

### A Mother's address to her Dying Child.

My angel boy, thou'rt nearing fast  
The end of thy brief race;  
Already death's dark wing has cast  
Its shadow o'er thy face.  
Must thy ethereal spirit seek  
So soon its native sky?  
Still pale grows thy beautiful cheek—  
I cannot see thee die.  
My angel boy!

Thou only tie that binds my soul  
To earth, and bids me live;  
Thou only thought that comfort now  
Or future hope can give;  
Thou sole pride of my widowed heart,  
Thou joy-beam to mine eye,  
Ah! must thou from thy mother part?  
I cannot see thee die.  
My angel boy.

I meekly bow before thy throne,  
Oh God, nor dare repine,  
For thou hast but recalled thine own;  
He is no longer mine.  
Oh! if it be thy gracious will,  
We soon shall meet on high;  
There's hope, there's blessed comfort still—  
Thy spirit cannot die.  
My angel boy.

### Miscellaneous

#### A Sketch of Real Life

The storm which had been pelting furiously during the day ceased to rage—the golden rays of the departing sun were hovering over the City of "brotherly love" and exhibited the dripping foliage in a manner the most beautiful and magnificent, as I was returning from the tools of a long—long Summer's day, intending for the sake of change and variety—to devote the evening to the gay—the giddy dance. As darkness became visible, might be seen each of the favorite, few making his, or her toilet, to attend the celebrated Ball, given in honor of one of nature's noblest works.

Not being a Chesterfield in promptness or politeness, it was somewhat late when I reached the place designed for the gay festivity, and although, I have twice been taken for a divine, and once called a Temple, yet, I confess, when I saw many bright faces, and gorgeous decorations it created within my bosom, the most lively emotions. There is something in the ball room, and the dance that brings even the matron, and father of two score and ten years, back to the days of youth and vivacity, and they forget for a moment the cares and sorrows, that mingle with, and become a portion of our earthly existence, and so rapidly increase as we are hurried onward in our journey through life, I noticed one however, in this gay throng that seemed somewhat indifferent to all around. He was promenading when I entered, and whether my attention was attracted by his manly and dignified appearance, or by the lovely being leaning upon his arm, I leave the reader to decide. I had just seated myself near some female acquaintances, when a sweet voice asked "are you acquainted with Mr. Stedman?" I was not the reply. "He is the gentleman you see promenading, and is to be married soon to the Lady with whom he is walking—oh! she is a perfect child of fortune to get such a gentleman, and so very rich!" Mary you seem interested, is it the loss of the fortune or its owner that grieves you? Neither. I only wonder at the dispensations of providence; Miss Gale is an interesting girl, but I can see nothing to win the affections of so talented a gentleman as Mr. Stedman. Besides his large fortune is a passport to any Lady's heart;—I mean his fortune and his talents, not his half million alone.—Suppose you separate the two Mary, is it not likely the talents would have to linger long, at least at the door of your heart, for with you one seems to be the very life and soul of the other. But Mary, is Mr. Stedman of the firm of Hale & Co. of—Street? yes;—his father set him up in business a few years since, and I believe he has been unusually successful.—Have you spoken to him to-night, yes; does he seem gloomy?—rather so, but I concluded it was because he was going to be married.

We were now joined by Mr. Stedman, and Miss Gale, and I was introduced to the interesting couple. The former asked me if I had "noticed in the evening's papers the number of failures in the City, and said notwithstanding some of the wise men of our nation, had foretold the evil day would come, yet he did not expect a scene so awfully shocking and destructive." I saw that heavy forebodings were lurking about him and waived the subject.

Stedman was left to his own reflection whilst I lectured the beau with his intended and Mary. The latter's countenance had assumed a more lively appearance—the scene had become much more brilliant, and the

beaus and belles were smiling on each other in every direction. As we moved through this gay crowd and mine ears feasted on the delightful music. I did not forget the fair est of the fair, Miss Gale; I never looked upon a more lovely object.—She could be scarcely more than seventeen; her form was all that the eye of the most fastidious could desire—with smooth and prominent forehead—light and luxuriant hair, hanging in clusters about a neck as white as the driven snow—whilst her sparkling blue eyes wo dered through the magnificent room, she was like one who had,

"An errand here to show the Angel's look." Merrily the moments passed. All was joy and gladness. I changed with the ladies to another part of the room where we saw Stedman "wrapt in the solitude of his own imaginations," perfectly indifferent to all around. The cloud had thickened upon his brow, and a slight paleness was visible on his cheeks. "An! is this you Mr. Stedman," said a lovely voice, "I never saw you look so lonely." "I am always lonely when not with you Caroline," he tenderly replied. Indeed!—well I must not leave you then," and they passed on together.

At an early hour Stedman & Miss Gale left the Ball room, the former complaining of the headache; and as the dark brow of the one, and the beauty of the other, had made peculiar impressions upon mind, I felt inclined to retire at an early hour myself, and eleven of the found me comfortably in my room musing on the occurrences of the evening but sleep refused to close mine eyes for some time after.

A few evenings subsequent, I met Stedman in the streets, we were going the same direction, walked some distance together, and when we separated he gave me his card. I promised to call on him the next evening, which promise I was prompt in redeeming, I found him at his office—ready to leave for a room he had selected because it was less expensive, and a more selected spot. The unfortunate dread the gaze of old acquaintances; friends that were loudest in their professions yesterday, meet one, with cold formality to-day. Money, the loadstone that attracts so many admirers is gone, and they fall off one by one, leaving the unfortunate man standing like the lonely tree on one of our boundless prairies, which had received the first chilling blast of winter, and all around that was green and lovely is fast fading and withering away.

He however had in his secluded spot, a few well selected friends—(his books) friends that sticketh closer to us in the hours of adversity. During the evening he communicated the particulars of his failure:—it was like most other failures but it deeply interested me at the time, and we did not separate till a late hour.

All will recollect the spring and summer of 1836. The unusual distress that prevailed throughout our country, during that year, will not be forgotten during the present generation. Both the great political parties of the day, fairly commend, and pointed out (as they supposed) the causes that led to that distress, with the correctness or incorrectness of their views, the author of this sketch has nothing to do; his object being merely to notice such things only, as are connected with these feeble lines. It will also be recollected that, prior to the '37, our country had been unusually prosperous for some time.—The American flag whitened every ocean. Money was plenty in the different States. Property rose to enormous prices. A mania for speculation took hold of the people, and castles were built in the air, which have been tumbling to dust ever since, and I fear the nation may yet mourn over the wrecks of ruin (public and private) the fragments of which have been scattered to the four winds of heaven, and lost in the whirlpool of changes and circumstances, not to be regained during man's short Sojourn in this life.

The father of young Stedman furnished him with a large capital in the year of '33, a partnership was formed with the highly respectable firm of Hale & Co., and it is true that up to the time he is introduced to the reader, their business had been unusually prosperous.

The merchants of the "City of Brotherly love" during the years of '35 and '36, sold immense quantities of goods to those of the south-west. The shock in the spring of '37 was felt more keenly in that portion of country than in any other. The rich firm of Stedman, Hale & Co., had many large debts there and had endorsed so largely at the east; the consequence was, they were compelled to suspend, and wind up.—The word SUSPEND is a favorite word with the merchants, but the world

understands it to mean no more nor less than to fail, and a dreadful failure it was. But did our fair Miss Gale forget our hero in his moments of sorrow and misfortune? Nay, she did not, she had not yet reached that period when (Mr. Addison says,) the female is more likely to be captivated and won by the glitter of gold and worldly considerations, than by pure and unalloyed merit: So a few weeks after the evening I spent with him, Miss Gale and himself were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and never had the former looked so exquisitely beautiful. The pure flame that glowed in her bosom, had diffused itself, and become a part of her very being: the bloom on her cheeks had somewhat departed—a slight paleness was seated on her brow, and her whole appearance was as celestial as her affection. But her brow was yet to be more pale, and her cheeks were to be washed whiter by her own tears.

Time passed away rapidly—the PARASITES that were once fondling round Stedman, merely bowed their head when they met him now, without giving themselves the trouble of extending the cordial hand of friendship: Instead of the rich merchant, he was now a mere clerk, in an extensive house to be sure, but without any prospect of being promoted, and who cared much for a mere clerk without an immediate prospect of promotion.

One of the young men in the same house with our hero, was bold, generous and slightly minded, but of dissolute habits. He was SALESMAN, attended closely to business during the day; but at night while the Boys were packing he would be revelling in the different dissipations common in the city. Stedman was often requested to participate and the open and frank manners of this young man at length found their way to his generous nature. Time hurried away, and strange to tell our hero became neglectful of home and of her who only a few months since, he would not have permitted the "winds of summer to visit too roughly," yet I have never seen a more affectionate couple. She did not complain, when he returned and found her burning the mid-night lamp and watching till he came; and although tears often bedewed her cheeks when alone, a sigh was never heard when he was present.

Weeks, many months rolled away, whilst the world became a desert of sorrow to Mrs. S. Him in whom all her affections had centered, had taken refuge to intemperance, that wilderness of ruin so often the resort of the unfortunate; and even the lovely child (the pledge of affection and object of protection) he now found in her arms when returning from the scenes of dissipation, could not stop him in his mad career, and a fearful, dreadful destiny seemed to await him.

It was on the night of the 22nd of February, (a day memorable and sacred to every American citizen) that a female was seen in a cottage about half a mile from the city of Philadelphia in extreme distress. The clock has tolled twelve but he had not yet returned. She would rise from her seat, open the door, the cold winds of winter would go whistling by, but they carried not on their wings the sound of foot-steps. She closed the door, locked her delicate hands round her heaving bosom, and exclaimed, oh! my lost—my lost William! she then threw her cloak about her, went to the bed, to look on her only earthly tie (which rested in the arms of sleep unconscious of its mother's woe) and kissed its pale lips, whilst her tears freely dropped upon its little cheeks and said "be still and sleep my little babe" and left the room.

It was now nearly one o'clock; scarcely a light was glimmering from any of the shops in the city—and all was still in the streets save the study watchman, moving about closely clad in his pilot cloth, and occasionally might be seen the intemperate going to his place of rest. At one o'clock the female was seen standing at the window of a celebrated gambling house, shivering with the intensity of the cold. She had thrown the hood of her cloak from about her head, the winds and the moon's rays were sporting with her tresses and cold and shivering as she was, it would be difficult to the mind of man to portray a more lovely object. Silent she remained till she heard the well known voice of her William, and then she broke forth, in "strains as sweet as angels' use" and sang the following beautiful lines:

"Tis said that absence conquers love,  
But ah, believe it not,  
I've tried alas, its power to prove,  
But those art not forgot."

All within was struck with amazement, but one countenance turned as pale as death. It was not the first time he had heard that voice singing his own favorite lines, but never be-

fore mingling its soft tones with the sound of the brilliant ball, or the more harsh sound of the gamblers voice. The past darted across his mind with the rapidity of lightning.—He recollected when the rest of the world had grown cold and neglectful, that she was the lone bright star that shone in his path-way, and that hers was the only unchanged heart and now she had exposed herself to the cold blasts of winter—at a dead hour of the night, to rescue him from the awful haunts of dissipation.—With a haggard countenance he left the room never to return, but the light steps of Caroline reached the little cottage some time before his, and when he did arrive, she met him with her usual smiles and tenderness, nor did she mention the subject for some months after.

Stedman is now a patron of virtue, morality, and christian piety, he is not what the world calls rich, but he is independent and possesses a treasure in his Caroline, that the gold of ophir could not buy. Few of her sex have taken such gentle means to reclaim their unfortunate husbands, and few indeed, have been successful, in rescuing them from the "iron grip" of the monster intemperance. CAMDEN.

### THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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\$5 a year in advance.

B. B. MINOR, Editor & Proprietor:  
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On the 1st of January next (1845,) the Southern Literary Messenger commences its Eleventh Volume and the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited for it. The present Editor has now conducted it for more than a year, and the encouragement he has received leads him to expect a large increase of subscriptions. As the work has been sustained, under no ordinary disadvantages, for so long a time, it is entitled to the liberal support of every friend of letters. Its reliance for patronage will be upon the interest and justice of the public and its own literary merits.—Escrowing all humbugs and extrinsic flourishes, it will depend for its success upon its contents and character alone.

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### NEW GOODS.

HAVE just received at their old stand, in Ashley, Mo., a large and well selected assortment of latest style fancy and Staple

### Dry Goods.

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Which they are determined to sell very low for CASH or Good Merchantable Produce. Having purchased their stock at a very small advance on Eastern cost, they are therefore enabled to sell the same much cheaper than they have ever before been offered in this part of the country. They respectfully invite their old customers and the public generally, to come and examine their stock and prices; their motto being Quick sales and small profits.

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Iron, Steel, Castings, Horse-Collars Hames, Trace-Chains, Nails, Window-Glass, Putty, Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Cod-Fish, Mackerel, Garden-Hoes, Sad-Irons, Sack and Upper Leather, Louisiana Flour, &c., &c. All at the lowest cash prices. BLOCK & SON.

Ashley, March 27th, 1845. 3w9  
STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss.  
County of Pike.

To Robert Burbridge, James Burbridge, Patsey Mills, John Burbridge, William Burbridge, and the heirs of Polly Jackson, deceased:

TAKE NOTICE: That at the ensuing term of the county court for Pike county, to be begun and held at the court house, in Bowling Green, in said county, on the first Monday in June next, or as soon thereafter as hearing can be had, I shall make application to said court for an order for the partition and division of the Slaves belonging to the Estate of Roland Burbridge, deceased, late of said county; and if partition cannot be made in kind, for an order of sale of said slaves.

WM. K. BURBRIDGE, in his own right, and as guardian of John Q. Burbridge.  
April 5th, 1845. 8w10

### The Climax of Cheapness

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OR  
UNIVERSAL FAMILY JOURNAL.

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ON the first of January, 1844, the price of the Boston Notion was reduced to only One Dollar per annum, when taken in Clubs of Ten.—Four copies, \$5 per annum—1 copy \$2 per annum. The cash in all cases to accompany the order. This very great reduction from the former price of the Notion makes it emphatically the cheapest paper published in the world! Its Mammoth Dimensions taken into consideration renders it one hundred per cent. cheaper than its cotemporaries, the New World and Brother Johnathan, and fifty per cent. cheaper than any of the Dollar Weekly's! Nothing but an extraordinary large edition—say 20 to 30,000—warrants this extraordinary cheapness.

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SYLVESTER SOUND,  
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By the author of "Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist." The chapters each week are embellished with a highly finished illustration representing the humorous scenes in the work. The author in his preface says:—

"The character of the work will be essentially humorous; but as the thrilling as well as the laughter moving scenes a Somnambulist may create are innumerable, the object proposed is to excite alternately the deepest interest and the most joyous mirth, by the portrayal of the extraordinary positions in which a man who acts upon his dreams may be placed, and the highly ridiculous terror he may inspire." From the chapters we have published of this novel, we are satisfied it will be more popular than was "Valentine Vox." It is now in course of publication in London, and we have made arrangements to receive the different numbers in advance of all others, so the public may rest assured that we shall not be forestalled by any other paper in its publication.

Another new feature of the Notion is the publication occasionally of a number of humorous cuts after the style of the London Punch. These will all be engraved in the finest style, and will never be offensive in their character.

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Orders should be addressed to the undersigned. Postmasters remitting us an order for Ten copies shall be entitled to an extra copy for their own use.

Back numbers of the Notion from the commencement of "Sylvester Sound," will be furnished to all new subscribers.

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G. W. JENKS & Co.  
January 18th, 1845. 4w10.

### NOTICE

To Slave Owners!

THE highest cash prices will be paid for male or female slaves between the age of fifteen and thirty, by applying to Thomas E. Wells, Auburn, Mo. For further particulars apply to

N P Minor, Bowling Green, Mo.  
JOHN SNEATHEN, Troy, "  
D DRAPE, Louisiana, "  
May 10th, 1845, 11-11

### Take Notice.

IN pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pike County, setting as a Court of Chancery, made in the case of JOSEPH MACKAY, against JOHN R. CARTER & others, at the April Term of said Court, A. D. 1845. The undersigned will sell to the highest bidder for Cash in hand, before the Court house door, in the Town of Bowling Green, on the first Monday in June next, between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, Two Slaves, Kingston & Josiah, the former now in the possession of JOHN R. CARTER, and the latter in possession of ROBERT HEMPHILL, to satisfy the sum of \$521 12, and interest on the same from the condition of said decree to the day of sale. The said slave Kingston is to be first sold, and in case he should not sell for sufficient to satisfy the said sum of money, with interest, cash of suit, and expenses of sale, then the said slave Josiah will be next sold, to satisfy the same according to the provisions of said decree.

JAS. O. BROADHEAD,  
Commissioner.  
May the 23d, 1845. 13-3

### FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given to all interested in the estate of James Davis, Deceased, that the undersigned will apply at the next June term of the County Court of Pike County, Missouri, for a final settlement of the Executor ship of said Estate.

A. J. DAVIS, Ex'r.  
April 19th 1845. 4w12