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The following verses on a young heir's coming of age,  
are from Dr. Johnson.

**L**ONG expected one and twenty  
Ling'ring year, at length is flown;  
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,  
Great—, are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor's tether,  
Free to mortgage or to sell,  
Wild as wind, and light as feather.  
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betties, Kates and Jennies,  
All the names that banish care;  
Lavish of your grandfire's guineas,  
Shew the spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice or folly,  
Joy to see their quarry fly;  
There the gambler light and jolly,  
There the lender grave and fly.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,  
Let it wander as it will;  
Call the Jocky, call the Pander,  
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,  
Pockets full and spirits high—  
What are acres? what are houses?  
Only dirt or wet or dry.

Should the guardian, friend or mother  
Tell the woes of wilful waste:  
Scorn their counsel, scorn their pother,  
You can hang or drown at last.

**EPITAPH, ON A SCOLDING WIFE.**  
HERE lyes my wife, poor Molly! let her lye;  
She finds repose at least—and so do I.

### ANECDOTES.

The famous C. F. VOLNEY, being about to travel into Virginia, waited on the President and requested a letter of recommendation, as he was unacquainted in these parts—on which the President wrote the following: "The bearer C. F. Volney, so well known and admired in the literary world, needs no recommendation from George Washington, President of the United States."

A young student in the law line was obliged by lot to inscribe his name among the new levies of the Imperial army. He sent a petition to the emperor, stating, that as he was on the point of being called to the bar, he flattered himself he could be of more service to his country as a lawyer than as a soldier. "My good friend (said the emperor) you are not ignorant that I am engaged in a very intricate suit against the French convention, and that I want the assistance of men of talents, as you appear to be.—Have the goodness to accept these twelve ducats.—Do your duty, and I promise you promotion."

From a late English paper.

An original letter from the chief magistrate of a certain corporation.

DEAR SIR,

On Monday next I am to be made a mare, and shall be much obliged to you if so be as you will send me down by the coach some provisions fitting for the occasion, as I am to ax my brother the old Mare and the rest of the bench.

Answer, by a wag, into whose hand it fell,

SIR,

In obedience to your order, I have sent you per coach, two bushels of the best oats; and, as you are to treat the old Mare, have added some bran to make a mash.

Epitaph by a learned common councilman, designed for the present chief magistrate of the metropolis. Here lyes WILLIAM CURTIS, our late jolly Lord-Mayor, Who has left this here world, and is gone to that there.

From the Farmer's Weekly Museum.

From the Shop of Messrs COLON and SPONDER.

The RUNNER, or Indian Talk.

[Of Savage nations, the polished European, and even American, speaks with contempt. We resort to them for examples of the sterner passions, unconscious that we too hate, and we revenge, but—in the silken garb of civilization! If such a novelty could be found, as a Creek or Cherokee press, an Indian editor might publish a paper like the following:]

### ADVERTISEMENT.

MONS. BELLISLE, Hair-dresser, Complexionist and Perfumer, from Elquimeaux, at the Talapook, dresses young men's heads for the War Dance, with or without snakes and feathers: he is master of the Cherokee cut, the Muskogee braid, and the Choctaw twist. He paints faces to admiration, with his genuine crow blacking; he raises the cheek bones, and affords the true rattlesnake cast to the eyes; he gives to the most squaw-faced young man, that horrid manly lock to frightful to the enemy, and so pleasing to the young women. He has, at great expense, procured the genuine Hottentot, Caffrean Pease Bladder, from the Cape of Good-Hope.

NB. Mons. Bellisle was body hair-dresser to Little Billy.

Vermilion, red and yellow ochre, lampblack, and other cosmetics, deer's leg oil, Esquimeaux blubber, bear's grease, and other perfumery, wholesale and retail.

Extract from the White Men's Public Talk. From the great Council Town, on the Schuylkill.

"The Old Beggar, who was found starved to death, on a dung hill, in this city, proves to have been a soldier, who served with reputation, during the whole war, in the late continental army."

"The body of a young woman was found in the water, near a wharf in this city, with her throat cut from ear to ear. By other marks of violence on the corpse, it appears that this unfortunate young person had been first ravished, by some villain."

From our brethren of St. Tammany at New-York.

"Yesterday was executed in this city, seven men for forgery, three for perjury, and ten for horse-stealing. As these fights are common, few persons attended."

"We hear from Black River, North-Carolina, that on Sunday, the day dedicated by white men to the Great Spirit of Love, a set battle was fought, for forty-one guineas, between Sawney M-Broughton, and Frank ap Dowse, to the infinite diversion of a numerous collection of gentlemen and ladies. Broughton, with inconceivable dexterity, broke the jaw-bone of Dowse, and the odds were in his favour for twenty minutes, when Dowse gouged both the eyes of Broughton from their sockets, which decided the battle. The parties shook hands, and drank a quart of whiskey together, to shew that they had no malice at heart."

From Charleston, South-Carolina.

"Last Sunday evening, a duel was fought in this city, between col. Carte and lieut. Tierce, in which the latter was dangerously wounded, and the former immediately killed, by a pistol ball through his heart. These gentlemen were particular friends. The dispute arose about the character of an actress. The parties seemed inclined to adjust this difference amicably, but the rigid laws of honour prevented. They shook hands before they fired. The colonel has left a widow and five small children to lament his loss, which is the more inconsolable as they depended entirely upon their deceased parent for their education and support.—But the seconds say, this affair was conducted according to the strictest rules of Honour."

From over the Great Pond.

"The young sachem of the Bull tribe, over the Great Lake, owes seven beaver skins. His father, the Mad Bull, has offered to pay his debts, if the Bull Nation will give him from their hunting stock, two beaver's skins every twelve moons, until the sun and moon shall be sunk in the swamp without borders."

"We hear from France, that our ancient brothers, the French, the friends of the Hurons, have tomahawked their chief Sachem and his Squaw, and half starved the royal Papooses. They have scalped and tomahawked more men, women and children, than are in the Chickalaw, Chaetaw, Creek, Missouri, and Five Nations, and all of their own tribe. It is said they made great canoes, and bound their bretheren, their sisters, and their infants, with moose thongs, and then sunk them in the river, without allowing them time to sing their death song."

Great Spirit! Those who give these accounts of themselves in their public talks, are the people who call they red children barbarians and savages.

[Indian Editor.]

Shucwegee, who visited the Great Wigwam in Philadelphia, twenty and sixteen moons ago, say it is not true, as is commonly believed, that the Big Book of the white men teaches them all that deceit, cruelty and ferocity, which they exercise one towards another; but that in one talk of it they are expressly commanded to love one another, and even to love their enemies. Tho' we apprehend from the white men's doing, that Shucwegee, not well understanding their tongue, must have mistaken this talk. No—No—Doubtless their Big Book tells them to deceive, hate, gouge, scalp, tomahawk, and murder each other.

### THE MONITOR.

The first man, as the white Powwows say, was called Adam; because he was made of red earth, he was a red man. You, who are nearest to him in colour, are most excellent among his children. Do you act with the spirit of red men. The white men, who have been adopted among us, must not let the white of their faces sink into their livers; but shew the tribes, that it is possible for a white skin to cover an Indian spirit.

### PUBLIC SALE.

To be sold, by pise knot, twenty piles of muskets, twenty bundles of pikes, twenty strings of great war horses, twenty heaps of camp kettles—taken at the fight of the Miamis, from the great white runner, St. C—r, with a curious cruch, supposed to belong to some great captain; also one bat horse, taken one day's journey, from the camp of the flaming warrior Wayne.

### BEN. SCALPUM.

Manufacturer, from England, at Lake Erie, near the Miamis, makes and sells cuttogs, scalping knives, and tomahawks, and has on hand a large quantity of brimstone matches, and seasoned pine knots, for the tormenting of prisoners.

NB. Wanted, a lad of good disposition, as an apprentice.

### OBITUARY.

Gone to the world of spirits, Talothesse, he was a great Cherokee warrior, had twenty scalps in his wigwam, and the cup he drank his black drink from, was the skull of a chief. His wife has dreamed twice that she has conversed with him, and is soon, therefore, to go to him; his wolf dog was sent to him yesterday.

Also, at Tuscorara, Fox Feet, the great gunter; he killed more Wauppanaughs, than Frenchmen have Frenchmen; he would drive the falls and catch salmon; he changed the religion of his father because the Jesuit Powwow told him that St. Peter, his chief Sachem, was a good fisherman, and would teach him to take mummychog in the lakes of the moon.

### MARRIAGE.

Yesterday deposited the shivers of the live oak, Ouabi, the son of the white chief, and Azakia, the daughter of Ouabi the big warrior, who many moons ago rushed into the land of Spirits, to demand of the Great man, why he was not before called to his seat beyond the woods and waters.

### DOMESTIC TALK.

Last moon, a party of the big knife, of fifty young men, came upon a Wabash family, consisting of an old man, his squaw, three young women, and four children, and barbarously murdered them.

Yesterday thirty white warriors, supposed to be Yankees, by their trail of Molasses, stole two horses from the banks of the Chataluthe. Same day, they got an old Cherokee drunk, and stole his beaver pack.

Last moon, Natewego delivered an elegant, spirited Talk, or Oration, in commemoration of the Bloody Massacre at Wyoming.

It is said, that at the grand council of the Mif-fouri, a Shawanese chief proposed to send a large number of canoes to take possession of a certain savage Isle in the Great Lake, called Rhode Island, to bring away some of the inhabitants to learn their language, and then send them some warriors to civilize them, and some Powwows to teach them the true religion.

When the white prisoners, taken at St. Joseph, were carried among the men of the Bear Nation, they would not allow them to be in the same rank of man with themselves. Doubtless, said they, their ancestors were red men, as we all came from one common stock; but these creatures are whitened by disease, like the decaying leaves of the woods. They therefore painted them with red earth and coals, to make their appearance supportable to the young men and women.

Published at TAPALOOKA—One string of Wampum for twelve Moons, and one TALK each Moon.

From the FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### A CHARACTER.

TIM TRIANGLE is a whimsical fellow, in my opinion. An excellent mathematician, a perfect Webber\* in geometry. Tim measures the parallax of Venus, solves affected equations, or projects a solar eclipse on his thumb nail, with microscopic accuracy. But Tim is not satisfied with such trivial attainments. Law, politics, religion, men and manners, are indiscriminately subjected to Tim's calculations. He can explain the mechanism of the Federal System, point out the part of the political machine, which are exposed to the most violent friction, or give directions to a Gallant for stopping the wheels of government." Tim understands the balance of power in Europe, and has drawn many a diagram to elucidate its principles. He has made great improvements upon Montelquien's theory, relative to the physical influence of climate, in stamping the character of a nation. Forty three degrees and thirty-three minutes, says Tim, is the latitude of perfection.—Rise to the pole, or recede to the equator, from this parallel, and human nature dwindles in arithmetical progression. Borrowing a hint from the ingenious Doctor Rush, he has constructed a scale, by which the latitude of any place given, after making a sort of tare and tret allowance for adventitious circumstances, he ascertains the character of its inhabitants. Tim illustrates Lavater's physiognomy by conick sections, and can gauge the capacity of a statesman, or a barrel of porter, with equal facility. He never ventures to decide upon the character of his most intimate acquaintance, till he has taken the angle of incidence, which his nose forms with the less prominent parts of his visage.

Tim wants a wife, and threatens to lay siege to a young lady in the neighbourhood, and to proceed according to the principles of tactics, till her ladyship capitulates. PICTOR.

\* An eminent Professor in Harvard University.

### ORIGIN OF NOBILITY.

PHILIP VICONTI duke of Milan, nobled the family of one of his courtizans, named Delmaine. The motives signified in the diploma, for inducing him to confer this honour, was—*Ob delectationibus oculis nobis protitum*—"For the carnal voluptuousness she has afforded unto us." If other princes imitated the candour of Viconti, it would be evident that titles of nobility, for the most part, have derived their origin from infamy.