

The Muse.

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

ODE ON TOBACCO.

Hail Tobacco—Queen of Flowers, Solace of my lonely hours, Fume that kindles as it flows, Circling through my glowing nose, I have puffed thee all the day, Yet still thy merry vapours play. Let others boast of joys of soul That waken o'er the flowing bowl— Or fancy raptures as they sip Balmey sweets from beauty's lip— Sweetest far thy fume that goes Curling aloft mid eyes and nose. Vulgar souls may deem that noses Were only made for smelling roses— Smokers, true to nature's plan, Feel the dignity of man, And use their smellers as a stack of Chimneys to expel tobacco. Herb divine, for thee shall rise Clouds of income to the skies; O'er thy votaries' brains shall sit Dazzling images of wit; And puffers yet unborn shall wheeze Narcotic strains as sweet as these. Whether from hookah, pipe or quill, Thy fumes ascend—I love the still; Whatever shape thou deign'st to wear— Long-cut, short-cut, shag or cigar, There's not a whiff of thee but goes Long-cut or short-cut through my nose. SIMON SABOOT.

A plaintiff thus explain'd his cause To counsel learned in the laws; "My hand-maid lately ran away, "And in her flight was met by A, "Who, knowing she belong'd to me, "Espous'd her to his servant B, "The issue of this marriage, pray, "Do they belong to me, or A?" The lawyer true to his vocation, Gave signs of deepest cogitation; Look'd at a score of books, or near, Then hemm'd and said, "Your case is clear, "Those children, so begot by B, "Upon your hand-maid must, you see, "Be your's or A's; now, this I say, "They can't be your's if they to A "Belong; it follows then, of course, "That if they are not his, they're yours, "Therefore, by my advice, in short, "You'll take the opinion of the Court."

Miscellaneous.

FROM THE PORTSMOUTH (N. H.) JOURNAL.

GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD.

Mr. Printer—There is a sore evil under the sun, which seems hitherto to have escaped the notice of your correspondents, but which is said to prevail very extensively in this hospitable town. It is a Good Neighborhood. Nay, start not—Mr. Printer, it is indeed a sore evil as you shall presently hear. I am an unmarried lady, a little advanced beyond the period of youth, and in fact approaching that age in which one does not like to have one's early habits interrupted. My friends think me somewhat particular, and—for the word must come out—a little oldmaidish; but I bear their raillery with good humor, for I am conscious that what they laugh at is only a love of neatness and regularity. Having a decent competence, and no near relations with whom I could reside, I lately purchased a small house, in the midst of a very good neighborhood, and last week I commenced house-keeping with high hopes of comfort and enjoyment. But alas! sir, one short week has clouded the prospect; and unless I can sell my house and escape, I shall die of a good neighborhood before Thanksgiving.

I had just got over the bustle of moving, and was quietly seated in my little parlor with my knitting work in my hands and the last Literary Gazette spread before me on the table, when the door burst open, and five little urchins rushed in, all clamorous at once to tell me, that their mamma, Mrs. Pryabout, would have the pleasure of taking tea with me and spending the evening in a neighborly way. I am of a social disposition, Mr. Printer, and though an old maid am pleased with well-behaved children. I therefore told them with a smile, that I should be very happy to see their mamma—and that on some leisure day I should be very happy to see them too. But here I found I was anticipated. "Mamma told us that if you were alone, we might stay an hour or two, as she was very busy this afternoon, and meant to live with you in a neighborly way." Though somewhat startled at this, I submitted with a good grace, laid aside my knitting and paper, and gave up the afternoon to my little neighbors. What proficients they were in the arts of good neighborhood,

my furniture and parlor will exhibit for many years. My tables were scratched, my sofa torn, one of the legs of my arm chair broken, and an ugly hole burnt in my carpet. When their mother arrived about 6 o'clock, she found me busily employed in repairing the damage, and casting her eyes complacently round the room, exclaimed, "I am afraid Miss Barbara, the children have been troublesome, but the dear little creatures have such spirits!" But this, Mr. Printer, was only the beginning of my sorrows. Mrs. Fryabout took her tea with me, and condescended to make all manner of inquiries about my domestic establishment, and to give me all manner of good advice, in a very neighborly way. In the evening, I was favored with the company of Mr. Pryabout, Mrs. Fidgety, and the two Miss Peepthredrawers, who all proved themselves to be excellent good neighbors by opening my cupboard, inspecting my bed-clothes, and counting my linen. As they were only neighbors, and meant to live without ceremony, they staid late, devoured my cakes and fruit, and promised on departing to come again very soon, and make me another neighborly visit.

I went to bed with a sick head-ache. But as I am an early riser, I found myself dressed in the morning before any of my kind neighbors were stirring. I was coming down stairs, when a loud rap summoned me to the door. I found a little dirty child shivering in the frosty air. "Mother wants to know, Ma'am, if you will lend her your wash bowl—she is just getting up and wants to wash her face this morning." And who is your mother? I exclaimed in some astonishment. "Oh! she lives just here in the neighborhood. And has she no wash bowl? No Ma'am, when she washes her face she always borrows. Amused with the novelty of the request, I lent the little urchin the wash bowl, and exhorted her to make use of it herself before she returned it. In about five minutes I was summoned again to the door. "Mother told me to tell you Ma'am, that you forgot to send her a towel. She never borrows a wash bowl without a towel.

In some amazement, I handed her a towel.—"Is there any thing else, my little girl, for your mother seems to be quite neighborly?" Yes—no—yes—nothing else at present. Mother wants to borrow some soap; but she told me to come again for that presently—for if I asked for two things at once, you might not be willing to lend them. I returned to the parlor musing upon the blessings of a good neighborhood, when half a dozen rapid knocks at the door again startled me. The servant came and said that three or four children were at the door all asking to see me. I hastened to meet them with no little alarm.—"What is it my children? do you wish to see me?" All—Ma'am, Miss Barbara— Boy—Uncle wants to know if you'll— Little Boy—Mother sent me to ask you to— Girl—Please Ma'am to— All—LEND— Boy—him your axe. Little Boy—her your tub. Girl—Sister your thread-case. Man, approaching—Can you lend me your wheel-barrow, Ma'am. Woman just behind him.—I want to borrow your clothes' line just for half an hour Ma'am. Third Boy—Father says, if you take the newspaper, Ma'am, he would like to borrow it a little while. Before I could answer these multifarious requests, a little note written in a fine Italian hand on rose-colored paper, and very fantastically turned up at the corners, was put into my hands by a little girl with a basket on her arm, who pressed forward with eagerness through the crowd. Her silence pleased me; and I immediately opened and read, "If my dear Miss Catnip will lend me that beautiful lace cap which I saw in her bureau last evening, she will confer an unrepayable favor upon her affectionate friend and neighbor. HESTER PEPPINTHREDRAWER.

P. S. My sister Catherine would be under infinite obligations to you, if you would lend her your cinnamon-colored calash to make a few calls in this forenoon. N. B. George would like to read Mr. Everett's Oration, which was lying on your table yesterday, but I tell him he must call this forenoon and borrow it himself. Ed P. S. Mamma will thank you for the loan of a couple dozen of eggs." While I was half distressed with these various applications, a round rosy colored gentleman who lives in the neighborhood, passed by, and seeing some distress in my countenance, kindly stopped to inquire after my welfare. "I am afraid Miss Barbara you have lived too much alone—but you have now got into a good neighborhood, and I hope mean to live neighborly. I intended myself to step in one of these mornings, and drink a glass of your find bottled cider before breakfast. I have heard much of it. And by the way, I do not care if I borrow a dozen bottles now till I can buy some myself." I turned towards— Another knock!—I will run to the window to reconnoitre.—As I live, there are three children at the door with baskets, a boy with a wheel-barrow, a woman with a band box, and five tin kettles coming towards the house! My patience is exhausted. Mr. Printer, advertise my house for sale at auction next Monday. I will take lodgings in the country—or go to the Shoals—his very day. BARBARA CATNIP.

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A LOTTERY

FOR the benefit and encouragement of MECHANISM, in the Western part of North Carolina.

Table with 2 columns: Prize description and Amount. Includes items like '1 Prize of 500 dollars', '1 do. \$300 (Family Coach)', etc.

Tickets can be had in Charlotte of the undersigned Commissioners, by letter, postage paid, enclosing the money; or from their agents in Salisbury, Statesville, Concord, Lincolnton, Yorkville or Lancaster; who pledge themselves to pay the prizes as set forth in the scheme, thirty days after the drawing, or refund the money to purchasers of tickets, provided the scheme shall not be drawn.

Notice. ALL persons are hereby forewarned against trading for the following notes, which were executed by me to William Hogg, in payment for a tract of land, which I purchased from him; which land he had previously conveyed by a deed of trust to Charles Hoover, of Davidson county.

Estate of Alex. Long, dec'd. THE subscriber having qualified as executor of the last will of Alexander Long, late of Rowan county, dec'd. at the court of pleas and quarter sessions for the said county, held on the third Monday of November last, notice is hereby given, that all persons having demands against the said estate, are required to present them for payment, within the time prescribed by law.

Cash Shop. FOR sale, at the shop of the subscriber, a good, substantial mail stage body, on reasonable terms. Apply to the subscriber, at his coach-making shop, Salisbury.

Stick Gig, for Sale. The subscriber has also for sale at his shop, a very good stick gig, almost new, with a first rate harness to it. I will also sell the gig very low.

New Cash Store. I HAVE just opened a new and extensive assortment of seasonable and fashionable GOODS.

State of North-Carolina, DAVIDSON COUNTY. COURT of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, Dec. term, 1824. David Easley, sen. vs. David Easley, jr.: original attachment levied on land.

State of North-Carolina, ROWAN COUNTY. COURT of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August term, 1824. John Scott vs. William Lamm: original attachment, levied on land.

State of North-Carolina, IREDELL COUNTY. COURT of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, November term, 1824. James Hucie vs. James Hucie: original attachment returned levied on land.

State of North-Carolina, STOKES COUNTY. COURT of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, December term, 1824. David Burton vs. Leonard Himminger: original attachment, levied on land.

Fresh Goods.

THE subscribers are receiving, and opening, at their STORE in Concord, direct from Philadelphia and New-York, a large and general assortment of All kinds of Goods: and have made arrangements to receive from said places, monthly, any further supply that may be necessary—selected with care, and laid in at prices that will enable them to sell very low. Their customers, and the public at large, are respectfully invited to call, examine, and judge for themselves. MURPHY & BROWN. Concord, Sept. 1824. 148

Cotton Ginning.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the merchants of the town of Salisbury, and the citizen farmers of his neighborhood, that he has just finished a large building, 37 by 32, for Ginning of Cotton, to run by water; and that he is also well fixed for packing cotton, in the neatest manner, for market. He assures his friends, who may favor him with their custom, that he will have their cotton packed and put up in the neatest manner, and in the shortest time possible, and on the lowest terms at which it is done by others. He also assures those who send cotton to his Gin, that it will be kept separate from others, so that they will be sure to get the same cotton they send. He has located and built this establishment, at his Mill Plantation, two miles from Salisbury. JA. FISHER. October 18, 1824. 28

Boot and Shoe Establishment REMOVED.

BENEZER DICKSON takes this method to inform his customers, and the public at large, that he has removed his shoe-shop from the house he formerly occupied, and has taken the house owned by Mr. Thomas Todd, nearly opposite Wm. H. Slaughter's house of entertainment, on Main-street, Salisbury; where he will carry on, as usual, the Boot and Shoe making business, in all its various branches, in a style of neatness and durability which, he believes, cannot be surpassed by any in the state. All orders from a distance, for work in his line, will be faithfully attended to. Salisbury, Sept. 17, 1824. 17

100 Dollars Reward.

RAN AWAY, on the 16th of October, 1824, a negro man named Adam, aged 27 years. He was lodged in the jail of Randolph county on the 19th or 20th inst.; and was taken out of said jail on the 8th of November, 1824, by the subscriber, and taken on home, with a pair of hand-cuffs on. On arriving at the subscriber's house, on the 9th of November, 1824, he was left in a room with a small boy; whilst the family was at supper in another room, by some means Adam slipped out of the door, and made his escape. At the time he was taken up, he had several free papers in his possession. The said boy Adam has a scar on his right hand, occasioned by a wagon wheel. He had on, when he went away, a snuff-colored surcoat, with hand-cuffs, well rivetted. He has heretofore passed as a brickmaker, and as a free man when last taken up. One hundred dollars reward will be given for the apprehension and delivery of said negro. 244 MACK CRUMP. Davidson county, N. C. Nov. 9, 1824.

State of North-Carolina, DAVIDSON COUNTY.

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