

## SELECTED POETRY.

BY DIBBIN.

I made a promise to be wise,  
But 'twas a promise out of season,  
So much so—that I'm sure he lies,  
Who says he *always* follows reason.  
I soon grew tir'd of wisdom's dream,  
And, turning from pale to melancholy,  
Fell on the *opposite* extreme—  
But I, at last, grew tir'd of folly,  
Thus separate, what was next to do?  
Perhaps it would keep them to their tether,  
If I could work upon these two  
To live in harmony together.  
After, of course, a little strife,  
'Twas settled without further bother,  
One should be treated as a wife,  
And only as a mistress 'tother.  
Her portion of my joys and cares  
Now each by my appointment, measures;  
Reason—transacts my affairs,  
And Folly manages my pleasures.

## STATE OF SCOTLAND.

FROM THE BALTIMORE MOR. CHRONICLE.

It may serve to reconcile our countrymen to bear, with christian dignity, their own sorrows and embarrassments, when they learn the great & pervading distresses of other nations. The situation of Scotland is at this season peculiarly awful.—We are informed by a gentleman direct from that country, and whose character stands high & unquestionable, that dreadful as he presumed the state of the country to be, from the letters of his correspondent, the actual sufferings of the people by far transcended all his expectations. He states that this distress is so general and pervading that it has afflicted the higher classes—the yeomanry of the land. The poor and industrious mechanic, who is compelled to labour 16 hours in a day, does not make more than five shillings in a week for his wages—some are only able to procure, by the most rigid economy potatoes and salt for their wives, children, and families, and some are destitute even of that sorry meal. The same gentleman informs us, that in those abodes where formerly resided health, and comfort, and abundance, naked children were found crying for bread, while the lean, haggard and ghastly countenances of the parents betray symptoms of starvation—Many of these families are in a state of almost absolute nakedness. Friends and neighbors are now converted into sharp-shooters; they meet and exercise daily, for the purpose of putting down the Radicals. Glasgow, in the midst of all this general distress, appears like a garrisoned town. The government, not daring to embody Scotchmen, have quartered Irish soldiers upon the inhabitants. They made a call upon the yeomanry indeed, but not a man was found to answer the call of the government.

Strong and urgent representations of the distresses had been made to the ministry, all of which had been systematically neglected. The attention of the cabinet seemed entirely engrossed with the trial of the Queen, and the approaching coronation of the King. Every other object is made to give way to this idle pageantry and ostentatious ceremony. In Manchester little fortifications are built up in the streets, and loopholes are made thro' the bricks for the military to fire upon the citizens, in case of any sudden popular insurrection. Large capitalists in Scotland, who formerly employed five or six hundred manufacturer's now employ but fifty. Other large capitalists, who behold the approaching storm; are disposing of their property at almost any sacrifice, for the purpose of providing a safe and timely retreat to foreign countries. So perading is the alarm of riot and rebellion, that when our informant called at the house of his partner, on the night of his arrival, he immediately appeared with an instrument of offence in his hand, apprehending him to be a Radical.

He further states that the best informed people look with horror and dismay at the approaching winter; when, in addition to hunger and wretchedness, this poor starving population will be compelled to endure the cold of that inhospitable climate. What is to be done? he declares is the general cry. The advice of our correspondent to the young and robust of his acquaintance was, to abandon the country, and seek a residence elsewhere. We have given this hasty and acquainted with his patriotic worth—to imperfect outline not for the diabolical—sensibly *etc.* and too highly appreciate object of insulting the distress of other his services to be *cozened* into ingratitude nations, but to make our fellow-citizens by the sophistry or cupidity of his enemy and resigned under their own nies. He wants no extraneous aid to privations and embarrassments. We support him. The intrinsic weight of his have abundant cause of adoring gratitude virtues and his genius has forced him in to God, for his manifold mercies. To re-to public estimation, and like the buoy pine and to murmur is but to provoke ant zephyr, he rises from every pressure divine judgment. What will be the issue to an higher and purer atmosphere. The of this disastrous state of things, unless following portrait is a vivid and animated some salutary change takes place, re-likeness of this great man. It is taken quires no spirit of prophecy to tell. Men from the Philadelphia Aurora; and all cannot batten upon loyalty or be bayoneted out of hunger; the cries of starving it as a true and faithful delineation families cannot be silenced by the roar of the cannon. Nakedness will feel the se-

verity of the howling storm, and desperation will act. Our informant adds, that the paper distinguished for its severity upon the American character, is worked by a Columbian printing press; an American invention is employed to disseminate slander and reprobation upon the American name. This information is derived from no bigotted American. The gentleman who communicates the intelligence is himself a son of Caledonia, partaking and partaking largely, in all the sympathies of his native land. Shall we then in the midst of an harvest so abundant insult the Supreme Dispenser of such bounty with complaint, when we see elsewhere such awful distress—a starving country, kept down by the iron clamps of military power?

From the New York Com. Advertiser

The National Intelligencer "regrets to learn that Jonathan Mason, of Boston, has resigned his seat as a representative in congress from Massachusetts. We do not doubt it in the least. Mr. Mason, tho' a man of fine talents, was one of the *dough-faced* gentry, and the people of Boston will doubtless elect a friend of freedom in his place. Mr. Holmes' seat has also become vacant, and if the people of Maine do their duty in selecting a successor Missouri will probably have to make her constitution over again.

From the New-York Commercial Advertiser of September 13.

"We assumed the position the other day, and we now repeat it that the Constitution framed for Missouri is IN DIRECT VIOLATION OF BOTH THE LETTER AND SPIRIT OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."

"There is another, and more powerful reason, why this subject ought not to be permitted to sleep. The period for the meeting of Congress is now rapidly approaching, and the people, as well as the representatives, of the *free states*, ought to be prepared to meet the momentous question in regard to the extension of slavery, at the commencement of the session, more determinately than ever. It is an important question—involving not only the character of our country—the freedom and happiness of millions, but the influence and political consequence of every free state in the confederacy. We presume there can be no doubt that it will be revived at the next session; and we must confess that we are *alive to the result*. We most ardently hope and pray that the representatives of the free states, who maintained their *integrity* at the last session, will, to a man, be prepared to engage in the *controversy*."

"It is time for the *free* people of America not only to be *heard*, but to be *felt*, in the great national scale."

"It is not from the southern states that we are to look for any measures having for their object, the amelioration of the condition of the blacks; nor is it to be expected that they will approve of any measures which may be taken to prevent the extension of slavery. 'Habit steels us to all things.' The southern planters are a literally born *tyrants* and *task-masters*, the miserable negroes are *slaves*. In their infancy, at most, is the whip placed in their hands; and they are early taught, by example, to view the slaves little, if any, above the brute creation. It is thus that the finer feelings and nobler sentiments of the breast become blunted, and they look upon the *most atrocious acts of cruelty* as merely common and some will say *necessary occurrences*."

LEXINGTON, Sept. 30.  
The fever in Philadelphia has ceased there being no new case from the 9th to the 16th—our latest date.

The secretary of the new Spanish Ambassador in London is named Christopher Columbus, and is said to be a lineal descendant of the immortal discoverer of the New World.—*Lex. Pub. Advertiser.*

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

GENERAL JACKSON.—If any thing could tend to elevate the character of this distinguished man, it would be the efforts of the "puny whistlers" who assail him under the cover of their own insignificance. The people of this country are too well acquainted with his patriotic worth—to imperfectly outline not for the diabolical—sensibly *etc.* and too highly appreciate object of insulting the distress of other his services to be *cozened* into ingratitude nations, but to make our fellow-citizens by the sophistry or cupidity of his enemy and resigned under their own nies. He wants no extraneous aid to privations and embarrassments. We support him. The intrinsic weight of his have abundant cause of adoring gratitude virtues and his genius has forced him in to God, for his manifold mercies. To re-to public estimation, and like the buoy pine and to murmur is but to provoke ant zephyr, he rises from every pressure divine judgment. What will be the issue to an higher and purer atmosphere. The of this disastrous state of things, unless following portrait is a vivid and animated some salutary change takes place, re-likeness of this great man. It is taken quires no spirit of prophecy to tell. Men from the Philadelphia Aurora; and all cannot batten upon loyalty or be bayoneted out of hunger; the cries of starving it as a true and faithful delineation families cannot be silenced by the roar of the cannon. Nakedness will feel the se-

Augusta Chron. "Jackson, in his public life and person-

al demeanor, is the perfect image of a real dementor, with the contempt that he always feels, publican general: losing sight of every and never can dissemble. We therefore thing but the glory, honor, and safety of seldom hear of general Jackson being at Washington, moving like a satirist, or shining at "cabinet dinners."

Not less honorable than sincere, he is always self-collected; never open in his enmities, undisguised in his resentments. In such a character, magnanimity is a natural trait. His deportment is the same towards all men, whether in or out of office; potent or powerless—he is still unaffected and unreserved to all; bland, polite and courteous, too independent in spirit to accept a favor, or to sue for it, he is equally hopeless of patronage and fearless of power. But how could Jackson receive a favor? A man whose character and fame are equally above the incumbents of office, and out of the reach of their influence? It is for him to confer favors on the administrators of the general government and the people, always in submission to the laws and the constitution, to reverence the one, obey the other and respect them all.

As a writer, general Jackson does not fade in comparison with any of his contemporaries. His composition is replete with energy, fire, and expression. His meaning burns on his page—a flame calm, lambent and unflaring; giving light so that no man can misconceive him, or fail to feel what he writes. It is the untamed eloquence of a spirit that despises the petty embellishments that give more obstruction to the meaning than they impart beauty to the style. It is not the elaborate composition of an *author*, culling phrases from the depositories of language but the style of the soldier the statesman and the gentleman, which serves as a mirror to reflect his civil and military character, and conveying in bold diction, impressive truths.

"All beauteous eloquence resigns her charms To the grim soldier, dress'd in horrid arms."

It has been alledged that his temper is fiery and impetuous; but it might with more justice be said that his mind is powerful, enthusiastic and commanding. Living up to that simplicity which should always characterise a republican citizen, he is equally an enemy to excessive wealth, gorgious magnificence and courtly pomp. He has borne his successes & his glory with the moderation of a man too well read in the book of human life to be made giddy by applause, or presumptuous by power. In fine—

"To be, and not to seem, is this man's maxim; His mind reposes on its proper wisdom, And wants no other praise." *Æschulus.*

His courage and genius inspire his enemies with dread, his virtues win the love of his friends; and his patriotism and worth secure the admiration and applause of the people, at once the envy of the proudest nation of Europe, and the boast of his own country.

There is in Salem Massa. a singular instance of the perfection at which the senses of touch and hearing arrive in persons born blind. The person alluded to is the public crier. He is not only destitute of sight but has no eyes; yet he will go as directly and as surely to any house in the town as the best acquainted inhabitant. He never fails of discerning the smallest and stillest object before him in the street he speaks of the weather as if he saw the sun and the clouds; knows every man in town and can distinguish most coins with invariable accuracy. Indeed, one would never suspect, from seeing how uniformly he turns aside to avoid noes, men, casks, piles of wood &c. that he wanted the use of sight in its fullest perfection. He asserts, that in the neighbourhood of solid bodies he feels a difference in the air and the sound of his feet upon the earth.

Bangor Reg.

From the National Advocate.

Mr. Editor—I perceive by the weekly issues of mortality, that many persons die with the *cholera morbus*, which is very unnecessary, because it can be cured. I once had a most violent attack of this disease, so much so, that for three days I suffered to a degree that destroyed all hope of recovery; thus situated I sent for an old physician who had served in the continental army—I will cure you says he and in a *half an hour*, the tone of confidence with which this was said, surprised me—he mixed up the receipt below, and in half an hour I was well. I recommend it therefore with equal confidence, for I have since tried it with equal success.

*Cure for the Cholera Morbus.*—Put one table spoon of *hot ashes* into a tumbler of *old cider*, and give the patient three table spoons of it—the cure will ordinarily be effected in half an hour.

*Cure for a Cancer.*—File up old pure brass—put a spoonful into a vessel, make a plaster of the brass and mutton suet—lay it on the part affected, and observe it to remove it till well. The foregoing rule is said not to fail.

Check for sale at this Office.