

## Poetical.

[Selected.]

### THE VIOLET.

On being asked by a lady why Violets were generally found in a Country Church-yard.  
You ask me why the violet blooms  
Amongst the silent dead:  
And why amidst the mouldering tombs,  
It loves to rear its head.

Sweet woman there is often seen  
To dew the ground with tears,  
And where her Angel form has been,  
Her favorite flowers appear.

Then, when she comes to deck the grave,  
Where her heart's treasure lies,  
She finds a garland ready made  
To grace her obsequies.

### SKETCHES OF CHARACTER

—A writer in the Buffalo Journal is amusing himself. (says the N. Y. Gazette) with drawing sketches of the manners and character of visitors there from various cities of the Union. The following is a specimen of his style:—

"The New York Cockneys are known by their affected pronunciation; they either clip their words or lisp prettily, & express a mortal aversion to yankeyism. Talk to them of groves and fountains and they will silence you with phrases of castle gardens and the battery. — Speak of the falls of Niagara and they will recite the wonders of the city hall. Their dislike of the country is evident from the anxiety which they manifest for a speedy and safe return to their friends. They are in the main harmless fellows, and are held in high esteem by our tavern keepers as they eat little, spend their money like princes, and never ask the items of a bill. We have seen no very favorable specimens of New-York belles. The waiting maids are altogether finer women than their mistresses. They are reserved to dullness, and appear to hold the natives in great contempt, much to the mortification of sundry of our small gentry, who esteem themselves vastly pretty fellows. Red Jacket is thought by them to be the only distinguished personage in the western district, and I have known a company of city belles to stand an hour in a bar room listening to a conversation held with him by a learned gentleman of their party, the cunning Indian nodding his head in reply to what he could by no possibility, have understood.

The Albany beau is quite the reverse of his New York neighbor. He drinks brandy and talks politics, swears at the servants, and quarrels with his landlord, and is in fact what he styles himself, "a real rover." The ladies under his protection are usually handsome, but resemble their gallant in indiscretion; they romp the streets without protection, address strangers with the utmost confidence, & look country gentlemen out of countenance. "The Bostonians are decidedly favorites." The address of the elderly Boston gentleman is highly prepossessing. He is affable, courteous and intelligent, wears powder, and dresses for dinner, and has something of the last century in his appearance. We have more beauty from Boston than any other market. Good sense, and delicacy in thought and manner are the characteristics of a New England female, but there is something peculiarly agreeable in the tout ensemble of a Boston lady. Neither huffy nor affected, they are particular in their society and elegant in their manners, and retain in some measure the

excellent qualities of the old fashioned English governments.

The Philadelphia fair are distinguished by the mildness of their manners, and their fondness for conversation or aptness at small talk. They have much of what the French style *en bon point* in their appearance, generally handsome, and sometimes beautiful, and would be more agreeable with less exertion to appear so. — They are usually accompanied with a quaker father, or a dull newsreading husband, who are continually boring their auditors with Schuylkill Water Works & regular streets. Your real Philadelphia buck rarely ventures beyond the bounds of civilization, which he conceives to be limited by the bounds of his native city."

*Autumn.*—The earth is clothed in loveliness; meadows & groves put on the gay and variegated livery of autumn; while ripened fruits of the field & orchard remind us both of the debt of unbounded gratitude which we owe to the Giver of all good, & of the happiness appropriate to the season.— He who does not lay up his store for winter will, when that pinching season shall arrive in vain deplore the folly of his improvidence.

So he who does not lay up a store of comfortable recollections for old age, will find that last period of life cheerless indeed.

Autumn is the season for reflection—the falling leaves remind us that we also must change, and sink into the bosom of our parent earth and like them, return to the dust from whence we came. "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes but the spirit to God who gave it"—the flowers are fading, and the green paths begin to lose their verdure—but the store houses of the laborer are filled with plen'y—the granary is loaded abundantly with the "means of life" and man revels in almost a superfluity in this "carnival of nature." Should not our hearts overflow with gratitude, & our lips utter the language of praise to the great dispenser of these innumerable blessings? But alas! for human frailty! in the hour of prosperity, we are too apt to forget Him whose bounty makes our spirits to rejoice—'tis in adversity the soul learns to seek its Creator; then we feel Him near to us, and from the depths of affliction we praise Him.

The spring will return to renew the earth with vernal beauty—and thy soul, oh man! shall a wake to newness of life; every bud of goodness and virtue that is cherished here, when transported to the regions of perfection, shall bloom eternally, with ten-fold loveliness! we shall lose only the dross of earth, its sins, its cares, & wasting sorrows, when we lay down this tabernacle of clay— While thinking of leaving this state of existence, we cannot but regret the scenes that our eyes shall behold no more; they are rendered dear to us, as being associated with those we fondly loved—the glorious sunshine—the buds of spring—the blossoms of summer, and the fruits of autumn, the shade of the forest, the still flow of the waters, the melody of birds, and the beauty and fragrance of flowers—all these are entwined closely round our hearts; and to imagine that we must leave them forever, calls forth the tear of sorrow and the sigh of regret; but let us remember that we leave the

shadow for the substance; the things here are but images or types of those to come—in heaven, all is eternal, and beauty and brightness will not vanish, but increase in loveliness as age rolls on, without diminishing the periods of eternity—Such oh man! is thy glorious privilege! to be ranked with angels and archangels, to surround the throne of the infinite Jehovah, and partake of happiness unchangeable, and bliss that passes not away.

*Phil. Sat. Eve. Post.*

*Industry and Economy*—Idleness is an inlet to most other vices; while by industry, the powers of the mind are turned to good account. Usefulness of character depends much on diligence. Early to accustom children to industry, application and perseverance, is a necessary part of education

—If indulged in idleness while young, application to business will afterwards be irksome. They should early be made sensible of the value of time; they should be made to understand that no economy is so essential as the economy of time; and that as by squandering pence, we are very soon deprived of pounds; so, by wasting minutes, we shall not only lose hours, but days & months.—We must endeavor to inspire children with the spirit inculcated in the following precept— "What ever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

For a young woman to have been properly instructed in the management of the family is far more essential to her than all the elegant arts on which so much time and expense are by some bestowed. If she has been made acquainted with every circumstance of a servant's duty, takes an active part in family concerns, combines frugality with plenty, retrenches superfluous cost and decoration, and thus is fitted to meet adverse as well as prosperous circumstances, she will be useful and respectable in her father's family, and particularly so in a married state. When domestic economy is viewed in this light, is there a woman who would disdain to rank it among her accomplishments?—or a sensible man who would not prize it in his wife?

Whatever may be our occupation in life, there is an industrious, upright, liberal and benevolent mind, and inherent dignity that will meet with esteem from all whose opinion deserves regard.

And as frugality and industry are by no means necessarily connected with any avaricious disposition, the most opulent parent ought not to be ashamed to adopt, in the economical education, the excellent motto, "waste not, want not." Early habits of care, and early aversion and contempt of waste, are interesting lessons for children to learn. The most industrious and frugal are frequently the most liberal & benevolent. And it is upon this principle that children should be taught not only to save, but that they are responsible for making a right use of what they save, or possess.

While encouraging children in industrious habits, let us not forget or neglect to encourage industry at their books, and to afford them opportunities of mental improvement, to qualify them rightly to enjoy the necessary intercourse with mankind.

*Washington*—One Reuben Rouzy, of Virginia, owed the General about 100*l*. While President of the United States one of his agents brought an action for the money; judgment was obtained, and execution is issued against the body of the defendant who is taken to jail. He had a considerable landed estate, but this kind of property cannot be sold in Virginia for debts, unless at the discretion of the person. He had a large family, and for the sake of his children, preferred lying in jail to selling his land. A friend hinted to him that probably Gen.

Washington did not know anything of the proceeding, and that it might be well to send him a petition, with a statement of the circumstances. He did so, and the very next post from Philadelphia, after the arrival of his petition in that city, brought him an order for his immediate release, together with a full discharge, and a severe reprimand to the agent for having acted in such a manner.— Poor Rouzy was, in consequence, restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without presenting prayers to heaven for their "beloved Washington." Providence smiled upon the labors of the grateful family, and in a few years Rouzy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to lay the 100*l* with the interest, at the feet of this truly great man. Washington reminded him that the debt was discharged; Rouzy replied, the debt of his family to the father of their country and preserver of their parent could never be discharged; and the General, to avoid the pressing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money—only, however, to divide it among Rouzy's children, which he immediately did.

*Legal Dexterity*—Sergeant Davy having abused a witness, as Sergeants will abuse witnesses, was on the following morning, whilst in bed informed that a gentleman wished to speak to him; the Sergeant concluding that it was a client, desired that he might be shown up; the visitor stating his name, reminded the Sergeant of the abuse he had heaped upon him on the preceding day, protesting that he most peremptorily demand immediate satisfaction, or he should resort to personal chastisement. On this the Sergeant, raising himself up said,—"But you won't attack me surely while I'm in bed, will you?"—"Certainly not," said the aggrieved party, "I should never think of attacking a man in bed."—"Then I'll be d—d," said the Sergeant, as he laid himself down, wrapping the clothes around him, "If I get out of bed while you are in this town."

*Sharp Reply*—While Com. Anson's ship, the Centurion was engaged in close fight with the rich Spanish Galleon which he afterwards took, a sailor came running to him, and cried out, "Sir our ship is on fire near the powder magazine." "Then pray friend," said the commodore, not in the least discomposed, "run back and assist in putting it out."

A grave old man told his son that if he did not grow less dissipated, he would shorten his days.—"Then dad," said the boy, "I shall lengthen my nights."