

## LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE SCENE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Let's take this world as some wide scene,  
Through which its frail but buoyant boat.  
With skies now dark and now serene,  
Together thou and I must float,  
Beholding oft, on either shore,  
Bright spots where we should love to stay—  
But Time flies swift his flying oar,  
And on we speed, far, far away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,  
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower  
Sit closer still the storm is gone,  
And smiling wait a sunnier hour.  
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,  
But happy, while 'tis thine and mine,  
Complain not when it fades away.

So reach we both, at last that fall  
Down which life's currents all must go;  
The dark, the brilliant, destined all  
To sink into the void below.

Nor e'en that hour shall want its charms,  
If, side by side, still fond we keep,  
And calmly in each other's arms,  
Together linked go down to sleep,

## TELL HER I LOVE HER YET.

A correspondent of the *Charleston Courier* has furnished the following reply to Miss Pardon's exquisite little song, published originally in the *New York Mirror*, "Tell him I love him yet."

Tell her I love her yet,  
With an unchanging soul,  
Oh! how can I forget  
When memory spurns control.

Tell her the by-gone time  
Oft seeks my curtained sleep;  
If dreams of her be crime,  
My guilt is dark and deep!

Tell her I'd strive for fame,  
If 'twere my truth to prove!  
And win a noble name,  
Were my reward her love.

But sh! the laurel now,  
With all its glorious state,  
Would bind an aching brow,  
And mock my cruel fate.

Tell her no happy smile  
May now my cheek illumine!  
Say, can the dead the while,  
Life's warm, warm glow resume?

Tell her I hope no more,  
But still my faith retains—  
The vow to her I swore  
I'll never swear again.

Tell her, her prayer for me,  
Is lifted not alone;  
Mine, too in heaven shall be  
Warm-hearted as her own.

Tell her, when welcome death,  
Shall call me hence to part,  
Her name shall have my breath,  
Her image light my heart.

From the Liverpool Albion.

## REPLY TO A CHARGE OF FORGETFULNESS.

Was human life e'er free from care?  
Is sorrow unknown from our birth?

To perfect bliss our lot to share,  
Or is it known upon this earth?

If such hath been, or still may be,

Then—then—I will forget you.

Did mother e'er forget her child?

Or miser e'er forget his pelf?

The nightingale its woodnotes wild?

Or selfish man—forget himself?

If such hath been, or such may be,

Then—then—I will forget you.

Has Summer ever bloomed in vain?

Or Autumn unproductive been?

Does Spring's sweet freshness still remain?

Is Winter ever robed in green?

If such hath been, or such may be,

Then—then—I will forget you.

There may be faces near, though strange,

There may be occupations new;

My exile heart, unknown to change,

My home, my country, rosts with you,

And such hath been, and such will be,

Thus, never to forget you.

## THE MITTEN.

She who has trifled with the feelings, and after having excited the warm glow of a longing fancy; after having led the ardent youth by winning smiles into her captivating snare, and brought every passion to a proper height, and entrapped him fairly in the net of adoration, then to coquette in order to gratify her vanity, and place him as upon the rack or torture, will well know the full meaning, and will sometimes smile at the mention of "the mitten"; while, in others it calls to mind the opportunities that have been slighted, while they who have been the object of them have gone forth successfully in the world, and left them to mourn their folly in a state of "single blessedness." From the last class the substance of the following brief tale is gleamed.

"Will you accept of my arm and company?" said a young man to a girl of fifteen, after they had been spending the evening together at a party. "No," was the laconic answer. He cast his eyes upon her, but spoke not; there was a glance of contempt in them that exceeded the powers of utterance, and yet there was a smile of pity that blended together and produced a countenance that I shall long remember for its animated appearance.

Samuel E. was an engraver, just entering on the stage of business, but without what the world calls the necessary recommendations of property.—With a character without a blemish, he was relying upon his own industry for support, and went on gleaning from the various sources, the means to satisfy a just ambition; the way growing cosier as he advanced, he was obtaining the sure reward of industry and economy.

Jane K. was a printer's daughter; possessing all the proud feelings she had imbibed from her father, her mind not having expanded to the light of truth, and reason had never held her empire within her heart. She was called a beauty, and flattery was strewed around; and the world appeared before her, filled with roses which were for ever to bloom; and the pathway clothed with verdure; it was to be one continual sunshine of joy, and not a cloud was to cover the horizon. Under such impressions she mingled in the youthful circle and moved in the splendor of fashion. She received the homage of all, and considered adoration as her due, until vanity took possession of her heart, and she was carried away by the torrent and hurried into the vortex of follies.

Beauty ever commands the tribute of admiration, but is ever dangerous to the possessor, for soon flattery's crowd around, and soon it is that flattery only suits the ear; they have learnt to know that they are handsome and think that accomplishments and beauty are ever connected. All in their progress onward, have opportunities offered, but they are waiting for something more brilliant; they are, too, in their hey-day, and beauty will continue, and admirers will still throng around, and they shield themselves under its smiles, and forget that "beauty's a charm, but soon that charm must pass," until they are awakened from the delightful reverie; one after another of those had disappeared, who they could once count in the circle of their admirers, until they are left alone; the horizon had become clouded, the roses had all withered, and the verdure was

seared. Then the scene is changed, and if ever there is a ray of sunshine lights up the scene, it is when an old gallant comes to ogle a few dull moments away; it gives them pleasure, because it creates a gleam of hope.

Thus were the parties situated when I left the village—occasionally I received a letter which served as a link to bind together many fond ideas in the chain of remembrance; to keep warm the feelings, and direct them in a proper channel, where they might revel and feast, by the powers of retrospection, and grow dearer and still more dear, as I viewed more and more the cold selfishness of man. Finally our arrived containing the marriage of Samuel; it was the last I received.

Several years after, one bright summer day, when nature was all calm and serene, and the landscape all quiet, as I rode down the main road to the village, a noble mansion drew my attention. Around it hung all the riches of the season; it was delightfully situated, all spreading before the eye its noble site, and presenting the neatness of careful husbandry, combined with the influence of beauty, and the regularity of prudence. The scenes of my nativity had almost vanished; the village had risen by the magic of industry, and naught was left but the village green, on which the schoolboy was sporting in all the frolicsome of youth. I inquired for Samuel; he was the resident of the noble mansion. I found him still the same prudent economist, altho' he had his thousands at interest. Neatness characterized the outer appearance, while simplicity dwelt within; and there appeared before me an elderly maiden lady, around whom the faded appearance of youthful beauty yet lingered; it was Jane K.; she was the tutress of his children.

Thus time, that wrought changes in the village, had also had effect upon its families, and she who had once sported in the hey-day of fashion, and basked in the sunshine of fortune, had become tutress in family, to the head of which she had once given "the mitten." Ladies, take care, if you are possessed of beauty, use it prudently; reject not too many opportunities, for remember that poor Richard said, "no morning sun lasts a whole day."

## HINDOSTAN, BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

A charming little volume has been published in London on East Indian scenery, and Anglo-Indian manners. Its title is "Hindostan" and Miss Roberts is its authoress. From her pages it would appear that few modes of life can be more uncomfortable than that of an English lady in the mighty Indian dependency of that kingdom, on account of the want of occupation, from which they are prevented by the climate; the domestic inconveniences by which they are annoyed; and their isolated condition in a society of about one hundred thousand Europeans, scattered over a native population of more than a hundred millions of souls. We make one selection from these agreeable pages, as it will tend to disabuse many readers of the flattering ideas with which a residence in the East is connected; and as it is a graphical portraiture of the forlorn, friendless, and unenviable condition of a single lady who has gone out on a speculation to what the English term the " matrimonial market."

## SINGLE LADIES IN INDIA.

The greatest drawback upon the chances of happiness in an Indian marriage, exists in the sort of compulsion sometimes used to effect the consent of a lady. Many young women in India may be considered almost homeless; their parents or friends have no means of providing for them except by a matrimonial establishment; they feel that they are burdens upon families who can ill afford to support them, and they do not consider themselves at liberty to refuse an offer, although the person proposing may not be particularly agreeable to them. Mrs. Malaprop tells us, that it is safest to begin with a little aversion, and the truth of her aphorism has been frequently exemplified in India: gratitude and esteem are admirable substitutes for love; they last much longer; and the affection, based upon such solid supports, is pure in its nature, and far more durables than that which owes its existence to mere fancy. It is rarely that a wife leaves the protection of her husband; and in the instances that have occurred, it is generally observed that the lady has made a love-match.

There cannot be a more wretched situation than that of a young woman who has been induced to follow the fortunes of a married sister, under the delusive expectation that she will exchange the privations attached to limited means in England for the far-famed luxuries of the East. The husband is usually desirous to lessen the regret of his wife at quitting her home, by persuading an affectionate relative to accompany her, and does not calculate relatively to the expense which he has entailed upon himself by the additional burden.

Soon after their arrival in India, the family, in all probability, have to travel to an up-country station; and here the poor girl's troubles begin. She is thrust into an outer-cabin in budgerow, or into an inner room in a tent; she makes perhaps a third in a buggy, and always finds herself in the way; she discovers that she is a source of continual expense; that an additional person in a family imposes the necessity of keeping several additional servants, and where there is not a close carriage, she must remain a prisoner. She cannot walk out beyond the garden or the veranda; and all the out-of-door excursions in which she may have been accustomed to indulge in at home are denied her.

Tending flowers, that truly feminine employment, is an utter impossibility; the garden may be full of plants (which she has only seen in their exotic state) in all the abundance and beauty of native luxuriance, but except before the sun has risen, or after it has set, they are not to be approached, and even then, the frame is too completely enervated by the climate to those little pleasing labors, which render the greenhouse and the parterre so interesting. She may be condemned to a long melancholy sojourn at some outstation, offering little society, and none to her taste.

If she should be musical, so much the worse; the hot winds have split her piano and her guitar, and the former is in a wretched condition, and there is nobody to tune it; the white ants have demolished her music-books, and new ones are not to be had. Drawing offers and needle-work is not suited to the climate. Her brother and sister are domestic, and do not sympathize in her ennui; they either seek little company, or invite guests merely with a view to be quit of an incumbrance.

If the few young men who may be at the station should not entertain matrimonial views, they will be shy of their attention to a single woman, lest expectations should be formed which they are not inclined to fulfil. It is dangerous to hand a disengaged lady too often to table; for though no conversation may take place between the parties, the gentleman's silence is attributed to want of courage to speak, and the other, if not forthcoming, is inferred. A determined flirt may certainly succeed in drawing a train of admirers around her; but such exhibitions are not common; and where ladies are exceedingly scarce, they are sometimes subject to very extraordinary instances of neglect. These are sufficiently frequent to be designated by a peculiar phrase; the wife or sister who may be obliged to accept a relative's arm, or walk alone, is said to be "wrecked;" and perhaps an undue degree of apprehension is entertained upon the subject—a mark of rudeness of this nature reflecting more discredit upon the persons who can be guilty of it, than upon those subjected to the affront. Few young women, who have accompanied their married sisters to India, possess the means of returning home; however strong their desire may be to the country, their lot is cast in it, and they must remain in a state of miserable dependence, with the danger of being left unprovided for before them, until they shall be rescued from this distressing situation by an offer of marriage.

**FRESH TURN OUT.** We understand that the "journeymen" housekeepers (alias borders) have turned out for higher wages, being moved and superinduced thereto, probably, by the late act of some of the "bosses" housekeepers to raise the price of fare. Thinking the *jers* very generous to come forward thus to raise wages, one of the *bosses*, about thanking those in his employ, for their generosity, was vastly chagrined to learn that instead of *paying* more, they insisted upon more eating, more drinking, and more sleeping, for the sum they were already taxed!

Strange, such difference there should be!  
"Twixt twelve dum and tweedle dee!"

and we are most immensely gratified to learn further, that the journeymen housekeepers are determined to *stand out* for their rights until stravation stares them in the face, and lodging upon the battery is prohibited. We earnestly hope no rats may be found amongst them, who are willing to inhale the odours of the kitchen and pick their teeth on the front steps of the hotel, for the empty honour of being considered its inmates.

N. Y. *Sunday Morning News.*

From the Albany Evening Journal.

**A SOLDIER'S UNCLAIMED DEPOSIT.**—We observe among the advertised "unclaimed deposites" of money in the State Bank of this city, \$100 by the late Gen. ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, the gallant soldier who "fell in the arms of victory" at the battle of Little York. This amount was deposited by Gen. PIKE, in 1812, when on his way to the frontier. He did not live to claim his money.

**W. B. SNYDER.**  
Lawrenceburg, Jan. 31, 1835. 3-tf

## Notice—By the Printer.

THOSE indebted to D. V. CULLEY or to CULLEY & CO., for newspapers, job printing, or advertising, are notified that their accounts are made out, and will be presented for payment with as little delay as possible. Those indebted by note will be required to lift them immediately.

## A CARD.

THE subscribers have moved to their New Building nearly opposite their old stand, and near the corner of Main and Short streets, where they are now receiving and opening a large supply of **GOODS**. GEO. W. LANE, & Co.

April 9, 1835. 13-tf

## Shaw's Patent Lever Locks,

CONSISTING OF  
Bank Locks, Upright mortise Locks  
Fire-Proof do. Six inch do. do.  
Store door do. 6, 7, 8, & 9 inch rim do.  
Front do. do. Vestibule Latches,  
Sliding do. do. Mortise do.  
Folding do. do. Recess and night do.

Which are manufactured in Cincinnati, by Abe Shaw, and warranted to be superior to any formerly offered to the public, are kept constantly on hand, and for sale by

W. B. SNYDER.

Lawrenceburg, Jan. 31, 1835. 3-tf

## Iron, Nails, &c.

JUST arrived, and for sale, a quantity of **IRON NAILS**, and American **BLISTER STEEL**. GEO. W. LANE, & Co.

April 9, 1835. 13-tf

## Kanhawa Salt.

**A QUANTITY** of **Kanhawa Salt**, just received and for sale by GEO. W. LANE & Co.

ember 8, 1834. 43-tf

## D. S. MAJOR.

so as to be at his office on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays; if absent, it will be on Thursdays and Fridays.

July 10, 1835. 26-2mo

## Notice.

TO BRICK MAKERS AND BUILDERS. THE great demand for Sawyer's Patent Brick Machines, has induced the proprietor for the West, to make arrangements [in addition to his own facilities with Mr. S. S. Dickinson, manufacturer of the celebrated Franklin Printing Press, to devote a part of his very extensive establishment to the erection of these brick machines, without, however, interfering with his means for publishing, as usual, his variety of printing materials.

This method of making Brick has been *practically* proved to be the best yet known, either as regards economy and expediteness in manufacturing, or the quality of the article when made. Consideration the rest of all such matters, is cordially and respectfully invited.

The Patent Right is considered well secured, even beyond the possibility of infringement; some of the ablest Counsel in the Union having been employed in preparing the specifications of the same.

The subscriber will sell and give clear titles for Rights to use the Machine in any Western Town or County not sold. He will also furnish Castings, with the wrought Iron, separately or together, or contract for building Machines in the West on favorable terms.

J. C. MELCHERICK, Louisville, 26-8w

## NEW GOODS.

C. R. & W. WEST.

REPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public, that they did, on the first day of January last, enter into partnership, for the purpose of merchandizing in the town of Lawrenceburg, at the Store formerly occupied by C. R. West, under the firm of C. R. West, & Co and have just received a

## General assortment of Goods,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

## BROAD CLOTHS,

Super Blue, invisible green, London smoke, Olive brown, blue, mixed, and drab.

## SATINETS (assorted.)

Real blue Italian lacestrings, black gro. do. Swiss, black gro. de nap and Senshaw. Mantua, Sarsanets and lavantine sines; colored gro. de Naps, plain and figured; colored Forence and satins.

## A VARIETY OF

## &lt;