

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—N^o V.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.

TO THE GOSSIP.

Mr. or Madam GOSSIP,

AS you have offered your advice to all who may need it, myself and sister have determined to explain to you the nature of our distress, and ask your advice, how to extricate ourselves from a kind of perfection or uneasiness, which tous is almost intolerable. You must know we are co-heiresses to a very considerable property, and that at the death of our father, we were left to the guardianship of a sister of my fathers, and a brother of my mothers. Our uncle is a good careful merchant, who manages our money to the best advantage, never stints us in our expenses, and is never better pleased, than when he sees us well dressed, and hears our persons or manners commended. Our aunt, with whom we reside, is we believe, nay we must own, what is in general called, a very fine woman. She is about 35 years old, lively, accomplished, and what the men term a very agreeable companion. And this is what we have to complain of; for though my sister and myself are without vanity very handsome, Almira is small but elegantly formed, has the finest blue eyes in the world, and a profusion of auburn hair, which she has not cut off to be in the fashion, though she dances fashionably, plays fashionably, dresses in the very pink of the mode, and has a good voice for singing. I am myself above the middle size, good complexion, dark brown hair, black eyes, and not behind my sister in any of the accomplishments she possesses. She is eighteen, and I am sixteen: and yet it is a fact that in mixed companies, Almira and myself, will be totally disregarded, or merely complimented by a few common place observations on our dress, dancing, &c. while all the beaux are chatting and laughing with our aunt. It is not more than a fortnight ago, we were all in a large party together. Almira looked beautiful as an angel, and I do not think I was myself absolutely ugly; when a gentleman seating himself beside me on a sofa, began admiring the trimming of my robe, which was of my own fancying; he said some very pretty things about my taste, then pointed out the simplicity and beauty of Almira's head dress, which was strings of pearl braided in with her hair, and fastened at the crown of her head by a pearl comb. As he was proceeding my aunt happened to cross the room, when breaking abruptly off, he exclaimed, "that is the most elegant woman in the room to night." Would you believe it, she had on, only a crape robe, with a grey ribbon around her waist, a small lace cap fastened under her chin, with a ribbon of the same colour, and a branch of black flowers on the left side of her head—for you must understand she is a widow, and not a very rich one neither, so that I cannot account for her being so much admired, well the passed near us, "Madam" said he, "there is room," I squeezed me into the corner, he arose while she seated herself, and then jammed himself in between us. I have been checked, seen admiring said he, Miss Isabella's taste in dress, how happy, how fortunate must she think herself, in being under the protection of a relation so capable of directing her judgement not only in that, but in every other particular. Then turning half round from me, he fell into a delightful, philosophical, sentimental, and learned conversation, with her, while the good old Lady, (for be you male or female, you must confess, a woman past thirty is not young) smiled, and showed her ugly white teeth, flirted her fan, and rapped her long black eye lashes over her large eyes in provoking a manner, that out of all manner of patience, seized the first opportunity of darting to the other end of the room, where Almira and myself enjoyed the satisfaction of watching and laughing at them. I should have

told you the gentleman in question, is not thirty yet, and is what we call a pretty fellow, that is in person, but he is not a ladies man—this unconscionable aunt plays and sings too, now dont you think it very absurd for a woman above thirty years old, to play and sing? but the men say she sings with taste and feeling. Lord help us! I have no patience, what has an old woman to do with taste and feelings. She dances too, and many a time has Almira and myself sat still half an evening, while she has been led to the head of the room by some of the prettiest fellows in it. If this is to continue, I pray heaven to hasten the time when I may be 35 years old and a widow, in which with my sister joins me. But in the mean time, pray Mr. or Mrs. GOSSIP, give us your advice whether or no we had not better change our place of abode. If we could get to board with some old, very old maiden lady who would sanction our seeing company at home, and accompany us abroad, without attracting the notice of the young men, it would be much more pleasant to us. Pray print this, perhaps our aunt may know herself, and take pains not to be so tormentingly agreeable, at any rate give us your advice, for we are

Your perplexed Admirers,

ALMIRA and ISABELLA.

My fair correspondents ALMIRA and ISABELLA, evince the simplicity of their hearts, when they think any woman from 15 to 80 years old, would not rather exult in being tormentingly agreeable, than take any pains to repress their agreeable qualities. I cannot be a competent judge of the merits of the case, but from what the letter intimates, I should presume, if the young ladies have no other cause of complaint, they had better not think of changing their abode; they may perhaps learn a useful lesson by studying their aunt's character, especially when they reflect that she can never be younger, but they are daily growing older.

TO THE GOSSIP.

Mr. GOSSIP,

AS you have obtained the name of the "American Spectator," in the circles of my acquaintance, I feel a confidence of success in applying to you for advice in the choice of a profession for a young brother just entering upon the great theatre of life. The encouragement and invitation which you have given to apply to you in such cases, would be in my estimation a sufficient inducement, but in addition to this, I seek relief from the pain which his wavering and unsettled disposition inflicts upon my heart, which sympathizes in his sorrows and participates in his joys. But when I reflect upon the subject I find myself utterly incapable of advising him, and almost equally unsettled in my opinion as he is in his conduct. Should he apply himself to study, explain, and defend the laws of his country, a constellation of worthies must totally eclipse his inferior splendor; for though he wants not talents, yet long study and practice can alone confer a title to eminence in that profession. Should he preach the gospel and inculcate lessons of morality and good order, I am sorry to say he will scarcely obtain the necessities of life, except he should live unmarried, and I presume celibacy would not be very agreeable to his feelings, or congenial to his disposition. Judging of your ability to advise, by the specimens of your talents and knowledge with which you have favored the world, I think my brother may rely on being freed from his doubts and determined in "the choice of life."

NEICY.

What advice I have the power of giving, Neicy shall be welcome to, but it must be deferred till the next number. Thus far I will venture to say at present, that whatever course of life necessity, or the advice of friends may lead her brother to pursue, the bent of nature should be consulted. Education and perseverance will do much when acting in opposition to nature, but when in conjunction with her they seldom fail of attaining excellence.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—N^o II.

"Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain;—
"What has the world to tempt our steps astray?
"For ere we learn by studied laws to reign,
"The weaken'd passions, self-subdu'd, obey."

IT is very common for those who are considerably advanced in life, to censure and condemn the gaiety and irregularities of youth, as unpardonable weakness, and egregious folly;—to reprobate every deviation from the cold rules of reason, as the effect of thoughtlessness, irresolution, or contempt of propriety. No favourable allowances are made for the violence of youthful passion; no reasonable deductions are considered on account of juvenile inexperience.

Having no taste for the amusements which captivate the young, nor any inclination to stray from the common walks of life, the aged are apt to flatter themselves, they have conquered their vicious passions; and, vain of their imaginary virtue, consider themselves as patterns of prudence, and proper examples to be copied by those, who are just rising into life.

But that is not virtue, which costs us no effort. The cold and the phlegmatic, the superannated and the aged, have little to boast of, on the score of temperance and self-denial. Where there exists no inclination to transgress, there is no merit in being pure. If, by the frost of age, or the apathy of reiteration, our passions have been damped or extinguished, we have little occasion for triumph, and as little right to condemn and anathematize those, who are still scorched by their meridian fervour. What reason for exultation, or what claim to the reputation of courage or activity has he, who leads an enemy captive, that made no resistance? Philosophy might display her arguments, and Religion proclaim her precepts and her threatenings; but with how much less effect, did not age and satiety step in to their support.

I do not mean here to advocate the vices and irregularities of the young, nor to insinuate that youth is a sufficient apology for their indulgence. Regularity, and temperance, and stability, in early life, are amiable and desirable; but we must not expect them in that degree of perfection which is peculiar to riper years. Nor must any one imagine himself more virtuous than another, because he has had less temptation to err.

It is an observation of Mr. ADDISON, that many are received as martyrs by the eye of Deity, who have never been called to suffer. The person, who, with strong inducements to do wrong, has resisted them in part, is doubtless more virtuous than he, who having been assaulted by no temptation, has not erred. Many, whom the world esteem as examples of excellence—as ornaments to virtue, to religion, to human nature—are, perhaps, in reality, far less virtuous in the view of their Creator, than others, who are considered by their cotemporaries as vicious and abandoned; as unworthy of confidence, and incapable of good.

There are vices and passions peculiar to every age. If the young are too fond of the pleasures of dissipation, and the extravagancies of show, the

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THANKSGIVING.

AUTUMN receding throws aside,
Her robe of many a varied dye;
And WINTER in majestic pride,
Advances in the low'ring sky.
The lab'rer in his gran'ry stores
The golden sheaves all safe from spoil;
While from her horn gay Plenty pours
Her treasures to reward his toil.
To solemn temples let us now repair,
And bow in grateful adoration there;
Bid the full strain in hallelujahs rise;
To waft the sacred incense to the skies.

Now the hospitable board,
Groans beneath the rich repast:
All that lux'ry can afford,
Grateful to the eye or taste.
While the orchards sparkling juice,
And the vintage join their powers;
All that nature can produce,
Bounteous heaven bids be ours.
Let us give thanks; yes, yes, be sure,
Send for the widow and the orphan poor;
Give them wherewith to purchase cloaths and food;
'Tis the best way to prove our gratitude.

On the hearth high flames the fire,
Sparkling tapers lend their light.
Wit and genius now aspire
On Fancy's gay and rapid flight;
Now the viols sprightly lay,
As the moments light advance,
Bids us revel, sport and play,
Raise the song or lead the dance.
Come sportive love and sacred friendship, come,
Help us to celebrate our harvest home;
In vain the year its annual tribute pours [hours.
Unless you grace the scene and lead the laughing
S. R.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

From the shop of ELIPHALET DACTYL, ZEPHENIAH SPON-
LEE and JEHOSHAPHAT TROCHEE, No. 11, 586,
Poet's Corner, CAMBRIDGE.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

LADY of stern uplifted eye,
Dear student of Astrology;
Risking your life upon the highest rocks;
Listening afar the tuneful owl,
Or echo of the tyger's howl;
Ourang Outang, kineajou or old hawks,
Gazing around in curious posters oft,
Like a ramcat confin'd in a strange loft.
Whether you tune to solemn thought the soul,
Excluding all the world by iron grate,
Or in that blest retirement the "black hole,"
So well adapted for a mind sedate,
For you and your fair family receive
This kind of widow's mite, all we can give!

Oh! I admire thy silent mode of life,
(Tho' differing in opinion from each wife)
It seems the way for every living creature;
Thy bed of straw, indulged finger nails;
Thy dangling hair, like graceful long rats tails;
And then thy diet too, so true to nature,
Much like the HUNS those gentlemen of yore,
Whose simple mode of cooking was no more
Than on a horse's back beneath a HUN,
Clap a few weeds or so, perhaps a thistle,
(The rider operating as a pestle;)
Rode out a mile or two, the thing was done.

Thou à la sauvage every part,
"For nature seldom wears the dress of art;"
Without a rag range in tranquility;

Or far from noisy busy men,
Groping across some Egypt den,
Measuring thy steps in taciturnity,
Canst only real happiness enjoy;
No trouble grieves thee and no cares annoy;
No cursed sorrow hither dare intrude,
Nothing is like the power of solitude.

Could we Lady live with thee,
Oh how happy were our lot;
Prouder wou'd thy menial be
Than three monarchs or what not.

If o'er Nitrias plains you wend
Thither we thy steps attend,
Driving with a gentle thwack
Each mosquito from thy back.

Art thou hungry? soon would we
Twitch thee up thy favorite weed;
Thirsty? water thou should see
Quickly, very quick indeed.

Thus our hours should fleet away,
Doing all such little choir;
And when ev'ning shuts the day,
If you wish we'd do the more.

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SONNET.

SAY, where can peace of mind be found?
If not where truth and honor dwell,
Where reason darts her rays around
The mists of error to dispel.

But oft our passions take the lead,
And hood-wink'd reason lags behind;
If spotless honours doom'd to bleed,
Ah! then adieu to peace of mind.

Tho' reason fail, and honor die,
Truth! awful truth! in light array'd,
Holds her bright Mirror to the eye,
And shews the victim vice has made.

We start and turn our loathing eyes
From the sad view, the change we mourn;
Vain, vain, regret! when Virtue flies,
Alas! Peace never can return.

LYDIA.

From the Free Mason's Magazine, Vol. 6. April, 1796. Lon-
don, G. Cawthorn, British Library, in the Strand.

THE MASON'S PRAYER.

PARENT of all! Omnipotent,
In Heaven and Earth below;
Thro' all Creations bounds unspent,
Whose streams of Goodness flow.

Teach me to know from whence I rose,
And unto what design'd;
No private aims, let me propose,
Since link'd with human kind.

But chief to hear fair virtue's voice,
May all my thro'ts incline;
'Tis Reason's law, 'tis wisdom's choice,
'Tis Nature's call and THINE.

Me from our sacred order's cause,
Let nothing e'er divide;
Grandeur, nor gold, nor vain applause,
Nor friendship false misguide.

Teach me to feel a Brother's grief,
To do in all what's best;
To suffering man to give relief,
And blessing, to be blest.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THANKSGIVING—Nov. 25, 1862.

THIS DAY is our Annual Festival of PRAYER, and of PRAISE. Our PIOUS ANCESTORS, arrived in a waste wilderness, inhabited only by the savage, wolf and bear—and by man in a state scarce less savage. In such a state of danger and dereliction, the conscious imbecility of his nature, tended his thoughts to HIM, who is alone able to support and protect him. In such a state, too, the heart, ameliorated by adversity, and rendered humble by its continual sense of dependence, swelled with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and joy, for those mercies which the bounteous hand of Providence so unsparingly scatters abroad. Thus

circumstanced, and with such sensations, our FOREFATHERS were particularly attentive to the establishment of their annual FASTS and THANKSGIVINGS. The pious custom still remains. And it will not be thought among the least uses to be derived from it, for us to consider, with unfeigned sincerity, whether we have not too soon forgotten the days of danger and distress; and whether Luxury, Prosperity, and a lust after Strange Gods, have not hardened our hearts—rendered us too insensible of our dependence on the DEITY—and ungrateful for the blessings that we are constantly receiving at his hands. It was on this day, that one of our VENERABLE ANCESTORS, with a humility and thankfulness of spirit worthy of our imitation, returned thanks to Heaven, that it was given them to 'eat of the riches of the deep, and to suck of the TREASURES dug out of the sands.* Let not PRIDE look down on the simplicity of this example—nor vanity and false refinement deride it as trite. The pure spirit of pious resignation which breathes through it—the humble, contented, and thankful heart which inspires it—form reflections, in a well disposed mind, strikingly pleasing, as well as profitable. 'Go thou then and do likewise.'—[Salem Gaz.]

* They had dined on clams.

AMUSING.

[Collected from various sources for the Boston Weekly Magazine.]

SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

A LAD, only 9 years of age, was asked many questions by a gentleman, to which he gave very quick and appropriate answers. At last the gentleman said, "I will give you an orange, if you will tell me where God is."—"Dear Sir," replied the boy, "I will give you two, if you will tell me where He is not."

A CURIOUS SIGN BOARD.

THIS is the road to Dover, this is the way to Boxford, this goes no where! N. B. If you cannot read ax at the blacksmith's shop.

AN UGLY HUSBAND.

A LADY being asked why she married an ugly husband, said, "gallants ought to be handsome, but husbands as God pleases."

PICTURE ROOM.

AN Irish gentleman having a little picture room, several persons desired to see it. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold you."

HOT WEATHER.

IN a very hot day, last summer, a man, thinly and openly dressed, sitting down in a violent perspiration, was cautioned against catching cold. "Catch it!" said he, wiping his face, "I wish I could catch it!"

SALT-WATER WIT.

IN a great storm at sea, when the ship's crew were all in prayers, a fellow burst into a violent fit of laughter; when being reproved for his ill-timed mirth, and asked the reason of it, "why," says he, "I was laughing to think what a blessing the boatwain's red nose will make, when it comes into the water!"

GONE TO POT!

THE Captain of a vessel lying in the river, wishing to give his crew a treat, on a rejoicing day, left two sons of Hibernia to take care of the ship, and told them they might have a double allowance of grog, but cautioned them against firing a gun, except there was reason to apprehend some great danger. This they faithfully promised; but after enjoying a hearty dinner, together with the perfumes of the liquor, one of them proposed to have a shoot to themselves, which the other objected to, as it would make a great noise—but the most fertile in invention, said he could prevent that, and immediately placed the iron pot, used for cooking, on the mouth of the gun, and seating himself across it, held the pot by the ears, to prevent its flying off! He then requested his mate to shoot easy—but the alarm was heard by the Captain and crew, who hastened on board, and inquired the reason of the alarm. "Murphy, and I," answered Pat, "had a mind to have a bit of a shoot to ourselves."—"Where is Murphy?" said the Captain.—"Where is Murphy?" replied the Irishman, smiling and scratching his head, "didn't you meet him now? faith he's just gone ashore in the iron pot!"

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