

The following lines were written by the late *Frederick Parkes*, on leaving Connecticut, in 1829. They purport to have been penned on board the steamboat in Long Island sound, as she bore him from his native land. The prophetic sigh, 'you see your home no more,' has been verified. He was buried at Cincinnati in 1832.

#### CONNECTICUT.

"My native land, good night."—BYRON.  
The boat swings from the pebbled shore,  
And proudly drives the prow;  
The crested seas roll up before;  
You dark grey land—I see no more,  
How sweet thou seemest now!  
Thou dark grey land, my native land,  
Thou land of rock and pine,  
I'm speeding from the golden sand—  
But can I wave a farewell hand  
To such a shore as thine!  
I gazed upon the gilded cloud  
Which shades thine em'rald sod;  
Thy hills, which freedom's share hath plough'd,  
Which nurse a race that have not bow'd  
Their knee to aught but God—  
Thy mountain floods, which proudly fling  
Their waters to the fall—  
Thy birds, which cut with rushing wing  
Thy sky that greets thy coming spring,  
And thought thy glories small.  
But now ye've sank to yon blue line  
Between the sky and sea,  
I feel, sweet home, that thou art mine,  
I feel my bosom cling to thine—  
That I am part of thee.  
I see thee blighted with the wave,  
As children see the earth  
Close up a sainted mother's grave:  
They weep for her they cannot save,  
And feel her holy worth.  
Thou mountain land—thou land of rock,  
I'm proud to call thee free;  
Thy sons are of the pilgrim stock,  
And nerv'd like those who stood the shock  
At old Thermopylae.  
The laurel wreaths their fathers won,  
The children wear them still;  
Proud deeds those iron men have done—  
They fought and won at Bennington,  
And bled at Bunker Hill.  
There's grandeur in the lightning's stroke  
That rivets the mountain asl;  
There's beauty in the giant oak,  
And rainbow beauty in the smoke  
Where chrysal waters dash.  
There's music in the winter blast,  
That sweeps the hollow glen;  
Less sturdy men would sink agast  
From piercing winds like those thou hast  
To curse them iron men.  
And thou hast gems—ay, living pearls,  
And flowers of Eden hue;  
Thy loveliest are thy bright-eyed girls,  
Of fairy forms and elfin curls,  
And smiles like Hermon's dew;  
They're hearts like those they're born to wed;  
Too proud to nurse a slave;  
They'd scorn to share a monarch's bed,  
And sooner lay their angel head,  
Deep in the humble grave.  
And I have left thee, home, alone,  
A pilgrim from thy shore;  
The wind goes by with hollow moan,  
I hear it sigh a warning tone—  
'You see your home no more!'  
I'm cast upon the world's wide sea,  
Torn like an ocean weed—  
I'm cast away, far—far from thee,  
I feel a thing I cannot be—  
A bruised and broken reed.  
Farewell—my native land—farewell!  
That wave has hid thee now—  
My heart is bound as with a spell—  
This rending pang! Would I could tell  
What ails my throbbing brow!  
One look upon that fading streak  
Which bounds thy eastern sky;  
One tear to cool my burning cheek,  
And then a word I cannot speak—  
'My native land—Good b'y'e!'

#### WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE.

BY W. H. BAYLEY.

Why don't the men propose, mamma?  
Why don't the men propose?  
Each seems just coming to the point,  
And then away he goes.  
It is no fault of yours, mamma,  
That every body knows,  
You sete the finest men in town,  
Yet, oh! they won't propose.  
I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,  
To make a proper match;  
For coronets and eldest sons  
I'm ever on the watch;  
I've hoped when some distingue beau  
A glance upon me throws;  
But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt,  
Alas! he won't propose.

I've tried to win by languishing,  
And dressing like a blue;  
I've bought big books and talked of them  
As if I'd read them through!  
With hair cropped like a man, I've felt  
The heads of all the beaux;  
But Spurzheim could not touch their hearts,  
And oh! they won't propose.

I threw aside the books, and thought  
That ignorance was bliss;  
I felt convinced that men preferred  
A simple sort of miss;  
And so I lisped out naught beyond  
Plain yeses or plain noes,  
And wore a sweet unmeaning smile,  
Yet, oh! they won't propose.

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,  
I heard Sir Harry Gale  
Exclaim, "Now I propose again;"  
I started, turning pale;  
I really thought my time was come,  
I blushed like any rose;  
But oh! I found 'twas only at  
Escarpe he'd propose!

And what is to be done, mamma?  
Oh! what is to be done?  
I really have no time to lose,  
For I am thirty-one;  
At balls I am too often left  
Where ladies sit in rows;  
Why won't the men propose,  
Why won't the men propose?

A wise son and a wiser parent. Erischlin, in his reminiscences, tells us, that once one of his fellow-students, having wasted his allowance, wrote home to his father that he was dead, and begged that money should be sent to defray the expenses of his funeral; and that the father actually sent money for the purpose, in a letter to the son.

Lady D. was going to Scotland, a violent storm arose. Her ladyship was calmly dressing her hair, when the steward knocked at the cabin door—"My lady," said the man, "I think it right to tell you there is every chance of being drowned." "Do not talk to me, you impudent fellow, about drowning!" said her aristocratical ladyship, perfectly unmoved. "What's the Captain's business?"

#### THE WHITE WEASEL.

In the reign of King George III, there lived a boy in London, who was born in the neighborhood of St. Paul's Cathedral, by the name of Curtiss. He was left an orphan child at the age of ten years, destitute—not a penny in the world. The question was with him, although so young, what shall I do? He resolved that he would run errands for any one who would employ him, and early in the morning he sallied forth from the hovel where he had slept the night before in quest of employment. He walked but a few minutes in the strand, near Somerset House, when a gentleman met him, who accosted him thus, "My lad, would you oblige me by carrying this note to Chancery Payne?" at the same time handing the note, with an English shilling, saying, "I will give you this shilling for so doing." Curtiss instantly took the money, and punctually delivered the note to whom directed. On his return he met a poor woman near the Temple Bar, who apparently was in great distress, and although but a boy she solicited charity from him. Curtiss asked the suppliant what it was she had under her arm, to which she replied by showing him a little white kitten; he immediately offered her all the money he had for it, being the shilling he had just earned, with which she was much pleased. Curtiss then set off with his kitten for Charing Cross; on his way thither a gentleman met him near Exeter Change, not far from the Adelphi, who espousing the kitten asked the lad what it was he had under his ragged blanket! Curtiss told him it was a kitten. The gentleman requested to look at it, which he did and examined it most critically, then said he, "my lad, you are very much mistaken, it is no kitten, but a white weasel; will you sell it?" Yes, sir, said Curtiss, what will give for it? Five Guineas, said the gentleman. The kitten, sir, is yours. Curtiss received the money, delivered over the kitten to the stranger, then walked off with his guineas in his pocket. The day following, Curtiss (who by the by, was a very handsome little boy) hastened to Camborne al-ley to procure for himself proper and respectable clothing, that he might appear as well dressed as any of the respectable boys in London, which he fully accomplished with two guineas: Being thus genteelly equipped, and hearing the bells ringing for divine service at White Hall, where King Charles the first was beheaded by that arch hypocrite and tyrant Oliver Cromwell, he repaired thither and paid strict attention to what fell from the lips of the Lord Bishop of Durham, who on that occasion delivered an excellent sermon. On leaving the Royal Chapel a lady apparently of great distinction dropped her white cambric handkerchief which young Curtiss observed as it fell. He instantly picked it up and ran to the carriage just as it was going to drive off, and presented to the owner her handkerchief, (who proved to be her grace the Duchess of Devonshire.) The politeness and gallantry of the boy, was highly pleasing to her grace, and she directed him to take a place in her carriage that she might inquire into his situation and circumstances. The boy most readily accepted of this kind offer, and had the honor of remaining in her Grace's Palace until she placed him in the Westminster school—where by her bounty and goodness he received an excellent education. As he grew up he was distinguished for talents and worth so much so, as to become a member of Parliament, where he did himself great honor, particularly in advocating the abolition of the American slave trade. In the recess of Parliament, Mr. Curtiss visited the watering place at Margate, where by mere accident he fell in company with most beautiful and accomplished young lady, about twenty years of age—by name Deodama, who possessed every grace and virtue that man could wish or desire, to make her happy. On declaring to the fair one his passion; Deodama was equally pleased with Mr. Curtiss, who was of elegant form—grace, manner, and most manly beauty. It was agreed between them that it should be made known to the father of the lady, which was done. The father not only gave his consent to their union, but also settled upon his daughter twenty thousand pounds sterling, and appointed Mr. Curtiss her trustee. On the day of her marriage he put a diamond ring on the finger of his beloved daughter, of the value of two thousand guineas, as a token of his love and affection, which ring had some time previously been presented to him by the great Catharine, Empress of Russia. To Mr. Curtiss he presented a Bank Note of the Bank of England of five thousand pounds, observing at the same time, "Mr. Curtiss, I verily believe that you have the greatest love and esteem for my beloved Deodama, my only child, and she having signified to me her attachment for you, I give her to you for wife. But first I must tell you Mr. Curtiss, that independent of your great worth and talents, you had stronger claims on me for my beloved daughter, than any other gentleman whoresover.

The facts are these—when Deodama communicated to me, that an attachment subsisted between you and her, I immediately applied to her grace the Duchess of Devonshire, your friend and patroness to make some inquiry of her grace into your history and character. The Duchess gave me, with other matters perfectly satisfactory, the most irrefragable proof of your being the identical boy of whom I purchased the White Weasel, near Exeter Change in the strand; out of which I made my fortune, as follows: I disposed of my White Weasel to the great Bashaw of Egypt in exchange for ten thousand heads of opium, which I sold in the old city of Byzantium, which was built by a colony of Athenians (now vulgarly called Constantinople,) to a great tea merchant of Canton, in the East Indies, and received tea and spices of that country in payment of the opium—my tea and spices I shipped, and brought them safe to London, (the queen of all cities) where in a short time after their arrival, I had the good fortune to sell them to a London East India company, for one plumb, alias, one hundred thousand pounds sterling—which was paid me in specie at the Bank of England. Under all these circumstances, Mr. Curtiss, I could not refuse you my beloved daughter, and at my death I shall leave you and her all my fortune, which is a considerable. Go and be happy.

From the New Yorker.

The Vision of Columbus. 'Twas evening! the ship was gliding through the deep calm sea—the green waves were rising brightly—the moon—clear and unclouded was smiling in her silver beams, the billows bounding beneath, and all was still save the lulling dash of the waves against the power of the vessel, as gracefully she wended her way through the trackless waste of waters, proudly surmounting each succeeding billow, and dashing onward still "like a thing of life." At this hour seemingly made for contemplation, Columbus, the discoverer of America, retired to his cabin. He was far from his country, and for ought he knew in the midst of a boundless ocean. His seamen were ready to despair—debating whether it were not best to mutiny; and even himself, fatigued with unremitting and laborious duty of watching, and the numerous other duties of his station, was almost inclined to doubt the issue of his hazardous enterprise. Weared with forming plans to encourage the discontented companions of his voyage, he had half resolved to return, when suddenly as he was meditating on his perplexing situation a form stood before him far more august than those that people the earth. An azure robe bound about her waist, with a brilliant zone of diamonds, a golden casque, with a snowy plume composed her costume; an evergreen wreath was in her hand and silver sandals on her feet. "Glorious being! by what name is it proper to address thee?" he would have said, but the radiant countenance of the stranger abashed him and he was mute. At length the unknown visiter broke the silence: "Fear not, Columbus," she said, "nor be discouraged, thou greatest of mankind; I bring to thee glad tidings. I know thy brilliant scheme—

future fate!—Thou triest a path before untried; thou seekest a land before unsought, nor shall thy search be in vain. A new bright world with precious gold and diamonds of the mine abounding—luxuriant with flowers, fruits and spices, richer and more luxuriant than that Europe's monarchs seek in India's sultry clime: peopled by a stranger race than ever met thy wondering gaze, thou favored man shall find! There new woods, wilds, and glen, in dark confusion mix cities, states and empires, shall in after times arise. There too, Oators shall land, and poets chant Columbus's name immortal! Yes, even now Fame is hovering over thee, to deck her bright coronet on thy brow. This bright laurel wreath I give thee, the pledge of my words most sure, and the type of the more glorious wreath which after ages shall weave for thee!"

"Land! land!" the man at the mast head cries. From her emerald cave in the green sea depths the Genius of America flew. Columbus awoke and the New World in all its strange but brilliant loveliness burst upon his enraptured gaze.

Spanish Women. A gentleman who has travelled, and who appears to have made use of much discrimination, has recorded the result of his studies in reference to the ladies of Spain, as follows:

"Women, in every country, have some peculiar attractions which characterize them. In England you are charmed by the elegance of their shape and the modesty of their behavior; in Germany, by their rosy lips and by the sweetness of their smiles; in France, by their amiable vivacity, which animates all their features. The sensation which you experience at the approach of a handsome Spanish lady, has something so bewitching, that it sets all description at defiance. Her coquetry is less restrained than that of other women. She cares little about pleasing the world in general. She esteems its approbation much more than she courts it; and is perfectly contented with one, if it be the object of her choice.

If she neglects nothing which is likely to carry her point, at least she disdains affectation, and owes very little to the assistance of her toilet. The complexion of Spanish woman never borrows any assistance; art never furnishes her with a color which nature has denied her by placing her under the influence of a burning sun. But with how many charms is she not endowed, as a compensation for her paleness! Where can you find such fine shapes, such graceful movements, such delicacy of features, and such lightness of carriage! Reserved, and sometimes, at first sight, even rather melancholy, when she casts upon you her large black eyes, full of expression, and when she accompanies them with a tender smile, insensibility itself must fall at her feet. But if the coldness of her behavior do not prevent you from paying your addresses to her, she is as decidedly mortifying in her disdain, as she is seducing when she permits you to hope. In this last case she does not suffer you to be long in suspense; and perseverance is followed by success. The bonds of a handsome Spanish woman are less pleasant to support than difficult to avoid. Their caprices, the natural offspring of a lively imagination, are sometimes obstinate and absurd. But it is not easy to reconcile with these transient humors the constancy of most of the Spanish women in their attachment. The infatuation which they occasion, and which they experience, so different from all extreme situations that do not last long, is often prolonged beyond the ordinary time; and I have seen in this land of ardent passions more than one lover die of old age.

Modesty and Merit. No one ever possessed superior intellectual qualities without knowing them—the alliteration of modesty and merit is pretty enough; but where merit is great, the veil of that modesty you admire, never disguises its extent from its possessor. It is the proud consciousness of certain qualities, which it cannot reveal to the every day world, that gives to genius that shy, and reserved, and troubled air, which puzzles and flatters you when you encounter it. Do not deceive yourself vain wording, by the thought that the embarrassed manner of you great man, is a sign that he does not know his superiority to you—that which you take for modesty, is but the struggle of self-esteem. He knows but too oppressively how immeasurably greater he is than you, and is only disconcerted because in the places where you encounter him, he finds himself suddenly descended to your level. He has no conversation, he has no thoughts, he has no intercourse with such as you; it is your littleness that disconcerts him, not his own!

Nothing New under the Sun. An old paragraph from an English journal is going the rounds, in which it is alleged that Warren Hastings, when governor-general of India, found in the district of Benares a subterranean vault, containing a printing-press of antique and singular fashion, with moveable types upon it, set as if ready for printing; and that from the best information that could be obtained, the discoverers were of opinion that the vault had been closed for at least a thousand years! It is scarcely to be credited that an art so peculiarly fitted to perpetuate itself, should ever be lost to the knowledge of mankind.

Clerical error. An ignorant priest celebrating mass, finding in the rubric, "sulta per tria," meaning "skip three," (that is, three pages,) took three leaps in front of the altar, to the astonishment of the congregation.

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, areae  
and Steel Mix Broad Cloths;  
Fancy, Striped and Blue Cassimere;  
Blue, Brown and Steel Mix Cassinets;  
Summer Cloth;  
French and Brown Irish Linen;  
Blud and Mixt Cotton Twills;  
Painted Muslin, Ginghams and Calicos;  
Fancy Gause, Silk & Crape, Delean dress Hank's;  
Black and White Crape;  
Superior Black Satin;  
Black, Brown, Sky-blue and Brown-watered Silk  
Pongee, Black Veils, Plain and Figured  
Bobinets; &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 BBL'S. 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 24, 1834.

12

BLANKS OF DIFFERENT KINDS

#### 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 saucier, 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.

15-1f

#### E. S. BUSH

HAS lately received an addition to his former stock, which makes on hand a very general assortment of

Fall and Winter Goods.

which he is anxious to dispose of.

HE HAS ALSO TO SELL,

A ONE HORSE DEARBORN.

A PAIR OF SECOND HAND HARNESS.

PATENT BALANCES, (drawing six hundred.)

Lawrenceburg, Oct. 23, 1834.

41-1f

Lumber for Sale.

750,000 feet of Boards,

20,000 do. Scantling,

350,000 Shingles,

On hand and for Sale by

WM. TATE.

N. B. All those indebted to me for lumber are

requested and expected to make immediate payment.

W. T.

Lawrenceburg, Sept. 25th, 1834.

37-1f

STRAYED FROM the undersigned, residing in Lawrenceburg township, Dearborn county, Indiana, in April last,