

POETRY.

For the GAZETTE.

Mr. MILES,  
BY inserting the following lines in your paper, you will much oblige the ever-faithful  
FERDINAND FRIENDLY.

To the Ladies of Kingston.

Ah Ladies, can you not with patience hear  
That less than angels you on earth appear?  
Alas! far more you prize the flattery vain,  
Which will not own one fault, or see one stain.

And will you not to his advice attend  
Who boldly censures in the name of friend?  
Little the value of that friend you know;  
Ladies, the flatterer is your greatest foe.  
Heaven gave you each a monitor sincere,  
In which your virtues and your faults appear.

Ah what but flattery's smooth designing arts  
Perverts the mirror planted in your hearts?  
But Ladies, say, in what did I offend?  
Did I not own your charms—those charms  
commend?

And did I from your innocence detract?  
I dare a host of pens to prove that charge a fact.

Far more did Sandy's verse insult the fair,  
Since flattery gross may be detected there.  
Nor less did Carlos, though perhaps sincere,  
Insult the maid he feigns to hold so dear.  
The insects web, though form'd in tender frame,

Is not more tender than a Lady's name;  
Nor does that web require a gentler hand,  
Nor does it a more cautious breath demand;  
Since if we once a touch too rude employ,  
The web or name 'tis easy to destroy.

But Ladies, on this paper do I swear  
The utmost terrors of your pens to dare,  
Though by your wit inspir'd, the venom'd quill

Should liquid poisons o'er the paper spill.  
In truth's bright armor cas'd, I take the field  
Secure—the justice of my cause a shield.  
A guard invincible which shall repel  
The shafts of wit, though aim'd by you so well.

But soft—a friendly caution here I spy  
Ne'er on Pegasus' back to soar so high.  
My friends I thank you for a hint so plain,  
Ne'er will I trust my "prose run mad" again.

No more in flights so lofty shall I dare  
To wander widely from my proper sphere.  
I quit Parnassus' summits, for I fear  
I have small chance of meeting Ladies there.

FERDINAND FRIENDLY.

Kingston, 1812.

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FOR THE KINGSTON GAZETTE.

Poor doleful drooping, lovesick swain,  
I meekly pity thy fell pain,  
That drives thee to the melting strain,  
An' sic despair  
T'wad move the heart of any lane  
Thy dool to hear.

Is there na helpin' han' to save  
Thee, luckless lad, frae the grave?  
Elvira, will ye force your slave  
To hang himself?  
Ye would na kill sic wife, sic brave,  
Sic dainty chiel!

How can your heart sa lang be prief,  
Gaius his deep woe, his "fordid grief?"  
Ye surely, now, maun soon tak aff  
Your "poten' spell!"  
Sic O'phean lay might gar relief  
Frac Nick himself.

Ye didna seem to care, a rash,  
To listen to his jinglin' clafh  
Before, ye aiblins thought it trash,  
Worn out wi use,  
But now, he'll gie an unco gash  
Wi's Manly Muse.

What tho' the Nine should rave an' burn,  
He need na heed; 'twas, sure, his turn  
To mak the lizzies flet an' mourn  
An feel neglee:  
Nest time they'll be less fe' o' scorn,  
An better reck.

AGRICULTURAL.

[From papers on Agriculture printed in Massachusetts.]

EXPERIMENT ON CARROTS.

HAVING a favorable opinion of the culture of carrots. I was induced to try the experiment, the result of which I have now the pleasure of communicating to you for the information of Farmers.

In November, 1799, I spread three ox cart loads of old stable manure

on one-eighth of an acre of land, of a rich light loam, in which potatoes had been planted for two years preceeding. I then ploughed it, and let it lay until the spring following, when, as early as the frost was out of the earth, I repeated the operation, and about the beginning of May, I ploughed it for the last time; after which, I had the stones carefully raked out, made my furrows at the distance of a foot from each other, and in depth about one inch. I rubbed the seed well, so as to take off the beard, and sowed my ground. In ten days, I could just perceive the carrots above the surface of the earth; and in six more, the rows were plainly discernable. I then hoed lightly between them, with a common broad hoe; in order to check the growth of the young weeds, which had begun to appear. This I performed again in about twenty days; and weeded the carrots by hand, where it was dangerous to apply the hoe. In about two weeks from this, they had acquired such a degree of strenght, as to admit of their being thinned, which I performed after the first rain, leaving in the ground those that I intended for maturity at the distance of about one inch from each other: In this situation I let them remain until the beginning of July, when I killed them so as to cover the top of the root. Nothing more was done to them until the beginning of November, when my crop was collected, and measured one hundred and sixty bushels, exclusive of what had been used in my family from the 1st August.

As the foregoing was intended as an experiment, I was particular in keeping an account of the expences attending it, and find that the whole amount for manure, labour, &c. was fifteen dollars and thirty-three cents, including one dollar and thirty-three cents, which I paid for one pound of feed.

I am convinced that a Farmer, who has a considerable stock to provide for, cannot appropriate a few acres of his land to a better purpose, than that of raising carrots. Their nutritious property, supplies the use of hand food for beeves; and they are extremely serviceable to milch cows, who require something better than dry fodder during our tedious winters. Horses are very fond of them, cut in pieces of three inches in length, washed clean, and given to them in quantities, from one quarter, to half a bushel, each, as may be judged proper.

DIVERSITY.

FROM THE GLEANER.

From the Desk of poor Robert, the Scribe.

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting."

"So, so—from the motto I see, faith the reader, Old Robert is mighty serious." Just so, I assure you, pretty Miss; and you would have been serious too, had you been with Old Robert the other evening.

It was one of the coldest nights of the season. The wind blew with remorseless violence: Aunt Eunice was herself ill, and begged I would step up and see how the poor woman was. I entered the habitation. It was a poor shelter. The pale moon-beams played on the floor through the chinks, and the

wind whistled through the broken windows. On the bed, pale and emaciated with a fever, lay the poor woman. In a cradle by the side of the bed, wrapped in a single rug, slept an infant, and in the corner, over a small fire, sat a little boy about five years old. There was no other being in the house. No friend to soothe her distress; no nurse to moisten her burning lips with a drop of water. Poverty has but few allurements; sickness has none; and prudery and uncharitableness readily availed themselves of the frailties of the poor sufferer, to excuse their neglect.

I stepped out to procure a loaf of bread for the children; I was not long gone, and on returning to the door, the voice of a footsteps on the floor told me somebody was within. O it was a pleasing sight! A young female friend, whose genius is not known to her literary acquaintance—whose virtues and amiable dispositions combined with a peculiar agreeableness of manners, render her beloved as extensively as she is known, had preferred to the gayness of mirth or the charms of a novel, a lone and unostentatious visit to the house of poverty and the bed of sickness! Like an angel of mercy she was administering to the comfort of the poor woman and her infant.

I have seen the assemblies of the great. I have seen woman, glowing with beauty—arrayed in the richest attractions of dress, whose charms were heightened by the "pride and pomp and circumstance" of elegant conviviality. A lovely woman, in such a scene, irresistibly commands our admiration. But alone, at the bed of poverty and sickness, she appears more than human. I would not be impious, but she seems almost divine. What hath raised the lovely M——above her companions? O religion thou hast shed thy benign influence over her mind.—Religion! thou soothest our griefs; thou pluckest from the wounded mind the rooted sorrow; thou exaltest the soul in love to God, and to our fellow creatures!—Would to Heaven thy influence was more prevalent over the human heart!

SIN PUNTER.

Anger is the most disgraceful passion that can possess the breast of man. There is nothing which so much enfeebles our judgment. At the same time it is to be lamented that persons are found, of the most honourable, humane, and otherwise excellent characters, who tarnish, by this defect, all these estimable qualities. They are irritated by the slightest contradictions; and in this rage, which is equally fatal to themselves and those about them, they are totally regardless both of what they say and what they do. A man of a reflecting mind, when he is sensible of this great blemish, will exert the utmost care to correct it. And he will not find it difficult to succeed in his endeavors, if, when he feels the emotion rising in his breast, he can pause for a moment, to ask himself what is the object of his anger, and whether it is worth the vexation it occasions him.

Many persons attempt to excuse their anger, by the shortness of its duration, and by the calm which almost instantly succeeds their passion; but it is surely a poor compliment to tell them that they are happy in their passions being only

momentary; and that, like dogs, they are harmless only when they are not opposed.

A passionate temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, robs him of all that is great or noble in his nature, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion. The first step to moderation is to perceive that we are on the point of exceeding it; it is much easier wholly to prevent ourselves from falling into a passion, than to keep it within just bounds; that which few can moderate, almost any body may prevent.

How the famous Dr. Swift became Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Dean was at one time in as low circumstances, and as poor as any poor person or poet who lived in a garret or cellar could be; but kept the best company occasionally, and was much admired for his classical knowledge; he used to read prayers and preach occasionally at St. — church, not far from Charing cross.

It happened that a certain lord paid his address to a young lady of rank and fortune. This nobleman had for three years a young girl in keeping. The lady he courted said, that cannot think of marrying you until you have got the lady you were familiarly connected with a husband.—This nobleman, who had the deanery of St. Patrick's in his gift, found out Swift one morning, and told him nearly as follows;—Mr. Swift, I pay my address to a young lady of rank and fortune and expect to be married to her as soon as I can do away one circumstance, which is, I lived with a beautiful girl for near three years whom I seduced; she has poor relations, and the lady I court will not marry me, hearing I had a mistress in keeping, until the girl is married and provided for; now I have to inform you, that I have the deanery of St. Patrick's in Ireland, at my disposal, which is worth nearly a thousand a year, which I will present you with, as I believe you are not very rich, provided you will marry her. The Dean said he would, on condition that he should be first inducted into the deanship. The nobleman said, if you will give me a bond under a heavy penalty to marry this young lady, I will induct you; which was done immediately after, and the bond executed; and the dean was by agreement, to marry the nobleman to the lady first, the same day. The dean being inducted into the deanry, appeared in his robes, at the church, on the day appointed, and married the nobleman, who said, I am glad, Mr. Swift, to find you so very punctual; now we are married, here is the lady you are to marry. The dean replied he was ready, where is the man I am to marry her to? The gentleman said, she is to be your wife. The dean said, look at the bond, I only bound myself officially, as minister, to marry her to any person; but I have not the least desire of making her my wife—and so I with your lordship a good morning, presuming you have no further occasion for me.

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