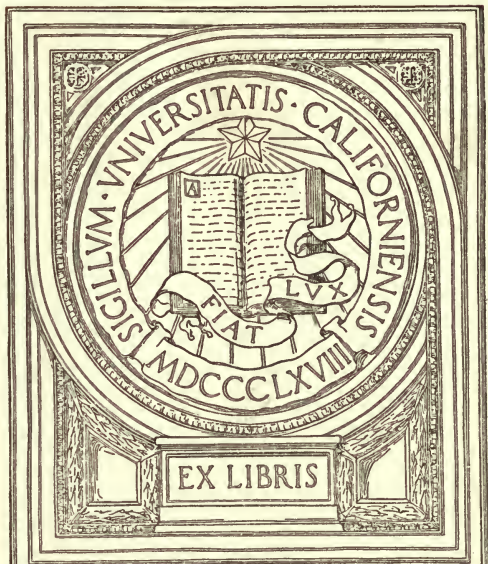


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PICTURE

OF A

FACTORY VILLAGE:

TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED,

REMARKS ON LOTTERIES.

BY SUI GENERIS: ALIAS, THOMAS MAN.

*“Homo sum; et humani nihil a me alienum puto.”*

PROVIDENCE:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

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1833.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR  
ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE,  
BY THOMAS MAN,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE  
DISTRICT OF RHODE-ISLAND.

PS 2351  
MG7 P5  
1833  
MAIN

## TO MY PATRONS.

---

The proceeds resulting from the publication, will be contributed to the relief of the lonely orphan, to cheer him in the solitary and abject hut of despondency and penury, to rouse his latent energies to manly action, to stimulate him to pursue untiringly the rough and rugged path of human life, and render him a useful member of Society; to assuage the agonizing heart of lacerated sensibility; to smooth the couch of affliction and distress; to scatter flowers, exhaling their fragrance like incense, in the thorny path of adversity; to cheer the drooping spirits of declining widowhood, that the countenance of the aged mother, on whose head the snows of many winters have shed their frost, before the last lingering beam of life shall have set below the horizon of the tomb, with an eye of Faith, bright as the Herald Star of Religion, irradiating the darkness of the grave, penetrating the gloomy cloud of Paganism and Gothic Infidelity, may resign with heart-felt pleasure, the evanescence of sublunary scenes, and beam again with reanimated Hope and Beauty, in the Celestial Regions of Bliss.

M272179

## TO MY READERS.

---

I wish to maintain something like independence of character. I take Shakspeare for my prototype--and like him claim originality of conception. I do not write for the fastidious critic or scholar—but the middling interest and men of common sense. My aim, however, is to please, if possible, the Diversity of Taste—the Box, Pit and Gallery—and partly gratify my own feelings. How well I may succeed, I shall leave the public to decide. If my work should meet with general approbation, it would be flattering to me as a Poet—if not, I shall not, like Henry Kirke White, die broken hearted.

The work which I am about to offer for your perusal, has been produced like Don Quixotte, under peculiarly embarrassing circumstances, at intervals of business, where there were no intervals. It has been written comparatively speaking, in a moment; it is a flower of mushroom growth—the genial dews of Heaven have not yet shed upon it their invigorating influence; the meridian Sun has scarcely warmed its leaves or petals with a solitary beam; it has not, like Pope's Essay on Man, or Dryden's Ode to Music, Alexander's Feast, received the last polishing stroke.—But, Gentlemen, it is the offspring of my own brain or imagination, and not that of Minerva—I cannot, therefore, but feel the natural sympathy of a parent for a child, which, though now a dwarf in stature, may probably by your liberal patronage, at some future period, become a giant; and as Ben Johnson says, “at every step he takes, his head knock out a star.” But if, as I flatteringly anticipate, it should be a youth of wit, genius and beauty, and like Shakspeare's Richard, born with teeth, I hope his introduction to your acquaintance, though now rather rustic than genteel, in his deportment, may be unexpectedly agreeable; but should my flattering anticipations not be realized, when he attains the maturity of manhood, and he should unhappily prove an idiot, let him silently and smoothly glide down the stream of time, and with the ruins of the world, be lost in the overwhelming vortex of oblivion.

✎ A C A R D. ✎

The Poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to Heaven ;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation, and a name.—SHAKSPEARE.

THOMAS MAN,

Respectfully informs the Public, that he has the honor of enrolling on his subscription List, now, more than ONE THOUSAND names, some of the most respectable Gentlemen\* of this city and other places, as patrons; and takes this opportunity to express to them his unfeigned thanks for their politeness, liberality, and generous patronage—hoping at the same time, that their anticipations may be at least partially, if not wholly gratified—and that the application of the annexed quotation, may never, in justice, be applied to him as a Poet.

“ Montes parturiunt, nascitur ridiculus MUS.”

\* Among whom are the Ex-Governors, James Fenner and Lemuel H. Arnold; Hon. Elisha R. Potter; the Mayor and some of the Aldermen; the Attorney General and the Bar; the Medical Profession; the principal Merchants and Mechanics; and the most respectable Agriculturalists in the State.

## A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

The following specimen of that very curious invention, blank verse in rhyme, is taken from *Hood's Comic Annual*.

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,  
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!  
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time  
To go and see the Drury-lane Dane slain—  
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out—  
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,  
Denying to his frantic touch much clutch—  
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride  
Four horses, as no other man can span—  
Or, in the small Olympic Pit, sit split  
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.  
Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things,  
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;  
The gas up blazes with its bright white light.  
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl.  
Now thieves, to enter for your cash, smash, crash,  
Past drowsy Charley in a deep sleep, creep,  
But, frightened by police B. 3, flee,  
And while they're going whisper low, "No go!"  
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,  
And sleepers waking grumble—"Drat that cat!"  
Who in the gutter catterwauls, squalls, mauls  
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.  
Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise  
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor  
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy, milly:  
But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,  
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,  
And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns  
And his, from Rev. Mr Rice, twice, thrice:  
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,  
That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those beaux' woes!



PICTURE  
OF A  
FACTORY VILLAGE.

---

“No Aristocracy of Wealth has a Right to control Public or Private Opinion.”

“To catch the manners living as they rise.”

“To hold the Mirror up to Nature.”

“Nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice.”

The Muse, dejected, disconsolate, and broken-hearted, sitting on the confines of a Factory Village, taking a perspective view of the *Beauties of Nature*, almost lost in the distance—and the magnificent buildings—casting ever and anon, her last lingering looks, like the sun sinking below the Western horizon, on the *Habitations of Innocence, Improvement and Leisure*—bidding a *reluctant, but eternal Farewell*—to *Manufactories*.

For Liberty our fathers' fought,  
Which with their blood, they dearly bought,  
The Fact'ry system sets at naught.  
A slave at morn, a slave at eve,  
It doth my inmost feelings grieve;  
The blood runs chilly from my heart,  
To see fair Liberty depart;  
And leave the wretches in their chains,  
To feed a vampyre from their veins.  
Great Britain's curse is now our own;  
Enough to damn a King and Throne.

God, in mercy, break our fetters,  
 And let us look upon our betters.  
 And rend the heavy iron bands,  
 Which long have pinioned both the hands;  
 Black with old time's corroding rust,  
 With which we've been so long accurs't!  
 The clanking chains around the waste,  
 Bound like the lion, rav'nous beast,  
 And ever praying for relief,  
 Sunk in despair severest grief.  
 Now let us quickly cease as slaves,  
 Or grim death's fell dart point our graves,  
 Ferried o'er the black Stygian waves.  
 Hark! don't you hear the fact'ry bell?  
 Of wit and learning 'tis the knell.  
 It rings them out, it tolls them in,  
 Where girls they weave, and men they spin.  
 Look! See them rising from their beds,  
 With eyes half open in their heads!  
 And in their hurry, in their flirts,  
 One half have left behind their shirts.  
 Now see them for the mill a-clawing,  
 Their breakfast in their mouths a-chewing.  
 Hark! don't you hear the Picker hum?  
 It would a deaf and dumb man stun!  
 Sounds like the wailing of the damn'd,  
 Who in the lowest Hell are cramm'd.  
 Now, see! their lordling strut along,  
 Follow'd by his bleating throng.  
 Out in all the foulest weather,  
 Trav'ling on their worn out leather;  
 Thro' snow, thro' dirt, thro' mud, thro' mire,  
 O'er the ankle, sometimes higher.  
 With draggled coats about their feet,  
 Their hoods, their cloaks, all filled with sleet.



Now see the asses drive the mules,  
 Of Aristocracy the tools.  
 Go in the Card-Room! See the girls!  
 With cotton sticking to their curls.  
 See the ladies' handsome Weave-Room,  
 'Tis capacious—has much sea room;  
 In the centre stands a pulpit;  
 The girls at noon, how they throng it;  
 No sound of mercy echoes from it;  
 But clinking hammers, fixing tools,  
 To keep at work the wretched souls.  
 Hark! hear the looms, shuttles rattle,  
 The girls they stand like frightened cattle:  
 Like cows beneath the forest oak,  
 Riven by lightning's blasting stroke.  
 The thunder loud rolling o'er head,  
 One struck, a ghastly corpse lies dead.  
 The rest with horror, awe-struck stand,  
 With terror fastened to the ground!  
 Direful lowing! awful bellow!  
 Like ocean's waves, gloomy, hollow;  
 Whose dying murmurs reach the shore,  
 In silence hush'd, now cease to roar.  
 See mighty Vulcan raise his arm,  
 With blackened brow, like thunder storm,  
 Which e'en would Jove himself alarm.  
 Look! see beneath his powerful stroke,  
 The heaviest iron hangers smoke.  
 Could forge more spindles in an hour,  
 Than steam-engine of ten-horse power.  
 Who, when he strikes the frighten'd steel,  
 The block and anvil how they reel!  
 The blows resound throughout the cave,  
 Like roaring of the mountain wave.  
 Now see old Vulcan's smutty men!

Ascending from the lowest den;  
 Ragged, greasy, sturdy devils,  
 Like tenants of western hovels;  
 But should they stop, drink some water,  
 Vulcan sets them off a quarter.  
 The Pickerman to by-stander,  
 Looks a very Salamander.  
 The long loose cotton hangs like hair,  
 Is sticking to him every where;  
 Flutters like leaves upon the trees,  
 Rustles at every passing breeze;  
 Moves like Beggars' fly-trap patches,  
 Ev'ry thing in contact catches.  
 He wears a hat looks like the Pope,  
 His face and hands have ne'er seen soap.  
 The present one, tyrant Nero,  
 A scourge on earth, far from hero;  
 There's nothing strange in his features,  
 Looks like other Fact'ry creatures.  
 Has labored lately on a farm,  
 In agriculture found no charm.  
 Like Adam would not till the earth,  
 Prefers romantic Picker birth.  
 This is the strangest thing I've seen,  
 They work their children 'fore they wean.  
 In the morning, one hour they creep  
 About the mill, e'en half asleep.  
 Hark! hear the breakfast bell's loud call,  
 Like sheep begin to scatter all.  
 Look here! look there! look all around!  
 They cover far and near the ground.  
 Talk of one thing, then another;  
 How do you do? How's your mother?  
 How's my beau, John, your brother?  
 Have you laid in your beef and pork?

In factories 'tis grinding work—  
 Don't you think this is slavery ?  
 And the basest kind of knavery,  
 To shut us up in such a place—  
 Living by such hard sweat of face.  
 Mary, and is not this despair?  
 Curse on the Fact'ries every where—  
 Besides, it causes consumption—  
 Oh ! that we might have redemption—  
 O God ! we 're ignorant indeed,  
 Numerous as Abraham's seed,  
 Nor have we time to learn to read.  
 Many of us can't write nor spell;  
 A Fact'ry is a Gothic hell.  
 E'en a head clerk can't read the news,  
 Or insolently they 'll abuse.  
 What shall we do? where shall we go ?  
 We have no time to knit or sew.  
 Fact'ry owners are Algerines,  
 And bind the mind with Vandal chains.  
 My soul is wrung with fell torture,  
 Dark the present, and the future.

Our life 's in danger, exposed to constant harm,  
 The wheels tear the hand, picker takes off an arm.  
 A handsome girl is caught in a cursed drum,  
 Dash'd from things of sense, into the world to come.  
 Who would spend their time in such a horrid place?  
 Worse than Bastile—Inquisition of our race.  
 Parent of Heaven! take our breath,  
 Redeem us from this living death,  
 We 've not time to court and marry,  
 Which makes me feel very sorry.  
 The law of nature is to wed,  
 But, sure I cannot buy a bed.  
 I cannot muster enough cash,

To buy a dish of suckatash.  
 After Bell time, at our house,  
 Call, eat a dish of good lobscouse.  
 Good night, we soon shall meet again,  
 'Tis fair, and hope it will not rain.

In the store comes a girl; sir have you garters?  
 Yes ma'am—yards how many? Four and three quarter  
 In comes another—have you stay-lacings?  
 I courted too late—now want some bracings.  
 Another—have you essences to sell?  
 John wants a bottle, sir, he is not well.  
 Another enters—have you any shoes?  
 Polly's are quite worn out—wants number two's,  
 One ounce yellow snuff, if you please—  
 Mother's head clogged up, cannot sneeze,  
 Her mouth's so full can scarcely breathe—  
 Like sow with yoke turn'd—hear her wheeze.  
 In comes a smooth fac'd girl from out the mill,  
 Seems a retiring quaker, stands so still;  
 Modestly she asks for sugar crackers,  
 Made by the best Philadelphia bakers.  
 There comes a lady, witty, cunning, sly,  
 With pretty black and very laughing eye:  
 Oh! do but see her! how she makes me sigh!  
 The loveliest witching face in all the town;  
 So very pretty, that she cannot frown—  
 A constant heart within her snowy breast,  
 Where I well pleased would lay my head at rest.  
 Sir, have you small gilt buttons for a child?  
 I live from here, distance, about a mile;  
 Please treat me in genteel, politest style.  
 Soon come in a troop of foolish women,  
 Like the noisy drone bees, all a-humming—  
 One asks for honey, and one molasses;  
 Up comes the team with four sweaty horses—

I have a load of canal flour from town,  
 Go! get some help, call Josh, and roll it down.  
 The horses hungry, they soon untackle,  
 And leave them standing with the cattle.  
 Now, see the thoughtful clerk, he's at his books,  
 With Mentor's sage, profound and demure looks.  
 Posting the sugar, coffee, codfish, cheese—  
 Polite as Boston Shoe Black, "If you please."  
 In pops a vacant, staring, pallid pate;  
 Indeed! you cheat me at an awful rate.

*A Factory store is a sponging place;  
 It is the eel-pot of our sorry race;  
 We toil all day, fatigu'd, with might and main,  
 And the next day, repeat it o'er again.  
 At the year's end—this you, indeed! well know—  
 We've not a single paltry cent to show;  
 You grasping owners, put it in your pocket,  
 And we, poor vile wretches, can't unlock it.*

Yes! our best blood we lose by sweat,  
 And hardly get enough to eat.  
 Now in the ev'ning, near the fire,  
 The wood burnt out, draw up nigher.  
 Look! see them group'd all together,  
 Like the sheep in stormy weather.  
 See! father, wife, son and daughter,  
 Fill'd with vacant idle laughter.  
 Then soon come in their handsome beaux,  
 With cotton sticking to their clothes.  
 They ogle, chat, and laugh awhile,  
 In the pleasant factory style;  
 Their leisure moments to beguile.  
 Are watch'd so close, they have no chance,  
 To introduce the style of France.  
 Now soon exhausted all their store,  
 They point their course towards the door.



With tearful eye, she sees him leave,  
 Forgot to put around his sleeve.  
 Then, quickly, she resumes her seat,  
 Towards the fire extends her feet.  
 They take an apple all around,  
 With mirth, the lofty walls resound.  
 The bell strikes nine—the time arrives,  
 To leave their beaux, go in their hives.  
 Come ! help me, oh ! thou vilest muse,  
 Into my verse thy gall infuse.  
 Reach me thy pencil, camel's hair,  
 Little the worse, perhaps, for wear;  
 My palette and a little paint,  
 Before my stomach grows more faint.  
 My hand 'gins tremble with disgust,  
 To see such figures smear'd with rust.  
 And scarcely good enough to eat,  
 The very poorest of dogs'-meat.  
 Roast mutton-chops would be too good,  
 For shingled heads to eat as food.  
 Too much digression, I presume,  
 Will now again my strain resume.  
 Come ! help me sketch them as they are,  
 With legs, and arms, and bosoms bare,  
 The girls with gnawed off shingled hair,  
 Would make a country whacker stare,  
 His eyes like lobsters stand a-glare.  
 Whose bristled mop upon his head,  
 Would strike a sturdy negro dead.  
 At sight of him, upon the ground,  
 The 'lectric shock would pass around,  
 And all the multitude confound.  
 But now, have lost the heavenly Muse,  
 Because I did her name abuse;  
 Therefore invoke the base and vile,

Which suits the subject and the style,  
 Will clean my pen and rest awhile.  
 Now again resume my story,  
 Which will raise my fame and glory.  
 One half the girls, now in a mill,  
 Are hardly fit to carry swill.  
 Not half so much, as is Dinah,  
 Who's a peg or two much finer.  
 'Tis true indeed, they dress more fine,  
 Yet are far from being divine;  
 Had better leave them on the line,  
 And wear homespun and checked aprons,  
 Which would seem much more like matrons;  
 And would please, besides, their patrons.  
 Pack of little, ugly hussies,  
 Sallow, flat nosed, dirty phizes.  
 Shingled heads, and flats, and flunkies,  
 Old poodle dogs, and young donkies,  
 All the meanest sort of spunkies,  
 Ape the fashions like the monkies.  
 And cry because your webs do break ;  
 Help them, Heaven! for mercy's sake.

With sleeves so large, would hold a peck of meal,  
 How very handy, should they wish to steal.

But, should some of them get married,  
 The man would sing—" Had I tarried."  
 Can neither read, nor write, nor sew,  
 Are waiting for their hair to grow.  
 Can't comb their head, can't sweep a room;  
 And when they see't, don't know a broom.  
 But should they undertake to cook,  
 How like the de'il the meat would look.  
 All flats, no sharps, should be single,  
 And when they please, their hair shingle;  
 Being unfit to marry grooms,

Should stick still closer to their looms,  
 Or go to the de'il crying brooms.  
 Sure, girls are wiser than they were,  
 To sell, then buy again their hair.  
 They sell, for forty cents, the whole;  
 Then give a dollar for a curl.  
 Cut off behind, put on before;  
 On common sense, it is a bore.  
 You know the fox, who lost his tail,  
 With wit, and cunning, did prevail,  
 Over his brother foxes' sense,  
 With their tails, also, to dispense.  
 Said, it was a bright thought, indeed,  
 Would help their looks, increase their speed;  
 T' elude the hounds in time of need.  
 Some foolish girls cut off their hair,  
 Because, they're almost in despair;  
 Feel sorry, cry, their heads so bare,  
 'Suade other girls to do the same,  
 Then all be partners in the shame.  
 Though ordered out of house and mill,  
 In mind am independent still.  
 The Agent's house, costly palace,  
 In which, once din'd, William Wallace.  
 In front are rang'd umbrageous trees,  
 'To catch the passing summer breeze.  
 Beneath their shelter plac'd around,  
 Exotics of each clime are found.  
 The fig its luscious richness shows;  
 Here blooms, without a thorn, the rose.  
 Beside the gate, a sand-bank lies,  
 The birth-place of ten million flies.  
 Reptiles of every kind are found,  
 Creeping along upon the ground.  
 The cold fac'd toad, besides less pois'nous grows,



The hissing adder licks the hand of foes.  
 The rattle-snake shields his fangs of terror,  
 Virtue 's reflected in nature's mirror.

To this retreat the screech owl flies,  
 And charms the night with ceaseless cries.  
 Ten thousand cats fill up the choir,  
 Whose voice would chord with sweetest lyre.  
 An iron block, hung at the gate,  
 When ent'ring, throws you on the pate.  
 Beside the well, a toilet stands,  
 Where the Patricians wash their hands.  
 Deep in the well, instead of pout,  
 Is fed on worms, a shining trout;  
 Sometimes, when careless, is drawn out.  
 The pen contains a surly hog,  
 On the house carpet lays the dog,  
 Stretch'd like a spaniard at his ease;  
 Fed on mince pies, neat's-tongue, and cheese.  
 But when tir'd, cross, sick or huffy,  
 Set him down a cup of coffee.  
 Collops of fat hang round his face,  
 He is a monstrous lump of grease.  
 A City Alderman in air,  
 But when you enter, does not stare;  
 Unless he 's pinch'd beneath a chair.  
 With insolent and haughty look,  
 A plebean face, he cannot brook:  
 But treats him with supreme contempt,  
 As though of feeling, were exempt.  
 Very smooth in conversation,  
 Clear in ratiocination.  
 Like manufacturers, take ease,  
 Perhaps, sometimes, will even sneeze.  
 Proud and arbitrary as Türks,  
 Insulting to the man who works,

In the mill, or midst the gravel,  
Spinning on mule, using shovel.  
Their notions, no one must oppose,  
Or he's proscib'd among their foes.  
She who keeps this gorgeous mansion,  
Claims yearly a handsome pension;  
Not for politeness or beauty,  
Or being excessive witty.  
Because she knows white beans from books,  
And makes good bread, the best of cooks.  
Is a first rate Page to a King,  
To suit the times, can frown or sing.  
And by a miraculous birth,  
Brought forth a prodigy on earth.  
A boy so wonderful, profound,  
There's not another walks the ground.  
Reads ten thousand Latin authors,  
Horace, Virgil, many others.  
Endow'd with strangest depth of mind,  
A Newton's plummet could not sound.  
Miss Bartlett's spring, fills the fountain,  
On the top of Pisgah's mountain.  
Here Moses stood, with naked eye,  
View'd Canaan in distance lie,  
Restrain'd by the divine command,  
To enter in the promised land.  
He died, was buried in this place,  
The meekest man of Adam's race  
Adorns the steeple, golden ball,  
With admiration seen by all.  
Cast iron pipes, from the fountain,  
Lead the water 'neath the mountain.  
Into Sodom, T'ophet City,  
Sunk in the sand—what a pity!  
The water running through the pipes,

Would give a hog, severest gripes.  
 Black, thick and muddy, without froth,  
 Looks and tastes like old Spartan broth.  
 'Tis the foulest of all waters,  
 Will give every one the goitres.\*  
 In August, not the lightest breeze,  
 E'er moves a leaf, upon the trees.  
 The earth composed of barren dirt,  
 Brought from the Arabian desert.  
 On either side a sandy hill,  
 And leading down to the new mill.  
 Here are the most romantic walks,  
 To recreate the fact'ry folks.  
 These walks are far as eye can stretch,  
 Or Galileo's glass can reach.  
 Along the bank of the river,  
 Oft are seen musquash and beaver ;  
 But a girl on week day, never.  
 In the village around are logs,  
 On which the gentry loll like dogs.  
 Hence the Log Club, unknown their names,  
 Ancient as the Olympic Games.  
 The houses smoke like a coal-pit,  
 All the masons cannot help it.  
 The smoke instead of 'scending high,  
 Falls on the ground, doth sluggish lie.  
 The tenants dried up, like jerk'd beef,  
 Ope the windows, without relief.  
 Vapors, in dog days, roll around,  
 So thick, you cannot see the ground ;  
 Seem like the smoke, of a steam-boat ;  
 When off her moorings, and afloat.  
 The sun here, doth not find his way,

\*Swell'd neck; a disease known in Switzerland, supposed to be caused from drinking the unhealthy water of that country.

Until the middle of the day.  
 He hath to mount o'er such high hills,  
 To shed his rays upon the mills.  
 Here may be seen the handsome steed,  
 On which Sir Andrew Jackson rode.  
 In fountain house hangs suspended,  
 Mahomet, his cerements stranded.  
 An owl sits upon the coffin,  
 An ape stands behind a-laughing.  
 And on the floor, two young imps sit,  
 Cracking their jokes and flashing wit.  
 Before them stand dirty bottles,  
 Instead of corks, have glass stopples;  
 Fill'd with new rum, and bought of Vose,  
 And each one takes a gill for dose.  
 Another group are rang'd around,  
 Playing at cards upon the ground.  
 In a corner niche sits a dwarf,  
 Scratching his head to cure a cough.  
 The Pilgrims visit once a year,  
 To see their prophet hanging here.  
 With pious look, and awe profound,  
 Prostrate themselves upon the ground.  
 Their penance done, sins forgiven,  
 Feel new assurance of heaven.  
 With eye of faith, they see above,  
 Mahomet near the throne of Jove.  
 Where they, when earthly sufferings cease,  
 Shall find their rest, and be at peace.  
 Religion here stands very low,  
 Like a sick man, can't stand nor go.  
 A trav'ling preacher, passing by,  
 Appals each vacant, staring eye.  
 The poor natives here, have no souls;  
 But dig for cash, like rav'nous wolves.

A methodist preacher once stopt,  
 From his beast's tail, the hair they crop't.  
 Left it standing a naked stump,  
 Not hair enough to fringe his rump.  
 Discourse of the place is scandal,  
 Which old maids and women handle;  
 The ugliest creatures 'neath the heavens,  
 Such went in the ark by sevens.  
 Wish old Noah would build another,  
 Put the ugly lot together ;  
 Sink them in the Blackstone Canal,  
 The old maids, old women and all ;  
 Would sit on the bank, hear them squall.  
 The brick mill, fine as Taunton jail,  
 Inmates, more haggard, ghastly, pale.  
 Beauty here finds no exemption,  
 From the hectic, quick consumption.  
 Opposed to Vose's selling new rum,  
 Held William Holley, 'neath the thumb.  
 Cookey-stand—brink of the Canal,  
 Where were supplied the tipplers all ;  
 And R\*\*\*\*s G\*\*\*\*t once had had a fall.  
 Roll'd from the bank in the river,  
 Wet his coat and shirt all over,  
 Bottle being filled with best rum,  
 Buoyant, like oil, the river swam.  
 Now, let the dandy of the place,  
 Advance and show her lovely face ;  
 Her hair all clust'ring round her head,  
 In all the witching arts well read.  
 Look! See Miss Pert with lofty tread,  
 Her chin toss'd up above her head.  
 And like a deer, she seems to bound,  
 With proud disdain scarce sees the ground.  
 In anger, how her eye darts fire ;



A girl like you, none can admire.  
 She has a saucy brazen face,  
 The most disgusting in the place:  
 Is ever courting all the men,  
 Five are too few—then give her ten.  
 Who thinks the action of the frame,  
 And power of thinking, both the same.  
 Can wash a floor, and use a broom,  
 An active weaver on the loom;  
 Body like Ajax, mind like Hume.  
 Will ride and walk with any one,  
 That has two legs, beneath the sun.  
 Of late she keeps herself more still,  
 Being gorged with love, has split the quill;  
 Bold in manner, rather flirting,  
 Like the cat, is always courting.  
 She's like the spider, watching flies,  
 Will throw her web before their eyes.  
 Who, when they come to know her well,  
 Will take their leave, and bid—Farewell!  
 Her bosom's filled with am'rous fire,  
 Cupid! extinguish such desire.  
 You little girl, about eighteen,  
 With frizzled head, and humble mien;  
 A lisping, sullen, roguish imp,  
 In stature knee high to a stump.  
 A pug dog's nose, a monkey's chin,  
 With pretty girls, you can't begin.  
*A sparkling eye, a cunning leer,*  
*And teeth like pearl, a pretty ear,*  
*And when you speak, am charm'd to hear.*  
 There comes the modest, lovely lady,  
 Lord Byron's noble, handsome Haidee;  
 And virtuous as the highest saint,  
 Whose worth, no poet e'er can paint.

Indeed! you have a charming face,  
 There 's not a lovelier in the place.  
 There comes a droll and witty fellow,  
 With flaxen hair, and head quite mellow ;  
 He asks no favors of the folks,  
 But laughs, and talks, and cracks his jokes.  
 The girl of boist'rous laugh draws near ;  
 You 've split your mouth from ear to ear:  
 In action, and in every look,  
 Seem like new purchas'd Album book.  
 Hear the loud talking, roaring girl,  
 Moves with lee-lurch, like ship in squall;  
 In features, like the lion bold;  
 You court the Muses, I am told.  
 O! thou pretty young believer,  
 Always seem so very clever,  
 Are so now, and will be ever;  
 With head as empty as a bottle,  
 The wine drank out, lost the stopple.  
 Let 's introduce the sweet voic'd girl,  
 With web all tangled in a snarl;  
 You always speak so very kind,  
 All wicked thoughts drive from my mind.  
 She's lovely as the Queen of Sheba,  
 Is courted by young J\*\*\*\*s B\*\*\*\*e.  
 Her accents glide like music's note,  
 Seem by the ravish'd ear to float;  
 Sound like the touches of guitar,  
 Which melt upon the distant air;  
 Iustrument found in Spain afar.

There comes a lady, moves like a Spirit,  
 Born with native worth, possess'd of merit;  
 Is lively, witty, pretty and genteel,  
 And quick as thought, lightest affront would feel;  
 Her passions, wrought of finest main-spring steel—

Coiled in a golden lever watch like wheel.  
 Though young in age, in mind of riper years,  
 Converses like one of the ancient seers,  
 Wise as Solomon, King David, or Noah,  
 E'en Adam and Eve, who were born before.  
 Well has she ever pleas'd, since I knew her,  
 As a genius, oft will call and view her.  
 One of the seven wonders of the world,  
 And on the scroll of Fame, shall be enroll'd.  
 Were I not fearful it would make her proud,  
 Would place her on a golden summer cloud;  
 To look below, upon the fact'ry crowd.  
 Miss Sophia! you have an angel's form,  
 Bright as the Iris, after thunder storm.  
 A classic soul, beams from your sybil face,  
 Oh, heavens! the second Eve of Adam's race.

Now see! the spectral figure stand,  
 Like time, with hour-glass in his hand ;  
 About to raise his fatal dart,  
 And strike a victim to the heart,  
 Destiny stands at little distance,  
 Counting the threads of man's existence;  
 Takes from her side the fatal shears,  
 And clips him off full fifteen years.

See! grim cruel Death, with lack-lustre eye,  
 Appals my heart, to think that I must die;  
 Feel his icy touch, horror fills my veins,  
 Struggle, shriek, gasp—and die with racking pains.  
 See! Pity, with her soft and melting eye,  
 Her snowy bosom, heaves a gentle sigh;  
 Sits on a tombstone, weeping o'er the dead,  
 Her hair dishevell'd, floats around her head.  
 Her beauteous face, imploring, rais'd to Heaven,  
 That man's mortal sins might be forgiven.  
 A brilliant Herald Star, from God descends,



The chains of Hell, it quickly, widely rends.  
 The darkness hov'ring o'er the dreary tomb,  
 Horror dispell'd, with radiant Hope doth bloom.  
 God's voice is heard, in loud awful thunder,  
 And grim Death appall'd, forsakes his plunder.  
 Hark ! his adamantine bands are riven,  
 The soul redeem'd, now soars to heaven :  
 A golden halo round an angel's head,  
 Its cerements rent, just risen from the dead.  
 See Hope ! just risen from her sickly bed,  
 A golden sunbeam plays around her head ;  
 A mellow lustre sparkling from afar,  
 'Tis Venus' self, the lovely Evening Star.  
 Her full orb'd eye has caught again its fire,  
 From Seraphs' eye, chief of the heavenly choir.  
 Has smiled with patience, on severest grief,  
 And now again, from God, receives relief.  
 Her eye seems softened, from her fell disease,  
 And as was wont, again begins to please.  
 Her eye, her cheek, her lip, in truth the whole,  
 Fill with delight and bliss, my ravished soul.  
 Sparkling wit, bright flashing like a diamond,  
 With abstract thought profound, and well refined,  
 The innate excellence of rarest mind.  
 The dazzled Muse can ne'er portray one half,  
 Thy native beauty, or thy pristine worth.  
 The eye alone, is sure a perfect soul,  
 But stand enraptured, to survey the whole.  
 The heart so melting, fill'd with heav'nly love,  
 A roving Seraph, left on earth by Jove.  
 The Almighty spoke—and let there be light—  
 Splendor from chaos flash'd—divinely bright—  
 Darkness shrunk back appal'd—chaotic night—  
 The blazing Sun, its mighty course began—  
 The starry host beamed o'er the azure plain—

The Moon like Hope below, to wax and wane—  
 Let the Sun rule by day, the moon by night,  
 Diffusing equally their cheerful light—  
 The factory owner says—a summer's day—  
 And sixteen hours, at least, to work, we pray—  
 But the devil take the night, we all say—  
 Protect us, and exclude all the rest,  
 And let us lord it o'er our men as beast.  
 Let the farmer pay us yearly tribute,  
 Or in chains we'll hang him on the gibbet.

Give us the product of another's labor,  
 Ev'ry one for himself—curse our neighbor.  
 There comes Psyche, voluptuous girl,  
 Her face and teeth as white as pearl.  
 Her eye soft rolling with desire,  
 And breast tumultuous fill'd with fire.  
 Looks like a rose in fullest bloom,  
 Ripe date, apricot, fig, or prune.  
 She stands with wide extended arms,  
 As though for love, would blight her charms.  
 See Scandal! fleetier than the wind,  
 Infamy follows close behind.  
 Her air, her look, her very breath,  
 To virtue, is a moral death.  
 Conceals, beneath her robe, a dirk,  
 As tho' resolv'd on hellish work.  
 Poison most fell, in a chalice;  
 Indeed! her heart, basest malice.  
 Has struck a victim—vilest vile—  
 Look! See her ghastly, fiendish smile.

There comes a shadow, the witch of Endor,  
 Her hair with old age, worn out like tinder.  
 She moves light as phantom, spectre's ghost—  
 Vanishes soon as sun is up, like frost.  
 Samuel rises, sits on a knoll of mossy green, [

Her sparse, long, thin, grey hairs are seen,  
 "Like angels' visits, few and far between."  
 Ravenous with hunger, holds a mutton bone,  
 He bites and gnaws in vain, then heaves a groan.

Now see the little laughing imp,  
 Hops up and down, just like a shrimp;  
 And full oft, have tried to scoop her,  
 She scamper'd off like a trooper.  
 There comes one of the genteel girls ;  
 She's graceful, wriggles, twists and coils.  
 Seems in her heart, to have a void,  
 Which to her state, is close ally'd.  
 She has a smirking, vacant look,  
 E'en like a dress'd up Spanish cook.  
 Her ankle slender, head is thin,  
 Ideas rattle about within,  
 Like two white beans in a bladder,  
 Sound like the hissing of an adder.  
 Dances, dresses like a princess,  
 And when she walks, rather minces.  
 One morning as I walk'd along,  
 Humming a tune, a fav'rite song ;  
 Attention fix'd upon the ground,  
 Tho' not in abstract thought, profound ;  
 A rapid footstep struck my ear,  
 Attentive, listened, tried to hear.  
 Raising my eye, I saw Miss Tripp,  
 And knew her by her cheek and lip.  
 You little nymph, bright and airy,  
 Sylph-like as Queen Mab the Fairy ;  
 With hair so fine and black as jet,  
 A pretty little laughing pet ;  
 Your face so mild and snowy white,  
 You are a tiny, witty wight.  
 Always moving, like the water, }

Charming, accomplished, lovely daughter.  
 Will set you on the Rainbow's form,  
 To smile away the thunder storm.

Agatha, your tongue is always moving,  
 And your rapid thoughts are always roving.  
 Don't talk so much, so fast, but sometimes think—  
 How is it your 'lastic spirits never sink ?  
 When feelings rise above their nat'ral flow,  
 What is the effect ? They sink as far below,  
 And like an ebbing tide, they flagging go.  
 But you retain your fine humor ever,  
 Which e'en like eternity, will end never.

Oh! you lovely, handsome creature,  
 So bewitching in each feature ;  
 Your golden, flowing, silky hair,  
 Clustering round your neck so fair,  
 And snowy, heaving, little breast,  
 Where Cupid in his sport would rest.  
 Graceful as Juno's lofty tread,  
 Erect in stature, handsome head.  
 Your notes are soft as seraph's lyre,  
 When touch'd to extacy, the wire.  
 With dignity you move along,  
 Distinguished from the plebean throng,  
 And honor of the muse's song.  
 I saw a lady once in school,  
 Whose witching manners charm'd my soul.  
 Her eye like diamond, spoke a volume,  
 Herself in look, Corinthian column.  
 With deep est feelings, powerful thought,  
 As though from golden mine, were brought.  
 Seems when she moves, a pretty, little saint,  
 Her face so lovely, that it needs no paint.  
 So sylph-like and so airy in her tread,  
 E'en the prettiest gold cup lifts its head.

So sprightly, polish'd, the finest student,  
 And though a young lady, not imprudent.  
 Will soon again resume her study,  
 Should health permit, of mind and body.  
 Will be so studious, at school and home,  
 Her mind in time, will equal Hume.

Who is that ugly striking woman?

In the village quite uncommon.

A Narragansett, she keeps shoat,  
 Detested miser in a petticoat.

Who 's that lady? with sharper wit than thorn,  
 Which sparkles until night, again at morn.  
 Manners social, agreeable, polite,  
 And with fine thoughts, her mind is ever bright.  
 With this lady, who had her for a wife,  
 A man of sense, might happy pass his life.  
 Had she millions; would give it to the poor,  
 'Gainst the vilest wretch, would not shut the door.

Charity stands with open hand,  
 Her golden purse throws on the sand.  
 Her gold, it flows free as water,  
 When objects of distress are brought her,  
 And thousand such have long sought her.  
 Faith and Hope, her lovely sisters,  
 Their lip have not yet kiss'd—but hers—  
 She is the loveliest of the three—  
 See! her pretty soft christian ee.  
 Her heart is open as the flower,  
 So mild in aspect, cannot lower,  
 Love has taken away the power.  
 She feeds the naked hungry poor,  
 With table spread, wide open door.  
 Is the kindest of the graces,  
 Though they all have cherub faces.  
 On her fine head, are prettiest curls,



Leads in her hand, two orphan girls.  
 Will found in every distant clime,  
 Asylum for the sick, in time.  
 Form the mind to Christian duty,  
 Make them shine in moral beauty,  
 And when they die, will leave the world,  
 Among the angels be enroll'd.  
 Who is she in black silk dress?  
 Fills the soul with wild caress—  
 Her cheek is fresher than the roses,  
 Or bouquet of richest posies.  
 Her lip of purest roseate hue,  
 And sweeter than the honey dew.  
 Her eye is milder than the morn,  
 Which does her lovely face adorn.  
 There! comes her handsome laughing sister,  
 Oh! had I but have only kiss'd her;  
 Will talk more nonsense in one hour,  
 Than any other in twenty-four.  
 Her neck is whiter than the snow,  
 Her teeth all glisten in a row;  
 Are like the very purest pearl,  
 She is a sincere, candid girl.

Fair round arm like Mary Queen of Scots,  
 To see it would give one hundred groats.  
 Heart so large, she holds in both her hands,  
 With cherubic smile, before you stands.

There comes an anti-mason wroth,  
 All foaming at his mouth with froth;  
 Swears masons are the basest creatures,  
 That ever wore the human features.  
 In argument he firmly stands,  
 Like Wirt, with proud uplifted hands;  
 And in dispute will ne'er give back,  
 Till you can prove that white is black.

Will nail his colors to the mast,  
 With sword in hand, will breathe his last;  
 Stand on the vessel's highest deck,  
 And see her sink beneath, a wreck;  
 All the rigging—torn asunder—  
 By enemies' loud roaring thunder—  
 Till all the guns o'erboard are thrown—  
 And hush'd around—is every groan—  
 Till the resounding—dashing wave—  
 Should sink her—to her watery grave—  
 Twas on a rosy morn in June,  
 The angels' harps were all in tune;  
 Celebrating the glorious sun,  
 Whose daily course had just begun.  
 Jove being himself in sportive mood,  
 Would make the prettiest thing he could.  
 He took some clay of finest mould,  
 Pure as the softest virgin gold,  
 Which 'tween his plastic hands he roll'd ;  
 It quickly from the touch grew warm,  
 Assumed a lovely female form,  
 A modest, handsome, witching girl;  
 He smiled and called it Sarah Earl.

Behold! one of the black infernal furies,  
 In aspect, how diff'rent from the Huries!  
 Oh! look! ascending from the lowest shades,  
 From old Pluto's dark kingdom, dismal Hades—  
 Like cursed hag, ascending from her bed,  
 The coiling snakes all hissing round her head.  
 Her glowing eye-ball flashing lurid fire,  
 Breast revengeful, fill'd with relentless ire;  
 The infernal imps stand clustering around,  
 From their black souls, send forth a doleful sound.  
 She holds a flaming torch in one of her hands,  
 Like spectre, with a ghastly smile, she stands.

It from her cursed features, changes hue,  
 And now, assumes the brimstone's, horrid blue.  
 In the other hand, grasps a bloody knife,  
 As though in rage, would take the very life,  
 Howls like a fiend of Hell, eternally at strife.

And you, brawny as a jack-ass,  
 And in stature built like pack-horse ;  
 Look as strong as was old Sampson,  
 Who in his sport pull'd down the temple.

I, who once struck my harp to lovely woman's praise,  
 Now change my lofty strain, and sing in humbler lays.  
 I sing the praise of mackerel, the best of fishes,  
 Would put to shame the patrician Roman dishes.  
 The peacock's brains, serv'd on the Emperor's table,  
 In golden tureen, and dish'd with silver ladle.  
 Smooth *drab color'd* mackerel, not salmon can surpass,  
 Lamprey, bullpout, flounders, herring, sheepshead, or bass.

There comes a man, and rather YOUNG,  
 Whose worth my muse has left unsung ;  
 His manners social, rather close,  
 Perhaps, sometimes, he deals with *Vose*.  
 And if there's *money* in the place,  
 He 'd run for 't, though he lost the race.  
 And when on hand, he has much cash,  
 He dresses neat, don't make a dash.  
 Puts his money where he 'll find it,  
 With good mortgage, strongly binds it.  
 His surplus funds, puts to interest,  
 And when 't is safe, there let's it rest.

Look! there comes something new and handsome ;  
 For you would give the world as ransom ;  
 So affectionate to your mother,  
 Treat with such kindness, your sick brother ;  
 That when with grief I hear you sigh,  
 The tear runs trickling from my eye.



Hope to heaven you'll leave the mill,  
To such a girl, a bitter pill.  
Your soul too large within your frame,  
Would fill twelve others like the same;  
And when your mortal body dies,  
The spirit soars above the skies ;  
Will place it on the fun'ral pyre,  
And with my hand, will light the fire;  
Which when consum'd, and burnt to dust,  
The soul an angel with the just,  
Will put it in a golden bust,  
And set it in the church's altar,  
That youth in duty may not falter.  
See! the flinty hearted miser,  
To save his sheets, early riser.  
He sells his apples, cider, nuts,  
And saves a fortune from his guts.  
Shaves his face with rusty razor,  
Soap from washing, mop the lather.  
Instead of butter on his bread,  
He smears it over with hog's lard.  
He keeps a cow, to save expense;  
To pasture her, knocks down a fence.  
But should he chance to lose a cent,  
Would more than for his sins repent.  
Puts out the candle, when he talks,  
Pulls off his shoes, whene'er he walks.  
And on his table, when he dines,  
Sets soup of dried-up herring's fins.  
He seldom sweeps his room all o'er,  
For fear of wearing out the floor.  
His face thinner than a shingle,  
When he walks, his dry bones jingle.  
Must shut one eye, when you view him,  
Or being so thin, would look through him.

Look through a glass, to bring him near,  
 And screw it tight, you need not fear.  
 Detested wretch ! miscreant foul !  
 Without the shadow of a soul !  
 He robs his children of their food !  
 Reproach upon his maker, God !  
 Exposes them as nat'ral dwarfs !  
 Touches the gold ! now look ! he laughs !  
 His table is a worn-out bench,  
 Stolen by old black kitchen wench.  
 Has a hog-pail, pitcher, ladle ;  
 On his seat, pad of old saddle ;  
 Broken, dirty, headless cradle ;  
 In it puppy, baboon, monkey,  
 Rock'd by a dwarf—little flunky.  
 The fire-place, it is far from neat,  
 Which will hold near a peck of peat.  
 Pair of bellows, without clapper,  
 Cow-herd's whip without a snapper.  
 His brush, made of an ass's tale,  
 The meat he has, is always stale.  
 A wooden tea-pot, without nose,  
 One ragged hen, and without toes ;  
 Which would not keep, but lays two eggs,  
 And when he can, he always begs.  
 He from the hog-pail, oft doth drink,  
 And of the hog's trough, makes a sink.  
 His hog is thinner than a flail,  
 His food can scarce support his tail ;  
 Has but three legs, and one short ear,  
 And when he squeals, you cannot hear.  
 His eye with age, has lost its lashes,  
 Time has furrow'd his cheek with gashes,  
 His features pale as walnut ashes.  
 His tail has lost its nat'ral crook,

Looks like out streighten'd codfish hook.  
 A tear stands trembling in his eye,  
 And now will grunt, and then will sigh.  
 A rusty ring hangs in his snout,  
 With which they turn his head about.  
 Has not strength to raise his bristles,  
 Besides all this, has the measles ;  
 Has scarcely power to ope his eye,  
 And when he does, will almost die.  
 He's ten years old, perhaps, one more ;  
 Will weigh about one half a score.  
 His food is thistles, bark and leaves ;  
 Seems, when he breathes, like horse with heaves ;  
 Or like rum drinkers' wheezing cough,  
 Enough to make a stoic laugh.  
 Is so thin, the sun shines through him,  
 Oh ! could you but go and view him !  
 He 's so old, so poor, so hollow,  
 E'en his shadow cannot follow !  
 The crows they see him from on high,  
 And fly like lightning o'er his sty.  
 There lives another in the village,  
 Would lose his life before he'd pillage.  
 Is different from many folks,  
 Has strange ideas, and some jokes.  
 Mild as the morning sun arising.  
 Slave in fact'ry—quite surprising.  
 Looks like Aristides, the just ;  
 As honest man, shall stand the first.  
 The muse shall write his name in brass,  
 Which time itself shall not erase.  
 See ! Wisdom's Goddess slowly move,  
 Within an inch as tall as Jove.  
 Whose heart can she inspire with love ?  
 Of methodist, she has the air ;

Her skin 's not freckled—rather fair.  
 And is quite pleasant, when she's pleased,  
 But like a vixen, when she's teas'd.  
 Nothing wonderful about her,  
 Should not die, to live without her.  
 Not the ugliest girl of any,  
 Homelier than her, there are many.  
 Makes a good and active weaver,  
 And on the whole, pretty clever.

I dreamed last night, a wild, delirious dream,  
 Which made my blood, from out my vitals stream.  
 With heart wild throbbing, and with aching head,  
 I dreamed for love of you, was almost dead.  
 In mercy on me, cast one ling'ring look,  
 Not in disdain, erase me from your book;  
 But as a humble suppliant let me kneel,  
 Permit to kiss your lip, the thrill to feel;  
 And I your constant lover e'er will prove,  
 And check my vagrant steps, so wont to rove.  
 E'en should I travel to the farthest shore,  
 Where weary nature sleeps, to wake no more;  
 Your beauteous image will I ne'er give o'er;  
 But in my heart, your virtues will I hold;  
 And by some artist, have you wrought in gold.  
 I'll seek the precious treasures of the deep,  
 Which for my sake, a token you shall keep;  
 And in return, as record, you shall bring,  
 A golden lyre, of which you'll touch the string,  
 Like Scottish bard, attune your voice and sing.  
 Wrapt with the heavenly strain, will soar on high,  
 And float along yon azure ambient sky,  
 But stop, enraptur'd with the melody;  
 And list'ning catch the music of the spheres,  
 Whose melting sounds would ravish mortal ears.  
 Will write your name upon the loftiest star,

Which sails on midnight's golden, glittering car.  
 Travel new worlds, by mortals never trod,  
 And hold communion with my maker, God.  
 Traverse ethereal regions utmost space,  
 To seek where virtue finds a resting place;  
 Entranc'd, my soul, at such a dazzling view,  
 Will leave the spheres above, and visit you.

There comes a girl, tall as a light house,  
 And like the rest, lives in a white house.

Will put a lantern in her hand,  
 And on a rock will let her stand.

So when the ships come up the river,  
 Their hulls in darkness may not shiver;

Around her waist, will put a chain,  
 And cast the anchor on a plain;

To hold her safe from storm and breakers,  
 Which else would dash her all to flitters;

And when the sailors pass her by,  
 Shall raise their hats, and heave a sigh.

Now, see a man gigantic, stands like Mars,  
 Though never has he fought in bloody wars.

Indeed, a gentleman in his features;

One of God's best, sincere, candid creatures.

So gen'rous, honest, had I mines of gold,

Would trust him e'en with largest sum untold.

Who is so lib'ral, had he not to give,

From his heart would say, for life would not live.

He has a pretty and lovely daughter;

Am serious, do not wish to flatter;

Polished, and well informed, though far from old,

Worth a casket of diamonds, mine of gold.

His wife, the muse shall surely not forget,

For, if not mistaken, is living yet.

Her worth is far above the muse's praise,

Wing being broken, ceases now her lays.



There comes, the laughing, slouching butcher;  
 He is too honest to be poacher;  
 But hold a cent before his eyes,  
 His changing look, would quite surpise.  
 Would seem like Shylock in the play,  
 When Portia's pleading led his way.  
 As among miners, he that 's first,  
 To find the golden, glitt'ring dust;  
 Or like a miser, when he spies,  
 A golden eagle 'fore his eyes.  
 He is an active, noisy wight;  
 Call him any thing, but polite;  
 Give him an inch, he'll take an ell;  
 Come! buy his meat—he 'll treat you well;  
 On hand has ever beef to sell.  
 Always careful to ask enough,  
 Be it all bone, or very tough.  
 And when he enters in a room,  
 Quickly reminds you of the broom;  
 E'en brings more dirt upon his shoes,  
 Than filling up canal, would use.  
 Had you a carpet on the floor,  
 Would mud it, with his feet, all o'er.

Dirty as Diogenes, sitting in his tub,  
 Though not like you, for a paltry cent would grub.  
 When Alexander the Great came near him,  
 Diogenes did not seem to fear him;  
 E'en without great ado, or much parade,  
 Would thank him, not to make so dark a shade.  
 Who, lowly bowing, and with the most graceful ease,  
 "Were I not Alexander, would be Diogenes."

Who, when a gentleman goes by,  
 Him as a monster seems to eye;  
 And what would please him best of all,  
 Would be to see him sprawling fall,

On the ground, or in the gutter;  
 Let him lay—it is no matter.  
 Every one for himself, he says,  
 I can myself turn many ways.  
 And when his children go to school,  
 Objects to master's using rule;  
 At home, are disciplined so well,  
 As all their actions plainly tell.  
 Wants the teacher to keep a slate,  
 Note, every day, each absent pate.  
 Fact'ries introduced this fashion,  
 Disgrace to a polished nation;  
 But, indeed, deserves some merit,  
 Risen, by his active spirit.

There comes a woman, honest as a miller's cow,  
 She talks so very queer, I cannot tell you how.  
 Is more pleasant, than a fine Italian summer,  
 And more musical than Buonaparte's best drummer.  
 She walks, indeed, so quickly, she will soon be near,  
 And, if you wish instruction, lend attentive ear.  
 Expects, from Narragansett, bason full of gold,  
 Or e'en as much as the largest quart pot would hold.  
 Has fair quit claim deeds, of more than a hundred farms,  
 And when she's near, my heart beats loud alarms;  
 O! that in extatic bliss, could clasp her in my arms.  
 Her cheek is hard, and redder than a Brighton beet,  
 And looks so very fresh, is good enough to eat.  
 Has four witching daughters, the prettiest of the town,  
 And each of them, at least, handsome French cambric gown.  
 Charming Miss Huldah—Susan—Mary—and Charlotte,  
 Three of them lovely are,—one handsome is, by Got.  
 These four beauteous, lovely, and romantic daughters,  
 Attract the finest, richest beaux, from all quarters.  
 And when they marry, I hope they'll all have the cash,  
 Buy a handsome coach, and make an awful splash.

One or more, has been to accomplished Aikin's school,  
Though a handsome, blooming cheeked man, yet without a  
soul.

She is very witty, pleasant, shoots with Dupont's Powder,  
Sounds like blowing rocks, discharging cannon, rather  
louder.

She says that folks of learning, will fix all things right,  
Has an active, athletic son, and he will fight.  
Says fact'ry girls are foolish, and spend all their cash,  
To dress like *Indian Queens*, and make a splendid flash.  
They think but of their looks, regardless of their head,  
Which, says she, is lighter, than empty feather bed.  
Sprung from ancient, patrician, noblest, Roman blood,  
Has always fed on the choicest, daintiest food.  
Has been educated like the finest lady,  
And for a *talk—joke—or smut*—is always ready.

When Warmasley, sturdy Indian, was for murder hung,  
To gratify curiosity, hired a pung.  
Had been confined at home so long, she did not know  
How other folks got on, the world did go.  
Would gratify herself, sometimes, with novelty,  
But did not know the world so full of deviltry.

You old tyrant, Roman Nero,  
Neither statesman, lawyer, hero;  
Dislike you only for your name,  
As in character, not the same.  
You have original wit, like knife,  
But do not wish you for a wife;  
We should be sparring, be at strife,  
Perhaps in wrath would take my life.  
You, a lady, dressing like a queen,  
Perhaps, some more, not less than sixteen;  
You are candid, content in your house,  
As a rat in his hole, or young mouse.  
Who kept a stable in the place?

Filled with steeds, Arabian race.  
 And stood on Athens' classic hill,  
 One thousand rods from the new mill.  
 The keeper look'd like sportsman Purdy,  
 Rather taller, perhaps more sturdy.  
 One called Quick Silver—other, Eclipse,  
 Gracefully formed about the hips.  
 Their tails flowed handsomely behind,  
 Like ladies' curls, fanned by the wind.  
 These horses ran, at all the races,  
 Had noble, martial, warlike faces,  
 And ever took the golden purses.  
 He had another, a fine grey mare,  
 Which glisten'd all o'er with sleekest hair,  
 But when she moved, as fleet as air.  
 And looked like Alexander's horse,  
 Bucephalus—but rather worse;  
 Or like the horse of the muses,  
 Pegasus—which each one uses.  
 Nostrils inflated, breathed the air,  
 Her eye like light'ning, darted fire;  
 Her form more graceful, stepped some higher.  
 Genteel as the quickest greyhound,  
 Instead of step, would rather bound,  
 And like a rocket left the ground.  
 Or fled with lightning's rapid flight,  
 Or, like a ray of dawning light;  
 But, with old age, and much abuse,  
 She quickly ceased to be of use.  
 Had fed so high, on hay and oats,  
 She sickened, pined, and died with botts.  
 He buried her on classic ground,  
 Burnt myrrh and incense all around,  
 Go dig there now, she will be found.  
 Doctor you are, indeed, strange fellow,

Your head with wit and sense quite mellow.  
 Like Abraham, patriarch of old,  
 Too easy and careless, to have gold.  
 Why don't you leave youth's sportive notion?  
 And go to Congress, get promotion.  
 Be statesman, or Captain of review,  
 Or Collector of the revenue.  
 Now is the time, to make stump speeches,  
 As you don't care so much for riches.  
 Now leave your old angling rod and line,  
 But purchase your fish, whene'er you dine,  
 Would be an idea very fine.  
 You are no longer a stripling, youth,  
 But old as Methusaleh in truth.  
 And now, if you wish to buy a boat,  
 And on the river get once afloat;  
 You and myself, will buy together,  
 Old Faulkner's, and bind with sole leather  
 A piece of oak wood, to make a keel;  
 Then when aboard, will not crankly reel,  
 Both rock, and careen, and then upset,  
 Our cravats and shirts, all over wet.  
 But stand as firm as man of war,  
 And e'en disregard severest flaw!  
 You, who, conscious of your beauty,  
 And think yourself very pretty,  
 Ear-rings hanging on your shoulder,  
 Dazzle the eye each beholder.  
 And you, as firm as Hercules,  
 Would stand severest fight or breeze;  
 Or, like one of the stoutest trees,  
 The oak, made of which, vessels' knees.  
 You—lady of another place,  
 Who have a rather pleasant face;  
 Will find, when you around have travell'd,



Not half the world yet unravelled.  
 You little, black-eyed, laughing boy,  
 Your mother's image, pretty toy;  
 When you grow a little bigger,  
 Will make of you, shallop rigger.  
 You little, saucy, whining imp,  
 Will thrash you with a knot of hemp;  
 If you don't stop, whining, crying,  
 You 'll find yourself on floor lying;  
 E'en though your mother stood close by,  
 Would let you bawl, both kick and cry;  
 Though to strike you, it doth grieve me,  
 She being about to leave me.  
 You are a pretty, little girl,  
 Am always sorry when you squall;  
 With jetty hair, and quite polite,  
 Would kiss your neck, it is so white.  
 Your fame has spread throughout the land,  
 Shall be a warrior—have command;  
 Like the great brave Alexander,  
 On earth shall be first Commander.  
 Shall be so brave that cannon ball  
 Will never frighten you at all.  
 And e'en the bloody sabre's stroke,  
 Will not alarm you more than smoke.  
 You Seneca, wise as Thales, the Sage,  
 In wisdom, though not in years, his age.  
 And shall by far, in future time, excell,  
 As writer, Fenelon and Marmontel.  
 E'en the Philosopher shall surpass,  
 And have a fine statue wrought in brass.  
 In deep tragedy shall exceed Cooke,  
 And teach old Jew Shylock, how to look.  
 E'en more fluent than old Cicero,  
 Your eloquence shall e'en smoother flow.

E'en than Demosthenes or Webster,  
 The last for argument a Dabster.  
 Than Mark Antony, or proud Cæsar,  
 The first for eloquence, a Teaser.  
 Than Tristram Burges, or S. Bridgham,  
 Than Charles Phillips, or mighty Brougham  
 Than William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham,  
 Or any other, that owns a farm.  
 Than Talma, the great French tragedian,  
 Benjamin Whitman when collegian.  
 Than late S. Dexter—late J. Burrill,  
 So gentlemanly would not quarrel.

More eloquent than greatest statesman ever born,  
 And will, with supreme excellence, the world adorn.  
 Shall be greater hero than Washington, or La Fayette,  
 Hannibal, Wallace, Buonaparte, or any man born yet.  
 Shall eclipse in extensive lore—the most profound know-  
 edge,

The greatest founders of the Roman and Grecian colleg

My unassuming, modest friend,  
 Who does the ev'ning school attend ;  
 Are so attentive to your books,  
 And have such kind and pleasing looks ;  
 Hope you will possess more knowledge,  
 Than the tutors in the college ;  
 Than President—and the scholars—  
 When you marry, have the dollars.  
 Be not impatient, wait awhile,  
 Marry a noble, live in stile ;  
 You always pleased me, to a charm,  
 And were I rich, you 'd have a farm.  
 And would present a diamond ring,  
 Too brilliant, handsome for a king.  
 Lovely, polished, and genteel,  
 Would make a flinty heart to feel.

Espouse the President of the nation,  
 And fill with dignity, your high station.  
 Purchase yourself, costly pallace,  
 Will call and sing, "Scots with Wallace,"  
 And you shall touch your rich piano,  
 And strike the anthem, "Hail Hosanna,"  
 The Finale—Star Spangled Banner.  
 Will stay another day and dine,  
 Crack a bottle of your best wine;  
 We'll talk and laugh, we'll joke and sing,  
 And make the lofty ceiling ring.  
 But when you see me 'bout to leave,  
 Do n't look e'en pouty, sigh and grieve;  
 Shall call some other time that way,  
 And will a week or fortnight stay.  
 And our constant friendship e'er shall be  
 Like that of Orestes and Pylades.  
 The *sui generis*, on the hill,  
 Whose head the strangest thoughts do fill.  
 Has such hostility to preachers,  
 Takes Volney and Voltaire for teachers.  
 Believes no God, doubts a Devil,  
 Because he can't the scheme unravel.  
 Says Creation's Works all sprung from Chance,  
 Absurd, a fool's idea to advance.  
 That earth or matter formed the whole,  
 From mass inactive, rose the soul.  
 That man in his form and feature,  
 Is a self-created creature.  
 That sun and moon and ev'ry star,  
 Were self-created where they are.  
 Reflect—should you see shoe or boot,  
 The nat'ral inference is a foot.  
 You misconceive your learned teachers,  
 Who believed in God, though no preachers.

You bold as Amazon in face,  
 No genius of the human race ;  
 Are well enough, if you 're civil,  
 Otherwise, go to the Devil.  
 My pretty dear, pray do n't you cry,  
 Had rather hear you laugh or sigh.  
 I know you have a tender heart,  
 Nor do I wish with barbed dart,  
 To wound the feelings of your soul ;  
 Love is a passion can 't control.  
 I plucked a rosy fragrant flower,  
 Fresh dripping with the morning shower,  
 To deck your little snowy breast,  
 Which with delight—could e'en have press'd.  
 The pretty rose, you did refuse,  
 My gallantry, you did abuse ;  
 And in return, to punish you,  
 Kissed a coquettish, jilting shrew.  
 The uglies perhaps made you cry,  
 Do n't mind the jeers of maids so dry.  
 Old maids are the most loathsome things,  
 Like drone bees which have lost their stings.  
 To see a handsome girl e'en kiss'd,  
 Go into fits, are so distressed.  
 Are like the fox who saw the grapes,  
 He tries to climb, ogles and gapes ;  
 But were too high, beyond his power,  
 Like an old maid, exclaims "*how sour.*"  
*Milton's ghost at "Happy Hollow,"*  
 Neither gentleman nor scholar.  
 And though agent in the mill,  
 The vilest office would not fill.  
 Any thing but decent, civil,  
 Quit my sight, you rustic Devil.  
 You bear the English poet's name,

Indeed, it is a cursed shame.

Goblin! Avaunt! nor thwart my path,  
Or feel my very direst wrath.

Go in the grist-mill, see the miller,  
With industry, he earns his siller.

The honest dust upon his clothes,  
Is worth a handsome trunk of hose.

In church has higher claim to seat,  
Than half the Christians that we meet.

His wife, the very drollest woman,  
She leads a life that's quite uncommon.

Has stranger thoughts within her head,  
Then e'er was sung or e'er was read.

Her mind replete, expressive looks,  
Has gleaned fine thoughts from many books.

Can cite from Shakspeare, or Ben Johnson,  
Hudebras, Campbell, or from Shenstone.

Reads all the papers, all the plays,  
And though a Christian, never prays.

See! one of nature's bluntest youths,  
Matters of fact and real truths.

Mind well stored with useful knowledge,  
Yet ne'er has he been to college.

His hair it hangs like flowing gold,  
And waving o'er his forehead bold.

His eye expresses deepest thought,  
As though with science highly wrought.

In abstract mind eclipses Newton,  
E'en Descartes, Lock or Bacon.

Ne'er sacrifices to the graces,  
Though with lovely, handsome faces.

He keeps a secret in his breast,  
Where safely it will ever rest.

Is rather rustic, than genteel,  
For handsome girls, he cannot feel.



So honest, that he 'll ne'er do wrong,  
 'T is strange, sometimes attempts a song.  
 His mem'ry is so tenacious,  
 Seems like boundless gulph capacious.  
 But could you see him buy or sell,  
 Would think his head, deep as a well.  
 He has no wife, but keeps a cat,  
 The direst foe of ev'ry rat.  
 Though very smart, likes his leisure,  
 Has a little taste for pleasure.  
 Would have another do his work,  
 Being sometimes, inclined to shirk.  
 Procrastination is his fault,  
 Before he starts, begins to halt.  
 Does not laugh so well as he talks,  
 But see! a man when e'er he walks.  
 See! the proud school-house lofty stand,  
 The scholars form a little band.  
 Where the children, diff'rent ages,  
 Are sent to make Grecian sages.  
 The little flaxen headed girls,  
 From common pebbles become pearls.  
 The rusty, knotty, gnarly boys,  
 In after ages, parents' joys.  
 The tutor, a modest teacher,  
 To form their minds, ceased a preacher.  
 But should he chance, catch the notion,  
 Read to them, a little portion;  
 Of a good sermon or essay,  
 Would smooth their path upon the way.  
 See! Andrew Jackson's faithful champion,  
 In features, looks like Doctor Franklin.  
 Except the green glasses on his nose,  
 Which being quick sighted, does not use.  
 With pleasing smile, and snuff-box in his hand,

As firm as Ætna, see him boldly stand,  
 Taking survey of all the promised land,  
 The warlike hero, has at his command.  
 Although like them, could not face a battle,  
 Or play with lightning, when thunders rattle.  
 He takes The Globe, whence all his wisdom flows,  
 And reads the news—then quickly seeks repose.  
 There stands a man, like lawyer pleading,  
 He holds the Herald, which he 's reading.  
 Dogmatic, pos'tive, sanguine for the truth,  
 And like a Churchman, points the way to Youth.

Who is that young and active clerk ?  
 Ready and handy at his work.  
 In movement, graceful and genteel,  
 With ease he turns upon his heel.  
 Always maintains, his honest right,  
 And when is urged, will bravely fight.  
 Rather disposed to mirth and fun,  
 Will wrestle, dance, and sometimes run.  
 Eden's rich garden, gave hi'n birth,  
 The fairest spot that's found on earth.  
 The girls are handsome, as the Houris,  
 Of which we read in Eastern stories ;  
 But when provoked, seem like furies;  
 Rising from the dark shades below,  
 With eye wild flashing 'neath the brow.  
 Whose silky lid, and blooming cheek,  
 Their heart's deep feelings, loudly speak.  
 There comes one of the youngest clerks,  
 Somewhat fantastic, rather smirks.  
 In modern style, with frizzled hair,  
 Effem'nate, as a girl, in air.  
 Round him all *The Beauties* cluster,  
 Like militia-men, at muster.  
 Dry as a *herring*, when he talks,

He never runs, but always walks.  
 Of fine taste, and rather lazy,  
 Like myself, would take life easy.  
 Has a mind for painting, drawing,  
 Don't like to trade, always sawing.  
 His spirits ebb and flow, like tide,  
 Is heedless, when you scold, or chide;  
 But *graceful*, sure, he cannot ride.  
 A little girl, will always tease him,  
 She comes so often, does displease him.  
 He sometimes calls her freckled face,  
 And in his heart shall not have place.  
 I wish she'd work, and tend her loom,  
 And he, himself, would use the broom.  
 Absent in mind, always thinking;  
 Though not like one, ever prinking.  
 Using Cologne, and washing hands,  
 Before the glass, too often stands.  
 You cannot ruffle up his mind,  
 And strike him, would not look behind.  
 Or should e'en the store be on fire,  
 Would not exert himself to tire.‡  
 Imitates, sometimes, the preacher;  
 Perhaps would make country teacher.  
 Tired, disgusted with the women,  
 Being eternally humming.  
 Like *the Scotch Bag Pipe's lazy drone*,  
 Would petrify a heart to stone.

You, like Archimides, want a lever,  
 That would e'en capsize the world quite over;  
 Or rather, fulcrum, to hold a lever,  
 Which you have not now, nor can have ever.  
 Want the power above, of mighty Jove,  
 To hang the world, as in a cage, the dove.  
 You cannot take down the sun, moon, and stars,

Can have Hill, make hangers of iron bars.  
 Hark! hear old Vulcan strike—how loud it jars!  
 To have the gearing rattling in your head,  
 While at your work, or sleeping in your bed,  
 It strikes me with surprise, you are not dead.

See Buonaparte, at his leisure,  
 Sitting in half bushel measure.  
 And when he's old as his master,  
 Will heedless, view great disaster.  
 Generous, imprudent, thoughtless youth,  
 And no great stickler for the truth.  
 Too licentious, always courting,  
 And love Miss Pert, ever flirting.  
 Don't swear so much, but leave the girls,  
 Though e'en their teeth, are white as pearls;  
 Their hair hangs clustering in curls.  
 Their eye-lids, black, long, and silky,  
 Bosoms, snowy, white, and milky.  
 Eyes, though flashing, gleaming, sparkling,  
 But in anger, lowering, darkling.  
 Now leave them, though they please the view,  
 Rub out once more, begin anew.  
 I do not like a female miser,  
 Though, being a girl, can't despise her.  
 Are so av'ricious, can't spare time,  
 E'en on a peacock's brains to dine.  
 You little flaxen headed wretch,  
 And had you claws, like cat would scratch;  
 Always swearing, bawling, crying,  
 Mother would not see you dying.  
 Act like an imp, and much grieve her,  
 Calls you pretty, undeceive her.  
 Saucy, sullen, little devil,  
 As ever touched tongues or shovel;  
 Leave the house, go in a hovel.

Were I your dad, would keep a strap,  
 And every moment give a slap.  
 Or roll you on the floor all o'er,  
 E'en pound your back, and make it sore.  
 Then put you in among the pigs,  
 Till you had ceased to run your rigs.  
 And should I speak, but you not care,  
 Would cuff your head, and pull your hair,  
 Would strip off every rag of clothes,  
 And in the winter let you freeze:  
 Freeze off your head, hands, feet and toes.  
 Your eye is ugly as a fiend,  
 Most wicked carl that ever sinned.  
 And when in years, you are older,  
 In your actions can't be bolder.  
 Perhaps, in time, you may improve,  
 Your angry passions change to love.  
 And after having been to school,  
 E'en thrashed with cowhide, whipped with rule,  
 Your jacket, smoking with the dust,  
 And quite beat off all the old rust;  
 You may become a likely boy,  
 Instead of sorrow, give her joy.  
 But should you never change your course,  
 And still be growing ever worse,  
 She will repent, that you were born,  
 A cursed, little, pricking thorn.

You who live, e'en in the lowest cellar,  
 And seldom feel the influence stellar;  
 Are handsomer than the Queen of Sheba,  
 Never being married, have no'baby.  
 Her work being finished, and washing done,  
 Went to see Solomon—King David's son;  
 Who had a seraglio full of women,  
 The handsomest females under heaven.



In faces—fine figure—in strength and speed,  
 All other women, did they far exceed.  
 And when in his palace, being alone,  
 A lofty window, was wide open thrown;  
 Through which, the morning sun, resplendant shone.  
 In came a noisy, buzzing, humming bee,  
 And quickly lit, upon the nat'ral tree;  
 Or rather, the rose, for he seemed partial,  
 The other being an artificial.  
 Before him, soon, another case was brought,  
 Which he decided, also, quick as thought.  
 His wisdom and rich palace, quite surprised,  
 Charmed, dazzled, and bewildered, her bright eyes.  
 She looked around, well pleased, and had enough,  
 'Then said, indeed, she'd never heard one half.  
 Old uncle Nick, namesake of the devil,  
 Though not like him, disposed to all evil.  
 To me, have ever been polite and civil.  
 A good-hearted, witty, gen'rous fellow,  
 Your hair is neither black, grey, nor yellow;  
 But in color, combining the whole three,  
 If disposed to doubt, lift his hat and see.  
 And like old Noah, take a bottle of wine,  
 Before and very soon after you dine.  
 A glass of sling, to give nature a jog,  
 Fond, like myself, of women, punch, and grog.  
 No convert to the system of *Grey-ham*,  
 Which would unnerve the most athletic man.  
 Have much sympathy, would not kill a fly;  
 Would shed a tear, to see an insect die.  
 Born with a Christian's love, a noble soul,  
 With wide-extended arms, embrace the whole.  
 E'en would not have the vilest sinner lost,  
 Martyr would die, to save the very worst.  
 Are imprudent, genius' most common lot,

"Conceived with godlike rapture, fire-begot."  
 Great follies, to great virtues, are ally'd,  
 And have been so, e'er since the Saviour died.  
 A faithful farmer, a first rate cooper,  
 Round a cask, would gallop like a trooper.  
 Would hoop more casks, or good cider barrels,  
 In one hour, than would hold a million squirrels.  
 Can mow more grass, and husk by far more corn,  
 In one day, than would fill the largest barn.  
 Are a philosopher, of the first mint ;  
 Do not know myself, but have had a hint,  
 Can trace the cause, which makes a child to squint.  
 Hark! a rustling noise, startle! turn around—  
 Look! a long black snake creeping on the ground;  
 See! his flaming eye—hear! the hissing sound,  
 Coils like a ring—glides into den profound—  
 Perhaps the same, in Eden, the devil enter'd,  
 When to fascinate Eve, he ventured—  
 Did with his arts and cursed wiles succeed,  
 Like other beauties, flattered without heed.  
 Tasted the forbidden fruit, fair as gold,  
 Which clust'ring hung, in its bright luscious fold.  
 Gave to her partner, Adam, who did eat,  
 A chill like death, ran to the very feet.  
 All nature groaned, the heavens sadly lowered,  
 To see fair Eve and Adam, overpowered.  
 The tidings fled like light, to realms above,  
 That sin was on the earth, lost the first love.  
 Had forfeited his Maker's wondrous grace,  
 Left the garden, and lived by sweat of face,  
 A curse entail'd on all the human race.  
 God now sends his Son, for fallen man to die,  
 To wipe the hopeless tear, from beauty's eye.  
 To suffer shameful death, of cursed cross,  
 And redeem ruined man, from endless loss.

To light through the dark vista of the tomb,  
 To worlds above, the ransomed sinner's home.  
 Were all the grief, that fills this mundane sphere,  
 Uttered, in sigh, or shed in single tear,  
 Would break the drum of every mortal ear;  
 And drown the boundless world, like Noah's flood,  
 Melt to pity, the most unchanging God.  
 Reverse decrees, pronounced on guilty man,  
 And let him live his sinful life again,  
 Before he 'd cast him from his presence ever,  
 Wailing in endless woe, to see him never.  
 Lose the immortal crown, which hangs on high,  
 Not admitted to starry, spangled sky;  
 To sing to angels' harps celestial love,  
 And float on seas of bliss, or boundless rove,  
 Through immense regions, gaining thoughts the soul,  
 Mind enlarged, expanding without control;  
 Sum of immortal bliss, the final goal.  
 Adhere to truth, shun all sin and evil—  
 Heed not man, can face the very devil.

Sir John—you are a real quiz,  
 Endowed with mind, a handsome phiz.  
 Your attempts at imitation,  
 Provoke, indeed, my condemnation.  
 But should you alter and improve,  
 Will give my hand, without the glove.  
 Uncork a bottle of champagne,  
 Then of your wit, I'll not complain.  
 But should you refuse to do it,  
 You'll see the time, that you'll rue it.  
 My drooping muse, with flagging wing,  
 Croaks hoarse as raven, tries to sing;  
 Brays like a jackass, in the spring;  
 On which, once rode Judea's king.  
 Replume my muse, and soar on high,

Sail like an eagle in the sky,  
 Or as a fleecy cloud, flit by.  
 Save from time's scythe and fleeting glass,  
 The rapid moments as they pass.  
 Portray the virtues of a lass,  
 Disdains an am'rous looking glass.  
 Thinks love a dream, an idle flame,  
 And where there's sense, it has no name.  
 In ev'ry action, ev'ry look,  
 Speaks deepest thoughts, of well wrote book.  
 Locke, on the mind, the best essay,  
 Abstract, profound, useful each day,  
 To point inquiring mind the way.  
 The best, and most useful knowledge,  
 That e'er was taught in a college.  
 Uncivil muse and impolite,  
 Has winged her heroine from sight.  
 Seems in stature an amazon,  
 Could guide the chariot of the sun.  
 The wheels of bright and dazzling gold,  
 As e'er o'er heaven's pavement rolled.  
 The golden car, studded with gems,  
 Shines more brilliant than diadems.  
 Comet horses, with flowing manes,  
 Tails far sweeping on the wind,  
 And leave e'en the lightning behind.  
 Inflated nostrils, fresh with dew,  
 Full op'ning on the astonished view.  
 With limbs so light, gallop the cloud,  
 Their noise, like rippling water, loud.  
 With swan's curved neck, haughty, proud.  
 Their neighing, fills the silent air,  
 Shagg'd fetlocks, hang like wanton air.  
 Their voice, so musical in note,  
 Like harp's wild touches, seems to float.

Their coat e'en soft, as finest silk,  
 Glossy, snowy, more white than milk.  
 With leopard stripes upon the back,  
 Their hips all spotted o'er with black.  
 An eye, fierce as Bengal tiger,  
 The fell hyena, or the jaguar.  
 She'd check with ease, the fleetest steed,  
 E'en on his quickest, rapid speed.  
 Hold with grace, her flying horses,  
 Ever keep them on the courses.  
 Not like Phæton, loose flowing reins,  
 Without restraint, scouring the plains;  
 Bolt the course, now lost the destin'd place,  
 Drive too near, the Ethiopian race,  
 Curl the negro's hair, and scorch his face.  
 But hold in check, the wildest horse,  
 That ever ran upon the course.  
 My heroine is in her car,  
 Driving like light from star to star,  
 Looks like a comet, seen afar.  
 A noble lady, must admire,  
 Take lofty seat, Roby Dyer.  
 You, who oversee the weave-room,  
 Turned out Arnold, put in John Brown  
 Francis—a farmer—will promote  
 The cause of raising handsome shoat.  
 Asses, mules, cows and horses,  
 Give a premium, for good bosses,  
 Of the largest and noblest breed,  
 To patronize the finest seed.  
 For sow, of longest tail and ear,  
 Of farm, will make him overseer.  
 For butter, from best dairy brought,  
 Fourpence, one farthing, and a groat.  
 For horse, of best Arabian breed,



Has it altered from a cavern?  
 The resort of each kind of beast—  
 To laugh and talk, sing, joke and jest—  
 And do the *loungers*, in the street,  
 Hang on the old worn out posts yet?  
 In your market—have you fresh fish,  
 Sir, send me, if you please, a dish,  
 Of sheepshead, tautog, or salmon—  
 Which should prefer, to slice gammon.  
 How is the whaling business there?  
 Perhaps the same, as everywhere.  
 Now will cease, my questions asking,  
 Fearful I'm, your patience tasking.  
 Now as for yourself, you are polite,  
 As any gentleman, I meet.  
 In village, city or country;  
 E'en among the greatest gentry.

A gentleman of Patrician order,  
 His wealth, his wife, his child on the border  
 Of Manville, where in ease, they pass their time,  
 As happy as nobles of fairest clime;  
 Italia, France, Spain, England or Holland;  
 The last of which, is built on piles of sand,  
 The first, is fairy land, and classic ground;  
 Where pictures and statues of taste, are found,  
 Executed by painters' sculptors' hand;  
 Celebrated throughout the world stand first.  
 And who can save from times' dark dimming rust?  
 Strike quick as thought, a picture, hero's bust.  
 Corinna here, her magic power displayed,  
 To the enchanted mind, her wit conveyed.  
 Could touch so musical, the golden lyre,  
 Might see the notes, extatic sweep the wire;  
 Rouse the mind to hope, sink it to despair,  
 Caught from the lofty spheres, in upper air.

Her mighty hand could strike the strain so high,  
 It seemed like thunder, rolling though the sky.  
 Or change, and touch the notes, so soft and low,  
 Seemed like a fiend, sighing last gasp of woe.  
 Eloquence flowed soft as smoothest river,  
 In Spain—where gold is found—the Guadalquiver.  
 Her wond'rous powers, would rouse the lowest dead;  
 Flash, gleam, and sparkle, like lightning o'er head.  
 Lovely Italia! fairest clime on earth,  
 Who gave to sparkling wit—god-like genius birth.  
 Where witching music—all the fine arts sprung—  
 Noble Brutus frowned—swan-like Maro sung.  
 The Roman sailor, topped the dashing wave,  
 The prostrate column, ruthless time can't save.  
 Birth-place of Cæsar—Fame's proudest hero—  
 Blot on her escutcheon—wretch—tyrant, Nero.  
 May her yelling eagle, replume his wings and soar,  
 Chains, rent asunder, reverb'rate to the shore.  
 My heedless muse, return, resume the strain,  
 And rouse my hero, sleeping on the plain—  
 G. W. C. J.—will strike you in one thought;  
 For gold cannot, indeed, be sold or bought.  
 M\*\*y S\*\*\*h, from a green bud, blooms a fragrant rose,  
 Your beauties, now, at sixteen, begin to disclose  
 Their luscious sweetness, like odoriferous orange,  
 Your feelings, to yourself, mysterious and strange;  
 Your wild and lively fancy, takes a wider range.  
 Your sparkling eye and cheek, have caught celestial fire;  
 Your throbbing breast and heart, breathe soft desire:  
 To see this change in woman, stoics admire.  
 Your mind in sleep, now clasps some youthful form;  
 Wild, starting in your dream, essay to fly his arm.  
 'T is virgin modesty, causes this timid fear,  
 Do n't be alarmed, at phantoms, pretty little dear!  
 Eunomia, Dike, Irene, playful on you wait—

Sweet, smiling, cherub hours, kiss you in wanton sport.  
 Aglia, Thalia, Euphrosyne—the Graces court.  
 Your soft and childish voice, assumes a sweeter tone,  
 Ten thousand lovely charms, cluster around your zone.  
 Your restless feelings, lead delighted through the grove;  
 Now ravished with the birds, pouring their soul in love.  
 The sky to your eye, changes to a softer blue,  
 The earth, the air around, charm your thoughtful view—  
 The zephyr, breathes more sweetly, by your list'ning ear;  
 The rural walk in June, the loveliest of the year.  
 There stands, like rock, stoic philosopher,  
 Firm as an iron-bound coast, the billows lash,  
 Roaring and howling, in their foaming rage;  
 His polar star, the cash; born in our age.  
 Frowns, like a gloomy thunder cloud;  
 Dignity, in his air, and sternly proud.  
 Like lofty oak, defies the pelting storm,  
 A well made figure, and a graceful form.  
 Expressive eye, 'neath a Grecian forehead,  
 In nature's school, informed, and deeply read.  
 The muscles of his face, made of iron;  
 In the meridian of life, not worn.  
 Though strongly marked, indeed, with thoughtful care,  
 With dauntless nerve, the ills of life would bear.  
 Ambitious, as the great Roman Cæsar,  
 Resolved, like Samson, lift the gates of Gaza.  
 His judgment, suited to maturer years,  
 Destruction of the world, might start his tears.  
 His air, how dignified! commanding look,  
 As though, no stranger, to a well wrote book.  
 Social, easy in her conversation,  
 A lady of well deserved consideration.  
 Though not possessed of the greatest beauty,  
 Discharges honorably, moral duty.  
 Firm in character, as the mountain oak,

Face, unappalled, reverse of fortune's stroke.  
 And when she speaks, 'tis sure to the purpose;  
 Then let the best of ladies, do no worse.

There comes a man, after God's heart,  
 First rate carpenter, at his work.  
 T'is true, indeed, speaks but seldom,  
 When he does, not at random.  
 Very steady in his habits,  
 Not bolting the course like rabbits;  
 Or rather, the white nimble hare,  
 Which in the fields, will stop and stare;  
 And running, now here, and then there.  
 Keeps the time, like a well made clock;  
 Rises at crowing of the cock,  
 Or lark, which ushers in the morn,  
 Foretelling streak of rising dawn.  
 In principle, built on a rock;  
 Feels not each day, of sin, the shock;  
 Fills all around this lower sphere,  
 Increases, with each rolling year.  
 Ne'er swerves from the truth or duty—  
 Good looking man—not a beauty.  
 He would not lie, for all the world,  
 Or rich Potosi's mines of gold;  
 Stands high on virtue's list enrolled.  
 Determined, positive his way,  
 Industrious, never whiles the day,  
 Prefers labor to sportive play.  
 His mind calm, as smoothest river,  
 Not a ripple on it ever;  
 No hypocrite, or deceiver;  
 Obliging, peaceable, clever:  
 Or like the tranquil azure sky,  
 When not a fleecy cloud flits by.  
 Another's wo would start a tear,

Loses no time, in all the year;  
 He does not boast, yet knows not fear.  
 In work, he does not go ahead,  
 Prefers another to take lead.  
 Lives in a world, formed by himself,  
 When in anger, growls like a wolf.  
 But prick him, he will feel the pain,  
 In a moment, is hushed again.  
 Is a Universalist indeed!

Like a martyr, fights for his creed.

See! the brave, noble, Gen'ral Vars advance,  
 Like Buonaparte, the boasted pride of France.  
 Mounted on a snowy, milk white steed,  
 Fleeter than light or lightning, in his speed.  
 His golden trappings, sit with easy grace,  
 An eye, like lion's, flashes in his face.  
 His tail, long sweeping, reaches to the ground,  
 A form like reindeer, or genteel hind;  
 Like streaming comet, sails along the wind.  
 Sired in Arabia, princely, noblest breed,  
 And graceful his limbs, a high mettled steed.  
 His eye, in battle, darting warlike blaze,  
 More radiant than the sun's deep sparkling rays.  
 And gleaming like the brightest dazzling star,  
 That decks night's golden, glittering car.

Prancing and pawing on the ground,  
 Wheeling in graceful curve around;  
 Like savage tiger seems to bound,  
 Pricks up his ear, at martial sound;  
 The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud roll,  
 Starts, like a race-horse, for the goal.  
 As fleet as lightning, look! he goes,  
 Like scowling thunder, on his foes;  
 The ground, it smokes, beneath his tread,  
 Seems like a bursting cloud, o'er head;



With electric fluid, too highly charged,  
 Flashing, at intervals, and now enlarged,  
 Mutt'ring, eruptive, bursting, rapid flies,  
 A mountain oak is struck, and prostrate lies,  
 Spreading its verdant ruins on the ground,  
 Its mighty roots upturned, and flung around.  
 The hero's nodding plume, gracefully moves,  
 Flames like Flamingo, o'er the stormy waves.  
 His air most princely, dignified like Jove,  
 Who rules the golden, wheeling spheres above;  
 Or him, who wades through seas of fœtid blood,  
 The brave, undaunted form, of war, the God.  
 Eye expressive, decisive, god-like look,  
 E'en smallest insult, scarce could hardly brook.  
 So feeling, merciful, that e'en would save,  
 The unfortunate, noble, gen'rous, brave;  
 Who should, perchance, receive a ghastly wound,  
 And fall disabled, fainting on the ground.  
 Would, like Christian Samaritan, of old,  
 In martial cloak, his feeble limbs enfold.  
 Hark! the warlike drum, the fife's shrill shriek,  
 The guns, with well-directed aim, they speak;  
 Every bullet, from their spiteful muzzle,  
 Strikes deadly foe, in breast, throat, or guzzle;  
 Wounds an arm, breaks a rib, sometimes, a head;  
 The blood spouts, foaming, gushing all around,  
 The corse, now lifeless, stretched upon the ground.  
 The cannons bellow, with their thund'ring roar,  
 Like angry waves, which lash the distant shore.  
 See! the smoke curling—hear! the chain shot rattle,  
 Vars and his soldiers, rushing on to battle.  
 With rapid step, retreating foe more near,  
 Proud, as were Cæsar's men, shrink not with fear.  
 The bugle notes, so loud, the welkin rings, ;  
 Hark! over head, another bullet sings.

Attack the en'my, now, upon the flank,  
 Like famished tigers, rush from rank to rank.  
 Now on the bridge of Lodi—See! the foe—  
 From Vars' bold stroke, descends a shade below.  
 Like dauntless lion, tri-colored flag in hand,  
 See! the courageous, and warlike hero stand.  
 On every side, his soldiers, and his foe,  
 'The blood drenched tracks, with foaming torrents flow.  
 Vars' men, exhausted, with the raging heat,  
 Revive with vigor, fight, and nobly beat.  
 Hark! hear the groans, arising from the dead,  
 Would melt to pity, flinty heart or head.  
 They beat retreat, the en'my are flying,  
 Leave their soldiers, wounded, dead, and dying.  
 Behold brave Vars, with glorious vict'ry crowned,  
 Stands like a new plumed eagle, on the ground:  
 Who now the victor, on the sanguine plain,  
 Grants fun'ral honors, to the foe who 're slain.  
 The colors struck, the roaring cannons cease,  
 The smoke dispelled, and all around is peace.  
 To God of vict'ry, now their off'rings bring,  
 With shouts, remotest hills and vallies ring.  
 'Then from the ranks, strike up the Marseilles Hymn.  
 The bugle, drum, and fife, repeat the strain,  
 Whose mellow notes, re-echo through the plain.

Sweetest, loveliest, child of heaven!  
 One single sigh, heart-felt given,  
 Would e'en delight my ravished soul,  
 More than another's very whole,  
 And make my finest nerves to crawl.  
 Your face is open, as the morn,  
 And smiling look, doth well adorn.  
 'T is true your head is shorn of hair,  
 Your robe being low, shoulders bare,  
 Dazzles the eye, and makes me stare.

Not with a vacant, idle gaze,  
 But with a luscious, wild amaze.  
 Delighted look, and take the hint,  
 And e'en a Stoic, sure would squint.  
 Indeed, from little, much is meant.  
 Leave something, the imagination,  
 The poet says, and cause vexation,  
 Disclose a glimpse of snowy charms,  
 We sigh to clasp you in our arms.  
 And not reveal the witching whole,  
 It doth appal the wounded soul.  
 Adorns the head, pretty bonnet,  
 Will wreath a rosy garland on it,  
 Fashion, surely, now has done it.  
 Quick as thought, in all his motions,  
 Perhaps, sometimes, starts emotions,  
 Not the pleasantest, of the soul,  
 Anger, the lion of the whole;  
 And waked, too oft, beyond control.  
 Humorous and lively fellow,  
 Better mechanic, than scholar.  
 Ingenious, both to carve and cut;  
 His jack-plane, moves quicker than thought.  
 Good-hearted, rather joke than fight—  
 Gentleman—aims to be polite.  
 Pertinent in his quotations,  
 Not averse to good orations.  
 Quizzes—perhaps—soliloquy—  
 Does not asperse, with obloquy.  
 Fair reading, perhaps, turns to jest,  
 E'en when the reader does his best.  
 Industrious, as the busy bee,  
 A training would be pleased to see;  
 Having been Captain of the Guard;  
 Quite at home in a lumber yard.

A laughing, talking, merry wight,  
 And like the lark, at morn is bright.  
 Before he thinks, begins to talk,  
 Before he 's ready, 'gins to walk.  
 He likes a life of merry style,  
 Which doth the tedious time beguile.  
 Independent, and speaks his mind,  
 A greater droll, will scarce e'er find,  
 He shoots, but does not look behind.  
 Being so thoughtless, in a joke,  
 And heedless, when he gives a stroke ;  
 First rate Damascus sabre cut,  
 But sure would not the feelings hurt,  
 Nor fear a king, more than a goat.  
 A better man, ne'er stood in shoes,  
 Since the hard wars among the Jews.  
 Descend, Urania ! Heav'nly Muse,  
 Into my song, thy soul infuse.

Wrapt with poetic fire,

May I soar higher,

Than Grecian bard has been.

Assist my drooping powers to tell,  
 The beauties of the Manville Belle.

Pretty E\*\*\*\*\*h V\*\*\*\*\*r,

I thought you once a gay deceiver;

But now I love you more than ever,

You seem to me so very clever.

And should you mount the wind, and sing,

To welcome in the grateful spring,

And make the lofty welkin ring;

I upon an owl would follow,

E'en should the girls, shout and hollow.

You are so sweet a girl, by Jove!

Will place you with the Queen of Love,

Who rules on earth, and e'en above.

Will put young Cupid, in your arms,  
 Yet raise, I pray, no false alarms.  
 Hold him, with ease, upon your breast,  
 And leave to fate, to do the rest.  
 But, should you to the shades descend,  
 Round the infernal kingdom wend,  
 Thither I would my footsteps bend,  
 And on your ev'ry look attend,  
 Till I should quite my heart amend.  
 To Harp of Gold, I'll tune thy praise,  
 To heaven, seraphic pæans raise ;  
 Which shall thy sister girls amaze,  
 Till on the earth, I end my days,  
 Translated from man's wicked ways.  
 How well you write ! how well you read !  
 You are a lovely girl, indeed !  
 Whould make a saint forget his creed.  
 Your mem'ry, no girl's surpasses,  
 'Mong the very fairest lasses.  
 And in the ball-room—how you dance !  
 Like lady, just returned from France.  
 If you continue, as begun,  
 Many a man will be undone ;  
 Your fame will soar beyond the sun.  
 Your face is chaster than the moon,  
 And hope, we cannot meet too soon.

Your eye voluptuous, rolls in liquid blue,  
 Your ruby lip, but stoic scarce can view.  
 Your heaving bosom, fills the soul with fire,  
 And kindles in a snowy breast, desire.  
 But sure, some lymner must have touched your cheek,  
 Which doth whole volumes, to the eye, bespeak.  
 Your graceful form, some sculptor must have chiselled,  
 Which would almost a saint have puzzled.  
 Your golden tresses on your shoulders fall,



Which prove to me, that woman ruined all.

Now, hear me! all ye powers above!

And you, young Cupid! God of Love!

And Venus, rising from the Sea,

To celebrate the Jubilee!

I swear, by Hell's dark river Styx!

I will, my resolution fix!

Never, from my purpose sever!

Till moon and stars, shall set forever!

Till from its sphere, the sun is hurled!

And Chaos shroud again the world!

*And I'll stick closer than a brother,*

To you alone, and leave each other,

Go—ask your father—ask your mother—

For I can ne'er, my passion smother.

It flames like Ætna's lowest deep,

Deprives me of the sweetest sleep.

Hot through the inmost tortured veins,

And makes my blood, so rapid flow,

My eye to sparkle, cheek to glow;

E'en all my nerves, to thrill with pains;

That I can scarce my senses keep,

From whirling; like the troubled deep.

And if, with their consent, you 're mine;

I 'll treat you as a thing divine.

And deck you in a robe of flowing gold,

Which scarce a mortal eye can e'er behold,

So brilliant, dazz'ling, and so fine,

That, you 'll the Graces, far outshine.

But, if you should my suit deny,

Would sit me down, to sob, and cry,

And God knows when my tears would dry,

Perhaps, with grief, should almost die.

And weeping, drowned, my eye would flow,

Because you cruel, treat me so.

Or, should you ever leave this place,  
 Would hang a sackcloth on my face,  
 And think, that I had run my race,  
 Which would, both you and me disgrace,  
 Then leave me, like a wretch forlorn,  
 To sigh all night, and die at morn.  
 His changing cheek, and sparkling eye,  
 Flash like the lightning in the sky.  
 His speech is smooth, his tongue supple,  
 Holds a vessel without stopple.  
 Is very pleasant, when you please him,  
 But like the devil, when you tease him.  
 Seems honest and disposed to right,  
 In rage, like dog, would hang and fight.

In argument, though vanquished, still the same,  
 And ne'er will yield, though truth herself should come;  
 Shed on the subject, clearest, brightest light,  
 Yet still persist, that flaming day is night.

Has travelled, all around the State,  
 Like fact'ry, when you ope the gate;  
 And all the wheels begin to move,  
 The mule-spinners, to push and shove.  
 In passing, always makes me faint,  
 The odor fuming from the paint :  
 And fragrant as sweet Eden's flowers,  
 Which sprung around the rosy bowers.  
 When the sun lights flowery lawn,  
 And in the orient clouds to dawn.  
 The birds, with golden plumage wake,  
 And o'er the rock to creep the snake;  
 The whirring partridge, leaves the brake.  
 The groves resound with varied love,  
 As though descended from above.  
 The rippling stream glides through the glen,  
 The lion roaring, leaves the den.

The tenants of the forest move,  
 Around the wood, begin to rove;  
 The melting stock-dove coos her love.  
 Humming-bird, flits from flower to flower,  
 To greet the lovely dawning hour.  
 Time glides along on feathery feet,  
 He is a shadow, cannot see it.  
 The goldfinch hops from spray to spray,  
 To welcome in the dawning day.  
 The lark, high soaring in the sky,  
 And the bald eagle scaling by—  
 Hear ! the blind owlet's screeching cry,  
 Perched on an ancient oak on high.  
 Ten thousand lizards in the grass,  
 Brush with their tail, the trav'ler's pass.  
 Chameleon changes ev'ry hue,  
 From dismal black, to heav'nly blue.  
 The monkies hanging by the tail,  
 'Gin now to chatter, then to wail.  
 The bear is climbing up the tree,  
 Like Zacheus, looking down to see.  
 The goat is frisking on the lawn,  
 Now look ! the pretty little fawn.  
 The lamb, is skipping o'er the plain,  
 The clouds distended, look like rain;  
 The swallow twitters back again.  
 The beasts return within their den,  
 The music 's hushed, down in the glen.  
 The clouds dispersed, light 'gins to pour,  
 Bright overhead, they cease to lower.  
 Now ev'ry thing around in motion,  
 Adam and Eve, kneeled in devotion.  
 With suppliant hands, raised on high,  
 Praise him who made, both earth and sky.  
 The sun is flaming, meridian noon,

Their morning orisons being done:  
 Seek in their bower, sweet slumb'rous rest,  
 Hushed now the sound, of bird and beast.  
 Nature around, is still as death,  
 And not a zephyr fans a leaf.

Who is she, so leering? M\*\*\*\*\*a S\*\*\*\*\*e,  
 Sing "*Fancy's Sketch*," whistle "*The Battle of Prague*."  
 Looks like one of the northern Gods, called Thor—  
 Dread her hand, more than angry lion's paw.  
 Enraged, she struck me once, upon the nose,  
 So it is—kiss sometimes—and get a bruise.  
 More kicks than coppers, so the world goes—  
 And why not? I do not wish to stop the wheels  
 Of time, nor can, as Nat does the mud-eels,  
 In the weir, sometimes, by the head, now tails.  
 Oh God! more cotton come—one hundred bales—  
 And what do they do, with so much shirting?  
 They sell to all the world, that 's certain.  
 Ladies, dandies, negroes and mulattoes,  
 Merchants, carpenters, tailors and hatters.  
 Butchers, Indians, shoe-blacks, fiddlers, bakers,  
 Watch-makers, porters, *drab colored quakers*.  
 Methodists, baptists, and lean faced shakers,  
 Kings, princes, queens, nobles and shoe-makers,  
 Ministers, doctors, and undertakers.  
 Lawyers, sawyers, chemists, hardy yeomen,  
 Archers, slingers, hog-drivers, and bowmen.  
 Presidents of the banks, clerks, and tellers,  
 Emperors—men who keep oyster-cellars.  
 Draymen, surgeons, boatmen, Malays, tinkers,  
 Apothecaries, alchemists, and rum-drinkers.  
 Mineralogists—ornithologists,  
 Conchologists, dancers, phlebotomists.  
 Zoologists, deists, and atheists,  
 Heritics, orthodox and spleneticks.

Craniologists, phrenologists,  
 Restorationists, cruel Calvinists.  
 Pleasant botanists, ichtheologists,  
 Jesuists, theorists, psalmists, sophists.  
 Tolerationists and non-conformists,  
 Horticulturalists, and essayists.  
 The rich, the great, the proud, the tall,  
 The poor, the sick, the well, are all.

I dreamed one night, descending into Hell,  
 And saw Josh Abbott, who was doing well,  
 At his old trade, shoveling gravel;  
 And seemed the same as he used to do, when on earth,  
 To take the chief command, and say and do as he pleased.

I asked the Devil, what it meant—  
 He said he came, and staid, with his own consent;  
 And what he most desired, was gin and snuff,  
 Of which, he gave him, quite enough,  
 For any man's quiet,  
 Unless he wished to get drunk, and kick up a riot.

But, by the way,  
 One thing I forgot to say;  
 He wanted something more,  
 Not to be had on Charon's shore.  
 The Devil told me, he amused the Imps, by singing comic  
 songs:—

Such as Adam and Eve, Cole Black Rose, and Jim Crow,  
 Et quelque autre chose,  
 Que je ne veux pas vous dire,  
 Parcequ' il vous ferraient rire,  
 Et vous ne devriez pas l'ouir.

Which kept them out of mischief, and other wrongs;  
 Such witty, humorous, and comic songs;  
 Which, Josh would execute, in his finest style,  
 With quavers and shakes, to make the Devil smile.  
 And did beguile the little imps,



When with cholera or mumps,  
 And relieve them of the dumps,  
 Made them frisky, full of jumps.

Satan said he was the greatest wit, he ever knew,  
 That had ever come within his view,

“That like the house-pig, the better acquainted, saucier  
 he grew.”

That he had more wit, than any he had seen, from school  
 or college,

Who had ever come within his knowledge.

And he had travelled the rounds of Hell,

That all the different parts, he knew full well,

That he had been to fiddler's green,

And was acquainted with all the land between.

That he—Josh, was his *bosom friend*,

And would patronise him, world without end, *Amen*.

*As says the minister and deacon—*

*And so be it—so it is—the meeting.*

Je vous assure de tout mon cœur,

Qu'il avoit trois bien belles Socurs,

Et qu'elles etaient dans leur fleur,

Croissantes dans leur beaute, toujours.

That if he—Josh, would dwell with him, in his dark do-  
 minions,

And stick to his good conduct, old genuine moral opinions,

He—Satan, would put the golden key of the gate, into his  
 pocket,

And that none, but Josh himself, should unlock it.

That if any straggler, should attempt, *vi et armis*, to break  
 it,

Should suffer torture from the Devil, have to take it;

That is heavy punishment,

Exile and eternal banishment;

From his presence ever,

And into his kingdom, again, should enter never,

But from his flock, would him, now sever.

That he should use devotion,  
Previous to his high promotion.

Should take care of the dog,  
As he was wont on earth a hog;  
Not let him root along the shore,  
Like Adonis' wild boar:

Wound with his tusk, some lady's thigh,  
And with the pain, cause her to die.  
Keep him from swimming in the river,  
For he never could be a diver:  
But be a faithful driver:

Guard him from the wood,  
Eating up others' food.  
And let him sleep upon the bank,  
When with dew not very dank;  
Lest he should catch cold,

And his bristles grow grey, and his tail straighten out, before he is old.

That he should feed old Cerberus, with roasted mutton chops,

Which he could purchase for gold from D. H. and G. W. C. J's butcher shops.

That he should sell his little, white, ragged, no tailed whelp,

Which could not, in hell, be of any help;

To guard the palace of Pandemonium, from foreign intrusion.

That after the devil, he had run his race,

Joshua Abbott, he should take his place,

And fill it with *dignity* and *grace*,

Having such *silky hair*, and *handsome face*.

Which should be stipulated, and drawn up by his Chief

Secretary, and signed by his Majesty, the Devil, himself;

And attested by all the little fiends,

Brought from the Kingdom's remotest ends.

And the saucy, roguish imps,

With leering eyes, like shrimps.

Il faut que Je revienne, ou J'ai, laisse le testament du Diable, a Monsieur Abbott, que J'ai traduit de la langue Hebraique, la langue originale des Ecretures, vidilicet.

“Trado vobis, hunc librum, cujus testamonii,”

Which you, Josh, shall find when I die.

That when he left his crown and throne, the Right Honorable Sir Joshua Abbott, a man, in powers of mind, superior to the celebrated wit—Peter Pindar,—the great astronomer—Sir Isaac Newton,—Lord Bacon, fathomless as the lowest abyss of the ocean—Locke, who wrote the best treatise on the human understanding,—and the great navigator, John Cabot.

That he should rule alone,

And hold the golden sceptre, seated on the starry throne.

I gaze, enchanted, on your lovely face,

Where sit enthroned, both dignity and grace.

Your eye, soft melting, fills the soul with fire;

Such beauty, to behold, man must admire.

The tender languor, stealing from the eye,

E'en from the inmost heart, calls forth a sigh;

Though not of pity, but of melting love,

Which the most rigid virtue, must approve.

But feeble words, in vain, attempt thy praise;

Pleasing, polite, not haughty in thy ways.

Amiable manners, to command esteem,

From old and young, so modest in demean.

Classic Mendon! the Eden of the world!

Beneath thy soil, lie richest mines of gold.

Golconda's gems, the diamonds of Peru,

Your brilliant landscapes, dazzle mortal view.

*See! moral beauty, here in person stands!*

The admiration of the world commands.

Like statue, chiselled by Canova's art,  
 Seems almost into breathing life to start.  
 Pleasing to trav'ler's eye, as is the sign,  
 Suspended 'cross the road, with look benign,  
 Agreeable to him, who craves to dine ;  
 Wishes a princely dinner, or good wine.  
 S\*\*\*\*, cease to bring spruce beer to L\*\*\*,  
 Perhaps, will call sometimes, when he's not dry.  
 Pray, do n't court him, and leave poor wretched I,  
 It makes me sadly sigh so, almost die.  
 Indeed! you promised once to marry me,  
 Told you—would, so like, should agree.  
 Now have come, to ask your parents' consent,  
 And if you don't have me now, will repent.  
 You are a very soft, and smooth faced girl,  
 With pretty auburn hair, and teeth of pearl.  
 Your eye is blue, and neck as white as snow ;  
 Am in a hurry, ask your mother—go!  
 Now, put down your braid, can no longer wait,  
 We 'll to the church and priest go straight,  
 With nuptial knot, will tie our hands together,  
 W\*\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*\*\*, in law, will be my father,  
 But Mary Ann shall not be my brother,  
 Nor her father's wife, in law, my mother,  
 Lively Mrs B\*\*\*\*, then will be my aunt,  
 Where oft will call, inquire about the rent.  
 Slyly E\*\*\*\*\*, till she says I sha'nt  
 Call at her house; to see her any more,  
 Because it would make E\*\*\*\*\*, pouty, sore.  
 " Shall be pleased to see you, once in a while,  
 But do n't come again in your flattering style."

But who is she? C\*\*\*\*\*a B\*\*\*n—  
 The prettiest nymph in any town.  
 Her jetty, black, and frizzled hair,  
 Creeping around her forehead, fair.

With snowy arm, and lily hand,  
 Like little cherub, see her stand !  
 Her pretty, black and sparkling eye,  
 In future time, will cause a sigh.  
 She has a sweet bewitching face,  
 A tripping step, and moves with grace.  
 Is nature's loveliest, finest child,  
 That ever talked, walked, or smiled.

You have too much mind, e'er to inspire melting love,  
 More like Goddess Minerva, Jupiter, or Jove.  
 Though by plastic nature, formed of the finest mould,  
 To some, would be more dazzling, than the flowing gold,  
 With a rosy, blooming cheek, and hair neat uprolled.  
 A graceful floating robe, full sweeping o'er the ground,  
 And a bright sparkling eye, glancing on all around.  
 Snowy, handsome arm, and most elegantly turned,  
 With the newest fashion, large leg of mutton sleeves,  
 Like mainsail of British ship, require strongest reefs.  
 Pretty foot and ankle, a soft delicate hand,  
 Dignified in air, with proud features to command.  
 Turn for genteel gallantry, tinged with the coquette,  
 How unlike Louisa, pretty thoughtless pet,  
 Scarcely ever ruffled, never have seen her fret.  
 Deep in love affairs, and the secrets of the heart,  
 In all the witching wiles, both cunning and expert.  
 To gain your affections, a shrewd one would perplex;  
 A novice among women, surely would him vex.  
 And he who would succeed, must take you by surprise,  
 Bewilder your senses, and fascinate your eyes.  
 A witty, joking lady, like the Bard, Scottish Burns,  
 Full of cunning pranks, the most roguish tricks and turns.  
 Like Paris lady, give scope to conversation,  
 Endowed with finest sense, charming fascination.  
 Blooming Hygeia, lovely Goddess of the lawn,  
 Whose bright eagle-eye, like sun, ushers in the morn.



With tripping step and mirthful, gliding through the grove,  
 A rosy cheek more fragrant, than the Queen of Love.  
 Soft, snowy, heaving bosom, witching to the view,  
 Like pretty, young Maria, laughing little shrew.  
 And heavenly Elizabeth, teeth glist'ning in a row.  
 To see her like an angel, smiling through a tear,  
 In mine, one from sympathy, quickly would appear.  
 You are, indeed, the Graces, though lovelier by far,  
 Elizabeth—the sun—Ruth—the moon—Maria—star!  
 Learn music, and to touch the sweet sounding guitar;  
 Ravish with your science, fascinate with your beauty—  
 All will exclaim—*Santa Maria*—how pretty!  
 Walking, one morn, along the canal river,  
 Musing on moments lost, and gone forever:  
 Would sometimes stop, to hear the robin sing,  
 Whose thrilling notes, would make the forest ring.  
 Pouring his heart-felt, deepest, love-sick strains,  
 Like tortured lover, roving o'er the plains.  
 Ranging, in thought, throughout the boundless space,  
 Of nature's lovely, soul-bewitching face.  
 Scanning the azure firmament above,  
 Fathomless, as thought of almighty Jove.  
 And now and then, a fleecy cloud sped by,  
 Through liquid air, the ethereal sky.  
 With abstract mind, intense, sublimest thought,  
 On things, by nature's self, divinely wrought;  
 Counting the worlds, that fill the immense space,  
 Whose birth began, with time's commencing race;  
 So num'rous, were each star to hold a soul,  
 E'en a Newton's mind, could not scan the whole;  
 Though quick as light, it ne'er could reach the goal.  
 Tired and exhausted, with so grand survey,  
 Sat down, to rest myself, upon the way.  
 Raised my eye, and saw come out the river,  
 Five handsome kine, sleek as fattest beaver;

Grazed on the flowers, along the border;  
 Ne'er has the world, seen kine in such order.  
 When in a moment, they were seen no more,  
 Their very traces, lost along the shore.  
 Up rose five others, on the flowery bank,  
 Like Pharaoh's—ghosts of shadows—lean and lank—  
 Tried to graze, but were so poor and hollow,  
 Their tails, e'en like snake sloughs, could not follow.  
 As were wont, fed on bog hay and bushes,  
 Their old frames, more slim than withered rushes.  
 The bitter tear rolled from their haggard eye,  
 Would piteous moan, not human, did not cry.  
 Now from a flash of lightning, struck, they lie,  
 And not a friend to close their dying eye.  
 From one of their girdles, hung a wallet,  
 Filled with choicest dainties, for her palate;  
 Plumb-cake—mince-meat—luscious in her gullet.  
 A handsome, witty cow, as e'er you saw,  
 And with much art, would varnish greatest flaw.  
 Strong as an ox, would draw the heaviest load;  
 Hold up her end the yoke on stoniest road.  
 So cunning, with her horns, let down the bars,  
 And should I fight, would rather tackle Mars.  
 Who when he fought, enraged, or very hot,  
 Like Kentuckian struck, left but a grease spot.  
 Could like a crocodile, deceitful cry,  
 The victim caught, would smiling wipe her eye.  
 Her table groaned, with costly piles of food,  
 E'en to see it, would do an angel good;  
 To eat, would circulate most stagnant blood.  
 Heart, like av'rice, petrified to stone,  
 To save expense, would riot on a bone.  
 She seemed almost human—which is funny,  
 Ate bog hay, and sold to the good for money.  
 "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung,"

For what the muse hath known, she has nobly sung.  
 Disdains with basest flatt'ry, to deceive,  
 Bold strikes the harp, to any strain she please.  
 There comes the little, prancing colt along;  
 His back shall bear the burthen of my song;  
 And his cunning mother, high oated mare,  
 May go to the devil, and tarry there,  
 And all the rest, well pleased, would gladly spare.  
 Her hair, like Indian's, face mulatto,  
 Indeed, so miserly, can't be fatter.  
 Her body is leaner than a whip-lash,  
 Always gets all she can, ne'er spends her cash.  
 Her pig-tail hair, fringing a bony neek,  
 Foot ten rods long, and hand would hold a peck  
 Of coppers, such as were used in Sparta,  
 To quench love of av'rice—witching beauty!  
 I forgot your old shoes, their age three score,  
 Seem almost new, and scarcely any wore.  
 Kept in an old worn chest of furzy tow.  
 Your nose, a rake stale, sticking from the mow,  
 Have the air of old \*\*\*—you know the cow.  
 Ever knew your tongue, deceitful, evil;  
 But sometimes, hold a candle to the devil.  
 You, like the guide board, point the way, quite right, }  
 Reflect then, on the cash, now stop and wait;  
 True path, indeed, so narrow and so straight.  
 Prefer to light, darkness, being evil,  
 Proper time to shake hands with the devil.  
 Were you juggler, Nedebiah Olney,  
 Would touch a stone, and change it to money.  
 Take in grasping hand, another's guinea,  
*Presto—subito*—hand back a penny.  
*Agrimente—vitement*—quick let it pass,  
*Presto*, a worthless copper, made of brass.  
 Inordinate passion, for lucre, gold—

Is like a gangrene, preying on the soul.  
 Detested scorpion, feeding on the breast,  
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.  
 As Mammon, walking though the streets, above;  
 The golden pavement dazzled more than Jove;  
 With eye intent, upon the glitt'ring ground,  
 Caught not a glimpse of angels grouped around.  
 Av'rice o'er his heart had such full control,  
 To gratify the passion, lost his soul;  
 And now lies floating, on the raging flood,  
 Detested outcast of his maker, God.  
 Would like Jew Shylock, rather than lose part,  
 Cut forfeit flesh, blood streaming from the heart.  
 Power fails to express, inmost, indignant thought,  
 On such a wretch, for money, sold and bought.  
 Have seen a woman, born with noble soul,  
 And av'rice cursed siroc, blast the whole.  
 Should fairest virtues, gracefully adorn,  
 Would be like mildew, bighting golden corn.  
 Like murrain, attacking best English sheep;  
 Or, as a pestilence, o'er man doth sweep.  
 Like cholera, severest scourge on earth,  
 E'en to av'rice's self, owes its cursed birth.  
 Murd'rous av'rice, has drenched the earth with blood,  
 Has stalked a flagrant curse, e'en since the flood.  
 Wrings with agony, helpless orphan's heart,  
 Makes father, mother, sister, brother, part.  
 A flaming torch kindled in lowest hell;  
 It glares—the Christian virtues bid—farewell!  
 Puts in assassin's hand, the bloody knife,  
 For paltry gold, will take a brother's life!  
 Lost to all moral feeling, heeds not God!  
 E'en rends the sacred cerements from the dead.  
 Steals from the church, cup from sacred table,  
 From a confined hearse, would tear the sable.



The modest Muse, in vain, attempts thy praise,  
 Her trembling voice, can ne'er awake the lays.  
 So ravished—awe-struck—ne'er was so before,  
 O'er her harp in silence, leans to adore.

A nightingale, charms the ear of night,  
 When lesser birds around, shrouded from sight.

The moon above, majestically bright.

When silence, fills the soul, with thoughts of heaven,  
 The crown of hope, to Christian virtue given.

Full oft doth beauty, taste the cup of woe,  
 Why things are thus, God only wise, can know.

The golden dreams of morn, pass in a cloud,  
 Who feel it?—the rich, the gay, the proud.

Virtue—beauty—proclaim this truth aloud.

Beauteous Elsa, lovely girl,

With blooming cheek, a real pearl:

Your goldfinch voice, delights my soul,

My heart, it hops beyond control.

I dwell with rapture on your face,

So finely polished, formed with grace.

Your eye is mild, as Cynthia's beam,

Of mild, soft, and mellow light,

'Neath the lashes, emits a gleam;

Like Venus, brilliant gem of night.

A Queen, the other stars among,

Whose beauty, poets oft have sung.

When earth, and air, and all around,

Is silent still, serene, profound:

Save the lone nightingale's sweet note,

Whose voice extatic, seems to float.

Like Seraph's accents, heard afar,

So ravishing to mortal ear,

You sing so witchingly "*Sweet Home*,"

Entrance my soul—my spirit gone.

It soars to regions of delight,

Where beauty, sheds celestial light;



Where beauty, sheds celestial light;  
 No carking care, our bliss to blight,  
 And banished woe's appalling night.

Am I in heaven, or indeed in hell?

Such horrid creaking sounds around me swell.

Discordant notes, like a braying jackass,

Deprived of thistles, straw, bog hay, and grass.

Can't read the notes, so black, voices very sick;

Hear! like broken fiddle-strings, how they creak!

God-like Orpheus! let them look again,

Repeat the drony, lazy, dragging strain;

Notes creep, like wounded snake, along the plain.

Tis not, sure, the music of the spheres,

Whose rolling notes, would ravish mortal ears.

More musical than ten thousand golden harps,

Arranged by Jove himself, the flats and sharps.

Pray muse Euterpe, to aid your hoarse voices,



And if she can't, pray bleat no more like bosses.

Nature did not intend all as singers—

Cease your noise! not be musical sinners.

Practice until the sky no longer blue,

Sure singers, ne'er will be one half of you.

 “*To the ghosts of dead renown.*”\* 

Where is your Prime Minister—Sir Enos?

Who with you oft visited, bright Venus—

Has he crossed the great waters, to travel?

Or taken a roll of cloth—cut gravel?

Or has he gone on business to the South?

*A branch of your great, rich, and mighty house—*

Where is the belle, handsome Miss P\*\*\*?

Whose bright eagle eye, like lightning would strike

The flintiest heart,

\* Repeated insult and abuse, and unparalleled rascality, have provoked the insertion of the above delicate morceau.

And rive it apart.

I am told, her beauty is now on the wane,  
Like the brilliant sun, sinking beneath the main.

Stat Pulchritudinis Umbra.

La bellezza, e un fuore, molto fragile,  
E che comincia, rapidamente, decadere.

Like Shakspeare, bound in gilt and calf,  
Your worth can ne'er express one half;  
High as an organ note, your laugh,  
Rolls the lofty diapason swell;  
On your morning face, love to dwell.  
Have read the poets—perhaps Burns,  
A droll, waggish wit, in his turns.  
Ancient and modern Histories,  
Of Udolpho, the Mysteries.  
Are a brave, noble Amazon,  
Perhaps Rasselas, of Johnson.  
Are lively in conversation,  
Perhaps Cicero's Oration,  
And Cataline's condemnation.  
Look like the Queen, Cleopatra,  
Perhaps St. Pierre's Laws of Nature.  
Like the celebrated Lasthenia,  
Perhaps the treaty of John Jay.  
Are learned as the Grecian Sappho,  
Perhaps the Eloise of Rousseau.  
Accomplished as famed Corinna,  
Gospel written for the sinner.  
Good an actress as Miss Kemble,  
Perhaps, the life Charlotte Temple.  
Martyr, like Mary, Queen of Scots,  
Perhaps, the Psalms and Hymns of Watts.  
Lead an army, Maid of Orleans,  
Perhaps, the best Ode of Collins;

Painting all the changing passions;  
 Anger, joy, grief, hope, love, and fear,  
 Woe starts the flowing, glist'ning tear.  
 Are a lady, follow fashions,  
 Perhaps, Vattel's Law of Nations.  
 Like French lady, Madame de Stael,  
 Perhaps, Memoirs of Marmontel.  
 Like ruddy, tripping, country lass,  
 Poem by Butler, Hudibras.  
 Like Josephine, Bonaparte's wife,  
 Perhaps of Newton, Locke, the life;  
 Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid,  
 Seen the pictures, artist David;  
 Milton's Paradise, lost and saved.  
 Read all books, viewed all paintings drawn,  
 Since the infant sun 'gan to dawn,  
 And harps, angelic, hailed the morn.  
 Like the wretched, forlorn Jane Shore,  
 Debarred to beg from door to door,  
 Perhaps, the works of Thomas Moore.  
 Have Anne Boleyn's oval face,  
 A beauty of the human race.  
 Lovely as Eve, of women first,  
 Charmed with a witching snake and curst.  
 The laughing hours, around her sport,  
 The Graces, pay to her their court.  
 Like beauteous Ninon de l'Enclos,  
 Jerusalem delivered—Tasso.  
 Like the wife of General Washington,  
 Perhaps, Federalist of Hamilton.  
 Like pretty, voluptuous Psyche,  
 A poem written by Miss Tyghe,  
 Knowledge, like renowned Aspasia,  
 Bonaparte's campaign in Russia.  
 Like a Sultan's wife, Circassian,

All the works, Roman and Grecian.  
 Like lovely, heavenly, Georgian girl,  
 With roseate cheek, and teeth of pearl.  
 Her hair, long flowing down her back,  
 Wreathing in rings, soft, shining, black.  
 With tiny foot, trips o'er the flowers,  
 Like fell scorpion, in anger low'rs.  
 As though, an angel from above,  
 The master piece of lofty Jove.  
 Noble, as the Roman Portia,  
 Perhaps the works Carlos Botta.  
 Best hist'ry—the Revolution.  
 Perhaps Buffon, on Creation;  
 Ere the planets moved together,  
 Formed by the power of the Father.  
 Ere Adam sprang from out the ground,  
 Or woman from a rib was formed,  
 And this great world 'gan turn around.  
 Stars received their proper places,  
 Comets ran their flaming races.  
 The sun began to light the earth,  
 And life from chaos had its birth.  
 Heav'ns militia ranged in order,  
 Obey their laws—no disorder.  
 Ere the moon 'gan to wax and wane,  
 Celestial host to scour the plain.  
 Ere Newton, sprang from sluggish clod,  
 Erect in stature, light from God.  
 Taught influence, the moon on tides,  
 O'er which the lofty vessel rides.  
 Or had their birth the seven Grecian sages,  
 Whose resplendant names adorn classic pages,  
 Thales, wisest of all the different ages.  
 The great Cleobulus, and renowned Bias,  
 Periander, Chilo, and sage Pittacus,

Wise Solon, of ancient lawgivers, the first.  
 Ere the Sculptors, Phidias and Praxiteles,  
 Or the brave warriors, Ajax and Achilles.  
 Later lights, Titian and Pousin.  
 Angelo and Boccacio.  
 Benjamin West, Ariosto,  
 And the god-like Galileo.  
 Ere printing or powder had their birth,  
 The one a light, the other scourge on earth.  
 Ere music struck a single note,  
 And all the worlds, in air to float.  
 Ere stage coach went beneath the Thames,  
 Instituted, Olympic Games.  
 Ere sailing on a vile canal,  
 Aqueduct supplied place of well.  
 Or Roman father and daughter,  
 When in Rome, have often sought her.  
 She fed him from her snowy breast,  
 His chains were lighter, let him rest.  
 Until her art, sometime concealed,  
 As clear as noon-day, was revealed.  
 Both received pardon, from the laws,  
 Nature's self plead so well their cause.  
 Their names wrote, on fame's proud pillar,  
 Heedless, eye time's sweeping billow!  
 Their names shall float upon the wave,  
 When others fill oblivion's grave.  
 Time rears in vain, his ruthless hand,  
 Their monument shall ever stand.

See! the three decker, Admiral's ship,  
 And commanded by the brave Sir John Tripp.  
 Lofty, stately, sturdy, mounts the waves,  
 A mighty Leviathan, now she moves.  
 First rate hull, and the deck in finest style,  
 Ploughs through the deep, and fearless all the while.



Proudly stands the hero, commands his men,  
 Blowing heavy gale, to clue sails again.  
 The gale increases, starry flag is torn,  
 Rent from the topmast, and o'erboard has gone.  
 The surging wave, sweeps o'er the lofty deck,  
 To a distant eye, looks almost a wreck.  
 The sailors active, and all in motion,  
 To keep her out the trough of the ocean.  
 The helmsman, lashed with cords, to the stern,  
 Or tiller, with dashing waves beat and worn.  
 The topsail shivered, splashes in the brine;  
 With heavy swelling surge, a gun is gone.  
 Then quickly, with despatch, secure the rest,  
 To brave the raging, stormy, loud, howling blast.  
 Hark! in a moment, how the wind is hushed;  
 Yet, by the waves, the ship is strongly pushed.  
 They swell like mountains, ever, after gale,  
 And the firm proud ship, unmanagable still.  
 She grows more staunch, now stately moves along,  
 The sailors sing, and strike up Dibdin's song,  
 The rolling notes, re-echo like the storm.  
 The ravished dolphins, with bright changing hue,  
 Follow enchanted, varying from blue,  
 To molten gold, then again to green,  
 Brilliant, as the prism, on the rainbow seen;  
 Lovely, in the heavens, after a shower,  
 And smiling, like hope, now cease to low'r.  
 The lately foaming billows, lie at rest,  
 Like the chafed lion, tired, exhausted beast.  
 Or like the Spanish bull, long concealed,  
 In the arena stands—the light revealed.  
 Goaded to the fight, by his cruel foes,  
 Bloody, with gory wounds, repeated blows;  
 Roaring, raging, fainting, can hardly stand,  
 With loss of blood, now falls upon the sand,

Bellows, struggles, exhales last breath profound.  
 The sky serene, no clouds in ether float,  
 And o'er the deep, so calm, would sail a boat.  
 Hark! hear the loud, rough, shrill, boatswain's whistle,  
 Sailors quick ascend deck of the vessel.  
 Hands ahoy! unreel the topsails—brave boys!  
 The spreading canvass fills—Hark! the noise!  
 The running, rolling rigging, loosely flies,  
 Now rapid o'er the foaming surf she hies—  
 One from the mast head, distant does descry,  
 A "*Hulk*"—the wind sprung up, it nears the eye.  
 'T is a Pirate—on deck stands Captain Hart :  
 Her name—*The Spitfire*—built in Newark.  
 So skilled in navigation, has no *Chart*.  
*His Compass* left ashore, sails by *The Star*,  
 Guide to most isolated mariner ;  
*His Log Book*, keeps the reck'ning, where they are ;  
 Wrote in *Arabic*, both plain and fair ;  
 The Admiral speaks her loud—ship ahoy !  
 Where from ? your cargo, course and destiny ?  
 The *sulky pirate*, e'en disdains reply ;  
 Forthwith from the Admiral—they let fly  
 A *thundering broadside*—raked from fore and aft,  
 The *chain shot* cut the rigging—fall the mast ;  
 And loud bellow, o'er the frightened deep,  
*The captain—crew—lie lifeless on the deck—*  
 Each groan is hushed—they sink beneath the waves—  
 The rolling sea, has swept them to their graves.

From foolish, I've become more sage,  
 And with good sense, will fill my page,  
 Which, like new cheese, will want more age.  
 And since reflecting, on my life,  
 O! thanks to God—have got no wife,  
 To be eternally at strife,  
 Which soon would weary me of life.

My mind is fickle as the wind,  
 And soon should leave my dear behind,  
 Till absence would have warped her mind.  
 Would pray the fates to cut my thread,  
 To be at rest among the dead,  
 When from this frame, my soul is fled.  
 Had I a wife, and she should die,  
 Swear ! I would not heave e'en a sigh ;  
 The devil knows, I would not cry,  
 And walk about, with tearful eye.  
 Or should her shade descend below,  
 Where all the foolish women go,  
 To darkness, death, and scenes of woe ;  
 I 'd not like Orpheus, tune my fiddle,  
 To soothe old Cerberus' noddle,  
     And bring her back again,  
     To cause my heart more pain,  
 Fill with anguish ev'ry vein.  
 Now, feel new ideas in me rise,  
 They seem descended from the skies,  
 And earth born things, indeed, despise,  
 When such bright forms, my eye surprise,  
 They teach the art, to make me wise ;  
 My kindled fancy, now, like lightning flies.  
 The flattest thing on earth, is love,  
 For butterflies will cease to rove,  
 Though wings, like zephyrs, fan the grove.  
 Look round the earth, and then above,  
 There's nothing half so weak as love ;  
 It is a truth,—I swear—by Jove !  
 All things round me, plainly show it,  
 Thought so once, but now I know it.  
 And beauty, without moral worth,  
 Is like a pig-sty without trough.  
 Or e'en like small beer, when all froth ;

Like a jug, without a handle,  
 'T is an object for false scandal.  
 Now, virtue points me to the realms above,  
 Where all is peaceful harmony and love.  
 Not such as we poor mortals find,  
 Enough to strike the eagle blind.  
 Where he that has done his duty,  
 Forgets all physical beauty,  
 Goes on his own hooks, and receives the booty.  
 Beauty is but a ray of light,  
 Which flashes on the dazzled sight,  
 And doth our better feelings blight,  
 But leaves the soul, as dark as night.  
 'T is like the dew-drop on the thorn,  
 It gleams a moment, then is gone.  
 'T is like the moisture on the rose;  
 You touch the leaf, and off it flows.  
 'T is like the rain drop on the river,  
 It dimples, then is lost forever.  
 'T is like a bird upon the spray,  
 You startle, and it flits away.  
 'T is like the changing dolphin's hue,  
 Which quickly vanishes to view.  
 'T is like the accents of the lyre,  
 You touch the note, it leaves the wire.  
 'T is like an April morning shower,  
 One moment bright, then 'gins to lower.  
 'T is like the moon, seen through a cloud,  
 But look again, and lo! its shroud.  
 'T is like a meteor in the air,  
 Which flits away, and who knows where?  
 'T is like a comet in the sky,  
 As rapid as the light doth fly.  
 'T is like a sun-beam in a prison,  
 And for a moment, hope has risen;

Then fades forever into night,  
 And horror now confounds us quite.  
 Beauty, some call, a Light from Heaven,  
 In mercy by our Maker given,  
 To smooth man's path, make it even.  
 I say, it is a torch from hell,  
 As those who feel it know full well ;  
 A snare that 's laid to trap a belle,  
 Go ask some frail one, she can tell;  
 And you who have it, better sell.  
 On which, base rancorous malice,  
 Empties out her pois'nous chalice.  
 At which foul envy spits her spleen,  
 From forty-five, to sweet sixteen.  
 'T is in their look, 't is in their air,  
 In truth, we see it everywhere.  
 A little, tiny, shining star,  
 Which sparkles, then recedes afar.  
 When wit and learning are combined,  
 'T is like pure gold, when twice refined.  
 Were I, myself, to form a woman,  
 Would make her quite a thing uncommon.  
 Would fill her mind with stock of sense,  
 But with a foolish face dispense.  
 And think but little of her looks,  
 Which would e'en leave for other books.  
 'T is sense and judgment, fills my soul,  
 And puts my heart beyond control,  
 And is the cap-sheaf of the whole.  
 Now since I have my poem finished,  
 All foolish thoughts have from me vanished.  
 And now the bard in earnest prays,  
 That simple girls may mend their ways,  
 Then to the harp, he 'll sing their praise.  
 One half the girls in the city,



For want of help, 't is a pity,  
 Spoil their small, soft and snowy hands,  
 Fact'ries, on maids, have such demands.  
 From bad, these things are growing worse;  
 On city beauties, 't is a curse.  
 City Hotel is kept by Wood,  
 The image of his Maker, God.  
 It is a very splendid house,  
 Where may be had, the finest Grouse.  
 Table, highest order Roman,  
 Would please a Frenchman, or German;  
 Italian, Spaniard, connoisseur,  
 Or the best English epicure.  
 Oft in the Ball room, may be seen,  
 A sparkling eye, like fairy Queen;  
 A foot, like Lady of the Lake,  
 A stoic's feelings, soon would wake.  
 Such a galaxy of beauty,  
 A man would e'en swerve from duty.  
 An ogling eye, a cherub face,  
 Would move a statue from its place.  
 And many other things, there are,  
 Would make a very blind man stare,  
 His teeth to chatter, rise his hair.  
 Hark! hear the music rise and fall,  
 The notes they creep along the wall,  
 And fill with melody the hall;  
 Magnificent, the *new Arcade*,  
 Where glides, full oft, a pretty maid.  
 Such architecture ne'er is found,  
 On Grecian or Italian ground.  
 Look! see! the Citizens' Barouche,  
 More dazzling than a Sultan's coach.  
 The horses move with City grace,  
 Their feet, like *Infantry*, keep pace.

While there, went to see the Zebra,  
To me, puzzling as Algebra.  
How all the stripes run everywhere!  
Both up and down, along his hair!  
Look! see! the old man, Dandy Jack!  
Before he drinks, would walk a crack,  
Now, jump upon the poney's back.  
Now, look! he flies around the course,  
*Like Ephraim Smooth—the fleetest horse.*  
Jocko, he stands, like master Hunter,  
With ease, e'en on a jolting canter.  
Now, he alights upon the ground,  
Like clergyman, with look profound.  
Now plays off all his monkey capers,  
To please—*the laughing—staring—gapers—*  
The lion rouses from his lair,  
His growling, vibrates on the air.  
The rhinoceros, shakes his chain,  
As though of slavery would complain.  
The tiger moves around his cage,  
His eye-ball flashing now with rage.  
See the hyena, beast most fell,  
More cruel than the dog of hell.  
Many animals are seen here,  
In look and action, very queer.  
Of every one, I cannot write,  
Because it would not be polite,  
And would require a winter's night.

## ODE TO DESPAIR.

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Descend, celestial Muses, nine !  
And leave your brilliant seats divine ;  
Descend, and leave your radiant throne,  
Dazzling, like Seraph's splendid zone ;  
Resplendent with ten thousand gems,  
And sparkling with diadems.  
Flashing like the diamond's blaze,  
Emitting all its glitt'ring rays ;  
Refulgent with pure molten gold,  
And which would dazzle to behold,  
Highest Seraph, heaven enrolled ;  
Descend upon the Comet's form,  
Descend amid a thunder storm,  
    When lightnings flash,  
    And thunders crash,  
    And deal destruction round.  
When mortals shrink with horror,  
    Shriek with terror,  
Prostrate fall upon the ground.  
Come! Neptune, on thy floating car,  
And drawn by Dolphins from afar,  
Showing to the varying view,  
Their beauty of prismatic hue ;  
Come! wave thy trident o'er the deep,  
And rouse the mermaid from her sleep ;  
The mermaid, with her sea-green hair,  
With snowy *Leg*, and bosom bare,

Which e'en would make the Sea-God stare;  
 Foretelling to the mariner,  
 Destruction by malignant star.  
 Come ! inspire my drooping muse,  
 Into my verse, fire infuse.  
 Fill me with celestial fire,  
     Which ne'er shall tire,  
     But still soar higher,  
 And reach the heavenly choir.  
 Ascend, ye lowest shades of Hell !  
 Where all the awful spectres dwell !  
 Imps of despair, that cluster there !  
 And Hags with rough, dishevelled hair.  
 Leave old Pluto's dark domain,  
 Let Cerberus repose again ;  
 With your numbers fill the plain ;  
     Phalanx, rank and file,  
     Basest and the vile ;  
 Infuse thy spirit in my verse !  
 Till, like the croaking raven hoarse.  
 Now let the lowest fiends advance,  
 Introduce the infernal dance ;  
     Decked with human bones,  
     Mid tears, sighs, and groans ;  
     With haggard look,  
     Forlorn, forsook,  
     Whose eye-balls glare,  
     Wild despair,  
     On all the imps around.  
 Now rouse old Cerberus, once more,  
     Whose awful howl shall reach the shore,  
 Descend into the lowest deep profound,  
 And doleful, echo back the dismal sound,  
 On gloomy, grisly spectres, grouped around.  
     And with a ghastly smile,

Let him breathe awhile,  
Then cast him into the Stygian Lake,  
No more to wake.

Now break the barriers of the flood !

And let it roll like seas of blood :

Destroy the sceptre, and the throne,

And let all hell resound the groan.

Ascend, ye spirits of the deep,

Where you your nightly vigils keep ;

Ascend, and leave your gloomy cave,

And mount above the rolling wave.

Now, take the sea-horse's fiery form,

And ride upon the billowy storm.

Come ! touch me with your magic spell

And let my horrid numbers swell !

To frighten all the powers of Hell !

Come forth ! ye spirits of the wood !

And walk through plains o'erflowed with

And take the form of vilest men,

Who ever wore the diadem ;

From Roman Nero, down to Bute,

Who sprang from Nature's foulest root ;

And think what idiot power has done,

Since first this lower world began.

Their horrid deeds, have reached the sta

Of blood and murder—dreadful wars !

Kindle my breast with lurid fire !

That I may wake the Tragic Lyre—

Now fell Despair,

Hear my prayer !

Let me wreak out my direst thought,

On all the works that God has wrought.

Unbosom all my inmost soul,

To give a picture of the whole.

Give to the Muse, the greatest power,



That like all hell, her face may lower.  
 Unchain the Devil, from his stake,  
 And let him swim across the Lake;  
 Whose loud, resounding, bellowing waves,  
 The dark and gloomy kingdom laves;  
 Burning with brimstone, and with fire,  
 And kindled by God's awful ire.  
 Whose direful, fell, sepulchral sound,  
 Repeats the infernal echo round,  
 And like an earthquake, shakes the ground.  
 Had I the power, which rests with God,  
 Would shake Olympus, with a nod;  
 Would pluck the Rainbow from the skies,  
 And cause the sun no more to rise!  
 Would break the cords of all the spheres,  
 And stun with discord, angels' ears.  
 Would send the blazing comet forth,  
 From East to West, from North to South.  
 Would burn the world up with a drought;  
 And open the gulph of Ætna's mountain,  
 Roll down the lava like a fountain.  
 Destroy on earth, each living thing,  
 From smallest gnat, to loftiest king.  
 The moon and stars, should quickly fall,  
 Chaotic night, should curtain all,  
 With its dark, dismal, sable pall.

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### PICTURE OF MYSELF.

The mind, devoid of sense, both lean and lank,  
 Weary of life, reclining on a bank;  
 The dew exhaled, is neither wet or dank.  
 Thousands of sweetest flowers are springing,  
 The bird of Paradise, sweetly singing.

The sun, a golden ball of fire above,  
 And high sustained in air, by mighty Jove.  
 Wheeling in immensity, boundless course,  
 Raging lion, of light and heat the source.  
 Millions worlds, turning their revolutions,  
 Planets on their axis, proper stations.  
 River gliding by, like molten silver,  
 What a contrast ! myself fact'ry delver.  
 Daily toiling, to sustain wearied frame,  
 Disgusted, at first sight on earth it came.  
 Wish to God ! entombed, it were now at rest,  
 Or had been born, a bird, or fish, or beast.  
 Then should have sailed the lofty sky or air,  
 Roved with the forest tenants, everywhere ;  
 The leopard, tiger, wolf, and shaggy bear ;  
 Instead of clothes, had worn long flowing hair ;  
 Or a fish, sported 'neath the rippling waves,  
 Or lived with Syrens, in their coral caves.  
 Or frolicked with the mermaid, on the rocks,  
 Now kiss their ruby lips, then comb their locks.  
 Those pretty, lovely, bewitching creatures !  
 My heart would e'en melt, to see their features.  
 To charm the hardy sailors, hear them sing !  
 Who merchandize, from foreign parts do bring ;  
 And on board man-of-war, fight for the king.  
 'T is all in vain, to heave a single sigh,  
 To wail my lot, and sit me down and cry ;  
 Like soldier in the field, must fight or die.  
 The Devil holds the helm, father of sin,  
 Must buckle breast-plate on, and now begin :  
 And though the balls above, around me fly,  
 And e'en should kill me, could not soar on high,  
 My wing by sin is broken, cannot fly,  
 And be redeemed, an angel in the sky.  
 I am, indeed ! a forlorn, wretched wight,

In early life—scholar—somewhat polite.  
 Now like a Poet, sad, in piteous plight.  
 E'en from my pleasant, early, dawning youth,  
 With sincere heart, relate the sincere truth.  
 The golden dreams, which mocked, full oft, my mind,  
 Have fled, and cast a lingering shade behind.  
 Like a young tree, of fair and comely form,  
 Scathed by the lightning, in a thunder storm.  
 It was embarrassment, indeed,  
 With scowling phantoms, filled my head.  
 Cloud, black as death, passed o'er my soul,  
 Which all my might could not control.  
 And sunk my spirits beyond thought,  
 With fell despair, my mind was fraught;  
 And God alone—he knows for what.  
 Have read, most ancient Greek, Latin authors,  
 French, German, Italian, many others.  
 Have vanity, some wit, like wiser men,  
 Knew not myself, the calibre of my brain,  
 Gave scope to all my feelings, without rein;  
 Was like a ship without a helm on the main.  
 Steered without destined course, my compass gone.  
 Unskilled in stars, which never being taught,  
 Now by the breakers dashed, by Syrens caught.  
 Passed gulphs and whirlpools, sometimes struck a rock,  
 Which made my vessel creen, I felt the shock.  
 Launched on the ocean, dreary, dark and wide,  
 And lost, as Shakspeare says, the prosp'rous tide;  
 Would often stop to see the Dolphins sport,  
 Which still allured me farther from the port.  
 The Mermaid, she would stop me on the way,  
 Which checked my ship, and made me longer stay:  
 And though unskilled, tried oft to take the star,  
 When quickly clouds arose, it vanished afar.  
 The lightnings flash, the thunders loudly roar,

The howling billows, quite capsize her o'er.  
 The clouds disperse, the sun begins to gleam,  
 The vessel righted, sails along the stream.  
 Look! see! the mutt'ring, lowering storms arise!  
 The flashing lightnings shoot along the skies!  
 Hark! hear the roaring—dashing, mountain waves,  
 O'er the deck, the ship and rigging laves.  
 She rights again, a moment, stands the shock,  
 I shriek to God for help, to save from wreck;  
 And now, with surge, am dashed against the rock,  
 Crying, wailing, am plunged into the deep,  
 Where only HE, can save me from the wreck.

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TO MR. D\*\*\*\*L G. H\*\*\*\*S.

DEAR SIR,—The bearer of this is Mr Joshua Abbott; Permit me to introduce him to your acquaintance. He informs me that he is about to engage himself in your employment. Should he be successful, it will never be on your part, a source of regret—and he has set this morning for me, though no limner, to take his portrait. I shall briefly draw the outlines, and leave the rest to be filled up by some abler hands. I assure you he is no stranger to me—I know him well—I have seen him in the cool of the morning—in the heat of the day—in the twilight—and in the evening—he has been not like the chameleon, assuming every hue—but like the sturdy oak, on which the pelting storm beats unscathed. He is a man of indefatigable industry, as his Herculean labors clearly testify; for he has shovelled more gravel than would fill the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans; or should it be thrown up in the form of a mountain, would overtop Ætna, Vesuvius, and the Andes, piled upon each other—he has blown more rocks than would wall Sidon, Jerusalem, Jericho, Tyre, Troy, Sparta,



Rome, Athens, and all the ancient and modern cities. Has been a faithful centinel on the watch tower, not like those of Rome—guarding against fire, and other calamities.—Possessing the untiring spirit of the Patriot of '76—sterling Wit—a diamond of the first water—giving, like the Poet, however, “his eye in a fine frenzy rolling,” too much scope to his imagination, which, like Milton’s, is of the highest creative order; endowed like Campbell, with exuberant fancy—indulging, like the Earl of Rochester, too much the licentiousness of his tongue, which has the volubility of Cicero—possessed of the philanthropy of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray—and he is almost the only man living on earth, in this our Iron Age, in whose bosom the most delicate and thrilling sympathy, still lingers. His virtues have impressed the world with a feeling of gratitude, which the ruthless hand of time cannot destroy; and I may safely say, that I anticipate the period, when statues of gold will be erected to his memory in every city, and the name of Abbott shall be the passport to distinction, throughout the civilized world. He is, however, something, like the rest of men, subject to the infirmities of human nature—has few faults, and who of you have not? A man on whose brow is legibly and indelibly written, in living characters by the finger of his Maker, the Dignity of Man. To sum up all—the Three Christian Graces, are Faith, Hope, and Charity—the greatest of these, is Charity—which he possesses in a pre-eminent degree—for had he the power of Midas, of converting whatever he touched, to gold, he would coin his heart, and give it for the relief of suffering humanity.

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☞ The MEMORY of the FOUNDER of Cotton Factories, should be held in contempt by the present generation, and execrated to the remotest ages of Posterity. ☞



## THE SERAGLIO.

In Asia, it was the custom of the Sultan to procure for his Seraglio, the females from Georgia and Circassia; being countries of great celebrity, which they obtained on account of their beautiful women, whose eyes sparkled like diamonds, and whose teeth were like the purest pearl—whose black and flowing tresses, falling on their delicate snowy bosoms, struck with rapturous feelings of delight, the eye of every beholder. The interior of the Seraglio, was like a splendid saloon, constructed after the manner of Eastern magnificence; and the large and extensive floors, were covered with the most elegant and costly Turkey carpets. The room was decorated with the richest furniture, and vessels of gold, ornamented with diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones. Here were suspended from the walls of the apartment, rare and valuable paintings, and in niches around the room, were placed Statues of distinguished Statesmen and Heroes, executed in the neatest style, by the most skilful and celebrated Grecian and Italian Artists, and fanciful pieces of embroidery, wrought by the female inmates of the place, and other tasteful and delicate works. Here also was heard every kind of music, from the soft and melting tones of the Spanish Guitar, to the loud and high swelling notes of the Organ. The ladies dressed after the manner of their country, in the most tasteful and captivating style; stepping, like ærial forms, to the sound of different musical instruments—moving through all the winding mazes of the German waltz, exhibiting all the voluptuous attitudes, of which the human frame is capable. The jealousy of the Sultan had introduced the custom of keeping in this place a great number of eunuchs, to guard its access from the foot of the inquisitive, and the prurient eye of curiosity; but it so happened, that a British officer, more curious than discreet, was disposed to enter its walls, and take

a survey of the interior of the Seraglio; and by means of an exorbitant sum of gold and jewels, together with much entreaty, obtained admission; he had not, however, been long in this new situation, before he was betrayed by one of the eunuchs, who had by some means or other come to the knowledge of the fact, whose envy being excited, gave immediate intelligence to the Sultan. In a few moments an order of arrest was sent in by the Sultan, that the British officer should be brought forth, which was accordingly done; and after rigid examination as to his motives, was convicted, with the eunuch. The officer, after having been bastinadoed, a common punishment of the East, was enclosed in a sack, put on board a small pinnace, and exposed to the mercy of the waves, there to atone for the imprudence which he had so injudiciously committed; and the eunuch who had received the bribe, was hand-cuffed, cast into a small dungeon, under ground, built of stone; an iron chain was attached to his body, and secured by large heavy rings to strong staples, secured to the iron floor. Separate chains were also put upon his arms and ankles, and fastened in like manner to the strong and massy walls, where he was consigned to perpetual imprisonment. Here the enlivening and cheering beams of the sun to sustain his sinking mind, never entered—and his dungeon continually resounded with the shrieks of despair, mingled with the clanking of his chains, which bound him in eternal silence.

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### A GENTLEMAN OF TASTE AND FORTUNE.

Their lived some few years ago, in a beautiful and sequestered spot in Virginia, a perfect classic scholar and gentleman, deeply read in all the profound, useful, and elegant sciences, qualified by his education, gentelmanly and genteel deportment, to ingratiate himself with the scholar,

and the man in a lower sphere of life: and from his amiableness, and suavity of manners, his society was courted by all the wits of his time. He was the particular friend of the late Patrick Henry, who consulted him, whenever he had a cause, the depth and intricacy of which was unusually difficult; and on such occasions, he ever gave his opinion with modesty and decision, after having thoroughly weighed the different prominent features of the case. He was consulted by other professional gentlemen, who paid the same respect to his scrutinizing mind, which enabled him to see almost intuitively, into the most perplexing subject: in addition to these gifts of nature and art, he inherited from a long train of ancestors, a very large princely fortune, in gold and real estate. His income, annually, was Fifty Thousand Guneas; he built a magnificent edifice of polished marble, and Gothic architecture, supported by large and lofty pillars, finished in the most costly manner; the interior was in the same superb style, being furnished at an enormous expense; on the walls were represented by distinguished artists, many interesting historical Pieces.—The War of Troy—The Retreat of the Ten Thousand, by Xenophon—The Battle between Pompey and Cæsar—The Combat between the Horatii and Curatii—Leonidas, at the head of a small invulnerable band, defending the Straits of Thermopylæ—The Assassination of Cæsar in the Senate House—The Three Beauties, contending for the Prize on Olympus—The noble Regulus, suffering in the cause of his Country. Around were placed Statues, wrought of the finest Parian Marble, of some of the most renowned Heroes, Statesmen, and Philosophers—Lycurgus, Socrates, and Plato. His cellar was furnished with all kinds of the best wines, brought from different parts of the world, which were served by one whom he always kept as cup-bearer.—The whole number of his servants, were fifty. In front of the house were handsome marble figures, which served as

fountains, through which constantly issued up fresh water, which was conducted from a distant meadow, and watering the yard, kept it continually fresh and verdant. The house was built on a very lofty eminence, surrounded by umbrageous trees; was enclosed with a lofty wall, built of variegated marble, twelve feet in height, and two feet in thickness. On the back ground was erected a large stable, of hewn granite, in which he kept twenty-four milk white Arabian blood Horses, expressly for the courses and hunting—four Zebras, imported at great expense, for his private Carriage, and eight out-riders. Attached to the stable was a kennel, in which he kept a variety of Dogs, from the whining puppy, to the loud roaring bull-dog. His lands were judiciously divided into Woods, Pastures, Orchards, and Gardens. He had two Orchards, in one of which were placed all kinds of Trees, both to regale the eye, and please the senses. The Orange, Pomegranate, Lemon, Lime, Citron, Fig, Date, and Olive Trees, and many others whose names are known only to a few best German gardeners. In the other were all kinds of grafted Apple Trees, from the small red to the golden pippin, glowing amid the surrounding foliage. Cherry Trees, from the small red to the large, full sized black; and an innumerable variety of Peach Trees, among which were the large French Peach. Two Gardens, in one of which was set out, in elegant and fanciful taste, after the manner of the Dutch Gardener, all kinds of Flowering Shrubs, that were ever described by the celebrated Linnæus. Here was seen the bee, flying from flower to flower, and rifling their liquid sweets. In the other were all kinds of shrubs, useful in the culinary department. His Forests were the retreat of thousands of birds, of the most beautiful plumage, and melodious song; from the variegated and golden winged humming-bird, which feeds upon the soul of the lily, to the the royal eagle, his eye undazzled by the sun, cuts the liquid air, and wings



his flight beyond the reach of mortal ken; and when Flora, dancing on the verdant carpet of nature, her head decked with wreaths of roses, hanging in festoons, ushers in the Spring; whose balmy breath awakes the surrounding beauties, releasing the earth from her icy fetters, and gives birth to the thousand springing flowers; choirs of birds joining their different notes, make up the full chorus, and the air is melodious with the varied sound of sweetest harmony. The green meadows are waving with exuberant grass, in which are seen grazing innumerable herds of Cattle. The Park is filled with Deer, in which he recreates himself after long and tedious application to business. In the midst of the Flower Garden stood his Summer House, beneath the shade of the fragrant Mandarin Orange Tree—where, during the sultry months of summer, he used to retire with his particular friends, to discuss the politics of the day, and entertain them with the relation of his studies and travels.—He had visited the different Seminaries of Learning, and all the valuable Institutions, endowed by the Philanthropist, for the benefit of mankind—the ancient and modern cities—had travelled through Italy—Rome, Herculaneum—was struck with admiration at the view of the Ruins of those ancient and magnificent cities—the elegant specimens of Painting and Sculpture, by the most distinguished masters—and had listened, awe struck, at the lofty swell of the Harlæm Organ—viewed the ruins of dilapidated temples; the crumbling heaps of prostrate columns and Corinthian capitols—had visited the Theatres, and seen the wonderful Histrionic power of celebrated actors and dancers.—He would excite the laughter of his friends, by the recital of the different descriptions of character, which he had met with in the streets—would occasionally read some rare and interesting works—the Iliad of Homer—the description of the Battle of the Gods—the craft of Ulysses, entering the Trojan walls by means of the wooden horse—the Adven-



tures of Gil Blas in the Cavern of the Robbers; and his agreeable situation with Doctor Sangrado—

*Cetera desunt.*

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## ORIGINAL DREAM.

I dreamed that I was walking on a beautiful and romantic evening in Autumn, on the flowery bank of a river, watching in the calmy stillness of the night, the silver moon floating majestically through the cloudless expanse of ether, accompanied by her attendant satellites, glittering in the azure firmament: while I was thus musing, regaling my senses on the innumerable variety of the works of creation, which surrounded me on all sides; interrupted only by the melifluous voice of the nightingale, pouring forth her Vesper Hymn to the author of nature, which from time to time broke in upon the silence of the night, drawing from the ample volume unfolded to my eye, instruction of the purest kind. I heard wafted to me on the breeze, these words:— I am Love, and dwelt in the bosom of God, before the creation of the world, or the morning Stars sung together; when he raised the immense vault of Heaven—when he fixed the sun and planets in their proper station, and gave to them immutable decrees, which they could not transcend—when he made the blazing comet, wheeling through the illimitable regions of space—when he spoke into existence the angelic choir, which people the countless worlds above, scattered throughout immensity, innumerable as the sands on the sea-shore, from the highest to the lowest order of spiritual intelligences which surround his throne, tuning to Golden Harps, Anthems of praise—when he created man from the dust of the earth, and made him lord of this lower world—when he gave birth to the myriads which surround him, from the elephant, which weighs upon the globe, to

the minutest insect, of which the smallest blade of grass shelters its littleness—when he poured down the thundering cataract, spread out the boundless ocean, and caused the same to swarm with innumerable variety of the finny tribe—when he planted the dark waving forest, and peopled it with its savage inhabitants, and exhaled the air, breathing with the feathery tribes, melodious with love and varied harmony—when he reared the hills and sunk the vallies—when he spread out the flowery lawn and enamelled it with luxuriant beauty—when in the wonderful manifestation of his love to man, he sent him a celestial messenger to redeem him from the darkness of death, and open to him through his sufferings, the golden prospect of a future immortality beyond the grave. Here the Genius left me, and vanished into thin air, and I found myself seated on a flowery turf—when, suddenly casting my eye around, observed amid the great variety of trees which grew along the bank of the river, one which more particularly attracted my attention, I approached with the intention of climbing; but what was my astonishment on beholding its difference from those which surrounded it. Instead of branches, like the rest, it had arms, like a person, of snowy whiteness, and of the most perfect symmetry. I clasped the body of it, but the bark was so smooth that it was impossible to ascend, even with the greatest exertion; for every time I attempted to do so, its arms involuntarily clasped me around the waist, and held me fast, and I repeatedly lost my foothold. Chagrined and exhausted with the fruitless attempt, and about to give up in despair, inadvertently cast my eye towards the topmost branches, and to my surprise, beheld the most beautiful creature that imagination ever conceived, who thus addressed me:—Do not despair of obtaining your wishes; know that perseverance and industry, accomplish every thing. I am the Genius of this, the Forbidden Tree, which once bloomed in the Garden of Eden; and be not

deceived—I am not like the other trees surrounding me, bearing their fruit on the highest branches; but on a beautiful bough, which springs from the middle of my trunk; when in an instant was presented to my astonished eye, a delicious fruit, of savoury taste, and different from any which I had ever beheld. Its rind was of a beautiful vermilion hue, and of silky softness. I plucked and bit it to the core, from which distilled exquisite nectar, whose delicious taste and aromatic smell, entranced my senses, and I unconsciously fell into a swoon. As I lay for a moment thus entranced, I felt a breath like incense breathing flowers, passing over my ravished senses, and something of bewitching softness on my cheek. I awoke, and lo! it was the hand of a lovely girl.

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### THE ITALIAN ARTIST.

In a beautiful and romantic little spot in Florence, was erected by St. Angelo, the celebrated Italian Artist, one of the most delightful cottages, that can be found on the surface of the globe. It stood on a rising eminence, on the back ground, of a light and airy appearance, with a piazza in front, supported on Corinthian pillars; and before it were planted beautiful umbrageous trees, which were not only agreeable for the freshness which their leaves exhaled, but the shadow which they offered to those within. This little edifice was constructed agreeable to the most perfect rules of Roman Architecture, and enclosed within a vale, and encircled with a thick hawthorn hedge, enwreathed with a thousand curious and variegated flowers, the spontaneous growth of nature herself, which not only served as a fence, but furnished the most excellent fruit as a desert for the table, on festival or gala days, when his friends and acquaintances visited him, which was generally once a year, in the month of June, being the most delightful season of

the year for pleasure and recreation, at which time he, with his friends, exercised themselves in various kinds of amusements. Within the enclosure, there was a small garden, which grew wild, and gave birth to some of the most rare and odoriferous flowers, both to ravish the eye, and delight the senses; nature seemed here to deck herself in the most fascinating robe of Spring, to emulate the loveliness of the climate, where the softness of the air, like the healthy and perfumed breath of female loveliness breathes music, and the entranced soul is wrapped in extacy. Here the artist was accustomed to retire, to expatiate freely on the beautiful scenery, which was, in all the wantonness of nature, placed on the verdant carpet before him, and to survey the splendid magnificence of the glittering firmament, resplendent with ten thousand shining worlds, and scintillating with golden fires: and in this place, through the green plat which lay in front of the house, there flowed in a great variety of agreeable sinuosities, a little silver rivulet, rippling over the murmuring pebbles, and secretly stealing away, losing itself in a delightful meadow, except where the luxuriant verdure betrayed its secret course, by the unusual freshness: and in another part of the garden was a pond, inhabited by a great variety of the finny tribe; where one might see through the pellucid clearness of the water, the salmon-trout, spotted with gold, and the silver-fish sporting beneath its surface; and here he used frequently to retire, to pour out to the God of Nature a libation of the dews of Castalia, mingled with frankincense, and to burn upon his altar, which he erected with his own hands, garlands of flowers, roses and lilies, whose exhalations, rising like incense, were, as he supposed, necessary to propitiate the Deity, and obtain the needful inspiration, to enable him to exhibit the liveliest corruscations of his genius, and qualify him to pourtray to the life the breathing picture, standing in relief from the canvass. He executed in this garden some of his



happiest efforts, the chœuf d'œuvres of the Italian Artists. He painted with his animated pencil, the almost inimitable colors of the Rainbow. To whatever he touched, he gave life and energy; he could represent so naturally the rose, that one could seem almost to inhale its fragrance, and the sensitive plant would recoil e'en at the slightest touch. He executed a number of celebrated pieces, and among the rest was the masterly production of the Nun. She was clothed in light and flowing drapery, of different thicknesses, which were clearly and distinctly visible to the naked eye. Another remarkable piece, was the Capuchin Chapel, in which, representing the interior, were seen the monks, offering up their morning orisons. This was in perspective, and represented to the life. Another is the picture of Ariadne; this inimitable piece, seen reflected through a mirror, surpasses the highest effort of poetic language. Another is Cain killing Abel; here he is represented in the field, at his usual labor, of tilling the ground, with his wife and children around him; and the awful passion which seems to have full possession of his soul, at the moment he is about to execute the horrid deed, is admirable, and the different figures are happily and forcibly grouped, exhibiting the painter's utmost powers. The last piece, is Hercules killing the Hydra; standing in an erect and commanding posture, exhibiting all the muscles of his gigantic frame, and holding in his hand his massive club, in the attitude to strike, while the Hydra, erecting himself on the extremity of his tail, darting from his hundred mouths his forked tongues, his eye-balls glowing with fire, his heads growing as fast as severed from the body, appals the astonished spectator. He lived in this romantic place, enjoying all the luxuries and pleasures which can delight the most brilliant imagination, and after having excelled all the artists of his time, died with an inflammation of the lungs; looking forward with an eye of faith to the blest regions of immortality. His memo



received the highest honors conferred on mortal man. His body being burned, the ashes were collected in a golden urn, and deposited in the cemetery of St. Peter's Church, at Rome, the common receptacle of the illustrious dead.

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## HOPE.

Hope, of all the passions of the human breast, is the last to leave us when weighed down with sorrow and distress; when we are sinking under the greatest calamities of life, and every prospect of happiness has vanished, and every avenue seems closed forever—Hope, like an angel of mercy descending from the celestial mansions above, the bright abode of purity and love, to pour the balm of consolation into the bleeding and agonizing heart of despair. Strewing the dark and benighted path of the forlorn and way-worn traveller, with amaranthine flowers; pointing to the heavenly regions above, where, after our pilgrimage here below is at an end, we shall be received and crowned with the ever-blooming garlands of immortality. It unbars the prison door to the captive, and liberates him from the gloomy horrors of the dungeon, and the dismal clanking of his chains. To the orphan, bereft of all earthly consolation, it holds out the prospect of a future re-union in Heaven. It strips the squalid rags from the limbs of the beggar, and clothes him with the glittering robes of regal splendor. To the Pilgrim, lost in the dark obscurity of the night, it opens the golden portals of the morning, and gilds the splendid effulgence of the risen day. To the pilot on the boundless ocean, when he sees himself alone, and without a compass, his fragile bark lashed by the billows, and hears the direful howling of the tempest, Hope points him to his destined port of safety, and lights up his countenance with joy. To the unhappy sailor, cast away on a foreign shore, the hope

of again re-visiting his native land, and receiving the affectionate embrace of his wife and children, buoys up his spirits, and keeps him from sinking in despair. What supports the poor African, sold to servitude and chains, but the bright and cheering prospect, of obtaining, after all his sufferings, emancipation from slavery. What like hope, to the distressed and despairing mother, when she sees her dwelling wrapped in flames, and her last child torn from her tender and affectionate embrace, by the relentless and barbarous hand of the savage, and in the gloomy stillness of the night, hears his last expiring agony, mingled with the yell of infernal triumph. What enables the soldier to endure the fatigue of a long and tiresome march, through a hostile country, exposed to the disastrous chances of war, but the Hope of glory—and Washington during the Revolutionary Struggle for Independence, when about to rear the colossal column of Liberty, fighting under the wing of the American Eagle, and the Star Spangled Banner of his Country, when his soldiers were destitute of clothes and provisions, weary and worn out with sickness and fatigue; but that the darkness of the present day, was the harbinger of a brighter dawn. Hope is the sunshine of the benighted, and its rays are partially diffused throughout the habitable globe; and its genial influence is felt by the most degraded, as well as those in the highest stations of life. 'T is a kind of sunshine in the bosom of the Christian, like an anchor to the soul, which enters within the veil, sure and steadfast. 'T is the joy of youth, the consolation of maturer years, and the staff of declining and decrepid age. It irradiates the passage to the tomb, and cheers the soul when it is taking its final farewell of all sublunary things, and all the pageant and transitory splendor of human grandeur, is slowly fading from the sight, casting, at intervals, like the expiring taper, fitful gleams for a moment, and now veiled forever in the impenetrable darkness of oblivion. We

greet it when we first behold it breaking through the twilight, and it serves to guide and direct our steps, as the **Star** which arose in the **East**, and lighted the **Shepherds** to the manger of the **Saviour**, when all the **Heavenly Host** broke forth in **Strains Seraphic**—**He comes**—**He comes**—**He bursts the bars of Death**—**He breaks the adamantine chains of Hell**—and triumphs o'er the **Tomb**.

## L O T T E R I E S.

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The following remarks on Lotteries, were published sometime since in this City; and it is deemed that they may not be inappropriate at the present time, notwithstanding the *moral advancement of the world.*

To make the pompous parade and display of words, as is now-a-days the custom with Venders of Lottery Tickets, offering to the unsuspecting and imprudently hazardous, Splendid Fortunes, which prove in the end rather ideal than real, as many who feel, can testify, is deemed unnecessary, though aware that much is frequently obtained, by catching and pleasing the eye. But it would be well for us to bear in mind this important truth, that "all is not *Gold that glitters.*" How long will man remain the willing slave of a blind and ignorant credulity! The following statement was handed me by a friend, and may be relied on for its correctness.

In the Grand State Lottery, No. 2, there are 19,600 Tickets, at 4 dollars each.	\$78,400
Amount of Prizes,	\$63,700
Deduct 15 per cent,	9,555 leaves 54,145
	24,255
Amount of Tickets,	78,400
Amount of prizes including 15 per cent,	63,700

14,700 Dollars additional profit, made by the Brokers and Venders of Tickets, in consequence of Lotteries having become more fashionable, and the public more easily duped.

Let us enlarge upon this statement, that the public may come to the knowledge of the Truth. The Tickets of a Lottery like the above, are sold in about a month; consequently, we may have Twelve Lotteries a year, and at a loss of *Twenty-Four Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty-Five Dollars* each, makes the amount taken from the laboring class, (for it is principally confined to them,) and pocketed by a few individuals, not *the Purchasers of the Tickets*, the enormous yearly loss sustained by the public of *Two Hundred and Ninety-One Thousand and Sixty Dollars*.

Let those who are accustomed to purchase Tickets, flattered with the vain and delusive hope of realizing thereby a Speedy Fortune—look at the above statement. The many thousand chances against their drawing anything, but an almost necessary consequence of losing their money when so employed; and there is no rational man but would come to this conclusion; *that he would no longer suffer such gross imposition! such an outrage on common sense! such a Tax on his Pocket, without any return!!!*

Again, I ask the question, which cannot be too often reiterated—*Who pays the oppressive Tax levied by a few Brokers in Tickets, on the Public? The industrious Mechanic—the hardy Tiller of the Soil. It is the small pittance wrung from the common laborer, who lives by the sweat of his brow, and whose family are dependant on him for their daily support. It is the bread taken from the mouths of his children. And what is the cause of this so general infatuation? Because men are imitative, and will not take the trouble to think, but act without reflection. Here, then, reflection is Knowledge—And now, if ever, is the time for its full exercise.*





THE principal FIGURE of our DEVICE, formerly represent-  
ed HOPE; but since she has been made THE GODDESS OF  
LOTTERIES, has assumed a different, but appropriate charac-  
ter; DESPAIR, OR THE FORLORN HOPE, with tearful eye,  
leaning on her BROKEN ANCHOR. The small FIGURE, rep-  
resents an UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURER in a LOTTERY, as  
his DEEP GRIEF, feelingly expresses; holding in his hand a  
BLANK, purchased at THE BROKER'S TRULY LUCKY OF-  
FICE—THE GOLD MINE, OR FORTUNE'S HOME FOREVER.



DESPAIR, OR THE FORLORN HOPE.



☞ BEACON EXTRA. ☞

THROW A SPRAT TO CATCH A HERRING.

“*ONLY THREE DOLLARS!!!*”

*For a chance at the following Handsome and very Comfortable Prizes, in the*

**RHODE-ISLAND STATE LOTTERY,**

“TO BE DRAWN IN THIS TOWN.”

The following is an abstract statement made from the *Popular and Handsome Scheme*, of the above Lottery, in three divisions--Showing the relative chances for and against drawing, respectively, in each, viz:

The first division, agreeable to Scheme, consists of Seven Prizes, from 2000 down to 1000 Dollars. The second, 233 Prizes, from 900 down to 20 Dollars. The third and last, 7000 Prizes, of 4 Dollars each. In the first division, then, there are 7 Prizes; 20,993 *chances against drawing*. Here hope wears the features of despair. In the second, 233 Prizes, and 20,760 chances against drawing. Gloomy prospect still! In the third and last, 7000 Prizes of the *Splendid Sum* of 4 Dollars each, and 13,700 *Blanks against them*, making about two to a Prize, if it deserves the name. Now look at the *cunning* and *finesse* of the *Schemers*. Here are 28,000 Dollars more than half the amount of all the Prizes, thrown into small ones of 4 Dollars each, just to keep expectation alive, as the purchasers must necessarily hit upon one occasionally. Now by again referring to the first and second divisions above, you will readily perceive, that it would be rash in the extreme, to think of touching even the shadow of a prize there—then there is now no other place to hang a hope, than on the 4 Dollar Prize; and even here, *we have to encounter two Blanks against our number*, before we can get our money back again. And suppose we should be so successful as to hold a 4 Dollar *Prize Ticket*. What then? We may

pocket 40 Cents, equal to 2 Pistareens, *clear gain*. How flattering!

Tickets in this Lottery, \$21,000 at \$3,	\$63,000
	<hr/>
Amount of Prizes,	52,500
Less 15 per cent Discount,	7,875
	<hr/>
	44,625
Profit,	18,375
	<hr/>
	63,000

The Profit, equal to 29 1-6 per cent—a quick way of raising the wind, as Jeremy Diddler would say. Who would not sell tickets at this rate? And who, under such circumstances, would not be foolish to purchase them? **WE BROKERS**, are sensible of the correctness of the above statement, and that it is as clear and self-evident, as the simplest mathematical truth; and that the evil complained of, is not confined to this State alone, but that it prevails throughout the **United States** generally; and that the same imposition is practised on a much larger scale elsewhere, according to the magnitude of the State where it exists. But the public must know that it would be folly in us to say to them—We are daily sponging from you **THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS**—Be on your guard!—No—we will do no such thing—*This is our business*, and we shall continue to pursue it as long as you will patronize us—and *we go on so swimmingly*—a word to our customers—Tickets and parts in the above Lottery, may be had, if called for soon, at **THE TRULY LUCKY OFFICE, No. 40, SHAVER'S-SQUARE**: and we would inform *our country friends in particular*, that we, like the rest of our Fraternity, shall receive them very politely, and with great good nature, take them cordially by the hand, inquire after the health of their families, and all that sort of thing; for we have discovered, from our little knowledge of the world,

that it is all important, in business especially, if a man wishes to overreach his neighbor, to smooth him down a little; or, in the emphatic words of a distinguished fellow citizen, “*to feed him with Monkey Soup*”—and we feel a satisfaction in knowing, *that the custom of flattering, to enable us the easier to deceive*, is not confined to our profession alone, but that it is the common custom of the world.

#### NO. 40, SHAVER’S-SQUARE.

“DO N’T FORGET THE NUMBER.”

Suppose in the ordinary avocations of life, a man were fully impressed that he should have to encounter as many obstacles to his success, as in a Lottery. Where is the man, let me ask, who would not give up in despair?

☞ NO. 1400, SHAVER’S-SQUARE. ☞

“DO N’T FORGET THE NUMBER.”

*This is so Base! So Shocking!!*

THAT IT NEEDS NO COMMENT.

*Only look at it.*

#### FORTUNE’S HOME FOREVER.

*Unparalleled Imposition!! Truly Grand and Splendid Scourge.*

“Our Office has ever been, and will continue,

TRUE TO ITS MOTTO.”


Holders of Prizes in the different Lotteries just drawn, as well as adventurers and the public generally, desirous of obtaining *Splendid Fortunes*, are respectfully invited to call at No. 1400, SHAVER’S-SQUARE, and receive the CASH, for their Prizes, or to exchange them for some *magnificent* in the above *Scheme*, soon to be drawn. Many of those who become interested therein, will in a short time be made *rich and happy*. Come then to the residence of Goddess Fortune, “*always at home*,” and partake of her favors. At most other offices, you will only be offered Tickets and Shares in inferior Lotteries (and these to be sure in abundance) but mistake not your interest, and rely upon it, you



can make the best, the most profitable, and certainly the most pleasing speculation, at No. 1400, Shaver's-square.


SEE SCHEME ;


OR THE FOLLOWING ABSTRACT FROM IT:

Tickets \$19,600, at \$50 each,	\$980,000
Amount of Prizes,	\$784,240
Deduct 15 per cent,	117,636 leaves 666,604
 LOSS TO THE PUBLIC,	313,396
	980,000

BROKER'S CARD.

TO THE PUBLIC.—To show you that we wish to deal fairly with you; if you have found by *sad experience*, and perhaps many of you have ere this, that *the Risk in Lotteries is too great*, and do not intend to purchase any more Tickets of us; in return for the many pecuniary favors received, and that we may not seem ungrateful, for we despise ingratitude, should you have on hand any idle funds in these Dry Times, when almost every man in business, liable every moment to be shipwrecked;\* and see no favorable prospect of a profitable investment—in kindness would suggest, that there is in town a Saving's Bank—any friend will direct your way to it; where, by depositing your "*Loose Change*," you will not only secure the principal, with the thing of some consequence, but realize in addition 5 per cent Interest.

 *Appendix to the above Card.*—Did our time not fail us, we would initiate you *into all the Mysteries of our Craft*—to inform you how by our *long and brilliant advertisements* we have been able to bewilder your minds and dazzle you.

\*  See accounts in the papers a month or two past, of the pecuniary embarrassments of some of the first commercial houses both in Europe and this country.



eyes; and how, after disappointment and dejection, we have endeavored, by holding out new prospects of success, to your heated imagination, to allure you on again in pursuit of the same idle and fleeting phantoms, which glean for a moment, disappear, and are lost in darkness—how by sending out several times a week "*Little Bulletins*," giving intelligence when the *Splendid Prizes* are to be distributed to *Fortune's Favorites*—and how by a thousand other little artifices, which you are hardly sensible of, but which have been profitable to us—for "Great effects, arise from little things"—These and a thousand other little tricks played by us, we might mention, if time would permit; all of which, combined, have furnished the means of playing an interesting and lucrative game, and of reaping at your expense, "*The Golden Harvest*." Shall therefore defer the subject to a future period.

NOTE.—We shall now take our leave of the public, desirous that they may make the proper application of the subject—and our friends *the Brokers*, hoping that they will not think our remarks too severe—or that we feel any unpleasant or hostile feelings towards them—nor would we wish them to harbour any against us—as they should recollect, that it has been the doctrine, almost from time immemorial, and we believe a *sound one*, that there are times, when the *Public Good* requires that the interest of individuals (at least partially) should be sacrificed—and we deem this our full and sufficient justification.

*The Device of the Broker*, (originally above the Picture,) represents a *Caricature of Fortune*, holding in her hand a *Purse of Spurious Gold*, which she offers, with the smiling, fascinating, and deceitful countenance of a Syren, to *blind and infatuated credulity*.

"*One Hundred Thousand Dollars, for Fifty Dollars only.*"

"**TRULY LUCKY OFFICE.**"

"**FORTUNE'S HOME FOREVER.**"

“Where the Gold lays ready counted,”

“IN BAGS TEMPTING THE TOUCH”

“Of the *Fortunate Adventurer.*”

The Liberty of the Press, and the Liberties of the People, must stand or fall together.—*Hume.*

I thank Heaven, we have one Press which stands in its own strength—Free—Unshackled—and Independent—and devoted to the *Cause of the People.*

*Mr William S. Spear.*—Look!—Think!—Hesitate!—Look again!! perhaps you may see at your elbow a Broker. Reflect again—ask yourself this question: am I like my Brethren, and how much do I gain in the course of a year, by the insertion of *Ticket Advertisements*—may I not from one step taken inadvertantly, lose *Sixpence*? Will not the Ticket Chaps withdraw their advertising patronage? Will allow you one hour more, to make up your mind—and after reflecting, reasoning, and deducing fair inferences—resolving and re-resolving, that a Broker, though he stood before you like a Spectre—Hamlet’s Ghost—or in the shape of the very Devil himself, Shall not alarm your fears or astonish your weak nerves. I say, after taking all these things into serious consideration—though partially dependant, you are determined to be independent—insert the following communication on the subject of Lotteries, and confer a favor on a friend and subscriber. And we shall feel grateful for the privilege (as we are excluded from communication in all the other papers, in town, unless we hold “*The Gold*” before the eye of the Printer to dazzle him) of offering a few occasional remarks, when deemed necessary—through the medium of *The Beacon.*

We, unfortunately, were born under an inauspicious Planet; and being no Broker, sometimes find a difficulty in raising *the Wind*; and besides, as we do not write for hire, being always with us a secondary consideration; we

feel the Printer's Bill for a Communication, which should in justice, have met the Public view, free of cost to us exceedingly oppressive; but, as by nature, we are possessed of some small degree of Philosophy, shall submit to our hard fate, with patience and resignation. But the Broker, who sells Tickets, at a *monstrous profit*, pays the Printer with alacrity, considering the great advantage he has derived from his Agency—as he clutches *The Glittering Eagles* from the round deep Purse of the Public, through the medium of a Splendid Advertisement, bursting like the refulgent Sun in its meridian splendor, on the astonished vision, or flashing and sparkling like a meteor on the eye, leaving a man blind, confounded, deluded, and trembling like the sturdy forest oak, wrung by the whirlwind; or the stately ship on the Ocean, lashed by the billows, reeling and rocking in the *The Tempest*. The Broker's wealth is the Heart and Soul of the Beggar's wallet—the accumulated mites of the Widow and the Orphan—the sigh and tear of Disappointment and Distress. The Broker is rich, his Coffers are overflowing with *Gold*. To him a Dollar is as the Dust in the Balance, or a Sand on the Sea Shore.—Would you know the number of Dollars shrewdly picked from the Public by Lotteries! Count the Stars in the Firmament. Would you know the Return a man gets who purchases Tickets! a mere nothing—The Shadow of a Shade—'T is all a Bl\*\*\* moonshine.

We think it must be obvious to every reflecting mind, that it never could have been the intention of the Legislature, when granting to a company of men, the right to make Lotteries, for the purpose of raising a certain sum of money, and for some particular public benefit; that the persons, to whom such privileges were granted; should abuse them as they do now a days; by making a Lottery as often as they please, say once a month, which is a fact; disposing of the whole number of Tickets, to a few individ-

ual Brokers, for about two hundred and fifty or 500 Dollars each, a Lottery or Class, being in proportion to the amount gained, as a drop to the ocean; who raising the original price, exclusive of the 15 per Cent, the usual amount, formerly allowed on Lotteries; are gaining not less than nine tenths of the whole; while the managers are realizing, but a very small proportion; of course, are constantly taxing the Public; until by this slow process, they may obtain the sum of money wanted. This is an abuse that calls loudly for legislative interference. If unfortunately, we must suffer the *Scourge of Lotteries*, why not sell their own Tickets, not to Brokers, to speculate in, acting towards them, like the Jackall, Purveyor for the Lion, but to the Public, if they wish to purchase, then instead of so many Lotteries, as they could obtain their money sooner; we should not have more than one, where we now have ten, and this would partially mitigate the evil; and it would not be so sensibly oppressive to the people. We think we have sufficiently analyzed and dissected the Lottery principle; and to the best of our feeble abilities, scrutinized all its parts, and now come to the conclusion—that this is a fair deduction from the established premises, that it is a cheat and painful imposition; and that there is scarcely a possibility of drawing, in any one of them. It is a *Leprous Body from the Highest Prize.—The Crown of the Head—To the Lowest—The sole of the Foot*, and there is no health or soundness in it.

Is this the Country of *Washington and Franklin—of Ames and Hamilton*? Is this the Land standing almost pre-eminent in *noble Institutions*—in the *Arts—the Sciences* and all the *Elegances of Life*? Boasting above every other nation on the Globe—our extensive privileges—our *Press*, free and unshackled—when to communicate our thoughts on a subject of the greatest vital importance to the People, in a *Public Journal*; we are compelled to pay



their insertion, because those who preside over it, must first consult their own private interest. When a *Scourge* more horrid than ever desolated Egypt's fair Shore, stalks at noonday, in the shape of a *Mammoth Lottery*, among us, trampling on the neck of oppressed Thousands, and tearing the last rag from Wretchedness and Misery—Crush the *Damned Monster*—or away—your vaunted *Liberty* and *Freedom*.

“*The Idiot*,” originally represented by a Engraving.—*This Device*, was formerly at the head of a newspaper published sometime since in Boston, called “*The Idiot*,” and seems to have struck with peculiar force a certain Broker in this town, for its seeming appropriateness to his purpose; who intended to have had an *Engraving*, made from it, with the addition of what he called, “*The Prize Chest*,” or the *Repository* where the *Money* was kept for the *Fortunate Adventurer* instead of the *Table*; and it certainly was as he probably intended it—a Sweeping Satire on his customers and the Purchasers of Tickets generally; being the *Figure of an Idiot*, in the attitude of attempting to grasp the *Money* from the *Chest*; had he expressed himself in words—would say to his friends and customers, that the person who would flatter himself, with the ridiculous and absurd idea of drawing a *Prize* in a *Lottery*, must be foolish in the extreme.—His object evidently was to ridicule the *Public*, for having been so long cheated and gulled out of their *money*, by the mere Pomp and Show of advertisements and Hand-Bills.

It was at first the intention of the *Broker* alluded to—to have had the above *Device*, as a *Head* to his *Weekly Bulletin*, to catch the vulgar gaze; and had given instructions to an Engraver in Town, to execute the *Design*, as soon as possible; but by some means, yet unknown to us, he was informed, that we, after having seen and being equally struck with the novelty, also contemplated making the same use of it. But the *Broker* being already stung with *Envy*



and *Jealousy* at the probable success of our house (about being established under favorable auspices) which feeling in these modern and degenerate days—is no stranger to the breast of many a Merchant, in almost every branch of Trade and Commerce; countermanded his order immediately, on knowing the Fact. But as the idea was so happy, we could do no less than give it with the Explanation of the Figure to the Public—and hope his *brethren* may be as discriminating in the *Choice* of a *Device*.

“ A *Lottery* is a *Taxation*

Upon all the Fools in Creation;

And heaven be praised,

It is easily raised,

Credulity's always in fashion;

For folly's a fund

Will never lose ground

While Fools are so rife in the nation.”

#### DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

Come, Ye Fortune Seekers, to our Office, and buy *Three Tickets*; you are sure of *One Prize*, and may draw *Four*.

*Three Dollars* must obtain *Ten Thousand*.

#### RIP VAN WINKLE,

General Agent for vending *Tickets*, in all the *Lotteries* in the *United States*, has just left *New-York*, in consequence of the overwhelming tide of *Brokers* and *Ticket Venders*, setting in towards “*The City*,” from almost every section of the *Country*, threatening with the *Fraternity*, its *Inundation*—has taken up his line of march (like *Roger Williams*, when he fled from persecution,) towards *Providence*, having heard of the *Fame* of its *Wealth*, *Industry* and *Enterprize*; and the generous disposition manifested by its inhabitants, being ever ready to share with the *Broker*, or *Ticket Vender*, their last cent:—He proposes, therefore, reflecting on the *Gloomy Prospect* for the *Profession* in his native *City* of *Gotham*, establishing himself in *Providence*, as a *Vender* of

*Tickets*, exclusively, and solicits a Share of Public Patronage.

*At the Junction of Folly and Indiscretion-streets,*

No. 1000—"Don't Forget the Number."

"Broadway leads directly to our Office."

"THE GOLD MINE."

"EVER TRUE TO ITS MOTTO."

**FORTUNE'S HOME FOREVER.**

☞ Where have been, or will be paid to *Fortune's Favorites*, to the amount of more than *One Million of Money*, in *Gold*.

\*\*\* "Orders for *Tickets*, (enclosing the *Cash* or *Prize Tickets*), in any of the *Splendid and Fashionable Lotteries* of the day, gratefully received and promptly executed.

††† Whole Tickets, Halves, Quarters, Eighths, Sixteenths, &c. &c. in the following *Elegant and Popular Lotteries*.

WASHINGTON CANAL AND RHODE-ISLAND,  
First Class, to be drawn at the State House in this town.

**SCHEME.**

42,840 Tickets, at \$2,75, is	\$117,810 00
Amount of Prizes,	\$96,390
Loss 15 per cent Discount,	14,458 leaves 81,931 50
<hr/>	
<i>Total Loss to the Public, about 35 per cent.</i>	35,878 50
Amount of Tickets as above,	117,810 00
Amount of Prizes, including 15 per cent,	96,390 00
<hr/>	
	\$21,420 00

Loss more than 15 per cent, formerly allowed.

A *Few Blanks* in the last Grand State Lottery, drawn in this town, at the State House, for sale (if called for soon) as above, at a liberal discount. The chance of success to the purchaser of one of these, will be about the same, as a new Ticket in the next class.

All Lottery information given, and Bank Notes examined *gratis*.

OUR CARD.—We take this opportunity to tender our most sincere and unfeigned thanks to our *Friend, Broadway!!* (*Don't Forget the Number*)—*New-York*—“*The Gold Mine, or Fortune's Home Forever.*” As we are indebted to his *Brilliant and Fertile Imagination*, for most of the *Elegant Quotations* in our advertisement, which entrance the soul through the medium of the eye, and vibrate on the ear, more musical and soft than the melting sounds of the sweet toned Lute—as he saves us the trouble of frequently racking the brain, in search of *Beautiful and Alluring Expressions*—and should feel ourself extremely flattered, if he would have the courtesy, to forward us, (*free of expense*,) occasionally; a *New-York Paper*, containing his Splendid Advertisements, together with a package of some of the latest and most “*Eclipsing*” Schemes, in full: (that we may the more readily calculate *the Loss*) in the most popular and fashionable *Lotteries* of the day.

☞ Beware! and be on your Guard!! ye Industrious Agriculturalists!!! for the Enemy is among you, clothed in the Beautiful Garb of Innocence. I say again—*Beware!* against the small and apparently innocent “*Little Bulletins:*”—circulated in *the Country*—flattering your minds with the *Ten Thousand Dollar Prize*, only to deceive and plunge you headlong into *misery and ruin*. *The Goddess Fortune is no Wanton*. She is chaste and reserved to you and the Public generally; coquetting a little, only to pocket your money, but with profuse and liberal hands, bestows her favors only on her *Favorite, the Broker*.

☞ “Why spend ye your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which is not meat? Oh! that my head were waters! and mine eyes a fountain of tears!! That I might weep day and night for the folly and delusion of the people.”

As we have been anticipated in the publication of some of the Remarks we contemplated making on the subject of Lotteries, by a writer in a number of the Beacon, over the signature of "Plato:"—and as the same thought might have naturally suggested to a thousand others, as well as ourselves, who had ever taken the least trouble to make any reflections on the subject:—Besides, as we had prepared an article for the newspaper before the appearance of the one alluded to, we deem it a sufficient apology, for offering it as originally written, without any alteration—and in the striking and beautiful language of a distinguished *gentleman*, once high in office in this State, "shall jump upon our subject, without proem, or preface."

The Tax on this Country, of all the *Billiard Tables* and every other species of Gaming, (it is almost impossible to have even a *faint idea* of its extent,) is *nothing*, when put in comparison with that levied by the Brokers and Venders, in *Tickets*, on the *United States*—and there is many a man, in almost every community, who would shrink with horror at the idea of common Gambling, though conducted on much fairer principles, and consequently offering a greater chance of success to the *Adventurer*; and yet would unhesitatingly squander *Ten or Twenty Dollars in a Lottery*.—And why are these things so? It is the effect of "that Little Flippant Thing" called *Fashion*, at whose Shrine are offered daily Sacrifices, from the Crowned Monarch, down to the Hatless Vagrant. To purchase, then, a Ticket in a Lottery, seems innocent sporting—and as *Mammon is the God of this World*, and Money the Ruling Passion of most men; and as it is natural, the wishing to obtain a Favorite Object, by what is apparently the shortest way; and men therefore, deceiving themselves with the *delusive Hope*, of obtaining a *Fortune*, by the purchase of a Ticket in a Lottery, neglect the only means of accomplishing it, *Industry*, *Enterprize*, and *Economy*, and pursue with a desperate enthusiasm, an *Ignis Fatuus*, which will lead them, no one



knows where. The Effect of this kind of Gaming, besides the Enormous Amount of Money squandered by those least able to support such a Tax, or to invest their Funds without a sure return, has a demoralizing tendency on Society; as from its apparent *Innocency*, men are the more easily induced to engage in it: and *Loss* and *Disappointment* in an Object where all the feelings of the soul are concentrated; introducing in their train, *Despair—Madness—Intoxication—Dishonesty—Murder*; and a Thousand other Evils, ever the concomitants of Misery, paralyze all the Energies of Industry. In fine, a *Lottery* is like the abrupt precipice, covered with verdure and flowers, the easier to deceive the unwary and unsuspecting foot-step, and plunge its devoted victim headlong down, into the overwhelming vortex of wretchedness and wo. This is not high coloring, but the *Simple Truth*, in its natural nakedness; and what thousands with heartfelt anguish have realized. The Prize drawn by a Gentleman in this town some time since, (Amount \$20,000; 15 per cent discount off, leaves \$17,000, nett amount received,) has cost this town not less than \$100,000!! and the State not less than \$200,000!!! only for the *excitement* produced on the minds of the People; and you may be assured that a *High Prize* is a *Rara Avis*; a *Sui Generis*; seldom seen or met with in *these latitudes*; and the holder of a Prize Ticket of any considerable amount, is almost *an anomaly in nature*; and should, together with the *Mermaid*, and *Sea Serpent*, constitute a *Trio*; and be exhibited to the admiring and astonished world.

If certain *Gentlemen Brokers*, No. 1000 *Broadway*, *New-York*, (*Don't Forget the Number*,) or the *Branch of the Office*, No. 1400, *Shaver's-square*, *Providence*, are so *omnipotent* as they would privately insinuate, and Heaven knows in these modern days of general folly, they, like the rest of their brethren are sufficiently so, from the *Extensive Patronage* given to the *Conductors of the Press*, and *Printers of their Tickets*, and *Large Advertisements*, which break



down and make a *complete chaos* of a newspaper,) that it was in their power to have excluded our advertisements from every Public Journal except *the Beacon*, (a great compliment to be sure, on that Paper; *the Palladium of Liberty*; *the Bold Asserter of the Rights of Man*; from which at least one Ray of Light, occasionally, still gleams, to illumine the Path of the Wandering and Benighted Traveller,) even when we pay the usual price of advertising. Why have they not done so? and why do they not, self-elected, mount into the two first Offices in the Gift of the People of this Country, take the Reins of Government, and in their mighty Herculean Strength, shackle or hurl down *the Free Press*, cemented on its adamantine basis, by *the Blood of the Revolutionary Martyrs*, because it is not exclusively devoted to their Interest, but the Good of the United States generally.

It is almost impossible to handle a subject like that of Lotteries, *fairly*, of such vast importance in itself, without occasionally touching the feelings of the Broker and the Ticket Vender, and their friends; who naturally feel, at least partially, their feelings somewhat identified, (for we have no reason to believe that they are not; being made like other men, after "God's own Image;" possessed of the same feelings,) and we shall do this, only when the good of the cause imperiously demands it. But should we be so unfortunate as inadvertently to commit ourselves, (for "*What is written—is written*") we shall be ever ready to face difficulty and danger, in *so good a cause*, even though it should come in the shape of a *Prosecution*; and for the benefit of our friends, who might wish at any future period to prosecute for *a Libel*, would suggest that we shall always be found at No. 1400, "*the Broker's Truly Lucky Office; the Gold Mine; or Fortune's Home Forever.*"

How long must the face of the unhappy man, sorrowing with Disappointment and Misfortune, be ground down into the Dust, by the *Nefarious Oppression* of the *Tyrant Broker*?

It has been insinuated to us, by one of our Profession, that we have engaged in a wild crusade; but we do hope and believe, that assisted by *the Good Sense of the People*, we shall finally, and that ere long, deliver *Jerusalem from the Hands of the Saracens*. At whose expense does the Broker obtain his wealth? At the expense, not of the Blood, Sinew, and Tear, of the poor African; but, equally shocking to the feelings of humanity, *at the expense of the Toil and Sweat* of the Industrious, and most valuable inhabitants of every country; the hardy and virtuous Peasantry.

We have more than winged *the Harpy Bird, the Broker*, who has been so long and undisturbed preying on the Vitals of the Republic; and we know it by her distressful and piercing Screams, her incessant and painful fluttering, and the Last Bulletin of the Broker, bespangled with hands, clearly evinces it, which now seems to point in derisive mockery. *It is the Forlorn Hope, the Convulsive Laugh of Despair, the Last Effort of Expiring Nature*; or in Nautical phrase, *our last Raking Shot* has swept the Corsair's Foremast and Rigging from the Deck; and our 42 pound Shot, between wind and water, has shattered and disabled her Hutl; and we would advise the Captain and crew, if they have any regard for their lives, to put out the Long Boat, trust to the mercy of the waves, and endeavor to reach in safety the shore. But should the Captain, through obstinacy or pride, like the Gallant Porter, nail the colors to the mast, and resolve to stand by the ship, while a wreck still floats, in one or two more raking broadsides, being already disabled, and as bad as scuttled, shall sink her, together with the Cargo; *the Broker, the Captain; the Goddess Fortune, his Mate; and the Crew*. Now in despair shall be heard, the heart rending shrieks of the drowning in distress—then in a moment—in the hushed silence of death—all shall be engulfed—in the yawning—black and fathomless abyss of the ocean.

We are determined never to leave—the cursed and dis-

eased Lottery Principle—that Gangrene of the Soul—that Aneurism on the Heart of the Republic—that Horrid Monster—the Hydra with its thousand Heads, until, with the club of Hercules, we stretch it a lifeless corpse—prostrate on the ground.

Now let the industrious Mechanic—the indefatigable Agriculturalist—and the toil worn Laborer—ask themselves this question—where are the bank bills, which once so beautifully graced *the pocket-book*. The change, which once so musically chinked in *the pocket?* It is gone!—and gone forever!!—and is now invested by *the Broker*, in splendid Establishments, who knows how to make a more prudent and profitable investment of *his funds*.

“GOLDEN MOMENTS—DON’T LET THEM PASS.”

“*Two Capitals of Ten Thousand Dollars.*”

“*Four Capitals of One Thousand Dollars.*”

“*Four Capitals of Five Thousand Dollars.*”

And many others

“*Are not to be had Every Day.*”

And real Security on the Spot, for the Cash,

“*No Mistake about That.*”

“In Addition,”

“NO BLANKS”

“*Are for Sale at*”

RIP VAN-WINKLE’S,

Directly opposite—the *Alms-House*—

THE BROKER’S COLLEGE.

“*The Gold Mine or Fortunes Home Forever.*”

“A WAY TO GET OUT OF TROUBLE!!!”

“Those who may consider that they have sufficiently buffeted adversity, and suffered their portion of the ordinary evils which ‘flesh is heir to,’ may be assured that the surer way to relieve themselves from trouble, will be only to call at *Rip Van Winkle’s Office*. ‘The Gold Mine or Fortune’s Home Forever,’ (directly opposite, the Alms-House, the Broker’s College, for which he would fit all his Pupils)

where they can be furnished with Tickets in all the splendid and fashionable Lotteries of the Day."

*Sixty Thousand Dollars, for Twenty Dollars, only !!!*

*"The best chance ever offered for so small a sum."*

*"No. 1000 Broadway,"*

*"DON'T FORGET THE NUMBER,"*

*"FORTUNE'S HOME FOREVER!!!*

Where the bags of *Gold* are counted and ready for the Fortunate Adventurers.

*The Washington Grand Consolidated Lottery.*

This is not the *Holy Alliance*, but a combination of small Lotteries, and called by way of distinction, *Consolidated Imposition on the Public*; and to cap the climax, authorized by Acts of Congress, and of the several following States, respectfully: Rhode-Island, Connecticut, Delaware, North Carolina and Louisiana, and Washington City; and for the Benefit of Internal Improvements, Literature and *Charity*; but, in fact, for the benefit of Brokers at Washington and elsewhere.

"To be drawn at Washington City under the inspection of Gentlemen of distinction, and finished in one drawing of a few minutes."

Tickets and parts in this Lottery to be had at our office as above: wholes, \$20, halves, \$10, quarters, \$5, or eighths \$2 50, twentieths, \$1.


*See the following handsome Scheme.*

Tickets 42,840 at \$20,00		\$856,800
Amount of Prizes,	\$685,440	
Deduct 15 per cent.	102,616	582,624
Loss to the Public, about 33 per cent.		\$274,176
Amount of Tickets as above.		\$856,800
Ditto of Prizes including 15 per cent,		685,440
Additional Loss more than the 15 per cent, formerly allowed,		\$171,360



Office hours from Sunrise to 10 o'clock, P. M.

If our Brethren, the Brokers, are not very civil and quiet, we shall touch a new string, which shall vibrate nearer and more sensibly to the heart, than that of Lotteries.

 NOTE.—We have not yet, as has been insinuated, “wound off all our worsted;” but have still, a Distaff full, in reserve, which we can unwind at pleasure, as we shall ere long, if necessary, convince our friend, *the Broker*.

EQUAL JUSTICE TO ALL.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

*General Agent for Vending Tickets in all the Lotteries of the United States.*

NO. 0, AT THE JUNCTION OF FOLLY AND INDISCRETION ST.

DO N'T FORGET THE NUMBER.

The *Gothamite Brokers*, seem to know a thing or two, as will appear by reference to some of their *Devices*, over the head of their Bulletins, happily calculated to catch the eye and money of the Jonathans; and we think our Yankee Brokers, though already pretty shrewd, would do well to take a few lessons in their School; *A Shark's Device*—Broadway, New-York; discovers no small degree of cunning. It represents *Four Sportsmen* with their fishing gear. Two of whom are angling for Fish, which allegorically are intended to represent different sized Prizes; and of course, are marked from \$20, to \$100,000, on the side; which from its clearness are seen in the water. One of the Anglers, has just had a Bite, as the boy would say, and caught a *Five Hundred Dollar Fish*, which he is carrying off on his shoulder, with the hook still in his jaw. The second is represented as drawing out another very large Fish, marked *One Hundred Thousand Dollars*; and what is remarkable, notwithstanding his great weight, scarcely bends the pole; and in the mean time, is accosted by one of *the new comers*, who exclaims, *Ho! man, where do you get your bate?*

“THE REPLY IS—”

“*At a Shark's, Broadway, New-York.*”



“DO YOU WISH TO BE RICH?”

If you do, delay not a moment to purchase a Ticket, and secure to yourself, one or more of the valuable prizes in the annexed Truly Grand and Brilliant Scheme.

MARYLAND STATE LOTTERY, No. 6.

40,000 Tickets, at \$5, is		\$200,000
Amount of Prizes,	\$160,000	
15 per cent discount;	24,000	\$136,000
		<hr/>
Total loss to the Public, about 33 per cent.		\$64,000
		<hr/>
Amount of Tickets as above,		\$200,000
Amount of Prizes including 15 per cent,		160,000
		<hr/>
Loss more than 15 per cent.		\$40,000

*The Temple of Fortune* is always open to her Votaries; and She distributes her favors with an unspairing hand, from *Her Retreat*—“*A Sharkers Lucky Office*,” will be again well supplied, with *the Needful*, to pay off as usual, the Grand Prizes in one of the most splendid Lotteries now before *the Public!* For *Gold* and *Silver*, always apply at *the Specie Vault!* From which have been sold and paid, for *Capital Prizes*, more than *Ten Millions of Money in Gold!!!*

SHARKER AND INDEPENDENCE,

OR THE WAY TO CATCH GULLS.

“I knew by the sign that was placed o’er the door,  
That ‘*the Temple of Fortune by Sharkers*,’ was there;  
And I said, that if wealth can give bliss to the poor,  
Then *Sharker* it is, who our bosoms can cheer.  
One evening in Broadway, I loitered around,  
My heart was depressed, and my purse almost bare;  
And duns in my ears were beginning to sound—  
Dull music to those who’ve no money to spare.  
Where, in this bright Temple, by Sharkers; I cried,  
With my small stock of *rhino* a Ticket I’ll buy,

And when all my wants by a prize are supplied,  
 How blessed then I 'll live, and how calm can I die.  
 In this *Temple of Fortune*, a card I procured,  
 Which replenished my pocket so empty before;  
 And 't is sweet to reflect, that though Duns I 've endured,  
 I ne'er shall be troubled by duns any more.  
 And the sweet little card was from *Sharker* obtained,  
 'T was my passport to wealth, and to happiness too,  
 And Reader, a few more at *Sharker's* remained,  
 Go purchase—perchance there's a passport for you."

"ROAD TO WEALTH!!!"

### SWAN'S LOTTERY OFFICE, BALTIMORE.

Who would think that a *Swan* (Broker and Ticket Vender) The Swan being an Emblem of Innocence, would serve a *writ* on a poor man, in the shape of a Lottery Ticket, and take the "*Last Piccaune*" from his pocket, to increase the weight of his own, already tearing with its excessive Burthen of Gold. But so goes the world; no matter who sinks, if we swim.

Those who have adventured, unsuccessfully heretofore, are reminded of the old maxim, "Never put your hand to the plough and look back;" and are requested to court the coy *Jade, Fortune*, by calling once more, before it is too late, and insure a chance in the following brilliant Lottery;

### VIRGINIA STATE LOTTERY.

For the Benefit of the *Dismal Swamp*, (at least to the adventurers) *Canal Company, Second Class*; to be drawn in *Richmond*.

*Ten Thousand Dollars for Ten Dollars Only!!!*

### SCHEME.

Tickets, 42,840 at \$3,00 is		\$128,520 00
Amount of Prizes,	\$96,390 00	
Deduct 15 per cent,	14,458 50	81,931 50
		<hr/>
Loss to the Public about 33 per cent.		46,588 50
		<hr/>

Amount of Tickets, as above,	\$128,520 00
Amount of Prizes including 15 per cent.	96,390

Loss more than 15 per cent,	\$32,130
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“PUBLIC NOTICE.”

“ All Prizes sold by —— under \$5000, will be *cashcd on demand, without interest*; but all Prizes *over* that sum, if demanded before due, the simple interest will be deducted, and if money is scarce\* never over double interest, including the difference of exchange on places where the Prizes are payable, and the Lottery is drawn. Cash for all Prizes sold by —— can always be obtained on the above terms, and when due, *Paid* at his office, *without interest or difference of Exchange*.

N O R T H E R N S L A V E R Y .

I have been credibly informed, that since my leaving the romantic and enlightened village of Manville, the Proprietors have erected that place into a City, to be governed after the ancient manner of Connecticut, by a Mayor and Aldermen, imitating the fashion of their mighty neighbors, where a Wooden Clock Manufacturing Company, whose Agents, excluded from the sale of them at the South, now to evade the law, lease them for ninety-nine years. A Mill in which is manufactured the best Spanish float Indigo, from Chalk—an establishment for the manufacture of Horn Gun Flints, Wooden Nutmegs, and Cucumber Seeds—the best Hams, equal to Westphalian, made from hornbeam, and painted to the life—a Book Agent, soliciting subscriptions at One Dollar per copy, and then disposing of the same at Auction for Ten Cents—the Stocks, over which presides an old Presbyterian Calvinistic Deacon, on whose parchment and shrivelled face, the teeth of time have gnawed in vain for more than a century—and the Church Warden, like a foot-pad on the highway, too base to make a moral shadow, accosting on the Sabbath every decently dressed and peaceable traveller; and whose conscience may be bribed for a farthing—and many other things

\*We cannot speak with positiveness, but think it probable that money will always be scarce, (as we shall constitute ourself sole Judge in these matters,) when the *Prizes* are to be paid.

*peculiar to Connecticut*, but *too infamous* to mention—and strange to tell, these things are the result of a *good College*, and the *best regulated Schools*, for which that State is *so celebrated*, and from which emanate good and wholesome morals, to enlighten and Christianize the world. To return to the subject, the above village have introduced a new law, having revised the old Blue Laws of Connecticut, making it criminal to kiss a girl, or be caught up after ten o'clock at night, (such laws, however are not peculiar to this village alone, but may be found in the archives of other manufacturing villages, whether it was passed here, supposing that I gave too much scope to my imagination, when a resident, and made innovations on old manners and customs, cannot positively determine; but the reasonable presumption is, that the authority wish to reserve exclusive privileges to themselves. The Manufacturers of the North talk loudly against Southern Slavery; but it is not half so contemptible and oppressive, as the Northern servitude of the whites. They say the South vote on their slave population; but do not the Manufacturers here hold a great part of the white population in chains, since the introduction of Cotton Manufactories from England: inasmuch as they are subjected to their *capricious tyranny*, from their pecuniary necessities, and consequently dependant for their daily support, dare not express openly, a different opinion from their *tyrannic masters*, fearful they might incur their displeasure, and be told, as many *tenants have been before*, your tenement is wanted, we have for you no longer employment. The natural and fair inference, therefore, is, that having so many whites *under the lash*, not only arbitrarily control their opinions, but at the same time, reap the fruit of their aggregate labors, and render themselves, (as they say the South does,) a powerful Monied Aristocracy; and manacle both the hands and the minds of the white slaves; what they have repeatedly and bitterly denounced in the South. A Scotch traveller, who had visited the West Indies, says the slaves have two days in the week, relaxation from labor; and besides, they are treated well, live comfortably, and are generally contented. 'Tis true the negroes are uneducated; but is that a reason that the whites of the North should be kept in ignorance? Certainly—for *the more ignorant, the more easily held in bondage*.—Northern Slave Holders say it is not so; that they have Schools or rather School Houses. But what time have the children employed in Manufacturing Establishments, to cultivate their minds? They rise in the morning before day-break in Summer, and work until after sun-set; and in Winter until eight o'clock in the evening, before they take supper.

They rise sometimes, when the moon is visible, and sometimes



when she is shrouded in darkness, when the black and lowering clouds scowl like the Demon of the Tempest; and as of old, the windows of the heavens are opened, and the mighty deep broken up, and the Ark floats upon the surface of the waters; the dove is sent forth and returns with the olive branch of peace;—but now the raven and the dove are sent forth and finding no place of rest for their foot, return with the shrieks of despair, the Ark finds no Ararat of safety. Now what time, for improvement have they? A parent, perhaps, sometimes, is permitted to take one or more of his children out of the mill, to go to school for a while; but should there occur a vacancy in the mill, or be short of help—the child must leave his school, and work again for a few days; or the family must be discharged—and the frequent interruptions, discourage the scholar, consequently, makes no improvement, and of course, leaves the school. Besides study, is like every other kind of pursuit, the mind must necessarily, be fresh for improvement; but the child having toiled all the week, is even unfit for Sunday School exercise; for every man of sense, must know, that temporary suspension from labor, is absolutely necessary to enable him to renew with energy and vigor, the avocation of the ensuing week. Therefore has the Almighty, in his divine wisdom, instituted the Jewish Sabbath—“Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son; nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates; For in six days the Lord God made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that is therein, and rested on the seventh day. Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.”

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## TRIBUTE TO GENIUS.

JAMES S. LINCOLN, Lympner—WILLIAM D TERRY, Engraver.

The Artists, Lympner and Engraver,  
 Have drawn the Hog and the Old Miser;  
 A masterpiece, or a chef d'œuvre,  
 The like again, you will see, never.









14 DAY USE  
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

# LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or  
on the date to which renewed.  
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

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