

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN APRIL FOOL.

Harry Hapless was the only child of his father, who died when his son was but eighteen years old, by which Harry found himself sole proprietor of one of the best farms in New England. He had, moreover, as his friends said, "good learning;" that is, he could read the hardest chapter in the Old Testament without stopping to spell one word, and could cipher at least as far as the rule of three. For the first year, all went on swimmingly. He tilled his own fields with his own hands, and they rendered him golden returns. It was remarked by all, that he was a forehanded youth, and that he would soon grow rich, and might come to be a justice of the peace for the county, or even a representative to the state assembly. Such a boy was not to be sneezed at. All the girls in the neighborhood set their caps at him. However, he gave heed to none of them, for he was privately engaged to Lucy Hapless, his uncle Sam's daughter, with his uncle's consent.

"Harry," said his uncle, "the gal's too young yet, and so are you. Wait, wait a year or two, neph."

Harry was obliged to conform, for his uncle Sam's decisions were like the laws of the Medes and Persians. He therefore contented himself with "setting up" with Lucy on all possible occasions, and I never heard that either of them regretted their intimacy afterwards. To one of his neighbors, who attempted to jeer him on the subject, Harry returned a very ungracious answer. This person had asked, "What in nater do you and that gal do up so late together Harry?"

"We had the newspapers, you great Jummocking fool you! what should we do?" replied Harry. He never after spoke to this young man when he could avoid it.

Lucy was worthy of his love. Not to speak of a forehead of marble, eyes like diamonds, cheeks like piony roses, and other common charms, she was the best spinner and dairy woman in the country. Her disposition was mild and affectionate, her humor was sprightly, and she returned Harry's affection with tenfold ardor. We must not omit to mention that her father allowed her half the price of the butter she made, and of the yarn she spun; and as she was economical, she had saved a pretty sum from these perquisites—enough, indeed, to buy her either a cow, or a feather bed at her marriage.

Alas! a scarlet fever spread in the neighborhood which was bro't from Boston by a volunteer company, who had come to encamp and learn something of the fatigues of war. I mean that they pitched their tents close to a tavern, where they eat their meals and slept when it rained. In the day time they went through their evolutions to the wonder and admiration of the "natives," especially the females. Nay, the captain, who, in Boston, wielded a puissant pair of shears, always saluted Lucy Hapless with his sword as he passed, and once danced with her at a hop. As he had entirely sunk the tailor, and was really a good looking young fellow, his attention gave great pleasure to Lucy, though they were gall and wormwood to her lover. He resolved in his own mind to be up to the valiant Capt. Cabbage.

With this view he lent a willing ear to the proposals of the young men, to get up a company which should eclipse, or at least rival the tip-top company from Boston. He argued, that being obliged at any rate, to attend militia training, it was as well to do the thing in style. So he forwarded the work with all his energy, and collected twenty-five round shouldered, awkward yeaners, who elected him captain of the newly raised Gallywest Guards, by acclamation. Behold him, therefore, with a laced coat on his back, a chapeau-debras on his head, with a plume in it as tall as a poplar, and a falchion by his side that might have served a Patagonian haymaker for a scythe.—As it was beneath the dignity of Capt. Hapless to lead his followers on foot, he was obliged to take his best horse from the plough, and accoutre him with a dragoon saddle, holsters, and pistols. These things gave his purse the dry belly-ache, and that was not the worst of it. Several of the neighboring youth were desirous of enrolling themselves under his banners; and, as they had not the ready thing to purchase the equipment, which was really splendid, they applied to Harry for the requisite loan; and, as his heart was now in the cause, he was fool enough to furnish it.

Then what a drilling there was! What a marching and counter-marching, burning of blank cartridges, and drinking of flip and black-strap! Uncle Sam saw these things with regret, and

remonstrated with Harry, but in vain; Lucy was pleased with it, and her smiles had more influence on Captain Hapless than her father's frowns. So the soldiers went on improving in numbers and discipline. At the close of each drill it was found that "shoulder and ground hoop" was dry work, and the commander of the Gallywest Guards could do no less than treat his men to as much as they could drink. Thus our infatuated yeoman proceeded wasting his time, lending his money to some, and running in debt for others.

At last the Boston company came forth on a second "tour of duty," and as the accomplished Captain Caesar Cabbage was reckoned second only to Baron Steuben in the mysteries of tactics, Captain Hapless did not consider himself disparaged in requesting his assistance in the study of street firings. In a few days they became intimate friends, and it was voted by the Gallywest Guards, to give their brethren in arms from Boston a public dinner.

At last the day arrived on which the visitors were to depart. In the morning Capt. Cabbage waited upon our hero with a face as long as despair could make it. By degrees he unbuttoned his bosom, I mean, he made a confession of the grief which was likely to break his needle and binder his goose from hissing. He was indebted more than he could pay, and, unless he could raise a thousand dollars within a week, he would be obliged to shut up shop.

"But can't you borrow the shiners?" demanded Harry.

Captain Cabbage talked about the honor of a soldier, and his reluctance to ask any favor. He did not like to borrow, he said, though he was sure he should be able to refund it in less than a week. He swore daggers and broadswords, that, if some friend would only endorse his note, he would not be obliged to borrow at all, and concluded by desiring Captain Hapless to do him that favor. Harry complied, and, in less than a week, was informed that Captain Cabbage had absconded, leaving him to pay the piper. A writ was immediately served on our hero, and he knew not where to turn.

As soon as it was known that Harry was in trouble, he was called on to pay for the uniforms of his men, and for the public dinner, as well as for many other things had and procured for the Gallywest Guards.—In this extremity he applied to his uncle Sam for the loan of twelve hundred dollars. The old man took a mortgage of his farm, to be foreclosed in three years, if not sooner redeemed, and counted down the ready money. He then gave Harry a word of good advice, according to the custom of old men in such cases, concluding as follows:

"You've outrun the constable, you great hummox, and you'll die in the poor house, you will. I told you what your soring would come to and I always hated your trade of blood. So you may hang up your fiddle, and never come here again a courtin', for it's all over with you and Lucy, I can tell you. You shan't have her till you're as good a man as you were before you put on your top-knots and folderols."

Uncle Sam's bark was always worse than his bite, and, in this case, he did not mean so much as he said; but from that hour, all was over with poor Harry. His uncle's speech ruined him. He had lost all motive for ambition, and took no measures to retrieve his fallen fortunes. His cattle were now seldom boddied and to revenge the neglect, they broke into his fields and trud down and destroyed his crops. His fences were not repaired, his wood not cut, and, in short, he was an undone man.

He no longer basked in the smiles of his cousin, and, to cap the climax, he took to drinking.

Deeply did his uncle regret his ill-timed severity, for he had loved Harry like a father, and it had been the first wish of his heart to see him united to his daughter; but, at present, such an act would have been to unite her to destruction. In March he paid him a visit, and found him in bed, not very sober. He then made a tour in the premises, and found nothing in order. There was no sign of preparation for the labors of the coming season. He went home in despair, and told Lucy it was a gone case.

It was a bad case, to be sure; but her affectionate heart suggested means to make it better. As Harry was leaving his own door, on the morning of the first of April, to go to the dram shop, he met a little, old pedlar, bending under the weight of his pack. The man had a high seal skin cap on his head, and was attired in the costume of years gone by.—Withal, his hair was as white as snow, and so was his beard, which reached to his waistband. Yet his teeth were very fine, and the bloom of his cheeks did not accord with his beard and hair. Harry asked

him what he had to sell, and as the old man replied, "Every thing," the voice thrilled to his heart. He asked the ancient into his house, assisted him to set down his pack, and made some small purchases. He thought he had seen him before, and felt a strong interest in the features before him.

"I think I've seen you afore, daddy," said he.

"It's very like you may," answered the pedlar.

"You seem too old to carry a pack," rejoined Harry. "Hain't you no other way to git your living?"

"Yes; in the winter I tell fortins, and I'll tell your'n, if you like."

"No, no, daddy, you can't catch old birds with chaff."

"But I'll tell your'n without chargin' you any thing."

Harry suffered himself to be persuaded. The old man took his hand, gazed attentively on it, and then said, "You're the very man I dreamt on. There's a great deal of money buried on your farm; I can't just tell where, but it's not very deep. You can reach it with your plough."

A few more words and the old man departed. That night Harry dreamed of a hidden treasure, and the next morning, he yoked his oxen, determined to find it. He ploughed all day, and the next, and the next, till he had broken up all his arable land, and still he dreamed of pots of silver and gold, for he remembered to have heard that the pirate Kidd had hidden his booty thereabout. He then tho't he had not ploughed deep enough, and went over the ground again.—Just as he gave up the bargain for a bad one, his uncle stood by him and said, "Your farm's well ploughed, Harry, and I'll come tomorrow and help you put in your grain."

The spell was broken, but Harry profited by his uncle's aid, and raised a very extraordinary crop. Industry, too, had suspended his visits to the grog shop. When his fields were ripe for the sickle, his uncle again stood beside him, with the mortgage of his estate in his hand.

"I'm a man of my word, Harry," said he, "and as you're as good a man as ever you were, you may marry Lucy to-morrow, if you like." With these words, he tore the mortgage into fifty pieces, which were quickly blown away by the wind.

As Harry was rocking a cradle on the first of April next ensuing, he said to Lucy—"It's very strange, dear, that I wasn't made a fool of this day last year."

"Yes you were, and it was I that made a fool of you. Don't you remember the old pedlar that told your fortin? My butter paid for his pack."

In the course of time, Harry did indeed plough up a treasure from his farm.

COMPASSION.—A sick man observed to his wife, "my dear I am not well to-day. Will you be kind enough to prepare me a little dinner?" "And what will you have, Mr. P?" "Apple dumplings." They were accordingly made; and Mr. P. sat down *solas* to a dish of eighteen! After having despatched seventeen and a half, and shewed strong indications of finishing the remaining morsel, a little urchin, a son of his, cried out, "O dad gim me dat." He very pathetically replied, "go away my son—poor dad is sick."

VIRGINIA ELOQUENCE.—Gentlemen of the Jury—While Bonaparte are a marching his army from Elba to Paris, and from Paris to Elba, inundating the whole country with blood, I stand here the humble advocate of this notorious hog thief. The goats may soar to the summits of those mountains, and the sheep may feed on the hills below, and the cattle crop the grass of the meadows, but my client are no more guilty of stealing that hog than a toad are got a tail!

A LEARNED INSCRIPTION.—The following inscription may be seen on a sign in Main street, Brooklyn: "Washin' mending, and skule teachin' doon up stures."

A woman in New York became so enraged at another woman, that, in an attempt to seize the poker to strike her antagonist, she fell down dead.

A lady of much beauty, at Brighton, England, having been 'crossed in love, has shut herself up in darkness for the last ten years.

WIT AT A PINCH.
A country girl one morning went
To market with her pig;
The little curl-tul, not content,
Squeaked out a merry jig.

A gentleman, on passing by,
Laughed much, and jeering spoke,
"I wonder, Miss, your child will cry,
When wrapt up in your cloaks."

"Why, Sir, (quite pert the girl replies,)
So bad a breeding had he,
That ever and anon he cries,
Whene'er he sees his daddy."

Fire and Inland Navigation INSURANCE.

Moses Turner,

A GENT at Rising Sun, Indiana, of the Protection Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, offers to effect Insurance on behalf of said Company on Dwelling Houses, Stores, Warehouses, and buildings in general. Merchandise, Household Furniture, and every description of personal property against loss or damage by FIRE. Also, on Flat-boats and every other description of vessels with their cargoes, against loss or damage by Inland Navigation.

The terms are as favorable as those of any other company, and all claims for losses will be liberally adjusted and promptly paid.

Almost every man has a deep and absolute personal interest in the subject, either as the owner of a dwelling house, furniture, a warehouse, or goods therein; in a manufactory, a shop with tools, a barn, a steam-boat, or goods on board a keel or flat boat, or some other kind of property, the loss of which might prove the ruin of his family; and which of course ought not to remain a single hour without Insurance.

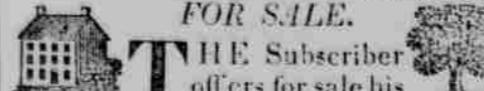
Rising Sun, Oct. 18, 1834.—3m49

NOTICE.

THE undersigned having rented the extensive **Flouring Mill**, on Laundry, owned by Col. P. James, respectfully inform the public that, having a good head of water, they are now ready to grind for customers. They will do business on the *old terms*; and having the Mill in good repair, and attended by experienced millers, they confidently expect a liberal custom.

PIATT & ATHEARN,
James' Mills, Oct. 25, 1834—50

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

 THE Subscriber offers for sale his Farm, situated on the Miller ridge, in Randolph township, Dearborn county, on the state road leading from Rising Sun through Hartford, and three miles from the former place. It contains about **102 acres** of first rate land, 50 of which are under cultivation, and the remainder well timbered. The improvements are a valuable **ORCHARD** of 100 grafted fruit trees, a good Dwelling house, two good stables, &c. For terms apply to Messrs. Haines & Lanius, merchants, Rising Sun.

J. F. HARRISON.
October 11, 1834.—3m48

NEW GOODS.

E. H. EATON, & CO., HAVE just received a new supply of seasonable Fall and Winter GOODS, consisting of Superfine Cloths, Mackinaw Blankets, Flannels, Superfine Cabinets, Bed Ticking, Rose Blankets, handsome Calicoes, Shawls, dress Hdkts, Umbrellas, Ribbons, Boots, Shoes and Brogans of assorted sizes, together with an extensive variety of **Hardware**, **Groceries** and **Queensware**, and an assortment of Paints, Dye Stuffs, Drugs and Medicines, &c. & c.

They invite their friends and customers to call and see.

Rising Sun, Oct. 4, 1834.

TAILORING.

THOMAS QUIRK,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has rented the shop belonging to, and formerly occupied by Caleb Campbell, for the purpose of carrying on, in all its branches, the business of

Fashionable Tailoring.

He will execute all orders in his line, in the neatest, best, and most durable manner, and according to the latest and most approved fashions. His experience in the various branches of Tailoring, justifies him in saying that he will be able to please all who may favor him with their custom.

Rising Sun, Oct. 4, 1834.—47f

Timothy and Clover Seed.

THE subscriber has on hand a quantity of Timothy and Clover SEED, which he will sell on accommodating terms.

S. HATHAWAY.

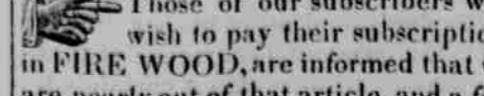
Rising Sun, Oct. 4, 1834.

FLAX SEED.

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS Cash per bushel will be given for clean FLAX SEED at the Rising Sun Mill until December next.

April 5, 1834.

WOOD WANTED.

 Those of our subscribers who wish to pay their subscriptions in FIRE WOOD, are informed that we are nearly out of that article, and a few loads would be quite acceptable at this time.

Oct. 18.

HENRY HOPKINS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

WILL practice in the several Courts in this judicial circuit. All business directed to him by mail or otherwise, will meet with prompt attention. Office at his residence in Manchester, Dearborn county, Indiana.

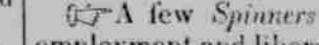
Sept. 18, 1834.—1y46

COTTON YARNS.

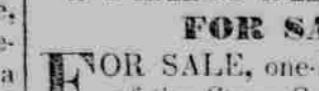
THE Rising Sun Cotton Factory has been in operation for four months, and is now making a LARGE quantity of **YARNS**, of a superior quality. Persons desirous of making purchases of it, either wholesale or retail, will do well to call and examine the article.

P. JAMES.

Rising Sun, Aug. 23, 1834. 41

 A few *Spinners* will find steady employment and liberal wages. P. J.

STEAM SAW MILL FOR SALE.

 FOR SALE, one-half or the whole of the **Steam Saw Mill**, in Rising Sun, Indiana. This mill is 30 feet in length, and 26 feet wide, carries TWO SAWS, and saws 40 feet in length. The substantial manner in which the building is put up, the simplicity of the machinery, and the strength of the engine, has been acknowledged by all who have seen it. The boilers are 22 feet long, and 32 inches diameter.

There is also a pair of **MILL STONES** 4 feet 7 inches in diameter, attached to the saw mill, that will grind above 200 bushels in 24 hours. The mill is situated on three lots, and has a first rate stone wall **Well**, 53 feet deep, which supplies the boilers.

Any person owning land above this place, who could furnish the mill with logs and firewood, will find this establishment worthy his attention. Terms will be easy. For further particulars apply to

JOHN ROSE,

or E. S. BUSH,

Agent, Lawrenceburg.

Rising Sun, Aug. 9, 1834.—39f

NOTICE.

THE subscriber still continues to do business at his Old Stand on the corner of Front and Grand streets and takes this method of informing the public in general, that he has on hand a good assortment of