

Youth and Beauty.

It really is extremely hard
That beauty will not last
The vaunted of the Beau and Bard,
The spell o'er woman cast!—
And harder still to know that charms,
Which have been lov'd and sung,
Will fade in spite of cost and care—
One can't be always young!
There's Prince's fam'd Columbian Balm;
There's Rowland's Kylidor;
They have all fail'd in their effects,
I've tried them o'er and o'er;—
Pearl, powder, rouge, and dentifrice,
At length away I've flung;
I'm wearied of the "artist's craft,"—
One can't be always young!
I've quite a store of Truefit's wigs;
But cease to sport them now,
For all their ringlets fail'd to hide
The furrows in my brow.
All Masdin's parurus superbes
In my garde-robe I've hung;
Tis all in vain to walk in blonde;
One can't be always young!
Ten years ago, dear Mr. Browne,
To Venus would compare me;
And now he shuns me, I am sure,
And vows he cannot bear me;
But the gay coxcomb's much deceiv'd
In thinking I am stung,
For I have learnt at least to know
One can't be always young!
There's Mr. Grey, who sought my hand,
And whom I thought too steady;
Now says he cannot marry me,
For I am gray already!
And Mr. Lamb declares his name
Would be on every tongue,
As a misnomer—he forgets
One can't be always young!
I've quarrelled with my looking-glass,
I've quarrelled with my lace,
And last, and worst, as all will own,
I've quarrelled with my face!
The men have ceased to speculate
Aside their smiles they're flung,
And now I see them—as they are;
One can't be always young!
Maid's, Wives' and Widows' Mag.

Go-Along.—The following is the superscription of a letter which passed through our Post Office yesterday on its way to Canada, and will no doubt be duly received, provided John gives the credit asked for.

Boston Transcript.

Eighteen and three-fourths cents I've paid
To Uncle Sam, to be conveyed
To Derby Line, without delay,
Betwixt Vermont and Canada;
From Derby Line, if John Bull will
Carry me safely to Georgeville,
Four and a half pence I will engage
He shall receive from Gorham Page;
And if said Page will not comply,
I'll stay in Georgeville till I die.

From the New-York Constellation.

THE MUD PEDLAR—YANKEE ENTERPRISE.

Some years ago a cute fellow, in Connecticut, had a few pounds of honey to sell on which he was desirous of making a large sum of money. But how to do it, that was the question. He revolved the matter in his mind some days, and at last hit upon the following expedient: "He took a number of tubs, of the kind used for packing butter, which are smallest at the upper end. These he filled nearly full of mud, from a neighboring ditch, leaving, however, space enough for a thin covering of honey.

With these he embarked for New York, where he exposed his goods in the market. He asked nobody to purchase; but took care both by his dress and behavior to appear very much like a fool.

"What have you got in these tubs?" said a man to him.

"Why nothing but mud," said the Yankee, rolling up his eyes and lolling out his tongue like an idiot.

"Mud!" said the man, "what do you do with mud here. You've come to the wrong market with it fellow. We have mud enough here of our own in this city."

"Yes, but it aint sitch mud as we have in Connecticut though," said the pretended fool, "I fetched this all the way from Connecticut. Jest look at it, and see how nice 'tis."

"Pox take your mud," said the man, "I don't want to see it. And he went his way.

"Why, the fellow's a fool," said a bystander, "to fetch mud here."

"Not's you know on," said the Yankee, putting on a more solid appearance than ever.—"I'm the cutest feller, every body allows in all our town—haw! haw! haw!—you'll have to get up early to cheat me, that you will—haw! haw! haw!"

"What's your name?" said another.

"My name! What's it to you whether I've got a name or no. I won't tell you nothin' about it—won't I fags. My name is Tommy Doodle, and my uncle's name is Joshua Doodle. Do you know my uncle Josh? eh?"

"Your uncle Josh? no—how should I know him?"

"Don't you know my uncle Josh?"

"Then your a greater fool than I—Why I know him jest as well, as well as I know the way to our barn."

"What have you got in your tubs?" asked another one.

"Mud—haw! haw! haw!—nothin' but mud; shall I show it to you?"

"No, I don't want to see any of your mud."

"Well, you needn't speak so cross about it. That's none o' your common mud—it's rale Connecticut; look here!"

"Mud do you call this?" said the marketman.

"Rale Connecticut mud," said the Yankee, with a foolish grin.

"Why this is honey," said another.

"Say nothing about it," said the marketman aside, "and I'll get a bargain out of the fellow. Then, speaking to the apparent fool, he asked what he would take for his mud."

"Why, I don't know," said the fellow lolling out his tongue, and looking with a vacant stare about him.

"Don't know! what do you come here for then?"

"Why, I come to 'stomish the Yorkers, that's all—haw! haw! haw!"

"You doastonish them, sure enough. But what'll you take for your mud?"

"I don't know—I'll take a shillin' a pound may be."

"A shillin' a pound for mud? why that's a pretty

price. We can get it here in the streets for nothing and get paid for carrying it away in the bargains."

"But it aint like our Connecticut mud though."

"Are all your tubs filled with this kind of mud?"

"Why yes," said the Yankee, carelessly uncovering them, "they're all chuck full o' mud."

"What'll you take for the whole lump?"

"Five hundred dollars. Haw! haw! haw! haw!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said the market man, dipping his finger into the honey, tasting from each of the tubs and smacking his lips in anticipation of the bargain he was going to make believing the whole to be pure honey, and that he had a fool to deal with, he at first offered twenty dollars for the lot.

"Four hundred," said the owner, "give me four hundred dollars," and the mud is all yours, tubs and all, by hoky."

"No, I'll give you fifty," said the dealer in marketables.

"Three hundred," said the Yankee, "and it's all yours, tubs and all, by gings."

"I wont give you a cent over seventy five."

"Haw! haw! haw! then you may have it for two hundred."

"I don't care if I give you one for old acquaintance sake."

"Haw! haw! haw! well, take it then, seein it's you."

The money was presently paid over, and each party was pleased with the bargain—the New Yorker, that he cheated the foolish Yankee—and the cute Yankee that he had over reached the New Yorker. But if such was the mutual satisfaction, it did not continue long, for the marketman soon discovered the cheat.

He swore, and raved, and tore, like a mad man; but this not mending the matter he went in pursuit of the Yankee, whom he found sitting snug by his fireside.

"What the devil did you mean?" said he, by cheating me so in that honey?"

"Honey?" said the Yankee, who by this time had thrown off his stolid appearance, "I sold you no honey."

"The devil you didnt, said the New Yorker; what did I pay you a hundred dollars for?"

"Mud, nothing but mud," returned the Yankee, "and it's your own fault that you wouldn't take my word for it. I told you 'twas nothing but mud."

A Short Reprieve.—A gentleman who was at the Havana, when the Cholera raged there, relates the following:—

A negro whose body, in a cart, was in transition for interment, proved to be only asleep (opium being administered for the malady). He awoke, knocked off the lid of his coffin, and raised his head, when the following dialogue took place between him and the colored sexton: "Where are you carrying me?" To the burying place. "Am I then dead?" Yes, and I have the certificate in my pocket. At the same time he pushed the head into the box again, and drove on, saying to his assistants, that he had never before carried a black so badly taught as to have the impudence to doubt being dead, when delivered to his custody. But the pretended defunct made a desperate effort, escaped, and ran naked to his master's house, where he caused an excessive fright. The next day, however, all smiling at this strange occurrence ceased, as the poor fellow then really died, and was carried from home to return no more.

Murdering the King's English.—A wealthy owner of real estate was about erecting a splendid house upon a large lot, and was disclosing the plan of it to a neighbor: "I have employed," said he, "a man which has eructuated many buildings; and my design is, for to have him eruct an edifice with a beautiful Portico in front on the street, and a Pizarro behind, with a bath house contiguous!"

A Boston paper says, that while intemperance is diminishing among them, propensity for lying on the increase. We are sorry to hear so poor an account of Boston.

The famous horse Sir Charles, lately died at the Southward. The day before he was taken ill, his owners, (Messrs. Johnson and Craig,) would not have taken \$12,000 perhaps not 15,000 for him.

July 20th, 1833.

Away went the coach and threw me flat on my back in the middle of the road. —my eyes!"

said I, "who would have thought that thing would have turned round?" at which all hands burst into a laugh. The coachman backed his main topsail; I mounted aloft and after six-and-thirty hours' run, we landed safe at Portsmouth.

"Well, sir, the first thing I did was to steer for Sal's. Just before I came to the house, what should I see but Sal rigged out to the very nines, with the gold watch I gave her hanging at her side! She was as merry as a cricket, and was taken in tow by a shore going fellow, with his long toggery on; in their wake were three more pair. I didn't know what to make of it, but gave chase, and was soon alongside. "Sal, my love," said I, "here I am, just come from a cruise; I am rated captain of the main-top, so now we'll get spliced as soon as possible."

"Fellow," said she—yes, sir, I recollect the very words—"fellow," said she, "I don't know you." My sails were flat to the mast, when the dockyard mate, (for I found out afterwards he was one,) said, "Be off! this is my wife, and you shan't insult her."

"Your wife, is she?" said I, "then here's clear away for action." I doused my hat and jacket, and gave the chap such a broadside as almost knocked the wind out of him. Two of them began at me, but that I didn't mind, for I thought one sailor was as good as two dockyard mates any day of the week; but Sal singing out, "You nasty villain!" clapped her fingers into my hair, and scratched my face so that I couldn't see; she then held me so tight that the two lubberly mates thumped and kicked me so that I could not move. When I came a little to myself they were all gone. That very night I shipped on board the same coach, returned to Sheerness, went on board, and swore I'd never marry another girl as long as I lived."

Sept. 26, 1833.

TAKEN UP

BY Isaac Roseberry, living in Lawrenceburg township, Dearborn county, Ind., a DARK SORREL HORSE, about sixteen hands high, supposed to be between ten and twelve years old, heavy limbed, mane and tail mixed with some white hairs, a white strip in the forehead, both hind feet white about half way up to the knee, a sore on his withers, and a small lump or wart close under the right eye. No other marks or brands perceptible; appraised at twenty dollars by Jabez Whipple and Mahlon Hays.

I certify the above to be a true copy from my estray book.

JOHN SALTMARSH, J. P.

Oct. 24, 1833.

Valuable Property for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale ONE ACRE of Land on the Indianapolis road, in Manchester township, about 10 miles from Lawrenceburg. 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, CISTERNS, 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.

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Sept. 30, 1833.

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to N. Sparks, or to the firm of N. & G. Sparks, whose Notes and Accounts are due, will please make payment by the 25th inst.

N. & G. SPARKS.

Sept. 3d, 1833.

34-tf

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.

Rectified Whiskey.

A FEW BARRELS OF GOOD RECTIFIED WHISKEY for sale by N. & G. SPARKS.

Oct. 4, 1833.

38-

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of an execution to me directed from the clerk's office of the Dearborn circuit court, I have levied upon and will offer for sale at the court-house door, in the town of Lawrenceburg, on Monday the 2d day of December next, between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock on said day, two out-lots in the town of Lawrenceburg, numbered 30 and 31—taken as the property of James Leonard to satisfy a judgment in favor of John Snyder. The rents, issues and profits of said lots for seven years will be first offered, and if the same will not bring enough to satisfy the said judgment, interest, and costs, then I will offer for sale all the right, title, interest, and claim of said Leonard in and to said lots.

WILLIAM DILS, Sh'f D. C.

By D. C. SMITH, Deputy.

Nov. 7, 1833.

43-ts

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of sundry executions to me directed from the clerk's office of the Dearborn Circuit Court, I have levied upon and will offer at public sale at the court house door in the town of Lawrenceburg, on Monday the 2d day of December next, between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock on said day, two out-lots in the town of Lawrenceburg, numbered 30 and 31—taken as the property of James Leonard to satisfy a judgment in favor of John Snyder. The rents, issues and profits of said lots for seven years will be first offered, and if the same will not bring enough to satisfy the said judgment, interest, and costs, then I will offer for sale all the right, title, interest, and claim of said Leonard in and to the said lots.

D. C. SMITH, Sh'f D. C.

For WM. DILS, Sheriff.

November 7th, 1833.

43-ts

Lands for Sale.

SIX EIGHTY ACRE LOTS of LAND in the town of Manchester, Dearborn county, State of Indiana. Said Lands are in sections 21, 22, and 23, 3 of which have improvements of from 20 to 30 acres each, with Fruit Trees of different descriptions; most of said Lands are on the borders of Tanners Creek and near the School land in said town. The one third payment will be required down, and for the balance a credit given. For terms apply to Isaac Ferris of Manchester, who has the Patents from the United States in his own name, for the same.

November 5, 1833.

43-ts

STATE OF INDIANA: Dearborn County, { SEPTEMBER TERM, 1833.

David Tibbets { versus John T. Bishop. On complaint in Chancery.

NOW comes the complainant aforesaid, by Major & Lane, his attorneys, and files his bill of complaint against said defendant, praying that defendant be compelled to make complainant a title to a certain tract of land in the said bill described, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court, by due proof now here in court made, that John T. Bishop, the defendant aforesaid, is not now a resident of the State of Indiana; it is therefore ruled and ordered by the court, now here in Chancery sitting, that notice of the pendency of said bill of complaint be published for four weeks successively, in some public newspaper printed in Lawrenceburg, notifying said defendant, that unless he appear here on the first day of the next March term of this court, and file his answer, or demur to said bill, the same will be taken as confessed and a decree entered thereon accordingly. By the court.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

October 29,