

PARENTAL LOVE.

He stood, with sternly-folded arms, the attitude of one, [was gone; Who had a sorrow at his heart, whose dream of hope And as he gazed upon the sea, and on the cloudless sky, There beamed no smile upon his face, no pleasure in I mused upon his furrowed cheek, and on his brow of care, [traces there, For grief, and toil, and many years had left their When suddenly I heard a step, and, turning, I espied [his side, A young girl, lovely to behold, come bounding to She placed her hand upon his arm, as with uncon- scious grace, [up in his face; And laughing eyes, and beaming smile, she looked I heard her say, "The weary sun has sunk into the sea; Come, father, take thy evening meal, and I will sing

He laid one hand upon head, and from her artless brow, [vanished now; He parted back the clustering curl; his brown had For, as he bent to kiss her cheek, I noted that he smiled— [the child. Then arm in arm they walked away, the father and Their footsteps died upon my ear, again I was alone, And thick and fast upon my brain strange thoughts came rushing on; [stricture fraught For, to my mind, this simple scene was with in- I think I never shall forget the lesson that it taught. When toil and woe and time have left their mildew on the heart, [tening to depart, When earth's vain hopes and fleeting joys are has- Virtue and innocence can cheer the wanderer on his way, And lend to life's expiring lamp a soft and holy ray.

EPITHALAMIUM
On the Marriage of M. M. Martin to Miss J. J. Irwin

By S. WOODWORTH.

The flame that burns on Hymen's shrine, If fann'd by Cupid's fragrant breath, For ever glows, a light divine, That brightens at the touch of death. For true conmial love for ever Through kindred hearts incessant rolls, And caught in heaven or earth can sever The cord that joins congenial souls. The nuptial couch is heaven on earth, If truth and purity be there; 'Tis not in words to speak its worth— Angelic harps its bliss declare. There heavenly love with wisdom meets, There fond affection joins with truth, To revel in amorous sweets, An Eden of immortal youth. Thrice happy pair! May fadeless verdure, The Martin's favorite Marsh adorn Thrice happy fair! for angels heard your Pledge upon the nuptial morn. Be happy still, still joys supernal Immortal in your bosoms rise, For Hymen's sweets will bloom eternal, To bless your loves beyond the skies.

WE HAVE LIVED & LOVED TOGETHER.

We have livd and loved together Through many changing years; We have shared each other's gladness, And wept each other's tears. I have never known a sorrow That was long unsoothed by thee; For thy smile can make a summer; Where darkness else would be. Like the leaves that fall around us, In Autumn's fading hours, Are the traitor's smiles that darken When the cloud of sorrow lowers: And though many such we've known, love, Too prone, alas! to range; We both can speak of one, love, Whom time could never change. We have lived and loved together Through many changing years; We have shared each other's gladness, And wept each other's tears; And let us hope the future As the past has been, will be; I will share with thee thy sorrows, And thou thy smiles with me. [Selected.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

"There's many a slip between the cup and the lip." George Julius Collingwood was a respectable young gentleman, with a pair of black eyes, a good figure, and a sufficient fortune. He had passed respectfully through college, and taken his degree with one of the honors, at the twenty-first anniversary of his birth, leaving behind him the character of a fair student, a good-hearted fellow, and a remarkable nice young man; the first being the report of the tutors and president, the second, that of his fellow collegians, and the third, that of all the old maid's comranc in the village of B— where his alma mater was located. What the younger slips of the feminine gender thought or expressed of George Julius, it is not in my power to say, simply because none of that class were included within the circle of my acquaintance; for any thing I know, there were none in the place: somehow or other, girls are exceedingly scarce in your college towns and villages; perhaps their parents send them away for fear of entanglements. In the case of George Julius, however, it made not an atom of difference; he had a genius for falling in love, and being somewhat green in such matters, thirty or thirty-five suited him just as well as twenty, or "sweet seventeen." He had nine desperate flirtations at B—, five declarations and two engagements; in fact, it was his destiny to be always up to the eyes in the tender affair, just as it is the destiny of an editor to cry out for credit, or of an actor to think himself ill used by the critics. I must do him the justice to say, that in all his flirtations, he was in serious earnest; the villany of the thing rests not upon his shoulders; the ladies were veterans in the art, and having flirted for some fifteen or twenty years with about the same number of juveniles, they went through the affair as a matter of habit, and when the break-off came, looked out for the next with very commendable fortitude. It was much the same, too, with the declarations; they were accepted, acknowledged, and suffered to die away as matters of course; just as happens ninety-nine times in the hundred, in cases between collegians and the young ladies with whom they associate. The engagements were broken off, in the usual course; a handsome fellow gave the death-blow to one, and the other having been kept up unimpaired till the return of the youth to his home, quietly died of old age a couple of months afterwards. Perhaps, however, it was not absolutely of old age that he perished; the bright eyes, the dark curling hair, and slender waist of Miss Eveline Arrowsmith may have hastened its ruin—at any rate they ensnared the heart of George Julius; and circumstances being propitious, parents discreet, and inclinations accordant, a match was agreed upon

after a satisfactory courtship of sixty days. This was about Christmas. I would recommend my young friends always to make love in winter; there is nothing that fills up a long evening so pleasantly. In the case of George Julius, there was no earthly cause for delay, and therefore it was a settled point that the knot should be tied early in February.

I have forgotten to give a complete list of all the various charms of the young lady; if I were writing a novel, this would be thought a great fault, but as it is only a short story, perhaps I shall be forgiven. Her complexion, however, must not be neglected, for it was upon this that she chiefly prided herself. Fancy the purest red, white, alabaster, rose, lily, damask, pearl, satin, or any thing else that is lovely in the way of comparison or description; if you have it at hand, read one of Miss Landon's accounts of lovely young ladies; or all of Mr. Willis'; then paint Miss Eveline to your own taste, and I shall be satisfied; you will see by and by that this is important.

The rapturous day approached; George Julius was all smiles, tenderness, joy, and attention; he regularly passed about sixteen of the twenty-four hours by the side of his mistress, and there was no end to the pretty things he gave her, and still prettier things that he said. And now but two days intervened between him and felicity, when to his mortal surprise and alarm, upon making his morning call, he found himself suffered to sit alone in the parlor, or what was just as bad as alone to him, with no other companion than his darling's mamma and papa and young brothers and sisters, and two maiden aunts, for nearly an hour. He wondered and pondered, and fretted and fidgetted and fidgetted about the room; still Eveline came not as usual. There was a conscious look in the visages of the mamma and the aunts; but George Julius was too bashful to ask for the cause of the mystery. After a while, the old gentleman went to his counting-house; the brothers and sisters set out for a ride, or a walk, or something or other; house-keeping cares called off the mamma, and the two maiden aunts alone stayed with the lover. By this time, he began to grow angry, for George Julius could frown; he was too indignant to ask for an explanation, and after another hour, he went his way very much out of humor.

Just before dinner he called again, and still his admirable was invisible. This time he mustered up courage to ask for Miss Eveline, and was told "she was engaged." Now George was more touchy than wise, and so, instead of taking it quietly, he flounced away in a passion; went home; wrote a pretty sharp letter note to his intended, which he burnt, and then, after smoking a cigar, drinking a couple glasses of brandy and water, and playing ten games of billiards, (which he lost,) he betook himself to bed in high dudgeon. In the morning, however, he felt better, and soon after breakfast dropped in at old Mr. Arrowsmith's. Miss Eveline was not to be seen, but the servant gave him a note from her, with which he ran home as the furies were after him; shut himself in his room—and with fever in his eyes and brain, devoured its contents. Its tone was affectionate; the sweet writer apologized for not seeing him, and begged, as a particular favor, that the marriage might be deferred for a few days. Here was a catastrophe! But I cannot spare time to tell how George Julius wondered and fretted, and finally raved; how he wrote, demanding an explanation; how he got very angry, and said bitter things; and how Eveline got angry, and said things still more bitter. The long and the short of it was, that the match was demolished, and George Julius embarked in the next packet for Europe.

It was a long time before I could find out the cause of these same proceedings. It was nothing more than a red swelling upon Eveline's nose, that made its appearance during the night previous to the first day of her seclusion; it will be remembered that she piqued herself on her complexion; she could not bear to be seen, much less married, and thus lost her lover, because she could not endure the mortification of her vanity. Oh that man, glorious man, in all the pride of intellect, should be subject to the caprices of a contemptible pimple!

Coqueting Extraordinary. Some little time ago, a pair of turtles, who seemed anxious to become united in the silken bands of wedlock, made their appearance before one of the clergymen in Glasgow, who, finding the requisite certificates all right, proceeded with the ceremony till he came to part of it, where the question is put to the bridegroom, if "I'm willing to take this woman to be his wife?" To this necessary query, the man, after considerable hesitation, answered, "No!" "No!" said the minister, with a look of surprise, "for what reason?" "Just," said the poor embarrassed simpleton, looking round for the door, "because I've ta'en a scunner (disgust) at her." On this, the ceremony, to the evident mortification of the fair one, was broken off, and the parties retired. A few days after, however, they again presented themselves before his reverence, and the fastidious bridegroom having declared that he had got over his objection, the ceremony was again commenced, and proceeded without interruption, till a question similar to the above was put to the bride, when she in her turn replied a negative. "What is the meaning of all this?" said the clergyman, evidently displeased at the foolish trifling of the parties. "O, naething ave," said the blushing damsel, tossing her head with an air of resentment, "only I've just ta'en a scunner at him!" The two again retired to their lonely pillows; and lonely it would seem they had found them, for the reverend gentleman, on coming out of his house the following morning, met the foolish couple once more on their way to solicit his services. "It's a made up no," said the smiling fair one. "O yes," said her intended, "it's a settled no, and we want you to marry us as soon as possible." "I will do no such thing," was the grave and startling reply to the impudent request. "What for?" cried the fickle pair, speaking together in a tone of mingled surprise and disappointment. "O naething ave," said his reverence, passing on his way, "but just I've ta'en a scunner at ye baith."

Beautiful Extract. "Safely and soundly he slept till the rosy morning clouds stood upon the mountains and announced the coming of their lord the sun. But as soon as the tidings spread over the field and wood, the thousand-voiced echo awoke, and sleep was no more to be thought of. And soon did the royal sun himself arise; at first his dazzling diamond appeared above the mountains; at length he stood upon their summit in the full majesty of his beauty, in all the charms of eternal youth, bright and glorious, his kindly glance embracing every creature of earth, from the stately oak, to the blade of grass, bending under the foot of every way-faring man. There arose from every breast, from every throat, the joyous song of praise; and it was as if the whole plain and wood were becoming a temple whose roof was the heavens, whose altar the mountains, whose congregation all creatures, whose priest the sun.

The child walked forth alone upon the fresh dewy corn-field; a thousand little hues glittered in his eyes, and a lark soared warbling above his head; and the lark proclaimed the joys of the coming year, and awakened endless hopes, while she soared circling

higher and higher, till at length her song was like the soft whispering of an angle, holding converse with the spring under the blue arch of heaven. The child had seen the earth-colored little bird rise up before him; it seemed to him as if the earth had sent her forth from her bosom as a messenger, to carry her joys and her thanks to the sun, because he had turned his beaming countenance again upon her in love and beauty—and the lark hung poised above the hope-giving field, and warbled her clear and joyous song. Then the child leaned his head on one shoulder to listen if he could no longer hear the messenger of spring; and he could just catch the distant quivering notes in which she sang of the fervent longing after the pure element of freedom; after the pure, all present light; and of the blessed foretaste of this desired enfranchisement—of this blending in the sea of celestial happiness. Yet longer did he listen, for the tones of her song carried him there, where as yet his thoughts had never reached, and he felt happier in this short and imperfect flight, than ever he had felt before. But the lark now dropped suddenly to the earth, for her little body was too heavy, and her wings not large nor strong enough for the pure element."

This extract is from a beautiful little book translated from the German, by Mrs. Austin, entitled "The Story without end." It is a precious little gem, and will we hope soon be given to the American Public. The child that is represented as thus let into the secrets of nature, seems intended to illustrate the spirit of love and innocence. C.

A Hero's letter to his Wife. The following is a correct copy of the last letter of Gen. Pike. It was handed to his aid, (Major Frazier,) on the evening previous to his fall, with this injunction, "should I fall and you survive, hand this yourself to Mrs. Pike." As it breathes a spirit of patriotism and affection worthy of the departed hero, I have thought it worthy of preservation and publication. D. F.

"My dear Clara—We are now standing on and off the harbour of York, which we shall attack at day light in the morning; I shall dedicate these last moments to you, my love, and to-morrow throw all other ideas but my country to the winds. As yet I know not if Gen. Dearborn lands; he has acted honorably so far, and I feel great gratitude to the old gentleman; my sword and pen shall both be exercised to do him honor. I have no new injunction, no new charge to give you, nor one new idea to communicate; yet we love to commune with those we love, more especially when we conceive it may be the last time in this world. Should I fall, defend my memory; and only believe, had I lived, I would have aspired to deeds worthy of your husband. Remember me, with a father's love—a father's care, to our dear daughter; and believe me to be, with the warmest sentiments of love and friendship, your MONTGOMERY."

*It appears this was the signature of the General when addressing his wife. It will be recollect that his name was Zebulon Montgomery Pike.

Self-Forgetfulness. We see an anecdote going the rounds, of a man who went to the post office, and forgot his own name. The case is a strong one, but not so strong as one we remember at the east, of a Mrs. Farnum, who was always inquiring the way home when she walked out, asked occasionally to be introduced to her husband; made acquaintance every week or two with her children; and at length, one day, upon returning home from a walk, knocked at her own door and asked if Mrs. Farnum lived there; "certainly, Ma'am," replied the servant, somewhat thunder-struck—"and pray," said Madame Farnum, "is the lady in?" The maid took her bundle and made tracks at once—as to living with a double woman, one half of whom came to inquire for the other—it was more than she could do.

Another New Name! The "Whigs" are no longer Whigs in Philadelphia, but "Independent Democrats!" Heaven save the mark! We shall have them claiming the Gold and Silver Currency, as the fruits of their labors, next.

Great Printing Establishment. In looking over a file of late London papers, we find an interesting description of the printing establishment of Mr. Clavies, where the publications of the celebrated publisher, Charles Knight, and of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, are printed. There are employed 30 type founders, 6 stereotype founders, 7 men damping paper, and 160 compositors. The principal composing room, where the type is set, is 270 feet long, and is filled from end to end with a double row of frames. Two steam engines are employed in driving the printing machines; of which there are eight that can throw off from 790 to 1,000 impressions per hour. There are 15 common presses for fine work, and 5 hydraulic presses, of 260 horse power each, for pressing paper. There are in the establishment about 1,000 workers in stereotype, of which 75 are Bibles. The first cost of these plates would amount to £400,000; the weight is about 3,000 tons, and if melted and sold for old metal, would be worth £70,000. The average quantity of paper printed amounts weekly to about 2,000 reams. When the paper makers and other tradesmen are taken into account, the men to whom this establishment gives employment must amount to several thousand. N. Y. Paper.

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A Fair Exchange. The following is a literal copy of a billet sent by a clerk of a parish in Warwickshire, to a neighboring friend of the same calling: "Deer John—Wilt thou bury my wife and ill bury your own other day when you want me I shall be very happy ony time. I ham deer John yours to

Complimentary. An erratic poetical genius about town, was highly delighted the other day, by the editor's telling him he resembled Lord Byron! "Do you really think so?" asked the moonstruck sonneteer in an ecstasy—"pray, in what respect?" "Why, you wear your shirt-collar upside down, and get tipsy on gin and water!"

MAJOR S. L. L. L. ATTORNEYS, HAVE formed a partnership, and will practice Law in the Superior and Inferior Courts in Indiana, & in the counties of Boone, Ky., and Hamilton, 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.

N. & G. SPARKS.

Geo. P. Buell & Geo. W. Lane,

R E SPECTFULLY inform the public that they have just received a large supply of

Spring & summer Goods,

Among which are
Blue, Black, Brown, Olive, Invisible, Drb G, aecr
and Steel Mixt Broad Cloths;
Fancy, Striped and Blue Cassimeres;
Dark, Blue, Brown and Steel Mixt Cassinets;
Summer Cloth;
French and Brown Irish Linen;
Blue and Mixt Cotton Twills;
Painted Muslin, Ginghams and Calicos;
Fancy Gauze, Silk & Crape, Deleanress Hank's;
Black and White Crapé;
Superior Black Sattin;
Black, Brown, Sky-blue and Brown-watered Sill
Pongee, Black Veils, Plain and Figured
Bobinetts; &c. &c.

AN ASSORTMENT OF

Saddlery, Hard & Queensware,

CROSSCUT, HAND & CIRCULAR SAWS,

CRADLE, GRASS & BRIER SCYTHES,

WILLIAM'S CAST STEEL AXES,

Tire, Band, Square, Round, & Hoop Iron,

American Blister & Cast Steel;

Also, a quantity of

Coffee, Sugar & Molasses;

A FEW BBLS. OF WHISKEY;

All of which they are offering for sale at the store room lately occupied by Maj. John P. Dunn.

Lawrenceburg, April 1, 1834. 12

JAMES WALKER,
School Commissioner.

Sept. 25th, 1834. 37-1s

Clocks, Watches, &c.

THE subscriber has just received direct from the city of PARIS, an extensive and splendid addition to his former assortment of Jewelry, Table and Tea Spoons, (Silver and common) ALSO, a choice selection of Lepine Horizontal, Repeating, Patent Lever and Common WATCHES; And various other articles, not strictly in his line, among which are FANCY ARTICLES, (new style,) PERCUSSION CAPS, &c. &c. all of which he will sell at Cincinnati prices.

—SHOP opposite to the market house, where he will be ready at all times to repair Watches, Clocks, and attend to all kinds of business in his line.

F. LUCAS.

11-1f

March 28, 1834

LAW NOTICES.

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.

Lawrenceburg, Sep. 10th, 1833. 35-1f

INSURANCE.

The subscriber having been appointed AGENT of the Protection Insurance Company, in the place of G. H. Dunn, Esq. resigned, will continue the business of Insuring buildings, merchandise, &c. and also, keel boats, flat boats and their cargoes, on liberal terms. Office on High street, a few doors below Z. Bedford & Co's, grocer.

P. L. SPOONER.

Lawrenceburg, nov 28, 1833. 46-

JOSEPH GROFF,