



WINTER.—STORMY EVENING.

THE Skies a sombre shade assume,
While the chill north eastern breeze
Serves to heighten evening's gloom,
Howling through the leafless trees,

Nature wears her robe of white,
Vesper glimmers in the west,
Not one gem has fable Night
To grace her brow or clasp her vest.

Hark! the tempest, loud descending,
Beats against the brittle pane;
And its drifting torrents blending
Fleecy snow and drenching rain.

Now, to banish spleen and vapours,
Bid the fire cheerful blaze;
Bring your book; and let the tapers
Shed around their friendly rays.

Ope the volume, turn the pages,
Read, and muse, and chat by turns,
How ambition lawless rages,
How the patriot's bosom burns.

Learn from MILTON, bard inspir'd,
How e'en angels could rebel;
From HOMER, how by Grecians fir'd,
Ilium's lofty towers fell.

Now the traveller, faint and weary,
Often fighting as he goes,
O'er heaths, through forests, dark and dreary,
Beats against the drifting snows.

Ears, and cheeks, and fingers tingle,
Tortur'd by the piercing frost;
Scarce he hears his sleigh-bells jingle,
Now, alas! the track is lost.

Numbing cold each sense invading,
Checks his pulse, and seals his eyes;
No kind hand the sufferer aiding;
Buried in the drift he dies.

Fancy! whither art thou leading?
Stay! the scene's too painful grown;
I see those friends, whose hearts are bleeding,
When the traveller's fate is known.

By HIM, who has the storm directed,
May each traveller doom'd to roam,
Be through this drear night protected,
And conducted safely home.

Then, no more the storm regretting,
Fond delight his soul inspire;
Wind, and snow, and cold, forgetting,
Chatting round the social fire.

SATURDAY'S MONITOR.

The public worship of GOD on the Sabbath, is calculated to have a beneficial effect on the morals of a people.—In public prayer, the nature of GOD is acknowledged—his perfections and the obligations we are under. Sin is renounced: We pray for repentance and pardon, and acknowledge it to be our duty to live soberly, righteously and godly. The heart is impressed with serious sentiments, and good resolutions are formed. Songs of praise are intended to heighten devotion—to raise our thoughts of GOD's Majesty, and to express a sense of our thankfulness for benefits received. In songs of praise, music and poetry unite their charms to warm the heart with a sense of divine love and raise our affections to the Great object of adoration.—Religious discourses, properly conducted, tend to repress vice, to encourage virtue, and to make men wiser and better;—and thus the labours of public teachers coincide with the just design of civil policy. Public worship in connexion with the Christian Sabbath, promotes moral instruction and social refinement.—Where these are attended to, mark their happy effects.—You behold decency, civilization of manners, sobriety, industry, good order and patriotism.—They form an habitual rectitude of character, and make men refined, humane, and rational beings. Where they are not observed, you behold the contrary—idleness, intemperance, prodigality, brutality, and impatience of every kind of restraint. In the solemn assemblies on the Sabbath, how many are there who weekly receive that useful instruction which guide their feet in the path of duty; which makes them receive the fruits of divine bounty with gratitude, and undergo the necessary labours of life with cheerfulness; which supports them under affliction, and arms them with courage to meet death.

FROM A LONDON PAPER—SEPT. 25.

Yesterday Mr. Ladbroke, a gentleman in Thames-Street, was summoned by a servant whom he recently discharged, for twenty-five shillings, under the following circumstances: Mr. L. has a country house at Mitcham, and usually goes there every Friday. On Friday the 17th of last August, he drove off in his chaise; but instead of going to Mitcham, dined with a friend at Walworth, agreeable to an invitation. The Plaintiff, who expected his master would not return before Monday, made preparation, according to previous arrangement to entertain a party he had invited to celebrate his birth-day. The cook and house-keeper had consented to join in the *Gala*, and by nine o'clock, the kitchen table displayed a very handsome supper for the company, consisting of seven. On removal of the cloth, ale, beer, and spirits, teemed on the board; and that the Plaintiff's health might not be scurvily drank, by virtue of his office

(Butler) he brought forward five bottles of rare old port from his master's cellar; conviviality of course prevailed; *Momus* and *Bacchus* animated the assembly. The cook-maid dished up a tolerable fong, the house-keeper carved out order to the guests; and the kitchen had the semblance of mirth and festivity. Things were in this state, when the well known knock of their master at the door operated like an electric shock, and before they recovered from the general confusion, two loud peals succeeded. Half the candles suddenly disappeared, profound silence took place of the former jollity, and during the pause the butler admitted his master. The latter soon discovered the occasion of his long stay at the door—his man was intoxicated; five bottles had been drained, and his friends below were in a similar situation. Mr. L. exasperated, instantly discharged the Plaintiff, stopped the five bottles of wine out of his wages, and ordered him, with his visitors, to leave the house. After Mr. L. had declared he never gave permission to any of his servants to take wine out of his cellar, the Commissioners informed the Plaintiff he ought to pay for his extravagance, and had no claim on his master.

THE RURAL MOURNER.

A Sentimental Fragment.

***** Alas! fair Eliza, why is thy cheek wet with Sorrow's glistening tear? Cannot the child of sensibility alleviate thy woe! carest thou not that lonely flower, the grace of the blooming lawn? How beautiful in its appearance! Its sweets are wafted by the passing zephyr to the distant vale! Yes I behold it replied the mourner, it blooms in Nature's fairest charms, untouched by the rude finger of the spoiler—so had bounteous Nature been no less partial to him than to that lovely flower. The modest blush of his cheek out-vied the carnation of the rose. The lustre of his eye, when sparkling with the tear of sympathy, could soothe the sorrows of affliction. The harmony of his voice could lull to the rest the drooping child of misery. His soul was the seat of heaven born compassion. He was upright, therefore, he was happy. We danced and we sung—discontentment never call a shade to cloud mutual serenity.—All that knew him loved him. At his appearance sadness fled away. Indeed I had my share of sorrow; for a while it corroded my bosom he gave me back to tranquillity.—Grief passed off as the dew which the sun exhales.—Look now, behold that pensive flower, it has faded, Ah! now it has dropped, it withers away. Its verdant leaves are dispersed in the winds, and not one fragment of its sweet resemblance remains.—Yes, such was thy fate thou didst fade as the flower. Thine head was bowed to the high command of the angel of death. Thy virtues and thy remains now rest together. Thrice has Cynthia returned, and shed her silver beams on thy mossy turf. Morn, noon and eve have I visited this weeping willow shade, and embalmed the dust with the hallowed tears of love. I will adorn this little place with the fairest flowers of spring. The fragrant honey-suckle shall flourish on thy tomb; his branches will I twine to screen the turf from the falling shower. I will water it with my tears, and as they pour for him, it will flourish with a brighter verdure. Still shall he live in the remembrance of Eliza; his form shall be ever present to my delighted imagination. Oft do I repeat his words that yet sound as music to my ear, "Eliza, I knew thy love, cherish by memory, and be happy."

Soft as the breath of morn, gentle as the smooth gliding stream, was the voice of Eliza. Each morn she visits the lonely spot, and chants those tender soothing airs that were taught her when pensive melancholy overclouded her bosom.

ON THE APTITUDE OF THE EARTH TO YIELD BREAD.

Bread more than any other article is the staff of human life; and through the singular goodness of providence, almost every country and clime are capable of producing this essential sustenance of man. Articles of luxury are the peculiar growth of some particular climates. The grape, the nutmeg, the pine-apple, the orange, and numberless other delicacies, require the vivid rays of nearly a tropical sun; but some or other of the various grains which produced bread; may be made to grow almost every where.

Even in the cold and dreary regions of Siberia in Russia, where peach, plum, or cherry, never grow; where the apple tree, though assisted by a garden culture, can be made to produce fruit scarcely bigger than a walnut, the fields are laden with luxuriant crops of wheat. Buck-wheat seems to have been an ingenious plant of that country; or in other words, it re-produces itself there and grows spontaneously, or without any cultivation. Other kinds of wheat, it is said, re-produce themselves, or grow spontaneously in the Island of Sicily.

When countries become crowded with people, necessity urges them to diminish the limits of their meadows and to return them to tillage; that so they may raise the largest possible quantities of grains for bread, and of vegetables.—In England, hay is comparatively but little used. It is accounted too dear a food for cattle.—Wheat, barley, rye and oats, are raised in the greatest possible quantities; the kernels whereof, allowing a portion of the coarsest to their horses, is used for the sustenance of man; and their straw, together with turnips, carrots and some other vegetables, are food for their cattle during the winter.

The country which is fertile in yielding grains for bread, is much better than that which under a barren surface, contains mines of gold; because men can live without the latter, but not without the former.

FROM AN ENGLISH PUBLICATION.

ST. MARTIN'S PARISH. NUISANCES.

AN order has been made to abate, in ten days, all the public nuisances in this extensive Parish. We have been favored with the list, from which we have extracted the following items:—

The *Blind Fidler*, with the lighted candle stuck upon the end of the neck of his fiddle. This man plays every

night in the Strand, and attracts, upon the flag-way, a crowded audience, impervious to the passenger. It is a matter of doubt, whether the candle is lighted to *show* the blind artist his audience, or to enable the audience to hear his harmony.

Miss Lydia Sharpe, an old Maid, at No. —, St. Martin's lane. This virgin, who has seen the better part of the last Century, has been long considered a great nuisance in the Parish. To an excessive volubility of speech, and tenacity of memory, she adds an insatiable thirst for all the knowledge necessary to support a first-rate character at the tea-table. In the course of the last twelve months, she had married 15 matrimonial speculations, and made 9 wives and 19 husbands jealous. She had lately contracted with a bookseller to write a history of the Parish; and expected, from the superintending care and vigilance evinced through her whole life, to be appointed an *Overseer*.

Mr. Timothy Starch, an old bachelor in the same place. This Gentleman has done much mischief in the Parish by his constant abuse of matrimony. Neither the *Clergyman*, *Clerk*, nor *Sexton*, have been one penny the better for him; as there has been neither birth, death, nor wedding in his family, these twenty years. The wives complain that he spoils their husbands, by teaching his *odd tricks*, and the husbands complain that he holds out a chance of a second marriage to their wives, which makes them careless and undutiful.

Mrs. Deborah Snout, sister of —, near the King's Mews. The dragon, that guarded the golden fruit in the garden of the Hesperides, did not watch his charge more strictly than Mrs. Deborah watches her two beautiful nieces. The ladies are not suffered to go to prayers, play, or parks, without her, and they have repeatedly declared her a nuisance to the Parish. A numerous suite of lovers supported their allegation.

Mr. Shave, a penny barber, presented the patentee of a new powder for scouring the beard off a man's chin, as a public nuisance. The charge was strongly supported by a soap-boiler in the neighbourhood.

Miss Selina Slender, of Hemming's-row, a dashing fashionable nude, of first rate transparency, was presented by a host of milliners, mantua-makers, washerwomen, &c. They stated that she is the reigning *belle* of the Parish, and sets the fashions of the neighbourhood to their great private loss, and injury to the public revenue. Several doctors, apothecaries, and undertakers, deposed to the contrary; but their evidence carried no weight, and several of them were put in a state of impeachment, as nuisances themselves.

We regret the want of room to detail the residue of the condemned list, containing several *sleepy* watchmen, *box-loungers*, &c.

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