



ORIGINAL POETRY,

BY BENJAMIN S. BULFINCH.

STANZAS FOR AUTUMN.

Now Summer's blushing scenes are o'er,
And Autumn reappears;
I will its varied charms explore,
And hail the passing years!

The dew drops in the vallies weep,
Compassion guides the way—
And bids each flower cease to weep,
Nor longer dormant lie.

On yonder spray poor Robin sings,
The dreary town I leave—
And all the joys that Autumn brings,
In lonely groves receive.

To some dear spot I oft retire,
And Shakespeare's page peruse;
By turns, I touch my feeble lyre,
Or weep with Oway's muse.

Wise you West Sun's declining ray,
Doth gild the eve with smiles,
Still, Pleasure ends the waning day,
It gloomy Care bequiles.

The Muses lend their heavenly aids,
Approach me with their charms!
My anxious breast, the soothed maid,
Of every fear disarms.

But as I touch the trembling chords,
No skill to me is given—
Blest rapture that the Muse affords,
Resembles nought but Heaven.

Hark! the Favanian breezes blow,
Serene and fair the skies;
The limpid streams through vallies flow,
And "Nature's altars rise."

Autumn mayst thou to me return,
To thy dear shades I hasten!
For rapturous is the balmy morn,
That offers the repast.

WHEN DELIA SMILES!

When Delia smiles, her beauty throws
A lustre o'er each flower that blows,
And fills me with delight!
She seems an Angel lately flown
From Heaven, to grace this earthly zone.

And bless again my sight!

When Delia smiles, the infant loves
Delighted leave their verdant groves,
To weave an eglantine:
In peerless beauty she appears,
Her voice is music to my ears,

Her charms are all divine!

Upon the return of early morn,
Dew drops each valley doth adorn,
Hither I oft rep'ret;

The nymphs that gambol on the green,
Proclaim her as their matchless queen,
For she is passing fair!

When Delia smiles, the Muses play,
The Graces seem more young and gay,
Such pleasure she imparts!

Magic is on her honest lips,
There, Cupid oft his nectar sips,
And strives to conquer hearts.

Autumn doth charming buds unfold,
Waving her locks of burnish'd gold,
'Tis sweet to view the plain!

The dreary hours I oft regret,
But love to see my Delia smile,
Although she is often vain.

THE TWIN ROSES.

One morning fair, as Delia stray'd,
In rural beauty shone the maid.
She rov'd 'mong fragrant bowers:

Here, Violets blue, beguile her eyes,
There, Pinks and Roses show their dyes,
The queens of Summer flowers!

Delightful was the gay parterre,
The gods might drink of nectar there,
Favonius fanned the brook!

Love wanton'd 'mid each dewy thong,
And Robin tun'd his matin song,

Each striv'd his maid to please.

High on a bough Twin Roses grew,
Fair as the morn, and steep'd in dew,
Bound in one kindred tie!

Like Delia's lips, in ruddy drest,
She seiz'd the prize, and on her breast
The odorous treasures lie.

But Delia gave the flowers to me,
And in them, all her charms I see,
So beautiful and so rare!

The maiden boasts the purest mind,
Dignified, innocent, and refined,

Such is the virtuous fair.

TO AUTUMN.

Come, Autumn, lovely goddess, bring

Thy soft delights, calm and serene!

Let Music through the vallies ring,

And hail thee Nature's lovely queen!

Summer has fled, joys that have been,

Are taken from our anxious sight;

But thou dost bear a cheerful mien,

Sorrow now turns to bland delight!

The mellow fruits do strew the ground,

And shepherds tune their pipes again;

The little birds are heard around

For groves, nor do they sing in vain—

Ye tranquil scenes so pleasing to my eye,

When shall I to your fair recesses fly?

EPIGRAPH ON A TAILOR.

To cabbage, I own was a part of my trade;

My goose is laid by, and needle's mislaid;

Bodkin and thread of no more use to me,

I have by death been cabbage'd you see!

But, in Elysium, where many have been,

Cross-legged on a shop-board I may be seen;

To brandish the shears would be a delight;

Until that time comes, reader, good night!

[ORIGINAL POETRY TO BE CONTINUED.]

Refined and elegant sensibility, is a shorter way to Rectitude than Reason.

For the Weekly Messenger.

Desultory Remarks.

NUMBER IV.

"WORKE MAKES THE MAN—THE WANT OF IT, THE FELLOW."

I am forced to confess, that our stern Republican principles were never more tested, than at the present time. Titles have become so common in the United States, that it has been shrewdly asked by foreigners, "whether the nation intends to maintain that simplicity of character for which Republic's have been distinguished, or verge into the monarchical system?" The question cannot be answered in a few words: it requires intense study, much reflection, and more time than I am disposed, at present, to devote to it. It is a disagreeable subject at all times to revert to, inasmuch, as many of our best citizens have simply adopted designations, at variance with our constitutional code, and thereby raised suspicions by no means conformable to Republican habits and customs. Many persons may say, "there is no harm in these things," or that "there is nothing in a name, or a title." If so, why do our citizens covet titles, and surmount every barrier of common sense to obtain them? I am among the few, who believe that the maxims of our Revolutionary Fathers are preferable to the gilded costumes and titles of the European nobility, who bear the term *Honorable*, and at the same time, trample on the dearest rights of the poor peasant and mechanic, who cannot boast their descent "from scoundrels ever since the flood." If such is the bubble Honor, heaven save me from ever being considered *honorable*! But the man, whose patriotic heart is expanded, who acts and feels alone for his country's glory, in perils and dangers, deserves to be considered honorable—not those gilded papilio's who flaunt about a Court, for the ostensible purpose of being *thought* great, without the means of becoming any thing better than simpletons. If wealth could really confer substantial Honor, in this country, our cities and towns would be well stocked with nobles.

Title should never be tolerated in the United States, because they militate against our rights as freemen. We never can forget our oppressors of a former age—they were the titled gentry of England, who caused the greatest deluge of blood that ever flowed from human veins! But after a most arduous struggle for freedom we conquered—did we engage in that war to obtain titles? No, it was rather to abolish them forever, and to erect the sacred fane of Liberty on the foundations of Virtue and true Honor! They knew that Liberty was an illusion, unless her votaries guarded her against all encroachments upon her prerogatives. Where now is that Independence, that *Equality*, as originally established in the year 1776? It is *equally* divided among a few aspirants, to whom Fortune has been beneficent; they endeavour to ride over the poor, and to oppress them, by every means in their power, and money alone, sustains that power. I have known many a man to be called "Honorable," who had not a spark of Honor in his bosom. Perhaps, it is not generally known, that the title of "E-quire" originated with knight-errantry, a kind of foolish equestrian order, now extinct; the term is, therefore, synonymous with the English phrase "Hostler" (or "Ostler," as the Cockneys spell it.) The E-quire's were common servants, chiefly employed in taking care of horses belonging to the knight, when they returned from their mad love adventures, but on other occasions, a kind of *factotum*'s who understood how to bleed a horse, carry messages, &c. The renowned Sancho Panza, whose deeds of valour are recorded by Cervantes, is the best illustration I can give of an "Esquire," if I except Sidrophel and Ralph, companions of Hudibras. In after times, the term "Esquire" became the title of a Justice of the Peace, while he continues in office, but on his retirement, to be transferred to his successor. This rule still continues, with the exception, that the old incumbent retains his title; or rather, the people continue it, from motives of courtesy. It is also used by attorneys, and by all who would vainly soar above the common level of mankind; I have also seen it after names on knockers of doors, in many of our eastern cities! The members of the Georgia Senate are all *Honorables* by law, and those of the Assembly, or inferior branch, are *Esquires*! The Legislatures of all the States in the Union, retain a remnant of the old British titles; they are willing to give up the monarchical—lords, dukes, earls, nay, every vestige of it, but the *essentials*; these, they never will surrender, while a labourer, of any description remains in our country—when they are extinct, all will be gentlemen, but not till then. The Constitution's of every State declare, that "no titles of nobility shall be conferred;"—these declarations look very well on paper, but amounts to a mere paradox, while the Legislators retain the use of these titles. Are they not the legal servants, elected, and sustained also, by the people? Shall servants be greater than their masters? If not, why those innovations upon republican simplicity? They can best answer these questions. Congress has wisely abrogated all titles, the highest functionaries of the government being styled simply *Mr. or Mister*, a title universally acknowledged to have little or no meaning.

The Governor of South Carolina styles himself in all his proclamations, "By his Excellency, Robert Y. Hayne, Esquire;" and he of Georgia, calls himself "Captain General and Commander in Chief, in and over the State of Georgia, and of the Army and the Navy thereof!" What he means by "Army," I am at a loss to discover, unless he alludes to the marauding party aptly called the "Georgia Guards," whose martial deeds over the unfortunate Cherokee Indians, will be long remembered by all, whose hearts are alive to sympathy! As to the term "Navy," as applied to Georgia, it is entirely nugatory—that State does not possess a single cock boat of any kind.

The Governor of Maryland still uses the old kingly monosyllable *we*, instead of *I*, making himself absolute, and above the people; and perhaps he is right, for he is not elected by their votes; nor are the Governors of New Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, indebted to the people for their offices, the Legislature's of those States usurping popular authority, and making property qualification alone eligible to office! Besides these silly and contemptible innovations upon the National Constitution, the clergy come in for their share. I do not object to the term "Reverend," that belongs to every virtuous man, and I presume that some of the clergy are virtuous—but I do object to the high sounding titles of "Doctor in Divinity, Right Reverend, Most Reverend," &c., because Christ and his Apostles disavowed them. Our Saviour reproved the Jews and his disciples, for calling him "Master," and I know, that no priest ever existed on earth greater than him. I am told, and I do not doubt it, from the well known character of the man, that a certain brawling Cavinistic parson in Philadelphia, has the title of "REVEREND," finely engraved on the knocker of the front door of his splendid palace! This Pharisee also, like many others of his class, "gives alms before men, that he may be seen by them." I mention no name, the reader may guess who I mean—it is not an enigma. If the nobility and gentry do not relish our simple customs, there are numerous uninhabited islands in the Atlantic and other seas, where they can go, and set up for themselves; as each are equal, there will be no wrangling about rank, birth, education, and the numerous *electoral*'s, that follow in the train of nobility. As no mechanic, or farmer would be so mean as to follow them they would be obliged to *work or starve*. We could not spare our mechanics, artists, and farmers, they are of more real worth, than all the self-styled *gentlemen* on earth. "Honor and Fame from no condition rise, Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

I have been asked by a person, who ought to know, "what is the real meaning of the term "ARISTOCRAT"?" I will tell him, in order that he may treasure it up in his mind, and impart a useful lesson to his children and friends:

ARISTOCRATS are a kind of beings inflated with pride and vanity; they are found in all countries, but are supposed to have originated in the courts of a venerable old gentleman called MONARCHY, who has many palaces in different parts of the world, and who lives in great splendor. He has many curious titles, such as "Majesty, Serene Highness, Son of the Universe," and others, equally as fantastic; but what is most surprising, he "can do no wrong!" a maxim, which has puzzled the greatest philosophers of antiquity, and of modern times, and well it might, for they could not conceive how an animal like themselves, of flesh and blood, and equally as subject to death, "can do no wrong!" In some countries, he is absolute lord over the lives and fortunes of his subjects, and is usually called "Emperor," by way of distinction; but in other countries he is denominated "King," and has a very limited power. He confers many unmeaning titles, such as "Prince, Lord, Duke, Marquis, Earl," &c. In this country, his followers bear the titles of "Excellency, Honorable," and others, of minor consideration. His costume is a long robe of silk, adorned with gold and diamonds; he has an ornament upon his head called a "crown," and another in his hand called a "sceptre," while thus dressed, and sitting on a throne, he looks for "all the world like a fool," as Pat would say. Now, this is the deity that every Aristocrat worships, whether he belongs to the United States, England, China, Japan, or any other country. An Aristocrat may be known by his antipathies; he hates all poor people, or such as live by mechanical employments; these he calls the "mob, low, vile," &c. Although he might have originated from a hostler, he forgets his pedigree, and if fortune has smiled on him, and he has children, the son never follows the trade of his father; that would be considered mean, and is never tolerated in "good society," he becomes a *professional* gentleman; the daughter a *lady of quality*, turn-

FRESH GOODS

THE subscriber has just received

NEW GOODS,

Which will be sold at very reduced prices, is he is anxious to sell out his summer goods, in order to prepare for fall business. He offers every thing for summer wear at early cost and carriage.

A part of the new goods are as follows

pun cotton, 5, 6 and 7 hundred,

leached Domestics, 3-4 and 4-4ths,

Brown Domestics, 3-4 and 4-4ths.

large handkerchiefs,

German and London pins and needles,

combs, slippers, shoes, hooks and eyes,

sea grass bed cords,

gilt edged and hot pressed letter paper,

Marseilles counterpanes,

Brass kettles, Sad irons,

gilt looking glasses,

Hoop iron, palmetto leaf hats,

Irish linen, silk handkerchiefs,

Cambreic and jackone muslin,

Calicoes, at different prices,

Bombazine stocks,

Fans, razor straps,

Buttons, lining silks, copy books,

Paint stiffs, sugar, coffee, tea, nais, &c.

JAMES S. BRANDER.

Vevay, July 31.

NEW STORE,

IN MOUNTSTERLING.

THE subscriber, thankful for past favors, hopes for a continuance thereof, therefore begs leave to inform the public generally, that he has opened

A NEW STORE,

IN MOUNTSTERLING.

Directly opposite the "Old Store, formerly kept by Cotton & Mix."

He has now on hand, and will constantly keep,

GROCERIES

OF

Every Description, Castings, Hardware, Cutlery, Linware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Shovels, Spades, Leather, Salt, &c. &c. &c.

He intends, always to keep

on hand, a variety of

FUR AND WOOL

HATS,

of the most fashionable shapes and colors.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT

OF

DRY GOODS,

Consisting of Cloths, (of various colors) Muffles, (of various qualities) Checks, Plaids, &c. &c. & &c.

And all articles, generally for sale in this market, which he will sell as low as can be bought in this county for CASH or the following articles of

COUNTRY PRODUCE,

Flax and tow Linen, Feathers, Beeswax, Tallow, Flax, Flaxseed, Ginseng, Corn, Oats, Bacon hams, dried and green Hides, of all descriptions and many other articles too numerous to name in an advertisement.