

POETRY.

FROM THE "GLEANER."

LAUNCH OF THE NORTH-CAROLINA, 74.

Go, gallant ship! go tell the world
Columbia still is free;
And high her starry flag unfurled—
The flag of liberty;

Go, gallant ship! on ocean's breast
Go rock thy foes to sleep;
An ark of suffering worth oppress,
Go—glory's harvest reap;
By foe nor storm shalt thou be wrecked—
Columbia's God will thee protect.

Go, gallant ship! go bear the brave
Where Freedom hath a foe;
Majestic mount the curling wave,
Secure where'er you go:
All nations, when thy thunders roar
Sublime, shall tremble and adore.

Go, gallant ship! thy gallant crew
Shall deathless glory gain;
And laurels fresh, forever new,
Plucked from the raging main!
Nor shall those laurels e'er decay,
Till earth and ocean pass away.

BOSTON BARD.

FROM THE CONSTITUTIONALIST.

HOME.

Home! the name of all that sweetens life,
It speaks the warm affection of a wife;
The lisping babe that prattles on the knee,
In all the playful grace of infancy;
The spot where fond parental love may trace,
The glowing virtues of an infant race;
Oh, 'tis a word of more than magic spell,
Whose sacred power the wanderer best can tell.
He who long distant from his native land,
Feels at the name of home, his soul expand,
Whether as patriot, husband, father, friend,
To that dear point his thoughts, his wishes bend,
And still he owns, where'er his footsteps roam,
Life's choicest blessings centre all AT HOME.

FROM THE NEWBORN SENTINEL.

PRESIDENTIAL ACROSTIC.

I s there a man whose noble mind,
O n public good intent,
H as no'er to fraud his hopes consign'd,
N or aid to intrigue lent?
C an such a man be found? 'tis true!
C an such a man decline?
A round whose patriotic view
L ove, truth and virtue shine!
Hark I to the animating sound,
O n every breeze it flies;
U topia shall not here be found,
N or mad ambition rise.
June county, 22d Sept

CURIOS EPITAPH.

Here lies, entomb'd, old Roger Norton,
Whose sudden death was oddly brought on.
Trying, one day, his scythe to mow off,
The razor slips and cut his toe off.
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The parts then took to mortifying,
Which was the cause of Roger's dying.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PARSON WEEMS.

Our humorous neighbor, across the river,
The editor of the Metropolitan, thus speaks of this
singular character: [Alex. Herald.]

All the world has heard of Mason
L. Weems, that active semi-divine,
who travelled over this country vend-
ing books, preaching sermons and play-
ing the violin—nothing came amiss to
this gentleman; he was emphatically
speaking "all things to all men."—
That he has done much good in his way
we are not disposed to question. This
nation is much indebted to him for
embellishing the character of Wash-
ington, and the youth of this country
should be thankful to him for his ex-
cellent and renowned histories of
Franklin and Marion. We recollect
too, the history of poor Polly Findlay,
the drowned wife; but lately it would
appear that he has ceased from histor-
ical writing and is now dealing exclu-
sively in Literary Looking Glasses,
which he frames in a manner to suit
himself without being at all nice as to
the subject he selects. He has just
finished a moral looking glass; by the
by, we wish he would send two or
three to this office, and a cargo to the
district, wherein people of all con-
ditions might have a peep, and particu-
larly those who are not aware that
it is easier to get to Paradise than to
Purgatory—take his own description
of this convex mirror.

"The Moral Looking Glass is to
convince all, but chiefly the married,
that it is much easier, especially for
them, to go to Paradise than to Pur-
gatory; also, to get husbands and wives
and to keep them lovers, are very dif-
ferent things; and that while beauty

and show will grow old, the tender as-
siduities of conjugal love are charms
that will last forever."

He has manufactured a concave mir-
ror called the *Bad Wife's Looking Glass*,
framed in, and gilded with the story of
a beautiful Carolina lady who murder-
ed her husband in the most agreeable
and interesting manner.

"Pleasure and Profit."—Just finish-
ed, the *BAD WIFE'S LOOKING GLASS*,
or the *History of a beautiful Carolina
Lady, who from not resisting the Devil*,
in the case of an unfortunate row with
her husband, was tempted to murder
him, which she actually did in his sleep
under circumstances singularly inter-
esting."

Bad husbands need not snigger, he
has a special glass for them too,—that,
however, we conceive unnecessary—
any common glass a married man looks
into shews a bad husband—to promote
the sale of these mirrors, it may be well
to mention the variety, particularly as
the session of congress is approaching,
when such articles ought to be in great
demand. There is the "Bad husband's
Looking Glass, the Drunkard's do, the
Gambler's do, the Adulterer's do, the
Duellist's do, and the Old Bachel-
lor's do."

FROM THE NEW-YORK AMERICAN.

....."Took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure land."
"Mammon wins his way where seraphs might de-
pair."

There is one apology, in the increas-
ing extravagance of the modern fair,
for the ridiculous rage, that exists a-
mong gentlemen, after rich sweet-
hearts; and maidens have not a less
tenable excuse for making sure of a
full purse, since an empty head is very
likely to accompany it.

The really prudent, and somewhat
home-bred man, feels obliged to re-
linquish the idea of marriage altogether,
or defer it to a late period, because
it is justly considered a hazardous ad-
venture to marry on the score of sup-
porting the expenses of modern living.
But this idea shall have a separate
chapter.

The first inquiry that our young men
make now, when a woman is proposed
for a wife, is, "Is she rich?" and for
variety, or a salvo, "Is she hand-
some?" Let a husband die, and leave
a rich widow, or a rich heiress drop
into the market, and, Lord bless us!
how the beaux schamper,

....."Hound like,
In full cry to catch her."

If there is any shame in this state of
things; if sacrificing feelings, that
should have their source in the most
generous and elevated considerations,
to "beauty and booty," is worthy of
abhorrence, then, methinks, the pre-
sent generation deserves an unenviable
share of "blushing honors."

It is not very likely that I shall have
much cash to give with my daughters,
and in fact I don't want any to give.
God grant they may have good sense,
a wholesome appearance, unsuspected
virtue, affectionate hearts, industrious
habits, and then—why, if nobody
wants to marry them, they shall com-
fort me in my old age, and help me to
bear up my spirit when about to "re-
turn to him who gave it."

I am an old fashioned fellow, it is
true; but I recollect when I got mar-
ried I made no account of money, and
if I was going to marry again I would
look for a poor girl rather than a rich
one. If I have a wife, a good one is
essential to my happiness, and riches
are not. The Athenian General was
right: "I had rather marry my daugh-
ter to a man without an estate, than to
an estate without a man." LEBAN.

THE EDITOR.

The following is copied from the *Bermuda
Gazette*, and we dare say most, if not all,
the fraternity will recognize a pretty good portrait.

"We may liken an Editor to a clerk
in a retail country store, who must al-
ways be vastly thankful, and humor the
caprices, and honor the "whim-whams
and opinions" of his customers. Compliment,
if he attempted it, may be
mistaken for satire, plain remark for
inendo; the expression of opinion,
as bribed advocacy of private interest;
a humorous story, as a deadly and un-
pardonable crime; and the prudential
dullness, forced upon him by experi-
ence, a symptom of incapacity. Oh!
the unsympathised miseries of an Edi-
tor, in a poor country, in poor times!
—tolerable only from the probability
that his quota of torment, in various
ways, in this world, will cut a large
slice from that in the next, and that
his tormenters, active here, may become
passive hereafter—So that whatever he
may have to encounter in this present

pilgrimage, a solace is always found in
the hope-enlivening ejaculation, thank
God, that "there is another and a bet-
ter country." Thus much as an occa-
sional *groan* from the Editor."

DRUNKENNESS.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be
a drunkard; for the oftener and more
you drink, the oftener and more thirsty
you will be.

If you seek to prevent your friends'
raising you in the world, be a drunkard;
for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you wish to repel all the endea-
vours of the whole human race to raise
you to character, credit and prosperity,
be a drunkard; and you will most as-
suredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor,
be a drunkard; and you will soon be
ragged and penniless.

If you wish to starve your family,
be a drunkard; for that will consume
the means of their support.

If you would be imposed on by
knaves, be a drunkard; for that will
make their task easy.

If you wish to be robbed, be a drunk-
ard; which will enable the thief to do
it with the more safety.

If you wish to blunt your senses, be
a drunkard; and you will soon be more
stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a
drunkard; and you will soon lose your
understanding.

If you wish to unfit yourself for ra-
tional intercourse, be a drunkard; for
that will render you wholly unfit for it.

If you are resolved to kill yourself,
be a drunkard; that being a sure mode
of destruction.

If you would expose both your folly
and your secrets, be a drunkard; and
they will soon run out as the liquor
runs in.

If you think you are too strong, be a
drunkard; and you will soon be sub-
dued by so powerful an enemy.

If you would get rid of your money
without knowing how, be a drunkard;
and it will vanish insensibly.

If you would have no resource
when past labor but a workhouse, be a
drunkard; and you will be unable to
provide any.

If you would be a pest to society, be
a drunkard; and you will be avoided
as infectious. [Worcester Mass. Spy.]

INTEMPERANCE.

At a meeting of the citizens of
Hartford, (Connecticut) in pursuance
of public notice, to take into consid-
eration the alarming prevalence of in-
temperance in our country, and such
measures as may be expedient to
adopt to check its progress,

Resolved, That we lament that so
much apathy pervades the public mind
on a subject so deeply involving the
interests of individuals, of families,
and of the community.

Resolved, That we deem it the duty
of all good citizens to unite their ex-
ample, their personal influence and
their efforts to discountenance the un-
necessary and intemperate use of ar-
dent spirits; and to aid and encourage
civil magistrates in the execution of
the law against drunkenness.

Resolved, That we highly approve
of the measures so successfully pursu-
ed by the Select-Men to consign to the
work house those who habitually in-
dulge in this disgraceful vice, and
thus render themselves nuisances to
society.

Resolved, That we view with deep
regret the establishment and mainte-
nance of victualling shops in this city,
as they are allowed in open violation
of an express statute; are injurious to
our regularly licensed taverns; as they
have a tendency to allure our young
men from the habits of sobriety; and,
finally, because there is good reason
to believe that many of them are nur-
series of intemperance and vice.

Resolved, That in our opinion it is
the true intention of the laws, and re-
quired by the public good, that licen-
ces to retail wines and ardent spirits,
should be granted to none but men of
principle and integrity, who would
cheerfully contribute their influence to
the preservation of good order and
good morals.

Resolved, That it is expedient to
form an association in order to unite
influence and effort in promoting the
objects of the foregoing resolutions.

Resolved, That the several printers
of newspapers in this city, be request-
ed to publish the above resolutions.

The meeting was then adjourned to
meet again on Friday, half past seven
o'clock, P. M. at the same place.

ISAAC PERKINS, Clk.

Aug. 9.

NEW MISSIONARY STATION.

From the *Pittsburg Recorder*, Aug. 28.

The Rev. Robert M. Laird, late of
the Theological Seminary at Princeton,
was on the 19th inst. ordained in the
Second Presbyterian Church in this
city, as an Evangelist, to the work of
the Gospel ministry, preparatory to his
engaging in a mission, in the service
of the Western Missionary Society.

The circumstances of the mission
on which Mr. Laird has entered are
such as cannot fail deeply to interest
the feelings of the friends of missions.
He goes to the *Sault de St. Marie*,
(Falls of St. Mary) on the outlet of
Lake Superior, and but a few miles
from its lowest extremity, from three
to four hundred miles in that region
beyond the furthest point at which
the Gospel has ever been steadily
preached. The population in that
place and its vicinity consists of about
300 officers, privates, &c. belonging to
the U. States garrison; 150 to the
British Garrison; about 150 settlers;
and, at certain seasons of the year,
from 300 to 500 Indians. Among
these various classes of persons the
missionary is to labor in such propor-
tion and manner as circumstances shall
seem to dictate; and is to make it one
of the leading objects of his mission
to acquire all the information he can,
respecting the number, character and
history of the various tribes of Indians
traversing the vast territory of the
great lakes, and penetrating into the
distant and chilling regions of the
North. Stationed at the extremity of
the most grand and extensive sheet
of fresh water on the globe, and occupy-
ing ground but recently pressed by the
foot of civilized man, he is to lift up
the voice of salvation, and organize a
Christian church not only in the ter-
ritory of the prince of darkness, but
surrounded by some of the most in-
teresting and sublime objects of natu-
ral scenery.

The application, which led to the ap-
pointment of Mr. Laird to that place,
was communicated to the Secretary of
the Board in this City from Lieut. Kic-
ker, one of the officers of the United
States' Army at that post, and a gen-
tleman apparently of great worth and
respectability of character. In his last
communication on this subject, this
officer remarks, "A preacher of the
precious Gospel of the Lord Jesus
(Christ seems to be more needed than
ever. It is evident that many persons
wish divine instruction, and I have
good reason to be persuaded that there
are not a few who are not altogether
easy in their own minds on the great
truths of salvation, and I am convin-
ced that there are some who are hun-
gering and thirsting after righteous-
ness. The field of usefulness for a
mission at this place assumes a more
favorable aspect every day."

Mr. Laird has already taken leave
of his friends in this city and its vi-
cinity, and commenced his journey (by
the way of the Missionary Station at
Maumee) to the place of his destina-
tion. We trust that the prayers of the
friends of Zion, as well as the good
wishes of the Christian public, will at-
tend him; and we hope ere long to
hear that a little flock of Israel has
been collected by him in that part of
the western wilderness.

A CURIOSITY.

(To the Editor of the *Edinburg Star*.)

Sir: Having seen a paragraph in
your paper some time ago, stating that
a gentleman in Kirkaldy had trained
two mice, and invented a machine
for enabling them to spin cotton yarn,
making 5s. per day profit, I take the
liberty of informing you that a Mr.
Hatton, of this town, has had two mice
constantly employed in making sewing
thread for upwards of twelve months;
and, that the curious may be enter-
tained with a fair statement of facts, I
hope you will give a place to the follow-
ing description, which is by no means
exaggerated, as having often seen his
mouse thread mills, I thoroughly un-
derstand the amusing operation. The
mouse thread mill is so constructed,
that the common house mouse is en-
abled to make atonement to society for
past offences, by twisting, twining, and
reeling, from 100 to 120 threads per
day. (Sundays not excepted,) of the
same length and quality with the en-
closed hank, which I send as a speci-
men of their work, for the inspection
of the curious. To complete his
task, the little pedestrian has to run ten
miles and a half. This journey it per-
forms with ease every day.

An ordinary mouse weighs only half
an ounce. A half penny worth of oat-
meal, at 14d. per peck, serves one of

these tread-wheel culprits for the long
period of five weeks. In that time it
makes (110 threads per day, being the
average,) 5,850 threads of 23 inches,
which is very nearly nine lengths of
the standard reel. A penny is here
paid to women for every cut made in
the ordinary way. At this rate a
mouse earns 9d. every five weeks,
which is just one farthing per day, or
7s. 6d. per annum. Take 6d. off for
board, and allow 1s. for machinery,
there will arise 6s. of clear profit from
every mouse yearly. The last time I
was in company with the mouse em-
ployer, he told me that he was going
to make application to the heritors for
a lease of an old empty house here, the
dimensions of which are 100 feet by
50, and 50 in height, which, at a mod-
erate calculation, will hold ten thou-
sand mouse mills, sufficient room being
left for keepers and some hundreds of
spectators.

Allowing 200l. for rent and task
masters, and 600l. for the interest of
10,000l. to erect machinery, there will
be a balance of 2,300l. per annum.—
This, sir, you will say, is projecting
with a vengeance, but it would surely
be preferable to the Old South Sea
speculation.

I remain your obedient servant,
A CONSTANT READER,
Dunfermline, July 28, 1823.

FROG MARKET.

The greatest novelty in Brussels, to a late
party of Scotch tourists, was the Frog Market, and
as we do not recollect seeing it described in any
other book of travels, we will extract the entire
description:

"In a lane hard by the green stalls,
we fell in with the frog market, which
was a novelty to us. The animals are
brought in pails and cans, and are sold
by tale. The frog-women are arrange-
d on forms like oyster-women in the
Edinburgh fish-market, and, like them,
they prepare the article for the pur-
chaser on the spot. As the oyster-
woman dexterously opens the shells
with her iron gully, the frog-woman
shows no less adroitness, although
more barbarity, in the exercise of her
scissors; with these she clips off the
hind limbs (being the only parts used)
flaying them at the same time with
great rapidity, and sticking them on
wooden skewers, many hundreds of the
bodies of the frogs, thus cruelly man-
gled, were crawling in the kennel, or
lying in heaps, till they could be car-
ried off in the dust carts. We may
mention that the species thus used as
food (*rana esculenta*) has never been
observed by us as natives of Scotland,
though it is marked in natural history
works as a British species. It is gen-
erally larger and more arched on the
back, than our common frog (*rana
temporaria*) and the color is rather
green, while ours is rather yellow.
We noticed however many specimens,
perhaps males, marked longitudinally
over the back with three faint yellow
lines."

EXTRACTS.

Receipt for a Tattler.—Take the
vine of a *runabout*, and the root of a
nimble tongue, of each six handfuls;
fifteen ounces of *ambition*; the same
quantity of *nonsense*; and bruise them
together in a mortar of *misapprehen-
sion*; and then boil them over a fire of
wild surmise, until you perceive a scum
of *falsehood* rising on the top; then
strain it through a cloth of *misconstruc-
tion*, put it into a bottle of *malignity*,
stop it up with a cork of *envy*, and then
stick a glass through a quill of *malevol-
ence*,—and you will be prepared to
speak all manner of evil, without re-
gard to person or character.

Pride works some curious things.
Do you see that dandy, tripping along
in his gloves and white stockings? He
wouldn't be seen following a wheelbar-
row, or bringing a bucket of water, or
chopping wood, for a dollar—he's
proud, and above it. But there's a
man with his stockings about his heels,
and an old slouch of a hat, and patched
coat, whose shoes are not brushed,
nor his beard shaven; and yet he has
wealth; and is accounted a man of es-
tate; he's proud, and above being—I
had almost said—decent. Truly, as
saith the proverb, wisdom lies between
two extremes.

An Irishman was once brought up
before a magistrate, charged with mar-
rying six wives. The magistrate asked
him how he could be so hardened a
villain. "Plase your worship," says
Paddy, "I was trying to get a good
one!"