

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BROKEN TIES.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream;
Around us each dissov'd chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hand can 'e'en again
Unite those Broken Ties.

The parents of our infant home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms perchance may rove
To distant scenes removed;
Or, we may have watch'd their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sighed to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They, too, are gone, or changed,
Or, worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened and estranged:

They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep our wrong,
And mourn our Broken Ties.

Ob! who, in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Uncloaked yet remain?

That hope the sovereign Lord has given
Who reigns beyond the skies;
That hope unites our souls to Heaven
By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And spend its flights above;
And every pang that rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a safer rest,
And turns to holier ties.

Philosophy and Independence.—“You can't make me believe that folks who have their five thousand dollars a year are happier than I am,” said farmer Jones to his neighbor Bond. “Well then I shan't try, said his neighbor Bond, very quietly knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and wiping his mouth for a draught of cider; if any man likes to think Providence has dealt over hard with him, he may have the comfort of it for all me.”

“There is no getting round you neighbor Bond,” said farmer Jones; but tell me now, honestly, shouldn't you be willing to leave off working, and take fifty thousand dollars, if it were offered to you?”

“Very like I might,—for as Aunt Betty says, there is a great deal of human nature in man; but I hope the temptation won't come in my way,—for I shouldn't be as happy a man as I am now.” “You wouldn't be obliged to work then, neighbor?”

“No, and if I was not obliged to work I should work; and then I am sure I shouldn't be contented. I have had a bit of experience this way, Mr. Jones; though I never was over and above rich. I'll tell you my experience.

Dick Brown and I (you know rich Dick Brown) were boys together—a couple of as poor and as merry devils as ever capered to ‘Yankee Doodle.’ Dick and I never had but one fight, though we were almost always together, and that Aunt Betty has often told me was owing to the singular uprightness of my nature. A sick gentleman came to our house on horseback and father told one of us boys to go to the tavern and buy some gin for him.

The tavern was three quarters of a mile off, the road lay thro' a pokerish bit of wood, and it was beginning to be dark. My brother Jim had a parcel of ‘raw-head and bloody-bones’ stories told him, and he didn't altogether like the notion of going. You must know, neighbor Jones, that man and boy, I have always been over and above willing to be brave by proxy; as they call it. So I says to Jim, looking as fierce as a bullet all the time, ‘now, Jim, an't you ashamed of yourself to be scared?’ I had just as lief go through that 'ere wood, as to go to bed. My father laughed and looked sort of mischievous, I thought. ‘Well, suppose you go, then,’ said he. He might just as well shot me dead as to have said them words—but thinks I to myself, ‘Jim'll crow, and Dick'll laugh, so I may as well stand out to my word.’ It was but a boy's motive, neighbor Jones, but if you will show me a man who was never governed by just such like, I will tell you that man is one in the five hundred. Well off I scampered barefoot, over the hard frosty ground, seeing a witch on every black stamp, and a ghost in every bush. I bought my gin, and was back to my father's as quick as a patent shuttle. I guess the gentleman knew how the case stood,—for he took out a fourpence and gave it to me with a smile. My quarrel with Dick Brown was about this fourpence. I tell you money always has its evils. The first money I ever got, made me insolent. I showed Dick my fourpence, and called him a poor ragamuffin.

“Dick knocked me down; and we didn't speak for a fortnight. We made up afterwards; and Dick often went with me to look at the silver bit I had locked up in my little box. Dick and I went to practice afterwards—he to a shopkeeper, and I to a blacksmith. We both got up in the world and began to look on

a fourpenny bit as a very small concern. Dick turned out the most prosperous of the two. He's got his country seat and his carriage, and has sent ten boys to college; but I'd bet a beaver hat he'd be glad to go back to the time when he knocked me down about the fourpence. He has got into a dreadful uneasy way—thinks he has got a thousand complaints that never came near him, and that his sons are going to bring him to the alms-house.

“He has some reason for that, poor man;—for they are a set of scye graces, sure enough. They never earned any money, poor lads! how should they know the worth of it? They don't take to books, and their father makes 'em go through college, for the name on’t—what can the poor fellows do with their time, without they have a high go, now and then! We ought to have a deal of compassion and charity for the rich, neighbor Jones. I was going to tell you about myself. I heard tell about Dick's house and furniture—I had a pretty sum of money,—so I thought I'd turn gentleman too. I was idle—and I called it being at ease; but not a speck of ease could I find. I had my chimneys pulled down four times,—My wife said there was nothing the matter with them, but I said there was. However, it was bad business to pull down chimneys for a living,—so I gave that up. The wind and the weather furnished me with considerable occupation. I watched the weather-cock as close as I ever watched my anvil; and there was no small comfort in grumbling about the dry and wet spells, which I said was going to ruin the farmer. Having no business of my own, I kept an eye upon other people's. I thought I was a pretty close observer, and I declared as lazy folks always do, that the world was going to destruction, as fast as it could go; but the world didn't mind me—so I gave that up. I wanted to complain to my neighbors, but they hadn't time to hear me.

“When I talked to my wife, she kept on her knitting, and only said, ‘I always told you, you was a fool for giving up your business.’ If I had any real calamity, I might have been pretty well off, tho' I had too much money. My eldest son grew very fat, and for a long time I worried myself every night for fear he would be attacked by apoplexy, but instead of taking fits he took to politics,—and I could soon count his ribs; it was too bad—with all my whims and notions I could not get enough to think about. I could not take my favorite walk without having the east winds blow in my face. Folks come to me for my money, and I let 'em have it because I did not know what to do with it myself, there was real satisfaction in being of use to somebody. How I did watch for my bills to come due! Many a time I've had breakfast an hour earlier than common, and set out on a brisk trot to pay a mechanic, who lived ten rods from my door.

“But how did your money hold out, neighbour Bond?” said Jones. “I desire to be thankful neighbor Jones, the barrel soon run low at the hung hole. I had to go to work again—and now I am a happy man, sir. My children all behave well, for I didn't play rich long enough to spoil 'em. My oldest son goes a representative for our town; and my daughters are all well married. Sometimes they tell me they wish I would work so hard; but I say to 'em ‘I've learned wisdom by experience let them be idle that like it. Here I'll dig till you have to dig a new home for me.’ ‘But, neighbor Bond,’ said Jones, ‘it makes me mad to see them ruffled-shirt gentry there in Boston, with their white wristbands over their hands, walking by the market, so stately like, as if they was afraid my breath would spoil their new broadcloth; Don't it raise your old Adam neighbor Bond?’ ‘Not a bit. I often look over my shoulder at them, and laugh, as I say to myself, ‘When a man has nothing to do, it must be great comfort to him to think he is of much consequence.’ ‘Well, neighbor Bond, you are a happy man. For my part, I don't like to be lorded over.’ ‘Lorded over? Heaven help the man, we lord it over them! I should like to know what measure they can carry if the honest yeomanry of the country have a mind to vote against them! The honest hard working men who take a newspaper home, and read it with candid minds in the bosoms of industrious families; these are the men to save the nation, when the nation is in danger.

“I am proud of my station, sir; and I'll try to use my power well. There are good folks among the rich, as well as the poor—it makes a man neither better nor worse to be a gentleman, provided he has a taste for it. If the gentry, as you call 'em, vote for what is fair, I'll vote with them; and if they want to vote for anything that will oppress the people, I guess they'll find they arent of as much consequence as they think they are. Let the upstarts among 'em enjoy their fine clothes, as little Sammy does his rattle; and if they have a mind to take the trouble, let them tell forty lies a week to hide that their great-grandfather made leather breeches for a living. What do I care! Can't I know that I am the happiest

of the two? An't I as free? and havn't I as much weight in the government as they have?’ ‘You talk like a book Mr. Bond; but after all, I don't like to see their carriages and footmen rolling by my old hay cart.’

“Very like, neighbor Jones, for as Aunt Betty says, there is a great deal of human nature in man!!!”

Mass. Journal.

Staymaker's Pin.—A poor corset maker out of work, and starving, thus vented his miserable complaint: “Shame that I should be without bread; I that have stayed the stomach of thousands.”

Why is a room full of married ladies like an empty room? Because there is not a single one in it.

The following original love letter was sent by Edward Wilson, a country school-master in the Orkney Islands, to Miss Sibilli Trail, a native of the same country:

“Dearest Sibby, I love thee with an extravagant love; and the mouth of my affection waters with the love of thee. Dearest Sibby, I am thy slave and thy slave's slave, and the slave of the flea that lies under the pillow. O that I were but metamorphosed into an ass's colt, that might carry thy lovely body up an down the world.”

Half a Hog.—The New Haven Herald says: “A thief went into the market in that city, where a number of porkers had been left, one night last week, and cutting one of them in two, took the hinder part, and carried it off. It has been suggested that the rogue was an Adamsite, as the Jacksonians generally ‘go the whole hog.’”

Labor is good, if not for food, certainly for physic.

None are more inclined to become the enemies of vice than those who have been slaves, and are so happy as to have broken from their bondage.

Administrators' Notice.

WE, the subscribers, having been appointed administrators of the estate of WILLIAM WILSON, deceased, late of Cotton township, Switzerland county, notify all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment; and those having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for settlement, within one year from date.

The estate is considered solvent.

SUSANAH WILSON,
JOHN WOTTON,
Administrators

Cotton township, Switzerland county, Ind. 19th Jan. 1829.

4-3*

Administrators' Notice.

THE undersigned having taken out letters of administration on the estate of WILLIAM BOGARD, late of the county of R. pley, deceased; hereby notify all persons having claims or demands against said estate, to make payment immediately; and those having claims against it, to present them properly authenticated for settlement within one year from date.

The estate is considered solvent.

WILLIAM MARKLAND,
MARY BOGARD,
Administrators

January 29, 19, 1829.

4-3*

Administrator's Notice.

PATRICK O'BRIAN, of Dearborn county, has taken out letters of administration on the estate of CORNIE MESSENGER, late of said county, deceased; all persons having claims or demands against said estate, are requested to produce the same within one year to said administrator; and all those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to said administrator. From the best information he has been able to obtain, he believes said estate to be insolvent, and claims the settlement thereof is such.

Said administrator also intends offering for sale, at his residence in Kiso township, Dearborn county, on the 21st day of February next, household furniture and farming utensils, the property of the said deceased.

PATRICK O'BRIAN, Adm'r.

24th January, 1829.

4-3*

Estray Horse Taken Up

BY Stephen Liddle of Lawrenceburg township, about the 16th November last—colt—sorrel—rare fallow—very old—go not known—no other marks or brands perceptible. Appraised to 12 dollars and 50 cents by Jabez Percival and Daniel Davis.

Certified on oath before me this 17th day of January, 1829.

BENJAMIN FULLER, j. p. [seal.]

A true copy from my estray book.

B. F. j. p.

TAKEN UP,
By John Daugherty, of Delaware township, Ripley county, Indiana, a dark bay mare colt, supposed to be two years old next spring, with a black mane and tail, about 12 hands high, the right hind foot white—no other brands or marks perceptible. Appraised to 12 dollars, this 16th day of Dec by Asher Waggoner and Gad Waggoner. A true copy.

H. FISHER, J. P.

3-3*

TAKEN UP,
By Gad Waggoner, of Delaware township, Ripley county, Indiana, a light bay mare colt, supposed to be two years old next spring, with a small star in her forehead, with her left fore foot white, and a part of her right fore foot white, about eleven and a half hands high, black mane and tail—no other brands or marks perceptible. Appraised to nine dollars and a half by Asher Waggoner and John Daugherty Dec. 18th, 1828. A true copy.

H. FISHER, J. P.

JOE-PRINTING
OF ALL KINDS NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE

January 8th, 1829.

3-3*

STATE OF INDIANA, DEARBORN COUNTY, Sct.

Dearborn Circuit Court:

October Term, 1828.

Samuel Bond and Samuel Rees,

Executors of David Rees,

On complaint in

Chancery.

Lewis Ingols and others.

NOW comes the complainant, by Dunn their attorney, and prove to the satisfaction of the court, that Dennis Gragg, one of the defendants aforesaid, is not a resident of the state of Indiana; it is therefore ruled and ordered by the court, that notice of the pendency of the foregoing bill of complaint be published four weeks successively, in the Indiana Palladium, a newspaper printed and published in Lawrenceburg, Dearborn county, notifying and requiring the said Dennis Gragg to be and appear before the judges of the Dearborn circuit court, in chancery sitting, on the first day of their next term, to be held at Lawrenceburg, and for said county, on the first Monday in April next, then and there to answer to the bill of complaint aforesaid, or to the matters and things therein prayed for, as to him, will be taken as confessed, and a decree thereon, as to him, will be entered accordingly.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

27th January, 1829.

4-4*

STATE OF INDIANA, DEARBORN COUNTY, Sct.

Dearborn circuit court:

October Term, 1828.

Robert Gillespie,

es.

On complaint in Chancery.

George Newton,

NOW comes the complainant, by Lane his attorney, and files his affidavit that the said defendant is not a resident of this state, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court, that the said defendant George Newton is not a resident of the state of Indiana; it is therefore ordered by the court, that notice of the pendency of the said bill of complaint be published for four weeks successively in the Indiana Palladium, a newspaper printed and published at Lawrenceburg, Dearborn county, requiring the said defendant to be and appear before the judges of the Dearborn circuit court, on the first day of their next term, to be held at Lawrenceburg, and for the said county of Dearborn, on the first Monday in April next, then and there to answer to the bill contained in the said bill, or the same will be taken as confessed, and the matters and things in the said bill contained, or the same will be taken as confessed, and the matters therein prayed for, will be decided accordingly.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

27th January, 1829.

4-4*

STATE OF INDIANA, DEARBORN COUNTY, Sct.

Dearborn circuit court:

October Term, 1828.

Margaret Bartley,

es.

On Petition, or Bill

for Divorce.

Hannah Gattenby and others.

NOW comes the said complainant, by Lane his attorney, and files her petition praying a divorce from her said husband, for certain reasons in said petition set forth, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court, by proof now here in court made, that the said George Bartley is not a resident of this state; it is therefore ordered and directed by the court, now here in chancery sitting, that notice of the pendency of said petition be published in the Indiana Palladium, a newspaper printed and published at Lawrenceburg, Dearborn county, requiring the said defendant to be & appear before the judges of the Dearborn circuit court, on the first day of their next term to be held at Lawrenceburg, and for the county of Dearborn, on the first Monday in April next, then and there to answer to the bill contained in the said petition, or the same will be taken as confessed, and the matters and things therein prayed for, will be decided accordingly.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

27th January, 1829.

4-4*