

## MISCELLANY.

### SONG.

FROM THE MANNITON HERALD.  
I offer thee now a chieftain's hand,  
The bride-ring glittering on it:  
For thee discard my glaive and brand,  
And doss my highland bonnet,  
My words are rude,—for my mountain height  
By clansmen alone is prest,  
But pure as its evening hue of light,  
Is the love of my highland breast.

Loch Lomond shall not more true reveal  
The tint of the sky above,  
Than thy chieftain's e'er anxious heart shall feel  
Each joy of his lowland love.  
And should ever an eye too boldly glance,  
To give thee an instant's pain,—  
This willow wands to a Southern lace,  
It never shall gaze again.

Will others dispute the prize I claim?

See—here is a Cameron's arm—  
It has written the page of Cameron's fame.

It shall save my love from harm,  
Then hark to the land of the flood and fell,  
As the bride of the chieftain Gael;

And a hundred harps shall triumphant tell  
My joy to the lowland vale.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

### WALTER FORREST, OR THE YOUNG SOLDIER OF PERKIOMEN.

When the early darkness of a winter evening has gathered round, and the spirit of the storm is pouring abroad his fury over the earth, I love to join the friendly circle at the hearth, and listen to the tales of former times. There is much in the annals of our country to awaken even the dullest soul, and many a tale is told by the evening fire-side is not inferior in point of interest to those that shed their fascinations over the pages of romance. It was at such an hour, and amid such a circle that the history of the young soldier of Perkiomen was related. Walter Forrest and Agnes Peters had grown up side by side like two young trees planted together, and as they will intertwine their branches, so had the hearts of the youth and maiden been mingled from infancy. The parents of both were widowers, and resided on adjacent farms near the Perkiomen. Their rank in life was nearly the same, but in character they were widely different. William Forrest was the youngest son of an English gentleman, in rather limited circumstances, and as he could not hope for support from his father, immediately after his marriage he had emigrated to Pennsylvania, and settled at Perkiomen; where in the station of a farmer, he had attained a competency and even wealth—but he was not exempted from the ills attendant on mortality. The death of Mrs. Forrest, which took place before his youngest son, Walter, had attained his sixth year, threw an immovable blight upon the felicity which he till then enjoyed—and some years afterwards, a dimness of sight, with which he had long been affected, terminated in total blindness—but his character remained the same, and even in his darkness, his amiable qualities and cheerful disposition drew round him many a friendly circle of the old and young; and throughout the country, no name was more respected than that of Mr. Forrest.

Mr. Peters was also an Englishman, but his character was quite the reverse of Forrest's. The incidents of his early life had given a tinge of stern melancholy to his disposition, almost approaching to misanthropy, and on the death of his wife, whom he had passionately loved, he determined to bury himself and his sorrows in the wilds of America, where he lived in a state of almost monastic seclusion, excepting occasional intercourse with William Forrest.

Often were the soft silvery tones of the laughing voice of little Agnes heard in the dwelling of Walter Forrest, who was but two years her senior, and from the difference of age as well as disposition between his brother and himself, she soon became his only play mate. Nor as they advanced from infancy to childhood was the friendship broken that had twined itself round their young hearts—their pursuits, their amusements were still the same, and even the moody humor of Mr. Peters was softened in favor of Walter Forrest. In whatever instructions Agnes received from her father, Walter participated, and in all his studies she became a partner.—To Mr. Forrest she was as a daughter, and after he became blind, often did she set for hours together by his side, reading or warbling in his ear the ballads with which her mind was stored—then pausing to stroke back his silvery hair, she would throw her arms round his neck and cover his face with her affectionate kisses—at other times she would lead him out to the open air, to enjoy the fragrance of spring, the singing of the birds, and the calm sunshine, or guide him to the residence of her father, and there leaving him, bound off to meet Walter on his return to his dwelling, or to share the occupation that detained him. There was not a spot of green wood, nor a hill, nor dale, for several miles round, that they had not trodden together, and of which they did not know the shady coverts and secret recesses—amidst the morning dew, at noon-tide, and in the evening twilight, they were together bounding over the green

hills, sketching the distant prospect, or seated on the bank of the Perkiomen, imparting to each other their different branches of knowledge, or telling their early tale of impassioned fondness. Thus years rolled on till youth succeeded infancy and childhood. At the age of eighteen, the person of Walter was tall and manly, and with the expressive dark eye that shed a bright glow of intelligence over his open animated countenance, and the thick black curls that shaded his high forehead, he might be considered eminently handsome. Agnes had bright laughing blue eyes, and neither the beams of the sun, nor the breezes that wanted among the clustering ringlets of her glossy brown hair, had been able to deprive her polished brow of its ivory tint—the glow of health was on her cheek, and here were

"The ruby lip, the dimpled chin,  
The bosom calm and pure within."

It need not be said that they loved, they could not have done otherwise—and their marriage was only delayed until Walter should reach his twenty-first year.

Hitherto their lives had been passed in almost untroubled happiness, but twelve months again rolled round, the war of the revolution came like an evil planet, and cast a withering blight upon their hopes. Patriotism was a master passion in the soul of Walter Forrest, and in the inexpressible swelling of a youthful spirit, with the sanction of his father, he volunteered his services in the cause of his country—his offer was accepted, and with a swelling heart he prepared to fill the station of a captain in the American army. The parting of the lovers cannot be described, but the hope of fame sustained the spirits of Walter, while Agnes retired to shed almost the first tears of sorrow.

Mr. Peters did not openly espouse the cause of either party, but his prejudices were secretly in favor of the English, and from the time of Walter's departure, he withdrew himself more from the society of Forrest. Ambition at length obtained the mastery; and removing his daughter to Philadelphia, which was at that time occupied by the British, openly appeared in the character of an officer of the crown.

Captain Forrest still remained ignorant of this occurrence, when a foraging party of which he had the command, chanced to encounter a party of "Col. Peters", and conflict ensued. The resemblance of their leader to the father of Agnes, immediately arrested the attention of the young warrior, but he banished the idea, until chance threw them together, and the truth flashed with agonizing certainty upon his mind—for a moment he recoiled, but he could not pause in the path of duty, and he dashed forward into the thickest of the battle—"On, on, my brave boys," cried he in the energy of despair, and the next instant the sword of Col. Peters was flourished above his head. "Traitor! Rebel!" exclaimed he, but Walter, with a shudder of horror, turned from the combat—for he could not raise his arm against the father of Agnes—his brain reeled, the scene swam before him indistinct and dim, and almost at the same moment, a ball entered his bosom, and he fell to the earth bleeding and insensible.

When he recovered his recollection, he found himself in a strange apartment, and learned that he had been taken prisoner and carried to Philadelphia, where he had remained for several days in a state of delirium. He anxiously enquired for Col. Peters, and for Agnes; but without being able to obtain any satisfactory intelligence of the latter. Col. Peters, he was informed had called frequently during his illness, and had expressed much satisfaction that morning that his fever had abated.

It was not without chagrin that Walter received information that he had thus lost the opportunity of an interview with the Colonel, especially as he was about to leave the city, and the length of his absence would be uncertain. From his family he could obtain no tidings, & the anxiety of his mind considerably impeded his recovery, which, however, was slowly progressing. His total ignorance respecting all who were dear to him was inexpressibly painful, yet it was not without mingled sensations, that on his return from a short ramble, on the first day he had quitted the house, he found Col. Peters seated in his apartment. "I am happy sir," said he with a sarcastic smile, "that you have so far recovered from the effects of your rebellious spirit."

Walter colored but without noticing his speech, anxiously enquired for Agnes.

"Walter Forrest," answered he, in an altered tone, "to you Agnes Peters is no more; to morrow her hand will be given to another, and you must learn to forget her."

So saying, he placed a sealed packet in the hands of Walter, and left him stupefied with anguish. Almost mechanically he unfolded and glanced his eyes over the pages of the epistle which Peters had given him, but he was soon painfully awakened by its contents. His brother, notwithstanding the entreaties, and even commands of his father, had joined the British army, and had fallen in the first of his battles—and his father, he whom Walter had devoutly loved, and whose memory seemed like a guardian spirit to hover round his heart—that parent was no more—he had gone down to the grave with a broken heart.

The frame of Walter was too weak to bear this accumulated weight of wretchedness and with a groan of agony he fell senseless upon the floor. During the night his fever returned with redoubled violence, and for some weeks he remained insensible to his misery. However, his disease at length yielded to the power of medicine, and he once more slowly recovered. An exchange of prisoners had been effected, by which he was once more restored to liberty, and when his health permitted he again joined the army. He did not dare to visit the

scenes of his childhood, for it seemed as if they were haunted by the ghost of his departed happiness—he was wretched—miserable—he felt that in the wide world he was alone—that there was none to love him—none whom he might love—he dared not trust himself to think on Agnes, nor even murmur her name in the secret recesses of his heart. He beheld others around him smiling and happy—but there was not one hope left on earth to sooth the bitterness of his spirit, and he had no wish but to offer up his life on the altar of his country's liberty—he rushed into the wildest of the battles; but it seemed as if his very wretchedness had given him a "charmed life"—swords flashed harmlessly above his head, and the bayonet entered not his bosom. But the heart cannot live in utter hopelessness, and time dulled the pugnacity of his feelings, while the spirit of patriotism kindled once more within his bosom.

Several years had elapsed since the death of his father, when Walter was one day summoned to the couch of a British officer, who was a prisoner, and supposed to be mortally wounded. He instantly complied, and repaired to the bedside of the dying man. Life was on the verge of departing—the cold dew of death were already on his forehead—and Walter gazed for some moments on the hollow cheek and glared eyes before he recognized the altered form of Col. Peters. Any animosity that he might have entertained towards the destroyer of his happiness, was at that instant extinguished in the bosom of Walter, who clasping the cold hand which the Colonel extended towards him, burst into tears. Peters feebly pressed the hand of his young friend, and a flash of shame colored his pale cheek, as he entertained the pardon of Walter, and requested him to be the protector of his child, when her father should be no more. Walter's heart beat violently, and he almost gasped for breath while the words he would have spoken, died away in inarticulate murmurs from his lips. "I have rendered you both unhappy," continued the Colonel, "For Agnes never loved other than you—a sudden illness delayed her union with the man for whom I had intended her and his subsequent death prevented it forever. Therefore if your heart remains unchanged, she may yet be yours." A stifled sob from Agnes, who, with her face concealed amid the covering of the bed, had been silently weeping, unnoticed by Walter, at this instant attracted his attention and the next moment she was in his arms. A faint smile illuminated the countenance of the dying warrior, and pressing his daughter once more to his heart, he breathed a few words of blessing and expired on the bosom of the young soldier of Perkiomen.

### GERTRUDE.

A sprightly young widow had received addresses of a tender sort from two gentlemen—one an accomplished scholar—the other possessing the stupidity of the ass with gold sufficient to load him.—Her brother entering the room where she was sitting in an attitude of more profound cogitation than usual enquired whether she was going to astonish the world with the discovery of a perpetual motion or the quadrature of the circle? "Neither George," she replied, "I was merely resolving a question of dollars and sense."

The Scripture, in time of dispute, is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the occasion of both parties:—each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer to do the same. Pope

**INVENTION.**—A mock invented gunpowder; a bis. op. bombs; Benedictine, artillery; and a Capucine (Father Joseph, first suggested the introduction of paid spies in the police and letters de cahes

**Notice—by the Printer.**  
TO encourage agriculture, and to obviate the difficulty of procuring **Cash**, we would inform our subscribers and others, that country produce, such as

*Flour, Corn, Corn Meal, Buckwheat, do., Pork, Beef, Potatoes, Wood,* and, in short, most kinds of marketing will be taken at this office in payment for papers, or in discharge of other debts, at the highest cash price. It would be well perhaps, for those who have such things to spare, and are indebted to embrace this opportunity of payment.—Peradventure, before another season rolls round, we may be compelled from, necessity, to demand in money, what we now would be willing to receive in trade.

This notice may, possibly, develop a most astonishing fact to some of our readers, to wit:—That the corporeal part of a printer is sustained and kept in motion, like that of other folks, by *eating!* That a contrary opinion has been held, we infer from the fact, that notwithstanding he has been constantly employed for almost three years preparing palatable dishes of news and politics, literature and religion, love tales and poetry, anecdotes and conundrums, upon which to regale our readers, a number have not even offered us a handful of parched corn in return, to satisfy the demands of nature. Is it possible that they believe printers live like other men, and yet treat them so differently? it cannot be.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**

Public notice is hereby given, that I have taken out letters of administration on the estate of James H. Graves deceased, and have digested the notes and accounts of the deceased. His brother, notwithstanding the entreaties, and even commands of his father, had joined the British army, and had fallen in the first of his battles—and his father, he whom Walter had devoutly loved, and whose memory seemed like a guardian spirit to hover round his heart—that parent was no more—he had gone down to the grave with a broken heart.

The frame of Walter was too weak to bear this accumulated weight of wretchedness and with a groan of agony he fell senseless upon the floor. During the night his fever returned with redoubled violence, and for some weeks he remained insensible to his misery. However, his disease at length yielded to the power of medicine, and he once more slowly recovered. An exchange of prisoners had been effected, by which he was once more restored to liberty, and when his health permitted he again joined the army. He did not dare to visit the

**CATHARINE GRAVES Adm'r.**  
November 29, 1827. 47-3w

### Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of an order of sale issued out of the clerk's office of the Dearborn circuit court commanding me to expose to sale 165 acres of land and lying in section No. 28 and Town 5 Range 2 west being the south east quarter of said section in the county of Dearborn "being the lands of Joseph Farmer deceased to satisfy a judgment in favor of Ezra Farmer against Jonathan Farmer administrator &c. which said land I shall offer for sale on the 10th day of December next at the court house in the town of Lawrenceburg between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock of said day.

**THOMAS LONGLEY SH. D. C.**  
November 16th, 1827. 45-3w

## JOHN TEST,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Having removed to Lawrenceburg, offer  
his professional services to those who may  
wish his assistance. Office on High Street, in  
a room directly over Beeson & Gibson's Stores  
May 12, 1827. 18-1f.

## WM. 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 materials. Attention will be paid to all orders in his line of business.

**JOURNEYMAN WANTED;**  
To whom Cincinnati wages will be given.  
Lawrenceburg, July 12, 1827. 28-1f.

### Valuable Property for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale 160 acres of land, situated about three miles from Hartford, between the waters of Hogan and Laundry creeks, 70 of which are cleared and under cultivation, and the balance well timbered. On the premises are a good dwelling house, barn, out houses, two bearing orchards, meadows, and three never failing springs.

ALSO—The well known tavern stand in the town of Hartford, now occupied by Davis Weaver, Esq., to which is attached three lots of ground, a good stable, and an excellent well of water.

ALSO—The eligible store house, occupied by J. & A. P. Andrew, nearly opposite the above-mentioned tavern stand, to which is attached an excellent garden lot.

ALSO—The premises on which the subscriber resides, situated in Hartford, consisting of one large two story frame house, well calculated for a store and tavern, an elegant and spacious stable, part stone, four lots of ground, and two never failing springs.

The above described property will be sold low for cash, if application be made previous to the 1st of February next; after which time it will be for rent. For terms apply to the subscriber living in Hartford, Ia.

JOHN LEVINGTON.  
October 6, 1827.

### To Rent!

I wish to RENT my house in the town of Lawrenceburg, occupied as a tavern stand by myself, by the name of the UNION HOTEL.

I would prefer having it kept up as a stand. Any person wishing to rent will please call on the subscriber living in the house. The terms will be made very reasonable.

JOHN SPENCER.  
Nov. 3, 1827. 42

### NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of David Brown, late of Randolph Township Dearborn county deceased, are hereby requested to make immediate payment; and those having claims against said estate, must present them legally authenticated for settlement.

A. MOORE, Adm'r.  
Rising Sun, Nov. 5, 1827. 44-3w

THOS. LONGLEY, Sheriff D. C.  
November 15th 1827. 45

Notice.

THE subscriber having removed his Store, requests all persons indebted to him, to call and settle with DANIEL HAGEMAN Esq., who has my books and notes in possession.

ERASIUS TOUSEY.  
Sept. 1, 1827. 37-1f.

### ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that I have taken out letters of administration on the estate of Hugh Bay, late of Dearborn county, deceased, and that I shall expose the personal estate to sale at public vendue at the late residence of the deceased in Randolph township, on Saturday the 15th of December next. It is believed the estate will be insolvent.

JOHN BEATTY Adm'r.  
November 23, 1827. 46-3w

### 20 Dollars Reward.

RESCONDED from the service of the subscriber, on the evening of the 10th inst.—two Indented Apprentices to the coopers business, named Joseph and William Meeker, twin brothers. The above reward will be paid for the return of said apprentices, or Ten Dollars for either of them, and reasonable charges paid.

All persons are hereby forbid employing or harboring them, as I am determined to use all legal means to obtain the balance of service due from them, or an equivalent. I expect they have made their way to Indiana state, perhaps somewhere on the waters of Hogan Creek, ten or fifteen miles from Aurora, as their mother and relatives live in that neighbourhood—Information of them from any of my fellow-craft will be fully received, and reciprocated if circumstances should present the case.

WILLIAM SCHILLINGER.  
Cincinnati Nov. 14, 1827. 46-3w

### INDIANA PALLADIUM,

### PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

M. Gregg & D. V. Culley,

ON EVERY SATURDAY.