



Poetry

From the Franklin Gazette.

The following Jew D'espirt, addressed to Miss C. of London, a little, short lady, was originally published in the Monthly Magazine, printed in that city a number of years ago.

Little things are best.

When any thing abounds, we find That nobody will have it; But when there's a little of the kind, Don't all the people crave it!

Happy girl! I think thee so, For such the poet's song— Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long.

Epigram on two Contractors. To gain the public two contractors came, One plums corn—the other cheats in grain, Whom the greater knave ye wits explain, As plums in spirit, or a rogue in grain.

FLOWERS OF WIT.

Agassiz, king of Sparta, when he was asked, if he was desirous to have a man famous for imitating the notes of the nightingale, he declined the offer, saying, "I have heard the nightingale herself."

A coxcomb, who had nothing else to boast but his being a native of Greece, viewing Anacharsis with eyes of contempt, reproached him with the barbarous state of Scythia. "I confess," said Anacharsis, "I have some reason to be ashamed of my country; but has your country no reason to be ashamed of you?"

Gustavus Adolphus.—In less than a year he overran the greatest part of Germany, and surmounted every obstacle opposed to his arms. When he was besieging Ingolstadt, his horse was killed under him by a cannon ball. To an officer who ran to remount him, he coolly said, "I have had a narrow escape—but perhaps the post is not yet ripe."

Upon a similar occasion, his chancellor entreated him not to risk his life so often.—Gustavus said, to him with warmth, "You are always too cold; and you stop my progress." "True, sire," said the chancellor, "I confess I am cold; but if I did not sometimes throw a little of my ice into your fire, you would be burnt to ashes."

Gallery Criticism.

As Mrs. Porter was performing that part of the character of Lady Nottingham, in the tragedy of the Earl of Essex, where she excuses herself from having any concern in procuring the earl's execution.—A sailor in the gallery cried out, "You lie, you h—, you know you have the ring in your pocket."

The late sir Fletcher Norton was in his character of a counsellor rather coarse; he once examined Mr. Alderman Shakespeare as a witness, and in the course of his interrogation, said in a very rude way, "And pray what trade are you, friend?" "A rope-maker, at your service," replied the Alderman.

Printers' Toast.

The liberty of the press, and the press of liberty.

A Schoolmaster.

A smart Yorkshire lad, who was sent to school to one Wilkins, near Pontefract, having one day insulted a gentleman by calling him Pontius Pilate, was very severely corrected for it: the master at every out he gave him cautioned him never to say Pontius Pilate again. This the lad carefully treasured in his memory, and being soon after catechised in church, when he came to the belief, instead of saying he suffered under Pontius Pilate, said, he suffered under Timothy Wilkins, schoolmaster.

No Dependence.

A gentleman begging Villars Duke of Buckingham, to employ his interest for him at court, added, that he had nobody to depend on but God and his grace. "Then," said the duke, "your condition is desperate; you could not have named any two who have less interest at court."

Voltaire in his younger years wrote a very severe satire on a man of rank in France. The nobleman one day meeting the poet in a narrow lane, where it was impossible to escape, gave him a severe drubbing. Voltaire complained to the regent and requested justice. "It is too late," replied the regent, "justice has been done already."

A Love Letter.

From a Taylor to a Mantua Maker.

REMNANT OF MY HOPES. May I be ripped from the borders of your esteem, and never to be buttoned to the loop of your kindness, but I am strongly seamed to the hem of your beauty: may I never have a fumble-full of your favour, but you have so entangled the thread of my understanding with that pretty little outside of yours, that I am stark mad to be your Ode-bodkins. I am surely your's every stitch of me. Wherever you go you are my North, and my needle follows you; hunt not, therefore, the point of my endeavours, but let me base myself to your kindness, that I may sit the lighter to your affections. I love you beyond measure, but it is so hard to cabbage one sweet look from you, that I almost despair of having enough to finish my suit.

Pray you put a favorable construction on this, and for the same I shall always sit cross-legged for your sake, being, my dearest little houncer, Yours, P. O.

Miscellaneous.

From a Magazine of 1802.

ILL EFFECTS OF BAD HABITS. Ill habits gather by unseen degrees, As brook run to rivers, rivers run to seas.

The force of habit is so strong, that it has obtained the appellation of a second nature. It steals upon us by imperceptible degrees, until its power is so firmly established, that all our desires and appetites are in conformity to it, and regulated by it. It is truly astonishing to see what wonders habit has produced. There are many luxuries of life now in use, which, in their nature, are harmful and incongruous to the natural taste; yet, by habitual use, they become delicious sweets. Among the superfluities of life those may be enumerated, viz. almost all kinds of spirituous liquors, tea, tobacco and snuff. All these at first are disagreeable to a person's natural relish; but by unremitting perseverance in consuming, and a determined resolution to use them, the not and voluptuary can finally say, that the consumption of these articles, not only afford real satisfaction, but is absolutely necessary to support life; however, a temperate use of these cannot be deemed a crime, but an excess; thus much may be said, it does not constitute a person virtuous or meritorious to sip at the bottle—to have a partiality for tea—a fondness for tobacco, and a love for snuff. Inebriety or an immoderate use of liquors is an evil habit. This destructive inclination comes on gradually, and if we take a retrospective view of the lives of those notorious for a love

of spirits, we shall find the vice comes on by gradation. At first their passions were easily gratified; but soon they begin to cry a little more, a little more. In the morning they must have a dram; this suffices for an hour or two; then there comes on a strange feeling; they guess a little gin or brandy would be a good restorative; the difficulty is immediately removed, and they feel refreshed; but at eleven o'clock a terrible faintness is felt in the stomach; what can this mean? After a short recollection the problem is solved, and they say 'tis flip time. Thus, from a spark it grows to a flame, and at length a permanent friendship is formed with their daily conqueror.

So of the profane person, he at first begins moderately; he does not stick at saying I vow, &c. Presently he can damp and curse; and being an apt scholar, he learns fast. At length he can swear, and swear joining hands. Thus he progresses from step to step, all the most shocking oaths are uttered without hesitation, and the most sacred name of the Deity is taken in vain, and sported with on every occasion.—The person who undertakes to propagate falsehoods, at first tells a large truth; its veracity is called in question; then it is expedient to tell twenty to elucidate the first assertion.—So, in every vicious practice, small deviations from the rule of right lead on to crimes of greater magnitude. In a review of the subject, a few reflections naturally arise. The evil consequences of allowing an extravagant use of tea, tobacco, snuff, &c. do not amount to a loss of reputation; but the advocates of these vegetables may injure their constitutions; lessen their property, and lose their delicacy. Here let me ask the question, has tobacco the qualities to make a person's countenance more beautiful, or his company more desirable? And who does not abhor a snuff-taker? The man of intemperance destroys his health, reason and interest; ruins his character; incapacitates himself for any kind of employment; wounds the feelings of a tender wife; exhibits a pernicious example for the imitation of his rising offspring; brings shame and disgrace on his friends and connections; and sinks himself below the brute creation. Dr. Watts beautifully represents the intemperate man in the following lines:

The drunkard feels his vital powers, Yet doubts his health to plea at his taste, Till all his active powers are lost, And falling life drops near to death.

On the supposition that a person's being addicted to profanity was no crime, it cannot be the mark of a gentleman to swear and blaspheme. Would he appear more lovely to his associates, would he be in a crowd of hearers, by now and then peering forth a volley of oaths, he were likely to attract their attention and preserve esteem? I trust he would not; but when we consider the practice in its true light, see the amazing turpitude of using with the name of God; ought it not to deter us from the practice, and discomposure and condemn it in others. As men are dependent one upon another, confidence should exist between man and man, in order to facilitate business and preserve peace and harmony. When a man's word cannot be depended on, intercourse is obstructed, and the evils become serious; then to remedy this inconvenience, let us invariably adhere to the truth. As a friend to youth, and as one who feels the importance of forming habits of sobriety in juvenile days, I earnestly solicit you, if you have any regard for yourself, your families and friends, to abstain from intemperance, impurity of language and falsehood. In so doing, you will save your reputation, preserve your credit and usefulness; prevent the tear of anguish from flowing down the cheek of a compassionate father and mother, save your brothers and sisters sorrow and anxiety, and the richest of heaven's gifts shall descend to bless you.

LUCUBRATOR.

From the New York Columbian.

TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS. Hort. Part, Long-Island, March 19, 1816.

Those who have recently frequented the markets at New-York, have been, I understand, greatly surprised at the sight of the Russian Turnips, which have been there sold for many years; and I am informed, that the person who has hitherto taken them to market, has misrepresented himself, as having raised them, or at least as having had a hand in raising them, while he has not informed any one of the names of the proprietor of them. Deeming this a matter of great public interest, I shall hope to be excused in the trespassing for a moment on your patience, while I relate the real facts. Always having thought, that by the cultivation of root-crops and green crops, the clear profit of any farm in America might be much more than doubled, I formed the design last summer, to try how those crops would succeed here. I did not land at New-York till the 6th of May; I took a piece of land on the 20th of May, so poor that all my neighbors said nothing would grow on it; the far greater part of it was covered with weeds and brambles; there were not twenty loads of manure on the place; I have never bought any; upon about seven acres of this land, I raised about three thousand bushels of Russian Turnips. I made satisfactory experiments as to mangel-wurzel, carrots, parsnips, and cabbages, none of which were down till the month of June, and yet the crops were surprisingly great. It is my intention to publish an account of all these experiments very soon; but I shall first publish an account of the Russian Turnip culture. The root will grow for sheep and oxen, will half keep a horse, and half a pig of a good sort; and if boiled or steamed quite fat such a pig. Its qualities for the roots are well known, and the bulk of the crop may be made prodigious. My turnips were of various bulk on different parts of the land. Upon one acre there were 840 bushels; and if I live to next November, I have no doubt of being able to show 800 bushels upon an acre. Many of my turnips weighed more than ten pounds each. Any that go to market weigh from 6 to 8 pounds—and, as in the case of all fruits, the largest are the sweetest and richest. Having seen how well adapted the climate was to this culture, I wrote home for some seed to be sent me from a very worthy friend in Hampshire, which I expect to arrive very soon. When it does arrive, I shall cause the part I do not want of it to be offered for sale at a moderate price, having a great desire to see this root generally cultivated. I have no doubt that seed raised in this country would be as good as raised in England; but as I have yet no knowledge of this matter, I speak only of the produce of Hampshire seed, and of seed too, raised with great care by my neighbor before mentioned.—The raising of the seed is rather a nice matter; but I shall, this summer, raise some myself, and I shall give full instructions, in print, how to raise it in the best manner. My stay in the U. States may not be long; but I am not without some hopes that my visit will be remembered by the introduction of the root culture, and by the driving out of long-nosed, long-necked, long-legged, sharp-backed, and pot-bellied hogs.

WAL COBBETT.

N. B. I have used the words Russian Turnips, because they are used in this neighborhood. We, in England, call it the Swedish turnip. It is the real Ruta Boga. Its bulb is of a deep yellow, and its leaf is of a pea green. It is, I find, sometimes called the Cabbage Turnip.

A Retort.—Lord B. who sports a ferocious pair of whiskers, meeting Mr. Curran, in Dublin, the latter said, "When do you mean to place your whiskers on the peace establishment?" The former replied, "when you place your tongue on the civil list?"