

MISCELLANY.

From the Kentucky Gazette.

SWEET KITTY OF THE HILL.

Near a well known neighboring stream,
There lives a maid enchanting;
The cause of many a lover's dream,
And project for supplanting.
Admiring friends and numerous beaux,
Her ears with praises fill;
This name for her, admirers chose,
Sweet Kitty of the Hill.
The daughter of a patriot bold,
Such was her noble sire;
Her beauty's such that none behold
Who do not her admire.
Her virtues and her noble heart
With admiration fill;
Her beaux feel love's delightful smart
For Kitty of the Hill.
When Kitty smiles her lovers fond
Hope's cheering influence feel,
But if she frown they soon despond
How altered is the scene!
The North wind cold or winter's snow
Her lovers cannot chill
So soon as frowns upon the brow
Of Kitty of the Hill.
Her taste refined, her talents rare,
Her like men seldom see,
The loveliest of the lovely fair,
Long may she happy be.
And happier than all men beside,
He who, by Heaven's will,
Shall please and make his happy bride
Sweet Kitty of the Hill.

From the Old Colony Memorial.

THE OLD CORDWAINER.

In the days of my boyhood, I recollect well,
And others no doubt this old story can tell,
Our tradesmen were honest and ne'er thought of
cheating,

And what is still strange, they would all go to
meeting!

There was Shoemaker Lot,
I remember the spot,
And the bench where he sat,
With the strap o'er his knee;
He was honest and fair,
And exact to a hair,
And a faithful old cordwainer he.
One moonshiny night ('hangsgiving was coming)
I mounted in haste uncle Jeremy's mare,
"Off Dobbins," said I, "let your trotters be
drumming."

Towards uncle Lot's, & she soon had me there,
O, good uncle Lot,
I remember the spot,
And the bench where he sat,
With the strap o'er his knee;
Our shoes were all ready
For me and for Neddy,
And Sally and Betty,
And Dolly and Hetty,
And a faithful old cordwainer he!

Then there was the stitching so strong & so nice,
Why the threads held the leather as firm as a vice.
There was none of your pegging, and none of
your nailing,
And there was no fretting, & scolding, & railing,
When Shoemaker Lot
He worked on the spot,
Which I've forgot,
With the strap o'er his knee;
How strong he would sew them!
I wish he'd now show them,
What a faithful old cordwainer he.

But alas! now a days how changed is this mat-
ter!

For one scarce has a coat, or a shoe, or a garter,
That lasts more than three weeks before 'tis
worn out!

And honesty seems to be begging about;
O, that some uncle Lot
Would again take the spot,
And the bench where he sat
With the strap o'er his knee,
And work at the trade,
And have shoes faithful made,
No cheat and no cozen,
No rips by the dozen,
What a useful cordwainer he'd be!

JOEL.

"I'll list for a soldier," says Robin to Sue,
"To avoid your eternal disputes."
"Aye, aye," cries the termagant, "do, Robin, do,
I'll raise, the meanwhile, fresh recruits."

Gentle manners, virtuous lives
Make easy husbands happy wives;
These are the only means we know,
To make a little heaven below.

PER CONTRARY.

Angry manners, vicious lives,
Make wretched husbands dreadful wives,
And hence such evils take their birth,
As make a little hell on earth.

FROM THE EMPORIUM.
Heavy Hearts and light Hearts.

WHAT IS THE USE OF IT?—Trouble,
trouble, trouble, what a world of it we
have—"man is born to trouble"—and
"all is vanity and vexation of spirit"—
thus and thus it is written. There are
the troubles of infancy, of youth, of man-
hood, of old age? The troubles of po-
verty, and the troubles of riches! The
trouble of living and the trouble of dy-
ing! Who has not his troubles; who
claims exemption from them? Who sees
the end of them?—And yet, after all,
what's the use of it? This fretting and
repining; this sorrowing and sighing;
this moping and mourning; making
misery more miserable.—In the name of
common sense, I say, what's the use of it?

Does it sooth pain; soften affliction; or
ward off misfortune? Will it call back
deceased friends, or prevent others from
dying, or deliver us from poverty, or

make us healthy, or moderate in one par-
ticular our condition? Then do say,
for the very sake of sadness, what's the
use of it?

Suppose the times are tight and pinching;
that trade is dull; that you cannot
make money enough to live as you
would wish, and are obliged to labour
harder even for the little you obtain than
is agreeable; do you grieve about it?—
are you sad & disheartened? do you aban-
don hope, and wish yourself dead?—
Pshaw! what's the use of it? you will al-
ways get along, if you are industrious &
frugal; and the most fortunate do no more.
Besides a light heart will not break your
fortune, nor a heavy one make it, so
you may as well have the one as the
other.

Is it your misfortune to have one
of those pests of society, a slanderous
neighbor, who speaks ill of you, and
delights to do you every secret back-
handed injury he can; who never fails
secretly to traduce your character, mis-
represent your conduct and motives,
and ever tries to excite prejudice a-
gainst you? And does this discompose
and trouble you? what's the use of it?—
Keep the windward of the fellow, let
your actions give the lie to his accusa-
tions, and you need not employ words
for the purpose. Wait the issue and
you will see the maxim verified in his
case, "that he who spitteth against the
wind, spitteth in his own face." And
here too it may be remembered that a
heavy heart is no answer to an accusa-
tion, though it be a false one, and that
a light heart is not the heart that pleads
guilty before men; you had better
therefore, have the last than the first on
all accounts.

Are men dishonest? will a long face
and a sad heart reform them? are you
sometimes deceived, wronged, cheated?
will being discouraged mend the matter,
or melancholy make you sharper in fu-
ture dealings? not a whit. Losses are
lessons; all men buy their experience
at the same market, though all may not
pay the same price for the commodity.
The only way is to make much of
what comes dear; and you can do this
with a light heart better than a heavy
one. A heavy heart! what's the use of
it?

But it may be things don't go on right
at home; that you have a scolding wife,
cross children, & with all an extravagant
family—that there's bad management
in the wigwam. Well this is very sad;
but will fretting make it better? will a
sad heart make the sunshine in a
cloudy house? No then what's the use of
it? You are not the first in the world
who might sing.

"First when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air—
Now we're married—spier nae mair."
And every hen-pecked husband may
as well add the conclusion—

"Whistle o'er the lave o'er."

I see no profit in being miserable in
this case; a light heart is still better than
a heavy heart.

Perhaps all this while some love sick
body has been running over line after
line, to see if I had ought to say why he
should not be unhappy. An unkind
mistress; a hard heart; an indefatigable
rival; coquetry; ah, here is Pandora's
box!—Thou hast gotten thyself into a
pretty pickle—but,

"Pray if looking well can't move her,
Will looking ill prevail?"

What think you of that, now—I know
it is useless to tell a meditating, moon-
loving, melancholy lover, that there are
whole flocks of pretty girls in the world,
that if unsuccessful this time, he may
easily fall in love again and again; or
that his mistress is not altogether the
paragon of perfection; these are all cold
water compliments, and are marvellously
insipid to such a taste as his. He must
e'en go his way sorrowing; marriage only
will make him wise.

I have done. Those who are merry
will be merry still; and those who are
unhappy will remain so after all; yet it
is a good and a pleasant thing, occasion-
ally to have a talk with the world about
its follies.

Believe me, Mess. Editors, one of the
LIGHT HEARTED.

OLD JACOBS.

"THANKS to my lucky stars!" exclaimed
old Jacobs, standing near a lofty
mountain, and looking with infinite com-
placency at the property which he had
purchased at the Tontine Coffee House.
"Thanks to my lucky stars! I am worth
one hundred thousand dollars!"

"I am worth at least one hundred thou-
sand dollars!" said he, "fairly scraped to-
gether! I think I will buy a ship for
Jack; Tom shall be a counsellor; Patty,
yes, Patty shall marry the English Am-
bassador.

"I am worth one hundred thousand
dollars! I was just sixty-five last Christ-
mas. I am pale and strong. Go to: I'll
withdraw from the bustle of the world,
and the busy hum of the Exchange. I'll
retire and enjoy myself.

"Good!" continued old Jacobs, man-
fully straining up the mountain's side.
"Good! I am worth at least one hundred
thousand dollars! Aye, here I'll build me
a warm mansion—there I'll plant my or-

chard—on this side, I will have my sum-
mer-house—round yonder angle, we'll
run up the stable—and here I will dig
the ice-house. What! must I have all
those unsightly wooden houses blocking
my view? No matter, I can purchase
them of my brother merchant, Mr.
Hicks; and then, every one of them shall
come down."

"Consider, sir, for a moment," observed
old Jacobs' land agent, "consider:
what will those poor people do, if you
pull down their huts?"—"Do—do let
them do as they can; 'tis no concern of
mine. And, hark ye, Mr. Agent; do
you see that mill, which makes such a
noisy clack? do you see, I say, how its
wheel obstructs the stream which wa-
ters my grounds? Come, no words! that
shall come down too."

So sagely determined old Jacobs; and
he went home pleased with the project
of his brain. He supped heartily—he
took his hot punch—cracked his jokes—
smoked four cigars—and went to bed.

A fit of apoplexy came on suddenly at
night, and—old Jacobs never more awoke!

The "unightly wooden houses" there-
fore still stand; and their inhabitants
continue their avocations.—Put, old Ja-
cobs, who was worth "at least one hun-
dred thousand dollars," moulders in the
city church-yard; and his name is for-
gotten upon the Exchange. ANEAS.

Extraordinary Notice.

The following notice appeared lately on the
door of a Roman Catholic Chapel, in the
West of Ireland:

Put away from Patrick McDallah!!!

Whereas my wife Mrs. Bridget Mc-
Dallah, is again walked away with her-
self, and left me with her four small chil-
dren and her poor old blind mother, and
nobody else to look after house and
home, and I hear has taken up with Tim
Galgan the lame Fiddler, the same that
was put in the Stocks last Easter for stealing
Barney Doodey's Game-cock.—This
is to give notice that I will not pay for
Bite or Sup on her or his account to
man or mortal, and that she had better
never shew the marks of her Ten Jose,
near my House again.

PATRICK McDALLAH.

N. B.—Tim had better keep out of
my Site!!!

Puzzle. The following inscription is
said to have been found written over
the Ten Commandments, in a Welch
Church, and a century elapsed before
the true meaning was discovered.

PRSVRYPFRCTMN

E
VRKPTHSPRCPTSTN

A divine willing to play more with
words, than to be serious in the expounding
of his text, spoke thus in some part
of his sermon: "This Dyall sheweth that
we must die all; yet notwithstanding, all
houses are turned into ale-houses; our
cares are turned into cates; our paradise
is a pair of dice; our marriage into a
merry age; our matrimony, into a matter
of money; our divines, into dry vines.
It was not so in the days of Noah, Ah
no!"

A relative of Mr. Malaprop, well
known for marring the words of her native
language, complained, that in conse-
quence of a disorder in her stomach,
which she called a cataplasm (a spasm),
her physician had put her into a regiment
(a regimen), and ordered her to drink
water. "Surely, madam," said a wag,
"your regiment is the Cold Stream."

In the rebellion in 1745, some disaf-
fected rogues cut off the tails of the horses
belonging to a regiment stationed
in the King's Mews. When the de-
falcation was discovered, the colonel in
great vexation exclaimed, "What must
we do?" "Do!" said a wag, "why you
must sell the horses, by wholesale," "Why
so?" said the colonel. "Because," said
he, "it is very plain you cannot re-tail
them,"

GUY HUDSON—TAILOR,
RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabi-
tants of Lawrenceburg and its vicinity,
that he has commenced the

TAILORING BUSINESS
in this place, in a room one door south-west of
the Union Hotel on High-street, where he
hopes by long experience in his profession and
faithful attention to business, to merit a share
of public patronage. He has received the
latest and most approved fashions from the east-
ern cities, and will constantly have advices
from those places. Ladies and Gentlemen de-
sirous of having their habits and coats execu-
ted in the neatest and most elegant style, are
requested to call.

Cutting done on the shortest notice; and
all orders punctually attended to.

NOV. 4, 1825. 44-6m.

□ Cash will be given for a quantity of
TALLOW. G. H.

TAKEN UP,

BY John W. Wilson, of Lawrenceburg town
ship, an estray mare, described as follows:
to wit: a dark sorrel, supposed to be 12 years
old, thirteen and one half hands high, shod be-
fore, a strip of white in the face; a few white
hairs in the tail, and some small saddle marks;
appraised to twenty dollars by Eze. Kiel Kilgore
and John Parker. Cincinnati, Jan. 27, 1826. 6-3m

DANIEL HÄGERMAN, J. P.

MARCH 11, 1826. 10-3w

NEW STORE.

Johnson, Armstrong, & Co.

WE have just received and are now opening at
their old stand, corner of High and Walnut
streets, a

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF FALL & WINTER GOODS,

AMONG WHICH ARE

Super Broad Cloths, Ladies' Pelisse, Cassi-
mores, Casmetts, Satinets & Domestic Cloths

Red, White, and Yellow Flannels.

Calicos, striped and printed.

Bombazets, figured and plain.

Crape Robes do. do.

" Shaws do. do.

Silk " do. do.

Silks, Satins and Lustings, f'd & plain.

Prussia, Satin and Morocco Ladies' Shoes.

Water Proof and Castor Hats

Brown & Bleached Shirts and Sheetings

Plaids, Stripes and Checks.

Irish Linens.

India Muslins.

Super Waterlily Shawls, Bor'd and plain,

Silk and Cotton " do. do.

Figured and Plain Silk Vestings.

Todd-ette & Marcelline " do.

Silk, Flog and Bandana Handkerchiefs.

Cotton " do.

1 Case No. 30 to 50 Legerous.

1 Case Fine Straw Bonnets.

Silk and Beaver Gloves.

Silk, Cotton and Woolen Hose.

Plaid Cloaks, &c. &c.

Toge her w' a large assortment of

Hardware, Nails,

Liverpool and Paints,

Queensware, Oil,

Iron, Window-Glass,

Castings, Lye Stuffs, &c.