

## MISCELLANY.

### THE OCEAN.

The following verses, on a truly sublime and poetic subject, are transferred to the N. York *Atlas* from an Irish magazine:

Like of Heaven!  
Agent of power!  
Man is thy victim,  
Shipwreck's thy dower!  
Spices and jewels  
From valley and sea,  
Armies and banners  
Are buried in thee!  
What are the riches  
Of Mexico's mines,  
To the wealth that fall down  
In the deep water shines?  
They proud waves that cover  
The conquering west—  
Thou fling'st them to death  
With one heave of thy breast!

From the high hills that view  
Thy wreck-making shore,  
When the bride of the mariner  
Shrieks at thy roar;  
When, like lambs in the tempest,  
Or mews in the blast,  
O'er thy ridge-broken billows  
The canvas is cast.

How humbling to one,  
With a heart and a soul,  
To look on thy greatness  
And list to its roar—  
To think how that heart  
In cold ashes shall be,  
While the voice of Eternity  
Rises from thee.

Yes! where are the cities  
Of Thebes and of Tyre,  
Swept from the nations  
Like sparks from the fire;  
The glory of Athens,  
The splendor of Rome,  
Dissolved—and forever—  
Like dew in thy foam.

But thou art almighty,  
Eternal—sublime—  
Unweakened—unwasted—  
Twin brother of Time!  
Fleets, tempests, not nations  
Thy glory can baffle,  
As the stars first beheld thee,  
Still chainless art thou!

But hold! when thy surges  
No longer shall roll,  
And that ferment's length  
Is drawn back as a scroll;  
Then—then shall the spirit  
That sighs by thee now,  
Be more mighty—more lasting,  
More chainless than thou.

### Ancient Maidens.

Mr. Hayley, in his *Essay on Old Maidens*, gives the argument of one of the debaters upon the following question: "Which is the more eligible for a wife, a widow or an old maid?" who had gallantly taken the side of the neglected sisterhood. The orator insisted that a man who married an old maid had a greater chance of being beloved by his wife, than he who wedded a widow.

The effect of the widow, he maintained, was a pocket telescope, which she directed towards her good man in the grave, and it enlarged to a marvellous degree all the mental and personal endowments of the dear departed. She then turned the inverted glass to its diminishing successor, and, whatever his proportion of excellence

might be, the poor, luckless, living mortal soon dwindled in her sight to a comparative pygmy. But this was not the case with the old maid. No; her affection was a portable microscope, which magnified in a stupendous manner all the attractive merits of her spouse; he filled her mind, occupied her eye, engrossed her heart. The widow (the orator admitted) was generally preferred to the old maid; but the reason, he said, was, that the former was an experienced angler, who had acquired patience to wait for the favorable minute, and struck in the instant when the fish had fairly risen to the hook: while the old maid was an angler whom fruitless expectation had rendered impatient—she was thrown into trepidation by the appearance of a nibble, and by making a too hasty movement she often rendered her bait an object of alarm. He compared a weeping widow to a moaning hyena—that artful, destructive, and insatiable creature, which lures into its den, by a treacherous cry of distress, the unwary traveller whom it intends to devour.—Chaucer, he said, made his wife of Bath, glory in having already buried four husbands, and expressed a perfect readiness, whenever heaven might give her the opportunity, to engage with the sixth! and Chaucer, he insisted, copied nature most faithfully. Now, the old maid, good soul! remembering how long she had waited for her first husband, instead of faithlessly looking forward to a second, directed all her attention to cherish and preserve the dear creature whom she had at last acquired. He had no rival to fear either among the living or the dead. It was of infinite importance, he maintained, to matrimonial felicity, that the husband should receive into his arms a partner for life, whose disposition and habits, instead of being fixed by a former lord, were to be moulded according to the will and abilities of her first and only director. In this point, the widow was a piece of warped wood, which the most skilful workman might find himself unable to shape as he wished—but the old maid was the pliant virgin wax, which follows with the most happy ductility every serious design, every ingenious device,

every sportive whim of the modeller. In conclusion, the speaker conjured every gentleman, who might happen to hesitate between a widow and an old maid, to remember that reason and experience, that equity and the general interest of mankind, all loudly pleaded for his preferring the latter. He entreated him to recollect, that the man who married a widow had great cause to apprehend unreasonable expectations, unpleasant comparisons and variable affection—while he who married an old maid might with confidence prepare to meet unsuspecting tenderness, increasing gratitude, and perpetual endearments.

*Anecdote of Burns the Poet.*—Burns was one day at a cattle market held in a town in Cumberland, and in the bustle that prevails on these occasions he lost sight of some of his respected "cronies." He pushed to a tavern, opened the door of every room and merely looked in, till at last he came to one in which three jolly Cumberland blades were enjoying themselves. As he withdrew his head, one of them shouted, "Come in, Johnny Peep." Burns obeyed the call, seated himself at the table, and in a short time was the life and soul of the party. In the course of their merriment, it was proposed that each should write a stanza of poetry, & put it with half-a-crown below the candlestick, with this stipulation—That the best poet was to have his half-crown returned, while the other three were to be expended to treat the party. What the others wrote has now sunk into oblivion, but the stanza of the Ayrshire ploughman ran as follows:

Here am I, Johnny Peep;  
I saw three sheep,  
And these three sheep saw me;  
Half-a-crown a-piece  
Will pay for their fleece,  
And so Johnny Peep gets free.

A roar of laughter followed; and while the palm of victory was unanimously voted to Burns, one of the Englishmen exclaimed, "In God's name who are you?" An explanation ensued, and the happy party did not separate the same day they met.

A son of Erin, mourning over the fate that doomed him an exile from his country and his home, said, "If he ever lived to die, but God only knew whether he would or not, he hoped to see sweet Ireland before he left Philadelphia."

*Town and Country.*—The following dialogue, which we overheard while walking down Chatham street the other day, may amuse some of our readers, and serve to prove what many have maintained, that native wit is characteristic of females, let their rank in life be what it may. The dramatic persons were a brother and sister, whose names we suspect to be Abijah and Rebecca.

*Abijah.* Don't stare about so, Becca; you stare at every thing—folks will see that you were never in town before. And I shall be ashamed to meet any of my friends with you by my side.

*Rebecca.* That's just what uncle Ben said—says she, "Bijah has got plaugy proud since he has been three months in York." Take care of that coach there.

*Abijah.* Don't be alarmed. Did you ever hear of coaches coming on the side walk? The horses themselves know better. Why Becca, even our city horses know as much as your country people do.

*Rebecca.* Do they? Then I guess they know a plaugy sight more than their owners.

*N. Y. paper.*

*Amusing Accident.*—An amusing accident took place last week in a village, not a hundred miles off.—Two negroes employed by a farmer, were sent to the barn to work, where they found a large Steel Trap which had been set some time previous for rats. Not knowing the use of the trap, they began to examine it:—"What's he for? Cuff!" asked Sambo. "Don't know, now hab'e got teet all round—guess he'm patent curry-comb, from looks," said Cuff. "Golly, gosh! I guess not," exclaimed Sambo, "see how like the debbil he bite, cause you call 'im wrong name." The trap unfortunately sprung at the instant, and nearly severing off two of poor Sambo's fingers.

*Jordon Courier.*

*Telling Wonders.*—A person had been relating many incredible stories, when professor Engel, who was present in order to repress his impertinence said, "But gentlemen, all this amounts to very little, when I can assure you that the celebrated organist, Abbe Volger, once imitated a thunder storm so well, that for four miles round the country all the milk turned sour."

*A Yankee Pedlar.* on his way to the west with a two horse load of notions, put up at the house of an honest Dutchman between Harrisburgh and Wheeling, and as it happened, was detained three or four days by a heavy

rain which made the roads and streams impassable. At last the sky brightened up and he hitched too, but when the reckoning came to be paid, which was \$10, Jonathan requested the host to score it until he returned home from his voyage, and promised very honestly to discharge it then. This did not suit our honest German however, who insisted on the cash, which was at last reluctantly paid him. It was then the custom, as it is now, to treat a traveller, upon payment of his bill, to a glass, and the tavern keeper was never backward in following the custom. But on handing out a mug of clear cider, Jonathan shrewdly remarked that it would make fine wine, & said he had a secret by which through a short process he could convert cider into the best wine. This put Mynheer on the nettles; possess it he must, so finally he took the Yankee upon his offer of putting the cider into the process of wine making for \$10 down, and \$50 more, when he returned, if it succeeded to the landlord's mind. Jonathan was accordingly conducted into the cellar, and having procured a half inch auger bored a hole in one end of a hoghead of cider, and directed Mynheer to apply his thumb to it while he bored a like hole in the other end, and then ordered him to stretch his other arm so as to cover that also—having thus got the unsuspecting German into business, he directed him to remain so until he cut two spiggots for the holes, and walking out to his wagon jumped in and was off, leaving his credulous friend to make wine of his cider the best way he could, and get back the \$10 when he caught him.

*Fight between two Tigers and a Lion in the Tower.*—Between eleven and twelve o'clock yesterday morning, as the man whose duty it is to clean the wild beasts at the Tower, was in the execution of that office, he inadvertently raised a door in the upper tier of cells, which separated the den of a huge lion from one in which there were a Bengal royal tiger and tigress. At sight of each other the eyes of the animals sparkled with rage. The lion instantly erected his mane, and, with a tremendous roar, sprang at the tiger. The tiger was equally eager for the combat, and, in a paroxysm of fury, flew at his assailant, whilst the tigress fiercely seconded her mate.

The roaring and yelling of the combatants resounded through the yards, and excited in all the various animals the most lively demonstrations of fear and rage. The timid tribes shivered with dread, and ran round their cages shrieking with terror, whilst the other lions and tigers, with the bears, leopards, panthers, wolves and hyenas, flew round their dens, shaking the bars with their utmost strength, and uttering the most terrific cries. The lion fought most bravely, but was evidently overmatched, having to contend with two adversaries not more than a year from the woods, whilst he was upwards of seven years in confinement. Still the battle raged with doubtful success, until the tigress seized the lion by the throat, and flung him on his back, which after rolling over each other several times, the exasperated tigress pinned her enemy against the veranda. In this situation the prostrate lord of the forest still struggled with an indomitable spirit, roaring with agony and rage. By this time, however, some iron rods had been heated, the red hot ends of which were now applied to the mouths and nostrils of the infuriated tigers, who were by this means forced to relinquish their grasp; but no sooner was the separation effected than the lion and tiger seized in their mouths, the one the upper, and the other the lower jaw of his antagonist, biting and tugging at each other with deadly fury.

So excited was their animosity, that it was with great difficulty, by the insertion into their nostrils of the glowing iron, they could be disengaged, and the lion driven back to his cell, the door of which was instantly closed upon him. The battle lasted full half an hour. The tiger in the last onset lost one of his tusks, but the poor lion was very severely punished.

*Anecdote.*—Some time last summer, when steam boat competition was at its height, between Hartford and New-York, a man was by some means or other precipitated overboard and drowned. All efforts to find the body proved unavailing. An honest Yankee on board observed—"Wal, I reckon now, cap'n, that it's right well for you, that that wasn't my brother what's drowned!" "Why so?" enquired the captain. "On account of 'cause you've agreed for a dollar and found," rejoined the Yankee, "and I'll be darned if I wouldn't make you live up to your engagement!"—*Conn Mirror.*

*Dunning.*—A western poet expresses his horror of a dun in the following forcible language: "I'd rather fall among the bees—Or bear the bites of bugs and fleas—The poisonest snake come plump upon Than meet that still more frightful Dun."

## OHIO REFORMED MEDICAL COLLEGE

WORTHINGTON.

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, a Dispensary for analyzing 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 Metallic minerals, the Lancet or the Knife, is dangerous, and inefficient—the lamentable facts 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.

The College and Infirmary will be opened the first week in December, where students from all parts may enter and complete their Medical education, and where persons labouring under every species of disease shall receive prompt and faithful attention.

The course of study to be pursued, and which will be taught according to the OLD and the REFORMED systems, by Lectures, Recitations, Examinations, and suitable text books, is, 1. Anatomy and Physiology. 2. Old and Reformed Surgery. 3. Theory and Practice of Medicine. 4. The old and an improved system of Midwifery, with the diseases of women and children. 5. Materia Medica, with practical and general Botany. 6. Medical & Botanical Chemistry and Pharmacy. 7. Stated Lectures on collateral Science—Moral and Mental philosophy—Phrenology—Medical Jurisprudence—Comparative Anatomy—Medical History, &c. &c.

By attending this Institution, the Student will acquire a correct knowledge of the Present practice of physicians—a knowledge of the use, and abuse, of Minerals, the Lancet, Obstetric Forceps and the Knife, and a knowledge of a new and Improved system, that supercedes their use, with ten fold more safety and success. There will be no specified time to complete a course of study; whenever the student is qualified he may graduate and receive a Diploma—some will pass in one year, others will require more.

### REQUISITIONS FOR ADMISSION.

1. A certificate of good moral character. 2. A good English education.

TERMS.—The price of qualifying a person to practice, including a Diploma, and access to all the advantages of the Institution, will be \$150 in advance, or \$75 in advance, and \$100 at the close of his studies. Every advantage given, and some allowance made to those in indigent circumstances. Board will be had at \$1.00 per week, and Books at the western city prices.

Every student on entering Worthington College, will become an honorary member of the Reformed Medical Society of the U. S. from which he will receive a Diploma, and an Annual Report of all the doings and discoveries of its different members, and be entitled to all its constitutional privileges and benefits.

\* Those wishing further information will please address a letter (post paid) to Col. G. H. Griswold, or the undersigned, and it shall receive prompt attention.

Students and others, had better beware of the slanders of the present physicians, who know no more about our institution, than they do about Botanical Medicine.

*J. J. STEELE, President.*  
Worthington, Ohio, Oct. 1. 1830. 46-lyr.

### Pension and Bounty Land Regulation.

WAR DEPARTMENT, {  
Washington November 17, 1830 }

THE many impositions which are attempted in relation to Pension and Bounty Land Claims, has caused the Department of War to establish a regulation, which declares that no attention will, in future, be given to applications from persons who act as Agents, unless they are known at the Department, or are vouch'd for as respectable persons by some one who is known.

Notice of this regulation is hereby given; and that all may be informed thereof, it is requested that publishers of the laws of the United States, in the respective States will insert the same, on the front page of their respective papers, for three months.

By order of the Secretary of War:  
J. L. EDWARDS,  
First Clerk Pension Office.

WILLIAM GORDON,  
First Clerk Bounty Land Office.  
February 5. 5-3m.

### NOTICE.

THE undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of JOHN BONHAM, deceased, late of Franklin county. All persons having demands against said estate are notified to present the same legally proven for settlement; and all persons indebted to the estate are requested to make payment. The estate is probably solvent.

BENJAMIN LEWIS,  
Administrator.

January 7th, 1831. 7-3\*W

## COVINGTON COTTON FACTORY.

HAVING doubled the quantity of Machinery in the above Factory, the subscribers pledge themselves to furnish at all times supplies of COTTON YARN, any numbers required, and of a very superior quality, at Eastern cost and charges—and as much lower as the reduction in the price of Cotton will justify.

CHS. MACALESTER jr. & Co.  
Cincinnati, Feb. 1, 1831. 6-4w.

### FRESH FLOUR.

JUST received and for sale 50 BARRELS FLOUR, warranted first quality. Also, Kenhawa SALT and rectified WHISKEY, by the barrel, corner of Short and High streets, Lawrenceburg.

Dec. 23, 1830. THOMAS SHAW.

### RECODER'S OFFICE.

THE Recorder's office, of Dearborn county, is kept in a room adjoining the residence of col. John Spencer, in the town of Lawrenceburg. The undersigned proposes executing all manner of writing, such as acknowledgments on deeds & mortgages, conveyances of land, powers of attorney, leases, articles of agreement, &c. &c. for those who may think proper to employ him, on moderate terms.

THOMAS PORTER,  
Feb'y 19, 1831. 7-1f Recoder.

### NOTICE TO DEBTORS.

ALL those interested are hereby notified that the Books and accounts of the undersigned are left with Thomas Palmer, esq. for immediate collection.

WILLIAM GIBSON.  
Feb'y 19, 1831. 7-3w.

### DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT.

DEARBORN COUNTY, S. C.

Matilda Wharton, {  
Johnson Wharton, } On Petition for Divorce.

NOW comes Matilda Wharton, by Lawrence Wharton her attorney, and files her petition to the Dearborn circuit court, praying a divorce from her said husband, for cause of abandonment—and thereupon, it appearing to the satisfaction of the hon. Isaac Duan and the hon. John M'Pike, associate judges of the Dearborn circuit court, that the said Johnson Wharton is not a resident of this state: By order of the said judges, Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Johnson Wharton of the filing of the petition aforesaid, and that he be and appear before the judges of the Dearborn circuit court, at their term on the 4th Monday in March next, to answer to the petition aforesaid, or the same will then be heard in his absence, and a decree granted accordingly.