

# THE NEAPOLITAN.

VOL. 1.

NAPLES, ONTARIO CO., N. Y. WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1840.

NO. 2.

## THE NEAPOLITAN,

Is published on Wednesdays,

DAVID FAIRCHILD,  
At Naples, Ontario Co., N. Y.

**TERMS:**—To village subscribers and those who receive their papers singly at the Office, \$2.00 a year. To classes of 10 or more, \$1.50 a year, payable quarterly, or \$1.75 at the end of the year. To Mail Subscribers, \$2.00 in advance, unless reference be given to a responsible agent in this vicinity. Wood and most kinds of Produce received in payment for the paper at the prices paid by Merchants in exchange for Goods, if delivered within the subscription year. Persons subscribing for a less term than one year, will be expected in all cases to pay in advance, and no subscription discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the Publisher.

\*ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted at \$1 per square, for three weeks—and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction to those who advertise by the year.

N. B.—Letters on business must come POSTAGE FREE, to insure attention.



## POETRY.

From the New York Evening Post.  
SPRING.

The lovely spring—the joyous Spring  
Comes o'er our clime again,  
A welcome to its blossoming,  
Its fleet but smiling reign.  
This morn a carol from the vale,  
Light hearted, soft and free,  
Come freighted on the gentle gale,  
Whispering of spring to me.

The blessing of the showers  
Are fallen on the grove,  
And peeping from their low disguise,  
I see the flowers I love,  
The yellow, mottled, crimson, blue,  
Their thousand tints display,  
And all of balmy and brilliant hue,  
Meet in their fair array.

The south, the south, the balmy south,  
How breathes it o'er the heart;  
Each flower opens its silken mouth,  
And feels new fibers start.  
It gives a life to dormant powers,  
Their fetters soft it flings,  
And bears away the laughing hours  
More gaily on its wings.

Now brightly glows the fresher'd sky,  
The clouds are gaily blent,  
Fringing their fleecy tapestry,  
With golden garnishment.  
The rills flow purer, and they fling  
A rush of music out, [Spring,  
Whose cadence is, 'tis Spring, 'tis  
'Tis Spring, my pulses shout.

## UNKNOWN THINGS.

A married man I do not know,  
Who's free from noise and strife;  
A single man I do not know,  
Who would not have a wife.  
A woman I have never known,  
Who would not married be;  
A woman I have never known,  
Who married and was free.  
I never knew an aged man,  
Who truly wished to die;  
I never knew a youthful man,  
Who never breathed a sigh.  
I never knew an idle man,  
Whom Satan could not hire;  
I never knew a trading man,  
Who never proved a liar.  
I never knew a witty man,  
Who wealthy ever was;  
I never knew a simple man,  
But meddled with the laws.  
I never knew a singing man,  
Who did not relish wine;  
I never knew a rhyming man,  
Who ne'er went out to dine.  
A homely maid I never knew,  
Who so herself believed;  
A handsome maid I never knew,  
Who could not be deceived.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Poughkeepsie Telegraph.  
THE YOUNG WIFE.

The clouds broke away and the glorious sun suddenly burst forth lighting with his smiles the thousand leaves and flowers, loaded with the big drops of the summer shower; and on the dark mass rolling away in the east, through which the vivid lightnings were yet darting, sprung up, as if by magic a gorgeous rainbow.

"Look dearest, look!" exclaimed Edward Miller to his young and beautiful bride, "is not this happy omen?" She uncovered her tearful eyes, which had been close shut to keep out those terrific flashes, and as she gazed upon the lovely scene, the smile came back to her lip, and the color to her cheek. That morning had she left, for the first time, the home of her father, and taken upon her all the cares and joys, and hopes, comprised in the one word, wife. Bright were the prospects of that young pair; full of youth, health, beauty; enough of this world's goods to raise them above the fear of want. Loving, or fancying they loved each other better than life itself, what had they to look for, but peace and joy?

Weeks glided by, and they were yet happy in each other. Edward, as all young men of business are, was necessarily away a great deal, but at evening, (and now the evenings began to lengthen,) he was sure to find a sweet smiling face to welcome him; a willing sympathizing auditor to all the little occurrences of the day; and then the useful book was produced, and the pleasant needle-work, which makes woman such a quiet listener, while the enjoyments doubled, as together, they read of foreign lands and strange productions, or looked back upon the ages of the past, and traced the operations of the same motives, and passions which are now at work. At times, sweet poetry came in with her thrilling power, waking in them strong sympathies with all that is bright, tender, beautiful and sad. And when they knelt down together, to pour forth the tribute of their gratitude, the great being, who in love to his creatures, had given them so blissful an institution as that of marriage. Strange that people will not always be happy!

Reader, have you not often thought so? Three months passed and Miss Churchhill, a friend and former rival of Mrs. Miller, came to spend some time with her. Now arose in that fair young creature's heart the almost imperceptible desire to exhibit her power over her husband. Not contented with the possession of the fine gold, of his trust love, she must excite the envy of her friend by displaying it. Evil propensity indeed; but is it not nature? Was she alone in her indulgence?

Perhaps, too, she might be piqued by Miss Churchhill, sneeringly remarking, that half her old acquaintance were holding her up, as a pattern of all good house-wives, as a perfect mirror to her husband, reflecting even his errors. Little suggestions which formerly, were gratefully received, and instantly complied with, began almost insensibly, to gall. The sweet sense of oneness was disturbed.

As yet, there had been no rupture, none but words of love had been interchanged between them. It was a clear lovely morning of winter. They were sitting at breakfast cheerfully and happily enough, when Mr. Miller unluckily observed, "my dear Mary that bandeau is not becoming to you; your eyes are too dark for blue." A month ago, the instant reply would have been a gay laugh, and "you shall see the bandeau no more;" but now, a slight flush came over the cheek, a quiver of the lips, and before she could reply, Miss Churchhill said, "a sorry compliment indeed—few young husbands but would think their wives fair enough to wear blue, or indeed any thing, however much out of taste."

Mr. Miller looked hastily up to meet the eye of his wife, but it was averted and a tear trembled on the lashes. A silence followed, embarrassing to all. Miss Churchhill pretended to amuse herself, by intently studying a picture on the opposite wall. Mr. Miller tried in vain, by many little attentions, to exchange one glance of explanation with his wife; at length rising from the table he said, "well, ladies, I have made my arrangements to go with you this morning, to the beautiful conservatory, you were speaking of last week."

Mrs. Miller hurriedly said something

of nothing, and began most industriously to dig over the contents of her work-basket. He came up to her and looked at her in the face, until the blood rushed to her very temples, and said, "I will speak with you a moment, if you please."

To leave the room, for the apparent purpose of receiving a lecture—it was too humiliating, and the instant plea of "Excuse me, I am engaged just now," was given. He was offended, turned to Miss Churchhill and said, "Caroline will you go, I will call for you at 11," and immediately left the house.

Mrs. Miller spent her morning in tears—such tears as are often shed, not of penitence, but of mortification and anger. At dinner, as she had not been of the party, she could not of course join with interest in the conversation, which she thought was sustained with unusual animation by her husband. Evening came, but she listened in vain for his light step and gay voice: nine, ten, eleven o'clock. She began to be very wretched. She knelt down to her evening devotions, but she could not pray. Her heart was full of wrong feeling, and excited passion; she laid her head upon her pillow, more thoroughly miserable than she had ever been in her life.

When at length her husband did come in, finding her in a deep slumber, he said to himself, "what a change is this! once, if I had overstaid my usual coming a short time, she was all anxiety, and almost in tears. Now it is midnight, she knew not where; and yet she calmly sleeps! Well, it is as they say—marriage is a draught of which the first sippings may be sweet, but the dregs are bitter, ay, bitter enough if this is a specimen!"

This was but the forerunner of many a similar day. There was nothing disgraceful, but a gradual alienation of feeling, which sometimes found vent in sarcastic remarks, and sparkling repartees—such as these are not infrequently heard from persons similarly circumstanced. They were alarmed at the change, but each blamed the other. Mr. Miller now, during all his evenings, ceased to expect that at home, spent most of hers in visiting or receiving company. "Very unnatural!" I hear some one say, "such a little thing destroy so much bliss!" Gentle reader, do not think so. Believe me, it is a sad, a bitter thing, to break in upon a dream of love with the sober realities of harsh words and unholy tempers. An unkind speech from one whom we have cherished in our hearts, whose faults have been unseen, or only seen to be indulged, is far more galling than the malignant insults of an enemy.

The spring began to open most beautifully, the full green leaves were bursting forth, and the soft air was filled with melody. Mr. Miller had been sitting for half an hour with his head on his hand, in deep reverie, the windows of his office were open, and the gentle breeze fanned his brow which was hot and feverish. At length he spoke aloud, "Why am I thus? why? I am ruining my health; I am wretched; my wife evidently cares nothing for me—her head is full of dress and nonsense. We were happy—perhaps I have been harsh—I will try once more." "My dear Mary," said he, after their brief tea, "it is so delightful this afternoon—will you take a stroll with me to the river?" The lady looked hastily up, and said, "I should like to go, but I am engaged at Mrs. Harley's this evening!"

Could she have looked into his heart when that proposition was made, she must have complied with it—but alas, she could not. She carelessly tied on her bonnet and soon after entered Mrs. Harley's little parlor, thinking not of the misery which she had inflicted on her husband. He was thoroughly tired of the coldness which had so long subsisted between them, and had determined to make one effort to destroy it. He had hoped that evening would have been such as those precious ones which he delighted to remember. He paced the floor in hopeless depression, from which he was aroused by the stopping of the mail-coach, and he was rejoiced to see the excellent mother of his wife alighting. He flew to meet her; a sort of undefined hope sprung up in his heart. The good old lady tenderly embraced him: "I thought," said she, "I would take you by surprise. I knew Mary would be so pleased—but where is she?" "Only visiting a neighbor; I will send for her."

Mrs. Miller was much gratified to see her mother whom she truly loved; but she dreaded the old lady's penetration, and could not brook the idea that she should know how unkindly herself and husband were living. Therefore, for the first few days she was very careful that nothing unpleasant should occur in her presence. What then was her surprise, when, as they were sitting at work one lovely morning, Mrs. Hurd said to her, "my dear daughter, I am much grieved to perceive that you are taking the direct course to ruin your happiness. Mrs. Miller started in alarm, "Why, mother, what can you mean?" "I mean," continued the old lady, "that you are not yielding to your husband that love and respect which you so solemnly vowed to do." Mrs. Miller flushed violently, and her mother went on, "I know that is a delicate matter to interfere in, but I am your mother, and I cannot see my dear children destroying themselves, without an effort to save them. I know you do not enjoy each others society as you once did, and if you are not happy in each other, where can you be so? Something is very wrong; you have both been in fault I doubt not; but my dear Mary, it is the place, and should be the pleasure of a wife, to submit to her husband even in his caprices. He has much in his business in the world to vex him. He should find at home nothing but cheerful smiles and gentle efforts to alleviate his sorrows and share his burthens." "But mother," said Mrs. Miller, "Edward is never at home except at meals, and then he is in such a hurry." "Was it always so my child?" Mrs. Miller colored still more deeply than before, and as the recollection of the first few blissful months of her married life rushed upon her, she could not speak but the big tears began to gather. "Mary," continued her mother, "your husband must have comfort, enjoyment if not in his family he will seek it elsewhere. He is now very wretched, he is not at all the Edward Miller to whom we gave you—the gay, buoyant youth, whose sunny smile brought gladness to every heart. But this will not continue, he will become happy away from you—he may become!" "Oh mother," sobbed Mrs. Miller. Mrs. Hurd saw that her daughter's feelings were awake, that her attention was aroused, and left her to reflection. Long and bitterly did she review the past months in which she had been selacing herself with the thought that they were like all married people, they could not expect always to be happy. She could not even remember the instances of unkindness in her husband, with which she had been wont to quiet her conscience. The deep conviction of her guilt increased upon her, until overpowered by it, she sunk upon her knees and sought forgiveness of Him, whom she felt she had grievously offended. As she confessed her sin, a sweet peace stole in upon her aching heart, and a strong resolution of amendment arose within her; she opened her Bible—the first words that met her eyes were, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord;" she prayed fervently that God would strengthen her to obey this law. She descended to dinner with a heart more at ease, than for months before; but she received a note from her husband informing her that he should dine with a friend; it was cold and formal, yet she was not angry. The mother very opportunely went out that afternoon, and when Mr. Miller came home he found his wife alone, neatly dressed with her work in her hands, waiting to make tea for him. She met him with a smile and exerted herself so effectually to entertain him that he found himself once more heartily laughing in his own house. After tea he was going out as usual. Mrs. Miller summoned all her resolution: "my dear, is it necessary you should return to the office?" "Why, do you wish anything?" "Will you sit down with me a few minutes?" He complied, and waited with an anxious countenance for her to speak. But suffice it to say, that when Mrs. Hurd returned, they were sitting as in former times, by their little table. Mr. Miller reading some sweet verses, which tho' plaintive, by no means accounted for the gushing tears of his wife, which she vainly endeavored to hide. Warm and cordial were the praises that ascended on that evening from those burdened hearts, and earnest the supplication that they might be delivered from the evil of discord.

"But, dear mother," said Edward

ward Miller, "how could we become so much estranged so gradually, so almost imperceptibly?" "My children," replied the old lady, "the words of Solomon are true—the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; a very little crevice only is necessary—a trickling rill—the stream is continually increasing—wearing away obstructions—at length the whole torrent bursts forth, carrying devastation and death, in every direction!" Y.

From the Staten Islander.  
AN INCIDENT IN THE REVOLUTION.

In the summer of 1779, during one of the darkest periods of our revolutionary struggle, in the then small village of S——, in this state, lived Judge V——, one of the firmest and truest patriots within the limits of the old 'Thirteen,' and deep in the confidence of Washington. Like most men of his time and substance, he had furnished himself with arms and ammunition sufficient to arm the males of his household. These consisted of himself and three sons, and about twenty-five negroes. The female part of his household consisted of his wife, one daughter, Catharine, the heroine of our tale, and several slaves. In the second story of his dwelling house, immediately over the front door, was a small room called the 'armory,' in which the arms were deposited and always kept ready for immediate use. About the time at which we introduce our story, the neighborhood of the village was much annoyed by the nocturnal prowlings and depredations of numerous Tories.

It was on a calm, bright Sabbath afternoon in the aforesaid summer, when Judge V. and his family, with the exception of his daughter Catharine, and an old female slave, were attending service in the village church. Not a breath disturbed the serenity of the atmosphere—not a sound profaned the stillness of the day; the times were dangerous, and Catharine locked herself and the old slave in the house until the return of the family from church.

A rap was heard at the front door—'Swallow, did you see any thing?' 'The family have not yet come home; church cannot be dismissed.' The rap was repeated. 'I will see who it is,' said Catharine, as she ran up stairs into the armory. On opening the window and looking down, she saw six men standing at the front door, and on the opposite side of the street, three of whom she knew were Tories, who formerly resided in the village. Their names were Van Zandt, Finley and Sheldon; the other three were strangers, but she had reason to believe them to be of the same political stamp, from the company in which she found them.

Van Zandt was a notorious character, and the number and enormity of his crimes had rendered his name infamous in that vicinity. Not a murder or a robbery was committed within miles of S——, that he did not get the credit of planning or executing. The characters of Finley and Sheldon were also deeply stained with crime, but Van Zandt was a master spirit in iniquity. The appearance of such characters under such circumstances, must have been truly alarming to a young lady of Catharine's age, if not to any lady, young or old. But Catharine V—— possessed her father's spirit—the spirit of the times. Van Zandt was standing on the stoop, rapping at the door, while his companions were talking in a whisper on the opposite side of the street.

'Is Judge V—— at home?' inquired Van Zandt, when he saw Catharine at the window above.

'He is not,' said she.

'We have business of pressing importance with him, and if you will open the door,' said Van Zandt, 'we will walk in and remain till he returns.'

'No,' said Catharine, 'when he went to church, he left particular directions not to have the doors opened until he and the family returned. You had better call when church is dismissed.'

'No I'll be damned if we do,' retorted he, 'we will enter now or never.'

'Impossible,' replied she, 'you cannot enter until he returns.' 'Open the door,' cried he, 'or we'll break it down, and burn you and the house up together.' So saying he threw himself with all the force he possessed, against the door, at the same time calling upon his companions to assist him. The door, however, resisted his efforts. 'Do not attempt that again,' said Catharine, 'or you are a dead man,' at