

Miscellaneous.



From Moore's "Sacred Melodies."

Thou art, O GOD! the light and life
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam delays,
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When night with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plumage
Is sparkling with unnumber'd dyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

Spirit of Contradiction.

A woman sauntering near a river's brink,
For thought, or thoughtlessness, or drink—
No matter which—fell in it;
And, as the story goes,
She ended quickly all her earthly woes—
Was drowned, to speak more plainly, in a
minute.

Soon as her spouse the tidings knew,
Swift as an arrow to the spot he flew,
The corpse to find and the last duties pay:
Friend—cries he with tearful eyes—
If you know where my Peggy lies,
Tell me, I pray.

Seek down the stream, said one—ah, no,
Quoth he, I'd better upwards go:
The wife on whom I doted,
Was so obstinate a jade,
That, by the mass, I'm much afraid,
She 'gainst the stream has floated.

Politics.—The following Oration was uttered by Dame Dorathy to her husband, John, on account of his unreasonable devotion to politics, and his consequent neglect of the needful. She, like a good, patient and forbearing spouse, kindly remonstrates with him at first; but finding that soft words will not do the business, she comes at him in the fashion here revealed. John calls it a real trimmer, and attributes his reformation to the irresistible eloquence of his fib. We find it recorded in the Yorkville (S. C.) Encyclopedia, under the title of *Dorathy's Lecture*.

I dont know nothing about your Panama business and your mending your constitutions: but I tell you what, John! we have not a pint of meal in the house, and as for the matter of meat you may give your jaw bones a holliday, and here you set regulating the affairs of government and racking your brains to pieces with them there good for nothing politics—yes, and t'other day while you was talking with our schoolmaster about Mr. Somebody's fine Congress speech, the hogs got into the field and rooted up all your potatoes. You are not high larnt enough to go to Congress yourself, why need you then be troubling yourself about your fine speeches—you had better be thinking about a fine stand of cotton, fine craps, fine fat hogs, and fine fences. It seems nateral that every man should understand his own business best. The government folks, I reckon, knows better how

to manage government than you do. You never go over into Mr. Lapstone's shop to direct him how to make shoes—you never go into Mr. Yardstick's store to direct him how to sell goods—why then should you trouble yourself so much in telling how the government ought to be managed—is it easier to govern a nation than to make a shoe, or sell a piece of calico?

I have got sick of your preambles about State Rights and Internal Improvements. You had better send our daughter Mary off to the boarding school to get a little internal improvement—that is the best kind of improvement I know of.

You are mightily troubled about who is going to be your next President—you hav'nt sold your cotton yet—you had better begin to think about selling that; and when that's done, enquire about as how the market is to be next year. If you continue to sit in the house talking about State Rights all the day long, the state will carry you right off to Jail for your debts; and that right soon too, right or wrong.

A Baltimore editor says he has lost three subscribers; one because he supported Jackson, a second because he was for Adams, and a third because his paper was neutral—but what is most remarkable, the displeasure of the three was excited by the same piece!

[Such is the fate of editors—they cannot please every body; for, as sure as they essay to do so, they fail in pleasing any body—their best way is to please themselves, and they are sometimes puzzled to do that.]

Strang's Confession.—The Massachusetts Journal, the editor of which has read the published Confession of Strang, says:—"It will surprise no one, that he fully implicates the wretched Mrs. Whipple in the murder of her husband. She first made amorous advances, first proposed elopement, but could not obtain, without the knowledge of her husband, sufficient money—she first suggested the idea of murder, and proposed various methods. One was for Strang to go and work on the Canal, and get some of the Irishmen to kill Mr. Whipple; another was, to take a pistol, an axe, or a club, and way-lay him about fifty rods from the house; another was, to hire somebody to kill him. Letters were written anonymously to different persons, offering a reward of \$300, the money to be found in the Post-office, for the murder of Whipple. These letters were the joint production of Mrs. Whipple and Strang; but they do not appear to have been sent; another method proposed and tried, was by poison. Three times, at Mrs. Whipple's request, Strang purchased arsenic, which Mrs. Whipple administered to her husband, first in his tea, and afterwards in flour of sulphur, but without effect in one instance, and with slight effect in the other. Mrs. Whipple had prepared a third experiment, but no opportunity for it offered. Finally, Mrs. W. proposed to Strang to shoot the object of their infernal machi-

nations through the window, with one of Mr. Whipple's pistols. Strang replied, that with a pistol he should be as likely to kill any body else as Mr. Whipple. She then asked him what he could shoot with, and he replied, a rife. A rife was procured, Mrs. Whipple furnishing the money, and examining it in the barn after it was purchased. She also furnished powder, and supplying two panes of glass to make his "experiment" in order that she might come there "when she returned from church." It was in consequence of Mrs. Whipple's doubts, "whether the ball would not glance," that induced Strang to institute his experiments. Finally, Mrs. Whipple put into his hand, the ball with which the rife was charged for the murder, saying, "I have taken the last ball he had left for you to shoot him with." She provided Strang with a pair of socks, so that he might walk without noise, and rolled up the curtain of the window where Whipple was sitting. Thus instigated, aided, abetted and equipped, Strang perpetrated the murder. In conclusion, he expresses penitence and a religious hope; declares himself pleased that he was not admitted as a witness against Mrs. Whipple, and that she was acquitted; and he exhorts her to repentance. It happened in the attempt to poison Whipple with the sulphur, that after taking it himself, he gave either from accident or suspicion, some to his young son, and to Mrs. Whipple. She did not dare to refuse, but took what was offered, and then turned and spit it from her mouth; but she permitted her child to take it; declaring afterwards to Strang, that she preferred that he should be killed, rather than herself detected."

Suicide.—An account of an extraordinary case of suicide is given in a paper published at Popyan, South America. A woman 48 years of age, had for a long time conceived a design of burning herself alive, and, all her family being asleep, she entered an oven which was heated for the purpose of baking bread, and was immediately consumed.

Female Editor.—The proprietors of the Philadelphia Album have proposed a salary of \$1,500 per annum to Mrs. Hemans, together with a house, rent free and furnished, if she will accept the Editorship of their paper.

A person in Massachusetts, perceiving the good effects of Dr. Chambers' remedy for drunkenness, has invented one to cure the habit of tobacco chewing. [If some of our ingenious brethren to the north would invent a remedy "to cure the habit" of taking a rub, it would doubtless be countenanced by all those who are desirous to introduce into their families a practical system of domestic economy.]

Tayloring.—A coat was recently made in Brockville, Canada, by Mr. O. W. Stevens, and curiosity prompted one who was

present to ascertain the stitches taken in making the garment. They were 20,983; making about 18 stitches for a farthing.

Females entitled to Vote.—Throughout the Provinces of Canada, the recent elections for a new Parliament, have been warmly contested. It appears that in Quebec, the election of one of the gentlemen returned is to be contested, on the ground that a *Widow*, who offered to take the oath, was not permitted to vote. It would seem that women have voted in various parts of Lower Canada; and members have, no doubt, been returned by their votes, the legality of which has never been settled by a competent tribunal; but the question will probably now be settled. By the Constitution of North-Carolina "all persons possessed of a freehold in any town in this state having a right of representation," &c. "shall be entitled to vote for a member to represent such town in the house of Commons." From this, it would seem, that women can vote in North-Carolina—although we dont know whether they ever attempted to exercise that privilege.—*Salisbury Cur.*

Phenomenon.—On Tuesday night (says the Albany Argus of the 30th ult.) a highly interesting phenomenon was observed in the heavens. It was first seen at about a quarter before 10 o'clock, shooting up in a broad column of white, clear light from the eastern horizon to the zenith. It soon passed over and down to the western horizon, forming a vast arch or belt, somewhat appalling in its appearance, but beautiful beyond description. It appeared to be of great width, [wider than the milky-way] transparent, as the stars were distinguished dimly through it, but white and remarkably distinct. All the northern edge seemed to be much more brilliant than the edge towards the south.

In this manner, extending from nearly the edge of the eastern horizon across the heavens, down to the western horizon, and in that part of it broader and more luminous than elsewhere; it attracted the gaze of a great number of citizens, to whom, as well as ourselves, it was a spectacle of uncommon beauty, of some dread, altogether new, and not entirely explainable.

Upon looking at it intently, all parts of it appeared to be in motion within itself; shooting up in rays and many fanciful forms, but indistinct, and shewing in its general appearance the broad, white and partially luminous belt that we have described. It moved gradually from its original position from nearly east to west, several degrees towards the southern part of the heavens; and at about half past ten, it became indistinct and soon wholly disappeared.

During all that and the previous evening, the *Aurora Borealis* was unusually brilliant; and on Tuesday night, after the appearance of the phenomenon, it was brighter and more extended than any witnessed during the present year.