

"O Death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to him that is at ease in his possessions."

The rich man moved in pomp—his soil was gorged With the gross fulness of material things...

And in the sleepless chamber of disease, Curtains and nurses, and ill content, he lay...

Why to the cradle-side Com'st thou, O Death—changing to thine own hue...

For those who love this fleeting world too well— Wait till it force their hearts to turn away...

MISCELLANEOUS

THE PRINTER'S COMMANDMENTS

- 1. Thou shalt subscribe for the newspaper printed in thine own vicinity. 2. Thou shalt not take a newspaper without paying the subscription money punctually...

An Independent Man.—One who can live himself with cold water, black his own boots, shave without the use of sordid spirits or tobacco...

Signs of Comfort.—A cottage by the way-side, with delphinium near the door, and geraniums and roses in the windows...

Jesus don't eat hog-meat.—A young lady, one night at a party, was much annoyed by the impudent conversation of a coxcomb who sat near her...

Ascetic.—A person who was remarkably thin and meagre, once walking in a narrow street, met a staggard fellow...

Vanadism.—It is stated, in the Berkshire Advocate, that a young lady in New York, who wore an ultra-fashionable frock and pantalottes...

They order these things very well in France.—The following advertisement, copied from a Paris paper, will show the manner of getting wives among that polished people...

Bought of Rail-Roads.—The Norfolk Beacon, in a recent notice to correspondents, said, "Truth on a Rail-Road shall soon appear."

A speech in Irishman.—"Och, Patrick, aw! are ye killin' it by ye?—bad luck to the stone that has knocked the breath out of ye!"

The Standard.—Judge a man by his actions, a poet by his eyes, an idler by his fingers, a lawyer by his feet, a lover by his sighs, an Irishman by his swagger...

Why is an ayre-hole, when made too deep, like a man in the water? Because it is over-board.

RIP VAN WINKLE. WRITTEN BY DIETRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family...

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees...

In that same village, and in one of these very houses, (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time worn and weather beaten,) there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good natured fellow...

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings...

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be for the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance...

In fact, he declared it was no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilential little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with the least thought or trouble...

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye...

in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's so often going astray. True it is, in points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods...

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener by constant use...

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat, from morning till night...

From this end his strong hold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught...

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods...

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel shooting...

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain gulf, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun...

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard.

He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices...

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion...

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances...

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands.

[To be concluded next week.]

New Tailor's Shop In Concord, N.H. Ca. Image of two men in suits.

THE Subscriber informs his old customers and the public in general, that he has REMOVED TO CONCORD, where he has opened a Shop, in which the TAILORING BUSINESS in its various branches will be executed in the most fashionable, neat, and durable manner.

He receives the latest FASHIONS regularly both from New York and Philadelphia, and works by the most approved systems.

THOMAS S. HENDERSON. Concord, March 29, 1834.

TAILORING. BENJAMIN FRALEY, having received the latest Philadelphia, New York, London, and Paris styles of FASHION...

Orders for Work in his line, from a distance, will be punctually attended to according to order; and all kinds of local custom-work will be done at the shortest notice and on reasonable terms.

TO TAILORS. Being Agent for some of the most Fashionable Tailors in New York, the Subscriber is prepared to teach or give instruction to any of the Trade...

NEW GOODS. THE SUBSCRIBER IS NOW RECEIVING, AND OPENING, A Large and Full Supply OF FALL & WINTER GOODS...

THE public are requested to call, hear prices, and judge for themselves. DANIEL H. CRESS. Salisbury, January 6, 1834.

Travellers' Inn,

SITUATED SOUTHWEST OF THE COURT-HOUSE, IN THE TOWN OF LEXINGTON, (N. CAROLINA.)

THE Subscriber takes this method of informing Travellers that he keeps a House of Entertainment in Lexington, (N. C.) on Main Street, Southwest of the Courthouse.

His Table will always be supplied with the best fare that a plentiful neighborhood can afford. His House being capacious, and attended by servants who are industrious and zealous to please...

An excellent Line of Accommodation Stages Leaves the House of the Subscriber, FOR SALISBURY, on the evenings of Monday, Thursday, and Saturday...

JOHN P. MABRY. Lexington, March 8, 1834.

Earthenware, China, & Glass.

Thomas J. Barrow & Co., Importers—No. 88, Water Street, NEW-YORK. Are now receiving their Spring Patterns of Earthenware, China, and Fancy Goods...

THEIR stock is very extensive, embracing every article sold in the line; and, from their facilities in England, they are enabled to offer every inducement to their customers...

THOS. J. BARROW & CO. Importers, 88 Water St. New York, Feb. 15, 1834.

Salisbury Male Academy.

THE SECOND SESSION OF THIS INSTITUTION WILL COMMENCE

On Friday the first of November next.

THE Subscribers, thankful for past patronage, pledge themselves to enter upon the exercises of the next session with renewed zeal.

P. J. SPARROW. T. W. SPARROW. Salisbury, Oct. 5, 1833.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has this day qualified as Executor of the last Will and Testament of Anderson Ellis, deceased, and hereby requests all persons having claims against said Estate, to present them for payment within the time prescribed by Law...

JAMES ELLIS, Executor. November 23, 1833.

TIN WARE.

TO MERCHANTS AND PEDLARS.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS AT PRESENT ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF TIN WARE, Made of good materials and first-rate workmanship...

- 120 dozen COFFEE POTS, assorted sizes; 40 dozen Open Buckets, ditto; 30 dozen Covered ditto, ditto; 7 dozen Cream and Patty Pans, ditto; 40 dozen Lights of Candle Moulds; 12 dozen Milk Strainers; 65 dozen PANS, assorted sizes; 32 dozen Measures, ditto; 24 dozen Funnels; 100 dozen TIN CUPS; 20 dozen Milk ditto; 12 dozen WASH BASONS.

Cullenders, Stew Pans, Watering Pots, Card Stands, Oil Stands, Bugles, Blow Horns, Lanthorns, Pepper Boxes, Graters, Dippers, Dressers Scoops, Stove Lamps, &c. &c.

Being wax, Feathers, Tallow, Powder, Oil Copper, Wool, and Iron, taken in exchange. DANIEL H. CRESS. Salisbury, January 6, 1834.

Charleston and Cheraw.

THE STEAM-BOAT MACON, CAPT. J. C. GRAHAM.

HAVING been engaged, last Summer, in running between Charleston and Cheraw, calling at George-Town on her way up, and down, will resume her Trips in the course of a few days, and is intended to be continued in the trade the ensuing season.

Her exceeding light draft of water, (drawing when loaded, only about four and a half feet) will enable her to reach Cheraw at all times, except on an uncommonly low river, when her cargo will be lightered, at the expense of the boat. J. B. CLOUGH. Charleston, Sept. 26, 1831. N.B. She has comfortable accommodations for a few passengers. J. B. C.