

## Poetical.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

PEGGY GREEN.—A BALLAD.

Miss Peggy Green a seamstress was,  
A person tall and lean,  
Though forty-five, and drying fast,  
She still remained Green.

Was she accomplished? could she play  
Upon the Pi-a-no—  
Speak French—Italian—do you ask?  
I answer—“she could sew!”

No wonder then, that lovers two  
For her in sorrow wasted  
Long sleepless nights—for grievously  
Their hearts Miss Green had basted.

Jem Stitch—the tailor, (he was one,)  
With love whose heart did glow,  
All for this maid of forty-five,  
Who had treated him—sew—sew!

“Ah wilt thou be my duck?” quoth Jem,  
Says she, “twould be no use  
For me to be a tailor’s duck,  
I’d rather be his goose!”

“Oh! cruel Peg!” cried Jemmy Stitch,  
“Of all my hopes, the root,  
My heart is cut by loves sharp shears,  
Oh! do not scorn my suit!”

But love’s warm breath, it could not thaw  
This forty-five years frost;  
Says she, “your hopes are like your legs,  
They’re made for to be crossed!”

And soon poor Stitch, he waxed thin,  
His coats like shirts did sit;  
Quoth he, “If I should go off now  
Twould not be in a fit!”

He sickened fast—his pulse was low,  
Press his cheeks did ravage;  
He ate no food, save now and then  
He tried a little cabbage!

Will Wax, the cobler, pined for her  
He too, grew thin and small,  
By reason of this Peggy Green,  
Who was his awl in awl!

He loved her quite as ardently,  
But with as little use—  
He wore a Peg stuck in his heart,  
And pegs stuck in his shoes!

“My love,” cried he, “for Peggy Green,  
It knows no control;  
Her name is written in my heart,  
And graven on my sole!”

He sighed in vain—she flouted him,  
Her scorn he deeply felt,  
Like flowers killed by cruel frost,  
He soon began to weep!

Now when she saw their love so true,  
To choose she knew not which;  
Three days she nothing did but think,  
The fourth day saw her Stitch!

And now it was not long before  
Wax heard the woful news,  
That Jemmy Stitch his rival was,  
A standing in his shoes!

His heart was broke when he saw things  
Had come to such a pass;  
“My days are numbered now!” sigh’d he,  
“And near me is my last!”

In vain to him the doctors did  
Their pills and physic send;  
He failed apace—his eye grew dim,  
And nearer wax’d his end!

A-lack-a-day! he cried, is she  
To me forever lost!  
I cannot—cannot give up Peg,  
And thus gave up the ghost!

Now Mr. Stitch and Mrs. Stitch  
Increased in joys and riches;  
And soon forgot poor W<sup>th</sup> Wax,  
Whilst making little stitches! R.L.

**Female Intrepidity.**—The following is true. When the war of extermination between the Indians and Kentuckians was at its height, those who inhabited the back parts of the state of Kentucky, were obliged to have their houses built very strong with loop holes all around; and doors always kept fastened, so as to repel any attack from the Indians. While the owner of one of these domestic fortresses was with his slaves, at work on the plantation, a negro, who was posted near the house, saw approaching, a party of Indians. He immediately ran to the house and the foremost Indian after him. The Indian was the fleetest, and, as the door opened to admit the negro, they both jumped in together. The other Indians, being some distance behind, the door was instantly closed by the planter’s wife within, when the negro & Indian grappled. Long

and hard was the struggle, for as in the case of Fitz James and Roderick Dhu, the one was the stronger, and the other more expert, but strength, this time, was the victor, for they fell, the Indian below; when the negro, placing his knees on his breast, & holding his hands, kept him in that position, until the woman, seizing a broad axe, and taking the Indian by his long hair, at one blow severed his head from his body. The negro, then seizing the guns, fired them at the other Indians, which as fast as discharged, were loaded again by the planter’s wife, until the party from the fields, hearing the firing, arrived, when the Indians took to flight.

**Coquettes.**—What nonsense to abuse the gay coquettes! They are the most endearing creatures that exist among the race of women.—Wit, fancy, gaiety, good humour, elegance, and splendour are their accomplishments. Their greatest enemies are always the dull and stupid of their own sex. I have very often observed, that a young lady, whose fascinating manners, or elegant person, happen to draw about her a crowd of admirers will be liable to those little slanders which her lessening sisters let fall upon her. There is a great mistake about coquetry. Old maids and stupid young girls, suppose that every little act of gaiety, wit, and good humour is coquetry. Females are naturally fond of admiration, and, so far as this goes all of them have something of the coquette.—But a real coquette is a being of quite a different character. She must have beauty, elegance, and accomplishments, to lay her snares with; but to these she adds a want of principle, in her affections. A dashing girl, without principle in affairs of the heart, is the only coquette; not she who is merely fond of gaiety, good humour, and amusement. But it is too often the way among females, to slander their own sex merely for the gratification of their little spiteful tempers. For my part, ever since I remember, I loved a dash of coquetry in every woman. It tasted the same as nutmeg in negus.

Our readers will find much amusement in the following picture of the Mexican administration, copied from the “Correo” of the 25th November:

“One of the great inconveniences which attends this government, is the impossibility of contenting the infinite number of office seekers who pour from all quarters. Few, very few, are there, among those who think they have rendered any service to the country, or to a party, (which they generally believe to be the same thing,) who do not solicit some situation by which they may live at the cost of the nation. Wonderful! Among the very strangers who come to our Republic, among even the Spaniards who have wielded their swords against the nation, without having done any service, (and there are many such,) those abound who are contaminated with this sad epidemic. It might be shown that the Departments are more occupied in repelling the attacks of these domestic enemies, than in laboring for the good of the Republic.

“The picture which our Government now presents, is highly curious. A Charge of Foreign

Relations, (Don Jose Espinosa,) who meditates an official note for three or four hours, lest a word may mean too much, or express too little, who holds conferences with the President, which last two or three hours, and which generally come to no conclusion, or have no positive result, and who, consequently, delays business for three, four, and even eight months. A Secretary of Justice (Don Miguel Ramos Arispe,) who occupies himself in scribbling letters to the states, in order that this or that person may not receive an appointment, because he is a Bourbonist, a Scotch or a York Mason; who employs himself in relating to the President what is doing, what might be, and what never was; who lives and nurtures himself with trifles and insignificant matters; who tries to surround himself with creatures who may raise him to a station above his fellows; who sends his commissioners to the States, with certain powers, not altogether constitutional, (for example, to Oaxaca,) lest we may know what things he is meddling with; who allows a year to pass, without nominating the person to preside over the Supreme Court of Justice, notwithstanding the notable want of this Department; which cannot be worse than it now is; who, in the ecclesiastical branch has not made much more progress; and who, by a singular faculty of his own, has not known

how to please either the party of ecclesiastics, or that of the reformers; who finally, enjoys not that public estimation, which is so essentially necessary to a Minister in a Republican Government. A Secretary of the Treasury, (Don Jose Ignacio Esteva,) who, in spite of his indefatigable activity has a powerful party opposed to him; who has occupied a large portion of his time in answering, and causing to be answered, the diatribes which have been written against him; who is not on very good terms with the other Secretaries; who to oblige the President, has taken steps, which ought to have subjected him to responsibility.

**A Secretary of War, (Don Manuel Gomey Padraza,) who, having embraced a party, compromises the impartiality which a public functionary ought to possess, to the notable injury of the Government; who defers the fulfilment of orders which are not conformable to his ideas; who, notwithstanding his activity has not presented a plan for the regulation of any one branch of the army; who does not use due activity in demanding certain accounts and terminating some arduous matters which require prompt decision. Such is the picture which our Ministry presents. In general, it may be said, that it does not intentionally err, if that of Justice be excepted. There is integrity, and a desire to do well, in that of Foreign Relations; activity and zeal in that of the Treasury; nice sense of honor & Quixotism in that of War: perplexities and confusion in that of Justice and ecclesiastical affairs. Conjointly, there is no system in their operations, no combination in their proceedings. The Government should hold councils of ministers, not to form a *tertulia*, but to settle serious subjects, and to make a book of acts, which should serve as the secret protoc-**

ol of the Executive. Otherwise, there will be no concert, nor will one resolution be the result of another.

“Contrary to our custom, we speak with some force of the faults of the Government, because the evils which result from them are of prodigious magnitude. We repeat, what we have before observed—the sequestered manner in which the President lives, is prejudicial to the nation, and injurious to himself.”

From the ‘Correo de la Federacion Mexicana,’ of the 17th November, we extract the following sketch, to which we attach greater interest, from the probability that this General may hereafter fill a more distinguished post in the Mexican Republic:

**General Vincent Guerrero.**—The face of this General is that of contrast. Terrible in its outlines, it is softened by the expression of his penetrating eyes, and of his lips. His stature, noble and commanding, is like that of the conquering Hercules in his labors.

“The mental energy of Guerrero is above eulogy. He has elevated himself from the level of the dust, to the greatest height of glory. Guerrero was born for history, without ancestors of note. He is creator of an epoch entirely new to his family. He owes it all to the Revolution—the Revolution owes all to Guerrero.

“Valor, firmness, & prodigious activity, were the talents which he developed in his campaigns—The stroke of his sword gave the first notice of his movements—None has surpassed him in the art of gaining and commanding the hearts of his soldiers. He kept his military rank only in the front of the enemy, occupying the post of greatest danger. His bread & risks he shared with his comrades. The heroes of the south died contented at his side.—The revolution of 1810, owes its reputation to this general. He identified two distinct periods, uniting Iguala with Dolores. His transactions with genl. Iturbide commend his shrewdness. Guerrero joined the skin of the lion to that of the fox. The impression of the general is irresistible. Mexicans love him, strangers respect him, & enemies fear him. His favorite passion is idolatry to his country. When occupied in its rights and interests, he is inexorable.

“Nature has enriched him with extraordinary talents. The flashes of his imagination are as brilliant as the lightning of a tempestuous night. His frank and honest heart knows not intrigue nor political management. He has never marched unfairly. The candor of his breast is liable to imposition: heroes do not fail to be men.

“No sketch, honorable to our country, will be drawn, in which can be forgotten the important services of genl. Guerrero. He fought resolutely for its independence; he sustained its liberty with his blood. He drove from the cabinet, re-actions and tempests. He was always the saviour of Mexico. Long live Guerrero.—The nation demands of him new efforts for its glory.

**Maxims**—Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before, and lost them.

He who pretends to be everybody’s particular friend, is nobody’s.