

From the New York Mirror.

Eve and Two of Her Daughters.

TO ELIZABETH.

In Eden's groves, when every flower was new,
And Time's first sunbeams drank the glittering dew;
While neither thorn nor thistle chok'd the ground,
Nor crime nor sorrow spread its ruin round;
When all was beauty, music, joy, and health,
And earth's whole treasure, man's unenvied wealth;
Say!—was he blessed with one luxurious hour,
Till woman smiled—companion of his bow?
And she—fair, trembling form from beauty's mould,
Unaw'd by fashion, unseduc'd by gold;—
Think'st thou she either doubted or delayed,
To greet her partner in the fragrant shade?
Or left the scenes where love and beauty smil'd,
To wander lonely in the desert wild?
Beside a murmuring stream, in forest-glade,
Where spicy odours with the zephyrs played;
Where golden fruits in mix'd profusion lay,
And forest choirs announce'd the new-born day,
Where first the doe, at blush of earliest dawn,
Led from the tangled copse her spotted fawn;
There—in her virgin innocence of mind,
Adam descried the mother of mankind.
The birds had wak'd her to her natal day:
Still, on her mossy couch reclin'd she lay,
Collecting flowers that bloom'd profusely there,
And twining garlands in her flowing hair.
Adam, delighted, saw the fair unknown,
With form so lovely, yet so like his own;
And straight approach'd her—she with modest mien,
Such as in her love may still be seen;
Arose and sweetly smil'd. "Ye powers of light,"
He cried—"What charming object greets my sight!
Some form of fancy, creature of the brain,
That once I see, but ne'er may see again?"
Silent he stood, astonished thus to find
That lips could speak th' emotions of the mind,
For not till then his voice had silence broke:
Our mother smil'd again, as thus she spoke:
"Believe me not a fleeting form of air;—
I come your joys, your hopes, your loves to share;
Your second self am I—a kindred heart."
"Oh! welcome, welcome, then my better part,"
Our great first parent cried, and his arms,
Folded the full effulgence of her charms!
One heart, one soul, one blest existence they,
And nature smil'd upon their bridal day.
But times how chang'd—now truth and nature fly
From fashion's circles, to some kindlier sky,
And leave mankind in simpering folly's school,
To act the hypocrite, and play the fool.
Behold Firtilla—young—and fair, and gay,
Resolved to sport her youthful prime away
Unlov'd, unloving,—in the serious jest,
That, "of all things, she loves herself the best."
Charm'd with the brainless flatterer's awkward praise,
She consecrates to dress her brightest days;
Draws the long sigh, and flirts the pictured fan,
And feigns to scorn the hateful creature, man.
"The other sex"—with prudish jeer, she cries:—
"What, love a man?—I'd sooner lose my eyes!"
Deceitful, flattering man deserves the scorn
Of every maid of honest mother-born!
With such crude wit, she gilds her dreaming years,
And wakes too late to solitude and tears;
Behold her when her lunacy is past;
Fading her cheek, her prospects fade as fast;
False friends forsake her—flatterers depart,
And hope's bleak ruins desolate her heart.
See Aura too, by nature form'd to bless,
And prone to yield to friendship's fond caress;
But, lo! the youth who honorably strove
To wake her heart to sympathizing love,
Though blest with genius, virtue, every grace,
That sweetens life and dignifies his race;
Though more beloved than any swain she knew,
And more engaging as acquaintance grew;
Yet, lack'd one thing, and need the wise be told,
'Twas neither wit nor excellence, but gold!
So Aura bade the generous youth depart,
And took a surly miser to her heart.
But mark her fate. She moves in gilded halls;
Paintings and tapestry adorn their walls;
The ready chariot glitters at her gate,
And liv'd slaves with looks obsequious wait;
Yet, is she poor;—and friends in vain console,
For love's bright sun illumines not her soul.
All dark, dark, dark, without one cheering ray,
A night of horror without hope of day.
So did not Eve;—and many a virgin here,
Has learn'd from Eden's bride the wiser art,
The happier lot, of seeking to be join'd
In bonds of mutual sympathy of mind;
Endearing ties—strengthening to the last,
And made immortal when the grave is past.

MYNALOS.

From Exeter News Letter.

ADVICE TO COUNTRY POLITICIANS.

Go weed your corn, and plough your land,
And by Columbia's interest stand,
Cast prejudice away;
To abler heads leave state affairs,
Give railing o'er, and say your prayers,
For stores of corn and hay.
With politics ne'er break your sleep,
But ring your bells, and shear your sheep,
And rear your lambs and calves;
And Uncle Sam will take due care,
That Britain never more shall dare
Attempt to make you slaves.

A Tale of St. Domingo.

There seems to be a striking resemblance between slave-holding and volcanic countries. Though the inhabitants may be blessed with every enjoyment depending upon soil and climate, yet in the very bowels of the land there are constantly the elements of destruction. Even while we are most happy and secure, the volcano may be upon the point of bursting forth with overwhelming ruin, which no foresight can anticipate, and no prudence avert. Such was the state of St.

Domingo at the opening of my tale; on the eve of that fearful insurrection which consigned so many unsuspecting beings to premature death, or drove them from their homes and kindred, to struggle with want in the loneliness of a foreign land.

The hot glaring day had passed, and was succeeded by the soft splendor of a West Indian evening. Mons. L., a large proprietor of land and slaves, was sitting at a table in his saloon, looking over some newspapers, which he had just received from a neighboring town. At the other end of the table his wife was engaged in preparations for the evening meal. Before an open window in the same apartment, sat an only daughter, Theresa, with her cousin and accepted lover, Eugene N.

Eugene was an orphan. At the very beginning of his course through life, he had encountered misfortunes and difficulties which only his own talents and energy enabled him to surmount. He had met with wrongs and treachery enough from the world, to make him prize, at their full value, the purity and single-minded love of Theresa. Young as he was, he had seen much of mankind. With an ardent disposition and a heart formed for universal love, the fraud and ingratitude of all whom he had trusted had changed his naturally frank bearing to one of haughty coldness. But to Theresa he looked as the only being whom he might love, without danger and reserve. His eyes were now fixed upon her's with a mixture of pride and affection which was not very far removed from idolatry. The window at which they were seated, was covered with a luxuriant vine, trained under Theresa's direction. The chequered moonlight streamed through it, and the evening breeze rustled among its leaves. With all the congenial beauties of a tropical night around them, the lovers were enjoying that interchange of romantic feeling, which it is so much the fashion to ridicule in this matter of fact country of ours—but which I consider the single green spot, and single sparkling fountain, in the dreary waste of a sordid and selfish world. What they were talking of, heaven only knows. Chance has once or twice made me an unintentional listener to the conversation of lovers.—Much as I was interested at the time, I could not afterwards recollect a word that had passed. And I am inclined to think, that their intercourse consisted in the exchange of kind words and tones rather than ideas.

The opening of a door, and the entrance of a tall athletic negro, belonging to M. L., drew for a moment the attention of all parties. The circumstance in itself was of little importance. It was usual for the negroes after their daily task was completed, to go to the dwelling house of their masters, and complain of any petty grievance, or ask for little privileges. There was, however, about this man an air of apprehension and uncertainty, which had just fixed Eugene's attention, when he rushed upon his master and buried in his bosom a large knife, which he had held unobserved in his hand. The unhappy I. fell from his chair without a groan, and the next instant Eugene was standing over his body. With his right hand he had caught a knife from the table, and in his left he held a chair, with which he parried a blow aimed at him by the slave. Afraid to contend singly against such resistance, and confounded perhaps by his own success in the attempt upon his master's life, the negro turned and retreated through the door at which he had entered. A single glance into the portico showed Eugene that it was filled with negroes, and the truth flashed at once upon his mind. To lock and barricade the door, to snatch a candle from the table, and hurry his aunt and cousin up the staircase, which ascended from the saloon, was to Eugene but the work of a moment. There was a small closet at the head of the stairs, which Mons. L. had devoted to his collection of arms, for which he had a singular fondness. It was no time to search for keys. With the wild energy of despair Eugene threw himself against the door. It gave way, and he was precipitated headlong into the closet, among rattling pistols and fowling pieces, and flasks and bags of ammunition. He selected two double barrel guns, and a musket, which by its large calibre, was peculiarly fitted for its purpose. He loaded them heavily with swan shot, and took a position from which he could command a view of the whole stairs.

The negroes in the meantime had not been idle. They had broken down the door with axes, and were now spreading themselves through the lower apartments of the building. Eugene could hear their muttered threats, which gradually swelled into oaths and shouts, as they met with no resistance, and were unable to find their victims. The light in the upper story at length caught their attention. "They are there! they are there!" was shouted from one to another, and immediately their heavy steps were heard upon the stairs. His heart throbbing with intense anxiety, but not with fear, Eugene watched their advance. He waited till they reached the first landing place; and then, while the foremost were crowded together by the turn of the stairs, he fired into the thick mass of woolly heads, with both barrels of his fowling piece. The deafening reverberations of the report, and the thick volumes of smoke, prevented Eugene from ascertaining at once the effect of his fire. Luckily there was an open window in front of the staircase, through which a fresh breeze was now blowing. The smoke disappeared almost immediately, and discovered the negroes crowded up the stairs in the wildest disorder. Some were endeavoring to support and assist the wounded; some were struggling to force their way down through those below them; and others were looking upward, in a state of confusion and dismay, which prevented them from advancing or retreating. Another volley from Eugene sent the dying, wounded and unhurt, headlong together down the stairs.

There was for some time a comparative stillness in the house. Some of the wounded were dragged from the stairs, and others were left to perish where they had fallen. Their groans were now almost the only noise that was heard. The spirit of the negroes seemed for the present to be completely quelled. They moved as if afraid of the noise of their own steps, and spoke only in whispers. They seemed at length to collect themselves into a room in which there was a case of liquors.—A noise was heard, which Eugene conceived to be the wrenching open of the locks. The madness of intoxication, thought he, "will now be added to the brutal passions of these wretches."

We have said that in his intercourse with the world, there was about Eugene an air of reserve, which might almost have been taken

for listless indifference to what was passing around him. But his manner was now changed. The latent enthusiasm of his character was completely roused. As the night wind blew aside the dark hair from his lofty forehead, its lines spoke of one whose element was danger. His eyes flashed from under his brow, but his fire was that of collectedness and resolution. He was fully alive to all the perils of his situation, and prepared to use every human means to avert them. There was a flush upon his cheek, and a proud curl upon his lips which almost amounted to a smile. But for his anxious glances towards Theresa, it might have been supposed, from his countenance alone, that he was in a state of positive enjoyment; far happier than when engaged in the rustic fetes of the Island, silent and lonely, and indifferent to the noisy folly and childish revelry of those around him.

In person as well as character, Theresa was strikingly like her lover. Her mother had buried her face in the bed of the room in which Eugene had placed them and was apparently stupefied with terror. But Theresa stood near the open door, and gazed upon Eugene. Her hands were clasped, and she was pale and motionless as a statue. But there was firmness and self-possession in her countenance, and the proud glance of her eye, showed that even in that hour of fearful peril, she could sympathize with the spirit of her lover.

The negroes in the meantime had been preparing themselves, by intoxication, for another attack. Their silence had gradually yielded to a confused mixture of voices, which was now swelled into a riotous tumult. They were evidently again approaching, with imprecations of vengeance upon Eugene. They paused a moment at the foot of the stairs, and were heard encouraging each other to be foremost in the attack. They again rushed forward in a tumultuous body, but they were only half-assured. They passed voluntarily before reaching the fatal landing place, and a single fire from Eugene was sufficient to drive them back. In this attempt, however, their loss was trifling, and they still remained assembled at the foot of the stairs. One of them now called to Eugene, and demanded a parley. It was their apparent leader, the same who had murdered Mons. L.—He ascended the stairs until he had reached the first landing. "Stop," said Eugene, "you are near enough; let me hear what you have to propose." The negro was about half intoxicated. He had little to say, except reiterated threats of vengeance against Eugene, if he should persevere in his resistance. "We will fire the house," he added, finally, "if we cannot subdue you in any other way."

"We are determined to perish in the flames," replied Eugene, "rather than trust ourselves in your hands. And remember," he added, "that you are in sight of the town of —."

A fire now alarm the inhabitants and bring down a body of troops upon you."

The negro seemed struck by this reasoning, and was silent. "If you will give up the women," he at length resumed.

"I will fire upon the messenger who dares to name such terms to me again," interrupted Eugene, involuntarily raising his gun. The negro retreated hastily to his companions.

There was now an affectation of stillness and secrecy in their movements, which led Eugene to apprehend some new mode of attack. He was not disappointed. In a few moments, their leader was seen springing up the stairs; the main body of the negroes following at a distance. It was obviously their aim to distract Eugene's attention. "I must keep back the crowd," thought he, "and cope with the single negro as well as I may." What we have taken so long to explain, was conveyed to Eugene by a single glance and a single thought. With the rapidity of lightning he fired both his double barrels into the main body, and the next instant their leader was upon him. Eugene had caught up his musket, but there was no time to fire. He succeeded in partly parrying a blow aimed at him by the slave, with a scythe. The weapon, however, entered his left side and glanced against his ribs. Before the stroke could be repeated, the negro received a heavy blow upon his head from the butt of Eugene's musket. He was stunned for an instant, and fell with his body across the balustrade of the staircase. He was struggling to recover himself, when Eugene, by another blow, hurled him from his precarious situation. He fell heavily to the lower floor, and lay without motion. The main body of the negroes had been driven back by Eugene's fire, and had patiently waited the result of his single combat with their leader.

"I have broken my best gun," was the first thought of Eugene, as he looked at the fragment of the musket which he still held in his hand. "I am wounded too," he added, as he now felt, for the first time, the smarting pain of the gash in his side. "God grant that I may not be seriously hurt; I shall need all my strength to bear me through this fearful night."

"I must borrow your scarf, Theresa," he said stepping into the room in which she stood.

"Are you much hurt?" inquired Theresa, glancing at his bloody vest and raising her eyes anxiously to his face.

"Very slightly," replied Eugene, drawing the scarf around his body. "I am only afraid of being weakened by the loss of blood."

"Let me bind it for you," said Theresa, taking the ends of the scarf from his hands, "you can reload your gun."

The wound was soon bound, and the guns re-loaded. Eugene stationed himself at the head of the stairs. All was now still. The negroes had not been heard of since the fall of their leader.—With an anxious heart Eugene remained at his post. Hour after hour passed away, and still no sound was heard, but the faint groans of the wounded, and the slow measured dropping of blood from the staircase, which struck upon Eugene's ear, like the ticking of a death-watch. His strength was exhausted, and his spirit almost broken by anxiety and fatigue, joined to the sick faintness and burning thirst produced by his wound. He felt repeatedly that he was on the point of swooning. By a powerful exertion of the will, like that which a drowsy man arouses himself from slumber, he succeeded in rallying his faculties and preserving himself from falling. At length the sound of steps was heard once more in the saloon. A single figure ascended the stairs, and looked anxiously upward. "They are white men exclaimed Eugene, and fell senseless to the floor.—When he recovered he was lying upon a bed, and Louis I., the brother of Theresa, was leaning over him. This young man resided in a neighboring town, for

more convenient prosecution of his studies. The insurrection had extended alike to town and country, and Louis had escaped with difficulty. He had hurried to his father's house, where the first object that met his eye was his father's corpse.

"Are you able to travel," said he to Eugene, as the latter raised himself upon the bed.

Eugene replied in the affirmative.

"Shall we make for the mountain or sea shore?"

"The sea shore by all means," replied Eugene, "we may get on board of a vessel, and reach the U. States."

"We are going to a land of strangers," said Theresa, "let me get my own and my mother's jewels."

While they were making their preparations, Eugene removed the body of Theresa's father to an adjoining room. They would have been compelled to pass it in leaving the house. The young men bore the funerals in their arms over the stairs, cumbered as they were with dead bodies and slippery with blood.

"My father!" exclaimed Theresa, in the thrilling tones of filial grief, as she passed the place where he had fallen.

There were two houses which it was necessary that our party should pass, in order to reach the sea shore. By a small circuit they were able to keep at some distance from the first. It was on fire, and the negroes were dancing around it with the wild gestures of demons. They were compelled to pass immediately in front of the other house. As they approached they found that it was lighted. Eugene stopped with the females, and Louis went forward to reconnoitre. He advanced to a window of the room, in which the light was burning. All was still within. On the hearth lay the corpse of an infant. Its fractured skull, and the revolting stains upon the chimney piece, showed too plainly the mode of its death. Near the centre of the room lay the corpse of a girl of eighteen. "Poor Maria!" thought Louis, as he recognized his partner at the last fête. Near to the door was the body of Maria's father. He moved while Louis was looking into the room. He made an effort to raise himself upon his elbow, but failed; another, and he succeeded. He passed his hand across his bloody face to wipe away the clotted gore from his eyes. The hand of death was upon him, yet he struggled to get a view of the objects before him. Apparently he succeeded, for he sunk back with a groan, and moved no more. Louis hastened to his companions, and they reached the sea shore in safety.

There is a huge cliff in this part of St. Domingo, which hangs over the sea with a small margin of sand between its base and the water. In the face of the rock, Eugene and Louis in one of their fowling expeditions had discovered a cave; small at its entrance, but increasing in size, and extending to some distance in the body of the rock. In this cave the whole party was concealed, just at the dawn of day.

My tale is nearly told. The increasing light discovered to Eugene several vessels in view. He was fortunate enough to attract the notice of the nearest of them, which proved to be bound for N. York.

Eugene and Theresa were married of course, soon after they reached the United States. They may still be found, by any one who will take the trouble to search for them, living in honored old age in one of the fairest valleys of our western country. B. B.

Administrator's Sale.

Will be sold at public sale, on Monday the 19th August, at the Store of the late Samuel S. Scott in Rising Sun, the following articles, being part of the personal estate of the said Samuel S. Scott, dec'd, viz:

HOUSEHOLD & KITCHEN FURNITURE,

1 Wagon and Harness, One Yoke of Oxen,

A LOT OF BRICK, SUPPOSED TO BE 70 Thousand,

A LOT OF SEASONED BOARDS, and a Large Assortment of

MERCHANDISE.

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Which will be sold in lots to suit country merchants, and if not sold in such lots, will be offered in smaller parcels. The sale will be continued from day to day, until completed. A credit of nine months will be given on all sums exceeding five dollars, the purchaser giving his note with approved security. Sale to commence at 9 o'clock, A. M.

SAMUEL HOWARD, Adm'r. JOHN H. O'NEAL, 28-ts. Rising Sun, July 27, 1833.

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 Commissioners' Courts, in the County of Dearborn, Franklin 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 1833. 27-4

Cash for Wheat, at RISING SUN, (INDIANA.)

CASH and the market price will be paid for Wheat on delivery at the

Steam Flourin Mill, Rising Sun Landing, during the season.

The subscriber intends attending personally at the mill, and will also grant on contract to those who furnish Wheat, at customary rates. DANIEL HINSDALE. Agent for said Mill. Cincinnati, 8th July, 1833. 26-4w

Forth, Bacon & Lord

CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale by L. W. JOHNSON. Aug. 7, 1833. 26-1

Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Kept constantly on hand and for sale at this Office.

Clocks, Watches, &c.

THE subscriber has just received from Philadelphia, an extensive and splendid assortment of

JEWELRY,

TABLE AND TEA SPOONS,

(SILVER AND COMMON)

Also—A Selection of Common, Patent Lever and Repeating

WATCHES.

And various other articles, not strictly in line, among which are

Percussion Caps, &c. &c. All of which he will sell at Cincinnati prices. He has removed his shop to the room on the west side of High street, lately occupied by Dr. Ferris, as a Drug Store, and adjoining E. D. John's store, where he will be ready at all times to repair Watches, Clocks, and attend to all kinds of business in his line.

F. LUCAS. Nov. 29 1832. 12-1f

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. J. 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. 39-1f

TAKEN UP

ON the 17th day of July, 1833, by David Kerr and John Harwood, living in Laugherly township, Dearborn county, Indiana, ONE ESTRAY HORSE, a bay, four years old last spring;

141 hands high; with some gray hairs on the near thigh—no other marks or brands perceivable. Appraised to thirty-three dollars by Stephen Wood and Joshua Brington, on the 26th day of July, 1833.

I do hereby certify the above to be a true transcript from my estray book, given under my hand this 26th day of July, 1833. (25-3w) D. WEAVER, J. P.

A CARD.

The Lawrenceburgh High SCHOOL

IS continued in the basement story of the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Parents and patrons of literature are invited to call and see for themselves, the mode of government and the improvement of the pupils.

Spelling and reading, taught on the Analytical and Expository system—writing on a new and improved plan, and Arithmetic, \$2 50 per quarter.

English Grammar, Book-keeping, Philosophy, Chemistry, Rhetoric, Composition, Geography, and Astronomy, with the use of the globe, \$2 50.

Mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, and Spanish languages, \$5 00.

Z. CASPERME, Principal. Refer to JESSIE HUNT, JAMES W. HUNTER, Trustees. DAVID V. CULLY.

J. H. Brower, M. D.; J. Percival, M. D.; A. St. C. Vance; G. H. Dunn; E. D. John; Thomas Shaw; Isaac Dunn. Lawrenceburgh, July 26th, 1833. 29-1f

TAKEN UP

BY Van Hayes, living in Lawrenceburgh Township, Dearborn County, Indiana, a BRIGHT BAY COLT, fourteen hands high,

supposed to be three years old last spring, with a small star in the forehead, and a knot or lump, about as large as a walnut on the left pastern joint. No other marks or brands perceivable. Appraised at ten dollars, by Hiram W. Cloud and Willard Whipple.

I hereby certify that the above description and appraisement is a true copy from estray book. Given under my hand and seal, this 26th day of July, 1833.

JOHN SALTSMARSH, J. P. [L. S.] July 26th, 1833. 29-3

[CIRCULAR.]

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, 3d Comptroller's Office, July 12, 1833.

The Agent for paying Pensions } In order to remove any misconception that may arise relative to the 4th section of the last chapter of the instructions issued from this office, 14th June, 1833, I have thought proper to furnish the agents with a form of the Clerk's certificate therein mentioned, which is to be filed by the agent, who will refer thereto as often as may be necessary to ascertain the correctness of the papers certified by the magistrate named therein. On each certificate being filed with the agent, the Clerk's certificate at the foot of form B, may be dispensed with. Respectfully, J. B. THORNTON, Second Comptroller.

Signature of the magistrate. [] Second Comptroller.

STATE OF County of the Clerk of the court of the County and State aforesaid, do hereby certify that is a justice of the peace in said county, duly commissioned and qualified that his commission was dated on the day of 18, and will expire on the day of 19, and that his signature above written is genuine.

Given under my hand, and the seal of [L. S.] said county, this 18 day of [] 1833. Clerk.

N. H.—Editors of papers throughout the United States will confer a favor on the numerous pensioners of the government, by inserting the above in their respective papers.

Blank Deeds of Land, For sale at this Office.