

Again the parti-colored leaves,
Are fluttering on the gale;
And every tree a tint receives,
That shows the season's frail.
The hills and vales have slowly lost,
Their verdant brilliancy of hue;
And touched with early coming frost,
Look brown, and gloomy too.
And yet there's freshness in the breeze—
The forests, like a grove of flowers,
Bloom forth, as if the varied trees,
Were Flora's giant bowers;
Where fancy lingering might recall,
The morning of our years,
And every emblem of the fall,
Bring memory its tears.

The evening and the morning air,
Has colder grown and chill,
As friendships, some our lot to share,
When wants oppress us, will—
But still like friendships that remain,
They wait around us yet,
To cool the fires that sear the brain,
And bid us not forget
That friendships, such as theirs, have been
The earlier hopes of youth,
Which cling—when life hath lost its green—
Around us still in Truth.
Blest season of the year, Oh, thou!
A moral teach to me,
That when life's winter marks my brow,
My wave as fruitful be.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

True Greatness.

At heavenly synod once arose
A wonderous strong debate,
This mighty secret to disclose,
What makes a mortal great?
Mars blustered forth, that love of arms
Enriched the daring soul;
While Bacchus swore the brightest charms
Overflowed the sparkling bowl.
That he who filled with generous wine,
Could frolic, laugh and sing,
Was far more rich—was more divine,
And greater than a king.
Apollo vow'd, with music's power,
None other could compare,
When Jove produced his golden shower,
And fixed true greatness there.
Pallas to wisdom ever dear,
Heard gravely what had past,
The goddess came prepared to hear,
And silence broke at last:
Your shower, said she, will melt away,
Your music lose its charms;
Your sparkling bowl will all decay,
And rust o'er spreads your arms;
But heaven-born virtue knows no change,
No time dissolves her state;
To bless'd eternity she'll range—
Tis she makes mortals great.

Retribution.

I had been reading of the sufferings which poor human nature is compelled to undergo in its passage through this world to a better. I had burned with indignation at the oppression and arrogance of the rich. I had wept for the indigence and sorrows of the poor and afflicted. I had dared to arraign the justice of the Almighty, for the unequal distribution of happiness. I had thought of these things till sorrow settled down upon my heart—my soul was heavy within me, for the afflictions of my fellow beings—then sleep came over me like a cloud—a death-like stupor was upon me, but my imagination was up and abroad.

I was in the midst of a mighty city; surrounded by works of art and magnificence. The rich and the great were there; but there, also, were the poor and needy, the suffering and the afflicted. The habitations of the rich were spread out in their splendor and glory, like the palaces of princes; and near them the hovels of the poor, disfigured the earth, and seemed placed there that their inhabitants might catch the crumbs as they fell from the rich man's table.

The voice of mirth and minstrelsy of wassail and joy, went up from the proud dwellings of the wealthy—while from the habitations of the wretched, came forth to the ear, the cries of children calling for bread, when there was none to give; then came the piercing cry of the mother, calling out in her agony, upon her God to send the comforter—and I went on—and the streets were filled with people, running to and fro in their anguish; and the multitude bowed themselves down with one spirit, and cried out for bread—for famine was there, and want had come over them like the simoom of the desert! And still the voice of merriment and of plenty went forth from the great; their windows were glancing with light and the forms of those at the feast and the dance, were reflected on the haggard and wan faces of the famishing poor. Then did the multitude murmur against their God; and their murmurs sounded like the wind among the forest trees as their branches bend and rise again at the growing onset of the blast. And then there came a cry, a shout, as though the enemy had come upon them; one had found a crust of bread, and the multitude set upon him, and snatched it from his hand, and they tossed it to and fro among them; and then one, more strong than his fellows, seized it, and rushed out from among them, and then a fearful cry arose, as of a lioness robbed of her whelps. And he was seized, and beat down, and crushed, and mangled, and they tore his bleeding limbs from his body; the muscles straining and writhing, even after separation. And then a thought at one and the same time, struck the murderers; a thought which fanatic suggested, and they gnawed the mutilated body, even while the death throes were upon it. Still the feasting went on in the habitations of the wealthy. Then did I kneel down and pray, that power might be given me to bring down the haughtiness of the affluent, and make the rich and poor change places in the world; and my prayer was granted. I went up into the dwellings of the rich, and before me their food vanished; the red wine in the goblets dried up; the splendid palaces fell away, and mingled with the dust, and their proud owners sat down on the ruins, covered with rags and filthiness, and they begged of the passers by, in their poverty. My revenge was complete. I went among the hovels of the poor, and their limbs were clothed with rich clothing; their dwellings grew up into proud palaces, and their cups overflowed with the good things of the earth, then went I out from among them full of joy.

The summer had passed in its loveliness—I returned—but the last state of that city was worse than the first. The poor man, unused to affluence, had squandered away his substance in riotous living. There were none to work, none to labor. The city had become deserted; silence reigned undisturbed in her walls, and time was fast blotting out her place from the face of the earth. And had these been

my doings! I wept—and in my agony awoke, a better man. I bowed in submission to the government of God; and never more did I dare to arraign his goodness, in meting out to man prosperity in unequal portions.

Hints to Housewives.

As far as possible, have bits of bread eaten up, before they become hard. Spread those that are not eaten, and let them dry, to be pounded for puddings, or soaked for brews. Bread is made of crusts and dry pieces of bread, soaked a good while in hot milk; mashed up and salted, and buttered like toast. Above all, do not let crusts accumulate in such quantities that they cannot be used. With proper care there is no need of losing a particle of bread, even in the hottest weather.

When ivory handled knives turn yellow, rub them with nice sand paper, or emery; it will take off the spots, and restore their whiteness.

When a carpet is faded, I have been told that it may be restored, in a great measure, (provided there be no grease in it,) by being dipped into strong salt and water. I never tried this; but I know that silk pocket handkerchiefs, and deep blue factory cotton will not fade, if dipped into salt and water while new.

Tortoise shell and horn combs last much longer for having oil rubbed into them once in a while.

Spots in furniture may usually be cleaned by rubbing them quick and hard, with a flannel wet with the same thing which took out the color, if run, wet the cloth with rum &c. The very best restorative for defaced varnished furniture, is rotten stone pulverized, and rubbed on with linseed oil.

Sal volatile, or hartshorn, will restore colors taken out by acid. It may be dropped upon any garment without doing any harm.

Spirits of turpentine, is good to take grease spots out of woolen cloth, to take spots out of paint, &c. from mahogany furniture; and to cleanse white kid gloves.—Cockroaches, and all vermin, have an aversion to spirits of turpentine.

Lamps will have a less disagreeable smell if you dip your wick yarn in strong hot vinegar, and dry it.

Clean a brass kettle, before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

Mrs. Child's Frugal Housewife.

WANTS OF THE AGES.—It is man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes, but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another. The child of a year old wants little but food and sleep, and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of those excellent things, than he begins whimpering, or yelling it may be for the other. At three, the young urchin becomes enamored of sugar-plums, apple pies, and confectionary. At six, his imagination runs on kites, marbles and tops, and abundance of play time. At ten, the boy wants to leave school and have nothing to do but go bird-nesting and blackberry hunting. At fifteen, he wants a beard and a watch, and a pair of Wellington boots. At twenty, he wishes to cut a figure, and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him. The young man at 26 wants a wife, and at thirty, he longs to be single again. From thirty to forty, he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it; about this time also, he dabbles in politics and wants office. At fifty, he wants excellent dinners and capital wine, and thinks a nap indispensable. The respectable old gentleman of sixty, wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousand; to marry his daughters, set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life he wants to be young again.

New York Traveller.

A REFUSE.

Zedekiah Smitherton fell in love with farmer Hobson's rosy daughter Elizabeth; and as no introduction is considered necessary among neighbors in that part of the world, he "just dropped in" one evening to pay her a visit. He found Hobson himself, a surly, fat old mortal, sitting in his elbow chair, with a pipe in his mouth and a mug of beer on the table before him. After the usual compliments, which, on the farmer's part, were almost lost in puffs of tobacco smoke, Zedekiah asked timidly, "If Miss Elizabeth was at home." "To be sure she's at home," said farmer Hobson. "She's washing clothes. Do you want to see her? Puff, puff, puff?" "Yes, sir," responded the lover, blushing. "Bett" cried the farmer in a tone which made Zedekiah tremble; "Bet, come out here; a man wants to see you. Puff." Miss Betty came out accordingly, smoothing down her apron and looking delightfully. "Puff, puff. Well, sir, do you see her?" said farmer Hobson to Zedekiah. "Yes, sir," says Zed. "Well, sir—you know the way out, I suppose—Bet go back to your wash tub. Puff, puff, puff." This was Zedekiah's first and last visit to farmer Hobson's.

Central Courant.

MIAMI CANAL.

It was expected that this canal would have been completed to the river, during 1833. The season has been such as to render this impracticable. From Court Street to the River, ten locks are to be constructed. All of them are partly prepared, and only completed. They are built of the most substantial materials, and in the most durable manner. Mr. Laughey, the undertaker, is a practical mason, and has evinced a good stock of mechanical pride, as well as skill, in their construction. It is a pleasant walk of a dry day, to traverse the line of the canal from where it crosses Main street to the river, and observe the work in its present progress. It cannot fail to excite reflections highly pleasurable to any mind disposed to rejoice at the successful efforts of our almost infant State, and to anticipate with satisfaction, the point of greatness to which she may arrive, if she continues as she has commenced in the construction of public works.

Cincinnati Gaz.

Siamian Terrapins. A gentleman brought to our office yesterday two young Terrapins which exhibit a most singular freak of nature, being completely united at the neck. The bodies, one smaller than the other, are perfect, and are not joined, except at the neck, and the adjoining portion of the lower shell. The heads appear branching from the same neck. They are alive, and appear healthy.

Charleston Courier.

Touching the Corpse. We did not suppose that the superstition of touching the body of a murdered person, to ascertain the murderer, had its believers in this country. We find, however, in the trial of Gettier, who will be executed next Friday, at Eastern, for the murder of his wife, the following passage of evidence.

"Juliana Leitz, sworn. If my throat was to be cut, I could tell before God Almighty, that the deceased smiled when he, (Gettier the murderer,) touched her. I swore this before the justices, and that she bled considerably. I was sent for to dress her and lay her out. He touched her twice. He made no hesitation about doing it. I also swore before the Justice, that it was observed by other people in the house. This was towards evening, when the doctor and jury, (Coroner's,) were gone."

There is no corroboration of this singular story; and however positive the lady may be, we are constrained to believe that she was misled by an excited and morbid imagination. Nevertheless, evidence so positive and direct, of such a phenomenon, is somewhat singular in these days.

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Philadelphia Intelligencer.

OFFICER'S GUIDE & FARMER'S MANUAL.

(By JOHN CAIN, Esq.)

JUST received and for sale at this office a few copies of the above named work, "containing a comprehensive collection of Judicial and business 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 intelligent reading person may be enabled to transact his ordinary law business correctly, without the aid of counsel.

July 20th, 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, Indianapolis,) 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. Porter, and opposite J. W. Hunter, Esqr.'s new building. 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.

Lawrenceburg, 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, 1833. 30-4f

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 his 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 east side of High street, one door south of Dr. Ferris' Drug 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

NOTICE.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing under the firm of Adams & Lothrop, is this day, by mutual agreement, dissolved, and the books and notes of said firm are transferred to Isaac Lothrop, Jr. for adjustment.

A. B. ADAMS.

ISAAC LOTHROP, Jr.

Lawrenceburg, Sept. 2d, 1833.

32-4f

ISAAC LOTHROP, Jr.

32-4f

An Ox-Cart,

ONE GOOD QUALITY, for Sale by TOUSEY & DUNN.

Aug. 22, 1833. 32-

FRESH FLOUR.

A few Barrels Manufactured from New Wheat, for sale by L. W. JOHNSON.

Aug. 7, 1833. 30-4f

NOTICE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Lawrenceburg and its vicinity that he has opened a

TAILORING SHOP

on High street, in the lower story of Mr. Hunt's stone building; where he is prepared to execute work in his line with neatness and despatch, and on reasonable terms. Having the advantage of an extensive acquaintance with the business, and made such arrangements as will enable him to procure the latest fashions, he hopes to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

ERASTUS LATHROP.

Sept. 18, 1833. 33-4f

LAW NOTICE.

DANIEL J. CASWELL and PHILIP L. SPOONER, are associated in the practice of law, in the Dearborn Circuit Court. All professional business entrusted to either, in the said court, will receive the punctual attention of both. Office on High street, in the room formerly occupied by E. Walker, Esq. where P. L. Spooner may be found, except when absent on professional business.

Lawrenceburg, Sept. 10th, 1833.

33-4f

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.

Lawrenceburg, Sept. 7, 1833.

Family Pork,

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

Sept. 10th, 1833.