

Flowers of Poetry

(SELECTED.)

The following verses are said to represent as faithfully as is consistent with poetic license, the character of the gallant, rash, and unfortunate Gen. Lee. Some of these lines are exquisite poetry, while others are as lame and blundering as the crudest productions of the worst postasters.

Albany Guardian.

Lines on General Lee.

By Thomas Paine.

WARRIOR! Farewell! eccentrically brave,
Above all kings, and yet of gold the slave;
In words, a very wit-in-deeds less wise;
For ever restless, yet could never rise,
At least no higher than to meet the ground;
If strong the blow yet greater the rebound.
Of all men jealous, yet afraid of none,
In crowds forever—ever still alone;
At once the pride and bubble of a throng,
Pursuing right and yet forever wrong;
By nature form'd to play the monarch's part,
But yet a true republican at heart.
Now to cast up the aggregated sum—
Above all monarchs and below all scum,
Unsettled virtues with great vices mix'd,
Like the wide welkin where few stars are fix'd.
Rest! restless chief; thy sword has taken rest;
Peace to thy manes, and honor to thy dust.

Elegant Lines.

By Camoens.

Address'd to a species of apple-tree called Davis, which grows in an immense vine.
THOU pride of the forest: whose dark branches spread
To the sigh of the south wind their tremulous green;
And the tinge of whose buds is as rich and as red
As the mellowing blushes of maiden eighteen!
O'er thee may the tempest in gentleness blow,
And the lightnings of summer pass harmlessly by;
For ever thy buds keep their mellowing glow,
Thy branches still wave to the southerly sigh;
Because in thy shade as I lately reclin'd,
The sweetest of visions arose to my view;
'Twas the woe of the soul; 'twas the transport of mind;
'Twas the happiest moment that ever I knew.

Song.

Written by the celebrated Dr. Franklin, in honour of his wife.

OF your Chloes and Phillises poets may prate;
I sing my plain country Joan.
Now twelve years, my wife, still the joy of my life—
Bless'd day that I made her my own!
Not a word of her shape, her face, or her eyes,
Or of flames or of darts shall you hear;
Though I beauty admire, 'tis virtue I prize,
For it fades not in seventy year.

With peace and good humour my household she guides,
Right careful to save what I gain,
Yet cheerful attends, and smiles on my friends
Whom with pleasure I oft entertain.

In health a companion delightful and dear,
Still easy, engaging and free,
In sickness no less than the tenderest nurse,
She's tender as tender can be.

She defends my good name, e'en when I'm to blame,
Friend firmer to man ne'er was given;
Her compassionate breast feels for all the distress'd,
Which draws down new blessings from heav'n.

Some faults we have all—and so may my Joan,
But then they're exceedingly small;
And now I'm us'd to them, they're so like my own,
I can scarcely discern them at all.

Was the fairest young princess with millions in purse,
To be had in exchange for my Joan,
She could not be a better, she might be a worse,
So I'd e'en be content with my own.

Epigram.

Just, in this glass you see
Her, who is adored by me,
Oh that in it I could view,
The happy man beloved by you!

Sublime Sonnet.

For modern sentimentalists.

I love to taste the nectar'd sweets of morn,
To climb the brow of purple-tinted hill;
While Philomela warbles on the thorn
Responsive to the bubble of the rill—
I love to stroll along the grass-grown vale
When Evening elads the fields in sober grey,
And meet the buxom milk maid on her way
Returning with her full replenish'd pail.
I love to listen by the streamlet's side,
And sit me on the daisied bank to view
"Nights argent Orb" reflected in the tide,
Rolling along th' inverted arch of blue,
But more I love—yes! more do I hold dear
A pickled Herring and a pot of beer!

The Moralist.

Human Life.

"Life's little stage," (says YOUNG) is a small eminence—but inch-high above the grave, that final home of man, where dwells the untold multitude. We look around—we read their monuments—we sigh—and, as we sigh, we sink, and are what we deplored!—lamenting, or lamented, all our lot."

These sacred truths, though summarily expressed, are replete with interesting admonitions.

"We are apt to think *this life* of ours immortal, and to bestow no attention to the narrow limits, destined, sooner or later, to confine it; thus thinking, we live and act, on many occasions, repugnant to that virtue and justice, which we should admit, venerate and practice, did we call to mind the uncertainty of our prospects and duration here, and the certainty of an hereafter, in which we are to be rewarded, or punished, according to the good or bad deeds done in *this life*."

A grave-yard is both instructive to the mind, and wholesome to the soul. While it ridicules the idea of any other superiority in human nature, than that of worth and virtue, it demonstrates that death burials his darts alike at all; and that, in the grave, all share one common fate, to moulder and decay; and as we pass on, from stone to stone, from tomb to tomb, and either reflect upon the inscriptions or upon the actions which distinguish the persons they mark; a voice seems continually ascending to our ears, saying, "Live righteously, that you may die good, and live again to immortality of happiness and glory!"

The Anecdotal.

Dialogue.

Between an Irish Inn-keeper and an Englishman.

Englishman: Holloa, housid!

Innkeeper: I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, Sir, please your honor, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, Sir, the fair of Mollingar and Ballinacree are the next week.

Eng. I see—How are your beds?

Inn. Quite well, I thank you, Sir.

Eng. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, Sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine?

Inn. Yes, Sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine (butter-milk) to burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, Sir, Pat is an excellent porter—he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. Oh, Sir, he'd drink the ocean—never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so. I hope you are not a shark.

Inn. No, Sir, indeed; I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Have you any soles?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, Sir?

Eng. Psha! have you any plaice?

Inn. No, Sir, but I am promised one if I vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. I must see myself.

Inn. And welcome, Sir, I'll fetch you the looking-glass.

Pedantry.

A young Collegian who was travelling, and above common language, stopped at an inn to get his horse and himself refreshment. Seeing some boys when he alighted, he ordered one to "circumambulate his quadruped two or three times around the mansion, then permit him to inhale a moderate quantity of aqueous particles, after which to give him proper vegetable nutriment, and he would make him pecuniary satisfaction."

The boy being unaccustomed to such language, ran into the house, and told his father that a prince was without who spoke French; the father came out, and hearing the man scold, asked him what was the matter? "Sir, (says the gentleman) I invoke all the genii attestis, that your offspring rejected my solicitations, and manifested a pointed oppugnation to my injunctions. I indulge the expectation that you will coerce obedience by the infliction of corporal chastisement." What lunatic is this, exclaimed the landlord. "And sir," says the traveller, "I intreat you to provide me a repast to repair the debilitating effects of my equestrian expedition, and get me some diffusible stimulus in a state of dilution partially saturated with a saccharine impregnation."

The innkeeper, without hesitation, concluded him a madman, and with his lusty wife, seized and tied his hands and feet, to a ring in the barn floor; then went for a doctor, who put a blister on his back, which in three days brought him to his wandering senses.

Conjugal Affection!

A few days ago, the noted house at Johnson old Court house, many years known as Gregory's tavern, but lately inhabited by one Wilburn, took fire and was entirely consumed. The family were in the kitchen when the fire was first discovered, and such was the distrust the good man and his conjugal help-mate entertained of each other, that neither would enter the house to save any of the property, lest the other should shut the door in order to burn them to death; and every thing was destroyed, though it was supposed nearly all might have been saved, had not the matrimonial honey moon been rather in the wane. When the neighbours arrived, they were entertained with a very loud *duet*, which was performing in front of the house, which though not quite so harmonious, was equally well timed with the *solos* that Nero played for the Romans while their city was burning.

In England lately, a field preacher, who had been a printer, observed in his natal harangue, that "Youth might be compared to a comma, Manhood to a semicolon; old Age to a colon; to which death put a period."

A gentleman calling on a friend, (who on account of certain duns was a good deal at home, and had given out to his friends as an excuse that he was confined to his room, which was on the third floor) asked him if he had been ill? Yes, replied the other, I have had a severe fit of the room-atism: Aye, said his friend looking round, I perceive you are room-atic.

At a meeting of a certain corporation, the following, as one of their primary rules, was offered by one of its members, "the meetings of this corporation shall be on the 1st Tuesday evening of each month, provided it does not fall on the 4th of July, or on a Sunday." The four last words, however, were unanimously rejected.

A gentleman who lately kept a dry-goods shop, not far from Cornhill, being no less remarkable for the carbuncles, topaz's, and other jewels, that enriched his ruby and protuberant nose, than for the small variety of goods which his shop afforded; being one day rather troubled by some enquiring ladies, who had a multitude of questions to ask, and whose continual cry of "can you pattern this calico?" "can you match this?" put him considerably out of humour; at last applying his fore finger most emphatically to the golden prominence on his face, he replied in a rage, "Madam, can you match THIS?"

Anecdote of Donna Caro, Aunt of the Marquis de la Romana.

During the war at the beginning of the French revolution, this courageous lady used to attend her husband, general Don Ventura Caro, who commanded the Spanish army in the neighbourhood of Yron. At the beginning of an engagement, this lady was accustomed to take her station on the battery of San Carlos, wherein was erected the signal post for the left wing of the army. She held the telescope in her hand, through which she viewed her husband, whilst he exposed himself to the firing as a common soldier; neither the firing of twelve twenty four pounders, which were placed around her, nor the bombs which fell beside her, could move her; the telescope never trembled in her hand in the intervals of hostility, she employed herself in visiting the hospitals, and contributing to allay the distresses of the sick and wounded. Such an instance of courage and benevolence is scarcely to be paralleled. She preferred witnessing the conflicts and the fate of her husband, to the anxiety of mind she must have suffered until she could have heard it from others. The Marquis de la Romana at that time commanded a post called Casa Fuerte (the strong house)

Mad. CLARK.

A story is at present in circulation which contributes greatly to edify the Ladies and Gentlemen of *London*. After the late investigation in the house of Commons, a certain illustrious personage was having a conversation with the lady under his protection, on the subject of withdrawing the bond by which she holds her annuity, and of allowing her the sum in another way; whereupon the Lady tore off the bottom of a play-bill, which happened to lie on her table, and presented it to her *cher ami*, who, on perusing the scrap, found it to contain the following laconic sentence—"No money to be returned after the curtain is drawn up."

London Paper.

Mr Garrow, some short time ago, examining a very young lady who was witness in a case of assault, asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language—if he did not call him a d—d Scotch ciller, and utter other words so bad, that he, the learned counsel, had not *impudence* enough to repeat; she replied in the affirmative—Will you, madam, be kind enough (said he) to tell the court what these words were;—Why, sir, (replied she) if you have not *impudence* enough to speak them, how do you suppose that I have?

The Family Friend.

TABLE BEER.

A member of the Chemical society of Philadelphia, has discovered that the shells of Green Peas, which are at present thrown away as useless, make excellent Beer and good spirit.

The process is, pour six gallons of water on one bushel of shells of peas, and boil the whole until the shells are insipid to the taste—pour off the water, which will be very sweet, into a clean tub or keg, and add to it a pint of yeast, and two ounces of ginger in powder. In a short time fermentation will take place, and when it is complete, the beer will be fit for use.

Beer obtained in this manner is very clear, has a fine amber colour, is pungent to the taste, when poured into a tumbler bears a fine head, is superior to the common molasses beer, and is not inferior to mead.

One bushel of shells of peas will make several dozen bottles of beer. The beer should be put into strong bottle—which should be kept in a cool cellar, and the corks should be secured with wire. If the cellar is not cool, the bottles will burst with an explosion, as the author of this communication has experienced.

The beer distilled yields spirit, of the taste and colour of whiskey.

Phil. Pap.

TO CURE WEAK EYES.

Take a spoonful of Italian Chamomile Flowers, and boil them in half a pint of fresh milk, and when cool, dip a fine linen rag therein, and wash the eyes during the day, for a week, and afterwards with clear water only, for a few days: the eyes will feel cool, and the sight will become invigorated.



Agricultural.

CURE FOR THE STAGGERS.

The following singular experiment was tried, and has frequently answered beyond expectation, on moor sheep, afflicted with that dreadful disorder called the staggers, or water in the head. Mr. John Pybus an opulent farmer of Holy Well-house, near G—, lost a number of sheep by this disease; various methods were adopted to save them, but without effect.—However, a few weeks ago, he took one who appeared to be dying, and having raised the skin upon the forehead, he, with a sharp pen-knife, such as are generally used by gardeners, laid open a part of the skull, literally extricated a small bag, apparently filled with seed, and a thick dirty water, immediately followed the incision; then gently closing the wounded part, and covering it with a strong pitch plaster, was agreeably surprised the following morning, to find the poor animal frisking about the moor with the agility of a lamb.

GRUBS IN HORSES.

A pint of tar warmed and given to a horse deeply affected by the grubs, is lately recommended as an effectual remedy. It is probable (says the writer) that this article, by its adhesive quality, may so obstruct their organs of respiration, as to distress the insects, and cause them to loosen themselves from the stomach. It might be well to give half an ounce of aloes about an hour or two after the tar. This last would tend to convey them off before they recover from the embarrassment occasioned by the first.

TO FARMERS.

FARMERS! your grateful voices raise,
To God who gives us life—
Lo! HARVEST comes—a theme of praise,
From all below the sky.
Praise Him; the uncreated good;
But where begin the song!
The Harvest calls for Gratitude—
Let it thy praise prolong.
When first to Earth the seed you gave,
It then became his care;
From frost and injury He did save,
And caus'd it grain to bear.

See now each richly barren'd field
But wait the reaper's hand;
And promises enough to yield,
Throughout our happy land.

Extend your eyes from home, abroad,
Where war and famine reign;
And thence be thankful to your God,
For Peace in your domain,

Through Europe want and carnage stalk!
Here—Peace and Plenty dwell;
Be these the theme of daily talk—
To all God's goodness tell.

And when the heavy sheaves you hand,
Thank Him from whom they came;
Praying each year upon our land,
His blessings be the same.

Let young and old—each sex, unite
In praise to God above;
Revolving mercies all invite
To yield unfeigned love.

'Tis this He asks; and this is all,
For blessings freely giv'n;
Then humbly at his footstool fall—
And praise the God of heav'n.

JEREMIAH HUGHES, WATCH MAKER.

RESPECTFULLY solicits a continuance of public favor at the above business, at his stand in Church-Street, where watches are put into good order on the best of terms, and where may be found a handsome collection of watch material, chains, seals, keys, &c together with a few well selected watches.

Silver Ware.

Tea, table, dessert, soup and butter spoons, cream-pots, punch-ladies, tureens, &c
A neat assortment of plated castors, candlesticks, &c.

Jewelry.

Plain and set ear-rings, finger rings, gold chains, seals and keys, fashion able breast pins, bracelets and necklaces. Also an elegant assortment of

Fine Cutlery.

Sportsmen's knives with instruments, plain one two and three blades, penknives, clasp and prunning knives, counting-house knives, silver and pearl fruit-knives, ladies petite knives with pearl and tortoise shell handles, common pocket and children's knives, scissors completely assorted from 12 1/2 to 1 1/2 cents, razors of all prices, steel stuffers, patent do. A large collection of single and double blades and spring razors, pocket boxes, purses, silver, plated and brass thumb-nails, cork-crowns, pain reliever, silver and steel knee buckles, pen and pencil cases, lead and camel's hair pencils, tooth picks, tweezers, shaving brushes and boxes, tooth brushes, tooth powder, snuff boxes, powder flasks and shot bags.

LOOKING GLASSES of various dimensions. TEA BOARDS, waiters, knife and bread baskets, dressing-cases, whips and spurs.

Hopkins' celebrated Razor Strop and Diamond Paste.

Clothes brushes, comb brushes, nail brushes, needles and hair hooks. Also,

Spectacles.

Silver, tortoise-shell, plated, steel and metal mounted, suited to all ages. A few reading glasses and goggles, and a collection of

Combs

Of all descriptions; small and great tooth; pocket, and dressing combs: ladies tortoise-shell, mock-shell and horn do. Together with a great variety of other articles which may be had on the most reasonable terms.

He likewise has constantly on hand, a complete assortment of

Drugs and Patent Medicines

Of the best quality, and at the lowest prices—Amongst which are the various preparations of Antimony, Mercury, Assafetida, Peruvian Bark, Harts-horn, Lead, Vitriol, Opium, Aloes, Rhubarb: Balsam copiba, Turlington's, Peru, Tolu, &c. Elixirs Purgative, Proprietary Vitriol, Stomachic, Extracts of Lead, Hmlo k, Per Bark, &c. Flores of Sulphur, Betoin, Zinc, &c. Gum Opium, Guaiacum, Benzoin, Ammoniac, Dragonis, Gamboge, Myrrh, Tragacanth, Kino, Arabic, Asafoetida, Elastic, &c.

Oil of Vitriol, Almonds, Lemon, Bergamot, Juniper, Mint, Pepper-mint, Rosemary, Amber, Benzoin, Cloves, Marjoram, Cinnamon, Rhodium, Lavender, Wormseed, Anniseed, Sassafras, Castor and Sweet Oils, &c &c
Rosa, Seneca, Virginia Snake, Gentian, Ginseng, Aiknot, Columba, Sarsaparilla, &c.

Salt, Glauber, Nitre, Tartar, Ammoniac, Ammoniac Volatile, Rachell, Lemon, &c.

Spirits of Wine, Saccharine Nitre, Nitre Dulc: Vitriol Dulc: Camphor, Hartshorn, Turpentine, &c.

Tinctures, Ointments, Castile Plasters, &c. &c.
Also, Arsenic, Annetto, Anniseeds, Ether, Cinnamon, Arrow Root, Starch, Bala Armeim, Borax, Burgundy Pitch, Cream Tartar, Camphor, Crocus Martus, Chamomile Flowers, Cantarides, Cardamon, Lead, Colocynth, prepared Chalk, Canella, Corn Plaster, Drop lake, Fly Stone, Manna, Goulard, Hiera Picra, Ipecacuanha, Itch Ointment, Ink Powder, Liquorice, Litharge, Magnesia, Nutmegs, Opodeldoc, Oris Root, Pot Ash, Pink Root, Quillsilver, Red Sanders, Rotten Stone, Spunge, Spunk, Saffron, Sena, Spermaceiti, Sago, Squills, Sugar of Lead, Tapioca, Turmeric, Tartar Emetic, Trusses, Uva Ursa, Vanish, Venus Turpentine, Vials, Valerian Root and White Wax.

Perfumery, Soaps, Lotions, Pomatums, &c. Dry Paints, Dyes and Colours.

All or any of which he offers as cheap as they are generally sold in Baltimore or elsewhere.