

## MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM THE DESK OF

POOR ROBERT, THE SCRIBE.  
A gill a day—the thing is clear,  
Twenty-three gallons makes 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.

POOR 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 town, kept at the sign of the Gray Goose, entertained the stranger, and in the winter evening was the place where we held our dances—for old Robert used to dance in his younger days. I remember well the merry evenings I have enjoyed there, and methinks I could yet "fire down" the puny strplings 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 apprentice to a respectable wagon-maker of the town. When I saw Absolem last, before my late visit to Applebury—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 shop for himself, and having got a journeyman from New-York, had added the making of chairs to his old business.

Absolem was industrious—Absolem was frugal—above all, Absolem was TEMPERATE "Grog and I," he used to say, "are sworn enemies." Not but now and then we would take a glass of wine, or 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 Shebooth 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 Applebury, last October, who should I hear 'em talk of but the good "Squire Active"—and Deacon Active—Why he has money to lend; he owns 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 *Be*, an *An*, and a *glass upside down*, with this motto—"INDUSTRY—FUGALITY—TEMPERANCE—By these I ride."

Edward Easy, my old friend and 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 suiting best his capacity and inclination, he studied this science under the most approved master, and at twenty-one he appeared at the bar. I never shall forget the day when he made his first plea. All Applebury went down to hear him, for Edward was a favorite of the people; and well he might be, for there was not a single one in the village but could tell of some good and kind thing he had done.

The cause he plead was for a poor widow woman. You may remember—it was old Mrs. Rodgers, who sold ginger-bread and beer just above the stocks and whipping post, north of the meeting house. She had an only daughter, a sweet little 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 witness was examined; and it came to Edward's turn to speak. He rose—O! he was a handsome man, but now his cheeks looked 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 arm most gracefully; and his eye 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 Heartfire. She was worthy of him; she danced delightfully; sung sweetly; could spin 50 knots a day, and the parson's wife was heard to say that "she made the best pudding of any one in the village, except herself."

Now, until the fourth day of last October, I had not been to Applebury for eighteen years. Just as the old town clock struck 4, I entered the village.

My heart fluttered. I looked anxiously 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 old 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 mirths; the noon-tide drams; and the evening slimes, have withered the finest flower in nature's garden. Poor Easy! God rest him!"

Edward had been intemperate. Intemperance begat idleness, and neglect of business; poverty and wretchedness followed; and he who might have reflected honor on 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 Grace are sworn enemies."—*Gleaner.*

COME FATHER!—Turning the corner of Church and Warden streets the other evening, our attention was arrested by the tender and plaintive exclamation of a young female voice—"Come father do, do come!" We turned, and there stood a man, respectably looking and comfortably clad, holding by one hand on the railing, and supported by a little girl, his daughter, on the other side.

She was tenderly entreating a drunken father, to go home.

He started off, the child clinging to his side, and as he receded and almost fell into the gutter, the little thing literally braced herself against the pavement, and held him up. She still supported him, as he staggered to and fro, until we turned from the painful spectacle! What a beautiful commentary this upon the affection of a daughter, and what a loathsome one upon the sin of drunkenness! "O, what man should put an enemy to his mouth to steal away his brain!"—*N. Y. Com.*

GROUND AND LOFTY TUMBLING.—The following remarkable occurrence is stated to have occurred during the tornado at Williamsburg, Va. on the 21st of June.

One of Mr. Chowning's workmen ran out from the shop from apprehension of its falling, when he was instantly born aloft by the blast and lodged among the branches of an aged horse-chestnut, where he had remained but a few moments when the tree blew down; he soon extricated himself from its branches, but was no sooner on his feet than he was again hurled in the street, where he fell in the midst of three of his companions. Once more he arose and was taken up by the wind and lodged in a ditch 60 yards off, where on recovering from the shock, he found himself still in company with the same three men!

THE BEAVER.—The following interesting anecdote of the Beaver, is taken from Franklin's Narrative of a Journey to the shores of a Polar Sea, recently published.

One day, a gentleman, long resident in this country, espied 5 young beavers, sporting in the water, leaping upon the trunk of a tree pushing one another off, and playing a thousand interesting tricks. He approached softly, under cover of the bushes, and prepared to fire upon the unsuspecting creatures; but a nearer approach discovered to him such a similitude betwixt their gestures and the infantile caresses of his own children, that he threw aside his gun.—This gentleman's feelings are to be envied, but few traders in fur would have acted so feelingly."

STORY TOLD BY LUTHER.—A monk who had introduced himself to the bedside of a dying nobleman, who was at that time in a state of insensibility, continued crying out, "My Lord, will you make the grant of such and such a thing to our monastery?" The sick man, unable to speak nodded his head. The monk turned round to the son, "You see, Sir, that my Lord your father gives his consent to my request." The son immediately exclaimed, "Father, is it your will that I should kick this monk down stairs?" The usual nod was given. The young man immediately rewarded the assiduities of the monk by sending him with great precipitation out of the house.

RHEUMATISM.—"I am troubled with a strange kind of rheumatic affection in my arm," said a well known, though rather seedy Irish wit, the other day to a friend. "It allows me to do some things, but it prevents me from doing others; for instance, I can put my hand into my pocket with all the ease in the world, but I never can take any thing out."

WORMS ON FRUIT TREES.—Mr. Stephen Beach, who resides in Ferrisburgh, Addison county, Vt., tried the following experiment with complete success. He took a slip of Birch bark about the width of three fingers, this he put around the trunk of the tree two or three feet from the ground, and fastened the ends together, by means of a small nail driven into the tree. The worms, as it is well known, spin down from the trees every night, and when they attempt to ascend the tree, they are arrested by the bark, or rather by the grease on it. They approach this and can pass no further. They gather in large quantities below this strip of bark and remain for season and then disperse; some who attempt to cross the bark, would be found stretched out at full length and dead. It seems probable the grease and salt together destroy them. By this simple contrivance this gentleman succeeded to rid his orchard of every worm in a very short time.

He informed me that one of his neighbors applied grease, or rather oil, on the tree itself; this he said, prevented the worms from ascending, but it will high destroy the trees. It is believed that when birch bark cannot be obtained, that pasteboard would answer the same purpose.

WALNUTS, an excellent Family Medicine.—Every body eats walnuts; every body knows how to make a pickle of walnuts. Few, however know the medicinal virtue of walnuts, when prepared, *secondum artem*, are an excellent ointment medicine and astringent and this is the way to prepare them: Get the green walnuts, fit for pickling, put them in a stone jar, filled up with moist sugar, at the proportion of about half a pound of sugar to the score of walnuts; place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, for about three hours, taking care the water does not get in, and keep it simmering during the operation. The sugar, when dissolved, should cover the walnuts; if it does not, add more. Cover it close, and in six months it will be fit for use. The older it gets, the better it is. One walnut is a dose for a child six years of age, as a purgative; and it has this great advantage over drugs, that, whilst it is an excellent medicine, it is, at the same time, very pleasant to the palate, and will be esteemed by the young folks a great treat. Who can say as much of salt, and pepper, and other doctors' stuff? And, in a large family, it will abridge the doctor's bill ten pounds a year.—*Economist.*

THE YANKEE, VS. THE NULIPLIER.

"Down east," observed a Southerner, to a Yankee, "a cow, a calf, and a colt, flock is said to be a girl's portion—and that's the place you came from."

"Well," replied the Yankee, "people have to be born pretty much where other folks say, barrin' accidents. Anyvour from the place ain't ye? where a potato-patch, with cracks in't so wide that the grass hoppers are picked up at the bottom by handfuls—all their necks broke trying to jump over—is a portion for the eldest son. My father told me he soon extricated himself from its branches, but was no sooner on his feet than he was again hurled in the street, where he fell in the midst of three of his companions. Once more he arose and was taken up by the wind and lodged in a ditch 60 yards off, where on recovering from the shock, he found himself still in company with the same three men!"

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IRISH ANECDOTE.

"Would up Pat, would up your horse—it's rain down rain like the very devil!"

"And so it is, faith; so what's the use of standing still here, honey?"

"Och! botheration to ye; and are ye the big fool to be riding in such a show er as this?"

## TAYLOR'S.

THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that they have entered into co-partnership, for the purpose of carrying on the *Taylor's* in this place. They will execute all orders in their line, in the neatest, best, and most durable manner, and according to the latest fashions. Their experience in the various branches of Tailoring, justifies them in saying that they will be able to please all who may favor them with their custom. Their shop is at C. Campbell's old stand, on Main street, opposite the Printing office.

Most kinds of country produce will be received in payment of the market prices.

CAMPBELL & QUIRK.  
Rising Sun, Aug. 9, 1834.—394

## NEW GOODS.

P. JAMES,  
HAS just received and is now opening at his Mill on Langhery, an addition to his former stock of Goods, consisting of

DRY GOODS,  
Groceries, Hardware,  
QUEENWARE, CRATINGS & TINWARE,  
AND MOST KINDS OF

FIRMING IMPLEMENTS.

He has also on hand a large lot of CONEMAUGH SALT, and WHISKEY by the barrel; all of which he will sell for Cash, the usual credit, or approved Country Produce.

His customers will find his present Stock superior to any former one, and the prices as low as any other establishment in the country.

Jones' Mills, June 14, 1834.

C. & F. & S.

Newt corner of Front and Grand sts.

AVE just received, in addition to

their former stock, a large assortment of Seasonable

DRY GOODS,

HARDWARE, QUEENWARE,  
CUTLERY, &c.

IRON, CASTINGS, AND NAILS.

PROW & LOAF SUGAR

NEW TEA & COFFEE,

COTTON YARN,

CANDLE WICK,

CARPENTERS' TOOLS,

SHOVELS, HOES,

SPADES, ROPES, &c. &c.

Also, a general assortment of

COMMON FAMILY MEDICINES.

62<sup>o</sup> Purchasers will please call and

examine for themselves. Terms will be as usual—cash, approved country produce, or short credit.

N. B. CASH will be paid for all

slaughtered HIDES and SKINS that

may be delivered at our store, or at J.

Tait's Tan-yard, one mile from Rising Sun.

C. & S.

WESTERN

Chair Manufactory,

No. 19, West Third Street, one door

east of the Post Office,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE subscribers have constantly on

hand, and for sale, a large and

splendid assortment of FANCY & WIND-

SON CHAIRS, SETTEES, &c., all

warranted, and sold at the most reduc-

ed prices, wholesale or retail.

Orders from a distance thankfully re-

ceived and promptly executed.

ROSS & GEYER,

Cincinnati, June 7, 1834.

390

W. & H. LAINES & LANIUS.

AVE have just received

from N. Orleans, 20 lbs

McLasses, which they will sell on

moderate terms.

May 17, 1834.

Rising Sun Post Office.

THE Post Office will hereafter be

kept open on Sundays, from 8

to 9 o'clock, A. M., and from 1 to 2

o'clock P. M. No papers or letters will

be delivered at any other hour.

JOHN LANIUS, Post-master,

Rising Sun, June 21, 1834.

391

BANK NOTE EXCHANGE,

AT CINCINNATI.

OHIO.

Franklin b'lk of Cin. pa

Bank of Louisiana 5

Bank of Chillicothe 2</