

THE PARTING.

The signal from the distant strand  
Streams over the waters blue—  
It bids me press thy parting hand,  
And breathe my last adieu;  
But oft on fancy's glowing wing  
My heart will love to stray,  
And still to thee with rapture spring,  
Though I am far away.

Off, when the rising dawn shall blusin  
Through night's empruned shroud,  
And all its changing glories rush  
Along the eastern cloud,  
Remembrance brighter charms will fling  
Upon the youthful day,  
And touch affection's dulcet string,  
Though I am far away.

And, when pale Evening's raven hair,  
Stems o'er the fading West,  
And her blue wings are hovering there  
Upon the Ocean's breast;  
My spirit in that holy hour  
Will yield to passion's sway,  
And own thy dear resistless power,  
Though I am far away.

With thee I've wandered oft to hear  
On summer's beauteous eves,  
The wild bird's music soft and clear,  
Borne through the whispering leaves,  
Or see the moon's bright shadow laid  
Upon the waveless bay—  
Those eves—their memory cannot fade,  
Though I am far away.

My life may know hope's withering blight,  
Yet Fancy's tearful eye  
Will turn to thee—the dearest light  
In retrospection's sky;

And still the memory of our love,  
While life was young and gay,  
Will sweetly o'er my spirit move,  
Though I am far away.

Yon shov'ry bow, with silent power,  
Is bending to the sea,  
And thus in sorrow's darkest hour,  
My soul is bent to thee;

Thy youthful spirit sheds on mine,  
Its bright, undying ray;

And as it shines, it still will shine,  
Though I am far away.

'Tis hard, when spring's first flowers expand,  
To pass it coldly by,

Or see upon the desert sands  
The gem unheeded lie,

The gentle thoughts, that bless the hours  
Of love, can ne'er decay,

And thou wilt live in memory's bowers,  
Though I am far away.

The sun has sunk with fading gleam  
Down evening's shadowy vale.

But see—his chastened glories stream  
From yonder crescent pale;

And thus affection's softened light  
Will memory still display,

To silver o'er affliction's night,  
Though I am far away.

From the Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette.

POP AND FARMER.

POP.  
Where lies the path to honor, ease and wealth?

FARMER.

Leave that to fools—but mine the path to health.

I trace the plough, and like the Chinese king,  
Set an example worth man's following.

POP.

Who guides the plough? who but the vulgar race?

With dirty hands, old clothes and sun-burnt face.

FARMER.

Let me be vulgar—fond of industry.

This I esteem the true nobility.

Be my hands tarnished and my conscience clean,

Old be my clothes, they're not so old as sin.

Will summer suns the manly skin disgrace?

Let men be men, and spurn the infant's face;

The thought of tanning scarcely would affright

The mates of freemen, tho' too fond of white.

POP.

Well, you may toil and sweat, who must and can;

I must not, cannot—I'm a gentleman!

FARMER.

Well, we will keep the good old honored track,

Not gentle sloth nor pride shall turn us back.

Good-bye, dear sir, if wisdom finds me now,

She'll smiling ask, why 'Lisha left his plough.

The Hermit and the Vision.—It is told of a religious recluse, who in the early ages of Christianity, betook himself to a cave in upper Egypt, which in the times of the Pharaohs had been a despository for mummies, that he prayed morning, noon and night, eating only the dates which some neighboring trees afforded, and drinking of the water of the Nile. At length the hermit became weary of life, and he then prayed still more earnestly.

After this duty, one day he fell asleep, and the vision of an angel appeared to him in a dream commanding him to rise and cut down a neighboring palm tree, and make a robe of fibres, and after it was done the angel would appear to him again. The hermit awoke, and instantly applied himself to obey the vision.

He travelled about from place to place, many days before he could procure an axe; and during his journey, he felt happier than he had for many years. His prayers were short and few; but what they wanted in length and number, they outmeasured in fervency.

Having returned with the axe, he cut down the tree, and with much labor and assiduity during several days, prepared the fibres to make the robe; and after a continuance of daily occupation for weeks, completed the command.

The vision that night appeared to the hermit, as promised, and thus addressed him. "You are now no longer weary of life, but happy. Know that man was made for labor, and prayer also is his duty; the one as well as the other is essential to his well being. Arise in the morning; take the cord, and with it gird up thy loins, and go forth into the world and let it be a memorial to thee, of what God expects from man, if he would be blessed with happiness on earth."

A Cow and Calf.—A certain lawyer of this city was the other day telling a story, how once on a time a sleigh had run against a cow, knocked up her trotters, and upset her into the vehicle.

"Were you in the sleigh?"

"Yes," answered the lawyer.

"Then," replied the wag, "there was a cow and a calf together."

A Flower Garden, judiciously laid out, and tastefully arranged, is one of the loveliest objects in nature or art, and a pretty girl looks still prettier when training up a wild honey suckle, or, with a hoe, drawing fresh earth around the roots of a favorite flower. A cottage, by the wayside, with dahlias near the door, and geraniums and roses in the windows, conveys to the passing traveller the

idea of purity, innocence and refinement—and he whispers to himself as the coach wheels roll rapidly along, "there's happiness in that cottage."

Lowell Journal.

A Good Proposition.—A debtor being confined in a jail, sent to his creditor to let him know that he had a proposal to make, which he believed would be for their mutual benefit. The creditor called on him to hear it. I have been thinking, said the former, that it is a very bad thing for me to lie here, and to put you to the expense of one dollar and twenty-five cents per week. My being so chargeable to you has given me great uneasiness, for God knows what it may cost you in the end—therefore what I would propose—you shall let me out of jail and allow me one dollar a week, and let the twenty-five cents go towards discharging the debt.

An old lady, who was apt to be troubled in her dreams, and rather superstitious withal, informed the Parson of the parish that on the night previous, she dreamed she saw her grandfather who had been dead for ten years. The clergyman asked her what she had been eating. "Oh, only a half of a mince pie!" "Well," says he, "if you had devoured the other half you might probably have seen your grandfather!"

Attack of a Bear.—The following account of an attack of a bear, on a person at Bayon Lafourche, Louisiana, which occurred on the 13th ult., we have translated from the Donaldsonville Republican:

A young man residing on Bayon Lafourche gives the following particulars of a recent encounter he had with bear. The animal, it seems, was in the habit of committing depredations on his corn fields, and in spite of the vigilance of the planter, always made good his retreat. All attempts to put a stop to the depredations of the enemy having failed, the planter spread a gun in the path by which the bear usually approached the field, and placed himself at some distance for the purpose of watching. Weary with waiting, our hunter wrapped himself in a blanket, and fell into a slumber. He had not been long in this situation, when the bear made his appearance, and, falling into the snare that had been laid for him, caused the gun to go off, the report of which frightened him, and he turned to run away.

The young man, whom the noise had aroused, started up seized the gun by his side, and followed in pursuit. He soon came up with the bear, fired at, and wounded him; when the animal rushed furiously upon him, clasped him with his paws and attempted to choke him. The hunter, though closely hugged, succeeded in inflicting two or three severe stabs upon the bear, with a knife. This so enraged the animal that he became desperate, and tore the young man with his feet and claws, in the most dreadful manner; while the latter applied his knife so frequently that the bear, mortally wounded, staggered about fifteen paces and then fell down and died. The hunter, bleeding from his wounds, and his strength exhausted, sunk fainting to the ground, where he lay for several hours nearly in a state of insensibility. His life, however, is not considered in danger.

It is stated that this combat took place during the wonderful display in the Heavens on the morning of the 13th ult. To be engaged with a bear at such a time, and in the woods too, must have been a very unpleasant affair.

More Gold in Virginia.—It is stated in the Richmond Whig of the 12th, that a Gold mine has been discovered in Louisa, which, with only two washers, yielded in one day, recently, four thousand penny weights of gold, besides a good deal laid aside imbedded in quartz to be pounded!

Governor Hayne has sent another long message to the Legislature of S. Carolina, relating solely to the vast military preparations made and about to be made to put the State in a posture of defence.

James Findley, has been appointed Secretary of State by the Governor of Pennsylvania.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania seem determined to abolish, entirely, capital punishment in that State.

Wonderful Mistake.—Some persons make a mistake, and think it is the editor, and not his newspaper, that they buy for 3 dollars a year.

WOOD: WOOD!! Cold types and frosty fingers are as uncomfortable companions as old age and poverty. Those who have promised us wood, and others who wish to avail themselves of the privilege of making payment in this *seasonable* article, are advised that the roads are tolerably fair. "A word to the wise," &c. EDITOR.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, on the 1st of January, 1834, which, if not taken out within three months, will be sent to the general Post Office as dead letters.

Annis Thomas, Armstrong John, Angevine Jas., Armstrong Clarisa, Anderson Andrew Beach Mark, Bowen Elizabeth, Bear Robert, Brant Joseph, Baily Mary B., Bea Benjamin, Brown Elvy, Baker Henry, Bradbury Thos.

Collins Gabriel, Conran Russel, Clark Sophia, Crozier John, Cook Ulysses, Conger David, Calvin Philip S., Craig Daniel Sen., Curtis Thos.

Dill James, Dill A. H., (clerk of the circuit court,) Davis William, Egleston Jacob.

Fairbanks Almon, Freeland John, Folks W. R., German Catharine, Gerrard Hamilton, Green Liddy Miss, Griswold Win., Grimes Robert, Holstead Miller, Hibbert James, Hanson Thos., Hillhouse Wm., Hoare Robert, Hamblen Levi, Hopkins Henry, Holmsby Edward, Horner George, Hall David, James H. F., Kent Jacob.

Lamb Alexander, Longwood Millow.

Matthew John, McCracken Mark, M'Koy Ellis, Milburn Henry, Miller John, M'Kins Henry, for Patrick Sheals, Morrison John, M'Gahan John, McCausland James.

Near Henry, Nelson Harriet Miss, Nevit Eliza, Oneal Hiram, Osgood Samuel, Pool Caroline, Palmer Thos., Perine David E. S., Parsons Edward.

Robinson J. B., Riley Dennis, Ritter Joseph, Shoemaker Blackley, Shepherd Joel, Sherred James, Smith John R., Smith Samuel.

Vattie Charles, Vergurson Amos.

Walker Robert, Wilson James P. 2; White Jane Miss, Womack Willis G.

J. W. HUNTER, P. M.

jan 1, 1834. 52-3w

PUBLIC SALE. Notice is given that we shall

offer at Public Sale, in the town of Lawrenceburg, on the 3d day of February next, twenty shares of Stock of the Lawrenceburg Bridge Company, and some other personal property, belonging to the estate of the late Timothy Davis, dec'd.

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