

## MISCELLANY.

### Selected.

The following lines addressed to *Lord Byron*, are considered by *sir Walter Scott*, as the finest production of *Byron*.  
 There is a mystic thread of life,  
 So dearly wreathed with mine alone,  
 That destiny's relentless knife  
 At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes  
 Have often gazed with soft delight;  
 By day that form their joy supplies,  
 And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire  
 Such thrills of rapture through my breast,  
 I would not hear a seraph choir,  
 Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell  
 Affection's tale upon the cheek;  
 But pale, at one fond farewell,  
 Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip, which mine hath pressed,  
 And none had ever pressed before—  
 It vowed to make me sweetly blisse'd,  
 And mine—mine only press'd it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—  
 Hath pillow'd off this aching head;  
 A mouth, which smiles on me alone,  
 And eye, whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts, whose movements thrill  
 In unison so closely sweet!  
 That pulse to pulse, responsive still!  
 That both must leave—or cease to beat.

There are two souls, whose equal flow  
 In gentle streams so calmly run,  
 That when they part—they part!—ah no!  
 They cannot part—these souls are one.

### THE DOCTOR IN TROUBLE.

A doctor there lived in the county of Fife,  
 Physic 'em 'tisic 'em, oh!  
 And he had a wife, the plague of his life,  
 With her squallery, bawdry, ho!  
 She worried and teased the unfortunate elf,  
 If his patients were few, he was patient himself,  
 But at last she fell sick, and was laid on the shelf,

With her sigh away, die away, ho!

Now in sables the doctor had often rehearsed,  
 Whine away groan away ho!  
 And he always wore morning for fear of the worst,

With his seem grieve, laugh in sleeve, ho!  
 So a coffin he bought of a friend in the trade,  
 And m'dom under ground very snugly was laid;

And the very next night Bolus married his maid.

With her sic for shame! change her name, ho!

Now it happened that night that a gentleman

bred,

Dig away in the clay, ho!

To the grave occupation of raising the dead,  
 With his coffin crack, spade and sack, ho!

Rang at one in the morning, the doctor's night bell,

And said "Sir, I've brought you a subject to sell;

But the watchman is near, so be quick, or he'll tell;

With your cut and slash...pay the cash, ho!"

The doctor had scarcely re-fasted'd the door,  
 With his bolt and chain, lock again, ho!

When he thought in the sack he heard somebody snore,

With them snooze 'em foofle 'em ho?

But who shall describe the poor doctor's surprise.

When he opened the sack to examine his prize;

For his wife had come back! and she opened her eyes,

With her squallery, bawdry, ho!

And the doctor...he dropped her and ran away ho!

### SEALING AN OATH.

"Do you" said Fanny. "Gother day,  
 In earnest love me as you say?  
 Or are those tender words applied  
 Alike to fifty girls beside?"  
 "Dear, cruel girl," cried I forbear,  
 For by those eyes—those lips, I swear—  
 She stopped me as the oath I took,  
 And cried,—"You've sworn—now kiss the book!"

### EARLY PIETY.

Youth is the time to serve the Lord.  
 The time to ensure the great reward."

This is true; for nothing, we believe, can be more acceptable to our heavenly Father and benefactor, than the grateful devotion of the youthful mind, before it becomes tainted by the world, and worldly pursuits.—Such devotion is a pure offering, and happy the youth, of either sex, whose heart is disposed to it; who disregarding the frivolous pursuits of fashion, which waste so much precious time, and the idle amusements, which serve only to weaken the judgment and obstruct mental cultivation, communes much in secret with heaven and the divine oracles; and whether in public or private walks, pursues that only which is innocent and useful, as well as agreeable. Such a youth will be sure of coming on the stage of action, well prepared for the duties of life—well fortified against the illusive and seductive influences of the vain and the vicious—and happily reconciled, through communion with God, to all the vicissitudes of our earthly condition. How much better for the individual is this early piety, than that which springs in latter life, or in old age, from repentence of sins committed, remorse for past conduct, which, however fatal may have been its consequence, cannot be recalled, can only be repented of. In the one case the mind is carried through

life serene and tranquil at all times for all rational enjoyments and pursuits in the other, the frequent recurrence of bitter reflection on the past, will poison the fountains even of innocent pleasure, and often dash from the lip the cup of joy. To our youthful readers, then, can any thing, with more propriety, be more forcibly recommended, than the cultivation of piety, as the best security against the dangers that youth every where has to encounter. Let all ingenious youth, of good sense, reflect that it is their duty to read the Scriptures, to reverence God, to love, respect, and obey their parents, to pursue with diligence their studies or other temporal occupations, to fly from vice, and from evil communication. In short, if they would be happy, both here and hereafter, they will never for a moment forget, that.

*Rise and fall of nations.*—Mr. Burke one of the most ingenious and profound writers of a late period, has made the following observations on the prosperity of nations:—"In all speculations upon men and human affairs, it is of no small moment to distinguish things of accident from premature causes and from effects that cannot be altered. I am not quite of the mind of those speculators who seem assured that necessarily, and by the constitution of all things, all states have the same periods of infancy, manhood, and decrepitude, that are found in the individuals who compose them. The objects which are attempted to be forced into an analogy are not founded in the same classes of existence. Individuals are physical beings, subject to laws universal and invariable.—Commonwealths are not physical, but moral essences; they are artificial combinations, and in their proximate efficient cause, the arbitrary production of the human mind. We are not yet acquainted with the laws which necessarily govern that kind of work made by that kind of agent. There is not, as in the physical order, a distinct cause by which any of those fabrics must grow, flourish and decay; nor indeed, in my opinion, does the moral world produce any thing more determined on that subject than what may serve as an amusement (liberal indeed, but still only an amusement) for speculative men. I doubt whether the history of man is yet complete enough, if ever it can be so to furnish grounds for a sure theory on the eternal causes which necessarily affect the fortune of a state. I am far from denying the operation of such causes; but they are infinitely more uncertain, and much more difficult to trace than the foreign causes that tend to depress and sometimes overwhelm society.

With this truth continually in their mind's eye, they cannot fail to become not only ornaments of human society, and benefactors of their species; but the companions of angels in heaven, and accepted saints at the throne of their Redeemer.

*The Antidote.*

The following reflection on seeing a Mummy are just, natural, and well expressed.—They are from the Penn. Village Recorder:

They have been into the chambers of the dead: they have disinterred an inhabitant of the grave: She is brought to light; a lovely woman of Egypt: she is brought to light after reposing three thousand years in darkness, but not to life: it is a resurrection before the appointed time; her sleep is not out; her slumbers are not over; the hand of death is yet heavy upon her. Still we feel it to be strange company; she seems to speak though dumb. What are these efforts to preserve from decay this mortal frame? Those bands of linen, those gums and spice, those embalming preparations, so artfully devised? They tell us of the dread of annihilation; they speak the strong feelings of the soul; the powerful desire for immortality; and strengthen the belief of a future life, by showing how strongly the God of nature has implanted the desire in our breasts. What more do we learn? Beads! a necklace!—Aye it was a female, these were her ornaments. Then the female character has not changed. Woman was vain three thousand years ago. She had finery, trinkets, beads!—That is illiberal. She desired to please. She was lovely, and her friends delighted to see her charms heightened by ornaments. The desire to render one's self agreeable, is it not praise worthy? Ha! ha! Is it laughter! or is it the sound of the trumpet and shouts of joy; the gay laugh—the trampling of steeds—the rolling of wheels—give token that from her hundred gates Thebes is sounding forth her warriors to battle. See them pass under the window of the fair maiden: She is decorated to bid him farewell, whose footsteps make her heart flutter like a captive bird; she stands ready to wish him honor and victory and a safe return: He bows his head to the neck of his gallant steed—kisses his hand—dashes the brine drop that steals in his eye;—a thousand tumultuous passions throng his breast.—She smiles through her tears, and waves her white handkerchief from the window!—where are they now? where is Thebes, and where her countless multitudes? Nothing of all her pride and power and greatness, but this poor Mummy, left! Behold this virgin now exposed to the vulgar gaze. How would she have shrunk at the thought! How supreme the folly of attempting to arrest the course of nature! The world and its joys are false; all hopes of mortal immortality, are false. We are all vanity.—Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return. The spirit only can survive.—

"There's nothing true but heaven."

*From the Georgia Courier, Aug. 5.*  
 We did not intend to make a single observation on the letter of Gen. Jackson, which we publish to day: but as he has mentioned Mr. M'Duffie's resolutions, we must state that it is our belief that the General must have entirely mistaken the object of their mover. If our impression is correct Mr. M'Duffie was opposed to the whole investigation; and by proposing as he did to give the committee raised on Kremer's story an *undignified* office, and to direct by such institutions, their enquiries to such *unconventional* objects, his intention was to quash the investigation altogether by throwing upon the whole that contempt, which both the accusation and the accuser deserved and received from the House of Representatives at the time. If we are mistaken, we stand not alone under this impression, for it was the public impression at the time, and receives to this day the corroboration of those who were engaged in the same scene. So true is it, that the rejection of these resolutions, which were never intended nor expected to be adopted by the mover, was the cause of Mr. Kremer's refusal to appear to substantiate the truth of his accusation, as stated in the Washington Telegraph.

We most heartily wish the General had confined his letter to the laconic limits of the following: *Mr. James Buchanan, a respectable member of Congress from the State of Pennsylvania, was the gentleman who mentioned to me the overture contained in my letter to Mr. Carter Beverly.—Mr. Buchanan can answer for himself.*

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