

MISCELLANY.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

Oft in the still night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Pond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken:
The eyes that shone
Now dim'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.
Thus in the still night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me,
Like leaves in wintery weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all, but me, departed!
Thus in the still night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

From the New York Mentor.
THE LONELY INN.

A TALE OF ALARM.

"Bad quarters are better than no quarters at all," said Rufus Rider, as he urged his horse into a trot towards a lonely inn, that stood some distance back from the public road, along which he was riding, with the vain hope of reaching the town of—before night fall.

It was a wild and desolate looking place, and to add to the misery of the moment, a tempest which had been gathering since sundown, began now to rage most bitterly. A mixture of rain and hail driven by a fierce wind, in the traveller's face, placed him in no very enviable plight,—and it was with great glee, on turning an angle of the road, he discovered the inn above mentioned.

It was indeed no very promising place, in its outward aspect. It was large, ruinous, and old fashioned.

"I wish for a lodging here to night," said Rufus.

"Well I believe you wish for what you can't get here," replied the Host, as forbidding in his looks as the place itself.—"How is it, Dame? We have but one bed beside our own, and that hostler Jem sleeps in."—But, interrupted his considerate wife, "suppose Jem slept in the stable for one night, it would do him no great harm, and custom is not so plentiful that we should turn any away."

"Hollo! hostler Jem! what say you to it, man?" bawled the host in a deep rough bass voice; and a strange-looking being, whom the traveller had not observed before, yawning and rubbing his eyes, issued from a dark nook beside the fire-place.

"Are you agreeable to sleep in the hay-loft to night, to 'commodate this gentleman?" continued the host.

Hostler Jem opened his eyes somewhat wider at this—as though to see who it was he was to 'commodate, and forthwith agreed to the arrangement.

After taking a solitary meal, the traveller was shown up a flight of crazy stairs, into a spacious gloomy looking chamber, of which a low bedstead, and a broken one-armed chair, were the sole occupants.

Left to himself, his imagination soon became pretty busy. The twinkling of a miserable little taper only added to the gloom of the room.—"Surely, 'tis a strange place," thought Rufus, "little calculated for an inn; how can the folks manage to get a living here? Not by their customers, unless—"A dreadful supposition flashed on the traveller's mind.

"I'll fasten the door, at any rate," he said to himself; but on examination, to his utter dismay, found the door had neither lock, latch, nor bolt. His first impression on this discovery, was, that in spite of the hour of night, and the bad weather, he would get his horse from the stable and pursue his journey.—On further consideration, however, he thought that if he had fallen into bad hands, to leave the house might not be to escape them; and having placed the one-arm chair as a sort of sentinel against the door, he retired to bed.

For some time his apprehensions prevented him from sleeping, but at last the fatigue of the day's travel overcame his fears, and he fell asleep.

It was not surprising that his dreams partook of his waking feelings and ideas. Such was the case.

He imagined himself still in the same inn, but thought, that a sleeping draught had been mixed with his drink; he felt its deadly influence already stealing over him; yet even now could he escape to the next town, he might get some assistance and save his life; and he was trying with all his might to force the door,—when he was suddenly awakened from this scene of imaginary horror, to one as terrific in reality, by the overturning of the one-armed sentry at the door. He would have jumped from his bed, but a sight of the awful figure, which had now entered, deprived him of the power to move a

limb. It was a tall boorish man, with a red cap on his head, and dressed in a country man's frock, covered with stains of blood, in his left hand he held a lantern, and in his right a large knife.

The traveller was petrified at the sight; escape was hopeless, nor had he the power; his very tongue seemed tied, so that he could neither cry out for help, nor beg for mercy; he did all he could do, he shut his eyes, determining to feign sleep. "If money be his only object, perhaps by so doing I may save my life," thought Rufus.

The man advanced with heavy steps across the room; every step proclaimed him nearer; by the bedside he put down the lantern, and grasping his knife in one hand, with the other seized on the traveller's shoulders, and shook him violently; for some time Rufus persisted in counterfeiting sleep, but to no purpose; the man continued to shake him,—and he opened his eyes on the dreadful object before him.

When the man saw that his eyes were open, he ceased to shake him, but with a significant motion, drew the knife across his own throat, then pointed down, as if to the room below; after doing this several times, retired to a little distance, took up the lantern, repeated once more the same mysterious signs, and beckoning earnestly to the traveller to follow him, retired from the room.

What can it mean? Would the wretch have me partake in his horrid deed; surely by his pointing below he would have me join him in murdering the host and his wife? What am I to do? It is evident he has no ill design against myself? Shall I alarm the house, or shall I—"

The traveller, who had lain trembling and wondering, and considering what he should do, was suddenly prevented from pursuing his deliberations further by the reappearance of the awful figure.

With quick and angry steps he crossed the room; again he shook the traveller by the shoulders, and went through precisely the same motions as before—drew the knife across his throat, and pointed down—but with greater vehemence, at the same time pointing to the casement, through which the grey light of the approaching morning appeared, as though to signify the time for his diabolical purpose was passing.

Poor Rufus knew not what he should do; but waving his hand, as though in compliance, the man again retired, motioning and beckoning. No sooner had he left the room, than Rufus, with the resolution of despair, hastily putting on a portion of his dress, ran down the stairs, and with the most tremendous knockings aroused the host, and informed him of his impending fate.

Before Rufus had got half through his tale, the host was roaring with laughter, in which his spouse joined. The mystery explained was simply thus.—The traveller, as we have related, occupied the hostler's bed. The dreadful figure who occasioned the alarm, was no other than deaf and dumb butcher, employed by the worthy host of the inn to kill his pigs. It being usual for him to have the assistance of the hostler, he had proceeded, as he thought to wake him,—and the awfully mysterious motions he went through, were merely significant of the purpose for which he wanted him; his return the second time was in consequence of his not being as quick in his attendance as he thought he should be.

In conclusion I would observe, that many a tale of terror told to frighten the foolish, would turn out, properly explained, as harmless as this of the lonely inn, and the deaf and dumb butcher.

From the N. York Constellation.
MARRYING FOR MONEY.

Tom. Well, Joe, you have been married a twelve month—pray, how does matrimony suit you? Is Mrs. Joseph Sparediet as fair and fascinating as Miss Angelina Doubloon that was? Does she look, my dear fellow, as she did on the night you married her, when you swore that in the whole caravan of living animals, there was not so beautiful a creature as your wife?

Joe. Come! come! Tom don't be joking upon facts—the time has gone by when I could relish a jest.

Tom. Poor fellow! I see how 'tis just the same as with half the married men in town—the honey moon over, 'tis all over. But cheer up—make a confession—I promise to keep dark about the matter.

Joe. For your sake, Tom, I have half a mind to let you into my family secrets—you are yet on the bachelor's list—the story of my nuptial miseries may perhaps be of service to you.

Tom. Oh! never fear my committing matrimony—I have too much at stake among the ladies for that—the charm would be broken were I to marry one of them, but as long as I remain single, I receive the attention of all. But come out with your confession.

Joe. Shall I begin with my courting days—those which Addison, or some

other old bachelor, says are the happiest of our life?

Tom. Oh! spare me your courting scenes—they are too affecting for my nerves.

Joe. Well then, my father you know, just as I came of age, died, leaving me a handsome fortune, which by horses, theatres, gambling and tailor's bills, I soon managed to make a considerable hole in.

Tom. Yes, Joe, I know all that.

Joe. Accordingly I made love to my present wife, whose fortune I anticipated, would repair the breaches in mine.

Tom. Quite a natural anticipation, upon honor! that your wife should repair your breeches—but don't let me interrupt the thread of your story.

Joe. You know with what success my suit was crowned—you were the first to congratulate me on the miss Fortune you said I had married.

Tom. But did your marriage troubles commence so early?

Joe. Aye, the morning after our nuptials, instead of a draft for thirty thousand, on her father's banker, which I expected to find under my breakfast plate, the old curmudgeon informed me, that hearing I was somewhat involved, he had taken the precaution to secure his daughter's portion by a deed of—I forget the name—what—

Tom. A deed without a name! as Shakespeare says—Horrible! but this is news to me.

Joe. Yes, pride prevented my saying a word on the subject, except to my creditors, and them I invariably referred to my father-in-law, and he has referred them to the devil or some Wall-street broker to be shaved.

Tom. That was the unkindest cut of all—not even to pay your honorable debts—but what followed?

Joe. The old skin-flint made a thousand apologies, with professions of regard for his son-in-law—and as a proof of it, promised every quarter to settle my family expenses—provided they did not exceed his own.

Tom. Ha! ha! ha! That was liberality, indeed—but your furniture—horses—carriage, and other extraneous of a fashionable house keeper—they were at your disposal, I presume?

Joe. Oh yes—under a certain mortgage to my prudent father-in-law. In short I was put under as complete restriction, as the veriest non compos in the city. All I wondered at, is, that he did not get himself appointed my guardian.

Tom. Or have appointed your wife—she would then have been your guardian angel, with a vengeance. But how did she conduct herself, like a prudent and affectionate rib?

Joe. Why, yes; for a time, she was all sweetness and good humor. At the springs, where we went immediately on our nuptials, she was as discreet as a nun, and never lounged, except under the arm of her husband.

Tom. That was conjugal, indeed!

Joe. Her papa's eye was ever upon us, and his tongue perpetually chanting our praise—but my old acquaintances shrugged their shoulders when they passed and looked askance—if I remember right, Tom, you were of the number.

Tom. At the springs, did you say? Oh! I have a faint recollection of the fact—a new married couple was there—they told me it was my old friend Joe, but he looked so altered, I did not know him, blow me! if I did.

Joe. After we came from the springs, we took a house in the city—a second rate establishment of my wife's father, which for a six month before, had been unoccupied, except by a pair of Dutch rats and their family.

Tom. That was to ratify the marriage contract I suppose—but what then?

Joe. Then came the parties on my wife's account, made by a score of her female acquaintances, for no other purpose but to catch some unwary fellow in the same trap with myself.

Tom. But every body admired the grace with which you acquitted yourself on these occasions, and pronounced you the happiest and prettiest couple in the city—you were all the rage till the Siamese twins came along.

Joe. But the worst was yet to come. After I had been trotted out among my wife's aunts, uncles and cousins, she insisted upon going the round among my relations.

Tom. And did you not gratify so reasonable a request?

Joe. Once—I took her, one pleasant afternoon, to my grand-mother's at Bloomingdale and there we promenaded through her delightful garden.

Tom. Quite Adam and Eve, pon honor!

Joe. The ground being soft and muddy, we left the print of our footstep on the clean white floor of my grand-mother's best parlour. The old lady read us a sound lecture on neatness, and the reputation of my Dutch ancestors for that immaculate virtue. This specimen of my relations sufficed for my wife, and I heard no more of visiting them.

Tom. Quite sufficient for a moderate woman, I should judge—but how did

things go on in the family circle?

Joe. Ah! Tom, spare me the recital of my domestic afflictions—I always endeavor to put on a cheerful countenance when company come in, but as soon as they are gone, I kill time as I am able.

Tom. I take—I take—you raise a matrimonial breeze just to break the monotony of the scene and drive off the blues.

Joe. You hit it there, Tom, though the storm is generally of my wife's own brewing. If I say a word without perceiving it with "my dear"—or "my Angelina"—as I was wont to call her before our marriage,—she takes me to task for my unkindness and want of conjugal affection—that puts me out of humor, you know.

Tom. Why, what would the woman want? But you do not retort, I trust.

Joe. Not exactly—but I always feel confounded vexed and think what a fool I was for marrying her, and then as if she read my thoughts on these occasions, she always thrusts in a word about the large fortune and respectable connexions she brought me.

Tom. You join issue then, as the Pine-street lawyers say?

Joe. No—not a brat of an issue have we had yet, nor shall have, I trust—for that is the only reason, I begin to suspect, that the old Nabob consented to my marrying.

Tom. You mistake me, Joe—I intended to make no allusion to your want of an heir—blow me! If I did—all I meant to ask, was, how you conduct yourself, when your wife throws her money into your teeth.

Joe. Then I blow, blow like a stage-horn!

Tom. And your better half, does she blow too?

Joe. Not at all—she falls to crying and acts over Andromache.

Tom. Well, that's natural—After a blow, comes a rain—what then?

Joe. I make myself scarce till the rain is over—I can stand a woman in tears—although she is my wife.

Tom. That's true heroism, Joe—real Connecticut magnanimity of the first water.

Joe. I hope now you are satisfied of my matrimonial miseries; though the half is not told—and that the once blooming Joseph Sparediet—now, alas! married—is blooming no longer.

A Yankee Trick. It is well known that in the good old days of our fathers, when New England was truly the land of steady habits, there would occasionally spring up a volatile and fun-loving character, whose dispositions and habits with the upright conscientious bearing of the puritans formed a striking contrast. There were two farmers of this cast who lived very near each other; one was the owner of some dozen very fine sheep, who having a decided antipathy to confinement, would sometimes trespass on the enclosures of their master's neighbor. The other having caught them in one of these *evict* acts determined to inflict summary vengeance on them and their owner. With this intention he proceeded to catch them, and running his knife through one of their hind legs, between the tendon and the bone, immediately above the knee joint, put the other leg through the hole. In this condition the whole flock decamped, leaving one quarter less tracks than when they came. The feeder of sheep kept his own counsel; and soon after his neighbor's hogs having broken or dug into his enclosure, he took advantage of this opportunity for retaliation, by cutting their mouths from ear to ear. In this way the foretold rustlers rather *clap* *fallen* made their way to their own quarters. The owner of the swine soon made his appearance in a great rage, declaring that his hogs were ruined, and that he would redress: His neighbor made answer that it was he who ruined them, "For" says he, "the fact is friend, I didn't cut open them are hogs' mouths, but seeing my sheep run in on the three legs they split their mouths a laughin'?"

Female Beauty.—To sum the whole—the charms that are indispensable to being beloved, may be possessed by every one who is not personally, or mentally, or morally deformed. Let us enumerate them.

Firstly—an eye, whether black, blue, or gray, that has the spirit of kindness in its expression.

Secondly—a mouth that is able to say a good deal, and that sincerely. Its teeth, kept as clean as possible, must be very good natured to servants, and friends that come in unexpectedly to dinner.

Thirdly—a figure that shall preserve itself—not by neglecting any of its duties, but by good taste, exercise, and a dislike of gross living. A woman may be fond of almost any pleasures under the sun except those of tattling at the table, and ostentation.

Fourthly—the art of being happy at home, and making that home the abode of peace. Where can peace dwell if there be no piety? These qualities will sway the souls of men, when the shallow perfections enumerated by this article would cease to charm. A good heart is the best beautifier.

OHIO REFORMED MEDICAL COLLEGE, WORCESTER.

BY and with the advice and consent of the Reformed Medical Society of the United States, the New Reformed Medical Institution has been located in Worthington, an interesting and flourishing town on the Whetstone river, eight miles north of Columbus, on the northern turnpike. This site has been chosen because it presents the greatest advantages to facilitate the researches of the Botanical student—the country around it abounding with every variety of medical plants; and the situation being the most healthy and delightful in the Western country—and because the occupancy of the large College Edifice, together with ground of every variety of soil for an extensive Botanical Garden has been presented to us by the Board of Trustees of Worthington College.

There will be attached to the Institution, Dispensary for analysing and preparing Vegetable medicines; and an Infirmary, where persons from the neighborhood or a distance, labouring under Fevers, Consumptions, Dyspepsia, Liver complaints, Gravel, Ulcers, Fistulas, Cancers, &c. &c. will be successfully treated, without Bleeding, Mercury, or the Knife, and from which the student will acquire a correct knowledge of the nature, operation, and superior efficacy of vegetable agents in removing disease.

The necessity for an Institution of this kind, in the West, to be under the direction of competent Professors is strikingly evident. It is an institution that is designed to concentrate, and disseminate, all the knowledge and discoveries of Doctors of Medicine and Empirics, sages and savages; and that will demonstrate to the student and the sick that Vegetables alone, afford the only rational, safe, and effectual means of removing disease, without impairing the constitution, or endangering life or limb.

That the present system of Practice, which treats diseases of every form, with Metalic minerals, and inefficient—the lamentable fact which every day present too fully illustrate. Nor is this truth more clearly exhibited, than the fact, that Vegetable substances alone, are void of danger, and powerfully efficient when properly administered; a reference to the success of our New York Infirmary, and the success of ignorant Botanical physicians, prove this fact.