

MISCELLANY.

From the Mobile Register.

I enclose you a copy of a letter lately received by our president from his majesty William the Fourth.—The source from which I received the document, is confidential, but you may rest perfectly assured of its authenticity V. B.

The King to the President.

To let you know that George is dead,
And I am reigning in his stead,
This brief despatch I send:
Assuring you there ne'er shall be
Dispute or war 'twixt you and me,
My democratic friend.

I am just somewhat in the blues,
From France I have unpleasant news,
Things are in sad confusion.
There's been, I hear a famous stir,
The rebels, (beg your pardon, sir,) have
Made a revolution.

To say how far 'twill reach is vain,
It has already entered Spain,
And spreads in every quarter;
Naples must yield—perhaps the pope,
But still my friend, I have a hope
It will not cross the water.

But mobs are changeable as the moon,
We kings can never tell how soon,
Our heads or crowns may go:
For should my "faithful commons" say,
"Your gracious majesty can't stay,"

I must be off, you know.

Now should the radicals prevail,
And think that I had better sail,
(But this is confidential.)

Can you my worthy friend provide,
A mansion where I might reside?

The terms are not essential.

Perhaps King Joe* would like to sell,
His place would suit me very well,
There where he last resided;
If he consents—have the deed drawn
For money you can call on Vaughan,†

He's always well provided.

And then, a king without a crown,
In rural ease I'll set me down,
Alas from Europe's riot;
And when with me, my friend you dine,
We'll crack our jokes and sip our wine,
In calm domestic quiet.

*Joseph Bonaparte who now resides in New Jersey.
†British minister to the United States.

From the Boston Evening Gazette.

THE TOOTH-ACHE.

I smoked twelve boxes of cigars,
(Tis nothing but the truth.)
I chewed tobacco—full a pound,
To soothe my aching tooth.

I filled it up with opium,
I eat not any food,
I swallowed quarts of aqua drops,
But ache my grinder would.

At last I swore I'd have it out,
And to the Dentist went!
But when I sat me in his chair,
My vow I did repeat.

And when his bloody instruments,
Were ranged before my sight,
I jumped full five feet from the floor,
And yelled with all my might.

"My friend!" said he, "I'll draw your tooth
With less degree of pain."
Than any dentist in the town,"
I sat me down again.

He took hold with his savage things,
I uttered a loud cry,
"Dear sir," said he, "I'll hurt you not."
"Dear sir," said I, "you lie!"

He gave a most infernal wrench,
I wished that I was dead,
For all the torments in the world
Seemed centered in my head.

He pulled and tugged—then out it came,
That horrid tooth of mine—
The monster nearly broke my jaw;
And charged me six and nine.

From the Jordan Courier.

THE REPEATER.

Travelling through the beautiful village of A——, in another county, some two or three years since, fatigue compelled me to stop for the next stage; the busy hum of the village, as I sauntered through the principal street, seemed for a moment to transport me in imagination to the metropolis, where I had for years resided. The streets were crowded with teams, and the side-walks presented bustle and activity in the persons who passed and repassed—my eye caught a crowd in the busiest part of the street, where a red flag was displayed, bearing the label "Auction this day." I soon mingled with the mass that had gathered together, and stood listening to the volatility of the Auctioneer, admiring the smoothness of his tongue as he descended in praise of the articles which he exposed for sale, when suddenly I was attracted by the conversation of two youths who stood near me.

"O, if it does not bring enough, what will our poor mother do?" sorrowfully, and in a soft tone, said one of them.

"I hope it will!—see brother, our sister stands by the corner anxiously waiting," replied the other.

I turned my eyes in the direction of theirs and saw an interesting girl, neatly clad, impatiently walking backwards and forwards, every now and then anxiously looking towards the crowd, which her modesty prevented from drawing nearer. Soon my attention was drawn to the youths again, by one of them exclaiming "O there it is," and his face brightened with smiling and eager looks.

I turned towards the Auctioneer—he held in his hand a repeating watch, and the bidding began from the crowd. —I watched the countenances of the youths;—As the bids rose, they were lighted up with joy;—but, as the Auctioneer dwelt, and appeared several times on the point of striking it off, their countenances fell, and I could

perceive the tears start in their eyes. I became unusually interested in the sale of this article, and noticed one particular bidder, a young man who stood near: he waited with caution until just as the hammer was descending, and then raised upon the price repeatedly. At every rise the youths clapped their little hands with joy, and strained their eyes with intense interest upon the Auctioneer, while occasionally they turned with joyful looks towards their sister down the street.

Soon however, a gentleman on horse-back came trotting past the crowd and stopped a moment. At this instant I turned to look down the street towards where the girl had stood, but she was gone.

The bids on the repeater had then risen to sixty dollars,—and it was just on the point of being struck off, when the horseman requested to look at it.—I watched him as it passed the crowd and was handed to him. As he received it he pressed the repeater—the sound of the bell seemed to be familiar to him,—he opened the case, and his countenance underwent a change. "One hundred dollars," said he, and handed it back to the Auctioneer,—it stood at that price a moment, when the young man over-bid him—the horseman appeared astonished; but raised on the price.—Alternately they bid until one hundred and fifty dollars, the last bid, was named—it was struck off.

"Who's the bidder?" said the Auctioneer.

"I am," said the gentleman on horse-back handing the money, and with evident joy pictured on his countenance received the watch. He was about moving from the crowd, when the young man who had bid against him approached; and there was an earnestness in his looks that spoke volumes. I was not near enough to bear their conversation, but saw them move together down the street.

I then looked for the two youths but they were gone. The interest I had taken in this sale had been raised to the highest pitch, and the next day I learnt the following:

The watch belonged to an interesting widow woman, whose husband was an officer in the army of the late war. He fell bravely defending his country, leaving her with two sons and one daughter. The soldier's glory—the honor and a few valuable trinkets, with this repeater, was all he left. Soon penury pressed hard upon the widow. In vain she and her daughter, by the industry of their needles tried to keep up appearances and live comfortable; one trinket after the other had been sold, until all was gone. The school bill for the little boys—the landlord's bill for rent—the butcher, baker and grocer's bill had become due, and poverty and distress stared them in the face.

In the mean time the interesting daughter of the widow had drawn around her several suitors,—one in particular—it was the young man who had with such perseverance bid for the watch. He had overheard, in one of his visits, a dialogue between the mother and daughter respecting their situation, and the resolution to expose the repeater to sale. It was with pain he heard their regrets at being compelled to part with this article, and he resolved to become the purchaser, and present it, with the price, to them. His modesty forbade his offering them assistance, or at that time to become the purchaser—he therefore waited for its exposure to sale.

His disappointment was extreme when he found the gentleman had thwarted his plans;—but he resolved to state the case,—pay the stranger his price, and still be the instrument of gladdening the hearts of those he loved.

Mrs. M—— was sitting with her children, sorrowful in heart at the parting with the repeater, which her deceased husband had, with his dying breath, consigned to a brother officer, to be conveyed to her. It was now gone from her into the hands of a stranger, as she thought; for the children had, with the rapidity of the wind, conveyed her the intelligence. Soon a rap was heard at the door, and Alfred, the young man, accompanied with the gentleman who had purchased the watch, entered the house.—The widow recognized him at a glance.

"Madam," said he, "I once had the melancholy pleasure of fulfilling the dying request of your husband, in delivering you this watch—accept it again—the auctioneer has his price for it." Language would fail to describe the scene that took place. This gentleman now, is father to her children,—Alfred, the husband of her daughter—and money could not now again buy the Repeater.

ABBREVIATIONS & INITIALS.

A B—Apt to blunder.

A M—Apt to mistake.

LL D—Licensed to Lie Damably.

M D—Maker of Dead men.

D D—Dann'd Drunk.

F R S—Fools Routing Scoundrels.

MICKART'S VIOLIN.

In the upper part of the suburb of St. Joseph at Vienna, there lived, some forty years ago, a poor man of the name of Ruttler, who earned a precarious livelihood for himself and a numerous family, by dealing in a miscellaneous assortment of curiosities and bric a brac. Should any of our readers know half as much of our eccentric friend, John Howell, the literary janitor of the Edinburgh Academy, as does the learned warden of the Gower-street University, he will have a tolerable idea of the taste which presided over the collection of the poor but honest and industrious Ruttler. His profits, I have said, were often scarcely sufficient for the support of a wife, yet young, and fourteen children, the eldest of whom was not more than sixteen years of age.—Ruttler, however, was not so far depressed by the frowns of fortune as to allow his disposition to be soured by adversity. Uniformly well disposed and obliging, a neighbour or traveller never applied to him for assistance, in vain.

A man apparently in the last stage of decline, but whose grave and interesting physiognomy inspired at once attention and respect, was observed every day to pass poor Ruttler's shop.—From the general cast of his countenance, it appeared as if nature had lost all charms for him; but when passing the group of children, some engaged at work and others at play, in front of Ruttler's shop, a momentary smile would kindle in his eye as he acknowledged their passing salute, the blood would flow for an instant into his colourless lips, and looking towards heaven, he would seem to wish that the fate of those poor children might be happier than his. Ruttler also had observed the stranger; and as he was ever on the watch for the smallest opportunity of being useful, he did not neglect to offer a seat to the valetudinarian on his return from his accustomed walk. The offer was gratefully accepted, the stranger became speedily a favorite with the children, who disputed with each other for the pleasure of bringing out the stool for their gait.

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person to inquire after his unknown visitor. He went to the place appointed, but the door was hung with black. On entering the porch, he found a coffin laid out, and as is the custom in Catholic countries, a number of wax tapers burning around it. A crowd of artists and grandees, men of letters and of science, were already assembled, and were heard to lament the sudden and unexpected death of him to whom they were about to pay the last sad duties. Ruttler now learned with surprise that his visitor and benefactor, and the intended godfather of his infant, was no other than Mozart, and that it was his obsequies which were now about to be celebrated.

It was at the house of poor Ruttler that Mozart exhaled his last musical sigh; it was seated on the stool in front of his shop that he composed that magnificent requiem, the dying of the swan of Germany.

Ruttler after paying his last homage to the man whom without knowing him by name he had honored and respected, returned home, and was astonished to find his quiet abode already invaded by an idle, but fashionable crowd who came to view the scene, which had thus become classical, and gave themselves up to admiration of what were regarded as relics, now that the object of their worship no longer existed.

The notoriety thus excited proved a source of fortune to our honest dealer in curiosities, which did not end until he was able to retire from business, after establishing in life his fifteen children, with comfortable independence. He named his youngest daughter Gabrielle, in deference to the wish expressed by Mozart; and, when sixteen years of age, the violin which this great master had used a few days before his death, became her dowry. It was sold for four thousand florins; but as to the stool on which he had been accustomed to sit in returning from his walks, Ruttler would never part with it, in spite of the brilliant offers which were made to him; keeping it at once as a monument of his former poverty, and of the source of his good fortune.

RECODER'S OFFICE.

THE Recorder's office, of Dearborn county, is kept in a room adjoining the residence of col. John Spearer, in the town of Lawrenceburg. The undersigned proposes executing all manner of writing, such as acknowledgments on deeds & mortgages, conveyances of land, powers of attorney, leases, articles of agreement, &c. &c. for those who may think proper to employ him, on moderate terms.

THOMAS PORTER,
Feb'y 19, 1831. 7-1f. Recorder.

Pension and Bounty Land Regulation.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington November 17, 1830.

THE many impositions which are attempted in relation to Pension and Bounty Land Claims, has caused the Department of War to establish a regulation, which declares that no attention will, in future, be given to applications from persons who act as Agents, unless they are known at the Department, or are vouches for as respectable persons by some one who is known.

Notice of this regulation is hereby given; and that all may be informed thereof, it is requested that publishers of the laws of the United States, in the respective States will insert the same, on the front page of their respective papers, for three months.

By order of the Secretary of War:

J. L. EDWARDS,
First Clerk Pension Office.

WILLIAM GORDON,
First Clerk County Land Office.

February 5. 5-3m.

Regimental Order.

55th Regiment of Indiana Militia; Lawrenceburg, Feb'y 26, 1831.

COMMANDANTS of companies will muster their companies agreeably to law in the months of April, May and October, 1831. Those belonging to the 1st battalion, at Oliver Heustis's on the 30th of May, to perform battalion duty. Those belonging to the 2d battalion, at the public square in the town of Lawrenceburg, on the 31st of May, to perform battalion duty.

Those belonging to the 55th regiment will meet at Jacob Dils's, on the 26th day of October, to be mustered, reviewed and inspected. By order of the brigadier general.

Those whose duty it is to perform regimental drill, will meet at Jacob Dils's on the 2d and 3d days of September.

The court of assessment of fines, will be held at the same place on the 1st Monday in November, 1831—Court of Appeals same place, on the 1st Monday in December, 1831.

In consequence of the court of appeals for 1830 having neglected or failed to meet and hold said court at the time pointed out by law, all concerned are hereby notified and directed to meet at the said Dils's on the 1st Monday in December next.

The field officers, captains and commandants of companies, are hereby directed to meet at the house of Jacob Dils, on the 19th day of March next, to alter company bounds, set off new companies, attach light companies, and to perform all other business necessary to be done. By order of

JOHN SPENCER, Col.

Com'd 55th R. I. M.

NEW-ORLEANS MARKET—Feb. 26.

Extracts from *Willie's Commercial Report.*

General Remarks.—The Mississippi has risen since our last, and was yesterday noon at five feet below ordinary high water mark.—The weather, during the fore part of the week, was wet and unfavorable for out door business; so much so as to indicate the breaking up of winter, in which the western traders, and many interested have much at stake, as regards fees and hopes respecting their consignments and speculations for this end of the market near the outlet of the grand canal of nature, (the Mississippi and its tributary streams) and particularly so at the present moment, when in a few days it is expected, that all the boats of every description, detained by ice in the Ohio river will be liberated, and arrive in a short time with full cargoes of produce. The market generally, with the exception of a decline in flour, has met with but few variations since our last.

Sugar by the crop (on plantation) of ordinary merchantable quality, is not in that good request it was at the opening of the market, and continues to be doled at five cents, the asking price. Sales are occasionally made at the landing at and under our rates.

Molasses by the quantity is equally dull, and affords but few transactions to notice; and those have rather a downward tendency as regards prices. On plantation 13