

Miscellaneous.



STANZAS.

Why are springs enthroned on high,
Where the mountains kiss the sky?
'Tis that thence their streams may flow,
Fertilizing all below.

Why have clouds such lofty flight,
Basking in the golden light?
'Tis to send down genial showers
On this lower world of ours.

Why does God exalt the great?
'Tis that they may prop the state;
So that toil its sweets may yield,
And the sower reap the field.

Riches why doth he confer?
That the rich may minister,
In the hour of their distress,
To the poor and fatherless.

Does he light a Newton's mind?
'Tis to shine on all mankind.
Does he give to virtue birth?
'Tis the salt of this poor earth.

Reader, whosoe'er thou art,
What thy God has given impart;
Hide it not within the ground,
Send the cup of blessing round.

Hast thou power?—the weak defend;
Light?—give light: thy knowledge lend;
Rich?—remember him who gave;
Free?—be brother to the slave.

HONOR AND PROBITY.

Pure probity, unsullied honor, high—
The want of these no qualities supply;
No grace of character that man respects
Can ever compensate for such defects.
Fortune's frowns the heart may wring,
But the soul can fate despise:
Sorrow hath its piercing sting;
Yet superior to its darts,
Noble minds and virtuous hearts
Above the ills of life can rise.

Selected for the Free Press.

Professional Reputation.—The following remarks are extracted from an Oration, delivered before the Philadelphia Medical Society, by *John D. Godman, M. D.*—The sentiments advanced are equally applicable to all professions and pursuits, and are well worthy the attention of the community in general:

"Our profession has long been subjected to the charge of 'envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness' among its members; and unfortunately too much of the charge is well founded. We cannot, at present, enter into an investigation of the causes by which this state of things has been produced, although it does not affect the profession to the degree which persons commonly suppose. To lessen this evil and avoid meriting such an accusation, make it a rule never to speak of a professional rival, unless you can speak to his advantage; if he have merit, allow him the whole of it, and give your sentiments of his talents, with the unaffected earnestness of truth. Do not imagine that your acknowledgment of his merits, will hide his defects, or obscure your own good qualities. Grant that he adopts a contrary course, speaks ill of you, or throws out insinuations intended to be prejudicial to your interests;—then is your triumph complete. Think you that men will not contrast his mean and soulless conduct, with your manly and honest candor? Think you that he will not more deeply damn himself, by attempting to misrepresent you;—that society will not visit his ungenerous conduct on his own head, while the

profession silently spurn him from their confidence?"

"Should you be eminently successful after others have failed, avoid pushing your triumph so far as to wound the feelings and outrage the pride of your less fortunate competitors. Your success is sufficient for you, and by judicious deportment, you may compel a man to respect, if he does not esteem, who might otherwise cherish against you a spirit as stern as hate—as inexorable as the grave. If after such success as we have alluded to, you hear of disparaging suggestions made against you, by one you have set aside or overshadowed, you are neither obliged to know, nor resent it; you would owe it to the dignity of your own character, to recollect that some allowances are to be made for mortified feeling, as well as that no malicious insinuations can stand against the daily repetition of actions, which prove you exempt from a groveling and miserably irritable disposition.

"That you will not attain the professional elevation you desire, without struggling against hosts of difficulties, and encountering every degree of opposition, is most certain. It may be, that the iron grasp of poverty, for a considerable time, will impede your progress and enfeeble your efforts. Against rivalry and opposition, your armor of principles and determined perseverance will afford every security, and poverty itself, may be made to minister to your success, by urging you to the display of your noblest powers. Look at the men of talents, who now lead the van of our profession and are considered as its ornaments. Who are they? Men born to fortune, and reared in the lap of luxury? No. Men who have been elevated by protection and patronage? Who have been favored by circumstances, or raised by accident? No. They are, most frequently, those who have emerged from poverty, if not obscurity. Many of them have been nursed in sorrow, and baptised with tears;—they have protected and patronised *themselves*, until the great and powerful have become proud to rank as their friends: they have *made* the very circumstances, which superficial observers suppose to have been the *causes* of their elevation. It is the triumph of talent, of genius, to rise in proportion to the magnitude of difficulties; to trample the opposition of malignant mediocrity into the dust; and gaining its merited elevation, to raise the profession it has chosen to a corresponding degree of eminence."

Solar Microscope.—A correspondent of the Illinois Intelligencer gives the following humorous description of this wonderful instrument:

"The Federal Court is sitting, and the Solar Microscope is here; of course if there is a flaw in any man's plea, or an insect in any lady's vinegar, it will be found out. Our little town is *all alive*—we have not had such a squeeze since the Legislature adjourned; the tavern is full of lawyers, the show-room full of ladies, and the figs,

rain-water, and cheese, are full of snakes, and lizards, and snapping-turtles.

"If ever I commit a felony, I humbly desire to be sent to a tread-mill, or a penitentiary, an inquisition, a galley, or the gallows—any thing in preference to being put into a Solar Microscope. Let no reformer introduce such a punishment into our penal code. Never was such an infernal machine invented. 'Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel'—were nothing to it. The agonies which I have seen inflicted to-day upon thousands of living creatures, attest the truth of this remark. I saw dozens of animals, each apparently as large as a raccoon, dancing at one time on the point of a fine cambric needle. They had been taken from a fig, where they had no doubt lived a contented and plentiful life, in company with millions of their own species. The fig was to them a world, as large and as pleasant as our globe is to us. When taken from it, they survived but a few minutes, and then perished in the most exquisite torments.

"The down of a butterfly's wing being placed in the glass, we were surprised to find that it was composed of perfectly formed feathers not less than a foot long.

"A small parcel of the down from the feather of a bird, was found to be itself a feather, such as we never saw upon the head of the most ambitious military officer—it was full thirty feet long.

"Vinegar was found to contain snakes about four feet in length.

"I consider the doctrine of a plurality of worlds to be completely established. Every cheese, every vinegar barrel, is a world—and why should not the planets also have inhabitants? We hope, however, that they will never learn how to make Solar Microscopes; for if gigantic races exist in other spheres, it might become a fashionable amusement among them, to exhibit *our* delicate forms, and graceful gestures, in these terrible engines. A whole city might be scraped up on the point of a tremendous cambric needle, and broiled in a microscope, for the amusement of a company of giantesses.

"I never saw a Solar Microscope before; but I go against them from this time forward. Heretofore I have led a comfortable life, blessed with a good appetite, and with a competent supply of wholesome food. But since my unlucky visit to that diabolical contrivance, I have not had a mouthful of wholesome food, nor enjoyed a sound appetite, nor a healthy digestion. If I lift the most delicate morsel to my lips, I fancy it alive with delicate monsters, teeming with invisible alligators, minute elephants, and impalpable tortoises. If I walk the streets, I tremble lest some unlucky drayman shall drive down my throat. I dare not drink for fear of swallowing steamboats, and being blown up by the bursting of a boiler. As for a *fig*, it is horrible to think of it! Going a *whole hog*, is nothing—the man who eats a fig, must swallow a million of living beings!"

Drowned.—Mr. James Hornsby, aged about 70 years, was drowned, while bathing in company with several other persons, in Capt. Moses Winston's mill pond, in Franklin county, on the 24th inst. He was a schoolmaster, and had labored in that vocation for many years.—*Ral. Star.*

A Genius in Mechanics.—The Washington N. C. Echo says:—Arrived at this port during the past week, a new schooner called the "Two Brothers," from Bath, N. C. She is about 60 or 70 tons burthen—was projected and built by Mr. John Mixom, a young mechanic of that place, who is known never to have worked one hour in a ship yard! The connoisseurs say that the model is not unobjectionable; but regard the work, upon the whole, as very creditable to the ingenuity and enterprise of the builder.

Molasses.—This article, though paying a duty of ten cents per gallon, is cheaper than it has been for some years. The N. Y. Journal of Commerce states that it costs only three cents per gallon in the West Indies. The casks cost in the island at the rate of seven cents per gallon, or more than twice as much as the article put into them. The rest of the price is made up of duty, freight, leakage, &c.

Rhetoric.—Mr. Webster, in his argument on the case pending in the Court of Equity, Boston, alluding to an allegation in the indictment, rather derogatory to a person now no more, made the following terrible remark: "If any two of that man's bones were held together by any ligament, and could be conscious of this unhallowed indignity, they would *kick* against the coffin!" Mr. Wirt, in his reply, seemed to think that if such were the case with the remains of all men impeached, "there would be a terrible rattling among the dry bones!"

Anecdote.—A singular sort of a man in Massachusetts, recently sent for a magistrate to write his will. After mentioning a number of bequests he went on—'Item, I give and bequeath to my beloved brother, Zack, one thousand dollars.' 'Why you are not worth half that sum in the world,' interrupted the magistrate. 'Well no matter if I ain't,' replied the other, 'it's my will that brother Zack should have that sum, and he may work and get it if he has a mind to.'

Owls.—A western paper mentions the following as an easy method of taking owls: When you discover one on a tree, and find that it is looking at you, all you have to do is to move quickly round the tree several times, when the owl's attention will be so firmly fixed, that, forgetting the necessity of turning its body with its head, it will follow your motion until it wrings its head off!

None are more inclined to become the enemies of vice, than those who have been its slaves—and are so happy as to have broken from their bondage.