

MISCELLANY.

I loved as none have ever loved,
What'er their love might be.
Else would not parting with her wring
Such bitter pangs from me.
Yet, musing on what might have been,
I dream my time away—
*Tis idle as my early dreams,
But ah! 'tis not so gay.

If aught of pleasure yet is mine—
A pleasure mixed with pain—
The pondering on the days gone by,
Which ne'er can come again!
When she, all lovely as she's still,
Blushed when I called her fair,
And, if she never bade me hope,
She never bade me despair.
For thee, dear maid, I fondly sighed
For thee I now repine,
Since Fate has sworn in solemn words
That never canst be mine!
Yet fondly I do love thee still,
Though hope ne'er mingles there;
A wilder passion sways me now—
Tis love joined to despair.

Farewell a world, whose gayest scenes
No pleasure bring to me;
I'd hate its smile did I not think
It might give joy to thee,
But if thou ever lovedst like me,
No joy will light thine eye,
Save transient gleams, like wintry suns,
Short glancing in the sky.

When forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet to-morrow,
We yet a kind of anguish prove,
And feel a touch of sorrow.
But oh! what words can paint the fears
When from those friends we sever,
Perhaps to part for months—for years—
Perhaps to part for ever.

Early Disappointment.

BY MISS E. BOGART.
"In aught that tries the heart
How few can stand the proof?"

The first disappointment of the heart is the hardest to be borne. It is that which falls like a blight on the warmest and best affections of which human nature is susceptible; and though the young and elastic spirits may sometimes rise beneath the pressure, and perhaps recover their wonted tone, amidst the pleasure and gaieties of life, there is still a cold, a barren place on the mind, where hope will not blossom, nor expectation put forth her powers, nor fancy spring again into beauty and fertility. Love is doubtless, in youth the strongest passion—it takes entire possession of the heart and thoughts. It is the root on which happiness is grafted, on which memory is engraven with its most indelible print. The histories of its power are spread over the whole earth.

They are taken from every station and condition of life, and painted in all the variety of form and coloring of which the invention of mind is capable. We behold in infancy its Eden-like paradise of bliss, its wild tornadoes of destruction and violence, its morbid melancholy, its sullen pride, its shrinking timidity, remorseless vengeance; all these have been portrayed to the imagination in vivid colors, and in thousands of instances; still there are other thousands yet unrelated, and shades of difference in each, which arise continually in changeful hues to the mind, like new lights cast on old and faded pictures. The first disappointment is the poisoned arrow of life. Its effects are visible, according to the character and disposition of its object. Many sink beneath its influence, and never recover from the shock. Others seem to rise above it in their boasted strength and pride; but while they laugh with the gay, and glide along apparently, on the surface of the stream of pleasure; still,

"The cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

The gloomy misanthrope, the reckless votary of dissipation, the miserable victim of the demon of intemperance have often been caused by some early disappointment of the heart; where, perhaps, "many a withering thought lies hid," of which the world knows not, cares not. They were too dream-like in their existence among those other thoughts,

"All outward bound,
Midst sands and rocks, and storms, to cruise
for pleasure?"

These reflections were suggested to my mind by the circumstances of meeting lately with an old friend whom I had not seen for several years—but I have written a long preface to a simple story.

Cecilia Moreland, as I first remember her, was one of the gayest and happiest of human beings. To me she was the animating spirit of all my juvenile pleasures and enjoyments. Our friendship commenced early, and was early brought to maturity, for it needs not years to awaken the feelings of affection in the heart; they spring up spontaneously wherever they find any thing around which to entwine themselves, and time has nothing to do with their growth or their decay. I have frequently wondered that we should have been so very intimate; and can

only account for it on the principle that extremes sometimes harmonize.

It is certain that we were totally unlike in character and disposition, yet I loved her as I have loved but few others. I know not how to describe her as she was at 16 years of age, for there was never two days or hours in which she appeared the same.—Lively, imaginative, unaffected and affectionate, she was one of the most versatile and fascinating of nature's children. She was not very beautiful; but the glow of health and exercise imparted brilliancy to her complexion, which charmed away the minor faults of form and feature. There was also an expression of gladness in her soul beaming eye and a clear wild ring of such heart felt mirth in the sound of her gay laugh, that one might truly have imagined that happiness was the very essence of her existence. It was a source of deep regret to me that almost as soon as I was capable of appreciating her real worth, we were separated by the changing destinies of life. Still our attachment was faithfully nursed in a constant intercourse by letter, which was supported on both sides with undiminished ardour for the space of a whole year; but at length shared the fate of all similar youthful correspondence. The dates of our epistles began to grow more "few and far between," till in each lengthened interval of silence there was something lost of former ease and familiarity. Our thoughts, and feelings, and pleasures, and pursuits, became strange to each other; and as the common topics of discussion between us were divested of their interest, the pen, by degrees, was entirely neglected.

Thus it was that for several years I knew nothing of Cecilia Moreland; nothing but that she was married—and according to the opinion of the world, married well.—Her husband was said to be rich and handsome; and as beauty and wealth are the most sought after in the selection of a husband, who could presume to suppose that she had not been fortunate or happy in her choice? I believed from report that she was both happy and fortunate, and rejoiced at hearing it, as I would have done in former days. There are moments of delightful reminiscence, when the happy scenes of childhood and the power and witchery of early feelings come home to my heart. Indeed our first impressions of love, or friendship, or happiness, or misery, are perhaps never entirely erased from our minds, however they may be sometimes carried away, apparently lost in the whirlpool of the world; there are still incisive intervals of calmness and reflection, when they are thrown back upon the memory, and resume their triumphant, though transitory reign.

It is not many months since I met with the friend of whom I have been speaking—We were passing accidentally through the same place, and before I knew of her being there, I heard that she was coming to see me. In an instant, the image of Cecilia Moreland arose in fancy,

"As bright to my heart as 'twas to my eyes."

I saw her as she was when I last beheld her. I forgot that she was no longer Cecilia Moreland, and knew not that with a change of name, there was scarcely a trace remaining of her former self. I awaited her arrival with the utmost impatience. Every knock startled me—every sound of approaching steps fixed my eyes on the door. It was at length opened, and a lady entered, leading by the hand a boy of 3 years of age. I sprang forward to meet her, while the exclamation involuntarily escaped my lips, "Oh, Cecilia, how you are altered!"—She burst into tears. The answer was eloquent and needed no explanation. We sat down and spoke of the length of time which had intervened since our last meeting; of the changes which had taken place within that period, and the different destinies by which each had since been followed.

I gazed on her face, and sighed as the picture of memory vanished. I wanted to ask her if she had been happy, but could not. I felt that it was a chord that would not bear vibration. The question was involved in too many delicate associations, which I knew could not be separated in her mind. It was evident that her once buoyant spirits had been crushed and broken, and her light heart divested of its gay and blissful feelings; and I was sure that there must have been some deep and undermining cause which had produced those effects; something too near home—which worked daily and hourly, and could not be cast off. Our brief intercourse was both pleasant and painful. We renewed our protestations of friendship with sincerity and interest, and once more parted to pursue our course in opposite directions. We were never to meet again. I spoke afterwards of our interview, and the impression it had left upon my mind, to one who had known Cecilia from her childhood.

"Ah," replied she, "Cecilia has seen her best days. She has got a husband

who will harass her to death with his tiring and irritating temper. He possesses one of those fault finding dispositions which can never be suited with any thing; and his wife, with all her efforts, can seldom succeed in pleasing him. Her spirits have at length been worn out by "a continual dropping," and her health suffers in consequence. That is not the only cause either; but every body does not know what I know. Between ourselves, she never loved the man she married. Her heart was given to one whom her parents thought no match for her, but they have reason now to repent their ambition. Of what use is wealth, if we must sacrifice peace to obtain it? The one who would have been her choice was every way calculated to make her happy, but her parents refused their consent to the union, and she gave him up. He has wandered away, nobody knows where, and she is fast descending to the grave."

Here the narrator ceased her story, and her closing prediction was but too soon verified. She is gone to her last rest. I read an account of her death in a newspaper but a few days ago. It was stated that she died of consumption, and the world will believe it was so. None, perhaps, will contradict it, though there may be a few who will know that it was disappointment which preyed at first upon her spirits, and at length produced the hectic flush and wasting weakness, which eventually destroyed her!

There are two portraits drawn in lasting colors on my heart and memory: the portraits of the two Cecilias. The one representing the young original in all the brilliant hues of hope and happiness; the other, after some few years, reflecting in her countenance the shades of care and disappointment.

A Drunkard Cured.

The Earl of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which as well as his conduct, was often very singular, thought of an expedient to prevent the exhortations and importunities of those about him. This was to feign himself deaf; and, under pretense of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer not by what was really said to him, but by what he was really said to have said. Among other servants, was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity and affection, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be discharged. My lord was answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant." "I say that he is continually drunk," replied the lady, "and desire that he may be turned off." "Aye," said his lordship, he has lived with me from a child, and, as you say, a trifle of wages shall not part us." John, however, one evening as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde Park; she was little hurt, but when she came home she began to rattle the earth.

"Here (says she) is that beast, John, so drunk that he can scarcely stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged, may break our necks." "Aye, (says my lord,) is poor John sick? Alas! I am sorry for him." "I am complaining, (says my lady) that he is drunk, and has overturned me." "Aye, (answered his lordship,) to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice."

My lady finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and the earl having ordered John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these words: "John, you know I have a regard for you, and, as long as you behave well, you shall be taken care of in my family. My lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see you can scarcely stand; go to bed and I will take care that you have proper advice."

John being thus dismissed was taken to bed, where by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, and another upon his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woful plight, and was informed of the whole process, and the reasons upon which it was commenced. He had no remedy, however, but to submit, for he would rather have incurred as many more blisters than have lost his place.

The earl sent very formally twice a day to know how he was, and frequently congratulated his lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed only with water gruel, and to have no company but an old nurse. In about a week John having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said he was extremely glad to hear the fever had left him. When John came in, "well John" says he, "I hope this bout is over." "Ah, my lord, (says John) I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and promise never to commit the same fault again." "Aye, aye, (says the earl) you are right, you are right; nobody can prevent sickness,

and if you should be sick again John, I shall see to it, though perhaps you shall not complain; and I promise you, you shall always have the same advice, and the same attendance that you have had now." "God bless your honor, (says John) I hope there will be no need." "So do I too," replied his lordship, "but as you do your duty towards me, never fear but I shall do mine to you;" and by this means John was effectually cured of his drunken habits.

SLEEPING.

"In meditation pass not sleepless nights;
In method and in ease the mind delights;
Sound and sweet sleep the wearied mind befriends;

Wisdom will teach, with day the study ends."

Sleeping is undoubtedly one of the greatest blessings God has bestowed on man, and equal in every respect to hope. "Take, says a modern philosopher, "from man sleep and hope, and he will be the most unhappy being in existence." But like every other blessing it is subject to abuse, and consequently needs to be governed by prudence and discretion. To enjoy its most salutary effects it should be indulged in at stated periods, and confined for a limited time—say from six to eight hours, which is sufficient for us under ordinary circumstances; and no time is more suitable for devoting to this purpose, than that during the silence of the night, when all animated nature seems to partake of the same enjoyment. This is the time nature points out and allots for that special purpose, when the body and mind are partially exhausted by the fatigues of the day.

Those who go contrary to the dictates of nature—who spend their nights in revelling, voluptuousness, and dissipation, seeking the morning alone to repose—we too frequently find passing to a premature old age—yes, before they have fairly entered the meridian of life, they find their constitutions broken down and their bodies pregnant with disease. They may then regret their folly, but alas! for them it is too late, for with their health impaired, their spirits become depressed, and ennui with all its attendant horrors succeeds. We see too many of our otherwise valuable young men, who might become ornaments to society, with their constitutions broken by watchfulness and dissipation, throwing themselves away, and becoming useless to their friends and a burthen to themselves. Parents cannot be too particular and watchful over their children, to prevent this common and growing evil. Those who in common language turn day into night, and night into day, cannot be sensible of the true enjoyments of quietude and repose, while those who observe the regularity due to themselves, and necessary to their health, awake every morning, after a sweet and balmy sleep, to the enjoyment, as it were, of new life, invigorated and refreshed.

Parents should accustom their children to regularity in all their habits.—They should be made to retire and arise at regular hours, and not suffered to drowsie away the morning, as is too often the case, "to keep them out of the way." Excessive sleep is equally as injurious as too much watchfulness, it impairs the mind and senses and relaxes the memory. Habits of early rising are beneficial alike to the body and mind, and when followed from infancy up to manhood, will not be likely to be forsaken. Let him who doubts make the trial.

Unrequited Love, or a Bachelor drawn ed.

—An inquisition was held in Southwark, on the body of Richard Watson, a person in very low life, who met with his death from unrequited love, by throwing himself into the Thames. The female, a servant in a public house, maintained an air of indifference, even at the time when she saw the perpetration of the fatal act; and when the deceased got over the palisades, he put his hand through, and wished her to shake hands; she answered, "No."

He then said, "Will you forgive me?" She replied, "No, never!" He then threw his hat at her, and precipitated himself into the Thames. The jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased drowned himself in a state of insatiable, brought on by a fit of jealousy."

English paper.

GOODWIN & WHITAKE, CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, No. 3, Upper Market, (or Fench) Street, at the old sign of the GOOD SAMARITAN, Cincinnati, Ohio. Wholesale & Retail dealers in

Drugs, Medicines, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

DYE-STUFFS,

Wine-vinegar, &c. &c.

July 25, 1831. 49-6 mo

Rags! Rags! TWO cents per pound in Cents will be given for any quantity of clean Cotton and Linen Rags at this office.

DEARBORN COUNTY.

DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT.

September Term, 1831.

David Palmer, *versus* Wm. C. Vanhouten, *versus* Hannah Vanhouten, Cornelius W. Vanhouten, and Isaac Vanhouten; that the said David Palmer has filed his bill of complaint on the chancery side of said court; praying amongst other things, that the said defendants be compelled to make him a deed in fee simple for certain lands in the said Bill described; the defendants aforesaid will therefore take notice, that unless they be and appear before the Judges of the Dearborn circuit court, in chancery sitting, at their Term to be held in and for the said county of Dearborn, on the fourth Monday in March next, then and there to answer to, grieve, or deny the matters in the said bill stated, the same as to them will be taken as confessed, and the matters therein prayed for decreed accordingly. By order of the court, JAMES DILL, Clerk.

December 19, 1831. 51-Sw

DEARBORN COUNTY.

DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT.

September Term, 1831.

Justus M. Cure, *versus* Andrew S. Winings, *versus* Andrew S. Winings, *versus* James Winings; that Justus M. Cure, the plaintiff aforesaid, has sued out of the clerk's office of the Dearborn circuit court, his writ of foreign attachment in an action of debt—and that the same has been returned by the Sheriff of Dearborn as follows, to wit: "Attached twenty scers of land part of the N. W. gr. of section 15—Town 5, Range 2, West, in the county of Dearborn." Now, therefore, the said defendants are hereby notified, that unless they appear, file special bail, receive a declaration, and plead to the action aforesaid within one year from the September Term of the Dearborn circuit court, 1831, Judgment will be entered against them by default, and the land so attached will be sold for the benefit of their creditors. By order of the court, JAMES DILL, Clerk.

December 19, 1831. 51-Sw

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have taken out of the Clerk's Office of the Probate Court of Dearborn County letters of administration on the estate of Jesse Foster, late of Dearborn County deceased, all persons indebted are therefore requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

It is believed the said estate will be amply solvent.

NIMROD W. DART, Admin.

Dec. 18th, 1831. 50-Sw

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that I shall offer for sale at the late dwelling of Jesse Foster, deceased, on the first Tuesday in January next, the following articles:

One Wagon, and Horses, one Cow, And Young Cattle, and Sheep, Corn, Oats, Hay, Potatoes, Farming Utensils, Household Kitchen Furniture, and a Rifle Gun, and other articles to be sold on said day.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock on said day.

NIMROD W. DART, Admin.

Dec. 18th, 1831. 50-Sw

NOTICE.

THE subscriber takes this method to give general information to the public, that his

QUILT DRUGGIST.

works are in full operation, and having employed an experienced hand to do the business, he flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction to those who may favor him with their custom. The prices will be as follows:

For London Brown fulled cloth 25 cts. p' y'd
" London Smoke do. 20 "
" Small do. 10 "
" Green do. 20 "
" Black do. 20 "
" Navy Blue do. 20 "
" Drab do. 12 1/2 "

All other work low in proportion

N. B. For the accommodation of those living at a distance, he has made arrangements with George Tousley of Lawrenceburg to receive cloth at his store, where it will be taken by him and returned when finished; he has also made the same arrangements at Mr. Plummers store in Manchester township.

EDMUND BOND.