

POETRY.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE PRESS.

From the Liverpool Mercury.

Heaven sent the PRESS to awe a guilty  
 age,  
 And lash the Vices with a noble rage;  
 Warn'd by the fate of Greece and Rome  
 undone,  
 Each wild extreme of party heat to shun  
 To bid the brazen roar of battle cease,  
 And join mankind in holy leagues of  
 peace;  
 With the deep thunder of her fearless  
 tone,  
 To drive contending factions from the  
 throne;  
 Check evil counsels; guard the common  
 weal,  
 And fill the Royal mind with patriot  
 zeal;  
 These are her virtuous tasks—but these  
 not all  
 The mighty claims that for her labours  
 call,  
 'Tis hers the cause of suffering realms  
 to plead,  
 And lend to Justice an impartial aid;  
 Against Invasion's sword to arm the  
 brave,  
 And break the galling fetters of the  
 slave;  
 With fair applause to tan the generous  
 flame;  
 When Art and Science woo the meed of  
 Fame;  
 To smooth their path, their anxious toil  
 repay,  
 And lead them forth from darkness into  
 day;  
 Strike their fell foe, malignant envy,  
 down,  
 And vote to merit an unfading crown.  
 Still the proud QUEEN OF ISL-  
 ANDS, as of old,  
 Disdain to barter liberty for gold;  
 Her Britons still their sacred birth-  
 right prize,  
 Chief good of all beneath the spacious  
 skies,  
 And still the lofty brow, the dauntless  
 mien,  
 The soul amidst contending storm serene  
 The scorn of low power, the martial  
 fires,  
 Prove the brave sons the copy of their  
 sire;  
 Of those, whose van on *Thames'* fair  
 stream,  
 Of mingled warriors cast a steely  
 gleam,  
 What time their warlike bands the bat-  
 tles led  
 In the broad field of glorious RUNNY-  
 MEDD;  
 With frowning pride the Liege-flag  
 uproll'd,  
 And sent a lesson to the wondering world;  
 Struck the fierce breast of faithless  
 JOHN with awe,  
 And won the immortal charter of the  
 law.  
 Thou still the PRESS to her high mis-  
 sion true,  
 Pour her whole thunder on the guilty  
 crew;  
 Kings, nobles; factions, in their turns  
 appeal,  
 And wield a fiery vengeance over all;  
 Yet when Corruption threatens all the  
 land,  
 And the vile traffic speeds from hand  
 to hand;  
 When her grave factors the debate pro-  
 long,  
 To weigh the profits not the right or  
 wrong;  
 The Press, perverted in an evil hour,  
 Becomes an engine of oppressive power;  
 To make the worse appear the better  
 cause,  
 And sap the strong foundation of the  
 laws;  
 And, oft debased by Mammon's greedy  
 train,  
 Sinks to a hacknied instrument of gain;  
 Puts in the market at an easy price,  
 The prostitute of Falsehood, Fraud and  
 Vice?  
 The coward's weapon, and the ready  
 fool  
 Of every smooth impostor, knave, and  
 fool;  
 By day, by night, their deadly libels  
 strike  
 The fair reputation of every rank alike;  
 With innuendoes sport the virgin's fame,  
 And doom the weeping innocent to  
 shame;  
 Spread black inventions through the  
 busy town,  
 To rob a hero of his just renown;  
 Malign the patriot, & their venom shed  
 On the meek preacher of the gospel's  
 head;  
 The great and good, the lov'd and  
 honour'd most,

The friends of freedom, and their  
 country's boast,  
 At once, to scorn and calumny the doom.  
 Nor spare the ROYAL VICTIM in  
 her tomb  
 Liverpool, May 20, 1822. W. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Port Folio.  
 DR. JOHNSON ON MATRIMONY.  
 LETTER I.

SIR.  
 The following dialogue, between the  
 great Dr. Johnson and myself, I com-  
 mitted to paper on the very day it hap-  
 pened. I am confident it is very accu-  
 rate, for I have a retentive memory,  
 whatever other talents I may want.  
 The occasion was this:—during the  
 first year of my marriage with the best  
 of husbands, finding myself extremely  
 unhappy and supposing myself cruelly  
 treated by the man, who, I knew, loved  
 me, and of whom I was passionately  
 fond, I paid a visit to Dr. Johnson, in  
 order to consult him on this very ex-  
 traordinary case. He was reading when  
 I entered the room. I thus began:

"I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupt-  
 ing your studies with so little ceremo-  
 ny; but if I may judge from your writ-  
 ings, you are good natured and humane.  
 You may refuse me your advice; but  
 when I tell you I am unhappy, it is not  
 in your power to refuse me your com-  
 passion. You may command your  
 tongue; but you cannot command your  
 heart."—He shook his head, without  
 looking up or speaking a word. I also  
 continued silent about five minutes, I  
 was then going to begin a second apology  
 and had just pronounced, "I am sorry,  
 Dr. Johnson,"—when without raising  
 his eyes from the ground, he said—  
 "There wants no apology. That a wo-  
 man should seek consolation where it is  
 not to be found, excites neither sur-  
 prise nor surpris. The infelicities of which  
 mankind complain, are generally the  
 offspring of vice or folly. I accuse you  
 of both; but to day I am busy. You  
 may recite your story to-morrow morn-  
 ing. I shall be at home till two o'clock  
 to-morrow. I wish you a good day."  
 "Doctor, your servant"—And so ended  
 our first conversation.

LETTER II.

SIR.  
 According to my promise, I now send  
 you the dialogue between Dr. Johnson  
 and myself. I presume you will think  
 it worthy your acceptance, as it is a curi-  
 osity of which none of his biographers  
 are possessed. I told you in my last  
 letter that the Doctor, when I first wait-  
 ed on him, was busy, and that he pro-  
 mised to give me audience the day fol-  
 lowing. I found him in parlour with  
 a thick book before him. As he con-  
 tinued his study, I had an opportunity  
 of observing a singularity in his manner  
 of reading. As often as he came to the  
 end of a line, he brought his eyes back  
 again to the beginning of the next, by  
 turning his head, which seemed to move  
 so regularly upon a pivot, that his nose  
 swung second like the pendulum of a  
 clock.

Doctor. Well, madam, what is your  
 pleasure with me?

Lady. From your writings I conclude  
 you are a friend to the unhappy.

Doctor. Your conclusion may be false.  
 Women are bad logicians; but proceed.

Lady. I am married—well married.  
 I love my husband, and think, say, I am  
 sure, that his affection equals mine;  
 yet I am unhappy very unhappy.

Doctor. A very common case. Felicity  
 depends less on circumstances,  
 than on dispositions. How long have  
 you been married?

Lady. Two years.

Doctor. You expected the honey-  
 moon would never wane.

Lady. No, no; but I did not expect  
 that I was to be contradicted, put  
 out of temper, nay, even commanded;  
 that my husband would ever prefer any  
 other company to mine; that he would  
 leave me to spend whole evenings alone.  
 I thought we were to be always of the  
 same opinion; that there was to be no  
 command on either side; that we were  
 to enjoy the same amusements; that he  
 should neither praise nor converse with  
 other women. I thought neither—

Doctor. You have thought and said  
 enough to convince me, that the cause  
 of your infelicity is in yourself. You  
 have been educated by maiden aunts,  
 or by other silly women at a boarding-  
 school. You are unacquainted with  
 the institution of marriage, the laws of  
 your country and with human nature.  
 Women when married, are in a state  
 of absolute subjection and dependence.  
 The laws of your country have de-

prived you of all pretensions to control,  
 power, or authority; but human nature,  
 bath, in recompense given you that  
 which, if discreetly used, secures to you  
 the dominion of the world. Arguing  
 with your husband only serves to con-  
 vince him of your incapacity to reason  
 justly. Your jealousy provokes his re-  
 sentment, and your upbraidings drive  
 him to the conversation of men or wo-  
 men who receive him with more com-  
 placency and good humor—Dr. Gold-  
 smith entered the room, and here ended  
 our dialogue.

Yours, MARIA S.

From the Enquirer.

THE MONEY COINER.

"Look into those they call unfortunate,  
 And closer view'd you'll find they are  
 unwise."

Young.

There is not a word in the whole  
 vocabulary of the English language,  
 more frequently misapplied, than the  
 word "unfortunate." Mr. A. a res-  
 pectable merchant of my acquaint-  
 ance, neglected, one cold winter's  
 night, to take care of his store fire  
 and before morning, the building with  
 half his fortune in it, was reduced to  
 ashes; nothing would suit my old friend  
 Timothy Tandam, when he came out  
 to see me last January, but he must  
 drive across the ice on the Shippany  
 creek—he was warned that it was a  
 hazard, but on he dashed, and his fine  
 horse and gig, worth 800 or so, went  
 to the bottom, and his pocket book  
 containing a round 1200 dollars, was  
 missing when he came out; and my  
 next neighbor, who has all the celebra-  
 ted harangue of Poor Richard at the  
 vendue by heart, and retails more pro-  
 verbs than he sells bushels of corn, for-  
 got the other evening to put up a pair  
 of bars that led into an 8 acre grain  
 field, and next morning he found 6 or  
 8 of his cattle had made a repast upon  
 it that proved fatal to half of them—  
 My poor friends are pined for their  
 misfortunes, and these mysterious dis-  
 positions of providence have occa-  
 sioned their nine days of wonderment;  
 while Jack Hoyt, the robber, who was  
 sent to the state prison a month ago, on  
 a ten year's apprenticeship, did not  
 hear a sympathetic sigh from the con-  
 course who listened to his sentence, all  
 agreeing the punishment was scarcely  
 equal to the crime for which it was in-  
 flicted.

This providence, about which so  
 much is said, I believe is, after all, a  
 fair dealer; and I made up my mind in  
 this respect long before I came across  
 the little sentence I have placed at the  
 head of my narrative to day. When  
 we meet with losses, and are suffering  
 under the effects of our own errors and  
 carelessness, we cry out "unfortunate!  
 unfortunate!" ascribe the disasters that  
 overtake us, to the hand of an over-  
 ruling power, and are ready to question  
 the justice of our punishment; while  
 these losses and disasters are the natu-  
 ral consequences of their own doings,  
 and could not in fact be prevented from  
 falling upon us but by the direct and  
 particular interposition of a miraculous  
 power. This will be illustrated as I  
 proceed to introduce my readers to an  
 honest hearted soul as ever lived—  
 Charles Clemens of Alesbury—alias—  
 "The Money Coiner," a hand and glove  
 acquaintance of Bob Hawthorn of Hol-  
 burn Hill, and whose hammer is at this  
 moment sounding in my ear.

Charles came down to Alesbury from  
 among the mountains, just before I left  
 the village to reside in Philadelphia.  
 He was a raw country lad, and so awk-  
 ward in his manners and appearance  
 that the boys of the village used to  
 crack many a merry joke upon his  
 broad brimmed hat & crownish address;  
 —for lack of a better place, he was ap-  
 prenticed to Giles Overshoot the white-  
 smith. It was a poor business in a  
 country where powder dises and wood-  
 en spoons were served up at the dinner  
 table of the squire, but it afforded Giles  
 the means of supporting a lazy family  
 and of keeping his credit tolerably well  
 at the ale-house. With him Charles  
 learned the business and came out with  
 credit, slim as from a variety of cir-  
 cumstances, his chance appeared at  
 first.

By this time the silver smithing busi-  
 ness had become better than it was.  
 The girls had taken it into their heads  
 that their city friends looked better in  
 silks and lockets, than they did with  
 their homespun frocks and their rosy  
 cheeks, and these becoming fashionable  
 for an evening walk, they soon brought  
 the furniture of the table to correspond-  
 ing style. Charles set up a shop, not  
 in opposition to his old master, for op-  
 position means to oppose, to injure, but

with the view of benefitting himself,  
 the business, and the public, by bring-  
 ing the trade to more perfection than  
 it had been brought there, and in the  
 honest emulation to which he aspired  
 he was successful. His hammer never  
 ceased from that time till now. He  
 married; and children grew up around  
 him, but he set them to work as soon as  
 they left the school, he had not an idler  
 about his premises, he not only set an  
 example of constant and unremitting in-  
 dustry, but in his frugal habits, in his  
 regular deportment, in his moral and  
 religious duties, he was a pattern to all  
 who knew him. Charles Clemens never  
 neglected his shop—never broke his  
 promise—never cheated a customer, and  
 Charles Clemens soon had a purse full  
 of dollars—a cellar full of beef and cer-  
 der—a house of his own, and two or  
 three handsome foils around it.

Giles on the other hand found his  
 business declining, his old customers  
 one after another dropped off; and as  
 may be supposed, he saw them calling  
 upon his fellow tradesman with not  
 much of complacency:—Still, however,  
 upon reviewing he was well assured  
 that in the aggregate since Charles had  
 set up for himself, the greatest part of  
 the business had come to the old shop,  
 though now indeed the balance seemed  
 inclining fast to the new one. How could  
 it be that he, with a smaller and older  
 family than Charles, should be poor,  
 while Clemens was growing rich?—It  
 was a mystery he could not unravel;  
 and he resolved to watch him close.—  
 Night after night as he returned from  
 the tavern he saw a light over the way,  
 and heard the hammer that was charm-  
 ing his customers from him, busy; and,  
 again, its clink was heard at the first  
 blush of day. He reflected and observ-  
 ed and reflected—and at last, appa-  
 rently, big with some new idea or dis-  
 covery, he posted down to the magis-  
 trate—craved an audience—and inform-  
 ed that he had ascertained beyond all  
 controversy or doubt, that Clemens was  
 in the habit of coining spurious metal  
 into dollars—this discovery was, in-  
 deed, an unraveller, and he proved it  
 by an argument drawn from the circum-  
 stance that his rival worked at unsea-  
 sonable hours, in secrecy, alone, and  
 that he had accumulated more than  
 was possible to be accumulated hon-  
 estly, from the business he did.

His honour smiled very good natured-  
 ly, but sent for the offender, & prom-  
 ised that justice should be done him, if  
 the charge was made out. Charles soon  
 appeared in his leather apron & check-  
 ed shirt: "If," said he, in answer to the  
 argument of his accuser, "I have made a  
 living and laid up money, I owe it to  
 other means than those alleged. While  
 I have worked hard, as my hands attest,  
 I have spent but little as all know—my  
 boys assist me in the shop, my girls  
 spin, and my apprentice, because I am  
 always with him, earns me a round sum  
 every year, the necessities of life are  
 few, and we want no more; thus I live;  
 and if you, Giles Overshoot, would  
 cease to spend your yearly hundred at  
 the ale-house, and would earn your  
 three hundred at the hammer; if you  
 would put out your children, or make  
 them earn their living at home; if you  
 would do as much work as you can,  
 with as little expense as possible, and  
 then live frugally and sparingly, you  
 would deserve the appellation of Money  
 Coiner as much as I do." The audi-  
 ence laughed heartily; Giles hung down  
 his head; and the rival tradesmen  
 shook hands before they parted.

MARKSMEN!!!

The subscriber having lately rebuilt the  
 Powder Mill,

Powder Mill,

Formerly occupied by Thomas Preston  
 wishes to inform the public, that he has  
 now on hand a considerable quantity of  
 genuine

GUN-POWDER,

which he will sell as low, as the same  
 quality can be had, for cash.

From his extensive experience in the  
 refinement of materials, rightly equi-  
 lizing the composition and a desire to  
 render all imaginary satisfaction, he  
 hopes to merit the patronage of a gen-  
 erous public.

The above Powder is no more sold at  
 Mr. Hepler's; but in plenty at Messrs.  
 Calhoun & Patton's, and good bargains  
 to Pedlers and Merchants at the Facto-  
 ry; and the subscriber's most sincere  
 acknowledgements of Liberal patronage  
 of his fellow citizens.

WM. MASTERSON,  
 Mill Grove.

July 20th. 1822.—2—31