

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

The rich man moved in pomp—his soil was gorged With the gross fulness of material things, So that it spread no pinna forth to seek A better world than this.

There was a change— And in the sleepless chamber of disease, Curtain'd and nursed, and ill content, he lay. He had a wasted and an eager look, And on the hostler's brow he fix'd a glance, Keen, yet imploring. What he greatly feared, Had come upon him. So he went his way— The way of all the earth—and his hand took Another's name.

Why to the cradle-side Canst thou, O Death—changing to thine own hue Of ghastly pale the youthful mother's brow— And for her nightly watchings leaving nought, In payment, but a piece of marble clay, And the iron heart-strings in the bleeding breast!— Come to the aged; he hath sorely trod Time's rugged road, until his staff is broke, And his feet palsied, and his friends all gone: Put thy cold finger on life's last faint spark, And, scarcely gasping, he shall follow thee. —Come to the saint: for he will wearily take Thy message to his soul, and welcome thee In Jesus' name, and bless the shadowy gate Which thou dost open.

Wait awhile, O Death, For those who love this fleeting world too well— Wait till it force their hearts to turn away From all its forfeit promises, and loath Their deep hypocrisy. Oh, wait for those Who have not tasted yet of Heaven's high grace— Nor bring them to their audit all unclothed With a Redeemer's righteousness!

[BY MRS. HIGGINS.]

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—for the printers are a race of men deserving to be fed with the fat of the land, and to have their papers filled with the riches of the earth... 10. Beware of needles and pins, double-barrelled pistols and Jackson-men, sea-serpents and common scolds.

An Independent Man.—One who can live himself with cold water, black his own boots, shave without the use of sordid spirits or tobacco, and take a newspaper and pay the printer in advance.

Signs of Comfort.—A cottage by the way-side, with dahlias near the door, and geraniums and roses in the window, conveys to the passing traveller the ideas of purity, innocence, and refinement, and he whispers to himself, as the coach-wheels roll rapidly along, "there's happiness in that cottage."

Jews 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; at length, becoming tired and vexed, she turned towards him with an angry countenance, and said, "Be pleased, sir, to cease your impudence." The fellow was astonished at so sudden a rebuke, and could only reply, "Pray, Miss, do not eat me." "Be in no fear," she replied, "I am a Jewess."

Ascetic.—A person who was remarkably thin and meagre, once walking in a narrow street, met a staggard fellow, who was so much intoxicated that he occupied the whole path. The thin gentleman made a full stop, and looking earnestly at the drunkard, said, "My very good sir, I think you have drunk a little too much." "Have I?" hiccuped the fellow—"I have I!—and indeed, my good sir, I think you have eat much too little."

Vandalism.—It is stated, in the Berkshire Advocate, that a young lady in New York, who wore an ultra-feminine frock and pantalottes, being on a visit to her friends in New Jersey, was apprehended and carried before a Dutch Magistrate on a charge of wearing men's apparel. The Goth fined her five dollars and costs for the breaches of the statute in that case made and provided.

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: "A sum of 6000 francs will be paid to any one who may be able to arrange a union between a French gentleman, aged 40, a bachelor, and bearing the title of Marquis, with an English lady of adequate fortune. Address M. le Baron D. H., Poete Restante, a Paris."

Bought of Rail-Roads.—The Norfolk Beacon, in a recent notice to correspondents, said, "Truth on a Rail-Road shall soon appear." A contemporary expresses his pleasure to hear that the gallantry of the Virginians has induced them to give the old lady so rapid a conveyance. In many parts of our country she is yet compelled on travel on foot.

A speech in Irish.—"Och, Patrick, aw! are ye killint' me?—but luck to the stone that has knocked the breath out of ye!" "No, Teddy Malon, it is not killint' I am—the curse of St. Patrick on the dirty stone—but it has knocked me speechless, so it has."

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, an Englishman by his reticence, a justice by his frown, a great man by his modesty, an editor by his coat, and a woman by her heatness.

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, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lordling it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but some times, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

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, just where the blue firs of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, with lattice windows, gable fronts surmounted with weathercocks, and built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland.

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, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity: for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a certain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

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, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their play things, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them; hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

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, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never even refuse to assist a neighbour in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or larding a goose. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to any body's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, it was impossible.

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 fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; and weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than any where else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin bogotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off gaiters, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

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, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dining in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind; and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions

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—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-beating errors of a woman's tongue! The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail dropped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a galloway air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle; and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, would fly to the door with yeeping precipitation.

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. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the village, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawn out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

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, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements, as accurately as by a sun dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, (for every great man has his adherents,) perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When any thing that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From this 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; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

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. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathised as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, while I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

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, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him; moving on its silent but majestic course, the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing, the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys, he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

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. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry again ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

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. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, which seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path con-

ducted. 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, over the brink of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

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: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock-tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

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. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene, but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

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, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

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. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

[To be concluded next week.]



New Tailor's Shop In Concord, N.H. 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 flatters himself that his skill in the business, and his constant personal attention in his establishment, will enable him to redeem all pledges made to those who may favor him with their custom.

He receives the latest FASHIONS regularly both from New York and Philadelphia, and works by the most approved systems. Cutting out, and Orders from a distance, will be promptly attended to; and last, but not least, his terms will be very accommodating.

THOMAS S. HENDERSON. Concord, March 29, 1834. 6m

TAILORING. BENJAMIN FRALEY, having received the latest Philadelphia, New York, London, and Paris styles of FASHION, and having in his employ a number of Workmen who are first-rate, is prepared to cut and make work in a style superior to any done in this part of the country, and always warranted to fit.

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.

He can be found, at all times, at his old stand, a few doors above Mr. Slaughter's Hotel, and nearly opposite Mr. John Murphy's store.

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 who may desire to be more perfect in their business; and, from his belief that he is fully capable of giving satisfaction, he respectfully requests all who desire instruction to call on him.

Salisbury, 1834.—1y B. FRALEY.

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

generally kept in a Country Retail Store; all of which he is disposed to sell LOW for CASH, or to punctual customers on SHORT CREDITS. The public are requested to call, hear prices, and judge for themselves.

DANIEL H. CRESS. Salisbury, January 6, 1834. 1y

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, Travellers can always be accommodated with GOOD BEDS in rooms with fire-places. And last, but not the least important consideration, HORSES will always receive such attention, in the Stable of the Subscriber, that they may leave it with increased ability to do the service of the road.

An excellent Line of Accommodation Stages

Leaves the House of the Subscriber, FOR SALISBURY, on the evenings of Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, and returns to Lexington on the succeeding evenings.

Passengers going from South to North, by entering their names as far as Salisbury only, and there taking the Accommodation Line to Lexington, can have their choice, at the latter place, between the Piedmont Line and the one which runs by way of Fredericksburg.

JOHN P. MABRY. Lexington, March 8, 1834. 1y

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, in very great variety.

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, in patterns, quality, and price. Merchants dealing in the line, will find it greatly to their interest to call, as the selections which have been made are with a view to the N. Carolina and Virginia markets, and every article will be put down to the lowest price which it can possibly be sold at.—From the efforts hitherto made to give our customers satisfaction, we hope for a continuance of patronage from North Carolina. THOS. J. BARROW & CO. Importers, 88 Water St. New York, Feb. 15, 1834. 10

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. 1y

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; and all those indebted are hereby requested to make payment. JAMES ELLIS, Executor. November 23, 1833. 1y

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, consisting of the following articles, viz: 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.

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

Beeswax, Feathers, Tallow, Powder, Oil Copper, Wool, and Iron, taken in exchange. DANIEL H. CRESS. Salisbury, January 6, 1834. 1y

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. 1y N.B. She has comfortable accommodations for a few passengers. J. B. C.