

## 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  
Regul'd 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 creeping 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 side,  
And setting down the basket that contained  
The noon's repast, looked upward to his face  
With sweet confiding smile.

"See, dearest,  
Yon bright-winged parakeet, 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  
Spoke bitter things. His wearied children  
slept.

And he, with head declined sat listening long  
To the swoll'n waters of the Illinois,  
Dashing against their shores. Starting he  
spoke,

"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 admiring guests,  
Be fit the better than these rugged 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 erst 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 whoso'er the pure affections dwell  
And strike a healthy root, is happiness.  
Pac'd 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  
Feeked with shrill, joyous bark—familiar doors  
Flew open—greeting hands with his were link-  
ed

In friendship's grasp—heard the keen debate  
From congregated haunts, were mind with mind  
Both blend and brighten—and till morning  
ro'd  
"Mid the lov'd scenery of his father-land.

### Address to my Nosc.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Mid violet banks and woodbine bowers,  
And woods where bloom'd the fairest flowers,  
What fed me with their fragrant powers?  
My Nosc.

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

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 Nosc.

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

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

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

DUBIOUS MORTALITY.  
I wrongly prais'd a flippant shrew—  
She taunted and deided—  
"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. On the 19th of February, however, his lost treasure was restored; his wife returned to his arms; but forlorn and emaciated from distress of mind and bodily sickness. She affirmed the fact of the threats of violence used by Stone to make her go along with him, and which had so alarmed her that she durst not resist or call aloud for help. Thus overcome by her fears, she remained passive, and submitted to his unchaste embraces, as the alternative, as she believed, of life or death, until she found an opportunity to make her escape from his brutal duress.

The fond doating husband received her again to his bosom, almost forgetting the horrors of the past, in the bright anticipations of future happiness, which beamed upon his heart—when lo! on the 30th of March, only six weeks after, the modern Tarquin again came suddenly upon Mrs. White, as she was cutting a pine broom from a thicket near her dwelling, and, armed as before, with a gun, again forced her from her family and carried her off! Again the distracted husband pursued to Norfolk, and fortunately arrived just in time to prevent a second trip to the Eastern Shore, which he did by rescuing his wife, though Stone disappeared before a warrant could be taken out for his arrest; somewhat soothed, however, by the recovery of his wife, the dearest jewel of his soul, he gave up the pursuit of the cruel disturber of his peace.

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.

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.

Returning home, where he arrived on Thursday afternoon, he was told by his mother-in-law that his wife had been bro't home in his absence by Stone, but that the monster had permitted her to stay only until she took some refreshment. It was in vain that she implored him to let her remain with her family; with a demonic laugh he bade her come along with him, instantly or he would shoot her on the spot. The wretched woman, however, found an opportunity to let her mother know that her husband might find her that night at a hog pen, in which she and Stone had slept the night before, (the situation of which she described) or if not there, they would be at one Johnson Henley's, a few miles off. Accordingly White repaired to the hog pen, but not finding them there, proceeded to Henley's, where he learnt that they were expected to sup and lodge that night, but that they had not then arrived. White then called on a constable, (having previously provided himself with a warrant,) and told him where Stone might be taken, directing him to be at Henley's very early in the morning, before Stone should be stirring. He then returned to reconnoitre Henley's house, and saw through a window, his wife and Stone seated at the supper table. He continued to watch them until he saw them both leave the table and go up stairs together, when he returned for the constable. In the morning, before sun rise, White, (who had with him a musket, loaded with a ball and buck shot,) the constable, and three or four other persons assembled in Henley's yard. Stone was immediately apprised of their arrival, by Henley, and seizing his gun he rushed down stairs and out at the back door.

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 further, 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 forbid 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 ensnare 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 stunted 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 ignorant. "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 Lungeo tribe, placed himself very near to him and his bottle.

The Hindoo was of a lively temper, and withal 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 sniffed at the cup. "Perhaps you may like to taste as well as to smell," thought the Hindoo, as he poured out the liquor into the cup, and presented it to his guest. The monkey raised the cup with both hands to his mouth, sipped of its contents, winked his eyes, appeared well satisfied with the flavor, and to the surprise of the Hindoo, finished the cup, which was no sooner done, than away he sprang up the tree again. "Had I knew 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 petitions, 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 story runs, that this army of monkeys was headed by the one who had recovered from his drunken fit, and that they marched away from the jungle in pursuit of the robber. Their first march was to the adjacent village, where every house was visited in turn by the monkeys, without success; no one ever venturing to obstruct or drive away the intruders, fearing their re-

sentment; after which, they sallied out of the village to the main road, minutely looking for footsteps, as a clue, on the sandy path-way; and by this means, discovering the track of the Hindoo, they pursued the road they had entered throughout the day and night. Early in the morning of the following day, the monkeys advanced to the serai, (inn, or halting place for travellers,) soon after the Hindoo had quitted it, who had actually sojourned there the previous night. On the road, when the horde of monkeys met any traveller, he was detained by them until the chief of them had scrutinized his features, and he was then liberated, on finding he was not the person they were in pursuit of. After having marched nearly forty miles from their home, they entered one of the halting places for travellers, where the Hindoo was resting after his day's journey. The monkey having recognized the robber, immediately grasped him by the arm and others entering, the frightened robber was searched, the purse discovered in his wrapper, which the chief monkey angrily seized, and then counted over its contents, piece by piece. This done, finding the number correct, the monkey selected eight pieces, and threw them towards the Hindoo, and distributing the remaining number of gold mohurs among the monkeys, who placed each his coin in the hollow of his cheek, the whole body retired from the serai, to retrace their steps to the jungle. Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali.

**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 redemptioners, 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 obtained 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 run 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 Sciller.

### AN EDITOR'S LEVEL.

"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 something 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 answer."

"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 Hardinsburgh, Elizabethtown, Clevelands, Curvict, to Cincinnati.

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

Leave Cincinnati every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning, at 6 o'clock, and arrive at Lawrenceburg by noon each day.

The above line will connect with the following routes, viz: the Indianapolis mail stage line on the same days, tri-weekly, connecting the whole line from the East to the West, via Terre-Haute to St. Louis, Mo. &c. &c.

The undersigned keeps horses to hire, & will be ready at all times to convey passengers and families in private hacks to any place desired within the vicinity or adjoining counties.

The fare in all cases will be moderate. Baggage at the risk of the owner.

For seats, apply to J. W. HUNTER, post and stage office, Lawrenceburg; and at Seudder's Hotel, main street, Cincinnati.

JOHN D. CUMMINS,  
March 24, 1832. 10-11 Proprietor.

### Lawrenceburg CHAIR MANUFACTORY

THE subscriber takes this method to inform the public in general that he has established the chair making business, on High street, opposite the market house, where he will keep constantly on hand a large and splendid assortment of



Which he warrants for durability and workmanship, equal to any in the western country; which he will dispose of, on reasonable terms. Persons wishing to purchase, will please call and judge for themselves.

WM. N. ROGERS.

Feb. 11, 1831.

### To the Public.

THE undersigned have just received from New Orleans, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, a large and general assortment of

### GROCERIES, &c.

Which they are now opening, and offer for sale on very reasonable terms, consisting, in part, of

TEAS best quality;

Imported and Domestic Liquors;

Spices; Window-Glass,

All sizes; NAILS, well assorted;

Iron; Sugar; Coffee;

MACEREL, RASINS,

And many other articles.—All of which will be sold at Wholesale or Retail, at their House in Lawrenceburg, opposite the store of Knuch D. John.

THOMAS SHAW,  
ISAAC PROTZMAN,  
March 29th, 1832. 11-12

### DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT, Set.

DEARBORN COUNTY,)

Elizabeth Dean }  
vs } On petition for Divorce.

James Dean }

NOW comes Elizabeth Deans by Lawrence her attorney, and files her petition to the Dearborn circuit court, praying a divorce from her said husband, for cause of abandonment; and thereupon, it appearing to the satisfaction of the Hon. Isaac Dunn and the Hon. John M'Pike, associate judges of the Dearborn circuit court, that the said James Dean is not a resident of this state: By order of the said judges, Notice is therefore hereby given, to the said James Dean of the filing of the petition aforesaid, and that he be and appear before the judges of the Dearborn circuit court, at their term on the 4th Monday in September next, to answer to the petition aforesaid, or the same will then be heard in his absence and a decree granted accordingly.

JAMES DILL, CLK.  
May 17th, 1831. 18-4w.

### NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received from PAUL Adolph, and is now opening, a splendid stock of

### NEW GOODS

At his old stand, where he is prepared to wait on his Customers and all those who may think proper to give him a call.

JOHN P. DUNN.

March 17th, 1832. 9-

### Iron, Nails, & Glass.

JUST received from Pittsburgh, per Steamer Lady Byron, a quantity of

NAILS, Assorted; IRON, Assorted.

And GLASS—Also,

TRAOZ CHAIRS, SEAL AND

WHEAT SEIVES,

And for sale by

JOHN P. DUNN.

March 17th, 1832. 9-

### Boots, Brogans, & Shoes.

THE subscriber has a first rate stock of

BOOTS, BROGANS, AND SHOES,

(COARSE AND FINE.)

For Men, Women, and

CHILDREN;

Which he will sell low for Cash.

JOHN P. DUNN.

March 17th, 1832. 9-