

Hard Times.

BY HANNAH MOORE.

"We say the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are 'tis true;
But, drunkards, to your wives and babes
They're harder made by you.

The drunkard's tax is self-imposed,
Like every other sin;
The taxes altogether cost
Not half so much as GIN.

The state compels no man to drink,
Compels no man to game;
'Tis Gin and gambling sinks him down
To rags, and want, and shame.

The kindest husband, changed by Gin,
Is for a tyrant known;
The tenderest heart that nature made,
Becomes a heart of stone.

In many a house the harmless babes
Are poorly clothed and fed,
Because the craving Gin-shop takes
The children's daily bread.

Come, neighbor, take a walk with me,
Through many a London street,
And see the cause of poverty,
In hundreds that we meet.

Behold the shivering female there,
Who plies her woeful trade!
'Tis ten to one you'll find that Gin
That helpless wretch has made.

Look down those steps, and view below
Yon cellar under ground;
There every want and every woe,
And every sin are found.

Those little children trembling there,
With hunger and with cold,
Were by their parent's love of Gin,
To sin and misery sold.

Look through this prison's iron bars!
Look through that dismal grate,
And learn what dire misfortune brought
So terrible a fate!

The debtor, and the felon, too,
Though differing much in sin,
Too oft you'll find were thither brought
By all-destroying Gin.

See the pale manufacturer there,
How lank and lean he lies!
How haggard is his sickly cheek!
How dim his hollow eyes!

How ample had his gains sufficed,
On wife and children spent!
But all must for his pleasure go;
All to the Gin-shop went.

See that apprentice, young in years,
But hackneyed long in sin!
What made him rob his master's till?
Alas! 'twas love of Gin.

That serving man! I knew him once,
So jaunty, spruce, and smart!
Why did he steal, then pawn the plate?
'Twas Gin ensnared his heart!

But hark! what dreadful sound was that!
'Tis Newgate's awful bell!
It tolls, alas! for human guilt!
Some malefactor's knell!

Oh woeful sound! Oh what could cause
Such punishment and sin?
Hark! I hear his words—he owns the cause—
"Bad company and Gin!"

And when the future lot is fix'd,
Of darkness fire and chains,
How can the drunkard hope to 'scape
Those everlasting pains?"

A TALE.

BY MISS MILFORD.

Dignity, a mild and gentle, but still a most striking dignity, was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth, in look and in mind.—Her beauty was the beauty of sculpture, as contradistinguished from that of painting; depending mainly on form and expression, little on color. There could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the purity of her finely-grained complexion, the softness of her deep gray eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely moulded features, and the rosy cheeks, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation of Jessy. If a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these several facts both sisters were, of course, perfectly aware: Jessy, because every body told her so, and she must have been deaf to have escaped the knowledge; Agnes, from some process equally certain but less direct; for few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently too proud to find pleasure in any thing so nearly resembling flattery as praise.

Few, excepting her looking-glass and her father, had ever told Agnes that she was handsome, and yet she was as conscious of her surpassing beauty as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and, perhaps, as a mere question of appearance and becomingness, there might have been as much coquetry in the severe simplicity of attire and of manner which distinguished one sister, as in the elaborate adornment and innocent showing-off of the other. There was, however, between them exactly such a real and internal difference of taste of character as the outward show served to indicate. Both were true, gentle, good, and kind; but the elder was as much loftier in mind as in stature, was full of high purpose; had abandoned drawing from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performance, as compared with the works of real artists; reserved her musical talent entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much soul into that delicious art to make it a mere amusement; and was only saved from becoming a poetess, by her almost exclusive devotion to the very great in poetry—to Woodworth, to Milton and Shakespeare. These tastes she

very wisely kept to herself; but they gave a higher and firmer tone to her character and manners; and more than one peer, when seated at Mr. Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought within himself how well his beautiful daughter would become a coronet. Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. Once or twice, indeed, her kind father had pressed on her the brilliant establishments that had offered,—but her sweet questions, "Are you tired of me? do you wish me away?" had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside for the moment the ambition of his nature even for this his favorite child.

Of Jessy, with all her youthful attractions, he had always been less proud, perhaps, less fond. Besides, her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as decided. Charles Woodford, a poor relation, brought up by his kindness, and recently returned into his family from a great office in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor to his great and flourishing business:—a choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of his orphan cousin, and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the young people.

The arrangement was the more agreeable to him, as providing munificently for Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of making, as in lawyer-phrases he used to boast, "an elder son" of Agnes, who would by this marriage of her younger sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the country. He had even, in his own mind elected her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet who lately had been much at the house, and in favor of whose expected addresses (for the proposals had not yet been made—the gentleman had gone no further than attentions,) he had determined to exert the paternal authority which had so long lain dormant.

But in the affairs of love, as in all others, man is born to disappointment. "L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose," is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who, Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two-and-twenty,—offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership, to his penniless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connexion very respectfully but very firmly declined. The young man was much distressed and agitated; he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy; but he could not marry her—he loved another! And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in the splendid conservatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was flitting about like a butterfly amongst the fragrant orange trees and bright geraniums.—Agnes standing under a superb fuchsia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the country town:

"I hate concerts!" said the pretty little flirt. "To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or of speaking to any body, or of any body's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!"

"I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes, a little archly: "his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too complete: he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object."

"Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!" pursued Jessy; "the noise they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except the guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet."

"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound: and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless, a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing him recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek.—Charles Woodford's reading is music."

"It is music which you are neither of you likely to hear again," interrupted Mr. Molesworth advancing suddenly towards them; "for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him."

Agnes stood as if petrified: "Ungrateful! oh, father!"

"You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa," said Jessy, always good natured, "poor Charles! what can he have done?"

"Refused your hand, child," said the angry parent, "refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?"

"Why really papa," replied Jessy, "I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it. I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done." And off the gipsy ran, declaring that she must put on

her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute.

The father and the daughter remained in the conservatory.

"That heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

"Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly," replied Agnes, "but has he really refused my sister?"

"Absolutely."

"And does he love another?"

"He says so, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell you the name of the lady?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Most worthy."

"Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh! he must! he must! what woman could refuse him?"

"He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honorable part of Charles Woodford's conduct, that he intends to leave his affection unsuspected by its object."

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared to be collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine, and watering a favorite geranium, but it would not do; the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations.—She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions, and the varying expression of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

"Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow so much, but although you have never in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and known, I can hardly tell how, all that your kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dear father, doubly mistaken me; first in the name fit to fill a splendid place in society; next in imagining that I desired such splendor. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions for our wealthy and titled neighbor. And with some little change of persons these arrangements may still, for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son, for nothing has changed that need diminish your affections or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with her destiny. And let me live with you dear father, single and unwedded, with no other thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you, and for you—always your own poor Agnes!" And, blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose water reflected her fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue, to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her; "Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves."

"Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess whom she may be?"

"Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said, that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?"

"You may see her reflecting in the water at this very moment: for he had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"

"Father!"

"And now, mine own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?"

"Oh, father! father!"

"Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?"

"Father! dear father!"

"Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak!"

"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together! I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together!"

"And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself.—Jessy, with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to visit for a day; but Agnes and the cousin, whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

THE YANKEES.—One man in Chalestown, Massachusetts, has gathered 303 lbs. squashes, from one seed—another at Portsmouth, N. H. plucked an apple from one of his trees that weighed 1 lb. 10 oz.—and the cow of a third dexterously shook a quince tree, and ate a peck of golden fruit! A fourth makes about \$2,000 a year by the manufacture of shaving boxes to assist the operation of nullifying the beards of southern gentlemen. A fifth grows water melons weighing 30 1-2 lbs. So they go on. With any thing, from a shaving box to a ship, from contriving wooden nutmegs to the use of the bayonet—from making cider to handling 32 pounders, the Yankees always wish "to go ahead;" and he will sit down with a penknife to make a clock out of cedar shingles—or to enter for a three years' voyage to the Pacific to harpoon whales—"just as it happens!"

Two of them some years ago took a trip to Canton in an old sloop, in which they built an oven, and commenced the manufacture of gingerbread, and having gathered money, returned with a "considerable"

cargo of teas, which they picked up "in trade." And one who had recently, peradventure, returned from a voyage among the frozen Islands of the south, to catch seal, lately managed a team of one hundred and fifty pair of oxen at a cattle show, marching them like a well drilled company of soldiers, at command! We may next hear of him teaching a school, or hammering horse-shoes—building a mill, weaving cotton table cloths or making mouse traps: His only motto is "onward," always onward.—Niles' Register.

A Regulator. A traveller in a steamboat, not particularly celebrated for velocity, inquired of a gentleman who stood next him, what the boat was called; upon which the latter replied, "I think, Sir it is called the Regulator, for I observe all the other boats go by it."

An apothecary asserted in a large company that all bitter things were hot. "No," replied a physician, "a bitter cold day is an exception."

Some years since a man, who had more money than good sense, suffered himself to be sued for two dollars. Enraged at the audacity of the plaintiff, he resolved to put every engine of the law in motion, to keep him out of the money, and accordingly applied to a gentleman of the bar for his professional aid to effect this object. After listening to his statement of the case, the Attorney demanded a fee of only three dollars, which the defendant promptly paid down, highly gratified with the smallness of the sum required. The Attorney went to the magistrate's office, and paid the debt and costs with the three dollars which he had just received from his client. They met in a few days after, when the man inquired of the Attorney whether he had attended to the case, and what had been the result. "Yes," replied the lawyer, "and I have completely nonsuited the plaintiff—he'll never trouble you any more."

PRINTING PRESS Manufactory, and PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE.

DICKINSON & WILLIAMSON, Fifth St., (between Elm and Plum Streets,) Cincinnati, have commenced an Establishment for the manufacture of PRINTING PRESSES, of Medium, Royal, Super Royal, Imperial, and Mammoth sizes, of cast iron.

THE FRANKLIN PRESS, an improved Press by Mr. Dickinson, (who has been engaged, for several years past, in manufacturing Printing Presses,) combines great ease in working, and durability in those parts where the friction is greatest. The pull is probably the most easy that can be obtained, giving an immense pressure. They also make the common Press now so generally used in the West.

D. & W. will shortly produce a machine to be worked in connection with the press, to perform all the duties heretofore performed by the roller boy or the pressman, with balls. Machines of this description have been in successful operation in the United States for several years, and in this city for several months; producing better work than is usually done with rollers or balls. Messrs. HARRIS, of New York, work all their presses in connection with these machines; one pressman thereby performing the work of two, with not more than ten per cent. additional labour, allowing him to work off twelve to fifteen tokens per day, if desirable, and keeping one uniform color throughout.

They also manufacture an improved apparatus for inking types with rollers, by a boy, with traversing roller; by which means the ink is equally distributed over all parts of the roller which lies the form.

The Proprietors intend keeping the following articles constantly on hand: viz. Moulds for casting rollers; Roller Frames, double and single; Chases of wrought and cast iron, all sizes; Composing Sticks, Points, Cases, etc.

All work done at this establishment will be warranted. Terms are liberal, and Prices very low.

Several second hand Presses for sale. Cincinnati, Nov. 24, 1832. 45-3mo

LAW NOTICE.

AMOS LANE, Attorney and counsellor at Law, will, in future, give his undivided attention, to his profession—may be consulted at his office, on high street, near the clerk's office, at all times, except when at Court—will attend the Circuit, Probate, and Commissioner's Courts, in the County of Dearborn. The Circuit Courts in Franklin, Switzerland, Ripley and Decatur counties. The Supreme and District Courts at Indianapolis. And will attend to business of Importance, either civil or criminal in any other courts in this, or adjoining states. He trusts that his long and successful practice, will insure him, his former liberal portion of professional business, when the public shall be assured, that all business entrusted to his charges, shall receive his prompt attention, and best efforts, to bring it to a speedy and successful close.

AMOS LANE. Lawrenceburgh, June 13th, 1832. —24

LAW.—DANIEL J. CASWELL and DANIEL S. MAJOR, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, have entered into partnership, and will practice in the third Judicial Circuit of Indiana, particularly in the Counties of Dearborn, Franklin, Ripley and Switzerland; Also in the Supreme Court at Indianapolis. Office on Short street immediately opposite Mr. Ludlow's large brick building; where D. S. Major will at all times be found, unless absent on business, ready to attend to any professional services that may be required. He will also attend to the settlement of estates before the Probate Court; and of claims before the Commissioners Court of Dearborn county. Persons wishing Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, or conveyances of any kind, can have them drawn in a legal and unexceptionable form, by calling at their office.

All business confided to Caswell & Major will receive the united and strict attention of both. Lawrenceburgh, Oct. 13, 1832. 39—tf

Lumber for Sale.

THE subscriber has lately received a very large addition to his stock of LUMBER, and now offers for sale

425,000 feet of Boards and Plank,
14,000 " " Joist,
15,000 " " Scantling,
500,000 Shingles.

WM. TATE. Lawrenceburgh, July 12, 1832. —26

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received from PHILADELPHIA A General Assortment of DRY GOODS, Hardware, Groceries, BOOTS, SHOES, &c. ALSO, FROM Pittsburgh, IRON, NAILS & GLASSWARE. Which they will sell low for Cash or on time. N. & G. SPARKS. Oct. 25, 1832. 41—tf

Lawrenceburgh CHAIR MANUFACTORY.

THE subscriber takes this method to inform the public in general that he has established the chair making business, on High street, opposite the market house, where he will keep constantly on hand a large and splendid assortment of



Which he warrants for durability and workmanship, equal to any in the western country; which he will dispose of, on reasonable terms. Persons wishing to purchase, will please call and judge for themselves. WM. N. ROGERS. Feb. 11, 1831.

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received from the city of NEW YORK, in addition to his former stock, the following articles:

Blue and Steel-Mixt Satinets;
Red & white Flannels (assorted qualities);
20 Pieces (part newest style) Rich, Dark Fancy Prints;
Assortment of Circumstances;
Mackinaw, Rose, and Point Blankets;
Drab Cloths;
Olive & Drab Lion Skin Coating;
Thibet, Wool & Cashmere Dress Handkerchiefs;
Tartan Plaids;
Men's Seal-Skin Caps & Beaver Gloves;
No. 1 & 2 Tickings, &c. &c.

Which he is now prepared to sell to his customers and all who may give him a call, JOHN P. DUNN. Oct 18, 1832. 40—tf

SCHOOL LANDS FOR SALE.

SCHOOL Section, No. 16, Town 9 Range 11, east, will be offered at public sale, at the Court-House door, in the town of Versailles, Ripley County, Indiana, on the third Monday of February, 1833.

The above section is divided into sixteenths or forty acre lots, and will be sold by their number.

By THOMAS SMITH, s.c. r.c. Versailles, Dec. 4, 1832. 47—ts

Sale of Real Estate.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that I shall expose to sale, at the premises, in the town of Rising-Sun, on the fourth Saturday in January next, at Public Vendue, the real estate of Baxter Davis, late of Dearborn county, deceased; consisting of part of lots No. 35 & 36, in the town of Rising-Sun, with their improvements and appurtenances—selling also the widow's right of dower with her consent. To be sold on the following terms and conditions, to wit: one third of the purchase money in hand, one third in three months, and the residue in six months from the day of sale. By order of the Probate court of Dearborn county. GEORGE W. ANDERSON, Adm'r. 13th November, 1832. 45—ts

Who wants Money?

THE subscriber wishes to employ 2 or 3 persons to ride as mail carriers, to whom employment for one year and liberal wages will be given. Young men of industrious, moral habits, weighing from 120 to 130 pounds would be preferred. Application should be made immediately.

JOHN D. CUMMINS. Oct. 26, 1832. 41

Dr. M. H. Harding

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Manchester and the surrounding country. His office is at the house of Oliver Housat.

Nov. 20th, 1832. 45-3mo

Tobacco.

JUST received and for sale by J. M. DANNAH, 12 Kegs of first rate manufactured Tobacco. Dec. 27th, 1832. 50—

Collector's Notice.

ALL persons who are in arrears for Taxes, are hereby notified that the same must be paid on or before the 1st day of Jan. 1833. After which time I shall proceed to collect the same according to law. RUSSEL COMAN, Col. D.C. Manchester, Dec. 7, 1832. 47—tf

Salt.

JUST received and for sale by J. M. DANNAH, 12 Kegs of first rate manufactured Salt, at Cincinnati prices. Nov. 15th 1832. 43—tf

Fresh Flour

JUST received and for sale by SHAW & PROTZMAN. Nov 9, 1832. 43—

WINEY, by the barrel, for sale by N. & G. SPARKS. Nov 3, 1832. 43—

Zanesville Salt,

RECEIVED and for sale by N. & G. SPARKS. January, 1833. 50—tf

BLANK PAGES,

For Sale at this Office.