



POETRY.

TRUE LOVE.

Oh! say not Woman's Love is bought. Oh! say not Woman's Love is bought With vain and empty treasure, Oh! say not woman's heart is caught By every idle pleasure.

Oh! say not Woman's false as fair, That like the bee she ranges, Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare, As fickle fancy changes.

PATRICK'S ECONOMY.

While Pat and Tom, with various talk, Pass'd off the time, one morning's walk, The conversation chanced to rove Upon a new invented stove:

Miscellaneous.

NAPOLEON.

On returning from his fruitless embassy to China, in 1817, Lord Amherst called at St. Helena, and, with his suite, paid a visit to the illustrious prisoner of the government of Great-Britain.

"Bonaparte's person had nothing of that morbid fulness which I had been led to look for; on the contrary, I scarcely recollect to have seen a form more expressive of strength, and even of vigor. It is true that he was very large, considering his height, which is about five feet seven inches; but his largeness had nothing of unwieldiness.

"There was nothing in the appearance of Bonaparte, which led us to think that his health had at all suffered by his captivity. On the contrary, his repletion seemed to be the consequence of active nourishment. His form had all that tone, and his movement all that elasticity, which indicated and spring from powerful health.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

A writer in the Baltimore Federal Republican commenting on the important influence which females may exercise, in stimulating the ambition, and rewarding the efforts of genius, observes: It is well known that the Task, the most classical and most admired of all Cowper's works, was written at the particular request of a female friend.

Occhi stelle mortali Ministri de miei mali, Ic chinsi m'uccedite, Apperti che farete?

Which may be thus translated—"Beautiful eyes! mortal stars!—authors of my misfortune! if ye would being closed, what would ye do if open?" This strange adventure awakened Milton's sensibility; and from that moment, full of the desire of finding the unknown fair, he some years afterwards travelled through Italy.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

THE SAGE OF MONTICELLO.

Mr. Editor.—The following letter of the sage of Monticello, I took from a newspaper at the time it first appeared. It was written in answer to one addressed to him by a member of the very respectable and liberal society of Christians; happily and correctly called Friends, in which he expressed great concern for Mr. Jefferson's soul.

Having lately shown it to several of my friends, who were anxious for a copy, I send it to you for publication, that a document so valuable, containing principles so elevated, ennobling and comprehensive may not be so confined in its influence, but may rise, like the light of day, diffusing its benign influence far and wide.

trymen with the diffusive and fraternalizing influence of charity, and invigorate their souls to the performance of every duty, and may they smooth the declining life of the venerable author, and gather a heavenly lustre around his path, illuminating his passage to the tomb.

LETTER.

Sir—I have duly received your favor of August 29, and am sensible of the kind intention from which it flows, and truly thankful for them, the more so as they could only be the result of a favorable estimate of my public course—as much devoted to study as a faithful transaction of the trust committed to me would permit.

No subject has occupied more of my consideration than our relations with all the beings around us, our duties to them and our future prospects. After hearing all which probably can be suggested concerning them, I have formed the best judgment I could, as to the course they prescribe, and in the due observance of that course, I have no recollections which give me uneasiness. An eloquent preacher of your religious society, Richard Mott, in a discourse of much unction and pathos, is said to have exclaimed aloud to his congregation, that "he did not believe there was a Quaker, Presbyterian, Methodist, or Baptist, in heaven."

I believe with the Quaker preacher, that he who observes those moral precepts in which all religions concur, will never be questioned at the gate of heaven, as to the dogmas in which all differ: that, on entering there all are left behind us, and the Aristides and Catos, the Penns and Tillotsons, Presbyterians and Papists, will find themselves united in all the principles which are in concert with the Supreme Mind. Of all the systems of morality, and ancient or modern, which have come under my observation, none appears to me so pure as that of Jesus. He who follows this steadily, need not, I think, be uneasy, although he cannot comprehend the subtleties and mysteries erected on his doctrines by those who calling themselves his special followers and favorites,—would make him come into the world to his snares for all understandings but theirs.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Monticello, Sept. 18, 1813.

From a London paper.

Mansion House.—Thomas Day, a shewman, who has a booth in Bartholomew Fair, attended yesterday, accompanied by an officer, upon the charge of having fired a pistol of gunpowder at a boy's eye, through a crevice in the canvass of his receptacle.

The officer, before the defendant made his appearance, stated to the lord mayor, that the shewman was below, covered up in a coach, and could not be brought up without great inconvenience to himself. His lordship sent down his compliments, and begged the favor of an interview.

Soon after Mr. Day's name was called out, and room was made, but although it was said that the defendant was present, he was invisible to the mayor, who looked round him with an inquisitive eye for some moments.

His lordship asked where Mr. Day was?

"Here," uttered a voice like that of a frog, "I am Mr. Day?"

The eyes of the hearers were directed to the spot from whence the voice was heard, but nothing was to be seen. At last one of the officers stooped down, and catching hold of something in one hand, raised it up, and placing it on his arm, exhibited the complete epitome of a man.

The lord mayor, after his astonishment had subsided, said, he was sorry to hear that Mr. Day had so violently broken the peace, and begged to know what provocation had induced him to blow gunpowder in a boy's eyes?

Mr. Day addressed the lord mayor in the most theatrical manner; he declared, that he had been molested by so many boys, with whom the unfortunate size of his body threw him upon an equality, that his life was really miserable. He had entertained some fears that a set of these tormentors had devised a plan to carry him off (a plan not at all impracticable, as he appeared to be not much larger than a quatern loaf!) He had therefore provided himself with a little gunpowder, with the view of frightening his persecutors, who had already cut several holes in his booth, to the great prejudice of his business. He fired his pistol on this occasion, and unhappily hurt his complainant; but he had not intended it, and was ready to remunerate him.

The Lord Mayor—Well, I have no objections; but although you are small, you must not think yourself so highly privileged.—You may knock a man of six feet down, if you like; but you must not blow either his brains or his eyes out.

The father of the boy attended and stated, that as the little man had expressed his sorrow for his conduct, and had agreed to make some reparation, he was not disposed to prosecute.

Mr. Day was therefore discharged.

RAPE.

We observe by the Boston papers, that Peter Johnson, of Berkshire county, Massachusetts, had been tried for a Rape on Charity Booth, and sentenced to be hung.

Chief Justice Parker, in his address to the prisoner, observed.

"You chose the still hour of the night, when the poor defenceless victim of your brutality, with her two infant children (in the necessary absence of the husband and father, their natural protector) were asleep, for the violation of the humble but peaceable dwelling, and after the most fierce and cruel attacks, and being repulse as long as the strength and courage of the sufferer continued, you at last succeed in your diabolical purpose. Surely nothing can be more worthy of death, than the invasion of the peaceful dwelling house in the hour of darkness, for the perpetrating so foul a crime.

The horror of such a scene, where the only choice left to this desolate woman seemed to be the sacrifice of the lives of her children, or of her own person, to the savage fury of one who through blood and in spite of danger, was bent upon the gratification of furious passion, may be imagined but cannot be described. Had the blow which was aimed at your life by this woman, in the courageous defence of her person, taken its full effect, the law of God and the country, would have justified the act, and the voice of the community would have applauded her for the heroic deed."

POPULARITY.

On this subject, the editor of the Baltimore Morning Chronicle, has the following just remarks:

"What is vulgarly called popularity, is a drug so cheap in the political world, that it is unworthy the acceptance of an honorable man: requires the exercise of no other talent than that of deception; the false patriot has nothing more to do than to make pompous promises, and neglect to comply with these promises when made, and he will obtain

vulgar popularity in abundance. Real popularity is a bird of a proud plume, and metaphorically speaking, may be said to belong to the aqueline genus—he wings his way to the centre of light and glory, while he bears plaudits from the glaring multitude below; he is still glaring on the beams, and finally if he does not reside in the blaze, it is not for want of effort, but because he has no atmosphere, where he can exert the energies of his wing."

From the Charleston Courier, Oct. 21.

At a meeting of the South-Carolina Agricultural Society, at their Farm near the city, on Tuesday last, a letter on the culture of Cotton, from a respectable and successful Planter, was read, and it being deemed important to communicate the information it contained, it was resolved to publish the following extracts from the said letter:—

"It is my opinion that the black seed Cotton is much improved by the plant being turned down, from the 15th to the 20th of October. I advised a friend of mine to make the experiment, in the year 1797. He did so, and was so well satisfied with the benefit resulting from this mode, that he continued it as long as he remained in this State, and generally gathered in his whole crop by Christmas, quite white and free from stain.

"In 1801, I took the management of my own estate, and have since that period practised what I had recommended to my friend, and with the greatest success. I now plant the green seed or short staple Cotton, and I think it indispensably requisite to have the plants turned down about a week before the time for expecting a frost."

The letter from which the above extracts are made is in the possession of the Secretary of the South-Carolina Agricultural Society.

To purify Tallow for Candles.

Take 5-8ths of tallow and 3-8ths of mutton-suet, melt them in a copper cauldron, with a half pint of hot water to each pound of grease. As soon as they are melted, mix 8 oz. of brandy, one of salt of tartar, one of cream of tartar, one of salamoniac, two of pure and dry pot-ash. Throw the mixture into the cauldron, make the ingredients boil a quarter of an hour, then let the whole cool. Next day the tallow will be found on the surface of the water, in a pure cake. Take it out, and expose it to the air for some days, on canvass. It will become white, and almost as hard as wax. The dew is very favorable to its bleaching.—Make your wicks of fine, even cotton; given them a coat of melted wax; then cast your mould candles. They will have the appearance of wax in a great degree, and one of them (six to the pound) will burn fourteen hours, and not run.

Am. Museum, vol. 9, p. 46, 1791.

There was lately a challenge passed between two of the sable race, attended by the following extraordinary circumstances. A black man by the name of Cuffee and another by the name of Pero fell in love with the same sable Dulcinea. Cuffee was rewarded with her smiles, and was married—Pero, indignant at his rejection, declared that he was entirely reconciled to the match, since the sable beauty was equipped with lips too thick for his delicate enjoyment. This report was conveyed to Cuffee, who declared it an utter falsehood, and gave a challenge, that was promptly accepted. Cuffee came on the ground with a pair of loaded horse pistols, and waited the appointed time for his antagonist, who did not appear. Cuffee then discharged his pistol in the air, in token of triumph, and then declared that he would post his antagonist for a reward as soon as he could find any one capable of writing such an article for a newspaper."

Baltimore Morning Chronicle.