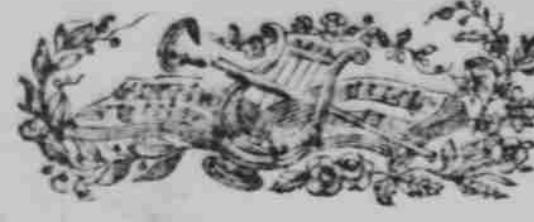


Poetical Asylum.



WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

Did ever man a woman love,
And listen to her flattery;
Who did not soon his folly prove,
And mourning rue her treachery?

For were she fair as orient beams,
That gild the cloudless summer skies;
Or innocent as virgin's dreams,
Or melting as true lover's eyes;

Or were she pure as falling dews,
That deck the blossoms of the spring;
Still, thy love she would misuse,
And from thy breast contentment wring,

Then trust her not, though fair and young,
Man, has so many true hearts grieved;
That woman thinks she does no wrong,
When she is false and he deceived.

From the Casket.

WHAT IS THE WORLD,

What is the world, and all its joys?—

Fleeting shades, without a form;

What are Pleasure's gilded joys?

It tinsel wears with every storm.

What's the ball-room's giddy throng?—

Envy, care, and jealous fears.

What's the play house's thrilling song?—

An interlude to mad'ning tears.

What's the gambling house of woe?—

The carnal tomb of blotted fame,

Where ambition's deadly blow

Stabs the wretch—then steals his name.

What's the goblet's ruby wine?—

Disgrace, with its attendant train.

Where borrowed wit will often shine,

Drawn from the fever'd throbbing brain.

What is Pleasure?—A name for Pain,

And Happiness?—Ideal joy.

What is Love?—An iron chain,

Drawn by a fickle, foolish boy.

ERNESTINE.

From the Casket.

THE HUNTER'S TALE;

Or Conrad Mayer and Susan Gray.

By chance our long liv'd fathers eat'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood,

But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.

Epistle to John Dryden.

"Fifty years have flown, have flown a way, since my infant feet traversed and since my infant eye ranged over the mountains, hills and vales of the Ohio regions, then emphatically called "THE WESTERN COUNTRY." It was amid those vast solitudes, that my young limbs were braced to climb the rocky steps of the Monongahela woods, and there did my young eye first catch the beams of the morning, on the hills of Ohio. But if my steps were wild and errant as the deer I chased, my mind was led by the romance like history of the place and time, to range over, dwell upon and strongly remember, scenes of human action still more wild than the then almost broken wilderness.

"Fifty years are gone, and have borne with their seasons the bold men of the wilderness, and changed the wilderness itself to a garden. In this great change, we are the first race of whites who penetrated the wide waste, met and vanquished the native Indian, and dissipated the dark gloom? Gone to their rest, with a few remnants, of which I am one. The sun that lights my eye on seeing the thousand fountains of Ohio, as they are now to be seen, and when I mentally form the contrast with the past, is quenched by the tear of bitter remembrance.

"The beloved friends, the protectors and companions of my infancy, where are they? With but a very slight change, I might repeat and apply to myself, the plaintive reflections of a man, who saw from a throne, and wept over the evanescence of our best joys, our affections.

"The friends of my infancy, where are they?—Where are the dear parents, authors of my existence? My Brothers! they are no more; and thee, my tender sister, thou exists only in this sad heart. But I what do I say?—here are entire families?—Cut down by the scythe of death.

"In the extent of bereavement, I can mourn over a more, a much greater loss. My parents, my brothers and my sisters were once twelve—where are they? one sister is left, the others are at rest, and their remains lie in the bosom of the west. There is a balm, though that balm may be moistened with the tear of regret, in recalling scenes long gone by, and in speaking of those forever loved but who we can see on earth no more.

"Amo gis these friends whose eyes are sealed, the memory of none other returns with more warmth, than the rough warriors Conrad Mayer and Lewis Wetzel!"

The name of Lewis Wetzel, struck not alone my ear, for well did I also once know, the brown, gallant, brave, and generous hunter-warrior, and I started to my feet and seized the hand of the grey-haired soldier, Kingsly Hale, who was thus opening one of his "thousand and two" tales to a group of most attentive young persons. Kingsly was a veteran who had seen much, suff'ered much, yet with the weight of sixty five years on his

head, his memory was little impaired, and his eye and tone of voice were still strong and expressive. My enthusiasm, though a stranger, was a spark thrown into a powder magazine, it struck fire from the soul of Kingsly, who returning the pressure of my hand with more than my own ardor, exclaimed, "were you in this country when Lewis Wetzel and Conrad Mayer bore the rifle to the battle field?"

"Like yourself," I replied, "it is fifty years since I first set foot where we now stand."

The old veteran regarded me fixedly, the big tear trembled in his eye; but a moment restored him to himself, as he slowly repeated, as if to his own recollections, "fifty years! dreadful sounds—men and nations tremble at thy repetition—Stranger, for I cannot recall thy features, my name is Kingsly Hale;" and mine, Mark Bancroft."

The recognition was instantaneous,—it was—nigh I say terribly pleasing! Forty years before had I seen and called Kingsly my friend, and what had we now to remember together? He regained composure first, when turning to the astonished group, some of whom were his grand children, and some were his nephews, resumed his tale, pointing at the same time down the placid Ohio, on the banks of which we were assembled; and to a point beyond the fine town of Wheeling which stretched along the landscape.

"My children, long before either of you saw the light, this now wrinkled Mark Bancroft and myself, sat under the shade on yonder hill and recounted much of what you are now to hear. When in 1775, the Zane family built a fort amidst the plain on which that city now stands, for a city it is, in all the moral and social, and in every commercial attribute of a city. Wheeling Fort was the outpost of civilization. The plain or bottom, narrow and darkened by trees and underwood, was overshadowed by that hill, steep and impeding also with a forest of poplar, oak, and other massive trunks, against whose columns the axe had never made its attack. That creek now spanned by yonder bridge, wound its shaded stream behind the sharp and rocky ridge, gliding silently into the bosom of its mighty recipient, the Ohio. The great Ohio itself, the present channel of active life and commerce, was itself then an emblem of savage majesty. The stream was then, and perhaps in all former forgotten ages, as it is now, tranquil; but it was then solitary, and the view a long its shores and current inspired feelings of sadness. Yonder western hills, beyond Wheeling Island, then rose bold, and blackened with an impenetrable forest. They were the eastern abutments of a boundless region, then with fearful import called "The Western Country;" or with still more awful import, "The Indian Country." It was a country indeed, at the very aspect of which, the bravest heart felt a shudder; for, from its endless recesses, the ruthless and stealthy savage issued on his errand of death. It was a frontier, along which the Indian and white, the red and the pale warriors met, and often met in single and unites nessed combat.

"In the days of your grandfathers, we now sit on a spot they dared not visit without their terrible weapon, the rifle; nor did their rifle always save them from a foe who seemed to issue from the earth. But if the motion of the white hunter-warrior was slow, his march was steady and he sustained his post or fell; the white wave never flowed backwards to wards its native ocean. "You have all heard of the Mayer and Wetzel families, for who on this side of the mountains has not, heard of Conrad Mayer and Lewis Wetzel? But you may not all have heard how old Fred Mayer found his way to the banks of the Monongahela. Fred was a stubborn German, who, not liking the religion of his country, made one for himself, with a very short creed, and found it necessary to come to America to put his faith in practice. Fred brought with him some good share of Dutch scholarship, and a little gold, and what was far better than either, he had been many years a soldier, and felt ashamed of his own fears, laughed at himself and Conrad, and Conrad himself forced a playful catch, kissed his mother and Susan, and darted off for the woods.

"I the lingering form was not yet lost, for Conrad once or twice paused and looked back upon the paternal cottage, when his mother saw the ramrod of his rifle lying on their breakfast table. She seized the rod with an exclamation—she had time for no more—the rod and the light footed Susan were gone on the footsteps of Conrad.

"The young hunter had disappeared from the cottage, and being at variance with his own thoughts, now hurried in the opposite direction, and extended his pace to almost a run. His speed was soon checked as he heard his name anxiously pronounced, and turning saw the airy form of Susan.

"You are a fine hunter," exclaimed the panting girl, holding up the rod. Conrad lowered his rifle hastily, saw his remissness, and forcing a gaiety he felt not, and patting the flushed cheek of the messenger, replied, "Poh! Susan, may be I left the ramrod behind to see if my sister would think worth while to follow me with it."

"Conrad," rather solemnly, replied Susan, "do not call your poor little sister a fool—but—but come home with me; don't go hunting to day."

"H! h! h! Sukey, go home because I forgot my ramrod, h! h! h!"

"Conrad, I never saw you linger and turn back before," and the starting tear stand in her timid eye.

This appeal was always effectual in finding the heart of the otherwise wayward hunter, and setting his rifle against a tree, he seized the almost fainting girl in his arms, and exclaiming with the most pathetic tone—

"Susan, if you were indeed my sister, I ought to return; but my heart tells me you are a thousand sisters in one, and ought I not to fly to the farthest woods, for I am only to thee a brother."

It was the moment they had longed that there was a feeling between them infinitely more awakening, more anxious for each other, than that of brother and sister; but their looks spoke what their words dare not.

Conrad. From his father, he inherited a frame light and airy, but most powerfully strong and active. His soft blue eye bespoke the German, though his appearance and motions were French. His natural temper was wild and irascible, but his heart was tender. If he excited a tear from the eye of his mother, or of his foster sister Susan Grey, his kindness soon wiped that tear and its remembrance away.

"That heart must have been steel in deed who could have withstood the tears of either Maria Mayer, or her beautiful orphan foster child, Susan Grey. Very different hearts from steel animated the bosoms of Fred Mayer, and his son Conrad, and they were a family of love."

"Susan Grey was the child of love and sorrow. Her father, Thomas Grey, the son of an opulent family near —, married a lovely but poor girl, and in dignitatem at the taunts of his family, sought the wilds of the west. The parents were unequal to meet the hardships of their new situation; they fell early victims, and the yet hardly lisping Susan, became the child of Fred and Maria and the sister of Conrad. The orphan shared the all of her protectors, and was vexed, and loved by the untoward but generous Conrad, who maintained at every shooting match that he had the prettiest sister in all America, and heaven protected must needs have been the man who would have dared a contradiction; and another claim he had at the shooting match, of being the best shot over all Ten Mile and Wheeling woods, excepting, as some dared to whisper, Lewis Wetzel."

"Would I not give all my hunt this fall if I could ever meet this Lewis Wetzel?" grumbled Conrad, at a Redstone shooting match, as he overheard some one in a smothered voice say, "I wish Lewis Wetzel was here." Conrad bore away every prize, and swore he would never shoot against another man until he met and beat the famed Wetzel."

"The forest, hills, dales, and rocks, with the shooting matches, were the fields of fame of Conrad, from his boyhood, and before he had reached fifteen, he began to complain that bears and deer were becoming scarce; and at about six teen his father removed to a valley on the head of Wheeling, near Byerson's station. Accompanied by his faithful dog, several nights would sometimes intervene whilst this daring young prowler would sleep in the unpeopled woods. His mother and Susan had always much chiding in reserve, which they always forgave between the return of his dog and himself, for Brawler always arrived first to announce his master.

"On preparing for one of those expeditions, Conrad seemed to linger more than usual. He was uncommonly long in preparing his rifle and other accoutrements. He laughed, teased Susan, and vexed his mother; but, as he often told me, an anxiety hung over him, he dreaded to leave home. The whole family shared the feeling and knew not why—The habitations were few, and far separated from each other; but as Indian war had not for many years reached those dels, no apparent danger seemed to impend, and yet the steady, firm, and every thing but superstitious mind of Fred Mayer shrank with dread. Fred Mayer had been many years a soldier, and felt ashamed of his own fears, laughed at himself and Conrad, and Conrad himself forced a playful catch, kissed his mother and Susan, and darted off for the woods.

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[To be continued]

THE FARMER.

THRIFTY'S MAXIMS AND ADVICE

FOR MARCH.

"IT WILL DO FOR THE PRESENT;"—I never knew a man who frequently makes use of this saying, thrives well. You may rely upon it, he is a sloven, a drone, or something worse.

The farmer who governs himself by this rule, never effectually repairs his fences; but when a breach is made, he fills it with a bush; if a rail is broken, he prons it up with a stick or stone; he says this will do for the present. His cattle learn to be unruly; to remedy this evil, fletters, shackles and clogs are invented, and his cattle and horses are do med to hobble about his pastures, and notwithstanding their fletters, they frequently break through the broken fences, and destroy his crops. The man himself, in two years, spends time enough, in patching up his old fences, and making fletters, to make a good fence round his whole farm.

His house is out of repair. The doors are off their hinges; several panes of glass are broken out, and his house is only half finished. It will do for the present, says he; I have not time now, but I will attend to it one of these days.

If he uses an axe, a hoe, or spade, he throws it down where he happens to use it, instead of putting it in its proper place, and under cover. In a few days he wants one of these tools; he has for got where he left it; he spends one hour in search of it, or walks to a great distance to get it, and finds it injured by rust and rains. His family affairs are all in disorder. His wife uses a nail or kettle, knife or dish, and leaves it any where dirty and unfit for use; it will do for the present, says she, I will clean it by and bye.

In this way every thing goes to ruin—every thing is in disorder—nothing is clean and neat—nothing is done as it ought to be, because they think, it will do for the present.

"How are the roads in your neighbourhood? Are they any better this year than they were last? Have you made a bridge across the creek—filled up the mud holes, and thoroughly repaired them?" No, Sir. The supervisor called us out to work upon them, but we sat down under the shade, drank whisky, threw up the earth in some places, and concluded "it will do for the present."

THE

Saturday Courier,

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST

Weekly Newspaper in the United States, is published every Saturday, by

WOODWARD AND SPRAGG, Price 82, Payable half yearly in advance.

THIS popular journal is printed on an extra size imperial sheet, of the largest dimensions. It contains twenty eight columns of reading matter, each column being equal to eight pages of a duodecimo book.

The publication of the Courier was commenced in April last, since which time it has received a patronage so unexampled that more than seven thousand copies are now distributed weekly through all parts of the United States. This fact, which has no parallel in the annals of the periodical press, will show the high estimation in which the Courier is every where held; and that the same ratio of increase will continue, may fairly be presumed, inasmuch as since the commencement of the present month, nearly one thousand new names have been added to the subscription list.

The Courier possesses advantages over all other weekly newspapers. Its immense size admits of the greatest possible variety, and its contents furnish an extensive, useful, novel, entertaining and instructive miscellany, comprising the different branches of popular literature, such as Tales, Poetry, Essays, Criticisms, &c.; notices of the fine arts; Humour; Sporting Anecdotes; Sketches of Life and Manners; Police Reports; Prices Current of the grain markets; Foreign and Domestic Intelligence, of the latest dates; and an abstract & summary of all matters which may possess interest for the general reader.

The Literary Department of the Courier is watchfully superintended, and no article is admitted which does not possess positive merit. One hundred dollars were paid for a Prize Tale which was published in this paper on the 7th of January, and other inducements have been offered to secure original contributions. Among the voluntary correspondents of the Courier are Miss Leslie, (author of several publications, which have been highly applauded by American and European critics;) Richard Penn Smith, the celebrated Dramatist, Novelist, and Magazine writer; Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, the accomplished author of the prize-tragedy, "D. Lara;" Miss Bacon, the fair writer of the pathetic "Love's Martyr," &c. And many others whose names are equally distinguished; besides a number, whose productions under fictitious signatures, have elicited general approbation.

In the selection of literary matter, the publishers of the Courier have extensive facilities. Their exchange list includes the most valuable American journals; & among other periodicals which they receive from abroad may be specially enumerated Bulwer's New Monthly, Campbell's Metropolitan, Frazer's Magazine, London Literary Gazette, Blackwood's La Belle Assemble, World of Fashion, and the United Service Journal. Through their agent, Mr. Willmott, they are also furnished with the choicest English papers, including the John Bull, Bell's Life in London, &c.

A portion of the Courier is appropriated to Sporting Intelligence, and particularly to that branch which relates to the Turf. Subjects of this kind are introduced as often as a proper regard to