



POETRY.

FROM THE OHIO PATRIOT.

"LET ME."

IN E'en on that lip for a moment have gaz'd,
But a thousand temptations beset me;
And I've thought, as the dear little rubies
you rais'd,
How delightful 'twould be—if you'd
let me.

Then be not so angry for what I have done,
Nor say that you've sworn to forget me;
They were buds of temptation too poulticing
to shun;
And I thought that you could not but—
let me.

When your lip with a whisper came close
to my cheek,
Oh! think how bewitching it met me;
And, plain as the eye of a Venus could
speak,
Your eye seem'd to say—you would let me.

Then forgive the transgression, and bid
me remain,
For, in truth, if I go, you'll regret me,
Then, oh! let me try the transgression
again,
And I'll do all you wish—if you'll let me.

FROM THE WINCHESTER CONSELLATION.

"I'LL LET YOU."

In answer to "LET ME," from the Ohio Patriot.

Is a kiss be delightful, so tempting my lips
That a thousand soft wishes beset you,
I vow by the nectar that Jupiter sips,
On certain conditions—I'll let you.

If you'll swear by my charms that you'll
ever be true,
And that no other damsel shall pet you,
By the stars that now roll round you summit
of blue,
Perhaps, sir—perhaps, sir—I'll let you.

If, not urged by a passion as fleeting as wild,
That makes all the virtues forget you,
But affection uncullied, soft, fervent and
mild,
You ask for the kiss—why—I'll let you.

And Oh! should you seek it, a seal for the
vows,
You intended when first, sir, I met you,
To pledge me your faith and make me your
spouse,
Why then—then, indeed, love—I'll let you.
LOUISA.

Miscellaneous.

FROM THE NATIONAL ADVOCATE.
DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Seated on my couch a few days ago, in a meditative mood, my old servant Nicholas brought me two printed letters, having the character of circulars. The one was as brief as a posy on a ring, but not quite so affectionate, it merely stated that a gentleman of our Bar was a scoundrel, and another gentleman of the Bar signed his name to it; meaning thereby, to stamp it with features of authenticity, as if the assertions of one man could prove the other to be a scoundrel. The other letter was likewise printed, and gave the origin and progress of the dispute, which, in my mind, placed the gentleman who ventured upon the broad assertion in rather an awkward predicament; but as I esteem it impertinent for individuals to trouble the community with their petty disputes, I gave them to Nicholas, leaving it entirely to his fancy as to their disposal. I could not, however, but reflect on how many serious disputes, attended also with fatal consequences, are produced by a want of courtesy, by an insolent, domineering and haughty tone among men assembled for business or pleasure.

It has always appeared extraordinary to me, why man should be so perverse as to adopt a repulsive or insolent manner, in his intercourse with his fellow-men. Surely, if to be esteemed, respected and beloved, be worth an effort, that effort should be a courteous one. Whatever difference exists in the rank of individuals, there is in man an innate spirit which cannot brook contempt, and he who can tamely submit to it is unworthy of the name. Men in power, men in wealth and high pre-

tensions, are too apt to forget the respect due to those to whom fortune has not been so bountiful, they acquire or assume a fictitious air of superiority, which their power and wealth cannot bestow; this leads to disputes, and disputes frequently produce fatal results. There is but one mode which has presented itself to my mind, whereby a proud, contumelious, or impertinent man can be fairly put down, and that is, by shunning him, having no intercourse with such a person, and if the pressing call of business brings you in contact with him, treat him with uncommon politeness, shunning in all cases, every thing wearing the appearance of familiarity, and terminating, as soon as possible, all concerns between you; this is a wholesome and safe regimen for arrogance and dictation. Proscribe the man and solitude will cure him; for harsh measures and retaliation are dangerous experiments, you ruffle your own temper, produce unnecessary excitement, and throw yourself in the breach of danger by placing yourself on his level, to show, what is very unnecessary, that you possess equal spirit.

Of all the despicable shifts by which one man, to accomplish selfish objects, wishes to injure another, that one, familiarly called *posting*, is most contemptible.

Your declaration that a man is a coward and a scoundrel, because he will not fight you, does not necessarily make him so. I have known many cowards to fight duels; plain, palpable, unconditional cowards,—with hearts no bigger than a pigeon's; men actually afraid of the sneers of some dozen dandies, who tremble at the cold glances of the *beau monde*, and the pert toss of the head of Miss Nancy, who can't abide the fellow because he wouldn't fight Master Jackey; and these heroes have gone to the field, very ridiculously called the field of honor, *shut their eyes*, fired their pistols at random, and, if a bullet grazed their skins, they have fainted at the sight of their own blood and been carried home, and ever after have passed for valiant men. "Ma conscience," as Bailie Nicol Jarvie says, that the world is so blind as to attach consequence and character to such fictitious effort of bravery. The man of true courage never insults or receives an insult with impunity: he is too proud, too honorable, to say any thing hurtful to the feelings of another; and if he is treated with arrogance or insolence, he resents it on the spot—the feelings of nature are outraged, and nature's kind mother furnishes the redress: he does not go home, meditate and ease his boiling fury with writing a note, sending it to the printer, and declaring that he who insulted him was a scoundrel. Such a mode of redress is, to say the least of it, very harmless and inefficient. But, it may be asked, do not men of courage sometimes fight duels? Yes, but it is not the *proof* of courage, for cowards also fight, and the trivial causes which so frequently give rise to these meetings, are arguments against fighting, for there is just as much merit in killing your antagonist, because he sneezed too loud, as would exist for a deep and cruel injury, the redress is the same in both cases, and the consequences are likewise the same; this *inequality* in causes and *equality* in effects, shows too plainly, that there is no reason or justice in such appeals. We hear much said about religion, laws of the land, distress of families; these great considerations appear to have but little weight, the order of things must be changed, duelling must be considered a cowardly resort and be brought into disrepute; and we may ask, where is the courage of a man, who receives an insult and does not resent it on the spot, who suffers his aggressor to escape the eminent disgrace of a blow, be it ever so slight, and who takes a cool method of easing or redressing his wrongs, by penning a challenge cautiously, to avoid the law which he fears, and who, if his opponent will not fight,

he posts as a coward with infinite gratification, and then flaps his wings, and "crows like a Chanticleer." No, this is false honor. In all your intercourse with mankind, whether official or personal, be mild and conciliatory, temperate and firm, and if by chance you come in contact with a rude, ill-mannered and insolent person, and he treats you ill, ever after shun that person; and if mankind would unite in adopting this course, the punishment would be greater than pride could bear.

HOWARD.

NAPOLEON.

From Original Anecdotes by Madame Durand.

On the Emperor's reaching the Saxon territories, he enquired whether many fugitives had been seen there, and received for answer, No, Sire, you are the first.

He was fond of splendor and magnificence on all public occasions, though it was his wish that economy should be observed in the interior of his household. As he was once journeying to Campeigne, finding that his carriage did not proceed rapidly as he wished, he let down the window and exclaimed to the lancemen who accompanied him, *Plus vite! Plus vite!* Caulaincourt, who, in quality of grand squire, preceded the Emperor in another carriage, thrust his head out at the window, and declared, with an oath, that he would dismiss all the lancemen if they offered to quicken their pace. The horses accordingly proceeded at a moderate trot. When the Emperor reached Campeigne, he complained of the tardiness of his journey; *Sire,* replied Caulaincourt, very coolly, *allow me more money for the maintenance of your stalls; and you may kill as many horses as you think fit.* Napoleon changed the conversation.

One day, whilst he was breakfasting with the Empress, he asked one of the ladies in waiting, what might be the expence of a *gale*, which was upon the table. *Twelve francs to your Majesty,* replied the lady, good humoredly, *and six francs to a citizen of Paris.* *That is only saying I am imposed upon,* returned Napoleon. *No, Sire, it has always been customary for Sovereigns to pay more than their subjects.* *I do not understand that,* exclaimed the Emperor, emphatically. *I must inquire into this business.* In short, he frequently entered into details of domestic economy, which are sometimes neglected by private individuals.

On another occasion, being in the Empress' apartment, he found he had forgotten his handkerchief, and one belonging to Maria Louisa, which was elegantly embroidered and trimmed with lace, was presented to him. He asked one of the ladies what it might cost: *Sire,* said she, *it is worth between 80 and 90 francs.* He made her repeat the words a second time, as though he misunderstood her. *Well,* said he, *if I were a lady in the service of the Empress, I would steal one of these handkerchiefs every day; why it would be worth all the emoluments of your station!* *It is fortunate Sire,* replied the lady, with a smile, *that her Majesty is surrounded by persons less interested than you seem to imagine.*

One morning, that one of his Chamberlains, related to the first nobility of France, was in the anti-chamber of the Emperor's closet, the latter called him, and asked for a book. *Sire,* said the Chamberlain, *the Valets are gone out, but I will call them.* *I do not ask them,* replied Napoleon, *I ask you: What difference is there between them and you? They have a laced green livery, and you have an embroidered red.*

When Bonaparte, then first consul for life, wished to take the title of Emperor, his brother Lucien opposed himself to the project with all his power; and finding his efforts

* Madame Durand was one of the ladies of the bed-chamber of Maria Louisa.

unavailing. *Your ambition knows no bounds,* said he; *you are master of France, you wish to be master of all Europe.* Do you know what the result will be? You will be smashed to pieces like this wretch—flinging his watch violently upon the floor.

EXTRACT.

From Brackenridge's Voyage to South America.

The emigrant from almost any country in Europe, in moderate circumstances, would better his fortune by removing to Brazil. But the American, educated in the ideas of a government so different from those which fit a man to live under a monarchy, would find himself exposed to many vexations. An American who has been accustomed to a liberty apparently without controul, who knows not what it is to be eternally hedged with bayonets, or to meet at every step with the display of military power, would find his situation extremely irksome. The frowns of haughty lordlings, the abuses and oppressions practiced by persons, dressed in a little "brief authority," must either keep his mind continually disturbed, or break down his spirit. There are so many restraints on personal liberty, and so many naked swords to enforce them, that he feels a repugnance to take a single step, through fear of having his pride wounded by some insolent mercenary wretch, who thinks himself privileged to be a tyrant. Those who are minutely acquainted with the ways of the country, may possibly steer clear

the like mortifications to which the stranger must inevitably be exposed. How different from this is our country, where the coercive power of the government is so studiously concealed, and where the laws and the force of public opinion, are infinitely more powerful than all the bayonets of despotism! The stranger who lands on our happy soil, carries within his own breast the guide of his actions—a guide which will enable him with confidence to avoid giving offence, or incur displeasure, by following the golden rule, of "doing unto others as he would that others should do unto him." By simply following this rule, he may go wheresoever he pleases, say what he pleases, do what he pleases, without fear of being arrested on malicious suspicions, or of having his property taken from him, by despotic avarice.

Baltimore American.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

The remarkable circumstance of the existence of two persons possessed of the power of knowing the thoughts of each other; although placed at any distance, was first noticed about two years ago in the Petersburg Intelligencer; and various accounts have since been published in corroboration of this singular phenomenon of the human mind.

We are well acquainted with two gentlemen who lately visited these ladies, for the express purpose of ascertaining the correctness of the reports which have been circulated. The place of the twin sisters is in the county of Fluvanna, about eight miles above Columbia.

After our friends were introduced to the Misses H—, it was agreed that one should stay in the house with one sister; while the other should accompany the second to the garden at a little distance from the house. Our friends were distinctly made to understand that they only knew the ideas of each other; when those ideas arose voluntarily in their own minds, and were not forced upon them from others.—That a stranger might suggest a general subject; but the particulars must proceed from them; for example, one of our friends asked the sister in the house to think upon something about his person.—She looked at him and replied she was thinking upon the morning gown in which he was dressed. The sister in the garden when interrogated gave precisely the same answer. She was then requested

to think something about our other friend; she answered she was thinking about his boots. The sister in the garden exactly re-echoed the same words. The first was then requested to think upon some person in the city of Richmond. She replied she would think upon Mr. M— H—, who lives in Richmond. The second sister precisely agreed.—The first was again asked to fix her attention upon something about Kentucky. She answered she was thinking about a gentleman in Kentucky, whose name she mentioned, that had lately visited their neighborhood for the purpose of getting married, but was disappointed. The sister in the garden gave precisely the same reply.

In this manner they were interrogated about seventy questions, and in their answers never varied, and our friends who visited them, are of opinion that they would have answered any number that would have been proposed to them, mentioning the general subject and permitting them to select the particular object. It is proper to add that the general subject is only mentioned to one of the sisters, but not to the other. In the conversation which took place with our friends, the general subject was only mentioned to the sister in the house; and the one in the garden made the same reply as her sister in the house; without having any information as to the subject proposed.

The powers of sympathy which these twin sisters possess, are represented to us as truly extraordinary, and well deserving the notice of the public. Perhaps such a supernatural faculty of the mind was never before witnessed.

Petersburg Intelligencer.

SOLEMN REFLECTION.

How futile are all our efforts to evade the obliterating hand of time! As I traversed the dreary wastes of Egypt, on my journey to Grand Cairo, I stopped my camel a while, and contemplated in awful admiration, the stupendous pyramids. An appalling silence prevailed around—such as reigns in the wilderness when the tempest is hushed, and the beasts of prey have retired to their dens. The myrads that had once been employed in rearing these lofty mementos of human vanity, whose busy hum once enlivened the solitude of the desert, had all been swept from the earth by the irresistible arm of death—all were mingled with their native dust—all were forgotten! Even the mighty names which these sepulchres were designed to perpetuate, had long since faded from remembrance—history and tradition afford but vague conjectures, and the pyramids imparted a humiliating lesson to the candidate for immortality. Alas!—alas! said I to myself, how mutable are the foundations on which our proudest hopes of future fame repose.—He who imagines he has secured to himself a meed of deathless renown, indulges in deluded visions, which only bespeak the vanity of the dreamer. The storied obelisk—the triumphal arch—the swelling dome shall crumble into dust, and the names they would preserve from oblivion, shall often pass away before their own duration is accomplished.

Electioneering Address.

We are told the following is a literal copy of a handbill, posted up in a neighboring State, by a facetious old Frenchman who keeps a ferry.

"My name Johnny Conte!
"I candidate for de'sembly
"Any one he vote for me,
"He passa my ferry free!"

A lady asked her husband what the difference was between exportation and transportation. "My dear," replied the goodnatured husband, "there is a difference, and I will endeavor to bring it as near your understanding as possible; suppose that you were exported, I certainly should be transported."