

MISCELLANY.

[FROM THE BOSTON MERCURY.]

D U E T.

TINKLETON:—Immortal Dolly Doubleyou,
You lovely little—bubble you,
I want to know if you can show
A man that dares to trouble you!

DOLLY.—Sweet charming Seignior Tinkleton,
Your blooming cheek is wrinkled none;
Of men that be to trouble me,
I do not know a single one!

T.—Come, love, shall we be wandering?
The slow'rs their sweets are squandering,
The idle gales adown the vales,
Are lingering and pondering.

D.—O, what a charming man you be,
How fanciful, I swing you be,
So very sweet, so very neat,
And kind and brave, how can you be?

T.—How blest your praises render me,
You must the witch of Eodor be,
To strike my heart's sincerest part,
I swear I love you tenderly.

D.—You know papa he scolded me,
The day you first beheld me,
Because you stood—you know you would—
And in your arms enfolded me.

T.—I swear by all above you know,
That I sincerely love you, though;
You called me then, the "best of men,"
And I called you "my dove," you know.

D.—My name is Dolly—take me now,
Your own forever make me now,
And let us flee—for daddy he
If he should come, would shake me now!

T.—But, Dolly O, my honey, though,
Just fetch a bag of money, though,
For if you don't—have you I won't,
And wouldn't that be funny, though!

OLD MAN—(entering)
—
THE LOVE LETTER;
OR, TRUTH A FICTION.

It was a beautiful afternoon! I sat down at my table, and took up a book to resume my studies. I had not been long in this situation, when I heard a gentle rap at the door of my chamber, and before I had time to rise, the door slowly opened, and Mrs. D.— entered my apartment, leading by the hand her daughter Cordelia. I hastily arose handed them chairs, and bade them be seated: and at the same time drew my chair close to the side of Cordelia, whose hand I took and pressed to my lips; she hastily withdrew it, and looked towards her mother. I saw a tear trickle down her velvet cheek, and would have asked her what it meant—but Mrs. D.— interrupted me, and thus broke silence:—

"Mr. C.—," said she "you may think this intrusion very strange; but I have a sufficient apology, I hope to justify it. It—[pointing to a letter which she held in her hand]—but first I have a word or two to say, on a subject which very nearly concerns the welfare of my daughter and yourself. You have ever expressed warm attachment to my child—aye, have even said you loved her; but whether you felt what you then gave utterance to, is out of my power to decide. I now wish to know what are your real sentiments towards my child?"

"Mrs. D.—," replied I, "do you not believe me when I declare that I love Cordelia? My feelings towards her have always been of the purest nature, and were it in my power, I would this moment, were you and Cordelia willing, wed her; but I am poor—and this is the only barrier which prevents me from carrying my wishes into effect."

"Then I presume, Mr. C.—that you are perfectly willing to resign all claims to Cordelia's hand, should a more acceptable offer be made?"

"Certainly, madam."

"Well then read this letter," said Mrs. D. at the same moment handing it to me.

It ran thus:—

"Dear Madam—I know not in what manner to address you on a subject, which is nearest my heart—this subject, madam, is your lovely daughter; I have frequently seen her, and a few nights since had the pleasure of being her partner at a ball. I then addressed her, and she seemed to favor my suit. I have, madam, twenty thousand dollars at my disposal, which is out at interest—and I am in expectation of receiving an addition to my present fortune of ten thousand dollars. With your permission I will pay my immediate respects to your daughter—to whom I hope my advances will prove acceptable.—Yours, with respect,
HENRY —."

I closed the letter, and handed it to Mrs. D.—.

"What do you think of this letter Mr. C."

"Mrs. D.—," said I, "I am pleased to see that Cordelia has received such a liberal offer—he is rich, and I know him to be a generous hearted fellow.—Cordelia, I congratulate you—and hope that you will have a kind and tender husband—one who will watch over you, and administer to your little wants—who will treat you as tenderly as I should have done, had it pleased Heaven to

have made me your choice.—I resign you, Cordelia, to my rival—but with this assurance, that you will not find one who loves you more tenderly than myself. For my part, I will go to some foreign shore, and among strangers end an existence which has been nought but affliction and misery."

I could say no more; my utterance was choked—the tears rolled down my cheeks—I drew my handkerchief wiped my eyes—and was on the point of rushing from the room, when Cordelia called to me.

"William! William!" said she, and threw her arm around my neck.

"Oh, Cordelia!" I exclaimed, and sunk into her arms.

"William! William!" is it possible that you could think me so base as to desert you—whom I have loved above all on earth—leave you, because you are poor, and fly to him, because he is rich! No, No, William, I would rather with you, live in poverty, than wed him, or any other in affluence.—Oh, William, what have I done that has degraded me thus to your estimation?—why should I forsake him who has ever treated me with so much kindness and affection? "Tis too much," said she, and vented her feelings in a flood of tears.

I knew not whether joy or grief was uppermost in my soul—my heart throbbed as though I would burst—my parched throat would scarcely give utterance to my words.

"Forgive me, dear Cordelia," I exclaimed, "you have done nothing but give us your blessing, mother, and make your children happy!"

Mrs. D.—advanced towards us, with tears flowing from her eyes; took each of our hands, and joined them together.

"Rise, my children, and receive a mother's blessing—Cordelia is yours, William; and I pray she may prove to you as faithful and as affectionate a wife as she has been to me a dutiful and obedient daughter!"

In my eagerness to clasp Cordelia to my breast, I hit my head against the bed post, which awoke me, and I found, alas!—"twas all a dream!!!"

[American Traveller.]

From the Philadelphia Souvenir.

The following scene was acted in Virginia, about eighty miles south of Pittsburgh. It is but one of the many conflicts of a similar character, which took place in the western country, in early times, when every step towards its settlement was marked with bloodshed and savage cruelty. The first settlers of every savage country are men of the most vigorous constitutions and determined courage; the reverse of these qualifications would not risk the privations to be encountered in places remote from the ameliorating influence of civilized society, and exposed to the continual predatory and murderous incursions of savage foes. Of such materials were the gallant band composed, who became the pioneers of civilization to the west. Pitances which would have triumphed over common constitutions were their most constant companions—and in such scenes of danger and noble daring as the one described below were they frequently compelled to engage:

"I have lately returned from Monongahela county, where I spent some time very agreeable with friends and family connexions. I there trod on what I called classic ground; for thus I would delineate every spot rendered sacred or illustrious by feats of valor or acts of patriotism during the soul trying times of our Revolutionary struggles.

"Well I remember reading in my boyhood, the story of David Morgan's mortal combat with two Indians, and the lively impression which the cheering result made on my youthful heart. It certainly merits a niche in the annals of our revolution, though I have never seen it recorded in the history of that glorious and eventful epoch.

The particulars of that sanguinary conflict, I collected from the immediate descendants of the hero, one of whom then a boy, named Stephen, was with his father at the time the Indians made their appearance.

The farm of 800 acres, which was the theatre of the action, lies a short mile west of the Monongahela river about 13 miles above Morgantown, and was then the property of David Morgan. It is still in possession of the family being held in equal shares by Stephen and his elder brother. They are unable to fix the precise date of the occurrence, but believed it to have taken place in April, 1779.

In those times of extreme peril, the inhabitants of the Monongahela country fortified themselves for protection against savage incursions, and went out occasionally to work on their farms. The fort to which D. Morgan belonged was

situated on the river opposite to his farm. On the morning of the memorable day, Stephen and a sister considerably younger than himself, went to the farm to see the cattle; and while there, employed themselves in clearing a patch for water melons. The length of their stay excited uneasiness in their father, who took his rifle and went to look for them. Finding them busily engaged, he took a seat

on a log beside them, and in a short time discovered two Indians making towards them.—With the utmost calmness he pointed them out to the children, and bade them make the best of their way to the fort. Then throwing himself between them and the savages he retarded the progress of the latter till the former might make their escape—Now commenced a war of stratagem and blood. The Indians, aware of the hazard of exposing themselves in open pursuit to the deadly fire of Morgan's rifle, made short advances with much caution, as they could shelter behind trees, while he retreated with equal circumspection. At length perceiving the shoulder of one of his wily foes exposed, with sure aim he dispatched a swift winged messenger of death which laid him prostrate and breathless. Morgan's gun being empty, the other savage rushed forward to his prey, and when within a few paces fired and missed. He then threw his tomahawk which struck the barrel of Morgan's rifle, which he raised to ward off the blow, and severed two of his fingers. His enemy then advanced to grapple, when Morgan struck him a furious stroke on the head with his rifle and broke the breech, but failed to bring him down.—The combatants then closed in with each other, and in the scuffle Morgan threw his opponent, but was quickly turned by him. In this perilous situation he perceived the Indian, whose arms he confined close, attempting to draw a knife from his belt. As soon as he had worked the handle out, Morgan seizing it drew the blade through the other's hand, and cut it severely. The Indian then suddenly springing up laying hold of a huge club leveled a violent blow at his antagonist, but the wood being decayed, it broke without much injury to him. Morgan now rushed at him with the knife, when they again closed, and after several thrusts which struck against his ribs, he succeeded in penetrating between them to his heart's blood. The savage cursed Morgan and retired enfeebled by the loss of blood, and his bones protruding through the orifice. Thus terminated this ferocious fight, which for deadliness of purpose, or fierceness of bravery has few parallels in the history of warfare, either civilized or savage. When Morgan returned with the intelligence the men of the fort went out to view the battle ground, and the effects of the dire encounter. David Morgan was a stout, active, athletic man, weighing about 200 lbs, yet his tawny antagonist appears to have been more rugged than he. It is possible Mr. Morgan might have failed in age, as he is said by his sons to have been in his 59th year at the time of the combat. He lies interred in the ground which was the theatre of his gallant exploit and signal good fortune. The small sugar tree behind which the first Indian was shot, is dead and gone; and, exactly in its place stands a wild plum tree, now manifestly in the decrepitude of age. Thus changeable and fleeting is every thing which this world presents. I pressed the sod which fifty years ago was manured by the blood of those savages. I could not but reflect on the destiny of their tribes. Urged by the wave of population, those independent sons of the forest, those ancient lords of the soil, have gradually retreated to the western wilds till they scarce have a footing which they can call their own. When first I read the relation of the foregoing anecdote of a man whose name was not otherwise known to me, situated in a wilderness among hostile savages, at the distance of more than 300 miles, little did I imagine that at this day I should be closely connected by family alliances. But inscrutable are the ways of Providence.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

A long and pertinent dialogue in the Catskill Recorder, on the use of ardent spirit, ends in the following humorous manner:

Weaver. Now I think a little won't hurt any body.

Farmer B. How shall we settle what a little means? One says half a gill a day—another, two gills—another, half a pint to a dram. How shall we decide? There is difficulty not only in the how much but in the how often.

Farmer C. A gill three times a day when harvesting.

Carpenter. Or when you have nothing to do on a rainy dull day.

Blacksmith. Three half pints a day when you sweat over a fire in July.

Teamster. Or freeze on the road in January.

Fisherman. When you go into the water.

Ditcher. Yes; and when you come out of it.

Shoemaker. Or stretching your arms on a dry bench.

Young man. A glass or two of brandy at a wedding.

Sexton. Or at a funeral.

Politician. On the 4th of July.

Teague. On every day in the year, and as often a day as you please—and as much as you will—and more too if you've a mind.

Printer. I understand now what is meant by that little.

Anecdote.—A full blooded Jonathan, residing in a certain town in New England, once took it into his head to go a courting; he accordingly saddled the old mare, and started off to pay his devotions to one of the buxom lasses of the neighborhood. After "stayin' with his gal" until day began to break in the east, he made preparations to depart. Just as he was seating himself on the saddle, his fair one who stood at the door, (and who, by the way, was marvellously fond of having 'sparks') wished to have him come again, stammered out, "I shall be at home next Sunday night, Zeb." Zebadie, taking out his tobacco-box, and biting off a plug of pigtail in less than a second, honestly answered, "So shall I, by gauly."

Talleyrand.—On the eve of his departure for the Russian campaign, Buona parte sent for his minister Talleyrand, and addressed him in these words—"Talleyrand, I know that you have conceived the design of reigning after me, and I have sent for you to acquaint you that in the event of my falling in battle, arrangements have been made for your death before the news can be known in Paris." "I shall not cease to pray for the preservation of your majesty's life," was the significant answer of the detected politician.

By the President of the United States.

IN pursuance of law, I, ANDREW JACKSON, President of the United States of America, do hereby declare and make known, that a public sale will be held at the Land Office at GRAFTONSVILLE, in the State of Indiana, on the second Monday in November next, for the disposal of the public lands included within the limits of the undermentioned townships and fractional townships, all situate NORTH of the base line, and WEST of the second principal meridian, to wit: Fractional townships nineteen and twenty of Range one.

Fractional townships nineteen and twenty of Range two.

Being a reservation of ten miles square, heretofore appropriated for the use of the Eel river or Thornton party of Miami Indians, at their village on Sugar creek, and ceded to the United States by treaty of February 11th, 1828.

Also, Fractional township twenty four, and townships twenty five and twenty six of Range four.

Townships twenty four and twenty five, of Range five. Also,

Fractional townships twenty one, twenty two and twenty three, of Range ten.

Which last mentioned Range is bounded by the line of demarcation between Illinois and Indiana.

The lands reserved by law for the use of schools, or for other purposes, are to be excluded from sale.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, this nineteenth day of August, A. D. 1829. ANDREW JACKSON.

By the PRESIDENT: GEORGE GRAHAM, Commissioner of the General Land Office.

NOICE is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern, that a sale of land and town lots will be held at the Court House door, in Lawrenceburg, on the 2d Monday in November, 1829, and continues from day to day until all delinquent lands and lots are exposed by their Nos. of township, section or part thereof, and town lots agreeable to their Nos., as charged on the duplicate of taxes for the year 1829, and former years I have been Collector. I will attend all public places, also on each person charged with taxes as fast as possible; at which times and places I hope all will be prepared to pay the same. The time I have to make return in, is growing short.

JOHN SPENCER, s. & c. D. c.

September 30, 1829.

40-3w

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

Probate Court of Dearborn County, September Term, 1829.

In the matter of the real estate of JOHN HAINES, late of Dearborn county, deceased—now, at the September Term of the Probate court of Dearborn county, 1829, comes JAMES D. GEDNEY, Administrator of the estate of JOHN HAINES, deceased, and makes it manifest to the court that the personal effects of said estate are insufficient to pay the just debts of said deceased, and that the said deceased was the owner of a tract of land in said county, subject to a mortgage to one ABIAH HAYES, for 150 dollars—to wit the N. E. Q. of Sec. 31, in Town 7, Range 2 west, and also one other tract, the boundaries of which are unknown.—Notice is therefore hereby given to the said ABIAH HAYES, and to DAVID HAINES, who is said to be the heir at law of the said JOHN HAINES, deceased, and all others concerned, that they personally be and appear at the Probate court of Dearborn county, on the first day of the next Term of said court, to be held at Lawrenceburg in and for said county, on the first Monday in November next, then and there to shew, if any thing they have to shew or can say, why the court shall not decree a sale of said lands, for the payment of the just debts of the said deceased JOHN HAINES.—By order of the Hon. George H. Dunn, Probate Judge of Dearborn county.

Oct. 2d 1829. JAMES DILL, Clerk.

NOTICE

To Joseph Buffington, son and heir of Jonathan Buffington, late of Dearborn county, state of Indiana, deceased.

THIS is to notify you, as one of the heir of said Jonathan Buffington, deceased, that I shall apply to the Probate court of said county, on the first day of their term to be held at Lawrenceburg, in said county on Monday the 2d day of November, 1829, being the first Monday in November, 1829, for the purpose of appointing a commissioner to make and convey to me a deed to fifty six acres of land being part of the south west quarter of section two, town four, range two west, agreeably to a bond entered into by the said Jonathan Buffington in his life time, on the 26th day of January, 1827, the conditions of which bond were by me fulfilled, paid and satisfied, in the life time of said Jonathan Buffington—and that said Buffington died intestate without making said title or leaving any authority for the same to be made, I shall therefore apply to said court, on said day, to appoint said commissioner to complete said title, according to said bond, and the statute in such case made and provided.

ISAAC MILLER.

October, 2d 1829.

Probate Court of Dearborn County, September Term, 1829.

In the matter of the Estate of BAYLISS ASHBY, deceased—now, at the said Term of the Probate Court of Dearborn County, in the state of Indiana, comes WARREN TEBBES, one of the Administrators of Bayliss Ashby, deceased, and makes it known to the Court, that there are no more debts to be collected, nor assets belonging to said estate to be received, nor debts to pay—and that he is desirous of settling up and adjusting the Administration accounts of said estate, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that John Ashby, one of the heirs of said deceased, is not a resident of this state—Notice is, therefore hereby given to the said John Ashby, and to