

## MISCELLANY.

### SONG OF THE HENPECKED.

Oh her hair is dark as the midnight wave,  
And her eye is like kindling fire,  
And her voice is sweet as the spirit's voice,  
That chords with the seraph's lyre.  
But her nails are as sharp as a toasting fork,  
And her arm as strong as a bear's;  
She pulled my hair and gouged my eye,  
And she kicked me down the stairs.  
I've got me an eye that's made of glass.  
And I've got me a wig that's new,—  
The wig is frizzled in corkscrew curls,  
And the eye is a clouded blue.  
She may shake her knuckles full in my face,  
And put the lamp to my beard,  
And hold the broomstick over my head,—  
But I am not a bit afraid.—

For I've bound her over to keep the peace,  
And I've bought me a crab-tree cane,—  
The justice will come, and the constable too,  
If she meddles with me again.

My head was a week in the linen cap,  
And my eye a month in the patch;  
I never thought that the torch of love  
Would light such a brimstone match!

From the New-England Weekly Review.

### THE REPLY.

Oh—his face is as red as a dog day sun  
In a misty sun-set sky;  
And the tip of his nose is a burning coal,  
You might light your candle by.

His eye was gouged by a two quart jug  
That cracked across his nose;  
And his other has taken a rain-bow hue  
From his pot companion's blows.

He blundered against the red-hot grate,  
And the grate returned the blow—  
And the lamp that signed his grisly beard,  
Was the Lehigh coal below.

I've emptied his bottle of liquor free  
As the flow of autumn rain.—  
And the sheriff will come and the jailor too  
If he fills them up again.

He has lost his scalp—he has lost his eye—  
And his face is grim with blows—  
And the early light of our love is changed  
To the light of a tinker's nose!

Sam Scapegrace one night took a rash oath  
that he would never drink again while he  
breathed the breath of life.

Sam Scapegrace once to me devoutly swore  
That while he breathed, by heaven he'd  
drink no more;

But Sam meant nothing more, as I am thinking,  
Than that he would not breathe while he was  
drinking!

### A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

An English gentleman, of true John Bull dimensions, had occasion to travel from Oxford to London. The stage carried six inside, and our hero engaged two places, (as in consideration of his size he commonly did) for himself.—The other four seats were taken by Oxford students.

Those youths arrived at the stage before him and each snugly possessed himself of a corner seat, leaving a centre seat on each side vacant. The round good tempered face of John Bull soon after appeared at the carriage door; and peeping into the vehicle, and observing the local arrangement that had been made, he said with a smile—"You see I am of a pretty considerable size, gentlemen, so I have taken two seats. I will be obliged, if one of you will remove to the opposite seat, so that I may be able to enter."

"My good sir," said a pert young lawyer, "possession is nine-tenths of the law, you engaged two seats—there they are, one on each side. We engaged one each, come first, entered regularly into possession, and our claims to the seats we occupy, are indisputable."

"I do not wish to dispute your claims," said the other, "but I trust to your politeness to enable me to pursue my journey."

"O hang politeness!" said a hopeful young scion of some noble house, "I have a horror of a middle seat, and would not take one to oblige my grandmother. One sits so ungraceful; and besides, one loses all chance of looking at the pretty girls along the road. Good old gentleman, arrange your concerns as you please, I stick to my corner." He leaned back, yawned, and settled himself with hopeless composure in his seat.

Our corpulent friend, though a man not easy discomposed, was somewhat put out by this unmannly obstinacy. He turned to a smart looking youth, with a simper on his face, a clerical student, who had hitherto sat in a reverie, dreaming, perchance, of some fat benefit.—"Will not you accommodate me?" he said, "this is the last London stage that goes to day, and business of urgent importance calls me to town."

"Some temporal affair, no doubt," said the graceless youth, with an air of mock gravity; "some speculation after filthy lucre. Good father, at your age your thoughts should be turned heavenwards, instead of being confined to the dull, heavy tabernacle of clay that chains us to this earth;" and his companions roared with laughter at the joke.

A glow of indignation just colored the stranger's cheek; but he checked the feeling in a moment, and said with much composure to the fourth, "Have you also determined that I shall lose my place, or will you oblige me by taking a centre seat?"

"Ah do, Tom." said his young lord.

ship to the person addressed, "he's something in the way of your profession quite a physiological curiosity. You ought to accommodate him."

"May I be poisoned if I do," replied the student of medicine; "in a dissecting room he would make an excellent subject, but in a coach, and then this warm weather too! Old gentleman, if you'll place yourself under my care, I'll engage, in the course of diuretics and cathartics, to save you hereafter the expense of a double seat. But, really, to take a middle seat in the month of July, is contrary to all the rules of hygiene, and a practice to which I have a peculiar antipathy."

And the laugh was renewed at the old gentleman's expense.

By this time, the patience of the driver, who had listened to the latter part of the dialogue, was exhausted.

"Herke gemmen," said he "settle business as you like, but I wants but three quarters of a minute of twelve, and with the first stroke of the University clock my horses must be off, and I would not wait three seconds longer for the King himself. It would lose my situation." And with that he mounted his box, took up the reins, called to the ostler to shut the door, and sat listening, with upraised whip, for the expected stroke.

As it sounded from the venerable belfry, the horses, as if they recognized the sound, started off at full gallop with the four young rogues, to whom their own rudeness and our fat friend's disappointment, afforded a fit theme for a joke and merriment.

The subject of their mirth in the mean time hired a post chaise, and followed and overtook the coach at the second stopping place, where the passengers got out ten minutes for dinner. As the post chaise drove up to the inn door, two young chimney sweeps passed with their well known cry.

"Come here, my lads," said the corpulent gentleman. "what says ye to a ride?"

The whites of their eyes enlarged into still more striking contrast with the dark shade of their sooty cheeks. "Will you have a ride my boys in the stage-coach.

"Yees, zur," said the elder, scarcely daring to believe the evidence of his ears.

"Well then—ostler open the stage door. In with ye; and d'y'e hear? be sure ye take the middle seats; so, one on each side."

The driver's horn sounded, his voice was heard; "Only one minute and a half more, gemmen; come on.

They came, bowed laughingly to our friend of the corporation, and passed on to the stage. The young lord was the first to put his foot on the steps, "Why, how coochee, what joke is this? Get out, you rascals, I'll teach you how to serve gentlemen such a trick again.

"Sit still, my lads," said the fat gentleman. "My lord, the two middle seats are mine, regularly taken and paid for; and these youths are my substitutes. An English stage coach is free for every one.—Your lordship has a horror of the middle seat. Pray take the corner one."

"Overreached us," said the lawyer. "We give up the cause, and cry your mercy, Mr.—

"Possession is nine tenths of the law, my good Sir. It would be uncivil to dislodge the poor youths; you have your corner."

"Heaven preserve us!" said the clerical student.

"You are not surely afraid of a black coat," retorted the other. "Besides we ought not to confine our thoughts to earthly concerns, but rather turn them heaven-wards."

"I'd rather go through my examination a second time than sit beside these black fellows," groaned the medical student.

"Soot is perfectly wholesome, my good friend; and you will not be compelled to violate the rules of hygiene, by taking a middle seat.—Pray Get in."

At these words the driver, who had stood grinning behind, came forward. "Gentlemen, you have lost me one minute and a quarter already. I must drive on without you, if so you don't like your company.

The students cast rueful looks at each other, and then crept warily into their respective corners. As the ostler shut the door, he found it impossible to compose his features. "I'll give you something to change your cheer, you grinning rascal," said the future churchman, stretching out of the window; but the ostler nimbly evaded the blow.

"My white pantaloons!" cried the lord.

"My drab surtut!" said the lawyer expectant.

"The filthy rascals!" The noise of the carriage wheels and the unrestrained laughter of the spectators drowned the sequel of the lamentations.

At the next stage a bargain was struck. The sweeps were liberated,

the seats shaken and brushed, and the worthy sons of the university made up among themselves the expense of the post chaise, the young doctor violated for once the rules of hygiene, by taking a middle seat, and all journeyed on together without further grumbling.

From the Wilksbarre Gleaner.

From the Desk of Poor Robert the scribe.

Pray take my advice if fortune you'd get, Pay off what you owe and keep out.

This may be bad poetry, but depend upon it, is excellent sense. It is an old saying that "the debtor is a slave to the creditor." If so, half the world enter into voluntary servitude. The universal rage to buy on credit, is a serious evil to this country. Many a valuable man is ruined by it.

There was Titus Thornbury who was an industrious man. He had as good a farm as lay in the north parish of Applebury. But unfortunately he gave way to the ruling passion of getting in debt, and a sad life he led of it.

At the age of thirty he owed two hundred pounds. His farm yielded about that sum. He would not live without purchasing some things, and as all the money he could raise went to pay principal and interest on his debt, he had every thing to buy on credit. So, at

the year's end with interest and cost, and the loss of time, and extra prices charged for things, because he did not make ready pay, was just as deeply involved as the year before. Thus harassed, dunned and tormented, was poor Thornbury for twenty years.

Not so was it with his cousin, Ned Forest. He vowed he'd owe no man. The produce of his farm was about the same as that of Thornbury's, but as he was not forced, by duns or executions, to sell it out of season, he got the highest price: As he paid for things when he bought them, he got his necessaries 12 per cent. cheaper: As he paid neither interests nor costs, and lost no time in running to borrow money or to see his creditors, he laid up 90 pounds a year, lived quite as well as his cousin, and infinitely more happy,

When poor Thornbury saw a man riding up the road, his anxious look told as plainly as a look could tell—"plague on that fellow he is coming to dun me."—When a sudden rap at the door announced, a visiter, no matter how lively he had been, he turned pale and looked sorrowfully anxious, until the visiter was known.

Many a man goes into a store for a single article. Looking round, twenty things strike his fancy; he has no money, but he buys on credit. Foolish man! Pay day must come, and ten chances to one, like death, it finds you unprepared to meet it. Tell me, ye who have experienced, did the pleasure of possessing the articles, bear any proportion to the pain of being called on to pay for them, when you had it not in your power?

Good people, hark ye: A few rules well kept, will contribute much to your happiness and independence. Never buy what you do not really want. Never purchase on credit what you can possibly do without. Take pride in being able to say, I owe no man.

Wives are sometimes thoughtless; daughters now and then extravagant. Many a time, when neither the wife nor daughter would willingly give a single pang to a fond father's bosom, they urge and tease him to get articles, pleasant enough, to be sure, to possess, but difficult for him to buy; he purchases on credit, is dunned—sued; and many an hour made wretched by their folly and imprudence. Old Robert presents his compliments to the ladies, and begs they would have the goodness to read the last ten lines once a month till they get them by heart, and then act as their own excellent disposition shall direct.

Above all things, good people, never go in debt to a tavern. To grog—to toddy—to sling—to bitters! Oh horrid! what a bill! Never owe your shoemaker, your tailor, your printer, your blacksmith or laborer. Besides the bad policy of being in debt, it is downright injustice to those the benefit of whose labor you have received.

The Skinned Horse A friend of ours informs us, that an acquaintance of his assures him, that he has often heard his grandfather tell how an officer in the Revolutionary war used to relate the following story. It therefore comes to us from good authority, and hope nobody will take the liberty of doubt its truth.

Colonel —, an officer, in the "times that tried men's souls" and horses' bodies, owned a faithful steed which had served him through the wars, and had arrived at the mature age of twenty five years. Being on a visit a few miles from home, while his master was enjoying a glass of cherry juice with his host, the horse got to a pile of cherries which had just been emptied from the cask, and as they were well saturated with spirits, they soon made him "as drunk as David's sow." If our readers know how drunk

that means, they will be able to judge of the condition of the poor old horse. If not, we must inform them that he was so badly of as to be taken for dead; and in this state deprived of his shoes and stripped of his hide.

The Colonel hired another horse and returned home, sadly lamenting the fate of his venerable and faithful steed. The misfortune of the animal was talked over between the Colonel and his wife, and though they severely blamed him forgetting so beastly drunk, it was concluded on the whole, that as this was the only instance of intemperance during a long and useful life, they should not visit his memory too severely. With these reflections they retired to rest. But what was their astonishment, about midnight at being awaked by the neighing of a horse, which sounded precisely like that of the one whose death they had been so deeply lamenting.

"Husband! husband!" said the old lady, giving the Colonel a nudge, "isn't that our old hoss? It whinners like him."

"Our old horse, indeed!" replied the Colonel. "How do you think, wife, that the poor old horse could come here, after being dead and skinned?"

"I don't know how, I'm sure," returned the old lady, "but it sounds just like our old hoss; and if it isn't he, it must be his ammunition, that is all."

The good woman meant apparition.

But while the worthy couple were yet talking, the same noise was heard again, and in the most piteous tones of a suffering horse. The Colonel was no believer in ghosts, but the neighing was too much like that of his old favorite to be any longer disregarded. He got up and went to the door, and there—what a sight for sore eyes—he saw indeed the very identical old horse, shivering in the night air and looking most reproachfully in his master's face.

The heart of the old Revolutionary smote him—for it was now apparent that the poor beast had never been dead—but only dead—drunk—and that he had acted with too great precipitancy in divesting him of his skin.

What was to be done? The horse begged most piteously in such language as he could use, and asked, as plainly as a dumb beast could, to have his skin put on again. The old lady was consulted, and being very handy with her needle, she readily sowed the hide on again, which being still moist, soon grew as fast as ever to the flesh of the animal, who lived seven years afterwards—and never again was guilty of eating rum-cherrries.

N. Y. Constellation.

### CIRCULAR.

OFFICE OF AMERICAN AND FOREIGN AGENCY FOR CLAIMS, 49 WALL-ST. NEW-YORK, JAN. 1831.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern, having Claims, Debts, Inheritances, &c., payable or recoverable, abroad, that this Agency has established, under the special auspices and patronage of distinguished individuals in this country, a regular correspondence with eminent Bankers, &c., in the principal ports and capitals of Foreign Governments, in commercial relations with the United States; through the mediation whereof such valid claims as may be confined thereto, will be expedited for settlement, and promptly and effectively recovered; when furnished by the claimants with the suitable legal proofs and vouchers, together with the requisite Power of Attorney, to be taken and acknowledged before any Judge of a Court of Record, or other competent Civil Magistrate, Municipal Authority, or Notary Public; and the whole duly authenticated by the Governor of the State, or Territory in which the same may be perfected, and legalized by the appropriate Foreign Consul.

Having also established a similar correspondence throughout the United States and British America, the like claims for recovery in any part thereof respectively, will be received and efficiently attended to in behalf of Americans as well as Foreign claimants.

Orders for the investment of funds on Mortgages of Freehold property, or in the purchase of Public Securities of the United States, Canal Loans of the States of New-York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, &c. punctually and faithfully executed.

Applications addressed to this Agency in cases requiring the investigation of claims, search of records, or the intervention of legal proceedings, should be accompanied with an adequate remittance to defray the preliminary charges and disbursements attending the same, and all letters must be *post paid*.

AARON H. PALMER,  
Counsellor of the S. C. of the U. S. Attorney

JOSEPH SUTTON,  
January 20, 1831.

3-3w.

OLD PEWTER!

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

TIN WARE

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

JOHN HOOD.

January 21, 1831.

3-3w.

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

### BANK NOTE TABLE.

CORRECTED weekly by G. R. GILMORE, Exchange Office, No. 4, Main Street, Cincinnati.

OHIO.

	Discount.





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