

From a Scotch paper.

A DREAM.

Sleep hath its own world
And a wide realm of wild reality.—Byron.

I felt that my death hour was come;
I strove to pray—I strove to weep—
But the words stuck in my parched throat,
And the lean flesh did coldly creep—
So horrible it was to die,
At midnight, in my lonely sleep.

I heard the rattle in my throat,
And then I surely knew
That I should die; and then the dark
Death angel o'er me flew—
Oh God! how cold I felt that shade
As it broad and broader grew.

Like a drowning man, I downward sunk
Within that horrid sea;
The cold waves, gurgling in mine ear,
Did rush all fearfully;
Then, o'er my heart the death-spasms fell
And I shrieked convulsively.

And now I knew that I had died:
For lighter than the wind,
I passed the sun—yea all the stars,
Did glimmer far behind—
A lone and bodiless thing I swept,
The universe unconfined.

Oh, many a happy thing I saw
Float on their glittering wings—
Flinging their fleshless fingers o'er
Their harps of golden strings—
All unawares, I lingered there
To drink their murmuring.

All unawares, I prayed, to God,
Charmed by that starry spell,
Ama that land of happy things,
Whose tones so wildly fell—
All unawares, I prayed, that there
I evermore might dwell.

But darkness gathered o'er me then,
And I shuddered fearfully;
For the great judgment-throne was set
Far on the flaming sky,
And earthly crimes my fears awoke,
And I prayed that I might die.

Like the sear-leaf, borne on the storm,
So was I whirled on,
Where tens of thousands burning zones,
Beard that great white throne—
A diadem of stars, far o'er
The universe they shone.

I turned me to the judgment throne—
But blasted grew my sight,
Like him who gazes on the sun
Unsuccessfully bright—
I shrank in darkness, and in fear,
From that great throne of light.

I saw the skeletons of men
Float past the darkening sun;
And the blue stars looked ghastly wan—
Their race of light was run,
The moon swept by, like a ball of blood,
And sunk in that burning solitude.

Then rose so wild, so loud a wail—
So horrible a sigh—
Like a thousand thunders breaking,
And rolling in the sky;
That wail was nature's funeral dirge,
The damned spirit's cry:

That cry so wild, my blood so chilled,
It was like ice upon a stream;
And thus I woke and blessed God
That all was but—a midnight dream:
But from that moment, I began
To be an altered and a holy man.

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From the New-York Mirror.

SHUT THE DOOR.

Wandering through the country without a local home or bosom friend to share the blessings of social or domestic intercourse, my time has generally been spent among strangers. And being a pretty close observer of the world, I have frequently been enabled to benefit society by embodying, at leisure hours, particularly when I spend a few days to rest and refresh myself such reflections as may have occurred during my peregrinations. As I am generally assisted by a Familiar, a real and true descendant of the far-famed oriental genii, I experience no difficulty in learning, at once, the habits, manners, and customs, of all such people as I have curiosity to inquire about. This, it may be said, is a great privilege, and might be abused much to the prejudice of many people who think their private vices entirely hid from the world; but as I have already suggested my intention is to benefit society, I shall only notice such apparently trivial faults as by being long indulged become inveterate, and ultimately prove injurious to individuals as well as the community—an emendation of which will add much to the comfort of others, and consequently their happiness for time being.

In conformity to the injunction of the

decalogue, I frequently rest on the Sabbath, and if within the reasonable distance of public devotional exercises, attend them. Not long since, in an apparently prosperous village in the western country, less than a thousand miles from this, on a cold rainy Sunday morning, I attended meeting; and having, as is my usual custom, arrived early, and seated myself on a back seat in the gallery, as well to observe the congregation as they entered, as not to be obnoxious to others by disturbing the devotion of those who enter for that purpose; and, while adjusting my mind to the solemnity of the occasion, my attention was suddenly roused by an exclamation from one of the lower pews, of "SHUT THE DOOR." That, thought I, is right; for it was a bleak and cheerless morning, and many I observed, were shivering with cold. The sexton had, either from negligence, or a want of materials, left the fire unkindled, and the open doors let in a volume of cold air, very much to the prejudice of those comfortable feelings with which many left their warm firesides in the morning.

Shut the door in cold weather, thought I, ought to be engraven on the memory of every one, as much as any command received by us from Divine authority.

It seemed of no use; for every few seconds some boy would be sent from a pew nearest the door, to rectify this breach of good manners, in those who entered. Aroused by some very sensible feelings on the subject, I applied my ear to my coat sleeve, and inquired from my Familiar, (who, for convenience, makes that his station,) the names, calling, habits and circumstances, of many of them, as they entered the door, without shutting it, which I could readily do without observation: and that the answers may be useful to some of your readers, I now send them for publication.

"Who, and what is he?" said I, as a man about the age of fifty entered, without shutting the door. Tall and meagre were his features; his shirt collar unpinned; the string of one of his shoes untied, and the cuff of his coat sleeve partly torn off.

"That," said my Familiar, "is Shallowpate Careless. His father intended him for one of the learned professions; but in his youth he neglected his duties at college. He never knew one lesson. And provided he could eat when hungry and drink when thirsty, thought of nothing else. Finding his efforts unavailing, the old gentleman concluded he would make a farmer of Shallowpate, and accordingly gave him a large farm and procured an honest and industrious overseer for him. Matters went on well enough, until, in the course of time, the old man died; and Shallowpate could not bear the idea that one of the overseer's little boys should always follow him to shut the gates or put up the bars, so he was discharged. Shallowpate, who never shut the door—never put up the bars, soon became a prey to the devouring speculators: for although he was without vice, and a tolerably good sort of man, yet when the time of ingathering of the fruits of the earth came, he had nothing to gather; for the inveterate habit of leaving the doors open had let the cattle in, and his crops were destroyed, and he had to sell a portion of his land for the support of his family. The same course, in a few years, made him what you now behold—an example to all others, to remember to shut the door.

Shortly after, a sleek looking little man, in a plain, but rich dress, entered, apparently on tip-toe, who carefully shut the door; and before he left it, felt that it was secure. His age appeared to be about thirty; although my Familiar informed me that he had lived near a half a century. "He was," said my Familiar, "a poor boy, and was early taught the value of money by the want of it; and when he got a sixpence for running errands, he was sure to examine his pockets, and be certain there was no hole in the bottom. He always shut the door, and in after-life, in all his business, carefully puts up the bars. His crops are not destroyed—he is a useful member of society, and to his descendants early inculcates the useful habit to put up the bars—to shut the door."

Another who entered and forgot to shut the door, was Miss Polly Primrose, who, thirty years ago, led the van in all parties of pleasure. She was, in fact, the Belle of the village in which she resided—she was admired by all, but an unfortunate habit of not shutting the door, became confirmed and inveterate, and now, alas! the dear creature laments the circumstance which has been the means of retaining her a votary to single blessedness thus far, and in all probability for the rest of her life.

Another lady entered, and a gentleman left his seat to shut the door. Here

my Familiar related a tale calculated to draw the tear of sympathy from the most obdurate. It is sufficient, however, to know that she was the daughter of a respectable farmer—that in consequence of losing her mother early, the care of the family devolved on her. A passion for dress and finery, for balls and parties, unrestrained, caused a neglect of home concerns. The doors were not shut; the dairy suffered; the hogs upset the milk-pans; the cats, rats and mice destroyed the cheese; and finally, while the males were out at work on the farm, there being sufficient time, as she thought, and certainly there could be no harm, to run over to Miss Gadabout's to hear something about what was going on—and it was hard, too, to be obliged to stay in the house all day, and a thousand other important reasons might be offered; she forgot to shut the door.—A gust of wind blew the coals over the floor, and before half of the first story was told, the house was enveloped in flames. The father was reduced to poverty—and all in consequence of not shutting the door. After a series of years she married, and has a family. Still the doors are not shut. The care, labor, frugality, and industry of an indulgent husband, are not sufficient to prevent the prison doors from shutting on him. All in consequence of an unfortunate habit, of not shutting the door.

Many other individuals, as well as those who did, as those who did not shut the door, were scrutinised by my Familiar. But these cases are sufficient to induce us to be careful to shut the door.

And now, my young friends—you young gentlemen just entering on the theatre of life, will it not be of service to you, to form a resolution at this time, on the spot, and never break it, to shut the door? Do you feel a temptation to depart from, or brack through any moral principles? Are you tempted carelessly to squander the hard earnings of your ancestors, or to devote any of your time to vice and folly? shut the door on the tempter; and remember, that your moral character is the rule, by which, in after life, your reputation must be established or broken down. Remember, that it is better to give a pittance to the needy, who, aside from the gratification it affords you, will implore the blessings of providence in your behalf; and while thus employing your time, discretion shuts the door against vice and folly.

And you, my pretty maidens, with rosy charms, and eyes beaming love—you, who are candidates for the bonds of matrimony; remember, that to shut the door may be of use, and can never work evil. Shut doors; always shut the doors, and keep the doors shut. Once acquired the habit to shut the door, and you may smile at the frowns of fortune, and bid defiance to the votaries of vice. You may have the pleasing reflection, that you have added to the comfort of some, without detracting from others. Shut the door against evil speakers, and suffer it not to be open for evil hearers. Shut the door against all evil communications. Shut the door against all wishes and desires not dictated by prudence, or justified by the Book of books. Let the door to your affections be doubly guarded by that best of watchmen, prudence; and happiness here may be your reward. Above all, in cold weather shut the door when you come into church, my lovely dears, and worthy dames, and if I am there you will merit the thanks of the

WANDERER.

From the Boston Traveller.

"The tree of my cradle is prostrate and dead, The smile of the mother who rock'd me has fled, The warriors to battle my footsteps who led, 'Neath the sods of the valley are mould'ring and low."

We two or three days since, accepted a polite invitation to visit a revolutionary veteran, now in the House of Correction, who has attained the very advanced age of one hundred and five years. He is a Scotchman by birth the by name of David McDonald; and though he has traced the country of his adoption from her Indian paths, her log houses and her forest fields, in all her advances to civilization, wealth and refinement; though all the friends and kindred of his early days have long since faded from life's picture and new generations risen around him, to give place in their turn, to others who now guide the destinies of the nation: he still retains his faculties, both mental and physical, in a degree truly astonishing. He possesses all the sprightliness and vigor usually attendant on a healthy person of seventy-five; can walk without a staff or any kind of support; is but little troubled with deafness, and can discern objects distinctly.

He came to America in the army of General Braddock, and was with that

officer at the time of his memorable defeat in 1755: he was at the taking of Quebec, and in several other important engagements; and during our Revolutionary struggle, was four years confined on board the "Jersey prison ship." He has made it a practice for many years to visit some descendants of his former friends at the South; and no longer ago than last spring, he made a journey on foot from this place to Petersburg, Va. travelling from 8 to 12 miles a day. The crime for which he is no other than intemperance, and his release will be granted in a few days. He says for the first 80 years of his life he drank intoxicating liquors of no kind; but since that period he has indulged himself in some degree, preferring, however, cider and beer to strong liquors. When speaking of his brave compatriots in arms and the happy consequences of the revolution, a playful smile seemed to rest on his countenance and joy animated his whole frame; but when his thoughts turned upon those who were more closely allied to him by the ties of kindred and affection, a tear stole down his furrowed cheek and a deep drawn sigh, suddenly struggling to escape, almost choked his utterance. We question whether, in the whole United States, a parallel can be found to this very uncommon instance of longevity.

Samuel Adams.—The account of the venerable Carroll, the only surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, given in a late *Galaxy*, was rendered still more interesting by its notice of our forefather to be venerated Samuel Adams. Mr. Carroll spoke of Samuel Adams, and his peculiarities with a wonderful facility. Of this patriot, "the elder Adams," it may be said, that his friends, from their sensitive admiration, and his enemies, from personal bitterness, have never placed him in a true light, or made a proper analysis of his mental and moral properties. *The task remains to be done*, and the observations of Carroll would be worthy the study of him who may attempt it." Thus far the *Galaxy*.

It is surprising to all the elder patriots that the great character and patriotic labors of this eminent man, and I may say, matchless patriot, should be so little understood by the present generation in Massachusetts, and what is still more extraordinary, in the town of Boston where he lived, and flourished half a century. It was his modest, and unobtrusive personal character, which was more inclined to push others forward into public notice, than to make himself conspicuous. None but a truly great man could have done this. Samuel Adams was more than any other man, the Father of the American Revolution: and this we are ready to maintain against all the world, were they disposed to controvert it.

Bostonians have done well, very well, in causing a statue to be executed for Washington; but half their business will be left undone until they have placed at Washington's right hand the statue of Samuel Adams. Patriot.

PERIA—mercy of a despot.—The porter of the mosque near the bazaar is a man with one eye. The person who accompanied us accounted for the loss of the other eye. This man, who is a Tartar, was one of the officers of the household of the late Khan, and the general superintendence of the palace. According to the etiquette of oriental palaces, the officers, when going through the courts, should hold their heads bowed down, and their hands crossed on their breast. One day this unfortunate man inadvertently raised his eyes towards the apartments out of which were looking the Khan and one of his women. He was immediately called into the presence of the Khan, who asked him, in a tone of great severity, with which of his eyes he had seen the sultana; the man replied with his right eye, and the Khan ordered it to be immediately torn from his head.—This did not prevent the Tartar from remaining in his service till the death of his master. This cruelty, however, is not to be wondered at in a country where the loss of eyes is often considered as a favor—it being substituted for the punishment of death. When Mazanderan was invaded by the first Chah of Persia of the present reigning dynasty, the eunuch Aga Mahomet Kan, one of his generals, took a town by assault, after an obstinate resistance: when he had assuaged his fury by a very extended massacre, he then entered into a composition with the chiefs of the city, relative to sparing the lives of the remainder of the inhabitants. A pardon was granted to them on condition of their delivering to him ten pounds of human eyes!

A Mr. A. of London, a young gentleman possessed of a most delicate com-

plexion, undertook last week, for a considerable wager, to cross from Dover to Calais, and pass the Custom House as a lady! Unluckily a real female on board the packet was detected with contraband goods in her possession. This circumstance caused a general search among the ladies, and, in the course of it, "Mon dieu, c'est un homme!" was shrieked out by one of the astounded matrons employed in the scrutiny. The unfortunate masquerader found a very different reception from what he would have experienced at the Argyle Rooms.—He was consigned, sans ceremony, to the town goal; and, instead of Mr. Charles Wright's "sparkling Champagne," was accommodated with as much water as he chose to drink, and the usual gaol allowance of bread, till the interference of some friend in the town explained the circumstance to the local authorities, and procured his release. The petticoats, however, appear to have been confiscated, or at least abandoned by their wearer, who returned en cavalier. London paper.

From the Providence Journal.

There is an old adage touching the domestic avocations of women which is peculiarly applicable to the employment of a conductor of a newspaper.

"Man works from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

It is just so with the printer; while others have their intervals of leisure, he has none; while the tired labourer seeks an early repose—the merchant throws aside his books and bargains and enjoys the social fireside in an evening at home—the manufacturer looses the bands that drive his complicated machinery—the farmer drinks his generous cider from the old fashioned silver or pewter mug, (as the case may be) handed down from his sires, and cracks his nuts and jokes around the blazing hearth—while these are partaking the enjoyments of relaxation, and acquiring new vigor for the labors of the succeeding day—the printer is at the case picking up little bits of lead with letters stamped on them or laboring with his brain and pen to elicit something that shall please his readers of the morning, or correcting proof sheets by the fading light of a lamp, until that light begins to blend with the tinges of early dawn. Such are the occupations of the printer and the editor, and when the dishes for one morning's course are served up—the pressman closed his labor of striking off the impression, and the assistants folded, directed and mailed the papers for the day, then comes the time to commence new preparations, mental and manual for another publication. To the conductor of a Monday's paper even Sunday loses its attribute of a day of rest, and he may feelingly exclaim with Pope, when harassed by poetic scribblers,

"Even Sunday slimes no Sabbath day to me."

But enough of this. They are dark spots on the fairest features of existence; and the printer, though subject in his vocation to more *crosses* and *shades* and *blots* and *blurs* and *pressures*, and *false impressions*, than most other men; yet he has many *fair proofs* of the kindness of patrons and friends, to cheer him in his course; a consolation that he distributes useful knowledge to thousands. *chases the wrinkles* from the brow of care, *corrects the errors* and removes the *false impressions* of the public mind—*plunes* down the asperities, and *smooths* the prejudices of life—and though he is aware that he is himself but a poor type for the observance of others, and does but aspire "to make his paper an *index* to point to an *upright line* of conduct—the receptacle of opinions and sound moral sentiments that all may safely copy—For this he asks but the approval of good men, and the encouragement of kind patrons and though when he shall be *struck off* from the file of life—a period be put to his earthly existence, and the *coffin* become the *receptacle* of his *form*, no column or *imposing stone* shall mark the spot where is fixed his narrow, clayey bed, yet he trusts his memory will remain *imprinted* on the hearts of his friends, his *errors* be *erased* from their recollection, and no *register* of his faults being found recorded against him, he may stand at the final *revisal*, justified before the great HEAD and FOUNT of all mercy and goodness.

ATHENS, (OHIO,) December 16.—We scarcely know in what terms to mention an occurrence which took place on Wednesday morning last. While Professor Hoge was sitting alone, reading, in his room, in College, by a sudden contract of his muscles, the bone of his thigh was badly fractured, so as to require setting in the usual manner of broken limbs. The pain he has suffered has been extreme, though somewhat abated since the setting. *Mirror*.