

MISCELLANY.

From Mrs. Colvin's weekly Messenger.
SPRING.

Stern winter's storms have now gone by,
And blooming spring returns,
And with her hues of richest dye,
Peep through ten thousand forms!

The farmer now his field surveys—
Throws up his fallow ground—
The lambs sport, the zephyr plays,
Diffusing joy around!

The hills are now with verdure crown'd
The valleys smile again,
The groves with music now resound,
The viles decks the plain.

The little bird now tunes his throat,
And gaily warbles on,
Proclaiming round with mellow note,
"Rude winter's storms are gone."

The flowing streams, from fatters freed,
Join in the general song—
Roll back their glad-some waves with speed,
Then gently pass along.

Nature a pleasing aspect wears,
And seems, with joy to say,
"Winter is gone and spring appears,
I too will join the lay."

And shall not man his voice employ
To swell the grateful song?
Shall he not raise a note of joy
Among the tuneful throng?

Yes, let him sound the highest note,
Of gratitude, sublime!
And to his God his powers devote,
While lasts his youthful prime.

LORENZO.

From the Baltimore Minerva.

A Chapter on Fools.

I saw a man some years ago,
Who built his house upon
The frozen bosom of a lake
Beneath a winter's sun.
Thought I, that man's a noble fool,
But a greater fool is he
Who puts his faith in woman's love,
And lauds her constancy.

I saw a youth once take a spade,
And labor all the day,
In throwing sunshine in the shade
Upon a stack of hay.
Thought I, that youth's a noble fool,
But greater fool is he
Who thinks he'll do his stomach good
By drinking constantly.

A man, I've often heard it told,
When I stood on boy's legs,
Once killed a noble goose to get
At all her golden eggs.
Thought I, he was a monstrous fool,
But greater fool is he
Who stakes his little all for one
Chance in a lottery.

I saw a maid once put her thumb
Upon a red hot coal,
To see if it would burn or no,
It did, upon my soul!
Thought I, that maid's a noble fool,
But greater fool is she,
Who once could think of marrying
So great a fool as me.

Mrs. Royall's "Letters from Alabama" have just issued from the press, a few copies of which have been forwarded to us for sale. We have barely had time to glance over the leaves and discover, we think, that the letters, though freely written, are in better taste and style than some of her other productions. The following story, for example, is well told, and possesses much romance:

Winchester Rep.

The History of Mrs. Jones.

Upon my return once from Ohio, I put up at a Mr. Jones's on Kentucky river. In the course of the conversation I observed that a "new county had been established in Ohio, was called Jackson; and not satisfied with this mark of respect, they had called the seat of justice Jackson." Mrs. Jones observed they could not have him too much; and it gave her great pleasure to hear of his happiness and success; that he had been the means once of saving herself and her children from perishing in the wilderness: Mrs. Jones was the daughter of Capt. Arbuckle, of Greenbrier county Va. with whom you must be acquainted, though you may not be with the history of his daughter, as you are too young. Her history contains a most surprising train of incidents, and superior to any novel. The story is this:

Mr. Arbuckle had several handsome and sensible daughters. One of these was addressed by a Mr. Jones, and a mutual and deep rooted affection grew up between them; but Capt. A. opposed their union, and forbade Jones his house; and finally through persuasion and force compelled his daughter to marry the son of Captain Robertson, a near neighbor of mine. Upon this, Jones abandoned the country, and I never heard of him from that day till the night of which I am now speaking. As soon as Robertson married the girl, he removed with her to Natchez, and I heard no more of them. I did see a publication in the news papers of a female travelling through the Indian nation without protection, and that she, and six children entered the State of Kentucky, nearly famished. Mrs. Jones was the woman! Her own narrative follows: "I was forced to marry Mr. Robertson and be miserable, or marry Mr. Jones, and render my father miserable; I preferred the former. All places being alike to me, after this sacrifice, I accompanied my husband to Natchez. We had received a handsome beginning from both our fathers, and were for some time prosperous. But my husband, at length fell in with bad company, and took to gambling and drinking, and spent the whole of his property. Meantime we had seven children, which I maintained by my own labor. Finally, my husband took sick, and after lingering sometime,

died, and every thing I had was seized and sold by his creditors, with the exception of four horses, which I concealed with a view of conveying my children and myself to my father in Virginia. I hired a man to go with me, and departed early one night, and never stopped till I got over the boundary line between the white people and the Indians. I had but 8 dollars and a bushel of meal for myself and children; but I was so anxious to get from the white-people, whom I expected would pursue me, that I travelled without ceasing or rest, till the second day about ten o'clock, when I turned out my horses to feed on the pea vine, and began to prepare bread for my children. Several of them being sick when I left Natchez, were stretched upon the ground while I was preparing food, when, behold, three white men whom I knew, appeared in sight, having pursued me. They rode towards the horses, as if to surround and take them by force, when I flew between them and the horses, and told them they should not lay hands on them. I acknowledged I owed money in Natchez, which I honestly intended to pay when I reached my father's. You have deprived me of all but the horses, and without them I cannot reach my father's. I am out of your jurisdiction; I am on Indian ground, and if you levy your process on my property, you do it at your peril. You know the penalty, and so do I, and I will prosecute you at every hazard. I had been particular enough to learn by certain signs the line, and I knew I was out of their power. They endeavored to frighten me out of the horses, and but finding it in vain, they returned.

"I pursued my journey all that night and next day, until evening, when coming to a deep hollow, over which there was a bridge, I drove the horses over and after taking a slight supper, I laid down on the bridge, with a view of guarding the horses. The man who was with me, an old silly sort of a man, had disappeared sometime before I laid down. I laid awake suspecting some treachery. The moon shone quite bright. The old man had doubtless, betrayed me to the same men, who as I expected, pursued me. When I missed the man I concluded I was undone, and gave way to despair, for, though I saw no possibility of the horses crossing the gully, except by the bridge, I was apprehensive some place was known to my guide, or the men. As I laid watching with an aching heart, about midnight I perceived the horses moving slowly towards the bridge and the same men, with the traitor, pursuing them silently. When the horses drew near the bridge, I jumped up and frightened them back and the men disappeared. They doubtless, expected I was asleep, and never dreamed of my securing the bridge, I never saw the men afterwards. I continued my journey, now and then buying a scanty supply of provision for ourselves and horses from the Indians. These were the Choctaws, and were very friendly. But it was at a season of the year when provisions were scarce.

"I travelled but slow, as my children were all sick, except one. One of the children was so ill that I had to carry it in my lap, and though I expected to lose some of them, I strove to set to the white settlement if possible. "The ninth day, as I was riding slowly along, I met a gentleman and his servant.—He stopped and spoke very kindly to me, and enquired very particularly into the cause of my travelling in the wilderness; and asked me how much money I had? I informed him I had but two dollars, at the same time repeating the cause of my journey. He approved my undertaking, and pulling out his purse, gave me forty dollars! He told me to keep a good heart, and I would surmount all my difficulties; said he was sorry he was going the opposite way. He spoke kindly to all the children, and went on. It was general Jackson.

The day after I left him, as I stopped at an Indian house, I discovered a gentleman who appeared to be sick. He had been resting awhile, and finding I was going the same way, he had his horse prepared and went on with me. He was very feeble, and was followed by a mule which was heavily laden with specie. He had been taken sick on the road. We travelled together very slow, until the third day, when he informed me he could go no farther. As I had some knowledge of medicine, and not wishing to travel without his company, I placed him in an Indian cabin, and having medicine with me, left by the physician when my husband died, I administered it to him. In three days, during which I constantly attended him, he found himself well enough to venture on; and my children too, being better we proceeded with greater celerity than before. We did not make as much progress as we could have wished owing to the want of grain for our horses.

To a woodman's hut, a Weaver stray'd,
Looking around for work to do.
She loved his face and liked his trade
And soon became a Weaver too.

The following will prove that our fears were not groundless: As we were lying down one night, all asleep but myself, (I never slept at night,) my eyes being fixed upon the road, watching both ways, I saw a person walking up the road. I turned to the tent where the gentleman slept, (I always stretched a blanket over him at night,) and awoke him, but as I called to him, I saw two more men in the other end of the road, also walking towards us. Their coming in this manner, evidently showed their design, which was to rob the gentleman. He seized a pistol and called out to the men to stand—upon this, all three ran, and he fired after them. They never appeared after this, although we watched for them the whole of that night.

"In the course of our conversation, I mentioned the money given me by gen. Jackson; and as we were now drawing near Kentucky, and were soon to part, he said he must give me something before we separated. Taking a fancy to one of my horses, he enquired of me if I would dispose of it, that if I would, he would give me the full value and I could send him the horse when I arrived at home. I agreed to this, and he paid me the money, and we parted next morning.

"I struggled with sickness and hardships for the sake of my children, until I arrived in Kentucky, when, having less cause to exert my fortitude, I sunk upon a sick bed where I lay until writing to my father, he sent for me; and four months after leaving Natchez, we arrived, all safe, in Greenbrier!"

When Mrs. Jones arrived at home, her father gave her, by way of compensation, one of those fine tracts of land on the Kanawha river, below the Washington lands. Meantime Jones, who was still unmarried, wandered about the western frontier, furring, &c. and by sundry speculations, had collected a considerable sum of money; and the British on their invasion of New Orleans, sending word to the citizens of Louisville, that they would dine with them the next day! many of the inhabitants became panic struck, and sold their possessions for a mere trifle. Jones became one of the purchasers, and grew, suddenly, rich. He was offered, I think, and received, one hundred per cent. for a part of the property, next day, reserving the best for himself.

When Jones heard of Mrs. Robertson's return, and death of her husband, he hastened to seek her, and still retaining his partiality for her, and she for him, they were married. She had been married about two years when I was at her house, and was in the act of packing up to remove to Louisville, where a splendid house and every thing that heart could wish was ready to receive her. I should have been much pleased to have seen Jones but he was absent from home. I however saw a very handsome child, better than a year old, the fruits of their union. Let any of your novel writers beat this! Mrs. Jones's children were stout, and the eldest was nearly a woman grown.

Brevity.—Short speeches, short stories, short courtships; a wise man will always be short in these things. I never knew a short sermon that was not liked for it—a short story that had more pith in it—or a short courtship that was not more fortunate than a long one. I showed a lad, who had been running after his sweetheart two years, old Jeremiah's long purse which measures half a yard, and had but a single sixpence at the bottom—he borrowed it to take down to Charlotte, and they both took a hint from it and got married at once.

Tell all the story tellers and speech-makers, tell all manner of good people, how pleasant a thing it is to be short.

Four Priests, the first a Roman Catholic, the second an Episcopal, the 3d a Presbyterian, & the 4th a Baptist, met to dine upon a fish. Without ceremony the Roman Catholic helped himself to one third of the fish comprehending the head, and gravely exclaimed, 'The Pope is the head of the church.' The Episcopalian next took another third of the fish, comprehending the tail, observing, 'the head crowns the work.' The Presbyterian next helped himself to the remainder, exclaiming, 'Truth lies between extremes.'—The modest Baptist being left without any thing to eat, took up a dish of drawn butter, and splashed it over his companions, vociferating, 'I baptize you.'

What are you about! you black rascal? Twice you have roused me from a sound sleep to tell me that breakfast is ready, and now you've awoke me by attempting to pull off the bed clothes!—What do you mean?

Why, if you isn't goang to get up, I mus hab the sheet any how, 'cause dey'r waitin for de table clo's.

Married—in New York, Wm. Weaver Esq. of Va. to Eliza Woodward.

OHIO REFORMED MEDICAL COLLEGE.

WORRINGTON.

BY and with the advice and consent of the

New 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 Botani-

cal 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, to

gether with ground of every variety of soil for

an extensive Botanical Garden has been presented

to us by the Board of Trustees of Wor-

thington College.

There will be attached to the Institution, a

Dispensary for analysing and preparing

every variety of medical

medicines; and an Infirmary, where per-

sons from the neighbourhood 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 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 com-

petent Professors is strikingly evident.

It is an institution that is designed to concentrate

and disseminate, all the knowledge and dis-

coveries of Doctors of Medicine and empirics,

seas 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 min-

erals, 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 prop-

erly 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, Re-

citations, 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 Ju-

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