

## MISCELLANY.

### An Acre of Corn.

I am a poor ploughman who never have wanted  
away from the sight and the pleasures of home;  
I have always been prudent, and never have squander'd,  
And so I have never been driven to roam.  
For thirty long summers my shoulders have bended  
Tilling the farm where my father was born;  
I live under his roof, and this season have tended,  
With the plough that he left me, an acre of corn.  
Though others may go to the southward and peddle,  
And bring home of guineas and dollars good store,  
I ne'er have desir'd with their crankrums to meddle,  
But to hoe in my garden that lies by my door.  
When the sun is first rising I always am hoing  
The mould when 'tis wet with the dews of the morn;  
And when he is higher, you will find me a mowing,  
Or driving the plough in my acre of corn.  
There are some who are crossing by sea to the Island  
They call Santa Cruz, with their horses and hay:  
For my part, I'd rather be safe here on dry land,  
And hoe in my garden, or work by the day.  
I am out to the field with the sun, and am mowing  
Till call'd up at noon by the sound of the horn,  
Or else I am twirling my hoe, and throwing  
The mould round the roots of my acre of corn.  
This corn is the sort that is tured and bowing,  
And when we have thresh'd it, 'tis made into brooms;  
'Tis the best of all besoms, so far as I'm know-ing,  
To sweep out the dirt and dust from our rooms;  
They always have rais'd it since I can remem-ber,  
And my father once told me, before I was born,  
He made brooms for his trade, and I guess by December,  
I shall make up a load from my acre of corn.  
Selected.

From the Dover Inquirer.

### The Sortie at Fort Erie.

BY A SOLDIER.

And there was mounting in hot haste the steed,  
And mustering squadron, and the clattering  
car,  
When pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.  
Among the heroic & daring achievements, which have contributed to exalt the American name, and cast unfading glory on its arms, the Sortie of Fort Erie stands conspicuous. It was planned by the late General Brown, and has been considered, aside from its splendid results, a Military chief d'œuvre.

On the 14th of August, 1814, the British troops, under General Drummond, attempted to carry Fort Erie by storm; but being repulsed by the Americans, with a severe loss, they abandoned this mode of warfare, and commenced a siege with the hopes of carrying the place by regular advances. Meantime the Americans labored assiduously in repairing the damages their fortifications had received from the attack; and in making preparations to resist the besiegers: frequent skirmishes occurred, and a cannonade on both sides was kept up, but nothing of importance took place until the 17th of Sept. General Brown at that time, perceiving that the British had just completed a battery, which could open a most destructive fire upon the fort, planned this desperate sortie, as the most effectual method of annoying the enemy and affording relief to his own troops.

The British force consisted of three Brigades, of one thousand five hundred men each, one of which was stationed at the works in front of the fort, and the others occupied a camp two miles in the rear. At two o'clock the American troops were drawn up in readiness to make the sortie. The orders came, "to storm the batteries, destroy the cannon, and roughly handle the brigade on duty, before those in reserve could be brought up." This business, each soldier felt well assured, would be no pastime of the moment—no bloodless skirmish; but a deed that would require the nerve of manhood, and the fearless daring of the hero. Accordingly each man was prepared for the utmost: all useless and unnecessary encumbrances were left within the fort, and equipped only with the trusty firelock, the glistening bayonet, and the well-stored cartridge box, we stood prepared for an enterprize that would befit the body guard of Napoleon, one in which even they might pluck an additional laurel.

The twenty-first regiment, to which the writer of this brief sketch was attached, was commanded by Colonel Upham, the present candidate for governor of New-Hampshire. This corps was composed mostly of the hardy yeomanry of the "Granite state,"—full blooded Yankees from New-Hampshire."

A division composed of riflemen and Indians, and commanded by Gen. Porter, the late Secretary of War, was ordered to open an attack, by proceeding in a circuitous route through the woods, by a road which had been opened, and engaging the enemy's flank; while the right division, under Gen.

Miller, was stationed in a ravine, between the fort and the enemy's works, with orders not to advance until after the attack of Gen. Porter.

The command of Gen. Porter advanced with so much celerity and caution, that when they rushed upon the enemy's flank, they gave the first intimation of their approach. A severe conflict for a moment ensued, in which several gallant officers fell at the head of their columns. In thirty minutes, however, possession was taken of two of the batteries in this quarter, and the garrison made prisoners. At this moment the division of Gen. Miller, was ordered to advance. In conjunction with a column of Gen. Porter's division, he pierced between the second and third tier of batteries, and after a severe contest carried the first of these. The whole of these batteries being now in possession of our troops, Gen. Miller's division inclined to the more formidable batteries towards the lake shore, and at this moment a part of the reserve, under Gen. Ripley, joined him. Here the resistance on the part of the British was more obstinate, their works being exceedingly intricate, from the successive lines of intrenchment, and the constant use of the bayonet was the only mode of assailing them. In this manner the contest was maintained for several moments with unequal advantage on the part of the Americans. The British, having by this time received considerable reinforcements from the brigades in the rear, poured upon them, from their batteries a destructive fire, which they were unable to return, on their part, with effect; and thus situated, their condition was becoming every moment more doubtful and precarious.

At this critical juncture, the remaining division of the reserve, composed of our own, (the twenty-first,) and a part of the seventh regiment under the command of Col. Upham, was ordered up, to put an end, at once, to the contest, by charging rapidly upon the enemy's works and carrying them at the point of the bayonet. A conflict, dreadful beyond description, now ensued; but the twenty-first under its brave leader firmly withstood the shock. At one period, however, our centre for a moment faltered; but it was for a moment. The voice of our Colonel was heard above the din of battle—"the twenty-first must do its duty; there are none to support it." This was enough—its effect was electrical, and sent a thrill to each soldier's heart. Had a fresh division of troops, at that moment arrived they could not have done more. The deafening shout of "onward" burst at once from every soldier's lip, and the two lines closed with each other at the mouth of the British batteries, which they contested with terrific violence, at the point of the bayonet. Such was the obstinacy of the conflict that many portions of the troops on both sides, were forced back, and the contending parties became mingled with each other. Nothing could exceed the desperation of the contest at those points where the enemy had calculated to compel the fort to capitulate; and to dislodge and destroy which had been the main object in planning the sortie. There, "man to man, and steel to steel," across the carriages and at the mouth of the guns every inch of ground was disputed, and both Americans and English fell to mingle in one common dust.

"Balls cut, blades cut, as foe met foe,  
And feet slip d' o'er the blood below."  
The British however, at length, began to give way, and no exertions of their officers could restrain them. It was in vain they represented to them, the disgrace of flying before a handful of ragged militia, as they were pleased to term the Americans; it was in vain they called upon them, in the name of their king and country, and by the laurels they had gathered on the battle-fields of Europe, to "throw themselves once more into the breach." They would not, they could not, withstand the almost solid steel which bore them down, recking with their own gore, and pressed forward by resolute and determined freemen. They left the batteries in confusion, and our men remained the proud masters of their last intrenchment.

Thus closed the Sortie of Fort Erie; & an enterprize more desperate & sanguinary is not to be found in the annals of our country's victories. It was planned with consummate skill, and executed with determined and heroic bravery. In a few hours the labor of forty incessant days, which had been expended by the British upon their works, was destroyed; and in addition to the splendid trophies of this signal exploit, upwards of a thousand of their men were killed, wounded, and made prisoners.

*Anecdote.* The following anecdote is related in the Evangelical Magazine of Nov. 27.—An African preacher, speaking from, "what is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" mentioned among other

things, that many lose their souls by being too charitable! Seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure at his saying, he emphatically repeated it, and then proceeded to explain his meaning. "Many people," said he, "attend meeting to hear the sermon, and when it is over, they proceed to divide it out among the congregation. This part was for that man—that part for that woman; such denunciations were for such persons—these threats for you sinners; and so (continued the shrewd African) they give away the whole sermon and keep none for themselves."

*Matrimonial Anecdote.*—The Rev. Mr. O——, a respectable clergyman in the interior of this State relates the following anecdote:

A couple came to him to be married, and after the knot was tied, the bridegroom addressed him with—

"How much do you ax, Mister?"

"Why," replied the clergyman, "I generally take whatever is offered me, sometimes more, sometimes less. I leave it to the bridegroom."

"Yes—but how much do you ax I say?" repeated the happy man.

"I have just said," replied the clergyman, that I left it to the decision of the bridegroom. Some give me ten dollars; some, five; some, three; some, two; some, one; and some only a quarter of a one.

"A quarter, ha? well that's as reasonable as a body could ax. Let me see if I've got the money." He took out his pocket book, there was no money there; he fumbled in his pockets, but not a six-pence could he find. "Dang it," said he, "I thought I had some money with me, but I recollect now, 'twas in my tother trowsers pocket. Hetty have you got sich a thing as a couple of two shillins about ye?"

"Me?" said the bride with a mixture of shame and indignation—"I'm astonished at ye to come here to be married without a cent of money to pay for it? if I'd known it afore I would not a come a step with ye, you might have gone alone to be married for all me."

"Yes, but consider, Hetty," said the bridegroom, in a soothing tone, we're married now, and it can't be helped—if you've got sich a thing as a couple of shillins—"

"Here tak'em," interrupted the angry bride, who during the speech, had been searching in her work basket: "and don't you," said she, with a significant motion of her finger—"don't you never serve me another sich a trick."

N. Y. Constellation.

### Married.

In Portsmouth, by the Rev. Mr. Ballon, Mr. Thomas Batchelor, to Miss Martha Muchmore.

"Tis thus that Hymen cracks his jokes;  
A hoax, a quiz, a bore!

The bridegroom's still Bachelor,

The bride is not Much more."

In Huntingdon, Vt. Mr. Leonard Hamlin, aged 23, to Widow Burlingham, aged 40. She is sister to Hamlin's grandfather's wife. By marriage with this widow, this young man has become brother to his grandfather, and uncle to his father and mother.

In Peterborough, Eng. Mr. Robert Warren, to Miss Mary Ann Fristy. The marriage of the bridegroom's father to the bride's sister was recently announced. He may now say,

My wife my father's sister is,

My sister is my mother,

My wife my father's daughter is,

My father is my brother.

The following affidavit is extracted from a writer commenting on the Irish bar, as having been made by a maltreated process server in an Irish court of common please:

"And this deponent further saith that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in the county of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he the said deponent knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent hath since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of said house, and presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened, that if said deponent did not instantly retire, he would send his, the said deponent's soul to hell, which this said deponent verily believes he would have done—had not this deponent precipitately retreated."

*Little and Moore.* A lady having found a copy of Little's Poems under the pillow of her maid's bed, wrote in it in pencil,

You read Little I guess,

I wish you'd read less.

Under which the pert damsel wrote,

I read Little before;

Now I mean to read Moore.

*Revenge to the very Letter.*

As John and Mary sat at dinner, Mary exclaimed, in playful rage,

Up! pinch thine arm as I'm a sinner,

And make thee suffer, I'll engage.

Said John, "Were we in serious strife,  
And you would dare a pinch to give,  
I'd give you such a *punch*, good wife,  
You'd never forget it while you live."

"A *punch* for but a *pinch*! oh, dear,

That's very hard!" was Jane's reply,

"Would serve," quoth John, "to point out

clear.

The difference 'twixt U and L."

*Retort courteous.*—Hold your tongue for a fool!" was the polite recommendation of an Irish husband. "Sure then, you're going to spake yourself!" was the equally polite reply of the wife.

### 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 Botanic 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 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 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, Geological Forces and the Knife, and a knowledge of a new and improved system, that superceases 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.

TEMS.—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. 1831. 46-lyr.

*LABORERS WANTED*

on the Ohio & Erie canal.

THE subscriber (residing at Portsmouth, on the Ohio, 115 miles above Cincinnati) wishes to employ a large number of laboring hands, to whom he will give good wages and constant employment during the season. He also wishes to engage

15 OR 20 TEAMSTERS

for the season, to whom he will give \$12 per month, and board.

In all cases it is expected that hands engaging for the season, either as teamsters or common laborers, will faithfully fulfil their engagements to entitle them to the highest rates of wages.

LEMUER MOSS.

March 5, 1831. 9-1f.

*1000 FLOUR BARRELS.*

THE subscriber wishes to contract for 1000 flour barrels, of first quality, deliverable by the 10th day of August next. Cash advanced on contract.

JOHN P. DUNN.

April 4th, 1831. 41-1f.



### LAWRENCEBURG & CINCINNATI POST COACH.

THE proprietor would inform the public that a Post coach will be in operation, by or before the 15th of April, on the route from Lawrenceburg, via