

Song.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, united with pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
Whilst sweet meditation and cheerful content
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part;
For every fair object my eyes can survey,
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labors employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

[Selected.]

From the New-York Mirror.

The Broken Heart.

Oh! what have I with life to do,
With all its hopes and fears;
My bark is whelm'd 'neath sorrow's wave,
My sun hath set in tears.

Alas, for me! dark clouds have hung
O'er all my youthful hours;
And who, oh who, would seek to deck
The withered branch with flowers!

If e'er a beam of gladness threw
Across my path its ray,
I've wished that it had never been,
So soon it fled away.

'Twas as a light at midnight seen;
And when that beam had past,
Deep and yet deeper was the gloom
Of darkness o'er me cast.

And some were false, I deem'd most true,
False in the hour of need;
I leaned upon their love, and found
'Twas but a broken reed;

And stricken broken lie all around,
Where'er I turn my view;
Like the pale leaves by autumn shed,
And ah! as faded too.

There have been some that I have proved
Pure as the virgin gold—
But they are still, and passed away,
The hearts that loved me, cold.

And now I cannot bear to think
Of happy moments fled;
My joys have been by sorrow chased,
My life is with the dead.

Alas! that I should ever feel,
Or know what I have known—
A broken wing my spirit bears,
I sink unwept, alone.

My heart's best sounds have all been hushed,
And grief its chords have riven;
Then welcome be the lonely grave;
The gate that leads to heaven.

Courtship.

As courtship is the appellate usually given to the probationary state, or period of acquaintance, immediately preceding marriage, we have seized upon the word, hackneyed as it is, for the title of our remarks.

We have frequently observed, that it has been a matter of sorrow, and sometimes indignation to us, that most young, aye, and sometimes even old folks proceed, during this state, in a manner which is afterwards sure to procure pain and disappointment. There is too much art, and too little of nature, too much of disguise and too little of candor; in a word, there is generally on both sides far too little confidence.

Now without pretending to have been admitted very deeply into a knowledge of the affairs either of our fair friends, or the gay Lotharios, we think we can draw up a little sketch, which more than one of them will be able to lay at heart, and as it carries with it, its own moral, we will, without much ado, commence.

Less than forty years ago, there dwelt in Liverpool, a gentleman, a surgeon by profession, whose name was Holden. He had 'only one daughter,' who was known by the modest Christian name of Priscilla, and like old Polonius, he loved her 'passing well.' As the mother of Priscilla had died while she was very young, she became the very 'apple of her father's eye'—the being upon whom he lavished all the affections of his nature. Having always been absorbed in the mere dry details of his profession, he was not a man possessed of many elegant accomplishments. He, however, determined within himself that his daughter should be a model of perfection. No cost or pains were spared to render her a complete paragon in every species of accomplishment. Her genius was, as it were put into a hotbed. When the first years of childhood were past, her father, whose indulgence was abundant, and who wanted the necessary taste to take upon himself the direction of her studies, allowed her to undertake such pleasures as her own fancy. It was not enough, that a young girl, of an ardent disposition, thus left to herself, should make choice rather of that which was showy and fashionable than that which was useful. Her reading also, was confined principally to novels and romances, through the whole ocean of which she was permitted to drive without helm or pilot to direct her course. Now we have no objection to these elegant and lighter flowers of the garland of literature, but they should, in all cases, be judiciously selected, and only resorted to as occasion serves, to unbend the mind after more serious and serviceable studies.

It is observable, and is withal perfectly natural, that a young lady no sooner arrives at a slight knowledge of herself, than an innate tenderness arises in her heart, which to fix itself only requires an object. One would have thought that with Priscilla Holden, considering the inflammatory sort of reading, to which she had been addicted, and the desultory, though expensive course of education, this feeling would very early have developed itself. Such, however, was not the case. Though of a lively imagination, she was naturally a girl of good sense, and she avoided intuitively, the shoals of fools and coxcombs who were so assiduous in paying their court to her. She was in her twenty-first year when, at a party she met with Henry Selwyn, a young man of talent and acquirements. Now she had in common with the rest of her sex, imbibed the silly opinion, that, as men are necessarily the masters and protectors after marriage, it is proper that women should have the prerogative of exercising as much tyranny as they possibly can previous to that event.

Selwyn soon became very assiduous in his attentions to Priscilla, and it was evident to all that he was deeply and devotedly in love with her. When she made the discovery, her sensations were any thing but disagreeable, for her heart had long panted for an object on which her good sense might allow it to fix itself. When, however, the young Selwyn began to make those pointed advances to-

wards her, which are so well understood, she kept aloof and dissembling her real feelings, treated him with rigid coldness and formality. We will not undertake to say, that such conduct, is wrong in all cases. Ladies, like the ancient Parthians, conquer most when they seem to fly. Selwyn proved the ardor of his passions by the perseverance with which he pursued the siege for a period of six months, during which the icy frigidity with which the lady had armed herself seemed little likely ever to be thawed. He had managed adroitly to get introduced to Mr. Holden, and as the latter found, from his conversation with his daughter that she held Selwyn in high estimation, he was admitted to the house on the most friendly footing.

At length the poor young man became seriously ill in consequence of the continued disappointment of his fondly cherished hopes. Mr. Holden was called in to attend him. At first he was puzzled to make out the precise nature of the disorder with which his patient was afflicted. He imagined it to be a nervous fever. Selwyn, however, knowing the inefficacy of all medicine to a 'mind disease,' on his third visit, described his symptoms more accurately than he did at the first, by confessing the real state of the case. The father was not displeased. He liked the young man, and his prospects and character were unexceptionable. One thing, however, he had long made up his mind to, that his daughter's inclination should be the law upon which he would alone act in the disposal of her hand.

Priscilla was not at all disconcerted when her father abruptly informed her of the discovery which he had made. It was the very subject which had been occupying her thoughts for hours before. During the illness of Selwyn, pity had stepped in and subdued her heart till it was pervaded only by the best and tenderest feelings of her sex. She then felt in full force how dearly she loved the poor youth, and how highly she appreciated his estimable qualities. The natural frankness of her disposition at that moment predominated, and she told her father all she felt, and had so long and so cruelly concealed. She concluded by commissioning him to tell Selwyn that she accepted him. It will be easily conceived how rapid was the recovery of the latter, after this prescription from such a doctor. Three days after he was at her feet thanking her in rapturous terms, for the happiness which she had bestowed upon him.

Priscilla was not yet disposed to renounce the command which she held. She did not, as she ought to have done, become at once a confiding friend of her lover. If ever he presumed to step over the rigid bounds which she had prescribed for him, to approach the verge of the familiar with her, she frowned him into retreat. Enamoured as he was, he was fully disposed to allow her to be the superior being she assumed. She was an angel, a goddess, and he was a willing slave. Alas! neither of them took into consideration, that things could not always be thus.

At length, Selwyn, aided by the intercession of Mr. Holden, persuaded her to name a day for the nuptials. The ceremony was performed, and never did a pair, who loved each other, more ardently vow eternal constancy at the altar of God. The result of such union ought to have been immediate happiness. But the tables were now naturally turned. Selwyn felt that he was her husband and her lord. The awe of distance no longer elevated her into the sphere; matrimony brought familiar intercourse; the infirmities of temper became known on both sides; they ought to have been known before. Amiable, estimable as he knew her to be, he still loved her with impassioned ardor, but, as a matter of course, found that he had too long viewed her rather through the veil of fancy than with the eye of truth, and he saw that she was not an angel but a woman.

Priscilla, on the other hand, could not at once give up the rule to which she had so been accustomed. But to these solemn grandeur, which had appeared so imposing, in the period of courtship, Selwyn as a husband, could in no wise submit. They now took their right appearance and got their proper appellation of airs and caprice. The consequence of all this was, many a month of heart-burning, and bickering, and recrimination, which might have been spared them, had the proper degree of confidence existed before marriage. By degrees they became accustomed to their relative situations, and Mrs. Selwyn at length found that she was much happier in having her husband a familiar and devoted friend, whom she could look up to, than a creature whom she could tyrannize over at her caprice.

In conclusion, we would say to men of sense, for we write not for gallants and coxcombs—be candid and sincere in your intercourse with the female of your choice. Begin as you intend to end. Make her not your idol, but speak the language of truth to her then or never. The ladies we will presume to advise—may we will entreat you to allow their lovers a respectful and familiar communion with them. Surely they cannot too thoroughly know the man to whose guidance and will they intend to entrust the conduct of their whole life. Let confidence be so mutual, that love may have an opportunity of founding itself upon the rocky basis of esteem.

London Literary Magazine.

[From the Lexington Intelligencer.]

The following story has been communicated to us from Clark county, with a request that it may be published. It purports to be true. It is in several of its prominent incidents very like a tale of fiction, that has been going the rounds of the public prints, for some months. "Lazy Sam" must have been in him we think, some of the blood of "Sleepy David." This point however we leave to jockies to settle.

"LAZY SAM."

The following story will not be worth the less for being true. A Kentucky horse drover, being in South Carolina with a drove, happened to take it to the neighborhood of Gen. H—, whose character for jockeying and maneuvering in trade, is much more celebrated than his feats in arms. The Kentuckian having a perfect acquaintance with his character, went to see him, to sell him horses—or to swap, or to run a race, as the fates and destinies might order and decree.

He was one of your careless, unconcerned, knock-down-and-drag-out looking sort of fellows; who could assume just as much simplicity of countenance and address, as circumstances might require. He had the appearance of being about twenty-two, or twenty-three years of age; and as usual was dressed in blue mixed jeans, to hide dirt; and wore a drab colored hat, for the same reason.

"General" said he, "I am just from old Knituck with some powerful nice horses, and you may want some. Daddy told me if I come in your parts to call on you, and he reckoned may be you would buy a pair of matches, or help me out in trade: for he said you had a power of money, and understood trade in a scribble. Here's a letter from him, handing one. And besides I've as nice a pair of matches, as you could shake a stick at: and as tight a nag for a quarter, Daddy says, as any in our parts; but he says I musn't run no races, caze I mought loose, and we want all the money we can scrape, to pay for land. But I reckon he'd suit you to a fraction, caze you're a sportin' character: and mought win a powerful chance of money on him.

While he was thus introducing himself, and telling his business, the General opened the letter which read as follows:

Deare Gineeral,—I take this opportunity to wright to you by my Job, who is takin the first drove he ever driv, and I want you to log roll aleetle for him, if so be it suites you. Job's a spry chap enough at home, but he hasnt cut his eye teeth yet. And if you'll lend him a hand I'll due as much for any of your boys if you've got any, whensoever they come to these paris tradin or any thing else. So no more at present but remains your effectenae friend till deth.

PETER TOMPKINS.

The hero of horse races, cotton bags and sugar hogsheds, thought he perceived a neat speculation, and acted accordingly. Mr. Job Tompkins was received with much courtesy: his man and boy entertained with the best in the larder; whilst his five and twenty horses were not neglected. It is true the General had not the slightest recollection of his friend and correspondent Peter Tompkins. He might have once known him,—or not. It was the same thing. Here was Job, a raw Kentucky stripling, with twenty-five fine horses; as easily squeezed as a ripe lemon. It was not in his nature to forbear.

In the mean time Mr. Job Tompkins made himself quite free and easy; and swaggered about the costly furnished apartment as if he had been in a log cabin. He viewed the silver plate on the sideboard with much apparent astonishment; and a pair of silver snufflers, especially, excited his curiosity.

"Lord Gineeral? at them that candle snuffs made out of the pure stuff?—I never seed'n any afore but I'm ones, and mammy uses her shears—And all them ar things, on that ar big chist, (the sideboard) is the r-a-l Spanish castin'! I heard talk of all this afore, but never seed it. Now if I was to tell this in our settlement, may be they would'n hopstraddle of me, and ride right over me rough shod, for a liar. But they say you're a powerful sight the richest man in the south state, aint you?"

To all which the General returned suitable answers; and Mr. Job and he were hand and glove, for the time being. Each man resolutely bent to make a successful lodgment in his neighbor's pocket with the view of cleaning it out. A Herculean labor, to be sure—when flint strikes flint. They were talking of horses and mules, and live stalk in general; when Job heard in the next room the sound of music.—Several Kentucky reels were played, and anon, the sweet breathings of a melodious voice sung 'Sweet—sweet home.'

May I be d—d said Job, 'if that dont beat Bob Walker, and he's a patch above common. But that aint none of your music boxes I know;—it cant be.—Is it?"

'My daughter is playing on the Piano' said the General, 'we will walk in the other room and hear her.' Here were blandishments, to strike Job dumb, and entrance all his senses.

'The man who hath not music in his soul, And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.'

Job thought a man might love music and spoils also. He felt a liking for both. Therefore, he applauded the music in his own way; most rapturously.

Said Job, 'May I never pull another trigger if she's not a priming above any thing I've heard talk about. Why she's chartered!!—She is a real one, I assure you. Why its enough to make a feller swim that cant and if it was't for all these fine kiverdills over the track, (the carpet) and I had a partner to my mind, I'd go my drove to nothin, or less, I can shake the ticks off of any boy you can parade.'

The General now thought the Kentuckian ripe enough. To said in which he had been well plied with choice liquors as he denominated the Brandy and Maderia.

The horses were brought out, and examined, and praised, and cleaped, and faults found with all.

They could agree upon nothing. 'Well, where is your quarter horse?' asked the General. 'Oh, ho! I sort o' thought what you was atter,' answered Job, for you hardly looked at them tater matches, and these fine geldings. So you must be atter the quarter nag. Jim fetch up Lazy Sam, will you? Now Gineeral I'll tell you,—hon-or-bright: he's never been hick't in a quarter spurt, but once; by Jo Miller's sorrel mare which runs like a streak of lightning. She's a r-a-l screamer. Daddy swapt for him last fall, after she fanned him out. If I know'd her I'd give you her marks, so as you might'n't be tuckin. For I heard Jo was bringing her to the South to win his expenses. But here's the horse any how, and I assure you he's not slow.

Now be it remembered that honest Job, was not ignorant, that General H— was at that time, the owner of this identical mare, and for reasons best known to himself he wished to make a race between her and Lazy Sam.

The General examined Lazy Sam with the eye of a jockey.

'Pish,' said he, very contemptuously, 'why this thing cannot run? why it's flab-sided as a sheep, and as heavy shouldered as a hog, and cat hammed besides:—I would not give a good muel for three of it. Why did you not bring a lot of mules to market? I would have bought some at a fair price. Your horses do not suit me. Pray what do you ask for this thing which you call a ruling nag? It may do to plough a season or two. Does it work?"

Unlike the Job of ancient days, Job Tompkins suffered his anger to rise and master him. At least he made the General think so. To use his own words, he fairly convorted. He screamed out,

'Hello! Mister, I wonder you're so mighty wise, considerin you know so little. Why you make me feel all over in spots, to listen to you. I reckon may be you've got a quarter nag yourself: aint you?"

'I have a plow nag here,' said the General very coolly, 'that I am sure can run away from that thing of yours.'

'Thing!' halloed Job, 'why you make me feel sort of wolfy, and I've a good mind to go my whole lot agin any thing you can parade in the whole South.'

'I would not spoil a good mind then,' quoth the General.—'But I suppose you are afraid to run as your father has forbid it.'

'I dont care a solitary flint what Daddy says, when my Irish is up,' exclaimed Job indignantly. Bring out your nag and let's see it.

The General gave the order: and as Job expect-

ed, the sorrel mare, (once Joe Miller's) was brought forward.

While Job examined him, his adversary endeavored all he could to fret him by disparaging his horse; and Job appeared worked up to a fever heat.

To cut short the story, the drove was staked against twenty-five hundred dollars, in a check upon the C—Bank. And the company adjourned to the General's track to see the race. On the way Job stopt short, and facing the General asked very earnestly,

'Now you're sure this ain't Joe Miller's nag? My mind sort o' misgives me, caze from what I've heard they sort o' favor like?"

'D—n, your Joe Miller, and his nag also,' replied the General, 'the mare is mine I tell you!"

This appeared to be satisfactory. I have given you the General's description of Job's running horse; done to fret him. It was by no means a correct one. Lazy Sam was a well made pony of the Printer stock, but was of a mild, sleepy, sluggish disposition: until his mettle was roused. He generally went with his eyes half shut and his head drooping at an angle of forty-five degrees. When the General viewed him he was in this condition.

The horses were in the General's stable, and the check for the two thousand five hundred dollars was in the hands of a gentleman present. The General had no doubt about keeping all Job's fine horses, and sending him home on his ten toes. Job thought differently. Lazy Sam was led along by Job's boy as sleepy as usual.—The preliminaries were adjusted, and the riders mounted. As Job threw Jim on Lazy Sam, he sprang all fours off the ground; and his dull, sleepy look, was changed into a wild, almost devilish expression.

He looked as Job did when he 'convorted.'

The General lost his usual mahogany colour, and looked pale, but he said nothing.

Lazy Sam won the race by thirty feet. Job was suddenly cool as a cucumber. And, as he put the twenty-five hundred dollar check in his greasy pocket book, which he did deliberately, he looked round cunningly.

I sort o' think that's his first rate and a half, said Job, 'and aleetle past common. Why Gineeral Sam's laid you cold as a wedge. He turned round suddenly to his rider,—'Jim' said he, here's five dollars, why it all goes in a man's life time, but the Gineeral looks as if he'd been squeezed through the leetle end of nothing, or less.

G.

Lawrenceburgh Analytical Academy,



WILL open on Monday the 21st inst., under the immediate superintendence of D. M. STEWART, who wishes to locate himself as a permanent teacher, for a series of years. He will occupy as a school room, the basement story of the Presbyterian Church.

No pains will be spared; and from his former experience in teaching, he hopes to be able to give general satisfaction.

His prices are \$2 50, \$3 50, and \$5 00.

Those interested are requested to visit the school frequently, to witness the mode of instruction and progress of the pupils.

October 17th, 1833. 40-tf

Valuable Property for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale ONE ACRE of Land on the Indianapolis road, in Manchester township, about 10 miles from Lawrenceburgh. The property is advantageously situated for any mechanical business or for trade, and is in a thickly settled neighborhood. On the Lot there are a

GOOD HOUSE, STABLE, OUT-HOUSES,

WELL OF WATER, CISTERN;

and other conveniences for a family. The whole will be sold low for cash. For terms apply to the subscriber on the premises.

SIMEON TOZIER.

Sept. 30, 1833. 39-

NOTICE.

ON Friday the first day of November next, at one o'clock P. M. the subscriber will expose to Public Sale, to the highest bidder, the following described property, viz: A VALUABLE FARM, containing eighty acres, more or less, being the west half of the south-west quarter of section thirty-five, of township seven, in range three; about thirty acres of which is under cultivation, together with one

Frame Dwelling House,

ONE SAW-MILL, ONE GRIST-MILL,

and other Out-Buildings; all of which will be sold on the premises, now occupied by John R. Rounds. Terms, one half down, and a credit of six months for the balance.

JOSHUA GIVAN.

Manchester, Sept. 26th, 1833. 38-

Pay Your Debts!

ALL persons indebted to Wm. Brown, or the firm of Wm. and Ellis Brown, either by Note or Book Account, now due, will please call and make settlement by the 1st of November, either by Note or Cash. Those who neglect this notice, may expect to find their Notes or Accounts at the Justices office for settlement. We have to pay our debts—so must our debtors.

WM. & ELLIS BROWN.

Sept. 30th, 1833. 38-

Notice.

A SCHOOL TEACHER will find employment for six, nine or twelve months, by applying soon to James Angevine or Wm. S. Ward, York-Ridge, Kelso township, Dearborn county, Ia.

October 3, 1833.

P. S. A recommendation is required.

A Teacher Wanted.

A MAN capable of taking charge of a DAY SCHOOL consisting of 35 Scholars, and who can produce credentials of good qualifications, moral habits, and assiduity, may find a good situation in the town of Hartford, Dearborn co., Indiana.

WM. GARRARD, JOHN LEWIS, J. HARPAM, Trustees.

Oct. 9, 1833. 39-

N. B. A man of a family would be preferred.

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received from the CITY OF NEW YORK, in addition to their former stock, an extensive assortment of

SEASONABLE GOODS.

Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call.

TOUSEY & DUNN.

October 15th, 1833. 40-

New Establishment.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Lawrenceburgh 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. 36-tf

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.

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. Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 10th, 1833. 35-tf

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, Esq.'s new building. His office is in the bank room, adjoining the dwelling of Judge Dunn.

August 15, 1833. 31-3mo

CASH

WILL be paid for any quantity of good clean TIMOTHY or CLOVER SEED, by

L. W. JOHNSON.

Aug. 7, 1833. 30-tf

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's 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-tf

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.

Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 2d, 1833.

N. B. All persons having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle the same.

ISAAC LOTHROP, jr.

34-tf

An Ox-Cart,

OF 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-tf

Pay Your Toll!

ALL those indebted to the Tanners Creek Bridge Company, for Toll up to