

From Lockhart's Moorish Ballads.
Since for kissing thee, Minguillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly, darling;
Give me back my kiss, I pray.

If we have done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may;
Quickly give me back the kiss,
That she may have nought to say.

Do—she keeps so great a pother,
Chides so sharply, looks so grave;
Do, my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave.

Out upon you, false Minguillo!
One you gave, but two you take;
Give me back the two, my darling,
Give them, for my mother's sake!

LINEs.
Written on a Punction of Spirits.

By PHILIP ERENEAU.

Within these wooden walls confined,
The rain lurks of human kind;
More mischiefs here unite dwell,
And more diseases haunt this cell,
Than ever plagued the Egyptian flocks,
Or ever cursed Pandora's box.

Within these prison walls repose
The seeds of many a bloody nose;
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath;
The fast for fighting, nothing loath;
The passion quick, no words can tame,
That bursts like sulphur into flame;

The nose with diamonds glowing red,
The bloated eye, the broken head.

Forever fastened be this door!
Confined within a thousand more
Destructive fiends of hateful shape,
Even now are plotting an escape.
In slender walls of wood contained,
In all their dirt of death reside
Revenge, that ne'er was satisfied;
The tree that bears the deadly fruit
Of murder, maiming and dispute;
Assault, that innocence assails,
The images of gloomy jails,
The giddy thought, on mischief bent,
The midnight hour in folly spent,
All these within this cask appear,
And Jack the Hangman in the rear!

Thrice happy he, who early taught
By nature ne'er this poison sought,
Who friendly to his own repose,
Treads under foot this worst of foes;
He, with the purling stream content,
The beverage quaffs that nature meant;
In reason's scale his actions weighed,
His spirits want no foreign aid;
Not swelled too high, or sunk too low,
Placid his easy minutes flow;
Long life is his, in vigor passed,
Existence, welcome to the last.
A spring that never you grew stale—
Such virtue has in—Adam's Ale.

From the Baltimore Saturday Visiter.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A COLLECTOR.

Does Mr. Buckram live here?

Yes, sir—no, sir—that is—I don't know, but may be he does. What's your business, sir?

Why, I have a small bill against him for a year's subscription to—

Well, I recollect, he don't live here—if he does, he's not at home, and that's the same thing.

But, ma'am, I have called here several times, and I think it's hard—

Come, sir—don't be insolent—Mr. Buckram makes it his business to pay all his bills as soon as they are presented to him.

No doubt, ma'am, but he has never given me a chance to present mine.

Do you think he's going to dance attendance on you, or remain fixed upon one spot until you choose to call?

But really, ma'am I don't know what to do, I've worn out more shoe leather than the amount of the bill will pay for—and I must have money.

You must—must you? Well, you may go find it somewhere else, for, while there's law in the land, you shan't get it here. Times are too hard, and folks can't afford to throw away money upon newspapers.

Then why did you subscribe?

Why, to patronize you, to be sure! If printers all had such patrons as your husband, they might well be classed with the lizard genus, and live on air.

You are rude, sir—and will oblige me by walking out of my house. I warrant you, if Mr. Buckram was here, you wouldn't dare to talk so! (Slams the door to.)

SCENE.—A fashionable boarding house.

Does Mr. Carrydot live here, Miss?

Yes, sir—I believe he does. Will you be so good as to walk in—I'll inquire of the servant whether he is at home or not. (Calling.) Here, Cato, is Mr. Carrydot in?

No, Miss—he hab no come home to dinner to-day, but'spose he come home soon.

Well, Miss, will you be so kind as to give him this trifling bill of subscription, when he comes home? I will call in the morning—he can leave the money with you.

La! sir, does he pay for subscribing to that paper?

Time will prove that, Miss.

I thought Mr. Scroggins was the subscriber—he always gets the paper, and Mr. Carrydot knows nothing about it.—After he's done with it, Mrs. Scanl lays claim, and after reading it through, passes it over to Miss Crib, who lends it to her beau, Mr. Snipes, who in his turn, hands it to Miss Saival—from thence it passes into the hands of Mr. Bluster, who gives it to me. I, in turn, give it to Nelly, our cook, who lends it to Tom, the boot-black, and he, it is said, sells it for a gill of whiskey.

Really, Miss, I hardly think it can be worth much after passing through so many hands.

Truly, it runs the gauntlet. Do pray tell the printers to print it on stronger paper—it is so worn when I get it that I can hardly read it.

Had you not better subscribe for several copies? Poh! poh! we pay you quite a compliment in reading your paper. One, if properly taken care of, will answer for our family, which only consists of twenty-seven persons.

You deserve the thanks of the publishers, Miss.

Epigram on the Marriage of Mr. Coles to Miss Dodge.

A spark of fire from her lovely eye,
Kindled the Coals—while a fragrant sigh
Fann'd the flame—'twas a cunning part;
William, why didn't you Dodge the dart?
But you preferred to mingle souls,
And change the fair to glowing Coals!

The Somerset Patriot states, that the committee of distribution has ascertained the loss by the late fire in that place to be \$60,000.

THE HEROINE OF THE SIERRA MORENA.

The superiority which man assumes over woman on account of his strength, talents and courage, is very equivocal indeed. In all ages we read of instances where female courage or presence of mind, has not only appeared predominant over that of the other sex, but has been the means of saving and securing life and liberty, when man has shrank from the daring task. Women were once the law-givers of Israel; and Zenobia, the Palmyrenian, set at defiance all the hosts of Rome. In latter days we have had brilliant examples of female heroism. Joan of Arc, whose spirit, tinctured with superstition, and roused to enthusiasm, drove the English from France, and crowned a fugitive king in Rheims, can never be forgotten; nor will all the laurels a Talbot won ever redeem his character from the stain of putting her to death as a witch, who put them to defeat, as a woman endued with manly spirit.

In our immediate times we have had the "Maid of Saragossa," who stood at the cannon's mouth, and led the citizens on to victory, when even hope had fled from the hearts of men; and reposing on a female bosom, changed the tide of battle, and poured a deluge on the foe, that in three months drove him from the whole of Spain south of the Pyrenees.

We know none more striking, though less noticed, than that of the young, the beautiful, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, who, on the morning of her execution, putting her hand to her neck, said, "They tell me the executioner is very expert, and I have but a little neck, so my trouble will soon be over. But presence of mind and fortitude of virtue were never more strikingly displayed than in the following instance, which occurred where the Sierra Morena rears its head above the dark and rolling clouds; and where also nature, in her rudest form, displays to the weary traveller a wide and dreary prospect of barren wilds, desolate rocks, falling torrents, gloomy forests of pines, opening chasms, and all the dark variety that makes nature terrible, without a single gleam of sunshine to scatter, as it were, the hope of heaven over the gulf of despair. On this spot, far above the haunts of civilized men, where the wild winds whistle, and the tempests roar, stands the chateau of Count de Rondeville, where the narrow path leads the traveller round the mountain's summit, and where the long practised mule carries its burthen in security, though the deviation of an inch would precipitate beast and rider over a precipice three hundred feet high. On this spot, perched like an eagle's nest, is the seat of hospitality to be found.

The count, who is lord of the valleys below, chooses here to fix his abode. He is fond of field sports, and mountain scenery, to bring down the hawk and falcon, to wind the thicket after the wolf and the fox, and to wade from rock to rock with giant bound after the fleet chamois, constituted his amusements of the day. At evening's close, to speak his soul to the wayward traveller, to rouse the fire on the hearth, and spread the table with plenty, were his predominant delights. Thousands have tasted of his liberality, and whenever he visited the smiling fields below, the lisping of children, and the benedictions of the aged, proclaimed his presence.

He passed his life without ostentation, and had not a male servant in his retinue. One young girl, a native of Estremadura, aged about nineteen, was selected to attend upon his own person, and he treated her as a child. One evening he had been out late, and on his return he threw himself upon a couch, and sunk into repose.

Dorothea, aware that he would not require her assistance any more, retired to rest, and so did all the servants. About one in the morning, a bandit, at the head of whom was Rodolph Vascali, so long the terror of Spain, thundered at the gates of the chateau, and soon burst them open. They tore the menials from their beds, and with horrid imprecations made them disclose where their little treasures were deposited, and some there were they put to instant death. The noise awakened the count, who rushed unarmed into the hall. Rodolph Vascali seized him by the throat, and was on the point of stabbing him, when Dorothea, the little maid of Estremadura, entered, bearing a candle. The robber started at seeing her, refrained from his blow, and loosened his grasp. The fine form of Dorothea, robed in night attire, appeared as a beautiful vision, or a spectre from another and a better world. The work of death was going on at the extremity of the hall, and over the marble floor streams of blood flowed in torrents.

"Stop," she cried, "the work of death, and follow me; you want money, and I will conduct you where it is to be had."

"What pledge have I for thy truth?" said Rodolph Vascali, leaving his hold of the count.

"The pledge of blood—the tie of nature—I am thy only sister."

It was so. Rodolph, with commanding voice ordered his band to desist from murder, and to retire, while he compelled the count to sit down, under a pledge not to rise till he bade him.

"Recollect," said he, "my sister, for such thou art, (however thou camest here,) I know no ties but those that connect me with my followers. I have checked the stream of death only to open the mine of gold."

"Follow me," said Dorothea, "and you shall have wealth beyond your hopes and wishes."

Slowly they winded up the gothic staircase: the moon shone sickly through the arched and ivy-covered windows; no sound was heard save that of the whispering wind of the night, that appeared to mourn for those whose lives had recently passed away. They reached the summit of the eastern tower.

"I hear," said Rodolph, "the murmuring of my band, who are awaiting my arrival with the booty."

"They shall not long await thy arrival," said Dorothea, and at that moment they were at the edge of the turret. She dashed her light to the earth, and seizing Rodolph by the skirt of his calico or tunic, hurled him from the battlements. He fell amidst his followers, and expired on the spot. Amazement seized them all. Dorothea hastily rang the alarm-bell, that communicated with the convent below, and fired off the signal gun. The bandit fled in all directions, imagining a force was concealed in the chateau; and Dorothea, rushing down, raised the count in her arms, wherein she ever after rested, as a loved and loving wife. Rodolph was, indeed, her brother, but had long been a detestable murderer. She therefore, abhorred his deeds; and on this perilous occasion she sacrificed him on the shrine of duty. The chateau still stands; the count and countess still exist, and distribute their hospitality more generously than before; and the traveller, as he passes over the dreary

heights of the "Sierra Morena," shudderingly murmurs the name of Rodolph Vascali, and blesses that of Dorothea de Rondeville.

THE INDIAN AND THE FLASK OF BRANDY.

Some visitors to the Falls of Niagara found an Indian standing on a rock above the cataract. At a little distance was a projecting point of land, between which and the spot where the savage stood, the rapids were sweeping with a smooth but swift current. One of the travellers asked the red man if he could swim through the rapids to the point. "I cannot tell," was the reply, "but I will try if you will give me that flask of brandy, which your servant has in his hand." The flask was accordingly given to him, and taking it in his hand, he plunged in the tide. He swam vigorously, and soon seemed to achieve his dangerous enterprise. But deficient for a successful execution of the exploit, either strength or skill, he missed the point, and shooting a little below it, he was instantly at the mercy of the rapids. He saw his error and his danger, and struggled with desperate energy to gain the land. In vain! Every sweep of his vigorous arm leaves him farther from the island, and nearer to the spot where the glassy water bends over the rock. Seeing all chance of escape was past, the savage ceased his efforts, and drifted in the stream. Then rising on the tide, he held the flask in one hand, while he wrung out the cork with the other, and applying the inverted vessel to his lips, disappeared over the cataract!

Is there not some analogy between this desperate savage and the votaries of pleasure? Do they not venture into a smooth but deceitful tide, for light and transient gratifications, and lose themselves fatally and forever in that ever-troubled abyss, in which the streams of vice and folly terminate?

"Landlord," said a wayfaring paddy, who was travelling from one section to another of the canal, a few days since in search of employment—"Landlord, and what do you charge for a warm breakfast for two?"

"Fifty cents."

"And what do we get, then?"

"Coffee, chickens, beef-steak and onions."

"And what'll you charge for a cowld one?"

"A levy a piece."

"And what do you give for that?"

"Why cold eggs, meat and potatoes."

"Well, give us a cowld one."

The cold breakfast was provided and paddy and his companion commenced paying a tax which had been due to them for twenty-four hours.

One of them seized an egg, and on breaking its shell, discovered a little chick, as well cooked as could be wished. "Down with it quick, ye devil," exclaimed his companion, "before the landlord comes in, or hell charge ye for a chicken breakfast."

NEW CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the mammoth hotel, contemplated to be erected in Broadway, at the corner of Vesey-street, N. Y. like this mark [*] in printing? Because it

is an *Asterisk*.

Why is a fickle-minded man, like one whose pockets are filled with small coins? Because he is *changeable*.

Why is a patient, who makes wry-faces at swallowing a bolus, like a religious wanderer? Because he is *pilgrim*.

Why are the teachers of writing, generally, like the earliest citizens of Philadelphia? Because they are *good penmen*—(Penn men.)

Why is ingratitude like a vessel for washing hands? Because it is a *base sin*—(basin.)

Why is Don Miguel like the angel of the bottomless pit? Because he is a *bad don*—(Abaddon.)

Why is a state of repose like a soldier in battle? Because it is *inaction*—(in action.)

Why is a silly fellow like twenty hundred pounds weight? Because he is a *simpleton*—(simpleton.)

WELSH FLANNEL.—A rational reason for Marrying.—"How could you do so imprudent a thing," said a curate to a very poor Taffy; "what reason could you have for marrying a girl as completely steeped in poverty as yourself, and both without the prospect of the slightest provision?"—"Why Sir," replied the Benadict, "we had a very good reason; we had a blanket a piece; and as the cold winter weather was coming on, we thought that putting them together would be warmer."

L. Gazette.

A gentleman in the country addressed a passionate *billet-doux* to a lady in the same neighborhood, adding this curious postscript—"Please to send a speedy answer, as I have somebody else in my eye."

"To the afflicted."—We are enabled to announce to the public, that there is a boarding house in this city where the lodgers never die—for as soon as they are taken sick they are turned out of doors.

—Boston Morning Post.

A Frenchman stopping at a tavern asked for Jacob: "there is no such person here" said the landlord. "It is not any person I want save; but de beer make warm wid de poker." Well ansered the landlord that's flip. "Ah! yes save, you are in the right, I mean Philip."

A drunken Scotchman, returning from a fair, fell asleep by the road side, where a pig found him and began licking his mouth. Sawney roared out "who's kissin me now? Ye see what it is to be liket among the lasses!"

It is calculated that in the space of five years, Don Miguel has imprisoned 26,270 of his beloved subjects. 16,000 have been transported to Angola, to the Cape de Verde Islands, and to Mazambique. Thirteen thousand have been forced to fly from his paternal government. Thirteen thousand seven hundred have perished on the scaffold, and five thousand are either in concealment or wandering about the kingdom, to avoid a liberal share of public patronage.

ERASTUS LATHROP.

Sept. 18, 1833.

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.

Vincennes Gazette.

Poignant Sorrow.—A Dutchman, not one hundred miles from Middleburgh, having suddenly lost an infant son, of whom he was very fond, thus vented his inconsolable grief over the corpse of his child:—I don't see what dit make him tie—he was so

father as puttor—I wouldnt haft him tie for