

Humour.

From the Charleston C. Gazette. A Work has been lately published in England, entitled, "A Treatise on Alterations of Food, and Culinary Arts, exhibiting the Fraudulent Substitutions of Bread, Beer, Wine, Spirituous Liquors, Tea, Coffee, Cream, Confectionary, Vinegar, Mustard, Pepper, Cheese, Olive Oil, Pickles, and other articles, employed in domestic economy. And methods of detecting them. FREDERICK ACCUM, Operative Chemist, &c. &c. &c. London, 1820.

LETTER from an elderly Gentlewoman to Mr. Christopher North. DEAR MR. NORTH, I much fear this is the last letter you will receive from your old friend. "I'm farin' awa, Kit! to the land o' the living!" and that too, under the influence of a complication of disorders, which have been undermining my constitution, (originally a sound and stout one) upwards of half a century. Look yourself, my much respected Kit, and think no more of your rheumatism. — I believe me, is a mere trifle, but think of what you have been doing, since the Peace of 1793, (in that year you were born) in the eating and drinking way, and tremble. I know, my dear Kit, that you never were a gourmandizer, nor a sot; neither surely am I, but it matters not, the most ambitious of us all, have gone through awful trials, and I have not skill in herbs to cast up the poisonous contents of my hapless stomach for nearly three years. You would not know me now; I had not the slightest suspicion myself in the looking-glass this morning. Such a face! so wan and so beauteous! No such person drew Priam's curtains at dead of night, or could have led him half his Troy was burnt. Well, here we come to the point. I remember now, perfectly well, that I have been out of sorts all my lifetime; and the causes of my continual illness, on this day been revealed to me. — My melancholy fate be a warning to you, and all your dear contributors, set of men whom the world could ill spare at this crisis. Mr. Editor, I have been poisoned. You must know, that I became personally acquainted, a few weeks ago, quite accidentally, with that distinguished chemist, well known in our metropolis by the name of "Death in the Pot," who volunteered a visit to me at breakfast, last Thursday, and I accepted it. Just as I had poured out the first cup of tea, and was extending it graciously towards him, he looked at me,

and with a low, hoarse, husky voice, like Mr. Kean's, asked me if I were not excessively ill? I had not had the least suspicion of being so, but there was a terrible something in "Death in the Pot's" face, which told me I was a dead woman. I immediately got up, I mean strove to get up, to ring the bell for a clergyman—but I fainted away. On awaking from my swoon—I beheld "Death in the Pot" still staring with his fateful eyes—and croaking out, half in soliloquy, half in Tete-a-tete, "There is not a life in London worth ten years purchase." I implored him to speak plainly, and for God's sake not to look at me so malagrogously—and plainly enough he did, then speak to me sure. — "Mrs. Trollope, you are poisoned." "Who?" cried I out convulsively, "who has perpetrated the foul deed? On whose guilty head will lie my innocent blood? Has it been from motives of private revenge? Speak, Mr. Accum, speak! Have you any proof of a conspiracy?" "Yes, Madam, I have proofs, damning proofs. Your wine merchant, your brewer, your baker, your confectioner, your grocer, ay, your very butcher, are in a league against you; and, Mrs. Trollope, you are poisoned!" "When—Oh! when was the fatal dose administered? Would an emetic be of no avail? Could you not administer?" "Here my voice was choked, and nothing was audible, Mr. North, But the sighs and sobs of your poor Trollope. At last I became more composed, and Mr. Accum asked me what was, in general, the first thing I did on rising from bed in the morning. Alas! I felt that it was no time for delicacy, and I told him at once, that it was to take off a bumper of brandy for a complaint in my stomach. He asked to look at the bottle. I brought it forth from the press in my own number, that tall, square, tower-like bottle, Mr. North, so green to the eye and smooth to the grasp. — You know the bottle well, it belonged to my mother before me. He put it to his nose, he poured out a dribble into a teaspoon as cautiously as if it had been the black-drop, he tasted it, and again repeated these horrible words, "Mrs. Trollope, you are poisoned." "It has" he continued "a peculiar disagreeable smell, like the breath of habitual drunkards." "Oh! thought I, has it come to this! The smell ever seemed to my unsuspecting soul, most fragrant and delicious."—"Death in the Pot" then told me, that the liquid I had been innocently drinking every morning for thirty years, was not brandy at all, but vile distillation of British molasses over wine lees, rectified over quick lime and mixed with saw dust. And this is what a sad solitary unsuspecting spinster had been imbibing as brandy for so many years! A gleam of comfort now shot across my brain, I told Mr. Accum that I had during my whole life, been in the habit of taking a smallish glass of Holland before going to bed, which I faintly hoped might have the effect of counteracting the bad effects of the fargery that had been committed against me. I produced the bottle, the white globular, one you know. Death in the Pot tried & tasted, and alas! instead of Holland's, he pronounced it vile British malt spirit, fined by a solution of sub-acetate of lead, and then a solution of alum, and strengthened with grains of paradise, Guinea pepper, capsicum, and other acid and aromatic substances.—These are learned words, but they made a terrible impression upon my memory. Mr. Accum is a most amiable man, I well believe, but he is stranger to pity. "Mrs. Trollope, you have been poisoned," was all he would utter.—Had the brandy and Holland's been genuine there would have been no harm, but they were imitation, and you are poisoned." Feeling myself very faint, I asked, naturally enough for a woman in my situation, for a glass of wine. It was brought, but Mr. Accum was at hand to snatch the deadly draught from my lips. He tasted what was used to be called my genuine old port. And in the secret of heaven his face Grew black as he was sipping. "It is spoiled elder wine, rendered astringent by oak-wood saw-dust, and the husks of filberts, lead and arsenic, Madame are—" but my ears tingled and I heard no more. I confessed to the amount of six glasses a day of this hellish liquor, pardon my warmth, and that such had been my allowance for many years. My thirst was now intolerable, and I beseeched a glass of beer.—It came, and Death in the Pot detected at once the murderous designs of the brewer. Coccus indicus, Spanish juice, hartshorn shavings, orange powder, copperas, opium, tobacco, nux vomica, such were the shocking words he kept repeating to himself, and then again, "Mrs. Trollope is poisoned." "May I not have a single cup of tea, Mr. Accum?" I asked imploringly, and the chemist shook his head. He then opened the tea-caddy, and emptying its contents, rubbed my best green tea between his hard horny palms. — "Sloe leaves,

and white thorn-leaves, Madame, colored with Dutch pink, and with the fine green bloom of verdigrise! Much, in the course of your regular life, you must have swallowed!" "Oh! Mr. North, Mr. North, you know my age, and never once, during my whole existence, have I tasted coffee. I have been deluded by pease and beans, sand, gravel and vegetable powder!" Mr. A. called it sham coffee, most infamous stuff, and unfit for human food! Alas! the day that I was born! In despair I asked for a glass of water, and just as the sparkling beverage was about to touch my pale quivering lips, my friend; for I must call him so in spite of every thing, interfered, and tasting it, squirted it out of his mouth, with a most alarming countenance. "It comes out of a lead cistern—it is a deadly poison." Here I threw myself on my knees before this inexorable man and, cried, "Mr. Death in the Pot, is there in heaven, or earth, or the waters under the earth, any one particle of matter that is not impregnated with death? What means this desperate mockery? For mercy's sake give me the very smallest piece of bread and cheese, or I can support myself no longer.—Are we, or are we not, to have a morsel of breakfast this day?" He cut off about an inch long piece of cheese from that identical double Gloucester that you yourself, Mr. North, chose for me, on your last visit to London, and declared that it had been rendered most poisonous by the anatto used to colour it. "There is here, Mrs. Trollope, a quantity of red lead. Have, you, madame, never experienced, after devouring half a pound of this cheese, an indescribable pain in the region of the abdomen and of the stomach, accompanied with a feeling of tension, which occasioned much restlessness, anxiety, and repugnance to food? Have you never felt, after a Welch rabbit of it, a very violent cholick?" "Yes! yes, often, often, I exclaimed." "And did you use pepper and mustard?" "I did even so."—"Let me see the castors." I rose from my knees—and brought them out. He puffed out a little pepper into the palm of his hand, and went on as usual—"This, madam, is spurious pepper altogether, it is made up of oil cakes (the residue of linseed, from which the oil has been pressed,) common clay, and perhaps a small portion of Cayenne pepper (itself probably artificial or adulterated) to make it pungent. But now for the mustard;—at this juncture the servant maid came in, and I told her that I was poisoned, she set up a prodigious scream, and Mr. Accum let fall the mustard pot on the carpet. Such is needless for me to prolong the shocking narrative. They assisted me to get into bed, from which I never more expect to rise. My eyes have been opened, and I see the horrors of my situation. I now remember the most excruciating cholick, and divers others pangs which I thought nothing of at the time, but which must have been the effect of deleterious solids and liquids which I was daily introducing into my stomach. It appears that I have never, so much as once, either eat or drank a real thing, that is, a thing being what it pretended to be.—Oh! the weight of lead and of copper that has passed through my body! Oh! too, the gravel and the sand! But it is impossible to deceive me now. This very evening some bread was brought to me. Bread! I cried out indignantly. Take the vile deception out of my sight. Yes, my dear Kit, it was a villainous loaf of clay and alum! But my resolution is fixed, and I hope to die in peace. Henceforth, I shall not allow one particle of matter to descend into my stomach! Already I feel myself, "of the earth, earthly." Mr. Accum seldom leaves my bed-side; and yesterday brought with him several eatables and drinkables, which he assured me he had analyzed, subjected to the test-act, and found them to be conformists. But I have no trust in chemistry. His quarter-loaf looked like a chip cut off the corner of a stone block. It was a manifest sham loaf. After being deluded in my Holland's bit in my brandy, and having found my muffins a mockery, never more shall I be thrown off my guard. I am waxing weaker and weaker, so farewell! Bewildering indeed has been the destiny of SUSANNA TROLLOPE. P. S. I have opened my mistress's letter to add, that she died this evening about a quarter past eight, in excruciating torments. SALLY ROGERS. SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS. A book has been lately published at Philadelphia, purporting to be a collection of some of the minor poems of Walter Scott. The only alleviation of the regret we feel at having wasted time in its perusal, is the having it in our power to warn others not to read it. It is one of those miserable forgeries which disgrace the British press, and which the cupidity or stupidity of some of our publishers induce them to give, at second hand, to their countrymen. The principal poem in the collection is entitled "The Search after Happiness." The story is shortly this:—Sultana Soliman being afflicted with cancer, is advised by his mother (who is a witch) to find a happy man, to rob him of his warm shirt, and wear it himself. He accordingly sets upon

his travels with that intention. After visiting Arabia and Italy, where he sees nothing, he enquires for John Bull, of Monsieur, who answers, John Bull was not known him—yes I was.— I was remember dat von year or two I saw him at von place called Vatelton. But den he had with him on damn son gun Rogue I polike—dey call him Wellington. Upon this reply Soliman leaves Monsieur, and finding Mr. Bull, asks him if he is happy, John answers in his customary growling strain. Whereupon the Sultana takes his leave in the following elegant stanza: Scigneur, I kiss your hands, so fare you well, Kiss, and be d—d—I quash John, and go to hell. The wretched stuff that is palmed upon the literary public as the production of Walter Scott. If he really did write that poem, he had better hang up his harp, and if that will not cure him of the "epothes scribendi," ask Mr. Jeffrey, who is well fitted for the office, to hang him by its side. Such a friendly act would secure a reputation, which is too valuable to be thrown away. But we cannot believe that the elegant and classical poet of Chivalry composed this catch-penny publication. It is undoubtedly the offspring of some miserable scribbler, who has assumed his name, in order to deceive the community and enrich the bookseller. A. F. Smr.

Domestic.

MILLIDGEVILLE, GEO. JULY 15. FRANKLIN COLLEGE. The Trustees of the University of Georgia convened at Franklin College for the purpose of attending an annual examination of the students. The exercises commenced on Wednesday the 14 inst & continued until Wednesday the 21st, consisting of an examination of the Grammar School, of the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior classes in College, elocution and conferring degrees. The whole number of students amounted to one hundred and sixteen, sixty-six of who belonged to the Grammar School. In giving to the public a general view of our proceedings, and of the prospects of the institution, we feel an interest equalled only by the gratification which we experienced in the exercises of the occasion. The result was such as to be particularly flattering to the pride of Georgians, and cannot fail of securing the best wishes, and an enlarged encouragement, from the friends of literature in general. The College had been so long depressed—the efforts of its patrons had so often proved abortive, and their hopes been so frequently obscured by the gloom of disappointment, that the sustaining band of perseverance had almost lost its impulse. The causes of such long depression are not now necessary to be enumerated. The evils have found their corrective in the interposition of the Legislature, and in the present brightening prospects of the institution, however are more immediately attributable to the fortunate selection of officers. The Presidency is filled by Dr. Moses WADDELL; Professorship of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, by Dr. HENRY JACKSON; Professorship of Mathematics, by Mr. ALONZO CHURCH; A Tutorship, by Mr. E. J. KILPATRICK—Until the late meeting of the trust, the Professorship of Languages was filled by Mr. JOHN R. GOLDING. That gentleman having resigned, his vacancy will be supplied by two Tutors, Mr. Kilpatrick being one, and the appointment of the other vested with the President as occasion may require. The Grammar School in future will be under the Rectorship of Messrs. Moses W. WADDELL and EBENEZER NEWTON. This department is regarded as an important nursery, having enabled us on this occasion to transplant sixteen promising youths into the Freshman class in College. The munificence of the last Legislature has enabled us to erect a suitable building for its accommodation. For this benefaction, we take this opportunity of expressing our sincere acknowledgements, and of referring our patrons for a more appropriate and grateful reward to the prospering condition of that establishment. From the lowest class in this school, to the highest in College, we witnessed, on the part of the students, a deportment genteel, correct and exemplary, and a sound and ripening scholarship. These fruits are most happily evincive of the excellences of the trees which produced them. President, Professors, Tutors and Rectors, appear from principle and practice to be devoted to duty and the cause of the institution; able and zealous in the inculcation of science and virtue, indefatigable and unyielding in the preservation of industry and order. On the 21st, the degree of A. B. was conferred on Elizar Newton, Wm. V. Carnes, and Leroy Holt; and that of A. M. on Henry Hull, Thomas W. Foster, Joseph M. Molloy, Milus C. Nisbet, Ebenezer Newton, and Jabez P. Marshall, all alumni of Franklin College. The degree of D. D. was likewise conferred on the Rev. Francis Cummins, A. M. of Greene. On this, and the preceding day, the Sophomore and Junior classes were exercised in elocution, by the delivery of original and select orations. A very respectable and enlightened auditory having witnessed the exhibition, we make no further comment, willing as we are to abide the decision of the most correct taste and the most jealous criticism, conscious that the most fastidious ear received no offence. A sufficient portion of the apparatus has arrived for all necessary instruction in Chemistry and experimental Philosophy. This was manufactured in France in a style of superior work-

manship, under the direction of Professor Johnson. The College Library has been judiciously selected, and contains enough for the purposes of solid and ornamental education. Appropriate crease of both. The students have organized rival societies for the promotion of virtue and science, and are conducting them in the true spirit of laudable emulation and manly enterprise. The next collegiate term will commence on Monday the 12th of July.—The College family will be expected to return with punctuality, and all applicants for admission are recommended to appear at that time. With the means now employed, and the patronage of an enlightened public, we hope, under Providence, to communicate at Franklin College science as solid, morality as pure, and religion as rational, as those professed or practiced by any people. By order of the Board, A. S. CLAYTON, D. G. CAWPELL, Committee. Athens, 22d June, 1820. For admission into the Freshman class a candidate shall be able to read, translate and parse Cornelius Nepos, Cæsar's Commentaries, Mævi Introduction, Cicero, Virgil, St. John's Gospel in Greek, have a knowledge of English Grammar, write and spell correctly, and be acquainted with Arithmetic as far as proportion.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE 21. Horrid Depravity.—It is with feelings of sincere regret that we announce the death of capt. Joseph March, of New Hampshire, a gentleman who has been in this country for the last eight or ten months, and was universally esteemed by those who knew him for the mildness of his demeanor and the correctness of his deportment. He was killed on Thursday evening last by Mr. Samuel Williams, who had resided for a short time past in the state of Illinois. We have made some inquiry into the circumstances which led to this unfortunate affair. Some differences existed between the parties during winter, about pecuniary affairs, which, however, were all adjusted and settled, and the parties appeared on at least civil terms. On the 15th inst. he was ten days, when a new subject of dispute arose, also about money matters. The unfortunate man conceived that capt. March had injured him, and obtained his property in an improper manner, and being in an embarrassed situation, he felt the supposed injury very deeply, and allowed his passions to be so much raised as finally to commit the fatal deed. On Thursday evening about sundown he crossed from Illinois to St. Louis, conversed with capt. March at the back door, and in the garden of the boarding house; some warmth was perceived in their conversation, but the subject of it was not understood by any one. In fact no one that was acquainted with them recognized who they were. After they had been in conversation a couple of hours the report of a pistol was heard, and the persons in the house rushed out, discovered the body of capt. March, and that the other person had fled. No doubt existed at the time who had perpetrated the deed, but the subsequent confession of the miserable man has explained the transaction. Williams fled from St. Louis, and on Friday afternoon, at Belle Fontaine, terminated his own existence with a pistol. He left a written statement that he had suffered injuries from capt. March, that he had demanded honorable satisfaction and it had been refused, and that he took revenge. He also states that he intended to have taken his own life on the spot, but the means were wanting. Thus has terminated this dreadful affair, and hurried two fellow mortals into the presence of their God. It is but justice to the friends of capt. March to state, that it evidently appears that his conduct throughout was correct and honorable, and that Williams was excited and led on to the dreadful deed by supposed grievances and misconduct, which in fact had had no existence. Capt. M. had no arms about him, and from his general character and deportment, was the last who would knowingly and willingly injured another.—Gazette.

VENICE, (ISTRIA) JUNE 22. The Vine Yards.—The present crop of grapes promises a more abundant yield than that of the last season. There are about 25 acres under culture, which at the last vintage yielded upwards of 500 gallons of wine, besides a vast quantity of grapes used for other purposes. The situation is delightful; running parallel with the river;—it is the admiration of strangers, and a great retreat to those who live in its vicinity. The intelligent traveller, while he rests from the fatigues of his journey, finds a source of the gratification mingled with delight, in contemplating the beauties of nature and art, which are here so happily blended.—the abode of rural felicity.

WILMINGTON, N. C. July 22. Fatal Casualty.—On the morning of the 15th inst. William Hall, Junr, East of South Washington, in this county, driving a chaise, was overtaken by a horse taking fright, the consequence of the horse taking fright, the chaise was thrown with great violence against a house, and the driver was so much injured, that after being in a state of insensibility, and three days on the 15th, he expired. Mr. Hall was in the 44th year of his age, was kind and affable in his domestic relations, and friendly and benevolent in his intercourse with society. He remains very attended, on the 16th instant, by relatives, friends, and some Masonic brethren, to the family burying ground, where the Rev. Mr. Tate delivered an appropriate and impressive discourse on the solemn occasion.