



Written for the Celebration of the Birth Night of the late Grand-Master, General GEORGE WASHINGTON, at Thomas's Lodge, in Mason.—By William Eaton, a Brother.

“UNTO US A SON IS BORN.”—Isaiah ix. 6.

When God, the Architect Supreme, At first conceived the amazing scheme, From chaos, in eternal night, To call up order, worlds and light; Deep in the omniscient mind the plan, On fellowship resolved; when man Breath'd from his own existence, stood A beautiful portrait of the God; To love, to social joy inclin'd, For every social joy inclin'd.

But envy, fell, assumed controul, And ranc'rous passions seiz'd the soul, Chaos o'erwhelm'd the world again, Confusion then resum'd her reign; Horrors o'ercast the affrighted East, And nature trembled to the West; Man wept; accus'd—exile his doom, A friendless, hopeless, vast to roam: Where hate, distrust, revenge and blood, Blist'rd the image of his God.

Deserts drear, convey no charms, Every rustling leaf alarms; Jealous thorns to love succeed— Friendship's vows, a thistle breed. With pity mov'd, th' Almighty mind Again conceiv'd—the Lodge ordain'd; Resolv'd on this eternal base T' engrave his name; restore our race; To earth give radiance from its day, Pour on the blind its visual ray, Extend its orb where thought extends, Nor end its reign till nature ends; Cause peace, and truth, and joy, and love, Immortal round its centre move.

Happy mortals saw once more Blissful days, like days of yore; Man to ancient faith restor'd, Resum'd the image of his God. Beam'd from the East, a genial ray To Western climates wing'd its way; Found out fair freedom's hemisphere, And shone a constellation here. Approv'd Heaven, with fostering hand, Gave Masons triumph through this land; And firm to secure our craft, From bigot rage, and envy's shaft, Sent a Grand Master—freedom's son, The god-like patriot—WASHINGTON. Brethren, let's hush our WASHINGTON, While planets through their orbits run, And let his birth-night ever be To us an annual jubilee.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

“Orleans Term Reports, of cases argued and determined in the Superior Court of the Territory of Orleans; in which is contained an important decision respecting the Battle of New Orleans, by F. X. Martin.”—Price \$2.

“A Treatise on the law of war, translated from the original Latin of Cornelius Van Bynkershoek, by Peter Stephen Duponceau, Counsellor at Law in the Supreme Court of the U. S.”—1 vol. 8 vo. pp. 918. Philadelphia, Farrand and Nichols.

“Paragraphs on Banks, by Dr. Erick Lollman.” Philadelphia, Conrads—37 1/2 cents.

“Letters to Dr. Seybert on the U. S. Bank Charter, by Matthew Carey.” Philad. 37 and a half cts.

“Report of Alexander Hamilton while Secretary of the Treasury, on the subject of a National Bank, &c.” New York, Whiting & Co. 25 cents.

“Aphorisms on Men, Manners, Principles and Things, by Josiah Bartlett, Counsellor at Law in Massachusetts.” Boston, Buckingham.

“Sacred Music for the Organ and Piano Forte, by Sweeney and Cooper.” Boston, Buckingham.

“The American Register and General Repository of History, Politics and Science, vol. 6, part 2, for 1810.” Philadelphia, Conrads.

“A New Method of Ascertaining the Latitude in the Northern Hemisphere by a single Altitude of the Polar Star, by C. Mangan.” Boston, Clapp.

“The Weekly Monitor, a Series of Essays on Moral and Religious subjects, originally published in the Charleston Courier.” 1 vol. 8 vo. Philad Brannan and Morford.

“Collections for an Essay towards a Materia Medica of the United States, by Doctor Barton.” Philadelphia, Earle.

“The American Review of History and Politics for Jan. 1811, by Mr. Walsh of Baltimore.” Philadelphia, Farrand and Nichols.

“The Mirror of Taste and Dramatic Censor.”—Philadelphia, Bradford and Inskeep.

“Letter to the Agricultural Society of South Carolina on the Water Culture of Rice, by Major Thomas Pinkney.” Charleston, Marford, Willington & Co.

“Reflections on the important subject of Matrimony, by Lorenzo Dow.” pp. 24. Raleigh, Star Office.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

“Sermons by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Kollock.”—Savannah, Seymour and Williams.

“The History of Mr. Phyl, a native of Switzerland, who lived 26 years in a cave in New Jersey, without the use of fire, by John Atkinson.” Philad.

“Travels and Voyages of Davis Bill, late of the British Navy, a native of Vermont, who in 1810 returned to his native home after an absence of 17 years.” Brattleborough, Taylor.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

“Letters of Madame la Marquise du Deffand to Walpole and Voltaire.” 4 vols. 12 mo. Omniana, by Robert Southey, 1 v. 12 mo. “Keble, a Poem, by ditto.” 1 vol. quarto. “Fancies on the Poetry and Superstitions of the Highlands, by Mrs. Grant.” “Select passages from the writings of St. Chrysostome, St. Gregory, and St. Basil, translated from the Greek, by Hugh Stuart Boyd.” “The World before the Flood, a Poem by James Montgomery, author of the Wanderer of Switzerland.” “History of Brazil, by Robert Southey.” “The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, with 33 new tales in addition to those brought to Europe,

by Edward Wortley Montague, with notes on the Manners, Customs, Religion, &c. of the Mohammedans, by J. Scott, L. L. D. “A Translation of the Institutes of Religion of John Calvin.”

Biography.

CHARACTER OF FISHER AMES.

(Abridged from the American Review.)

Mr. Ames was gifted with a handsome person, with a voice uncommonly clear and harmonious, and was remarkable for the winning suavity and temperate dignity of his manners. To these exterior advantages he united, what is much more important, a heart of the utmost sensibility; and that ardor of mind, that lofty enthusiasm, which are usually attendant upon genius of the highest order. His morality was unspotted and unsuspected. Indeed amidst the rancor and virulence of the contending parties, his integrity and honor have never been called in question. His patriotism was as pure as his morality was sound.—His speech upon the British treaty, may safely challenge a comparison with some of the most brilliant specimens of English eloquence.

The effects which its delivery produced were so striking as to rival those ascribed to ancient eloquence. He was then in appearance descending rapidly to the tomb. His aspect was calculated to excite the liveliest interest, and the whole scene to make the deepest impression.

The hall in which congress assembled was crowded with a brilliant assembly. When he arose, all was hushed into the most profound attention; every eye was fixed upon him. In a low and solemn, yet distinct voice, he pronounced an exordium, peculiarly adapted to his situation.

He then, in a forcible argumentative and impassioned strain, answered & refuted all the objections which had been urged against the resolution proposed for carrying the treaty into effect. When he came to speak of the consequences that would flow from a rejection of the resolution, his whole audience were electrified. His voice summoned their imaginations to a scene of horror, which was described with a pathos and energy never excelled. They fancied that they listened to the voice of inspiration, and their minds were hurried along captive as by the resistless lyre of Timotheus. It was a kind of eloquence that has inflamed armies with fury; that has appalled the guilty, and made Princes tremble on their Thrones.

Of all our writers he is by far the most eloquent. He has been frequently compared to Edmund Burke, and in some respects there certainly is a resemblance.

Burke, though certainly one of the most splendid writers in the English language, is swelling, pompous, and sometimes turgid. Ames is generally concise, always energetic, and frequently pointed; though he is also figurative and magnificent. His metaphors and figures are, however, for the most part original; and he is, in my opinion, even more happy than Burke in the use of them. He does not pursue them so far. His genius occasionally blazes out like the lightning of heaven. His coruscations dazzle the eye and electrify the nerves. He sees his subject not only clearly, but with the piercing eye of prophecy and inspiration; and by a single figure, bold, new, and striking, he sets it before you. It is not merely perceived; it is tangible; it has life and body and substance.

His mode of reasoning is peculiar to himself; or, if a resemblance can be found, it is in that of Lord Chatham. He rarely descends the steps of a logical deduction; but his arguments are nevertheless extremely forcible and conclusive. He was always glowing and energetic: and, where the subject admitted, pathetic and sublime. What gave peculiar force to his eloquence, was the strong selfconviction which he always manifested.—

In comparing Burke and Ames, I must say, that I think the American possessed, at least, equal genius, equal eloquence and equal goodness; though I will not contend that he had equal learning or equal opportunities of exercising his powers. But I must frankly declare, however such an assertion might hazard the credit of my taste with some, that his manner of writing is to me, more delightful than that of Burke, much as I admire the splendid and gorgeous eloquence of that extraordinary man.

The just praises, which he was ever ready to bestow upon others, who might be considered as his rivals, show that he had not a particle of envy or of malignity in his composition. In a beautiful eulogium which he terms a sketch of Hamilton, one of the ablest as well as most enchanting delineations of character ever given, he impliedly acknowledges an inferiority to that great man, which every one might not be ready to admit.

JOACHIN MURAT, KING OF NAPLES.

Brother-in-law of Bonaparte,

Extract of a letter from an officer belonging to one of his Majesty's ships off Pera Point, Sept. 9, 1810.—“It has been one of the finest days imaginable, and I never saw Murat so plain and for so long—he is a fine looking tall man, with much action in his manners; so that with the pompous royal dress he wears, he appears like a Pizarro on the stage! His cocked hat is edged with broad feathers like a drum major's, and he wears a large plume besides; his coat is embroidered, and his sword belt very glaring; he had on white

pantaloons, and a scarlet sword-belt. He walked uncommonly quick and seemed to speak to every body without stopping, an immense concourse of mob following him very close. His suite when on foot, was not very numerous; but when he mounted, it might have served as a rare show at Astley's! His Majesty's horses are in attendance near him wherever he goes. As soon as he mounted, two of his guards, which are called Huloas (or some name of similar sound,) set off to clear the road abreast of each other; three officers next singly followed; then his Majesty, with four Gentlemen in attendance near him; next four inferiors; after which followed his twelve body guards; and lastly, two grooms with led horses. I have omitted a Mameluke, who is a great favourite, and always with him. His Huloas are of a very curious description—they wear square caps and horsemen's dresses, but with much trappings about them, like those of the Eastern Nations; their arms are a spear, which they charge with, the hilt being rested in the socket near the wrist, and steadied with the right hand; in the other, they carry a small banner of gaudy color, to frighten the cavalry they are opposed to, and put them in disorder; all are mounted on the finest horses, and the show is very gaudy and imposing. Murat himself, sits well on horseback, and rather leans back like most cavalry officers. No one I ever saw gave me so much the idea of an active man, as Murat by his manner. He seemed never to loose a single moment, and in walking made astonishing progress by the length of his legs.”

CHARACTER OF JUNIUS

BY DOCTOR JOHNSON.

“Junius has sometimes made his satire felt; but let not injudicious admiration mistake the venom of the shaft for the vigor of the bow. He has sometimes sported with lucky malice; but to him that knows his company it is not hard to be sarcastic in a mask. While he walks, like Jack the Giant Killer, in a coat of darkness, he may do much mischief with little strength. Novelty captivates the superficial and thoughtless, vehemence delights the discontented and turbulent. He that contradicts acknowledged truth will always have an audience; he that vilifies established authority will always find abettors.

“Junius burst into notice with a blaze of impudence which has rarely glared upon the world before, and drew the rabble after him as a monster makes a show. When he had once provided for his safety by impenetrable secrecy, he had nothing to combat but truth and justice, enemies whom he knows to be feeble in the dark. Being then at liberty to indulge himself in all the immunities of invisibility, out of the reach of danger, he has been bold; out of the reach of shame, he has been confident. As a rhetorician, he has had the art of persuading when he seconded desire; as a reasoner, he has convinced those who had no doubt before; as a moralist he has taught that virtue may disgrace; and as a patriot, he has gratified the mean by insults on the high. Finding sedition ascendant, he has been able to advance it; finding the nation combustible, he has been able to inflame it. Let us abstract from his wit the vivacity of insolence, and withdraw from his efficacy the sympathetic favor of plebeian malignity, I do not say we shall leave him nothing, the cause I defend scorns the help of falsehood; but if we leave him only his merit, what will be his praise?

“Yet though I cannot think the style of Junius secure from criticism, though his expressions are often trite, and his periods feeble, I should never have stationed him where he has placed himself, had I not rated him by his morals rather than his faculties. What says Pope, must be the priest, where a monkey is the God? What must be the drudge of a party of which the heads are Wilkes and Crossby, Sawbridge and Townsend!”



Miscellany.

KANIBAL AT CAPUA.

[The following account of a Baptismal Ceremony of the Infant Children of twenty-three of Bonaparte's Generals and favourites which took place at the Imperial Chapel at Fontainebleau on the 4th of November, is taken from the Moniteur, the official paper of the French government. Bonaparte has certainly changed his character since his marriage to his beautiful and fascinating Empress. “She has,” says the Editor of the Port Folio, “the power to detain the statesman from his bureau and the warrior from his tent.” It would be fortunate for the world if while this Sampson is reclining on the lap of his Dililah he should be shorn of his locks.—Time was when Bonaparte would not have trifled in this manner among Gossips at a Christening while his armies were abroad suffering famine and defeat. This bulletin is very unlike those which he used to date from the banks of the Danube and the plains of Austerlitz.]

Workmen had been employed for several days in preparing the chapel. The choir and the nave were reserved for the court; the gallery, where their majesties generally sit, the balconies and the lateral chapels, were destined for the numerous spectators who were favoured with admittance to

this ceremony. One of these chapels was assigned to the nurses and governesses of the children to be baptized. All the interior was magnificently decorated.

At half past eleven their majesties appeared, preceded by the heralds at arms, and accompanied by the princes grand dispensaries, the ministers, and marshals of the empire, the diplomatick body, and the whole court, in great state. A number of generals, state counsellors, and other persons of distinction, added to the assemblage. The emperor and empress placed themselves upon a throne raised in the stinuary; over which was a canopy pompously decorated. The richness, the brilliancy, and the variety of the dresses, dazzled the eyes. A new feeling was added to these impressions, when a young mother was seen to appear, holding her children in their arms, and accompanied by a long train of followers.

A box was prepared for the painter, from which he might seize the whole of the scene.

His eminence cardinal Fesch went through the ceremony surrounded by a numerous train of other prelates.

The richness and dignity of the pontifical ornaments produced a striking contrast with the light drapery of the females, who presented the children for baptism. As each of the children was successively brought into the church, it was carried to their majesties, who recited the customary prayers, and pronounced for it the sacred engagements. His eminence then administered the rite of baptism. A new mass by Mons. Leveque was performed, the music was worthy of the talents of the composer, and of the touching ceremony for which it was composed. It was remarked that during the whole of mass the emperor had beside him the young grand duke of Berg. We are assured, that the *fete* was closed in the interior of the palace, by the presents which the illustrious godmother presented to the parents of her god children, with a most enchanting grace and affecting kindness.

The sons of the late Dr. Cullen, of Edinburgh, were distinguished by very extraordinary talents, accompanied, however, by the most eccentric turn of mind, and whimsical fancies. One of them, we are not sure whether it be the present lord of the sessions, was, when a small boy, so singularly arch, and at the same time highly mettled, that the doctor could get little good of him. If the doctor corrected him, he worried the doctor in return. One day he committed a very high offence, which the doctor resolved to punish. A friend who was present interposed, and said, “do doctor forgive him, this time, by fifth he's a clever little fellow.” “Yes, (re-echoed the boy archly) I am indeed a clever little fellow.” “Aye, aye,” said the doctor, “but I'll see if I cannot take a little of that cleverness from you.” So he ordered him up into a garret room to be confined on bread and water.

By some chance a cat was locked up in the room with him; what does he but tear the sheet into strings, makes a long cord of it, and having fastened the cat to the end of it, stood with the window open prepared for what might happen. At his usual hour the doctor returned from visiting his patients, got out of his sedan chair, his hat according to custom under his arm, and his enormous white powdered wig would have covered a large bee hive, exposed to view. Young Cullen immediately let down the cat, which catching hold of the doctor's wig held it fast.—The doctor greatly alarmed, looked up, and to his infinite chagrin and amazement saw wig and cat ascending into the air, and his son looking out and laughing. Ah, you rascal, exclaimed the doctor, is this your doing? Yes, roared out the arch youngster, (while the doctors by stopped in surprise) yes father, you threatened to deprive me of my cleverness, but I'll be hang'd if I have not deprived you of all yours.—London Pop.



Rural Economy.

HOGS BRISTLES.

Many a man is diligent to earn, prudent and even hard in making a bargain and at the same time neglectful of those opportunities that frequently occur by improving which, much may be saved.—Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost, was the command of the divine author of that religion which enjoins economy as one of its practical duties. I will not at this time go into a calculation of what has been lost in New England, that might have been saved in the article of hog's bristles. It may however be useful to turn the attention of our farmers and their children to this subject in future. Facts always afford the best data for calculation.—The present market price of hog's bristles is, as I am informed, 75 cents a pound.—When we consider what quantities are used for brushes, &c. there is no probability of a decrease of the price of bristles, especially as brushes of every description are manufactured, and will continue to be in this country, probably to the extent of the bristles which the country will furnish. It is believed to be a fair estimate to state the average value of the bristles that might be saved by our farmers from each swine they kill, at least 50 cents.

This saving might be made, comparatively without labor or expence. If not an object worthy the attention of the affluent farmer, it might be to his children, who ought to be taught the good maxims of Poor Richard, “a penny saved is two pence clear.”—Bost. Pat.

METHOD OF CLEANSING CASKS.

Take for a barrel, one pint at least, of well-stacked lime; put it into the barrel; pour in a considerable quantity, two or three gallons of hot water; bang the barrel and shake it.—While the lime is slacking observe occasionally, to give it vent, lest the barrel should burst. Let it stand in it till cooled, and then rinse the barrel with cool water; it will be perfectly sweet for use.—U. S. Gaz.