

## MISCELLANY.

### LIFE'S LIKENESS.

Written in imitation of the Poetry of the seventeenth century.

Life is—what?

It is the shooting of a star,  
That gleams along the trackless air,  
And vanishes, almost ere seen, to naught,  
And such is man—  
He shines and flutters for a span,  
And is forgot.

Life is—what?

It is the vermeil of the rose,  
That blooms but till the bleak wind blows,  
When all entomb'd in sweets, doth fade & rot,  
And such is man—  
He struts in bravery for a span,  
And is forgot.

Life is—what?

It is the dew drop of the morn,  
That quivering hangs upon the thorn,  
Till quaff'd by sun beams, 'tis no longer aught,  
And such is man—  
He's steep'd in sorrow for a span,  
And melts, forgot.

Life is—what?

A stone, whose fall doth circles make,  
On the smooth water of the lake,  
Which spread till one and all forsake the spot,  
And such is man—  
'Midst friends he revels for a span,  
And sinks, forgot.

Life is—what?

It is a bubble on the morn,  
Ros'd by a little globe of rain,  
Whose air destroys the fabric it hath wrought,  
And such is man—  
Swell'd into being for a span,  
And broke, forgot.

Life is—what?

A shadow on the mountain's side,  
Oft rock, that doth on either ride,  
Driven by the northern gale, with tempest  
fragile,  
And such is man—  
He hangs on greatness for a span,  
And is forgot.

Life is—what?

It is the sound of canon roar,  
Which strikes upon the startled ear;  
And ceases ere we can distinguish aught,  
And such is man—  
He frets and blusters for a span,  
And is forgot.

Life is—what?

It is the swallow's sojourn,  
Who, ere the summer's robe is rent,  
Flies to some distant bourne, by instinct  
taught,  
And such is man—  
He rents his dwelling for a span  
And flies, forgot.

And this—Life?

Oh yea! and, had I time, I'd tell,  
An hundred shapes more transient still,  
But while I speak, fate whets his slaughterous  
knife,  
And such is man  
While reck'ning o'er life's little span,  
Death ends the strife.

From the Liverpool Albion.

### CONFessions OF AN UNEXECUTED FEMICIDE.

[CONCLUDED FROM NUMBER 43.]

"I stood for a moment terrified at the deed I had done; but every instant was hazardous; and, throwing the bloody weapon into the stream, I rushed with headlong violence through the plantation, and gained the public road. From that moment horror seized upon me. The night, which had been hitherto calm and clear, became suddenly overcast with clouds. A vapour passed before the moon, as if to hide from the face of nature such consummate wickedness; the silence of creation was disturbed, and a sullen moan, like that of the angel of death, seemed to fill the air. The winds began to swell on every side, while the trees nodded mournfully to the blast that swept through them with low and melancholy murmur. A clap of thunder burst above my head like the sound of the last trumpet, and a flash of lightning followed. As I hurried distractedly along, a thousand phantoms and forms of darkness seemed to dance before my eyes. I was pursued with unutterable despair, while a voice like that of my murdered victim rung incessantly in my ears. 'Spare me—spare my unborn babe!—Pity, pity, pity.' I stopped them, but in vain: the same sound, the same agonizing voice pursued my footsteps wherever I went.

"I reached at last my door: it was closed, and all the inmates had gone to rest. I knocked, and the old house-keeper opened it; but on seeing me, she started back with affright. 'Goodness, Mr. William, what have you been doing? You are deadly pale, and there is blood on your hands and forehead.' I mustered strength to tell her that I had been attacked on the high way, and knocked down. She brought me water, and I washed myself; but when the signs of my recent guilt were cleansed away, there was no mark of injury; I thought then I could perceive suspicion settle upon her countenance.

"I went to bed, but for my eyes there was no rest. The night was horrible—inepressibly horrible. The torments of hell took possession of me, and I rolled and tossed about in delirious agony. A vision came before me—it was the pale spirit of Mary—the same which had nightly haunted me since that awful

hour. She did not come in wrath, or like an angel of vengeance to punish. No—anger never had its abode in that gentle bosom. She still wore the beauty and mild melancholy of her living hours. Her eye was soft, and rolled upon me with a look of compassion and love; and had her face been less pale, and her garments unstained with blood, I should have supposed that she inherited life! 'Repent' was the only word she uttered. It came from her lips with an aerial softness, such as we may suppose to clothe the language of spirits. Though scarcely audible, it thrilled through my soul and overcame it. I uttered a loud cry, and fell into a trance.

"How long I remained in this swoon I know not. When I awoke from it, I beheld a lovely female hanging over me in an attitude of pity and affection—it was my sister. She had heard my voice, and risen to give me assistance. Tears streamed from her beautiful eyes; but there was a shudder from her frame. I had unknown to myself, muttered something of the dreadful truth, and she had heard it.

"Next day the body of Mary Ellison was found, and the news spread like a whirlwind over the country. They reached Eliza's ears, confirming the awful ideas she began to entertain. I passed the time in a state of mind which no language can depict. It was not fear of punishment which distressed me so bitterly, but the terrors of an awakened conscience. Two days passed on, but nothing was elicited to throw light on the transaction. On the third day my house was entered by the officers of justice, and I was hurried to the prison of Sterling. It were in vain to attempt to relate my state of mind during my confinement in the felon's cell. I had no consolation—no comfort. I saw an ignominious death before me. I saw the gallows with all its dreadful accompaniments. I had already heard, in dreams, the sentence of the judge pronounced upon my guilty head. I felt myself led out to execution, amid the execrations of the multitude. In perspective I beheld my form hung in chains, like the pirates upon the shore, and saw the passers-by point frightened at my withered bones, saying, 'Behold the murderer!' And to increase my horrors, the phantom would not stay away. Nightly she came before me as at first, and gazed upon me with her dark and melancholy eyes. It was in vain to try to forget her. That dreadful monitor refreshed my memory with ten fold force, and drew up anew what I would have given the universe to plunge into eternal forgetfulness. 'Repent! repent! repent!'—the same words swept forever over my imagination. They were the only sounds that came from her lips, and a thousand echoes gave them back unto my heart.

"My trial came on, and the evidence adduced was most convincing. My housekeeper and one of my servants saved my life. They swore an *alibi* in my favour, declaring, in the face of irresistible facts, that I was in bed at the time the murder was alleged to have taken place. Never was perjury so grossly criminal. Poor wretches! it was love to my sister which made them guilty of so dreadful a step, and they risked their eternal souls to save one whose crimes deserved a thousand deaths!

"I was discharged; but never did criminal come out of court with a blacker character. By the verdict of the jury, and the admonition of the judge, the mark of Cain was virtually set upon my forehead.

"My life has been marked with desolation; and another being was soon doomed to feel the effects of its fatal career—it was my sister. My crime, discharged as I was by the laws of the country, was too evidently to admit of doubt in any mind. She knew this, and her heart was convulsed, no less at the thought of my guilt, than at the loss of her friend, and the ruined honor of our family. She faded away like a flower beneath some pestilential vapour. She felt that she was kin and blood to a murderer, and shuddered at the thought. Still she did not hate me nor shun me; but as she herself drew nearer to the grave, she seemed to cling with greater ardour to the last and worthless remain of our line. She died, and her last words to me were to seek repentance.

"I never knew my sister's value till I had lost her: I never loved her till now. As I looked on her form, beautiful even in death, I remembered what she had been to me, and recalled from other years the image of my mother. 'Yes poor Eliza! I shall do my last sad duty to thee at least with a sincere heart. I shall perform thy mournful wake alone. I shall weep in atonement and repentance for what I have done to thy gentle bosom. None shall hear me, unless perchance, thy spirit hovering nigh, may catch the tones of remorse and affliction from thy wretched brother.'

"Such were my thoughts, and I burst into tears—the first that had watered my eyes since childhood. I felt desolate, companionless, and hated upon earth; and the fountain of sorrow now broke forth at this sad spectacle of the only one who loved me, so bitterly taken away.

"It was the fatal hour, and I remarked it not, so utterly was I occupied with my own meditations: but it passed not by undistinguished. It

was the hour of ten, to me so full of sorrow and of crime. I heard it strike, and when looking intently on the body of my sister, I saw—no, it was a phantom of imagination—I saw the pale and bleeding form of Mary. She was still the same as she had hitherto appeared to my eyes; but her visit seemed not to be for me, but for the corpse of her friend. She looked with unspeakable affection over it, and kissed it again and again. I was transfixed with fear and astonishment. I tried to weep; but I could not. I tried to speak; but my tongue was tied. I tried to move; but I remained stupefied and bound to my seat, as if by enchantment. Then the form threw her arms around my sister, who got up to receive her embraces. The pale cheeks of the latter became flushed with primal beauty—her eyes were reanimated and sparkled as bright as ever—her lips burst the silence which had enchanted them—she spoke and smiled delighted, while she returned with ardour the embraces of her friend. I could stand it no longer: my heart was overwhelmed with joy, and started up to clasp Eliza to my bosom. I threw my arms around her, and kissed her; but horror-struck, I shrank back. My lips were laid upon her frozen cheeks—I had held her close. She lay stretched out in the shroud. The candle was fading in its socket, and the chamber of death, faintly illuminated by its expiring glow, was more ghastly than ever. Where was the phantom? She had fled, and left no token of her presence behind, save the cry of 'Repent,' the echo of which like a knell of the dead, still rung in my ears!

"My sister was interred by the side of her parents in the cemetery of the parish church. I invited all with whom we had previously been on the footing of friends to the funeral, and they all attended. I did not expect this, and flattered myself that I would not be utterly deserted by the world. I was disappointed. They came to honour and pay their last respects to her ashes, but not to favour me. When the coffin was deposited in the earth, and the turf laid over it, each separated in silence and in sadness. None spoke to me. I was shunned like a scorpion, and returned alone and unpitied to my desolate mansion.

"The spirit of Mary haunts me still. Wherever I go, she comes at the fatal hour—at all seasons, and in all places. To get rid of this nightly visitor, I have tried every scheme. I have gone to foreign lands, and plunged headlong into society. I have joined in the dance and the masquerade; but it is the same. As the destined hour approaches, lo! she appears, and the unvarying word comes from her mouth—Repent! I have remarked, however, that her aspect changes in proportion as my soul is gay or melancholy.—When I mingle with mirth, and try to drown my sorrow in forgetfulness, she seems more sad and afflited, and stands longer by me, and utters her admonition in more impassioned language. When, however, my heart is subdued with a sense of its crime, and calmly awaits the trials that attend upon it, her melancholy is tinged with a sort of placid delight—her black eyes roll more softly upon me—she lingers but a moment—and the warning, as it flows from her lips comes upon my ear like a stream of unpleasant music!

"But lately, and I went to my sister's tomb. I threw myself on my knees before it, and wept at the recollection of former days, and the deeds I had done. My heart was melted. I felt the bitterness of remorse, and raised my hands to heaven, while I entreated forgiveness in the language of agony. Suddenly the clock of the church struck ten, and Mary stood before me. I never saw her look so beautiful. She was melancholy; but a smile sat upon her lips, and she regarded me with a look of divine satisfaction. My heart leaped with joy, for I found what I had done was good. She vanished away in the darkness of the night; but the admonition with which she had hitherto charged me, followed not, and I drew from it an omen that my repentance had truly begun.

"I need not pursue this subject farther. I am an altered man. The blood of fellow creature still cries against me; but a contrite heart may do much to silence its voice."

*African notion of Matrimony.—Some English settlers in South America, in a hunting excursion across the frontier, were entertained in a kraal of the Amazumba Caffres. The chief inquired how many wives an Englishman usually had, and how many cattle were required to be paid for one. He was told that no man, not even the King himself, was allowed to have more than one wife; and that property was not given to them, but on the contrary, with them. 'You are a people of strange customs, said the Caffre. Among us no one can procure a tolerable wife for less than ten good oxen, and our Chiefs sometimes even pay sixty cattle for one of superior qualities. Your women, I fear, make but indifferent wives, since no one will pay for them, and their relatives must even pay the man to marry them off their hands.'*

*A Bull.—An Irish gentleman whose lady had absconded from him, cautioned the public against trusting her in these words:—'My wife has eloped from me without rhyme or reason, and I desire no one will trust her on my account for I am not married to her.'*

*Large day's Work.—Two young women in the town of Ogden, in this county, named Abigail Moody and Aurelia Danforth, spun on the 5th inst. one hundred and sixty knots each, on a common wheel, between sun rise and sunset. Such acts of industry ought to be recorded, as an example to some of our village belles, whose lily hands have never been applied to the loom and distaff.—Rochester Album.*

N. G. HOWARD,  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Lawrenceburg, Indiana, will faithfully attend to professional business intrusted to his care. He will attend the courts in the 3d circuit, also the Supreme and U. States courts at Indianapolis. Office on High Street, opposite the Clerk's Office.

Feb. 25, 1826.

## JOHN TEST,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Having removed to Lawrenceburg, offer his professional services to those who may wish his assistance. Office on High Street, in a room directly over Beeson & Gibson's Stores

May 12, 1827.

18—1f.

## WM. HARRINGTON,

Boot & Shoe

Maker,

WISHES to inform the citizens of the state

of Indiana, Kentucky, and Ohio, that he carries on the above business at his old stand, first door above Jesser's Hotel, on High street. He has on hand a general assortment of work:

Women's Morocco, prunella,

and calf-skin shoes;

Men's coarse and fine boots

and shoes.

All of which are executed as well as any in the Eastern or Western states, and of as good materials. Attention will be paid to all orders in his line of business.

JOURNEYMAN WANTED;

To whom Giucast wages will be given

Lawrenceburg, July 12, 1827.

## La Mott's Cough Drops,

(FRESH SUPPLY)

For Coughs, Consumptions, Colds, Inflammations, Whooping Coughs, Spasmodic Asthma, Pain in the Side, Difficulty of Breathing, and Want of Sleep.

The proprietors of La Mott's Cough Drops have refrained from saying but little in commendation of this preparation—being confident that its value will prove sufficient recommendation from the increased demand for the article, and the great celebrity which it has gained in every part of the United States where it is known, and in order to render it as extensively useful as possible, they feel confident in offering it to the public as an APPROVED Medicine in those diseases which it professes to cure, and one which has rendered the most entire satisfaction to all those who have had an opportunity of observing and testing its salutary effects. In confirmation of which they now present it to the public under the sanction of the following certificates from Physicians, Duggists, and Merchants in different parts of the country.

The subscribers have sold La Mott's Cough Drops, as Agents for Messrs. Crosby's. The medicine has obtained the approbation of the public, by effecting many cures of the diseases for which it is recommended. We have therefore no hesitation in recommending LA MOTT'S COUGH DROPS, as an excellent medicine.

G. Dawson, druggist, and late U. S. Surgeon at Fort Fayette, Pittsburgh, Pa. J. Hanan, M. D. and E. Dower, druggists, Zanesville, Ohio; William Mount, M. D. Dayton, Ohio; M. Wolf & Co. Apothecary's Hall, Goodwin and Ashton, and Fairchild's Co. druggists, Cincinnati, Ohio; Ira Deihm, druggist, Chillicothe, Ohio; S. Sharpless, merchant, St. Clairsville, Ohio; L. P. Frazer, merchant, Xenia, Ohio; Wm. Lowry, merchant, Lebanon, Ohio; Dr. E. Ferris, Lawrenceburg, Indiana; Dr. H. Watts, Madison, Indiana; Thomas Wells, druggist, Nashville, Tenn.; T. Davis, Steubenville, Ten. Byers & Butler, druggists, Louisville, Ky.; F. Floyd, druggist, Frankfort, Ky.; Dr. M. Q. Ashby, Richmond, Ky. P. Price, merchant, Georgetown, Ky.; T. H. Brents, merchant, Paris, Ky.; T. B. Atwood, merchant, Greencastle, Ky.

Reference to the envelope which accompanies each bottle, for certificate of particular cases.

By O & S. CROSBY, Druggists, Columbus, Ohio. Each bottle will be labelled and signed by them—otherwise, not genuine. Each bottle contains 45 doses—price \$1. Sold by

F. FERRIS, Lawrenceburg, Ia. August 1, 7—31—

## Valuable Property for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale 160 acres of land, situated about three miles from Hartford, between the waters of Bogan and Laughery creeks, 70 of which are cleared and under cultivation, and the balance well timbered. On the premises are a good dwelling house, barn, out houses, two bearing orchards, meadows, and three never failing springs.

ALSO.—The well known tavern stand in the town of Hartford, now occupied by Davis Waver, Esq., to which is attached three lots of ground, a good stable, and an excellent well of water.

ALSO.—The eligible store house, occupied by J. & A. P. Andrew, nearly opposite the above-mentioned tavern stand, to which is attached an excellent garden lot.

ALSO.—The premises on which the subscriber resides, situated in Hartford, consisting of one large two story frame house, well calculated for a store and tavern, an elegant and spacious stable, part stone, four lots of ground, and two never failing springs.

The above described property will be sold low for cash, if application be made previous to the 1st of February next; after which time it will be for rent. The terms apply to the subscriber living in Hartford, Ia.

JOHN LEVINGSTON.

October 6, 1827.

## To Rent!

I wish to RENT my house in the town of Lawrenceburg, occupied as a tavern stand by myself, by the name of the

UNION HOTEL.

I would prefer having it kept up as a stand. Any person wishing to rent will please call on the subscriber living in the house. The terms will be made very reasonable.

JOHN SPEAKER.