



POETRY.

FROM THE NORTHERN WHIG.

The event on which the following lines are founded, happened in 1777. and is thus described by Gen. Gates in a letter to Burgoyne:—"Miss M'Crea, a young lady, lovely to the sight, of virtuous character and amiable disposition, engaged to an officer of your army, was, with other women and children, murdered by the savages. The miserable fate of Miss M'Crea was aggravated, by her being dressed to receive her promised husband, when she met her murderer."

Her lover is coming—her bosom throbs high,
And love beams enchantingly bright in her eye
"This night," she exclaims, "before heaven's pure shine
The warrior youth is forever made mine."

"Is that is dear form stealing slow thro' the shade?
Is it thus he would come to his own beloved maid?"
Oh, no; 'tis the savage, death flies from his bow,
And life's current sullies her bosom of snow.

The death-lights are gleaming—the anthem swells loud,
O'er her form of pure whiteness, enwrapped in the shroud,
The grave is her bridal bed—gone is her bloom,
And her morning of splendor hath ended in gloom!

The night winds are up with the gathering storm,
They wave her dark tresses—they chill her soft form;
Cold, cold is her heart, once so joyous and light,
Her eyes of soft wildness no longer is bright.

Her lover is coming—he speeds on the way,
He chides the long moments of tedious delay;
Hope beat in his breast for that heavenly hour
Which gives him forever his hearts beloved flower.

He reaches the spot—she is stretched on the bier;
No sigh rends his bosom—he sheds not a tear—
But, dumb with deep anguish, he hurries away,
And lies on the battle field, ghastly and slain.

FLORIO.

Miscellaneous.

From Bell's London Messenger.

Persian Ambassador, and the Fair Circassian.—During the residence of the Persian Ambassador in Paris, he was so great an object of public curiosity, that he could not leave his hotel without being surrounded by a multitude of gazers. When he attended fashionable parties, the eagerness evinced by the ladies to gain a sight of him, subjected him to a degree of embarrassment, the more insupportable, as the people of the east entertain notions very unfavorable to that kind of female curiosity. We extract the following from the French Journals:—"The Persian Ambassador, on returning one day from a ride, found his apartments crowded by ladies, all elegantly dressed, though not all equally beautiful. Astonished at this unexpected assemblage, he inquired what these European Odalisques, could possibly want with him. The interpreter replied, that they had come to look at his Excellency. The Ambassador was surprised to find himself an object of curiosity among a people who boasted of having attained the summit of civilization: and was not a little offended at the conduct, which in Asia, would have been considered an unwarrantable breach of good breeding: he accordingly revenged himself by the following little scheme. The illustrious foreigner affected to be charmed with the ladies; he looked at them attentively, alternately pointing to them with his finger, and speaking with earnestness to his interpreter, who he was well aware would be questioned by his fair visi-

tors, and he therefore instructed him in the part he was to act. Accordingly, the eldest of the ladies, who, in spite of her age, probably thought herself the prettiest of the whole party, and whose curiosity was particularly excited, after his Excellency had passed through the suite of rooms, coolly inquired what had been the object of his examination? "Madam," replied the Interpreter, "I dare not inform you."—"I wish particularly to know, Sir."—"Indeed, Madam, it is impossible."—"Nay, Sir, this reserve is vexatious—I desire to know."—"Oh! since you desire, Madam—know then that his Excellency has been valuing you."—"Valuing us—how Sir?"—"Yes, ladies, his Excellency, after the custom of his country, has been setting a price upon each of you."—"Well, that's whimsical enough; and how much may that lady be worth, according to his estimation?"—"A thousand crowns."—"And the other?"—"Five hundred crowns."—"And that young lady with fair hair?"—"Three hundred crowns."—"And that Brunette?"—"The same price."—"And the lady who is painted?"—"Fifty crowns."—"And pray Sir, what may I be worth in the tariff of his Excellency's good graces?"—"Oh, Madam, you really must excuse me, I beg."—"Come, come, no concealments."—"The Prince merely said, as he passed you."—"Well! what did he say?"—"He said Madam, that he did not know the small coin of this country."

GALLIPOLIS, (OHIO) JUNE 25.

A new method of getting a wife. A few days since a man by the name of SALES, having made some advances to a young lady in the county of Meigs, which did not meet with the approbation of her father, the old gentleman forbid him his house. But my gentleman, intent upon his game, was not to be defeated in this way.—He, with a few of his associates, went to a magistrate, procured a state's warrant for the old gentleman, had him arrested in the dead of the night, and put under keepers; then, by virtue of a summons, took the daughter, pretendedly as a witness against her father; but instead of taking her to the magistrate's where the father was confined, they took her to a neighboring house, where the same magistrate who had issued the warrant for the father and summons for the daughter, soon made his appearance, and there, through much persuasion, the girl was joined in wedlock, after which the father was suffered to depart in peace to his own house. What a blessing is a free government!!

The following originally appeared, some years since, in the editorial department of the Long-Island Star, but has been very generally extracted into other papers, and credited to various sources, except the right. We now reclaim it, for its proper origin.—Ed. N. Y. Columbian.

NEWSPAPERS.

The charms of newspaper reading to the intelligent Farmer, who values the instruction of himself and family, constitute the relish of the week, and furnish abundance for profitable reflection and conversation. If he is a Patriot he cannot be insensible to the welfare of his country. If he is a Philanthropist, he feels a concern for his fellow-men, however distant. If he is a Father he loses no opportunity to instruct his children; and cannot but view 'the passing tidings of the times' as a most essential part of their education. Though distant from the metropolis—though secluded from society; he can know all that is necessary to be known of the pomp and bustle of city life.

By a close attention to the diversified columns of newspapers, we are enabled to 'catch the manners living as they rise.' In one column may be seen the march of armies, and fate of nations—and in another the humble advertisement of the humblest dealer—All may find instruction, amusement, or interest from the hoary sage to the lisping school boy.

Every subscriber to a newspaper should carefully preserve them in regular files, for the benefit of his posterity. After the lapse of 40 or 50 years, to look over these, and examine the important occurrences of former days, will give a clearer view than can be found in any history. The best account of our revolutionary war can be obtained in this way; and no doubt the rising generation will in future times anxiously look to newspapers for all the particulars of the recent war which has conferred such high honors on our countrymen. It is erroneous to suppose that newspapers are less valuable during peace, than in times of war. It is true those who delight in recitals of bloody scenes, and ruined towns, will find less to gratify that barbarous appetite; but all who wish for improvement, or delight in sentiment, will find an increased value from the attention paid to science, arts, agriculture, history, biography, morality, religion, honor, poetry, &c.

The man who 'can't find time,' to read one newspaper during the week, must be truly a slave to ignorance or poverty. The truth is, however, that is an excuse for indolence and parsimony; and thus whole families are deprived of information on those points which afford one half the conversation of society.—They are content to borrow ideas from their more intelligent or more cunning neighbors; thus in the language of the poet, 'to vegetate and die.'

It is hoped, however, that such are few. Our political welfare so essentially depends on a general diffusion of intelligence, and we have so many examples in the old world of an ignorant people being the slaves of superstition and tyranny, that our young republic should lose no opportunity to establish itself on the only permanent foundation.

It's hard for a PRINTER to please EVERYBODY.

The above is a trite, but true remark, when we consider the diversity of taste in reading. And indeed, no observation could be more correct. Many censure the printer for copying articles of news from other papers of the same city or place.—'Pshaw,' say they, 'I have read this before—away with your John Thompson's news, and give us some original matter.' 'I will,' says the good natured printer; and in a short time, in pops another, who takes no other paper, and says, 'I wish you would give us some news, and leave your long new pieces away.' The printer, obliging and obsequious as a candidate for Sheriffalty, says, 'we'll split the difference, and give a little of every thing.' Up he bounces, and runs to the Post Office to bring an arm full of papers sent him in exchange by his brothers of the type. Now for news—he turns and turns again.—Nothing worth extracting.—Here a man run away with another's wife—hands put that in—Here a villain kills his neighbor—lush it down—Here too fools fought a duel—mark that. Bless me, a pumpkin as large as a hogshead—that's for farmers. A man advertising for a wife—that's for old maids. In short, the whole supply of news, with very trivial exceptions, is hardly sufficient for the prattling tongues of gossips over a dish of tea; but something must be put in the paper—so go on.

'Stale news, by George!' cries one; 'insipid, miserable stuff!' reiterates another. What now, Mr. Printer?—To make war between nations and elements—announce Comets, Earthquakes, Tornadoes, Visions, and the discovery of inhabitable lands in the centre of the earth, by Symmes; to say the Sea Serpent travelled by land from Boston harbor to Pittsburgh; to assert that Bonaparte had escaped from St. Helena, and beheaded Louis XVIII.—all won't do. 'Zounds! what liars the printers are,' every body exclaims, and the poor printer would stand at his press, scratching his

head like a boy when he broke his master's bear mug. Nothing is now left but to throw ourselves on the generosity of our readers, to promise endeavors, and beg them to reflect that, "where there are many men, there are also many minds."

Carolina Gazette.

From Poulson's Daily Advertiser.

Rosa's address to her country-women on Novel Reading.

Matrons, and maids, who e'er may chance to note these lines, read them for the cause, and ye who cannot read, be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine age, (since twenty-years, have thrice passed o'er my head) and have respect unto mine age, that you may believe:— Criticise not my words, but reflect upon their import, that you may the better judge. If there be any among you, any friend, to the circulation of novel, who can peruse with pleasure the high wrought tale romantic, to her I say, that Rosa's love to reading such as this was no less than her's.—If then this friend demand, why Rosa should object to works of this description, her answer is, not that she loved amusement less, but that she loved improvement more. Had you rather novels should be read to the exclusion of more useful works, and die in ignorance, than that these should be discarded as unworthy to employ the time of intellectual beings, and live as useful members of society? If the suppression of novels should prove injurious to the livelihood of those who circulate them, I should regret it; if through this circulation a helpless family gain support, I rejoice at it; if they are in any way conducive to morality I honor them; but as many have a contrary tendency and the generality of them are but the creatures of an idle brain, which oft divert the mind from what is truly useful, I condemn them. There is regret for the injury their suppression might occasion; joy for the support they may afford a helpless family; honor for the morality they may disseminate, and disapprobation for their pernicious qualities.—Who among you so base that would die in ignorance? If any, speak; for her have I offended. Who among you so negligent that would not be a thrifty housewife? If any, speak; for her have I offended. Who among you so vile that loveth not her family? If any, speak; for her have I offended. I pause not for a reply, assured the answer would be, none—then none have I offended. I have said no more 'gainst novels than you would say upon reflection. The question of their worth, must be in every reasoning mind, the praise of those not extenuated which were worthy, nor the demerits of those enforced which we condemn.

The body of my Romances was removed from my library, their departure mourned by my niece—who, though she had no hand in their destruction, shall receive the benefit of a judicious course of reading, as which of you shall not? With this I take my leave; that as I used my pen in opposition to an amusement once fondly indulged in for that more useful, I have the same instrument for myself, if it should please my country-women to term this scroll unjust.

The Quakers.—The following is the opinion of a late ingenious writer respecting the people called Quakers. "What is familiar and near us, excites little scrutiny and investigation; but the time will come when a wise legislature will condescend to enquire by what means a whole society, (in both the old and new world) is made to act and think with uniformity, for upwards of a century; by what policy, (without emolument from government) they have become the only people free from poverty; by what economy they have thus prevented beggary and want among their sect, while the nation [England] groans under the weight of taxes for the poor? They are an industrious, modest, intelligent and virtuous peo-

ple, animated with the most beneficent principles.—They have a comprehensive charity to all mankind, and deny the mercies of God to none; they publicly aver that an universal liberty is due to all, are against impositions of every kind, though they patiently submit to many themselves, and are perhaps the only people of all mankind, whose practice (as a body,) corresponds with their principles. [Balt. Federal Republican.

Dysentery Complaints.

As the season of the year has returned in which Diarrhoeas and Dysentery complaints, are more prevalent than at some other seasons of the year, permit me, Sir, to state, for the benefit of my fellow citizens, that by upwards of twenty-seven years' experience I have found, that whenever my bowels were affected by any of these disorders, RICE has been a sovereign remedy, and it has always relieved me in a few hours; and it has always been attended with the same good effect when complaints of that nature have attacked any of my children or family. I have frequently recommended it to others, who have been benefitted thereby. At this season of the year, I would recommend it to be given to children, as a meal, at two or three times a week—let the rice be sufficiently cooked, either with milk or otherwise, so that it is made palatable—if some prefer it in mutten soup, they will find it beneficial, or in any other way.

JOHN FIRTH.

Gloucester County, N. J. June 24, 1819.

To House Keepers.—A writer in the American Farmer asserts from his personal knowledge, that the juice of the Elder will destroy skippers in meat, as well as prevent them from getting in. Take the leaves of elder and bruised in a mortar, rub the leaves thus bruised over the meat (hams, smoked beef, &c.) and if there are any holes in the meat in which the skippers have found their way, pour in a little of the juice, and they will roll out in a short time. The application of the elder juice does not communicate any bad taste to the meat.

Religion.—Women who have fed their minds with the maxims of fashion, fall into a deplorable void as they advance in years. The world forsakes them, and their reason likewise departs. To what shall they betake themselves? The past furnishes regret; the present vexations; the future fears. Religion calms all; in uniting her votaries with their God, it reconciles them to the world and to themselves.

Boots and Shoes.

A serious misunderstanding we learn, has lately taken place between the employers and employed, as to the price to be in future allowed for the manufacture of those articles. The former have furnished the latter with a list of the wages to be allowed.—The latter have resisted it as a precedent unparalleled in the annals of the craft, and not to be submitted to by the true sons of Crispin. Each party say they will stick like "wax" to the position they have taken; and their bristles are raised so high that one side refuses to split, and the other to "draw hairs."—Alex. Herald.

Sallad.—A priest having preached from the text "All flesh is grass," found occasion to reprove a poor fellow for eating flesh on days prohibited by the church. The man said very little in his own vindication; but to avoid penance, requested the confessor to tell him whether, admitting what he had asserted, that all flesh was grass, he might not eat it as a sallad.

The late Rev. John Wesley, in a discourse he delivered in George-ard chapel, Hull, asserted that six hours sleep was sufficient for a man, even hours for a woman, eight for a child, and nine hours for a pig.