

## MISCELLANY.

From the Albany Literary Gazette.

### The Western Emigrant.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Amid those forest shades that proudly rear'd  
Their unshorn beauty toward the favoring skies,  
An axe rang sharply. There, with vigorous  
arm

Wrought a bold emigrant, while by his side  
His little son with question and response  
Beguiled the toil.

Boy, thou hast never seen  
Such glorious trees, and when their giant trunks  
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Remember  
thou

The mighty river on whose breast we sailed  
So many days on toward the setting sun?

Compared to that, our own Connecticut  
Is but a crevining stream.

Father, the brook  
That by our door went singing when I launched  
My tiny boat with all the sportive boys,  
When school was o'er is dearer far to me

Than all these deep, broad waters. To my eye  
They are as strangers. And those little trees  
My mother planted in the garden bound

Of our first home, from whence the fragrant  
peach

Fell in its ripening gold, were fairer sure,  
Than this dark forest shutting out the day.

What! ho! my little girl, and with a light  
step,

A fairy creature hastened toward her sire,  
And setting down the basket that contained

The moon's repose, looked upward to his face  
With sweet confiding smile.

See, dearest, see,  
You bright-winged paroquet, and hear the  
song

Of the gay red bird, echoing through the trees,  
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear  
In far New England such a mellow tone?

I had a robin that did take the crumbs  
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice  
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend

My snow drops. I was always laughing there  
In that first home. I should be happier now,

Methinks, if I could find among these cells  
The same fresh violets.

Slow night drew on,  
And round the rude hut of the Emigrant,

The wrathful spirit of the autumn storm  
Spake bitter things. His weared children  
slept,

And he, with head declined sat listening long  
To the swol'n waters of the Illinois.

Dashing against their shores. Starting he  
spake,

Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?  
Say, was it so? thy heart was with the halls

Of thy nativity. The sparkling lights,  
Carpets and sofas, and a miring guests,

Beit the better than these ruggid walls  
Of shapeless logs, and this lone hermit home?

No, not all was so still around, methought,  
Upon my ear that echoed him did steal,

Which mid the church where er'st we paid our  
vows

So tuneful pealed. But tenderly thy voice  
Dissolved the illusion!—and the gentle smile  
Lightning her brow—the fond caress, that  
soothed

Her waking infant, reassured his soul  
That whereso'er the pure affections dwell  
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.

Placid and grateful, to his rest he sank—  
But dreams, those wild magicians, which do  
play

Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless  
wrought

Their will with him. Up rose the busy mart  
Of his own native city—roof and spire

All glittering bright in fancy's frost-work ray,  
Forth came remembered forms—with curving  
neck.

The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neigh'd  
The favorite dog, exulting round his feet

Frisked with shrilly joyous bark—familiar doors  
Few open—greeting hands with his were link'd

In friendship's grasp—heard the keen debate  
From congregated haunts, were mind with mind

Both blend and brighten—and till morning  
rov'd

Mid the lov'd scenery of his father-land.

### Address to my Nose.

What leads me on where'er I go  
In sun and shade, and joy and woe,  
Through fog and tempest, rain and snow?

My Nose.

In youth's most ardent reckless day,  
And when arose disputes at play,  
What would be forenoon in the fray?

My Nose.

And should my tongue rude blows provoke,  
What would protrude and brave each stroke,  
Till coral streams its pains bespake?

My Nose.

And falling in an airy pound,  
In chase of some new charm or sound,  
To save me what came first to ground?

My Nose.

When some dark pass I would explore,  
With neither shut nor open door,  
What oft for me hard usage bore?

My Nose.

And when in want I yearned to eat,  
And hunger might my judgment cheat,  
What prompted me to food most sweet?

My Nose.

Mid violet banks and woodbine bower's,  
And woods where bloom'd the fairest flowers,  
What fed me with their fragrant powers?

My Nose.

Each eye may need in age a guide,  
And when young helpmates I provide,  
Thy back thou'l lend for me to stride.

My Nose.

And can I e'er in care or glee,  
Refuse my aid or love to thee,  
Who thus has felt and bled for me?

My Nose.

No: when cold winter's wind blow high,  
And bite thee hard, and thou shalt cry,  
Thy tears with sympathy I'll dry.

My Nose.

And if for snuff thy love shall come,  
Thy slaves, my finger and my thumb,  
Shall faithful be, and bear thee some,

My Nose.

Still, as I follow thee along,  
Oh! thou'rt never lead me wrong,  
But thou must hush our sleeping song.

My Nose.

DUBIOUS MORTALITY.

I wrongly pris'd a flippant shrew—  
She taunted and derided—

"I wish," said she, "I could praise you!"

Tut! Madam! fib—as I did.

### Tragedy in Real Life.

From the Norfolk Herald.

On Tuesday last, *Frederick White*, a farmer of North Landing, Princess Anne county, called at our office and requested us to write an advertisement for him, the particulars of which, as detailed by him, were so extraordinary, that it was not until we had been at some trouble to obtain corroborative evidence of his statement, that we could venture to publish it.

His story was to this effect:—A man named Simon Stone, of the same neighborhood, went to White's premises, in his absence, on the 6th of February last, armed with a gun; concealed himself near the dwelling, and watching the opportunity, which was offered by White's wife in going out some little distance from the house, seized her, and with threats of instant death if she resisted or gave any alarm, forced her away with him, with nothing but the clothes she had on, and no covering to her head but a handkerchief. On returning home, White learnt the astounding fact of his wife's abduction by Stone, from his mother-in-law, and instantly went in pursuit of her and her ravisher. He traced them to Norfolk, where, to his great grief and disappointment, after some time spent in fruitless inquiries, he learnt that he had left in a packet for the Eastern Shore. Dejected and despairing of ever seeing her again, he returned home to his now desolate dwelling. He had been a frequent visitor at White's, and had taken liberties with his wife which were not considered within the pale of propriety, and which had induced White to forbear him his house.

Mrs. White is 32 years of age, of a pale and sickly cast of countenance, and possessing none of those fascinating qualities which might be judged sufficient to ensure one of the other sex to his ruin. White bears the character of an inoffensive man, passionately attached to his wife, as has been shown, though somewhat stinted both in his corporal and intellectual dimensions.

THE HINDOO AND THE MONKEY.

The following monkey story is marvelous. The natives believe that it actually occurred. I am disposed, however, to think all these stories were originally fables, to impress a moral upon the ignoramus. Near a small town in the province of Oude, there is a jungle, of some extent, inhabited by monkeys. A certain man, of the Hindoo class, residing in the town, resolved upon enjoying himself one day, with a bottle of arrack he had procured by stealth, and since it is well known that spirits or fermented liquors are prohibited articles in the territories governed by Mussulman rulers, the man betook himself, with his treat, to the neighboring jungle, where, in private, he might drink the spirits he loved, and escape the vigilance of the police. Arriving at a convenient spot, the Hindoo seated himself under a tree, prepared his hookha, drew from his wrapper the bottle of spirits, and a small cup he had provided; and if ever he knew what happiness was in his life, this moment was surely his happiest. He drank a cup of his liquor, smoked his hookha with increased relish, and thought of nothing but his present enjoyment. Presently he heard the sound of rustling in the trees, and in a few minutes after, a fine sturdy monkey, of the Langoor tribe, placed himself very near to him and his bottle.

Driven almost to madness by this monstrous, this reiterated outrage, the deeply injured husband once more pursued the absconded pair, but unable to gain any tidings of them, he resolved to make his case known to the public by an advertisement, which was accordingly done in our last Friday's paper. Will the reader believe it? 'Tis almost incredible, but nevertheless true—a third time—yes, a third time did the persevering spoiler of the peace of an inoffensive family return to the charge! On Tuesday week, he entered the dwelling of White, who was absent, and with violent threats and menaces forced away with him the wretched victim of his brutality, in spite of the remonstrances of her aged mother, and cries of her infant child.

The Hindoo was of a lively temper, and with kindly disposed towards the living, though not of his own species. Having a cake of dry bread in his waistband, he broke off a piece and threw it to his visitor; the monkey took the bread and sniffl'd at the cup, which was no sooner done, than away he sprang up the tree again. 'Had I known you would run away so soon, my guest, I should have spared my arrack,' thought the Hindoo. But the monkey quickly returned to his old position, threw down a gold mohur to his entertainer, and sat grinning with apparent satisfaction. The Hindoo, astonished at the sight of gold, thought to repay his benefactor by another cup of spirits, which he placed before the monkey, who drank it off, again mounted the tree, and shortly returned with a second gold mohur.

Delighted with the profit his arrack produced, the Hindoo drank sparingly himself, for each time the monkey took a cup, a gold mohur was produced, until the man counted eight of those coins in his palm. By this time, however, the monkey was completely overcome by the strength of his potations, and lay, apparently senseless, before the Hindoo, who fancied now was his turn to mount the tree, where he found, on diligent search, in a hollow place, a small bag of gold mohurs, with which he walked off, leaving the monkey prostrate on the earth. The Hindoo determined on going some distance from his home, in a different direction, fearing his secret treasure might be the means of drawing him into difficulties amongst the people of his own town, who had probably been robbed by the monkey at some previous period. Meanwhile, the monkey is supposed to have recovered from his stupor, and the next morning, on discovering his loss, he set up a horrid yell, which brought together all his fellow-inhabitants of the jungle, and some neighboring villagers saw an immense number of monkeys, of all sorts and sizes, collected together in a body.

The alarm was instantly given to those in front of the house, that Stone was making off, when White ran round to the back of the house, to head him. Stone, though some distance off, on seeing White, wheeled and leveled his gun at him—it was an awful moment for White! He saw the man who had poisoned his happiness and robbed him of his peace, in the very act of consummating the injuries he had inflicted, by taking his life; yet, nothing daunted, he pushed forward—the "click" of his adversary's gun was heard—but White's better genius prevailed—the gun missed fire. Without waiting for a second aim, Stone pursued his

way a few steps farther, when, in turning to observe White, he struck his foot against a fence rail and fell over it. White was then within thirty yards of him, and pointing his gun at Stone, fired as he rose, and Stone received nearly the whole charge in his hip; the ball and some of the shot, from the position he was in, passed through the kidneys. Though mortally wounded, he did not fall, but almost in defiance of nature preserved his position, and again leveled the fatal tube at his antagonist—and again it missed fire! He then fell; but summoning all his strength, he raised his elbow, and once more essayed his piece, but still it deceived him; he then sank prone and senseless upon the ground, and expired in a few hours after, clinging to his gun the while with a death grasp.

White was then taken into custody until an examining court can be convened on his case, when, it is presumed, he will be admitted to bail.

Stone was only 23 years of age, rather under the middle size, with a physiognomy that might have put any cautious man on his guard, and a character of the most profligate stamp. He had married at the age of 21, a dumb woman, who was much his senior, in consideration of a small plantation, which she possessed; and having sold it, he no longer regarded his matrimonial obligations. He had been a frequent visitor at White's, and had taken liberties with his wife which were not considered within the pale of propriety, and which had induced White to forbear him his house.

Mrs. White is 32 years of age, of a pale and sickly cast of countenance, and possessing none of those fascinating qualities which might be judged sufficient to ensure one of the other sex to his ruin. White bears the character of an inoffensive man, passionately attached to his wife, as has been shown, though somewhat stinted both in his corporal and intellectual dimensions.

Singular Occurrence.

A person who had made a considerable fortune in Philadelphia as a butcher went on board one of the last ships from Amsterdam, which had a number of German redemptions, for the purpose of purchasing one to assist him in his business. After examining the physiognomy of several of the passengers, without being able to please himself, his attention was arrested by the tranquil and composed countenance of a man very much advanced in years, but with much appearance of strength and activity. No less pleased with the tenor of the conversation of the German, than with his exterior, he described the purpose for which he wanted a servant, and obtain the old man's consent to purchase his indentures, provided he would also purchase those of his wife, who had accompanied him. The parties then went ashore to complete the business attended by the captain, and upon the names of the persons being mentioned, to insert them in the writings, they were the same with those of the purchaser's father and mother; and upon further inquiries, he ascertained them to be his father and mother; the latter declared that if he were their son, he had a remarkable mole upon his left arm, which proved to be the case. It is added that nothing could surpass the joy of all parties. The providence of God had snatched the venerable pair from poverty and servitude and conducted them to plenty and independence, under the protection of an affectionate son. He, it seems, had ran away from his parents when quite a boy, and from the continued wars in Europe, neither had heard of the other since.

From the Bradford Sentinel.

AN EDITOR'S LEVEE.

"Well, Mr. Editor, I've brought you some wheat—where do you want it put?" "I will show you—You wish credit for it on your account?" "Yes. I THINK IT IS TIME THAT I PAY SOMETHING." "Very well, sir—every little helps, and this comes at a very scarce time."

"How are you, sir?" "I am well, sir—take a seat." "I have brought you a fine ham to pay for my paper; what do you allow a pound?" "The highest market price." This weighs twenty pounds—I wish you to give me credit for it."

"What's the news to day, Mr. Editor—any from Europe?" "There is some thing said about the Cholera, Reform Bill, French Politics, War in Turkey, &c. Here is a paper containing the latest dates." [Reads, under the head of Miscellaneous.] "The printer is not like a chameleon—he cannot live on wind, although he sometimes PUFFS he eats vegetables, meat and bread, when his subscribers pay for their papers." "I'm thinking sir that a little money would not come amiss to you—here are three dollars for my paper—please put it on your book. I will try to be more punctual in future."

"I want to take your paper; and here is on dollar in advance."

"Do you want any wood to day?" "Yes sir, on newspaper account." "I have a couple of cords which I want to go that way."

"Will you take eight or nine bushels of oats on my newspaper account?" "Yes, sir, and glad to get them."

"Are you the editor?" "Yes, sir."

"Will you take an order on one of the stores, for three dollars?" "An order on any of the stores in town will answ'r."

"Every trade must live"—here's an advertisement offering a splendid assortment of goods for sale enumerating many of the articles—call at my store, and you shall have your pay—I'm not one of these kind of men who would spoil a jack knife to skin a flint."

"I want you to put an advertisement in the paper for five or six journeymen. I must have more hands, or I shall lose my customers."

"Here's a county order, I want you to take for my paper." "It is as good as the cash."

"I suppose you will take a pair of

shoes on my account." "Yes, sir all kinds of work."

"Please to look over your books, and tell me the amount of my advertising bill—I will pay you."

"Can you print a job that will come to about twenty dollars, this week?" "Yes, sir." I will leave the money with you now—five, ten, fifteen, twenty."

Whew!—Reader there is not a word of the above true—it's all a DREAM!!



LAWRENCEBURG TO CINCINNATI.

THE new and spacious United States' Mail Coach, "SAMPATCH,"—the most splendid vehicle of the kind in the west,—has commenced running on the line from Lawrenceburg, via Hardsburg, Elizabethtown, Cleves, Chiviet, to Cincinnati.

Leave Lawrenceburg every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 6 o'clock, and arrive at Cincinnati by noon each day.

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