

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Dartmouth Herald.
There's not One True in Seven.

The following parody, on one of Moor's perhaps best Melodies was whispered in the ear of a friend by a gentleman entering ball room.

These girls are all fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
Their smiles of joy, their tears of wo,
Deceitful shine deceitful flow;
There's not one true in seven.

And false the flash of Beauty's eye,
As fading hues of even;
And love and laughter—all a lie;
And hope's awakened but to die—
There's not one true in seven.

Poor mushrooms of a sunny day!—
Yet bloom and be forgiven,
For life's at best a show.—Away
Dull-drowsy Thought! I'll join the gay
And romp with one—or Seven.

From a London Magazine. HISTORY OF MR. ALLEN

In the west of England, a few years ago, resided an old gentleman, whose integrity, and universal benevolence did honor to human nature.

Mr. Robert Allen (that was the name of this good man) was a descendant of the great Allen of Somersetshire, so justly celebrated by the immortal pen of the inimitable author of 'Tom Jones, under the name of Alworthy.

As Mr. Robert Allen possessed every virtue of his excellent relation, little more can be added to his praise. To relieve every object of distress within his reach; to instruct the ignorant, to comfort the afflicted, to amend the envious, to quiet the angry and to rectify the prejudices of his neighbors, were the employments of his blameless life.

He had the misfortune to lose in his youth a very amiable wife and child; which calamities he maintained with the most exemplary patience, and christian resignation.

Besides his paternal estate, he had accumulated a large fortune in the former part of his life; having been a considerable merchant at Lisbon.

Once in every three years he constantly visited London, merely on account of transacting his money matters; otherwise, it was with great reluctance he left the scenes of rural quiet for the hurry and noise of the metropolis.

As the whole business of this excellent man was to do good to every individual, so he contrived to contribute by some means to that laudable purpose.

He had always taken up his abode, during his stay in London, at a house of an honest tradesman near temple bar; solely because the man had formerly been a faithful servant to his cousin Allen.—And for a course of years after had given signal proofs of integrity in his business which was that of a haberdasher. Mr. Robert Allen had set him up in business, and had furnished his house very genteelly—the first floor of which he always occupied whenever his business called him to London.

Mr. Lewis (the name of the haberdasher) was about the age of his venerable friend. He had since he last saw him, buried his wife; a very notable good woman, and for his sins, if I may be allowed, the expression, had been married to a young flirt, who had drawn in the old man by a pretty face without any one good quality of either the head or heart.—She tossed up her nose at all her neighbors,—and was as

proud as any woman of quality. She had wheedled her old man as she called her worthy husband, to keep her a one horse chaise, and to take a lodging upon Highgate hill, quiet and for the benefit of the country air.

As this lady was immoderately fond of cards, she had a little kind of route, every Thursday, in the apartments of her first floor.

A few days before one of these brilliant assemblies was to take place, Mr. Lewis received a letter from his worthy friend and benefactor, Mr. Allen, that he would be in town the Thursday following, and hoped those apartments he had occupied for above twenty years, would be in readiness to receive him.

The good haberdasher shewed his wife the letter; and remonstrated to her the necessity there was of putting off her weekly meeting; but she cut him short with saying, it was absolutely impossible; for that she had sent cards to her company two months before, and that the parties were all made: that she should make no fuss about this old country gentleman, for that he must e'en take up his lodgings up two pairs of stairs.

Her poor husband sighed in the bitterness of his heart, but was forced to submit for the sake of domestic quiet.

Mr. Allen arrived at the house at the time he appointed; and as it happened to be on Thursday evening he was surprised on his alighting from his carriage, to see his dining room illuminated with a great number of lights, and as he advanced up stairs, to hear a confused number of female voices.

The haberdasher (for his wife was too great a lady to appear on this occasion) after an hundred awkward apologies, conducted his worthy guest to the second floor, who soon retired to bed; but that sweet repose, which he usually found after a day spent in virtuous peace, he was now a stranger to, as the ladies below did not depart till midnight; and he might as well have expected to have slept in the tower of Babel, as in such a confusion of voices.

They were at length no sooner departed than the good man's slumbers were again disturbed, though from a very different source. It was now from the room over his head, that produced sounds which prevented his getting any sleep. He heard, though but indistinctly, the plaintive wailing of a young infant, and the frequent sobs of some woman.

As these melancholy sounds continued the chief part of the night, his compassion for the unhappy sufferers (whosoever they were) was extremely excited. No man surely ever had more of what Shakespear calls "the milk of human kindness," than Mr. Robert Allen; he therefore felt for every being in distress. The pity he now felt was indeed heightened, when by break of day he distinctly heard the voices of several children, and soon after the tread of many little feet in the chamber over his head.

The worthy man now arose, finding it impossible to get any sleep; and after employing an hour in his devotions and meditations, rang for his breakfast; soon after which Mrs. Lewis herself, with the miseries of poverty;

made her appearance, and said something must be done, and soon

Whilst the heart of this benevolent man was overflowing with humanity, chance gave him that day an opportunity of seeing the whole miserable family, which had so much engaged his pity.

He was just going to a coffee house, when on a stair case, he met the little melancholy group; the first object which presented itself was the most amiable young woman, in very ordinary apparel pale and emaciated. On her languid cheek a tear was stealing down, while her eyes cast on a little miserable babe seemingly almost expiring, which she had in her arms, and beheld with unutterable wo. A little prattling girl of three years old, was hanging on her apron; and two fine boys, of four and five brought up the rear; one with a pitcher of water, the other with a small loaf of bread.

Mr. Allen, who ever looked on misery with a kind of sacred pity, stood back, and gave this poor woman, with her little ragged retinue, the wall to pass by, with much difference and respect, as if she had been the first dutchess of the land.

A fine gown or petticoat, which so much attract the civility of the world, and has a much greater influence over the minds of many people than is imagined, had a very contrary effect on this good man; and the very shabby garments of these poor people claimed his respect instead of contempt; for he plainly saw, they were the remains of better days, and could not help reflecting what that distress must be which had brought them to this extreme of wretchedness. His aged eyes felt the sacred drop of pity; and during his short walk he was wholly absorbed in various schemes of providing for the sufferers. He once thought of a bank bill, and sending it by the penny post; but as then he knew not her name, that scheme he could not pursue till he made some enquiry how to direct to her; but the secret hand of Providence soon pointed out a sure way; for as Mr. Allen was returning to his apartment that very day he met in the passage the eldest boy, ragged as a colt, but the very perfection itself of beauty and innocence. He held in one hand an old silver spoon, in the other a bird cage, in which was a most beautiful Virginia nightingale.

"Where, my pretty boy, (said the compassionate man) are you going?"

"Oh, sir, (replied the sweet fellow, with the cheerful innocence of that engaging age) I must help my poor mama if I can; I know my way into the next street, and I am going to carry this cage to the bird shop. This bird sings sweetly: What a pity to sell him! but perhaps I shall get a little money for this spoon, if not for the bird; we have nothing else left now to part with; and poor little Fanny is just dying: What can we do, sir, for a little money? for when she dies my mama says she must have a coffin, What is a coffin?"

(To be continued.)

BEEES-WAX WANTED.
THE subscriber will pay the highest market price in cash for Bees-wax.

DENNIE SAYRE.

Vincennes 11th Aug. 1821.—28-6m.

BLANK DEEDS—for Agents