

MISCELLANY.

Written for the Palladium.

THE FADING FLOWER.

Take, O! take this blighted flower,
Which my parched lips have fondly press'd;
Plucked within the last sad hour,
Withering, cannot be refreshed.
'Twas the last—a precious gem,
The fragrance of the tree it shed;
It clung with pride to its green stem,
Yet gently hung its lonely head.
Its leaves were glitt'ring in the dew,
No purer could the heav'ns bestow,
Nor gild with brighter finer hue,
The spindid richness of its glow.
I gazed upon its lovely form
And wept; it seemed so happy there;
It ne'er had braved the howling storm,
Nor felt the blight of winter's air.
I reached my hand, in childish grief,
And tore it from its shady bower,
And yet I felt my triumph brief—
My tears of joy last for an hour.
I knew it ne'er again could feel,
The rays of life from nature's sky;
There was no balm its wound could heal—
It grew to bloom, to fade, to die.

October 21, 1830.

Written for the Palladium.

THE TIMES.

There's hope for the times yet to come,
A hope that if good they may last;
A wish that the present was gone,
And sorrow for days which are past.
Those times, most happy and bright,
Are painted in visions to come;
Hope gives us the fairest delight,
When hoping is all that is done.
The solid possessions of life,
The present can only control;
It is the wild season of strife,
And brightens or fades on the soul.
The past! how it comes to the heart,
And wakes on the mind all alone,
A return of grief's wounding smart,
When all those bright seasons have flown.

L. N.

CITY LIFE.

Mr. Printer,—I dont know what you meant when you urged me to visit town; you told me I should find the folks very clever, and see a great many fine things. I partly believed you, and yesterday paid a visit to my wife's half-sister, Mrs. Tumbleup, who lives in a house jammed in among a great pile of houses, with a door yard about as wide as a carpet bed. I got to town about 10 o'clock in the morning, and on enquiring of a young fellow where sister lived, he told me to ride down street to the corner of green, turn round a printing-office corner, and after going down street to Mr. —'s turn round to my left, there she lived at the very first house on the right hand, just at the head of — street. "Much obliged to you," says I, "now I know just as well as I did before." The puppy began laughing; and I was left to enquire again, or find my way home. The next man I spoke to proved a little more civil; he went with me till he could point out the house, and then wished me good morning.

I found sister's folks at breakfast, late as it was; they seemed glad enough to see me, but looked crooked at my old boots, and squinted like dragons at my leather breeches; and when I asked where I should turn the old horse, they went to the door, and pointed down street, told me that Mr. —'s stable was there. I thought it plaguy odd, seeing I had come *cousining*; however, I began to think I must do as I was bid, so I scrambled away through the mud, and saw old sorrel safe in a brick stable as big as a meeting house.

By the time I had got back to sister's and told wife's and children's love to her, and all that, the clock struck 12. I was glad to hear it, as I had eaten breakfast very early. I began to feel pretty sharp set. However I had my longing for my pains; not a bit of dinner did I see till after two o'clock; we then sat down to a fine looking piece of beef, but it was not half roasted, so I rose from the table about as hungry as I sat down.

After dinner I was preparing to go down to the water side to do some business for my country neighbors, when sister told me I must be back by half past five to tea. I obeyed her punctually, and judging from our country practice, I hoped I should find some buttercakess and ham to make amends for my rough dinner—On my return to tea hour, I found several young folks at the house, who I supposed had come to see sister's eldest girl, Sophy. When I first got in, Sophy got up and made a courtsey, and told them I was Uncle Brushwood, and then told them who they all were; but I have forgot now, and besides I must hasten to tell you about my tea scrape—the very pickle of all plagues which this town visit has brought upon me.

After we had waited about an hour, a little negro came out of the kitchen, with a towel tucked under his chin, lugging along a great tin platter, as big as a bread tray: I stared like an owl, and could not tell what to make of it. The platter had about a peck of tea-cups on it all full, besides a sugar pot,

and I do not know what else; and to top off all, the puppy brought it right to me; I started back—the young folks tittered like a flock of black birds—Sister scolded and called out "brother don't drink hyson—I'd forgot it." The negro then carried it to the rest; they all took a cup off the platter, and first put a bit of sugar on it, and then drizzled in about three drops of milk out of a thing no more like a milk cup than a grid iron. They held their tea-cups in their hands and began to sip, red hot as it was: Sister said, "You'd better try a cup of our hyson, brother—I guess you will be apt to like it." I thought I must do as I was bid again, and so I tried to work it as the rest did—I got my cup into my hands, but I am sure it was hotter than the rest, for the very saucer burnt my fingers; and this moment along came the negro with another platter full of bread and butter—And now had you seen me, you would have pittied me from your soul—in one hand I held the tea-cup, as hot as a warming pan, and in the other a great hunk of bread and butter; and for my life I couldn't tell which way to go to work to eat the one or drink the other. The sweat ran down my face with mere vexation; but at length, as I was doleful hungry, I made a greedy bite at my bread; in doing this I tilted the tea-cup in the other hand, so that sister's hyson slopped over on my fingers, and scalded me so intolerably, that down went bread and butter, tea-cup and all. The butter side of the bread fell spat on the knee of my new leather breeches, and the hyson after scalding my knee to a blister, run down my boot to my very toe.—Up I jumped and capered about the room like a billy-sheep—the boys and girls run out of the room and left me and sister together. I wiped my leather breeches while she was picking up the fragments of my tea-cup, and as she was carrying them into the kitchen, I seized my hat, took a French leave, got old sorrel from the stable, and after a ride of five hours, I got safe home at 10 o'clock at night.

I need not tell you our folks were dolefully frightened to see me return at that hour: that if you happen to call pretty soon, you may see my new leather breeches half spoiled; poor me limping round the house with a scald on my knee as big as a leather apron, and wife scolding like a bedlamite, because, as she says I have disgraced the family. However, if I ever go to town *cousining* again, they may ship me for a jackass to the West Indies.

DR. FRANKLIN IN CONGRESS.

When the Declaration of Independence was under the consideration of Congress, there were two or three unlucky expressions in it, which gave offence to some members. The words "Scotch and other auxiliaries," excited the ire of a gentleman or two of that country. Severe strictures on the conduct of the British king, in opposing our wish for the repeal of the law that permitted the importation of slaves, were disapproved by some southern gentlemen, whose feelings were not yet matured to the full abhorrence of that hateful traffic. Although the offensive expressions were immediately yielded, those gentlemen continued their depredations on the other parts of the instrument. I* was sitting by Dr. Franklin, who perceived that I was not insensible to these mutilations. "I have made it a rule, (said he) whenever it is in my power, to avoid becoming the draughtsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice batter, having his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome sign with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words: 'John Thompson, Hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money,' with the figure of a hat subjunctive. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for amendment. The first he showed it to, thought the word hatter, tautologous, because followed by the words 'makes hats,' which show that he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed, that the word 'makes' might be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats—if good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words "for ready money" were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit—every one who purchases expects to pay. They were parted with. The inscription now stood thus: 'John Thompson sells hats.' 'Sells hats,' says his next friend, 'why nobody will expect you to give them away: what then is the use of that word?' It was struck out, and 'hats' followed it, this was of course, considered useless, the rather as there was one painted on the board. So his inscription was reduced ultimately, to 'John Thompson,' with the figure of a hat subjunctive.

A pavier to whom Dr. Radcliffe was indebted, after many fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot at his own door in Bloomsbury Square, and demanded the payment of his bill. "What, you rascal?" said the Doctor, "Do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered

American Anecdotes.
*Late President Jefferson.

A tradesman who attempts to monopolize business, or to injure his competitors by underselling, is guilty of high treason against society, as he violates that integrity and good will, without which the social compact would soon be broken asunder. I always suspect that such a man has not paid for his goods, or sells those of an inferior quality.

A middle aged gentleman paid his addresses to a very young lady, but when he asked her in marriage was refused. Having acquainted a neighboring clergyman of his disappointment, he received the following laconic scriptural answer. You asked and you received not, because you asked a-miss.

TEETER WORM—After I had the tetter twenty years on my hand, and had used dollars worth of celebrated tetter ointment which took off the skin repeatedly without effecting a cure, a friend advised me to obtain some Red Root, to slice it in vinegar and afterwards wash the place affected with this liquid. I did so, and in a few days the dry scurf was removed, and my dis-eased hand was as well as the other.

American Farmer.

A corpulent gentleman once riding towards a fortified town in England, began to fear the gates would be shut before he could reach it, and inquired of a market-man whom he met, whether he could pass at the gate. "I should think so," replied the man, surveying him attentively, "for I saw a load of hay pass in this morning."

DELICACY.—A young lady, known to be rather fastidious in her expressions, being lately at a dinner party, a gentleman who was carrying a couple of ducks requested to be informed what part she preferred. His gravity was completely overthrown when she replied, "I'll trouble you, Sir, for a little of the bosom."

Modern meaning to old Words.

Suggestion—Advice given by a servant to his employer.

Young men's best companion.—He who takes him home when he cannot take himself home.

Rights of the people.—The exclusive privilege of grumbling at imaginary oppression.

Rates.—A kind of taxes so called, because no one pays them without grumbling at them.

Oversight.—To leave your old umbrella in a news room and bring away a new one.

Guill.—In no sense, Innocence.

Humanity.—The motive for a Doctor's extortions.

Science.—To tie a canister to a dog's tail, and observe whether he runs east or west.

Unfortunate man—One born with a conscience.

Absentminded man—One who never takes wine or spirits at home.

Remorse.—The feeling of a pickpocket caught in the fact.

Precocity.—The impertinence of your children.

Picturesque object.—Your neighbor's house on fire.

Love.—An ingredient used in poetry.

Person of regular habits.—One who is carried to bed tipsy every night.

Judge Parsons.—The following anecdote has not, to our knowledge, appeared in print. The bar of Essex county Mass. had made a rule that no lawyer should take into his office more than three students. But it so happened that the celebrity of Parsons, at that time a practising lawyer in Essex, had gained him more than his due share, and he was accused before the bar of having five students. He denied the charge, but it being clearly proven that there were in his office five young gentlemen, aiming at the law, it was matter of curious speculation among his legal brethren how he would get himself clear of the accusation. "Why, gentlemen," he said, "I have positively but three students, and I believe I can prove it to your satisfaction. It is true that I have five young men in my office, but then one of them is a dandy and another a fiddler."

N. Y. Constellation.

Caius, a nobleman of Rome, who was twice consul, when he had beaten Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, and drove him out of Italy, divided the land, distributed to every man four acres, and reserved no more for himself, saying, that none ought to be a general, who could not be content with a common soldier's share; and that he would rather rule over rich men, than be rich himself.

A pavier to whom Dr. Radcliffe was indebted, after many fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot at his own door in Bloomsbury Square, and demanded the payment of his bill. "What, you rascal?" said the Doctor, "Do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered

it over with earth, to hide your bad work!" "Doctor, doctor," said the pavier, "mine is not the only bad work earth hides!" "You dog," said the doctor, "you are a wit, you must be poor, come in,"—and he paid him his demand.

How to hang a Scythe.—While Mr. Webster was in college, he and his brother being on a visit to their father, the old gentleman gave each of them a scythe, and set them to mowing. Daniel took a few sweeps, and stopped to consider the matter, while he wiped the sweat from his brow. "What's the matter Dan," says the old man: "My scythe don't hang right," he answered. His father tinkered it for him, and he tried again; but again made what he sometimes makes during a speech in congress, an "emphatic pause"—when the father getting a little fretful, told him to hang it to suit himself.—Whereupon the incipient Senator very gravely hung it on a tree, and told his father it hung perfectly to his mind there.

Camden Journal.

MARRIED in Garden, Ky. Mr. Timothy Dwight, aged 81 years, to Miss Arietta Lincoln, aged 75. Both of them have lost a leg, and he is so deaf he has to use an ear trumpet, and the bride is so blind that she, cannot see an inch before her nose.

Jerry Go Nimble was lame of a leg, and Mistress Go Nimble had but one peg; Hey-diddle-he-diddle dee!

NEW GOODS.

GEORGE TOUSEY

WOULD inform the public, that he has just received from

PHILADELPHIA.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF SEASONABLE

FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS.

Sept. 20, 1830. 39—tf

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.

ESCAPED, from the subscriber, on the evening of the 15th instant, on his way from Cincinnati to Indianapolis, a prisoner by the name of

JOHN T. LEWIS.

Said Lewis is about five feet nine inches high, black hair, dark eye brows, short whiskers, and about 34 or 35 years of age. The above reward will be given for his apprehension and confinement in any jail, and all reasonable charges paid in addition, if delivered to me in Indianapolis.

GEORGE SMITH.

Said Lewis has connexions residing in Greene township, Hamilton co. Ohio, and in Cincinnati: some in the latter place are merchants.

Oct. 20.

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CLOTH DRESSING.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public, that his Fulling and cloth dressing works are now in full and complete operation; and that he is ready to receive cloth for dressing at his mill. Having employed a first rate and experienced workman in the business, he feels assured of being able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.—He also pledges himself that no pains shall be spared in having the work done in the best possible manner, and in as limited a time and on as reasonable terms, as at any other establishment in the country. By close application to business, he hopes to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

Cloth left at George Tousey's store in Lawrenceburg, with written directions for dressing will be attended to every week, and returned finished in two weeks from the time taken.

White-water Hamilton, Co. Ohio.

Edmond Bond.

Sept. 28th, 1830. 39

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned, being desirous of keeping his affairs in small compass—finding it inconvenient to attend to much business—hereby forewears all persons from trusting or crediting any person on his account.

THOMAS MILLER, Sr.

October 16, 1830. 41—Sw

JOURNAL OF LAW.

Ignorance of the Law excuseth no man.

THE JOURNAL OF LAW, a popular periodical, conducted by an association of members of the Bar, is published on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, at the Office of the Journal of Health, No. 108, Chestnut street Philadelphia. Price per annum, \$1 50 in advance.

THE JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

A popular Periodical, conducted by an Association of Physicians.

Health, the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss.

INTENDED to point out the means of preserving health preventing disease, and prolonging life. The Journal is published on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, in numbers of sixteen pages octavo, at \$1 25 per annum, payable in advance.—Subscriptions to commence with the first number in each year.—All the back numbers furnished for new subscribers.

Rags! Rags!

Two cents per pound, in CASH will be paid for any quantity of clean Linen and Cotton RAGS, at this office.

CINCINNATI PRICES CURRENT.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY.]

ARTICLES FROM \$ cts. TO \$ cts.

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