

## MISCELLANY.

From the *Craighead Messenger*.

### IN TEMPERANCE—(EXTRACTED.)

Foul Demon! curse o' human race!  
Thy palsied hand, and bloated face,  
Thy ghastly form and reeling pace,  
Na' foul detraction!

Prove but a wee—wae skinkin trade  
O' Hell's dread faction.

Fiend, as thou art, why tempt the brave?  
Shall Freedom's son turn willing slave?  
Thou bring' at to ruin's early grave,  
Unconscious worth!

Hurld to despair, they eager crave  
A kindred earth.

Why seek the cot whence comfort flows?  
Where innocence and health disclose  
Primeval happiness, that knows  
No base alloy;

Deal but to these untasted woes,  
An' peace destroy.

Precursor of life's dreaded ills,  
Gout, cholic, cramp—thy breath distil  
The foetid vapours of a thousand rills,  
O' dissipation;

An' w' a gloomy horror fills  
A whole creation.

Monster begone! thou rack'st the soul!  
Damm'd is thy pleasure—teeming bowl;  
Poison in deadly torrents roll  
Na' nectar'd surface!

Death's fatal shafts alone control  
Thy steadfast purpose.

GREVILLE.

### LI E

The leaf that falls in autumn's hour,  
The rose that fades upon the stem,  
Are emblems of the silent power.  
Of time and change o'er us and them;

Yet happier is the rose's fate,

For spring will other leaves restore,  
And summer will new flowers create,

As bright as those which bloomed before.

But when life's morning dreams depart,  
And grief succeeds to fancied bliss,  
Oh! what shall cheer the lonely heart,  
Or soften sorrow's bitterness?

Years will roll on—and time will bring

Its various changes, but in vain—

There is in life but one short spring,  
And it can never return again!

### MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Extracted from the doings of the Pittsburgh  
Harmonic Society.

What does it signify to us, whether Orpheus or Mercury was the inventor of the harp, or whether the first discovery of wind instruments was owing to the hint given by the air, as it whistled through the reeds on the banks of the Nile? That's no concern of ours, as the old woman told the monkey that run away with her good man's razor, and cut his throat with it, just to keep up his character for resembling his immortal betters. But isn't it comical to hear the thrumming and squalling of some fine, love-loving, lovely lady, when she's seated at her piano, with her sweatheart beside her, all rapture and wonderment at her siren melody? She strains and twists her tones, like so many nooses, to catch his unwary heart, and makes them as tangled and knotty, as a skein of silk that the cat has been playing with; while she stretches her voice into such a small thread, that you might draw it through the eye of the finest cambric needle. Then there's that broken-winded, bald-pated old sinner, with a nose like the handle of his red crockery-ware pitcher, who is eternally roaring out

"That's the old commodore,  
The tough old commodore,

The gouty old commodore, he!"

in such a croaked, bull-frog voice, that he quite shocks the delicate nerves of the romantic young lady, who sits at her window opposite, enacting sweet Juliet to her amoured Romeo, straining her throat most numerically, to the tune of "O! there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream."

O! these provoking, tantalizing, coqueting, good-for-nothing, petticoated, stave-weavers! how they do worry the hearts of us poor bachelors, and break the hearts of their forgiving husbands, with the fa-la-la-ing of their mischievous tongues. And how maliciously modest and stubborn they are before matrimony, when you beg them to favor you with a sample of their divine vocalities. Now I like—and so do all honest single gentlemen—a right up and down girl, who will sing without being coaxed half an hour, and leave off singing when every body is tired of hearing her. But there are so many diffident young ladies, such as jovial Horace tells us of, who always decline singing when they are asked for a song, and will not desist from their squawking, until they have almost cracked the tympanum of every ear within hearing, that, I declare, 'tis enough to wear the patience of Job threadbare, to be in their company. Old Jerry Grubbin is always railing at these shill-I-shall-I sort of she males, as he calls them; and he said to me the other day, in a most awful passion, "odds blood and buttermilk! what the devil takes the hussies into musical society, if they can't sing; or if they can sing, why don't they do it when they are axed civilly? For my share, I never refused to please the company with a sociable tune, for I love a good song, as I do my dinner." Then,

without waiting to be invited, he struck up the charming chant of

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul,

We ne'er shall see him more;"

and when he had waddled through at least two yards and three quarters of it—"There now," says he, "that's what I call a right natural, sensible kind of a tune; none of your wishy-washy stuff, that your young gals sing, over their piny-forty's."

Isn't that Tom Moore a delightful kind of a fellow? and lord Byron, O! what a dear, dear poet he is, all the ladies, to a man, vow and protest. They wrote such sugar candy charming songs, about love, and all that sort of thing, that if they had never lived, one half of the sympathetic girls would soon die of the blue devils; and I don't see how one piano or tongue in five hundred, could find employment, except in being thumped or wagged to some blind old ditty, such as

O! cruel was the bullet ball

That shot his right eye out

I thought every body—at least every poetical lady body, had heard of Lord Byron. But I was at a tip-top ball, given last week, by Mrs. Lumpytwitch, and happening, in a breathing time, between two cotillions, to ask my partner, the enchanting Miss Angelina Twaddle, what was her opinion of Lord Byron, as a poet, for I had a mind to let her see my poetical partialities—she looked very grave, and I must say, rather flat, as she simpered out "Lord Byron? La me! why who is he? Did he ever live in this here town?" "O yes, miss," says I, intending to be very witty and complimentary, though my conscience kept joggling my elbow all the time: "O yes, miss. His mind is a kind of cosmopolite, having the power of ubiquity. It is present with you, and all other ladies of fine taste and fancy, like yourself." Now that's what I call *presence of mind*, with a witness. But I used such hard words, just to puzzle her faculties, that, I dare say Miss Twaddle had to consult Walker for a month before she knew what it meant.

After two or three dances, I begged my amiable partner to gratify some of the party, who had retired to the drawing room, by singing one of Moore's bewitching songs."—Pon honor, sir now, I vow I hadn't sung any so long, and I don't know none of Mr. Moore's chunes, except, may be, this here one," and squeaked out with all her might,

Last night the dogs did bark,

I went to the gate to see,

And it's O! dear, what will become of me,

O! dear, what shall I do:

Nobody coming to marry me,

Nobody coming to woo?"

"Vastly sentimental!" whispered Billy Spiflikens, into my left ear; "but I hope that she'll not favor us with any Moore."

Well, she was a kind, accommodating girl, I'll say that for Miss Angelina Twaddle.—She didn't wait to be flattered and coaxed into a display of her musical capabilities, but jumped into the thickest of the *churn*, without any affection or ceremony. I wish I could say

as much for the fashionable Miss Seraphina Rosebud. Seraphina was the very pink of sentiment, and daffy-down-dilly of coquetry. She could sing divinely—after her own fashion, in a sort of quaver and shake, squeak and tremulous treble voice, that made one's very heart

quake to hear her.—She was one of your novel reading, nervous, sympathetic girls, who start at the flutter of a butterfly, and faint if a needle draws blood from one of their fingers. Her mamma and her romances had taught her that she must never do any thing, that any body, particularly any of the masculine bodies, requested her to do, without being solicited and flattered into complaisance.

Billy Spiflikens and I set all our small talk agoing, to persuade the accomplished Miss Rosebud to make us happy with a song. "I'm thedgentlemen," says she, with all the modesty in the world, and lisping so sweetly, "you must excuse this evening: I've got thuch a cold, that I can't raih a thune, I tholomny protest!" But, after keeping

us all in misery for fifteen minutes and a half, by a good time keeper, she screwed up her mouth as if she had been eating persimmons for a week, and lispedit, so charmingly,

"Ib there a heart that never loved,

Or felt thost roman's sigb,

Ib there a man can work unmov'd,

Dear roman's tearful eye?"

"Well now, I declare," said the prim old maid Miss Dorothy Gimbletete, who was sitting along side of me, "I wonder how that lady, can think of singing before such large company. I don't think it de-corous, by no means, for us young girls to be so fa-la-ing obstropulously, in the presence of men, at all." "O! bless your pretty face," says Billy, "excuse her.—She's young and foolish yet; but by the time she's as old—I mean, Miss, as prudent as you, she'll be more on her guard against the persuasion of young men." "Thank you, sir, for the compliment," said the offended Miss Dorothy, t'ing her ruffles, and coloring, like a enraged turkey-cock, as she stalked majestically out of the room; while Spi-

flikens leered at her so drolly, and sang in an under key,

"Down in the valley there lived an old maid,

Who, being past sixty, her charms' gan to fade."

The following spirited sketch from the pen of the editor of the Nantucket Enquirer, gives a playful idea of the annoyances that an editor is heir to. We have had frequent occasions to admire the vein of spicy humor and rich imagination of the writer.

Ten minutes in an editor's closet.—Thermometer 90. Forced to open door and window. Pulverized rocks and ordure, vulgarly called dust, rising drab colored clouds, and settling upon all sorts of surfaces, desk, table, books, papers and ink-stand, sifting through eyelids, and aiming at nasal orifices unfortified by rappee. Imps of darkness clamoring for copy. No mail younger than four days. With introductory yawn and scratch preliminary, commence a paragraph: "The political aspect of affairs,"—Want some blackberries to day? squeals a young ragamuffin. Erase "aspect of affairs," and write "horizon" with a caret beneath—proceed "portends"—"blackberries, sir?" "No," scratch again—"a coming storm of—" "copy wanted." Enter three gentlemen; "pay you for your paper;" "dele storm;" "please discontinue my paper"—"write tempest"—"wish to subscribe sir, and pay in advance"—"dash out 'tempest'" and scratch the third. Exeunt the three gentlemen.—"Write 'crisis'" with a full stop. See how it reads; that's the genuine explosive style; the very artillery of composition—abrupt, startling and sonorous—much admired by hollowpated orators, whose brazen brain-shells are continually ringing with thunders, earthquakes and horn bugles. Enter two visitors, "what's the news?" "take a seat;" "weather;" "yes," "what are you scribbling about?" try to read, aside—"the political horizon"—"Well, what do you think of Clay's speech?"—"Oh, my thoughts are all forestalled by Tom, Dick and Harry, and what's your opinion of the American System?" A pedler thrusts in his nose and his yardstick: "portends"—"tow cloth to sell, gentlemen"—"a coming"—"hoy enters, 'copy?—" "crisis"—"Here is a whole line to begin upon?" Tear off the sentence, consign it to the DEVIL, fling away the pen in a paroxysm of perplexity, and retreat in an ecstasy of distraction.

### From the Masonic Mirror.

#### WOMAN

Woman is a very nice and a very complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate; and differ from those of man pretty nearly as the work of a repeating watch does from that of a town clock. Look at her body stooping posture, scratching his head replied

—how delicately formed! Examine her senses—how exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding—how subtle and acute! But look

into her heart—there is the watch-work, composed of parts so minute to themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye to be clearly comprehended.

The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuitive; I had almost said instinct. By a glance of her eye she shall draw a deep and just conclusion

Ask how she formed it—she cannot answer the question.

As the perception of women is surprisingly quick, so their souls and imaginations are uncommonly susceptible. Few of them have culture enough to write; but when they do, how are their pictures; how animated their expressions! But if few women write they all talk; and every man may judge of them on this point, from every circle he goes into. Spirit in conversation depends entirely upon fancy; and women all over the world talk better than men. Have they a character to pourtray, or figure to describe? they give but three traits of either one or the other, and the character is known or the figure placed before our eyes.

Why? From the susceptibility of their imaginations, their fancies receive lively impressions from those principal traits, and they paint those impressions with the same vivacity with which they received them.

Let a woman be warm in conversation, she shall produce a hundred charming images, among which there shall not be one indecent or coarse. Warm a man on the same subject; he shall possibly find stronger allusions but they shall neither be so brilliant nor so chaste.

Our Ladies' large Bonnets are like a dense fog; b curing those beauties of nature, we are most desirous to see.

The only compliment that should be paid to a dandy, is to address him by that appellation.

It is dangerous to sympathize with a friend in his abuse of either his wife, his horse, or his professions; unless the first is dead the second disposed of, and the third discarded. There are certain things which men will allow no one to abuse, save themselves.

Fortitude is one of the noblest virtues appertaining to the human character, and stamps upon those who possess it, an unfading lustre, which does honor to the name of man. He who labors under the lash of adversity, and bears up against his misfortunes with a pious resignation must be pleasing to the Supreme Being, while his conduct is universally admired by his fellow creatures.

### THE CARELESS WIFE

To a man, of any delicacy, and even moderate neatness, nothing certainly is more odious and ungrateful than a slatternly and uncleanly woman—"tis enough to quell his strongest passion, and damp every fond and tender emotion—"tis vastly more so in a wife than in a stranger. Besides, 'tis an insult upon a man's

taste, an affront to his senses and bullying him to the nose. Let us survey the morning dress of some women.

Down stairs they come, pulling up their untidy decent slip shod with naked heels peeping out; no stays or other hose, convenience, but all flip flop; a sort of napkin thrown about the neck, without form or decency; a tumbled discolored mob, or night cap, half on and half off, with the frowsy hair hanging in rude ringlets, staring like Medusa with her serpents; shrugging up her petticoats, that are sweeping the ground and scarce tied on; hands unwashed; teeth furred, and eyes crusty. This is the real picture of many married women, and the piteous case of many a poor soul of a husband, unless when some stranger is expected. Whereas a wife that is desirous of maintaining herself in the affections of a man of sense and spirit should take as much care of the neatness of her person, as if she was to be every day a bride, and whosoever neglects this conduct must blame themselves, if their husbands grow cold and indifferent; for it has a natural tendency to make a man so; it debases the character of the wife, and renders her cheap and unlovely.

Mrs. Colven's Messenger.

Preserving Bacon by Charcoal. Take a tierce or box and cover the bottom with charcoal, reduced to small pieces, but not to dust; cover the legs or pieces of meat with stout brown paper, sewed round so as to exclude all dust; lay them in compact order; then cover all the layer with coal, and so till your business is done, and cover the top with a good thickness of coal. The use of charcoal, properly prepared in the boxes, is of great benefit in preserving fresh provisions, butter and fruit in warm weather, also in recovering meat of any kind when partly damaged, by covering the same a few hours in the coal.

Amer. R. pub

To cure blistered feet. At going to bed, rub the feet, not the blisters merely, with spirit mixed in the hand with a few drops of grease from a tallow candle. In the morning the blisters will have disappeared.

An old woman, who lived in one of the midland counties, bearing the bells ring in 1814, enquired the cause "It is rejoicing for peace, mistress" said an old farmer. "The peace! O Lord O Lord! what will this world come to? What have they been fighting again?"

A young man, being lately examined by a Minister, prior to confirmation, was asked, "Who is the Mediator between Almighty God and his people?" After a pause, and scratching his head he replied, "the Arch-bishop of Canterbury."

A gentleman on horseback finding himself at a spot where four roads met, asked a countryman who was working on one of them where he came there for the good of the public not for want. Then speaking to his merry Andrew, "Andrew," said he, do we come here for want? "No, faith, sir," said he "we have enough of that at home."

At a late fire in London, while the engines were discharging their contents upon the roof of a house an inscription on it became nearly obliterated. "By my showl," exclaimed a witty Irishman in the crowd, "this is a queer time for joking!" "And who is a joking?" growled one of the firemen. "Why, don't you see man, Zur, but we find it here every morning?"

Dr. Graham being on his stage at Chelmsford, in Essex, in order to promote the sale of his medicines told the country people that he came there for the good of the public not for want. Then speaking to his merry Andrew, "Andrew," said he, do we come here for want? "No, faith, sir," said he "we have enough of that at home."

By order of the Board.

## LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post office at Lawrenceburg, Ia. on the 29th day of September 1827, which if not taken out by the 1st day of January next, will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

Adams Joseph	Kilgore Ranils
Annis Thomas	Lemon Williams