

MISCELLANY.

INTEMPERANCE.

I gazed upon the tattered garb,
Of one who stood a listener by;
The hand of misery pressed him hard,
And tears of sorrow swell'd his eye.

I gazed upon his paled cheek,
And asked how his cares began—
He sighed, and thus assayed to speak,
"The cause of all my grief is rum."

I watched a maniac through a gate,
Whose ravings shook me to the soul;
And asked what sealed his wretched fate,
His answer was—the cursed bowl.

I asked a convict in his chains,
While tears along his cheeks did roll,
What devil urged him on to crimes:
His answer was—the cursed bowl.

I asked a murderer when the rope
Hung round his neck in death's hard roll;
Bereft of pardon and of hope,
His answer was—the flowing bowl. [Selected]

FROM THE DESK OF

POOR ROBERT, THE SCRIBE.

A gill a day—the thing is clear,
Twenty-three gallons make a year.
Now this would buy a cow, and keep her—
Two suits of clothes—a score of sheep—or
Twenty good things, than brandy cheaper.

OLD ROBERT.

There is a pleasant little village which stands on the borders of a small lake, in the western part of Connecticut. A tavern, the only one in the town, kept at the sign of the Grey Goose, entertained the passing stranger, and in the winter evenings was the place where we held our evening dances—for old Robert used to dance in his younger days. I remember well the merry evenings I have enjoyed there, and me thinks I could yet "tire down" the puny striplings of the present day.

Among the companions of our recreations were two, whose vivacity and wit I could not but admire—and whose good nature and virtues I could not but love. Absolem Active was the eldest of my friends. His father was poor, but he gave Absolem a good common education and then bound him an apprentice to a respectable wagon-maker of the town. When I saw Absolem last, before my late visit to Appleberry—it was his birth and wedding night. Just 23 years old; he had married black eyed Susan, as we called her—and she might as well have been called red lip'd Susan, for I never saw cherries redder. He had taken the shop for himself and having got a journeyman from New York, had added the making of chaises to this old business.

Absolem was industrious—Absolem was frugal—above all, Absolem was INTEMPERANCE—"Grog and I," he used to say, "are sworn enemies." Not but now and then he would take a glass of wine, or a mug of flip with a friend; but he drank sparingly. They do say, though, that one fourth of July his eyes sparkled a little, and he could not say Sheboeth for the soul of him. But that's neither here nor there; he was a sober man.

And what do you think was the consequence? Why, when I went to Appleberry, last October, who should I hear them talk of but the grog 'Squire Active—and Deacon Active—Why he has money to lend—he owes two of the best farms on the south side of the lake—the poor all bless him. He now rides in his coach on which is painted a Bee, an Ant, and a glass up-side down, with this motto—"INDUSTRY—FRUGALITY—TEMPERANCE. By these I ride."

Edward Easy, my other companion, received from his father a fortune of five thousand pounds. At the age of nineteen he took his degree at Yale with singular honor. The profession of the law suitting best his capacity and inclination, he studied this science under the most approved masters, and at twenty-one he appeared at the bar. I never shall forget the day when he made his first plea. All Appeton went down to hear him, for Edward was a favorite of the people: and well he might be, for there wasn't a single one in the village but could tell of some good kind thing he had done.

The cause he plead was for a poor widow woman. You may remember her—it was old Mrs. Rogers who sold gingerbread and beer just north of the meeting house. She had an only daughter, a sweet rose bud, just seventeen, who was the solace and delight of her life. An unfeeling landlord demanded the sacrifice of Mary, or threatened her ruin.

Well, the court was opened; the witnesses examined; and it come to Edward's turn to speak. He rose; O! he was a handsome man, but now he look'd pale; his lip trembled; and his white hand shook. My heart trembled for fear he would not go on. By-and-bye his voice rose; his cheeks resumed their color—he raised his arms most graciously, and his eyes sparkled. You might have heard a pin fall. He, in one moment, did stir up the feelings so against the hard-hearted landlord, that every one was in a rage. And then he painted the sufferings of the widow and orphan. In spite of me I cried like a child. I never loved him half so well in my life. Our parson I remember, said

that "the oil of eloquence was on his tongue, and the honey of persuasion distilled from his lips."

I left him on the eve of being married to Eunice Heartfree. She was worthy of him—she sung sweetly: could spin fifty knots a day, and the parson's wife was heard to say that "she made the best pudding of any in the village, except herself."

Now, until the fourth day of last October, I had not been to Appleberry for eighteen years. Just as the old town clock struck 4, I entered the village. My heart fluttered. I looked around, in hopes to meet the welcome of my friend. A gloom and solemn stillness seemed to pervade the village. Presently the bell tolled—a funeral procession approached. I alighted at the Inn, and immediately inquired who was dead? "Alas! the day!" exclaimed the tavern-keeper, (who did not know me,) "there goes the remains of a man, who eighteen years ago, was the most promising youth in all the country. Fortune; education; genius—all united to render him every thing. But the morning BITTERS—the noon-tide DRAM—and the evening SLING have withered the finest flower in nature's garden. Poor Easy!—God rest his soul."

Edward had been INTEMPERATE. Intemperance begat idleness, and neglect of business; poverty and wretchedness followed; and he who might have reflected honor to his country, poisoned by grog, died a beggar. But, "men of genius, tread lightly on his ashes, for he was your kinsman;" and if you would avoid his fate, declare with my friend Active that "you and grog are sworn enemies."

POT LUCK.

The Rev. Mr. L——, minister of C——, in Lanarkshire, (who died within the present century,) was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the words of a well known Scottish adage, "can never see green cheese but their een reeks." He was extremely covetous, and that not only of nice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following story is in corroboration of this assertion. Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners—a poor lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish—Mr. L—— became fascinated by the charms of a little cast iron pot, which happened at the time to be standing on the hearth full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children. He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot. It was a perfect conceit of a thing. It was a gem. No pot on earth could match it in symmetry. It was an object altogether perfectly lovely. "Dear sake! minister," said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man's commendation of her pot; "if ye like the pot sue well as at that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the manse. It's a kind o' orra [superfluous] pot wi' us; for we've a bigger one, that we use oftener, and that's mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just take a present o't. I'll send it over the morn wi' Jamie, when he gangs to schule." "Oh!" said the minister; "I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot I'll carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer to carry it myself." After much altercation between the minister and the widow on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he should carry home the pot himself.

Off, then he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat; so that he became heartily tired of his burden before he got half way home. Under these distressing circumstances, it struck him, that if instead of carrying the pot awkwardly upon one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened, the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his hand-kerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot in an inverted fashion upon his head, where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Membrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixote, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was at first much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result. The unfortunate minister, having taken a by path, to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch, which intercepted him in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely in, or at least into the dark, as this. The concussion given to his person in descending, caused the helmet to become

a hood; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with its rim upon his head, stuck fast there; enclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a newborn child was enclosed by the filmy bag with which nature, as an indication of future, good fortune sometimes invests the noodles of her favorite offspring. What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every attempt on the part of the proprietor, to make it slip back again; the contracted part, or neck of the pot, being of such a peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypothenuse. Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *contre tems* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister—so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes to the light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help; or if a cry could be uttered, it might reach, in the reverberation, the ear of the utterer; but it would not travel twelve inches further in any direction. To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Every thing considered, it seemed like that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be death in the pot.

The instinctive love of life, however, is omnipotent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to it by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit or exert under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-snared minister of C——. Pressed by the urgency of his distress, he fortunately recollects that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eye sight, he could act only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled, with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess, in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive of the surprise, the infinite amusement of the smith and all the hangers on of the smidgy, when at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know (rather by signs than by words) the circumstances of the case. In the words of an old Scottish song,

Out cam the gademan, & high he shouted;

Out cam the gadewife, & low she loued;

And a' the town neighbors were gathered about it;

And there was he, I trow P.

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to considerations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards like the horns of the great enemy, it was nevertheless necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was accordingly, at his own request, lead into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of release; and having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly forehammer. "Will I come sair on, minister?" exclaimed the considerate man of iron, at the brink of the pot. "As sair as ye like," was the minister's answer;—better a chap if the chaps than dying for want of breath. Thus permitted, the man let fall a hard blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cook maid breaks the shell of the lobster without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gude wife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer; but assuredly the incident is one which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C——.

English pa.

Revolutionary Anecdote.—[From the New Haven (Ct.) Advertiser.]

A story of New England character appeared lately in a New York paper, which ought never to have been attempted in print so long as there are men living who can tell it with a tone and squint and gesture, which might be readily mistaken for a revolutionary captain's. Since, however, it has been understood, the story ought to be printed as it is given by "the best authorities." The writer has heard it related by one of "infinite humor" more fully and satisfactorily, than in the instances above alluded to.

At the battle of Bennington, in the Revolution, an American Captain was observed standing with his company, near the forces engaged, and looking with some indifference on what was going forward. A straggler inquired of him, "Who are you?—why don't you tackle in?"—Says the Captain, "I am Captain Samuel Doolittle, of Berkshire county, in the Bay State, and all these men are Berkshire-men—we are every one of us brave men, Sir,—brave men—there's not a coward here among us—not one! And we shan't attack no

attack till Col. Warner gives us orders."

Another put the same question,—"I shan't attack no attack till Col. Warner gives us orders. I'm Captain Samuel Doolittle, of Berkshire county, in the Bay State, and all these men are

Berkshire-men—full-blooded—there's not a coward here among us—not one!"

—Still another repeated the question and the same unbinding answer was given until the stranger observed "I am Col. Warner."—"You Col. Warner your servant, Sir,—we're ready." The Col. then ordered him to strike at a particular spot, on which the Captain turned to his men—"Boys," says he, "now for it boys—put it into um like fury!" They went at it and obeyed his word and example to the letter, until the Colonel came to him and told him he was in danger of being surrounded, and had better make way out. The Captain drew his hand across his brow; "It's darned sweaty," said he, wiping it upon his pantaloons, and then looked round him very composedly, "Boys?" he exclaimed, "do you see that are stamp? Well now cut away right through there like darnashun, and God Almighty go before and I'll go behind."

It is proposed in a New York paper to form an "Anti-eating-too-much Society! It ought to be an "Anti-use-too-little-exercise Society!" The fault lies in not taking exercise in proportion to the quantity of food eaten. We suspect there are few cases known of laboring men eating too copiously. It is proposed also to form an "Anti-snuff and chew-tobacco Society;" as a counterpart to this we recommend "A ladies' anti-face-yourself-too-tight Society."

The prices of other descriptions of types are proportionably reduced.

Old type received in payment at 9 cents per pound.

July 6, 1829.

AUCTION.

At CAMBRIDGE on Saturday the 15th of August, at which will be exposed for sale,

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, &c.

The sale will be continued every other Saturday after the first, until all be sold.

BENJN B. BONHAM.

August 3, 1829.

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To the Printers of the United States.

Of late the prices of all the materials used in making Printing Types, have been greatly reduced, and the facility of manufacturing greatly increased. The subscriber therefore has been induced to make a proportionable reduction in the prices, which, from the 1st of April, have been as stated in the annexed list.

The character of the Type made at this Foundry is well known to the Trade, who are assured that in regard to the quality of metal, finish and durability, no deviation has been made.

He has on hand a complete assortment, and can supply any quantity on a short notice; he will be happy to receive the orders of his customers, which will have immediate attention. Merchants who have orders from abroad, can have offices complete, with presses and every thing necessary for a Printing Establishment, put up in the most perfect manner.

Publishers are requested to give this advertisement a place in their papers a few times, to receive payment, \$2 in type, or in the settlement of their accounts.

RICHARD RONALDSON,

City Philadelphia.

Prices—At six months credit, for approved paper, or at a discount of 5 per cent. for cash.

Peal, per lb.	\$1 50	English, lb.	\$0 36
Nonpareil,	0 90	Great Primer,	0 34
Mimion,	0 70	Double Pica,	0 32
Brevier,	0 56	Do. Great Primer,	0 32
Bourgeois,	0 46	Large letter, plain,	0 30
Long Primer,	0 40	Scabbards and	
Small Pica,	0 36	Quotations,	0 30
Pics,	0 36		

The prices of other descriptions of types are proportionably reduced.

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July 6, 1829.

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Collector's Notice.

HAVING received the duplicates of taxes for the year 1829, I am now prepared to receive them. Those concerned will pay the same, or be before the 1st day of September next.

I will sell lands and town lots for taxes on the 2d Monday in November next, agreeably to law.

Those indebted to me by note, fees, or otherwise, will please pay the same, or on or before the 1st day of August next.

I will give in receipts for tax, or any debts due me, 37 1/2 cents per cord for cutting 1000 cords of wood and heaping the brush, on my lands or the lands of David Rees's heirs.

I will attend at the court house in Lawrenceburg on Saturdays for the purpose of performing my official duties and other business.

JOHN SPENCER, C.D.C.

July 11th, 1829.

ARTHUR MARTIN, Auctioneer.

WILL continue his services to the citizens of Cincinnati and the public generally, to sell at auction, HORSES, CARRIAGES, or any kind of PERSONAL PROPERTY, or REAL ESTATE, in any part of the city, or the county of Hamilton. He will attend to the

Purchasing of Horses.

For all those who may think proper to confide in his judgment. From his long experience in the business, he feels confident that he will be enabled to give general satisfaction.

May 7, 1829.

22d.