

MISCELLANY.

SELECTED. THE GIFT.

Take, oh take, the gift I bring:
Not the blushing rose of spring,
Not a gem from India's cave,
Not the coral of the wave,
Not a wreath to deck thy brow,
Not a ring to bind thy vow—
Brighter is the gift I bring,
Friendship's purest offering.

Take the gift, oh, may it be,
Treasured long and dear by thee.
Wealth may buy thee richer toys,
Love may weave thee brighter joys,
Hope may sing a sweeter lay,
Pleasure shed a softer ray;
But not wealth nor love may twine,
Wreath so pure as this of mine;
Hops nor pleasure spread a hue,
Half so lasting, half so true—
Keep, oh, keep, the gift I bring,
It is friendship's offering!

A SHORT SERMON.

FROM THE DESK OF GREY DOMINE THE DEACON.

Now when Delilah had shaved Sampson, his strength departed from him.

You all doubtless remember, my readers, the fate of the strong champion of Israel, whose history is recorded in the Bible; and have read the wonderful account of his miraculous deeds; how he slew a thousand men with the jaw bone of an ass; and on being shut up within the walls of Gaza one night by the Philistines, how he went off in the morning, with the gates of the city on his shoulders.

You have read how he burst the strong cords of his enemies as though they had been flat touched with the fire, and have perceived that nothing was able to withstand his force, till in an evil hour, he suffered himself to be shaved when lo! his strength immediately departed from him.

Now many people who have read this wonderful history, have been much puzzled to comprehend the reason why the mere shaving of Sampson, should in so miraculous a manner, have deprived him of all his boasted strength; & have foolishly concluded, from the mere connexion of facts, that Sampson's great strength lay entirely in his whiskers, and have supposed therefore, that the loss of one, was necessarily the loss of the other. Persons thus reasoning, are distinguished by the great care which they take of these appendages. But I need not inform my readers that such have wholly mistaken the matter. It was not the loss of whiskers, which proved the misfortune of Sampson, so much as the mere act of getting shaved. A man may cut off his whiskers as often as he pleases, without losing any of his muscular or moral activity. But let the same individual once get shaved, and a very visible alteration is speedily discovered.

Let us behold, for instance, the man of business; he walks through the exchange in an erect posture; he nods to this man, and turns his back to that; his eye is full of fire, and his step betokens vigor and activity. He moves among the crowd, and the multitude gives way for him! But discount day approaches—he gets shaved—and lo! his strength departs from him.—Instead of the great and lofty bearing which he so lately exhibited, his whole demeanor is now cowering and spiritless; the muscles of his face shrink, and his countenance becomes cadaverous; his chin sinks down upon his bosom; his step is no longer light and elastic, but slow and sneaking.

Let us look again upon the gay and fantastic dandy; we behold him stiff in buckram, and resplendent in ruffles. He is the hero of the ball room, and the conqueror of ordinaries. He walks around in the blaze of his own finery, and he basks in the sunshine of beauty. But the bill of the draper cometh upon him—he gets shaved—and lo! what is he? Not merely his strength, but his ruffles depart from him. He no longer dazzles amidst the assemblies of the fair, or joins the song of the dance; he shrinks from the greetings of his old friends; he dodges the money lender round corners, and he hides himself from the face of the cordwainer, the tailor, and the dealer in perfumes.

But, reader, it is not him alone who gets shaved that is thus shorn of his strength. There are many merely half shaved who are as powerless as Sampson when he had passed under the shears of Delilah. I would remark, by way of improvement, that razors in the hands of the wicked, are dangerous tools; but still, if a man has made up his mind to get shaved, he had better employ the barber who only goes skin deep, than to submit to the operations of him who cuts through bone, muscle, and touches the inmost fibers of the heart.

journals, making the proportion as one to 18,500. But there are many gradations of the scale between both. Saxony has 54 journals, and her population is only one million and a half, being in proportion of one to 26,000. Denmark with a population of two millions and a half, publishes 80 journals, being one to 31,000. The Netherlands containing six millions, has 150 journals, being one to 41,000. Prussia whose population is twelve millions and a half, has 228 journals, or a proportion of one to 26,000; and the German confederation, a population of thirteen millions issues 305 journals, being as one to 44,500. As we descend we find Sweden, France, Switzerland, British America, Hanover, Bavaria, Portugal, Tuscany, Austria, the States of the Pope, the Brazils, Russia, Spain, and Africa, all graduate to a still decreased proportion, until we come to Asia, which terminates the point of publishing declivity. In Asia—hot happy Asia—where there is a population of 390 millions, we find the literary periodicals amount to the number of 27, being in proportion of one journal to every 14,444,000 persons!—*English Paper.*

The following toast was given at the Jackson dinner in Baltimore. *The Fair.*—The only durable Aristocracy—who elect without votes—govern without laws—decide without appeal—and are never in the wrong."

Out Of.—A writer in the N. Haven Chronicle says, the words *out of*, are the worst words in the language, when one is *out of* patience and *out of* money. He says his wife tells him she is *out of* sugar one day; *out of* coffee the next; *out of* tea the next; *out of* flour the next; and finally, *out of* spirits. The words, we think, are very good words, and decidedly the best in the language, when one is *out of* debt, *out of* trouble, and *out of* jail. If a man has a smoky house and a scolding wife, *out of* doors is no bad place.

Bunker Hill Aurora.

A young fellow, riding down a steep hill, and doubting the foot of it was boggy, called out to a clown who was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom?—“Aye,” answered the countryman, ‘it is hard enough at the bottom, I’ll warrant you.’ But in half a dozen steps, the horse sank up to the saddle skirts, which made the young gallant whip, spur, curse and swear.—‘Why, thou lying rascal?’ said he to the clown, ‘didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom?’ ‘Aye,’ replied the other, ‘but you are not half way to the bottom yet.’

A Patent Husband.—We find the following advertisement in an Ohio paper: *Look at this and Weep!!!*

“Frailty, thy name is woman.”—*Hamlet.* My ease hardened wife, Charlotte, has again fled from my just authority and protection without advising with me or consulting me on this doubtful and impolitic step, nor is this the first offence of this kind that she has committed—for nine years past she has annually served me the same trick, and always about this time of the year, which I cannot account for—I have had Job like patience, and have forbore thus far to tell the world of the shame she has cast upon me. Now let all whom it may concern know, that from this day forth I shall pay no debts of her contracting.

WALTER CROUCH.

N. B. This is the tenth time she has run away—nine times I have taken her in again, and if she ever takes me in again I’ll be —.

Chillicothe, Nov. 15, 1828.

Bones of the Soldiers at Waterloo.—It is well known that the bones of animals contain a large quantity of Phosphate of lime, from one third to one half of animal gelly, fat and bitumen. They of course make excellent manure for enriching the soil, and accordingly are very much sought for by gardeners and agriculturists in the neighborhood of large cities, as London and Paris. When thus used, they are first broken, then ground by means of a steam engine and the powder sown upon the land. After the battle of Waterloo, the bodies were first searched over for money, watches, trinkets and clothes. Then came the purveyors of human hair, for the supply of the makers of false hairs, wigs, curls and frizzets; then came another class, who extracted from the dead bodies, all the sound teeth, for the supply of the dentists; and lastly, when the flesh had putrefied, the collectors of bones for manure searched the field for their harvest.

This looks like barbarism. The idea of it is revolting to humanity.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

The late King of Prussia rung his bell one day and no body answered. He opened the door and found the page asleep on the sofa. He was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a bill sticking out of his pocket. He had the curiosity to know the contents; he took and read it. It was a letter from his mother, who thanked him for having sent her a part of his wages, to assist her distress, and besought God to bless him in his filial goodness. The

king returned to his room, took a rouble of ducats, and slid them with the letter into the page's pocket.—Returned to his apartment, he rang so violently that the page awakened and entered. “You have slept well,” said the king,—the page made an apology, and in his embarrassment he happened to put his hand into his pocket and felt with astonishment the paper of money. He drew it out, turned pale, looked at the king, and burst into tears without being able to speak a word.—“What is the matter?” said the king; “what ails you?” “Ah! Sir,” said the young man throwing himself at his feet, somebody would wish to ruin me.—I know not how this money come into my pocket.” “My friend,” said the king, “God often sends us good in our sleep, give it to thy mother; salute her in my name, and tell her I will take care of her and you.”

News.—These are sorry times for the lovers of news. A truce seems to exist between the Russians and the Turks, as well as the political belligerents in Congress and our own legislative assembly. We have no news from either party of these august bodies. Now and then a long speech is wasted to us, delivered to empty benches, and re-written for the press, but we have too much regard for our readers to serve up any such dish:

And to undertake to inform them what prominent objects of legislation are engaging the attention of our law makers, would be a task equal to that of escaping from the labyrinth of Ariadne.

Cin. Chronicle.

Innumerable anecdotes are recorded of the readiness of the inferior classes of the Irish, at oblique and ingenious compliments. We may add one to the number which we have never seen in print. It relates to our celebrated General Wayne, and a crack brained son of the Emerald Isle, who had served under him through our revolutionary war, and particularly at the taking of Stony Point. After the war was ended, Jemmy got his living by begging through the streets of Philadelphia, dressed in a suit of ragged regiments. Meeting his old commander one morning, on the steps of the Hall of Congress, he asked for a penny. “What, Jemmy,” cried the General, “are you alive yet?” “That I am—but no thanks to your honor—if I had any inclination for leaving the world, many fair chance you have given me.”

Phil. Chronicle.

MISTAKE OF AMBIGUITY.

A gentleman owned a bitch which he was in the habit, as many are, of improperly calling a slut; and at the same time he chanced to have a hired girl who was notorious for her dirty habits. While the bitch and the girl formed a part of the household, he engaged an honest master of fact fellow to work for him as a hired man. While the man was yet new in his place, and little accustomed to the language of his employer, the latter suspecting the bitch of killing sheep, but being unwilling to put a favorable animal to death on mere suspicion, ordered the man to take the slut and the her up in the barn. “Very well, sir,” said Tom; and the gentlemen going out immediately after, to ride with his wife, Tom hastened to execute his orders, which (having noticed the filthy habits of the maid, and never dreaming that a slut was any thing but a slut) he did exactly according to the letter. The gentleman returned in due time, and not finding Betty in possession of her promises, inquired of the hired man where she was. “In the barn, sir,” replied Tom. “What is she doing there?” asked the master. “Nawthng, as I know on,” said Tom, “she’s sulky as Satan.” “But how came she there, man?” exclaimed the gentlemen. “Why,” said Tom, “dang it, I tied her up, sir, as you told me to!”

A Book.—*Lorenzo Dow* is about publishing a strange sort of book, entitled, “*Omnifarious Law Exemplified, how to curse and swear, Lie, Cheat and Kill, according to law.*” The cast of the work has no doubt semi-religious politico, and if put into a library, would make every other volume jump out. All of you know *Lorenzo Dow*, a man that never bought a razor in his life, and whose chin by this time would be old Hodge, and call aloud for the operation of a chisel.

Georgetown Harvest.

Clearness is the rule of speaking, as sincerity is the rule of thinking. Sallies of wit which are too bright, are like flashes of lightning; the dazzling rather than illuminate.

Conceit and ignorance are a most unhappy composition, for none are so invisible as the half witted, who know just enough to excite their pride, but not so much as to cure their ignorance.

It is a sign of a strong mind not to be over anxious to display one's wit, but of a commendable modesty not to desire to outshine others, when we are sensible that we can do so.

A warm heart requires a cool head.—Courage without discretion is like fancy without judgment,—all sail and no ballast.

CINCINNATI PRICE CURRENT.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY.]

ARTICLES.	FROM	TO
	\$cts.	cts.
Ashes, pot, ton,	90	00
Pearl	100	00
Bees' wax	20	22
Candles, dip'd	9	10
Mould	11	12
Castings	60	00
Cigars, Amer. 1st qual	75	100
Spanish	8	100
Coffee best qual per lb	164	174
Cotton per lb	12	14
Cotton Yarn, Nos. 5 to 10 lb	27	28
Feathers live geese & ducks	1b	25
Mackerel No 1 per bot	00 00	
No 2 & 3	8	9 00
Flaxseed bushel	374	40
Flour sup. fresh from wagons bbl	5	87
in store	6	12
Ginseng per lb	15	18
Gunpowder Lexington Ky keg	5	60
Dupont's	7	50
Hemp per lb	100	00
Iron, Junta hammered ton	130	00
Puddled	80	100
Hoop 6, 8 & 10d	130	00
Nail rods	126	00
Lead pig and bar	4	5
Leather sole, Eastern tan lb	23	25
do Cincinnati	25	28
Calf skins dozen	18	26
Upper	24	30
Molasses, New Orleans gal	40	00
Nails, Bowen's 4d & 10d	9	10
Junta	8	10
Pittsburgh common bbl	6	7
Oil, Tanners, per bbl	22	25
Linseed gal	50	60
Castor per doz	6 50	7 00
Paints, White lead, in oil, kg	3 25	3 50
do do dry lb	15	16
Red do do	15	16
Spanish Brown	4	6
Whiting	3	4
Provisions, Pork Mess bbl	8	100
Prime	7	100
Lard in barrels lb	35	40
in kegs	54	60
Hams, city smoked lb	6	8
country do	54	60
Butter 1st qual	6	8
Cheese 1st qual	6	8
Porter, Pittsburgh, bbl	9	00
Salt, Turks island bush	1	12
Kenisba best	50	50
Conemough	50	50
Sugar, N. Orleans lb	8	94
Havana white	16	18
Loaf and Lump	18	19
Shot per bag 25 lbs	1	20
Spirits, Cog, brandy 4th p'f gal	1 50	1 75
Peach do	75	80
American do	37	40
Jamaica Rum do	1 50	1 75
Holling Gin do	1 50	1 50
Whiskey new do	19	25
Tess, Gunpowder lb	1 43	1 50
Imperial	1 37	1 45
Young Hyson	85	95
Tobacco, Ken. manufactured lb	5	8
Cincinnati do	7	8
Tallow, tried lb	6	7
Wine, Madeira gal	3 00	5 00
Sicily	1 50	1 75
Teneriffe	1 62	1 62

NOTE. *Per bushel one Half.*

La Mott's Cough Drops,

For Coughs, Consumptions, Colds, Influenza, Whooping Coughs, Spasmodic Asthma, Pain in the side, Difficulty of Breathing, and want of Strength.

THE proprietors of La Mott's Cough Drops have refrained from saying but little in commendation of this preparation—being confident that its value would prove a sufficient recommendation; from the increased demand for the article, and the great celebrity which it has gained in every part of the United States where it is known—and in order to render it as extensively useful as possible, they feel confident in offering it to the public as an *Approved Medicine* in those diseases which it professes to cure, and one which has rendered the most entire satisfaction to all those who have had an opportunity of observing and testing its salutary effects. In confirmation of which they now present it to the public under the sanction of the following certificates from physicians, druggists and merchents in different parts of the country.

CERTIFICATES.

We, the subscribers, have sold La Mott's Cough Drops, as agents for the Messrs. Crosby & Co. This Medicine has obtained the approbation of the public, by effecting many cures of the diseases for which it is recommended. We have therefore no hesitation in recommending LA MOTT'S COUGH DROPS as an excellent medicine.

G. Dawson, druggist, and Isle