

On Playing Cards

BEHOLD four kings in majesty  
 With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;  
 And four fair queens, whose hand sustain  
 a flow'r,  
 Th' expressive emblem of their foster  
 pow'r—  
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, trusty band,  
 Caps on their heads and halberts in their  
 hand;  
 And particoloured troops, a shining train,  
 Draw forth a combat on the velvet plain—  
 The skillful nymph reviews her force with  
 care,  
 Let spades be trumps! she said, and  
 spades they were;—  
 Now more to war her fable matadors,  
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors:  
 — Spadillo first, unconquerable lord!  
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the  
 board,  
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,  
 And march a victor from the verdant field.  
 Him Balto follow'd, but his fate more hard,  
 Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian  
 card:  
 With his broad sabre, next a chief in years,  
 The hoary majesty of spades appears;  
 Put forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,  
 To rest his many colour'd robe conceal'd.  
 The rebel knave who dares his prince en-  
 gage,  
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage:—  
 E'en mighty Pam that kings and queens  
 o'erthrow,  
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of  
 lu,  
 Sad chance of war? now destitute of aid,  
 Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!  
 Thus far both armies to the victor yield,  
 Now to the baron fate inclines the field.  
 His warlike amazon her host invades,  
 The imperial consort of the crown of spades.  
 The clubs black consort first her victim  
 dy'd,  
 Spite of his haughty mein and barb'rous  
 pride:  
 What boots the regal circle on his head,  
 His giant limbs, in state unweildy spread;  
 That long behind he trails his pompous  
 robe,  
 And all of monarchs, only grasps the  
 globe:  
 The baron now his diamond pours apace,  
 Th' embroider'd king who shows but half  
 his face;  
 And his resplendent queen with pow'r's com-  
 bin'd,  
 Of broken troops, an easy conquest find.  
 Clubs, diamonds hearts in wild disorder  
 seen.  
 With throngs promiscuous strew the level  
 green.  
 The knave of diamond tries his wily arts,  
 And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the queen  
 of hearts.  
 At this the blood the virgin's cheek forfook,  
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look:  
 She sees and trembles at th' approaching ill,  
 Just in the jaws of ruin and cadille;  
 And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)  
 One, one nice trick depends the gen'ral  
 fate.  
 An ace of hearts steps forth: the queen un-  
 seen.  
 Look'd in her hand, and mourn'd his cap-  
 tive queen:  
 He spring to vengeance with an eager  
 peace,  
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate  
 ace.

(HIPPOCRATES.)

From a Philadelphia Paper

The following appropriate Toasts were given some time past in York, in Pennsylvania, at a meeting of the Mechanic Society, and followed respectively by Yankey Doodle Stoney Point, Washington March and other American tunes. In so interior a part of our country, "Carmagnole, Marseillaise, Ca Ira, Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself," are not known. The Mechanics

York it seems are not Frenchmen, but Americans, without French hotels, French cooks, French airs or any thing a la Fran-

*Toast given by a Taylor*—May fate with her shears, cut the thread of that man's life, and dishonour him with the name of goose, and society ball him, who endeavours to cabbage from his country.

*Coppersmith*—May we be brazed together by a love of country, as by botax and speltor, and rivetted by an energetic government.

*Blacksmith*—May the States remain one united empire and the man who attempts to blow the coals of discord, be burned by the sparks.

*Nailor*—May our government be well pointed and have a good head.

*Painter*—The national government in its true colours neither caricatures nor flattered; and may the brush of honest investigation correct the glare of light given by its friends, and the profusion of shade thrown on it by its enemies.

*Hatter*—May he who twangs the cords of tumult and discontent, be flipped to the pelt, then dipped in kettle of blackening, and his head brought to the block.

*Saddler*—A curb bit and a traverse rein to the importation of foreign luxuries.

*Barber*—May they be dry shaved, with rough razors on frosty mornings, who excite jealousies between our state governments and our federal government—a lathering of tar and drizzling of feathers to such fomenters of discord.

*Sail Cloth Weaver*—Dark nights, heavy gales a lee shore to the enemies of our commerce and navy.

*Baker*—May an oven, seven times heated, be the fate of him whose objects are the tical "leave and fishes."

*Carpenter*—May his head be divorced from his body by the broad axe of justice, who offers to remove one rafter of our pollution.

*Shoemaker*—May we wax a great & happy nation, and our prosperity, as a united people, last until the end of time.

*Breeches maker and Skinner*—May he be shorne against the grain, smoaked and welted, who is wicked enough to loose the bands of government.

*Glazier*—May the rays of truth be drawn to a focus by the glais of genius and patriot-ism.

*Weaver*—The immortal Washington and his colleagues, who after fighting for our liberty, beat their swords into pow shares, & then sowed the seeds of good government which have come up without taxes—may the wreaths of laurel, and the garlands of honorary flowers, woven for their reward, be the gratitude of their grateful country, endure to the end of time.

*Potter*—The fourth of July—as often as time revolves that day, let gratitude do homage to those heroes who were proven by fire.

*Bricklayer*—May the national edifice be squared by the plummer of impartial justice.

*Mason*—May justice by her sword protect her scales—may righteousness turn the beam, and may she write on sophistry, what convulsed Belshazzar "thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting."

*Clockmaker*—May virtue continue to be the main spring of our government—may the friends of order wind up its chain, and may its hands always point to the public good.

PARIS, April 23.

The First Consul came yesterday to P received the members of the Senate, audience to the ambassadors, presided in Council of State, and returned in the evening to Malmailon.

There is now at the hospital of the in Paris, a negro woman 124 years who, last summer, walked several times round the road Memil-Mortant.

General in chief M'Donald arrived here yesterday. It will not be long before he departs for Denmark, if the armistice concluded between the Prince Royal and Lord Nelson does not occasion some delays.

A flag of truce failed on Friday for Calais, with Mr. Mallett, Mr. Otto's messenger, carrying dispatches to France, which, we believe, will put an end to the negotiations for the present. The Cief du Cabinet says, France will no longer be the dupe of the English overtures for peace.

The Prussians have taken quiet possession of Hanover, and have dismissed most of the Hanoverian troops, the greatest part of whom have enlisted into the Prussian service. It appears also certain that the Prussians have shut up the Ems, the Weser and Elbe; a circumstance which may explain the non-arrival of the Hamburg mails, though the winds has been fair.

ANECDOTES

Salmon, in his Geographical account of Italy, relates that it was a custom for 12 Noblemen, members of the Church of the 12 Apostles at Rome to whom it would seem to have been allotted as a duty attaching as members of the Church, "to make it their business to search every corner of the city, to find out poor men in want who were ashamed to beg, and to relieve their necessities." And that "even the Lawyers of Rome, the colleges of advocates and attorneys, assigned one day in the week for accommodating poor men's suits, or bringing them to an issue at their own charge. How benevolent the practice! How sweet the reflection which must have resulted from it! And how honorable to the present age would be its revival!"

A flourishing coxcomb the other day came into a shoe-maker's shop, to try on a pair of boots. "These are too short for the ton," said he, "they should be long enough to cover up the calf completely." "Then," said the shoe-maker, "they must be about five feet ten inches."

AN Irishman went to a Physician, and desired to be inoculated. The Physician complied with his request; but his inoculation, did not take. He repeated the operation, a second and a third time; still it did not take. I am greatly surprised, said the Doctor. Not so much as I am, returned the Hibernian; for, when I was inoculated, twenty years since, it took the first time.

To the Free-Holders of the County of Rowan, North-Carolina.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING solicited by many of my friends, whose opinions I feel myself bound to respect, I take this method of acquainting you that I offer my services as a Candidate for the Senate, at the approaching Election for members of the General Assembly.

If I should be so happy as to meet the approbation and have the support of a majority of my fellow-citizens upon this occasion, I flatter myself that they are assured my best efforts will be exerted to promote their interest, and that of my country.

ABRAHAM GILLEAN.

July 7, 1801.