From the FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Lord CARLISLE *has poetically bemoaned his Spanish island* GRAY *his cat; Grey fyn'rels and robin red breasts have been immortalized in song and even mad dogs, as well as sober dogs and sad dogs have had their epitaph-writers. To these memorials of fond-ness we Editor is about to add another the early production of a writer of distinguishing rank in the republick of letters, who with the fourteen of TIBULLUS but paused his funeral verse, not ever the grave of a King but—a* KITTEN.

Elegy on the death of BEAUTY, *a favorite Kitten; addressed to Myl—*

WHY steals the tear from Polly's melting eye?
O say what loss can Polly thus deplore?
Why from her bosom burst the sorrowing sigh?
Alas! The playful Beauty is no more.

Fate gave the word, and fix'd the fatal hour;
Nor could thy foundness, Polly, ward the blow,
Fev yet a mouse had felt its listlepower,
The King of terrors laid thy favorite low.

No more its head upon thy lap shall rest,
Nor's d in the sun beam of thy smiling eye;
Reclin'd no more upon thy snowy breast,
Its little tricks shall sportive Beauty try.

When cruel Death proclaims the solemn call,
The destin'd prey no power on earth can save;
Our common fate awaits alike on all,
The young, the old, the witty, and the brave.

Even thou, my Polly, beauteous as thou art,
O may I never live that day to see,
Even thou must fall beneath the tyrant's dart;
Nor tears, nor prayers can change the fiem decree.

The jetty ringlets of thy flowing hair,
The hoary hand of time shall silver o'er;
His emitting breath shall blast what e'er is fair,
And youth shall sparkle in thy eyes no more.

Cease then, my fair, to heave the plaintive sigh;
Let guilt and pleasure gild each happy hour,
Improve the golden moments as they fly,
Nor blush to yield to Hymen's pleasing power.

THE OLD PROVERB.

Take a wife down in her middling days if you would bring her to reason, exemplified in a pleasant story.

A GENTLEMAN in Lincolnshire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her sisters, either in person or accomplishments, had from her infancy, discovered so imperious a temper, (usually called a spirit) that it continually made great uneasiness in the family, because the known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all her lovers from declaring themselves. However, in process of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune, and long acquaintance, having observed that quickness of spirit to be her only fault, made his addresses, and obtained her consent in due form.—The lawyers finished the writing (by which, by the way, there was no pin-money) and they were married. After a decent time spent in the father's house, the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for her reception. During the whole course of this courtship, though a man of the most cool temper, he sensibly lamented to her that he was the most pusillanimous creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once laid her under a warm obligation to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that constitution in himself. She, at the same time that herself highly obliged by the composed behaviour which he maintained in her presence. Thus far he with great success finished her from being guilty of violences, and still resolved to give her such a terrific apprehension of his fiery spirit, that she should never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home; but instead of a coach and six horses, to fetch with gay equipage, suitable to the occasion, he appeared without a servant, mounted on a skeleton of a horse, which his footman had the day before brought in from the fields by dogs, on the arrival of his new mistress, with a pillion fixed behind, and a case of pistols before him, attended only by a favorite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging, but somewhat positive manner, desired his lady to fear herself upon the pillion; which done, away they crawled. The mad hound obstructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it; the poor cur looked up and expected his call; but the master, to show the importance of his temper, drew a pistol and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand apologies for his unhappy rashness, and begged as many pardons for his excesses before one for whom he had so profound a respect.—Soon after this bustle, they jogged on with some difficulty together; however, the bridegroom took occasion to threat, if he frightened his wife so again, he would run him through.—And alas! the poor animal being now almost tired, made a second trip;—Immediately on which the coarser husband alights, and with great ceremony, fell taken of his lady, then the same ceremonies, drawn his sword, and gives the huntsman the trouble of killing him: Then lays to his wife, child, pillion, take up the saddle; which the readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greatest order, suitable to their fortune and the present occasion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their husbands, at which, when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen passing a toast about, our last married man took occasion to observe to the rest of his brethren, how much, to his great satisfaction, he found the world mistaken as to the temper of his lady, for that she was the most meek and humble woman breathing. The applause was received with a loud laugh! But the wives being called, which could appear the most matter at home, he proposed they should all by turns feed for their wives down to them. A freaant was distributed, and supper made ready, all round with some sound by, and a-bed they, the wives, could come when the cards were out of her hand, and so on. But no sooner was the husband's advice whispered in the ear of our married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down she comes with, My dear, would you speak with me? He received her in his arms, and after repeated caresses, tells her the expetiment, confesses his good nature, and assures her, that since he could now command her temper, he would no longer disguise his own.

From the FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM,

But what want we not to see? A real fashion by the West?

IDLE Curiosity, what fools are thy worshipers! how far they wander, and what pathless tracks they tread, to get a peep at some humble exhibited perhaps, by a mountebank!

Then what my *dear* townsmen at Boston, do you go to see at the circus, or the Rage of Signior Falconia? A hoofe striked by a clown? A tobacco-pipe and long bobble?

What thou fly speculator, didst thou go to behold in Georgia? Arable land, mill seats, and valuable timber; or was it to enjoy, from some Pifgah of the country, a perspective view of the *South Sea*, as it boiled and bubbled, when crossed to the year 1720, by that bold navigator, Sir John Blunt?

Many are the roads thaken by the wind; and much gaping people crowd around to see a horse race, a calf with three legs, a fourth of July procession, and a methodist preacher.

But what flame of genius is suddenly kindled in yonder barn on our mountain? Ah it is the new light and how the multitude hover round to catch a glimpse of glory! And did ye foolish Galatians, forsake the fainted parson and prefer the meteor glare, to the fan of righteousness?

One midsummer, I devoted to a visit at Bolton in order to read new books, and converse with classical friends. On the night of the third of July, I fat late disputing with a learned divine, concerning a pillion of Terullian. I was prose to morning drew fast, and when I retired, I requested my landlady not to call me till late. But next morning, from the explosion of cannon, and the hash jangling of bells, I thought the town was bombarded, and its foxtons telling out a general bill of mortality. I rose, in some trepidation, and inquired, whether the French had actually commenced hostilities against America. No, says a laughing bystander, the noise you hear are nothing but the sweet accents of Liberty. This is her glorious day; and the multitude are all gone to see how fit-ttles along in her state. Come Mr. Lay Preacher, and see the show. Look at your "viceroy!" and the man behind him, "viceroy's secretary." Look at the Sons of Liberty, and there are the gentle inmates of Oliver's Dale, and there is a pretty little scholar from Cambridge, who is to speak the Oration and tell the President, how to rule wisely, according to the perfect law of democracy, and how Jay must behave when he goes in a coach, and how Hamilton must cut up in the columns of the Gazette. Come,