



BEHAVIOUR BEFORE FOLK.

BY ALEX. RODGER.

Five or six years ago, a lively piece, commencing "Behave yourself before folk," was published by a Scottish poet, and received a good deal of praise. Some of our readers may have met with it, though not in the *Atlas* which was not then in existence, and they at least, and we presume others, will be pleased with the following rejoinder.

Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When, wily elf, your sleeky self,
Gars me gang gyt before folk?

An' a'e do, m'a' you say,
You've sic a pawkie, coaxing way,
That my poor wits ye lead astray,
An' ding me doit before folk?

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

While ye ensnare, can I forbear
To kiss you, though before folk?

Can I behold that dimpled cheek,
Whar love mad sunny smiles might beek,
Yet, howlet-like, my e'clids seek,
An' shun sic light before folk?

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When ilka smile becomes a wile,
Enticing me—before folk?

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
Sweet, plump, an' ripe, sic tempts me to it,
That I maun preet, tho' I should rue it,
Ay, twenty times—before folk!

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When temptingly it offers me,
So rich a treat—before folk?

That gowden hair sac sunny bright;
That shapely neck o' swawy white;
That tongue, even when it tries to flyte,
Provokes me till' before folk?

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When ilka charm, young, fresh, an' warm,
Cries, "kiss me now"—before folk?

An' o' that pawkie, rowin' e'c,
So roguishly it blinks on me,

I canna, for my soul, let be,
Frae kissing you before folk?

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When ilka glint conveys a hint,
To take a smack—before folk?

Ye own, that were we baith alone,
Ye wadna grudge to grant me aye;

Weel, gin there be no harm in't then,
What harm is in't before folk?

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

Sly hypocrite! an' anchor!
Could scarce desist—before folk?

But after a' that has been said,
Since ye are willing to be wed,
We'll ha'e a 'blythe' bridal' made
When ye'll be mine before folk!

Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
Then I'll behave before folk.

For whereas then, ye'll ait get "ten"
It winna be before folk! Whistle-binkie.

Miscellaneous.

From the News-Letter.

JONATHAN IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Jonathan Brown was one of the likeliest fellows who resided in the pleasant village of Nemochink. He was about twenty-six years of age, of an athletic figure, and iron constitution; and it was said he could mow over more acres of land, or lay up more rods of stone wall in a day, than any lad in those parts.

His father had been dead about three years and a half, and had left the bulk of his property, consisting of a large dwelling house, a spacious barn and out-houses, and a flourishing farm, to his beloved son Jonathan. His younger sister lived with him, and his mother acted in quality of housekeeper.

After his father's death every thing went on smoothly enough for a time; but at length the old lady unwisely aimed at despotic authority, and expressed a resolution to regulate household affairs, without regard to the wishes or convenience of her son. Jonathan bore it patiently enough for a few months—but one day after a violent dispute with his maternal parent, respecting the propriety of killing and salting down a favorite porker, before or after Thanksgiving Jonathan undutifully declared that he would live no longer, and cruelly destroyed all the old lady's dreams of dominion, by expressing a determination to get a wife.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th of November, when Jonathan Brown proceeded to put himself in decent trim; and when the rich harvest of his chin and upper lip had been gathered—when his hair was smoothly combed, and he was attired in his best broad cloth coat and untalkaboutables, with silver watch and waist coat to match—he was as decent a looking a personable sort of a man as one would see in a sum mer's day.

As he sighing left his native home upon this most important expedition, he communed with—I never had much acquaintance with the girls about in these parts, and I don't know as any of them will have me. 'Tis but trying, after all, and if one won't, who knows but another will. There's 'Squire Jones' daughter Nabby. She's a real fine gal—I'll try her first. They say Deacon Thompson's son has a sneaking notion after her—but I don't believe it. May be she'll think

herself too much of a lady for me; but she looked so pretty last Sunday at meeting in her new bonnet, that it shan't be my fault if she does not become Mrs. Brown. But if she's fool enough to say "Nay," there's Nancy Tompkins, who has lately returned from visiting her rich uncle in Boston. She's used to genteel society—is quite a lady—been educated at a boarding school, and will make me a flashy wife. I don't believe she's got a beau yet; and I dare say would be glad of such a chance. Then there's Peggy Pipkin, the prettiest gal in all the town

—To be sure there's always some spark after her—and some folks do tell strange stories of her—but I don't believe them though. I dare say I can have her. And if the worst comes to the worst, there's Sally Johnson. She's no great beauty, it is true; but she is a good girl, and has been well brought up, and will make any man a capital wife. By jingo, exclaimed Jonathan, who by this time had worked himself into a complete matrimonial passion. I'll strike a bargain with one of them before I enter my own doors again! As he expressed the praiseworthy resolution, he reached the door of 'Squire Jones' house.

He found the inmates, Mrs. Jones, her daughter Nabby, and her three younger daughters, all busily engaged in preparing "good things" for tea. He was soon aware that he had arrived at an unlucky moment, for he was not welcomed by Mrs. Jones with her accustomed cordiality. And from Nabby's appearance, being tricked out in all her Sunday finery, it was plain that some more important person or persons were expected to partake with them their evening meal. However, he seated himself, and began to joke with Nabby on her looks: I s'wow now, Nabby, you look right down handsome. You are a beauty, Nabby—there's no two ways about it—I don't believe the President ever had such a pretty little gal for his wife in all his life!

Although Nabby giggled a little, she did not seem particularly flattered with these complimentary remarks—but her face beamed with a most bewitching smile when the noise of the carriage was heard, and Simon Thompson, in a dashing gig, drove in o' the yard.

"Heigho!" sighed Jonathan, "I see how the cat jumps. If I had only been a week or two sooner, their might have been some chance. However, I won't quit the house till I've poff'd the question—if I do, I'll be daid'd—and if I get the bag, I won't kill me."

Simon Thompson was received by the ladies in their kindest manner, but poor Jonathan was treated with killing coldness, which made him feel rather queer. But he bravely resolved to bring the matter to an issue; and accordingly when Nabby left the room to attend to some household duties, Jonathan rose, and much to the surprise of all, and to the great annoyance of Simon, followed her to another apartment.

"Nabby," said Jonathan, "I've been thinking about taking a wife. Mother's got so tarnation cross that I can't live no longer—and there's no gal in all these parts that I like half so well as I do you; and if you'll have me don't stand shilly shally about it, but say so at once—and I don't believe that you'll ever have cause to repent it."

Nabby blushed to the eyes—Mr. Brown, she stammered out, after biting her thumb nails for a few moments, I am much obliged to you for your good opinion—but I fear that it is out of my power to contribute to your happiness—I hope you'll find a partner more deserving than poor Nabby Jones. At any rate, you can't marry me, for I am—already—engaged!"

"Wheugh!" whistled Jonathan: but there now, I thought so. You are going to marry that young dandy in 't other room. Well, I don't believe he'll make you half so good a husband as I should; but if you like him better, I'll say no more about it. I've a dreadful good mind to kick him though. Good bye, Nabby!"

"Well," said Jonathan, as he trudged slowly along the road which led to the venerable mansion of general Tompkins, the game's up—but who would believe that such a cute and slick gal as Nabby Jones would throw herself away upon that sneaking puppy, Simon Thompson! Never mind; there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught out, and 'tis hard if I can't toll one into my net! As he made this consoling reflection, he found himself standing on the door-steps of general Tompkins' house.

Jonathan cast rather a suspicious glance upon the well-polished brass knocker, which had been affixed to the general's door since Nancy's return from Boston: That's as much as to say, quoth he to himself, that no one should enter without knocking!

He lifted the knocker and gave a thundering rap. A little girl came to the door. "Is your sister Nancy at home, Hanny?"

"I don't know for sartin, but I'll see." Strange! thought Jonathan, that she should not know whether her sister's at home or not?

"Nancy!" screamed the little girl, on opening the parlour door, in a key so loud that Jonathan heard every word. "Mr. Jonathan Brown is at the door, and asks for you. Shall I tell him you're at home?" I suppose you must let the booby in," answered the accomplished young lady— I wonder what is his business with me. He's dressed up in his Sunday clothes, and perhaps he has come a sparkling!

"Booby!" muttered Jonathan to himself.—But if ever I get Madam under my thumb, I'll make her change her tone, I guess."

Our hero entered the room. The accomplished young lady laid down the last new novel, and received him in the most approved fashionable style. "Too much formality by half," thought Jonathan; but never mind, she was tarnation pretty?

Our "booby" was at first a little abashed; but as he was playing a desperate game, he screwed his courage up to the sticking point, and conversed with as much ease and elegance as could be expected. Nancy, with true female adroitness, turned the conversation into a channel which she thought would exhibit wonderful accomplishments to the best advantage. She talked long and learnedly of poetry and music, but could scarcely conceal her contempt when her lovelorn swain honestly declared that his favorite tunes were *Wells* and *Old Hundred*, and that the only poem he had ever read in his life, was a fourth of July oration!

(Concluded next week.)

NEW AND
VALUABLE INVENTION!

CHEAP, VALUABLE AND INTERESTING WORKS.

The undersigned, a resident of Vincennes, Indiana, has invented and perfected a new and valuable improvement in the application of wind, for the purpose of propelling machinery;—for which he has received letters patent from the president of the United States, designated J. L. COLEMAN'S SELF-REGULATING HORIZONTAL WINDMILL

Ocular demonstration is always the most satisfactory—and two mills are now erected in the borough of Vincennes upon the plan of the undersigned, one of which has been in operation near two years.—The perfect safety and entire simplicity of these mills, may be conceived from a brief outline.

A horizontal wheel is placed on a vertical shaft above the house, with four or more wings or sails standing in an inclined position from the way the windwheel is calculated to run, which throws a gradual weight of the wings on a given scope of wind, and the wings bearing on the wind propel the wheel; it illustrates a combinational power of weight and wind, with the principle of gravity acting on wind.—Each wing performs one revolution on its pivot, to one of the main windwheel.—Each wing has a bearing of seven-eighths of its circumference upon the wind, and the one-eighth occasions little or no resistance.

The power is in proportion to the weight given, and a very light weight is sufficient to drive the simple machinery of a run of millstones. More or less power, it desired, can be given when the mill is in operation by the lower pivot of each wing being placed on a sliding block, to which a rope is attached extending to main shaft passing under a collar on shaft at the roof of building, to a windlass on shaft inside the house. There is nothing conjectural or complicated in the improvement mentioned;—it is founded on a principle of nature, and amply tested by practical experience. The use and benefit to accrue cannot long remain limited; it will be found to recommend itself for utility, cheapness, certainty, safety, and convenience, to the citizens of every quarter of the United States.

To those who reside on the western and southern plains, and to those near the Atlantic or northern lake shores, it will afford durable benefit and great accommodation. No person acquainted with mills, who has seen the mill of the undersigned in operation, has withheld an expression of entire approval; and a strong recommendation, after actual examination of the mill at work, could now be procured, signed by hundreds of intelligent citizens.—The expense of the running gearing of a grist mill, whether the main shaft be vertical or horizontal, is well known to all mill rights; and the chief difference arises from the driving power. The expense of a windwheel depends upon the size; one to carry one hundred yards of sail will not exceed one hundred dollars, and one carrying six hundred yards, may not exceed five hundred dollars. The first mentioned size will drive a run of four feet millstones with a very moderate wind; and the last mentioned size will, with the same wind, drive six run of the same size stones with equal safety at all times.

The undersigned, as a matter of choice at the present time, would prefer to recommend a windwheel to carry about three hundred yards, say sixty feet in diameter, and to remove any possible doubt, the following assurances are here made. That with the least possible wind it will drive one run of four feet millstones;—with a moderate breeze it will drive two or three, and with a strong wind five run of the same size, each doing good business.—That it will make flour equal to any other mill, and requires much less attention to keep it in repair. That a boy of ten years of age may have entire and perfect command of it at all times without difficulty. That with garners to hold sufficient grain, and lead a supply to the hoppers, it may be left in perfect safety for twenty-four hours at time. The wind may blow from a moderate breeze to a storm, (both inclusive) and change its direction as often and as quick as may be, and little if any difference will be perceived in the movement of the mill. That in proportion to cost, it will do a better business than any steam engine, (expense of fuel and engineer saved). And that for sawing and grist mills it will be found equally effective, and less expensive.

Persons desirous of further information in relation to this important discovery, will please visit the mill of the undersigned, or address him by mail, post paid, to Vincennes, Ind., which will receive due attention.

Any person or persons, who will build a good and substantial mill on the above principle, such as the undersigned will designate to him or them in writing, in the most prominent place in any of the states, and attend to the same personally, shall be entitled to half the proceeds arising from a patent in the state he or they may select.

J. L. COLEMAN.

Vincennes, March 20, 1833.—8-3m.

Since the above was handed to the Editor, a respectable and intelligent citizen of this place, Willis Fellows, Esqr. well acquainted with machinery, and with the different principles of windmills, gave it as his opinion, that the above principle is at least five hundred per cent. preferable to any heretofore used. [Ed. Sun]

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The highest price given for all kinds of FURS.

H. M. GILHAM.

Vincennes, Ind. March 17, 1832. 6-ff

Rags! Rags! Rags!

CASH, or WORK, will be given for any quantity of clean LINEN or COTTON RAGS at the WESTERN SUN office.

NOTICE.

The Subscriber having commenced the HATTING BUSINESS on Water street, Vincennes, in the house formerly owned by Wilson Lagow, takes this method of informing the citizens, and the country at large, that he expects to keep on hand, and for sale, a general assortment of FUR HATS, which work he intends to have made in a neat substantial and fashionable manner.

The highest price given for all kinds of FURS.

H. M. GILHAM.

Vincennes, Ind. March 17, 1832. 6-ff