

SCELLANY.

SELECTED.

UMAN GRANDEUR.

Upon a pillow with wonder and awe,
Ling high as it threatens the shore;
A broken and lost, we forget what we saw,
And think of that pillow no more.

So the pomp of the great, so the fame of the
brave,
So the treasures of glory and pride,
Tho' they mount on the flood, like the high
swelling wave,
Like that too must ebb with the tide.

From the Crystal.

THE SOLDIER'S SON.

By Mrs. Dumont, of Vevay, Indiana.

"Small I take your baggage, Sir," said an intelligent looking boy to a traveller, who had just landed at one of our eastern cities. "My servant takes charge of it," replied the gentleman, but struck with the peculiar interest of his countenance, as the boy retired, he flung him a piece of money. The boy looked at it with hesitation, and his pale cheek reddened to crimson. Picking it up at length, he approached the traveller with an air of embarrassment. "Excuse me, sir, I sought employment, not alms," "True, my little Don," said the gentleman, laughing, "but you will not return so very trifling on my hands?" The boy stood a moment in silence. His young spirit evidently recoiled from the idea of appropriating the humiliating gift, and he remained twirling it in his fingers. There was an expression of mingled haughtiness and gratitude in his wrought features, and his slender form assumed all the irregular attitudes of indecision. At this moment a beggar approached them, and his countenance brightened. "Permit me," he said, gracefully bowing to the traveller, "permit me to transfer your bounty," and presenting the unlucky coin to the humble mendicant, he instantly disappeared.

This little incident made a strong impression on the mind of the stranger, and two days afterwards he distinguished the elastic figure of the boy among a group of laborers. Pleased at again seeing him, he immediately approached him. "May I ask your name, my young acquaintance?" he inquired in a tone of kindness. "Alvah Hamilton," replied the boy, and he still continued to ply the instrument of labor with hateless diligence. Our traveller whose name was Courtney, looked at him with increasing interest. The extreme beauty of his countenance, its marked expression of high and noble feeling, strongly contrasted with the coarseness of his dress, and the rudeness of his employment. "Have you parents?" inquired Mr. Courtney. "I have yet a father." "And what is his vocation?" "He is a worn out soldier, sir, of the Revolution," and the boy applied himself to his task with an intensity that seemed intended to prevent further interrogation. The tenacious Courtney, however, was not to be shaken off. "Do you live with your father?" he continued. "Certainly, sir." "And where?" The boy pointed in silence to a decayed and miserable looking dwelling. Mr. Courtney sighed. A keen November blast, which at that moment whistled around him, told the inadequacy of such a shelter. "A soldier!" he mentally exclaimed, "and perhaps his blood has been shed to secure the rights of those who revel in luxury!"

A few hours afterwards, he knocked at the door of the shattered habitation. An interest in the father had been already awakened by the son, it was at once confirmed by the appearance of the old man, now before him. He had raised his head slowly from the staff on which he was leaning at the entrance of the stranger, and discovered a countenance where the lines of sorrow and suffering were distinctly traced. Still there was something in his high though furrowed brow, that told his affinity with the proud Alvah; and the ravages of infirmity had not yet altogether robbed his wasted form of the dignity of the soldier. "Will you pardon the intrusion of a stranger?" said Mr. Courtney. "I have been led hither merely to chat an hour with a revolutionary veteran." "He who comes to cheer the solitude of darkness must be welcome," said the old man; and Mr. Courtney now perceived that he was utterly blind! The events of the revolution afforded an easy clue to conversation, and they chatted without effort. "I would," said Mr. Courtney, "that every one who assisted in our glorious struggle might individually share the prosperity it has confirmed to our nation. I fear, however, there are many whose blood even has cemented the proud fabric of our independence, that are themselves left in want and obscurity." True, said the old man, "the decayed soldier whose strength was wasted in the conflict has but little for himself to hope; but I trust his posterity will reap the harvest he has sown."

"You have a son," said Mr. Courtney, "worthy of such a harvest. Is the youth called Alvah your all?" "All that survives of a large family! He alone, the child of my old age, has been spared to

save me from public dependence." "Have you been long deprived of light?" asked Mr. Courtney. "Only two years." "And during that period, have you had no resource but the labor of your son?" "None; but the wants of a soldier are few, and the filial piety of my boy renders him cheerful under every privation that affects only himself. He labors incessantly, and I have no regret but that of seeing him thus fettered to servitude." "I would" said Mr. Courtney with enthusiasm, "I would that I could place him in a sphere more suited to his worth. With the advantage of education, he would become an ornament to society; but this under your peculiar circumstances he cannot have had even in an ordinary degree." "But for his taste for learning," said the soldier, "he must have been utterly destitute. There were hours, however, when he could not labour, and as these have been invariably devoted to study, he has gradually acquired its common principles."

The entrance of Alvah himself interrupted the conversation. He had brought some little delicacies for his father, the avails of his day's labour. "I have just been thinking," said Mr. Courtney, "of making some arrangements, with the approbation of your father, for your future establishment. I grieve to see a boy of promise thus losing the spring time of life." "You forget, sir," said Alvah, respectfully bowing, "that I can embrace no proposal that would separate me from my father, however advantageous." "Certainly not in his present situation; but I have friends here, who will readily assist me in making a suitable provision for his support, and you may then be put to business that will secure you a future competence." "Impossible sir! My father can have no claims like those on his son. 'Tis a short season only since my weakness required his support, and shall I now transfer the duties of filial gratitude to the hand of charity?" Mr. Courtney knew not what to reply.—"Do not think me ungrateful for your proffered kindness," continued the boy, while his dark eyes swam in tears and every trace of pride suddenly gave place to the liveliest expression of gratitude; "I feel most deeply your benevolent solicitude for my interest, but indeed, sir, I am perfectly happy in my present condition. My father, too, is satisfied with the slender provision my labor affords, and should it hereafter become insufficient, I will not scruple to ask the aid of benevolence." Mr. Courtney was affected. The soldier had again leant his head over his staff and was probably invoking blessings on the head of his son! A storm had commenced, and the sleet was even then dripping through the broken roof. Mr. Courtney rose to depart—"Must I then go," he exclaimed without rendering you any service? "Will you not even accept," and he put his hand in his pocket—but Alvah drew back with an expression that answered the unfinished sentence. The old man gave him his hand with a smile of benignity. "Accept my thanks, sir, and suffer me to crave the name of him who has thus sought the dwelling of poverty." The stranger gave his name and address, and receiving a promise that they would seek him in future need, reluctantly left them.

Mr. Courtney was a man of feeling but he was also a man of pleasure; and with the votaries of dissipation, the soft and holy whisperings of benevolence are too often lost in more seductive strains. The scene he had now witnessed had however awakened all his better principles. The dignified submission of the father—the proud humility of the son, preferring the most servile labour to the shadow of dependence—his deep but quiet tenderness for his unfortunate parent, and his perfect exemption from selfish feeling—all, were vividly impressed on their visitant. If an intercourse with the good influences even cold and torpid hearts (as is beautifully exemplified by the Persian fable of the piece of clay that became an ordoriferous substance by the contact of the rose,) that influence must be strong indeed on the soul of feeling. The breath of a corrupt world may dim the native gems of the heart, but let the language of pure and elevated sentiment be heard and the chords of responsive feeling will at once awake like the sleeping tones of a harp attuned by the winds of heaven. For a little time, the pageantry of the world lost its power on the mind of the gay Courtney and the haunts of pleasure were forgotten. He shuddered as he contrasted the elegancies that surrounded him with the destitution he had witnessed. The straw pallet of age and infirmity—the scanty fuel—the precarious supply—the picture that memory drew, seemed even yet more vivid than the reality.

[Concluded next week.]

OLD STORIES.

"Though swine were kept so early in the south of England, it appears from the following anecdote that they were little known in the north of England and south of Scotland. Within the last century (probably about 90 years ago,) a person in the parish of Ruthwell, in Dumfrieshire, called the 'Guideman o' the Brae,' received a young swine as a present

from some distant part, which from all the information I could get, seems to have been the first ever seen in that part of the country. The pig having strayed across the Lochore into the adjoining parish of Clarkelvico, a woman who was herding cattle on the marsh, by the sea side, was very much alarmed at the sight of a living creature that she had never seen or heard of before, approaching her straight from the shore, as if it had come out of the sea, and ran home to the village of Blackshaw, screaming. As she ran, it ran, snorting and grunting after her, seeming glad that it met with a companion. She arrived at the village so exhausted and terrified, that before she could get her story told she fainted away. By the time she came to herself, a crowd of people had collected to see what was the matter, when she told them, "That there was a de'il came out of the sea with two horns in his head, (most likely the swine had sharp ears,) and chased her roaring and gaping all the way at her heels, and she was sure it was not far off." A man called Willie Tom, a school-master, said if he could see it he would "cungere the de'il," and got a bible and an old sword. It immediately started up at his heels and gave a loud grumph, which put him into such a fright that his hair stood upright on his head, and he was obliged to be carried from the field half dead. The whole crowd ran, some one way and some another; some reached the house tops, and others shut themselves up in barns and byres. At last one on the house top called out it was "the Guideman o' the Brae's grumph," he having seen it before. The affray was settled, and the people reconciled, although some still entertained frightful hopes about it, and durst not go over the door to a neighbor's house after dark, without one set to cry for them. One of the crowd had some compassion on the creature, called out, "give it a lock of straw to eat, it will be hungry."

Next day it was conveyed over the Lochore, and it seemed to find its way home. It being near the dusk of evening it came grunting up to two men pulling thistles on the farm at Cockpool. They were much alarmed at the sight, and mounted two old horses they had tethered beside them, intending to make their way home. In the mean time the pig got between them and the houses, which caused them to scamper out of the way and land in Lochore moss, where one horse was drowned, and the other with difficulty relieved. The night becoming dark, they durst not part one from another to call for assistance, lest the monster should find them out and attack them singly, nor durst they speak above their breath for fear of being devoured. At day break next morning they took a different course, and made their way home, where they found their families much alarmed on account of their absence. They said that they had seen a creature, about the size of a dog, with two horns on its head and cloven feet, roaring out like a lion, and if they had not galloped away it would have torn them to pieces. One of their wives said "Hout man, it has been the Guideman o' the Brae's grumph, it frightened a' at the Blackshaw yesterday, and poor Meggie Anderson maist lost her wits, and is ay out o' aye into another sin syne."

The pig happened to lie all night among the corn where the men were pulling thistles, and about day break set forward on its journey for the Brae. One Gabriel Garion, mounted on a long tailed grey colt, with a load of white fish in a pair creels swung over the beast, encountered the pig which went right among the horse's feet and gave a snort. The colt being as much frightened as Gabriel, wheeled about and scampered off snorting, with his tail on his riggins, at full gallop. Gabriel cut the slings and dopt the creels, the colt soon dismounted the rider, and going like the wind, with his tail up he came to Barnirk point, where he took the Solway Frith and landed at Brownness, on the Cumberland side. As to Gabriel, by the time he got himself gathered up, the pig was within sight he took to his heels, as the colt was quite gone, and reached Cunlongan wood in time to hide himself, where he staid all that day and night, and next morning got home almost exhausted. He told a dreadful story! The fright caused him to imagine the pig as big as a calf, having long horns, eyes like trenchers, and a back like a hedge hog. He lost his fish, the colt was got back, but never did more good, and as to Gabriel, he soon after fell into a consumption and departed this life about a year after.

Bon Mots.—Judge Bacon, an ancestor of Lord B. Count Verulam, before passing judgment upon a culprit, who had been convicted of a capital offence, put the usual question to him—"Know you, or have you any thing to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you for the crime whereof you stand convicted?" The culprit answered, that he hoped his lordship would refrain from passing so cruel a sentence upon one of his own relations. One of my relations enquired the stern judge—culprit how are you

and I related? Why, my Lord, your name is Bacon and my name is Hog; and between hog and bacon surely your lordship will recognize a very near relationship. Indeed, retorted the facetious Judge, there is a resemblance; but you know that hog can never be bacon until it has been hung. We will have you well hung—and then you may come and claim your relationship.

Theatrical Jeud' Esprit.—Pope's first wife was a Miss Young, of Covent Garden Theatre. On the morning after her marriage, she received the following epistle from Mrs. Martyr, of the same Theatre:

"Dear Madam—Permit me to be one of the first in offering my congratulations. I have no doubt of your happiness; for I must confess, that if his Holiness had attacked me, good Protestant as I am, I should not have had the resolution to die A. MARTYR."

To which Mrs. Pope returned the following answer:

"Dear Madam—Accept my best thanks for your congratulations. This is not time for criticism; but I will softly whisper to my friend that Pope's Essays are in perfect union with Young's Night Thoughts."

WOOL CARDING.

WILL be done at the Lawrenceburg Woollen Factory, now in operation at the New Town of Lawrenceburg.

quantity of pork barrels and lard kegs, to be delivered the ensuing summer and fall, will be received in payment for work done at the Factory.

JOHN TEST,
GEO. H. LUNN.

May 23rd, 1828. 20-3w

Enoch D. John

HAS just opened, in Lawrenceburg, Indiana next door west of John Gray's Inn, a new stock of

DRY GOODS, Hardware & Groceries.

He is also, in connection with William S. Durbin, establishing a TAN YARD in New Lawrenceburg. Cash will be paid for

HIDES & SKINS,

delivered either at the Store or at the Tannery. A quantity of

Black and White Oak TAN-BARK

is wanted immediately, for which a fair price will be paid.

We have come to this place to make a permanent settlement, and as our design is to make our establishments as profitable as possible to ourselves, it will necessarily be our aim to deal justly by all; and we trust we shall with others receive a due proportion of the patronage of the public.

DURBIN & JOHN.

Lawrenceburg 1st April, 1828.

N. B. One hundred thousand merchantable

PORK BARREL STAVES,

and a proportionable quantity of Hoop Poles wanted. Those who are getting out Staves would perhaps find it to their interest to save the Bark.

E. D. JOHN.

EDWIN G. PRATT

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.

OFFICE in Lawrenceburg at the house of JOHN SPENCER.

May 1, 1828. 17f.

AMOS LANE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, INFORMS the public that he will constantly attend in 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, or at Court.

July 25, 1827. 29f.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an Execution, issued out of the Clerk's office of the Dearborn Circuit Court, to me directed against the Goods and Chattels, Lands and Tenements of WILLIAM DANIELS, at the suit of Wm. B. Ewing, & Co. for the use of H. & C. Fitch, have been taken, as the property of the said Daniels, the South-east quarter, of Section 17, Town 5, and Range one West, containing 148 acres of Land; which I shall expose to Public Sale on the 21st day of June, 1828, at the Court House in the town of Lawrenceburg.

THOS. LONGLEY,
SHERIFF D. C.

May 29, 1828. 21-3w

Doctor Isaac Westerfield,

THE LATE PARTNER OF THE CELEBRATED INDIAN DOCTOR RICHARD CARTER.

WILL practice Medicine in Petersburgh Ky. on the Ohio river, 27 miles below Cincinnati, 4 below the mouth of the Miami and nearly opposite Lawrenceburg Ia.

His practice will consist in the administration of vegetable preparations chiefly, or what is more generally known by the name of the Indian mode of practice; which has (in the hands of Carter and his students) been so astonishingly efficacious in the cure of the most invertebrate chronic diseases.

Having made himself acquainted with the regular mode of practice in addition to the vegetable mode, he flatters himself that he will merit and receive a share of public patronage.

May 9, 1828. 19-4w

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given, that the undersigned have taken out of the Clerk's Office of the Dearborn Circuit Court, letters of Administration on the Estate of James Buchanan, late of Dearborn county, deceased—all persons indebted to said Estate are therefore requested to make immediate payment; and all persons holding claims against the same are requested to present said claims properly authenticated. The said estate will be amply solvent.

ANNE BUCHANAN,
WM. BUCHANAN,
Administrators.

22-3w

REGIMENTAL ORDERS.

THE Field Officers, and Commandants of companies, of the Third Regiment of Indiana Militia, are hereby notified, that a Board of Officers will be convened, at SAWTEL S. Scott's Tavern, in Rising Sun, on Saturday, the 28th June inst. for the purpose of organizing new companies, as also altering Company bounds &c. at which time and place they are required to attend.

PINKNEY JAMES,
COT. COMMANDING.

22-3w

MASONIC PROCESSION.

THE approaching Anniversary of the Nativity of St JOHN the BAPTIST will be Celebrated by the Members of Rising Sun Lodge No. 6, on Tuesday the 24th JUNE next. The neighboring Lodges and all Brethren in regular standing are respectfully invited to attend.

JOHN B. CRAFT,
SECRETARY.

19-6w

THE ELEGANT HORSE

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Will stand the ensuing season, April, and ending the 1st of July next, the first three days of each week on the farm of Capt Jacob Piatt, Boone county, Ky. and the remaining three in the town of Lawrenceburg; and so changing every third day during the season. Farmers and others desirous of improving their stock of Horses, would do well to avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered of procuring a good strain of colts, as there are few Horses of any in the Western country equal to the SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, in any respect whatever.

For particulars see Bills.

A. S. PIATT.

April 5, 1828. 13-1f.

CAUTION.

ASCONDED from the service of the subscriber living in Lawrenceburg township, on Monday the 6th inst. LUCINDA SHERAN, a bound girl, aged about 15 years. All persons are hereby forewarned against trusting or harboring the said Lucinda on any pretence whatever, as the law will be enforced against all so offending.

WILLIAM COSEBOOM.