

Parnassian Loom.

S O N G.

SHAKESPEAR'S Seven Ages of MAN.

Tune—In a Forest here hardby.

OUR immortal poet's page,
Says all the world's a stage;
And that men with all their airs,
Are nothing more than players;
Where each tries by comic art,
In his turn to play his part:

All to keep up the farcical scene O!

Enter here,
Exit there;
Stand in view,
Mind your cue:

Hey dow, ho down, derry, derry down, all to fill up the scene, O.

First the infant in the lap,
Muling, pating, for its pap;
Like a chicken that we trust,
He's so swaddled by his nurse;
Who to please the puppet tries,
As he gigeles and he cries;

All to keep up the farcical scene O!

Hush a bye!
Wipe an eye;
Kiffy petty,
Such a tetty.

Hey down, &c.

Next the petty child of grace,
With a shining morning face,
With a fatchel on his back,
To school, alas! must pack:
But like a snail he creeps,
As o'er his task he weeps,

All to keep up the farcical scene O!

Book mislaid,
Truant play'd;
Rod in pickle,
Bum to tinkle.

Hey down, &c.

Next the lover then appears,
Souzed over herd and eas;
Like lobsters on the fire,
Sighing ready to expire:
With a lop-hole through his heart,
You may through it drive a cart.

All to keep up the farcical scene O!

Beauty spurns him,
Passion burns him;
Like a wizard,
Cuts his gizzard.

Hey down, &c.

Then the soldier, ripe for plunder,
Breathing slaughter, blood, and thunder;
Like a cat among the mice,
Kicks a dust up in a trice;
Talks of blood and streaming veins,
Shatter'd limbs and scatter'd brains.

All to fill up the farcical scene O!

Run to fly,
Fight or die;
Helter skelter,
Pop and pelter.

Hey down, &c.

Then a justice in his chair,
With a broad and vacant stare;
With a wig of formal cut,
And belly like a butt;
Well lin'd with turtle hash,
Callipee and callipash.

All to fill up the farcical scene O!

Pimp or cull,
Bawd or trull,
At his nod,
Go to quod.

Hey down, &c.

Next the slipper'd pantaloen,
In life's dull afternoon;
Shrunk shank in youthful hose,
And spectacles on nose;
His voice, once big and round,
Now whistles in its found:

All to fill up the farcical scene O!

Vigour spent,
Body bent;
Shaking noddle,
Widdle waddle.

Hey down, &c.

But the last act of the play,
Second childhood leads the way,
And like sheep that take the rot,
All our senses go to pot:

Their death among us sweeps,
And so down the curtain, the curtain drops.
All to fill up the farcical scene O!

Laid in ground,
The glass goes round;
And Vicar and Moses,
Toast their noses.
Hey down, &c.

A N E C D O T E

Of the celebrated Mr. HOGARTH.

A FEW months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled a *Tail-Piece*. The first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking (said Hogarth) shall be the end of all things." If that is the case, replied one of his friends, your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter. "There will so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension (as the report goes) he should not live till he had finished it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing that could denote the end of all things—a broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt end of an old musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the sign-posts of a tavern, called the world's end, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down—Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken—a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke out—a play-book opened, with *exeunt omnes* stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature. "So far so good," cried Hogarth; "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken. "*Finis*," exclaimed Hogarth; "the deed is done—all is over!" It is a very remarkable fact, and little known, perhaps, that he died in about a month after finishing this tail-piece; and it is well known he never again took the pallet in hand, to the infinite loss of society.

"Take him for all in all,

"We may not look upon his like again."

To be Sold cheap,

And on very easy terms, the following valuable

L A N D S,

Lying between ten and twenty miles from Wilmington.

SMITHFIELD, situate on both sides of the North West, between Blue Banks and Drury Allen's, containing 2200 acres of land, about 400 whereof are very rich swamp, part of which is cleared, the remainder is well-timbered. The high swamp fit for corn or indigo, extends 25 chains back from the river, which is uncommon in that neighbourhood; and part of the lower swamp may be overflowed with great ease, by a never-failing stream, upon which is just finished an exceeding good SAW-MILL, very near the river—There are handsome situations for settlements, between the mill and the river, on good corn land.

BLUE BANKS, situate on both sides of the river, below Smithfield, containing 2331 acres of land, 410 whereof is rich swamp, about 130 acres being cleared, of which 80 acres may be watered, at any time, with great ease. The remainder fit for corn or indigo.—The uncleared swamp contains a vast body of cypress timber, and the high land has two streams fit for gristmills, running through it; between 2 and 300 acres are cleared, part of it being very good corn land.—There is a DWELLING-HOUSE, containing a hall, parlour, four chambers and three closets, a kitchen, stable, and large byick barn. The beauty and healthiness of this place is too well known to require further description.

BELLEFONT, situate on both sides of the North-West, joining and below Blue Banks, being one of the best high swamp plantations on the river.—it contains about 3000 acres of land, 800 acres whereof the best swamp, about 100 acres being cleared, most of which can be watered by a stream issuing out of the highland, which is likewise capable of supplying a small grist-mill. There are on the premises, a BRICK-HOUSE, containing four rooms, a kitchen, barn, and other necessary out buildings.

One thousand acres of land on the waters of Livingston creek, containing some good rice land, and a quantity of very fine turpentine trees. The range for stock excellent.

A small piece of land lying on Rattle-Snake Branch, near the North-West road, in an advantageous stand for a tavern, containing 200 acres.

A piece of land on the North-East side of Black-River, in the neighbourhood of Mautly's point, great part of which is tide swamp, or meadow; the whole containing 200 acres.

A tract joining and below the last-mentioned, formerly patented to James Goffon; most of this is prime tide swamp and cane meadow. The high land situate in a remarkable fine range. It contains of high and low land, about 1000 acres.

A P P L E B Y, adjoining the above, containing in the whole 866 acres, 546 acres being good tide cane meadow and rich swamp, 30 acres completely ditched round, and 45 acres nearly finished; on the high land, which is situate in a fine range, is a very pretty and healthy situation for a settlement.

An Island of tide swamp, lying opposite to the last-mentioned tracts, containing 276 acres.

A piece of land on the North-East great part of which is tide cane meadow, containing, by deed, 200 acres.

A piece adjoining and below the last-mentioned, most of which is tide swamp and cane meadow, containing, by patent, 320 acres.

Another piece between the last and that valuable body of rich swamp, called the Cat-Fish lands containing about 200 acres.

The fertility, timber, situation of these lands on navigable waters, between Wilmington and Fayette-Ville, which will probably in a short time become the capital of the state, make them desirable possessions for present profit, and afford certain assurances of their becoming extremely valuable at a period not very distant.—Approved old bonds, especially of the late Mr. Dry's or Capt. Rowan's, and any debts of the subscriber, will be allowed in part payment; and any person purchasing the whole, shall have them a very great bargain.

For further particulars, apply to

BENJAMIN SMITH.

Belvidere, July 2, 1788.

18—20 1788.

T O B E L E T,

The BRICK HOUSE, TAVERN, and FERRIES, opposite Wilmington.

Three good Carpenters, a Shoemaker, and Bricklayer, that have served their apprenticeships in Charleston, to be hired out to any persons who will use them properly, and pay punctually.

Apply as above.