

THE PIONEER.

The forest was silent, the gaunt wolf was there,
Crouching low in the shade of his brush-covered lair—
The panther was watching, and, fiercely the snake
Awaited his prey in the marsh and the brake.

The red man was there—who so swift in the race?
So fearless in battle, so keen in the chase?
He was there in the might, and the pride of the brave,
To vanquish his foeman, or purchase a grave.

The forest was cheerless, no mansion or rose,
To give food to the hungry, the weary repose:
The hurricane swept through the region of gloom,
And the pestilence gathered its prey for the tomb.

Who is he so boldy, his weapon in hand,
Unappalled by the dangers that bristle the land;
Unmoved by the tempest, unawed by the yell,
Treads proudly the forest, and sleeps in the dell.

Say, who is that stranger who comes from afar,
To the land of the savage, apparelled for war,
Alone, yet undaunted—in friend at his side,
No comrade to counsel, no leader to guide?

'Tis the white man that comes—'tis the bold pioneer,
Long trained to the chase of the elk and the deer;
A child of the border, familiar is he
With the whoop that he heard on his fond mother's knee.

Selected.

From the Salem Observer.

THE BACHELOR'S ERROR.

The bachelors all, as they wandered along,
Through the wearisome journey of life,
Were always wandering how mirth and song,
And the numberless joys that to earth belong.

Could dwell in the house with a wife.

They thought that the cares and troubles of life,
Were doubled by Hymen and Co.; [strife,
That the pleasures of home were all mingled with
That the cup of our bliss was with misery rife,
And life but a budget of woe.

They thought that the hand of affection was cold,
And that woman was selfish and vain.

That her heart like a bubble was bought and sold,
As a worthless thing, for its price in gold,
Regardless of joy or of pain.

For they knew not that friendship could double the
bliss.

Which they gathered so sparingly alone;
They knew not that love, in such a world as this,
When it dwelt in the hand of some beautiful miss,
Was the real philosopher's stone.

That its touch could awaken a thrill of delight,
To the spirit by sorrow oppressed;

Cheer shadows that fall in affliction's dark night
O'er the home of the poor and distressed.

Nor knew they its powers to soften the cares
That would mar our enjoyment and bliss;

Or its charm, that can rescue from perils and snares
The traveller who wanders through life unawares—

No, they knew not the power of this.

So they wandered in sorrow and wandered alone

Through the wearisome journey of life,

Ere they found out their folly, too late to atone

They suffered in silence—unknowing—unknown—

And all for the want of—a wife.

From the New York Mirror.

OLD MAIDS.

In our last number we announced the appearance in England of this book—we will now give our readers some idea of its contents. The author gives the following classification for the sisterhood.

CLASS—OLD MAIDS.

Ladies who have passed their thirty-fifth year, calculated either from the parish register, or, if that be wanting, from the family bible, and who remain in a state of unimpeachable maidenhood without any appearance of a matrimonial alliance—unless such an appearance has been ten years standing.

GENERIC DIVISIONS.

GENUS I.—Voluntary old maids.—GENUS II.—Involuntary old maids.—GENUS III.—Old maids by accident.—GENUS IV.—Inexplicable old maids.—GENUS V.—Literary old maids.

GENUS I.—Ladies whose extreme delicacy, or caution, or coldness, have determined them to live a life of celibacy; every opportunity having been afforded them for marriage.

GENUS II.—Ladies possessing every requisite for the connubial state, and who have been anxiously striving to attain it, but, notwithstanding, still remain in single blessedness.

GENUS III.—Ladies eminently qualified for matrimonial duties, and who have been repeatedly engaged, but by some accident still remain old maids.

GENUS IV.—Ladies who remain in a state of virginity, but for which no earthly reason can be assigned.

GENUS V.—Literary old maids.

We sympathize more particularly with the ladies whose title to the name of old maid has been accidental, and we extract from the book a letter of one of these, giving an account of the why and wherefore of her degree in the venerable faculty.

Our next historiette, is shorter, and of somewhat different character, and bears the impress of a tender, susceptible, and gentle mind. The writer was, even as an old maid, a pensive and graceful being—with a soft blue eye, full of "dewy light," and a "tendresse" of manner that spoke of by gone times; and a low and musical voice that came upon the ear like "far off musick." Her brow was lofty and contemplative, and there "beauty kept her state"—telling of "deep internal lovingness"—and of a heart that would have

"Hung existence as a jewel
On the neck of new-born love."

She was an old maid by "accident," and might be called—

"A lovely widow in virginity."

"MY SWEET MARY.—Your note of this morning tells me that Herbert St. Aulaire, has of late been particular in his attentions to you, and you frankly confess that these attentions have been very grateful. I should think ill of your head and heart, were it otherwise, for Herbert is perfect in 'all good grace, to grace a gentleman.' And you are aware how fastidious I am in bestowing that title. You say, 'my sweet girl, that you are motherless, that you are indebted to me for many kindnesses, and that I am intimately acquainted with St. Aulaire; and you conclude by asking whether it would be prudent to bestow your affection on him.'

"Alas! my love—it is a trying question—and though I would not dim your bright prospect, nor cloud the happiness of your young heart, for one moment, I should ill deserve your confidence, did I hesitate to speak the truth.

"St. Aulaire is, I firmly believe, worthy of all love a woman can bestow. Were I circumstanted as you are, without any knowledge of the misery that might result from it, I should love him with an impassioned fondness, bordering upon idolatry—for he has that about him, which cannot fail to engage the affections of any woman of sensibility. But love, my dear girl, is a perilous adventure—and to love as you would love St. Aulaire, is a giddy precipice, from which you might be thrown by a thousand accidents, which would make your future life one long night of exquisite misery.

"He would engross your whole being—body and soul—heart and mind—he would become your world—your paradise, in which all your hopes and happiness would be centred; and think, my sweet girl, how frail and uncertain is its tenure—and think! oh, think! how utterly miserable, how wretched you would be, when you saw it crumbling beneath your feet. Existence would be a blank, a sterile waste, and you would droop like the crushed lily, and pine in your loneliness; wasting your sighs upon the desert air, and dimming your eyes with tears of regret.

"Think not, my dear Mary, that I am painting distant possibilities, or that I would cruelly check the warm current of your feeling, by melancholy forebodings. Alas—not I have known the delight of a first and undying love; and I have also experienced the miseries against which I would guard you. These I would briefly relate to you, and may my example be your warning.

"Did I regard you with less tenderness, I should not thus voluntarily make a confession, which will wring my heart. It is a retrospective I dare seldom indulge in, and is fraught with so much woe and so much luxury of grief, that I shall not venture to indulge your curiosity and compassion beyond detailing the chief point of my misfortune.

"I was, as you are, motherless; my more, I might be said to be fatherless, for my surviving parent was so immersed in business, that he rarely bestowed a thought on his only child. I was young, beautiful, and artless, when Henry Bolton was first known to me. He was then to me as St. Aulaire is now to you; a peer among his fellows; but it seems to my fond memory, that highly as Herbert is endowed with bodily and mental excellencies—'my beautiful, my brave,' was infinitely his superior. I had none to guide, none to warn me—I lived almost alone in my father's magnificent country house; and here Henry first told me of his love. Oh Mary, I knew not myself—I knew not the passionate impulses of my heart—I knew not the intense fire that was hidden in my bosom.

"But his love, like the enchanted wand, opened my eyes; and in a few months I loved him with a depth, a tenderness and devotion that swallowed up all my faculties; nor was his fondness less than mine. We were together almost constantly. Hour after hour I have leaned upon his breast, listening to his murmured vows; and have felt that to be thus, was perfect bliss.

"I had no thought but of him; I lived only in his presence; to see him was rapture; to be folded in his arms safety and content. I was his body and soul; but Henry was too pure and too noble to triumph over my utter abandonment of self; no word ever escaped his lips, but which I could repeat to you without raising a blush upon your cheek; and no child ever repose with more conscious security on the bosom of its mother, than I did upon that of Henry. His honour was my safety; for in his presence I forgot every thing but my love—I was even terrified at the vehemence of my own passion, and have hidden my burning face from him, lest my irrepressible emotions might betray him.

"The day was fixed for our marriage. I longed, oh Mary, for that day, when I should dare to give way to all my tumultuous tenderness.

"Day after day he was my side, and alone, for I had no sisters, and my companions were shunned. Scarcely had I risen from my happy, but agitated slumbers, when the sound of his horse's feet rung through my frame as if an angel's voice had summoned me; and night after night the same sound echoed in my ears, as if it had been the voice of desolation. A hundred times have I patted the neck of the beautiful charger that bore him to my arms, and which had carried him safely through a thousand dangers. Yet this animal, which I had caressed and fed with my own hands, which I had playfully called mine, was the cause of the catastrophe which deprived me of my beloved Henry.

"Four days before the one so ardently longed for, Henry had remained later than usual; we had been planning various little schemes, of home felicity, and time unheeded had flown rapidly. The night was, however, fine, and the path familiar to both horse and rider; our parting embrace was indulged in again and again, till he forced himself from my arms, even before I had bidden him farewell.

"The hasty tramp of his horse soon died away, and I was left to my own musings. They were happy, my dear Mary, most happy—for my bridal morn was fast approaching. The next day came, and I sat on my accustomed seat, commanding a long line of the road along which Henry always came; the hour of his coming past by; noon and night came on, and still found me changed to the same spot. Oh, Mary! the fond expectation, the weary delay, the heartstirring thoughts, that chased each other through my fevered mind, on that day! But he came out.

"The night was passed in torturing anxiety, the tramp of his horse was heard in every whisper of the wind, his voice in every murmur of the neighboring beech-tree. My disturbed fancy led me time after time, to my casement; but all was quiet and serene abroad, and the silvery moonlight was resting placidly upon the garden.

"Morning came, at length, and in uncontrollable impatience I hurried along the path, expecting every moment to see him winging his way to meet me. Still he came not. My father was from home, and I despatched our groom to Henry's residence with a note, written in an unsteady hand, requesting him to come immediately or I should die.

"The man returned, and, with an air of dejection, gave me a note, addressed to my father—and not in Henry's writing. I trembled so violently that I had no power to ask the servant a single question; and, unable to endure the suspense of sending it to my father, with great difficulty, and with a choking sensation, I opened the fatal note—and learned that Henry was dead!

"I rushed from the house, and fled like a maniac to his residence. This was several miles from my own home, and how or when I reached it I never knew. Reach it, however, I did, and screaming wildly for Henry, was only restrained by force from seeing his mangled body.

"Of all this I have no recollection, for it pleased Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, to deprive me of reason; and for many months I was in a state of helpless unconsciousness. Time after time my malady returned; for no sooner did memory dawn upon me, than the horrible thought, that Henry was no more, drove me into convulsions, which threatened my existence.

"Slowly—very slowly I regained composure, and the chastening hand of time wore away the extreme agony of my sorrow. His memory is shined in my heart, and no second love has ever polluted its purity.

"The lamentable 'accident' which deprived me of reason, had occurred, probably, in twenty minutes after Henry had parted from me, warm with life, and full of affection. The lateness of the hour had induced him to leave the common track, and pursue a by-road through his own property, where his horse must have stumbled and thrown its rider, as it was found near its master severely lamed. Many hours elapsed before he was discovered, as it was naturally supposed that he had remained all night, and thus while I was deplored his absence, and was haunted by unjust surmises, he was lying dead, in his young manhood, exposed to the winds of heaven.

"Ah! my sweet Mary, thus was I robbed of him on whom I had lavished the whole sum of earthly affections, and was plunged into curseless sorrow. Had I loved less intensely, or loved one less worthy, than he has that about him, which cannot fail to engage the affections of any woman of sensibility. But love, my dear girl, is a perilous adventure—and to love as you would love St. Aulaire, is a giddy precipice, from which you might be thrown by a thousand accidents, which would make your future life one long night of exquisite misery.

"He would engross your whole being—body and soul—heart and mind—he would become your world—your paradise, in which all your hopes and happiness would be centred; and think, my sweet girl, how frail and uncertain is its tenure—and think! oh, think! how utterly miserable, how wretched you would be, when you saw it crumbling beneath your feet. Existence would be a blank, a sterile waste, and you would droop like the crushed lily, and pine in your loneliness; wasting your sighs upon the desert air, and dimming your eyes with tears of regret.

"Oh had I thought thou couldst have died, I might not weep for thee, But I forgot, when by thy side, That thou couldst mortal be;

It never through my mind had passed, The time would e'er be o'er, That on thee should look my last, And thou shouldst smile no more."

"I tremble for you, my sweet girl; St. Aulaire is a man to win your utmost devotion; and you have a heart that would pour out itself unreservedly upon him. Think, should misfortune attend him, should he prove faithless, for man is a weak and vacillating creature, should premature death snatch him from you—think, my young friend, of the ago-

nies I have suffered—of the grave of my hopes—of my long mourning. Let your love be less engrossing, have some one anchor, if possible, that might save you from destruction; forbear to throw all that is dear to you, on one perishable object. Rather, on rather, preserve your maiden meditations free from the breath of passion—and become an old maid—than submit the very soul of your existence to accident. Come to me, Mary, and let me hear from your own lips your decision. I would guard you from misery if possible; but if you love St. Aulaire as I loved Henry Bolton, my prayers will not be wanting for your felicity. I remain your sincere friend,

EMILY D."

Lines for Music. There is a good deal of melody in the following brace of quatrains, and if fit for some thing else they are certainly fit for music. They remind us very forcibly of Pope's wicked sneers at the fashionable poetry of his day, when he wrote his famous lines by a "Person of Quality," beginning with "Fluttering spread thy purple pinions."

Soft descend ye gentle slumbers,
Shed your sweets on him I love;
Seraphs breathe your sweetest numbers,
Strains of softest music move!

Fairy nymphs, bring blooming roses,
Twined with garlands sweet and fair;
Strew the couch where he repose,
Scatter ev'ry fragrance there.

New Line of Mail Stages from Lawrenceburg, Ia., to Cincinnati; Via Burlington and Florence, Kentucky.



THE BACHELOR'S ERROR. Consisting of four horses, a driver, and passengers inside.

FOUR HORSE POST COACHES. Consisting of four horses, a driver, and passengers inside.

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IRON, GLASSWARE, &c. Consisting of four horses, a driver, and passengers inside.

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