

From the New Yorker.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.
AWAY to the Prairies! the hour is at hand,
I must fly my sweet home to the paradise land,
Where the flowers are the brightest, the blue skies
more clear,
And the wild-wood is thronged with the Elk and
the Deer.

Away to the Prairies! Dear Father farewell!
Oh dark that word, as these tear-drops may tell;
Farewell, my lone Brother we part not for long—
We shall soon join again in the hunter's wild song.

Away to the Prairies! Sweet Sisters, one kiss;
Belov'd may your cups ever sparkle with bliss;
As bright be your lives as your roses, ye blest—
But forget not your brother, whose home is the West.

Away to the Prairies! Oh bitterest now,
Comes the pang of my heart and the ice to my brow;
I kneel, but, my Mother, thy lips cannot bless*
Thy heart-stricken child, nor return his care.

The death-dew is gathering upon thy pale cheek;
To tell thy soul's wishes thy breath is too weak;
Thy dimm'd eyelids droop, yet is written beneath
"The love of a Mother is stronger than death."

Away! dearest Mother, we're passing away,
Like the spring-loving birds from stern Winter's
decay;

Thy home will be bright, but in mine may be tears—
Oh gild with thy spirit my desolate years!

Away to the Prairies! the parting is o'er;
My steed bounds with joy towards Missouri's far
shore:

My dreams are of mountain, of river and plain:
—Will they bring me my home and my mother again!

J. H. S.

Shesquelin, Pa. August, 1835.

*He was obliged to leave home at a time when his mother's decease was daily expected.

From the New York Mirror.

HE CAME TOO LATE:

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.

He came too late!—Neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorned the offering of a heart
Which lingered on its way,
Till it could no delight impart,
Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late!—At once he felt
That all his power was o'er!
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
She thought of him no more.

Anger and grief had passed away,
Her heart and thoughts were free;
She met him, and her words were gay,
No spell had memory.

He came too late!—The subtle chords
Of love were all unbound,
Nor by offence of spoken words,
But by the slights that wound.

She knew that life held nothing now
That could the past repay,
Yet she disdained his tardy vow,
And coldly turned away.

He came too late!—Her countless dreams
Of hope had long since flown;
No charm dwelt in his chosen themes,
Nor in his whispered tone.

And when, with word and smile, he tried,
Affection still to prove,
She nerve'd her heart with woman's pride,
And spurned his fickle love.

THOUGHTS—SCRAPS—GATHERINGS.

"A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing," says Pope. This is deplorably true sometimes—but not always. The greatest of all jackasses is he who has learned just enough to know how to make a fool of himself, without sense to know what a fool he is. Such an animal is ever braying and ever blundering. A man who knows nothing at all is far better off than he.

Dignity is very good in its proper place. Nature commonly gives the man of real dignity an instinct, as it were, of the proper time to put it on. But a little man spings the natural dignity of a great man, transforming trifles into matters of state—deliberating upon picketer, for example, with as much majesty as upon the rise and fall of empires—crying *ore rotundo*, for a glass of water, in the mock heroic, as if he were Garrick in King Lear—what more ridiculous! I knew a man who never addressed "Mr. Speaker" without trilling the "s-i-r," arms aloft and the right leg a-swinging.

Why do women love bad men better than good men? They do,—and nevertheless they have better hearts, and purer feelings than men have. Women ever have a great ambition to reform rakes. First, they pity vice, and at last endeavoring to reform it, they love it, or rather the embodied representation of it; just as they love their children, whether little dirty d—ls, or sweet little angels. Henry VIII. had six (?) wives—angels, too, some of them, and a monster he,—and known to be such! How Josephine loved Bonaparte! Mirabeau with a face as ugly as sin, was the greatest and most successful gallant of his day.

Women are greater aristocrats than men ever are. No woman can break through their magic circle of society, unless her husband takes her into it. If a stray fair one from a strange flock comes near another flock to which she does not belong, what a busting there is! what a stiffness, a formality, that shivers all over! Men always give the hand, and the "How d'y'e do," and the "Glad to see you." The reason is, that women are honest in such matters with each other, and men play the hypocrite.

Men seldom or never trust men with their secrets, and their ambitious projects—but they will trust a woman with almost anything. Hence successful diplomats almost always work with the softer sex. An idea connected with this, is suggested why a celebrated personage in this country keeps in a state of singleness.

Considerable is a famous word with the genuine Yankees. Every thing is considerable. "Is it cold to-day?" "Yes, pretty considerable." "Is it cold from 'considerable slushy going,' to 'considerable clever,' and 'considerable cute.' If you are a true Yankee, look out when that word *considerable* is popping into your mouth.

Any body can talk common sense, but few can talk nonsense well. This may examine a reader as a singular remark but let us examine it. Common-sense conversation on common-sense matters is the gift of every body, with any intellect at all—of any man not an idiot, or not insane. Every body is ever talking common-sense, and so it becomes familiar, just as every body can talk of religion and of politics, who can talk of nothing else. But skilful, graceful nonsense demands education, wit, wisdom. How few can trifle gracefully!

If I were a preacher, I would say more than many of them do of the use and necessity of religion in this world, even for wordly use. How necessary religion is for a State! If I were an infidel, I would lock the foul secret in my own bosom. Religion purifies the feelings and temper of a man, and lifts him far above ordinary mortals in all his conceptions. William Wirt always appeared more than mortal, though I do believe the world over-rate his talents, —and for this reason, that they so much love the purity of the man. Religion is every thing to a woman. Nothing is more disgusting than a syllable of disrespect uttered against institutions, which are the stay and the staff of woman. A woman never appears so lovely as when she is at her prayers. A mother's word, a mother's prayers have more sway

over the son, than all the homilies of the pulpit. The simplest phrases from her will draw a tear that no eloquence can bring forth.

Things I Hate.—A woman riding in a stage with seven band-boxes, and a squalling infant.—A dull razor when I am in a hurry.—An album sent me to put rhymes into.—A long call when I am busy.—Hot tea in hot day.—Dinner a half hour after the time.—A cravat so full of holes that I can't find one layer whole.—Gridiron bridges and Portland sides—prayers in church when I don't know where to put my eyes or lay my hands.—The fumbling of a new beginner over the keys of a piano.—A letter to write and nothing to write about.—A hole in the heel of my stocking, so that I must walk lame to keep it in my shoe.—A call upon a lady who keeps me waiting thirty minutes, so that she may regulate her toilet.—Three or four yards of advice from one I know to be a fool.—False curls on a lady's head badly put on.—Real gauze dresses with white shining through.—A man at the post-office who keeps me waiting for him to read ten pages of the list of letters.—And then that everlasting &c. &c. when one has nothing more to say.

Agreeable Noises.—The grating of rusty hinges.—The clatter of shovel and tongs as they fill upon the earth.—The whetting of old knives upon the jamb of the chimney.—A squeaking wagon laden with loose iron bars rattling over the pavements.—The screeching of noisy school-boys just let loose from the terrors of the pedagogue's whip, with full liberty to kick up as they please, and rend the air with cries.—The yell of cats when they are scratching to tear out each other's eyes past 12 o'clock, P. M.

The tenor upper-story lamentations of a little infant when its mother is away, and there is no one to stop it.—The yelling of oyster boys, who give you no peace with their everlasting songs.—A boisterous pit screaming for the play to go on.

Jonathan when he is weary of a dull speech in Congress goes off, and leaves the speaker to the walls. John Bull harras and stamps, screaks and screams, and hauls the orator down.

Why do men and women wear their cloaks, capes, and souts on a Sunday, in a hot church, sweltering under them, when if at home, they would deem such an affliction unendurable? A farmer who works in his shirt sleeves all the week, puts on his great coat in a hot room on Sundays, no matter how uncomfortable it is!

Some people can't understand why a big man should pay no more in a stage coach than a little one. Dixon H. Lewis, for example, the greatest man in Congress pays no more on his way home than Jesse Bynum, the *smallest* man, and yet Lewis outweighs three of Bynum. But Bynum gains in this, that though he pays as much stage fare, and as much for a dinner, yet his vote is just as weighty as Lewis' is.—Thus what he loses in money, he gains in influence.

Some philosophers have bothered their brains much about the rules by which men ought to be allowed to vote,—how checks and balances, and majorities should be made out. In some places they vote by property. It is just as reasonable that they vote by weight. Indeed, why should a five-feet two inches man with a small body, filling but a small place on earth, have just as much of earth's management, as a man six feet and two inches in his shoes, with huge limbs and prodigious carcass to be shocked by all earth's changes.

In the North they think an orator mad, who is lively, enthusiastic, daring. In the South, this is eloquence; and there northern eloquence freezes and chills. A ridiculous idea was that of the southerner, who could not listen to Daniel Webster, because he was so stupid,—and just as ridiculous of him, who calls McDuffie crazy, because he raves and thumps a little at times. The medium is the best school.

A laugh—a roar, does one good now and then, let the puritans say what they may. It is like letting off steam from a high pressure Mississippi steam-boat. Laugh and be fat is a kind of proverb. Cassius, I am quite sure, never laughed. Fat men always laugh, and no one can become fat, who don't laugh.

I can always tell a man who will live to a good old age, unless an epidemic carries him off the way. He is easy, quiet, takes the world as it goes—if disappointed, cheerfully begins again, and keeps an es- saying. Such men don't die in the strict sense of the word. They wear out as a piece of machinery does,—and then their race is over. What a superb book is that of Cicero *de Senectute*! Every old man ought to read it once a week.

Portland Advertiser.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE. Like the olive-tree—said to fertilize the surrounding soil—there are some few ministering angels in female guise among us all and about our paths, who sweetly serve to cheer and adorn life. Our amusements are insipid unless they contribute to them; our efforts of noblest ambition fail, unless they applaud—it reward valueless, unless they share them! There are, too, some rude spirits in the world, whose bolder nature female influence admirably serves to refine and temper; and perhaps it is not an extreme eulogium of the poet that without that influence many a man has been a brute indeed! The concurrence of both sexes is necessary to the perfection of our being, as to the existence of it.—Man may make a fine melody, but woman is also required to make up harmony!

SINGULAR CONTRAST.—It has been often observed that a man will readily face danger and death in one form, and be afraid of it in another; and this remark was strikingly exemplified in Junot, one of Bonaparte's generals, who raised himself by his coolness when Bonaparte was besieging Toulon. He was writing something by order of the latter, when a bombshell burst near him; he promptly observed that he wanted sand, and it had come in due time. Yet I remember to have heard Sir Sidney Smith, speaking of Junot in the captain's room at the Admiralty, say, that when he was going on board the Tiger, Sir Sidney's ship, he was so frightened in mounting the ladder, that it was found necessary to him on board through one of the port-holes.

THE WIFE.—It is not unfrequent that a wife mourns over the alienated affections of her husband, when she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks because he once loved her he ought always to love her, and she neglects those attentions which engaged his heart. Many a wife is thus the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. The woman deserves not a husband's love who will not greet him with smiles when he returns from the labors of the day; who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a chee-bleh heart. There is not one in a thousand so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence and break away from such a home.

FRAUD AND DETECTION.—Thirty bills of indictment have been found in Arkansas, against individuals for perjury, subornation of perjury, in establishing claims to donation lands. The Arkansas Gazette says, that in the course of investigation, a most infamous scene of villainy and corruption was exposed, and it is expected that much more will be brought to light at the next term of the court. Many honest persons who have purchased claims of this description, will suffer a severe loss. The way the United States is cheated out of her lands in the new states and territories, should be a 'caution.'

Wheeling Gazette.

Lamentable prospects for French editors. A case might occur under the new law of the press, by which an editor might be fined to the amount of one million of francs and imprisoned for 8 years.

Courts of Dearborn County.

Circuit—4th Mondays in March and September—

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, 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 and expedition in manufacturing or quality of the article when made.

Competition, the test of all such matters, is cordially and respectfully invited.

The Patent Right is considered well secured, even beyond 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

NE W GOODS.

C. R. & W. WEST,

R E S P E C T U L Y inform their friends and the public, that they did, on the first day of January last, enter into partnership, for the purpose of merchandizing 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

G E N E R A L 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, lustreous, black gro. do.

Swiss, black gro. de nap and Senshaw.

Mantua, Saranetta and lavender satin; colored gro de Naps, plain and figured; colored Forence and satins.

A VARIETY OF

DRESS HANDKERCHIEFS,

Consisting of blund gauze, gro de zane, gro de naps,

Popeline, and crade chintz; superfine gauzes, and

Crape scarfs; figured and plain bobinets,

Thread and bobinets, and inserting, bobinett and

Swiss capes white and green gauze do; Irish linen, lawns, and

Linen cambrics; linen cambric handkerchiefs;

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

Corded ginghams; painted Muslin;

Plain, figured and crossbanded jackonet;

Plain and figured Swiss, book and cambric muslin;

Corded skirts; Linen and cotton table diaper;

Circassians, merinoes and bobinettes.

MEN'S SUMMER WEAR,

CONSISTING OF SUMMER

CLOTHES. Merino, casimere, brochell, princetta,

And lasting; real linen drilling; blue and yellow

Nankeens; superior silk velvets;

Valentia, Satin face and silk vesting.

STOCKS. Bombazin, plain and figured silk;

Black, Italian cravats; Gentlemen's and Ladies' gloves;

Brown and bleached sheetings and shirtings;

Checks, plaids, and ticks, &c. & c.

HATS, LADIES' TUSCAN AND STRAW

BONNETS; BOOTS & SHOES;

And are expecting daily, a general assortment of

HARDWARE, CUTLERY