

## MISCELLANY.

### The Pirate Lover.

By J. G. Percival.

Thou hast gone from thy love,  
Thou lord of the sea!  
The illusion is over,  
That bound me to thee;  
I cannot regret thee,  
Though dearest thou wert,  
Nor can I forget thee,  
Thou lord of my heart!

I lov'd thee too deeply,  
To hate thee and live;  
I'm blind to the brightest  
My country can give;  
But I cannot behold thee  
In plainer and gayer,  
And thy Name can fold thee  
In fondness no more.

Far over the billow  
Thy black vessel rides,  
The wave is thy pillow,  
Thy pathway the tides,  
Thy cannon are pointed,  
Thy red flag on high,  
Thy crew are undaunted,  
But yet thou must die.

I thought thou wert brave,  
As the sea kings of old;  
But thy heart is a slave  
And a victim to gold;  
My faith can be plighted  
To none but the fees;  
Thy low heart hath blighted  
My fond hopes in thee;  
I will not upbraid thee,  
I leave thee to bear.  
The shame thou has made thee,  
Its dangers and care;  
As thy banner is streaming,  
Far over the sea,  
O my fond heart is dreaming  
And breaking for thee.  
My heart thou hast broken  
Thou lord of the wave!  
Thou hast left me a token  
To rest in my grave:  
Though false, mean and cruel,  
Thou still must be dear,  
And thy name like a jewel,  
Be treasured up here.

From the N. York Post.

### John Smith.

The frequent occurrence of the name of Smith has led to numerous whimsical mistakes and perplexities, some of which have furnished the ground work of a diverting little drama and others have been expanded into humorous stories. There are clerks in our Post Office, who, were they afflicted with the *cocottes scribentis*, or did their avocations permit them to try their hands at more diffuse compositions than the brief and pithy sentences which they are accustomed to endorse upon the backs of letters, might contribute, in no inconsiderable degree, to the entertainment of the public, by "a plain unvarnished tale" of the scenes which sometimes occur at the Post Office window, in consequence of the endless number of Smiths who appear among the claimants for letters.

By the last Liverpool packet, a double letter, folded and sealed in a way which led to the belief that money was enclosed, and addressed to Mrs. John Smith, was received at our Post Office. It had not been long deposited in its proper box, before a short, fat, smiling little woman made her appearance at the window, and, in a broad Irish accent, inquired, "Have you ever a letter for Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes, here is one for Mrs. Smith—Mrs. Catharine Smith—is that your name, good woman?"

"No, that's not it—my name is Bridget."

"Ah, here is one. Pray what is your husband's name?"

"Out on the vagabond, his name is John!"

The clerk was about to give the letter to the woman, but his experience had taught him that John Smiths were as plenty as blackberries, and he held it back, while he asked a few more questions. "And where did you expect a letter from, Mrs. Smith?"

"Oh, from Cincinnati, or New Orleans, or thereabouts. The villain John Smith, (that I should say so!) promised to write me these two months, and not the bit of a scrap of his ugly pen have I seen at all at all."

"But this letter is from Liverpool, my good woman, and of course is not for you."

"Liverpool did you say? Oh the ruffian, has he then deserted me entirely, and gone back to the old country?"

"Supposing he has, you would probably expect to receive money from him."

"Is it money you mane? Sure then you have put your foot in it. The saddle is on the 'tother horse. It would be asking for money, not sending me any, that John Smith would be after. No, no, sharp's the eye that ever sees to color of John Smith's money more nor himself and the man where he buys his whiskey."

"I fear, if that is the case," said the clerk, "that I shall not be able to give you this letter. It appears to contain a large sum of money, and must be for some other person of your name."

The woman went away grumbling and scolding, vowed "it was all a chafe," and threatened, if there was law in the land, she would have her letter.

In about an hour after, a tall, sallow looking man, whose straight black hair,

keen eye, and Indian gait, denoted him as one of that portion of our countrymen who style themselves "half horse, half alligator, and a little touch of the snapping turtle," walked up to the place of letter delivery.

"I say, stranger, I want a letter for John Smith."

"There is none addressed to that name," said the clerk; "but here is one for Mrs. John Smith."

"Ah, that's me, or what's the same thing, it's my woman; so shell it out here in little less than no time."

"Stay a moment, my friend; where did you expect a letter from?"

"Whar from?" exclaimed the Kentuckian in surprise.

"Look here, stranger, I reckon you want to poke fun at me. Now let me tell you, I'm a pretty considerable of a chap—I'm a ring-tail roarer, all the way from Salt river. So, none of your cocklofted covorting about me, or I'll be into you like a streak of lightning."

"I merely wish to know where you expect a letter from, to avoid mistakes, as there are so many John Smiths. The letter contains money."

"That's why I want it. And as you're gwaing [going] to keep the letter for the sake of the shiners, may be you think I arn't worth no money. I tell you what, stranger, my old man's a heavy dog, and thinks no more of a hundred dollars (state bank, you see, not the real specie) than you do of a hundred cents. Why should he? Arn't he a director, and what account is money to him?"

"But this letter is from England. Your father is not an Englishman, is he?"

"Look here, stranger; if you mean to insult me, just step out here, and I'll lick you within an inch of your life. Englishman! I reckon if you had seen me at Orleans with old Hickory, you wouldn't a thought there was much English blood into me, though there was a pretty considerable smart chance of it on to me. And my wife's rail Kentuck' to the back bone, too; none of your half and half Yankee trash. If the letter's from England, she should not touch it, if it contained ever such a powerful chance of money." And so saying, the stranger turned indignant from the office, satisfied that a letter from England could not be intended for him or his.

The next applicant for a letter for John Smith, was a small dapper gentleman, with hair of a reddish cast, light eyes and sandy complexion. The bosom of his vest was traversed in every direction with strings of silk braid and safety chains, and its collar was rolled back with great precision, so as to display to the best advantage the curiously plaited bosom to his linen, and a set of gilt mounted studs with which it was adorned. His upper lip was shaded with some dozen or twenty hairs, which, as the weaver said of the threads of his carpet, were not as neighborly as they should be; but they glistened with bear's grease, and had been forced with infinite pains from their bristling, to a supine position, so that they presented quite a smart apology for mustaches. Our beau was highly indignant that a post office clerk should dare to question him, or withhold a letter addressed "to his lady;" but said it was no more than might be looked for under a rascally Jackson administration—told him with impulsive earnestness, that he was a gentleman—threw his card down with the look of an angry Caesar—and uttered mighty threats in a very weak and effeminate voice, which was not without a certain quaver that seemed to denote that the speaker was not altogether sure whether the intermediate wall afforded a protection to his exquisite person. The clerk, however, receiving no satisfactory answers, to his inquiries, was not intimidated into giving the dandy the letter, and the disappointed applicant walked off in a most unbecoming passion.

Along blue-eyed redcheeked, raw-boned awkward looking man from "down east," was the next to ask for the much claimed letter for Mrs. John Smith; he was succeeded by a chubby negro woman; and a thick-set heavy looking Dutchman followed her.—They, none of them, however, gave satisfactory answers to the questions which the careful clerk thought it his duty to ask, and were obliged to go away as they came. At last a small pretty woman, with high cheek bones, rosy complexion, dressed in a neat close habit, a gipsy hat and having altogether a John Bull air, came to the post office window and modestly asked if there was a letter by the Liverpool packet for Mrs. John Smith. Noticing that he felt some little reluctance at giving it to her, she authorised him to break the seal, telling him what amount of money it would probably be found to contain, and one or two other facts, which would establish her claim beyond doubt. The contents of the letter proved her right to it, and much to the joy of the clerk, the troublesome episode passed out of his custody.

The Steamboat Mobile was lately totally destroyed by fire.

We find the following in the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, and give it a hasty translation for the pleasure of our readers. True piety and an exalted patriotism are never inconsistent, and perhaps both may have exhibited themselves in the way mentioned in the succeeding paragraph—*U. S. Gaz.*

### THE WEDDING KING.

"Sawloiska, open this window; I desire to die in the sound of the church bells."

Sawloiska had not courage to obey. She looked pensively at her mother.

"My daughter, is not this the Sabbath? The hour of prayer has come. Help thy old mother to prostrate herself before our good God;" the pious child, the young Polish woman, helped her mother to kneel.

"Sawloiska, I implore thee, my daughter, open this window, in order that I may hear the hymns of the church."

She opened the window on the public square in which the church was situated, and then returned and sat down at the feet of her silent mother.

"Sawloiska, I do not hear the sound of the bells."

"Not hear?"

"It is the cannon."

"Yes, mother, they have come down from the steeples of the churches to kill the Russians."

"God is with us."

The mother listened again.

"What has happened, my daughter; not a single chauvin, not one voice in the church; what is our priest doing?"

"He has turned soldier."

"Let us pray to God for him. He has prayed for us often enough. It was he who blessed thy marriage, my daughter. Oh, well do I remember it. Thou wast beautiful; I had dressed thee myself. Then the bells rang out joyfully. Then on thy knees before the altar, thou didst promise fidelity to thy Sawloiska."

"I have kept my oath," replied the young woman, blushing with pleasure.

The aged mother pressed the hands of her daughter closely to hers—but suddenly starting, she exclaimed in a shrill voice—

"Where is thy wedding ring?"

"I have given it away," said the daughter, holding down her head.

"Sawloiska, has God reserved such affliction for my old age! Oh, my daughter, who has caused thee to forget, to such an extent, thy duties as a wife? That ring, the token of an eternal covenant between Sawloiska and thee; what has thou done with it? To whom hast thou given it?"

"To Poland!" and she raised her head with confidence. "Our husbands are soldiers, our priests are soldiers, our church bells have been melted into canons, our collars, our ear-rings, our pearls have been bartered for muskets. We wives, we had no longer any thing to give, and nevertheless, Poland lacked powder. Well, here are six thousand of us already, who have for our country, made a sacrifice of the only property which remained to us, that which a woman esteems of all, ornaments the most precious in the world, our marriage rings. We have given them up to purchase powder."

The aged mother slipped from her withered fingers, the golden covenant, which she had thought she should never part with; and after having kissed it repeatedly, she wiped her eyes and said:

"Sawloiska, take this ring; let it be sold with thine. Go, my daughter tell our victory; for the country in which wives sell their wedding rings to buy powder, is free. Perish the Russians; now, Sawloiska, open all the windows, I desire to die in the sound of the cannon."

*A living clock*—Miss Hamilton in her book on education, gives a very remarkable proof that the memory of perception may be enjoyed in high perfection, where all the other faculties are defective. "An idiot so utterly destitute of the faculty of conception, as never to be capable of acquiring the use of speech (though, it did not appear that his organs, either of speech or hearing, were all defective) was for a great number of years confined to an apartment; where he was occasionally visited by his family and friends.—In this apartment stood a clock, to the striking of which he evidently appeared very attentive, and it was the only sign of attention, which he ever displayed. Every time the clock struck, he made a clucking noise, in imitation of the sound; and this he continued to do as often as the hour returned. After several years, the clock was removed; when to the surprise of all he continued, as the hour came, to make exactly the same noise. He was perfectly exact in the calculation of the time, and never missed an hour in the day or the night; nor did he ever chink too many or too few. To the hour of his death he continued to give exact notice of the lapse of time without the slightest variation!"

The Steamboat Mobile was lately totally destroyed by fire.

## OHIO REFORMED MEDICAL COLLEGE.

### WORCESTER.

BY and with the advice and consent of the Reformed Medical Society of the United States, the New Reformed Medical Institution has been located in Worcester, an interesting and flourishing town on the Whetstone river, eight miles north of Columbus, on the northern turnpike. This scle has been chosen because it presents the greatest advantages to facilitate the researches of the Botanical student—the country around it abounding with every variety of medical plants; and the situation being the most healthy and delightful in the Western country—and because the occupancy of the large College Edifice, together with ground of every variety of soil for an extensive Botanical Garden has been presented to us by the Board of Trustees of Worcester College.

There will be attached to the Institution, a Dispensary for analysing and preparing Vegetable medicines; and an Infirmary, where persons from the neighborhood or a distance, labouring under Fevers, Consumptions, Dyspepsia, Liver complaints, Gravel, Ulcers, Fistulas, Cancers, &c. &c. will be successfully treated, without BLEEDING, MERCURY, or the KNIFE, and from which the student will acquire a correct knowledge of the nature, operation, and superior efficacy of vegetable agents in removing disease.

The necessity for an Institution of this kind in the West, to be under the direction of competent Professors is strikingly evident. It is an institution that is designed to concentrate, and disseminate, all the knowledge and discoveries of Doctors of Medicine and empirics, sages and savages; and that will demonstrate to the student and the sick that Vegetables alone, afford the only rational, safe, and effectual means of removing disease, without impairing the constitution, or endangering life or limb.

The present system of Practice, which treats diseases of every form, with Metallic minerals, the Lance or the Knife, is dangerous, and inefficient—the lamentable facts which every day present too fully illustrate. Nor is this truth more clearly exhibited, than the fact, that Vegetable substances alone, are void of danger, and powerfully efficient when properly administered; a reference to the success of our New York Infirmary, and the success of ignorant Botanical physicians, prove this fact.

The College and Infirmary will be opened the first week in December, where students from all parts may enter and complete their Medical education, and where persons labouring under every species of disease shall receive prompt and faithful attention.

The course of study to be pursued, and which will be taught according to the OLD and the REFORMED systems, by Lectures, Recitations, Examinations and suitable text books, is, 1. Anatomy and Physiology. 2. Old and Reformed Surgery. 3. Theory and Practice of Medicine. 4. The old and an improved system of Midwifery, with the diseases of women and children. 5. Materia Medica, with practical and general Botany. 6. Medical & Botanical Chemistry and Pharmacy. 7. Stated Lectures on collateral Science—Moral and Mental philosophy—Phrenology—Medical Jurisprudence, &c. &c.

By attending this Institution, the Student will acquire a correct knowledge of the Present practice of physicians—a knowledge of the use, and abuse of Minerals, the Lance, Obstetrical Forceps and the Knife, and a knowledge of a new and Improved system, that supercides their use, with ten fold more safety and success. There will be no specified time to complete a course of study; whenever the student is qualified he may graduate and receive a Diploma—some will pass in one year, others will require more.

REQUISITIONS FOR ADMISSION.

1. A certificate of good moral character. 2. A good English education.

TAXES.—The price of qualifying a person to practice, including a Diploma, and access to all the advantages of the Institution, will be \$150 in advance, or \$75 in advance, and \$100 at the close of his studies. Every advantage given, and some allowance made to those in indigent circumstances. Board will be had at \$1.00 per week, and Books at the western city prices.

Every student on entering Worcester College, will become an honorary member of the Reformed Medical Society of the U. S. from which he will receive a Diploma, and an Annual B. part of all the doings and discoveries of its different members, and be entitled to all its constitutional privileges and benefits.

Those wishing for further information will please address a letter (post paid) to Col. G. Griswold, or the undersigned, and it shall receive prompt attention.

Students and others, had better beware of the snares of the present physicians, who know no more about our institution, than they do about Botanical Medicine.

J. J. STEELE, President.

Worcester, Ohio, Oct. 1, 1831. 46-yr.

LABORERS WANTED on the Ohio & Erie Canal.

THE subscriber (residing at Portsmouth,

on the Ohio, 115 miles above Cincinnati) wishes to employ a large number of laboring hands, to whom he will give good wages and constant employment during the season. He also wishes to engage

15 OR 20 TEAMSTERS for the season, to whom he will give \$12 per month, and board. In all cases it is expected that hands engaged for the season, either as teamsters or common laborers, will faithfully fulfil their engagements to entitle them to the highest rates of wages.

LEMUEL MOSS.

March 5, 1831. 9-1f.

RECORDED'S CITIZEN.

THE Recorder's office, of Dearborn

county, is kept in a room adjoining the residence of Col. John Spence, in the town of Lawrenceburg. The undersigned pro-

poses executing all manner of writing, such as acknowledgments on deeds & mortgages,

conveyances of land, powers of attorney,

leases, articles of agreement, &c. &c. for those

who may think proper to employ him, on moderate terms.

THOMAS PORTER.

Feb'y 19, 1831. 7-1f. Recorder.

1000 FLOUR BARRELS.

THE subscriber wishes to contract for 1000

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