

**THE DRUNKARD AND HIS BOTTLE.**

**Sober.** Touch thee! No. Viper of vengeance  
I'll break thy head against the wall.  
Did you not promise—ay—  
To make me strong as Samson—  
And rich—rich as Cresus—  
(I'll wring thy villainous neck.)  
And wise—wise as Solomon,  
And happier than the happiest.  
But instead of this—villain!  
You've stripped me of my locks—  
Left my pocket empty as a cuckoo's nest  
In March—fooled me out of my senses—  
Made me ragged—made me wretched,  
And then laid me in a ditch!

Touch thee! sure as there's vengeance  
In this first, I'll scar the moon  
With my broken skull!

But—one embrace before thou die:—  
(tasting.)

Tis best to part in friendship,  
Ah! thou hast some virtues yet:

I always thought 'twas best  
To give the devil his due:

And—(tasting) though devil thou art,

Thou hast a pleasant face—  
A sparkling eye—a ruby lip—

A blushing cheek—and thy breath  
(tasting.)

Tis sweet—than the  
Breathes that ev'ry gambol

Till the break of day,

A—among the beds of roses.

My ho-hony (tasting) thou shalt not die.

I'll stand by thee, day and night,

And fight like Her (hic) cu-les.

I'll tea-each the person (hic) a little wis-

dom.

I'll preach (hic) tem-per-ance too.

I'll live on mil-(hic) k and 'oney.

And—(falling) be the ha-hap-pi-est man  
on earth [hic.]

Z.

**MISS POLLY GRIMES.**

Miss Polly Grimes is still a maid;

She says she ne'er will wed!

Her week day frock's blue calicoe,

Her Sunday one is red.

Her cheeks are blooming as the rose—

Her eyes are heavenly blue;

She does not wear a "dunstable,"

To hide her face from view.

She never lets her beaux "make free,"

Nor listens to their vows;

When she gets up she makes the beds—

At evening milks the cows.

Nor does she, like affected belles,

Attempt to poise,

She's busy every day,

At making cakes and pies.

She is always up at six o'clock,

In time to skin the milk;

Her bonnet's made of yellow straw—

And neatly trimmed with silk.

Her mind is of a serious turn,

She often thinks of death—

She does not lace her stays so tight,

They make her gape for breath.

Her mother thinks there never was

One like her in the world:

Her hair is parted o'er her brows—

She never has it curled.

Beloved by all her female friends,

She leads an easy life;

And any man in town would jump

To get her for his wife.

[Selected.]

[From the New York Traveller.]

**HEAD OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.**

We translate the following somewhat curious narrative, from the "Revue Francaise" for February. It is no fiction, but a simple detail of the facts that were established in evidence, upon the trial of the assassin, in one of the criminal courts in Spain.

Upon the road from Valencia to Barcelona, there is a narrow and difficult pass, known by the name of the "Col de Belaquer." Hemmed in between the sea upon one hand, and a chain of steep hills on the other, the road is commanded by almost perpendicular cliffs, the crevices of which might afford secure lurking places to banditti and robbers; in fact, the spot is noted for the assassinations of which it has been the scene, and six crosses erected within a short distance, announce to the traveller that here a sudden and terrible death has awaited so many of his unprepared fellow creatures.

All these murders were attended with similar circumstances. The first victim who fell in the fatal pass, was a rich merchant; he travelled alone, and mounted on a mule; his body was found by a wandering mendicant by the side of the road, weltering in his blood, which flowed from a bullet wound in the forehead. His money and jewels were gone, but the robber had scoured to despoil him of his other effects. The mule was grazing quietly near at hand, and his valise was unopened.

A rude wooden cross was found placed in the arms of the deceased. The emissaries of justice repaired to the spot, but no trace of the murderer could be found. Five other murders were committed in rapid succession at the same place, and each of the victims was found to have been struck down with the same fatal precision, by a bullet wound in the forehead; and a wooden cross was found by the side of each of their bodies.

The rocky pass soon became an object of terror.

Some shepherds reported that they had found on the graves of the murdered travellers, withered flowers deposited by an unknown hand; that they had even seen in the dusk of the evening, a tall form kneeling before one of the crosses; but that on their approach, it had disappeared. A superstitious horror surrounded the place, and few were hardy enough to pass it after the night had closed in.

All the efforts of justice, for the detection of the assassin, signalized failed. It is true that the suspicion rested upon one Vencescas Uriarte, a stranger, who had come within a few years, to reside at Tortosa.—He had no apparent profession or means of existence, yet his mode of life was expensive; he made great professions of piety, but the popular belief was unfavorable as to his character, and dark stories were whispered about, which, if true, proved him capable of atrocious crimes.

He was asked one day, why a marksman so skilful as himself, should have no inclination for the chase; and his answer was, that "it was troublesome to hunt after rabbits, as troublesome to find them after they had been shot, and often not less so to sell them when they were found;" that "it was better to lie and wait for a man, who came along of his own accord, and who when he was shot, gave no greater trouble than just to

thrust the hand into the pocket." He was known also to have had a quarrel with one of the murdered men; and the assassination of this man took place on the third day after the altercation.

During the season of Lent, in the year 1832, a company of strolling comedians had been very successful at Arragona by the performance of a scriptural melo-drama, called "The Beheading of St. John." Expecting the same success at Tortosa, they sat out for that place; their baggage was carried by two mules; but Hernando Garcia, who played the part of St. John, had been unwilling to trust to the clumsy hands of the muleteer, the precious head by means of which the martyrdom of the saints was represented upon the stage, and which, with its moveable glass eyes, was not the least important to any of the company. Partly for the sake of convenience, and partly to guard it from all risk in conveyance, he had fastened this head on the top of his own, as he was wont to do in the performance; evening was drawing on, and as the breeze from the sea blew sharply, he had drawn his cloak over his face even covering his eyes, and abandoned the reins to the discretion and care of the beast on which he was riding. He was alone, and a long way behind his companions, when suddenly at the turn of a rock, his horse started and plunged at the sound of a gun; he was thrown to the ground, where as he lay struggling to free himself from his cloak, he saw a man armed with a gun, hastening towards him; and at the moment when the bandit reached the spot where he lay, he arose with his dagger drawn in his hand.

Uriarte, for it was he, astonished at finding his aim ineffectual for the first time, was already inclined to fly; but when he saw the two heads, one over the other, the eyes of the uppermost rolling horribly in their orbits, and those of the other fixed on his own, he was seized with a paroxysm of terror, believing that it was the father of evil he saw before him. He attempted to fly, but the briars impeded his progress; he then strove to climb the steep face of the cliff by grasping a shrub that had taken root in one of its crannies, but the shrub gave way, and he fell at the feet of his pursuer, stamping out a prayer to the supposed friend of mercy. In the mean time, Garcia's companions, drawn by the shouts, arrived at the spot, where they found the assassin stretched on the earth pale, trembling, and almost deprived of consciousness by his extreme terror. They took him to the next magistrate, before whom he was searched; upon his person were found a rosary, a book of devotions, and some of St. Dominic's hair, together with a poignard, four rifle balls, and, in a box, several charges of powder.

He confessed himself the long-dreaded assassin. Upon being asked by the magistrate why he had placed the cross by the side of his victim, he answered that it was but a light offence to destroy the body, but most atrocious to kill the soul; "I prayed at their graves," he said, "to save them some days of purgatory; I placed near their bodies a cross, that the fiend might be driven away—but I have myself seen him," he continued, "he is there, he is there"—and he pointed to Garcia who at this moment advanced with the additional head, which he had put on, to show how he had escaped the death which was designed for him. "He is there, he is there"—and seized with a violent shivering, he fell to the ground, pale, inanimate, and almost deprived of life.

The assassin was afterwards tried, condemned on his own confession, and hung.

**Characteristic Dialogue.**—"Down east," observed a southerner, to a yankee, "a cow, a calf, and a calico-frock, is said to be a girl's portion—and that's the place you came from." "Well," replied the yankee, "people have to be born pretty much where other folks say, barin' accidents. An' you're from the place, aint ye? where a potter-patch, with cracks in't so wide that the grasshoppers are picked up at the bottom by handfuls—all their necks broke trying to jump over—is a portion of the oldest son. My father told me," continued the down-easter, "he was once riding by one of your farms, when observing the wretchedness of the land, he said, 'the fellr that owns this must be plaguy poor; 'not so poor as you think for?" answered a voice from the black berry-bushes; "for I don't own but a third o'nt—my father givin' away one-third, to get a man to take t'other!"

"Terrible sight of rain lately," replied the southerner, "when did you come down?" "Dreadful sight of weather lately," rejoined the yankee, "when did you come up?" and here the conversation ended.

**Singular mode of discovering Irishmen.**—Some years since, a number of facetious gentlemen emigrated from the province of Ulster to Philadelphia. On their arrival they perambulated the streets, admiring the regularity of the buildings, but astonished they had not met a single Irishman during the whole of their peregrinations. In the evening, when over a social bottle, they had naturally expressed to each other their surprise and disappointment on the occasion, when one of the party, a man possessed of infinite natural humour, undertook to discover his countrymen, if they were not involved in everlasting sleep. With a basket over his arm, he sailed forth into the street, and with a well-toned tenor voice he began to cry out in a musical recitation, "Fine oysters! fresh Carlingford oysters!" Roused and astonished at the well-known sounds every emigrant from Dundalk, Newry, Armagh, Richill and Portadown, in short every Hibernian that had enjoyed the flavor of that delicious fish surrounded him in less than twenty minutes.

**Original Anecdote.**—In a neighboring county, not many miles distant a Jonathan got it into his head to go a courting. His Dulcinea was a sweet rosy cheek'd girl of sixteen; her father not liking the appearance of her beau, had forbidden his suit—one evening however, when the old gentleman was from home, Jonathan rigg'd himself out for a courting expedition, and found his way to the residence of his fair Dulcinea, and (not expecting the old gentleman to return that night) had seated himself very comfortably beside the object of his solicitations (after the fashion of Joe Bunker,) when lo! the old gentleman arrived at the door. Jonathan thought of being off, but had no time to get out: he had to stow himself away for safe keeping under a bed, which luckily was in the room, where a hen had deposited her eggs, and had been setting some time, the hen not liking his presence so near her began to pick him on the shin. Jonathan retreated in haste from his hiding place, to the great astonishment of the old gentleman, and exclaimed "I'm snake bit, I don't care who knows it."

Philanthropist.

**A Serenade.**—The following stanzas are uncommonly pretty:

Slumber, gentle lady, Angels hover o'er thee,  
Slumber like the rose, Softly seal thine eyes,  
When the air of heaven Cash paid for HIDES & SKINS,  
Lulls it to repose. To the smiling skies.

**Halred and Quartered.**—During a severe skirmish with the Indians, an Irish Dragoon was unfortunate enough to become detached from his corps, and being discovered by a scouting party, was hotly pursued. While flying at the top of his horse's speed, he suddenly overtook a single Indian on foot, who supposing that Pat was pursuing him instead of fleeing from his pursuers, and thinking that it was all over with him, in broken English lustily bawled out "quarta, quarta;" upon which Pat, who cleft him in two with his massive sabre, as he passed, replied "faith and it isn't I that would be stopping to quarter you at such a time, so you must even be content with the halving at present, and be waiting for the quartering part as I come back.—*Galaxy of Comicalities.*

The other day while passing along one of our streets, my attention was arrested by a noise which indicated a person in distress. Led by curiosity to discover the cause, I advanced to a *dramshop*, the place from whence the sound proceeded, where I held a votary of Bacchus, with one hand supporting himself against the wall, while the other was applied to his stomach, (which indicated a pressure in that quarter) which was disgorging itself of some half dozen glasses of *liquid fire*. On enquiring what was the matter, a wag, a native of Erin's Isle, replied, "Why, man, now isn't it the *removal of the De-* posites."—*Balt. Visiter.*

An unlucky teamster on his way to Mauch Chunk, Pa. with a wagon load of hay, having accidentally upset his wagon in descending the Broad mountain had scarcely reloaded, when he discovered that a linch pin was gone. On arriving at the turnpike gate, he stopped at a blacksmith's shop to get one made. By putting it in the hot the tar was set on fire—the blazing tarret fire to the hay, and in upsetting the burning mass too near the shop to save the wagon, it was with much difficulty that the shop, as well as the wagon and horses were rescued from the general conflagration.

"Ma'am," said a quack of Long Island to a nervous old lady, "your case is a *scrutinutary complaint*." "Pray, Doctor what is that?" "It is the dropping of the nerves, ma'am, the nerves having fallen in the pia-cord, the chit becomes moribund, and the head goes *tisarizen; tisarizen*." "Ah, Doctor," exclaimed the old lady, "you have described my feelings exactly."

**THE SCHOOLBOY'S EXCUSE FOR BEING LATE.**—"Why so late?" said a schoolmaster to an urchin, as he entered the room on a cold, slippery morning in February. "Well, sir," replied the boy, "I would take one step forward, and slide back two." "Indeed!" said the teacher; "then how did you get here at all, if that was the case?" "Oh," said the boy, scratching his head, on finding himself caught, "I turned round and walked the other way."

**An Unpleasant Bed-Fellow.**—A boy once complained of his brother for taking half the bed. "And why not?" said his mother, "he's entitled to half, aint he?"—"Yes, ma'am," said the boy; "but how should you like to have him take out all the soft for his half? He will have his half out of the middle, and I have to sleep both sides of him!"

**INSURANCE.**—The subscriber having been appointed Agent of the Protection Insurance Company, in the place of G. H. Dunn, Esq. resigned, will continue the business of Insuring buildings, merchandise, &c. and also keep boats, flat boats and their cargoes, on liberal terms. Office on High street, a few doors below Z. Bedford & Co's, grocery. P. L. SPOONER.

Lawrenceburg, Nov. 28, 1833. 46

**TIMOTHY & CLOVER SEED.**—**K**EPT constantly on hand and for sale, by L. W. JOHNSON.

Cash, and the highest price, given for all kinds of grass and other Seeds.

jan 30

**PENSION OFFICE.**

**T**HIE undersigned being frequently called upon to attend to Pension business, and finding great difficulty to get money conveyed with safety to Pensioners; now gives notice, that he has opened an office at Lawrenceburg, Ia. where Revolutionary and Invalid Pensioners, in this part of the state, can receive their money without the trouble, risk and expense of going to the more distant places of deposit for Pension Moneys.—Any information relative to the mode of proceeding to obtain claims, will be given. Persons who apply to this office, will do well to make application on the 4th of March and September annually.

**D. SYMMES MAJOR.**

November 15, 1833. 44-3m

**OFFICER'S GUIDE & FARMER'S MANUAL.**

(By JOHN CAIN, Esq.)

**J**UST received and for sale at this office a few copies of the above named work, "containing a comprehensive collection of Judicial and business forms, adapted to the jurisprudence of Indiana, with an explanation of law phrases and technical terms both Latin and French, to which is prefixed the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and of the State of Indiana." The Guide & Manual contains an abstract of the principal laws in force in the State, and correct forms for transacting legal business.—In short, it is a lawyer of itself, by the aid of which every intelligent reading person may be enabled to transact his ordinary law business correctly, without the aid of counsel.

July 20th, 1833.

**Clocks, Watches, &c.**

**T**HIE subscriber has just received from Philadelphia, an extensive and splendid assortment of **JEWELRY**, TABLE AND TEA SPOONS, (SILVER AND COMMON.)

**Also—A Selection of Common, Patent Lever and Repeating**

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And various other articles, not strictly in his line among which are