# SELECTED.

From the Western Spectator.

## MISFORTUNES OF EMINENT MEN.

The misfortunes of eminent men form a curious, and at the same time an interesting matter of speculation. In this day of theories and extensive induction, perhaps there could be selected no wider field for their operation than is here presented. The proposition that physical inability is absolutely requisite to distinction in the higher walks of life, and especially of literature, would at first seem wild and unreasonable; yet when we consider the numerous instances that might be cited to in proof of such a proposition, we are convinced that nothing more is wanting than the oily tongue and suasive manner of some aspiring Yankee, to settle at once its establishment. Examples, indeed, are numberless. Scarcely a literary man has lived but has, in some way, been afflicted. It may not be physically, but mentally; and the affliction may not operate directly upon himself, but some connected closely and intimately with him; still he is afflicted. There may, indeed, be cases where this would seem to be untrue, yet a minutes examination of their private life and character will, in almost any case, verify it.

Homer and Milton it is useless to mention, poverty and persecution augmented in them the misery of blindness. Gallileo is a parallel example. Lyctio Brabe, when but a young man, was deprived of his nose in a duel by the rapier of his antagonist; he afterwards substituted in its place one of brass, and consoled himself with the reflection, that it answered a much better purpose in his astronomical observations. Kepler died of disease which produced a vacuum in the head, and which had afflicted him years before his death. Ossian was blind, Byron reel-footed, Johnson groaned through life a victim of St. Vitus' dance and the scrofula. Shelby, the unfortunate Shelby, was so afflicted with spasms, as at times to be entirely helpless. Such was also the case with Schiller.

Misfortune drove Chatterton to suicide. Severe criticism only hastened the death of Keats. Close application to study killed Kirk White. The fate of Pollock was almost similar. Southey was unable to move his upper eye-lids, and during the last three years of his life was deranged. Our own famed Hoffman was deprived of a limb while yet a boy. Miss Landon accidentally killed herself by poison. If we leave the literary world, examples yet abound. Bonaparte died of a cancer in the breast. Hannibal and Lycurgus had each but one eye. Pope was hunchbacked. Faust died of intemperance while yet middle-aged. Dante was so wofully melancholy as to be almost deranged. Such was also the case with Comley. In France examples increase, and will be afterwards cited to if opportunity occurs.

## THE SAILOR'S STORY.

Soon after the Revolutionary war, I sailed in a noble ship on a voyage to Europe, via West Indies. One morning we spoke a brig, who informed us that the day before she saw the smoke of a vessel, and saw another vessel, a small schooner, near it at the time, that was evidently a pirate; and that she was chased by the latter many hours, and only escaped by altering her course in a fog. After deliberation, it was concluded to alter our course and proceed. Soon the breeze died away, and a dense fog came on. Just about midnight the wind freshened, and the fog began to disperse.

The wind continued to freshen, and we were just about to call help to take in sail, as the old ship was ploughing through the waves at a fearful rate, right before the gale; when all at once we caught a glimpse of a sail. The captain was called, and by the time he was on deck the pirate schooner, sure enough, was within hail, crossing our track.

We were instantly saluted with a gun, and with orders to heave to, and come alongside. The captain groaned, but answered, aye, aye. By the light of the moon we saw the glitter of fire-arms, and the men streaming out of the gangway, until the deck was almost covered. The noise awakened our passengers, and they were now on deck, half dressed, wringing their hands, and bemoaning the fate that awaited them.

There was no time to deliberate. Run away we could not; and as to fighting, we had scarce a gun on board. But the captain in an instant took the helm, and shouted, stand by, my boys, but wait orders. Every man was at the halyards, expecting orders to tack, or take in sail, which our movements undoubtedly led the pirate to suppose we were about to do.

Just then they were about to cross our bows, and shouted, *Luff, luff!* with a torrent of oaths and threats, and even orders to fire, but all to no purpose. Our captain put the bows of his great ship head on, about midships of his adversary; and though the shock was tremendous, and threw us to the deck, yet it stove through and went over, and the pirate schooner was no more. And in ten minutes after they fired their gun, every soul on board was buried in the blue waves; while we went on our voyage rejoicing, with very little damage.

## THE SCOTCH MAJOR.

Some sixty or seventy years ago a Scotch Major, in the British army, was stationed at Montreal, in Lower Canada. He had, from his quarrelsome disposition, fought several duels, and in every instance killed his man. Indeed, from his bullying reputation, he had acquired such a character, that it was deemed the height of folly for any one to contradict his word.

Yankee pedlars abounded in those days, as they do now; and it so happened that one of them had located himself in the same tavern with our valiant hero from Scotland. In the course of conversation, the major observed—

"The Yankees are all cowards!"

"That's false," cried the pedlar.

All eyes were turned upon the last speaker. He was informed of the courage and performances of the major, and advised to retract his words; but all to no purpose. He persisted in his assertion; and the consequence was a challenge to fight a duel the next morning, which was instantly accepted by our Yankee, on condition that the battle should be fought without seconds.

Matters being thus agreed upon, the major repaired to the ground the next morning at the time appointed, where he found the Yankee walking too and fro with a shouldered rifle. On the major's appearance, with a pair of hair trigger pistols, the Yankee presented his rifle, and said,

"Lay down your arms, darn your skin, or I'll blow your brains out!"

"That is downright murder," says the major, "no man of honor would require any such thing."

"Now," says Jonathan, "I'll deal fair with you; I'll have the pistols, and you shall have the rifle."

The major gladly made the exchange, and seizing the weapon, cocked it, and aiming at the breast of his antagonist, exclaimed,

"Deliver, or I will blow you through!"

"Blow and be hanged!" says the Yankee.

The major snapped the piece, but—it was not loaded. He became so mortified from the circumstance, that he left the service.

## ONLY SEVENTEEN.

Only seventeen, and disguised in liquor! Not drunk, you say, but disguised. He only takes an occasional glass? Don't believe it. No young man ever took "an occasional glass," who did not create *another occasion* for another glass. Only seventeen, and drink at a tavern! Is there a power in the human mind, to enable man to avoid destruction, and will not that power rise into action when told that a youth of seventeen will pour down his throat the fiery serpents of death, vice, crime, and insanity? Look well to your own *habits*, but also look with kind anxiety to the *habits* of those you love. Mothers look ye to the habits of your sons! Have no consideration for the excuse of an "*occasional glass.*" Sisters, look well to your brothers! The midnight robber comes not with a more deadly, silent, and stealthy step, than the *vice of intemperance*, disguised in the hues of beauty. Beware of the rose tint on the cheek of him who handles the cup. The *fiend's* first approach is not one so revolting. He comes dressed in smiles. He remains frowning in terror. He triumphs in the howlings of discord. Music and dancing announce his approach. The pall of death, and the chords rattling through the coffin, celebrate his triumphs.—*Sat. American.*

## OLLAPODIANA.

There is a capital anecdote told in this work, of a Philadelphia charcoal man, who was 'hard up,' as a nuisance, for sounding his horn in the streets. The official reproved him with the most dignified solemnity, and Jimmy stood the rebuke, as if Satan had not only allowed him his own color, but also his courage. His reply was cogent and conclusive. 'Look here, your honor,' said he, 'I ha'nt no disposition, by no means, to complain of them 'ere people as has complained of me. Folks in my line can bear upwards of considerable in the way of epithets, without changing color and getting mad. But I do say, that I axes them as charges me with making too much noise in the world, why they have got up such an antipathy agin my horn? And I should like to know if my little tin affair troubles them so now, how they will feel when they come to hear the big trumpet that is to be blown at the day of judgment, calling them, just as likely as not, to a coal hole, a mighty sight blacker than the one I came from?"

## ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER.

BY REV. WM. E. SPRAGUE.

Let me council you, never to utter an expression, or do an act, which even looks like soliciting any gentleman's attention. Remember that every expression of civility, to be of any value, must be perfectly voluntary; and any wish on your part, whether directly or indirectly expressed, to make yourself a favorite, will be certain to awaken the disgust of all who know it. I would not recommend to you any thing like a prudish or affected reserve; but even this is not so unfortunate an extreme, as an excessive forwardness. While you so modestly accept any attentions which propriety warrants, let there be no attempt at artful insinuation on one hand, or at taking a man's heart by storm on the other.

Be not ambitious to be considered a belle. Indeed, I had rather you would be almost any thing else, which does not involve gross moral obliquity, than this. It is the fate of most belles that they become foolishly vain, think of nothing, and care for nothing beyond personal display; and not unfrequently sacrificing themselves in a mad bargain, which involves their destinies for life. The more of solid and enduring esteem you enjoy, the better; and you ought to gain whatever of this you can by honorable means, but to be admired, caressed, and flattered, for mere accidental qualities, which involve nothing of intellectual or moral worth, ought to render any girl, who is the subject of it, an object of pity. You are at liberty to desire the good opinion of every gentleman of your acquaintance, but it would be worse than folly in you to be ambitious of a blind admiration.

I will only add, that you ought to be on your guard against the influence of flattery. Rely on it, the man who flatters you is not your friend.

It were a much kinder office, and a real mark of friendship, to admonish you tenderly, yet honestly, of your faults. If you yield a little to flattery, you have placed yourself on dangerous ground; if you continue to yield, you are not improbably undone.

MARRIAGE.—No subject is more deeply fraught with the joy or anguish of the heart, the happiness or distress of families, the peace or misery of society, than marriage. It mingles its cup of contentment or sorrow with all our sensibilities; it pervades our natures, and all our relations to heaven and earth with its influences, and if we have been fortunate in their choice, hope has buoyancy, the heart an energy, and the arm a vigor, that unabating force can struggle with life's varying prospects; but if unfortunate, our life has suffered an eclipse of deep and sombre shade; and, in the reality of misery, the heart relinquishes all its long cherished hopes and ideal faculties, and asks for the refuge and solace of that divorce which death alone can give.

In marriage there should be a congeniality of affection and feeling. No lady should ever pledge her hand to one who has not her heart. From this principle she should not be seduced by wealth, or fame, or talents, or misled by officious friends. Her individual happiness is at stake, and her choice, which is to fix her destiny for life, should be, I do not say unadvised, but certainly, unconstrained by others. There is too often ONE sad heart amid the festive joy of the hymenial hour. The heart feels as if the decorations of the scene were its fillets for the alter of sacrifice. The hand, under foreign dictation and control, is yielded to one, but the heart has irrecoverably fixed its choice upon another. As well might philosophers attempt to control the magic influence of gravitation, as parents or guardians attempt to awaken and divert the channel of a devoted heart, by their own mercenary views. Fatal have been the consequences, when parental authority has compelled a merely licensed union, for which the heart felt a cherished disgust. The loveliest forms have thus sunk into an untimely grave, under the silent, but fatal influence of a withered and blighted heart. While parents, who have thus married the persons of their daughters to houses and lands, and silver and gold, and thus immolated their affections upon the altar of Mammon, have committed an act of cruelty to their children, and a flagrant outrage upon the design of the marriage union, for which no future kindness or repentance can fully atone. And what can be said for the woman who is so base as to marry for money? nothing! she deserves the sympathy of no honorable person.

LIFE AND DEATH OF SEXES.—The laws of life and mortality betwixt the sexes are very remarkable. They are stated thus:

1. In the present condition of the white population of the United States, the number of females born per annum is about 12,000 less than the males. This determines of itself that polygamy is not a natural condition of man, and that the laws of our religion and nature are the same—that one man shall be the husband of one woman.

2. At 20 years of age the females exceed the males. This proves that between the birth and 20 the mortality among the boys has been much greater than that among the girls.

3. From 20 to 40 the men again exceed the women, which shows that this is the period of the greatest mortality among women.

4. From 40 to 70 the difference rapidly diminishes, the females, as in the early part, gaining on the males. This shows that this is the period of greatest danger and exposure to men, the least to the women.

5. From 70 onward the women outnumber the men. This shows conclusively that, relatively speaking, in comparison with men, the healthiest period of female life is at the close of it. Absolutely, however, no period to either sex is so healthy as that of youth—the blooming period of boyhood and girlhood.

The above deductions of statistical tables correspond with every day observations of human life.

## FIENDISH BOAST.

On Sunday afternoon, a rumseller attended the meeting at the foot of Amos street, and began to tantalise one of the speakers about his former drinking habits. He even had the soulless impudence to boast that he had sold the man who was now rescued from his clutches, drink, until it had starved his horse to death! He was well reproved by a youth standing by, who replied, that any man who was not ashamed to tell of such an act, would just as soon have starved his victim's wife and children to death, by selling him rum, as his horse.—*N. Y. Organ.*

In the Republic of Hayti, Brown tells us a man was tried for stealing some articles of food, while being cooked in a pot over the fire. It was argued in his defence, that the larceny was committed under the influence of hunger; and the court decided that it was not unlawful for a man to steal when hungry. To this it was replied that he had stolen the pot also. But in this dilemma the court decided, that, as the victuals could not be conveniently taken away without the pot, it was allowable that the pot should accompany its contents.

## A GREAT MAN.

The highest and noblest conception which we can form of a great and good man, is one who understands the power of his own soul, and is continually exerting that power for the promotion of good; is one who cherishes a deep and solemn sense of the sacredness of duty, be the consequences ever so injurious to his interest; is one who in matters of religion lends nought but a deaf ear to the loud voices of sects, nought but a blind eye to all party creeds, but scans the work of nature, the revelations of scripture, and the yearnings of the human heart; is one who gives all truth a welcome, how much soever it may conflict with his pride; is one who is ever ready to execute inflexible justice, how much soever it may affect his interest; is one who rebukes all evil doing, however high the transgressor may stand; is one whose sympathies always espouse the cause of the oppressed, the downtrodden, and the injured.—*Patriot.*

THE AFFECTION OF OLD AGE.—How beautifully affecting to witness an aged couple who have weathered life's storms hand in hand, and smiled on each other amid all the trials and tribulations which they have met in this "vale of tears"—even as when basking together in the brightest sunshine of prosperity whose pleasure in each other's society is decreased not by the rude buffetings of Time—that sure despoiler of all that is beautiful in the "human form divine." To such a couple, thoughts of the past are an inexhaustible spring of joy, as, from the mirror of memory, the bright rays of the youthful happiness and love are once more reflected upon them—and the pure spirit of religion unfolds to their view, through the portals of the tomb, the hopeful prospect of a happy re-union in that world

"Where parting is no more."

## REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

A venerable American Judge relates the following revolutionary anecdote:

The morning following the battle of Yorktown, I had the curiosity to attend the dressing of the wounded. Among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation, was a musician who had received a musket ball in his knee. As was usual in such cases, preparations were making to lash him down to the table, to prevent the possibility of his moving.

Says the sufferer, "Now doctor, what would you be at?" "My lad, I'm going to take off your leg, and 'tis necessary you should be lashed down." "I'll consent to no such thing. You may pluck the heart from my bosom, but you'll not confine me. Is there a fiddle in the tent? If so, bring it to me." A violin was furnished, and after tuning it he said, "Now doctor, begin," and he continued to play until the operation, which took about forty minutes, was completed, without missing a note or moving a muscle.

SORROW.—There is a sorrow of the world, that deserves little or no pity. And there is a sorrow, too deep to be smoothed, but in the rest of the grave. That is the sorrow felt by her who sees the husband of her early affections going fast to the drunkard's grave, and to the abodes of blackness and darkness forever! We can see our friends suffer; we may stand by and witness the amputation of a limb—and we may pity; but when we see that the suffering of the body is but a prelude to the pain that must follow; when we see the being that we have loved, deliberately sacrificing both body and soul, to a demon that can show no pity—to a demon that has slain his thousands, and delights in carnage and blood—it is this will cause sorrow which mocks all consolation. It is a worm that never dies. To lean on the trembling arm of the tottering inebriate—to sleep on the couch with the startling, troubled, maddening, woe-begone, hopeless drunkard—are living, abiding sorrows, that can die only with life itself! And such sorrows poor woman feels and endures, because she cannot die—because she is constituted to suffer, till the attenuated thread of life has spun its last fibre, and the bleeding heart has throbbed its last. When the grave shall tell its story—when the trump of the archangel shall reanimate the sleeping dead—then, O! then, the murdered, slain—the thousands, yes, the ten-thousands of immolated wives—should be a swift witness against the cruel assassin who, drop by drop, has drained the last particle of blood from the palpitating heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish through life—who had wept and hoped—entreated and prayed—till despair had fastened its talons, and the angel of mercy had fled forever!

A DREADFUL DEED.—A shocking event is detailed in the Auburn papers, an awful warning to those who are intemperate. A Mr. Fowler, not far from Sutphen's tavern, in the town of Niles, was cruelly murdered by his father. It is said that the old man, who was in the habit of drinking to excess, on Monday night retired greatly intoxicated. Waking about 2 o'clock, he commenced abusing his wife, who at length, the door being fast, made her escape through a window, proceeding to her son's, at a short distance, for protection. The son, wishing to protect the house, proceeded thither; but upon opening the door, was stabbed by the father completely through the body with a large sharp iron, and upon falling blows were repeated, so that by the time another son had made his appearance, no less than twelve horrible gashes had been inflicted. The son is said to have been a worthy man. There was no hope of his recovery.

## USEFUL ADVICE TO SUNDRY PEOPLE.

When you are introduced to a stranger, be sure to ask and find out all his business, and pump as much out of him as you can; because questions are the very keys of knowledge.

You should always look ahead; therefore never do to-day, that which you can do tomorrow.

Always avoid selfishness; therefore, never do that yourself which you can procure any body else to do.

If a secret be communicated to you, be very careful to keep it; and, to make sure work of it, get two or three to help you.

If you are unmarried, and in love, take to writing verses; nothing sooner gives a patient in such circumstances relief and comfort.

If your mistress be cruel, make some more verses; pay no attention to rhyme or measure.

If you are married, give short answers to your wife; for least said is soonest mended.

If you are not fond of her, look as cross as you feel; nothing charms like sincerity.

When your wife is in a passion, remember and fly in one yourself; the way to stop a fire in the woods, is to kindle another to meet it, and thus extinguish the whole.

Always mind and have the last word; because a man of business should never leave it unfinished.

Spend your evenings at the tavern; and then your wife will be delighted to see you on your return.

When you walk out with her, keep a few paces before her by way of eminence.

Tell her of her faults before folks; and then others can have the benefit of your advice as well as she.

Never praise her for her virtues, lest it make her vain and assuming.

BAR ROOMS.—Why should there be a barroom in a genuine Hotel? Is not the business of dealing out toddy, punch, slings, juleps, bitters, &c., to every one who happens to have a fip and an appetite for strong drink, entirely distinct from that of providing apartments, beds, food, ay, and drink, if you please, for travellers and boarders? Admit that a hotel should furnish its proper guests with whatever they may see fit to pay for, even to rope and pistol, in case they have a fancy for stepping out of the world, why should it be a house of call and recreation for all the idlers and genteel loafers of a town! It may be very convenient for gamblers, pimps, etc., that the old arrangement should continue, but it is manifestly unpleasant for the more quiet inmates of the house, especially the ladies and children.

Why are bar rooms tolerated? We believe not one remains in a reputable hotel in Boston. The United States, the largest and certainly *one* of the best, has no bars and needs none. We presume those boarders who ask for grog get it from some other region, but nobody, other than a boarder, can get any for love or money. And it is necessary, as we have heard urged, to keep a bar in order to accommodate travellers on moderate terms. The United States affords the best of every thing but Alcohol, (we speak so far as we know,) and charges but $1 50 per day; and the proprietors are very well satisfied with their business. We believe it is much like this in all the first rate hotels in Boston. One consequence of the absence of legalized groggeries in that city is a remarkable degree of general sobriety. We saw no man intoxicated there during four days, when the city was thronged and its streets filled with thousands. Why should not tavern-keeping and grog-selling be divorced?—*Portland Tribune.*


SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

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Leave Alexandria, at 8, 10½, 1½, 3½, and 5½ o'clk.
Leave Washington, at 9, 11½, 2½, 4½, and 6½ o'clk.

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