

Old Grimes.

This amusing ballad has been long circulated anonymously, and has been generally much liked. Its authorship is now made known.—With the exception of the first verse, the origin of which is still unascertained, it was written by Albert G. Greene, Esqr. of Providence, Rhode Island.

Old Grimes is dead: that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day—
His feelings all were true—
His hair was some inclined to gray;
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His heart with pity burned—
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

And ever prompt at pity's call,
He knew no base design—
His eyes were dark and rather small;
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true—
His coat had pocket-holes behind—
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er—
He never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good Old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown—
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert—
He had no malice in his mind—
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbor he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay—
He wore large buckles in his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view—
Nor make noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances—
He lived, (as all his brothers do,)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran—
And every body said he was
A fine old gentleman.

From *Blackwood's Magazine* for April.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

The day following we weighed anchor, and stood out to sea with our convoy.

"A line-of-battle ship led—and two frigates and three sloops of our class were stationed on the outskirts of the fleet, whipping them in it as it were. Nothing particular happened for three weeks.—We made Madera in fourteen days, looked in, but did not anchor.

"On this evening—we had by this time progressed into the trade, and were within three hundred miles of Barbadoes,—the sun had set bright and clear, after a most beautiful day, and we were bowing along right before it, rolling like the very devil; but there was no moon and although the stars spangled brilliantly, yet it was dark, and as we were steaming most of the men-of-war, we had the task of whipping in the slugs. It was my watch on deck. A gun from the commodore, who showed several lights. "What is that Mr. Kennedy?" said the Captain to the old gunner.—"The Commodore has made the signal for the sternmost ships to make more sail and close, sir." We repeated the signal—stood on, hailing the dullest of the men in the neighborhood to make more sail, and firing a musket shot now and then over the more distant of them. By and by we saw a large West Indian man suddenly haul her wind, and stand across her bows.

"Forward there," sung out Mr. Splinter, "stand by to fire a shot at that fellow from the boat, gun him if he does not bear up, What can he be after!"—Sergeant Armstrong said to a marine, who was standing close by him, in the waist;—get a musket and fire over him. It was done and the ship immediately bore upon her course again, we now ranged alongside of him on his larboard quarter.

"Ho, the ship, ahoy!"—Hello?" was the reply "Make more sail sir, and run into the body of the fleet or I shall fire into you; why don't you, sir keep in the wake of the Commodore?" No answer.

"What mean you by hauling your wind just now, sir?"

"Yesh, yesh," responded a voice from the merchantman.

"Something wrong here," said Mr. Splinter. "Back your maintopsail, sir, and hoist a light at the peak; I shall send a boat on board of you. Boatman's mate, pipe away the crew of the jolly boat." We also backed our maintopsail; and were in the act of lowering down the boat, when the officer railed out, "Keep all fast with the boat; I can't comprehend that chap's manœuvres, for the soul of me! He has not hove to." Once more we were in pistol shot of him. "Why don't you heave to sir?" All silent.

"Presently we could perceive a confusion and noise of struggling on board, and angry voices, as if people were trying to force their way up the hatchways from below; and heavy thumping on the deck, and a creaking of blocks, and rattling of the cordage, while the mainyard was first braced one way, and then another, as if two persons were striving for the mastery. At length a voice haled distinctly. "We are captured by a—." A sudden sharp cry, and a splash overboard told of fearful deeds.

"We are taken by a pirate," sung out another voice. This was followed by a heavy crunching blow, as when the spike of a butcher's axe is driven through a bullock's forehead deep into the brain."

"By this time the captain was on deck; all the hands had been called, and the word had been past to clear away two of the fore-

most carromades on the starboard side, and to load them with grape.

"On board there—get below all you of English crew, as I shall fire with grape."

The hint was taken. The ship at length came to the wind—we rounded too under her lee, and an armed boat, with Mr. Treanor and myself, and sixteen men with cutlasses were sent on board.

We jumped on deck, and at the gangway Mr. Treanor stumbled, and fell over the dead body of a man who had hailed last, with his scull cloven to the eyes, and a broken cutlass blade sticking in the gash. We were immediately accosted by the mate who was lashed down to a ringbolt close by the bits, with his hands tied at the wrists by sharp cords so tightly that the blood was sputtering from beneath his nails.

"We have been surprised by a pirate schooner, sir—the lieutenant of her, and twelve men are now in the cabin."

"Where are the rest of the crew?"

"All secured in the forecastle except the second mate and boatswain, the men who hailed you just now: the last was knocked on the head, and thrown overboard."

We immediately released the men, eighteen in number, and armed them with boarding pikes. What vessel is that astern of us?" said Treanor to the mate. Before he could answer, a shot from the brig fired at the pirate showed he was broad awake. Next moment Capt. Deadeye hailed, "have you mastered the prize crew, Mr. Treanor?"—"Ay, ay, sir." "Then keep your course, and keep two lights hoisted at your mizen peak during the night, and blue Peter at the main-topsail yardarm; when the day breaks I shall haul my wind after the suspicious sail in your wake."

Another shot, and another, from the brig. By this time the lieutenant had descended to the cabin, followed by the people, while the merchant crew once more took charge of the ship crowding sail into the body of the fleet.

I followed him close, pistol and cutlass in hand, and I shall never forget the scene that presented itself when I entered. The cabin was that of a vessel of five hundred tons, elegantly fitted up; the pannels were fitted with crimson cloth, and gold mouldings, with superb damask hangings before the stern window and the side berths, brilliantly lighted up by two large swinging lamps hung from the deck above, which were reflected from and multiplied in several plate glass mirrors in the pannels. In

the recess which in cold weather had been occupied by the stove, stood a splendid cabinet piano, the silk corresponding with the crimson cloth of the pannels. It was open, a Leghorn bonnet with a green veil, a parasol, and two long white gloves, as if recently pulled off, lay on it with the very mould of the hands in them.

The rudder case was particularly beautiful. It was richly carved and gilded palm-tree, the stem painted white and interlaced with golden fret-work, like the lozenges of the pine apple, while the leaves spread up and abroad on the roof.

The table was laid for supper, with cold meat and wine, and a profusion of silver things all sparkling brightly; but was in great disorder, wine spilt and glasses broken, and dishes with meat upset, and knives and forks, and spoons, scattered all about. She was evidently one of those London West Indian man on board of which I knew there was much splendor and great comfort.

But alas! the hand of lawless violence had been there. The captain lay across the table with his head hanging over the side of it next to us, and unable to help himself, with his hands tied behind his back, and a gag in his mouth; his face purple from the blood running to his head, and the white of his eyes turned up, while the stentorous breathing but too clearly indicated the rupture of a vessel on the brain.

He was a stout portly man, although we released him in an instant, and had him bled, and threw water on his face, and did all we could for him; he never spoke afterwards, and died in half an hour.

Four gentlemanly looking men were sitting at the table lashed to their chairs, pale and trembling, while six of the most ruffian looking scoundrels I ever beheld, stood on the opposite side of the table in a row fronting us with the lamps shining full on them. Three of them were very small, but very square molattoes; one was a South American Indian, with the square highboned visage, and long, lank, black, glossy hair of his caste. These four had no clothing besides their trowsers, and stood with their arms folded, in all the calmness of desperate men, caught

the very fact of some horrible atrocity, which they knew shut out all hope of mercy.

The two others were white Frenchmen, tall, bushy, whiskered, sallow desperadoes, but still wonderful to relate, if I may speak, had the manners of gentlemen. One of them squinted and had a hairy lip, which gave him a horrible expression. They were dressed in white trowsers and shirts, yellow silk sashes around their waists, and a sort of blue uniform jackets, blue Gascon caps, with the peaka, from each of which depended a large bullion tassel, hanging down the sides of their heads. The whole party had apparently made up their minds,—they saw that it was in vain, for their pistols and cutlasses, some of them bloody, had been laid on the table, with the butts and handles towards us, contrasting horribly with the glittering equipment of steel and crystal, and silver things, on the snow-white damask table cloth.

They were immediately seized, and ironed, to which they submitted in silence. We next released the passengers and were overpowered with thanks, one dancing, one crying, one laughing, another praying. But

merciful Heaven what an object met our eyes! Drawing aside the curtain that concealed a sofa, fitted into a recess, there lay more dead than alive, a tall and most beautiful girl, her head resting on her left arm, her clothes, dishevelled and torn; blood on her bosom and foam on her mouth, with her wild

sparkling, black eyes, protruding from the sockets, glancing and glared with the fire of a maniac's, while her blue lips kept gibbering an incoherent prayer one moment, and the next imploring mercy, as if she still had been in the hands of those who knew not the name; and anon a low hysterical laugh made our very blood freeze in our bosoms, which soon ended in a long dismal yell, as she rolled off the couch upon the hard deck and lay in a dead faint.

Alas the day! a maniac she was from that hour. She was the only daughter of the murdered master of the ship, and never awoke in her unclouded reason, to the fearful consciousness of her own dishonor, and her parent's death.

"Tom," said Bang, "that is a melancholy affair; I can't read any more of it. What followed? Tell us."

"Why, the Torch captured the schooner, sir, and we left the privateer's men at Barbadoes to meet their reward, and several of the merchant sailors were turned over to the guardianship, to prove the facts in the first instance, and to serve his Majesty as impressed men in the second."

CHARACTER OF THE DUTCH.

It is well known that a habit prevails almost every where, of underrating and disparaging Dutch character and Dutch men. Nothing is more unjust and yet nothing is more common—nothing testifies more equivalently of the ignorance and prejudice of those who indulge in it, than this habit. England is called the mother country; but if such of our population, whose ancestors migrated from her shores, are proud of their origin, much more reason have they who are descendants of the honest burgomasters of Holland, to be proud of theirs. Holland though occupying a territory not larger than the state of Maryland, was the first among the nations of Europe to take a stand in favor of liberty, and, single-handed, maintained a sixty-years' war in its defence against the greatest odds. At a time when France and England were yet enveloped in bigotry and superstition, Holland had achieved for herself civil and religious freedom, and opened her bosom as an asylum for the oppressed Hugonots; while others the pilgrim fathers, sought a refuge from persecution in the wilds of America.

Holland for a long time took the lead of all the surrounding nations in commerce, in science, in arts and in arms. For the invention of the telescope—microscope—thermometer—pendulum, gun-powder, and printing, the world is indebted to the Dutch. And the best and most correct translation of the original scriptures, in any language, is that in the low Dutch, made under the auspices of the Synod of Dort.

Troy (N. Y.) Free Press.

Industry.—Man must have occupation, or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite,—of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing; the whole world does not contain a briar or a thorn which divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unboundedly profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

From the *Eastern (Pa.) Democrat.*

MORE BLOOD.

"Those gallant souls who shoulder guns, And twice a year go out to training."

The 1st Battalion 97th regiment assembled yesterday, at the house of Jacob Kemmerer, in Fork's township. As usual a number of valiant deeds were enacted—divers bottles of beer and brandy robbed of their treasures—and mountains of gingerbread tunneled through in a soldier like manner. After the parade, the officers of the battalion returned to Squire Kemmerer's corn-crib, where the following parody on a popular song was thrilled forth with great effect, amid the flourishing of hock handles, cornstalls and wooden guns.

MILITIA TRAINING SONG.

Tune—"Blue Bonnets o'er the border."

March! march! ye rips and rascallions,

Why dont ye, ye blackguards, march forward in order;

March! March! ye tatterdemalions,

With brave captain Pop-gun, the pride of the border.

Many a mother's son

Shoulders his rusty gun,

Many a lad loves rum and hates water!

Fall in and make ready quick,

Long Tom and steady Dick

Dont hold your heads like a sheep at the slaughter.

Come from the tavern where whiskey is flowing,

Come from the grog-shops, where whiskey is low;

Come from the streets where your valor you're showing—

Come with the bean-pole, the cornstalk and hoe!

The drums are a drumming!

The Major is coming!

So turn out your toes—move your bowlegs together:

Throw your segars away,

Now let the music play—

You're training for glory, don't mind shoe leather!

March! march! &c. &c. &c.

The York County Farmer has over his marriage head, a representation, of a company of girls employed with rods and lines fishing in a pool for husbands. One has caught her chap by the waist, and holds him dangling in the air, in an apparently very uncomfortable situation. Another has caught a label with the figures 10,000 upon it, to indicate, perhaps, that money and not a husband is her object in fishing; and a third has just got her hook in the mouth of a likely looking fellow, and is in the act of pulling him out of the water.

The subscribers have just received from

NEW YORK

A General Assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries,

BOOTS, SECES, &C.

ALSO, FROM PITTSBURGH,

IRON, NAILS & GLASSWARE.

Which they will sell low for Cash or on time.

N. & G. SPARKS.

May 11, 1833.

STATE OF INDIANA;

DEARBORN COUNTY,

Dearborn Circuit Court,

MARCH TERM, 1833. 4th April, 1833.

Aurelia Collins, {

versus On petition for divorce.

Asa Collins. }

THE plaintiff, by her counsel, comes

and proves to the satisfaction of the

court now here, that Asa Collins, the de-

fendant aforesaid, is not a resident of

the state of Indiana; It therefore, on motion of

said complainant, by Lane her attorney,

is ruled and ordered by the court now here,

that notice of the pendency of the bill or peti-

tion aforesaid, be published for three weeks

successively, in some public newspaper

printed in Lawrenceburg, Dearborn