth that we got from town; we then got a friend, who resided there to get us a good gimblet; and on the 8th of December, forced both locks on our chamber door, and cut through another one with the above instruments—and all of us got clear of the fort before eight o'clock, the time the sentinels in the towers are put on. I waited, and lave very hard, and was miserably cold. We lay the next day in a wood, and at night started again, and got within two leagues of the Rhine by eight. I had frozen my feet in the cold, and was so much stiffy cold, it would have killed us