

TOM BOLIN.

Tom Bolin was a Scotchman born,
His shoes were worn out and his stockings were torn.
His jacket was short, his shirt was thin,
This is my summer dress says Tom Bolin.
Tom Bolin had no stockings to wear,
He got his mother to knit him a pair;
The calf of his leg came down to his shin,
I'm a delicate fellow says Tom Bolin.
Tom Bolin had no breeches to wear,
He bought a sheep skin and made him a pair;
The flesh side out and the wool side in,
They are charming and cool says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin had no boots to wear,
He bought a calf-skin to make him a pair,
The hair side out and the flesh side in,
Look at my boots says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin bought an old grey mare,
Her back hump'd up, her bones all bare,
Her legs were long and her body was thin,
She's a villainous jade says Tom Bolin.

His saddle was made of an ox's tripe.
His bridle was made of a bull's wind pipe,
His cap was made of a woodchuck's skin,
I'm a terrible fellow says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin mounted his old mare to ride,
With his sword and buckler by his side;
Away he rode through thick and thin,
I'm going a courting says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin came to a Dutchman's hall,
And in he went among them all;
You impudent fellow how dare you come in,
I'm come here a courting, says Tom Bolin.

Sit down, sit down, you're a welcome guest,
Which of my daughters do you like best?

One for beauty the other for kin,

I'll marry them both says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin's wife and his wife's mother,
All went over to the priest's together,

The door was shut and the string pull'd in,

The devil! no priest says Tom Bolin.

The priest then look'd out of the door,
He saw three people but saw no more;

Good morning fair people, wont you come in?

I'm come to be married says Tom Bolin.

After wedding they must needs have a dinner,
(Though nothing provided that's fit for a sinner,

Neither fish, flesh, nor any such thing—

But be of good cheer says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin, his wife, and wife's mother,
All went over the bridge together,

The bridge it broke, and they all fell in,

The devil go with you says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin's wife being a very thick squat,
Out of the water soon she got;

Away she went through thick and thin,

Inquiring for delicate Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin crept into an old hollow tree,
And very contented he seemed for to be:

The wind did blow and the rain beat in,

Better than no house says Tom Bolin.

From the Works of T. Moore.

THE SNAKE.

My love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbour lay,
When near us from a rosy bed,
A little snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid, with laughing eyes—
"Yonder the fatal emblem lies!"
Who could expect such hidden harm,
Beneath the rose's velvet charm?"

Never did mortal thought occur
In more unlucky hour than this;
For oh! I just was leading her
To talk of love and think of bliss.

I rose to kill the snake, but she
In pity very'd, it might not be.

"No," said the girl—and many a spark
Flash'd from her eyelid, as she said it—
"Under the rose, or in the dark,
One might, perhaps, have cause to dread it;

But when its wicked eyes appear,
And when we know for what they wink so,

One must be very simple, dear,
To let it sting one—don't you think so?"

THE FACTORY GIRL.

Although I am a Factory girl,
And summoned by the bell,
I will not curv' favor,
For I'm independent still—
And my liberty is precious,
As the fibre of my heart,
In bonds we are united,
And never more will part.

For I cannot be a slave,
No I will not be a slave;
I am so fond of FREEDOM,
That I cannot be a slave.

Like the little birds in summer,
That sport among the trees,
And warble sweetest melody—
To swell the sinking breeze—
So I'll rove at my leisure,
Like the zephyr on the strand,
And I'll tune my heart to pleasure,
For I'm at my own command.

For I cannot be a slave,
No I will not be a slave;
I am so fond of FREEDOM,
That I cannot be a slave.

Let oppression shrug her shoulder,
And a haughty tyrant frown,
And little upstart ignorance,
In mockery look down—
Yet I value not the feeble threats,
Of tories in disguise,
While the flag of Independence,
O'er our noble nation flies.

For I cannot be a slave,
No I will not be a slave;
I am so fond of FREEDOM,
That I cannot be a slave.

Boiled Cat.—A few years ago, a farmer who
was noted for his waggers, stopped at a tavern
which he was in the habit of calling at on his way
from H— to Salem.

The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner,
and the cat was quietly washing her face in the
corner.—The traveller thinking it would be a good
joke, took off the pot lid, and while the landlady
was absent, put grimalkin in the pot with the beef
and potatoes and then pursued his journey to Sa-
lem.

The astonishment of the landlady may well be
conceived, when on taking up her dinner, she dis-
covered the unpalatable addition which had been
made to it. Well knowing the disposition of her
customer, she had no difficulty in fixing upon the
aggressor, and determined to be fully revenged.
Knowing that he would stop on his return home for

a cold bite, the cat was carefully dressed. The
wag called as expected, and pussy was put on the
table among other cold dishes, but so disguised that
he did not know his old acquaintance.

He made a hearty meal and washed it down
with a glass of gin. After paying his bill, he as-
ked the landlady if she had a cat she could give him,
for he was plagued almost to death with mice; she
said she could not for she had lost hers. "What?"
says he, "don't you know where it is? "O yes" replied
the landlady, "you have just eat it?"

He never was known to boil a cat afterwards.—
Lowell Times.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

How different is the scene we this day behold
from that of fifty years ago. The traces of havoc
have been erased by the hand of time. The happy
farmer's boy sips the wine cup this day beside the
blue streams once crimsoned with human gore.—
Where banners and plumes went down amid the
shock of battle, now the golden harvest waves its
yellow sheaves. Where rolled the purple wave of
blood, is now beheld the gambols of childhood, the
frolic of youth. The angel of peace now hovers
over our domestic alters, with outspread wings.
The hills.

"Which Freedom's share has ploughed,
Still surse a race that have not bowed,
Their knee to aught but God.

"The laurel wreaths their fathers won,
The children wear them still;
Proud deeds these iron men have done,
They fought and bled at Bennington,
And died at Bunker Hill.

"By the mounds their ashes made,
By the altars where the prayed,
By our own right hand and blade,
Still we will be free."

If the time shall ever come when this mighty fabric
shall totter; when the beacon of joy that now rises
in a pillar of fire, a sign and wonder of the
world, shall wax dim, the cause will be found in the
ignorance of the people. If our union is still to
continue to cheer the hopes and animate the effort
of every nation; if our fields are to be untrod by the
hirelings of despotism; if long days of blessedness
are to attend our country in her career of glory; if
you would have the sun continue to shed his un-
clouded rays upon the face of freemen, then
educate all the children in the land. This alone star-
tles the tyrant in his dreams of power, and rouses
the slumbering energies of an oppressed people.
It is intelligence that reared up the majestic col-
umns of national glory; and this alone can prevent
them crumbling to ashes.

Byron on the Immortality of the Soul.—"Of the
immortality of the soul," says Lord Byron, in a pa-
per written toward the termination of his life, "it ap-
pears to me that there can be little doubt, if we
attend for a moment to the action of the mind: it is
in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but
reflection has taught me better. It acts also so
very independent of body. In dreams, for instance;
incoherently and madly, I grant you, but still it is
mind, and much more mind than when we are
awake. Now, that this should not act *separately*,
as well as jointly, who can pronounce? The sto-
ics, Epicetus and Marcus Aurelius, call the pre-
sent state 'soul which drags carcass'—a heavy
chain, to be sure; but all chains, being material,
may be shaken off. How far our future life will
be *individual*, or rather, how far it will resemble
our present existence is another question; but that
the mind is eternal, seems as probable as that the
body is not so. But the whole thing is inscrutable."

Perseverance.—"I recollect," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "in Queen's County, to have seen a Mr. Clark, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session justice at the Court House, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He
smiling observed, that he did so to make it easy for himself, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon; and he kept his word. He was an industrious man—honest respectable, and kind-hearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence; he did accumulate it, and uprightly. His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate upon that very bench that he sawed and planed."

Qualification for Congress.—"Why do you not
present yourself as a candidate for Congress?"
said a lady the other day to her husband, who was
confined to the chair by the gout. "Why should I,
my dear?" replied he. "I am not qualified for the
station." "Nay, but I think you are," returned the wife;
"your language and actions are truly parlia-
mentary. When bills are presented, for instance,
you either order them to be laid on the table, or
you make a motion to rise; though often out of order,
you are still supported by the chair; and you often
poke your nose into measures which are calcu-
lated to destroy the constitution."

A spot on the Sun.—M. Von Pastoroff, a Danish
astronomer, has remarked, in a letter to his brother
astronomer, Schuhmacher, that he has of late fre-
quently observed a small round spot about the sun,
from which he is inclined to infer, as the spot al-
ways disappears in a short period of time, that it
may be some body which moves round that planet.

Col. Crockett's Last.—"Well," said the Col. the
day after a heated debate in the House of Repre-
sentatives, "a man may get so full of pisen here,
that if he'd bite himself he'd die."

Curious Custom in Sweden.—It is an almost
universal custom in Sweden during the Christmas
holidays, to expose a sheaf of unthreshed corn on
a pole in the vicinity of their dwelling, for the poor
sparrows and other birds which, at this inclement
period of the year, must be in a state of starvation.

Mankind Clasped.—Mankind may be divided
into three classes. Those who learn from the ex-
perience of others—they are happy men.—Those
who learn from their own experience—they are
wise men. And lastly, those who learn neither
from their own nor other people's experience—
they are fools.

"What are you jumping after there?" said a school-
master to an urchin who stood up to his eyes in
stock collar.

I wanted to spit sir, was the reply, and I was
jumpin' up to try to spit over my dickey?"

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 busi-
ness 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 in-
telligent reading person may be enabled to transact
his ordinary law business correctly, without the aid
of counsel.

July 20th, 1833.

No Shuffling!

THOSE indebted to the subscribers, by Note or
Book account, are hereby notified and required to
make immediate settlement, otherwise they will
be proceeded against in the most summary manner
the law will allow.

Z. BEDFORD & Co.

Nov. 20, 1833. 45-

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.

Lawrenceburg, Aug. 20, 1833. 33-12

100 DOZ. BROOMS, first quality, warrant-
ed this year's growth and manufacture,
just received and for sale low for Cash, by

L. W. JOHNSON.

Oct. 14th, 1833. 40-

MAJOR & LANE, Attorneys,

WE have formed a partnership, and will practice
Law in the Superior and Inferior Courts in
Indiana, & in the counties of Boone, Ky., and Ham-
ilton, Ohio. Their office is on High street, in the
room formerly occupied by Mr. Lane as an office,
where one of them will at all times be found.

All claims put in their hands for collection, by

non-residents, will be promptly attended to.

Lawrenceburg, Nov. 15, 1833. 44-14

Mould Candles.

MANUFACTURED in this place, and for sale
at Cincinnati prices, by the box or less quantity, by

L. W. JOHNSON.

N. B. Cash and the highest price paid for any
quantity of good clean Tallow.

Nov. 7th, 1833. 42-

LAW NOTICE.

DANIEL J. CASWELL and PHILIP L.
SPOONER, are associated in the practice of
law, in the Dearborn Circuit Court. All profes-
sional 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. 35-12

Cash for Pork.

WE will pay CASH for a quantity of PORK,
to be delivered the first suitable weather.

TOUSEY & DUNN.

Nov. 8th, 1833. 43-

Clocks, Watches, &c.

THE subscriber has just received from Phil-
adelphia, 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 re-
pair Watches, Clocks, and attend to all kinds of busi-
ness in his line.

F. LUCAS.

12-12

Lands for Sale.

SIX EIGHTY ACRE LOTS OF LAND<br