

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Illinois Gazette.

DREAMS.

Could we dream but of bliss, 'twere delightful to sleep,
Till we finish'd our brief mortal pilgrimage here,
But alas! we too often are call'd on to weep
O'er the brightest delusions that mark our career;
For what are the hopes of our youth but light
dreams;
That brighten the slumber of reason's first
dawn?
And how do they fly, when the tremulous
beams
Of friendship and love from the fancy are
gone!

Man's life is a day by dark clouds overcast—
And he only is happy who sinks to repose,
With a heart undefiled by the scenes that
are past
And a conscience that dreads not eterni-
ty's woes:
If such be the night—who shall sigh for the
day—
Or seek to arrest its rude blasts as they fly?
When happy beneath the night planet's soft
ray,
Of Heaven he dreams, and forgets how to
sigh!

And such be my fate—let the sun shed his
light
On the millions who toil for *Reality's* dross;
Be mine the soft rapture which beams
through the flight,
That man cannot steal, nor adversity
cross.
Then my dark fate forgotten—I fancy a lot,
From sorrow, and care, and inquietude
free,
An else a soft smile and can think of a cot,
Which, adorn'd by *that smile*, is a palace
to me.

ORLANDO.

From the Essex Register.

JOHN ADAMS.

The following conversation and anecdote of the venerable John Adams, are derived from respectable and unquestionable authority and may be received with the most perfect confidence.

"In the year 1818, I paid a visit to Mr. Jefferson, in his retirement at Monticello. During the visit, the credibility of history became a topic of conversation, and we naturally adverted to that of our own country. He spoke with great freedom of the heroes and patriots of our revolution, and patriots of our revolution, and of its gloomy and brilliant periods. I will give the substance of a part of his remarks. 'No correct history of that arduous struggle has yet been or ever will be written. The actors in important and busy scenes are too much absorbed in their immediate duty, to record events, or the motives and causes which produced them. Many secret springs, concealed even from those upon whom they operate give an impulse to measures, which are supposed to be the result of chance; and an accidental concurrence of causes, is often attributed to the connected plan of leaders, who are themselves as much astonished as others at the events they witness. They who took an active part in these important transactions, can hardly recognize them as they are related in the histories of our revolution. That of Botta an Italian, is the best. In all of them events are misrepresented, wrong motives are assigned, and justice is seldom done to individuals, some too little praise. The private correspondence of three or four persons in different official stations, at that time, would form the best history. I have heard that Mr. Adams is writing something on the subject—No one is better qualified than he, to give to the reader a correct impression of the earlier part of the contest. No history has done him justice. Every historian was present to witness his conduct in the continental congress. In his zeal for in-

dependence he was ardent; in contriving expedients and originating measures, he was always busy; in disastrous time, when gloom sat on the countenance of most of us, his courage and fortitude continued unabated, and his animated exertions restored confidence to those who had wavered. He seemed to forget every thing but his country, and the cause which he had espoused."

"In journeying to the southward, I fell in with an aged and highly respectable gentleman, a native of one of the middle states, who in our revolutionary war espoused, the cause of his king and held an important post in the royal army. He conversed with great frankness of his principles and motives, and appeared to have been well acquainted with the events of that period. It has been disputed, (said I) where the revolution originated, in Massachusetts or Virginia. What was the opinion of the royalists of that period, and what is yours?" "That it originated in Massachusetts," was his reply—"and if I was to state, who in my opinion, contributed most to bring on the contest, I should name John Adams—who was afterwards your President. Concerning him I will relate an anecdote. He came into notice during the administration of Gov. Bernard and distinguished himself by his resolute opposition to many of his measures. The attorney-general Sewall, was, however, his bosom friend. At that time the office of a justice of the peace was, on many accounts, advantageous to a young man; and with the knowledge of Adams the attorney general requested Bernard to appoint his friend to it at office. The Governor expressed his desire to oblige Mr. Sewall, but observed

—This young man has ranked himself with my opponents. He denounces and endeavors to thwart my measures and those of the ministry. I could not justify it to my sovereign to bestow a favor upon such a person—and I wish you to tell him from me, that so long as he continues to oppose me and the ministry, he must expect to receive no promotion." Sewall conveyed the message to Adams—"Then tell the Governor from me (replied the latter) that I will not change my course, but will raise such a flame in the province as shall expel him from it and all royal rule from America." The truth of this anecdote has been confirmed to me by another gentleman who was then a student in the office of Mr. Sewall.

We do not think the records of instinct ever contained a more extraordinary instance than we are now about to relate, and for the truth whereof we pledge ourselves. A few days since, Mr. Joseph Lane, of Fascombe, in the parish of Ashleworth, in this county, on his return home turned his horse into a field in which it had been accustomed to graze. A few days before this the horse had been pinched in the shoeing of one foot. In the morning Mr. Lane missed the horse and caused an active search to be made in the vicinity, when the following singular circumstance transpired: The animal, as it may be supposed, feeling lame made his way out of the field by unhauling the gate, with his

month, and went straight to the same farrier's shop a distance of a mile and a half. The farrier had no sooner opened his shead, than the horse, which had been evidently standing there some time, advanced to the forge, and held up his ailing foot. The farrier instantly began to examine the hoof, discovered the injury, took off the shoe, and replaced it more carefully; on which the horse immediately turned about, and set off at a merry pace for his well-known pasture. Whilst Mr. Lane's servants were on the search they chanced to pass by the forge, and on mentioning their supposed loss, the farrier replied, 'Oh, he has been here and shod, and gone home again; which on their return they found to be actually the case. *Cheltenham Chronicle.*

Good News For Manufacturers

There is one provision in the Military Appropriation bill introduced at the suggestion, in the first instance of Mr. Eustis, which we understand will be of much importance to a meritorious class of people; we mean the Manufacturers of Woolens, who have little more capital than their looms. They cannot contract for large supplies; nor can they suddenly comply with large orders. An appropriation has therefore been introduced into the Bill, of 75,000 dollars for the purchase of Woolens for the Army, for the year 1823; so as to allow the goods to be purchased of our own Manufacturers, and allow intermediate time sufficient for the Manufacture of them. It is predicted, that we never shall again have a soldier (and hardly a sailor) clothed in the Manufacture of any other Country than this. So be it. Thus a sort of encouragement which will be of some service, not to overgrown and already pampered Capitalist but to the industrious Artizans who live by the labor of their hands. *Repos*

Prophecy and History

The forty fourth and forty-fifth verses of the eleventh chapter of the book of Daniel, contain the following predictions:

44. But tidings out of the east and out of the north shall trouble him; therefore he shall go forth with great fury to destroy, and utterly to make away many.

45. And he shall plant the tabernacles of his palaces between the seas, in the glorious holy mountain; yet he shall come to his end, and none shall help him.

On this passage Mr. Scott, an eminent commentator, offers the following remarkable exposition.

"All the attempts of commentators to apply this to Antiochus have proved fruitless, for though he went forth with great indignation to subdue some revolted provinces in the east and in the north, yet he never returned into Judea which land alone can be intended by the glorious holy mountain. It is more probably concluded, that this part of the prophecy relates to events yet future. Some conjecture that the Persians, who border on the Turkish dominions to the east, and the Russians, who lie north of them, will unite against the Turks; that in the land of Canaan the latter will fix their camp with great fury; and that there they shall receive such a defeat as shall end in the utter subversion of their monarchy."

Scott's Bible.

The reader need not be told how exactly the above passage applies to the late news from Europe, of an expected alliance between the Russians and Persians against the Turks.—If Mr. Scott had written his commentary after reading a modern newspaper, he could not have adopted it more exactly to the events of the day. The character of the warfare waged by the Turks is accurately described by the terms "great ostentations," and "great fury." We will only add, that should the whole prediction contained in the text be found to apply to the events we shall hear of no alliance between the Turks and other nations; for "he shall come to his end, and none shall help him." Such a coincidence is very remarkable, and we are surprised it has not sooner been discovered.

A tradesman of a respectable market town in Cheshire, England, spends his evenings of the week in the following *improving* and *profitable* style. On Monday he attends a *drinking club*, on Tuesday, an *oyster club*; on Wednesday, a *sausage club*; on Thursday, a *debating club*; on Friday, a *tripe club*; and on Saturday, a *beef stake club*. The Sabbath, as a day of rest, he religiously observes by *lying in bed* the greater part of it. Indeed, after a man has been so well clubbed during the week, no wonder he should be *knocked down* on a Sunday.

Socrates, the greatest of all the ancient philosophers, ("the very founder of philosophy itself" as the earl of Shaftesbury calls him) born at Alopece in Attica, 467 years before Christ, was put to death by the Athenians, on a false charge of Atheism. 400 B. C. Socrates had two wives, one of which was the noted Xantippe; whom Aulus Gellius describes as a cursed froward woman, always scolding by day and by night. Several instances are recorded of her impatience, and his long suffering. He chose this wife, we are told, for the very same reason that they, who would be excellent in horsemanship, chuse the roughest and most spirited horses; supposing that, if they are able to manage them, they are able to manage any. He has probably been imitated by few: an imitation in this case would be dangerous; for every man is not a Socrates.

Socrates was one day seen running out of his house, and a violent and boisterous noise of a woman's tongue was heard within. When he advanced a few steps from the door, a pot was emptied out of a window above stars upon his head. This was the act of his wife Xantippe. He turned round and looked up, and with the greatest good nature calmly remarked, "Where there is so much thunder, there must be a little rain."

First come first served.—A fellow having been adjudged on a conviction of perjury, to loose his ears; when the executioner came to put the sentence of the law in force, he found he had been already cropped. The hangman seemed a little surprised. "What," said the criminal, with all the *sag* froid imaginable, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears every time you please to crop me?"