

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 Kalydor;
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 Truett's wig;
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 gray 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've 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.

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 nothin 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 dont 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?"

"No."

"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 rare Connecticut; look here?"

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

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

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

"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 your'n, 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 your'n, 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 your'n."

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 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 did't, 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 Havans, 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 eructated 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 contagious!"

A little boy about four years of age, lay very still one morning, after a fine night's sleep, as if in deep thought. His parents watched him for some time. At length his mother said to him, George, my dear, what are you thinking about? Why, mother, says George, how many kinds of fire are there? How many kinds of fire? why only one my son. Why yes there is, continued the boy, there are four kinds. Four kinds! how will you make that out? Well then, said he, first, there is a wood-fire, there is a coal-fire, then there is a cam-phire, and then there is—there is—Well, what is your fourth, my son? Then there is—fire away like fury.

THE MODEST DUN.—Ned Roundly left a demand with a lawyer for collection, with directions to have a letter sent before suit was commenced. "What shall I write about it?" said the lawyer. To which Ned replied, "why your honor will please begin a little moderate in the matter, just calling him an accursed spalpeen, an negligent puppy, and so coming on sharper till ye reach the end of the chapter."

THE SAILOR'S LOVE AFFAIR.

"I was a your man then. I had just returned from a cruise, with plenty of prize money, and went on shore to have a spree. I was at a public house a little out of Portsmouth where I first saw Sal. Such a craft sir! Could you but have seen her! Such top-lights! such cat-heads! She wasn't wall-sided; she had a beautiful falling in above the bends, with such a clean run fore and aft that she looked for all the world like a regular clipper. There wasn't a rope yarn out of place. Her yards were so square, and her ringing so neatly rattled down, that Lord love you! the figure-head of the Queen Charlotte was nothing to her. Well, sir, I told her I loved her, and she swore to be true to me. However, Sal had got a father who wanted to top the officer, and because he kept a grog shop, said his daughter should never marry a common sailor—she should have no body under a petty officer. Now, sir, I was only rated an A. B.—what was I to do? Sal said I had better go to sea again, and I might be promoted, and then she'd have me. Well, sir, I agreed to this; and at parting she threw her grapping irons around my neck, and began piping her eyes so that I felt a little queer, and thought my eye-pumps would go to work. But I put a gold watch into her hand, which comforted her a little, and then clapping my helm hard a starboard, I gave a broad sheer off, and went on board. We were out this cruise for eighteen months, and I had the luck to get rated captain of the maintop. So now I thought it was all right and got leave from the first lieutenant to go to Portsmouth to get spliced to Sal, for we were at Sheerness going to refit. As I had plenty of money, I determined to make as short a passage as possible, and took a berth aboard of a shore going craft called the Duncan. We were all ready to start, the anchor was apeak, and only waited for it to strike eight bells: just as I was upon the hind wheel of the coach, (for I had taken care to have a berth in the after part of the ship,) the clock struck. "Is all right!" said the coachman. "All's right," said I.

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 top-sail; 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 vines, 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 maintop, 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 begun 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."

A Valuable Bed.—A few days since, says the Troy Times, among other things, the [effects of Eugene Richvillian, deceased] an under bed was put up for sale by the Administrator, and knocked off to a man named Molash, at 58 cents.

On emptying the bed it was found to contain a Gold Watch, several valuable Medals, and other jewelry which had been purloined, by the deceased, from Mr. Dilly about 3 years ago, worth in all, three hundred dollars; also six or seven Silver Watches, which had been stolen from Col. Humbert four years ago.

Mr. Richvillian and his wife both died in one day of Cholera, during the prevalence of that disease in August last.

A Liberal Brother.—A man named Wilson, a resident of Norfolk, county, Va. offers a reward of ten dollars for the apprehension of the murderer of his brother. He might with almost equal propriety have offered ten cents.

Our female friends may feel somewhat nervously interested in learning that the best poison discovered for decoying and destroying flies, is Sou-chong tea sweetened with sugar.

A Boston paper says, that while intemperance is diminishing among them, a propensity for lying is 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.

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. 35-1f

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. Ferri'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. 12-1f

Nov. 29. 1832.

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. 30-1f

Aug. 7, 1833.

FRESH FLOUR,

A few Barrels Manufactured from New Wheat, for sale by L. W. JOHNSON. 30-1f

Aug. 7, 1833.

Pay Your Toll!

ALL those indebted to the Tanners Creek Bridge Company for Toll up to the 1st September, are hereby notified that payment must be made immediately, otherwise they will be proceeded against by due course of Law.

J. PHINNEY, Treasurer. 39-1f

October 10, 1833.

ZANESVILLE SALT, for sale by the bbl. by N. & G. SPARKS. 38-1f

Oct. 4, 1833.

TAKEN UP

BY Isaac Roseberry, living in Lawrenceburgh township, Dearborn county, Ind., a DARK 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 perceivable: 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. 42-3f

TAKEN UP

BY Montgomery Allen, living in Johnson township, Ripley county, Ind., one flea bitten GRAY HORSE; eleven or twelve years old; left eye out; shod before; two windgalls, one on the outside of each hind knee joint. Appraised to twenty-five dollars, by John W. Smith and Squire Robeson, before me.

Sept. 26, 1833. JAMES MYERS, J. P. 41-3w

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have received from NEW-YORK and PHILADELPHIA, a general assortment of DRY GOODS, Hardware, Hats, Caps, BOOTS, SHOES AND BROGANS, which they will sell low for Cash.

N. & G. SPARKS. 41-1f

October 24th, 1833.

Fresh Flour.

A few barrels of Fine and Superfine FLOUR, for sale by TOUSEY & DUNN. 41-1f

Oct. 25th, 1833.

Water Lime.

5 Barrels Water Lime for sale by TOUSEY & DUNN. 41-1f

October 25th, 1833.

100 DOZ. BROOMS, first quality, warranted this year's growth and manufacture, just received and for sale low for Cash, by L. W. JOHNSON. 40-1f

Oct. 14th, 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.

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. 36-1f

Sept. 18, 1833.

LUMBER.

500,000 FEET BOARDS, 500,000 SHINGLES, 30,000 FEET JOIST, 85,000 FEET SCANTLING. Also 50,000 feet of last year's Lumber well seasoned, for sale by WM. TATE. 33-1f

Lawrenceburgh, Aug. 29, 1833.

Those indebted to the subscriber are desired to make settlement by the 15th Oct. next. Those who neglect this invitation, may expect that the most summary means will be resorted to close their accounts.

WM. TATE. 36-1f

Sept. 19, 1833.

Notice.

A SCHOOL TEACHER will find employment for six, nine or twelve months, by applying soon to James Angvine 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. HARPHAM, Trustees. 39-1f

Oct. 9, 1833.

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. 40-1f

October 15th, 1833.

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. 38-1f

Sept. 30th, 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 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. 38-1f

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. 34-1f

Sept. 3d, 1833.

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. 38-1f

Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 7, 1833.

Rectified Whiskey.

A Few Barrels of GOOD RECTIFIED WHISKEY for sale by N. & G. SPARKS. 38-1f

Oct. 4, 1833.

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 courthouse door, in the town of Lawrenceburgh, on Monday the 21 day of December next, between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock on said day, two out-lots in the town of Lawrenceburgh, 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 DILLS, Sh'ff D. C. By D. C. SMITH, Deputy. 43-1f

Nov. 7, 1833.

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 Lawrenceburgh, on Monday the 21 day of December next, between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock on said day, the following described property, viz: N. E. of out-lot No. 11, as laid out on the original plat or plan of the town of Lawrenceburgh, county aforesaid, containing one acre more or less; Also, the undivided two-thirds of lot No. 172, in said town, running 44 feet on High street, and back parallel with Walnut street to an alley in the rear; taken as the property of Frederick Utz and will be sold to satisfy three several judgments—one in favor of Benjamin Wilson