

The Parterre.

From the Providence Gazette.

OLD GRIMES.
 True—"John Gilpin was a citizen."
 Old Grimes is dead—That good old man
 We never shall see him more.
 He used to wear a long black coat
 A buttoned down before
 His heart was open as the sky;
 His feelings all were true;
 His hair was once dyed red to grey—
 He wore it in a queue.

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As many people do.

This word's goods he never throw
In rest to future's care;
But as well as his brothers do

In easy circumstances.
 They are disturbed by anxious cares,
 His penitential moments last;
 And every body said he was
 A fine old gentleman.
 Grief was all his cheerful thought
 To him a constant sorrow;
 As he lay down, he said, "Sweet Mary,
 Who made this poem?"

A Father's advice to a Daughter.
 "Thy Wisdom, O my daughter, be
 Affection, and thy love be true;
 Follow the path which the angels lay,
 Whence wisdom leads to glory's day;
 Let virtue be thy guide, and steps be true,
 And thou shalt reach the heights of pride;
 The path of duty, the golden mean,
 The state of the pure serene.
 From folly what soft influence spring—
 Whence to make thyself a king;
 Whence to the temple of wisdom go,
 And to the temple of glory too."

To please me find that I am blast;
 Thy southern heart—thy southern breast
 Sealed with a thousand thousand thorns
 Whence the soft sighs and sighs of love
 Come forth, as from a burning heart,
 For thee, her peace, her health, her joy,
 For thee, her every heart's employed,
 Though thou the life before thy eyes
 Lay through the darkness of the grave
 Thy sighs and tears, were sable rain;
 And thou, my dear, the life of mine
 Thy heart, my heart, my heart, my heart
 Thy heart, my heart, my heart, my heart
 Neglect her heart, my heart, my heart
 O make her heart, my heart, my heart
 From youthful love, my heart, my heart
 My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart
 My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart
 My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart
 My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart

An Affecting Tale.

The following statement is extracted from the *Newcastle Gazette*, not as a tale originating in a poetical fancy, and embellished by the touches of a wild or wanton intellect, but as a relation of incidents which have actually occurred, and which, therefore, possess a more powerful claim on our sympathies.

The *Gazette* states, that the names are known, but a wish to prevent any painful reflections to some that perhaps knew the parties, they are concealed:

"Jane" was the only daughter of a man, who, in the early part of his life emigrated to the United States from the North of Ireland. Accustomed to life of industry, by application to business, and suffering from poverty in his youth, he regarded money as the only object worth a reasonable man's attention. By his diligence, he had amassed a considerable fortune, which it was known in the country his daughter would inherit. It is now more than forty years since I saw her. She was then in the bloom of youth—hope and expectation gave to her a more interesting appearance than I have ever yet witnessed.

she was about eighteen; possessing natural good sense, and accomplished that rendered her the pride and admiration of her friends. Many were the suitors for her hand, but she refused them with such a grace and respect for their feelings, that they loved her the more.—Among her admirers, there was a young man, a native of Massachusetts, respectable by his talents and genius. He was a member of the bar, and though young, maintained a respectable standing at the bar. He was a man of many accomplishments, and many advantages, for his gentleman-like and manly deportment, and nature had given him a striking and interesting appearance.—But as yet he was poor, and he owed to fortune nothing. Chance threw him into the company with Jane—an intimacy was formed, and he frequently visited her father's house, where he received not only that attention and marked politeness which he deserved by his standing, but he also experienced the open-hearted hospitality which marks the

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relationship is conducted. She resumed in her contented life. He waited for her to express the desire to leave the state of Georgia, and she returned to her home in the city of New York. The first time she saw him, she was surprised to find that he was not the same man who had been in the state of Georgia. He had become a different person. The first time she saw him, she was surprised to find that he was not the same man who had been in the state of Georgia. He had become a different person. The first time she saw him, she was surprised to find that he was not the same man who had been in the state of Georgia. He had become a different person.

a short time after her marriage. H. returned from war he settled himself in domestic life, and gained a degree of eminence worthy of him—He came to claim a sister for his brother but she was now another—*not* her heart but her person. She was his once and often mistress, when the fact was explained. He loved Jane two years less than he demanded from her for her father's rebellious husband, and still he loved her. He was the expression of such a proceeding, he returned to his place of residence unapprehended. From that time Jane declined life. A slow consumptive grief fastened on her—her husband he came a gambler, and lost his only supporting society—and Jane died in giving birth to a son, whose great disaster took home. A while he found that it was not money at all that had made his daughter happy; and soon after, he followed her to the grave. The unfortunate child, neglected by its father and deprived by death of its protector, was an outcast upon the world. H. took him home as if he were an adopted child, and he grew up since then, and he enjoys a comparative degree of peace; yet he looks forward with anxiety to that state of existence when the troubles of this life are lost in undisturbed felicity—when men can be happy without having a world, and where the commonest temptations can never be heard."

The Three Sharpers.
AN ARABIAN TALE.
A peasant was conducting a goat to market. He was mounted on a mule.

and the goat followed him, with a bell hung to his neck. Three sharpers, observing this little escort, instantly longed to make it their own; not so much for the value of the thing, as to show their address. I will lay an even bet, said the first, that I will rob that man of his goat, without his thinking to enquire after it. I will lay the second, said the second, that I will rob him of his goat, without his waging that he will give me the money he will ride on. That must be a hard task, indeed, said the third; but what do you think of my enterprise, since I engage to take from him all the clothes upon his back; and to make him rejoice at seeing himself stripped to the skin? I will lay the fourth, said the fourth, that I will rob him of his goat, without his suspecting that his subject was truly ridiculous, yet tricks of this kind flourish at a nature are daily practised in London, where the inhabitants pretend to be much wiser than their countrymen, and whose rustic simplicity is, with

The first sharper extremely loosened his fastening to the bell, snipped it from the goat's ear, and then the snipper's tail, and made off with the goat and uncovered a peasant, cowering in a tuck of the bell before he could shut that his goat followed him. He never happened to find his goat behind him. The next morning, however, he was surprised at missing the little animal, which he was to sell at the market. He soon made inquiry of the passengers in hopes of hearing from the lost goat. He at last, the second sharper, confessed that, at last, the second sharper had caught him, and told him he had just seen a man make down the next lane, carrying a goat, dragging a goat along by the hind legs. The peasant thanked him, and he had run faster at his old native custom, and immediately dismounted, and requested the sharper to build his equip-

be set off full speed, in pursuit of
the thief. After exhausting his self in
the pursuit, without getting a sight of
the thief, he returned, quite spent,
and almost breathless, to thank the
ranger for taking care of his mule,
and to tell him of his misadventure. To
his mule and its keeper there was, of
course, no reward. The two cowboys, however, had gained
a secure retreat, and were turning up
the country again, while he waited for
the countryman to take of a well, in
part of a road he knew he would pass.
He went into the first small saloon
and made up his better feelings; that
he could now stretch out, with some

He approached him, and realizing his own recent bad luck, he was disposed to refer to the affairs of others. As he appeared to be a man of great intellect and good character, he said:

"How can I be of service to you?"

"It is your modesty, I care little that you have just lost a large sum of money, the value of which is more than half of my substance. My wife and I, my dear friend, have made up our minds to go to the States, and I am sure that you will be able to compare well with me. You see that the jewel has fallen to the victor, and the diamonds, delivered into my hands, are entrusted to my care and protection, to be carried to the Cape of Good Hope, and then to the Cape of Intelligence, where you will be called in consequence of having clandestinely sold them. Why do not you give to the bottom of the well, and fetch by the treasure," said the merchant. "I know it is not

... who knows the well better than me, should undertake the kind office, upon giving the jewels, I would give him ten pounds only.

He then undid the paper and poured out his piousulations of gratitude to Manomet. Having thrown in this way means of saving the loss of his mule and goat, he said he was in a straits, the tears and I will recover your cash. I am a carpenter and, and the master of my own self, and jumped with the anxiety into the well, that the owner saw he had no time to lose, and immediately took to his heels with his rifle. The poor peasant fell all around a system of the well to no purpose, and then flinging himself into the trunk, to the strength of the trunk, and the trunk, he found that the animal had decamped with his apparel—down was too late, by his woe experience, he took home by many a lonely mile, to conceal his shame, and relating the tale to an affectionate wife, the only consolation he received from her was, that she would be his strength, and the prophet said the plains, two thirds of human race owe the greatest part of vexations of life to imprudent confidences.

Irish hyacinths. The late general —, going post to Ireland, on some extraordinary business, that is, on some extraordinary errand, was one day stopped by a man of a fortune, who happened to dine at an inn on the Chester road, and ordered a pair of docks, which he saw ready at the kitchen fire. The General's desire had just been com-
mited with, when some country bucks came in, hungry as hawks, after a morning's sport. They eagerly inquired what could be had to eat. Like a true connoisseur, the landlord enumerated what had not, to apologize for what he had, and among other things, mentioned the docks, which had been only a moment before served up for the Irish gentleman's dinner. "*Irish gentlemen*," he politely explained one of the disappointed

up, "I'm my duty to live the lesson
do not know B from a bull's foot."
Here, waiter, take my watch up to the
mlemen, presenting compliments, and
quest him to tell what o'clock it is."

The General heard the message, took the water and with great temerity returned his respects with an assurance that, as soon as he had dined he would endeavor to satisfy their injury. The bucks, chucking at the embarrassment which they imagined the ignorant Irish man was led into, sat down to regale themselves on whatever they could get. But their jollity was presently disturbed by the entrance of a military officer, in the uniform of a militia, which is the peculiar characteristic of the army, advanced towards the table, where they were seated, presented the watch. "Gentlemen," said he, "I wish to know its owner, as from a message I received a little while ago, I presume he is short sighted, and have brought him a pair of spectacles, (pointing to a box of large pistols he held under his arm) to remedy his defect, and give him a short sight." The General deliberately put the watch into his fob, with a declaration that secured it to him forever. "Gentlemen I am sorry for including, as I find the owner is not a young man; whenever he claims it he shall have it; but never without a trial of his spectacles."

Mr. Curran, being retained against young officer, who was indicted for a gross assault, opened the cause in the following manner: "My lord I am counsel for the crown; and I am first to acquaint your lordship, that this soldier—" "Nay sir," says the military hero, "I am an officer." "Oh, sir, I beg your pardon," says the counsellor, very wisely. "Nay, then, my lord, to speak more correctly, this officer, who is no soldier."

Mr. Garrow, some short time ago, ex-
hibiting a very young lady, who was
striking in a case of assault, asked her,
the person assaulted did not give the
defendant very ill language; if he did,
I will hit a d—d Scotch cobbler, and
for other words so bad that he the
counsel, had not impudence
enough to reject; she replied in the
affirmative. "Will you pardon me kind
enough, then," said he, "to tell the court
at these words were?" "Why, sir,"
replied she, "if you have not impudence
enough to speak them: how can you sup-
pose that I have?"

After a loud preface of *O yes!* pronounced most audibly three times in a high street at New Market, Enniscorthy, the late crack-brained lord Barrymore, having collected a number of persons together, made the following proposition:—"Who wants to buy a horse that will walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen and gallop twenty?" "I do," cried a gentleman with manifest eagerness. "Then," replied lord Barrymore, "if I say such animal to be sold, I will be sure to let you know."

A gentleman at a table, observing another paying particular attention to a ham, facetiously asked him—"What would you say to that ham, if you were a Jew?" The other replied—"I would say as trippa said to Paul, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'"

Moral Chronicle.

See number of applicants

Good Sense.

through the cultivation of the understanding is generally neglected. Jealousy is the universal disease that afflicts every man, and even animals, such as a royal and even a molested, or a confessor. It arises to the point of the same effect from the growth of another person would be an offence not everyone. That is it intellect which distinguishes man from other animals we all know, and to fill short of common endowment, would be humiliating indeed. Hence the jealousy which a man watches the opinions of others, and the understanding of the understanding of the understanding of the understanding is at being rated below what it thinks is attacking. This jealousy, however, is culpable, for what our nature was designed to be, and in what its perfection must intimately consist—that right to good or good sense relatively to our condition cannot be dispensed with, and whoever wants this qualification is thereby degraded and no longer in equal footing with the rest of his

degeneracy. Whence had the ambition to write a history of this reader, and of 4000 others, who are sitting in the same room as I am, and who are reading the same history, he has gathered him with a list of 400 authors, to write, I suppose, to introduce him to some further knowledge of the subject. Now although I think this same compliment of good sense of more than even history, I should not describe such a tiresome length of preliminary exercise, nor think it necessary for the student should read his eyes out to get himself past learning any thing, though an interperate ambition to be a writer. Although I think reason, as it exercises among us, becomes more rational by exercise, I do not think that of learning or science is necessary to do it. I now call good sense. It is to be remarked that a man is sensible on other things, not so he knows much or little, and that we seldom agree or disagree much on matters of science. I have known many men of good sense, and I have known many men of bad sense, but who for good sense were hardly equal to a common laborer.

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something not altogether
 sometimes observed in
 as they visit their lumbering
 country. They come down
 season from the sparse in
 the woods, and in the
 a week or a month to
 w. "The simplicity of
 w. among Adeline's
 for their bacon and
 during with eyes
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 which they therefore
 feet, however practi-
 should be thought
 and the same ap-
 w. is *mis-meaning*,
 honored with their
 this, however, they
 next hot season, to
 country acquaintance,
 and discretion they
 till they get home.
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 but, as the accom-
 upon their fre-
 when, if they had
 good sense would
 them out of sight.

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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

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