

THE FEMALE OPIUM-EATER.

There was a noble lady, as fair as fair could be, And when she did what'er she pleased, a gentle dame was she; But when come off'd, her dark eye told of rage within restrained. And she ceased to be a gentle dame—until her point she gain'd.

Her lover in the city dwelt, full three hundred leagues away; Her uncle bade her spurn the youth—Oh! how could she obey!

She nightly wept, and never slept; at length she thought she'd try.

An opium draught, which ev'ry morn her page went forth to buy.

"Why daily goes thy page to town?" her noble uncle cries; "To seek the doctor's shop, says she, 'where opium-draughts he buys.'

"What need hast thou of opium-draughts?"—"I'd fain forget the past."

"And all my former foolishness is fading from me fast."

The uncle smiled, well pleased at this, and walk'd away content;

And unmoled to the town the page was daily sent;

And daily from the town he brought a bottle of small size;

His lady snatch'd it from his hand, and bore away the prize.

She bore it to her secret bower, and then she turned the key,

And there were none her words to hear, and none her acts to see;

She daily round the bottle found a short sweet sentence traced,

She broke the seal, and then began unfolding it in haste,

And then she read with throbbing heart, (love's ardor never stops!)

Till she devoured the contents (the writing, not the drops:)

And daily from her casement high the opium-draughts did flow.

Till on a shelf stood fifty empty bottles in a row!

Upon that grim and ghastly row the lady's maid did gaze;

The footman to their bollowness a wondering glance did raise;

The page who saw them, simpering, said, 'Alas! 'tis prettily clear

If she takes so much doctor's stuff, she will not long be here.'

Her uncle saw the bottles, too, and saw them with affright;

He counted them—he scarcely could believe he counted right!

"The dose too strong—thou'llt dose too long; at counsel do not scoff;

Some night, my dear, a drop too much may chance to take thee off!"

Next morn the page went early forth along the well-known track,

And soon with the composing draught compositely rode back;

A doctor, (it was rumored,) muffled up was by his side,

But one beneath the doctor's cloak a soldier's garb espied!

That night (by medical advice) the dame tried change of air!

This bulletin her uncle read next morning in despair—

"The dear departed owns your warning words were true enough,

By bottle number fifty-one your niece was taken off!"

From the New Yorker.

TO A DYING GERANIUM.

And must thou die, my precious flower?

In thy first stage of beauty must thou die,

Ere the young blossoms yield, with silent power,

Their incense to the summer-tinted sky?

Child of the morning! can no charm delay

The parting spirit?—I have brought thee tears,

And nursed thy sickly form from day to day,

And watched thee with alternate hopes and fears;

But all in vain—Despair must now prevail—

Thy fate is sealed—thy brow is cold and pale.

I love thee more, sweet one, that thou wert brought

From Chelsen's blooming gardens—that the light

Of lovely eyes, which there thy green leaves caught,

Made their dark borders more intensely bright,

And gave them deeper fragrance!—Oh! thou art

My talisman, sweet flower, forsake me not!

Thou art the sunbeam of my darkened heart,

And bring'st the past to cheer the present lot.

Thou bring'st me smiles and music—stay, Oh! stay,

Nor bear dear Memory's brightest scenes away.

But yet thou canst not; for the frost hath chilled

Life's gushing fountain, and thy drooping frame

No warmth revives—alas! alas! the same

Is the wrung spirit when Despair hath fill'd

Each avenue of Hope—no voice may wake,

No power unlock the heart's encrusted cell;

But like the reed which the wild whirlwinds shake

It bows in silence, with the dust to dwell.

This lot, oh beautiful! this lot is thine,

And many others—may it ne'er be mine!

Sheshequin, Pa. Jan. 1835. J. H. K.

A BASHFUL WOMAN.

BY M. M. NOAH.

Little did we think when, a few days ago, we recounted the miseries of a bashful man, and actually wrote an advertisement for him for a wife, (by-the-by, he has got her,) that we should be favored with the distresses of a bashful woman; but so it is—"the evils that flesh is heir to" are by no means confined to the masculine gender; and the saying is as true as it is trite, that "we all have our troubles."

Among the letters which each mail brings to our desks, I opened one in a delicate female hand-writing, such a one as cannot well be mistaken for a man's—a little round hand, cleanly written, and neatly folded, and sealed with a purple medallion wafer. I always open such first, as it were by instinct. The lady, with whom I had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance, after sundry compliments to taste, ingenuity, etc., gave me an invitation to call at her house, and examine some choice specimens of wax flowers, etc. etc. which herself and sisters had manufactured for some charitable fair or other.

I am always at the service of the ladies—whether to see their paintings, examine their handy needle-work, hear the recitations of those who wish to follow the stage, or listen to the vocalist who desires an engagement for the opera.

Her exhibition of wax flowers, of needle-work, scrap-tables, etc. etc. was really creditable to her taste, ingenuity and application; and after some desultory conversation on modern education and pursuits—something about the *Lucretias*, *Portias*, etc. etc. of old, she broke forth thus:

"Apropos of the retiring habits and unobtrusive modesty of those illustrious females, I read the other day some remarks in your paper, very pointed and appropriate, concerning a bashful man; now, has it ever occurred to you that there are situations in life very embarrassing to us females; and that if there be any bashful men with cause, there are powerful ones calculated also to make bashful women?"

"So, so," said I to myself, "it is something more melting than wax which I am fated to listen to. Why, yes, madam, there are many situations in life, accidental or natural, which must be very embarrassing to a lady; but still they are to be overcome by perseverance and address; but embarrassment does not always imply bashfulness."

"Very true; but they are very nearly related, and run so naturally into each other, that a separation is as difficult as a matrimonial divorce. Your applicant for a wife was put to his trumpet from the simple fact that he had no female acquaintance at all; now there are many females who have abundance of male friends and admirers, but who are still from many causes far removed from the chances of matrimony."

"Name que, madam," said I, "and we must attempt to remove it."

"Can you Editors be trusted with a secret?"

"Oh, assuredly; we are as secret as women, and as close as a double cylinder printing-machine."

"Ring the bell for some refreshments, it is near two o'clock. You must know that there are three of us sisters, all spinsters—not old, nor, as you will say, if you have any gallantry, ill-favored. We have all had good educations; English at Mrs. Okill's, French and dancing at Madame Chegaray's. Our father, a dear good soul, indulges us in every reasonable desire; dressing in the fashion, and of the best; the opera, comedy, the assemblies, and a grand party or two every year; but our evening soirees are the most sociable, comfortable and rational; tea and toast, musick and singing, a quad-

rille or two, sandwich and negus, conversation and reading, until nearly eleven, when our beau take leave. Now our father is a business man; up at daybreak, and seldom at leisure until after dark; his head, of course, filled with all kinds of business speculations. It is our wish that when he comes home at night, he should forget the business of the day, and like a man of the world skim over the surface of every other topic but business, but, alas! it is the never ending, never dying passion. If he finds me sincerely engaged in a conversation with a young gentleman, whom I like and who I hope likes me, just at the moment when we are beginning to be sentimental and somewhat confidential; when he earnestly talks, and I seriously listen, father thrusts his benevolent phiz between us and begins—

"Well, any arrival this evening! wind quite fair—had a good day's work—country merchants tumbling in—let them come—plenty of goods—take any kind of money now, aint particular—how are you off for French goods? I'm picking up a few cases—I think I smell a fight, and had better be prepared—canals will soon be open—transportation somewhat reduced—hope our country friends will be prepared wish the needful—we must accommodate them, however, eh!"

Thus, sir, he interrupts us at a most critical moment, and turns a tide of conversation, which is probably flowing through a bed of roses, over the rugged and pebbly path of business. French goods, calicoes, chalys, and calamancos—how provoking!"

"My dear madam, and why not expostulate with him on such *malaprop* interruptions?"

"I have done so a hundred times, but he contends that if girls expect husbands, they must keep the young men at a distance, and the more they advance the more we should recede; then he continually quotes from scripture the examples of the modest, bashful and admirable wives of the patriarchs."

"Well, could you not explain that to his satisfaction?"

"Could I not? indeed I did so; for the other evening I flatly denied his position, and ran up stairs for the old family bible and read the following to him in corroboration of my opinion:

"And they called Rebecca, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? and she said, I will go."

"There, father, there you have it," said I; the dear, honest, unspoiled girl! no silly bashfulness—no wavering, hesitating inclinations; she comes up to the mark like a girl of the world at once, and says to the man of her heart, 'I will go.'

"Well, this pothered him a little!"

"No, not at all; he attempted to explain it away to suit his own interpretation; in short, it is indeed very embarrassing to us, and really makes me as bashful as your friend who advertised for a wife."

The lady was right; and her ease is not a singular one, and I reflected upon it as I walked home to dinner. More good matches are spoiled than are made in this world; and if, as it is said, matches are made in heaven, the good angel whose breath is about to fan the spark into a flame, is frequently disappointed by the raven wings and croaking voice of the evil spirit. Many a clever fellow is driven from the presence of the girl he loves by the caprice of a father or mother, or the prejudice of a brother, or the unconquerable aversion of an old maiden aunt; one finds fault with his family—the other thinks he is not devoted to business—a third considers him unfashionable, and a fourth declares him to be unpolished. Every member of the family has some prejudice to indulge—some defect to point out—as if they were to marry the man, and not the party most interested. Girls must be discreet in making their choice, and fathers reasonable in giving their consent. Too much must not be expected on either side; something must be left to the doctrine of chances, for perfection is unreasonable. If, therefore, parents will not allow girls to choose for themselves, neither will they choose for them, at least, they should not allow unnecessary obstacles to be thrown in the way of a fair choice or a fair chance.

N. Y. Evening Star.

SPECIMENS OF A NEW DICTIONARY.

English Language. A mixture, consisting principally of bad French and worse Italian. See any modern fashionable novel.

Interesting. Any thing eminently disagreeable, as an execution, a murderer, or an abusive volume of travels.

Immortality. A thing bestowed by self-elected critics; so common as not to be worth having.

A rich man. One who sells goods on commission, and whose income keeps him in credit with his tailor and barber.

Servants. People who are fed and paid for making other people uncomfortable.

Argument. A series of positive assertions and denials, ending in a quarrel.

Publ. Spirit. Readiness to do any thing which is likely to prove lucrative.

Onibus. A machine designed to make jobs for the surgeons and coroner.

Drumatic excellence. Whatever is done by any popular actor or actress.

Distinguished gentleman. Any body who will allow his name to be used by a quack of any kind—from a dentist to a dancing-master.

Penitence. The regret occasioned by discovery and punishment.

Schoolmaster. The most ill-used and unfortunate of mankind.

Public Opinion. Whatever is advanced by three newspapers.

Popularity. The privilege of being abused and slandered.

Wu. A talent for uttering old jokes with a grave face.

Boots. Contrivances to make walking a torment.

Morality. Sinning with prudence and secrecy.

Respectability. Five thousand dollars a year.

Talent. Friendly relations with editors.

Origin of Day and Martin's Blacking. "Mr. Day was a hair dresser in a humble way, and was then, as he now is, benevolent and charitable in the extreme. One day a soldier entered his shop, and stated that he had just landed from an expedition, and had a long march before him, to reach his regiment; that his money was gone, and nothing but sickness, fatigue, and punishment awaited him, unless he could get a lift on a coach. The worthy barber presented him with a guinea, when the grateful soldier exclaimed, 'God bless you, sir—how can I ever repay this? I have nothing in this world, except—a recipe for blacken: it is the best ever seen; many a half-guinea have I had for it from the officers, and many bottles have I sold; may you be able to get something for it to repay this you have given to the poor soldier—your kindness I never can either repay or forget.' Mr. Day, who was a shrewd man, inquired into the truth of the story, tried the blacking, and finding it good, commenced the manufacture and sale of it, and realized the fortune he now possesses; but we believe no one can say that he ever deceived or wronged a human being; and his charities, particularly the almshouses near Edgeware, will make him for ages to come, what he certainly always has been, a *shining character*, and a lesson to this and future generations what industry can do in this wealthy and happy country, from the smallest beginnings.

Oracle of Health.

Tailing a Lawyer. Oglander, in his memoirs of the Isle of Wight, written in 1790, gives the following record: I have heard, and partly known it to be true, that not only heretofore was there no lawyer nor attorney in Wight, but in Sir George Cary's time, 1588, an attorney coming to settle there, was, by his command, and with a pound of candles hanging at his back, lighted, with bells about his legs, hunted out of the island.

Matrimonial Disappointment. On Monday last, a middle-aged couple, from the neighborhood of Apperley Bridge, presented themselves at the altar in the parish church of Bradford, for the purpose of being bound in matrimony's silken chains, when to the astonishment, or rather the amusement of the spectators, and the grievous disappointment of the fair one, the intended bridegroom (who it was evident had partaken too freely of the juice of Sir John Barleycorn,) declared off, saying that he had a good mother still living, who made him very comfortable, and he thought it "too bad" to desert her in her old age. The parties immediately left the church—the maid, in high dudgeon, went homeward, and the swain, with some companions, to a neighboring public-house, where, from the sacrifices which he made to the jolly god, he soon forgot both mother and intended. It may please the curious to learn that this amiable pair have endured a courtship of fifteen years. Query, which has been the woor!

Leeds paper.

JOSEPH GROFF,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Hat Manufacturer;

HAVING recently removed his establishment, from Elizabethton, Ohio, to Lawrenceburg, Indiana, will inform his former friends and customers, and the public in general, that his manufactory is now in full operation, on High street, one door above Jesse Hunt's Hotel; where he will be