

SELECTED POETRY.

TIMES SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

O'er the level plain where mountains
Greet me as I go,
O'er the desert waste where fountains
At my bidding flow,
On the boundless beam by day,
On the cloud by night,
I am rushing hence away!
Who will chain my flight?

War his weary watch was keeping;
I have crushed his spear;
Grief within her bower weeping,
I have dried her tear,
Pleasure caught a minute's hold—
Then I hurried by,
Leaving all her banquet cold
And her goblet dry.

Power had won a throne of glory—
Where is now his fame?
Genius said—"I live in story,"
Who hath heard his name?
Love beneath a myrtle bough,
Whisper'd—"Why so fast?"
And the roses on his brow
Wither'd as I pass'd.

I have heard the heifer lowing
O'er the wild wave's bed,
I have seen the billow flowing
Where the cattle fed:
Where began my wanderings?
Memory will not say:
Where will rest my weary wings?
Science turns away.

From the *Freedom's Journal*.

I WISH I WAS A MAN.

I wish I was a man, said a little boy of 6 years old, as he kept playing with his father's gold watch chain. "And why my dear son?" asked the father. "Cause," "Because what?" "Oh because I wish I was a man." And how many are there in the world who can give no other answer than what this little boy gave. They are not satisfied with the situation in which a kind and beneficent Providence has placed them and when asked the reason, the answer is, "Because." "The very head and front" of their reasoning "hath this extent, no more."

It is the besetting sin of man to be discontented with his situation in life, and to seek other ways and means than those pointed out to him by the Author of his being. Towards the close of his life, after he has toiled and toiled to no purpose, he finds too late that in his pursuit after happiness he has but grasped the shadow for the substance, and he leaves this world with the conviction that all the suffering and misfortune he has felt, has been caused entirely by himself and that had he been content with the sphere in which he was placed, he might have enjoyed what little of happiness man is, suffered to partake of in his short sojourn upon earth. But let us see how it was with Harry Morton, the little boy that so wished to be a man. Harry's boyhood could not pass away too quick. The sports of his youthful companions had no charms for him, for the dearest wish of his soul, was, to be a man. He knew not at least he felt not at the time, that the season of youth was the only period in the brief space of man's life, that could be called one of real enjoyment. The mind is not then troubled with the thousand cares and anxieties that flow in quick succession upon one more advanced in years, the spirit of the youth are as yet free from the bonds of thralldom which time and custom place upon the man. He is happy for no one troubles him. He plans his pleasures and no one interrupts him. His face is the picture of health and happiness, for Time has not placed its withering hand upon his brow. And yet Harry Morton wanted to be a man, and he had his wish.

I had left my native place when young, and after an absence of many years I returned to my home. My youthful companions, were they all living? The green turf had grown upon the grave of many who at my departure had professed the hand of friendship, and gave me many wishes for my success and luck in "foreign parts." Many were still living, but

"The days of their youth, were faded and gone." And little Harry Morton, who so wished to be a man had his wish gratified for he was now a man, and an old one too. He had white hair with years and his tottering step told that he almost journeyed the course of life. I went to see him for we were old acquaintances, and when I grasped his withered and bony hand, I could not help thinking of the change from the gay and sprightly youth into?

"The lean and slippered pantaloons."

He saw my thoughts and a tear dropped from his eye as he shook my hand. Ah my friend, said he, I have been punished dearly for my foolish wish. The days of my youth are gone, and with them all the innocent pleasure that attend them.

When I became of age and could call myself man, my heart was full to the brim with joy and anticipations I saw but the bright side of things, and dreamt not of the mishaps that laugh to scorn the vain calculations of man, I fell in love and married an amiable woman, and I hoped to see my children's children growing up around me. I have lived to see all my plans miscarry, and my wife with three blooming children, young in innocence as in years, laid in the cold earth. I am now alone, with no remaining tie to bind me longer to this world, "a sadder" but I hope "a wiser man." Such are the confessions of age. Shall we never learn wisdom. The child wishes to be a youth, the youth to be a man, and when they have obtained their wishes, what more are they satisfied? The old man wishes again for days of "Auld lang syne."

What a lesson does this speak to us to be contented with our lot, and await the proper course of things. Let the young learn from this so to enjoy the season of their youth, that in old age they might say with truth,

"Days of my youth! I wish not your recall;
Hours of my youth! I'm content you should fall."

NED.

From the *New-Hampshire Republican*.

A Lucky Mistake.—Having seen in several agricultural works that it was beneficial to soak Seed Corn in a solution of nitre before planting it, I thought I would make an experiment. I had a field of four acres prepared rowed both ways; I took half my seed corn and soaked it twelve hours, as I supposed in a pound of dissolved nitre, and the other half as it was shelled from the cob. The corn was dropped wet from the liquor and all planted on the same day, but just as I was about finishing on treading the liquor, I found I had taken Glauber salts instead of Nitre. Feeling some anxiety for my corn crop, I watched the result with attention.

The weather came on hot and dry, the leached corn was out of the ground on the fourth and fifth days; the unsoaked on the sixth and tenth days after planting. I had not a single hill missing on the part of the rows where the leached seed was planted but the other half I was obliged to plant some of it twice, and some three times, and then had considerable missing. The leached seed came up more vigorous, struck root earlier, and held its growth, unmoled either by crows, blackbirds, hens, or worms; the other end of the same rows was materially injured by all. Seeing such a difference, it led me to try some further experiments; I leached some corn in a strong solution of Salts, and put it in the way of as many birds, fowls, squirrels, hogs &c. as I could, and found none would eat it. I was much diverted on seeing a hen try seventeen times to swallow a kernel, but she at last threw it up. A goose tried five times and did the same; the mice, rats and squirrels would pick out the unleached corn, and leave the other untouched. I shall this season leach all my wheat, oats, corn, &c. in the same solution before committing it to the ground.

DEBTS AND DEBTORS. A writer in the *Richmond Register* presents the following items as evidences of the state of public opinion at different periods; shewing the progress of improvement:

1. The civil law once gave creditors, the privilege of cutting up the body of the debtor, and dividing it among them.

2. This bloody law was repealed by providing that the debtor, his wife and children, should be sold into slavery, for the benefit of his creditors.

3. It was afterwards more humanely provided, that the debtor himself only should be sold.

4. Subsequently it became a law that the debtor should be imprisoned or enslaved, at the pleasure of the creditor, or until the debt was paid. Our own free and happy country, among the most enlightened people in the world, has witnessed more imprisonments continued to the end of a long life of the debtor.

5. The imprisonment was mitigated at length to a year, to 60, to 40, and to 20 days.

6. North Carolina at last set the example of abolishing imprisonment altogether.

7. Next will follow a bankrupt law; the exemption of lands for the payment of debts, (as is done already in Virginia), and then the total abolition of the whole credit system.

[The last, we have always apprehended, would do more to make people honest than any other regulation can possibly do. Confidence would be obtained only by degrees, and reputation, once earned, would be guarded most zealously. Less business would be transacted, but more satisfaction in doing it would prevail, and the general profits, perhaps, would not be at all diminished.]

The suppression of intemperance has recently, and very properly, become a popular subject of newspaper remark; for, that the use of spirituous liquors is a great and growing evil in our country, is sufficiently manifest; and there can be no barrier raised against its destructive progress so formidable as the press in country where it wields such an unbounded influence. Yet it appears to us, that its remedy lays in a great measure in the precept and example of the moral and sober part of community; for, that its progress has been greatly facilitated by the fashionable use of spirits in all classes of society is equally certain. Therefore, to make a salutary example, it is necessary that the portion of community whose elevation & intelligence are capable of affording any beneficial example, should totally abstain from its use. Such a course would give a tone to public sentiment which, united with wholesome precept addressed to the reason, would do more towards staying the devastating march of intemperance, as we believe, than all the internal administrations that have been or ever will be invented.

G. C. Republican.

The winter of existence.—The afflictions of a good man (says an elegant writer) never befall without a cause, nor are sent but upon a proper errand. Those storms are never allowed to rise, but in order to dispel some noxious vapors, and restore salubrity to the moral atmosphere. Who, that for the first time beheld the earth in midst of winter bound up in frost, or drenched with floods of rain, or covered with snow, would have imagined that Nature, in this dreary and torpid state, was working towards its own renovation in the spring? Yet we, by experience know, that those vicissitudes of winter are necessary for fertilizing the earth; and that under wintry rains and snows, lies concealed the seeds of those roses that are to blossom in the spring; of those fruits that are to ripen in the summer; and of the corn and wine which are in the harvest to make glad the heart of men. It would be more agreeable to us to be always entertained with a fair and clear atmosphere, with cloudless skies and a perpetual sunshine. Yet in most climates that we have knowledge of, the earth, were it always to remain in such a state, would refuse to yield its fruits; and in the midst of our imagined scenes of beauty, the starved inhabitants would perish for want of food—let us therefore quietly submit to Providence—let us conceive this life to be the winter of our existence.—Now the rain must fall and winds must whistle around us; but sheltering ourselves, under Him, who is the "covert from the storm," let us wait with patience, till the storm of life shall terminate with an everlasting calm.

From the *New Hampshire Statesman*.

JO DAVIESS COUNTY

We were struck with the singularity of the above named title, given to a County in Illinois, and thought, at first, that it might have been conferred through some Legislative freak, without any very good and substantial reason. But we do not wonder at the enthusiasm, which, among a people of ardent and generous feelings, led to the adoption of such a name, if the following anecdote of Col. Daviess is a true exemplification of his character. We have never seen it in print, except in a volume of a periodical work, "The Halcyon Luminary," published many years ago at New-York.

Colonel Daviess, who fell at the battle of the Wabash, was a man of high character, a native of Kentucky. He was a lawyer whose character was tinged with those eccentricities that indicated future genius. There was a difficult question to decide before the Court of Kentucky, involving an important question in regard to the title of an estate. The case embraced a long concatenation of facts and sundry technical niceties. When the case was called, a Kentucky hunter, with his musket and bird-bag, loaded with provisions, all equipped and complete, entered the hall, and took his seat among the lawyers. There was a grin on the faces of the bar, court, jury and spectators. He, all unconscious, took out his provisions and began to eat with the most perfect composure. The lawyer, on the side of the plaintiff, rose and made a long argument. And who answers for the defendant? inquired the court. I do, replied the hunter, and rising, broke forth into a torrent of eloquence that astonished the court and jury. Away went the plaintiff, law and evidence; and so complete was the discomfiture, that the opposite counsel made a most piteous reply.

The jury found a verdict for the defendant without retiring from their seats; when the court adjourned and invited the stranger to their lodgings. "No, I thank you, gentlemen; and unless you will take a cold cut with me, I must be gone." So

saying, he shouldered his musket, and a great sang froid departed. Such a man was Col. Daviess.

"The West," says the *Richmond Enquirer*, "is daily developing its riches." The best tobacco is raised in Ohio and Missouri. Extensive flocks of sheep, and large wool-manufactories, are found near Steubenville, in the former state, and the steam-boats are augmenting on the waters of the Ohio. A Mr. Shreve, of Louisville, keeps three keel boats together, in the middle one of which he has put a steam engine of 25 or 30 horse power, and thus carries them 80 tons of freight, with a draught of only 22 inches. With his fixture, he ascended the Wabash 450 miles. *Lepidolaminar*, or the ore of zinc, cobalt, iron stones, and gypsum, have been lately discovered—the two last in Missouri, probably the richest of the Western States in mineral ores.

A convenient way to pay for newspapers.—Says neighbour Rednose to neighbour Chatterbox, I'll tell you what now, I want to take this newspaper, but fags I can't pay for it. Oh friend, says Chatterbox, I'll put you in a way to pay for it: "Ay, how?" There is going to be a shooting match tomorrow—now instead of going there and firing away three shillings, and losing away six do you go and haul wood enough to the printer to pay for a year's paper. "O, I must go to the shooting; I wish to see a man who has promised to meet me there." "Well, if you must go, I'll put you in another way. You spend at the tavern on an average, the price of a quart of whiskey every week; reduce that two thirds, and you will have enough to pay for your paper, and purchase an arithmetic into the bargain." "Well, pon my honor, I'll try," says Rednose.

Resolution. A lad who carries the mail between Vergennes and Poultney, in Vermont, coming to one of the rivers where the bridge had been swept away, and where the torrent was still of a fearful depth, secured the mail to his body, plunged his horse in, and swam through. On being asked why he entered upon so laborious an experiment, he replied, with genuine Yankee sang froid, "Why there's a fine if we don't deliver the mail in season, and I guess they don't get their fifty dollars out of me, and be darn'd to them!"

Don't trust him!

ALL persons are hereby requested not to trust JAMES MAGUIRE, on the credit of the firm of MAGUIRE & GRAY, as he has occasioned some difficulties which must be adjusted before any more business is transacted by the firm.

ISAAC GRAY.

Richmond, Va. June 22, 1827.
The publishers of the *Saturday Evening Chronicle*, Cincinnati, will please publish the above 3 times, and forward their account for payment.

communications should be sent to R. R. Gurley, Washington city.

BEING now occupied in arranging Schools for the instruction of Orphans in all useful knowledge as well as in the useful arts, I will receive a few of both sexes, not under the age of 12 years.

The Boys will be employed on the farm, in the gardens, and at some trade seven hours, and in the Schools five hours, each working day. The Girls will be taught all kinds of house-work, needle-work, and such other useful knowledge as is suitable for their sex.

Those who wish to receive the benefit of this institution must be bound by their legal guardians until they become of age. All will be furnished with bed, board, washing and clothing during the term. Any communication on the subject, post paid, will be received by

WM. MACLURE.

New Harmony, 14th May, 1827.