

The Blind Boy.

The day was bright and beautiful—
The boys to play had gone—
Save one, who sat beside the door,
Dejected and alone:
And as the tone of merry sport
Came faintly to his ear,
He sighed, and from his swelling lids
He brushed the falling tear.

His little heart was rent with pain—
He could not join their play;
He could not run about the fields,
And by the brook side strayed:
The rolling hoop, the bounding ball—
The kite borne by the wind—
The acorn hunt were nought to him,
For he, alas, was blind.

He could not see the setting sun,
And watch the glowing skies,
The beauty of the moon and stars
Fell not upon his eyes.
The rainbow when it spanned the clouds
Was lost unto his sight—
And waving woods, and sparkling streams—
For all to him was night!

These truths came fresh into his mind,
While sitting thus apart:
No wonder that the tear drop fell,
And heavy was his heart.
Ah, little did the youthful throng,
Whose hearts were full of joy,
Reflect upon the lonely state
Of the poor sightless boy!

[Selected.]

From the Southern Patriot.

My Tailor.

Who made this moving piece of clay
As bright, and beautiful, and gay
As though life were one holiday!

My tailor:

Whose magic shears, and cloth, and tape
Gave to my ugly neck a nap,
And brought my bow-legs into shape!

My tailor:

Who all deformity effaced,
And beautified, and studded, and laced,
And stamped Adonis on my waist!

My tailor:

Who made the coat, the pantaloon,
That in the gay and bright saloon,
Won me a spouse and honey moon!

My tailor:

Reverse the picture. Who was it
That taught me wisdom was unfit
A beau, a gentleman, and wit!

My tailor:

Whose magic shears, and cloth, and tape
Made me in bearing, form and shape
The very mockery of an ape!

My tailor:

Who bound me to a worthless wife,
Whose vanity, and spleen, and strife,
Will be the night mare of my life!

My tailor:

Who passes me with threatening looks?
Who's got me deepest in his books!
Who'll nab me yet!—Why, Mr. Snooks,

My tailor:

The Prediction—BY BARON WALSKI.

In the spring of 1788, being then a lieutenant in the Czekler Hussars, one the most distinguished regiments of the Polish service, I set off for Miklos Var, in Transylvania, with a party of recruits which I had been raising, to join my regiment, then quartered in the neighborhood of Orsowa. An old gipsy woman, who had been long hanging about the camp, and acting as sutler occasionally, came to see my recruits. She was an useful person to us, often supplying us with wines and other delicacies, which it was not easy for us to procure, but which she had some means unknown to us, of getting at. My new soldiers, who were most of them peasants, and of course very superstitious, wanted to try her skill in another way, and have their fortunes told. She readily complied; and, as I stood by, laughing at the scene, and joking the men for their folly in placing any credit in what this bold dame told them, she turned round upon me with a spiteful grin, which only made me laugh the more, and asked if I would have my fate foretold.

"Oh, willingly," I said, putting out my hand, and giving her at the same time the customary piece of silver.

She looked at the lines in my hand very attentively for some moments, and then, putting up her finger as she fixed her dark eyes upon mine, she said, slowly and solemnly, "The 20th of August!"

I asked her to explain what was to happen on the 20th of August; but she stood shaking her head, and I could not get another word out of her. I was soon tired of this farce and walked away. When I had got about two paces from her, she called out again, in harschill voice, "The 20th of August!" and, although I did not place the least faith in her prediction, and believed her to be a good-for-nothing hag, I confess that I found myself recalling her words, and the tone of her voice several times afterwards in the course of the day.

We soon joined the army; and, having got my recruits a little in order, they and I came in for a full share of all the dangers and fatigues of the campaign. It is well known that in this war the Turks did not give themselves the trouble of making prisoners. Their commanding officers had offered a reward of a ducat for every enemy's head that was brought to the camp; and the janissaries and spahis lost no opportunity of earning their ducats. The consequence was very fatal to our outposts. Not a night passed but the Turks came down in considerable numbers to look for heads; and their attacks were made with so much secrecy and promptitude, that they seldom missed carrying away several at their saddle-bows. It often happened, that at day-break, one part of the camp would be guarded only by bodies without heads. The Prince de Cobrough, for the purpose of putting a stop to this traffic, used to send out strong piquets of cavalry beyond the line of the videts to protect them. These videts, which consisted of from one to two hundred men, only protected the videts for a short time, before the Turkish guards sent stronger bodies of their men, and so carried away more heads of ours, although they occasionally left behind some of their own. These accidents made the piquet service of such a nature, that no one went upon it without settling his little affairs beforehand.

Things were in this state when the month of

August arrived. We had some fighting, and the position of the army was not changed. About a week before the 20th I saw the old gipsy woman again, who came into my tent to offer me some

provisions. "While I was making my bargain with her, she reminded me of what she had said when we last met.

"And now," said she, "will you leave me a legacy in case you die on that day?"

"Not I, indeed," I replied; "I shall choose a younger and prettier girl for my heiress."

"What will you stake with me against a hamper of Tokai, that you die on that day?"

I thought that, although I was likely enough to die before that day, at least the odds was greatly in my favor that it would not be on that day; and Tokai was a wine I was very fond of, and one which was extremely scarce at this time. So I answered, "I'll bet you two horses and fifty ducats that I do not die on the 20th of August."

"Done!" said the old woman; and I called in my quartermaster-sergeant to make a memorandum of our wager; which he did, and not without some jokes against the old woman.

The 20th of August arrived. There was not the least prospect of an engagement; and, although it was the turn of our regiment to supply the piquet, yet two of the officers were before me in rotation to accompany it. In the evening, as the hussars were getting ready, the surgeon came to announce to the colonel, with whom I was standing, that the officer who ought to have commanded the piquet had been taken suddenly ill. The officer who followed him, and who preceded me, was ordered to take his place, and immediately went to his quarters to dress. He had just got upon his horse to ride after his men when the animal, which was one of the tempered and gentlest in the world, seemed on a sudden as if the devil had taken possession of it; it reared, kicked, and plunged in such a manner, that at length it unhooked the officer, who broke his leg in the fall. It was then my turn, and of course I set off; but, I must confess, not in as good spirits as usual, and with a firm conviction that I should not come back to drink any of the old Tokai.

I had eighty men in my troop, and was joined by one hundred and twenty of another regiment, which made altogether two hundred men. I posted them about half a mile beyond the line of the left wing of our army, and we were flanked by a marsh covered with high rushes. We placed no sentinels in advance, but the men remained mounted, with their swords drawn and their carbines cocked. Every thing was quiet until about two o'clock, when we heard a loud noise, and soon afterwards shouts of "Allah!" Before we had time to see whence the noise proceeded, the whole of our first rank was thrown down by the fire of 800 Turks. They did not fare much better; and at least as many fell on their side, either by their own impetuosity or by our fire. They, however, knew the localities; we were utterly ignorant of them; surrounded on all sides, and, in short, defeated. We laid about as well as we could; struck friend or foe, as chance and darkness would have it; and, for my own part, I received eight sabre wounds. A shot struck my horse, and wounded him mortally; he fell upon my leg in such a manner that I could not extricate myself.

I saw by the flashes of the fire-arms that our people were defending themselves bravely; but it was wholly in vain to contend against such numbers of the Turks, who were, beside drunk with opium. They made a horrible slaughter of my poor hussars. When they found the resistance was over, they set about plundering first, and then cutting off the heads of my comrades. Most of us had learnt a little Turkish and I heard them urging one another to finish before succor could arrive. They promised not to leave a single ducat's worth behind; and added, there must be exactly two hundred; by which I perceived they must have been very accurately informed. A random shot struck my horse, who, in a convulsive moment, freed my leg. Immediately I thought I might escape by throwing myself into the marsh, which was not above twenty paces from me. I had seen others try it, and they had all been caught; but it was the only chance that presented itself, and I resolved to essay it at all events. I sprung over men and horses as they lay on the ground before me. The Turks saw me, and some tried to stop me; others aimed blows at me; but thanks be to my good fortune and my agility, I escaped them all, and reached the marsh. At the very first step I sunk up to my knees; but I persevered, and, notwithstanding the difficulty, I proceeded twenty paces in it, when I stopped, wholly worn out. I heard a Turk cry out, "An infidel has escaped! let him be pursued!" and another voice replied, "It is impossible to enter the marsh." I know not what took place after this, for the faintness from the blood I had lost, deprived me of all consciousness; and when I recovered my senses, some hours must have elapsed, for the sun was high in the heavens.

I was up to my hips in the marsh; my hair stood on an end as I recollect the events of the night; and the 20th of August was one of my first thoughts. I counted my wounds to the number of eight, but none of them were dangerous; they were all sabre cuts, and on the arms, and chest, and the back. Thanks to the coldness of the nights in that country, I had worn a very thick pelisse, which had prevented the blows from taking effect. I was, nevertheless, very weak. I listened, but heard nothing save the groans of the wounded horses; as for the men, the Turks had effectually prevented their groaning.

At the end of an hour's hard work I succeeded in extricating myself from the marsh. I cautiously put my head out from the high reeds; and, although a war against the Turks blunts one's sensibility a good deal, I could not look at the scene of carnage before me without shuddering. My sympathy was, however, abruptly terminated, when I found myself seized by the arm, and, turning round, saw myself in the grasp of an Arnaout, six feet high, who had returned to the field in the hope of finding something which had been overlooked in the darkness of the night. I immediately addressed him in the best Turkish I could muster.

"Take my watch, my purse, my uniform," I said, "but do not kill me."

"They are mine already," he replied, coolly, "and your head besides." He then proceeded to unfasten the strap of my shako and my stock. I had no arms, and the first movement I should make, I knew he would plunge the sword he held in his hand into my heart. I continued to supplicate him; and I threw my arms about his body to move his compassion, while he, with the greatest sang froid, was bearing my neck. I told him that my family was rich; and that if he would make me his prisoner, he would ensure a considerable ransom.

"That would be too long a time," he replied;

"and, before your ransom arrives, it may be my turn, as it now is yours, to lose my head," and he

took the broach from my shirt. He did not attempt to loosen the hold I had of his body; perhaps because he relied upon his own strength and his arms, and because he saw that I was exhausted. It might be, too, that he felt something like compassion for me, but not enough to outweigh the gain of a ducat. As he was taking out my brooch I felt something hard in his girdle: it was an iron hammer.

"Now hold yourself still, he said; and these words I should, perhaps, have been the last words I should ever have heard, if the horror of the death which I saw before me had not inspired me with the idea of seizing his hammer. He was so busied in the work he was about to perform that he did not perceive it; and was holding my head in one hand and his cutlass in the other, meditating the best way of making his blow, when, by a sudden and violent movement, I disengaged myself from his grasp, and at the same moment struck him with the hammer as hard a blow as I could in his face. The hammer was heavy, and I did not miss my blow. The Arnaout tottered; I struck him again; he fell, and in falling dropped his sword. I need not tell you that I seized it, and it was twice through his body before he knew any thing about it. I mounted his horse, and galloped to our outposts, where I saw the arms of the sentinels glittering in the sun, and thence to the camp. No body had doubted my being dead, and they looked at me as if I had been a ghost. On the same day I was attacked by a fever, and carried to the hospital, where I remained more than six weeks. As soon as I joined the army the gipsy came to me to confess she had lost, and to bring me the Tokai. I learnt that, during my absence, she had predicted the fate of many others, which had in every instance proved true; and that she had gained a great deal by wagers and legacies of the officers. I thought it was altogether very strange; but I did not know what to make of it.

Very soon after this, two deserters came to the camp; they were christians from Servia, and had been employed in the wagon train of the Turkish army, whence they had deserted to avoid a punishment they had incurred. As soon as they saw my prophetic gipsy, they recognised her, and declared that she was frequently in the habit of visiting the Turkish camp by night, to give them intelligence of our movements. This surprised me a good deal, because she had often rendered us service, and we admired the address with which she executed commissions even of some danger. The deserters, however, persisted in their account: they added, that they had often been present, and heard this woman describe our positions to the Turks, discover to them our projects, and encourage them to attacks, which had in fact been made, and had succeeded. A Turkish cipher served for her passport. This paper was found upon her; and, being looked upon as convincing evidence, she was condemned to be hung for a spy. Before her execution I interrogated her respecting her prediction to me. She confessed that, by acting as a spy in both armies, she had made a profit upon each, and that she had informed both so much as was likely to turn out to her own advantage. She said that those who consulted her on their destiny usually discovered as much as was necessary to enable her to guess, and that she left the rest to chance. As to me, in particular, she told me that she had selected me for the purpose of giving an example of her pretended skill, which should establish her influence among the soldiers, by fixing the day of my death so long beforehand. At the end of the time, she had persuaded the Turks to make an attack on the posts of our regiment. She knew very well that two of the officers were to go on duty before me. She sold to one of them some wine, into which she had previously put some deleterious ingredient; and, at the moment the other mounted his horse, she went up to him as if to offer him something for sale, and had taken that opportunity of blowing a small morsel of German tinder, lighted up the horse's nostril.

Notwithstanding the gipsy's confession, which was made public, the soldiers continued to believe that she possessed a supernatural power; but it, of course, confirmed more strongly the disbelief I always had in such stuff, and which had been, I must confess, for a moment shaken.

Iron, Nails, Glass &c.

JUST received from Pittsburgh, per Steamer Leonidas, a large and general assortment of

Bar, Band, Rod, Hoop, & Hammered IRON;

Also—Cut & Wrought Nails,

(Spang & Son's manufacture.)

Tea Kettles, Spades & Shovels;

8 by 10 & 10 by 12 Glass.

ALSO, AN ASSORTMENT OF

GLASSWARE;

Which we offer to our customers and those who wish to purchase, at the stand formerly occupied by Tousey & Dunn.

April 7, 1834. J. P. DUNN & CO.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned, having disposed of his stock of merchandise, and come to the determination of closing his accounts, and collecting his debts, would request all those who know themselves to be indebted, either by note, or account, to come forward and make payment by the last of this month.

OMER TOUSEY.

April 11, 1834. 13-4w.

New Establishment.

THE subscribers having purchased the large brick house and Grocery establishment therein, lately kept by Z. Bedford & Co. would respectfully inform the public that they will continue the Grocery Store in the same building, under the firm of JOHN HOOD & CO. They have and will keep constantly on hand an extensive assortment of articles in their line of business, such as

GROCERIES, FLOUR, WHISKEY,

Salt, Iron, Fish, Cigars, &c. &c.

Which they will sell low in large or small quantities to suit purchasers. They will also keep on hand a very general assortment of

TIN WARE.

Which they will sell wholesale or retail. Having extensive rooms suited for the purpose, they will receive FLOUR, MERCHANDISE, and other articles on

Storage or Commission,

And attend to the forwarding or sale thereof, on moderate terms.

JOHN HOOD,

DANIEL E. BEDFORD.

Lawrenceburg, March 6, 1834. 8-tf

Clocks, Watches, &c.

THE subscriber has just received direct from the city of PARIS, an extensive and splendid assortment of

to his former assortment of

JEWELRY,

Table & Tea Spoons, (Silver & common,) ALSO, A CHOICE SELECTION OF

Lepine Horizontal, Repeating,

Patent Lever & Common

WATCHeS,

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

FANCY ARTICLES (NEW STYLE.)

Percussion Caps, &c. &c.

All of which he will sell at Cincinnati prices.

He has REMOVED his Shop to the room

recently occupied by Mr. R. Field as a saddler's shop,

opposite to the market house, where he will be ready

at all times to repair Watches, Clocks, and attend to

all kinds of business in his line.

F. LUCAS.

11-tf

STATE BANK.

THE subscribers having been appointed commissioners, will proceed to open books for subscriptions of stock to the branch bank at Lawrenceburg, on the