

The following beautiful verses were written by Mrs. Gilman, of Charleston, South Carolina.

Mother, What is Death?

"Mother, how still the baby lies,—
I cannot hear his breath,
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.
My little work I thought to bring
And sit down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—he is dead.

They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now,
That God will bless him in the skies—
Oh, mother, tell me how?"

Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the easement here—
A wither'd worm, you thought?

I told you that Almighty power
Could break that wither'd shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

Look at the Chrysalis, my love,—
An empty shell it lies;—
Now raise your wandering thoughts above,
To where you insect flies?"

"Oh, yes, mamma! how very gay
Its wings of stary gold—
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold!

Oh, mother, now I know full well—
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range,
How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give him wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things.

C. G.

From the New England Weekly Review.

The Lean Man.

Woe—for the lean and lanky man—
The fleshless and the grim—
The pleasant light of merry joy
May never rest on him!—
The man whose ghostly shadow seems
A long and narrow line—
Who eats and drinks, and growths not,
Like Pharaoh's evil kine!

He sitteth at the dinner board,
Cadaverous and cold,
As was the veiled skeleton
At Egypt's feast of old;
Yet worketh well his lantern-jaw,
And fast his fingers fill,—
Your fleshless bones are noted for
Their gastronomic skill.

He walketh in the market-place
Amidst the stirring throng—
A locomotive skeleton—
The bony and the long—
Like some wire-moving anatomy
He passeth by alone—
And men will pause, as if to hear
The clash of bone on bone!
The lean may scoff at grosser men—
'Tis Envy's self alone—
They all would change their skeletons
For bodies overgrown,
Ay—rather than their forms so lean
And spectre-like and dry,
They'd welcome Falstaff's portly front,
Or Daniel Lambert's thigh.

WESTWARD HO!

Is the title of the 25th No. of "The Library of select Novels," Publishing by Messrs. J. & J. Harper of N. York. It is in 2 vols. and written by that sterling son of Momus—Mr. Paulding—who has cured more people of dyspepsia by writing "The Dutchman's Fire Side," than Irving can lay claim to, in producing "Knickerbocker," though either may vie with Halstead in banishing the Blues from New York, and making the place too merry for hypochondriacism.

Paulding is an American of whom his countrymen should feel proud—and not only them, alone, but all who speak the language he writes in, and can enjoy his racy humor, and chaste humor. We predict that "Westward Ho!" will be much sought after in England; although there are portions of the work the point of which will be in a measure lost there, from the ignorance of many of the peculiarity of idiom, and singularity in manner, of thousands of our Backwoodsmen.

To show the varied style of the Author, we select at random two or three extracts:

The first will show his power in describing the scenery of the "Far West."

Old Countryman.

"One of the most novel as well as enchanting scenes in Nature is the prairie, or delta, extending to a distance of many miles between the two great rivers (Mississippi and Missouri.) It is for a considerable portion of the year one sea of flowers, one wide sea of flowers, one wide region of fragrance; and its features differ from those of any other lands in any other country. Not a tree is to be seen except upon its outer edge, and the blue horizon meets it everywhere, forming a long straight line, without the least appearance of irregularity or undulation. As you cast your eyes over it, it is all one series of deceptions. Sometimes, owing to a particular state of the atmosphere, or the position of the sun, distances and objects are increased or diminished like the vagaries of the phantasmagoria; things that are near will appear as if at a great distance, and those at a distance at other times seem as if you could almost touch them. Now a bird will seem as if touching the sky with its head, and anon the birds appear like an assemblage of insects."

Here we have a strange dialogue between a Wester Itinerant, "who," says Paulding, "are not frequently seen hunting the precincts of village taverns" in Missouri, we presume—the Landlord of a "gun-wine" Back Woods Tavern.

"His dress displayed innumerable incongruities, being composed, or rather decomposed, of the remnants of many fragments of finery, haphazardly disposed about his person. His coat had been once military, the rusty buttons bearing the vestiges of our national symbols, the soaring eagle and the thirteen stars: his waistcoat was of embroidered satin, with old-fashioned flaps, such as might have once appertained to a player; his trowsers of homespun tow linen, and his shoes, but of these little remained, for his wandering had left his feet almost bare. On his head he wore an old cocked hat, ornamented by a wreath of evergreens and faded flowers, and something like a star of tin was fastened on the breast of his coat. The landlord accounted for his military costume by the circumstance of his having exchanged his former clothes with a worthless discharged soldier, who had cheated him. The features of the peripatetic, tho' haggard, squalid, dirty, and almost hidden by an enormous bushy beard, still wore the remains of an aspect of some interest.

The worthy host affected to take no notice of the intruder, and continued to discuss the various subjects of war, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, matters which every man within the limits of these United States understands, at least as well as the mother that bore him. They were, however, interrupted from time to time by the man of rags, who, without raising his chin from his crossed arms, or his arms from his stick, now and then made a strange random observation, as he seemed to catch and comprehend a portion of the conversation between Leonard and mine host. Thus, on hearing the words domestic manufactures, he chuckled forth an odd dry laugh, and pointing to his trowsers, exclaimed in a hoarse hollow voice, which indicated that he was laboring under a severe cold,

"Look! I am a great advocate for domestic manufactures; a black spider spun and wove these; they were stitched with the needle of the compass that pointed nine ways from Sunday. Don't you see every stitch squints a different way?"

Just then a mosquito settled on his hand, which he caught, and squeezing the blood out of his body—

"Good! mosquitoes are your true insect soldiers; they live by blood.—Huzza! boys, I shall conquer the whole nation one of these odd-come-shorts, and make every gallinipper a field-marshal!"

Then, approaching nearer, he asked the landlord, "if he could tell him the reason why cats washed their heads with their tongues, and ran after their tails." On his replying in the negative, the ragged Theban exclaimed most contemptuously—

"Tu! then go and twist your gray beard

into a rope, and hang yourself on a sugar-cane, as I mean to do as soon as mine grows

long enough. You see I am nursing it, daddy. I sleep all night in the fields with my face up to the moon; they say it turns fish rotten, and men's brains upside down; but I don't believe a word of it, or I should have been mad long ago, instead of being a philosopher. But what was I saying? O!

I sleep with my face turned up to the moon; they say it's made of green cheese, but I

doubt that, for it would have been about my

ears long ago in a shower of skippers. You'd be surprised at the queer things I see up in the stars there, sometimes, when every one is asleep; some think they govern men, but for my part I go by the moon when it shines, and when it goes down I strike fire with two Irish potatoes, and study philosophy till my eyes turn into dark lanterns, and will-of-the-wisp leads me into the mire. He was a blind dancing-master once."

"Dont pester the gentleman with your nonsense, but go about your business; go to sleep, that is the best thing you can do."

"Sleep! Landlord, did you ever see a goose stand sentry on one leg, to keep itself awake? that is your true reason: a philosopher must have a reason for every thing. Do you know why a goose always stands on her left, and a gander on his right leg?"

"Diabol! not I," answered mine host, petulantly.

"Then how dare you to talk to a philosopher, most ignorant publican, and justly classed with sinners? I saw your fate in Mercury last night; you'll be hanged for feloniously robbing a cask of your own whisky, and filling it up with water."

In the following extract we are introduced to an Indian white man named, Bushfield, who has a moral antipathy to living in a city, understands shooting better with a rifle than the use of a knife and fork, and has all the independent feeling, and quaintness of speech for which very many in the newly settled sections of Missouri are proverbial.

"The habitation of the Indian white man, as the slaves called him, was simply a log cabin, the appurtenances of which were barely sufficient for the purposes of eating and sleeping. The forest supplied him with food, such as is considered the most delicate among the disciples of luxury; the skins of the deer and the bear furnished him with bed and clothing; his rifle was his purse; his powder and shot his ready cash; for they afforded him the medium of exchange for every thing which they did not themselves enable him to procure in the surrounding forest."

Bushfield had a person with him named Rainsford who has dwelt in "civilized society;" between whom the following confabulation occurs:

"Stranger," said Bushfield on occasion of the other missing a squirrel which was crouching at the summit of a tree of moderate height, and which had been resigned to him as an easy shot; "stranger, Ireckon on you haven't had the advantage of being raised in the woods, any how; why, I could have brought down that squirrel with both eyes shut, let alone one."

"No; I had the misfortune to be brought up in a city, where nobody carries a gun, except the militia."

"Nobody carry a gun! why, what do they carry then, a dirk?"

"No; the young gentlemen sometimes carry a switch about as thick as my little finger."

"A switch! why would they do now, supposing they were to come right face to face with a bear or an Ingan? what a mighty figure they'd cut!"

"Yes; but there are neither bears or Indians to fear."

"Sure that's true enough; for I remember when I went home to North Carolina, to see the old place, I'll be shot if there wasn't a little varmint of a town built right smack on the spot that used to be one of the best deer stations in the whole country. I couldn't stand that, no, that was too bad, so I cut a stick and made tracks, and came back to my old range; but they won't let a feller alone where he has plenty of elbow-room and I begin to think of leaving here soon, and carrying a trail across the Mississippi, any how."

"Why so?"

"Why, I'll tell you, stranger. Its getting too dense hereabouts."

"Dense?"

"Yes, the people are getting too close together, they haun't elbow-room—Why, do you know there's a feller has had the impudence to locate himself over yonder within three miles of me. I saw the smoke of his clumsy tothermorning, and heard a strange dog bark; so I tracked the feller, and put it to him if he wan't ashamed to come and disturb the peace in this neighborly manner. Bym-by, says I to him, a man wont have room to turn around here without hitting somebody's elbow, and the upshot of the business is, that either you or I must cut a stick and quit this hunting-ground, or I'll see if I can't make you, anyhow."

"Well, and did he cut a stick?"

"Not he, the rantanckerous squatter! he said he had as good a right there as any bear or wolf that ever broke bread; as good as I had, that had been in possession here ever since old Rogers Clarke licked the Ingens so beautifully. I'm a considerable old feller now, and followed close on the trail of old Boone, and it's a mighty pretty piece of nonsense if I haun't a right to the country about here, as much as I can throw a stick at; and I wish I may be dragged head foremost though a thorn-bush, if this interloper shan't clear out pretty considerably in a hurry or I'll be down upon him like all wrath, anyhow. I'd as good a mind as I ever had to shoot a wild deer, to have a fight with him off the reel, and settle the right of soil at once; but then I betheught myself he might listen to reason some other time, and so I told him I'd give him till next month to make tracks, or make up his mind to get a most almighty licking, if nothing else."

LAW.—Daniel J. Caswell and

Daniel S. Major, Attorneys and

Counsellors at Law, have entered into partnership, and will practice in the third Judicial Circuit of Indiana, particularly in the Counties of Dearborn, Franklin, Ripley and Switzerland; Also in the Supreme Court at Indianapolis, Office on Short street immediately opposite Mr. Ludlow's large brick building; where D. S. Major will at all times be found, unless absent on business, ready to attend to any professional services that may be required. He will also attend to the settlement of estates before the Probate Court; and of claims before the Commissioners Court of Dearborn county. Persons wishing Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, or conveyances of any kind, can have them drawn in a legal and unexceptionable form, by calling at their office.

DRY GOODS.—

W. M. TATE.

Lawrenceburg, July 12, 1832. —26

WAR DEPARTMENT, PENSION OFFICE, Washington, October 4th, 1832.

THE number of applications for Pensions under the recent Act of Congress, already exceeding 12,000, together with the state of the health of this city for some time past, has prevented the examination and decision of these claims with as much speed as is anxiously desired by the Department, and as is due to the services and sufferings of these meritorious veterans, entitled to the bounty of their country. When it is recollect that these claims contain a minute statement of facts by the applicants, embracing their whole revolutionary service, together with such corroborating proof circumstantial and direct, as they are able to collect, and that all these are investigated and compared with the rolls and other records of the Department, and that this process is necessary fairly to establish just claims and to prevent the granting of fraudulent ones, and that nothing will ensure the latter object but the most careful examination and rigid scrutiny, some idea may be formed of the time and labor requisite to effect these objects. It is impossible to go on with the current business of the office, and to answer all the letters, as they are received.

And this notice is given that applicants may be satisfied, their cases will be investigated in the order of their reception, and as rapidly as possible, and that each person will be advised of the result, whether favorable or adverse, or whether suspended for further proof, or explanations, as soon as his case can be taken up. And all may rest assured that the most vigorous efforts will be made to bring this whole matter to a close, with as little delay as possible; and nothing in the power of the Department will be wanting, to give effect to the benevolent intentions of Congress.

By order:

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

Publishers of the Laws of the U. States are requested to insert the above notice four times in each of their respective newspapers.

October 18.

40-4w.

Lumber for Sale.

THE subscriber has lately received a very large addition to his stock of LUMBER, and now offers for sale

425,000 feet of Boards and Plank,
14,000 " Joist,
15,000 " Scantling,
500,000 Shingles.

WM. TATE.

Lawrenceburg, July 12, 1832. —26

NEW GOODS.

J. H. LANE & Co. have just received from New York their Fall stock of

DRY GOODS,

which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms for cash or credit.

October 18th, 1832.

J. D.

Executor's Notice.

J. SAMUEL JELLY, of Dearborn county, Indiana, have taken out letters testamentary on the estate of DAVID C. CLOSE, late of said county, deceased, from the Probate Court thereof, and will be sold at Public Vendue at the former residence of the deceased, in Randolph township, Dearborn county, on Saturday the 2d day of December next, the following personal property, consisting of

Horses, Horn Cattle, Hogs and Sheep, Household and Kitchen furniture,

The terms of sale made known on the day of sale.

Those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment—and that said estate is solvent.

SAMUEL JELLY, Executor.

16th Nov., 1832. 44-4s

Caution to the Public!

THE public are cautioned against taking an assignment of a note given by Mary McIlroy to Jacob S. Riker, for \$20, dated 29th of May, 1832, and payable 25th of December, 1833. Said note was given for a patent Clock, and will not be paid, unless compelled thereto by law: as said Clock has not performed as it was warranted to do.

JAMES M'ILROY.

November 12, 1832. 44-3w

Who wants Money?

THE subscriber wishes to employ 2 or 3 persons to ride as mail carriers, to whom employment for one year and liberal wages will be given. Young men of industrious, moral habits, weighing from 120 to 130 pounds would be preferred. Application should be made immediately.

JOHN D. CUMMINS.

Oct. 26, 1832. 41

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received from PHILADELPHIA

A General Assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries,

BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

ALSO, FROM PITTSBURGH,

IRON, WAFERS & GLASSWARE,

Which they will sell low for Cash or on time.

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