

I WATCH FOR THEE.

By Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

I watch for thee!—when parting day
Sheds on the earth a ling'ring ray;
When his last blushes, o'er the rose
A richer tint of crimson throws;
And ev'ry flow'ret leaves are curled
Like beauty shrinking from the world;
When silence reigns, o'er lawn and lea,
Then, dearest Love! I watch for thee!

I watch for thee!—when eve's first star
Shines dimly in the heavens afar,
And twilight's mists and shadows grey
Upon the lake's broad waters play;
When not a breeze, or sound is heard,
To startle evening's lonely bird;
But hush'd as e'en the humming bee—
Then, dearest Love! I watch for thee!

I watch for thee!—when, on the eyes
Of childhood, slumber gently lies;
When sleep has stilled the noisy mirth
Of playful voices, round our hearth,
And each young cherub's fancy glows
With dreams that only childhood knows,
Of pleasures past—or yet to be—
Then, dearest Love! I watch for thee!

I watch for thee!—Hope of my heart!
Returning from the crowded mart,
Of wordly toil, and wordly strife,
And all the busy scene of life;—
Then, if thy brow of brightness wear,
A moment's space, the shade of care,
My smile, amid that gloom shall be
The rainbow of the storm to thee!

FROM THE WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW.

Review of the outside of a Book.

[Extract from the Scrap-Book of Mr. S. J.]

I have just received from an attentive correspondent, a number of those splendid literary trifles, which are among the first fruits of the New-Year. If all was gold that glistens, it would indeed be a golden harvest. Such a profusion of gilding never was seen, since the days, when beaux wore laced waistcoats, and the lustre of female beauty was rivalled by the dazzling splendor of a spangled skirt. I gazed at the elegant toys with the wistful eye of a miser, but dared not touch them, for fear of doing mischief. An old poet says that 'gold is' the handling, sticks to the fingers like meal,' and it would be a sad mishap, if my rude hand should subtract any of the precious particles, which adorn these volumes.

When a novel matter is presented to my mind, I am apt to become argumentative on the subject. I turn it over, examine the *pro* and *con*, dispute the debatable points with myself, and, although I have no other listener, I probably derive as much pleasure from my own logic, as could be possibly felt by another auditor.

What is a book made for? I enquired. To communicate knowledge, or innocent amusement.

Very well—now pray, what has all this gingerbread-work to do with either of these objects?

With the first, very little I grant—but with the latter a vast deal. It is an innocent amusement to look at that, which is beautiful. The sight of a pretty girl, for instance, carries me back to the days of my youth, fills my fancy with delight, and my heart with virtuous sentiments. I love to gaze at the dear little souls, as they trip by me; and this I hold to be an innocent pleasure. Now the same rule, by which a beautiful exterior renders woman the loveliest and brightest ornament of human existence, may apply, though in a less degree, to inanimate objects. A plain woman, of good sense, is like an old family bible, a respectable piece of furniture in any gentleman's house; but a handsome one, particularly if her embellishments be fine, is the most splendid object, that can be presented to the human eye. Solomon, who was not only wise, but a connoisseur of decided taste, was the greatest ladies' man of his day; and assembled more pretty women at his parties, than any other gentleman. Those, who are not Solomons in wealth or wisdom, must select cheaper and simpler toys; and there can be no fitter substitute for a woman, than a fine book.

Women and books then are to be estimated by the splendor of their binding; a female, like a *Souvenir*, must be valued by her decorations, and described as being elegantly bound, gilt, and lettered.

No, not lettered—a lady may be accomplished, witty, sensible—but not lettered, literary, learned, nor blue-stocking—a *lettered lady* is to all intents and purposes a blue-stocking.

Then you must drop the comparison. I do—with a full conviction that it is a wicked and worthless simile. A book is, after all, a cold and cheerless companion, that, like a parrot, has one lesson, tells its tale, and is silent; while woman is always eloquent, appealing continually to the heart, the judgment, and the fancy, captivating by her benevolence and her virtue, her beauty and her tenderness—sooth'g the bitterness of affliction by her kindness, and brightening the hour of pleasure with her smiles. A bright eye is more potent, than a thousand volumes. The love of knowledge has transformed men into hermits, but the love of woman has made them poets and heroes. No man ever fought for a book—the most ponderous folio could not have awaked the tenderness of Pe-

trach—libraries could not have elevated the imagination of Milton into that sublime, and tender, and descriptive beauty of thought and language, which he poured forth in honor of the first woman. The intercourse of love is the sweetest communion of the soul, and an acquaintance with the female heart is the highest knowledge, because it is the knowledge of good and evil.

But I am wandering from this little volume, continued I, taking it up cautiously between my thumb and finger—and yet it is so fine, I fear to open it. Well, I am not the first critic, who has reviewed a book, without ever seeing the inside of it—but I have this apology, that I intend to review the outside only. Without further preface, I shall proceed to give the best account I can, of the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*, and *Pocket Almanac*.

Pocket Almanac! bless me what a solemn! The ladies do not wear pockets now, and how can that properly be termed a pocketed almanac, which never will, nor can, by any possibility, be pocketed. Time was, when our worthy and truly excellent grandmothers wore hoops, under which were suspended a goodly pair of paniers of sufficient capacity to contain their keys, their knitting, and other emblems of housewifery, with perhaps a miniature bible, a version of Sternhold and Hopkins, and, peradventure, an almanac. A good lady of those times never returned from a tea-party, without several pounds of sweet cake for the children, stowed away in the same convenient receptacle. A belle of that period carried her love letters, and three or four volumes of Clarissa Harlowe, or Sir Charles Grandison, in the like manner. But no belle of that day or this; no buck, not even the most daring dandy, that ever set propriety at defiance, would have ventured to carry an almanac. The thing is quite ungenteel, altogether heathenish, and out of the question. A gentleman may pocket an afront, or a tooth pick, but not an almanac; and to a lady, who wears not this barbarous appendage of ancient damsels, the thing is morally impossible. I am seriously alarmed at the carelessness displayed by our editors and authors, in giving names to their literary offspring. Had it been my lot to perform that respectable office, in relation to this little book, I should have entered upon it with a solicitude commensurate with its importance. Nothing is so important as a good name; the world is governed by names, and yet no where is more bad taste shewn, than in the titles of books. 'The Ladies' Pocket Almanac!' Shocking barbarity! only to think of a young lady having to carry an almanac; and, worse than all, to carry it in—a pocket.

'The Ladies' Cabinet,' is not much better. Among politicians a cabinet is a council of state ministers, who regulate the affairs of the nation. In this sense, a lady's cabinet would be composed of her maid, her milliner, and her single aunts, who would be called in to advise, touching the disposition of a ringlet, or the merits of a dress. Now these are matters, which like the secrets of a certain fraternity, are never committed to paper, but are discussed by certain words, signs, and grips, known only to the initiated. To call a book, therefore, a ladies' cabinet, is as *malapropos*, as it would be to call the president of the U. States a *cabinet maker*. The term, however, is a very general one, and has other applications. Antiquaries have their cabinets of old, rare, and curious matters. Now these are precisely the sort of things, which a lady does not keep, or keeps at a distance. They have no great love for antiquity, and neither a lover, a novel, or a dress, is the more esteemed for being old, odd, or outlandish; and as for curiosity, if a lady was to put her curiosity in a box, it would burst the lock. There is still another kind of cabinet. An auctioneer at Washington city, some time since, advertised 'three cabinet secretaries' for sale; and as there are four great functionaries at that metropolis, who are entitled to this appellation, I was at a loss to know, which of them was to be knocked down to the highest bidder, until I learned, that the gentleman of the hammer was only authorized to dispose of a few portable writing desks. This title is too vague.

Upon the whole, I feel it my duty, as an honest critic, to condemn the outside of this book, and I most affectionately advise my female readers, not to pocket it, after getting my copy carefully covered with brown paper, to examine, if there be any thing within to compensate for the foppery of the outside.

From the North-Carolina Star.

RED RIVER IN LOUISIANA.

This river discharges its waters into the Mississippi by a broad and creeping streams, through a vast and profound swamp. It seems a deep canal, its dark surface ruffled only by the darting of huge and strange fishes through its sluggish waters, the foaming path of the shark of rivers; a thousand little silver fishes leap-

ing from the water, and sparkling like diamonds; numberless alligators traversing the waters in every direction, and seeming to be logs possessing the power of self-direction, or occasionally these logs, sinking one end in the water and raising the other in the air, and making a deep and frightful bellow, between the hiss of a serpent and the roar of a bull; the lazy and droning flight of monstrous birds, slowly flapping their wings, & carelessly sailing along just over the surface of the dark and mephitic waters, with a savage and outlandish scream, apparently all neck, legs and feathers; a soil above the bank greasy and slippery with the deposit of slime; trees marked fourteen feet high by an overflow of half the year; gullies seventy feet deep, and large enough to be the outlets of rivers, covered at the bottom with putrefying logs, and connecting the river with broad and sluggish lakes, too thickly covered over with a coat of green buff to be ruffled by the winds, which, can scarcely find their way through the dense forest; moccasin snakes, writhing their huge and scaly backs at the bottom of these dark gullies.—Such was the scenery that met my eye (in 1823) as I advanced through the first 30 miles of my entrance into that religion, which had been so embellished by my fancy. I looked around me, and the trees, as far as I could see, were festooned with the black funeral drapery of long moss. My eyes, my ears and my nostrils joined to admonish me, that here fever had erected his throne. I went on board my boat at the approach of night; and when, to get rid of my thoughts, I laid me down in my narrow and sweltering birth, millions of mosquitoes raised their dismal hum and settled on my face. Drive away the first thousand, sated with blood, and another thousands succeed, and "in that war there is no discharge." A hundred owls, perched in the deep swamp, in all the tones of screaming, hooting, grunting, and in every note, from the wail of an infant to the growl of a bear, sing your requiem.

You rise from a sleep obtained under such auspices, and crawl up the greasy banks to the cabins of the wood cutters. You see here inhabitants of an appearance and countenance in full keeping with the surrounding scenery. There is scarcely one of them but what has a monstrous protuberance in the stomach, sufficiently obvious to the eye, vulgarly called "an ague cake," a yellowish white complexion, finally described, in the language of the country, by the term "tallow face." There is an indescribable clearness, transparency of skin, which seems to indicate water between the cuticle and the flesh; eyes, preternaturally rolling and brilliant, glare in the centre of a large morbid circle, in which the hues of red, black and yellow are mixed. The small children bear all these dismal markings of the climate in miniature. Dirty and ragged, as mischievous as they are deformed, they roll about upon the slippery clay with an agility and alertness, from their appearance, altogether incredible; for you would suppose them too feeble and clumsy to move. There is something unique, chilling and cadaverous in the persons of both old and young. You would suppose that the grave was dug for them. But the more slender and uncertain these hold to life, the more gaily they seem to enjoy it. They laugh and shout, and drink and blasphem, and utter their tale of obscenity or it may be of murder, with bacchanalian joyousness. Shut your eyes, and you would suppose yourself in the midst of the merriest group in the world: open them and look upon the laughers and see the strange fire of their eye, and you will almost believe the chilling stories of Virgil's Vampyres. An inhabitant of a cabin may last 2 years, and he will be fortunate and long lived. They gave me thrilling anecdotes, if such they may be called, of the tenants of the fresh graves, that I noticed in the little melon garden by the cabin. So are the words of the woman of the cabin, "they took the ague, had the fever, and the ague-cake, grew sullen and wouldn't eat, and didn't care for their whiskey (a terrible sign,) we sent for an old French Hunter to bring them some good herbs; but before he come they wouldn't live any longer, and so they died." This woman, I dare say, had once been pretty; she had had the ague 4 years in succession; had the swelling brilliant eye, &c. &c. On an emergency, I presume she could have handled the dirk with dexterity. Her husband was originally from North Carolina.

PHILO.

Died, near Denton, Md. on the 30th June, THOMAS CARNEY, a colored man, at the advanced age of 74. At the commencement of the Revolution, Tom enlisted as a soldier under Col. Peter Adams, and soon after was marched to the North, and was in the memorable battle of Germantown. In this action the Maryland troops bore a conspicuous part, but the Americans were compelled to yield to superior force. Soon after this, Washington retired to Valley Forge, and took up his winter quarters. The sufferings of the army during that severe winter are well known to every Ameri-

can. With the spirit of true patriotism, Tom bore his share of privation and suffering.

When the Maryland and Delaware line were ordered to the south, Tom marched with his brave regiment, and shared in that quarter with his companions in arms the hardships, misfortunes and glories of the war. At the battle of Guilford Court House he bore a conspicuous part as a soldier, and has often persisted that when the Maryland troops came to the charge, he bayoneted seven of the enemy. At Camden, Hobkirk's hill, and Ninety-six, he bore his part, and was always with his brave regiment under Howard among the first to the charge. At Ninety-six his captain (the late Major General Benson) received a dangerous wound, but regardless of nothing but opposing the enemy, he forgot his commander until ordered to take him to the Surgeon. Though Benson was considerably above the common size, he carried him on his shoulders some considerable distance to the place at which the surgeon was stationed; but like a true soldier held on to his musket that had so often protected him in the hour of danger. At length, overcome by excessive fatigue and heat, as he laid the almost lifeless body of Benson at the feet of the surgeon, he fainted. After he came to himself, he determined to join his regiment again; but to his great mortification was temporarily ordered by the commanding officer to remain and protect his captain, which he did with great care and tenderness. For this kindness and attention Benson never forgot him; and whenever he came to this county, invariably paid his first visit to Tom, and while reviewing the militia, would always have him mounted on a horse and at his side.

As the infirmities of age advanced, he began to feel the necessity of pecuniary aid, and at the instance of Gen. W. Potter, of this county, who was then a member of our State Legislature, he was granted a pension without a dissenting voice, and shortly afterwards he received one from the United States, which enabled him to live in comfort the remainder of his life. He was better than six feet high and well made in proportion, and in early life was a man of great physical powers. Few men of his color ever conducted themselves with more propriety; and whenever met by those who knew him, he was sure to receive a cordial greeting.—*Ball. Gaz.*

FULLING.

AND

Cloth Dressing,

At Samuel Bond's Mill, on White Water.

THE subscriber wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that the works are in complete order and ready for business; and that he is now ready to receive Cloth, which he will warrant to be FULLED, DYED & DRESSED in the best manner, and with despatch, at the following prices, or as low as any other's customary prices:—London Brown fulled, fine dress 25 cents;—Women's wear, ditto, 14 cents;—Huff, Bottle Greens, London Smokes, Olives, Browns, Blacks and Blue, fulled, fine dress, from 18 to 20 cents;—Men's wear of the above colours from 10 to 12 1/2 cents per yard. Light and dark Drabs, Leads, fulled, fine dress, 8 to 12 cents. Coloured cloth, fulled and pressed, 6 1/4; if sheared once or twice, 8 cents; finest dress 10 cents; and all other work in the above business, done at the same rates at the above Mill.

MILES KELLOGG.

White Water, Aug 4th 1828. 516.

Doctor Isaac Westerfield,

(THE LATE PARTNER OF THE CELEBRATED

INDIAN DOCTOR RICHARD CARTER.)

WILL practice Medicine in Pittsburgh Ky. on the Ohio river, 27 miles below Cincinnati, 4 below the mouth of the Miami and nearly opposite Lawrenceburg Ia.

His practice will consist in the administration of vegetable preparations chiefly, or what is more generally known by the name of the Indian mode of practice; which has (in the hands of Carter and his students) been so astonishingly efficacious in the cure of the most inveterate chronic diseases.

Having made himself acquainted with the regular mode of practice in addition to the vegetable mode, he flatters himself that he will merit and receive a share of public patronage.

May 9, 1828. 18-4m*

EDWIN G. PRATT

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.

OFFICE in Lawrenceburg at the house

of JOHN SPENCER.

May 1, 1828. 17tf.

I'm after Rags!

At the PRINTERS

at the Palladium Office, Lawrenceburg,

authorize me to offer

you for small bundles (such as

I am carrying) of clean Linen

and Cotton RAGS, 2 3-4

cents in CASH per pound—

and for lots of 100 pounds and

upwards \$3 per 100.

DICK RAGGED.

\$150 Reward,

WILL be paid for apprehending BILL and ANN his wife, and their Child LUCY, and a white man with whom it is suspected they run away from the subscriber in Natchez, about the third of June.

BILL is about 40 or 50 years of age, slender made, lank jawed, polite address, occasionally lame in one knee, and has two scars on his head, which will be found by close examination. He plays the fiddle, chews tobacco and smokes.

ANN is a likely black girl of middle size, is about 20 years of age, but has the appearance of a young woman, confident in her conversation, irritable, and becomes sulky if closely questioned.

The Child LUCY is about 4 years of age, likely, black and sprightly, and resembles BILL. Said negroes were brought to Natchez from Tyler county, Va. and sold by Wm. Springer and Joseph Wheaton. ANN affects to be entitled to her freedom by the will of O. Pekin, deceased, her former master, which is false, as the Clerk of the Court of the county in which Mr. Pekin resided, has certified.

A reward of Fifty Dollars will be paid for apprehending and securing said negroes, so that I can get possession of them again, with all reasonable charges for delivering them to me in Natchez or elsewhere; and One Hundred Dollars for the apprehension and conviction of the white man about 22 years of age, who calls himself WILLIAM CARMICHAEL, who is supposed to have conveyed them away.

PETER PAUL.

Natchez, June 28th 1828. 29-Sw.

(Published by order of the Arit.)

La Mott's Cough Drops,
For Coughs, Consumptions, Colds, Influenza, Whooping Coughs, Spasmodic Asthma, Pain in the side, Difficulty of Breathing, and want of Sleep.

THE proprietors of La Mott's Cough Drops have refrained from saying but little in commendation of this preparation—being confident that its value would prove a sufficient recommendation; from the increased demand for the article, and the great celebrity which it has gained in every part of the United States where it is known—and in order to render it as extensively useful as possible, they feel confident in offering it to the public as an *Approved Medicine* in those diseases which it professes to cure, and one which has rendered the most entire satisfaction to all those who have had an opportunity of observing and testing its salutary effects. In confirmation of which they now present it to the public under the sanction of the following certificates from Physicians, Druggists and Merchants in different parts of the country.

CERTIFICATES.

We, the subscribers, have sold La Mott's Cough Drops, as agents for the Messrs. Crosby's. The Medicine has obtained the approbation of the public, by effecting many cures of the diseases for which it is recommended. We have therefore no hesitation in recommending LA MOTT'S COUGH DROPS as an excellent medicine.

G. Dawson, druggist, and late U. S. Surgeon for Fort Fayette, Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. Hamm, M. D. and E. D. Downer druggists, Zanesville, Wm. Mount, M. D. Dayton; M. Wolf & co. Apothecary's Hall, Goodwin & Ashton, and Fairchild & co. druggists, Cincinnati; Ira Delano, druggist, Chillicothe; S. Sharpless, merchant, St. Clairsville; Wm. Lowry, merchant, Lebanon, O. Dr. Farris, Lawrenceburg; Dr. H.