

MISCELLANY.

THE NEEDLE.

BY S. WOODWORTH.

The gay belles of fashion may boast of exceeding
In waltz or cotillion—at whist or quadrille;
And seeking admiration by vauntingly telling
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;
But give me the fair one in country or city,
Whose home and its duties are dear to her
heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some rustic ditty,
While plying the needle with exquisite art,
The bright little needle—the swift flying
needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

If love have a potent, a magical token,
A talisman ever resistless and true—
A charm that is never evaded or broken,
A witchery certain the heart to subdue—
Tis this—and his armory never has furnished
So keen and unerring, or polished a dart;
Let beauty direct it, so pointed and burnished,
And oh! it is certain of touching the heart.
Be wise then, ye maidens, no seek admiration
By dressing for conquest, or flirting with all;
You never, what'er be your fortune or station,
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,
As daily convened at a work-covered table,
Each cheerfully active and playing her part,
Beguiling the task with a song or a tale,
And plying the needle with exquisite art.

THE SATURDAY PREACHER.

On the Abuse of Borrowed Articles.

"Alas, Master! for it was borrowed."

This was the exclamation of one of the sons of the prophets, who, in the days of the famous Elisha, went to sell timber on the banks of the river Jordan. The axe not being well secured on the handle, slipped off and fell into the river. Then it was, that in an exclamation of grief, the honest son of the prophet cried, as he looked wishfully into the stream, "Alas, master! for it was borrowed."

Here we might expatiate upon the fault of keeping bad tools, or not keeping them in perfect order. We might also suppose it was a mercy that the axe, when it flew off the handle, had not hit the head of some of the other choppers, and split it open, instead of quietly dropping into the water, as sacred history has been careful to inform us. But we waive all such minor considerations, and come directly to the important one, of the abuse of borrowed articles.

Whether it was, that the sons of the prophets were better taught or more honest than their neighbors; or whether mankind in those days paid more regard to borrowed articles than is customary at the present day, we cannot decide. But most certain it is, that few in this age of refinement would think of making such an exclamation of grief at the loss, or injury, of a borrowed article. Instead of saying, "Alas, master! for it was borrowed," they would say—"Give yourself no trouble, Mister, for it was only a borrowed article."

Thus you will see borrowed books used with little or no ceremony—defiled with grease-spots, and deformed with dog's ears. You will see them thrown about the house and given to the children for play things. You will hear Mrs. Slipslop say, "do give that young one something to keep it quiet." And when told there is nothing to give it except the new book on the mantle-piece, she will reply, "well do give it that then; 'taint ours, it's only borrowed." The brat is mighty pleased with its new play thing; it applies it to its mouth, drules and pukes on it, tears out the leaves, and finally ends the sport by throwing it in the fire. "Here, ma, ma! the baby has thrown the book in the fire!" "Never mind," says Mrs. Slipslop, "it was only borrowed."

A man borrows a wheel barrow, with the promise of returning it in three hours. Instead of three hours, he keeps it three months. Day after day the vehicle is seen standing out doors, exposed to the weather, and rotting for want of shelter. "Daddy," says a little boy, with native honesty, "this 'ere barrow-wheel hant been took home yet, and you promised to send it home in three hours. "You block-head," says the man, "let it be and go about your business." "But," says the boy, "it'll get spoilt, standing out here." "Well, what if it does?" says the man, "it's only borrowed." There it stands week after week month after month; and finally an ox-cart is driven over it and it is smashed to pieces. "There! now daddy," says the boy, "the barrow-wheel has gone to smash!" "Never mind the barrow-wheel, you dunce," says the father, "it's only borrowed."

The manner in which borrowed horses are used, is well known. They are over-loaded, hard-driven, and poorly fed. "We'll get all we can out of them," says the borrowers; "If we do spoil them, it's no concern of ours—they're only borrowed." A fellow with a horse and gig drives as if the Old One was driving him. He shakes the reins, he cracks the whip, he cherups the steed forward; and the poor animal, straining every nerve and exert-

ing itself to the utmost, comes up to an inn, covered with foam, panting for breath and trembling in every joint with over-exertion. The borrower leaps from the gig, calls for something to drink, perhaps to eat, and to smoke, and enjoys himself without any regard to the wants of the poor horse; and when addressed by some humane bystander, with—"You unfeeling coxcomb, why don't you take care of your horse as well as yourself? Here you have driven the poor creature almost to death, and now you leave him shivering in the cold air, and give him nothing to eat or drink!" The coxcomb replies, as he lights a new cigar, and pulls up his dickey, "Don't give yourself any trouble, sir—the creature's only borrowed."

In short, wherever we look, we cannot help noticing a shameful want of care in relation to borrowed articles—both as it regards the manner in which they are used, and the dilatoriness with which they are returned. In fact, it is a common expression, in relation to returning borrowed articles, that "it is sufficient to go after them, without being at the trouble of carrying them home." This is but a poor return for the favor you have received from the lender and the pains he has taken to accommodate you. The spirit of borrowing is, in all conscience, bad enough in itself; but when accompanied with a disposition never to return, or return in a ruined condition, a borrowed article, it is absolutely unpardonable.

Oh! for a single drop of the honesty of the poor son of the prophet on the banks of Jordan! and Oh! for the sacredness with which the prophet regarded the loan, in that he wrought a miracle, to restore the borrowed article.

N. Y. Constellation.

THE BOOK OF ENTRIES.

The following occurrence, which took place some months ago in Philadelphia, came under our individual notice. Two Irishmen, fresh from the land of the shillelah and shamrock, had a dispute; one of them having sued the other before a magistrate in the city, for a balance of debt. Each party produced his bill, and each party brought the other in debt to him.

Magistrate. My friends, it is impossible to decide as yet for either of you. Here are only your two bills, without a particle of evidence to support them.

Plaintiff. But I'll shware to my bill, your honor, I'll shware to it—I'll fix the spalpeen!

Mag. Yes, but you cannot swear to this mere bill—if you had any book of original entry, and could swear to it, it might make some difference.

Plff. Faith, your honor, an' I've just got that same—and if your honor will wait a bit, I'll run and fetch it.

Mag. Where do you live?

Plff. By the Water Works your honor.

Mag. Then let the case stand adjourned until 4 o'clock this afternoon, when you must both appear for a decision.

Accordingly, at 4 P. M. down came the defendant with his friends, for each had mustered his forces, and down came also the plaintiff and his partisans, and the plaintiff with his front door on his back! swaggering into the office with an air of confidence, he set it down with a bang on the floor and spoke—

Plff. There, your honor—isn't there an original book of entries?

Mag. Yes, and it beats all original books of entry that I ever heard of before—but will you be qualified to it?

Plff. That I will, sir. (He was sworn.)

Mag. Now explain it—for I cannot read it now you have it here,

Plff. Why you see your honor, isn't there the strait strokes where I charge him. Isnt that original now?

Mag. Well, and the other marks.

Plff. What! the round O's? Sure isn't that the round dollars that I gave him credit for, every time he paid me? An' if your honor will just count, you'll find how many more strait strokes is there, than there is round O's and that is just the balance he owes me—isn't that original now?

The defendant having nothing to shew, judgment was entered against him as it appeared on the book. But nothing could exceed the mirth of the crowd, for the office was by this time full, when the plaintiff, having received his money, marched off in triumph with his original book of entries on his back.

IRISH TRAVELLING.

The first day of our journey passed over without much event; but we derived sufficient amusement from the peculiarities of the carman, a mop-headed, lank-limbed beauty, whose clothes were so ragged, that as he strode along, with his coat, shirt and breeches fluttering behind him, he put us in mind of a persevering ship making its way against a head-wind. This gentleman never whipped his horses

when they were low spirited and lazy, but reasoned with them, as though they had been a pair of the Houyhnhnms, mentioned by Gulliver, or intelligent Christian beings. "Arrah, Barney," he'd say to the leader, "arn't you a pretty spalpeen to suffer your own brother Teddy to lug the car up the hill by himself?—Haven't I set you before him as an example? Have you the heart to forget a friend because you don't see him? Oh! bad luck to your feelings! Arrah Teddy (to the other), don't you see my, darling, what Barney is at? He wants to run away from you, and get to the little shebeen-house half a mile off, and ate up your corn before you come, hurry, hurry, my darling, or devil the mouthful will he leave you?" Strange as it may seem, these addresses produced the desired effect! and Barney and Teddy, as shaggy as a pair of lions, would pluck up courage, and pull along like a couple of camels. Observing that one of them was lame, we noticed this to their owner, as an infringement of our contract.

"Lame your honor?" he replied; no such thing—the boy's quite perfect; only you see, it's a way he has of resting one leg till the other three are tired."

"* * * Isaac, or Iky Sparks as he was commonly termed, lodged on one occasion in a house with a Scotch doctor, who amused his leisure hours by learning to play the fiddle. These gentlemen, it must be remarked, were not upon the most amicable terms; the Scotchman turning up his nose at Mr. Sparks as a vagabond plebeian, and the latter retorting by calling him a legal vampire, since he lived by the death of other people. The doctor made it an invariable rule to rise at daylight to practice, about which time the convivial Mr. Sparks was getting into his first nap. As their rooms were adjoining, it was a necessary result that Sparks lost his sleep; and it soon became another, that he should lie awake to meditate revenge. He did not like to leave the house, (perhaps he could not;) but he resolved, if possible, to expel this fiddling Macbeth who murdered sleep, and was instrumental to his annoyance. One morning he heard Mr. McIntosh, the doctor, desire Judy the servant, who waited on both of them, "to go out and buy him a penny-worth of resin for his fiddle;" and as she passed his door, he called her in, and enquired her errand. "Sune I'm going to get some ros'n Mr. Sparks, of Mr. McIntosh's fiddle,—Ros'n, ros'n, crachul!" said Sparks; and isn't ros'n you are going to ax for Judy, arrant nonsense?" "Arrah Mister Sparks!" Ros'n's Latin, my jewel; the shopkeeper wont understand you!" Latin! och sure, Mr. Sparks, I know nothing of Latin; will your honor tell what I am going to ax for?" "Say you want a piece of stick-brimstone, darling; that's English, to speak and good Irish in the bargain." The girl complied with his direction, procured the brimstone, and returning to Mr. McIntosh presented it to him.

"You dom b——h!" exclaimed the Scotchman, "what ha'e brocht?—what do ye ca' this?" "Brimstone, sir." "Bremstun! did I na send ye for ros'n?" "Please your honor and you did; but Mister Sparks told me that brimstone was the real thing to ax for." Foaming with rage, away flew the doctor into Isaac's room (who was listening to the result,) and demanded of him how he dare to interfere with another person's affairs, and after his commands to the servant? "Why, Mr. Intosh," said Isaac very coolly, "what did you send for? Ros'n, sir, for my fiddle, and be doomin'd to ye!"

"Well," replied Sparks, "I always thought brimstone was resin for a Scotch fiddle?"

Plff. There, your honor—isn't there an original book of entries?

Mag. Yes, and it beats all original books of entry that I ever heard of before—but will you be qualified to it?

Plff. That I will, sir. (He was sworn.)

Mag. Now explain it—for I cannot read it now you have it here,

Plff. Why you see your honor, isn't there the strait strokes where I charge him. Isnt that original now?

Mag. Well, and the other marks.

Plff. What! the round O's? Sure isn't that the round dollars that I gave him credit for, every time he paid me? An' if your honor will just count, you'll find how many more strait strokes is there, than there is round O's and that is just the balance he owes me—isn't that original now?

The defendant having nothing to shew, judgment was entered against him as it appeared on the book. But nothing could exceed the mirth of the crowd, for the office was by this time full, when the plaintiff, having received his money, marched off in triumph with his original book of entries on his back.

GOOD SIGNS.

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
When church-paths are with frequent feet worn;
Law court yards weedy, silent and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate,
A happy people, a well governed state.

Naiete.—A neighbor of ours not long since introduced to his son, about six years of age, a little brother, who had just arrived in this world, which all agree in abusing though none like to part with it, even in exchange for a better. The boy looked at his infant brother in some little perplexity, and then raised his eyes to his father, inquired, "Where did you get it?" "Bo't him, my son," exclaimed the father, with a laudable gravity. Again the boy looked at the baby, and after a short time sagaciously asked, "Why didn't you pick out a white one father?" Sullivan Mercury.

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.

33-1f

BRIGADE ORDER.

Tenth Brigade of Indiana Militia.

PRINTER'S RETREAT, Jan. 10, 1831.

THE several regiments forming this brigade will be mustered, inspected, and reviewed as follows:

The Third Regiment, at Rising Sun, on Monday, the 24th day of October next.

The Fourteenth Regiment, at Cotton's, on Indian creek, on Thursday, the 29th of October next.

The Fifteenth Regiment, at such place as the commandant thereof may direct, on Thursday, the 27th day of October next.

The Forty-fourth Regiment, at Josiah Woodrough's, on Saturday, the 22d day of October next.

The Fifty-fifth Regiment, at such place as the commandant thereof may direct, on Wednesday, the 26th day of October next.

The Sixtieth Regiment, at such place as the commandant thereof may direct, on Thursday, the 25th of October next.

By order of Brigadier General

WILLIAM C. KEEN.

ISAAC CHAMBERLIN, aid-de-camp

Jan. 15. 2-3w

FRESH FLOUR.

JUST received and for sale 50 BAR-

RELS FLOUR, warranted first quality. Also, Kenhawa SALT and rectified WHIS-

KEY, by the barrel; corner of Short and High streets, Lawrenceburg. Dec. 23, 1830. THOMAS SHAW.

PAY OR BE SUED.

THOSE indebted to the subscriber are hereby informed, that, unless payment is made on or before the first of February next, after that time their accounts will be left with Thomas Palmer esq. for collection, without respect to persons.

JOSEPH SUTTON.

January 20, 1831. 3-5w.

OLD PEWTER!

AND A HALF cents per pound will be given in cash for any quantity of old pewter delivered to the subscriber at his Tin Shop in Lawrenceburg.

TIN WARE

of different kinds kept on hand, or made to order on the shortest notice.

JOHN HOOD.

January 21, 1831. 8-1f.

Petersburgh Academy.

THE third session of this institution will commence on the 14th February 1831.

The trustees, taking every means to render it useful, have established it upon the most permanent basis; from the flourishing condition of this institution, and the well known improvement of the youth in the various sciences, they anticipate with much confidence the same success from the continuance of its operations. The terms of tuition, as follows: Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and Spanish languages, \$10 per session of six months; English Grammar, Composition, Geography with use of Globes, Drawing and Projection of maps, \$6; Astronomy, Mineralogy, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy, \$8; the various branches of Mathematics, \$10; Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, \$4 per session payable quarterly. Rev. Wallace Danton, professor of languages, superintendent; Mr. Ziba Casterline, assistant.

A mineral cabinet with some other apparatus is added to the Academy. Arrangements have been made so that young ladies can receive instruction in Painting & all the branches of Literature suitable to their sex. All students can be accommodated with boarding upon the most reasonable terms, at the superintendent's own house, the spaciousness of which will make it very convenient for boarders.

REUBEN GRAVES, Pres't.

GEORGE CORNELIUS, Sec'y.

N. B. The sessional examination will commence on the 7th and continue to the 8th of February, to which all the friends of sciences are respectfully invited.

2

Rags! Rags!

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

BLANK Deeds,

<h3