

MISCELLANY.

The following humorous lines are from a number of the Boston Telegraph, for 1801. The application of the present Chief Justice of Maine for a few blank wits was a most unpromising subject for poetry, but the effusion is in that style of sportive ease which indicates that the writer, "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."—Hallowell Adv.

The application of Prentiss Mellen, Esq. to the Clerk, for a dozen blank wits.

Squire Sewall, sir—be pleased to lend me, Or give me—or at least to send me, Twelve blanks of Court of Common Pleas, Touched off on paper smooth as grease, With the great name of your great honor Stuck down, to sanction, at one corner: I want them soon, to keep law going, For law sets other blessings flowing— Because, if love of ready rhino Is th' root of evil, you and I know— Law scatters wide this evil stuff, Till the poor souls hav'n't half enough To keep their bodies from the jail; So, by next post, sir, do not fail To frank them without further telling, And you'll oblige your friend, P. Mellen.

THE CLERK'S ANSWER.

Squire Mellen, sir—see here I send you Twelve blank court wits: which I will lend Till the next court; and I expect you To fill them, you will not neglect. (And if you want, I'll send you more, By single, dozen, or by score.) You'll get them so'd; which done, you'll ven- On the clerk's docket all to enter, That are not settled by those fools Who will not be confined to rules. For law sets many blessings flowing, Sends many a sheriff fast a going, Takes from vile folks "the root of evil," Which causes them to be quite civil; Keeps them in jail till all is spent, And then be sure they will repeat. Thus justice runs through all the state, 'Mongst high and low, and small and great, The commonwealth "sends greeting" to all, For the clerk's name is Daniel Scall.

HYMEN AND CYPHER.

Dick Hymen, and Ned Cypher, were but Coffee-house acquaintances; they had met but few times, and knew nothing of each other's circumstances. Dick was a man still in the prime of life, with that happy turn of countenance, that shows a freedom from care. His dress was always neat, and his fresh intelligent face, betokened at once, intellect, health and contentment. Coming into the Coffee-house, one rainy morning, he found his friend Cypher at a desk, in the act of throwing away his pen, like a man who is vexed with the inefficiency of his powers, or his subject. Poor Ned's face was so drawn down into the lines of discontented spleen, that he could hardly hammer out a smile for his new friend.

"What art thou at, friend?" said Dick.

"Writing down marriages," quoth the old bachelor.

"And yet," said Dick, surveying the old bachelor from head to foot, "thou art at this very moment the best living argument in favor of marriage, that I know of. Thy dress, demeanor, and, in fact, the whole expression, of thy outward and inward man pleads for the 'strong necessity of being married.'

"Are you married?" responded the old bachelor.

"Yes."

"Then how the duce are you so happy?

"All women are full of faults; some of them all dress, some books and some all go-to-meeting; every one of them has some intolerable fault."

"Let me tell my story," said Dick, "I have been married three times."

"God preserve us!" ejaculated the old bachelor, "but I am anticipating."

"In my youth," to begin then, "I was told to shun like the pestilence a fashionable woman, a literary woman, and a devotee, and look out for some female into whom had been well whipped the wholesome truth, that the kitchen is the only proper sphere of woman's thoughts."

"And good counsel too," interrupted the old bachelor.

"See how I minded it," said Dick. "I went to a ball, and met the young, handsome, and seducing, Almeria. I forgot ever thing but my fair fashionable, and in a few months married her in the face of the world. Poor Dick's fortune will go like the dew, said my aunt Bridget; the poor creature knows no more about housekeeping, than a baby. But Almeria had sense; and if a woman is not a fool, a man is safe enough. She kept my house perfectly neat, from an ambition of making a genteel appearance; she kept me so, from the same pride; and knowing that fortune only could command attention and pleasures, she loved, she was economical, even when she seemed most magnificent. My house during her life, was the very temple of taste; and she left me richer than she found me. I was disconsolate after her death, but my friends took that time to work upon my softened temper; and married me to an only daughter of a rich miser. She had been educated in the kitchen of her aunt, who kept a large hotel; and had not a wish beyond a venison pasty. When I married her, I overlooked the difference of personal charms between her and Almeria, and tried to weigh the disgust I felt in touching—others indulge themselves in storing

hands, made hard with hourly labor, a-away the money these would cost. And against her domestic qualities. But alas! what a change! 'Tis true, my dinners were deliciously dressed, but where was the beautiful wife, full of wit and elegance, to make my repast seem like the feasts of the gods? Instead of that, I saw Ann, awkward and dull; the grim and smoke of her congenial element had spoiled her natural pretty skin; she had no pride, and therefore cared neither for my appearance nor her own. Cook-like she was a glutton; and died of a surfeit of over-eating. My present wife is a literary woman, and when I married her, the world prophesied my utter ruin. But Aspasia's mind has too much genuine refinement, not to love order. I have, it is true, to pay for a cook, but the advantages are balanced; for I have not to hire a governess for my daughters. I go home now, and find my girls improving, my evening delightful, and my affectionate and intelligent wife appearing perfectly happy in seeing me so."

The bachelor threw away his pen.

"Dick," said he, "you have tried all but the devotee, that is for my turn. I have looked a good deal at a pretty little saint in the neighborhood; but I am less afraid of the evil one, than one of these go-to-meeting females. But I will marry her now directly."

He married the fair Theresa, and she made the best of the four. She had read in the book she loved, that she must take care of her household, and be submissive; and that same enthusiasm that made her as devoted in affection; so that the sweet choice of Theresa, in prayer and praise, soon caused her husband to feel, that piety may give a new charm to love.

FROM THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

The following anecdote, in substance, was related to me by a revolutionary officer. Whether it is founded on fact, or not, it is characteristic of Yankee resolution and skill in stratagem, "in those times which tried men's souls," and bodies too.

A British war-like vessel, of considerable force, was cruising off the coast of Connecticut, for some days; which was a sight not at all agreeable to the Yankees on shore; one of whom undertook to put a stop to such insolence. For this purpose he collected a crew of hardy resolute fellows, like himself, chartered a stout coasting vessel, loaded the deck to all appearance, with barrels, boxes, &c. fit for the coasting trade, stowed his comrades below, well armed with cutlasses, pistols, and other implements fit for boarding, and with only hands enough on deck to work the vessel, set sail on this adventurous expedition. He was soon in start of the man-of-war, which made sail for him. He pretended to crawl off, as well as he could; but did not greatly hurry himself. Ere long they were within hailing distance, when the following conversation ensued.

Capt. Jotham. "Ahoi; what vessel's that?"

Capt. Bull. "A British man-of-war. What are you? where are you from, and where are you bound?"

J. "I'm an American coaster from Stonningtown harbor, bound all along shore."

B. "Where's Stonningtown harbor?"

J. "You're a pretty fellow for a man-of-war, and don't know where Stonningtown harbor is."

B. "None of your impudence or I'll fire into you, and sink you. What are you loaded with?"

J. "Sarse upon deck and meat in the hole, and the deacon's *de* besides; so fire away and be *derid*'d and stave that, see who'll pay for it."

B. "Come along side, you rebel rascal, or I'll blow you sky-high."

J. "Well, I must, I spouse, for your great black guns there look *darnation pokerish*."

Upon this, Jotham, taking advantage of the wind, immediately ran foul of and grappled the British vessel; his crew immediately rushed upon deck; proving to the complete surprise and infinite astonishment of the British, that the "meat in the hold" was all alive. They were wholly unprepared for resistance, so surrendered at discretion. "Now," says Jotham, "haul down that *are* rag there up aloft, and we'll hang up *another* *guess* one in its place, with stars and stripes on't, and then show you Stonningtown harbor *about* the *quickest*." This was speedily accomplished, as much to the joy of the Yankees, as to the chagrin and mortification of their captives.

Happiness.—There is almost an infinite variety of ways and means devised by the good people of the world to make themselves happy. Some get married and some divorced—all for the pure sake of peace and comfort. Some get into office, and others go out of office, for the same reason; some labor hard, and long, and are careful, and troubled about many things; why? because, they cannot be happy without all this—others lounge about all day, and sing, and fly from care, and hate work, to gratify the same propensity. Some think good dinners and good wine the sum of happiness

hands, made hard with hourly labor, a-away the money these would cost. And

so through all the world, scarcely two individuals seek for happiness in the same things precisely—and scarcely one appears to know, that after all, it consists, and is to be found only, in a contented mind, and that *there* it always is.

An ingenious upholsterer in Somersetshire, (Eng.) it is said has invented a method of inflating beds with air, instead of filling them with feathers or chaff. The bags are made "air tight" by a chemical process and are then cheaply and conveniently supplied from the atmosphere, which forms an inexhaustable reservoir of buoyant material. Beds thus made are softer than those of down, are more elastic than those in ordinary use, and are supposed to be more conducive to health and comfort than any before offered to the public. They are particularly advantageous for the use of the sick as by means of a bellows or forcing pump they can at any time be "made up" without disturbing the repose of the patient!!!—"Blessed be the man," said Sancho Panza, "who first invented sleep;"—and thrice blessed be he who thus enables drowsy mortals to enjoy in perfection, the luxury of the somnolent invention.

The Vampire.—"At the close of the day the vampire leaves the hollow trees wither they fled at the morning's dawn, and scour the river's banks in quest of prey.

On waking from sleep, the astonished traveller finds his hammock all stained with blood. It is the vampire that hath sucked him. Not man alone, but every unprotected animal, is exposed to his depredations; and so gently does this nocturnal scourge draw the blood, that, instead of being roused, the patient is lulled into still profounder sleep. There are two species of vampire in Demarara, and both such living animals; one is rather larger than the common bat; the other measures about two feet from wing to wing extended."

Waterton's *Wanderings in S. America*.

Swearing Reproved.—A profane Scotch nobleman, on seeing a large stone in the road which led to his country house, ordered his servant to send it to hell. "My lord," replied the servant, "if I could send it to heaven, I think it would be more completely out of your lordship's way."

Portrait of Francis Hopkinson.

1. The Eventful Life of a Soldier. From the London Magazine.

2. Memoirs of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. From the Monthly Review.

3. Cunning's Speeches at Liverpool. From the same.

4. The Antonina—A story of the South. From Blackwood's Magazine.

5. National Pride. From the London Magazine.

6. Wilt's Literary Souvenir—The Lover's Quarrel—My own Fire-side—The Bachelor's Dilemma—The Forsaken—First Love—Statue of Lady Louisa Russell. From the Monthly Magazine.

7. Bell's Observations on Italy. From the same.

8. The Dead Trumpeter. From Friendship's Offering.

9. How sweet to sleep where all is peace. From the same.

10. To an infant. From the same.

11. Russian Literature.

12. Reminiscences of Michael Kelly. From the New Monthly and European Magazines.

13. Milton. From the Edinburgh Review.

14. Anecdotes of Bishop Corbet. From the Retrospective Review.

15. Narrative of the Loss of the Kent East Indiaman. From the London Magazine.

16. The Hunting Alderman. From the New Monthly Magazine.

17. Miscellaneous Selections, &c.—Different Species of Tea—Ancient Sarcoptagus discovered—Huet's M.—Correspondence—J. seph Massera—Excavation at Pompeii—Pictures at Augsburg—New University in the Netherlands—Exhibition of Manufactures at Haarlem—Armenian School—Music of the Rocks—Ferintosh Whisky.

18. Literary Intelligence.—Under this head is given a list of European works in press and preparing for publication.

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BEEF CATTLE.

THE subscriber having commenced the Butchering Business, will pay Cash for good Beef Cattle. He will slaughter on Wednesdays and Saturdays in each week, and often if found necessary.

E. CORNELIUS.

May 6, 1826. 17—1f.

ESTRAYS.

TAKEN up by Elias Goukin of New Law-

renceburgh, a Bay Horse, supposed to be

nine or ten years old, about fourteen and one

half hands high; has been burned for the dis-

order commonly called the Big-head. Also a Bay

Mare, supposed to be four or five years old,

about fifteen hands high, three white feet, and

a white stripe in the face; no other marks or

brands perceptible; valued as follows, viz: the

Horse at \$7 dollars and 50 cents, and the Mare

at \$2 50 cents, by George Weaver and Aaron

Randolph.

DANIEL HAGEMAN, J. P.

May 5, 1826. 17—3w.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

ON Saturday the third day of June next, on

High street in the town of Lawrenceburgh,

I will offer for sale the rents and profits of in-lots

No. one and two, in the town of Aurora, with the

appurtenances thereon, for the term of seven

years; if they will not sell for the same, I will

at the same time and place, offer the fee simple

for the best price they will bring in cash, as the

property of Merit S. Craig, at the suit of Amas

Lane, for the use of Elijah Craig.

ALSO—At the same time and place, I will

offer the rents and profits of all that part of

in-lots No. 73 and 76, that Walter Armstrong

deeded to John Chandler, with the appurtenances

thereon, for the term of seven years; and if the

same will not sell for enough to pay and satisfy

a judgment and two fee bills, the judgement in

favor of William Cook; the fee bills are the costs

of two suits brought by John Chandler against

William Cook and Sylvester Cook separately,

as the property of John Chandler, I will at the

same time and place offer the fee simple for

the best price I will bring in cash.

JOHN SPENCER, Sheriff D. C.

May 6, 1826.

Storage and Commission

BUSINESS.

THE subscriber wishes to inform the public

that he has procured, adjoining to his Grocery

Store, a suitable building for a warehouse, where

he will receive on storage merchandise and country

produce, and dispose of the same, if desired,

at the best possible advantage. Every attention

will be paid to the security of articles deposited