The Marietta

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For The Marietta

Cold Water Arrows—No. 3.

The three Rumsellers—their sad fate.

In the now quiet and secluded village of J——: on "the old turnpike road" leading from P—— to H——, the writer spent his school boy days. Many are the scenes of pleasing and "fond recollection" that memory now recalls.

But they were not *all* pleasant. That road was once a great thoroughfare from East to West. Stage coaches and great road wagons with their high, long canvas covered tops, (called here *Conestoga wagons*) passed daily, almost hourly, along that limestone paved highway. It was thought necessary to have a great many "taverns" or "Inns" to accommodate the travelling public, and to furnish lodging especially for "the wild wagoners of the Alleghanies." It was indeed necessary. But it was *not essential* that they should be licensed grog shops. And yet many of them were little else. There were some noble exceptions. But they were "like angel visits—few and far between."

At the west end of the village in which my father resided, were *three taverns*, not of course at all like the three taverns at which the friends of Paul the apostle met him on his journey to Rome, for I fear that in these houses but few men ever "thanked God and took courage" (Acts 28:15), although I am satisfied that many were induced to "take something," whether or not it was "courage" I leave you to judge.

Now these three taverns were kept by men of the ordinary stamp of landlords, accommodating and polite, at times indeed jolly with their customers. They were men who imbibed themselves the "creature comfort," they administered to others. These were not over scrupulous about selling liquor to men already drunk. Indeed I have heard that some of them would take all the money a man had for liquor, and when he became beastly drunk turn him out as a nuisance to annoy peaceable citizens with his horrid oaths and obscenities, or to frighten women and children by violent cursings. But what was the fate of these three neighboring dealers in the intoxicating draught? It can be told in few words. Their houses were within almost a stone's throw of each other, and they each and all came to a dreadful end within a short space of time.

The first hung himself in his own barn. His nearest neighbor and brother tavern keeper cut him down. I heard him tell the horrid tale. That same man, who seemed to shudder as he told of the other's fate, ended his own existence shortly in the same way, by suspending himself from a tree back of the village school play ground. Great was our horror, and among us were two of his own children, when a boy looked into the door of that school house one mild summer day and shouted those dreadful words: "Mat, your brother Bill says to come home, your father's hung himself." I will not attempt to describe the feelings and the scenes of that hour. The fact is enough. It speaks volumes against that curse of curses—the Demon Intemperance.

But the most startling fact remains to be told. The last of that wretched trio died of "delirium tremens" after an *unsuccessful attempt to poison his sick and dying wife!* by mingling deadly poison with her medicine. He was discovered and secured. As it was evident his days were numbered, he was not lodged in jail, but was chained to his bed, and *died raving mad.* Yes, died mad! and entered without doubt upon an eternal madness in which he will rage and gnash his teeth, as I saw him do on his own bed, mingling his ravings with horrid blasphemies, forever and ever.

It is not of course designed to be intimated that the end of all dramsellers will be thus tragical. But O! is there not danger, *is there not danger?*

Dear young friends—for it is to you as the hope of our land that I address myself—as you would escape a drunkard's grave—a murderer's and suicide's execrated memory, and a drunkard's hell—touch not, taste not, handle not the accursed bowl. Shun it as you would the deadly Upas whose shadow is fatal, or that terrible Boa Constrictor whose folds are certain death. W. A. F.

☞ If we would have the kindness of others we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants.

A fat man has no friends in an omnibus.

Not Bad.

One of our 'down east' active young men, not a hundred miles from Boston, was master of a small craft, usually employed in the coasting business. It so happened on a certain time that our hero was run into by a steamer, and so serious was the collision that not only was the craft badly crippled, but its worthy master almost come to an untimely death. He was not far from port when the catastrophe took place, so hastening to the city he demanded of the steamboat company damages which they refused to pay. His rage knew no bounds. He would have justice. Starting up town he inquired for the best lawyer in the city. He was directed to Choate & Bell. Finding the place he strode in and asked if 'Squire Choate was in.

He received a reply that Mr. Choate was in, but was engaged inside, and at the same time services were offered by one of the lawyers in the outer office. 'No, said he, 'I don't want any understrappers. I came here and want to see 'Squire Choate.' In a short time he was told he could see Mr. Choate. Proceeding to Mr. Choate's rooms, he offered his large hand to the great lawyer, with the remark, 'How are you, 'Squire? I've got a big case for ye.' Mr. Choate found that he had an original character to deal with, and listened to his complaint. Mr. Choate wrote a letter and told him to take it to the company. But our friend objected. 'No, that won't do; just lay a writ on 'em. Yes, write 'em a letter and they'll put their property out of their hands. That's the way the lawyers do down home. Put 'em through.'

After some persuasion on the part of Mr. Choate, our friend reluctantly took the letter, and departed for the other party. When they saw the letter written in those unintelligible crow's tracks with that unique signature? of Rufus Choate, a terror of all having acquaintance with the court when he appeared as an opponent, they quickly settled with the Captain on his own terms.

Our friend was mightily pleased, and his gratitude to Choate knew no bounds. Rushing into the gentleman's office, he said most eagerly: 'Squire, you got 'em; forked right over, what's yer bill?' Mr. Choate replied that as he had spent no time he would charge him nothing. The Captain was indignant. 'That ain't the way we do business down our way. 'I can afford to pay you well, and I will.' He drew out a dollar from his pocket, and pushing it toward the great attorney said, 'Squire, you did a big thing for me, and I will pay you well for it; here is a dollar; tain't a cent too much.'

A PRETTY RAILROAD STORY.—The Providence, R. I., Journal has the credit of originating this little story: "As the midday Worcester train was about leaving the station yesterday, a man of the Johnsonian style of manners entered one of the cars and gruffly requested that two young ladies occupying separate seats should sit together, that he and his friend might enjoy a *tete-a-tete* on the other seat. "But," said one of the damsels, blushing, "this seat is engaged." "Engaged, is it?" "A young man," said the conscientious maiden. "A young man, eh! where's his baggage?" persisted Ursa Major. "I'm his baggage, old Hateful," replied the demure damsel, pursing her rosy lips into the prettiest pout. "Old Hateful" subsided; the young man came in and extended an arm protectingly, almost caressingly, around his baggage, and Mr. Conductor Capron started the train."

☞ A miserly old farmer, who had lost one of his best hands in the midst of hay making, remarked to the sexton as he was filling up the grave: "It is a sad thing to lose a good mower at a time like this; but after all, poor Tom was a big eater."

☞ "Here's your money and now tell me why your rascally master wrote eighteen letters about the contemplated sum?" "I'm sure I can't tell; but, if you'll excuse me, sir, I guess it was because seventeen didn't fetch it."

☞ The Washington correspondent of the Charleston Mercury says "the President does not fully comprehend the feeling of the North." He will by the time the fall elections are over.

☞ Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and, with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competency.

Getting and Holding Money.

On this topic of general concern, Corry O'Lanus, the Brooklyn Eagle sage, discourses with his usual lucidity as follows:

Every man his own landlord is a capital doctrine.

I should have adopted it myself long ago, but for want of capital.

This is the difficulty with most tenants.

All the real estate I own is located in a dozen flower-pots, which Mrs. O'Lanus devotes to the cultivation of geraniums, verbenas, cactuses and other ornamental vegetables.

There is not enough for a building lot and it can only be regarded as moveable estate.

The earth is man's inheritance, but I have not come in for any of my share of it yet.

Some capitalists have got the title deeds to my estate, and won't give them up till I can raise money enough to redeem them.

My father neglected to leave me a fortune, a habit which runs in our family.

From present appearances, think I shall hand it down to my posterity.

As Shakespeare observes, some men are born poor, some acquire poverty and others have poverty thrust upon them.

The O'Lanuses were always distinguished for their ability to spend all they could get; all my rich uncles died before they made their fortunes.

Getting rich only involves two questions.

First, get money.

Second, hold on to it.

As soon as I can accomplish the first condition, I am going to try the second.

When I got married, Mrs. O'Lanus and myself passed a joint resolution that we would get rich. Getting the furniture took all our capital in hand, but I was to give Mrs. O'Lanus all the money I got, she was to buy only what we wanted, and put the rest in the Savings bank.

The first year we wanted more than we could buy, and the bank account came out without a balance.

The next year my salary was increased.

So was the family.

Likewise the expenses.

Bank account as year before.

Third year, ditto.

We continued to accumulate at the same rate for several years in succession.

Then the war broke out and we concluded not to put any money in the bank at present, because things were then so uncertain.

Since then, living has been high, and we have concluded to postpone the accumulation of a fortune until the income tax is abolished and groceries become reasonable.

☞ When Gen. Phelps took possession of Ship Island, near New Orleans, early in the war, it will be remembered that he issued a proclamation, somewhat bombastic in tone, freeing the slaves. To the surprise of many people on both sides, the President took no official notice of this movement. Some time had elapsed, when one day a friend took him to task for his seeming indifference on so important a matter.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I feel about that a good deal as a man whom I will call 'Jones,' whom I once knew, did about his wife. He was one of your meek men, and had the reputation of being badly henpecked. At last, one day his wife was seen switching him out of the house. A day or two afterward a friend met him in the street and said, 'Jones, I have always stood up for you, as you know; but I am not going to do it any longer. Any man who will stand quietly and take a switching from his wife, deserves to be horsewhipped.' 'Jones' looked up with a wink, patting his friend on the back. 'Now don't,' said he; 'why, it didn't hurt me any; and you have no idea what a power of good it did Sarah Ann.'"

☞ At a celebration of a marriage, a large number of young ladies being present, the minister said: "Those who wish to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony will please stand up," and nearly all the young ladies arose.

☞ A gentleman having asked how many dog days there were in a year, received for an answer, that it was impossible to number them, as every dog has his day.

☞ What is the relation of the door mat to the scraper? It is a step farther.

☞ What Miss will ruin any man? Miss-management.

Mother Goose Modernized.

There was a man from Tennessee
Considered wondrous wise,
He jumped into a Union bush
And scratched out all his I's,
And when he saw his I's were out
With all his might and main,
He jumped into a rebel bush
And scratched them in again.

Fa, Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum!
I smell the blood of a loyal man,
Be he live or be he dead,
I'll scrape the butter from his bread.

Hush-a by Beecher on Plymouth rock,
When the votes come you'll get a bad shock;
When Andy falls at the ballot this fall,
Down will come policy, Beecher and all.

☞ "There can now," says Freeman, in his "Eighteen Sermons," "be no doubt of this truth, because there have been so many proofs of it—that the man who retires completely from business, who resolves to do nothing but enjoy himself, never attains the end at which he aims. If it is not mixed with other ingredients, no cup is so insipid, and, at the same time so baneful, as the cup of pleasure. When the whole enjoyment of the day is to eat, and drink, and sleep and talk and rail, life becomes a burden too heavy to be supported by a feeble old man, and he soon sinks into the arms of spleen, or falls into the jaws of death. It is neither so easy a thing nor so agreeable a one, as men commonly except, to dispose of leisure when they retire from business of the world. Their old occupations cling to them, even when they hope that they have emancipated themselves."

☞ At best life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasures, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injured and injurer will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?

☞ One watch set right will do to try many by; but on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood. And the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

"Wonderful things are done now-a-days," said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah," said his lady, "many's the time I've known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation."

☞ A foppish fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty up hill work.

"Good," said his friend, "I would rather go up than down at any time."

☞ A religious tract headed "Come, sinner, come," was found in the camp of one of the Wisconsin regiments, upon which one of the specially invited had written: "Can't do it! Colonel Roberts won't sign my pass!"

☞ A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, replied, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions respecting things of which I was ignorant."

CONUNDRUMS.—Why was Eve created? For Adam's *Express* company.

When did Abraham sleep five in a bed? When he slept with his fore fathers.

☞ Why is the bridegroom more expensive than the bride? Because the bride is always "given away," and the bridegroom is frequently "sold."

☞ A young poet out West, in describing Heaven, says, "it's a world of bliss fenced in with girls." Where's the man that won't repent now?

☞ Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

☞ Men are generally like wagons; they rattle prodigiously when there is nothing in them.

☞ Those who walk the most are generally healthiest; the road of perfect health is too narrow for wheels.

☞ Before you form an intimacy with a man learn how he acted towards his former friends.

☞ Dog stealing in the second degree—hooking city made sausages.

"I'm getting fat," as the thief said when he was stealing lard.