

WINTER'S WOES.

The winter's blasts are howling round,
The withered leaf is on the ground,
The shivering form of want and woe—
Is suffering what the rich ne'er know—
Who, blest with all that wealth can buy,
Smile as the air-borne snow flakes fly.
The poor man shrinks to view the tear
Bedew the cheek of those still dear,
Who share his want, who soothe his pain,
And constant to the last remain,
With but one view for misery's eye—
To love, to suffer, and to die!
And must he wither in the blast?
Must want and misery bind him fast?
Forbid it Mercy, forbid it ye,
Whose hearts are as your country free;
From wealth, one atom, each divest,
And leave to God and Heaven the rest!

TO THE SUSQUEHANNA,
On its junction with the Lackawanna.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Rush on, glad stream, in thy power and pride,
To claim the hand of thy promis'd bride;
For she hastes from the realm of the darkened mine,
To mingle her murmured vows with thine;
Ye have met, and your shores prolong
The liquid tones of your nuptial song.

Methinks ye wed, as the white man's son
And the child of the Indian King hath done.
I saw the bride, as she strove in vain
To cleanse her blosom from the carbon stain;
But she brings thee a dowry so rich and true,
That thy love must not shrink from the tawny hue.

Her birth was rude in a mountain-cell,
And her infant freaks there are none to tell;
Yet the path of her beauty was wild and free,
And in dell and forest she hid from thee;
But the day of her fond caprice is o'er,
And she seeks to part from the breast no more.

Pass on, in the joy of thy blended tide,
Through the land where the blessed Miquon* died.
No red man's blood with its guilty stain,
Had cried unto God from that broad domain.
With the seeds of Peace they have sown the soil;
Bring a harvest of wealth for their hour of toil.

On, on, through the vale where the brave ones sleep,
Where the waving foliage is rich and deep; [glow,
I have stood on the mountain and roamed thro' the
To the beautiful homes of the Western men;
Yet sought in that region of glory could see
So fair as the vale of Wyoming to me.

*A name given by the Indians to Wm. Penn.

From the New York Mirror.

A MARRIED MAN'S REVERIE.

BY JOHN INMAN.

What a blockhead my brother Tom is, not to marry; or rather, perhaps, I should say, what a blockhead he was not to marry some twenty-five years ago, for I suppose he'd hardly get any decent sort of a body to take him, as old as he is now. Poor fellow! what a forlorn desolate kind of a life he leads; no wife to take care of him—no children to love him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home—nice, sociable dinners—pleasant faces at breakfast. By the way, what the deuce is the reason my breakfast does not come up? I've been waiting for it this half hour. Oh, I forgot; my wife sent the cook to market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold. She coddles that boy to death. But, after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that came quite convenient, and I suppose my young ones will have all he's worth when he dies, poor fellow! They'll want it, I'm afraid; for although my business does very well, this housekeeping eats up the profits, with such a large family as mine. Let me see; how many mouths have I to feed every day? There's my wife and her two sisters—that's three; and the four boys—seven; and Lucy, and Sarah, and Jane, and Louisa, four more—eleven; then there's the cook, and the house-maid, and the boy—14; and the woman that comes every day to wash and do odd jobs about the house—fifteen; then there's the nursery-maid—sixteen; surely there must be another—I'm sure I made it out seventeen when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning at church; there must be another somewhere; let me see again; wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls—oh it's myself! Faith, I have so many to think of and provide for, that I forgot myself half the time. Yes, that snakes it—seventeen. Seventeen people to feed every day is no joke! and somehow or other they all have most voracious appetites; but, then, bless their hearts, it's pleasant to see them eat. What a havoc they do make with the buckwheat-cakes of a morning, to be sure! Now poor Tom knows nothing of all this. There he lives all alone by himself in a boarding-house, with nobody near him that cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him up when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to keep him in a good humor—no dawning intellects, whose development he can amuse himself with watching day after day—nobody to study his wishes, and keep all his comforts ready. Confound it, hasn't that woman got back from the market yet? I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the boy's being coddled and messed if my wife likes it, but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept back for an hour. Oh, by the way, I must remember to buy all those things for the children to-day; Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense—and their school-bills coming in too; I remember before I was married I used to think what a relief it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is; let me see, when does his birthday come? next month, as I'm a Christian, and then he will be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men, now-a-days, and Tom is quite of that mind, I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feet but Wellington boots, at seven dollars a pair; and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time, as to the propriety of getting a watch for him—gold, of course. Silver was quite good enough for me when I was half a score years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe in my soul, the young villain has learned to play billiards; and three or four times lately when he has come in, late at night, his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with cigar smoke. Hell! Fathers have many troubles, and I can't help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night with no cares on their minds to keep them awake; and, when they have once got asleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire, can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two, with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa exhibits for crying; so sure as the clock strikes three she begins, and there's no getting her quiet again until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with good, straight-forward screaming. I can't for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through all their squalling and roaring in the day-time, when I am out of the way. Then again what a delightful pleasure it is to be roused out of one's first nap, and sent off post-haste for the doctor, as I was on Monday night, when my wife thought

Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me half out of my wits with her lamentations and fidgets. By the way, there's the doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays me a visit just before Christmas. Brother Tom has no doctors to fee, and that certainly is great comfort. Bless my soul, how the time slips away! Past nine o'clock and no breakfast yet—wife messing with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school. Nobody thinks of me, starving here all this time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder! that young rascal Tom has carried it off. I dare say, to read in the school, when he ought to be poring over his books. He's a great torment that boy. But no matter; there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and if some vexations and troubles do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away; nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.

Marriage. Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and the saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements, every thing on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affections, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sister to whom she has dared impart every embryo thought and feeling, the brother who has played with her, by turns the counselled, and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate, all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke; every former tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is to be changed, and yet she flies with joy into the untried path before her; buoyed up by the confidence of required love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation of the happiness to come. Then wo to the man who can blight such fair hope—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection at home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired. Wo to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet make no effort to supply their place; for on him be the responsibility of her errors—on him who has first taught her, by his example, to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her with a weakened spirit, and unsatisfied heart, to the wide storms and the wily temptations of a sinful world.

Be Short. We have a *peachant* for brief epistles; they show that the writer has a proper sense of the value of time, and a becoming respect for the feelings of the reader. *Multum in parvo* should be the motto of all correspondents—except, perhaps, young ladies and gentlemen who have nothing else to do. "Be short" was a favorite adage with "Poor Richard," and all the world knows how it is strengthened and confirmed by the practice of all public speakers—as, for example, members of Congress, spouters at ward-meetings, fourth-of-July orators, and other patriotic individuals. A short discourse is a precious thing, but a short letter is still more worthy of laud and veneration—more especially when its rarity is taken into consideration. Mr. Sheridan Knowles is, undoubtedly, one of the best speakers, as well as writers, of the present day. His address to the audience at the Park Theatre on the first night of his appearance in America, was a perfect model; and his answer to the committee who invited him to a public dinner, at Philadelphia, (which took place on Sunday last,) is equally brief and admirable. The ideas could hardly have been conveyed in fewer or more expressive words—*ecce signum:*

"GENTLEMEN—With gratitude, I accept your flattering invitation. Your most obedient servant, J. S. KNOWLES."

The compliment given to Mr. Knowles was richly deserved, was attended by all the latrati of our sister city, and ought to have been preceded by a similar testimonial here. N. Y. Mirror.

Legislation for a wager. By a recent act of parliament, chimney-sweepers are prohibited from giving notice of their presence and vocation as they pass along the streets, by the usual exhibition of their vocal powers. We had supposed that the prohibition was enacted with a special eye to the comfort of morning sleepers, whose dreams are often interrupted by the bawling excitements of the sooty promenaders; but it should seem, from a paragraph in a late English paper, that its origin was a bet. At one of the club-houses, a gentleman boasted that he could get a clause introduced into an act of parliament, of the most absurd nature. Just at that moment a little black urchin squeaked out "sweep, sweep!" under the window. "There," observed one of the company, "stop that nonsense, if you can." "That will," was the reply. A wager was made, and won!

The Niece of George Washington. The story which has been travelling through the newspapers, that a woman had lately applied to be admitted into a poor-house in England, who, it was ascertained, was a niece of General Washington, turns out as we supposed it would, entirely false. A writer in the Winchester Virginian, thus settles it: General Washington had but one niece—my aunt, the late Mrs. Charles Carter, who never was in England, certainly, and I believe never out of her native state, (Virginia,) and who died at my house four years since. N. Y. Mirror.

A Chance for Life. A faggot man carrying a load, by accident brushed against a doctor. The doctor was very angry, and was going to beat him with his fist. "Pray don't use your precious hand, good sir; kick me and welcome." The bystanders asked him what he meant. Says the woodman, "If he kicks me with his foot, I shall recover; but if I once come under his hands, it will be all over with me."

TOM'S THOUGHTS—ITS VALUE. Tom thinks me quite unworthy of his thought, And such a notion makes me nothing grim; For, do you see, I all along have thought, The thought of Tom is only worthy him.

STRAYED from the undersigned, residing in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, in April last, a **DARK BROWN MARE**; five years old last spring; about 15 hands high; saddle marks on the back, and those on the left side considerably the largest; piebald toed; by close observation will discover small white specks on the breast; the color of her feet not recollected; was heavy with foal when she left. Any person returning said mare to the undersigned, or giving information where she may be found, by mail or otherwise, shall be liberally rewarded.

ALEXANDER KINCAID.
Lawrenceburg, Dec. 10, 1834. 49-3

LAND FOR SALE. THE School Section No. 16, in township No. 3, range 1 west, in Dearborn county, will be offered for sale (in lots as described by the trustees) at the court house door in Lawrenceburg, on Friday the 27th day of February, next, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 P. M. where due attendance will be given by HENRY WALKER, School Commissioner. December 16th, 1834. 49-3

INDIANA GAZETTEER. A few copies of this work for sale at this office.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the valuable and highly improved farm, lying on the road leading from Lawrenceburg via Wilmington to Hartford, 2 miles from Wilmington, generally known as the *M'Kittrick* farm, containing 160 acres—60 acres improved, and under good fence—excellent apple-orchard, of choice fruit—good house, barn, out houses, and two wells of never failing water. Possession will be given to any person purchasing at any time after the first of March next. For terms and particulars, apply to the subscriber, residing near the premises.

DAVID M'KITTRICK.

Dec. 18th, 1834. 49-3w

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

RESPECTFULLY 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, Green and Steel Mixt Broad Cloths;

Fancy, Striped and Blue Cassimere;

Dark, Blue and Steel Mixt Cassinets;

Summer Cloth;

French and Brown Irish Linen;

Blue and Mixt Cotton Twills;

Painted Muslin, Ginghams and Calicoes;

Fancy Gauze, Silk & Crape, Deleandress Hank's;

Black and White Crape;

Superior Black Sattin;

Black, Brown, Sky-blue and Brown-watered Silk

Pongee, Black Veils, Plain and Figured

Bobinets; &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

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have received from PHILADELPHIA, a general assortment of

DRY GOODS, HARDWARE,

BOOTS, SHOES, &c. &c.

which they will sell low. N. & G. SPARKS.

October 24th, 1834.

35-1f

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.

Lawrenceburg, Sep. 10, 1834. 35-1f

TAKEN UP BY J. M. PATRICK OF SPARTA, township, Dearborn county, Indiana, on the 26th November last, two Estrays, described as follows: one a CHESNUT SORELL HORSE; shod all round, and the shoes on his

fore feet toed; marked with the harness; the hair rubbed off both hips; a little white on the right hind foot; about fifteen hands high; supposed to be nine years old next spring. Appraised at thirty-five dollars.

The other a BAY MARE; black mane and tail; black legs; shod before; about fifteen hands high; supposed to be twelve years old. Appraised at forty dollars, by Elijah Fuller and John Legg, this 15th of December, 1834. I certify the above to be a true copy from my Estray book.

JOSEPH EWAN, J. P.

Sparta, Dec. 9th, 1834. 49-3w

TAKEN UP ON THE 13TH INST. BY JOHN ROSEBERRY, living in MILLER TOWNSHIP, Dearborn county, Indiana, two horses; one a GRAY, with dark legs; about thirteen hands and a half high; shod before; supposed to be six years old. Appraised to \$35. The other is a DARK BAY; shod before; marked on the back with the saddle; the off hind foot white; supposed to be nine years old; fourteen hands high. No other marks or brands perceptible. Appraised to thirty dollars, by Isaac Jackson and Ezekiel Knapp, this 13th day of December, 1834. I do certify the above to be a true copy from my Estray book.

E. W. JACKSON, J. P. [SEAL.]

Dec. 13th, 1834. 49-3w

16-1f

NOTICE.

ALL those having claims against the Estate of

A. WHALEY WATTS, late of this county deceased, will, between this and the first day of March next, present them to me duly authenticated for settlement.

DANIEL S. MAJOR.

Lawrenceburg, Dec. 2d, 1834. 47-6

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) REPEALING, PATENT LEATHER 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.

JOSEPH GROFF, WHOLESALER AND RET