



The Parterre.

ON BEAUTY.

1 chancing nymph of heavenly birth
Celestial beauty, sent on earth,
To soothe our cares, our toils, our strife,
And gild the gloom that saddens life.
Thine empire countless millions own,
And every clime reveres thy throne.
What e'er pursuits mankind engage,
From frolic youth to serious age,
To thy resistless power they bow,
While nature prompts the artless row.
Lured by the hope thy smiles can give,
For thee the wretch endures to live.
To gain thy praises, valor's meed,
For thee the hero dares to bleed.
Entic'd by thee to happier dreams,
Ambition drops his airy schemes.
To purchase thee, from caverns deep,
The miser brings his treasure's heap.
The sage, with reason's boasted arms,
A while may combat beauty's charms.
But soon a burning sigh will prove,
That reason never conquers love.
Yet ere I bow before thy shrine,
And hail thy power with rites divine,
O blest enchantment, deign to tell,
In what consists thy magic spell!
Is it an eye, whose sparkling rays,
Eclipse the diamond's fainter blaze,
A cheek, that shames the vermeil rose,
A breast, that vies with mountain snow,
A mouth, that smiles with matchless grace,
Like pearls within a ruby case,
A shape, like that which once was seen,
On Ida, where the Cyprian queen,
Disclo'd her charms to mortal eyes,
Contending for the golden prize?
These may our warmest passions fire,
And kindle every fever's fire;
But love, beyond these alone,
Must soon resign his tottering throne,
And hold a poor precarious sway,
The short-lived beauty of a day.
Or e'en to form a nymph complete,
All the various charms would meet,
Which each dividing bosom warm,
And every throbbing pulse alarms.
Yet these were vain, unless to these
Were join'd the sweet power to please;
That nameless something, undefin'd,
That soft effusion of the mind,
Which sweetly smiles in Mira's face,
To every motion lends a grace;
And, when her beauty points a dart,
Impels and guides it to the heart.
Is vain the stealing hand of time,
May pluck the blossoms of her prime,
Fancy may talk of bloom decay'd,
How lilies droop, and roses fade;
But constancy's unalter'd truth,
Recall'd of the roses of youth,
Affection too, that feeds the past,
And bids the pleasing influence last,
Shall still preserve the lovers flame
In every scene of life the same;
And shall with fond endearments blend
The wife, the mistress, and the friend.

RUSTICUS.

From the Portland Argus.

A DREAM.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And, as fast as I dream'd, it was coin'd in numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metres,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.
It seem'd that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old Bachelors' pates should be laid,
And, in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
The Bachelors grumbled and said 'twere no use,
'Twas cruel injustice and horrid abuse.
And declar'd, that to save their own hearts' blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they'd never pay a shilling.
But the rulers determined their scheme to pursue,
So they set all the Bachelors up at vendue.
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow
And to bowl out to any he might meet in the way,
"Ho forty old Bachelors sold here to-day."
And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each one in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,
Of every description all flocked to the sale.
The auctioneer then in his labors began
And called out aloud as he held up his man,
"How much for a bachelor? who wants to buy?"
A twink every Maiden responded,
"—I—"
In short at a hugely extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice;
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old Bachelor home on her shoulder.

From the Trenton Emporium.

THE COUNTERFEITER.

It was a sweet May morning, and the new blown flowers of spring lifted up their heads and shed abroad a light fragrance in the fresh air; the birds warbled forth their sweetest songs, and as they skipped from bough to bough, seemed conscious that the newly risen sun had come to light up a joyful season over the peaceful hamlet of Jamestown. It was Matilda's wedding day: And at an early hour, a happy group of laughing faces had gathered at the mansion of Mr. James, in obedience to the general invitation that had been sent into the neighborhood. The marriage of an only idolized daughter, which was now to be consummated, was an event which called forth all the generous and anxious feelings of a venerable and tender father. He had witnessed the progress of the attachment with hope and fear; hope, that the youth, his child had chosen, would prove as virtuous and amiable in after life, as he had been affectionate and fond in the short period of courtship's smiling days; and fear lest a different result should give him cause forever to upbraid himself for permitting the union of his Matilda with one who was almost unknown to him.

But these were now to have no bearing on her destiny. Henry de Forest was already on the side of his daughter, a tall and beautiful youth, with health glowing on his cheek, and intelligence sparkling in his eyes. He stood before the reverend clergyman, and pronounced his vows untremblingly; while others trembled, to the latest of the village maidens, on all the eastern shore of the wide Susquehanna. Then they were crowned with flowers and the song and merry tale went round, and the rustic dance filled up the intervals, until the sun retired, and the full moon threw a glow tint on the deep shade, and the still quiet that young love deigns to come to succeed the noisy mirth of the gay festival. De Forest had a pretty little residence not many miles from Jamestown to which he retired with his beautiful companion, and devoted his time to its improvement. But there was early observed a shade in his character; he was reserved and dark, fearful and suspicious, and at times, subject to fits of fretfulness and ill nature. His companions were chiefly strangers in that country who went, without seeking or avoiding the acquaintance of the neighboring cottages, and Matilda was scarcely permitted to see them. Thus though he was a man of reputed fortune and sincerely loved him, and though every thing seemed to smile around the youthful pair, they were not happy. Matilda mourned over the lost confidence of her husband, who frequently spent the tedious night in company with his companions, and when she rose in the morning, retired to bed to wear away the clock in tears and broken slumbers. Still however, to superficial observers, the de Forests were completely happy; the surrounding scenery grew more and more beautiful. Henry was liberal with his purse, and a style of living was adopted at once neat and splendid. Had Matilda been capable of enjoying pleasure, without the participation of her husband, she might have made the world all sunshine, but she could not and the overflowing of her wealth in the possession of health and friends, and in the smiles of a lovely infant, she saw him sick at heart, and she watched his cheek day by day, and smiled or wept as she saw it bright or sad. Thus passed two long years, and it was spring the third time since they were married.

One morning Matilda had risen unusually early, for the purpose of preparing some medicine for Henry, who was unwell, and was busy at her task, when two strangers rode up to the door, and enquired for Mr. De Forest; the answer that he was unwell, and could not be seen, did not satisfy them; they pleaded the urgency of business, and proceeded into the chamber, into which they had no sooner entered, than they declared that their business was to arrest him as a criminal, and carry him immediately to an examination before a magistrate on a charge of being concerned in counterfeiting. Matilda who had followed the strangers to the bed of her sick husband, fainted when she heard their errand: it was but the confirmation of some unrequited love-dreams of her own; the unrequited love of one of her strange and mysterious behavior, and when she recovered, it was but to see him dragged away, pale and feeble with disease, from her fond care, and the careworn of his smiling child, perhaps never to meet either again on this side of the grave; nor was it all; De Forest a criminal, his character assigned to infamy, and his life to sorrow, while the poor innocent, that reclined upon her bosom, should feel the wound of his father's guilt through life; it was the sudden blight of all her hopes, the unlooked for crush of all her cherished expectations, the fall from honor, respectability and wealth, to disgrace, to infamy and poverty; there were enough to weigh down a strong frame and sap a stronger constitution.

But woman is great in suffering and Matilda waited patiently the result. When the day of trial came, she went with her lovely babe, to the court house and sat by her husband, within the bar. It was a cruel sight to see two so fair and young, and hitherto so much honored and envied, now sitting side by side, awaiting a conviction or acquittal which though directed against one only, was to involve the other in all the most loath-

some consequences. The indictment, however, contained matter which Matilda, even in her darkest hours never dreamed of; to the crime of counterfeiting that of murder was added. The principal evidence was an old confederate, who had been driven by the stings of conscience to make the confession and accuse his accomplice; his testimony was clear, full and overwhelming, and it was confirmed by circumstances. The pleading was brief; the charge decided against the prisoner; the jury returned a verdict in a few hours of guilty; and the unhappy man stood up by the side of his youthful wife for the last time, to receive the sentence that was to sever him from all worldly connections. Then he was chained and carried away to his damp sepulchral dungeon, to wait the day and hour of execution.

Matilda carried home a bleeding heart. She had heard the time and, though she was confirmed by circumstances, the room she kept her eyes constantly fixed on the hands of her time piece; day after day she watched it slowly passing from minute to minute, and from hour to hour, until at last the sun rose upon the last day Henry de Forest had to live on earth. Then she appeared to revive again, and even to be more cheerful. She had her chamber hung with white and reposing on a couch, before the little moment of time, let her eyes steadily fixed on it, and when the minute came that was to sever her husband's life, she closed her eyes as if in sleep, and when her attendants discovered her she was cold and senseless, having been some time dead.

De Forest paid the forfeit due for his crimes, and his estate was all seized and sold. But his only son still lives.

Singular recovery of a Female unjustly executed. The following account of a girl, who was executed in 1766, is given by a celebrated French author, as an instance of the justice which was often committed by the equivocal moor of time, used in France.

About seventeen years since, a young peasant girl, possessed of a very agreeable figure, was placed at Paris in the service of a man depraved by all the vices consequent on the corruption of great cities. Smitten with her charms, he tried every method to seduce her, but she was virtuous, and resisted. The passion of her master, not being satisfied with her refusal, he determined on the most black and horrible revenge. He secretly conveyed into her box many things belonging to him marked with his name. He then exclaimed that he was robbed, called in a commissaire (a ministerial officer of justice) and made his deposition. The girl's box was searched, and the things were discovered. The unhappy servant was imprisoned. She defended herself only by her tears; she had no violence to prove that she did not put the property in her box, nor her answer to the interrogations was, that she was innocent. The judges had no suspicion on the delicacy of the accused, whose station was respectable, and they administered the law in all its rigour undoubtedly excessive which ought to disappear from our code to give place to a simple but certain penalty which leaves fewer crimes unpunished. The innocent girl was condemned to be hanged. The dreadful office was ineffectually performed, as the first attempt of the executioner failed. A surgeon had purchased the body for dissection, and it was conveyed to his house. On that evening, being about to open his head, he perceived a gentle warmth about the body. The dissecting knife fell from his hand, and he placed in his bed her whom he was about to dissect. His efforts to restore her to life were successful, and at the same time he sent for a priest, on whose discretion and experience he could depend, in order to counsel with him on this strange event, as well as to have him for a witness to his conduct. The moment the unfortunate girl opened her eyes, she believed herself the figure of the priest, who had a marked and majestic countenance (for I know him and it is from him that I have this fact.) she joined her hands tremblingly, and exclaimed, "Eternal Father, you know my innocence, have pity on me?" In this manner she continued to invoke the Ecclesiastic, believing in simplicity, that she believed her lord. They were long in persuading her that she was not dead, as such had the idea of the punishment and of death possessed her imagination. Nothing could be more touching and more expressive than the cry of an innocent being, who thus approached towards him whom she regarded as her Supreme Judge, and independently of her affecting beauty, this single spectacle was sufficient to create the most lively interest in the breast of an observing and sensible man. What a scene for a painter! What a moral for a philosopher! What a lesson for a legislator!

The servant having returned to life, recognized a man, whom she had advised, and directed his prayers towards the only adorable being, who dwelt in the house of the surgeon, who she doubtedly inquired on her account and his own. She retired to hide herself in a distant village, fearing to meet the Judge, or the officers, who with the dreadful tree successfully haunted her imagination. The villainous accuser remained unpunished because his crimes, though manifested to the eyes of two individual witnesses, was not so clear to the eyes of the magistrato and of the laws. The

people subsequently became acquainted with the resurrection of this girl, and loaded with reproaches the execrable author of her misery; but in this immense city, his offence was soon forgotten, and the monster perhaps still breathes; at least he has not publicly suffered the punishment which he deserves.

Dean Swift and a Shoemaker.

A shoemaker of Dublin had a longing to work for Dean Swift; he was recommended by Mr. James Swift, the banker, and Mr. Sican, a merchant. The Dean gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding, When shall I have them? On Saturday next, said the shoemaker. I hate disappointments, said the Dean, nor would you disappoint others; set your own time, and keep to it. I thank your Reverence, said Bambrick, (for that was his name,) I desire no longer time than Saturday next, when you will be sure to have them without fail. They parted, and the boots finished to the time; but through some business, Bambrick forgot to carry them till Monday evening. When the Dean drew the boots on, and found them to his mind, he said Mr. Bambrick, you have answered the commendations of your friends, but you have disappointed me, for I was to have been at Sir Arthur Acheson's in the county of Armagh, on this day. Indeed and indeed, Sir, said Bambrick, the boots were finished to the time, but I forgot to bring them home.

The Dean gave him one of his stern looks, and after a pause asked him, whether he understood gardening as well as boot-making? Bambrick answered no, Sir, but I have seen some very fine gardens in England; come, said the Dean in a good humoured tone, I will show you what improvements I have made in the deanery garden.

They walked through the garden together, and when the Dean started, as if recollecting something; I must step in, he said, stop here till I come back, then he ran out of the garden, locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Bambrick walked about till it grew dark, and not seeing the dean, he at last ventured to follow him, but found the door locked; he knocked, and called several times to no purpose; he perceived himself shut out between high walls, the night darkened, and in the month of March. However, he had not the least suspicion of his being intentionally confined.

The dean's servants went to bed at the usual hour, and the Dean remained in his study till two o'clock next morning. Then he went into the hall, and drew the change out of the blunderbuss and other fire arms, and then returned and rang his bell. He was immediately attended by one of his servants, Robert, said he, I have been much distressed with noise on the garden side, I fear some robbers have broke in, give me a lantern, and call up Saunders. The Dean took the lantern, and stood by the arms until the men came. Arm yourself, said he, follow me. He led them into the garden, where he lighted a candle, and then Bambrick, who came running up to them. Upon his approach the Dean roared out, there's the robber, about him about him. Saunders presented, and Mr. Bambrick terrified to death, fell on his knees, and begged his life. The Dean held the lantern up to the man's face, and gravely said, Jerry on! Mr. Bambrick, how came you here? Lord, Sir, said Bambrick, don't you remember you told me here in the evening? Ah! friend, said the Dean, I forget it, as you did the boots; then turning round to Robert, who was his outler, he said, give the man some warm wine, and see him to bed.

This circumstance was received from Drury Coleman, one of Bambrick's workmen, and who worked for him at the same time.

HOW TO CATCH AN OWL.

A western paper mentions the following as an easy method of taking 'gwhs. When you discover one on a tree, and find that it is looking at you, all you have to do is to move quickly round the tree several times, when the owl in the mean while whose attention will be so firmly fixed, that forgetting the necessity of turning its body with its head, it will follow your motions with its eyes, till it wrings its head off.

The following equally easy and ingenious method to take rabbits was handed to us for insertion, a few days ago, by a correspondent.—Eds. Fr.]

A good mode to take Rabbits. Take four or five apples, split them into four pieces each and place a piece of apple in the paths these animals generally make through a thicket that they frequent. Then cover one half of the piece of apple, on the side which is cut, with mud. The rabbit in smelling, the apple, which is so attractively fragrant, will inhale the smell, and in sneezing will blow its brains out.

A person having purchased a watch, placed it in his box, and strutting across the floor, says to his wife, "Where shall I drive a nail to hang my watch upon, that it may not be disturbed and broken?" "I do not know a safer place," replied his wife, "than in our most beloved—I'm sure no one will go there to disturb it."

A physician was asked whether his patient's fever had gone off? "I believe," answered the doctor, "and the man has gone off with it."

FOR THE ELKTON PRESS.

ADVICE.

The other day passing by the old market (by the bye, the abandonment of that place) I happened to see two men in conversation, one of whom said more than a little, "Do you mind your own business, I know what I'm about." I supposed from his tone, that he grew tired of the subject, and that to make an end of it, he thought fit to let the other know that his advice was not acceptable—and perhaps, thought I, it was treated as such. The inequality of the minds of men makes common, or giving advice one of the most valuable services that they can do for one another; but if advice were implicitly taken one half of the world would make fools of themselves, for the entertainment of the other—every day would be a first of April, and it would be well if it were nothing more than a jest, for advice would not always stop at the injunction of a jest. The truth is, a man should have a pretty good share of prudence to know when and how far to give advice. There are certain relations of children to parents, for instance, which nature enjoins it as an act of obedience. There are some people so dependent that no body but a fool that had almost ceased to be human, would not for pleasure in their embarrassment, and, and as the world is, a blind man would hardly be directed to a precipice, but excepting such cases, advice will do but little injury, or deceive.

I have seen a man, and he has been often been seen, that both lived and talked extemporaneously. Whether his prurency was in his tongue or in his imagination I don't know, but talk he would, and out of his abundance he would be ready to give individual advice as to the finances or the conduct of the government of the nation. Probably he had no design, but on all subjects and on all occasions he is disposed to talk, and the simplicity of others is his opportunity. Unless his delirium should be permanent, like that of the Pythia, priestess and of course his opinion is the dictate of an oracle, how is it possible that he should give good advice respecting an affair, which, to those who have considered it, appears a difficult one. As all he says is the product of mere quackery, how can it possibly be of use for the use of a serious enquirer? The however we may need advice, we do get none, or what is worse than none from this quarter. Let us see how we shall succeed with Sempronius, the swain, as it would seem of a destination to sustain no mean character among mortals, he does every thing in due form, and when he speaks lets you know, his manner (grave and impressive to be sure) that what he says is to be regarded with more than common attention. A stranger would see at once he either is, or affects to be, a person of some consequence. His underling, indeed ranks with the most intelligent of his neighborhood, and were it not his over-weening opinion of himself would do very well. Immorality, he measures very much, but indecency rather more. He is very apt to castigate of majestic remark on those about him, and so well does he support his character, whether natural or assumed, that people sometimes believe better of them than they are. Now it would be an unbecoming as well as unprofitable not only to instruct the ignorant, but to give advice generally, and to associate with great propriety to the neighborhood.

There is, however, a qualification which Sempronius is deficient in, and that is to do good. His aim is to distinguish, and to maintain himself on a certain point of elevation in society, and to this thing can be more common than a large number of clients in the man sense of the words: To be respected by success, and to be well spoken of, shall each of them, not only admire wisdom, but set to work under its auspices. It may be with very little success. What of that? there are accidents enough to be imagined without being his sagacity into question; and he need not care any thing about the fact, as the physician who kills his patient need not care any thing about it if it does not succumb to him.

There are many, rather an infinity of ways in which people may be interested in the advice that they give, and which they accordingly endeavor to meet their neighbor's convenience to meet. If advice of this sort were translated into intelligible language it would carry antidote with it to a certainty. One gives another to recruit his spirits with cheerful glances. Having interpreted would be, "I have a mind to get drunk, and if you do so too it will appear as if I am not the only beast in the house." To a B. if you will join in the house of a man of business, you will make a fortune. In plain English, "By the way, C. is a pretty fellow, and I want to marry him, and I want you to pay me. I should be very glad, ever, to get out of your pocket. Again, if you will buy these goods, just move them to Chick's or any else you cannot fail of making a cent. That is, without a doubt, these remnants stay here much longer, they will become a prey to the rust, and I shall actually lose a portion of my capital. What is it that should pay me down the full value, go to the clerk with them as fast as please."

Whether I have interpreted fairly, men of this sort judge.