

This book is now new, and the writing is plain,  
For each penman endeavours to please;  
Not a soil, or a blot, or a trifling stain,  
But thine eye could discover with ease.

But the time will soon come when the book will grow old,  
And the writing be faded with age,  
When thou'lt search, but in vain, for its binding of gold,  
Or the gloss on its now polished page.

Then, then shall thine eye, now so brilliant and clear,  
Be dim'd by the finger of time;  
And a seam shall be left by each quick passing year  
On that fair rounded forehead of thine.

And feeble thy step, now so graceful and light,  
Thy voice and thy hearing shall fail,  
And the dark gossy locks shall be sprinkled with white,  
And thy cheeks shall be shrivelled and pale.

And thy form shall be bent, and thou'lt lean on a staff,  
Or the arm of a friend young and fair;  
Who'll be biting her lips to stifle a laugh  
At the old-fashioned dress thou'lt wear.

From thy window-seat, at the close of the day,  
Thou'lt gaze on the passing throng;  
The young and the rich, in their dresses gay;  
And the poor, with their joke and song.

Gaze on, gaze on, till thy pilgrimage ends,  
As the crowd rolls on like a wave;  
But thou'lt gaze in vain for thy friends;  
They are sleeping the sleep of the grave!

Yet, one thou'lt see midst the young and fair,  
Bem double with age and pain;  
He's limping about in the evening air,  
Supported by crutch and by cane.

Tap, tap, at thy window, and bid him come in;  
For the evening is humid and cold,  
No pride of sixteen would think it a sin  
To tap for a cripple so old.

And I'll come at thy bidding, and wheel out a chair,  
And we'll talk of our ailments awhile;  
Together we'll share all our troubles and care,  
And cover them over with a smile.

Then, with many a slow, wise shake of the head,  
We'll mumble of times that are pass'd;  
We'll read o'er the list of the friends that are dead,  
And grieve that we're left to the last.

EQUALITY.

I dream'd, that bury'd in my fellow clay,  
Close by a common beggar's side I lay;  
And as so mean a neighbor shock'd my pride,  
Thus like a corpse of common sense I cried:  
"Accord me begone! and henceforth touch me not,  
More manners leave; and at a distance rot."  
"How, scoundrel?" in a haughty tone, cried he:  
"Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words and thee.  
Here all are equal; now thy case is mine;  
This is my rotting-place, and that is thine."

From the New-England Galaxy.

THE PARTNERS—OR ABOVE & BELOW.

A Tale of Common Life.

BY H. HASTING WELD.

NEW STORE. Smith & Brown respectfully inform the public that of Cedarville and vicinity, and their friends generally, that they have taken the Store on Main-street, a few doors from the Meeting-house, where they have on hand and for sale, every description of goods, at prices as low as at any other place, city or country.

The above, with the usual abundant sprinkling of Italics, capitals, and full-faced type, was the only new advertisement in the columns of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser, on the morning of the 20th of May, 1835. 'Who is Smith & Brown?' inquired the old ladies of the village, as their eyes wandered from the record of the deaths to the advertisement below; and 'Who is Smith & Brown?' echoed the young ladies, who, after studying the Hymeneal record, also glanced at the advertisement. Methinks the reader is inquiring too, 'Who the deuce are Smith & Brown, introduced by you so abruptly?' Patience, sir, if sir you be, (if madame, it is of no use to preach patience,) patience, and you will in proper time become acquainted with the PARTNERS.

Smith & Brown had decided to connect themselves in business, and astonish the natives of some country town, with a store a touch above any thing of the kind out of the limits of the metropolis. Cedarville happened to be the place pitched upon, and so rapidly was their migration effected, and the business of 'opening' performed, that until they were ready for customers, not more than half the women within ten miles of their store knew that such a thing was in contemplation. The Cedarville Universal Advertiser had the merit for once of containing something of which the universe was not previously advised; and the goings of Cedarville became nearly distracted that such a match had been stolen upon them. They therefore readily fell in with the opinion of Old Pimento at the old stand, that 'the new store sprouted up like a mushroom in a night, and would be making a fail before they knew it.' Commence business without making six months' preparatory talk! the thing was preposterous and unprecedented. But they succeeded, nevertheless. The young women had become tired of shopworn commodities, especially when sold by a crusty old Benedict, and the temptation of new goods, and the new faces of two young bachelors was irresistible. All the influence of the Editor of the Universal Advertiser was on the side of the new store, for the trader at the old one never could be persuaded that in a town where there was but one store, there was any need of advertising—and even now that there were two, he would not enter into an advertising battle with the new comers, whose advertisements added some ten dollars to the annual income of the Advertiser, no inconsiderable item, by the way, in the receipts of a country Editor. For this sum they were allowed a square, which, in the country, means a page of the paper.

Awful was the schism created in Cedarville by the 'New Store!' Old Mr. Pimento stopped his paper, because 'he liked an independent press,' and the Advertiser had the impudence to publish Smith & Brown's advertisements, to his manifest injury. Smith is the general idea of newspaper dependence—subscribers like to see the Editor untrammelled, and therefore relieve him of the cumber of their names, upon less grievous causes than that which induced Mr. Pimento to discontinue the Cedarville Universal Advertiser. The old ladies sided with Mr. Pimento, and the young ones belonged to the other faction, and the men stood neutral, or moved as moved by wife, daughter, or wife intended. Such was the posture of affairs in the town of Cedarville, the parties alternately going up and down, as best bargains, when affairs began to come upon the carpet more directly interesting to Smith & Brown, and therefore to the readers of our veritable history. The star of the young firm had been for some days on the ascendant, and after a good day's work, both partners waited in the store, as if each had something to tell the other, with which it would not answer to trust any walls but their own.

Each made awkward work of his communication, but we, like a sensible historian, shall avoid recording their stammering preface, and state that each had come to the conclusion that when it was said that 'tis not good for man to be alone—partnerships in business were not the only associations deemed necessary by the apostle. Though Satan is ever fond of rebuking sin—yet neither party could condemn the other for the intended sin of matrimony in the abstract; but each thought his disapprobation of the other.

'Humph!' said Smith to himself, 'Brown is determined to throw himself away upon that low-bred dowdy! She is as poor as she isavaricious.'

'Well,' said Brown, as he shrugged one shoulder—'Smith may yoke himself to purse-pride and expectation, if he will. It's no business of mine.'

'And so they parted for the night. \* \* \* \* \*

'MARRIED—In B—, by Rev. Mr. Thumpus-

ion, Mr. John Smith, of Cedarville, senior partner in the firm of Smith & Brown, to Miss Ann Matilda, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Ingott, of B—.

In C—, Mr. David Brown, of Cedarville, junior partner in the firm of Smith & Brown, to Miss Mary Tidd.'

Another feather floated in the cap of the Editor of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser—for the above interesting item of intelligence beamed first upon Cedarville through its columns, so silently had every thing been conducted. In dilating upon the square inch of cake which accompanied the manuscript notice, he gave birth to the only original editorial which had appeared in his columns since, six weeks before, Mr. Black's boy had supplied a 'Narrow Escape' by cutting his finger with a case knife. The effect of the announcement upon the inhabitants of Cedarville was the breaking up in a great measure of the party divisions. The old ladies were indignant that the news burst upon the community without giving them even a nibble of it in advance of the general promulgation; the unengaged young ladies, each of whom had secretly, and in her own mind, appropriated one of the firm to herself, began to have manifest leaning to the Pimento party; and the married and engaged young ladies, who stuck to the firm in hopes of 'invites' to their parties, were in the minority. Things began to look squally, when, as is often the case in emergencies, a something was found to stem the current, and save the falling fortunes of the house of Smith & Brown. Faster than the slow heels of the carrier boy circulated the Cedarville Universal Advertiser about the village, the intelligence flew orally, that Smith & Brown 'were giving a treat.' This at once formed a new accession to the New Store party, as every man in a New-England village in 1835, would drink where liquor ran without price, and every boy would be on hand to eat the sugar from the bottom of the tumblers, and suck the toddy sticks and long to be men—that being as near to drinking as boys were permitted to go—their elders sagely backing their own examples by warning boys not to drink spirits. (They manage these things better now-a-days.) The Editor gained great credit for an *impromptu* toast, concocted during all the night before, in which he hoped the 'House of Smith & Brown' would fare none the worse for having taken *sleeping partners*. Old Pimento, who had found his way into the store for the first time, went home growling that they would 'spoil the trade if they did not reduce their spirit more.' Upon reaching his own store, he put another gallon of alcohol into each of his bar casks of water and alcohol, swept a peck of flies from out of his shop windows, and blew some the dust off his shelves.

'Will they give a party, I wonder?' Here the Cedarville Universal Advertiser could not forestall the women, who are the exclusive vendors of this sort of news; and the women got hold of circumstantial evidence that at Smith's house something was in embryo. He had sent and bought eight quarts of milk of one neighbor, and his 'help' had brought another's hearts and rounds? 'Shall I get an invite?' was the next question—but the worthy folks were kept but a little while in suspense. The shop-boy of Smith & Brown soon left printed 'invites' at every house in the village, not even excepting those of the Pimentoites and that of old Pimento himself. Business like, these invitations were issued in the name of the firm. \* \* \* \* \*

As old Pimento was spelling out the Cedarville Universal Advertiser, (for since the Editor had returned to his allegiance, he had again subscribed) he chucked over the following notice: 'All persons indebted to John Smith, are notified that his books and accounts are assigned to Cressus Ingott, to whom immediate payment must be made. Creditors may become parties by signing the assignment.' 'Holla, neighbor,' shouted he to a passer-by who had been one of the New Store party, 'why can't you tell me how Smith & Wife sell London Prints?' Smith & Wife's Store had become the cant term.

Years had passed. Two persons accidentally met on 'Change. There was a look of uncertain recognition.

'Brown?' 'Smith?'

A hearty shaking of hands followed.

'How is your lady, Brown?'

'Well.' She has become acquainted with Mr. Waverley.'

'And mine has forgotten her hysterics.'

The four met at the city residence of Mr. Brown, who had by industry become possessed of a decent property. Smith, also, taught wisdom by his reverses, had retrieved his pecuniary affairs. The husbands came from the library together. 'Ladies,' said Smith, 'we have entered again into copartnership. Matilda, do you think you can invite that hateful Mrs. Brown to my house?'

'Mary,' said Brown, 'are you afraid of Mrs. Smith, now?' It was over. Old Pimento, who had lingered the last of the guests, as if determined to do his full share in eating out the substance of the young men, had at last taken his hat. Mr. and Mrs. Smith sat alone.

'My dear,' said the lady, 'I do not see why you would invite all that *cannibal* to our house.'

'Policy, Matilda. I wish to become popular with the Cedarville people.'

'Well, Mr. Smith, I don't like to be bored to death. I hope you have not so soon forgot my feelings and my standing in society. My father, Mr. Ingott, was never so anxious to please the rabble.'

'Mrs. Smith, I hope you have not so far forgot my interest as to stand in the way of my business.'

The distant jingle of your father's gold will not support us.'

Mrs. Ann Matilda Smith sobbed hysterically.

\* \* \* \* \*

'David,' said Mrs. Brown to her husband, as they walked home, 'I am afraid I have done you no credit to-night. You know I always told you I was unused to society.'

'Why, Mary, I thought to-night you succeeded to admiration with the villagers; mothers and daughters.'

'Oh yes, and I have a great many pressing invitations to visit them. But I am dreadfully afraid of Mrs. Smith. She came and sat by me to-night, and said something about the 'Great Unknown.' I didn't make any answer, and then she said that Waverley alone, is enough to set him up. What did she mean, David? Is there to be another store in the village? I'm sure I'm sorry if there is. I told her I did not know Mr. Waverley.'

Brown gently explained her mistake to her. It was a bitter evening in conclusion, for both partners—one had to drive away his wife's hysterics, and so rapidly was their migration effected, and the business of 'opening' performed, that until they were ready for customers, not more than half the women within ten miles of their store knew that such a thing was in contemplation. The Cedarville Universal Advertiser had the merit for once of containing something of which the universe was not previously advised; and the goings of Cedarville became nearly distracted that such a match had been stolen upon them. They therefore readily fell in with the opinion of Old Pimento at the old stand, that 'the new store sprouted up like a mushroom in a night, and would be making a fail before they knew it.'

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'MARRIED—In B—, by Rev. Mr. Thumpus-

Your partner! I don't see why you need such a partner. You don't want his capital certainly.'

'His capital is experience. He owns nothing, but receives a share of the profits for his services.'

'Indeed! Well I'm sure you can hire a good clerk cheaper and not be obliged to court him nor his ignorant wife. I wish you would dissolve, Mr. Smith. I don't like the idea of finding Brown capital to trade upon.'

Poor Smith! \* \* \* \* \*

'DISSOLUTION. The connection in business herefore existing under the firm of Smith & Brown, is this day by mutual consent dissolved.'

'Mutual?' Yes, that's the word where a strong man kicks a weaker out of doors, and the above is a literal transcript from the Cedarville Universal Advertiser.

One of the *sleeping partners* had upset the house, thus making our editorial friend's toast as *mal-a-propos* as were his editorials. Mr. Brown, and his poor ignorant wife made their round of calls—stepped into the stage, with light hearts and a purse which honest gains had pretty well ballasted, and bid adieu to Cedarville. Nothing worthy of note occurred at their departure, except that the Editor of the Cedarville Advertiser stopped the stage before his door, to ask Brown if he might not send him the paper—to which he, the said Brown, maliciously answered, that he would pay him the price of it if he would keep it away. Mr. Editor, as a guardian of the public morals was not profanely inclined, but he could not on this occasion help giving his opinion that Brown 'was a d—d uncivil fellow, and as illiterate as his wife.' Every body in the village regretted their departure, except Mrs. Smith, Mr. Editor, and old Pimento. The latter had reason to be pleased, for Brown's withdrawal would, he knew, essentially weaken the New Store faction.

SALE of the property belonging to said estate will take place on the 21st day of March next, at 12 o'clock M. at the residence of the subscriber.

JABEZ PERCIVAL, Adm'r.

Feb. 14, 1835. 5-ts

VALUABLE PROPERTY

AT PRIVATE SALE.

200 Acres of first rate Bottom Land, situated

below Laughery Creek, five miles from the Rising

Sun, and 2 from Aurora, bounded by the State road

leading from Lawrenceburg to the Rising Sun—

lands of Abiah Hays and the subscriber. Said land

is covered with timber which will much more than

pay for clearing, and is ready sale on the river bank.

A further description is unnecessary, as those wish-

ing to purchase can view for themselves by calling

on the subscriber, living near the premises on Laughery Creek, half a mile from its mouth.

STEPHEN S. SPEAKMAN.

Feb. 27, 1835. 5-ts

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of administration having been grant-

ed to the subscriber on the Estate of SAN-

FORD FULLER, dec'd, late of Dearborn county,

Indiana: all persons indebted to said estate, are

hereby requested to make immediate payment, and

all persons having claims against said estate,

to present the same properly attested within the time

prescribed by law—as final settlement will be made