

## MISCELLANY.

Some unknown has favored us, through the post office, with several poetical pieces over the signature of "Flavius." The following from that source is not without merit; and if an original production, is very creditable to the writer.

### ST. HELENA.

The winds that sigh along its shore,  
Roam o'er the conqueror's grave;  
And there is heard the distant roar,  
Of ocean's wildest wave;  
Napoleon's sun, forever set  
Within that gloomy isle,  
No more shall light the dreary earth,  
On the ocean smile.  
The star that beamed o'er all the world,  
And lumined heaven's vault,  
Has sunk in ocean's darkest isle,  
Beyond the world's insult.  
He rode on victory's proudest car,  
With conquest in his eye,  
He hurled the tyrants from their thrones,  
And shook the earth and sky.  
His sword the widow's tears avenged,  
The orphan's moans he heard,  
And in the oppressor's dearest blood,  
He dyed the avenging sword.  
He lifted high his blood stained arm,  
And swore the world to free;  
With victory perched upon his crest,  
He bade the cowards flee.  
At Waterloo his high form'd hopes  
Were crushed by British power,  
And all ambitions fine-drawn scenes  
Were blasted in an hour.  
And in that hour Napoleon's star,  
In gloomy darkness set,  
Amid misfortunes lowing clouds,  
That in the heavens met.  
Atlantic waves now wash the isle,  
That keeps his mouldering form,  
And o'er his silent resting place,  
Sweeps ocean's wildest storm.

FLAVIUS.

### LOVE LETTER.

The Lancaster Gazette says, the following love song had its origin in the following circumstances:

When Trumbull, the Connecticut Bard, was quite young, a youth of his acquaintance, named Jacob —, was grievously smitten with the charms of one Nancy Sweeting. In managing an affair so peculiarly interesting, the sufferer dared not trust his own pen or his own stock of brains, and most ardently requested Trumbull's friendly assistance.—The poet promised to do his best, if he might write in poetry and in Jacob's name. To this the burning lover agreed, and the following was soon on its destined course:

To thee my Nancy, to thee my Sweeting,  
Poor prisoner Jacob sendeth greeting,  
Whereas, so please the powers above,  
I'm falling desperately in love.  
For Cupid took a station sly  
In one bright corner of your eye,  
From his bow let fly a dart,  
Which missed my ribs and reached my heart.  
Pierced thro' and thro' and passing farther,  
Put all my insides out of order.  
Nor this the only plague I found—  
Love entered at the viewless wound,  
As mice into a cheese will creep  
Through a small crack, and entering deep,  
While all without looks fair and well,  
They leave the cheese an empty shell.  
So theivish love at once breaks through,  
Stole and bore off my heart to you,  
And left me heartless, void of ease,  
An empty shell like foresaid cheese.  
Now I poor Jacob in great smart,  
Beseech you to return my heart;  
Or else, to cure my ceaseless moan,  
Make an exchange and send your own.  
Oh! Nancy, then I love more truly  
Than ever Hudibras loved I truly.  
Nor Eneas o' old or Dido,  
Could love one half so hot as I do.  
I hold my Nancy more a Goddess  
Than Venus fair or Diana modest,  
Throughout the world thy beauties shine,  
Nor has the sun such power as thine.  
Thy looks make fair or cloudy weather,  
Thy beauty keeps the world together,  
And should a dearth e'er come again,  
Should you frown I know 'twould rain.  
For you the earth produces flowers,  
For you clouds drop in fruitful showers,  
Fruits only grow that you may eat,  
And calves and pigs to find you meat,  
Your charming smiles which we observe,  
Should you withhold the world would starve,  
Earth would refrain her wouted store,  
And plums and peaches be no more.  
Oh Nancy! could you once but love me,  
How mighty glad poor Jacob would be;  
Nor time, nor fate, our love should sever,  
I'd stick to you like wax forever.  
Then have me, Nancy, for I tell you  
I am a pretty clever fellow,  
And you must think so too, for why  
No one can tell so well as I.  
Here follows then without objection  
The rent-roll of poor Jake's perfection.  
Know then, all womankind, that I  
When straight am almost six feet high,  
Hence, by plain reasoning it appears  
I'm one of nature's grenadiers.  
Yet I, to whisper this between us,  
Serve only in the wars of Venus.  
I'm brown, and one good thing observe is,  
My hair is black, Ma'am, at your service.  
Of wit I boast not, but have brains  
Enough to walk in when it rains.  
To know the odds 'twixt cheese and chalk,  
Or tell a hand saw from a hawk.  
To cane a man should he abuse me,  
Or hang myself if you refuse me.

Now some who judge of folks by looks,  
Tell me that I've a hanging look;  
You must direct me which to choose  
The gallows rope or marriage noose—  
I must as fate or you incline.  
Hang round your neck or hang by mine.  
Your frowns or smiles will make or break me,  
So Nancy or the D — I take me.  
I have some faults my foes will bawl,  
But I've forgiven myself of all,  
And so am never the worse I fancy,  
If you can think so too, my Naucy.  
If you for better or for worse  
Take poor Jacob to be yours,  
Our love shall last so long, no doubt,  
Eternity will first run out.  
And be so great when I unfold it,  
Imminency must stretch to hold it.  
And when death comes in fire and thunder,  
To cut our marriage-knot asunder,  
I'll hold you spite of wind or weather,  
His darts shall nail us both together.  
Then yield, my fair, and with me take up,  
And I'll be yours while I am — JACOB.

### WHO IS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN?

Female beauty, in the limited sense of the word, is that outward form and proportion which corresponds with the theories of poets and the rules of artists—of which every nation has examples, and of which every woman has a share. But beauty, by a more natural definition of the word, is that indescribable charm, that union of many qualities of person and mind and heart, which insures to man the greatest portion of happiness.

Wherever there is most bosom tranquility, most domestic happiness, there beauty reigns in all its strength. Look at that mud hovel on one of the wild hills of Ireland; smoke is streaming from the door and window; a woman to six healthy children and a happy husband, is portioning out a simple and scanty meal. She is a good mother and an affectionate wife; and though tinged by smoke and touched by care, she is warmly beloved; she is lovely in her husband's eyes, and is therefore beautiful. Go into your Scottish cottage, there is a clean floor, a bright fire, merry children, a thrifty wife, and a husband who is nursing the youngest child, and making a whistle for the eldest. The woman is lovely and beautiful, and an image of thrift and good housewifery, beyond any painter's creation; her husband believes her beautiful too, and whilst making the little instrument of melody to please his child, he thinks of the rivals from whom he won her, and how fair she is compared to all her early companions. Or here is a house at hand, hemmed round with fruit trees and flowers, while the blossoming tassels of honey suckle perfume us as we pass in at the door. Enter, behold that English woman, out of keeping with all the rules of academic beauty, full and simple in her person, her cheeks glowing with health, her eyes shining with quiet happiness, her children swarming like summer bees, her house shining like a new clock, and her movements as regular as one of Murray's chronometers. There sits her husband, a sleek contented man, well fed, clean lodged, and softly handled, who glories in the good looks and sagacity of his wife, and eyes her affectionately as he holds the shining tankard to his lips, and swallows slowly, and with protracted delight, the healthy beverage which she has brewed. Now this is a beautiful woman; and why is she beautiful? She is beautiful, because the gentleness of her nature and the kindness of her heart throw a household halo round her person, adorning her as a honey suckle adorns an ordinary tree, and impressing her mental image on our minds. Such is beauty in my sight—a creation more honorable to nature and more beneficial to man, and in itself infinitely more lovely, even to look upon, than those shapes made according to the line and level of art, which please inexperienced eyes, delude dreamers, fascinate old bachelors, catch the eye and vex the heart.

London Anniversary for 1829.

The following proceedings and orders of Court are taken from the early records of Plymouth Colony; and may be amusing to many of our readers. We take them from the Plymouth Memorial.

[N. E. Galaxy.]

1651. Nathaniel Bassett and Joseph Prior, for disturbing the Church of Duxbury, on the Lord's day were sentenced each of them to pay twenty shillings fine, or the next Town meeting or training day each of them to be bound unto a post for the space of two hours in some public place with a paper on their heads on which their capital crime shall be written perspicuously so as it may be read. [Book 3, Court Orders, p. 1st.]

1654. We present Joan, the wife of Obadiah Miller, of Taunton, for beating and reviling her husband and having her children to help her, bidding them to knock him in the head, and wishing his vituals might choak him. [Book 3, Court Orders, p. 74.]

1665. Gyles Richard, Senr. for suffering John Barnes to be drunk in his house is fined five shillings. [Book 4th, Court Orders, p. 109.]

1665. Thomas Phelps for telling a lie is fined ten shillings. [Book 4th, Court Orders, p. 109.]

1665. John Barnes being lately detected of being twice drunk is fined

twenty shillings. [Book 4th, Court Orders p. 109.]

Further be it enacted, that whosoever shall profane the Lord's day by doing any servile work, or any such like abuses, shall forfeit for every such default, ten shillings or be whipped. [Book of Laws p. 79, part 1st.]

1674. It is enacted by the Court, that such Indians, which shall or do, steal any thing from the English, he or they shall make restitution by payment of four fold either by serving it out, or some other way, or be sold for his theft, at the discretion of two of the magistrates of this Jurisdiction. [Book of Laws, p. 131, part 3.]

1686. Capital Offences liable to death. Treason, or Rebellion against the person of our Sovereign Lord, the King, the state and Commonwealth of England, or this corporation.

Wilful Murder. Solemn Compaction, or conversing with the devil, by way of witchcraft or the like. [Book of Laws, part 3, p. 147.]

From the Georgia Journal.  
FROM MY PLACE BOOK.

If I possessed the most valuable things in the world, and were about to will them away, the following would be a plan of distribution:

I would will to the whole world, truth and friendship which are very scarce.

I would give an additional portion of truth to editors, lawyers, traders and merchants.

I would give to physicians—skill and learning.

To clergymen—zeal and disinterested piety.

To lawyers, merchants, brokers, public officers, &c.—honesty.

To old women—short tongues and legs.

To young women—common sense, large waists, and natural feet.

To servants—obedience and honesty.

To masters—humanity.

To farmers—punctuality and sobriety.

To old men—preparation for death.

To young sprouts, or dandies—good sense, little cash, and hard work.

To old maids—good tempers, little talk, and suitable husbands.

To old bachelors—love for virtue, children and wives.

To school boys—hard study and politeness to superiors.

To school girls—adornment of the brain, simple dress, and more work.

To school masters—abilities to teach what they profess, and attention.

To our College—the ablest professors, without regard to birth place, or sect.

To Mechanics—punctuality, honesty and weak drink.

To the rich—humility, politeness and exercise.

To the poor—contentment and good will to the rich.

To the miser—empty coffers.

To the prodigal (if single)—a plenty of cash—(if married)—economy.

To authors—good guardians.

To poets—hospitals, or mad-houses for oldage.

To politicians—plain, candid, honest dealing.

To judges—learning and impartiality.

To essayists—short pieces, and to the point.

To legislators—exertions for the public good, greater than for popularity, and short speeches.

To the charitable—little parade and home benefactors.

To northern beggars—little cash and cold fare.

To divinity students—a greater love for Christ & souls, than for gold or show.

To sabbatarians—abhorrence for great sins more than little ones, and a look out for themselves.

To christian warfare—always persuasion in place of force.

DENS SAPIENTIE.

Alphabets.—The English alphabet contains twenty-four letters; to which if we add j and v, consonants, there will be twenty-six; the French contains twenty-three; the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Samaritan, twenty-two each; the Arabic twenty-eight; the Persian thirty-one; the Turkish thirty-three; the Georgian thirty-six; the Coptic thirty-two; the Muscovite forty-three; the Greek twenty-four; the Latin twenty-two; the Slavonic twenty-seven; the Dutch twenty-six; the Spanish twenty-seven; the Italian twenty; the Ethiopic and Tartarian each two hundred and two; the Indians of Bengal twenty-one; the Burmese nineteen; the Chinese have, properly speaking, no alphabet, except we call their whole language by that name; their letters are words, or rather hieroglyphics, amounting to about eighty thousand.

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repeating to his "Venus Adona," the language which his greedy ear collected through the key-hole of his master's parlour—but to "cap the climax" of his sentimental breathings, you shall have a specimen of a few words, "whereof by parcels he stole a little." The gentleman on his knees spoke the following to his betrothed goddess.—

"Your alabaster neck,  
And sweet glowing eyes,  
Set my heart on fire,  
Oh, Cupid!"

Pat immediately darted down to his kitchen Abigail, and throwing himself at her feet, with blarney brogue and stentorian voice, repeated the following, which he imagined was a fac simile of the above:—

"Your yellow plaster neck,  
And sweet rolling eyes,  
Set my heart on fire,  
Oh, Clue pot!"

The following portrait is extracted from an oration delivered by Judge Baldwin, at the summit level of the Chemungo Canal, on the 4th inst.:—

"A thorough and reckless party man becomes absorbed in the sole desire of oppressing his opponents, and if ever a ray of pleasure crosses his sullen soul, it is when he has succeeded in the infliction of some misery upon them. In this blind excess he neither loves himself, his party, nor his country. He would voluntarily immolate those attachments upon the altar of war, the field of pestilence, or the theatre of famine. He can decree to Aristides the ostracism, and to Socrates, the deadly hemlock—to Adams the block, and to Jackson the halter, and the next day wear the manacles of either, if those manacles should but be made of silver."

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Fractional townships nineteen and twenty, of Range one.

Fractional townships nineteen and twenty, of Range two.

Being a reservation of ten miles square, heretofore appropriated for the use of the Eel river or Thornton party of Miami Indians, at their village on Sugar creek, and ceded to the United States by a treaty of February 11th, 1828. Also, Fractional township twenty-four, and townships twenty-five and twenty-six, of Range four.

Townships twenty-four and twenty-five, of Range five. Also, Fractional townships twenty-one twenty-two, and twenty-three, of Range ten.

Which last mentioned Range is bounded by the line of demarcation between Illinois and Indiana.

The lands reserved by law for the use of schools, or for other purposes, are to be excluded from sale.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, this nineteenth day of August, A. D. 1829. ANDREW JACKSON.

BY THE PRESIDENT:  
GEORGE GRAHAM, Commissioner  
S6-1s of the General Land Office.

Caution to the Public.

WHEREAS on or about the 3d day of November 1828, I gave my note of hand to DAVID SHAW, for eighty five dollars, payable on year from the date; which note was obtained through fraud, and I therefore caution the public against trading for or taking an assignment of said note, as I will not pay it unless compelled by law.

DAVID FISHER.  
Rising Sun, Ind. August 1, 1829. 35-3w\*

NOTICE.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given to Warren Tubs and Elizabeth Tubs his wife, Lewis Jolly and Lucinda Jolly his wife, Hamilton Ashby and Maria Luke his wife, Hamilton Ashby and John Ashby, heirs and legal representatives of Bayliss Ashby, late of Dearborn county, deceased, that I shall apply to the Probate court of Dearborn county, at its session or Term on the first Monday in November next, to appoint commissioners to assign and set over to me my dower of, in, and to a part of the west half of section fourteen, town seven, Range one west, in the county of Dearborn, the real estate of said deceased Bayliss Ashby.

KEZIAH ASHBY.

Sept. 3d, 1829. 36-3w.

Flour, Corn meal, Oats, Potatoes, Wood, &c.

Will be received at this office in payment of subscriptions and other debts.

INDIANA PALLADIUM, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED