

### Prose.

#### MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

The world does often oddities produce,  
In this penurious, and in that profuse,  
Whom small expenditures will trouble more  
Than hundreds squandered on some other score.

On some occasion of vexations wo,  
We hate all balm that comfort would bestow;  
We rather choose to nurse our fretful fire;  
And cherish sentiments of spite and ire.

Though reasonable the sovereign of the mind,  
With all the passions to his sway consigned,  
No power that rules, on earth, in air, or main,  
Had e'er a harder empire to maintain.

It oft amuses us in life to trace  
The subtle logic and imploring face  
Of those who, conscious they have stept astray,  
And made some little blunders in their day,  
Would fain persuade us, and themselves, in  
spite  
Of common reason, that they acted right;  
And try to lull their wounded minds to rest,  
By arguing that "all is for the best."

Each worthy action of our life gone by  
Affords some solace to our latest sigh;  
And every evil one, by settled doom,  
Pursues us with repentance to the tomb.

As surely as we change our humble state,  
And crowned ambition makes us rich or great,  
Whatever splendor fortune may bestow,  
Whatever pleasures power may teach to flow,  
New cares and troubles rise around us too,  
Which lay before secluded from our view.

When time, unnoted, swiftly steals away,  
Deceived by ardent thought or fancy gay,  
The mind enjoys the energy of health,  
And triumphs in its intellectual wealth;  
But when dull, gloomy, tedious hours succeed,  
That seem to linger in their wonted speed,  
The mind is low—its springs are nearly dry  
And cannot then the stream of thought supply,  
Which loves the subtle path of truth to trace,  
Or deck existence with ideal grace.

When we behold aught beautiful or great,  
Which art has formed, or nature did create,  
It yields not only pleasure while we gaze,  
But lends it also to our future days.  
The painting, touched with admirable grace,  
The statue, exquisite in form and face,  
The splendid palace, reared with Grecian skill,  
The noble city—we contemplate still.  
The steam that bubbles through romantic  
bonds;

The valley where the shepherd's pipe resounds,  
The tangled forest, opening into glades,  
That gratefully relieve its twilight shades,  
The boundless heath, that wears a sullen frown;  
Th' enormous mountain, with its cloudy crown  
And craggy sides; the river rushing o'er  
A dreadful precipice, with thundering roar  
And foaming rage—indebly impress,  
Maintain a lively image in our breast;  
And still as Memory reviews the past,  
Appear again, and please us to the last. C.

### Variety.

#### Mixing together profit and delight.

#### FROM THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.

A Sketch of the Internal Condition of the U. States of America, and of their Political Relations with Europe. By A. Rossian. Translated from the French, by An American. *Winn Notes.*

A foreigner's account of our institutions and manners always finds eager readers in America. We entertain this curiosity in common, no doubt, with all other people; but in us it has been heightened by some accidents in our situation, into a sort of impatient anxiety. Our portrait has been drawn by those, for the most part, whom some very intelligible feelings have prevented from regarding us with much good nature, while, at the same time, certain affinities existing between us, have encouraged a hope of the better treatment at their hands. What has magnified the provocation is the respect we entertain for them at heart, and the means they possess, through the diffusion of their language and literature, of giving currency to the error. It is John Bull, in short, that has most sorely moved the spirit of Brother Jonathan.

That sturdy personage is no favorite, indeed, nearer home, nor is the dislike of him, among his continental neighbors, to be dated only from the era of Lord Castlereagh. Long before that time he had acquired the unlucky fame of ever pertinacious nationality; would quarrel with the skies of Italy for being too bright, and with his neighbors of France for being too gay; and, with that insular prejudice, which the most philosophical of his own historians has remarked in him, was always mightily inclined to think that there was little worth having out of England. Now we cannot allow the wealth of our kinsman to be an apology for his ill manners; and it is with a kind of amazement, that we see him wandering over the world, and every where piquing himself on sullyng his national reputation with his individual peculiarities, and, above all, by a stulkiness, which,

making every allowance for the vaporously he was born under, is quite incomprehensible.

But if our elder brother regards with scorn all deviations from his own standard of notions, even in those who speak a different tongue, and live under different laws from his own, he suffers a sort of angry surprise, when he sets foot on these shores of his own planting.—Here every thing is at once *aliud et idem*, the same, yet not exactly the same, with what he has been accustomed to see at home. Where language, dress, manners, and modes of all sorts, are wholly different, comparison is less easy, or their respective merits must be adjusted by that general fitness of things, which always leaves much to be said on both sides. But here, where he sees a prevailing similarity to his own institutions, and where the general imitation on one part seems an implied acknowledgment of superiority on his, the particular differences, arising out of physical and moral circumstances, are apt to strike him rather as awkward resemblances, than as intended deviations. He is less lenient towards them for much the same reason, that he ridicules more unsparingly a Scotchman's or an Irishman's blunders, in English, than those of a Spaniard or an Italian.—It is pretty obvious, in short, without recurring to more serious causes of difference, why we should meet less grace at the hands of England, than of countries, which, having fewer affinities with ourselves, might seem at first, less likely to appreciate us fairly.

In justice, however, it must be owned, that a part of all this must be set down to ignorance. There is, for instance, a strange incapacity of learning American geography in John Bull: an appellation, by the way, which we bestow on him so often, not in the spirit of reproach, but because, for some reason or other, he seems to take a pride in it. We do not refer now to any particular mistake, as when his reviewers enumerate Philadelphia among the States, or his poets make the aboriginals in Pennsylvania,—but to the general inability which he seems to labor under, of distinguishing one part of our country from another, and of conceiving that they may have different shades of culture, manners, and civilization. To him it is all a single point, a wilderness without limits or distinction. He thinks, we believe, that the buffalo runs wild in Boston, and a murder on our remote frontier is enough to give him an ill opinion of the police of New-York. An American could not blunder more, were he to fancy that half-naked Highlanders walk about brandishing their clay mores in Regent Street. He seems quite to forget, that when our progenitors left his shores, they left it with the same refinements that he himself had, or, to use the language of our author, that "though our country is new, yet its civilization is old." It should not seem incredible, that a country, planted by civilized Englishmen two centuries ago, should have made considerable advances since. These reflections ought to calm the alarms of any worthy dowagers, whose sons may hereafter have the rashness to betlink them of a tour among the North American Indians; and may perhaps serve to explain how it happens, that a country where men *gouge*, and stab, and shoot, and play the "regulator," should have polished cities and well dressed women, and balls, and assemblies, and operas.—But in truth we give ourselves quite too much concern about this matter. Time will tell all the truth at length, and place us in the true light, however our critics may darken the picture on the one hand, or we ourselves seek to throw in false glares on the other. For it may be, that we sometimes put forth exorbitant pretensions; and while enjoying that general content and complacency, which seem destined to exist but at one stage in the progress of a community, would claim credit for refinements, which are purchased mostly at the price of too abundant population, of inequality of property, and of all the unpalatable fruits of these to the less fortunate classes of luxurious states.

Leaving, therefore, our English kinsmen to correct their prepossessions at leisure, our readers may be curious to know in what light we appear to the native of a country, much more widely remote both in situation and manners.—The gentleman to whom the work is attributed, whose title stands at the head of this article, is well known in the U. States, where he resided and travelled during several years, at different periods, and where his situation and associations were certainly very favorable to just observation. On some points, indeed, it is hardly to be expected, that the subject of a monarchical government will take the tone we could wish. His "Sketch," however, and it is a mere

sketch, will, on the whole, lose him no favor with the moderate and impartial. It adds nothing, to be sure, to our stock of facts concerning ourselves, but it has, at least, the merit of being generally correct; and if the reflections, which are judicious and temperate, have no very striking novelty, this circumstance itself serves to show, that their author has associated intimately with us, and thus become familiar with topics, which are frequent in our political and social circles. Perhaps the best compliment we can pay him is to say, that, fortunately placed as he was for collecting the materials, we should have been well pleased to see his *glance (aperçu)* extended to more numerous and minute details.

#### From the Worcester Magazine.

#### ROGERS HERMAN.

Who was alike distinguished as a profound statesman and jurist, was born at Newton, Mass. on the 19th of April 1721. His parents were obscure but worthy citizens, and he had no better education than the slender and limited provisions of a common free school furnished, at that early period. At a suitable age he was apprenticed to a Shoemaker, having chosen that trade as the business of his life, and continued to labour in this occupation until after he was twenty two. He, however, had a strong and ardent thirst after knowledge, and employed every moment which could be spared from his other avocations in the acquisition of knowledge. It is even said that while labouring he constantly kept a book by him. In 1743, having lost his father, he, with his mother removed to New Milford. Here he was associated with his brother in mercantile business, which gave him a better opportunity to gratify his taste for intellectual improvement; for it appears he made such advances in the severer studies of mathematics, that in 1745, he was appointed surveyor of the county of Litchfield, and gained some celebrity in making the necessary calculations for an almanac. These facts would be hardly worth mentioning, except as they show how a powerful mind developed itself unaided by instruction. His clear and comprehensive views of subjects seemed to recommend him to some pursuit in life which would give a more extended field for intellectual exertion, and his friends urged him to embrace the profession of law. He accordingly commenced the study, and, in 1754, was admitted an attorney and counsellor. In 1755 he was chosen to represent New Milford in the colonial assembly, and was elected several years in succession. He soon attained to eminence in his profession, and in 1759, was elevated to the bench of the Common Pleas for Litchfield. In 1761, he left that county and removed to New Haven, where he was soon elected a representative, and in 1765 was raised to the bench of Common Pleas for the county of New Haven. In 1766, he was chosen by the people of Connecticut an assistant, and in the same year was made a Judge of the Supreme Court. He continued to be returned at every successive election an assistant for seventeen years, and remained on the bench of the Supreme Court until 1789, when he resigned his seat. In 1774 he was elected a member of the first Congress, and was continued either a member of the house or senate until his death, in 1793. His name is among those who subscribed the declaration of Independence. Such is a mere outline of the public services of one of the fathers of this country.

To do justice to a name so conspicuous, to point out in detail the able and faithful manner in which he performed the various and burthensome public duties which devolved upon him, would require a biographical notice that would swell into a volume, or would fill it better. He was a man of plain, unostentatious manners, but firm and unwavering in his opinions. He discharged the duties of the various offices which he held, to the great satisfaction of the public, and with great honor to himself.—His judgment was clear, and so remarkably correct that his colleagues in Congress have said, he never, in all the perplexities of that body, cast a wrong vote. He was more distinguished for his accurate, comprehensive views of subjects, than for his eloquence; hence he was much employed on committees in the investigation of the most complex and difficult matters; and his opinions were always received with great deference and respect. Of the high estimation in which he was held there needs no other proof than the facts that he was elevated by the people of Connecticut, to almost every office within their gift. Of the facility and ability with which he discharged his public duties, there needs

no better proof than his rejection to all offices he would consent to take, as long as he would accept them.

On the whole, Roger Sherman was no common man, but seemed to be fitted to the times in which he lived. He was no demagogue; but a friend to the rights of man, and an enemy to the usurpation of political power. He stood forth, in times of great peril, the advocate of his distressed country, & to him and others who had minds that could not be appalled by disaster nor intimidated by threats, must we attribute the blessings we enjoy as a free and independent nation. In 1793, he died at New Haven, and a monument is erected to his memory in the principal burying place of that city.

#### From the National Intelligencer.

GENTLEMEN:—We have got into some little confusion. I will tell you the story as briefly as I can; and perhaps, as you live at the Seat of Government, and consequently where the wisdom of the nation is, or soon will be, collected, you will be able to give us some advice in our present perplexity. You must know, that we are a thick settled, and, as we think, a genteel, community, living on good terms with our families, and each other. Being brought up in the old superstitious way, we had with considerable pains and expense built a small neat church, and induced a parson, who, by-the-by, was what is called a pious good man, and by keeping school, in addition to the little salary we gave him for preaching, did very well, and was content, and so were we, except when we thought he enforced too closely what is called the moral law, and the troublesome principles enjoined by the Christian system. But of these bigotted and superstitious restraints we were happily released by the *new lights* that were shed upon us by the unanswerable writings and essays of Messrs. SMYTH and SCHURTZ. We very soon drove our parson away, as no longer useful, and converted our little church into a dancing room, by taking away the pews and making an orchestra of the pulpit, and were getting along under this blaze of *new light* very well. But we soon found, to our great joy, that this was but the beginning of our emancipation from a slavery entailed upon us by our poor, blind, and superstitious forefathers. Some numbers of an excellent paper, called "The New Harmony Gazette," were sent to me by a friend. I read them over, first, in the presence of my wife. She listened to them with attention, and appeared to be pleased with their novelty, and, indeed, I confess I was charmed with them myself, although I can assure you we had lived together very comfortably for twelve years, and had half a dozen children; but no doubt our contentment was more negative than real, never dreaming that the matrimonial vows could be broken at pleasure, or I dare say we should have been very impatient under such *slavish* restraints. Be this as it may, my wife sallied out in the morning to visit her neighbors, and of course mentioned the matter. It soon resulted in an ardent desire in the whole village to hear these papers read, and as the place we had formerly consecrated to religious worship was the most commodious for us all to assemble in, we accordingly met, and the reading of these papers seemed to produce a simultaneous curiosity in the whole assembly, both male and female, to adopt its free and unrestraining principles, and shake off, at once, the only remaining shackles to full and complete emancipation, by permitting each other to change old companions and take new ones, if they pleased! and to jumble together all the property, real and personal, into one great common mass! It so happened, by this *new order* of things, that I got my neighbor's wife and another got mine, and so generally; but in this new harmonizing delirium of *love*, we had entirely overlooked the *children*, and had it not have been for this trifling circumstance, I dare say—indeed, I have no doubt—we should all be very happy for at least three or four months—or, at any rate, until the next desire of novelty should seize upon us. But, gentlemen, the children—"There's the rub!"

I find, by the new arrangement, that I have got my neighbor's children and he has got mine; for our wives insisted upon each taking their own children—for I can assure you this New Harmony plan does not destroy all natural affection—so that I am father-in-law to half a dozen children, and so *vice versa*, and that each breed are running at large throughout the village. In short, we have lost all restraint over them, and in our unrestrained manner, they will, in the end, overturn our newly organized society, and let in "Old Chaos." Now,

what I wish is, if, on consultation with some of the wise men of the nation, you should not find yourself able to advise us, that you will be so good as to ask Mr. OWEN—for I dare say you know him, and where he lives—what is to be done with the children that now are, and are yet to come?

There are ten thousand other little matters growing out of this new and blended order of things, but they are trifles, and will cure themselves, no doubt, as we advance to perfection, and therefore do not think it worth while to trouble Mr. OWEN about them; and, indeed, many of them will be merged in the successful management of the children.

As to the community of property, I am delighted with it, and have no fears on that head; and I am astonished that all the civilized nations of the earth do not adopt it. But Mr. Owen gives us the *cheering hope* that that blessed period is fast approaching. I will just mention my own happy state, and be assured there are many in the same situation. I, for instance, had nothing, and am naturally inclined to idleness, and, by this New Harmonizing scheme, I am now literally revelling upon other men's labor. But (between friends) I would not have every one to know this, or it might be the means of driving me out of this new Paradise.

#### A FRIEND TO NEW LIGHTS.

First Year of Mental Independence,  
Answering to the  
1825th Year of Christian Bondage.

Respectable January.—De Verto, in his history of the Knights of Malta, relates that a Mahometan leader of an insurrection being questioned in the presence of his army as to the genuineness of his descent—drawing his sword, exclaimed, "There is my father and mother's sword here scattering a handful of goddamned scoundrels"—are all my relations and progenitors." The genealogy of the chieftain was highly approved of.

American Domestic.—We learn from the Salem Register, that an intelligent foreign gentleman, who brought samples of such of our domestic goods from the West Coast of South America, as are saleable there, took them to Waltham, and ascertained the prices at which they could be made. He afterwards took them to Manchester, in England, and found that goods of the same quality could not be afforded there at the prices they are now selling for in this country. They told him they could make goods resembling them, but the quality of the cotton would not be so good. We understand that it has been recommended to send our domestics to Java. We know the English are enabled to come in competition with us in the South American markets only by making goods resembling ours, and that they are in the habit of sending them to this country with the stamps of American factories on them, so that the most experienced are hardly able to discover the fraud.

#### Bull. Patriot.

Advantages of Advertising.—In Nov. last, Cale R. B. lost a valuable diamond, (such as is used by glaziers for cutting glass,) and advertised the same in the Journal, offering a reward to the person who should return it. Several months elapsed, and he gave it up for lost; but a short time since a man from the country called upon him to know if he had lost a diamond, and on presenting the same to him, related the circumstance of his finding it, and the manner he discovered the name of the owner, several months after he had found it, by purchasing an article at a store in this town, done up in part of a Journal containing Mr. Bull's advertisement, which was discovered by his children on perusing it; after it was taken from the article purchased.

#### Providence Journal.

Last evening an inquest was held by Coroner Aisquith, over the body of John Shipley, at House's tavern, Fish-street, turnpike road, five miles from Boston. Verdict of the Jury, that his death was occasioned by the wheels of a carriage running over his body, supposed to be the Fredericktown mail stage. He was lying in the road, supposed to have fallen in a pit, when the stage passed over him; one wheel across his body, one across his leg and thigh, which were both broke, and his breast crushed in—the whole exhibiting a sight appalling to the beholders. This happened just after dark, and we understand an investigation is to be had to ascertain whether the act was occasioned by accident or great carelessness.

#### Bull. Patriot, Oct. 10.

In Rhode Island, at the late term of the Supreme Court, eighteen petitions for divorce were granted, six continued, and two discontinued.

An Irishman, just from the land of potatoes, His long legs clothed in a pair of red gaiters, By a wag was accosted, with "Holla, friend Pat,  
"How late by your stockings? pray answer me that."  
With a Hercules kick, and a face full of fun,  
He sent him six yards, and said, "Just striking one."