

Mechanic's Song.

The following has been attributed to Dr. Franklin. It is said he wrote it for the Procession of Trades in Philadelphia, at the adoption of the Constitution, on which occasion a press was drawn along the streets, and copies of it distributed to the multitude.

Ye merry Mechanics! come join in my song,
And let the brisk chorus go bounding along,
Though some may be poor, & some rich there may be,
Yet all are contented, and happy and free.

Ye Tailors! of ancient and noble renown,
Who clothe all the people in country or town,
Remember that Adam, your father and head,
The Lord of the world, was a tailor by trade.

Ye Masons! who work in stone, mortar and brick,
And lay the foundation deep, solid and thick,
Though hard be your labor, yet lasting your fame,
Both Egypt and China your wonders proclaim.

Ye Smiths! who forge tools for all trades here below,
You have nothing to fear while you smith and you blow.

All things you may conquer, so happy your lot,
If you're careful to strike while your iron is hot.

Ye Shoemakers! noble from ages long past,
Have defended your rights with your *awl* to the last.
And Cobblers, all merry, not only stop holes,
But work night and day for the good of our soles.

Ye Cabinet Makers! brave workers in wood,
As you work for the ladies your work must be good.
And Joiners and Carpenters, far off and near,
Stick close to your trades, and you've nothing to fear.

Ye Hatters! who oft with hands not very fair,
Fix hats on a block for a blockhead to wear;
Though charity covers a sin now and then,
You cover the heads and the sins of all men.

Ye Coach Makers! must not by tax be controlled,
But ship off your coaches and fetch us home gold;
The roll of your coaches made Copernicus reel,
And fancy the world to turn round like a wheel.

And Carders, and Spinners, and Weavers, attend,
And take the advice of Poor Richard your friend,
Stick close to your looms, your wheels, and your card,
And never need fear of times being hard.

Ye Printers! who give us our learning and news,
And impartially print for Turks, Christians and Jews,
Let your favorite toasts ever abound in the streets,
The freedom of speech and a volume of sheets.

Ye Coopers! who rattle with drivers and adze,
A lecture each day upon hooches and on heads,
The famous old ballad of *Love in a Tub*,
You may sing to the tune of your rub a dub.

Ye Ship Builders! Riggers! and makers of sails!
Already the new constitution prevails;
And soon shall see o'er the proud swelling tide,
The ships of Columbia triumphantly ride.

Each Tradesman turn out with his tools in his hand,
To cherish the arts and keep peace through the land;
Each 'Prentice and Journeyman join in my song
And let the brisk chorus go bounding along.

Woman.

When darkness clothed this world of ours,
An unbound'd mass it laid;
There breathed no sweets—there bloomed no flowers—

No songs in green arcade;
And when that world in beauty shone,
Man gaz'd in wild despair;

He wander'd through his sweets alone,
For woman was not there!

In Eden's rosy bower he slept,
With solitude oppress'd;
And in his dreams with anguish wept

For one congenital breast.
In vision's slumber who can tell

The lonely grief he felt,
Or his deep joy when first he woke,
And Eve beside him knelt!

And through the devious path of life,
To cheer its gloomy wild,
Man, by the angel friend—his wife—

Will find its ills beguiled;
And care, nor sorrow, sin nor shame.

Will in his pathway tread;
A sacred virtue will embalm
Their memories when dead.

[Selected.]

From Frazier's Magazine for December.

TO A BEAUTIFUL BOY.

Boy! thou art like a dew fed steamer, rushing
Brightly and purely from its mountain home, [ing,
To where young buds, spring's earliest gifts, are blushing—

With glance of fire and bosom proudly swelling—
With generous thought and passion's fiery glow.

Parents who fondly love thee, watch the blending
Of thy dark lashes when sweet dreams are nigh;
Then ruby lips their faithful prayers are sending

From thee to him who rules thy destiny.

Boy! may thy life star set in pomp and beauty—
A voice, a halo consecrate thy tomb:

Telling to after times, "The path of duty
Ends in the spirit's native, heavenly home."

From Colman's Sermons.

Sources of Poverty.

One of the great causes of poverty is vice. We would not, by any means, insinuate that a majority of the poor are vicious. Far from it; in proportion to their numbers, we believe that there is as much virtue among the poor as the rich. Of those, however, who become the objects of public relief and the inmates of our pauper establishments, without doubt, a large proportion of them are brought there by their own, or the vices of those upon whom they were dependent, and who dragged them down with themselves. This is a well-ascertained fact; and it is among the obvious retributions of Divine Providence, that drunkenness, debauchery, idleness, and wilful improvidence, should in most cases in this world be followed by dreadful penalties, the loss of substance, incapacity of acquisition, ruin of credit, desertion of friends, discontent, recklessness, and despair; and a degradation, infamy and wretchedness, commensurate with the guilt, and aggravated by the bitter consciousness of just desert.

One of the next great causes of poverty, is a want of faculty. The art of living or of procuring a livelihood in such a community as ours, is a considerable matter, and requires a knowledge, judgment, and sagacity, of which a large portion of mankind are not possessed. They are ignorant;—they are simple. They are incapable of directing themselves; and especially, they lack judgment. They become inefficient. They are unable to make the proper use of the advantages which they have.

They are wasteful of the means of subsistence and comfort which are at any time in their possession. They have a certain recklessness and indifference towards the future, which forbids any thing like frugality. They are easily imposed upon by the overreaching and cunning, and villainy of those harpies who take every possible advantage of their simplicity and necessities; and are ready always, under some deceitful pretence, to plunder them of any miserable pittance which may be thrown in their way.

Aversion to labor is another great cause of poverty. Labor requires resolution, effort and perseverance. These are, therefore, difficult, and are not the effect of any sudden determination, but of early and long continued practice and habit. In a community furnishing innumerable incitements and facilities to dissipation, and where pleasure constitutes the great pursuit of a large portion, labor comes naturally to be considered a hardship; and false notions and improper education represent labor as degrading; and of course increase the general aversion to it. But the wise appointments of Divine Providence are fixed; ordinarily the goods of life are to be acquired only at the price of labor. The original law is permanent; and man must get his bread by the sweat of his brow. Idleness tends to poverty, as well as to crime; and much of the want which exists among us, is to be traced immediately to an utter indisposition to labor. In our happy country, labor is always in demand, and seldom fails of its reward; much of the poverty which exists, therefore is to be ascribed in idleness, negligence and that ridiculous and contemptible pride, which makes us ashamed of honest work.

Luxury and extravagance are great sources of poverty. A large part of the community are living beyond their means. They cover their tables with wasteful abundance; they trick themselves out in all sorts of expensive finery—they are ready to engage in every party of pleasure. Anticipating profit which will never be realized, living wholly upon credit, emulating and often greatly surpassing in their wasteful and criminal expenditures, the example of the most affluent, the consequences may in general be foreseen. They soon find themselves embarrassed; they plunge deeper into the most hazardous speculations, putting their neighbor's property at risk; they explode when at their greatest height; and then comes bankruptcy both of purse and character; and poverty reposes like an incubus upon the individual and his family, and crushes him to the ground. Happy for him, if the early foresight of a result, which it requires little sagacity to predict, does not involve him much heavier calamity than poverty; I mean the guilt of cheating and fraud; the crime of concealing property, which does not belong to him; and setting his honest creditors at defiance.

This sort of luxury and extravagance is not confined to any class in society. Those who assume to be the highest, practise it; and their example is followed by the lowest; so that the fruits of labor are prodigally wasted and consumed in indulgences, excesses and extravagances, to which no man has the shadow of right, who cannot discharge his just debts; and in which a man is both mad and wicked to allow himself or those dependant on him, to the utter disregard of the future and of the ordinary accidents of life.

Gumption.—This is a fine old Scotch word, not generally found in the dictionaries though it is worthy of a place in the best. It has a great deal of meaning in it, and often expresses what nothing else can.

When I see a girl reject the addresses of a respectable young man, who owns a good farm, goes to meeting, and pays his debts, for one who wears a dicky, visits the theatre, spends his money faster than he earns it, I think to myself she has not much gumption.

When I see a young mechanic who wants a good wife, that can make a pudding, spit a turkey, and nurse his babies, dangling after a piece of affection, because she has been to a dancing school, I guess he has not much gumption.

When I see a farmer paying taxes for twenty acres of land, half fenced and half tilled, when he might raise more on six acres under good cultivation, I conclude he is not overstocked with gumption.

When I see a man who has a good business, sufficient to support his family respectably, neglecting his affairs and running into debt, in order to obtain a political office, I fancy that whatever may be his talents, he is not burdened with gumption.

When I see a man calling his boys from school and spending two hours every afternoon, for a month, to tar his trees, that canker worms may not ascend them, when he might effect a remedy in a single day by exchanging the earth for three feet around them, I conclude that he has more industry than gumption.

When I see a man purchasing three cords of wood for the winter, when, by listing his doors, and mending a broken pane, he might save two of them, I think he has but little gumption.

When I see a young man just set up in business, keeping a horse and chaise at an expense of two dollars a day, and failing in six months, when he might walk for nothing and continue his business with safety, I conclude that he has not much gumption.

When I see a man attending diligently to his own concerns, sending his children to school, paying his debts, and keeping clear of law-suits, quarrels and politics, I set him down as a man possessing a reasonable share of gumption.

When I see a woman mending her children's clothes, and receiving her husband with affection, I conclude she has no ordinary share of gumption.

In fine, when I see a man who deals justly, loves mercy, walks humbly, and PAYS FOR HIS NEWSPAPER, I conclude that of all others in the world he possesses the greatest share of gumption.

The Berkshire (N. J.) Advocate states, that a young lady of New York, who wore an ultra fashionable frock and pantaloons, being on a visit to her friends in New Jersey, was apprehended and carried before a Dutch magistrate, on a charge of wearing men's apparel! The Goth fined her five dollars and costs, for the breaches of the statute in that case provided.

Proper Resentment.—"Why are you running about in the snow, Thomas, without your shoes and stockings?" inquired a kind father of his son. "Because, sir," answered the urchin, "the shoemaker hasn't mended my shoes according to promise, and I want to show proper resentment."

From Major Jack Downing's Magazine.

FIRST RECOLLECTIONS.

The first I remember, I found myself one cold November day, when I was about five years old, bareheaded and barefoot, sliding on the ice. It had been a snapping cold night, and in the morning the pond was froze over as smooth as glass, and hard enough to bear a horse. All the boys in the neighborhood, and most of the girls, turned out, and had a fine frolic that day, sliding and running on the pond.

Most of the larger boys had shoes; but we little fellers that want big enough to wear shoes, had to tuff it out as well as we could. I carried a great pine chip in my hand; and when my feet got cold I couldn't stand it no longer, I'd put the chip down and stand on that a little while and warm em, and then at it to sliding again like a two year old.

THE MAJOR'S EDUCATION.

We used to have a school in Downingville about three months in the winter season, and two months in the summer; and I went to the winter school three winters, from the time I was twelve till I was fifteen. And I was called about the best scholar of my age that there was in the school. But to be impartial, I must confess the praise didn't always belong to me; for I used sometimes to work hard a little in order to get the name of being a smart scholar. One instance of it was in reading. I got along in reading so well, that the master said I read better than some of the boys that were considerably older than I, and that had went to school a dozen winters. But the way I managed in was this. There was cousin Obediah was the best reader there was in school, and as clever a boy as one in a thousand, only his father hadn't got no orchard. So I used to carry a great apple to school in my pocket every day and give to him to get him to set behind me when I was reading, where he could peak into my book, and when I come to a hard word, have him whisper it to me, and then I read it out loud. Well, one day I was reading along so, pretty glib, and at last I come to a pesky great long crooked word, that I couldn't make head nor tail on. So I waited for Obediah. But it proved to be a match for Obediah. He peaked, and choked, and I was catching my breath and waiting for him to speak; and at last he found he could do nothing with it, and says he 'skip it.' The moment I heard the sound I bawled out, skip it. What's that? said the master, looking at me as queer as though he had catched a weazole asleep. I stopped and looked at the word again, and poked my tongue out, and waited for Obediah. Well, Obediah gave me a hunch, and whispered again, 'skip it.' Then I bawled out again, skip it. At that the master and about one-half the scholars yawned right out. I couldn't stand that; and I dropped the book, and streaked it out of school, and pulled foot for home as fast as I could go, and never showed my head in school from that day to this. But for all that, I made out to pick up a pretty good education. I got so I could read and spell like a fox, and could cipher as far as the rule of three. And when I got to be about twenty years old, I was strongly talked of one winter for schoolmaster. But as a good many of the same boys and girls would go to me that were in school when I read 'skip it,' I didn't dare to venture it, for fear there would be a sort of a snickering among em whenever any of the scholars come to a hard word.

A *Cockney's Tour or William Vite's Journey into Wales.*—William Vite was a watchmaker in Vater Lane; William Vite, his wife Vinnifred, and his son Valter, vent one day in a viskey to Vales, and as they went along by the river Vye, a wicked easterly wind viped off William Vite's viskey, into the water. William Vite said his son Valter, viped out of the viskey, and viped into the Vye, and viped out my viskey; so William Vite's son Valter, viped out of the viskey, and viped into the Vye, and viped out William Vite's viskey: so Vite, his wife Vinnifred, and his son Valter, vent viped, viped, viped, all the way into Vales.

Copartnership.

THIS subscribers respectfully inform the public that they have entered into partnership in the **MERCANTILE** business in the **TOWN OF HARRISON, OHIO.** Their stock consists in a reasonable and general assortment of **DRY GOODS, HATS, GROCERIES, IRON, HARDWARE, CASTINGS, &c.** **Ready made Clothing;** All of which they will sell low for Cash or Country Produce. They solicit and hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

SAMUEL McCURDY, JOSEPH W. WALDORF.

Harrison, Feb. 16, 1834. 6-3w.

Removal.—THE subscriber having removed to the frame building on the corner of High and Short streets, opposite Mr. Ludlow's new brick house, respectfully informs his old friends and customers that he is ready to execute all kinds of work in his line, with neatness and despatch. He tenders his thanks for past favors, and solicits a continuance of public patronage.

ERASTUS LATHROP.

Lawrenceburg, March 21, 1834. 10-3w.

Notice is hereby given,

THAT Jacob W. Eggleston has withdrawn from the administration of the estate of **ISAIAH BISBEE, dec'd.** and the books and papers are left with **Henry Walker.** All persons concerned can call on him for settlement.

JACOB W. EGGLESTON, HENRY WALKER.

March 16, 1834. 10-3w.

COPARTNERSHIP.

THIS subscribers respectfully inform the public that they have entered into copartnership in the **TAILORING BUSINESS,**

in the town of Lawrenceburg, where they are prepared to execute all manner of work in their line, with neatness and despatch. They solicit and hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage. Their shop is on High street, nearly opposite the Market house in the upper story of the brick building, occupied as a saddler's shop.

SAMUEL PARKER, SAMUEL KINCAID.

Lawrenceburg, March 10, 1834. 9-3w.

STOCK

Of the State Bank of Indiana.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Books, for the subscription of Stock in the respective Branches of the State Bank of Indiana, will be opened at the following places, for their respective Districts, on the seventh day of April next, by Commissioners appointed by the Directors of the State Bank; and said Books will be kept open between the hours of 9 and 12 o'clock A. M. each day, for the space of thirty days thereafter, (Sundays excepted,) and will accordingly be closed on the tenth day of May next.

In District No. 1, at Indianapolis, Marion county.

In District No. 2, at Lawrenceburg, in Dearborn county.

In District No. 3, at Richmond, in Wayne county.

In District No. 4, at Madison, in Jefferson county.

In District No. 5, at New Albany, Floyd county.

In District No. 6, at Evansville, in Vanderburgh county.

In District No. 7, at Vincennes in Knox county.

In District No. 8, at Bedford in Lawrence county.

In District No. 9, at Terre Haute in Vigo county.

In District No. 10, at Lafayette in Tippecanoe county.

By order of the Board of Directors of the State Bank of Indiana.

February 14, A. D. 1834.

JAMES M. RAY, Cashier.