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MISCELLANY.

MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

A successful attempt was made on Saturday to obtain a grant from congress of public land within the city of Washington, upon which to erect a monument to the memory of the illustrious father of his country.

Already the society to carry this patriotic project into execution, has accomplished much to the advancement of their end. Agents have been commissioned, under bond and security, to collect money for its erection, and the most favorable encouragement has been extended to them by the people. We rejoice sincerely that a substantial and worthy testimony will be raised to the virtue of him whom no tribute can make better but whom gratitude will not injure. The plan of the building has not been determined upon, but we trust that some grand conception will be elicited from the mind of genius, in order that the memorial may be as free from blemish as the character of the man was to whom it is to be raised.—*U. S. Telegraph.*

IRELAND.

Famine in the North West.

DUBLIN, May 7th.

The most deplorable accounts have been received from almost all parts of the northwest coast, especially Sligo, and Donegal, of the dreadful state of distress, the absolutely starving condition, of the Peasantry. The very backward state of the season, and the extreme severity of the weather for months past, have greatly aggravated the misery of the poor people, and accelerated the commencement of the periodical famine this year. I have seen several letters which give the most heart-rending account of the suffering of the peasantry.

At a place called Tulloughabegley, the cattle are dying in all directions from the total want of fodder, there being scarcely a blade of grass to be seen any where. This has been the case for several weeks past—so that the poor farmers and cottagers have been compelled to share their scanty supply of potatoes with the cattle, which have been reduced to skin and bone, and are not worth killing, unless for the skins, several cart loads of which have recently been sent for sale to Letterkenny, in order to purchase meal or potatoes with the produce.

One letter states that there is not more than a month's provisions in that part of the country; and from the lateness of the season, there can be no expectation of the potatoe crop until September or October.

Within the last ten days several ship loads of potatoes have been purchased by order of government, and sent to different ports along the coast, to be distributed to the starving people, and further supplies are in preparation; but this relief can only be very temporary. If extensive aid be not very promptly afforded, thousands must die of actual starvation.

A good one.—Business is so brisk at Buffalo, and the side-walks so crowded by persons hurrying to and fro, that one of the merchants declares in a daily paper that he has generally to stand from fifteen minutes to half an hour, with a quid of tobacco in his hand, waiting for an opportunity to throw it into the street without hitting some one.

A real gentleman.—He never dresses in the extreme of fashion, but avoids singularity in his person or habits.

Is affable with his equals, and pleasant and attentive to his inferiors.

In conversation he avoids hasty, ill-tempered or insulting remarks.

Pays punctually for his newspapers.

Never gets into another person's affairs.

Does never, under any circumstances, speak ill of a woman.

Never cuts an acquaintance, who has met a reverse of fortune; and

He always pays the postage on his letters on business.

During the year 1835, ten banks, located in Wall street, New York, paid postage to the amount of twenty six thousand dollars.

Honesty is the best policy, believe it, who dare do otherwise.



ORIGINAL POETRY, BY BENJAMIN S. BULFINCH.

THE POETS DREAM.

When youth and every joy was mine,
And scenes of life were gay;
I thought those moments were divine,
But Time pass'd swift away:

Within the rosy bower of Love,
'Twas my delight to be;

The fragrance of each rural grove,
Was ecstasy to me!

I wandered in the dewy morn,
Down by a rustling rill—
Plucked the Rose, but left the thorn,
There grew the pied-jonquil;

Daisies and Violets mingled,

Did a confusion seem—

Nature my wandering footsteps led,
It was a Poet's DREAM!

Stella was then in youthful prime,
No maiden was so true;
She did not think that Father Time
Her path with thorns would strew!

Waivering and kind, she cheer'd my hours,

The choicest flowers would bring;

But Fate's dark cloud forever lowers,

And sharpens Misery's sting!

The Star of Hope, so bright and fair,
For us did then arise!
She seem'd to breathe purer air
Beneath those halcyon skies;

Gilded by Love, forever kind,

Fortune began to beam—

But ah! the wily god is blind,

It was a Poet's DREAM!

Death came, and took her from my arms,
And baffled every joy;

The world, and all its glowing charms,

Do now forever cloy!

There is a hope beyond the grave,
Where sorrows never mar;

The great in fame, the truly brave
Are ruled by that star.

The Muses guide where'er I roam,
And cheer me through the night;

Instant is my earthly home,

But they insure delight!

Sweet are their whisperings, and soft

Their tuneful voices seem—

Fancy will play, and O, how oft

She cheer's a Poet's DREAM!

ELIZA.

Dim shines the evening star in lowering skies,

The cheerless peasants leave the gloomy green;

To the dark grove each feathered minstrel flies,

And bleak the melancholy night is seen

In sable robe, by baleful eypress crown'd,

Veiling the air, and darkning all the ground!

Such was the hour when fair ELIZA came

To vent her sorrows in a neighboring wood;

Her tender heart suffus'd a generous flame

For manly WILLIAM, beautiful and good:

But the cold hand of Death, relentless power,

Cropp'd in the spring of life this opening flower!

Heaven's purest azure in her sparkling eye,

With more common lustre sweetly shone;

Her bosom fragrant as a Summer sky,

Seemed the shrine where Cupid kept his throne:

She was, indeed, the queen of love and peace,

Comely as Helen, chaste as fair Lucrece.

Ye powers! what softened majesty in woe,

By Nature's matchless hand all perfect made!

She smiled at grief, and checks her sorrow flow;

The transient Summer Rose forgets to fade—

Who would have thought such excellence as she,

Derived its stock from any earthly tree?

A gentle blush suffus'd her modest cheek,

Down which stole soft unbidden tear;

Gentle her mien, her looks serenely meek,

Savie when she paus'd the rushing south to hear;

Around her face the cooling zephyr fly,

And fragrant roses scent the ambient sky!

But now, ELIZA weary with the way,

A balmy bank of Violets softly press'd;

She call'd on Death, nor clid his long delay,

Her heart with anguish bursting in her breast,

Gently the ligament of life unties,

The flower of beauty fades—she faints—she dies!

SONNET.

Summer returns! how sweet her balmy breath,

Perfumed by the fragrance of the Rose!

Flora anew prepares her flowery wreath,

Extatic pleasures from her parterre flows;

Sol's burning orb doth now in Cancer glow,

Sheds resplendence on this nether sphere—

The gentle streams their silvery bosoms show;

Delighted wood nymphs in their bowers appear!

Nature in verdant garb and innocence array'd,

Led by Variety's enchanting charms,

Crowned with Roses, each delighted maid

Scatters flowers in their exended arms:

I feel each passion sooth'd, each sense refined,

Summer exalts the Poet's roving mind!

Original Essay.

For the Weekly Messenger.

THE UNITED STATES.

"UNITED WE STAND—DIVIDED WE FALL."

I have long intended to speak on the present condition of this Union, without entering the arena of politics, or intending to offend any portion of my fellow citizens, however they may differ from me in opinion. Notwithstanding the clashing interests of interested partisans, who support candidates for offices, with the hopes of obtaining offices themselves, and the invidious measures adopted to insure success, I have always considered it the duty of a public writer to be independent, and "to speak of things as they are," without affection or favour; for my opinions, at least, can neither be bought or sold. When we are left to the decisions of unbiased judgment, we easily rise to the energies of mind; none are so ignoble as to be excluded from the common gift of reason—some may possess a greater degree of intellectual improvement than others; it is their duty to seek by communication of all they know to enlighten their fellow citizens, and to impart all the knowledge they may exclusively possess. Talents were never designed to be hidden in a napkin, and the man who may chance to enjoy them, and neglects to seek the melioration of his fellow beings by the exercise of them, he is in the eyes of justice a delinquent. Liberty, benevolence, and truth, are beings of universal dominion in a heart unadulterated with aristocratic pride, alive to the feelings of humanity, and not made callous by the use of the weapons of despotism. If these three great deities be the trinity and unity of our perpetual adoration, we are indeed free. Truth we can discover, benevolence we can feel, and the glorious principle of Liberty we can promote; but it is well to remember, that Liberty consists in a generous exercise of the human faculties, as far as compatible with the interests of the great nation to which we belong; and we should also remember, that no human being can restrain the thoughts, words and the actions of his fellow beings, and that the public interests are alone to be regarded. There is therefore, and there only can be one interest in our Democratic system—the interest of man considered as one individual being, as an emblem of the whole, and of whose glorious body men are but the composing atoms, of whose sublime incomprehensible soul, all others are but emanations, the beams that sparkle around the disc of the grand intellectual Sun of Liberty! May I now ask, what is the interest of one atom opposed against the whole number? It is the interest of a single contemptible man, whoever he be, opposed to the whole nation—patriotism warring against philanthropy.

I have given an outline of what I conceive

Liberty ought to be, and what measurably

constitutes the essence of that deity, so exten-

sively adored, even by those who have

endeavored to enslave the mind. It is a fact,

however, that cannot be denied, that Liberty

may be abused; and this is a daily occurrence

in all our large cities and towns. When our

fathers framed the Constitution and instituted

the government, they thought that harmony

and good will would be the mutual feeling of

every American heart, and that patriotic sentiments

indicative of the good sense of the people,

would only be adopted; they could not

look through the vista of fifty years, and be

held the clashing interests of contending par-

ties, one endeavoring to supplant the other,

by libeling character, and effecting by strat-

agems, what they cannot do by fair means.

The agents in such a nefarious business can

expect no reward or benefit whatever, by en-

gaging in such a concern—they must finally,

reap the bitter fruits of their turpitude, and be

subject to the contempt of every virtuous mem-

ber of society. The man who will libel the

character of another man, in order to serve a

friend, who is seeking