

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PUBLIC LEEGER.

The glorious sun, with lustre bright,
And sparkling stars, a dazzling sight,
As through their azure fields they roll
The wondrous works of God extol.
The silver moon who moves serene,
And glides with beams the midnight scene,
In silent majesty declares
That she transcendent beauty shares.
The goodness of the Great Supreme,
Gilds in the gentle penive stream,
While rushing tides impetuous flow,
And heaven control'd, their limits know.
Earth, air, and seas at once unite,
And gratitude in man excite,
In general harmony to join
And praise the works of power divine.

LOUISA.

LINES ON A DEAD SOLDIER.

Wreck of a warrior pass'd away,
Thou form without a name!
Which thought and felt but yesterday,
And dream'd of future fame.
Stripped of thy garments, who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?
If haughty chieftain holding sway,
Or lowlier, destined to obey.
The light of that fixed eye is set,
And all is moveless now.
But Passion's traces linger yet,
And lower upon that brow.
Expression has not yet wax'd weak,
The lips seem even in fact to speak,
And clench'd the cold and lifeless hand,
As if it grasp'd the battle brand.
Though from that head late lowering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust that form doth lie,
Dishevel'd and forlorn,
Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide
The given character of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.
Lies there a mother to deplore
The son she never shall see?
Or maiden on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee?
Perchance to roam a maniac there,
With wild flower wreaths to deck her hair,
And through the weary night to wait
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.
Long shall she linger there, in vain
The evening fire shall trim,
And gazing on the darkening main,
Shall often call on him.
Who hears her not—who cannot hear,
Oh! deaf forever is the ear
That once in listening rapture hung
Upon the music of her tongue!
Long may the dream—to wake is woe!
No'er may remembrance tell
Its tale to bid her sorrow flow,
And hope to sigh farewell.
The heart, bereaving of its stay,
Quenching the beam that cheers her way
Along the waste of life—till she
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

[From the Cincinnati Literary Gazette.]

THE RETURN HOME.

The life of man is made up of checker'd scenes, and strange vicissitudes, in which misery often predominates over happiness, and passion over reason; and in the different parts which we are destined to perform in this eventful drama, we often find ourselves the most active agents in producing our own unhappiness. We are undoubtedly much more the creatures of impulse than of reason; impulse is always at home with us, and governs us at pleasure; whilst reason is a guest of whom we know not the value, and whom we too seldom entertain. Imaginary evils become real, by being dwell'd on, and it seldom happens that when the gifts of fortune are so numerous and lavish as to deprive us of real cause of complaint, that we do not fasten on some shadow, or some ideal misery, until it becomes a substance. My own story is a case in point, and I will relate it.

Circumstances which are painful to remember and unnecessary to retrace, deprived my father at a late period of his life, and whilst I was just entering my eighteenth year, of a considerable fortune; most of which he had acquired by his own industry, and which he now lost by a trust too unsuspectingly reposed in one who was unworthy of it. My father made the necessary sacrifice of his property to meet the demand against him, with apparent indifference, until it became evident that the mischief was more wide spreading than he had anticipated; and that his paternal estate, which he had hoped to save from the wreck, would also be swallowed up in the liquidation of his unfortunate debt. The estate was sold; and my father, unable to struggle, at his advanced age, with misfortune and bodily infirmity, soon sunk under the trial.

The world was now before me, and I was to begin life for myself. I had numerous friends and connections, by whom many advantageous offers were made me, and various residences proposed; but in the wide world, there was but one spot which was endeared to me, and that was the place of my nativity. Being deprived of that, I was determined to remove as far from its vicinity as possible. I had vague notions and undefined wishes, even then, of repossessing this cherished spot in some future and more happy period; and every succeeding day strengthened the hope,

until it became the anchor on which all my wishes and exertions rested.

I removed to a distant land. I formed business connections which were fortunate, and friendships which were pleasant. I engaged the respect of the aged, and the esteem of the young. I was gradually acquiring a fortune, and I might have been happy, could I have considered my present place of residence as home. But I could not. I looked upon it as the pious saint looks upon this world of trial; I considered it a place of probation, and alas, I made the place of my nativity a heaven. Home was the name round which all my recollected and anticipated enjoyments clung; and the only place which I thought could afford me happiness. I had now been absent from my native place for fifteen years, and had by industry and good fortune acquired a handsome estate, when I heard by accident that my long regretted home was on sale.—I immediately commissioned a friend to purchase it for me; I now congratulated myself as being at the summit of felicity. I collected my property; took leave of my friends, and after a long journey, rendered still more tedious by my impatience, I once more stood upon my native soil. Few would understand my feelings, were I to describe them, on seeing for the first time, the white walls of my old home shining through the trees by which they were surrounded; and fewer still would sympathize with my almost childish joy, in again possessing the home of my fathers. But my happiness was as evanescent as it was excessive. I soon found that the short period of my absence had been marked by many changes; that of the friends whom I had left, some had removed from the vicinity; others had suffered under vicissitudes of fortune; and many had been carried off by death. The estate itself had undergone strange alterations; and through neglect had become little better than a barren waste. The fences were thrown down; and the fair fields and beautiful meadows were laid open to the ravages of the neighboring cattle; the garden walks were overrun with weeds, so as scarcely to leave a trace of their former existence; the bower had fallen into total ruin, and the large willow in front of the house, on whose long pendant branches, I had swung a thousand times when a boy, was uprooted and dead.—In short, the desolation of the prospect was complete; and the desolation of my heart corresponded with it. The melancholly recollections of past events, added to the disappointment of my present hopes, rendered this day, to which I had looked forward as the end of all trouble and the commencement of happiness, the most miserable of my life.

Time, however, has given reason the ascendancy over feeling, and has taught me, that it is wisdom to form our happiness out of the materials within our reach; and not to refer it to some distant period, which may never arrive for us; nor place it upon some event, which may never happen.

NEWSPAPERS.—Newspapers are things that can be dispensed with—as costing money that might be saved. So is the schooling of our children—so, indeed, are nine-tenths of which it costs us to live. Almost any man might lay up money every year if he would live on bread and water, and clothe himself in the cheapest manner he could;—but what of that? Who would live like a brute and die like a beggar, for the pleasure of saving money, which he cannot carry hence with him—though like a dead weight, it may hang upon his soul at the last moment of his mortal existence! There are few such—five or ten in a million; and what wretched creatures are they? Most men, sensible that they must die, are disposed to enjoy a little of the fruits of their toils; and nothing is, perhaps, more necessary to the enjoyment of society, or self-satisfaction in retirement, than a well informed and virtuous mind. It gives zest to all things in prosperity, and is the best resource in adversity.—Newspapers though not always conducted with talents and respectability, are the best possible channels for obtaining an acquaintance with the affairs of the world, and to implant desires in the hearts of youth for more solid readings, as he goes on to maturity. In truth, they are the great engine that moves the moral and political world, and are infinitely powerful to establish the character of a people, as well as to preserve their liberties; and cannot be so easily dispensed with as some persons believe.—unless, indeed, we think the trouble of self-government is too great, and agree to transfer the power of the state to the few that are ready to use it for their own advantage. But this cannot be the will of the people of the United States; yet observing however, the too general repugnance to reading, that, (though it prevails less with us than in any other,) it is the duty of those who feel the pleasure and profit of it, to smooth the way

to it and afford every facility that light and knowledge may be diffused. "An armed people, and an unarmed magistracy," said Dickenson, "is the best guarantee of freedom." And while the body of the people read, reason, and reflect—while the press is free and liberally supported, the sword of the magistracy is pointless, except it is directed to execute the will of the people. How important, then, is it that that will should result from an enlightened mind?

Niles' Register.

THE NOBILIST.

THOUGHTS FOR A NEW YEAR.

While we present to our friends the compliments of the season, we cannot but feel a solemnity of heart on an occasion like the present, to think how rapidly both we and they are passing onwards to the judgment seat of the Almighty. It is true that we are now on the verge of the new year, but it is equally true that we advance nearer to the grave, as unprepared for death as we ever have been. When we look upon the past, how many words and resolutions of amendment, how many promises of reformation have we made to heaven, all of which have been broken, violated, and trampled under foot! Life is still protracted by a gracious Providence—the term allotted for repentance has been enlarged and extended, and yet with the same thoughtlessness as ever, we are ready to renew and to violate those promises, vows, and resolutions of reformation; as prompt as ever to repent and to sin, and as anxious as ever to obtain and to abuse divine mercy. Have we drawn a picture of human nature in colors too dark—No, we are only portraying what every one knows, and provided his own countenance be not cited as the original, he is ready to acknowledge the justice and fidelity of the delineations. We are always competent and active enough to discover the faults of our neighbors—there is no deficiency of mental vision here; but reverse the case, let us only be put upon examination of our own sins, and how suddenly are we converted into saints—how many justifications can we frame; how many apologies invent—how many extenuations plead for the grossness of our transgressions! Here indeed we are disciples of charity and love; but we will suppose that some should urge us to the same charitable constructions, when we take into consideration the sins of our neighbors. No—no, these case we find to be essentially different—in the latter nothing but the most ample and inexorable justice will satisfy our conscience.—We have thus two different rules and principles of action, the widest extension of mercy when our own transgressions are brought before the tribunal, and the extremity of justice when the actions of our neighbors are to be canvassed and examined. In this sense of the word, we are more than charitable on the one hand, and more than just on the other. But where is the necessity of relating such unwelcome truths? Simply this, gentle readers, because it is time that both yourselves and ourselves should amend our own conduct—because a gracious Providence has extended the term allowed us for repentance—because the passing moment can never be recalled—because the time remaining is short—because we are certain of life not a moment beyond the present—because death, judgment, and eternity are certain, and it behoves us to believe, that now, emphatically now, is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. On a review of the past year, though we have much occasion to lament, we have likewise much occasion to rejoice and be thankful.

Our crops have been abundant, and our prosperity has been progressive. Business is reviving, and in short, every blessing has awaited us: our religious privileges—our political rights have been preserved and maintained, and joy & thankfulness should constitute our predominant emotions.—That uninterrupted prosperity has not been the allotment of every one, furnishes no objection to the generality of the rule. If we should remember that we are dying men—that no one is sure of his life for a moment, in comparison with such an allotment, what should we think of the smiles or the frowns of fickle fortune,—a felicity dependant on the turn of a die, and as mutable as the changes of a cloud. But so engrossing, so absorbing, are the pleasures, the amusements, the business, the temptations of the world, that we forget the approaches of the grave—we forget, though reminded of it on the recurrence of every Sabbath day, that an immortal existence awaits us beyond the tomb.

Sat. Herald.

Memory is not a book, where things and events are recorded, but rather a field where seeds grow, come to maturity and die. The silent operation of time on all that lives, perfecting and destroying regular succession, seems to extend to the mechan-

ical skill of our fingers. The artist draws better after laying down his pencil for sometime, or plays better on an instrument, fencing, swimming are improved likewise. Should we know little before the interruption, we are apt to forget that little; but, if the skill was sufficiently perfect, it increases during a certain period of inaction, becomes stationary when longer interrupted, and is lost at last by protracted disuse.

Simonds.

THE PROSPECTUS

OF A PAPER TO BE PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN
RICHMOND, INDIANA,
WITH THE APPELLATION OF

THE MEDLEY.

This paper, though it will be more particularly intended for the juvenile part of society, will willingly receive the experience of older age. Many of our youths, whose talents are now kept within themselves, may be the means of improving each other's minds, by unfolding their abilities in communications for the Medley. Thus, hours, which would otherwise pass unimproved, may find employment for one, and bring entertainment and instruction to another. A man of knowledge and experience, who makes no use of his abilities, has been, by an author, compared to a miser. I desire that my little paper may be the means of drawing out, for the good of others, the wealth of the juvenile mind, and the dormant properties of experience.

The female world may find the Medley a repository for their expanding talents and acquired abilities, which may furnish for both sexes, instruction and amusement.

Though my paper may be an olio, yet there will be, ever and anon, a matter treated of, which cannot be commingled with the mixture. Political subjects are too generic of heart to become an ingredient of our feast. Communications tending to the injury of any particular person, will be counted a poison to the sociable entertainment, and will be cast into oblivion's gulph.

Sometimes I may throw into the dishes, an ingredient of considerable gravity, but not so powerful as to draw the sun from its station, nor the revolving moon from its singularly singular orb. Neither shall the stellar bodies dance in sympathetic tune to my poetic and mellifluous words, nor this earth sympathize with the shell with laughter at my wit, but the virtuous may find delight in modest appeal, the gleeful youth receive instruction from the "entertainments of sense," and the wisdom of age, pleasure from various sources bounded by reason, and stimulation from the whole.

JNO. QUIDAM.

CONDITIONS.

1. THE MEDLEY will contain eight pages, and will be printed on fine medium paper, once in each month.
 2. It will be delivered to subscribers in town at fifty cents per year. To subscribers at a distance it will be regularly transmitted by mail.
 3. No subscription will be received for less than one year, and all subscribers are to pay in advance.
- The first No. will be issued as soon as subscribers enough shall be received to justify the undertaking.

J. Shinn's Panacea.

THE subscriber having discovered the composition of SWAIM'S celebrated Panacea, has now a supply on hand for sale. He has reduced the price from \$3.50, to \$2.50, or by the dozen to \$30.

All charitable institutions in the U. S. and the poor will be supplied gratis.

If the citizens of the principal cities and towns, will appoint an agent to order and distribute this medicine to the poor, it will be supplied.

This medicine is celebrated for the cure of the following diseases: Scrophula or King's evil, ulcerated or putrid sore throat, long standing rheumatic affections, cutaneous diseases, white swelling and diseases of the bones and all cases generally of the ulcerous character, and chronic diseases, generally arising in debilitated constitutions, but more especially from syphilis or affections arising therefrom: ulcers in the larynx, nodes, &c. And that dreadful disease occasioned by a living and excessive use of mercury, &c. It is also useful in diseases of the liver.

CERTIFICATES.

I have within the two last years had an opportunity of seeing several cases of very inveterate ulcers, which having resisted previously the regular modes of treatment were healed by the use of Mr. Swaim's Panacea, and I do believe from what I have seen, that it will prove an important remedy in scrophulous, venereal and mercurial diseases.

N. CHAPMAN, M. D.

Professor of the Institutes and Practice

of Physic in the University of Penn'a.

I have employed the Panacea of Mr. Swaim in numerous instances, within the last three years, and have always found it extremely efficacious especially in secondary syphilis and mercurial diseases. I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a medicine of inestimable value.

W. GIBSON, M. D.

Professor of Surgery in the University

of Pennsylvania.

JOHN SHINN, Chemist.

N. B. For sale at Smith and Person's N. E. corner of Third and Market streets.

Philadelphia, February 17, 1824.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of JOHN A. FRAZER, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment; and all persons having claims against said estate are required to present them legally authenticated for settlement, within one year from this date. The estate is solvent.

ELIJAH BROCK, Adm'r.

LYDIA FRAZER, Adm'x.

January 5, 1825.

Adam Kizer, Henry Kizer, William Kizer,

(minor heirs of Henry Kizer, deceased),

their Guardians, and all others interested,

TAKE NOTICE.

THAT I will apply to the Circuit Court, to be held in and for the county of Randolph, on the third Monday in February next, for division to be made of the whole of the real estate lately belonging to Henry Kizer deceased.

ELIAS KIZER.

January 1st, 1825.

PRODUCE.

The following articles of country Produce will be taken in payment for subscriptions to the LEXER, viz: Wheat—Rye—Oats—Corn—Bacon—Lard—Sugar—Ginger—Bees-wax—Tallow—Candles—Flax—Wool—Linen—Rags, &c., &c.—to be delivered at the office.

June 18, 1824.