

MISCELLANEOUS

GREECE.

From Poems by Ralph Ferrars.
 And why sits England tamely now?
 Hath fraud, hath fear her arm
 unstrung,
 When every hope, and every vow,
 When every heart, and hand, and
 tongue,
 Should rise in sympathy,
 To bid a kindred race be free?
 Too long the soul of Greece had
 slept,
 Her sons too long had kissed the
 dust,
 Too long her captive daughters
 wept,
 Pale victims to barbaric lust;
 While faith half saw her lingering
 fire
 Beneath the crescent's blaze ex-
 pire.
 Those times are past—A heaven-
 bright hour
 Hath dawned o'er centuries of
 shame,
 And man, despite of tyrant power,
 His long lost heritage shall claim;
 Shall strike, in scorn to be a slave,
 For freedom, or a freeman's grave.
 But hark! the battle is begun!
 From Corinth's rock, from Spar-
 ta's shore,
 Roused by the deeds their sires have
 done,
 The sons of ancient greatness
 pour;
 E'en now the flag of freedom's flying,
 And thousands in her ranks are
 dying!
 Dying! aye, as their fathers died,
 Embalm'd in glory's living tomb,
 When, spurning legion'd Asia's
 pride,
 The willing victims met their
 doom,
 Exulting, to their latest breath,
 That Greece had triumph'd in
 her death.
 Devoted martyrs! heirs to fame,
 That ne'er, but with the world,
 shall fade,
 Once more reviving freedom's flame
 Illumes the shrine your virtues
 made;
 And slaves themselves must blush
 to flee
 While gazing on Thermopylae.
 But why sleeps Albion's cross afar?
 The time hath been when not an
 eye
 Could turn to glory's blazing star,
 But Albion's hand and heart were
 nigh;
 Herself disdainful of a yoke,
 The chains from others' necks she
 broke.
 Is Britain deaf to freedom's vows?
 In bright Eliza's gallant reign,
 Roused at the call, a thousand prowess
 Rush'd headlong thro' the roar-
 ing main;
 And rescued Belgium wept to tell
 How self-devoted Sidney fell.
 And nerveless now is Russia's arm,
 And fall'n is Gaul's proud chivalry!
 E'en Christian Faith hath lost its
 charm,
 When leagu'd with Christian Li-
 berty!
 And Europe's marshall'd valor
 flings
 No shield but o'er the crimes of
 kings.
 Yet droop not, Greece! tho' fraud,
 tho' power,
 Tho' Cross with Crescent be
 combin'd,
 God, in his own appointed hour,
 Shall burst the bonds his foes
 have twin'd:
 And oh! on deeds, on wrongs like
 thine,
 An eye of glory yet must shine.

THE VILLAGE PRINTER.

A doctor, a schoolmaster, and a printer, are three as prominent essentials to the establishment of a village of the first class, as a squire, a tavern, and a blacksmith, are to one of the fourth or fifth. The printer in the primitive times of our country was usually left out, but ripeness and the general diffusion of light brought him gradually into the service; and increased his character and estimation so much, that he has at least become of as vital consequence as either of the others. If time allowed of comments of this sort, I might be led to say, that I view this symptom of the getti-

ng of our countrymen as a trait of great and unquestionable promise in a political and moral point of view. But with these things I have nothing to do, and therefore leave the subject as I found it.

In a respectable village, which was growing into notice, and which was located not many miles from the Susquehanna, some years ago, the inhabitants, being stricken with the prevalent sentiment, erected a press, and procured from the city a genuine graduate of the type, to take charge of the concern.

This was the first introduction our hero, Will Sutton, had to the country. He was young, and withal an honest and ingenious youth, of a mild and gentle temper, and but little skilled in the intrigue and deception so current in the world, with which his hasty transit from the shackles of apprenticeship to the post of a publisher and an editor, had allowed him no time to shake hands.

Flattered by the blaze of what looked like the opening of a splendid prospect, he, soon after he entered on his new duties, relieved the original proprietors of their burden, and assumed the responsibility of the concern himself.

To become popular, in other words to please every one, is, perhaps, the first aim and the freshest hope of every inexperienced and virtuous mind. It is so beautiful in theory, and the road appears at first so plain and easy that he never dreams of difficulty in succeeding in the practice. Will determined, therefore, to take every body's advice, and, wherever advice clashed, to choose the medium between the two extremes.

He commenced his paper by giving the greatest variety possible, and proffering the most liberal terms, as much as to say, pay me when and how you can; people were pleased with the first numbers, and many good folks took him at his word, and sent in their names. He set this down as ample promise of future success, and built abundant hopes upon it, but sundry printed, written and verbal lampoons, soon roused him from his dreaming; one of his brother printers, not far distant, had lost a subscriber or two through his agency, and, as his body was out of reach, his equitable neighbor contented himself with a desperate attempt to slip the noose round his character, and hang it up to infamy. This was the first move that honest Will saw through, which staggered his faith and weakened his credulity.

He rubbed his eyes and looked at it a moment, then concluded sagely, if I offend but this fellow, whose motives are broad and palpable, and who cannot deceive others, I may still accomplish my aim; I'll set him down as a cypher. I'll still be popular. Two or three weeks elapsed, however, and the buzz of a hundred busy friends began to hum on his ear—too much of this—too much of that, and not enough of another description of matter; he listened; he was perplexed; it was the medium he had been pursuing; how should he now act. He at last made up his mind; wholly excluded the description of matter that had the fewest advocates, and increased the quantity of other kinds; a dozen or two were still left complainants, and as he could do nothing with them he set them down as cyphers with the printer; with these exceptions, he still resolved to please every body.

Next came in one of his worthy neighbors with a lampoon in his hand for an enemy of his, and politely requested its insertion. Sutton saw a dangerous predicament staring him in the face. If he published it, he should make a powerful man, and a host of connexions his enemies; he reasoned the matter over with himself, and concluded to refuse it an insertion. The author became outrageous; he and his friends turned their faces against the printer, and poor Will was soon compelled to add at least a half dozen cyphers to his already lengthened row. Before this circumstance had come cool on his memory, a flock of birds flew across the village, and the opinions of the people became divided on the question, whether they were wild ducks or wild geese. Sutton published the fact and gave his opinion that they were ducks: the geese party called him a fool, a catch-penny, a straggler, and a puppy; in almost despair he added a dozen and a half cyphers to the account he was keeping. But when he looked at that account even now, it bore a small proportion to the population of the country, and he concluded that he would at least eventually please a great majority of the people if he could not succeed with all.

Even in this, however, he was unfortunately disappointed; election times came on; there were two candidates for governor, and Sutton was put completely at his wit's end. He knew neither of the candidates; to the matter of their politics, as they were both represented to be plain, honest, sterling patriots, he could not conjure up an objection, and both parties demanded his exclusive assistance. What was to be done? he stood neutral a little while, until he found himself rapidly going out of favor with both parties. The crisis demanded a change of policy. He accordingly made a bold push and sided with the strongest party, consequently he broke with all the others, made a few warm friends and very many bitter enemies. Will, saw now the blighting of all his prospects, he did not change his resolution, however, but confined his hopes to the pleasing of the party whose cause he espoused. Surely, he thought, as he sighed over these vicissitudes, I shall keep these for whom I have made this great sacrifice, in my interests, and ensure their good will.

But the time now drew nigh, when, to please his creditors, it was necessary to collect all the money due from his customers.

He owed for paper, and ink, rent, types, and press; and these must be paid for. The collector was rigged off, and sent on the rounds; two weeks brought him back, with about ten per cent. on his accounts, and with the news that Messrs. A. B. C. &c. including a hundred or two names, wished their papers stopped if they were to be dunned in this way.

"Alas," said Will, as he sat down in his office door, in utter despondency, "is this the end of all my care and mortification. In striving to please all I have offended all." But honest Will Sutton's is not a solitary case. This brief chapter of a printer's trials will be recognized at this day by some of the craft, though Will is under the marble, and his office turned into a huckster's shop.

Emporium.

CHEMICAL AFFINITIES.

The following remarks, interesting alike for their novelty and interest, are from an introductory Chemical Lecture, given by Dr. M. A. Ward at Salem, Mass.

Chemistry is utterly unable to explain the phenomena of vitality. Indeed the chemical and vital powers are direct antagonists. The human body maintains a successful warfare with, and effectually resists the incessant and combined attacks of all the forces of the elements, often for more than a hundred years, and then when the divine principle does at length retire and yield up its fortress, it is in consequence of subjection to a cause widely different from that of being expelled by the triumphant power of its assailants. But when the soul has once fled, then indeed the chemical affinities come into play, and the rapidity of their devastation is terrible. In a few days all traces of organization are destroyed; and in a few years two or three gaseous bodies distributed through the atmosphere; some saline solutions as widely diffused among the waters of the earth, and a few particles of earthy matter, are all that remain of the proud fabric of man.

ANOTHER SYMMES.

Mr. Joseph Buchanan, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, lays claim to the invention of a new steam engine, which throws that of Mr. Perkins, and all others, completely in the shade. The whole machine is to weigh no more than three hundred pounds and yet to possess a fifty-horse power. It is intended not only as a substitute for all machinery now in use upon the earth, but is to be extended to the navigation of the regions of air: "When the winds are not unfavorable," says Mr. Buchanan's Prospectus, "the citizens of Washington may attend dinner parties in Boston, and return home the same evening; the mail can be carried in a day from the seat of government to the most distant part of the union; and our merchants may visit Europe, transact their business, and return home in a week."

When this machine shall be completed and go into operation, Mr. Symmes will be able to prosecute his discoveries to great advantage. He may breakfast at home, dine at the poles, sup in his subterranean world, and return from his charming excursion on the same evening.

"Visions of glory spare my aching sight." Statesman.

From the U. S. Gazette.

A devil whipped round the stump.—In the county of Northampton, state of Pennsylvania, there is a little retailer of grog (spiritous liquors) who has been fined by the proper authority, for selling by the gill, or half pint, without license.

Now, in order to evade the law, he applies to a tin merchant who happened to be there, for advice to help him out of the scrape.

The tin-merchant, for the price of a week's board, soon taught our retailer what to do. Indeed, what is it that a tin-trader can't do?

They put their heads together, and made a tin tube exactly one yard in length, and of the thickness to hold one pint of rum. This they marked off ½ yard, ¾ yard, and half ¾—just as pedlars of tape and calico have their yard sticks marked off—Now, when a traveller steps in to "wet his whistle,"

he civilly says, *Mister Landlord*, I'd thank ye for about ½ a yard, or ¾—just according to the length of the "*Red Lane*," length of throat. No sooner said, than done—the landlord, with solemn step, moves on and reaches down from behind his bottles, the tin yard tube, and measures out ½ a yard, or ¾, as the case may be, of the wet stuff of the "*O, be joyful*."—The traveller sends it down the red lane, vulgarly called, drinks it—pays down the cash—and travels away.

Friend Printer, if this is not "whipping the devil round the stump," I don't know what is.

N. B. The New England folks have a saying, that three Philadelphia Lawyers are a match for the very devil himself, and that they are able to unravel any knotty point, let it be ever so hard—Now, I would just civilly ask such three Lawyers, whether this man, who sells rum by the yard, instead of by the gill or half pint, as the law says, can be fined or not fined? A 1000 dollar fee will be given.

In conclusion, we will inform that this business has become so profitable, that the tin-merchant and the tavern-keeper have entered into a co-partnership. Indeed, their custom increases so fast, that the firm begin already to hold up their heads and talk big—talk very strongly of taking out a patent—so that I would advise our wise ones in Congress, to keep a good look out when these sellers of rum by the yard, come to the City of Washington for their patent

Newspapers.—It has been ascertained, by the Postmaster-General, that there are five hundred and ninety-eight newspapers published in the United States, viz. in

Maine,	12	Georgia,	14
N. Hampshire,	11	Ohio,	48
Massachusetts,	35	Indiana,	12
Rhode-Island,	9	Illinois,	5
Connecticut,	23	Missouri,	6
Vermont,	8	Kentucky,	18
New-York,	137	Tennessee,	15
New-Jersey,	18	Mississippi,	7
Pennsylvania,	110	Alabama,	10
Delaware,	4	Louisiana,	8
Maryland,	22	Michigan,	1
Virginia,	35	Dis. of Col.	8
N. Carolina,	10		
S. Carolina,	12	Total,	598

This number is ascertained, with the town or village in which each paper is published. There are probably a few scattering papers not yet reported to the Department.—*Nat. Int.*

Medical premiums.—The Medical Society of the State of New-York has offered a premium of fifty dollars for the best dissertation on "the history, causes, and the treatment of the whooping-cough;" and the like sum of fifty dollars for the best dissertation on "the remote and existing causes of phthisis pulmonalis." The dissertation to be forwarded to the Secretary at Albany, on or before the 1st of January, 1825.—*Ral. Reg.*

American Manufactures.—Three saddles have been lately made in New-York, for distinguished individuals in South America, which, for costliness and beauty, exceed any articles of the kind ever manufactured in this country. The price of each, with the bridle, will be about \$200.

A man in England wishing to know if an old gun was loaded, asked his friend to hold a lighted candle to the touch-hole, while he blew down the muzzle. He did so, and while he was blowing down, the load was discharged and blew out his brains.