



ORIGINAL POETRY,  
BY BENJAMIN S. BULFINCH.

STANZAS FOR AUTUMN.

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

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

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 hush my feeble lyre,  
Or weep with Otway's muse.

When yon West Sun's declining ray,  
Doth gild the eye with smiles,  
Still, Pleasure ends the waning day,  
It gloomy Care beguiles.

The Muses lend their heavenly aids,  
Approach me with their charms!  
My anxious breast, the soaring maids,  
Of every fear disarm.

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 Pavianian breezes blow,  
Serene and fair the skies:  
The limpid streams through valleys flow,  
And "Nature's altars rise."

Autumn mayst thou to me return,  
To thy dear shades I haste!  
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 elegant line:  
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 repair:  
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 homed lips,  
There, I quaff of her nectar sips,  
And strive 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 beguile,  
But love to see my Delia smile,  
Although she is often vain.

The Twin Roses.

One morning fair as Delia str'd,  
In rural beauty shone the maid:  
She ro'd among fragrant bowers:  
Here, Violets blue, begu'd 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 fann'd the breeze!  
Love wou'd 'mid each dewy throng,  
And Robin tune his matin song,  
Each striv'd the 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 ruby dress,  
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 valleys 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 yellow fruits do strew the ground,  
And shepherds tune their pipes again;  
The little birds are heard around  
Yon groves, nor do they sing in vain—  
Ye tranquil scenes so pleasing to my eye,  
When shall I to your fair recesses fly?

Epitaph on a Tailor.

To cabbage, I own was 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 cabbag'd you see!  
But, in Elysium, where many have been,  
Cross-legg'd on a shop board I may be seen;  
To braudish 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.

"WORTH 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, best 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 simulators. If wealth could really confer substantial Honor, in this country, our cities and towns would be well stocked with nobles.

Titles 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 "Esquire" originated with knighterrantry, 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 Esquire's were common servants, chiefly employed in taking care of horses belonging to the knights, 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 Ralpho, 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 monarchy—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 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 very 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 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 Calvinistic 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 *et cetera'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, A well worn path, 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 attired 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-

ing up her pretty nose at every mechanic she meets, as much as to say, "get away, you filthy mechanic, I am hunting for a gentleman of *fortune*!" The parents usually imitate "majesty" in all its varieties, having taken lessons from their idol, Old Monarchy. I have even known these kind of upstart quality to chastise their children, for presuming to keep company with children of the poor; they prohibit fellowship in all respects, and consider themselves dishonored whenever they come in contact with the honest poor! The ladies have nothing else to do than to run after great men, and the gentlemen spend their time in the fashionable resorts, which are every thing else than honorable; they endeavor to laugh at the poor, but fail, because the good part of the community naturally hate them. This is the portrait of an Aristocrat—friend, what do you think of it? The delineation is a true one.

From the foregoing facts, the reader will form an idea of the effects of Ambition on the mind, and its general tendency to corrupt the heart, when we lack sufficient energy to withstand its allurements. Man is instinctively the child of Fancy; he launches his frail bark, as an adventurer on an uncertain ocean of glory, and must, as a natural consequence, have some enemies, and numerous obstacles to surmount; he approaches the Scylla and Charybdis of Envy and Jealousy—if not borne on by an energetic spirit, to those balcyon shores, which forebode no danger, his condition is hopeless. The Politician may well be compared to a Chameleon—like that singular little animal, he changes his colour, or more properly speaking, his sentiments, without considering the consequences that follow the change. He invariably lays snares, like the artful spider, weaving its "intennated web," to entrap the unwary fly, and he too often succeeds. The office hunter is a complete paradox in the scale of humanity, he is usually wealthy, or the son of wealthy parents, who can boast as noble a genealogy as any of their contemporaries belonging to the "fast anchored isle." Possessed of every qualification, which "leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind," he throws aside his aristocratic cloak, and appears in the unassuming garb of a simple rusticated Republican, soliciting votes as a boon of friendship, or as a fealty, not unlike that bestowed by British mercenaries on a superior lord. He begins his electioneering career with an assumed familiarity, attending at the houses of poor voters, caressing their children, giving alms by means of presents, and pretending to cherish respect for people whom he despises, and who he would kick out of his presence at the close of the election. Fortified by deceit, and a sufficiency of impudence, he mounts a stump, and informs the gaping multitude that he has condescended to become a candidate, solicits their suffrages, and tells them about his patriotism, and patriotic views. Depend upon it, such a man is ambitious—he seeks his own aggrandizement, and if elected, will act directly opposite to his previous professions. The man whose soul is elevated by the pride of birth and family, can never become a good citizen, much less a faithful Representative of the People. All men are equal in our government—the poor have the same rights to contend for as the rich, even if they cannot boast of a foreign ancestry. Party principles, like sectarian dogmas, have destroyed all confidence in opinion—every man maintaining his own absurd doctrines at the expense of Truth and Reason. If they have no ambitious motives, surely they would not labour so intensely to become popular and great.

In my next communication I will possibly revert to this subject again; before I close for this week, I will say a few words respecting that notorious nest of aristocracy called WEST POINT. This is an institution established by Congress, shortly after the conclusion of the late war with Great Britain, and was doubtless intended to promote the military and naval service of the United States, by a system of education, which could not fail to be serviceable in the event of another war. All this would have been very laudable, had not those who superintended the affairs of the Academy, introduced a system of partiality, which savours of corrupt principles. The children of the poor are not admitted to the benefits of its honors, although their parents have been taxed to maintain it. None but the sons of Members of Congress, and of rich nabobs, who are an incubus upon society, are educated at West Point. These wealthy Cadets will be prepared in the course of time, to put down the farmer and mechanic with the bayonet. The mean policy of the rich, in sending their sons to West Point to be educated at the expense of the nation, especially when private academies of the same kind exist, fully proves their detestable avarice, and exhibits them in their true characters before the people. It is time that this scandal should be wiped from the escutcheon of our Union, and that the Academy should be abolished; or an impartial system be established, allowing the sons of poor men the same chance with the sons of the rich. The farmers and mechanics in every section of the United States, ought to assert their sacred rights and privileges against this cold hearted, nefarious system, and petition Congress to either relieve them from an unjust burden of taxation, necessary to sustain the West Point Academy, or to permit their sons to be educated in that institution.

BENJAMIN S. BULFINCH.  
Printer's Retreat, September 7, 1833.

An old maiden lady named Witman, in Pennsylvania, in the 80th year of her age, lately mowed and made an acre of heavy grass into hay!

It is stated that the natural increase of population in Great Britain, is equal to 500 in every 21 hours.

FRESH GOODS

THE subscriber has just received a fresh supply of  
**NEW GOODS,**  
Which will be sold at very reduced prices, as he is anxious to sell out his summer goods, in order to prepare for fall business. He offers every thing for summer wear at nearly cost and carriage.

A part of the new goods are as follows:  
Pon cotton, 5, 6 and 7 hundred,  
bleached Domestic, 3-4 and 4-4ths,  
Brown Domestic, 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,  
Cambric and jacketon muslin,  
Calicoes, at different prices,  
Bombazine stocks,  
Fans, razor straps,  
Buttons, lining silks, copy books,  
Spool cottons, pumps, brushes,  
Paint stuffs, sugar, coffee, tea, nails, &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,  
IN THE WHITE HOUSE

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, Tinware,  
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) Muslins, (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.  
HENRY COTTON.  
Mountsterling, April 8.

Michigan Road Lands.

AN ACT, Supplemental to an act entitled "an act to provide for selling the Michigan Road Lands, to open that part of the Michigan Road between Logansport and Lake Michigan, and for other purposes," &c. approved January 30, 1833.

Fourth Section. That the north east quarter and north east fraction of each section shall be sold for cash only, until the full amount due to the State Treasury, from the Michigan Road Fund is fully paid.

Having been notified by the State Treasurer, that the debt due the State is fully paid, and after the first day of September next, the north east quarter and fractions will be subject to entry for Michigan Road Script, as other lands.

WM. POLKE, C. M. B.  
Chippeway, July 26th, 1833.

NOTICE.

The subscriber gives notice, that he has been appointed attorney in fact for JAMES S. BRANDER, of Petersburg, Va. and that the notes, books and accounts of George McCulloch, and all debts due him, have been assigned to said Brander, and are in the hands of the undersigned for collection. To those residing in the neighborhood of Vevay, the undersigned gives notice, that he has left a list of their debts in the hands of Mr. George McCulloch, who is hereby authorized to settle and collect the same, according to the terms of contract between them and said McCulloch. Those residing in Jefferson and adjoining counties will make payment to the subscriber.

JEREMIAH SULLIVAN,  
attorney in fact for James S. Brander.  
Madison, June 21.  
P. S. A good horse Dearborn wagon and harness, for sale. Apply to William Brander.  
J. S.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The Subscribers respectfully inform their fellow citizens, that they have a quantity of first rate leather on hand, and are prepared to make boots and shoes, of all descriptions, on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice.

JOHN WILLIAMS & SON.  
Half mile north Jacksonville, on the Allensville road.  
Pleasant Valley, July 22.