

## (SELECTED).

The following beautiful and pathetic ballad from Mr. W. H. WILLIAM MAY, who has informed us of the loss of his Philadelphia friends.

## MADISON UNION AND LIBERTY.

Ask you sufficient ore of light—

With blunting rays, that's to rest,

Well's long, dimly clod of night—

His friends vanish from the west,

So JEFFERSON to shade retire;

But MADISON like man appears,

Fresh confidence and hope inspires,

And light again the nation cheer.

But have the sons of freedom sought

Our happy Union to divide?

For which our heroes bravely fought,

For which our patriots bled and died,

But vain their efforts yet have proved?

The temple still unshaken stands,

Not by the power of faction moved,

Nor level'd by rebellion's hand.

For should the states all unite,

And join again with British foes,

Hill would rejoice at such a sight,

But heaven in justice interposes,

Millions of freemen, firm and brave,

Would grip the keen avenging steel,

Lightning would strain o'er every wave,

And thunder from our navy peal.

Then join, ye friends to freedom, join;

For lo! Sedition midrives forth;

With whose infernal fields combine,

The South to sever from the North;

To crush the traitors of our land

Be ready at a moment's call;

Virginia—safely shall we stand—

Virginia—we are sure to fall.

## SONG.

*Oh! think not my spirits are always at light.*

BY THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

(From a selection of Irish Melodies lately published.)

*OH! think not my spirits are always at light,*  
And free from a pang as they seem to you now;  
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night,  
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.

*But life is a waste of wearisome hours,*  
Which seldom the robe of enjoyment adorns;  
And the heart that is fonder awake to the flowers,  
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!

*But send round the bowl and be happy awhile;*  
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here  
Than the test that enjoyment can gild with a smile,  
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

*The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows;*  
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;  
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,  
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!

*But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,*  
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;  
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship secure,  
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.

*But send round the bowl, while a relick of truth,*  
Is in man, or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,  
That the sunshine of life may illuminate our youth,  
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

## THE FLOWERS OF LIFE.

*The life of Life how many complain of,*  
Who swear not a floweret is found in the road!  
But the evils they censure I laugh at the pain of,  
While sweet smiling *Carelessness* lightens the load.

*Though I find not a rose, I indulge not in sorrow,*  
But pluck with *CONTENTMENT* a daisy to day;  
Nay, even a sprig will feed Hope for to-morrow,  
The humblest that nods to the zephyr of May.

*Let others dispute, I'll avoid their dissension,*  
Religious, political, moral, or such;  
For the floweret of *PEACE* thus escapes their attention,  
And the sweet bud of *PLEASURE* which blooms at my toes!

*The blossom of *FAREXONIE*, surviving mortality,*  
I'll carefully cherish and wear in my breast;  
Though its picture may boast brighter hues than reality;  
Its fragrance directs me when doubtful the test.

*The spirit of feeling, the soul of affection,*  
Wildly ardent in rapture, and melting in woe,  
Whatever its image, attire, or complexion,  
With mine shall commingle in sympathy's glow.

*I ask not his birth place, whatever the region,*  
Hot, temperate, frigid—despotic or free;  
I ask not his politics, creed, or religion,  
A Turk, Jew, or Christian—he's still dear to me.

*But ah! there's a flow'r which, though teeming with nectar,*  
Beneath its fair aspect screens *MISERY*'s dari,  
So artfully veil'd that it mocks a deceiver,  
Till press'd to the bosom it pierces the heart.

*But still 'tis a bosom susceptible placid—*  
The anguish of *LOVE* will but heighten its joy;  
As the dry rage uniting a sweet with an acid,  
Is grateful, when nectar autemp'd would cloy.

Let modest blushing then blush less for modesty, and  
and honest, but their shame is in the love of men,  
and women;—that's the wrong.

Still we make the wrong manifest allowed the other.

And squander the means in pleasing the master.

Look *Eurydice* and *Marcella* her eastern robes red;

From all I encounter, some good be me gain'd;

At the last, on a path where the spider drives

venoms;

And the rest, it is said, wears a pearl in her brain.

This pluck every blossom of *HARMLESS* blooming;

Leave birds of copulation, and play with the dove;

And our path, loon the flush of enchantment surging;

Will glow an *Elysium* of pleasure and love.

SELIM

## Agricultural.

## CULTURE OF POTATOES.

Mr. Perigee, of Reister's town (remarkable for raising fine crops of Potatoes) has now in his possession eighty-seven Potatoes, which are the production of a single one; thirty of which will average one pound weight each; measuring altogether half a bushel.

The following is the history of this surprising vegetable, which I obtained from Mr. P. About the third of June he selected from his seed potatoes, one of the largest of the white kind, and divided it into seven parts, (being careful to preserve what is called an eye to each) he then dug a trench about eight inches deep, in a corner of his potatoe ground, which had been previously well prepared, and placed this pieces in it with a spade of four inches between, covered the whole with a coat of light stable manure, and then filled the trench to the surface with mould—which is all the cultivation it received.

Mr. P. is of opinion that after the fibres to which the young potatoes adhere, begin to shoot, the plough and hoe are destructive, as they wound the young shoots and prevent them from extending, to that distance which they otherwise would, and thinks nothing more necessary than freeing them from weeds, which may be pulled up by the hand. The usual mode of cultivation leaves a large proportion of the ground vacant for that purpose—but the method pursued in this experiment requires no more ground than will be sufficient for the potatoes to grow in. The half bushel spoken of occupied a space of but little more than two square feet. An acre of ground planted in this way, would, on a moderate calculation, produce 1000 bushels, and be a great saving of labour.

The practice of boiling the grain given to horses, progresses in England. One bushel of oats so managed, is stated to be as good as two bushels given in the usual manner.

## Miscellaneous.

From the Post-Folio.

A third Physician in England, who appears to be a very successful prescriber for moral maladies, furnished us with the following Formula, which is very safely concentrated water. Entree.

LEAVE your purse and watch at home, when you go to the post-house, or a auction room.—Early rising will add many years to your life.—Dine late; it makes the day longer, and saves supper.—Take your tradesman's receipt, though you pay ready money.

Never pay a tradesman's bill till you have cast it in.

Paint the steps of your door and staircase, a true colour; it will save scouring and soap.

Be not a collector of books, without determining to read them.

If you mean to buy a house, which you intend to alter and improve, be sure to double the tradesman's estimate.

When you take a journey in winter, put on two shirts; you will find them much warmer than a additional waistcoat.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes her.

It is a miser's art to confine in a jail an unfortunate and industrious man. Ask yourselves if the not revenge?

Whatever your miseries may be, there are others more miserable than yourself.

Never write a letter when in a passion.

If you keep a drunken servant, insure your house against fire, and yours if against the enclosures of your neighbours.

Allow a man to have wit, and he will allow you to have judgment.

When Religion is made a science, there is nothing more intricate; when made a duty, there is nothing more easy.

Do not brave the opinion of the world. You may as well say that you care not for the light of the sun, because you can find a candle.

In the morning, think on what you have to do in the day; and at night, think on what you have done.

If you incline to corpulence, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

If you have lost your love, and think that there is not such another in the world—consider that "there is as good fish in the sea as ever was taken out of it."

To brood over a misfortune, is the way to make it longer.

A reserved temper checks conviviality, and if you cannot laugh, you had better stay at home.

If you be an author, keep a lamp and a slate and pencil by your bedside to note a good

opportunity, and the time to make a name, and the money to reward the studies, and the hard labor.

Health is the greatest blessing, and happiness the best reward.

Books, &c. are good, but not for all.

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He who writes his books, may be a good writer.

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