

Nortical 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' thrilling song?
An interlude to mad'ning tears.
What's the gambling house of woe?
The carnal tomb of blasted 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.

Miscellaneous.

From the Casket.

THE HUNTER'S TALK;

Or, Conrad Mayer and Susan Gray.

By chance, our long liv'd fathers ead'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 steeps 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 ro-
mance 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 Red 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 van-
quished the native Indian, and dissipated
the dark gloom? Gone to their rest, with
a few remnants, of which I am one. The
smile 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 remem-
brance.

"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 ex-
istence 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 near-
—But I what do I say, where are entire
families?—Cut down by the sygne 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 re-
calling scenes long gone by, and in speak-
ing of those forever loved but who we
can see on earth no more.

"Amo'g these friends whose eyes
are sealed, the memory of none other re-
turns 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, suffered 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 recol-
lections, "fifty years! dreadful sounds—
men and nations tremble at thy repetition
—Stranger, for I cannot recall thy fea-
tures, my name is Kingsly Hale;" (and
mine, Mark Bancroft."

The recognition was instantaneous,—
it was—might 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 com-
posure first, when turning to the as-
tonished group, some of whom were his
grand children, and some were his neph-
ews, 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 fire town of Wheel-
ing 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 commer-
cial 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 impending also
with a forest of poplar, oak, and other
massy 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 chan-
nel of active life and commerce, was itself
then an emblem of savage majesty. The
stream was then, and perhaps in all for-
mer 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 interminable
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 in-
deed, 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 unwit-
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 Monon-
gahela. Fred was a stubborn German,
who, not liking the religion of his coun-
try, made one for himself, with a very
short creed, and found it necessary to
come to America to put his faith in prac-
tice. Fred brought with him some good
share of Dutch scholarship, and a little
gold, and what was far better than either,
he brought with him a sweetly innocent
and devoted wife. A few poor families
came with Fred Mayer. They were
peasants, stern, rough and muscular.

"Amid them, well do I remember the
tear eyed Maria Mayer; she was born to
grace a court;—she became a flower of
our wilderness. The little colony found
a resting place on the banks of the Mon-
ongahela, and Fred and his Maria arrived
just in time, for on the very next night
afterwards was born their only son—their
only child Conrad.

"The morn which first dawned on
Conrad, was a fine October Sabbath—
Their church was the Monongahela
woods, in which the new born boy received
his baptismal name, and from which,
thankful orisons rose to heaven for their
safe arrival. Hardships had met them
on their way, but sickness and death they
had escaped, and now a son was born to
share their future hopes.

"We need not follow the infancy and
youth of Conrad. In despite of his father's
attempt to teach him high German
learning, this first born son of Fatsone
rose to manhood, the active and untiring
hunter, and the intrepid warrior. Thus
he rose, or was rising, when the revolu-
tionary war burst in distant and length-
ened blasts, resounding from hamlet to
hamlet, and from town to town, until its
echoes were heard in the dales of the far
distant west. There was little need of
repeated shouts of war to rouse young

Conrad. From his father, he inherited a
frank light and airy, but most powerfully
strong and active. His soft blue eye be-
spoke the German, though his appear-
ance 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 remem-
brance 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
dignity 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 loved, and loved
by the untoward but generous Conrad,

who maintained at every shooting match
that he had the prettiest sister in all A-
merica, 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 shoot-
ing 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 boy-
hood, and before he had reached fifteen,
he began to complain that bears and deers
were becoming scarce; and at about six-
teen his father removed to a valley on the
head of Wheeling, near Byerson's sta-
tion. Accompanied by his faithful dog,
several nights would sometimes inter-
vene whilst this daring young prowler
would sleep in the untenanted woods—
His mother and Susan had always much
chiding in reserve, which they always
forgot between the return of his dog and
himself, for Brawler always arrived first
to announce his master.

"On preparing for one of those expe-
ditions, Conrad seemed to linger more
than usual. He was uncommonly long in
preparing his rifle and other accoutre-
ments. He laughed, teased Susan, and
vexed his mother; but, as he often told
me, an anxiety hung over him, he dread-
ed to leave home. The whole family
shared the feeling and knew not why—
The habitations were few, and far sepa-
rated from each other; but as Indian war
had not for many years reached those
dells, no apparent danger seemed to im-
pend, and yet the steady, firm, and every-
thing but superstitious mind of Fred
Mayer shrunk 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.

"The lingering form was not yet lost,
for Conrad once or twice paused and look-
ed 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 lights, 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 remis-
ness, and forcing a gaiety he felt not,
and patting the flushed cheek of the mes-
senger, 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—come home with me;
don't go hunting to day."

"Hah! Sukey, go home because I
forgot my ramrod, hah! hah!"

"Conrad, I never s'w you linger and
turn back before," and the starting tear
stood in her timid eye.

This appeal was always effectual in
finding the heart of the otherwise way-
ward hunter, and setting his rifle against
a tree, he seized the almost fainting girl
in his arms, 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 feeling they had found that
there was a moment between them in-
finitely more awakening, more anxious
for each other, than that of brother and
sister; but their looks spoke what their
words dare not.

[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, thrive 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 props it up with a stick or stone; he
says *this will do for the present*. His
cattle learn to be untidy; to remedy this
evil, fetters, shackles and clogs are in-
vented, and his cattle and horses are
doomed to hobble about his pastures,
and notwithstanding their fetters, they
frequently break through the broken
fences, and destroy his crops. The man
himself, in two years, spends time e-
nough, in patching up his old fences,
and making fetters, 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 dis-
tance to get it, and finds it injured by
rust and rains. His family affairs are
all in disorder. His wife uses a pail 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 neigh-
bourhood? 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 repair-
ed them?" No, Sir. The supervisor
called us out to work upon them, but we
sat down under the shade, drank whis-
key, threw up the earth in some pla-
ces, and concluded "*it would 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 \$2, Payable half yearly in advance.
THIS popular Journal is printed on an ex-
tra size imperial sheet, of the largest di-
mensions. 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 com-
menced 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 pa-
rallel 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, no-
vel, entertaining and instructive miscellany,
comprising the different branches of popular
literature, such as Tales, Poetry, Essays,
Criticism, &c.; notices of the fine arts; Hu-
mour; Sporting Anecdotes; Sketches of Life
and Manners; Police Reports; Prices Cur-
rent of the grain market; Foreign and Do-
mestic Intelligence, of the latest dates; and
an abstract and 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 in-
ducements have been offered to secure origi-
nal 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,
"De Lara;" Miss Bacon, the fair writer
of the pathetic "Love's Martyr," &c. And
many others whose names are equally dis-
tinguished; besides a number, whose pro-
ductions under fictitious signatures, have
elicited general approbation.

In the selection of literary matter, the
publishers of the *Courier* have extensive fa-
cilities. Their exchange list includes the
most valuable American journals; & among
other periodicals which they receive from
abroad may be specially enumerated Bul-
wer's new Monthly, Campbell's Metropolitan,
Fraser's Magazine, London Literary
Gazette, Blackwood's La Belle Assemblee,
World of Fashion, and the United Service
Journal. Through their agent, Mr. WILL-
MER, they are also furnished with the
choicest English papers, including the John
Bell, 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. Sub-
jects of this kind are introduced as often as
a proper regard to variety will admit. De-
scriptions of favorite horses, their pedigree,
performance and appearance, accompanied
with engraved likenesses, are occasionally
given, in furnishing which, assistance is pro-
cured from several distinguished sportsmen.

Police Reports occupy a share of atten-
tion. These are prepared by a skillful per-
son, engaged expressly for that purpose;
and as the materials are gathered from au-
thentic sources, their general accuracy may
be confidently relied on. In arranging them
for the press, the reporter combines facili-
tousness with fact, and so constructs the nar-
ratives, that in most instances they will be
found extremely graphic and diverting, with-
out the slightest sacrifice of truth.

In preparing the contents of the *Courier*,
strict regard is paid to *News*. All foreign
intelligence, up to the latest dates, is invari-
ably given; and whenever a press of impor-
tant matter may require it, an extra will be
published. The summary of domestic af-
airs is more complete, correct and full, and
embodies a greater extent and variety of in-
formation than can be found in any other pa-
per, as in addition to a condensed statement
of localities, a synopsis of passing events in
all parts of the country, is regularly prepa-
red and published.

In order that those who love to laugh, may
find matter for their mirth, each number
contains a melange of *Humorous Subjects*,
some of which is illustrated by an engraving
executed by a skillful artist.

The Editorial Department embraces re-
views of new publications; notices of the
fine arts, &c.; remarks on general topics;
descriptions of public improvements, amuse-
ments, &c.; discussions of suitable subjects;
dramatic criticisms, &c. This department
has been, and will continue to be, conducted
in a spirit of the most fearless independence.
Whatever comes fairly within observation,
shall be frankly dealt with, and no station or
influence will deter the prompt and decided
expression of unbiased opinion.

In fine, the *Saturday Courier* professes to
be the largest, cheapest, most diversified,
entertaining and instructive weekly newspa-
per issued from the American press. The
publishers claim for its contents a character
of vigorous originality, judicious selection,
extensive variety, and interesting detail; and
they invite comparison with cotemporary
publications.

PREMIUMS.

Persons procuring five subscribers to this
paper, and forwarding the amount of a half
year's subscription, \$3, will be entitled to a
sixth copy, gratis.

Persons forwarding ten subscribers, and
remitting \$10, will be entitled to an extra
copy, and a discount of ten per cent.

Persons forwarding fifteen subscribers and
\$15, will be entitled to an extra copy of the
paper, and a copy of Lord Byron's Works,
Sir Walter Scott's Works, or any other
work of a similar character & value, which
may be preferred.

Uncurrent notes of solvent banks, receiv-
ed at par. Address, free of postage.

WOODWARD & SPRAGG,

No. 122 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

Subscriptions received at this office.

LAND FOR SALE

In Illinois, in the Military Tract.

The south half of Sec. 2, T 9 N 1 west,
North-west Qr. 10, T 1 S 5 west,
North-east Qr. 21, T 6 N 3 west,
North-west Qr. 36, T 7 N 5 west,
North-east Qr. 15, T 9 N 3 east,
The above LANDS are in the neigh-
hood of good settlements. The North-east
of 21 lies within 44 miles of Macomb, the
county seat of McDonough.

ALSO 400 acres, No. 231, in Indiana, 14
miles from Vincennes, on the road to In-
dianapolis. There will be an indisputable
title given for any of the above lands.

The above mentioned lands will be ex-
changed for lands in the neighbourhood of
Vincennes, or good HORSES, at a reason-
able price. The land is well timbered and
watered, with large prairie near.

N. SMITH,

Vincennes, January 21, 1832. 50—1f

FOR SALE.

BY direction of V. Maxey Esq. So-
licitor of the Treasury, the subscri-
ber will expose to public sale at the court
house door in Knox county, on the first
day of the next ensuing term of the Knox
Circuit court (the first Monday in March,
unless a change is made) at 12 o'clock,
M the following property:

A HOUSE & LOT on St. Louis
street in Vincennes, being 32 feet in front,
bounded on two sides by H. Lasselle, and
on the third by E. Stout, and being part
of Lot No. 45

400 acres of LAND, in Additional
Donation, No. 230.

400 do do do No 225

400 do do do " 219

220 acres of Land on White river, in
1821 conveyed by Walter Wilson, to the
Bank of Vincennes

The terms of sale will be, one fourth
cash, the balance, in one, two, and three
years, with interest from date.

SAM'L JUDAH,

Att'y. U. S. Ind. Dist.

February 7, 1832. 1—4t

NOTICE.

IN pursuance of a decree of the Su-
preme court, made at the November
term in 1831, the following parcels of
ground in the Borough of Vincennes,
heretofore owned by Thomas Conlier,
now deceased, to wit:—The **HOUSE**
and parcel of ground at the corner of Vi-
go and Second streets, supposed to con-
tain in front on Second street, twelve and
a half toises, and in depth on Vigo street,
twenty five toises, and being the South
Western half of the Lot designated in
the plat of Johnson & Erison, at **LOT**

No 81, and also, the parcel of ground
opposite to the above, being the North
Eastern half of Lot No 80, as desig-
nated on said plat, bounded in front by
Second street, on one side by Vigo street,
on the other by the South Western half
of said Lot, and in the rear by Lot No.

109, will be exposed to public sale to the
highest bidder, on Monday the 5th day
March next, at 12 o'clock, M being the
first day of the next March term of the
Knox Circuit court. Terms, Cash—

The deeds will be made under a further
order of the Supreme court.

B. V. BECKES, Comr.

February 7, 1832. 1—4t