

## MISCELLANY.

### A LECTURE ON JEWELS.

Tom Potts, a thrifty cobbler, at the Boar, Had drunk one day, till they would trust no more; And wending homeward chanced awhile to stop, At the gay window of a goldsmith's shop; His hat hung o'er his brow in moody slouch, One hand was thrust into his empty pouch, And one into his breast. He stood there thinking.

Upon the different modes and joys of drinking, "Ah, Ah!" at last, said he, "now that's your sort! This purple stone is like to good old po', Full rich and warm; and that one yellow pale, Is just the color of your amberale. Deceitful stuff!—and you of deeper yellow, Is old Jamaica rum so strong and mellow. Are not those diamonds, zooks, as clear and bright.

As drops of purest gin, they glad the sight, And, that green stone, of hue so bright and fine What is it like?—this plucky head of mine! What do we drink that's green?—now let me think—

Green—let me see!—what is green we drink? "Ah Tom replied a voice which well he knew, These gems are like some other things in hue: That ruby stone is like the drunkard's nose, As reeling from the tap room, home he goes; The yellow ones are like his sallow cheeks.

The purple, bruised and black eyes bespeak, Those crystal drops are like his poor wife's tears,

When she beholds him drunk, his curses hear, And thinks how changed he is, how lost, how mean;

And Tom, that other stone so brightly green, Is—like the grass, that round thine own shop door,

Begins to grow, since thou wilt work no more;

Tom heard his wife's rebuke, but ne'er replied;

She ne'er rebuked before, but she had sighed; Had wept in secret—now her time she chose, Nor chose it ill. Next morning Tom arose,

Kept at his work, nor e'er went near the Boar,

Thus steady, he grew rich; paid off his score,

Nor ever lectured upon jewels more. [Select]

From the Lycoming Gazette.

### FEMALE CONSTANCY.

A Tale of Western Pennsylvania.

I had designed in my last, or in the beginning of this, to give you some account of the town of FRANKLIN, a thriving village, the capital of Venango county, situated on the margin of the Allegheny river, but must now content myself with repeating a pleasing incident communicated to us by our intelligent landlady while at tea. The good lady seemed to feel what she said; and repeated the story with so much spirit and feeling, suiting the action to the word, her strain unmixed with baser metal, and without any of that dull monotony and false affectation which "clogs toast, and tea imperial chill," that I was induced to think she herself had personified one of the characters in the play, while Mr. G. was so deeply impressed, that like Hamlet, he threatened to erase from his mind all remembrance of former objects of his love, laws of books, &c. and take a partner from the mountains—I was humming over the following stanza:

"Oh, say not woman's love is bought  
By vain and empty treasure;  
Oh, say not woman's heart is caught,  
By ev'ry idle pleasure.  
Oh, no! when once her bosom knows  
Love's flame, it wanders never—  
Deep in her heart the passion glows,  
She loves, and loves forever."

"That sentiment is true to the life,"

observed the good lady, as she placed our chairs to the table, and to illustrate it, continued she, I will take the liberty of relating to you a circumstance which, while I hope it may lose nothing by being true, and because of its happening in this part of the country, cannot fail to exalt the female character. *Lucinda* was the only daughter of Mr. W. — a wealthy farmer of — county. He had devoted much attention to her education, and upon her no attention or expense was bestowed in vain. Naturally beautiful, her mind was well directed, her disposition sweet and amiable. In word, she was young, intelligent, accomplished, and handsome. She had yet seen little of the world, had mixed little with company, was without guile and

"Knew no love,  
But such as angels feel above."

Charles L. was a merchant in the same village. He was a young gentleman of good character and education, fine address with every prospect of success. An intimacy which had long been desired by the friends of Miss W. was formed gradually between her and Mr. L. It grew into love, mutual, ardent and sincere. Charles' prospects continued flattering, and his intended union with *Lucinda* became as notorious as desirable on the part of Mr. W. and relatives. The day was appointed. But, ere that day arrived, demands of distant creditors were placed in legal form into the hands of the officer of the law, and a heavy upon his store could alone satisfy the stern demand. The stroke fell heavily upon Charles, but he possessed a mind which was not to be overthrown by a squable for rags, and 'twas not in the power of

"Chill penury to stop his noble rage,  
Nor freeze the genial current of his soul."

He communicated the facts to *Lucinda* personally, who heard them with complacency, and without emotion. Her love was bought at a dearer rate and her affections fixed upon higher objects.

Mr. F. Why, my dear Fanny, do you think I have no love for you because I refuse to squander away thousands upon frippery and nicknacks to please your whims?

Mrs. F. Oh my dear! how can you talk so! I shall begin to think you ne-

"She loved him for himself alone."

His fearful forebodings were banished from her thoughts by the magic of love, and they were still happy. Sorrows, however, never come singly, but in battalions; and in a few hours Mr. W. her father, was cognizant of all the circumstances. His blood was fired—his heart steeled—

"Her parent was a rock,  
And fierce Hyrcanian Tigers gave him suck."

He unceremoniously entered the room of the lovers, and regardless of filial entreaties and tears, forced the unoffending, but unfortunate youth to leave the house. [Here our fair informant paused for a moment, and allowed our imagination to fill the vacuum. She proceeded.]

The amount of Mr. L's property not being sufficient to pay the demand, his person was arrested and confined in the county jail. He was now without friends, and that cold hearted jealousy which envied his former prosperity, now seemed to grow and rejoice in his adversity. The fact could not be concealed from *Lucinda*, and her father discovering too plainly that there was

some thing o'er which her melancholy was in brood, determined upon taking her with him to the city, vainly hoping that time, distance and new objects might efface former impressions and remembrances. Delusive hope! *Lucinda* accompanied him and returned with him, and brought with her the same affection and love. "No 2nd passion e'er could charm."

In the mean time Charles had been released and had left the country.—He returned after an absence of some months, his pecuniary affairs still deranged, but resolved to improve them by perseverance and industry, and to live or die, rise or fall, sink or swim in the world with *Lucinda*, without whom life was a blank or empty space. He sought an interview with her, and "found her still true-hearted." They resolved to fulfil the vows formerly made, or their lives should pay the sacrifice. The resolution was scarcely sealed with an holy kiss, when Mr. W. rushed into the parlor. His eye reflected rage, but *Lucinda* was his daughter, his only child and he loved her. She rose and holding Charles by the hand said, "Father let your anger subside—when in prosperity, I gave my hand and my heart to Charles, and in adversity I will not forsake him."

The chord was touched, the father wept, and embracing his child, implored pardon for his cruelty, and prayed for heaven's choicest blessings to rest upon them.—They were married. The story was soon told to Mr. H. of Philadelphia, the principal creditor, who although a bachelor, was so deeply affected that he released the debt and furnished Mr. L. with an additional supply of goods. They are now prosperous and happy, and while the harshness of the father is pardoned and forgotten, let it be remembered that the present happiness of Charles and *Lucinda* is attributable to the unchangeableness of *Woman's Love*.

Yours &c. E. H.

### THE HONEY MOON.

Scene a Parlour.—Mr. & Mrs. Fanciful.

Mr. F. Really, my dear Fanny, the evenings have grown monstrous long. Oly 7 o'clock! I thought it was past 11, as I live.

Mrs. F. Rather longish, it is true, Charles, Prey what shall we do to amuse ourselves this evening.

Mr. F. Suppose we play at chess.

Mrs. F. I don't like chess, it makes my head ache so—you can't conceive. But what do you say to a game of backgammon?

Mr. F. Backgammon! I can't endure it, I have been tired of it long since. No, the gammon won't fit.—What do you think of all fours, my love?

Mrs. F. Excuse me there my dear, I never liked that game. But what do you say to Everlasting for a few minutes?

Mr. F. Everlasting! worse and worse. It will never do.

Mrs. F. Well then, my dear, what shall we play?

Mr. F. Positively my dear, now I don't think of any thing. Suppose we go and visit Mrs. Babbletail.

Mrs. F. Really, Charles, I should be happy to oblige you, but I can't think of going out this evening; you know my new bonnet cannot be worn without sixteen additional bows on the left side.

Mr. F. Indeed! my dear! I thought it was completed when you bought it. I am sure I paid enough for it.

Mrs. F. My dear Charles, I hope you don't grudge me such a trifle as that. Now I think of it, that was very unkind of you, my dear, not to buy me that shawl which I set my heart on yesterday. I am sure fifty dollars can be nothing to a man who has any love for his wife.

Mr. F. Why, my dear Fanny, do you think I have no love for you because I refuse to squander away thousands upon frippery and nicknacks to please your whims?

Mrs. F. Oh my dear! how can you talk so! I shall begin to think you ne-

ver had any real love for me. I hope you will consider the matter and let me have the shawl. I have taken a prodigious fancy to it. Indeed I must have it.

Mr. F. Must have it! my dear,—no, excuse me there, you must not have it. I won't spend my money like a fool to gratify your extravagant love of dress.

Mrs. F. My extravagant love of dress! What does the man mean? I am sure I am not extravagant. Come now, I must have the shawl, I know you will not refuse me such a trifle. I am sure when we were married, you promised to love me.

Mr. F. So I did, my dear Mrs. Fanciful, but I did not promise to love your follies.

Mrs. F. My follies, Mr. Fanciful! now if you really loved me, you would not be so sharpshinned in discovering the follies, as you call them, of your wife.

Mr. F. Really, madam, it requires no uncommon sharpness of sight to discover what is thrusting itself under one's eyes at every moment.

Mrs. F. What do you mean, Mr. Fanciful?

Mr. F. Why, Mrs. Fanciful, the truth is, you think of nothing but spending money when you should be assisting your husband to save it.

Mrs. F. I don't understand you, sir, how are we to live without spending money?

Mr. F. I mean, madam, that this everlasting business of going to balls and routs and parties and dinners, and these everlasting bills for new dresses and furniture, and nobody knows what, are enough to ruin a man in these times. You ought to know better, Mrs. Fanciful. I positively cannot put up with it any longer.

Mr. F. Mercy on me, sir, what would you have your wife to do?

Mr. F. Stay at home, madam, at least half the time, and take care of the concerns of her household.

Mrs. F. Do you think I married for the purpose of staying at home and taking care of the concerns of the house?

Mr. F. To be sure I did think so, Mrs. Fanciful, though I now begin to suspect that you never thought of leading such a life.

Mrs. F. You are right there. I never did think of leading such a life. Did you not tell me we should have nothing to do but to make each other happy?

Mr. F. To be sure I did. But I see you have no thought of making me happy.

Mrs. F. And you have no thought of making me happy. You are a barbarous man, that you are.

Mr. F. And you are an extravagant woman, that you are.

Mrs. F. You don't care if you break my heart.

Mr. F. And you don't care if you break my credit. [Silence for some time.]

Mrs. F. I think I will go to bed.

Mr. F. I think I will walk out.

Mrs. F. Just as you please, my dear, but don't stay long.

### ROMAN BANDITI.

There is now in one of the prisons of the Roman Government, a celebrated chief of banditti, named Casparoni, who is accused of 142 murders, 105 of which he confesses. The first crime of this person was a murder, committed when he was only sixteen years of age, on his Parish Priest, for refusing him absolution for a theft. At eighteen, he distinguished himself in a skirmish with the police, of whom he killed or wounded twenty, and was elected captain of the band which he served, and the numbers of which he subsequently raised to two hundred. Amongst the most daring exploits of this band, prior to their becoming so numerous, was the storming of a convent of nuns at Mount Comodo, in the middle of the day, and carrying off 34 young girls who were there for education, and whom he selected from the others, having previously obtained information that their parents were in circumstances to pay their ransom. They were kept ten, and some twenty days in the mountains, where (to his credit be it spoken) very attention and respect, the situation and their safe keeping warranted, was paid to them. The ransom for each varied from two hundred to a thousand dollars; and for which he had the courage, such was the terror his name had acquired, to treat in person; no one dared to arrest him, for fear of the consequences. What is most extraordinary in the life of this miscreant, is his strict attention to the outward forms of his religion; his person was nearly covered with crosses and imagines of saints. He (as well as most of his companions,) attended regularly the festivals, never once committed either murder or robbery on a Friday, and always on this, as well as other vigils, observed a strict fast. A priest was compelled to confess them once a month, (who of course, from terror, gave them immediate absolution,) and one of this order was at last the means of bringing them to justice, and destroying the band. On returning once to the mountains, after a severe encounter with the gendarmerie, in

which he had been worsted, he found

a bishop and a friar who had been taken the day before and awaited his return to name their ransom.

Irritated at the loss he had sustained, they were immediately ordered before him, when he declared to the Bishop, that the only means of preserving his life was on his knees to deny the existence of a Saviour. The Bishop, seeing no means of escaping death, complied; on which Casparoni observed, "Wretch, thou art unworthy to live," and instantly stabbed him to the heart. The Friar was next applied to, who seeing the murder of the Bishop, and hoping to avoid his fate, peremptorily refused to deny his Saviour. The bandit's reply was short:—"Thou wilt be an acquisition to heaven, and may save the Bishop's soul from purgatory. This world is too corrupt for thee;" and presenting his carbine, shot him dead at his feet.

Progress of the age.—Solomon Jonnecake, of Weathersfield, Connecticut, wishes to inform the admirers of the development of the human mind, that he has taken out a patent for a steam engine for peeling onions without bringing tears into the eyes, even of persons of the most acute sensibility, who have been accustomed to weep over all sorts of miseries. He has also nearly perfected another machine of Five Cow power, and calculated to thread fifty thousand fine cambric needles in a second. He trusts, in this enlightened age, it is not necessary to enlarge on the great blessings this last invention is like to prove to blind people, and those who have lost their hands. As neither of these machines will cost much more than they will come to, the saving of time and tears will be prodigious.

Chances of Marriage.—A curious calculation has been entered into by a writer in a recent Edinburgh paper, the object of which is to show the relative numbers of marriages that take place among the females of Scotland between the ages of fourteen and forty. Of a thousand married women under forty, taken without selection, it seems that thirty two were married during their fourteenth or fifteenth year, 104 during their sixteenth or seventeenth, 219 during their eighteenth or nineteenth, and 233 (the greatest number) during the twenty first. From this age forward the number of marriages in each year rapidly declines, twenty two and twenty three giving only 165, the next two years 102, the next 45, and so on, down to thirty eight and thirty nine, which give only 4. If this calculation is accurate, a single lady entering on her twenty second year has left to her about two fifths of her original chances of matrimony; and should she continue in single blessedness until her twenty sixth year, she will have lost about six sevenths of her chances for a husband. We give these statistics a place, for the information of such of our unmarried lady readers as may desire to know how stands the blacks and prizes in the lottery of matrimony.

A Cat Story.—Lady Morgan tells a story of an "amiable and intelligent" grimalkin, which belonged to a young girl who was subject to epileptic fits. Puss, by dint of repeated observation, knew when they were coming on, and would run, frisking her tail, to the girl's parents, mewing in the most heart-breaking tones, and clawing at their legs, till she made them follow her. Her name was *Mina*; and her history is extant in "choice Italian." At length the girl died, and poor puss went to the funeral of her own accord. Being a black cat, she was already in mourning—"nature's mourning!" She wanted to jump into the grave, but that was prevented. So puss, the "chief mourner," was carried home again. But her amiable heart could not survive the shock, for, after pining three months, refusing boiled liver and new milk, poor grimalkin was found "dead upon the green mound that covered her beloved mistress's remains." There was a cat for you!

### WOOL CARDING.

 THE subscribers are now ready to card wool at their factory in New Lawrenceburg.

Fulling, dying and dressing of cloth will be done at all times when required.

TEST & DUNN.

April 24 1830.

### CINCINNATI PRICES CURRENT.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY.]

| ARTICLES.        | FROM | TO   |
|------------------|------|------|
| Ashes, pot, ton, | cts. | cts. |
| Pearl            |      |      |