

## MISCELLANY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,  
And it never comes again:  
'Tis a vision of light, of life, and truth  
That fits across my brain:  
And love is the theme of that early dream,  
So wild, so warm, so new,  
That in all our after years I deem,  
That early dream we rue.  
  
Oh! there is a dream of maturer years,  
More turbulent by far;  
'Tis a vision of blood, and of woman's tears,  
For the theme of that dream is war:  
And we toil in the field of danger and death,  
And shout in the battle array,  
'Till we find that fame is a bodyless breath,  
That vanishes away.

Oh! there is a dream of hoary age,  
'Tis a vision of gold in store—  
Of sums noted down on the figured page  
To be counted o'er and o'er;  
And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,  
Of a refuge from grief and pain,  
'Till our limbs are laid on the last dark bed,  
Where the wealth of the world is vain.  
  
And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave  
In the path which we all are treading?  
Is there nought in that long career to save  
From remorse and self-upbraiding?  
O yes, there's a dream so pure, so bright,  
That the being to whom it is given,  
Hath bathed in a sea of living light—  
And the theme of that dream is Heaven.

**Character of a Bachelor.**—A bachelor is a sort of whimsical being, which nature never intended to create. He was formed out of the odds and ends of what materials were left after the great work was over. Unluckily for him, the finer passions are all mixed up in the composition of those creatures intended for social enjoyment. What remains for the bachelor, is hardly enough to rub round the crusty mould into which he is thrown. To avoid waste, some seasoning, that he may not be quite insipid, must be substituted in the stead of more valuable ingredients: so in dame Nature tosses self-love, without weight or measure—a kind of understanding that is fit for no other use—a sprinkling of wisdom, which turns to acid from the sour disposition of the vessel in which it is contained: and the whole composition is concluded with an immoderate portion of oddities. Thus formed, thus finished, a bachelor is popped into the world, mere lumber, without a possibility of being happy himself, or essentially contributing to the happiness of others.

His only business is to keep himself quiet. He gets up to lie down; he lies down to get up. No tender passion enlivens his waking hours, no agreeable reveries diversify his drowsy slumbers. If he ever speaks the language of sensibility, he speaks it on the excellence of some favorite dish, or in the choice liquors with which his cellar abounds—On such subjects he feels the raptures of a lover.

The pace of the bachelor is sober,—he would hardly mend it to get out of a storm, though the storm were to threaten a deluge. But show him a woman, entitled to the compliment of his hat, and he will shuffle on, as if he was walking for a wager. His housekeeper, or his laundress, he can speak to without reserve: but any other of the sex, whose condition is above a useful dependent, is his terror.

A Tavern is his *sanctum sanctorum* against bright eyes, and dazzling complexions. At home, he solitarily sits down to his unsociable meal: and when his palate is pleased, he has no other passion to gratify.

Such is a Bachelor—such the life of a Bachelor.—What becomes of him after death, I am not caustic enough to determine.

A gentleman travelling in foreign parts, happened to be benighted far from any place of accommodation. To avoid the night, in a strange place, he thought it advisable to seek for some shelter, and having discovered a cave, he dismounted his horse, which he fastened by the bridle on the outside of the cave, and then went in and laid himself down in his clothes, and being much fatigued, fell asleep, nor did he wake till the daylight appeared; when, to his great astonishment, he found himself suspended by his heels from the roof of the cave. He made many efforts to free himself from so disagreeable a situation, when, at length he shuffled his legs out of his boots, and came to the ground almost stunned by the fall; when looking up he perceived the cause of this disaster was owing to the cave being formed out of rock of Lead-stone, and he unfortunately having steel heels on, was attracted up in the manner described; and some say the boots are hanging there yet.

It would be a pity not to persevere the following anecdote, which displays so much of that accuracy of observation which is known to be one of the characteristics of our red brethren of the West.—An Indian upon his return home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After taking observation upon the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. After going some distance he met some persons of whom he inquired if they had not seen a *little old white man*, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog, with a *bob tail*? They replied in the affirmative, and upon the Indian assuring

them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person whom he had not seen. The Indian answered thus:—"The thief I know is a *little man*, by his having made a pile of stones to stand on in order to reach the venison from the height I hung it, standing on the ground;—that he is an *old man*, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a *white man* I know by his turning *out* his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be short, by the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree on which it leaned;—that his dog is *small*, I know by his tracks; and that he has a *bob tail*, discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

**Art of Living Happily.**—The following maxims, or rules of action, might, if strictly observed, go far to increase the happiness, or at least to diminish the inquietudes and miseries of life:

Observe inviolably, truth in your words, and integrity in your actions.

Accustom yourself to temperance, and be master of your passions.

Be not too much out of humor with the world; but remember it is a world of God's creating; and however sadly it is marred by wickedness and folly, yet you have found in it more comforts than calamities, more civilities than affronts; more instances of kindness towards you than of cruelty.

Try to spend your time usefully, both to yourself and other.

Never make an enemy, or lose a friend unnecessarily.

Cultivate such an habitual cheerfulness of mind, and evenness of temper, as not to be ruffled by trivial inconveniences and crosses.

Be ready to heal breaches in friendship, and to make up differences, and shun litigation yourself as much as possible; for he is an ill-calculating who does not perceive that one amicable settlement is better than two lawsuits.

Be it rather your ambition to acquit yourself well in your proper station than to rise above it.

Desire not small honest gains, and do not risk what you have on the delusive prospects of sudden riches. If you are in a comfortable thriving way, keep in it, and abide your own calling rather than run the chance of another. In a word, mind to "use the world as not abusing it," and probably you will find as much comfort in it as is most fit for a frail being who is merely journeying through it towards an immortal abode.

**Historical Scraps.**—Julius Caesar fought fifty pitched battles, and killed one million and a half of men.

Manlius, who threw down the Gauls from the Capital, had received twenty-three wounds, and taken two spoils, before he was 17 years of age.

Detantus fought 120 battles, was thirty times victorious in single combat, and received 45 wounds in front. He had among his trophies 70 belts, 8 mural, 3 obsonid, and 13 civil crowns.

Cato pleaded four hundred causes and gained them all.

Cyrus knew the names of all the soldiers in his army; Lucius Scipio knew the names of all the Roman people.

Chimedes could relate all he ever heard, in the same words.

Julius Caesar wrote, read, dictated, and listened to the conversation of his friend, at the same time.

A philosopher is mentioned by Pliny, who being struck by a stone, forgot his alphabet. A man reputed for his stupidity, falling from his horse, and being trepanned, became very remarkable for the sprightliness of his genius.

The orator Carinus forgot his own name.

Mithridates spoke to the ambassadors of 22 different nations without an interpreter.

Julius Viatore lived to an advanced old age, without drinking water or using any kind of liquid nourishment.

Crasus, grandfather of the Triumvir Crassus, who was slain by the Parthians never laughed. He had, on this account, the surname of Aeglastus.

Cornelius O'Trigger most respectfully has the honour to acquaint gentleman, that he fights duels in town and country, at the shortest notice, and will accommodate any timorous gentleman in settling points of honour, recovering gambling debts, or satisfaction for insults, on reasonable terms. Noses pulled, or kicking done by the piece. N. B. He means shortly to fit up a convenient duelling ground, light and very convenient for long or short shots, either in open air, or under cover in rainy weather, where gentlemen may fight in peace and quietness, free from all disturbance by magistrates and all such impudent fellows.

Pistoles, powder and ball, hot cakes and tea; new milk and brandy, for accommodation of his friends, and a surgeon always at hand.—*Irish paper.*

Yesterday afternoon as a Portuguese ship was about weighing anchor at her moorings near Brooklyn, to prepare for sea, one of the sailors watched an opportunity, stripped himself, jumped overboard, & swam for the city. Two boats put off to bring him back, but such was his skill in swimming, that he entirely outstripped his pursuers, laughing at, and deriding their attempts to overtake him. He landed near New Slip, and made his escape, after having swam more than a mile against the current of the East River.—*N. Y. Amer.* May 17.

An auctioneer, not well versed in classics, was selling a lot of books, and among others, an Encyclopedia; on handing it out, he said, "gentlemen, I now offer you a learned book, on the arts and sciences; it is written by one *Ensign Clodpole*. I don't know who he is, but suppose him to be a French officer."

A certain rich physician, was lately complaining in a coffee-house, that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give ten thousand dollars each, and yet that he could find nobody to marry them. "With your love, Doctor," said an Irishman, who was present stepping up and making a very respectful bow, "I'll take two of them!"

An honest Hibernian tar, a great favourite with the gallant Nelson, used to pray in these words every night when he went into his hammock:—"God be thanked, I never killed any man, nor no man ever killed me—God bless the world, and success to the navy."

## MUSEUM

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3. *Richmond Hill*, by Alaric A. Watts. From the Literary Souvenir.

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7. *The Wren: a Man's Legend*, by Mrs. Franklin. From the London Literary Gazette.

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12. *Letters from Postority to the Author of Watervy*. No. 1. From the same.

13. *Strezzas*. From the same.

14. *The Medrean Venus*. From the same.

15. *A Vindication of Authors from the vulgar charge of Poverty*. From the New Monthly Magazine.

16. *We paused beside a grass-grown Tomb*. From the Metropolitan Magazine.

17. *The Shipwreck*, by a Country Curate. From Blackwood's Magazine.

18. *The Effigies*. From the New Monthly Magazine.

19. *On the Preservation of Zoological Specimens from the Depredations of Insects*, by Thomas S. Trail, M. D. From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

20. *Miscellaneous Selections*.—Royal Society of Literature.—Literary Property in France.—New French Voyage of Discovery.—Italy.—Excavations at Pompeii.—Literaries in Germany.—Amherst.—The Plague.—Winks—Mann—Statistics.—On the Chinese manner of forming Artificial Pearls.—Platina Strings for Musical Instruments.

21. *Literary Intelligence*.

## NOTICE.

WHEREAS, Oliver M. Spencer, administrator, of the estate, goods, chattels, and effects of Jonathan Dayton, deceased, late of Elizabethtown, in the state of New Jersey, at the March term of the Probate Court, and Court for the settlement of decedents' estates, and for other purposes, in and for the county of Dearborn, in the state of Indiana, hath filed in the said court a schedule of the debts due and owing by the said estate; shewing, among other things, that the personal estate is insufficient to pay and satisfy the just debts of the said decedent.—And whereas the said administrator hath also filed with the said court, an inventory of the real estate of the said deceased Jonathan Dayton, in which inventory is included section No. 16, and fractional sections No. 15 and 14, town No. 4, and range No. 1 west, &c. & c. lying in the county of Dearborn and state of Indiana, containing in the whole, as it is said, 1274 89-100 acres of land;—and the said administrator having also filed his petition in the said court, praying that the lands aforesaid, in the said county of Dearborn, may be appraised and sold for the payment of the just debts of the said deceased, saving and reserving however, the widow's right of dower in, over & to the said lands; & it appearing manifest to the said court, that it is necessary for the payment of the debts aforesaid, that the lands aforesaid, in the said county of Dearborn, should be appraised and sold as the law directs.

PUBLIC NOTICE is, therefore, hereby given to Hannah Spencer, widow of Oliver H. Spencer, deceased, and daughter of the said Jonathan Dayton, to Henry Farrar, son of the said Jonathan Dayton, deceased; to Joseph Farrar, son of the said Jonathan Dayton, deceased; to Mark Muggridge and Hannah Muggridge his wife, daughter of the said Jonathan Dayton, deceased; to Eliza Farrar, daughter of the said Jonathan Dayton, deceased; to Joseph Morlidge and Elizabeth Morlidge his wife, daughter of the said Jonathan Dayton, deceased; to Samuel Farrar, son of the said Jonathan Dayton, deceased; and to Isabella Farrar, daughter of the said Jonathan Dayton, deceased, that they severally be and appear before the judges of the court aforesaid, at their term to be held at Lawrenceburg, in and for the said county of Dearborn, on the fourth Monday in September next, then and there to shew cause, if any cause they or either of them can shew, why the real estate aforesaid shall not be sold for the payment of the just debts of the said deceased Jonathan Dayton.

By order of the court.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

5th May, 1826. 18-6w

TIKED UP,

BY Hiram Muir, of Johnson township, Ripley county, Indiana, one Flea Bitten GRAY MARSH, about eleven years old—fifteen hands high.—Appraised to thirty dollars by John Mc Cain and James Boys, this 9th day of May, 1826, before me.

JOHN LINDSAY, J. P.

June 2. 21-3w

To the Voters of Dearborn county.

FELLOW-CITIZENS.—At the request of many friends and acquaintances, I offer myself as a candidate to represent you in the next General Assembly of the state, and I hope you will consent to give me your suffrages.

JAMES T. POLLACK.

Dearborn county, May 3d, 1826.

EDMUND CORNELIUS.

Lawrenceburg, May 27, 1826. 20-1f

## STRAYED OR STOLEN

FROM the subscriber living in Hardsburg, on Tuesday, the 20th of April last, a bay mare, about three years old, tolerable large of her age, thin in flesh, a few white hairs on her neck. Any person returning said mare to me, or give information that I get her again, shall be handsomely rewarded.

GEORGE BUSEY.

June 10, 1826.

## COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I did on the 31st day of May 1826, receive from the Clerk of Dearborn County the duplicate of State and County taxes for said year, together with a precept commanding me in the name of the State of Indiana to collect and pay over the money into the State and County treasury by distress and sale of property of those that fail to make payment by the first day of September next, I must collect, make payment, and return the precept on or before the 2d Monday in December next—therefore be it known to all whom it may concern; that I will strictly attend to the command of the aforesaid precept and the law for collecting the revenue, so make preparations and govern yourselves accordingly. To those that delay in the payment of their taxes pause for a moment and reflect, and ask yourselves the question, what is the use of the legislature of any state to enact and pass laws for to assess and collect annually Revenue on certain property when you defer and neglect to discharge the same when due, or can it be possible that there is one of you that would wish me as collector to pay your taxes, only because I am bound under the penalty of an oath and in surety for the faithful discharge of my several duties as such in the sum of \$5000. What more must I remind you of? is it necessary for me to inform you that I am bound to pay your taxes over at the proper departments as above stated under the penalties of 21 per cent in damages is it further necessary to remark that the money does not belong to the collector and that he is only the instrument to bring it into the vaults of the treasury.

I therefore hope that those who are due and owing taxes for the years 1822, 1823, 1824, and 1825, will make immediate payment or I will be under the necessity of advertising their property for sale for the same: do not flatter yourselves with the hope of getting longer time for I am resolved to make settlements of all my business as Sheriff and Collector of said county. Notice is also given that I want all persons to make payment to me of their notes and accounts &c. As I want to discharge all demands against me.

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