

O, if thou canst, dear wand'ring youth,  
 adieu,  
 I'll write thy image and thy memory  
 here,  
 And at still evening, while I think of  
 you,  
 I'll seek thy safety with a prayerful  
 tear.

Cease now, my harp, fall silence on thy  
 strings,  
 Dew's of the night descend upon my  
 breast,  
 Breeze, fan my loose locks with thy un-  
 felt wings,  
 And rock me, angels, in the arms of  
 rest.

Azora ceas'd; and on the passing winds,  
 The murmur of her music died away;  
 Wapt in big transports, stood the list'n-  
 ing youth;  
 Dreams from elysium for a moment  
 bound  
 In fetters magical, his limbs and tongue.  
 At length he broke his joy's enchanting  
 spell,  
 And with a voice of full and mellow  
 tones,  
 Thus answer'd to the night-song of the  
 maid——— i. o.

—

*For the Literary Magazine.*

A RURAL WALK.

*The scenery drawn from nature.*

THE summer sun was riding high,  
 The woods in deepest verdure drest,  
 From care and clouds of dust to fly,  
 Across yon bubbling brook I past;

And up the hill, with cedars spread,  
 Where vines through spice-wood  
 thickets roam,  
 I took the woodland path, that led  
 To Bartram's hospitable dome.

Thick tow'ring oaks around me rose,  
 Tough hiccories tall, and walnuts wide,  
 Hard dog-wood, chinkopin, and does  
 Were cluster'd round on every side.

Ten thousand busy hums were heard,  
 From leafy bough, and herb, and  
 flower;

The squirrel chipp'd, the tree-frog  
 whirr'd,  
 The dove bemoan'd in shadiest bow'r,

The thrush pour'd out his varying song,  
 The robin's artless notes unite,  
 And loud o'er all the tuneful throng  
 Was heard, in mellow tone, "Bob  
 White."

My swelling heart with joy o'erflow'd,  
 To hear those happy millions raise  
 To Nature's universal God  
 Such voluntary songs of praise.

Whate'er mistaken Zeal may teach,  
 Or gloomy Melancholy spy,  
 Or vision-seeing prophets preach,  
 Or Superstition's fears supply,

Where'er I view this vast design,  
 On earth, air, ocean, field, or flood,  
 All, all proclaim the truth divine,  
 That God is bountiful and good.

Thus musing on, I past the rill,  
 That steals down moss-grown rocks  
 so slow,  
 And wander'd up the woodland hill,  
 Thick-spreading chesnut boughs be-  
 low.

In yellow coat of mail encas'd,  
 With head erect, and watchful eye,  
 The tortoise, at his mushroom feast,  
 Shrunk tim'rous as I loiter'd by.

Along the dark sequester'd path,  
 Where cedars form an arching shade,  
 I mark'd the cat-bird's squalling wrath,  
 The jay in shining blue array'd.

And now, emerging on the day,  
 New prospects caught my ravish'd  
 eye,  
 Below—a thousand colours gay,  
 Above—a blue o'er-arching sky.

Rich waving fields of yellow grain,  
 Green pastures, shelter'd cots and  
 farms,  
 Gay, glittering domes bestrew'd the  
 plain,  
 A noble group of rural charms.

\* The quail, or partridge, of Penn-  
 sylvania.

A wide-extended waste of wood  
Beyond in distant prospect lay,  
Where Delaware's majestic flood  
Shone like the radiant orb of day.

Down to the left was seen afar  
The whiten'd spire of sacred name\*,  
And ar's'nal, where the god of war  
Has hung his spears of bloody fame.

The city's painted skirts were seen,  
Through clouds of smoke ascending  
high,  
While on the Schuylkill's glassy scene  
Canoes and sloop's were heard to ply.

There upward where it gently bends,  
And Say's red fortress † tow'rs in  
view,  
The floating bridge its length extends,  
A living scene for ever new.

There market maids, in lively rows,  
With wallets white were riding  
home,  
And thundering gigs, with powder'd  
beaux,  
Through Gray's green festive shades  
to roam.

There Bacchus fills his flowing cup,  
There Venus' lovely train are seen,  
There lovers sigh, and gluttons sup,  
By shrubb'ry walk, in arbours green.

But dearer pleasures warm my heart,  
And fairer scenes salute my eye,  
As thro' these cherry rows I dart  
Where Bartram's fairy landscapes  
lie.

Sweet flows the Schuylkill's winding  
tide,  
By Bartram's green emblossom'd  
bow'rs,  
Where Nature sports, in all her pride  
Of choicest plants, and fruits, and  
flow'rs.

These sheltering pines that shade the  
path,  
That tow'ring cypress moving slow,  
Survey a thousand sweets beneath,  
And smile upon the groves below.

\* Christ Church steeple.

† The romantic country seat of Dr.  
Benjamin Say, overhanging Gray's  
Ferry.

O happy he who slowly strays,  
On summer's eve, these shades among,  
While Phoebus sheds his yellow rays,  
And thrushes pipe their evening song.

From pathless woods, from Indian  
plains,  
From shores where exil'd Britons  
rove\*,  
Arabia's rich luxuriant scene,  
And Otaheite's ambrosial grove,

Unnumber'd plants and shrubb'ry sweet,  
Adorning still the circling year,  
Whose names the muse can ne'er re-  
peat,  
Display their mingling blossoms here.

Here broad catalpas rear their head,  
And pour their purple blooms profuse,  
Here rich magnolias whitening spread,  
And drop with balm-distilling dew's.

The crown imperial here behold,  
Its orange circlet topp'd with green,  
Not gain'd by slaughter or by gold,  
Nor drop of blood, nor thorn within.

The downy peach, and clustering vine,  
And yellow pears, a bending load,  
In mingling groups around entwine  
And strew with fruit the pebbly road.

Here tulips rose in dazzling glow,  
Whose tints arrest the ravish'd eye,  
Here laurels bloom, and roses blow,  
And pinks in rich profusion lie.

The genius of this charming scene,  
From early dawn till close of day,  
Still busy here and there is seen,  
To plant, remove, or prune away.

To science, peace, and virtue dear,  
And dear to all their noble friends,  
Tho' hid in low retirement here,  
His generous heart for all expands.

No little herb, or bush, or flower,  
That spreads its foliage to the day,  
From snow-drops born in wintry hour,  
Through Flora's whole creation gay,

But well to him they all are known,  
Their names, their character, and race,  
Their virtues when each bloom is gone,  
Their fav'rite home, their native place.

\* New Holland.

For them thro' Georgia's sultry clime,  
And Florida's sequester'd shore,  
Their streams, dark woods, and cliffs  
sublime,  
His dangerous way he did explore.\*

And here their blooming tribes he tends,  
And tho' revolving winters reign,  
Still spring returns him back his friends,  
His shades and blossom'd bowers  
again.

One flower, one sweet and faithful  
flower,  
Worth all the blossom'd wilds can  
give,  
Forsakes him not tho' seasons lour,  
Tho' winter's roaring tempests rave ;

But still with gentlest look and air,  
Befriends his now declining years,  
By every kind officious care,  
That virtue's lovely self endears.

When science calls, or books invite,  
Her eyes the waste of age supply,  
Derail their pages with delight,  
Her dearest uncle list'n'ng by.

When sorrows press, for who are free?  
Her generous heart the load sustains,  
In sickness none so kind as she,  
To soothe and to assuage his pains.

Thus twines the honeysuckle sweet,  
Around some trunk decay'd and bare,  
Thus angels on the pious wait,  
To banish each distressing care.

O, happy he who slowly strays,  
On summer's eve, these shades among,  
While Phœbus sheds his yellow rays,  
And thrushes pipe their evening song.

But happier he, supremely blest !  
Beyond what proudest peers have  
known,  
Who finds a friend in Anna's breast,  
And calls that lovely plant his own.

The angry storms of awful fate  
Around my little bark may roar,  
May drive me from this dear retreat,  
A wanderer on a distant shore ;

\* See Bartram's Travels, where the  
imagination is entertained with the  
most luxuriant description of these  
scenes, while the heart is charmed with  
the benevolent sentiments of the writer.

VOL. II. NO. XI.

But while remembrance' power remains,  
There rosy bowers shall bliss my view,  
Sweet shades of peace! on foreign  
plains,  
I'll sigh and shed a tear for you.

A. W——N.

Gray's Ferry, August 10, 1804.

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## SELECTED.

### MONODY.

NEAR where yon streamlet slowly  
finds

With pebbly noise its silver way,  
And where his horn the beetle winds,  
To swell the dirge of closing day,

While many a flower of earliest spring,  
Round the light greensward bending  
creeps,

And many an insect's glossy wing  
Slow circles o'er the humming steeds :

There rests the hamlet's native pride,  
The fairest maid that deck'd its green,  
In soul to heaven alone allied,  
In form a grace, a love in mein.

Oh! she was gentle as the air,  
Which plays on summer's tranquil  
breast :

A heart, so kind to every care,  
Warms but the tender turtle's nest.

Her voice was sweeter than the lyre,  
That steals each echo from the breeze,  
Her eye the blue with chasten'd fire,  
That wins us, ere it seems to please.

Oft, when the wild gust shook the leaf,  
Her voice in mellow tones would pour,  
So soft, so sad, its touching grief !  
So soft, so sad, it swells no more !

Nor more, as wont, at vernal wake  
With merry steps they dance the hays,  
But sighs from every bosom break  
For her, who blest their youthful days.

So, while at eve the hoary swain  
Recounts the tale to infant ears,  
They seek the grave of lovely Jane,  
And turn their ready sports to tears.

Oft too the village nymphs repair  
In dumb distress to kneel and weep,

the United States, in August and December terms, 1801, and February term, 1803, vol. 1, by William Cranch, assistant judge of the circuit court of the district of Columbia... Conrad & co. 5 dollars.

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#### IN THE PRESS.

Wakefield's Family Tour through Great Britain.... J. Johnson.

Jacobs' Law Dictionary, corrected and revised by Collinson Reed, Esq.... Byrne & Hudson.

The Pennsylvania Farmer, a new agricultural work, by Job Roberts.... J. Johnson.

The Poetical Works of James Thomson, with an Essay on the Seasons, by J. Aiken, M. D.... Johnsons.

Akenside's Poems.... Johnsons.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO our valuable correspondent near Gray's Ferry, our respectful gratitude is due for his favours. The poem handed to us lately, possesses merit superior to those that have preceded it, and shall receive honourable place in our next number.

The author of elegiac verses on Alexander Hamilton, is earnestly exhorted to indulge *his* poetical vein without reserve. Nothing which his genius can coin can ever be spurious or exploded with men of true poetical taste.

The letter, in answer to some remarks on the first volume of Washington, entitles the writer to our thanks, and shall receive early insertion.

The translator of verses from the French, possesses a happy genius for the gay, sportive, and tender. The editor would deem himself fortunate if he could by any means stimulate this estimable correspondent to the frequent exercise of the pen, both in prose and verse. He will see that, in the present number, a liberty has been taken with him, with which, it is feared, he will be displeased. The editor must arm himself against this displeasure by the approbation of every other reader, who must deem themselves under obligations to one who has thus, though unintentionally, supplied them with the most delightful banquet. His poetry shall appear in our next.

ceased merit. His will appears to have been literally executed at the time he himself prescribed, and by a hand more worthy of his genius than any other which England could at present furnish. The remains of learned men are generally presented to the world either in a different order, or with less completeness, than they themselves had prescribed; and their biographers are men not unfrequently the least qualified for the arduous and delicate employment, among all their survivors. In this instance, the only pen in England which Richardson's sublimed and disembodied intelligence would have selected, is, most probably, that of Letitia Barbauld. This publica-

tion is adorned with portraits, likewise by a female artist, and with *fac similies* of the writing of eminent men, Richardson's friends and correspondents.

Mr. Barrow, who sometime ago produced the best specimen of philosophical travels, in his account of southern Africa, which is extant, has just presented to the world the fruit of his observations, during the embassy of M<sup>c</sup>Cartney to China, to which he was attached. The most ardent expectations of entertainment and instruction may reasonably be expected from this work. It will, no doubt, be a most valuable supplement to sir George Staunton's great work on the same subject.

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## POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

### *For the Literary Magazine.*

#### THE SOLITARY TUTOR.

WHOE'ER across the Schuylkill's  
winding tide,  
Beyond Gray's Ferry half a mile, has  
been,  
Down in a bridge-built hollow must have  
spy'd  
A neat stone school-house on a sloping  
green:  
There tufted cedars scatter'd round are  
seen,  
And stripling poplars planted in a row;  
Some old gray white oaks overhang the  
scene,  
Pleas'd to look down upon the youths  
below,  
Whose noisy noontide sports no care or  
sorrow know.

On this hand rise the woods in deep-  
ning shade,  
Resounding with the songs of warblers  
sweet,  
And *there* a waving sign-board hangs  
display'd  
From mansion fair, the thirsty soul's re-  
treat;  
There way-worn pilgrims rest their  
weary feet,

When noontide heats or evening shades  
prevail:  
The window's fare, still plentiful and  
neat,  
Can nicest guest deliciously regale,  
And make his heart rejoice the *sorrel*  
*horse* to hail.

Adjoining this, old Vulcan's shop is seen,  
Where winds, and fires, and thumping  
hammers roar,

White-wash'd without, but black enough  
within....

Emblem of modern patriots many a  
score.

The restive steed impatient at the door,  
Starts at this thundering voice and  
brawny arm,

While yellow Jem with horse-tail fans  
him o'er,

Driving aloof the ever buzzing swarm,  
Whose shrill blood-sucking pipes his  
restless fears alarm.

An ever varying scene the road displays,  
With horsemen, thundering stage, and  
s'ately team,

Now burning with the sun's resplendent  
rays,

Now lost in clouds of dust the travellers  
seem,

And now a lengthen'd pond or miry stream  
 Deep sink the wheels, and slow they drag along,  
 Journeying to town, with butter, apples, cream,  
 Fowls, eggs, and fruit, in many a motley throng,  
 Coop'd in their little carts their various truck among.

And yonder, nestled in enclust'ring trees,  
 Where many a rose-bush round the green yard glows,  
 Wall'd from the road, with seats for shade and ease,  
 A yellow-fronted cottage sweetly shows:  
 The towering poplars rise in spiry rows,  
 And green catalpas, white with branchy flowers;

Her matron arms a weeping willow throvs  
 Wide o'er the dark green grass, and pensive lours,  
 Midst plumb-trees, pillar'd hops, and honey-suckle bowers.

Here dwells the guardian of these younglings gay,  
 A strange recluse and solitary wight,  
 In Britain's isle, on Scottish mountains gray,

His infant eyes first open'd to the light.  
 His parents saw with partial fond delight

Unfolding genius crown their fostering care,  
 And talk'd with tears of that enrapturing sight,

When, clad in sable gown, with solemn air,  
 The walls of God's own house should echo back his pray'r.

Dear smiling Hope! to thy enchanting hand,  
 What cheering joys, what extasies we owe!

Touch'd by the magic of thy fairy wand,  
 Before us spread, what heavenly prospects glow!

Thro' Life's rough thorny wild we lab'ring go,  
 And tho' a thousand disappointments grieve,

Ev'n from the grave's dark verge we forward throw

Our straining, wishful eyes on those we leave,

And with their future fame our sinking hearts relieve.

But soon, too soon these fond illusions fled!

In vain they pointed out that pious height;

By Nature's strong resistless impulse led,

These dull dry doctrines ever would he slight.

Wild Fancy form'd him for fantastic flight;

He lov'd the steep's high summit to explore,

To watch the splendour of the orient bright,

The dark deep forest, and the sea-beat shore,

Where thro' resounding rocks the liquid mountains roar.

When gath'ring clouds the vaults of Heav'n o'erspread,

And op'ning streams of livid light'ning flew,

From some o'erhanging cliff the uproar dread,

Transfix'd in rapt'rous wonder, he would view.

When the red torrent big and bigger grew,

Or deep'ning snows for days obscur'd the air,

Still with the storm his transports would renew,

Roar, pour away! was still his eager pray'r,

While shiv'ring swains around were sinking in despair.

That worldly gift which misers merit call,

But wise men cunning and the art of trade,

That scheming foresight how to scrape up all,

How pence may groats, and shillings pounds be made,

As little knew he as the moorland maid  
 Who ne'er beheld a cottage but her own:

Sour Parsimony's words he seldom weigh'd,

His heart's warm impulse was the guide alone,

When suffering friendship sigh'd, or weeping wretch did moan.

Dear, dear to him Affection's ardent glow,

Alas! from all he lov'd for ever torn,

E'en now, as Memory's sad reflections  
flow,

Deep grief o'erwhelms him, and he  
weeps forlorn ;

By hopeless thought, by wasting sorrow  
worn.

Around on Nature's scenes he turns his  
eye,

Charm'd with her peaceful eve, her fragrant  
morn,

Her green magnificence, her gloomiest  
sky,

That fill th' exulting soul with admiration  
high.

One charming nymph with transport he  
adores,

Fair Science, crown'd with many a figur'd  
sign ;

Her smiles, her sweet society implores,  
And mixes jocund with th' encircling  
nine ;

While mathematics solves his dark design,

Sweet Music soothes him with her syren  
strains,

Seraphic Poetry with warmth divine,  
Exalts him far above celestial plains,

And Painting's fairy hand his mimic  
pencil trains.

Adown each side of his sequester'd cot,  
Two bubbling streamlets wind their  
rocky way,

And mingling as they leave this rural  
spot,

Down thro' a woody vale meandering  
stray,

Round many a moss-grown rock they  
dimpling play,

Where laurel thickets clothe the steeps  
around,

And oaks thick towering quite shut out  
the day,

And spread a venerable gloom profound,  
Made still more sweetly solemn by the  
riv'let's sound,

Where down smooth glistening rocks it  
rambling pours,

Till in a pool its silent waters sleep.  
A dark brown cliff o'ertopp'd with fern  
and flowers,

Hangs grimly frowning o'er the glassy  
deep ;

Above thro' ev'ry chink the woodbines  
creep,

And smooth bark beeches spread their  
arms around,

Whose roots cling twisted round the  
rocky steep :

A more sequester'd scene is no where  
found,

For contemplation deep and silent  
thought profound.

Here many a tour the lonely tutor takes,  
Long known to Solitude, his partner  
dear,

For rustling woods his empty school  
forsakes,

At morn, still noon, and silent evening  
clear.

Wild Nature's scenes amuse his wand'rings  
here ;

The old gray rocks that overhang the  
stream,

The nodding flow'rs that on their peaks  
appear,

Plants, birds, and insects are a feast to  
him,

Howe'er obscure, deform'd, minute, or  
huge they seem.

Sweet rural scenes ! unknown to poet's  
song,

Where Nature's charms in rich profusion  
lie,

Birds, fruits, and flowers, an ever pleasing  
throng,

Deny'd to Britain's bleak and northern  
sky.

Here Freedom smiles serene with dauntless  
eye,

And leads the exil'd stranger thro' her  
groves,

Assists to sweep the forest from on high,  
And gives to man the fruitful field he  
loves,

Where proud imperious lord or tyrant  
never roves.

In these green solitudes one fav'rite spot  
Still draws his slow meanderings that  
way,

A mossy cliff beside a little grot,  
Where two clear springs burst out upon  
the day.

There overhead the beechen branches  
play,

And from the rock the clustered columbine,

While deep below the brook is seen to  
stray,

O'erhung with alders, briar, and mantling  
vine,

While on th' adjacent banks the glossy  
laurels shine.

Here Milton's heav'nly themes delight  
his soul,

Or Goldsmith's simple heart-bewitching  
lays ;

Now drives with Cook around the frozen pole,  
 Or follows Bruce with marvel and amaze :  
 Perhaps Rome's splendour sadly he surveys,  
 Or Britain's scenes of cruelty and kings;  
 Thro' Georgia's groves with gentle Bartram's strays,  
 Or mounts with Newton on archangels' wings,  
 With manly Smollet laughs, with jovial Dibdin sings.

The air serene, and breathing odours sweet,  
 The sound of falling streams, and humming bees,  
 Wild choirs of songsters round his rural seat,  
 To souls like his have ev'ry pow'r to please.  
 The shades of night with rising sigh he sees  
 Obscure the stream and leafy scene around,  
 And homeward bending thro' the moonlight trees,  
 The owl salutes him with her trem'ulous sound,  
 And many a flutt'ring bat pursues its mazy round.

Thus peaceful pass his lonely hours away ;  
 Thus, in retirement from his school affairs,  
 He tastes a bliss unknown to worldlings gay,  
 A soothing antidote for all his cares.  
 Adoring Nature's God, he joyous shares  
 With happy millions Freedom's fairest scene,  
 His ev'ning hymn some plaintive Scottish airs,  
 Breath'd from the flute or melting violin,  
 With life inspiring reels and wanton jigs between.

A. W.—N.

*Gray's Ferry, Sept. 5th, 1804.*

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE ADIEU.

ADIEU to sweet ———, adieu!  
 The village is look'd for in vain,  
 The woodland has shut it from view ;  
 'er shall behold it again.

Yet with the dear circle I've left,  
 Methinks I for ever could stay,  
 And feel as of something bereft,  
 So soon to be whirled away.

I've bade the fair Anna farewell,  
 And surely my eyes must have said,  
 If they the heart's feelings can tell,  
 How much I admired the maid.  
 She brought a lov'd sister to mind,  
 When sporting the graces of youth ;  
 Like her she seem'd gentle and kind,  
 Like her she look'd candour and truth.

Maria, so lately unknown,  
 Too swells the soft sigh at my heart,  
 Her mind so resembled my own,  
 I felt it like sorrow to part ;  
 Her countenance open as day,  
 Her soft and intelligent eye,  
 Seem'd sweetly, I fancied, to say,  
 A spirit congenial am I.

And Harriot, whose elegant mien  
 Led captive the eye as she mov'd,  
 A place in my heart will retain,  
 She's found out the way to be lov'd.  
 Ah, when will fate make me amends !  
 Ah, when for these tortures atone ?  
 I'm smil'd on a moment by friends,  
 The next, the sweet vision has flown !

And these are the gambols she plays,  
 Each day it appears at her will,  
 A sceptre of iron she sways,  
 Not a change but what's teeming with ill.

The friends of my youth were convey'd  
 Far distant, or wrapt in the tomb ;  
 I've wander'd thro' life in the shade,  
 I'm mantled in Destiny's gloom.

But why those repinings of mind ?  
 A Providence rules over all ;  
 Then give me the portion assign'd,  
 Or sweetness, or wormwood and gall,  
 I'll fancy it all for the best,  
 For all it decrees must be right,  
 Nor murmur at Heaven's behest,  
 Though ever encircled by night.

And now, courteous ———, adieu ;  
 The claim on politeness is paid,  
 So leave us our way to pursue,  
 And return to your favourite maid.  
 Return, see the cloud ascends high,  
 And threatens a torrent of rain,  
 Loud thunders roll over the sky,  
 Sharp lightning glares over the plain :

THE  
LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

*AMERICAN REGISTER.*

FOR 1804.

FROM APRIL TO DECEMBER, INCLUSIVE.

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CRESCIT EUNDO.

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VOL. II.

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PHILADELPHIA,

PUBLISHED BY J. CONRAD & CO. CHESNUT-STREET, PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO. MARKET-STREET, BALTIMORE; RAPIN, CONRAD, & CO. WASHINGTON; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAI, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK;

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PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH-STREET.

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1804.