

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FIRST ERROR.

BY STACY G. POTTS.

Mary Conway was the flower of her father's family. She was young, and well do I remember, she was beautiful. There is no object beneath the sun—nothing in this wide world, full as it is of allurements, rich as it is in glorious promises, and golden hopes, and spirit-stirring dreams, that burns into the heart like the fresh vision of young angelic loveliness, in the hey-dey of the passions. There is something so pure and innocent, and holy in the mild lustre of her eye; something so heavenly in the soft and gentle smile that plays upon her cheek and lips; so much ethereal gracefulness in her form; so many attractions round her, that it seems to me, a beholding intelligence from the court above would bend a moment to contemplate and consider, before he flew to the eternal throne to enter the crime of idolatry against her youthful worshipper, in the moment that he lost the recollection of the Creator in gazing upon her. I look back through the mist of years, but I see no object beyond it more distinctly than Mary Conway.

She married early in youth, advantageously and happy; in age and fortune her partner was entirely suitable for her; their minds, too, were similar, above the ordinary cast, firmly moulded, full of sensibility, delicacy and spirit. And the morning of their matrimonial life wore every presage of long, and delightful, and quiet days of joy. If it seemed bright to others, it seemed doubly flattering to them; and lost in the plenitude of their happiness, they forgot, if it had ever entered their minds, how much care and caution, what watchfulness and forbearance, what kindness and prudence, were necessary to secure the peace and tranquility they now enjoyed. Love does not burn always with the brightness of its first light; but it often grows more and more deep, sincere and unchanging as time rolls away. The feelings remain as tender and susceptible, after the shield that protected them from every unkind word or act, has been broken.

The business in which they were engaged was a prosperous one; and Henry was a man of business, industrious, attentive, and intelligent. Every one who spoke of them, prophesied that they would realize a splendid independence. They were the pride of the village. But how small matters sometimes gives an unexpected direction to the fortunes of kingdoms, cities, and individuals! It happened one afternoon, several months after her marriage, that Mary had a little tea party, at which several matrons of the village were present, and, as is often the case, a long and learned dissertation on the matter of managing husbands, had been given alternately by one and another; husbands and prudent wives know what such amount to, and of how much value they are to young housekeepers. Unfortunately, Henry returned in the evening, fatigued and weary, both in body and mind, with the labors of the day, and took his seat at the table.—His favorite dish was not there. He enquired for it, in a style that perhaps savored a little of reproach; it was unintentional. Mary was in the presence of her self-constituted preceptors; she was ashamed to appear too submissive before them, and besides, her feelings were wounded by her husband's manner. She replied, as she thought, spiritedly, but it was really harsh. Henry cast a single glance across the table, pushed back his plate, and rising, left the room. It was the first error. They were both sensible of it in a moment; but who should make the first concession, where both were plainly wrong?

As Henry walked down the street, engaged in unpleasant meditations, and enveloping himself in the gloom, a bright light from the upper windows of the village inn, attracted his notice; he stepped over; a party of young men were about sitting down to supper; they urged him to join the club; the temptation under the circumstances of the case, was all powerful. Supper over, he delays a little longer taking his leave; liquor was introduced, and he drank; music came next, and cards followed. Though he did not join in the last, he looked at the games without abhorrence; the dread he had been brought up in of evil, had been broken.

Returning late at night, his spirits, heated with wine, and the recollection of his wife's behavior before him, he found her retired, and passed the night in another room. The morning brought a cool meeting—the formal interchange of a few words, and a parting explanation or complaint. The seed of contention was sown—it bore the fruit that might have been expected. His home was no longer the centre of attraction to Henry. His

tavern companions were gay, good humored and attractive; and he left the fire side of his own mansion, which no longer wooed him as zealously and powerfully as the ale-house club, of which he was very soon the centre and life. The second error was committed.

Though unseen by their friends, a dark cloud now brooded over the fortunes of our young couple. It gathered darkness, until perceptible to every eye; and when it burst, carried ruin and desolation with it. Driven to the dangerous company of dissipated, fashionable men, Henry contracted all their habits; he came a drunkard and a gambler. The domestic circle was deserted, and its obligations forgotten.—Mary met her husband's harshness and faithlessness with reproaches and bitterness; they both began in error and continued so. These errors occasioned loud and long, and violent collisions; a fearful example was thus set before their children, who grew up disobedient, violent and passionate. And though for many long years the impending bolt of ruin was stayed just above their heads, at last it sped.

Henry died a lingering and awful death. His estate was found to be insolvent—his children grew up to ruin; and Mary, the once beautiful and enchanting Mary Conway, ended her life in poverty and obscurity. Thus fatal in its direct and natural consequences was an error, a single error, the offspring rather of accident than intention. I leave the moral for others to trace out and apply.

PLAIN AND PITTY REMARKS OF OLD HUMPHREY ON FITS.

Though I am no doctor I have by me some excellent prescriptions, and as I shall charge you nothing for them you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits; I am visited with them myself, and I dare say you are also; now then for the prescriptions.

For a fit of passion, walk out into the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds, without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness, count the ticking of a clock. Do this an hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro.

For a fit of extravagance and folly, go to the work house, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced,

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn, Must be content to lie upon it.

For a fit of ambition, go to the church yard, and read the grave stones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your sister.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, and afflicted, and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter affliction.

For fits of despondency, look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them, while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all fits of doubt, perplexity and fear, whether they respect the body or the mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart; the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the great physician: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee."

MANAGEMENT OF COLTS.—The abusing of colts in the first winter, is why they prove so bad—for farmers seldom allow their weaned colts any food except hay and that is too often of an inferior quality. Thus are they stunted in their growth the first winter to such a degree, they never get the better of it. Colts should have the best of clover hay,—and their rapid growth would amply compensate the owner for a few bushels of oat meal and bran,—to be given them through all winter. In some countries they allow a young colt fifteen bushels of oats. After the first winter they will need no extraordinary feeding till they grow up.

Were the above directions observed, we should soon see an improvement in our breed of horses. And it is reasonable to suppose they would be capable of doing much more work, and be likely to hold out to a greater age.

"GOING AHEAD!"

A runaway couple, with their attendants, came to this city on Monday morning, and immediately crossed the river to Aberdeen, a second "Gretna Green," in order to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Here they found a magistrate well skilled in the art of matrimonial knot-tying, and who,

when the silver is planked up, is not very scrupulous about the requisitions of the law. The job was speedily done and the couple pronounced "man and wife." The bride's maid, a plump and rosy lass, at the conclusion of the ceremony, innocently said, with a winning and killing smile, that it was so easy a thing to get married, she would like to try it too." Her partner, being too gallant to be outdone or back out bravely determined to "go ahead," and instantly shelled out the pre-requisite—possibly a "Jackson yellow boy." The suddenly excited hopes were quickly swallowed up in exquisite fruition, and the couple returned to Kentucky with their companions, a delighted husband and wife.—*Maysville (Ky.) Eagle.*

Dog Cheap.—A "Jonathan" from N. Hampshire, called at a barber's shop near the auction store. He would have his hair cut in the *cutest* manner and be shaved as slick as a whistle, which was done.

"What do you ax?" says Jonathan. "Nineteen cents," says the barber. "I ha'nt but only jest three cents," says Jonathan.

"Do you suppose I would shave and cut hair for nothing?" retorted the barber.

"I guess I can't help it, I ha'nt got nothing but three cents."

The barber concluded that a penny saved was better than nothing, so he took Jonathan's three cents—led him to the door and gave him a kick which sent him sprawling into the street.—Jonathan gathered himself up and said to those standing by, "what barbers you have got; I was shaved, and had my hair cut, and was kicked out of the shop, all for three cents; aint that dog cheap, by gum!"—*New Yorker.*

Goslings.—"Halloo, Mister!" cried a passenger in a Stage Coach, to a rough looking foot-passenger, Can you tell me what has become of those goslings which were hatched last year, on the top of that rock? Four of them are dead, sir, returned Jonathan, and the other, I perceive is a passenger in the Stage Coach. The gentleman was used up.

PRODUCE, AND BOOT & SHOE STORE.

L. N. HALL,

HAVING received an additional supply of Family Groceries, &c. wishes to inform his customers generally that he will be ready to wait on them at any hour, from day light to nine o'clock, P. M. to the following articles, with many more too tedious to mention:

Sweet and Irish Potatoes; Fleur, Meal and Cheese; Zanesville and Kanawha Salt; Apples and dried Fruit; Cheese, Bolognes and dried Beef; Mackarel and Herring; Dried and pickled Codfish; Honey, Molasses and Butter; Vinegar, Cider and Wine; Whiskey, Bounce and Brandy; Loaf and Orleans Sugar; Imperial and Y. Hyson Teas; Coffee and Chocolate; Rice, Ginger and Boston Crackers; Butter Biscuit and Pickles; Pumpkins, Cabbage and Crout; Tallow and Sperm Candles; Sperm Oil and loaf table Salt; Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff; Palm, Rosin and Shaving Soap; Pepper, Alspice, Cloves, Nutmegs; Cinnamon, Raisins and Candies; Powder, Shot, Lead and Nails; Tar, Rosin and Chalk; Starch and Wooden Bowls; Shoes and Boots, assorted; Tin and Potter's WARE; Shoe and Sewing Thread; Seives, Twine and Suspenders; Parsley, Peppers and Sage; Beets, Hops and Carrots; Apple Butter and Glassware; Water and Whitewash Lime; Fresh Beef generally;

On the corner of Front & Grand streets, opposite S. Hathaway's store, N. B. No liquors to be sold by the small.

Rising Sun, Nov. 7, 1836.—y

NEW GOODS.

M. TURNER,

HAS just received and is now opening, a handsome assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of part as follows:

Cloths, Cassimeres, and Cassinets; English Merino; Merino Circassians; Bombezets, Winter Ginghams; Thibet Shawls and Handkerchiefs; A handsome lot of Calicoes; Ladies and Gentlemen's Gloves; Ladies Morocco Boots and Shoes;

"Prunella" do
Silk and Cotton Umbrellas.

Together with a general assortment, suitable for the season—all of which will be sold low for cash or approved country produce.

P. & H. James,

HAVE just received a fresh supply of new and fashionable Goods, comprising in part a splendid assortment of **Fancy Calicoes**, especially selected for the Fall season, which, in addition to their former stock, comprises almost every article used in our country, either by the Farmer or Mechanic, which they will sell low for cash, or approved produce.

COTTON YARN, BATTING,

AND CANDLE WICK,

Will always be found in their establishment, for sale either by wholesale or retail.

They have also a large lot of

Kanawha Salt,

of the first quality, which they will sell at 37 1-2 cents per bushel.

Rising Sun, Sept. 26, 1835.

NEW GOODS.

JUST received, in addition to our former stock, a general assortment of **FALL AND WINTER GOODS**, consisting in part of

Super blue, black, green, olive, brown, and steel mixed Bread Cloths;

Brown and drab Petersham do.;

Blue, black, brown, olive, steel mixed, striped and plaid Cassinets and Satinets; Lexington Jeans;

Rose and Point Blankets;

Red, scarlet, green and twilled Flannels

Do do do Canton do

Blue and brown Camlet;

Bombetts and Circassians, assorted colors; Merino cloth;

Black, Italian, Lutestring, and Gro de Nap. Silks;

Fig'd and plain Florence, ass'd colors;

Merino, Valentia and Cotton Shawls;

Dress Handkerchiefs, assorted;

Linen and Cotton Diaper;

Irish Linen; Bleached & brown Sheetings and Shirts;

Plain and figured Bobinets;

Cross barred and striped Jackonet;

Swiss, mull, plain and fig'd Cambrics;

Thread and bobinet Laces & Edgings;

A general assortment of

Vestings, Calicoes, Ginghams, &c.

Hats and Caps; Combs, assorted;

Ladies and gentlemen's Gloves and Hosiery;

Plain and gilt Looking Glasses;

Cotton Yarn, assorted Nos.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY, and Queensware.

A general assortment of

COOPER'S TOOLS.

GROCERIES.

Also, Iron, Nails, Castings, Window Glass, Cordage, &c. &c.

All of which will be disposed of on our usual accommodating terms.

HAINES & LANIUS.

Rising Sun, Sept. 26, 1835.

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

AMONG WHICH MAY BE FOUND

Cloths, Cassinets, Jeans, Satinets, Circassians, Ginghams, Flannels,

Vestings, Silks, Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, CALICOES in great variety,

and every other article in the Dry Goods line. A large supply of

Boots, Shoes and Brogans.

They have also on hand and intend to keep a large and good assortment of

Groceries, Queensware, Cutlery,

Hardware, Glass and Tin Ware,

Cotton Yarns, Saddlery, Castings

of all kinds, Steel, Iron, Nails, Pow-

der, Shot, Lead, Hats, Caps, Drags

and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-

Stuffs, and in fine every article usually

kept in stores, making as good an as-

sortment as can be found at any similar

establishment in the country—and they

will sell cheap on their former terms.

They invite the public to call and ex-

amine for themselves.

James' Mill, Nov. 1835.—y

Just Received,

FROM Philadelphia and Baltimore

a full and splendid assortment of

FASHIONABLE

Spring and Summer Goods.

ALSO,

A large and general assortment of

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,

COOPER'S TOOLS, SADDLERY,

&c. &c. &c.

All of which will be disposed of on our

usual terms