

LINES WRITTEN IN THE SAND.

In merry boyhood there was one,
Who shared my youthful heart;
We sword no fortune and no fate
Our destinies should part.
But as we twain to manhood grew,
Time broke that golden band,
And proved that mutual oath of ours
Was written in the sand.

YOUTH brought with it a gayer dream—
A fond and lovely one
Smiled on me, till love's ties seemed wound
Too fast to be undone;
Faithful till death we pledged ourselves,
With willing heart and hand;
We lived to know that plighted vow
Was written in the sand.

AMBITION whispered me to trust
His promised path to fame,
And with devotion I essayed
To play his desperate game;
What gained I, but the blasting fire
My own wild hopes had fanned!
Alas, the promise I pursued
Was written in the sand.

WEALTH tempted me with golden hoards,
Her proffers were to me,
Like green and sunny isles to those
Long tossed upon the sea;
I grasped at gain, and, day by day,
New schemes of profit planned;
The lurking phantom proved at last
A writing in the sand.

A crafty FRIEND, in joyous guise,
Upon my sorrows stole,
And with a madd'ning 'susion urged
The pleasures of the bowl;
I listened—wo betide the hour!
'Till friendless, doomed, and hand'd,
I saw the mocking demon's words
Were written in the sand. *Detroit Cour.*

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

"MULTUM IN PARVO."

What're we see, or feel, or touch, or taste,
Amongst the Nouns is by grammarians placed;
The ARTICLES point out the thing itself,
A horse, a tree, an owl, the miser's self;
Whatever qualities these may possess,
Color or form the ADJECTIVES express.
PRONOUNS, of nouns the repetition save,
Imply possession, or distinction crave.

Being, or suffering—doing what we may,
By VERBS alone we can the fact pourtray;
To ADVERBS, verbs great strength or weakness owe,
As, "I love dearly"—or "I scarcely know."
Nearness or distance, agency or place,
By PREPOSITIONS we distinctly trace.
As INTERJECTIONS we can only class
Such sounds as—Oh! or Ah!—alack!—alast!

CONJUNCTIONS join all sentences aright,
As, "I have done, and therefore, now, Good Night." *London paper.*

COURTSHIP.

"O, Laura, will nothing I bring thee
E'er soften those looks of disdain!
Are the songs of affection I sing thee
All doomed to be sung thee in vain!
I offer thee, fairest and dearest,
A treasure the richest I'm worth—
I offer the love, the sincerest—
The warmest e'er glowed upon earth."

But the maiden, a haughty look flinging,
Said, "Cease my compassion to move;
For I'm not very partial to singing,
And they're poor, whose sole treasure is love."

"My name will be sounded in story;
I offer thee, dearest, my name;
I have fought in the proud field of glory;
O, Laura, come share in my fame.
I bring thee a soul that adores thee,
And loves thee wherever thou art—
Which thrills as its tribute it pours thee,
Of tenderness fresh from the heart."

But the maiden said, "Cease to importune;
Give Cupid the use of his wings,
Ah! fame's but a pitiful fortune,
And hearts are such valueless things!"

"O, Laura, forgive if I've spoken
Too boldly—nay, turn not away—
For my heart with affliction is broken;
My uncle died only to-day;
My uncle, the nabob, who tended
My youth with affection and care—
My nephew who kindly befriended,
Has—died—and—has—left—me—his—heir."

And the maiden said, "Weep not, sincerest;
My heart has been yours all along;
O, hearts are of treasures the dearest—
Do, Edward, go on with your song."

From the New York Mirror.

LETTER FROM N. P. WILLIS.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Punishment for conjugal fidelity—drowning in the Bosphorus—frequency of its occurrences accounted for—a band of wild Roumeliotes—their picturesque appearance—Ali Pasha, of Yanina—a Turkish funeral.

A Turkish woman was sacked and thrown into the Bosphorus this morning. I was idling away the day in the bazaar and did not see her. The ward-room steward of the "United States," a very intelligent man, who was at the pier when she was brought down to the caique, describes her as a young woman of twenty-two or three years, strikingly beautiful; and with the exception of a short quick sob in her throat, as if she had wearied herself out with weeping, she was quite calm and submitted composedly to her fate. She was led down by two soldiers, in her usual dress, her yashmack only torn from her face, and rowed off to the mouth of the bay, where the sack was drawn over her without resistance. The splash of her body into the sea was distinctly seen by the crowd who had followed her to the water.

It is horrible to reflect on these summary executions, knowing as we do, that the poor victim is taken before the judge, upon the least jealous whim of her husband or master, condemned often upon bare suspicion, and hurried instantly from the tribunal to this violent and revolting death. Any suspicion of commerce with a Christian, particularly, is, with or without evidence, instant ruin. Not long ago, the inhabitants of Arnonkeni, a pretty village on the Bosphorus, were shocked with the spectacle of a Turkish woman and a young Greek, hanging dead from the shutters of a window on the waterside. He had been detected in leaving her house at day-break, and in less than an hour the unfortunate lover had met their fate. They are said to have died most heroically, embracing and declaring their attachment to the last.

Such tragedies occur every week or two in Constantinople, and it is not wonderful, considering the superiority of the educated and picturesque Greek to his brutal neighbor, or the daring and romance of Europeans in the pursuit of forbidden happiness. The liberty of going and coming, which the Turkish women enjoy, wrapped only in veils, which assist by their secrecy, is temptingly favorable to intrigue, and the self-sacrificing nature of the sex, when the heart is concerned, shows itself here in proportion to the demand for it.

An eminent physician, who attends the seraglio of the sultan's sister, consisting of a great number of women, tells me that their time is principally occupied in sentimental correspondence, by means of flowers, with the forbidden Greeks and Armenians. These platonic passions for persons whom they have only seen from their gilded lattices, are their only amusement, and they are permitted by the sultana, who has herself the reputation of being partial to Franks, and old as she is, ingenious in contrivances to obtain their society. My intelligent informant thinks the Turkish women, in spite of their want of education, somewhat remarkable for their sentiment of character.

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With two English travellers, whom I had known in Italy, I pulled out of the bay in a caique, and ran down under the wall of the city, on the side of the sea of Marmora. For a mile or more we were beneath the wall of the seraglio, whose small water-gates, whence so many victims have found

"Their way to Marmora without a boat."

are beset, to the imaginative eye of the traveller, with the dramatic persons of thousand tragedies. One smiles to detect himself gazing on an old postern, with his teeth shut hard together, and his hair in the calm of a pure, silent, sunshiny morning of September!

We landed some seven miles below, at the Seven Towers, and dismissed our boat to walk across to the Golden Horn. Our road was outside of the triple walls of Stamboul, whose two hundred and fifty towers look as if they were toppling after an earthquake, and are overgrown supererely with ivy. Large trees, rooted in the crevices, and gradually bursting the thick walls, overshadow entirely the once proud turrets, and for the whole length of the five or six miles across, it is one splendid picture of decay. I have seen in no country such beautiful ruins.

At the Adrianople gate, we found a large troop of horsemen, armed in the wild manner of the east, who had accompanied a Roumehote chief from the mountains. They were not allowed to enter the city, and with their horses picketed on the plain, were lying in groups, waiting till their leader should conclude his audience with the seraskier. They were as cut-throat looking a set as painter would wish to see. The extreme richness of eastern arms, mounted showily in silver, and of shapes so cumbersome, yet picturesque, contrasted strangely with their ragged capotes, and torn leggins, and their way-worn and weary countenances. Yet they were almost without exception fine-featured, and of a resolute expression of face, and they had flung themselves, as savages will, into attitudes that art would find it difficult to improve.

Directly opposite this gate stand five marble slabs, indicating the spots in which are buried the heads of *Ali Pasha*, of Albania, his three sons and grandson. The inscription states, that the rebel lost his head for having dared to aspire to independence. He was a brave old barbarian, however, and, as the worthy chief of a most warlike people of modern times, one stands over his grave with regret. It would have been a classic spot had Byron survived to visit it. No event in his travels made more impression on his mind than the pasha's detecting his rank by the beauty of his hands. His fine description of the wild court of Yanina, in *Childe Harold*, has already made the poet's return of immortality, but had he survived the revolution in Greece, with his increased knowledge of the Albanian soldier and his habits, and his esteem for the old chieftain, a hero so much to his taste, would have been his most natural theme. It remains to be seen whether the age or the language will produce another Byron to take up the broken thread.

As we were poring over the Turkish inscription, four men, apparently quite intoxicated, came running and hallooing from the city gate, bearing upon their shoulders dead man in his bier. Entering the cemetery, they went stumbling on over the foot-stones, tossing the corpse about so violently, that the helpless limbs frequently fell beyond the limits of the rude barrow, while the grave-digger, the only sober person, save the dead man, in the company, followed at his best speed, with his pick-axe and shovel. These extraordinary bearers set down their burden not far from the gate, and, to my surprise, walked laughing off like men who had merely engaged in a moment's frolic by the way, while the sexton, left quite alone, composed a little the posture of the disordered body, and sat down to get breath for his task.

My Constantinopolitan friend tells me that the Koran blesses him who carries a dead body forty paces on its way to the grave. The poor are thus carried out to the cemeteries by voluntary bearers, who, after they have completed their prescribed paces, change with the first individual whose reckoning with heaven may be in arrears.

The corpse we had seen so rudely borne on its last journey, was or had been, a middle aged Turk. He had neither shroud nor coffin, but

"Lay like a gentleman taking a snooze,"

in his slippers and turban, the bunch of flowers on his bosom the only token that he was dressed for any particular occasion. We had not time to stay and see his grave dug, and "his face laid toward the tomb of the prophet."

We entered the Adrianople gate, and crossed the triangle, which old Stamboul nearly forms, by a line approaching its hypotenuse. Though in a city so thickly populated, it was one of the most lonely walks conceivable. We met, perhaps, one individual in a street; and the perfect silence, and the cheerless look of the Turkish houses, with their jealously closed windows, gave it the air of a city devastated by the plague. The population of Constantinople is only seen in the bazaars, or in the streets bordering on the Golden Horn. In the extensive quarter occupied by dwelling-houses only, the inhabitants, if at home, occupy apartments opening on their secluded gardens, or are hidden from the gaze of the street by their fine dull-colored lattices. It strikes one with melancholy after the gay balconies and open doors of France and Italy!

We passed the *Eskai serai*, the palace in which the imperial widows wear their chaste weeds in solitude; and, weary with our long walk from the silent streets at the bazaar of wax-candles, and took caique for the *Argentoplis* of the ancients, the "Silver city" of Galatia.

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, aree 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 & Crepe, Deleandress Hank's;

Black and White Crepe;

Superior Black Sattin;

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

Pongee, Black Veils, Plain and Figured Bobinetts; &c. &c.

AN ASSORTMENT OF

Saddlery, Hard & Queensware,

CROSCUT, 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.

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NEW GOODS,

THE subscribers have received from *PHILA-DELPHIA*, a general assortment of

DRY GOODS, HARD WARE,

BOOTS, SHOES, &c. &c.

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

October 24th 1834.

37-1f

SEAL-SKIN & FUR CAPS.

THE subscriber has just received at his HAT

STORE, on High street, 20 dozen *SEAL-SKIN*

& FUR CAPS. Also, a good assortment of

WOOL HATS; all of which will be sold on as

reasonable terms as they can be purchased in the west.

September 19, 1834.

JOSEPH GROFF.

December 22, 1834.

JOHN GODLEY, J. P.

50-8w.

37-1f

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

recorder's fees will have to be issued. All deeds 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.

43-1f

Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Execu-

tions, Summons, Bills of

Lading, and most other

kinds, for sale at this office.

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