

MISCELLANY.

Selected.

THE BUCKET.

By SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every lov'd sport that my infancy knew:
The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And ev'n the rude bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket, that hung in the well.
That moss-cover'd vessel I've hail'd as a treasure—
For often at noon when return'd from the field,
I've found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The brightest and purest that nature could yield.
How ardent I've seiz'd it, with hands that were glowing.
When quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell—
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflow'd.
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, &c.
How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curve it inclin'd to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
But now far removed from the lov'd situation,
The tear of regret will instinctively swell,
When fancy reverts to my father's plantation.
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket, that hung in the well.

From the Military Sketch Book.

ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE

In many, if not most, of the regiments of our army, there is to be found a sort of officer who is a privileged oddity,—who takes liberties with all his brethren of the mess with impunity, and who pockets every thing short of a blow with the best possible humor. In general, the individuals of this description are designated in the mess room vocabulary, "Good tempered old Stages," and "old Sticklers" meaning thereby that they can "go" at the bottle, and stick at the table till "all's blue."

One of these, a Quartermaster of infantry, with a nose of the genuine Bardolph complexion, a rosy and eternal smile, a short figure, and a big head, having dined with a party of brother officers at the *Three Cups* Harwich—the day on which his regiment marched into the barracks of that town—was in the best possible spirits: so much so, that he gave the bottle no rest until about eleven o'clock; and became "glorious," just as the company broke up—right or wrong he would go along with three of the youngest subalterns to ramble by the sea side in the moon shine, having been "so long in the sun." They permitted him reluctantly, perhaps, indeed, because they could not prevent him; but when the party got down to the place where passengers and goods are usually embarked, the Quartermaster became totally overpowered, and sank senseless into a snore. The officers whom he accompanied could not think of carrying his *corps* back to the inn; nor were there any persons near whom they could employ for the purpose: one of them opened the door of a private carriage which stood near, "unshipped" from its wheels, ready for embarkation and in a moment the sleeper was bundled into it, where he was left to his repose with the door fast shut upon him.

Next morning at day-break (about 5 o'clock) the coach, with its contents, was put on board the Hamburg packet, and stowed away at the very bottom of the hold: in half an hour after this the vessel put to sea.

For the whole of the day the vessel had a brisk breeze, and at midnight was a good hundred miles away from Harwich; a dead calm set in. It was a beautiful night in July, and the passengers were not all gone to bed: some walked the deck, and others sat below at cards, every thing was silent, except the rattle of the ropes as the ship yielded to the smooth and gentle swell of the sleeping North Sea. About this time, the Quartermaster, it is supposed awoke; at least he had not been heard before to utter his complaints probably from the bustle consequent on the managing of the vessel in a stiff breeze. However, it was at this time that his cracked and burried voice first fell upon the ears of the crew; and for about twenty minutes the panic it created is indescribable. The whist company in the cabin at first thought it was one of the sailors in a chest, and called the captain, who declared he had been examining into the cause of the unearthly sounds, and had mustered his crew, all of whom were on deck, as much astonished as he was, day, more so, for one of them a Welchman, felt convinced that the voice proceeded from the speaking trumpet of the ghost of David Jones, his former shipmate who had died in ill will with him."

"Hollo—o—o—o!—Murder!"—Murder! now rose upon all ears, as if the voice were at the bottom of the sea. The Welchman fell upon his knees and begged forgiveness of his injured and departed friend, David Jones; the rest of the crew caught a slight tinge of his fears, and paced about in couples to and fro; some declaring that it was below the rudder, and others that it was at the mast head. The passengers, one and all, hurried on deck; in short, none on board, not even the captain and the oldest seaman were free from alarm:

for they had searched every habitable place in the vessel, without discovering the cause of their terror, and the hold it was evident, could not have contained an extra rat, it was so crammed with luggage, &c. "Let me out you d—d rascals! let me out—let me out, I say!" screamed the voice with increased vigor. These exclamations the Welchman declared were addressed to devils, that were tormenting his deceased enemy, David; and he uttered a fervent prayer for the peace of his wandering and unhappy soul: but a different idea was awakened in the mind of the Captain, by the words "Let me out!" "There is somebody packed up in the hold," exclaimed he; and instantly ordering the men to follow him down, all began to remove the upper layer of articles; which being done, the voice became louder, and more distinct.

"Where are you?" bawled the captain.

"I'm here in the coach, d—n you," answers the Quartermaster.

The mystery was now solved, and the Welchman made easy; but no one could imagine, how a human being could have got into the carriage. However, satisfaction on this point was not to be waited for; so the men fell to work, and after about half an hour's hard exertion, succeeded in disengaging the vehicle. They then proceeded to unpack the Quartermaster, whose astonishment amounted almost to madness, when he found that he had not only been confined to a coach, but in a ship, and that the said ship was then in the middle of the German Ocean.

It was impossible to put back to Harwich, so no remedy was left to the little gentleman, but to proceed to the end of the voyage, and to take a passage back from Hamburg as soon as possible. This was bad enough; but his hopes of an early return were almost destroyed by the setting in of adverse winds, which kept the vessel beating about in a most bilebrewing and stomach stirring ocean, for ten days and nights; during which time, when not sea-sick, the Quartermaster was employed in profoundly meditating how he could have got into the coach; and even after having taken the opinion of the captain, the crew, and all the passengers, upon the matter he felt himself as much in the dark as ever. The last thing he could recollect of "the load he had left," was that he had dined and wine'd at the "Three Cups," what followed was chaos.

But the worst of the affair, decidedly, was that the day on which he had been put to sea was on the 22d of the month, and as it was impossible for him to make his appearance with his regiment on the 24th, he knew he must, as a matter of course, be reported "Absent without leave" at head quarters, and that he would most probably be superseded. This reflection was even worse than the weather to the Quartermaster, though the rough sea had almost brought "his heart up."

However he had great hopes of being able to join

his regiment on the 10th of the following month—the next return day—and, by due application he thought he might contrive to prevent supersession. Ten days of this time was however, consumed before he set a foot upon German shore, and then only half of his excursion was over; all his hopes rested upon a quick passage to Harwich.

This however, the Fates denied him; for having drawn upon the agent—got the cash—engaged his passage to England—laid in sea-stock, and all things necessary—the packet, just as he was leaving Hamburg, was run foul of by a five hundred ton ship, and so much injured that she was obliged to put back, and the unfortunate Quartermaster was thus compelled to wait a fortnight for another opportunity of returning to England. He was not only delayed beyond the 10th return day, but beyond the following 24th—and when he did arrive, he found that he had been not only superseded by the Commander-in-Chief, but considered dead by all his friends and relations.

However on personally applying for reinstatement, he obtained it, and once more joined his old corps at Harwich, where he many a night amused the mess with the recital of his trip to sea in the coach; which was always given with the most effect when he was half seas over.

Anecdote of John Q. Adams, from a sketch of his character, by Mr. C. Miner, M. C. from Pennsylvania:—The industry and attention to business of Mr. Adams, has been mentioned. The following anecdote was told me of him, when Secretary of State. A gentleman who was going to Europe, came to Washington, having intricate and important business to settle at the Department. He told Mr. Adams how urgent was his business—how necessary it was for him to return to New-York, if possible, a day or two before the packet sailed, which would go in ten days.—The Secretary heard him to the end: "Will you come to my house to-morrow morning at four o'clock?" "In the morning—four in the morning, did I understand you, sir?" "Yes is it too early for you?" "By no means, if it suits your convenience, sir." At four Mr. Adams met him at the door—conducted him to his study—there was no ceremony; but a direct sitting down to business—at nine, after five hours intense application, they rose—the business was completed—took breakfast together, and the gentleman was in New-York two or three days before he had even hoped to get his business completed.

A captain of a vessel, who professed himself a Quaker, being insulted by one of his crew, said, "Friend, I will not strike thee, nor kick thee; but holding a handspike over his head" I will let this billet of wood fall on thee; and let the handspike fall on his head, which knocked him into the scuppers. "Now friend, if thou art content, go unto thy duty; peradventure the billet will fall again."

From the New-York Enquirer.

Sermon for Bachelors.—The New-Haven Mirror contains a lay sermon, for the special benefit of the New-York Bachelors' Club, founded on the following text;

"And they called Rebecca, and said unto her, wilt thou go with this man, and she said, I will go." Genesis, c. 25, v. 58.

In those times, ceremony, formality, sighing and sentiment, were altogether unknown. Rebecca was a sensible girl, and jump'd at the first good offer. We could have picked out a better text to preach before the honorable and venerable fraternity, viz:

"Jacob kissed Rachel."

That's something substantial for Bachelor's to say grace over; the other text was for the benefit of Rebecca altogether.

"Jacob kissed Rachel,

And lifted up his voice and wept."

How pathetic. The fact is, time and the fashions make strange inroads upon poor human nature. Here was Jacob scouring the country to look for a wife, and on a fine sunny day in the valley of Padanaram, he saw her at a distance, drawing water from a well, being barefoot; and without ceremony, he ran towards her, and in the language of the good book, he "Kissed her, and lifted up his voice and wept."

We have no account that Rachel boxed his ears for his rudeness, as in these days of simplicity and innocence, would have been done, particularly in "Good Society."

The truth is, we are too refined in our notions, to take pattern from the rustic simplicity of our first parents; and our wives would never call their husbands "My Lord," and wait until they had dined, as our mothers did of yore.

General Jackson, on a Sunday, during the late war, having given directions that

there should be no working or unnecessary noise in the camp, one of his officers

came to him, and complained that some

Methodist soldiers had assembled in violation of his orders, and opened a prayer-meeting.

"Go then and join them," said the

general, "and request them that they

will not forget me in their prayers. God

forbid, that praying should be an uncom-

mon noise in my camp!"

Bees.—In Livonia, the inhabitants make hollow places in the trees of the forest, to receive and cultivate bees.

Some of them had hundreds, and even

thousands of these bee-hives.

Mr. Butner, a Livonian clergyman, says, the air,

at some distance from the ground, is bet-

ter for the bees than that of the bee-

houses which receive the exhalations of

the earth. Where forests are not conven-

iently situated, he says it is advan-

tageous to place the hives upon trees standing

alone, at 12 or 15 feet above the ground.

Near Pontenovo, in the island of Cor-

sica, lives a shepherdess, who success-

ively refused the hands of Augereau and

Bernadotte. The former was her suitor

while he was corporal, and the latter

while a sergeant, in Corsica. She little

thought at the time that she was refusing

a marshal of France and a king of Swe-

den.

Question, by an Englishman, to an American arriving at Liverpool from the United States:

What are your newspaper writers about?

Answer.—Tearing in pieces the char-

acters of the President, the Secretary of

State, and the old General who conquer-

ed the savages of the South West, & re-

cued New-Orleans from your fatal grasp.

Rejoinder.—Success to their endeavors!

We shall not be sorry to say, on your

own authority, that all your public men

are scoundrels and liars.

W. HARRINGTON,

Boot & Shoe

Maker,

WISHES to inform the citizens of the state

of Indiana, Kentucky, and Ohio, that he carries

on the above business at his old stand, first door

above Jesse Hunt's Hotel, on High street. He

has on hand a general assortment of work:

Women's Morocco, prunella,

and calf-skin shoes;

Men's coarse and fine boots

and shoes.

All of which are executed as well as any in the Eastern or Western cities, and of as good ma-

terials. Attention will be paid to all orders in his

line of business.

JOURNEYMAN WANTED;

To whom Cincinnati wages will be given.

Lawrenceburg, July 21, 1827.

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NOTICE.

I AM in need of money to pay my debts. All persons indebted to me, will do well to dis-

charge the same, the first week in October. Af-

ter that time, you may expect to find your ac-

counts in the hands of proper officers for collec-

tion.

JOSEPH STATLER.

Sept. 22, 1827.

37-3w.

JOE-PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS NEATLY EXECU-

TED AT THIS OFFICE.

AMOS LANE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

INFORMS the public that he will constantly attend the Terms of the Supreme Court; the District Court of the United States, at Indianapolis; the Franklin, Dearborn, Switzerland, and Ripley Circuit Courts; and any other Court in the state, on special application. That in future his undivided and persevering attention and talents, will be devoted to his profession.—And may, at all times, be consulted at his office, in Lawrenceburg, next door to Mr. Hunt's Hotel at Court.

July 25, 1827.

29-1f.

N. G. HOWARD,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Lawrenceburg, Indiana, will faithfully attend to professional business intrusted to his care. He will attend the courts in the 3d circuit, also the Supreme and U. States courts at Indianapolis. Office on High Street, opposite the Clerk's Office.

Feb. 25, 1826.

8-1f.

JOHN TEST,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,