

From the New York Mirror.

### SERENADE.

Oh! if love's burning spirit is felt in thy slumbers,  
And emotions of sadness are thrilling thy breast,  
Then a minstrel is here, who in soul-breathing  
numbers,  
Will soothe every sorrow and lull thee to rest.  
Like the soft fleecy clouds in an azure-sky sailing,  
Thy dreams shall in the tenderest beauty appear;  
While as rich as the starlight of heaven prevailing,  
His melody falls on thy slumbering ear.

And if love's burning spirit has kept thee from sleep-  
ing.

With thoughts that are verging to doubt and des-  
pair.

Then this minstrel, who now his lone vigil is keep-  
ing.

Will lighten thy anguish and banish thy care.  
For his heart will be faithful, e'en tho' thou shouldst  
never.

Adhere to thy early devotion and truth;  
And he still, like the needle, unchanging forever,  
Will hold in his fondness the love of his youth.

MIRIAN.

### THE LITTLE VOYAGERS.

THE lake was smooth and not a breath  
Stirred through the sleeping grove;  
The oak-tree hung as mute as death  
Upon the mute hills above:  
"Come sister," said the young Arnest,  
While sporting on the bank;  
"Come o'er this water's silvery breast—  
Let's sail upon this plank."

"Yes, brother," and the plank she drew  
Along the slippery sand,  
Around his neck her arm she threw—  
And they drifted from the land.  
Poor children! though these waters lie  
Sleeping in sunshine bright,  
That ray, which dazzles now the eye,  
Shall melt away in night.

'Tis forth they drifted, till the lake,  
Roused by the evening breeze,  
Around the plank began to break,  
And swell in little seas:  
"Alas, my brother!" cried Florelle,  
And raised a piteous scream:  
Till both grown sick and dizzy, fell  
Into the treacherous stream.

So, they who sail on pleasure's streams,  
Move beautifully away;  
For every scene around them, seems  
Elysian and gay.  
But, when attracted from the shore  
By zephyr's scented breath,  
The threatening waves begin to roar,  
And waft them on to death.

16.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

### PERRAN PATH—A CORNISH STORY.

Henry Norton was—but it does not signify what  
he was—suffice it he was poor and in love—had no-  
thing, indeed, but the half pay of a service which  
he had not health to remain in, while Mary Frank-  
lin was rich, and her parents intended her for a  
much higher rank in society than the life of a "half  
pay luff," as they used contemptuously to call him.  
But women are obstinate in these cases; and, more-  
over, even if there had been no opposition, she  
would very likely have fallen in love with the young  
sailor; and as her fortune would be her own when  
she was of age, the odds were very much in her  
favor. But the parents were aware of this also; so,  
from the time they dismissed Mr. Norton, they  
watched their daughter with line-eyed vigilance,  
but not so carefully but that the lovers contrived to  
meet, though, it must be confessed, it was but sel-  
dom, and their interviews short.

Sweet are such meetings, by moonlight, in a  
grove, or by a lake; but they met not there.—Sweet  
are such meetings at balls, theatres, bazars, but  
they met not there. But, as the gray dawn was  
breaking slowly and mistily over Perran cliff—as  
the spray was breaking over the Mussel Rock,  
clearly in the haze of the morning, as the lengthen-  
ing wave was curling along the white and seemingly  
endless beach, they would meet on the dizzy height  
of the precipice, and repeat their vows of love.  
But it was impossible for them to give each other  
notice when these meetings would be. It was Nor-  
ton's business to be on the cliffs by daybreak every  
morning. Sometimes, for days, Miss Franklin  
found it impossible to come, and Norton's walks  
were often quite as solitary as a lover could wish.  
Now and then, indeed, he would meet a lonely mi-  
ner, or occasionally a fisherman, who would eye  
him with suspicion or pass him unnoticed, accord-  
ing as they were or were not engaged, (as almost  
all Cornish peasants are,) in assisting the landing  
of contraband goods.

One morning, however, he was sitting on the cliff  
thinking, of course, of his beloved Mary, and fre-  
quently hoping his watch was wrong, for the time  
of meeting was past, when, as the sun would rise,  
in spite of his wishes, and it was perfectly certain  
that he would not be able to see her that morning,  
he saw, or fancied he beheld, on the next promon-  
tory, on the very edge of the cliff, the figure of a  
woman, standing and waving a handkerchief.  
With the speed of a lover he rushed to the place,  
but there was nothing to be seen but spray and foam,  
and it was a spot where no woman could have dared  
to go; so he laughed at his absurd fancy, and the  
next morning he went again. But again there was  
the same figure, only rather more distinct; and again  
he ran to the spot, and again he found nothing but  
the white spray, hanging like a silver shower over  
the cliff, and the foam trembling on the edge. The  
next morning Mary came, and, telling her the story,  
they walked together towards the place where  
he had seen the "grim white woman," as they called  
her; but she was not visible, so they laughed and  
forgot her.

"And is this to last forever, Mary?" said Norton.  
"Are we ever to meet thus, and scarcely to say two  
words of welcome, before we have to say good bye,  
to meet again we know not when?"

"Be patient, Henry, be patient; and if when I  
have a right to my fortune, my parents still refuse—  
why, I will give my consent without waiting any  
longer for theirs."

"Yes! and then the world will call me a fortune-  
hunter."

"But what does that signify? I do not think so.  
Is not that sufficient, Henry? And if we do our  
duty, and wait with patience, and prove to our  
friends that our love is real and enduring, they may  
at last consent, and Heaven will—"

"Curse ye, curse ye!" cried a voice from beneath  
them; and a woman started from the rock, and  
sprang to their side. She was dressed in a white  
gown, a plain cottage bonnet, with white ribbons.  
In one hand she held a white handkerchief, in the  
other a stout riding-whip, such as is used by far-  
mers' drivers. Her hair was brushed straight down  
over her forehead, while her pale features looked  
much the paler for its raven blackness. "Who are  
ye? and what are ye?" continued she, coming up to  
Norton; "that for this third time, I have frightened  
him away! for I have called and he did not come;  
I have sung, and he hath not heard; for ye have

scared him away with your false vows—you have  
driven him away while I was sleeping, and he  
will not come again. But I'll away to your father,  
Miss Mary; Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked.  
Alas! I wish you well—ah!"

So saying, she sprang away with the speed of a  
fawn; and though Norton rushed after her, she turned  
round the hill before he could overtake her, and  
on reaching the spot he could see no traces or signs  
of her. Poor Miss Franklin, though she did not  
faint, was so frightened on his return, Norton found  
her leaning against a rock, so dreadfully nervous as  
to be unable to walk without assistance. This, un-  
der existing circumstances, was particularly agree-  
able. Upon going a little way, she found it impos-  
sible to go farther without resting, and it was get-  
ting late. This was still more agreeable. She  
had to pass some cottages, and the inhabitants were  
awake and stirring, and they stared and wished her  
good morning; they would have known her a mile  
off. This was perfectly delightful. She might, how-  
ever, still get home unobserved through the shrubbery,  
but then she was so ill. However, she reached the gate, and Norton effected his retreat;  
and no one had met him, except the inhabitants of  
the village. She was entering the house, some-  
what cheered by this circumstance, when she met  
her father at the door.

"You are early, Mary," said he. "It is too cold  
now for you to walk before breakfast; you will be ill,  
child."

"The child will never be well," said a voice be-  
hind them, which made the old gentleman start,  
"that needs not the mother's bidding. Well, well!  
I called and he came not; ye called me not, but I  
am here."

"What is your business, woman?" asked Mr.  
Franklin. "Mary, what does this mean?"

"I will answer, said Rosa Rosevargus; 'I will  
answer, for the truth is speaking, and the sin of  
disobedience has kept him away. Three mornings  
have I called him, and he remained behind—for  
why? the daughter was with her lover, though the  
command was upon her that she should have heed-  
ed, and she was away from home when the father  
was sleeping, the mother at rest. And he did not  
come, for the false tongues of the disobedient kept  
him away. But Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked.  
Alas! I wish you well—ah!"

And so saying, she ran off to the gate, to which  
one of the strong ponies of the country was tied;  
and jumping on his back, was out of sight in an  
instant. Mary would not live so near her lover,  
and not see him, or let him suppose she had forgot-  
ten him, for mere prudish etiquette; but she could not  
utter a falsehood, even for his sake; and the enrag-  
ed father heard all the story, and her meetings  
were of course put a stop to. And many long and  
weary walks by the side of the cliff had poor Nor-  
ton, guessing what had happened, yet having no  
certain information; and often did he see the "grim  
white woman," and often did he attempt in vain to  
overtake her. Her pony was always at hand, and she  
would spring on her riddle and gallop off, with her  
usual parting of "Alas! I wish you well—ah!" In  
answer to his inquiries, Norton could only learn  
that she was the "Mazed woman," who lived at Mr.  
Herring's at the far end of Cuthbert Parish; and it  
was too far for him to follow her.

But it is time the reader should know who Rosa  
Rosevargus really was. Her father had been an  
opulent farmer, and had once rented a large tract of  
land. But the times and his landlord both pressing  
him at the same time, he was obliged to give it up.  
He, however, took a smaller farm; and while the  
times continued bad, it was determined his daugh-  
ter, Rosa, should, as the Cornish express it, "go out  
in service." But Mrs. Franklin, taking compassion  
on their distresses, took her as her own maid; and  
would have kept her, but the maid had a susceptible  
heart, and so had the butler. He had formerly  
been an apprentice; but now, as I said before, he  
was Mr. Rosevargus, and a married man. Accord-  
ingly it was agreed that they should be married,  
and that he should take a small farm; and for some  
time fortune favored them exceedingly, for, specu-  
lating in mines, they became very rich. But their  
happiness was of short duration. A few years after  
their marriage the husband died, leaving behind him  
only one son. Robert did not, however, inherit his  
father's industry. The wrestling-ring, the hunt  
and the alehouse, had more of his presence than his  
pocket could stand; nay, so great was his passion  
for all these, that not only were his mother's per-  
suasions of no avail, but even pretty Anne Roberts  
could not reform him. She even threatened to find  
another and a steadier sweetheart, without effect; so  
she tried another plan, and said, if he would  
live quietly, she would marry him directly. Now,  
this said, Anne Roberts was, his mother thought,  
exactly the person Robert should not marry, being  
fond of dress and excessively extravagant. Accord-  
ingly she expostulated and reasoned; but it was  
of no use. So the day was fixed, and she was ob-  
liged to consent, though, as she said, no good would  
ever come from it. However, she was somewhat  
appeased by a white gown and bonnet Anne Roberts  
sent her, to be worn on the day of the wedding, as a  
joint gift from both of them; so the day was fixed.  
Two nights, however, before the wedding, two  
friends of the young farmer came to his house, and  
insisted on his accompanying them on a fishing ex-  
cursion. This time his mother insisted strongly  
on his not going; but his friends laughed at him, and  
he went. The boat upset in one of the storms which  
are so frequent on the coast, and which the most ex-  
perienced seamen can scarcely ever foresee, and every-  
one on board perished. From that time the senses  
of the unhappy mother forsook her; and though her  
father took her home, and she grew better in time,  
still she would frequently put on the white dress—her  
son's last present—and mounting her pony, would  
ride off to that part of the coast where it was sup-  
posed the boat was lost. She used to fancy he was  
only still at sea, and would be too late for the wed-  
ding, and call him, and wave her handkerchief, and  
then ride home and say he was coming. At times  
she was perfectly rational; but it was almost dan-  
gerous to interfere with her rides to the cliff. It  
was in one of these fits she first met Norton; and  
having sense enough to remember Mary Franklin,  
and to know the reason why she was there, she  
avenged herself for the interruption in the manner  
we have related.

About two months after this, her madness took  
another turn. She fancied that he was just upon  
her, and that she would go and look for his body. The  
fishermen, to humor her, would say they would take  
him out for a pound, but as they never trusted her  
with money she would only answer them with her  
usual salutation and ride on. One day, however,  
she met Mr. Franklin in one of the narrowest of all  
narrow lanes; and suddenly seizing his horse by the  
bridle, she exclaimed—  
"And have ye heard of my loss, Mr. Franklin:  
have ye heard of my loss! Willy—ye know Willy  
the fisherman? Willy tells me that my poor boy is  
pound—for one pound, Mr. Franklin. Now, your  
honor would not refuse the value of a pound to poor  
Rosa Rosevargus, for this cause?"

Mr. Franklin did refuse, however. But Rosa  
was not satisfied with this refusal; she went twice  
afterwards to his house, and demanded her pound;  
till at last the "squire lost his temper, and sent her  
rather rudely out of the house. A short time after-  
wards, in the same narrow lane, Mr. Franklin met  
her. His horse was awkward, and the rider as usual  
lost his temper.

"Curse ye, curse ye," cried Rosa. "Ye have turn-  
ed from the mother's prayer, and ye would not help  
her to find the son she took delight in. Now listen  
while she tells ye—ye shall call for your child, and  
she shall not answer; ye shall seek her and ye shall  
not find. For ye would not help the childless and  
the widowed woman; and Rosa Rosevargus is not to  
be balked. Alas! I wish you well—ah!"

It was the very next morning that Norton was  
taking his walk along the cliff, more from habit  
than any chance of seeing Miss Franklin. He sat  
down on the same place where he had first seen  
Rosa—probably blessing her in his heart for all the  
misery she had caused him.

"Mary," said he, aloud, "I shall see you no more.  
They tell me that you are going to London, and I  
am too poor to follow you; or if I was, I would not,  
for I could not bear to see you happy without me.  
But we are separated forever, and I will leave this  
place."

"Curse ye, curse ye," cried a well remembered  
voice, as Rosa started from behind the same rock  
as before. "I curse ye, for ye heard not the wid-  
ow's prayer, and her son is unborn on the waters."

"Woman!" cried Norton, springing on her, and  
seizing her by the arm, "what do you mean?"

"I'll tell ye then," interrupted Rosa; "I'll tell ye  
what I did, I did the thing which makes me sleep-  
less, and I will do the thing which will give me rest.  
Ye said ye were separated forever; ye said ye  
would leave this place—ye were a fool to think it.  
Did I not give the wound?—will I not heal it! Rosa  
Rosevargus is not to be balked."

"What mean you, woman? What are you?"

"Mr. Norton," said she, in so altered a tone that  
her hearer started; "they say I am mad, because I  
forgot not my dear boy—my only son; because I  
came here to weep for him. You came here to in-  
terrupt me, I thought—to mock me as others do;  
but I was deceived, and it has grieved me to think  
it; for I am not mad, indeed I am not. I have done  
the mischief, and I will repair it. Have you no  
note—a message?—trust me with it, and it shall  
be delivered safely, quickly."

Norton was deceived, as many are, by a mad per-  
son's temporary return to reason, and agreed to  
meet her in an hour, with a letter for Mary. But  
he more than half repented having done so, when at  
the sight of the letter, the widow's wildness re-  
turned.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" said she. "Ye shall learn  
to hear the prayer of the childless and the widowed  
woman. Ye shall call and none shall answer; ye  
shall seek, but ye shall not find; ye shall run but  
it will be too late. Rosa Rosevargus is not to be  
balked. Alas! I wish you well—ah!" and spring-  
ing on her pony, she was out of sight as quick as  
ever.

"Fool that I was, to trust her," said the lover.  
"She will give the letter to Mr. Franklin, and it will  
hasten Mary's departure, and she will be guarded  
more strictly than ever." He was, however, mistak-  
en. That night, as Mary was looking out of the  
window of her room, thinking of the comparatively  
happy time when she used to sit there and watch  
for the first light of the morning, to steal out and  
meet her lover—she heard a low voice singing, to  
the tune of one of the ballads of the country, the  
following words:

The wild waves are breaking still louder on the  
shore,  
But the call of the childless is answered no more.  
The lover is there by the dawn of the day,  
And the widow is mixing her tears with the spray.  
The mother is mourning for him that is not,  
But the maiden is sleeping—her love is forgot.

But he'll be flying, he'll be flying  
Over land and over sea—  
He'll be dying, he'll be dying,  
Like the child that's lost to me.

As I stood by the cliff, maid, to sorrow for my child,  
And I curse ye, and I curse ye, for my grief hath  
made me wild;  
But the sorrow of the lover, I have sense enough to  
feel,  
And the wound that I have given, he hath sent me  
to heal.

Mary thought that she must be deceived—that  
she was dreaming, or mad; but she listened again,  
and found she was not mistaken. At this moment  
the dogs began their nightly conversation with the  
moon, and she heard no more. The next night she  
heard the same words again; but just as she was  
about to answer the signal, her father entered the  
room and lectured her for an hour, for sitting at the  
open window; and when he left her the singer  
was gone. The next night, however, the same  
song was again repeated, with this additional verse:

The burning tear is bursting from the childless mo-  
ther's eye,  
And the lover's heart is thirsting with the hope  
that will not die.

I shall meet him on the morrow, I shall meet him  
on the shore;  
Answer, false one, answer, shall I say you love me  
more?

I shall meet him on the morrow, I shall meet him on  
the hill;  
Answer, maiden, answer, shall I say you love him  
still?

Mary no longer doubted, but opening her window,  
she repeated the last line. Immediately the white  
woman was under the window, and delivering the  
note on a long forked pole, almost instantly disap-  
peared. Eagerly did Mary read it; and there is  
but little doubt it was promptly answered. In this  
manner they kept up for some time a constant cor-  
respondence; till at length it was agreed upon that  
Norton should pretend to leave Perran; and it was  
hoped by that means that Mary might have more  
liberty. The trick succeeded, and they accordingly  
effected a meeting in the following manner.

Mr. Franklin, fancying that Norton was gone,  
and believing from his daughter's increased spirits,  
that she had forgotten him, gave a grand picnic  
party on the beach. It was low water; and at that  
time of tide there is an excellent uninterrupted gal-  
lop along the beach, on hard sand, for two miles.  
On the right, towards the farther end of the path,  
there is a road, which leads across a desert of sand,  
which extends for miles, and across which it is dif-  
ficult, without much custom, to find a way—for it is  
not a level plain, but innumerable hills of sand. It  
was a common thing with Mary to gallop to the end  
of the beach; but on that day, no sooner did the  
cliffs hide her from the rest of the party, than turn-  
ing her horse's head towards the sand hills, and gal-  
loping up the road, she was with Norton in a sec-  
ond. The undisguised joy of the lovers brought  
tears into the eyes of Rosa Rosevargus. Dressed  
the same as ever, she looked like the genius of the  
place, and, sitting by her pony, she watched them in  
silence. They had not been long together, when  
Mary said:

"Now, Henry, help me on my horse, and we will  
meet again often."

"We will, indeed," answered he, "for we will never  
part again."

"What do you mean, Henry?"

"Simply," said the sailor; "I have a chaise  
and four at Cuthbert; the packet passes Padstow to-  
night; and I claim your promise, for you are now  
your own mistress."

Mary loved truly, devotedly; but there are some-  
thing in leaving the home of their childhood, the  
friends that have loved them, the parents that gave

them birth,—to leave them and offend them forever,  
perhaps—to live without their blessing—to die  
without their forgiveness,—which requires all the  
courage that women are possessed of. It is an un-  
derstanding which requires long consideration, and few  
dare run the risk. Mary found herself unequal to  
it, and all Norton's prayers were useless.

"I'll come," cried Rosa, when she heard her de-  
termination, "to the false tongue of the deceiver, that  
can desert the wished and the lovely; I'll come to  
the eyes of the maiden that can see her true love in  
trouble, and can look round for a richer to keep her  
company. But it shall not be so. Rosa Rosevar-  
gus is not to be balked."

Mary was frightened but not persuaded; but the  
last part of Rosa's speech was not lost on the jeal-  
ous lover.

"And is it so, Mary?" said he. "Is there then an-  
other, richer and dearer, suitor for your hand? You  
are silent. It is so! Farewell, then, Mary; I do  
not blame you for leaving me; it is right. But  
why deceive me!—why write to me!—or if you did  
write, why not write the truth!"

"I did, I did, Henry—I did indeed; and rather  
than you should doubt me, I will—"

"Oh! end the sentence, Mary—say you will fly  
with me."

She did not say yes, but she did not say no; and  
Norton placed her on her horse.

"But," cried the frightened girl, "they will catch  
us—they will stop us; and how are you going?"

"Rosa lends me her pony."

"And you know the way over these sands?—Oh!  
if you do not it is useless to attempt it now. Let us  
wait another opportunity."

Norton was puzzled. This was the first time he  
had ever been across the sands; and there were old  
mine shafts and pits, and but one road scarcely to be  
recognized as such, except by the most practiced eye.  
He could not answer, and Mary was about to turn.

"Well, then," cried Rosa, "and what ails ye now?  
Away ye can ride, away ye can ride; and old Rol-  
ley (so she called her pony) wants neither whip,  
nor spur, nor guide. Away—ah! I wish you well  
—ah!"

Norton jumped on the pony, and his companion's,  
though a fleet horse, could scarcely keep up with  
old Rolley, who went off home, as if quite as mad  
as his mistress. As Norton arrived at the hill oppo-  
site the sand hills, he turned to see if she was pur-  
sued, but saw nothing except the form of Rosa,  
waving her handkerchief on the high sand-hill, op-  
posite the small village of Ellengles. He answered  
her signal, and in a few hours was safe in the  
Bristol steamer.

The consternation of the picnic party at the long  
absence of Miss Franklin was indescribable. The  
truth flashed across the mother immediately, and at  
first the father agreed with her. But when he con-  
sidered the impossibility of the lovers holding com-  
munication with each other—that Norton was re-  
ported, was at sea—the dreadful thought that she had  
fallen into a shaft, drove every other suspicion out  
of his head. For the whole night they were looking for  
her. Lanterns and torches were in great requisition;  
horns, whistles, bells, shouts—every means of mak-  
ing her hear was resorted to, but she did not an-  
swer. The moon went down, and the last hour be-  
fore daylight was completely dark. About this time  
Mr. Franklin was by himself separated from the  
rest of the party. The light in his lantern was just  
expiring, and he was trying to trim it, when it went  
out entirely; and he could see nothing but the lamps  
of his companions, at a considerable distance, and  
that only now and then, as they ascended and de-  
scended the hillocks. He tried in vain to catch  
them; he called, but they could not hear. At last  
he gave it up; and fearing lest he should fall into a  
shaft, he surrendered the pursuit in despair. Even  
the cries of his companions became at length in-  
audible, and he almost fancied himself in another  
world of darkness and desolation. Suddenly, how-  
ever, a light seemed to start up from his feet, and  
the form of the "Mazed Woman" was before him.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" cried she. "Ye turned from  
the mother's prayer—ye have refused to assist her  
to find and to bury the child she took delight in.  
Did I not tell ye? but ye were deaf. And now ye  
are calling on your child, but she answers not; ye  
seek but ye cannot find; ye run, but it is past the  
time. What do ye here? She is away with the  
lover and the true; for Rosa gave and Rosa healed  
the wound. Ye listened not to the prayer of the  
widow—ye preferred your gold to the peace of the  
childless. Away then, for she is not here—away  
then, for she is not at home. For Rosa Rosevargus  
is not to be balked. Alas! I wish you well—ah!"

And holding her lantern close to the face of the as-  
tonished father, she repeated her usual parting words  
—"Alas! I wish you well—ah!"

We will not say Mr. Franklin was frightened; he  
was startled—he was agitated; and his companions  
found him scarcely ten paces from the spot where  
Rosa had left him. The fact was now evident  
enough to all, and the next day's post confirmed their  
suspicions.

It was some time before the baffled parents would  
forgive their daughter. At last, however, discover-  
ing that further resistance was not only useless but  
ridiculous, they consented to receive the delinquents.  
After their first visit, they were again invited to  
spend a longer time. The next time they were en-  
treated to stay still longer; and at last the old peo-  
ple found that they could not live without them,  
and gave them up a set of apartments to themselves,  
on condition that they lived with them always.

In the mean time poor Rosa, after the stimulus of aveng-  
ing herself on Mr. Franklin for the imagined injury  
he had done her, by refusing her the pound for her  
son's burial, got gradually worse; till at last it was  
positively necessary for the peace of the neighbor-  
hood that she should be confined. But Mrs. Norton  
would by no means consent to this before something  
had been tried to effect a cure. Accordingly, at her  
own expense, an eminent physician was sent for;  
and by his advice it was settled that she should be  
deceived, if possible, by a mock funeral of her son.  
The plan succeeded. For one year she would con-  
stantly visit the spot where the old church had been  
for years lost in the sand, and where she believed her  
son to be buried; but after that she gradually recov-  
ered her senses. We need not say that Mr. and  
Mrs. Norton were grateful for the service she had  
done them; for though she did not live above two  
years after the recovery of her reason, she spent  
them in the service of those she had been the means  
of making so happy.

Reader, I know not how you are satisfied; but I  
shall be quite content if, for the space of ten min-  
utes, you are half as much pleased as I was with  
the tale of the "Mazed Woman," when I heard it  
first in the small room of the little inn at Perran  
Path.

### PRINTING PRESS.

THE press on which this paper was formerly  
printed—a Ramage, in good repair—is  
offered for sale. It will be sold for about one half the  
money usually given for a press of the same size  
and quality.

D. V. CULLEY.

Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 7, 1833.

### Family Pork.

PUT up in half barrels, packed in Alum Salt  
expressly for family use, for sale by  
L. W. JOHNSON.

Sept. 10th, 1833.

### A CARD.

### The Lawrenceburgh High School

IS continued in  
the basement  
story of the Pres-  
byterian Church.  
Parents and pa-  
trons 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 im-  
proved 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.

JESSE HUNT, Trustee.

JAMES W. HUNTER, Trustee.

DAVID V. CULLEY.

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 30th, 1833. 29-4f

### OFFICER'S GUIDE & FARMER'S

MANUAL.

(By JOHN CAIS, Esq.)

JUST received and for sale at this office a few  
copies of the above named work, "containing  
a comprehensive collection of Judicial and busi-  
ness forms, adapted to the jurisprudence of Indiana,  
with an explanation of law phrases and technical  
terms both Latin and French; to which is prefixed  
the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution  
of the United States, and of the State of Indiana."  
The Guide & Manual contains an abstract of the  
principal laws in force in the State, and correct  
forms for transacting legal business.—In short, it is  
a lawyer of its self, by the aid of which every in-  
telligent reading person may be enabled to transact  
his ordinary law business correctly, without the aid  
of counsel.

July 30th, 1833.

### Revised Laws of Indiana.

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

### DR. BROWER

HAS removed his residence to the house on High  
street, recently occupied by Capt. Thos. Por-  
ter, and opposite J. W. Hunter, Esq's, new build-  
ing. His office is in the bank room, adjoining the  
dwelling of Judge Dunn.

August 15, 1833. 31-3mo

### DANIEL J. CASWELL and DANIEL S.

MAJOR, have, by mutual consent, dissolved  
the partnership heretofore existing between them.  
All business, however, which has been entrusted to  
them, will receive their united attention until fully  
settled.

Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 9, 1833. 35-4f

### CASH

WILL be paid for any quantity of good clean  
TIMOTHY or CLOVER SEED, by  
L. W. JOHNSON.

Aug. 7,