

THE MUSE'S BOWER.

"Enough for me, it to the feeling few,
My lines a secret sympathy impart."

SELECTED.

THE TRUTH OF WOMAN.

Go form me a tablet of crystal bright,
And I charge ye, minion, make it
So strong and so pure that nought save the might
Of Heaven's own arm can break it;
And bring me a pen from Diamonds wrought,
More polish'd and keen than can be thought;
Then steady my hand while deep and slow
I write how true is woman's vow.
"The shining silver and silken cord,
Which strength nor art can rend or sever;
"Is an emblem like to woman's word,
That plighted once is broken never;"
And the changeless light of the polar star,
Shall cease to shine for the mariner,
And the moon forget her silvery ray,
And the sun neglect to light the day,
And that promise be broken made by Heaven,
When its bright bow for a pledge was given,
Ere the maid who fondly and truly loves,
Fails to her vow or forgetful proves.
"Tis done! and the lines are engraven there,
In letters so strong and deep and fair,
That the hand of time nor waste of age,
Shall erase them from the glossy page.
Now minion take the tablet bright,
Go hie thee to thy home of light,
And when you hear desponding youth
Reeling at woman's want of truth;
Speed, speed the back to the earth again,
And whisper to the sighing swain
That the woman who feels and returns man's love,
Nor unkind nor inconstant can ever prove!"

A HEALTH.

I fill the cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements,
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that like the air,
'T is less of earth than heaven.
Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coining of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flow,
As one may see the burthened bee
Forth issue from the rose.
Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrance,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,
The idol of past years.
Of her bright face one glance might trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory such as mine of her
So very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh,
Will not be life's burthen's.
I filled this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

WHEN SHALL I REST?

When shall I be at rest?
When shall the throbings of my bosom cease?
When shall my weary troubled soul know peace?
Or joy reign in my breast.
Oh shall the joys I knew,
When scarce twelve spars had wheeled away
their flight,
Ever be brought in all their colours bright,
And given to my view?
No, never, no, they're fled,
And all their bright and sunlight hues are past,
And joys maturer too, are waning fast,
And soon shall they be dead.
I never shall know rest,
Till storms shall sweep above my narrow bed,
Then shall this painful throbbing leave my head,
And peace dwell in my breast.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BIOGRAPHY.

DANIEL MORGAN.—Daniel Morgan was a native of the state of New-Jersey. At the commencement of the revolutionary war he was appointed captain of a rifle company, with which he marched to the American head quarters at Cambridge, near Boston. He soon afterwards joined in the expedition against Quebec, and was made prisoner in the attempt on that fortress, where the immortal Montgomery fell, and where the traitor, Arnold was wounded. During the assault, his daring valour, and persevering gallantry, attracted the notice and admiration even of the enemy. The assailing column, to which he belonged, was led by Arnold; and when that officer was wounded, and carried from the ground, he threw himself into the lead, and rushing forward, passed the first and second barriers. For a few moments victory appeared certain; but the fall of General Montgomery closing the prospect, the assailants were repulsed, and the enterprise abandoned. He was taken prisoner, and in consequence of his bravery, treated with the utmost kindness during his imprisonment. On being exchanged, he rejoined the American army, and received, by the recommendation of Washington, the command of a regiment. He was afterwards detached by the commander-in-chief, to the assistance of General Gates, in the capture of the army of General Burgoyne. On this occasion, his services contributed much to the glory of the achievement. After the battle with Burgoyne, he rejoined the main army, but was always afterwards employed in the most hazardous enterprises. In the year 1780, he received the appointment of brigadier general, and was ordered to join the southern army. Here he added new laurels to his fame, by the victory he obtained at Cowpens. This masterly achievement placed him among the most illustrious defenders of his country. In commemoration of this victory, congress ordered a gold medal to be presented to him. He remained with the army till the close of the war, performing the most important services. He was afterwards elected a member of congress, which station he filled with dignity and honour. General Morgan was, in his manners, plain and decorous, neither insinuating nor repulsive.

His mind was discriminating and solid, but not comprehensive and combining. In conversation he was grave and considerate. He spoke little, but never without reflection; and whatever he undertook, he executed with perseverance. In his military command, he was affectionate to his troops although a most rigid disciplinarian. He died in Virginia, in the year 1797.

RUNAWAY WIVES.

The last number received of the Port-Gibson Correspondent, contains an amusing advertisement of a Mr. Thomas Jonstone, who publishes his wife's having left his bed and board, and gives the customary cautions "in such cases made and provided." As it may excite a smile on the countenance of some of his more fortunate neighbors; or at least create a sympathy for his misfortune: we have extracted that part of his advertisement which names the causes of his unhappiness, as well that the public may know the true end of connubial blessedness, when forced to anticipated enjoyment, as for the amusement of our readers.

"We were married young; the match was not of our choosing, but a made-up one between our parents. 'My dear,' says her mother, with a nose like a gourd handle, to her best beloved, 'now if we can get our neighbor Charles to consent to a marriage between our Rachel and his son, we shall have no more care upon our hands, and live the rest of our days in undisturbed repose.' Here my beloved began to wimper; the truth is, she loved, tenderly loved another—and they knew it: he had no property, however, and that was their only idea of happiness: but she could not conceive how they could feast in joy upon her misery. 'Hold your tongue,' says her surly father, don't you think your parents know better how to direct your attachments than you do yourself?' 'Yes my dear,' says the mother, 'you should always be governed by your parents—they are old and experienced, and you are too young to think for yourself.' The old dad and mom forgot that they were a run-away-love match at the age of nineteen.—But poor Rachel said not a word, for she was afraid of her daddy's cowhide, that he had used sixteen years on nobody's back but his daughter's. She seemed reckless of her fate, but was almost stupefied, and did not know that she could alter it for the worse. My father, by persuasion and argument, dazzled my fancy with the eight negroes that would be her portion—'which,' said he, 'put upon the quarter section which I shall give you, will render you independent; and you are a fool, if you do not live happily with such an angel!—Angel! said I; but I said no more, for my dad, (in peace rest his ashes) would have flown in a passion with the rapidity that powder catches fire;—and its ebullition like the blaze, would scorch me, I well knew. We were married. I thought as her father had ruled her with so tough a whip, I could do it with a hickory switch, and for my leniency gain her everlasting gratitude. We have now lived together 6 years, and have had no offspring except a hearty quarrel every little while. In truth, I found her more spirited than I imagined; she was always ready to tally word for word, and blow for blow; but I never used a switch till the other day, always taking my open hand. The other day, coming home from work, very much fatigued and hungry, I found my wife in rather an unusual fit of passion scolding some pigs that had overset the buttermilk. Rachel says I, make me some coffee. 'Go to h—ll,' says she, I could not stand this. I had never heard her swear before. I will chastise you for that, says L. 'Villain,' said she, 'I'm determined to bear no more of ill usage. Instead of using the mild and conciliating language which a husband ought to use, you always endeavor to beat me into measures—touch me with that whip. I will leave your house, and take my niggers with me, too, so I will. She had said such things so often, that I did not regard her, and laboured her handsomely. The next morning, after I had gone out to work, away she bundles, sure enough, and when I came home at noon, I found the house emptied of bag and baggage, and all the negroes taken, but the three that were at work with me. I have lived happily since however; and she may keep all she took, if she will stay at her crooked-nosed mammy's, and never trouble my house again.

THOS. JONSTONE.
Lawrence county, Miss. Nov. 1."

THE WORLD.

If we should collect together all the uncomplimentary epithets and sentences, and essays, and books, which have been written, and spread abroad respecting this godly world we live in, we should doubtless wonder, supposing the picture to be a true one, how it happened, that so many millions of our race made themselves contented to live in it not only as long as they could, but absolutely, for the most part, clung to it with a most pertinacious tenacity. Doubtless there were troubles enough in it, but with all our troubles we have a great deal of cant—sheer affection—stuff—that improves nobody—enlightens nobody—does good to nobody.

What are our much talked of troubles? Human nature has, it is true, its sickness and its infirmities; disease sooner or later must waste, and wither, and destroy; but of these we shall not speak, they are to be born and ought there to be born patiently; the rule is, "what can't be cured must be endured;" these form, however, but a small part of the evils we complain of.

There are the troubles of business; and yet why is employment the source of unhappiness, or where the great inferiority of one kind of business to another. We have three things to do—live—to employ our time, and to die when our business is ended. A small quantity of food will satisfy hunger, a few clothes keep us warm; the quality is of small consequence so far as personal comfort is concerned; if our pride is in the way of our contentment in these matters, why, that is another thing; the world has nothing to do with it; and we have no business to curse our mother earth because she does not pamper our childish conceits. The best possible way to spend our time is to be busy; and yet how unhappy business often makes us. If we have a great deal we are perplexed—complain for want of leisure; and worry ourselves to death with nothing that we are living a hard life; if but little, perhaps we are not getting rich fast enough, and this trouble is quite as bad as the other. Now it is plain that we originate and perpetuate all this uneasiness, and we are not honest when we call these the troubles of "the world." They all come from a discontented, ill natured, fault-finding disposition.

It often happens that people are involved in great distress, and are pitted most abundantly when their case is, simply, that they are too lazy to earn a good living; and too lazy to put up with a poor one. There are many such, moping about, and cursing the "world," the cruel world; wishing themselves even out of it, perhaps, but if they do, and hope at the same time to find one better fitted to their taste, they'll be disappointed. These make up no inconsiderable part of the miseries of the earth; and if human sufferings, mental or corporeal, imaginary or real, under any circumstances, deserve no compassion, these are such cases.

The fact is, we often complain without cause, where the evils which oppress us are merely imaginary, and in most cases of real suffering and misfortune, the cause of all of it may be traced to our own misconduct. When, therefore, we shall learn to judge correctly in these matters, we shall call things by their proper names, and to distinguish between real and imaginary evils, we shall complain less bitterly of the troubles of the world.

"Not many are our joys when life is new? This is a dark and unnatural picture of human life, and is as unjust as it is incorrect. It must have been sketched either without reflection, or with the gloomy feelings of misanthropy. When life is new, our joys are many and extreme; our sensibilities are acute, our perceptions are keen, and clear, and elevated. Whether we gaze on the beautiful proportions of art—whether we become absorbed in the contemplation of moral or intellectual beauty, or ponder on the majestic strains of elevated poetry, our youthful fancies glow and brighten with a rapturous excitement, and our youthful hearts experience a rich glow of transporting joy. The harmony of nature and of art is in accordance with the poetical feelings of the youthful heart. All that is grand in design, beautiful in execution, or elevated in sentiment, is a source of extreme delight to the youthful mind. Active joy is to them almost a peculiarity. They are happy, independent of natural causes. Their own feelings create a heaven of enjoyment. They revel in all the delights of existence. The enchantments of feelings are theirs; the emotions of love are theirs, the delights of friendship are theirs, and theirs are all the flowers that "blow in the waste of life." They luxuriate amid these sweets, and experience a delight uncolored by the sage reflection, that time will wither all their bloom, and steal away their fragrance.

To the last line of my text I make no objection. Our joys, whether they be numerous or not, generally become less with our increasing years. The reflection which naturally arises is, can we not, by a proper course in our youth, secure the permanency of our enjoyments? We can. The means are obvious. Let us reject the frivolous pursuits of the multitude. Let us devote our youth to the acquisition of sound and useful information, and thence, if possible, guides, and friends deceive, we can fly to others that never will forsake—books, and our own reflections.

DURAND.
ORIGIN OF THE WORD LADY.
Formerly, when the illustrious lived all the year round at their mansions in the country, the lady of the manor distributed to her poor neighbors, with her own hand, once a week, or often, a certain quantity of bread, and she was called by them "Leff day," that is in Saxon, the bread-giver. These two words, were in time, corrupted, and the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it; yet it is from that hospitable custom, that to this day, the ladies in England alone serve the meat at their own table.

During a combat of lions, at which Francis I. was present, a lady having dropped her glove, said to De Lorges—"If you would have me believe you love me as much as you swear to me every day, go and pick up my glove." De Lorges picked it up, in the midst of the ferocious animals and upon returning, threw it in the lady's face; and, notwithstanding all her protestations and entreaties, would never see her more.

A young country squire paid his addresses to a lively lass in the village, whose pretty face captivated him so much as to convince him that he could have no happiness in life without her. He succeeded in his suit and the wedding day was fixed. The ardent lover thinking the period short as it was, too distant, would fain have anticipated his felicity, but she turned a deaf ear to his solicitations. At length the tardy interval passed away, the wedding day arrived, and the loving couple were linked together indissolubly. All his wishes being now consummated, he praised her for the virtuous prudence with which she had resisted his importunity, "for to confess the truth" says he, "if you had been foolish enough to grant me any favours before hand, I should certainly never have married you." "I dare say not," replied the young bride, "but I took good care; I had been too often caught in that way before."

A gentleman in England many years ago, employed an honest tar, who had quit the sea, as a gardener. Jack had hardly entered his new service, when he found himself much annoyed by a dog who nightly invaded his premises. One morning the sailor got into the garden before the dog had escaped, and made him captive. As soon as he was seized Jack deliberately took his spade, cut off his tail, and set him at liberty. Shortly after, the gentleman entered the garden, and inquired of the gardener, if the dog continued his annoyance? "He'll never trouble us a again," replied Jack—"I caught him this morning, unshipped his rudder, and set him off before the wind, and hang me if he will be able to steer his way back."

Remarkable Memory.—We learn that a girl of the age of 13 years, residing in Plymouth, recited at a Sabbath School at that place a few weeks since, sixteen hundred verses of scripture all of which but one hundred and fifty verses she had committed to memory during the previous week.—*Wilkshire Democrat.*

Two Dutchmen, not long since, had occasion to go to a blacksmith's on business, and finding the smith absent from the shop, they concluded to go to the house; having reached the door, said one to the other "come, anse you ax about de smit?" "nain, nain," said the other, but you can tell so better as I can, yell den so I knocks." The mistress of the house came to the door Haunce then inquired, "is de smit mitin?" "So," said the woman; "is de smit mitin?" "I cannot understand you, said the woman." Haunce then bawled out, "You de debil I say is the smit mitin?" The other Dutchman, perceiving that the woman could not understand Haunce stepped up pushed him aside, and said, "Let a man come up what can say something; Is de plack smit shop in the house?"

As virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman appear more virtuous.

La Mott's Cough Drops.

IMPORTANT MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND CONSUMPTIONS.

THIS Elixir is not offered to the public as infallible, and a rival to all others, but as possessing virtues peculiarly adapted to the present prevailing disorders of the breast & lungs leading to consumption. A timely use of these Drops may be considered a certain cure in most cases of Common Colds, Coughs, Influenza, Whooping-Cough, Pain in the Side, Difficulty of Breathing Want of Sleep arising from debility; and in Spasmodic Asthma it is singularly efficacious. A particular attention to the directions accompanying each bottle is necessary.

The following certificates from respectable gentlemen, physicians and surgeons, are subjoined, to show that this composition is one which enlightened men are disposed to regard as efficacious and worthy of public patronage.

Having examined the composition of Mr. Crosby's improvement upon *La Mott's Cough Drops*, we have no hesitation in recommending them to the public, as being well adapted to those cases of disease for which he recommends it.

Doct's JONATHAN DORR, dated Albany, December 4th, 1824; JAMES POST, of White-creek, February 14th, 1825; WATSON SUMMER and JOHN WEBB, M. D. of Cambridge, February 20th, 1825; SOLOMON DEAN, of Jackson, January 10th, 1825.

Mr. A. Crosby—*I am pleased with this opportunity of relating a few facts, which may serve in commendation of your excellent Cough Drops. For ten years I was afflicted with a pulmonary complaint; my cough was severe, my appetite weak, and my strength failing. I used many popular medicines, but only found temporary relief, until by a continued use of your valuable drops, I have been blessed with such perfect health as to render further means unnecessary.* Rev. EBENEZER HARRIS. Salem, (N. Y.) January 12th, 1825.

Prepared by A. CROSBY, sole prop. for, Cambridge, (N. Y.) whose signature will be affixed in his own hand writing to each bill of directions. Be particular that each bottle is enveloped in a stereo or check label, which is struck on the same bill with the directions.

Sold who'sale and retail, by Dr. G. DAWSON, Pittsburgh—J. CRAMBECKER, Wheeling—E. H. WEDDELL, Druggists Cleveland—Prat and Meach, Druggists Buffalo—O. and S. CROSBY Druggists Columbus—Goodwin, Ashton & Co., M. Woolf & Co., and A. FAIRCHILD Druggists Cincinnati—and by special appointment at the Drug Store of Dr. E. FERRIS, Lawrenceburg.

Each bottle contains 45 doses; Price one Dollar single; nine Dollars per dozen.

May 20, 1825. 20—1 yr.

INDIANA HOTEL.

THE subscriber, grateful for past favours, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has returned to the HOTEL and is prepared to accommodate those who may call on him, in a gentle and comfortable manner. From his experience and attention to business, together with the convenience of his house, he hopes still to continue the Public's favour'd humble servant.

JESSE HUNT. Lawrenceburg, Dec 12, 1825. 50

Administrators' Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of John M. MILLER, late of Dearborn county, deceased, are hereby requested to come forward and make immediate payment; and all those having claims against said estate are requested to present them on or before the 28th of January, 1826, duly authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL DAY. JACOB STELLER, Administrators. December 30, 1825. 52

Administrators' Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that we shall, on Monday the 23d of January next, proceed to sell all the personal goods and chattels, belonging to the estate of John M. MILLER, deceased. Sale to be held at the house of Jacob STELLER in Manchester township—at which time and place the terms will be made known by us.

SAMUEL DAY, JACOB STELLER, Administrators. December 30, 1825. 53

GUY HUDSON—TAILOR.

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants 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 eastern cities, and will constantly have advices from those places. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of having their habits and coats executed 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.

Stray Boats.

TAKEN up by James Darral, Isaac Protzman, Elisha McKeeley, Jones McClester and Zera T. Percival, of Lawrenceburg; Dearborn County, State of Indiana, two