

From the Knickerbocker.

OPHELIA.

'T is Autumn, and the golden sun sinks low,
Beneath the Western sky. Ten thousand clouds,
In gliding, gathering groups come passing on
To share his parting beam. They glow, intense,
With rich and pencilled rays of rainbow light—
Carnation, amber, purple—whose soft tints
Are shadowed in a deep and glassy brook,
O'er which a mournful willow bends, and laves
Its drooping branches in the crystal tide.
A form is resting on the sylvan bank,
Wreathing fantastic garlands, of wild weeds,
And daisy, columbine. Her cheek is flushed,
Of roseate hue, as lovely and as frail
As is the flitting crimson of that stream.
Her eye is dark and wildly beautiful,
And ever and anon she warbles strains
Of ballad old, half-mourful, half in joy;
Now, 't is a sweet, sad dirge—anon, a harsh
Though lively tune. Her heart is echoed there,
Whose high notes, cracked, yet still the lower strings
Make melody. But look!—she sudden moves,
And clambering strives her chapter strange to hang
On that low, pendant bough. 'T is seized—it snaps;
She falls with weedy trophy in the stream!
Her low faint tones are heard—she's chanting still:
They're fainter, lower, as she floats along;
Her snowy drapery flutters in the wave,
And, musical and phantom-like, she sinks.
As mermaid gliding to her coral cave. H. L. B.

From the Knickerbocker.

MARIA DA GLORIA.

One month, one little month, has pass'd, since he my
loved one died,
And now they'd urge me, at God's shrine, to stand
a willing bride—
To yield once more this trembling hand, from which
all warmth has fled,
And plight again this breaking heart, which beats
but for the dead.
O worthless, worthless diadem! I trample on thee
now,
I never prized thee 'till thy gems were gleaming on
his brow;
I never cared to be a Queen, save to enrich my love,
And now he's won a brighter realm—a nobler crown
above!
Would that I were a peasant girl, with none to chide
my grief!
Methinks the calm of lowly life might yield me some
relief.
But while amid the glare of courts, my weeping
eyes are dim,
They bid me choose another lord—and turn my
thoughts from him!
Coldness in vain essays to quench that pure ether-
nal flame,
Which, kindled once at heaven's torch, forever burns
the same;
But he, the husband of my youth, ne'er breathed a
word unkink,
And every thought, and every wish, his kindred
soul divin'd.
Ah! little know they Woman's heart, who deem her
love must die,
Because upon it shines no more Affection's beaming
eye:
As plants thrive fastest in the night, so love most
quickly grows,
When 'neath the dim and distant wave, its sun has
sought repose. E. B. C.

From the Knickerbocker.

STANZAS.

Addressed to a friend on the day of her Marriage.
No voice but that of gladness
Should meet thine ear to-day,
Yet only in deep sadness.
Can I love's tribute pay;
Unbidden tears are springing—
Their source thy heart can tell:
Of joy I should be singing,
I can but sigh—"Farewell!"
When from life's fairy garland
Has fallen a precious gem,
Can I smile to see it glisten
In another's diadem?
Could I hear thy deep vow spoken,
Without a thought of pain,
When I felt the last link broken
In Friendship's golden chain?
Yet mine is selfish sorrow,
Which love should hush to rest,
And my heart should solace bower,
From the thought that thou art blest;
When Hope once claimed dominion,
Joy holds his revel bright,
And thy spirit's drooping pinion
Waxes strong in Love's pure light.
I know that thou art happy!
Oh may Affection's glass,
With its diamond sparkles measure,
Time's changes as they pass.
Could friendship's gentle magic
Rule thy horoscope of doom,
Not a moment e'er should meet thee
In sadness or in gloom.
Farewell, farewell, Beloved One!
Though destined far to roam,
When thoughts come crowding on thee
Of thy distant native home—
The home from whence has vanished
One dear familiar face,
And the heart whence joy was banished,
When thou left a vacant place:
When Memory's mournful music
Awakes thy pleasant tears,
Oh! let one chord still vibrate
To the friend of early years.
I've loved thee in my sorrow,
I've loved thee more in joy;
Time could not change our friendship—
Shall absence e'er destroy?
Brooklyn, April, 1885. E. C. E.

From the Knickerbocker, for October.

RESPECTING the Knickerbocker, I would say a word. Surrounded as we are with mystery—with our yesterdays in the grave, and our to-morrows in Eternity—what is a greater mystery than a dream? It comes to us when we are, as it were, in death; when whole cities are still; when the rich and poor, the rough and gentle, the care-worn and the careless, lie down in the blessed equality of slumber, and wrap around them the mantle of repose. How sweet must dreams be to the captive! Dreams of the blue sky, the shining stars, the open fields—the moon, like a golden lamp, rolling through the dark blue depths of heaven! I have certainly had visions in the night-watches which have delighted me for months—flinging about my daily path a glow and beauty which tongue cannot utter, nor pen portray—until I have been ready to say on waking, with one of old, "Redde mihi campos meos floridos, colunam auream, assistentes angelos: Give me my fields again, my most delicious fields, my pillar of a glorious light, and my assistant angels!"

Reader, did you ever have queer dreams? Had you ever a vision of being at a fashionable party, and all at once discover that you had no coat on? That one of your feet was a broom—whereupon, in obedience to some superior mandate, you were engrossed in both dancing and sweeping? I wot of one who has.

It is hard work to run in a dream. I have been chased by Indians thus, and could never get on. Some horrid weight hangs to one's feet; he feels the breath of his enemy on his shoulders and neck—but

it seems an age ere he is overtaken. It is folly to say that it is not unpleasant to be killed in a dream. I have laid down my life in this way an hundred times.

One curious vision I remember, in my boyish days—Met thought I was crossing an immense abyss, on a single grape-vine, with Abolition for a pilot. I forgot his appearance exactly, but it was hideous in the extreme. He led me over the dark and dismal void, until I had reached the midway part of the vine, when he attempted the gymnastic feat of throwing me off. I caught him by the hair—which me seemed was composed of red hot wires, very fine—and with a giant's strength hurled him below. I hear yet sometimes the booming thunder of his "sail-broad vans," as he fell. Then, methought I experienced a pair of beautiful wings, and sailed away on them to a paradise of rest.

I have done many valiant things in dreams, and made many valued acquaintances. In them I have held large discourse with Shakespeare, Milton, Sir Philip Sidney, Walter Scott, and I know not how many other worthies. Then my travels! I know not where I have not been in my visions. My last tour of this sort was to Jerusalem. There I met many patriarchs and prophets, and delivered a bitter oration to Judes, on his treachery. On these occasions, I have always said to myself, "Well, thank Heaven! this is no dream." I have dreamed about such things heretofore, but this is real! In this style I have visited Paris and London,—have wept with Josephine at Malmaison,—and, as aid de camp to Napoleon, assisted in reviewing his troops in the Camp de Mars. Heaven only knows how many times I have dined with kings and princes, from Solomon down to William the Fourth.

There is nothing so glorious as water in a dream! With a strange green light, the waves arise and roll. Speaking in a visionary sense, I can say with St. Paul, "A night and a day have I been in the deep."

I have been drowned several times; and on one occasion, went across the Atlantic in a chariot, with Pharaoh in livery for a driver. Fantastical thoughts like those of which Irving and Hood complain, often rise in thick-coming throng to my mind—sometimes laden with dolor, and at others, full of amusement and edification.

I have wept in dreams, and bitterly too. Once I had a vision, that a brother and sister had gone to India, as missionaries. I followed them, through dreadful tempests, across the ocean. We approached Calcutta,—a beautiful vision of palaces and piles, surrounded with hills of wonderful palm-trees, whose green leaves displayed around their borders a circle of glorious and prismatic light. I touched the shore,—the great car of Juggerneat seemed approaching and foremost in the idler's ranks, were the friends I sought. They had been converted to heathenism. Before I could reach them, they plunged themselves beneath the car. I saw them crushed by the sanguinary wheels; their blood streamed around me! It was a horrid dream; and when I awoke, how supremely happy did I arise to thank God it was "but a dream!"

I have a friend,—he belongs to the confraternity of ancient and honorable bachelors,—who is wont to describe a most painful dream, which he encountered in his thirtieth year. Before I give his vision, however, I will describe the Visionary. He is now about two, or, by'r Lady, inclining to three score; is very censorious, and declares that the ladies nowadays are nothing, compared with those who flourished when we young fellows' delighted society, in our powdered hair and graceful queues." He says that people have much degenerated; and still avers with pertinacious impudence, that he was once, and that not long ago, considered the Adonis of the town. Sad alteration! I scarcely know what emblem would now represent his features. His face is like a faded apple; and his eyes twinkle from under his shaggy brows, like a mastiff's. He says a flat thing,—laughs at it for some ten minutes, and then swears at the hy-stander who does not comprehend the joke." To what shall I liken this remnant of the past,—this Ancient of Days? To a withered shrub!—a sapless, hollow bough! No,—embres fails! If he resembles any thing, he is

Most like to carcass perched on gallows-tree."

Well to his dream. He thought he was young again,—and in the midst of olden society,—the gay Lothario of his time. He danced, and "shook a graceful foot," with many a damsel, at an evening ball. Encountering one who filled him with admiration, he proposed himself to her at once.—He was accepted. A priest was present, and the dance was exchanged;—*a la mode de songe-creac*,—into a bridal party. The Bachelor was married; he pressed an angel to his bosom.

Months rolled by,—as they go in dreams, very swiftly, and the honey-moon was over. My friend's angel proved a tarter. They had words,—and from words (so the vision ran) they came to blows. These squabbles were renewed daily. At last one day at breakfast, the unhappy Benedict determined to end his troubles. He poisoned his coffee and drank it down. A dreadful fever seized him,—he groaned, he thirsted, he burned with heat,—and with a hideous yell—he awoke!—so delighted at his celibacy, that he jumped out of bed, and in the darkness of his apartment,—watched only by the wanining moon and stars,—danced an energetic rigadon.

Now this was a dream that could only have entered the head of some rusty old single gentleman. I eschew his scoundrel opinions of matrimony, altogether. It has been called a lottery; but it is only such in one sense; for all who embark in it, have a full and fair opportunity to judge their prizes; a probationary season, which affords all needful scrutiny of disposition and character. I am of Milton, his mind, with respect of marriage,—it is a pleasing and consummate ordinance, and when thoughtfully entered upon, right pleasant to the participants therein. A kind of marriage mania has broken out among all my friends; they are dropping away one by one; and all of them, happy fellows! seem to say by their looks and actions, that they would not thank king for his crown. You can't get them to take a glance at a picture in the shop-windows now, as you are going to dinner; they must hurry home,—there all their treasures be! A sense of loneliness sometimes arrests my spirit as I survey these glorious companions in their domestic retreats. I have seen the time, when

I would not my unhoused, free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth?

but that time is not remembered with pleasure, nor its continuance desirable. Truly said my kind, my beloved old Jeremy Taylor: "There is nothing that can please a man without love; nothing but that, can sweeten felicity itself. When a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon, her eyes sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrow down upon her lap, and can rest his home as to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicate accents make a man's heart dance in the conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that he delights in their persons and society. She that is loved is safe, and he that loves is joyful." Such pictures as these, are delightful to see. A parental sort of feeling crawls over the heart of the bachelor as he reads, and he is ready to gird himself for adventure, and to say with the lord of Beatrice,—"The world must be peopled!"

I read this passage the other day to a casual acquaintance, and he said, profanely, it was "d—n nonsense!"—But then he is proverbial for the extreme smallness of his soul! He is one of those kind of varlets, who are in a measure 'upon the town'; who will indulge their bibulous propensities at the

expense of any and every body; akin, no doubt to the celebrated Simpkins,—the elemosynary wine-bibber,—upon whose tomb-stone the following epitaph, was recorded, as if from the hand of a sufferer:

"What! Simpkins dead! It cannot be,
Simpkins, will you take wine with me?
No answer—none? What! nothing said?
Won't he take wine?—he must be dead?"

The testimony on the anthamas of such a fellow can be neither hurtful nor valuable. He hates children, too; says he had as lief see the devil. Out upon the wretch! If ever there was a positive manifestation of the divine spirit of God, it is the clear eyes and brows of children. Their souls are new, and their affections as fresh and ductile as a vine in spring. And how they bound and glow with the spirit of existence! I could hang the man,—sticker me as I am for freedom of opinion,—who thinks otherwise. If there be any thing calculated to make us satisfied with our earthly pilgrimage, it is the love of the young, and the scenes of animation which they display. I have never had my head examined by a phrenologist; but it is my belief that the organ *Interest in the joys and sorrows of childhood* is well developed.

This method of making Brick has been *practically* proven to be the best yet known, either as regards economy or expedient in manufacturing or quality of the article when made.

The Patent Right is considered well secured, even before 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 yet sold. He will also furnish Castings, with the wrought Iron, separately or together, or contract for building Machines in the West on favorable terms.

Courts of Dearborn County.

Circuit—4th Mondays in March and September, may sit 2 weeks, if the business require it.

Probate—2d Mondays in February, May, August, and November—may sit 6 days, if the business require it.

Commissioners'—1st Monday in January, March, May, September, and November—5 days at each term.

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. D. 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 furnishing, as usual, his variety of printing materials.

This method of making Brick has been *practically* proven to be the best yet known, either as regards economy or expedient in manufacturing or quality of the article when made.

The Patent Right is considered well secured, even before 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 yet 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. MELCHER.

Louisville.

Oct. 3. 36-8w

29-1f

Lawrenceburg, August 2, 1834.

Notice—By the Printer.

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

JOSEPH GROFF,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
HAT MANUFACTURER;

 Having recently removed his establishment, from Elizabethtown, Ohio, to Lawrenceburg, Indiana, would 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 happy to accommodate all persons, either wholesale or retail, with all kinds of HATS, of the latest fashion.

BLACK, DRAB, BEAVER, and FATHER HATS, made on the shortest notice, and sold at a reasonable price, for cash or country produce. Persons wishing to purchase will please call and examine for themselves.

He wishes to purchase a quantity of all kinds of FURS for which a liberal price will be given.

Lawrenceburg, August 2, 1834.

FALL & WINTER GOODS.

C. R. & W. WEST,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public,

that they did, on the first day of January last, enter into partnership, for the purpose of merchandising 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,

Suited to the present and approaching season,

consisting in part of

BROAD CLOTHS,

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

SATINETS (assorted)

SILKS, Real black Italian lustrings, black gro. do.

Swiss, black gro. do nap and Senshaws.

Mantua, Sarsanetta and lavantine satin; colored gro de Naps, plain and figured; colored Forence and satins.

A VARIETY OF

DRESS HANDKERCHIEFS,

Consisting of blue gauze, gro de zane, gro de naps, Popeline, and crade chincie, superfine gauze, and

Crape scarfs; figured and plain bobinets,

Thread and bobinette laces, and inserting, bobinette and

Swiss capes, white and black bobinets, veils,

Black, green and white gauze do.; Irish linen, lawns, and

Linen canopies; Linen cambric handkerchiefs,

Pink, white and black Italian capes; plain, striped and

Corded ginghams; plain Muslin;

Plain and figured Swiss; book and cambric muslin;

Corded skirts; Linen and cotton table diaper;

Circassians, merinoes and bombazets.

Men's Summer Wear,

consisting of SUMMER

GLASSWARE & GROCERIES.

ALSO, BAR IRON, CASTINGS, NAILS, AND

Window