

MISCELLANY.

WOMAN.

"HEAVEN'S LAST, BEST GIFT TO MAN." When star light gilds the brou of night, And zephyrs softly sigh, The orb that shines with brightest light, Attracts the seaman's eye; But should the angry winds come forth, And waves more rudely jar, He turns at once toward the north, For there's his guiding star. And thus, though pleasure's circcean power Awhile the breast may thrill, Whene'er the storms of sorrow lower We turn to woman still. Her love's a light, whose constant beam Illumes life's stormy years, Sheds o'er the heart a sunny gleam, And gilds our very tears. This earth, till gentle woman smiled And back its darkness rolled, Like snow on some untroubl'd wild, Was pure, but oh! how cold! Our hearts are lit by woman's eyes, As stars light up the sea; Her love the vital warmth supplies, Her voice their melody.

Man is for woman made,
And woman made for man,
As the spur is for the jade,
As the scabbard for the blade,
As for liquor is the can,
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

As the sceptre to be sway'd,
As to night to serenade,
As for pudding is the pan,
As to cool us is the fan,
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

Be she widow, wife, or maid,
Be she wanton, be she staid,
Be she well or ill arrayed,
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

BREVITY OF LIFE.
Man's life's a vapor,
And full of woes;
He cuts a caper,
And down he goes.

An Old Story.

Old stories, old news, old wine, and old friends, never come amiss. "Arrah Paul," said one of them, "will you tell us the story about the time you went up to buy the forty-piano for Col. Edmondson's daughter, long ago?" "Troth I wasn't to be blempt for the same purchase; but Masther Frank Edmondson, that put me up to it, out o' downright wickedness. A wough! it's there the money was as plinty as sklate stone, or this young fellow would'nt be at such a loss to spind it in one diversion or another; for he ped dacent for his figaries. I had ye see, an' ordher for a piano-forty, to a Mis-thur, och, I disremember his name; but he lived in Wistmoreland street, in the town of Dublin. 'Paul,' says Masther Frank, 'will you have many things for my father from Dublin?' 'Yes, sir,' says I, 'I'll have a piano-forty, plase yer honor, an' a lot of carpetin an' two tables; only Masther Frank, I'm afeared of losin' my way in that big place, or bein' cheated, or may be gettin' myself into gaol.' 'Well,' said he 'I could save you, if you'd keep a sareet.' 'Thry me wid it first,' says I. 'My father's a throwin' away money upon a piano-forty, an' he knows no more whether one is good or bad than a cow does of a holyday; neither does my shister; an' he winked knowinly at me. 'It's well,' said he, 'that it was not a piano-fifty, or a piano-sixty, that he ordther'd; he's too lavish entirely of his money,' says the cute young shaver; 'an' it's a shame for a man of his years to be buyin' a musical coffin, when it's one of oak he ought to be thinkin' of; an' he winked so wisely at me agin, that sora one o' me even suspected he was only makin' a bare o' me. 'True for your honor,' says I, 'it's makin' his soul he ought to be, sure enough.' 'Ay, an' all of us,' says he very solemnly: 'but Paul, in regard to what I'm spakin' about; I believe you're to pay forty pounds for this instrumet,' says he, 'it's from that it's named; but if you take my advice, you will buy a piano-thirty,' says he, 'an' put the odd ten pounds in your pocket for the benefit of your wife and children. I've been very wild myself, Paul,' says he, 'and lavished a great deal o' money, an' it's full time for me to begin to be charitable—hem, hem!'

Accordingly we made it up betwixt us, that I should buy a piano-thirty, an' pocket the differ; but I got a writing from under his hand, that he should pay the money for me, if we'd be found out. 'Now,' says he, as he finished it, 'you may as well save twenty pounds as ten, for if you show this to the musical man, he'll take it in place of ten pounds: an' besides, it gives you a good correctur, an' that's a very useful thing in this world, Paul—hem, hem?' Accordingly, when I came to Dublin, I went into a house where they sowld them, and inquired to see a piano-thirty. The man looked at me.

'Who is it for?' said he. 'You won't tell to-morrow, nabolur,' says I, 'barrin I change my mind. Have you a musical coffin—a good, stout, beneficial piano-thirty, that a man will get the worth of his money of wear out of it?' He screwed his mouth to the one side of his face, and winked at a man that stood in the shop, who it seems was a fiddler; but by gor, if Micky O'Orory had seen him! why I tuck him for a gentlement! 'Are you a musician?' says the other. 'I do a thrine that way,' says I, 'after Murph—hem! I mane after aatin my dinner,' says myself, puttin' on the bodah, because nobody knew me; 'but I never resave payment for it; I'd scorn that.' 'How long are you out?' says he. 'Since last Winsday,' says I, 'I'm from home.' 'And where is that pray?' 'B-hind Tullymuckclearag, in the parish of Teernamucksaughalokmishla-beg.' 'I suppose,' says my customer, 'your last waistcoat was a great deal too strait for you?' 'Not so strait as your own is at present,' says I; (he was a small, screw'd up creature, like a whirrithrist.) 'Will you show me the article I want?' 'Do you see that shop over the way,' said he, 'at the corner? you'll get the article you want there!' I accordingly went over, and inquired of the man behind the counter, if he sell me a piano-thirty. 'We sell nothin' here but ropes,' says he—'thry over the way.' I thin went back to the fellow: 'yon thevin sconce,' says I, 'did you mane to make a fool o' me?' 'I never carry coals to Newcastle,' says the wagabone: 'go home to your friends, my honest fellow, an' you'll use them of a great deal of trouble on your account; they miss your musick after dinner, very much,' says he. 'O,' says the fiddler, 'tis better to direct the man properly; he's a stranger,' writhin' down at the same time direction for me. 'Go to this house and inquire for the owner of it; say you're from the country, an' have a pertecklar business that you can't tell no one but himself: an' depend upon it you'll get what you want.' 'Of I set; an' at last found great house, an' gave three or four thunderin' cracks at the door. 'I want to see the masther very bad entirely,' says I. 'What's wrong?' said a fellow all powdher, wid a tail growin' from his head down his back. 'I have news from the country for him,' says I, 'that I can only tell himself.' The fellow looked frightened an' runnin' up the stairs, brought down a gentlement wid wig an' black apron upon him. 'Are you the musick man,' says I, 'that has the piano-thirty for sale?' I want a musick coffin to buy.' 'Kick this scoundrel out,' says the ould chap: 'how durst you let him in at all? Out wid him into the channel.' In three minutes we war in one another's wool; but faix, in regard of way I had, I soon sowed the ball wid them; and was attackin' the ould fellow himself in a corner, within a lot of gentlemen and ladies came to his assistance, the hearin' the milli murkhe riz at the first dig in the ribs hit him. 'You damould dust,' says I, layin' on him, 'is this any threatment for a dacent man, that wants to give you the preferance in dulin' wid you, and to lave you good value for what I got, you muttering old rap!'

'At last I was seized hand an' fut, till the officers would be sint for to take me to jail. But thinkin' of the correctur that Masther Frank gaved me, I pulled it out, and put it into the hands of one of the gentlemen. 'Here,' says I, 'ye ill-conditioned vagrants, read that, and ye'll find that I'm no bird for the crib; it'll show yees what I am.' 'Sure enough,' says he, lookin' at it, 'it describes you to a hair, you vaillant, and he read it out. 'This is to satisfy, that the bearer Paul Kelly, is a big rascal; an' any person securin' him will resave a reward of thirty pounds, as he has broke out o' jail, where he was confin'd for sheep stalin. He is a man that squints wid one eye, and wears a long nose, turned with a sharp lockout to his left year. 'May all kinds of hard fortune settle down upon him that wrote that!' says I; but he has fairly desaved me, the limb of the devil, that he is. Gentlemon,' says I, 'it's all but a mistake. Let me go,' says I, 'an' I'll never heed the musick for this day, any how; that I may never be a bishop, but it was all a mistake.' 'How somber, you'll find it a bad mistake to bate a bisop,' said one o' them. 'On man o' Moses!' says I, 'was the black gentlement a bisop?' 'Paul, you're done for now! Och, murther, gentlemen dear, it's all of our own roguery, or it would'nt happen to me, bisop jewel, an' forgive me; sure if I knew it, when I was peggin you up agin the corner in the ribs, I'd suffer all kinds of visitation before I'd give you a whack at all, plase your reverence.'

'It was useless: I was lugged on to the crib; an' twan't till the second day that Masther Frank, who was in Dublin afore me, though I didn't know it, readin' his own correctur of me in the papers, along with the account of the whole ruction, came an' by givin'

an explanation to the bishop, got me out, but he gaved me five pounds for the joke, any how: for the cash was flush with him, so that I was very well ped for it; an' Paul,' says he, as he put the money into my hand, 'the thrik I played on ye was because ye consinted to be a chate agin my father that often befrind ye.'

Dublin Daily Literary Gazette.

MATTER OF FACT.—I am what the old women call an 'odd stick.' I do nothing without a motive; I attempt nothing unless I think there is probability of my succeeding; I ask no favors where I do not think they may be granted; I grant no favors where I think they are not deserved; and finally, I do not wait upon the girls, when I think my attention would be disagreeable. I am a matter of fact man. I do things seriously. I once offered to attend a lady to her home. I did it seriously; that is, I meant to wait upon her home if she wanted me. She accepted my offer. I went home with her, and it has ever since been an enigma to me, whether she wanted me or not. She took my arm and said not a word. I met her the next day and I said not a word. I met her again and she gave me a two hours talk. She feared I was offended, but could not conceive why. She begged me to explain, but gave me no chance. She hoped I'd not be offended; asked me to call; and it has ever since been a mystery to me, whether she wanted me to call or not. I once saw a lady at her window. I thought I would call. I did. I inquired for the lady and was informed she was not at home. I went away doubting. I met that lady afterwards. She asked me to call: I thanked her, but did not call. I met her again; she was offended; called me unneighborly; reproached me for my negligence; thought me unkind, and I have ever since, wondered whether she was sorry or not. Thus have things appeared to me doubtful, wonderful, mysterious. What then is it that caused doubt and mystery to attend the ways of men? It is the want of fact. This is a matter of fact, world, and in order to act well in it, we must deal only in matters of fact.

Northern Star.

A NEWSPAPER.—Who would be without a newspaper in these stirring times? From what other source than that of the daily or weekly press, can an individual or family expect to gain a timely notice of those events which plunge thousands in mourning, or drive other thousands mad with joy? The plea of not being able to pay for a newspaper is not worthy of credit in this happy country. All who have hands to labor and the heart to read, may have a daily or weekly brought to their doors, and find the ready money at hand, or soon coming to pay for it; and be incalculably gainers by the contract. To live in this brief world, to bear its din, sometimes in low murmurs, and then in deafening thunders break in upon our solitude, and have no means at hand to satisfy ourselves of the causes, is a mode of miserable existence unworthy of man. What—bring up a family of young republicans, any one of whom, if life is spared, may be eligible to the Presidency of the United States, in ignorance of the tremendous conflict of opinion and steel now raging on the subject of human rights! This must not be done in the light of the nineteenth century. It were a better deed for the age when the Crusader, who went away in youth, came back with grey hairs, to bring the first news of his deeds and the fate of innumerable warriors who went with him.

Badger's Messenger.

Tut for Tat. It is well known that in the good days of our fathers, when New-England was truly the land of steady habits, there would occasionally spring up a volatile fun-loving character whose disposition and habits with the upright and 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 sheep, who, having a decided antipathy to confinement, would sometimes trespass on the enclosure of their master's neighbor. The other having caught them in one of these overt acts determined to inflict summary vengeance on them and their owner. With this intent 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 through the hole. In this condition the whole flock decamped, leaving one quarter less tracks than when they came. The feeder of the sheep kept his own counsel and soon after his neighbor's hogs having broken or dug into his enclosures, he took advantage of this opportunity for retaliation, by cutting their mouths from ear to ear. In this way the four-footed grunsters rather chop fallen, made their way to their own quarters. The owner of the swine soon made his appearance in

a great rage, declaring his hogs were ruined, and that he would have redress. His neighbor made answer that it was not he who had ruined them. 'For,' says he, 'the fact is, friend, I didn't cut them are hog's mouths; but seeing my sheep runnin on three legs, they split their mouths laughin.'

Digging out a Hole.—"An' so ye ar digging out the hole there Pat, ar' ye?" said one Irishman to another engaged in making a hole to insert a post. 'No, faish—it's not the hole that I'm after digging out—for I'm digging the dirt out, and leaving the hole here!"

Valuable Rocks.—The rocks in the river at Bangor, Me. afford excellent fishing places for shad and salmon. These places were reserved to the Penobscot Indians by the government of Massachusetts, and the Indians are very tenacious of their rights, some of them fishing up twenty dollars a day. Some of these rocks rent for a thousand dollars a season, and if offered for sale would bring \$10,000.

How to TELL BAD NEWS. Scene. Mr. G.'s room at Oxford. Enter, his father's steward.

Mr. G. Ha! Jervas, how are you my old boy? how do things go on at home?

Steward. Bid enough, your honor; the mangue's dead,

Mr. G. Poor mang! so he's gone. How came he to die?

Stew. Overate himself, sir.

Mr. G. Did he faith? a greedy dog, why, what did he get like so well?

Stew. Horse flesh, sir; he died of eating horse flesh.

Mr. G. How came he to get so much horse flesh?

Stew. All your father's horses, sir?

Mr. G. What! are they dead too?

Stew. Aye, sir; they died of over-work.

Mr. G. And why were they over-worked, pray?

Stew. To carry water, sir.

Mr. G. To carry water? and what were they carrying water for?

Stew. Sure, to put out the fire.

Mr. G. Fire! what fire?

Stew. Oh, your father's house is burned down to the ground.

Mr. G. My father's house burned down! and how came it set on fire?

Stew. I think, sir, it must have been the torches.

Mr. G. Torches! what torches?

Stew. At your mother's funeral.

Mr. G. My mother dead!

Stew. Ah, poor lady! she never looked up after it.

Mr. G. After what?

Stew. The loss of your father.

Mr. G. My father gone too?

Stew. Yes, poor gentlemen, he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

Mr. G. Heard of what?

Stew. The bad news, sir, and please your honor.

Mr. G. What! more miseries? more bad news?

Stew. Yes sir; your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, sir, to come to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

Transcript.

A heroine, Mrs. Rhoads, near Elmira, in the absence of her husband, 9th inst. observing two deer approach within a few rods of the house to browse on a new fallen green tree, took the rifle and from the window shot one dead, then re-loaded and shot the other; when three deer more presented, she again loaded & wounded one; but these last disliked such killing darts from a woman's eye, and ran away.

N. Y. paper.

The Legislature of the State of Maine met at Augusta, on Wednesday the 4th inst. R. P. Danlly was chosen President of the Senate on the first ballot, without opposition; Benjamin White was chosen Speaker of the House. For White (Jackson) 118. For Kent (Clay) 47—Majority *seventy-one*. The Governor's Message was expected on Friday.

Baltimore Repub.

What a pity it is, said a lady to Garrick, that you are not taller! I should be happy, indeed, madam, replied Garrick, to be higher in your estimation!

ESTRAY.

TAKEN UP. by Adam Flick, of Laughery Township, Dearborn County, State of Indiana, on the 27th day of December, 1831, **One bright Bay Mare**, with a switch tail; Supposed to be seven years old this spring, with a small star in her forehead, some saddle marks, shod before, with one white hind foot, the right hind, and a scar on the same between the foot lock joint and the hoof; supposed to be done by a chain or rope, about fourteen hands three inches high; no other brands or marks perceptible; appraised to thirty dollars, by James Lindsey and Stephen Green, this 5th day of January, 1832.

A true copy from my estray book this 12th day of January, 1832.

WILLIAM CONAWAY, J. P.

Jan. 14 1832.

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DEARBORN COUNTY.

DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT.

September Term, 1831.

David Palmer,

Versus

Wm C. Vanhouten, Hannah Vanhouten, Cornelius W. Vanhouten, and Isaac Vanhouten.

On complaint in chancery.

and Isaac Vanhouten.

Notice is hereby given to William C.

Vanhouten, Hannah Vanhouten, Cornelius W. Vanhouten, and Isaac Vanhouten;

that the said David Palmer has filed his Bill of complaint on the chancery side of said court, praying amongst other things, that the said defendants be compelled to make him a deed in fee simple for certain lands in the said Bill described; the defendants aforesaid will therefore take notice, that unless they be and appear before the Judges of the Dearborn circuit court, in chancery sitting, at their Term to be holden in and for the said county of Dearborn, on the fourth Monday in March next, then and there to answer to cause, or deny the matters in the said Bill stated, the same as to them will be taken as confessed, and the matters therein prayed for decreed accordingly. By order of the court.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

December 19, 1831. 51-3^W