

AUTUMN.

Hail our sister melancholy,
Hail our Autumn winds, so evenly,
Hail the scenes of youthful folly,
Once again come round;
Here we fondly looked to meet thee,
Here we rise to hail and greet thee,
Here no summer's sun can heat thee,
On this neutral ground.

Lovely prospects here attend thee,
Lovely objects will befriend thee,
Lovely hopes may Heaven send thee,
Each returning year.

When thy votaries adore thee,
When thy hopes are bright before thee,
When the loves are smiling o'er thee,
Sister do not fear.

You have seen the summer bowers,
You have heard of spring's sweet flowers,
Winter's cold but healthful hours,
In the realms of fairy:

For myself I like the season
When the mind may calmly reason,
When the scenes are lone and pleasing.

Neither bright nor dreary,
When the farmer's heart is glowing,
When his barns are overflowing,
When the Autumn winds are blowing
Through the leafless trees;
Then I'm in the realms of Fairy,
Then I feel no longer dreary,
Then I love to walk with Mary
Through the Autumn breeze.

From the Indiana Herald.

ADVICE TO LAURA.

EXTRACT, BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUINIBUS FESTUSTRUM."
Detest disguise—remember 'tis your part
By gentle fondness to retain the heart;
Let duty, prudence, virtue take the lead
To fix your choice, but from it ne'er recede.
Despise coquetry—spurn the shallow fool,
Who measures out dull compliment by rule,
And without meaning—like a chattering jay—
Repeats the same dull strains throughout the day.
Are men of sense attracted by your grace,
Your well turned figure, or your smiling face,
Be mild and modest, uniformly gay,
Your judgment rather than your wit display.

From Graham's "Vision of Fair Spirits."
Oh! woman! not for thee the living tomb,
The Harem's splendor, or Creation's gloom;
Not thine to bend the fear's unshallow nod,
And scorn the world to please Creation's God;
To see, to feel, that earth, that life is fair,
Yet weep to think thou hast no portion there!
No, child of joy! a holier task is thine,
A brighter prospect, and a purer shrine,
'Tis thine to curb the passions' madd'ning sway,
And wipe the mourner's bitter tear a way;
'Tis thine to soothe, when hope itself has fled,
And cheer with angel smile the suffer'r's bed;
To give to earth its charm, to life its zest,
One only task—to bless, and to be blest.

STANZAS.

The dew drop is never so clear,
As when morning's first rays see it glisten;
And music is never so dear,
As when to its last notes we listen.
Though bright may be rapture's first mien,
And its parting adieu even sweeter;
The enjoyment existing between,
Is a vision, and vanishes fleeter.
We know not how we have loved,
Till that we most loved is departed!
For the strength of affection is proved
By the joyless and desolate hearted.
Our pleasures are born but to die,
They are linked to our hearts but to sever;
And like stars shooting down a dark sky,
Shine loveliest when parting forever.

THE WEDDING.—BY J. G. WHITTIER.
"I wed thee in the battle's eye,
Amidst the mailed and stalwart throng;
And answered to thy banner cry,
As it had been a lover's song."

It was a clear moonlight night in autumn, in 1774, and the old garrison house of the valiant Captain Wheelwright, the terror of all the Indians within twenty miles of Wells, was brilliantly illuminated for the wedding of the veteran's daughter, to a young and gallant ranger, belonging to the band of Capt. Harman. The house was crowded with guests, principally with military men, for at that period every man was a soldier, and every woman, if she could not merit that appellation, was at least worthy of being a soldier's wife.

It was a grand time—that wedding! There was an abundance of maple sugar and pumpkin pies, and all the young ladies within thirty miles had been invited to partake of the festivities on the occasion. The dance went merrily down the riddle, and every one seemed desirous of adding something to the general expression of merriment and joy.

Yet there were watchful eyes and anxious hearts amidst the joyous assembly. At every sound from without—the sudden bark of a dog, or the cracking of the large old trees in the autumn wind, a thrill like that of electricity passed thro' the throng of revellers. More than once had the hands of the rangers instinctively fastened on their rifles, which leaned, ready for execution, in every corner of the building. It was known to all that the eastern savages were in motion; that the implacable hate of the red men was brooding like a thunder cloud over the encroaching advance of the English.—The inhabitants of Wells had not indeed suffered recently from the attacks of their subtle enemy—but they felt no security from the vengeance of foes, who were unanswerable in their resentment, and whose transient forbearance, like the crouch of the panther, or the coil of the roused rattle snake, might be only the preparation for a sudden and deadly blow.

But the wedding went on without interruption. The beautiful Emily Wheelwright stood up with the young lover before the venerated clergyman. She was a fine specimen of natural beauty—her dark hair fell carelessly and richly upon her neck—her full cheek glowed with the freshness of health, and the free waist and unconfined form, gave to her motions an elasticity and a gracefulness to which the modern victim is a stranger. And the bridegroom in the strength and vigor of his youth, with his sunburnt countenance, and manly proportions, presented a striking contrast to the fashionable exquisites of modern days.

The rites were concluded; and Charles Hanwell had just imprinted on the blushing cheek of the bride the ceremonial kiss, when a terrific cry from without rang through every nook of the mansion. All sprang on their feet at the fearful alarm. The next instant the report of rifles came sharply on their ears.

"To arms!—the heathen are upon us!" shouted Captain Wheelwright, snatching his musket from the hooks by which it was suspended.

There was a sudden rush towards the door. The

moon shone full upon the wild scenery around, but there were no visible traces of an enemy. At length a solitary figure made its appearance at a remote corner of the building. "Help, for God's sake!" said a well known voice. "I am wounded. The bloody red skin is abroad."

The wounded man staggered slowly towards the halfbewildered group. At that instant a rifle flash gleamed from the nearest thicket. The aim was a fatal one, for its unfortunate object, who had nearly reached his comrades, sprung suddenly and convulsively from the earth, and fell dead at their feet. The exulting whoop of an invisible foe was drowned in the report of the muskets of the white men, which were now directed at every bush and thicket.

"To your horses, men!" exclaimed Captain Hanwell, as the dusky forms of the enemy became visible, at a distance, which was beyond the certain aim of his rangers. Charles Hanwell turned anxiously to his bride—she was deadly pale; she did not join in the cries and tears around her—but she sat still and white as a statue. "Do not be alarmed," said Charles, affectionately pressing her hand. "The savages will not molest us after one vigorous attack from our rifles, and there is little danger to be apprehended. Be quiet. We shall return im-

mediately." The spirit of her father was strongly within the heart of Emily. "Go, Charles," she said, "and may God preserve you!" A party had already mounted, and the trample of hoofs was ringing without—Charles sprang to his saddle, and in a moment the band to which he belonged disappeared in the shadows of the surrounding woodlands. Captain Wheelwright undertook to garrison his dwelling with the remainder of the company.

It would be impossible to describe the anxiety with which the wedding guests listened to every sound which came from the direction in which the rangers had taken. The trampling of their horses gradually died away; then the sound of fire-arms was heard; and ever and anon, the shrill and terrible war cry of the savages rose fearfully on the wind.

The heavy tread of horses soon announced the return of the adventurers.—They wheeled into the rude enclosure, and the next moment Harman confronted the agitated assembly. "The vile heathen," he muttered between his clenched teeth; and turning to the bride, "Your husband is among the missing! It has been a horrid night's work!" and he threw himself into a chair, apparently exhausted.

"Is he dead?" ejaculated Emily Hanwell, springing up, and grasping convulsively the hand of the soldier. "Tell me, Captain Harman, as you hope for mercy, tell me, is he dead?"

"Your husband is a prisoner," said Harman, "but he fought desperately before he yielded. He was overpowered by numbers, and we were unable to effect his rescue. There was a fearful skirmish, for the Indians were twice our number. They have lost many of their bravest warriors, and some of my own little troop are now lying cold and stark beneath the moonlight."

"And you have left your comrade to perish by the foul tortures of his enemies!" said Emily Hanwell, her tone of entreaty changing to that of indignation, "to die by the fire and the scourge, without a blow for his rescue—without so much as a wound received in his defence! Would to Heaven that the powers of man were mine!"

She trembled in every limb, and her tears fell fast. The countenance of Harman worked for a moment with resentment, but he overcame the feeling, and turning to his companions, he avowed his resolution of pursuing the retreating foe, and attempting once more the rescue of the prisoner. The party immediately acquiesced—several new recruits volunteered their service, and in a few moments a second sally was made from the main

It boots not now to relate the particulars of the rescue—suffice it to say that the foe were overtaken—and that in the struggle which ensued, the prisoner was liberated. The party immediately returned to the house of the veteran Wheelwright. His daughter met them at the door; after one long embrace of her husband, she clasped with heart-felt gratitude, the rough and war-worn hand of Harman, and from that moment he was regarded as a brother by Charles Hanwell and his bride.

The Auctioneer. There is no man who spends so much breath, who talks so fast, and is so lavish of words, as the auctioneer. He repeats the same thing over and over again, and never grudges his labor. He is fond of smart sayings and sudden turns in the sense; and he is witty, at the expense of his goods, or the expense of his customers. He can talk of several different things at once, and without confusion. But he sometimes very ludicrously mixes up different subjects in the same sentence.

For instance, lately dropping in at a book-auction, there happened to be a man who annoyed the company and the auctioneer with a cigar. The book had gone up to twenty-seven cents and a half, and the auctioneer dwelling upon it, cried, "And a half, and a half, and a half"—when smelling the annoyance, he shouted out, "D—n your segar!—and a half, and a half, twenty-seven and a half—thirty—thirty-two and a half, and a half—kick out that man with the segar, and a half, and a half—going, going—thirty-five, thirty-five—thirty-seven and a half—curse that segar smoke!—and a half, and a half—I'd rather have the devil about me—and a half, and a half, and a half—it gives me the phthisic—and a half, and a half—going, going—forty, forty cents—forty-two and a half—who's putting brimstone on the stove!—and a half, and a half, and a half—I'd choke the rascal—and a half, and a half—going, going—who says forty-five?—not half the price of the book—and a half, and a half, forty-two and a half—forty-five—now forty-seven and a half, and a half—a treatise on the tooth-ache, gentlemen—who'll give fifty cents for the tooth-ache!—look at that boy there—and a half, and a half—pocketing one of those penknives—and a half, and a half—I can't have my eyes everywhere—and a half, and a half—fifty—fifty—and a half, and a half—kick all the boys out of the room—and a half, and a half—kick 'em out, I say—and a half, and a half—going, going, gone."

N. Y. Transcript.

Intellectual War. Among the recently-published correspondence of Hannah Moore, is a letter from Dr. Langborne, which so amusingly describes a battle, fought in the Doctor's own domains, between the forces of Disease on the one side, and Medicine on the other, that we cannot forbear copying it. After speaking of his being totally depressed, sunk down, and buried beneath a complication of rheumatic, nervous, and bilious complaints, he proceeds: "At last matters came to a crisis. General Bile was appointed commander-in-chief, and led the whole forces of Rheumatism Bay, Scury Island, and Nervous Province, into the very centre and heart of my dominions, and drew up his army in form of battle. I drew up my whole force against him in the following order:

First battalion, a body of Emetic Tartars, under the command of Gen. Ipecacuanha. These fought with uncommon bravery for one whole day and a night, made prodigious havoc of the Biliary forces, and took their General prisoner. A truce was pro-

claimed for twenty-four hours; when it appearing that a large body of the Biliaries had secreted themselves in the lower part of the country, I despatched the second battalion, consisting of foreign troops, of the provinces of Senna, Tamarind, and Crim Tartary, under the command of sub-brigadier-general Cathartic.

These brave soldiers behaved with great courage and gallantry; defeated the Biliaries in fifteen pitched battles, and at last totally drove them out of the country. The above two battles lasted five days and five nights. The engagement was at first so hot that victory was doubtful. It was indeed a doubtful and a bloody combat, and I certainly can never forget it.

On the sixth day a few of the Nervous regiments were seen straggling, but being pursued by Col. Cordial and the Jalap light-horse, they threw down their arms. The troops of Scury Island concealed themselves in the woods, and other inaccessible places.

Thus, my dear madam, have I given you a circumstantial account of a most desperate and dangerous contest I maintained for my all. What were the battles of Bunker's Hill and Long Island* compared to this! In my estimation certainly nothing.

* This letter was written in December, 1778.

The following naive petition of the public executioner of the city and county of Limerick, was laid before the county goal board of superintendents at the last meeting:

"To the Gentlemen of the Board of Superintendence. The petition of James Ryan humbly sheweth that petitioner has been the servant of the county as common executioner for 30 years past. The last 10 of which he has been under the protection of your honorable board. That petitioner's object in obturating upon your honors is to represent that he feels he has a just, fair, and lawful claim to the old gallows, which has been taken down as useless, and an iron one supplied in its place, and petitioner humbly hopes your Honorable Board will consider his claim as established from the facts of his being the only professional man who did business with it, from its being the idol of his care. Having never mounted the ladder of it without feeling a glowing pleasure at being the humble instrument of carrying into effect the wise sentence of the law, and rendering the sight of that machine terrible to others, which he now himself implores may be handed over to himself; that petitioner now prays your Honorable Board will take his case into consideration, that his department of life has been rather dull for some years past, and he feels that practise with him will cease with the destruction of his old work-shop, he prays your honors will be pleased to order it to him or any compensation which you may deem fit, and he will ever pray.

JAMES RYAN."

Kamschaika Civility. D'Israeli tells us that these worthy subjects of "the Autocrat" kneel before their guests when they wish to be particularly polite, eat a large slice from a sea-calf, cram it entire into their friend's mouth, furiously crying out "Tana!" "There," then cutting off what hangs about his lips, swallow it themselves, as the greatest possible attention they can show him.

Easily Spared. In a new raised corps, a soldier lately observed to his comrade, who was an Irishman, that a corporal was to be dismissed from the regiment. "Faith and indeed," replied the Irishman, "I hope it is the corporal who is so troublesome in our company." "What is his name?" inquired the other. "Why, arrah, dear honey, it is Corporal Punishment to be sure!"

A Poser for Somebody. Passing, the other day, by some place, we heard two men engaged in discussing the merits of some newspaper which it appears that one, at least, of them was a subscriber for. He said that he liked the paper, only that there were too many advertisements in it: it did not contain so much reading matter as he would like. "Perhaps," said the other, "it contains quite as much as you have paid for." We looked around to see the countenance of the person addressed, but it had vanished. There was a perfect blank where his face should have been, so that we could not recognize him.

JOSEPH GROFF,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Hat Manufacturer;

HAVING recently removed his establishment, from Elizabethtown, Ohio, to Lawrenceburg, Indiana, would inform his former friends and customers, and the public in general, that his manufacture is now in full operation, on High street, out door above Jesse Hunt's Hotel; where he will be happy to accommodate all persons, either wholesale or retail, with all kinds of HATS, of the latest fashions. BLACK, DRAK, BEAVER, and OTHER HATS, made on the shortest notice, and sold at a reasonable price, for cash or country produce. Persons wishing to purchase will please call and examine for themselves.

He wishes to purchase a quantity of all kinds of FURS, for which a liberal price will be given.

Lawrenceburg, August 2, 1834. 29-1f

NOTICE.

THE undersigned having resigned the Office of Recorder of Dearborn co. it becomes necessary to have all his fees for recording &c. settled; otherwise bills will have to be issued. All debts and other recorded papers are left with the present Recorder Asa Smith, Esq., where they can be had and where payment can be made. Those interested will save cost by attending to this notice.

THOMAS PORTER.

November 7, 1834. 43-1f

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that I shall expose to sale at public vendue on the premises, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. on the 4th Monday in December next, forty acres of land lying in the north-east quarter of section No. 27, in town 7, range 2 west, in the county of Dearborn; and twenty acres of land adjoining the same, the property of the widow and the minor heir of Edward Larkin, deceased—and will be sold on the following terms and conditions for the benefit of said widow and minor heir, to wit: one fourth of the purchase money cash in hand, the residue payable in nine months, and to be secured by notes and a mortgage on said land. Title indisputable. By order of the Probate court of Dearborn county, 13th Nov. 1834.

MARY LARKIN, widow,
and guardian for the minor heir.

Nov. 13, 1834. 44-1f

New Spring & Summer Goods.

THE subscriber has just received from Philadelphia, (which he is ready to show, at the Store Room formerly occupied by John & West,) a

General assortment of Goods,

Suited to the present and approaching season,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

BROAD CLOTHS,

Super blue, invisible green, London smoke, Olive brown, blue, mixed, and drab.

SATINETS.

Blue, brown, gadette, and premium mixed.

A new article of fashionable striped do.

SILKS.

Real black Italian lustrings, black gro. do.

Swiss, black gro. do nap and Senshaws.

Mantua, Sarsanira, and lavantine satins,

Colored gro. naps, plain and figured,

Colored Foree and satins.

A variety of

DRESS HANDKERCHIEFS.

Consisting of blond gauze, gro. de zane,

Gro. de naps, popeline, and crêpe de chine,

Superfine gauze, and crêpe scarfs,

Figured and plain bobinets,

Thread and bobinett laces, and inserting,

Bobinett and Swiss capes.

White and black bobinett veils,

Black, green, and white gauze, do.