

MISCELLANY.

The Beacon Light.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Darkness was deep'n o'er the seas,
And still the hulk drove on;
No sail to answer to the breeze,
Her masts and cordage gone:
Gloomy and dread her course of fear,
Each looked but for a grave,
When full in sight, the Beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave!

When wildly rose the glad'ning shout,
Of all that hardy crew—
Boldly they put the helm about,
And through the surf they flew;
Storm was forgot, toil needed not,
And loud the cheer they gave,
As full in sight the Beacon-light
Came sweeping o'er the wave!

And gaily oft the tale they told,
When they were safe on shore,
How hearts had sunk and hope grown cold,
Amid the billows roar;
That not a star had shone afar,
By its pale beam to save,
When full in sight the Beacon-light,
Came streaming o'er the wave!

The Dilemma.

"By St. Agatha! I believe there is something in a shape of a tear in those dark eyes of mine, about which the women rave so unmercifully," said the young Fitzclarence, as, after an absence of two years, he came once more in sight of his native village of Malhamdale. Standing upon the neighboring heights he watched the curling smoke coming up from the cottage chimneys in the clear blue sky of evening, whilst a little farther off, the last beams of the setting sun were playing upon the west-walls of his father's old baronial mansion, and about a mile to the right of it, he could distinguish the trees and pleasure grounds of Sir Meredith Appleby's less ancient seat. Then he thought of Julia Appleby, the baronets only child, his youthful playmate, his first love; and, as he thought of her he sighed. I wonder why he sighed. When they parted two years before, sanctioned and encouraged by their respective parents, (for there was nothing the old people wished more than a union between the two families,) they had sworn eternal fidelity and plighted their hearts irrecoverably to each other. Fitzclarence thought of all this, and again he sighed.—Different people are differently affected by the same thing. After so long an absence many a man would in the exuberance of his feelings, have thrown himself down upon the first bed of wild flowers he came to, and spouted loud speeches to himself out of all known plays. Our hero preferred indulging in the following little soliloquy.

"My father will be amazingly glad to see me and so will my mother, and so will my old friend the antedehavian butler, Morgan-ap-Morgan, and so will the pointer Juno, and so will my pony, Troilus;—a pretty figure, by the by, I should not cut now upon Troilus, in this gay military garb of mine, with my sword rattling between his legs, and my white plume streaming in the air, like a rainbow over him! And sir Meredith Appleby too, with his great gouty leg, will hobble through the room in ecstasy as soon as I present myself; and Julia—poor Julia, will blush, and smile, and come flying into my arms like a shuttlecock. Heigho! I am a very miserable young officer. The silly girl loves me; her imagination is all crammed with hearts and darts; she will bore me to death with her sighs and her tender glances, and her allusion to time past, and her hopes of time to come, and all the artistry of a love-sick child's brain. What, in the name of the Pleiades, am I to do? I believe I had a sort of *penchant* for her once, when I was a mere boy, in my nurse's leading strings; I believe I did give her some slight hopes at one time or other; but, now—O! Rosalind! dear! delightful!"—

Here his feelings overpowered him, and pulling a miniature from his bosom he covered it with kisses. Sorry I am to be obliged to confess that it was not the miniature of Julia.

"But what is to be done?" he at length resumed. "The poor girl will go mad; she will hang herself in her garters; or drown herself like Ophelia, in a brook under a willow. And I shall be her murderer! I, who have never yet knocked a man on the head in battle, will commence my warlike operation by breaking the heart of a woman! By St. Agatha! it must not be; I must be true to my engagement. Yes! tho' I myself become a martyr, I must obey the dictates of honor. Forgive me, Rosalind, the heavenliest object of my adoration! Let not thy Fitzclarence!"

Here his voice became again inarticulate; and, as he wended down the hill, nothing was heard but the echoes of the multitudinous kisses he continued to lavish on the little brilliantly-set portrait he held in his hands.

Next morning, Sir Meredith Appleby was in the midst of a very sumptuous breakfast, (for notwithstanding his gout, the baronet contrived to preserve his appetite,) and the pretty Julia was presiding over the tea and coffee at the other end of the table, with the large long-eared spaniel sitting beside her, and ever an eye looking wistfully into her face, when a servant bro't in, on a little silver tray, a letter from Sir Meredith. The old gentleman read it aloud; it was from the elder Fitzclarence:

"My dear friend Alfred arrived last night.—He and I will dine with you to day.

FITZCLARENCE"

Julia's cheeks grew first as white as her brow, and then as red as her lips. As soon as breakfast was over she retired to her own apartment, and thither we must, for once, take the liberty of following her.

She sat herself down before her mirror,

and deliberately took from her hair a very tasteful little knot of fictitious flowers which she had fastened in it when she rose. One naturally expected that she was about to replace this ornament with something more splendid—a few Jewels perhaps; but she was not going to do any thing of the sort.—She rang the bell: her confidential attendant Alice, answered the summons.

"La, Ma'm," said she, "what is the matter? You look as ill as my aunt Bridget."

"You have heard me talk of Alfred Fitzclarence, Alice, have you not?" said the lady languidly, and at the same time, slightly blushing. "O! yes, Ma'm I think I have. He was to have been married to you before he went to the wars."

"He has returned, Alice, and he will break his heart if he finds I no longer love him. But he has been so long away; and Harry Dalton has been so constantly with me: and his taste and mine are so congenial;—I am sure you know Alice, I am not fickle, but how could I avoid it? Harry Dalton is so handsome so amiable."

"To be sure, Ma'm, you had the best right to choose for yourself; and so Mr. Fitzclarence must just break his heart if he pleases, or else a desperate duel with Mr. Dalton, with his swords and guns."

"O! Alice, you frighten me to death. There shall be no duels fought for me. Tho' my bridal bed should be my grave, I shall be true to my word. The bare suspicion of my inconstancy would turn poor Alfred mad. I know how he doats upon me: I must go to the altar, Alice, like a lamb to the slaughter. Were I to refuse him he would put an end to his existence with five loaded pistols. Only think of that Alice, what could I say for myself, were his remains found in bed some morning?"

History does not report what Alice said, for her mistress might, under such circumstances, say for herself; but it is certain that they remained talking together till the third dinner-bell rang.

The Fitzclarences were both true to their engagement. Notwithstanding every exertion, however, on the part of the two old gentlemen, they could not exactly bring about, 'that flow of soul' which they had hoped to see animating the young people. At length after the cloth was removed, and a few bumpers of claret had warmed Sir Meredith's heart, he said, boldly:

"Julia, my love, as Alfred does not seem to be much of a wine-bibber, suppose you show him the improvements in the gardens and hot-houses, whilst we sexagenarians remain where we are, to drink to the health of both, and talk over a few family matters."

Alfred thus called upon, could not avoid rising from his seat and offering Julia his arm. She took it with a blush, and they walked off together in silence.

"How devotedly he loves me!" thought Julia with a sigh: "no, no, I cannot break his heart."

"Poor girl!" thought Alfred, bringing one of his whiskers more kindly over his cheek; "her affections are irrecoverably fixed on me: the slightest attention calls to her face all the roses of Sharon."

They proceeded down a long gravel walk, bordered on both sides with fragrant and flowery shrubs; but, except as the pebbles rubbed against each, other as they passed over them, not a sound was to be heard. Julia, however, was at length observed to hem, and we understand that Fitzclarence politely coughed an acknowledgment of the said hem. The lady stopped and picked a rose, Fitzclarence stopped also. Julia smiled; so did Alfred—Julia's smile was chased away by a sigh; Alfred immediately sighed too. Checking himself, however, he saw the absolute necessity of commencing conversation.

"Miss Appleby," said he at last.

"Sir?"

"It is two years I think since we parted."

"Yes, two years on the fifteenth of this month." Alfred was silent.

"How she adores me!" quoth he; "she can tell to a moment how long it is since we last met."

There was a pause.

"You have seen, no doubt a great deal since you left Manhandale?" said Julia.

"O! a very great deal?" replied her lover.

Miss Appleby hemmed once more, and drew in a vast mouthful of courage.

"I am told the ladies of England and Ireland are much more attractive than those of Wales."

"Generally speaking, I believe they are."

"Sir?"

"That is—I mean—I beg pardon—the truth is—I should have said—that—that you have dropped your rose."

Fitzclarence stooped to pick it up; but, in so doing, let fall the little miniature which he wore under his waistcoat, and though he did not observe it, it was hanging conspicuously on his breast like an order, when he presented the flower to Julia.

"Good heavens! Alfred, that is my cousin Rosalind!"

"Your cousin Rosalind! where! how! the miniature! It is all over with me! The murder is out! Lord bless me! Julia be comforted. I am a very wretch; but I shall be faithful; do not turn away, love; do not weep Julia! Julia! what is the matter with you? She is in hysterics; she will go distracted! Julia!—I will marry you! I swear to you by—"

"Do not swear by any thing at all," cried Julia, unable any longer to conceal her rapture, "lest you be transported for perjury. You are my own—my very best Alfred?"

"Mad, quite mad," thought Alfred.

"I wear a miniature, too," proceeded the lady; and she pulled from the loveliest bosom in the world the likeness, set in brilliants, of youth provokingly handsome, but not Fitzclarence,

"Alfred!"

"We have both been faithless!"

"And now we are both happy."

"By St. Agatha! we are—only I cannot help wondering at your taste, Julia; that stripling has actually no whiskers?"

"Neither has my cousin Rosalind; yet you found her irresistible."

"Well, I believe you are right, and beside *de gustibus*—I beg pardon, I was going to quote Latin."

AN ODD CHAPTER OF CHRONICLES.

1. And it came to pass that in those days, that a strange and terrible disease afflicted the land.

2. It fell upon men, women, and children; racking them with fierce pains, and burning them with inward heat, while they did freeze outwardly.

3. And they turned purple, and suddenly gave up the ghost; and they carried them out and buried them in heaps in a place called Potter's Field.

4. They buried them also in sundry other places, insomuch that the earth seemed bursting with the graves.

5. And great fear fell upon the living; and many forsook their trades and their merchandise, and fled with all haste to the hills and the mountains.

6. And they knew not their brethren nor their familiar acquaintance: for fear had rendered men savage, and hardened their hearts one towards another; and they thought only of saving, each man his own life.

7. Albeit there were some who did not flee in the general consternation; but remained to give succor and comfort to the afflicted; putting their lives in their hands, and their hands in their pockets for the benefit of their brethren.

8. There was a priest, a devout man, named Hinton who turned not aside, night nor day, from the good work; and he died, and his wife also, and his little ones; and they were all carried to the same grave; and the love of the people followed them.

9. And many other priests there were, who valued life as nothing so that they might do good and comfort their people in the hour of distress.

10. And the physicians also were instant in season and out of season; waiting by the bed-side of those that were sick; and attending to such as had neither gold nor silver to give them.

11. But there were some, both of priests and physicians, who turned their backs upon the distressed, and fled with the rest of those who run away to escape the pestilence.

12. Howbeit, the people remembered them.

13. And it came to pass that there was much jarring of opinion; and men's minds were divided concerning the disease: some saying it was contagious, and given by one person to another; and others again, that it was not contagious, but only carried from one place to another by the power of the air.

14. Of this last class were the physicians, and most men of learning and observation.

15. But the people would not give heed to their medical advisers; The disease is *catching* said they: and so they turned their backs on their brethren in the hour of need.

16. The rulers of cities also set up their opinion against the opinion of the doctors, saying, Are we not men in authority? and do we not know best?

17. And they passed a decree called a quarantine, forbidding the destroying angel to come among them; and shutting their doors against such as were sick, and in need of help.

18. Now there was, a couple of days' journey to the eastward, a little island called Newport, wherein were green fields, and likewise old houses ready to fall to the ground.

19. And the rulers of the island said Verily the pestilence shall not touch our borders.

20. And they set armed men along the coasts, saying unto them, Drive away, we strictly charge you, all such vessels as come from the city of Gotham, where we understand the disease prevaleth.

21. And the armed men drove the vessels from their coasts.

22. And the captain of one of them said Nay, but we will land somewhere.

23. And so he steered his vessel further eastward to a place called Somerset.

24. But lo! the people of that place, all such as durst by reason of the fright, came out and said, Nay, but ye shall not land here, except ye give bonds not to stop, nor look to the right nor the left, until ye come to the city of Boston, a half a day's journey from hence.

25. So the captain of the vessel gave bonds; and, after some hours, the people were permitted to land, not at the usual landing-place, but a little way off, in a field of standing corn.

26. And the women and children of the place, when they saw them, lifted up their voices and cried aloud, by reason of the fear that was upon them; and they ran and hid themselves from the sight of the strangers, even as a partridge hideth itself from the face of man.

27. And fear and terror spread over all the land; and many people gave up the ghost out of very fright.

28. But the rulers were slow to learn wisdom; and while they neglected to purify their cities, trusting to their degrees of quarantine, the destroying angel hovered over, and smote his victims.

29. Howbeit, his sword mostly fell upon the drunken and the unclean, and such as made a god of their belly.

30. Nevertheless the living repented not; but rather gave themselves up the more to their untoward appetites. *N. Y. paper.*

500 BACON HAMS, of 1st quality neatly canvassed, received and for sale by SHAW & PROTZMAN.

July 7, 1832.

BLANK DEEDS,

For Sale at this Office.

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received from Philadelphia, and is now opening, a splendid stock of

NEW GOODS.

At his old stand; where he is prepared to wait on his Customers and all those who may think proper to give him a call.

JOHN P. DUNN.

9-

March 17th, 1832.

REMOVAL.

THE undersigned having removed their Grocery Store, to a room in the new and splendid three story brick building, recently erected by S. Ludlow, esq; corner of Short and High streets, near the upper wharf, avail themselves of this means, to inform the public, that they are prepared to furnish all articles in their line, either at wholesale or retail, on the most accommodating & reasonable terms. They keep on hand large stocks of Iron, Coffee, Fish, Spades, Trace Chains, Sugar, Liquors, Soap, Candles, &c. &c.

SHAW & PROTZMAN.

July 7, 1832.

Lawrenceburgh CHAIR MANUFACTORY.

THE subscriber takes this method to inform the public in general that he has established the chair making business, on High street, opposite the market house, where he will keep constantly on hand a large and splendid assortment of

FANCY AND WINDSOR CHAIRS, SETTEES, &c.

Which he warrants for durability and workmanship, equal to any in the western country; which he will dispose of, on reasonable terms. Persons wishing to purchase, will please call and judge for themselves.

W. M. TATE.

Lawrenceburgh, July 12, 1832

NEW GOODS.

JUST received from Philadelphia, a general assortment of

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