

Stanzas on Care.

Oh, how I hate thee, odious care!
Thou art so very mean a foe;
Thy goodnings on my spirits wear,
And check their animating flow.
Hadst thou the dignity of grief,
I'd meet thee and repel thy dart;
Or call on friendship for relief,
Sweet soother of the troubled heart!
Let those who scorn the joys of ease,
Rejoice themselves in wisdom's power;
But me no hard-earn'd honors please,
I only crave the peaceful hour.

In those delicious Indian climes,
Where nature asks no aid from toil.
Where fragrant myrtles, almonds, and roses
And splendid flowers adorn the soil.
E'en in the land of blest Cashmere,
Of which a much-loved poet sings;
Mid scenes to love and peace so dear,
I would not covet angel-wings;
But soft mysterious joys to feel,
Within the pleasant shades I rest,
And bid voluptuous languor steal
Each ruse emotion from my breast.
Blending her sweetness with repose,
Should music breathe a murmuring sound;
And the deep-glowing Indian rose,
Its choicest odours shed around,
In dreams on this enchanting shore,
Might life's brief shadows pass away;
Could I but hope, when all was o'er,
To enter on eternal day. H. D. K.

To an Old Friend.

Come here's a health to thee and thine;
Trust me, what e'er we may be told,
Few things are better than old wine,
When tasted with a friend that's old;
We're happy yet; and in our track,
New pleasures if we may not find,
There is a charm in gazing back
On sunny prospects left behind.
Like that famed hill in western clime,
Through gaudy noonday dark and bare,
That tinges still at vesper time,
With purple gleam the evening air;
So there's a joy in former days,
In times, and scenes, and thoughts gone by,
As beautified their heads they raise
Bright in Imagination's eye.
Time's glass is fill'd with varied sand,
With fleeting joy and transient grief;
We'll turn, and with no sparing hand,
O'er many a strange fantastic leaf;
And fear not—but, mid many a blot,
There are some pages written fair,
And flowers, that time can wither not,
Preserved, still faintly fragrant there.
As the hushed night glides gently on,
Our music shall breathe forth its strain,
And tell of pleasures that are gone,
And heighten those that yet remain;
And that creative breath divine,
Shall waken many a slumbering thrill
And call forth many a mystic line
Of faded joys, remembered still.
We'll hear the strains we heard so oft
In life's warm, impulsion'd hours,
That fell on our young hearts as soft
As summer dews on summer flowers;
And as the stream where'er it lies,
Steals something in its purest flow,
Those strains shall taste of ecstasies
O'er which they floated long ago.
E'en in our morn, when fancy's eye
Glauc'd, sparkling o'er a world of bliss,
When joy was young, and hope was high,
We could not feel much more than this:
However, then time our day devours,
Why should our smiles be overcast,
Why should we grieve for fleeting hours,
Who find a future in the past? [Selected.]

A Reverie.

Some days are filled with pleasure,
And some with pain,
And though different measure
Each mortal may obtain,
There's joy enough to speed us
Through life's short journey home,
And woe enough to lend us
To long for worlds to come.
Life bears such recollections,
Such changes on its wings,—
Such beautiful affections,
Such black and beautiful things,
That though fond hope would try it,
For future joy and pain,
Who that has hurried by it
Would try that past again? [Selected.]

From the New York Mirror.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Rosanna, the Ugly One.

"But look, then," said Mrs. Moore, to her husband, "how ugly that little one is. Is she not, William?"

And Mr. Moore, who was sitting in a rocking-chair, amusing himself with poking the fire, laid down the tongs he held, and gravely answered his wife.

"But, my dear, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say it one hundred times more, Rose would not become less ugly for your saying so."

Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen. She was their only child, and, to do her mother justice, was really very ugly—nay, almost revolting: with her little gray eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick protruding lips, red hair, and, above all, a form remarkably awry.

Rose was, then, very ugly—but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt, as she listened to her mother's observation, "Oh, you little fright, you will never get a husband."

Eight o'clock struck; Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

"Go to bed, Rosanna."

Tremblingly the little girl approached her mother, to give her the kiss of good-night.

"Tis useless, you little monster," said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one's eye. She hastily wiped it away, and turning to her father, presented him the yet humid check.

He kissed her tenderly.

"I am not altogether miserable," she murmured, leaving the room.

Retired to her chamber, she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked thus, part of the night, for she desired to be able to present it to her mother, when she rose in the morning.

The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow, Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one's reward.

Her eyes, by chance, glanced over a neighboring mirror.

"Yes," she said, internally, "I am ugly—they are right," and she sought in her young head to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world—new pangs wounded the little ugly one's heart. A first impression alienated her from the shopkeepers than they are worth. They are fond of overhauling the nicest goods, but never buy anything, always complaining of the extravagant prices! Ead, if they call in, I'll find out what they are after, I'll warrant them, or my name is not Jack Robinson. Here they come—good morning, ladies—(enter ladies.) Can I serve you with any thing this morning?

Miss E. Why, I don't know. What have you that's pretty? I want a ring, a finger-ring. What do you ask for those amethysts?

Jeweller. Three dollars and a half.

Miss E. Three dollars and a half! what a price

—I know I can buy them at other stores for two dollars. What do you ask for this plain gold one?

Jeweller. I have always sold rings of that kind for one dollar and a quarter a piece; but if you really wish to purchase, you may have it for fifty cents.

Miss E. Fifty cents for this plain ring—why it is a monstrous price—I never heard of such a thing.

Jeweller. I wish I could trade with you Miss E. Come, you shall have it for thirty-seven and a half.

Miss E. No, sir; I cannot think of it—I want to buy a ring, but cannot afford to give such an exorbitant price.

Jeweller. Say no more, ma'am you shall have it for twenty-five.

Miss E. O, that's altogether too much—I know I can buy them cheaper else where.

Jeweller. I am desirous of securing your custom, ma'am, and I will sell it for twelve and a half cents.

Miss E. Ah, you are getting to be a little more reasonable, but twelve and a half cents is too high—too high.

Jeweller. I am resolved to please you—and my lowest price is six and a quarter cents.

Miss E. (After examining it closely.) Will you warrant it to be pure gold?

Jeweller. Gold of an extra fineness.—It suits your finger exactly, and you shall have the little box into the bargain.

Miss E. (Aside to her sister.) O, I almost wish we had brought some money with us. (Aloud.) Is that your lowest price, sir?

Jeweller. That, ma'am, is my lowest price.

Miss E. If that's the case, I am afraid we shall not be able to trade—I know I can buy them for three cents at the other shops. Good morning, sir. (Exit ladies.)

Jeweller. Good morning ladies. Well that beats all. Three cents for a gold ring that cost me one dollar by the dozen! And this is called shopping. It is shopping with a vengeance. I wish these pretty women could find some better employment, than to go the rounds regularly every pleasant day to exhibit their charming persons, and tire out the patience of the shopkeepers. They will not trouble me again very soon, however.

In a saloon, whose every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding, here and there, in the darkened light, groups of young females, whose white dresses, slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical wherein the imagination loved to dwell. A low languishing whisper was then heard, like the soothsaying murmur of some distant rivulet. A young woman, seated before a piano, was expressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporary melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering, but a general silence took place, for hers was a celestial symphony, a seraph's song.

Lord Underwood, a fine blue-eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody, that his frame seemed agitated by a momentary convulsion. He listened to the angel's voice, so softly harmonizing with the sweet tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the witty and original trifles to which he listened, that transfixed him where he stood.

"How beautiful must that young girl be," thought Underwood. "Happy the man on whom may fall her choice," and he involuntarily sighed.

Suddenly lights are brought in. The young woman was the ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupefied—he closed his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her second time, and he found her less ugly; and Rosanna was, indeed, less ugly. The beauty of her mind seemed transferred to her person, and her gray eyes, small as they were, expressed, wonderfully well, her internal sensations.

* * * * *

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and became the happiest of men in the possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us, but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us even to the grave. D. D.

A GOOD ONE.—As the orchards generally in Connecticut produce abundantly this season, some of the latest of O. P. Q's letters:

It is not a little singular that the heirs to the Thrones in England, Spain and Portugal are all little girls; and it is possible, nay probable, that at one and the same time there will be Queens reigning in these three countries. It is also worthy of remark, that the aspirants for the Thrones in these countries and in France (I mean Henry the Fifth) are all minors—and we have therefore presented to us the principle of Monarchy, which is so much extolled and talked about; in all its helplessness, and in all its weakness. Instead of having, as in America, a man of experience, knowledge, vast

acquaintances and national reputation, of matured age and opinions, selected by the mass of people as the chief of the Government—this wonderful principle of Monarchy, which is called eternal, and perennial, and so forth, is giving to England, France, Spain, and Portugal, four Infants, three of whom are female children, as their Sovereigns!!

The sedentary habits of authors are generally supposed to be the predisposing cause of indigence, but this we deny. Exercise without amusement is nothing. The state of the mind more than that of the body, we hold to be the predisposing cause. The disease again re-acts upon the mind; and this action and re-action, if long continued, produces a nervous excitement, which sometimes ends in madness.

Capt. Doughty, at New York, from Matanzas, 22d ult. informs that a serious insurrection of the negroes in the interior of Cuba, had recently occurred. News had, however, just reached Matanzas, that the insurgents had been overpowered by the troops. It was said that upwards of 500 negroes had been shot.

The New York Journal of Commerce tells us that the whole number of beef cattle slaughtered for consumption in that city, exceeds a thousand a week.

SHOPING—Scene in a Jeweller's shop!

Jeweller, solus.

Here comes the two pretty Miss Edwardses. They are always gadding, and give more trouble to the shopkeepers than they are worth. They are fond of overhauling the nicest goods, but never buy anything, always complaining of the extravagant prices! Ead, if they call in, I'll find out what they are after, I'll warrant them, or my name is not Jack Robinson. Here they come—good morning, ladies—(enter ladies.) Can I serve you with any thing this morning?

Miss E. Why, I don't know. What have you that's pretty? I want a ring, a finger-ring. What do you ask for those amethysts?

Jeweller. Three dollars and a half.

Miss E. Three dollars and a half! what a price

—I know I can buy them at other stores for two dollars. What do you ask for this plain gold one?

Jeweller. I have always sold rings of that kind for one dollar and a quarter a piece; but if you really wish to purchase, you may have it for fifty cents.

Miss E. Fifty cents for this plain ring—why it is a monstrous price—I never heard of such a thing.

Jeweller. I wish I could trade with you Miss E. Come, you shall have it for thirty-seven and a half.

Miss E. No, sir; I cannot think of it—I want to buy a ring, but cannot afford to give such an exorbitant price.

English Grammar, Book-keeping, Philosophy, Chemistry, Rhetoric, Composition, Geography, and Astronomy, with the use of the globe, \$3 50.

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

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, \$3 50.

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

Z. CASTERLINE, Principal.

Refer to JESSE HUNT, JAMES W. HUNTER, J. TRUSTEE.

DAVID V. CULLEY.

J. H. Brower, M. D.; J. Pereival, M. D.; A. St. C. Vance; G. H. Dunn; E. D. John; Thomas Shaw; Isaac Dunn.

Lawrenceburgh, July 26th, 1833.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have this day taken out letters of administration, from the Clerk's Office of the Dearborn Probate Court, on the Estate of John Connay, late of said county dec'd: All those indebted to said Estate, will please make immediate payment; and those having claims against said Estate, will please present them, duly authenticated for settlement. The Estate is deemed amply solvent.

WILLIAM CONAWAY, Adm'r.

Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 9, 1833.

35-3w

Family Park,

PUT up in half barrels, packed in Alum Salt, expressly for family use, for sale by

L. W. JOHNSON.

Sept. 10th, 1833.

35-4f

Revised Laws of Indiana.

A FEW copies of the Revised Laws of 1832 and '33 and the Indiana Gazetteer (a new and valuable work just published by Douglass and Maguire, Indianapolis,) received and for sale at this office. Sept. 14, 1833.

STATE OF INDIANA, DEARBORN COUNTY, S.

Dearborn Circuit Court.

John Test, V. Michael Cusack. In an action of debt, \$20 00.

WHEREAS, a writ of Domestic Attachment, issued from the clerk's office of the Dearborn Circuit Court, on the 27th day of August, 1833, at the suit of John Test against Michael Cusack, a non resident, in an action of debt \$20 00—which writ of attachment has been returned to the said clerk's office by the sheriff of the said county of Dearborn, with the following endorsement thereon, to wit: In obedience to the command of the within, I have levied and attached 80 acres of land, being part of the north west quarter of section 20, town 3, range 2 west, in the county of Dearborn, the property of the within named defendant; 30th Aug., 1833.

(Signed.) WM. DILS, sh'f D. C.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, to the said Michael Cusack, that unless he be and appear before the Judges of the Dearborn Circuit Court, at their term on the 4th Monday in September next, then and there to receive a declaration and plead to the action aforesaid, or the same will be heard in his absence and judgment will be rendered against him by default, and the property so attached will be sold for the benefit of his creditors.

JAMES DILL, Clerk

Dearborn Circuit Court.</