

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE CHAMPION.

We have always thought there was a deficiency in this delicate song. It is now published with an intervening and an additional stanza. The ladies say they improve it.

Additions at Key West Dec 22, 1822.

Come tell me blue-eyed stranger,
Ah! whither dost thou roam
Though this wide world's a ranger?
Hast thou no friends, no home?
They called me blue-eyed Mary,
When friends and fortune smiled;
But ah! how fortunes vary—
I now am sorrow's child.

Young William was my lover;
I thought our hearts were joined;
But ah! he's framed a rover,
And Mary's left behind.
With these bouquets of posies
I wander though the streets,
And cry, "Whil'st buy my roses;
But no kind voice me greets.

Come here—I'll buy thy flowers—
To ease thy hapless lot—
All wet with morning showers—
I'll buy—forget me not—
Kind Sir, then take these roses;
They're fading like my youth—
But never like these posies,
Shall wither Mary's truth.
Then gazed at her the stranger,
And clasped her to his breast—
No more I'll be a ranger;
For William now is blest.
This kiss was known to Mary—
She then in rapture smiled.
And said, "How fortunes vary—
No more I'm sorrow's child."

STANZAS.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARRY WILSON.
How changed to me the glittering scene,
Since last I trod its winding maze!—
Oh! why should sorrow intervene,
To blight the hopes of other days?
Amid this busy crowd I view
No form—no face—I wished to see;
There's not, in all this mortal crew,
One eye, whose smile gives joy to me!
Those who have felt the icy chill
That steals thro' all the trembling frame—
The throbbing pulse—tho' sick'ning thrill—
The beating heart—the bursting brain—
The listlessness of mind—
The fever of the aching breast—
The cold fixed brow that looks resigned,
Yet only pines, and does not rest—
The weary limbs that taste not sleep,
But vainly turn and court repose—
The leaden eye that cannot weep—
Whose sorrow freezeth as it flows—
The total hopelessness of heart
That fondly cherishes its grief,
That grows enamored of its smart,
And seeks not, wishes not relief—
Oh! such alone can tell the pain
That wrings the heart, and ceases never;
When Fate unlinks the golden chain
Which Love had forged to last for ever;
No other tie the soul can bind,
The world becomes a dreary void;
No future bliss can sooth the mind.
That mourns o'er hopes destroyed!

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

Shepherd.—What yawns have I not seen in kirk! The woman, at least the young ones, dinna like to open their mouths verra wide, for it's no becoming, tey're feared that the lids may be glowering at them; so they just pucker up their bit lips, draw in their breath, hand down their heads, and put their hands to their chaps, to conceal a suppressed gaunt, and then straitein themselves up, pretend to be hearkenin' to the practical conclusions.

Tickler.—And pray, James, what business have you to be making such observations during divine service?

Shepherd.—I'm speakin' of other years, Mr. Tickler, and human nature's the same now as in the ninety-eighth. As for the auld wives, they lay their big-bonnetted heads on their shouther, and fa' over into a deep sleep at once; yet you'll never hear a single aye among them comin' a snore. I've often wondered at that, for maist of the cummers ha'e soun'rous noses when lyin' beside the guid man, and may be heard through a' the house, as clock work.

Tickler.—Yes, James, the power of the mind over itself in sleep is indeed inexplicable. The worthy fat old matron says to herself, as her eyes are closing, "I must not snore in the kirk," and she snores not—at the most a sort of snuffle. How is this?

Shepherd.—Noo and then you'll see an ill-faured, pack-marked, black-a-vield bizzie in the front lait, oppisit, who has naething to houp frae our side of the house, openin' the great muscle ugly mouth of her, like that of half trout on Tarras Moat, as if were eatlin to swallow the minister.

North.—James, James, spare the soft'er sex!

Shepherd.—But the curiosist thing to observe about the lasses when they are gettin' drowsy during the sermon, is their een. First a glaziness comes over them, and the lids fa' down and are lifted up at the rate of about ten in the minute. Then the poor creatures gie their heads a shake, and unwilling to be overcome, try to find out the verse the minister may be quotin'; but in vain; for the hummin' stillness of the church subdues

them into sleep, and the sound o' the preacher is in their lungs like that o' a waterfa'.

North!—Your words, James, are like poppy and mandragorn.

Shepherd.—Then a' thegither unconscious o' what they're doin', they fix their glimmerin' een upon your face, as if they were dyin' for love o' you, and keep noddin' upon you for great part o' one o' the dozen divisions of the discourse. You may gie a bit lauch at them wi' the corner o' your ee, or touch their feet wi' yours aneath the table, and they'll never

sae much as ken yu're in the same seat, and, finally, the soft-rounded chin draps down towards the bonnie-bosom; the blue-veined violet eye-lids close the twilight whose dewy fall it was sae pleasant to behold; the rose-bud lips slightly reveal teeth as pure as lilly leaves, and the bonny innocent is as sound asleep as her sister at hame in its rockin' cradle.

North.—My dear James, there is so much feeling in your description, that, bordering though it be on the facetious, it yet leaves a deep impression on my mind of the Sabbath service in one of our lowly kirks.

Shepherd.—Far be it frae me or mine, Mr North, to treat wi' levity one sacred subject. But gin folk would sleep in the kirk, where's the harm in sayin' that they do so? My ain opinion is that the mair doonly you set yourself to listen to no very bricht discourse, as if you had taken an oath to devoutly stoop to roop, the certain-sure you are o' fa' in ower into deep lang sleep.

The vera attitude o' leaning back, and stretchin' out your legs, and fixin' your een in a

direction, is a moist dangerous attitude;

and the minister has ony haction—

and joking down his head, or see-sawing wi' his haunds, or leanin' ower as if he

wanted to speak wi' the precentor, keepin' his een fixed on the roof, as there a

hole int' lettin' in the light o' heaven—

or turnin' first to the ae side and then to the ither, that the congregation may

have an equal share o' his front physiognomy as well's his side face—or stauding

bolt upright in the very middle o' the

poopit, without ever ance movin' ony

mair than gin he were a corp set up on

end by some cantrap, and lettin' out the

dry, dust, moral apothegms wi' an

continued and monotonous grin—oh! Mr.

North, Mr. North, could even an evil con-

science keep awake under such soporifics, ony maire that the honestest o' men,

were the banns cried for the third time,

and he gaun to be married on the Mon-

day morning?

North.—Yet, after all James, I believe country congregations are in general very attentive.

Shepherd.—Ay, ay, sir; if twa are sleepin' ten are waken; and I seriously think that maist than ae half o' them that's sleepin' enter into the spirit o' the sermon. You see they a' hear the text, and the introductory remarks, and the heads; and fa'en sleep in a serious and solemn mood, they carry the sense along wi' them; neither can they be said not to hear an accompanying sound, so that it wadna be just fair to assert that they lose the sermon they did na' listen to; for thoughts, and ideas, and feelings, keep floatin' down along the stream o' silent thought, and when they at the "amen," their mind, if no greatly instructed, has been tranquilized; and they join loudly in the ensuing psalm, and without remebering many o' the words, carry home the feek o' the meaning o' the discourse, and a' the peculiarities o' the doctrine.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

From the Trenton Emporium.

BE SHORT.—Some people have a roundabout way of getting at things which is as wasteful of time as it is trying to the patience. I wish the printers would notice it in the paper, and advise every body, on all manner of subjects to "be short"—I shall be so.

What can be more vexatious, when you are just going about your ordinary business and perhaps in a hurry too, than for some idle fellow to take you by the button to say "fooly a word," and detain you a half an hour, in durance vice, listening to a story without beginning, middle point or end. In which every little particular is intermingled with in-terminable digressions, silly comment, and tiresome fal-de-rol. Take such an one by the ears, and tell him to "be short," under the penalty of losin' them.

My neighbor Lewis Longyarn, has cost me more time than two cows are worth within six months, by this very species of ill manners, and yet he thinks himself one of the cleverest chaps in the lane, and laughs through all his stories as if there was a spice o' wit in them. He accosted me to-day as I was going to dinner—and this is an important business with me, for I am an old man, and my working days are nearly over. "Good morning, uncle Oliver, I've a word to say to you." "Well, be short, I'me called to dinner." "O, yes, I'll be short," but ead before the fellow explained to me how his pig had gotten into his cellar and overturned his milk pails, the pudding was as cold as a stone, and worthy dame Dorothy, almost uttered a complaint.

Short speeches, short stories, and short

courtships—a wise man will always be short in these things. I never knew a short sermon that was not more liked for it—a short story that had not the more pith in it—or a short courtship that was not more fortunate than a long one. I showed a lad, who had been running after his sweet heart two years old, cousin Jeremiah's long purse, which measured half a yard, and had but a single sixpence at the bottom—he borrowed it to take down to Charlott's and they both took the hint from it and got married at once.

But the fashion of the times is contagious. Tell all the story-tellers, and speech makers; tell all manner of good people, how pleasant it is to—"be short."

OLIVER OAKWOOD.

Prompt Pay.—There is a gentleman in this city, a merchant, who regularly asks for his bill a few days before the expiration of each quarter of the year, and regularly pays it. What difference it would make in the income of a newspaper, if its subscribers and patrons were all as punctual as this gentleman, and every man might be as punctual if he would!—The printer would then save ten or fifteen per cent in charges for collection and the interest on five or six thousand dollars which he is obliged to borrow at the Bank to enable him to carry on his daily business.—*Bost. Cour.*

The following are among the early Blue Laws of Connecticut:—No one shall run of a Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from church; no one shall travel, cook viands, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath or fasting days; no woman shall kiss her child on sabbath or fasting days; no one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or Saint's day, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music except the drum, the trumpet, and the Jew's-harp; no one shall court a maid without first obtaining the consent of her parents—5l. penalty for the first offence, 10l. for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court; every male must have his hair cut round according to a cap."

A eminent barrister had, some years ago, a case sent to him for an opinion. The case was the most preposterous and improbable that ever occurred to the mind of man and concluded by asking whether, under such circumstances, an action would lie? He took his pen and wrote—*Yes, if your witnesses will lie too, but not otherwise.*

VESTITIUS.—The tragic fate of the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum form a terrific page in history. There had not been any previous eruption of Vesuvius for several centuries; no memorial of such an event could be found since historians had existed to record its phenomena. The whole mountain was overshadowed with forest trees and the most luxuriant vines and vegetation; a retreat for which Martial says, the gods of pleasure and gaiety forsook their most favored abodes. What horrid surprise, then, it must have been to the inhabitants of those cities, to behold the sudden and violent eruption which spread such desolation around! While the inhabitants of Pompeii were considering whether it would be safer to flee or remain, a tremendous shower of hot, boiling mud and gravel suddenly descended on them, burying the whole city sixty feet deep—during another period of this dreadful eruption, torrents of lava, rolling over Herculaneum, buried it forever a hundred feet deep, in what is now, of course, a solid mass of rock. This event happened near eighteen centuries ago, and was equally fatal to many other beautiful towns which stood thick on the coast, of the Bay of Naples.—*Atherstone's last days of Herculaneum.*

From the Independent Press.
Whereas Judy, formerly my loving, but for a long time past my erring, wandering wife, has deserted my bed, my board, my house and myself, and taken up her lodgings in the house of another, where she can practice her bewitching, seducing, and *deceitful* charms; and draw within her snare young and inexperienced *Dandies*, (of the coloured gentry) directly under the observation, view, and notice of me, her constant, faithful, and loving husband; and greatly to the disturbance of that calm, cool, and deliberate reflection, which my duty as a responsible shoe-blacker requires, and greatly to the annoyance of my nice & delicate feelings. This is therefore to prohibit and forbid all and every person harboring, trusting, or employing her in any way or manner within this city of Cincinnati, or within 20 miles of this city, either North or South, East or West, and if any one shall do, perform, or permit any one or all of the above enumerated prohibitions to be done to her, I will neither pay for them nor cause them to be paid, but will prosecute any and all such persons to the extent of the law; and if any body gives her clothes to wash I will burn them up.

WILLIAM HOLTON.

Runaway from the subscriber to Laughery Township on the 16 of September last, Mary M'Clure, an Indentured Girl aged 17 years, very some meaus' preured her Indenture which she carried off. All persons are forewarned not to trust her on my account, as I shall enforce the law against any who may do this after this date.

ROBERT WALKER.
Laughery Township, the 7, 1826.

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E. LITFELL, PHILADELPHIA.

Contents of No. 9, for September.

Portrait of George Clinton.

1. Pontoppidan's Natural History of Norway. From the Retrospective Review.

2. Sketches of Portuguese Life, &c. From the Monthly Review and Literary Gazette.

3. Beckford's thoughts on Hunting. From the Retrospective Review.

4. Scientific Institutions. From the Quarterly Review.

5. The Traveller at the Source of the Nile. From the Monthly Magazine.

6. Mr. McDonnell's Essay on the Rate of Wages and the Condition of the Labouring Classes. From the Edinburgh Magazine.

7. A Duge. From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

8. Captain Maitland's Narrative of the Surroundings of Buonaparte. From the Edinburgh Magazine.

M—Casper Michael, David McKittrick, Wm. K. Miller, Henry Miller 2, Isaac Miller, Thomas Maitford 2, John Miller, Isaac Morgan, John McGahan, Berj. Miles, John M'Kee, Wm. Marshall.

N—B. S. Noble, John Neil, Hamel Neil.

O—John Oxley, Sam'l Osgood; Edward O'Conor.

P—Wm. S. Perdue, John Pettis.

R—Cline Roland, John Robinson, A. H. Reed.

S—George Scuttle, John Sunman, John Snell, George Sharon, Robert Slater, Wm. Seibert.

V—Wm. C. Vanhouten, Sam'l C. Vance 2.

W—Melanton Wicks, James Walden, J. H. Watson, Isaac Wickersham, Elizabeth Winters.

A LIST OF LETTERS,

Remaining in the Post Office in Lawrenceburg Indiana on the 30th September, 1826; which if not taken out within three months, will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

A—Andrew Anderson, John Armstrong.

B—John Buck, Joel & Abi Beach, Robert Blackmore, Jane Bartholomew, Obediah Baley.

C—Hiram Cloud, Gustavus A. Cone, John Cox, John B. Chisman, William Cloud, Mary Campbell.

D—James Dill, Jane Day.

E—Joseph Fugate 2, Sheldon Fairbanks.

G—Wm. Gibson, Michael Gary, Dr. Isaac Gibson.

H—John Hains, Wm. Hutchings, Absalom Hart, James Hamilton, Elias Hernon, Dennis Holden.

I—David Herd.

L—Moses Lindley 2, John Lexington, Cyrus Mills, Lawrenceburg Library.

M—Casper Michael, David McKittrick, Wm. K. Miller, Henry Miller 2, Isaac Miller, Thomas Maitford 2, John Miller, Isaac Morgan, John McGahan, Berj. Miles, John M'Kee, Wm. Marshall.

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