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BY N. BLACKMAN,  
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From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

A letter from an elderly gentlewoman to Mr. Christopher North.

MY DEAR MR. NORTH,

I much fear that this is the last letter you will ever receive from your old friend. 'I'm wearin' awa, Kit! to the land o' the leal!' and that, too, under a complication of disorders, which have been undermining my constitution, (originally a sound and stout one) for upwards of half a century.—Look to yourself, my much respected lad—and think no more of your rheumatism. That, believe me, is a mere trifle: but think what you have been doing, since the peace of 1763, (in that year were you born) in the eating and drinking way, and tremble. I know, my dear Kit, that you never were a gormandizer, nor a sot; neither surely was I—but it matters not—the most abstemious of all, have gone through fearful trials, and I have not skill in figures to cast up the poisonous contents of my hapless stomach for nearly three score years. You would not know me now; I had not the slightest suspicion of myself in the looking glass this morning. Such a face! so wan and we-begone! No such person drew Prian's curtain at dead of night, or could have told him half his Troy was burned.

Well—hear me come to the point. I remember now, perfectly well, that I have been out of sorts all my life-time: and the causes of my continual illness have this day been revealed to me. May my melancholy fate be a warning to you, and all your dear contributors, a set of men whom the world could ill spare at this crisis. Mr. Editor—I have been poisoned.

You must know that I became personally acquainted, a few weeks ago, quite accidentally, with that distinguished chemist, well known in our metropolis, by the name of 'Death in the Pot'—He volunteered a visit to me at breakfast last Thursday, and I accepted him. Just as I had poured out the first cup of tea, and was extending it graciously towards him, he looked at me, and with a low, hoarse, husky voice, like Mr. Kean's, asked me if I were not excessively ill? I had not the least suspicion of being so—but there was a terrible something in Death in the Pot's face, which told me I was a dead woman. I immediately got up—I mean strove to get up, to ring the bell for a clergyman—but I fainted away. On awaking from my swoon, I beheld 'Death in the Pot' still staring with his fateful eyes—and croaking out, half in soliloquy, half in tete-a-tete, 'there is not a life in London worth ten years' purchase.' I implored him to speak plainly, and for God's sake not to look at me so malagruously—and plainly enough he did then speak to be sure—*Mrs. Trollope, you are poisoned.*

'Who,' cried I out convulsively, 'who has perpetrated the foul deed? On whose guilty head will lie my innocent blood? Has it been from motives of private revenge? Speak, Mr. Accum!—speak!—Have you any proofs of a conspiracy? Yes, Madam, I have proofs, damning proofs. Your wine-merchant, your brewer, your baker, your confectioner, your grocer, ay, your very butcher, are in league against you; and, Mrs. Trollope, you are poisoned!' 'When—Oh! when was the fatal dose administered? Would an emetic be of no avail? Could you not yet administer a—' But here my voice was choked, and nothing was audible, Mr. North, but the sighs and sobs of your poor Trollope.

At last I became more composed—and Mr. Accum asked me what was, in general, the first thing I did on rising from bed in the morning. Alas! I felt that it was no time for delicacy, and I told him at once, that it was to take off a bumper of brandy for a complaint in my stomach. He asked to look at the bottle, I brought it forth from the press in my own chamber, that tall square tower-like bottle, Mr. North, so green to the eye and smooth to the grasp. You know the bottle well; it belonged to my mother before me. He put it to his nose—he poured out a drizzle into a tea-spoon as cautiously as if it had been the black drop—he tasted it—and again repeated these terrible words, 'Mrs. Trollope, you are poisoned.' It has, he continued, a peculiar disagreeable smell, like the breath of habitual drunkards.'—Oh! thought I, has it come to this! The smell ever seemed to my unsuspecting soul most fragrant and delicious.' Death in the Pot then told me, that the liquid I had been innocently drinking every morn for thirty years, was not brandy at all, but a vile distillation of British molasses over wine lees, rectified over quick lime, and mixed with saw-dust.—And this a sad solitary unsuspecting spinster had been imbibing as brandy for so many years! A gleam of comfort now shot across my brain; I told Mr. Accum that I had, during my whole life, been in the habit of taking a smallish glass of Hollands before going to bed, which I faintly hoped might have the effect of counteracting the bad effects of the forgery that had been committed against me. I produced the bottle—the white globular one you know. Death in the Pot tried and tasted—and alas! instead of Hollands, he pronounced it vile British malt spirit, fined by a solution of subacetate of lead, then a solution of alum; and strengthened with grains of paradise, Guinea pepper, capsicum, and other acrid and aromatic substances.—These are learned words—but they made a terrible impression upon my memory. Mr. Accum is a most amiable man, I well believe—but he is a stranger to pity.—Mrs. Trollope you have been poisoned, was all he would utter. Had the brandy and Hollands been genuine there would have been no harm—but they were imitation, and you are poisoned.'

Feeling myself very faint, I asked, naturally enough for a woman in my situation, for a glass of wine. It was brought—but Mr. Accum was at hand to snatch the deadly draught from my lips. He tasted what used to be called my genuine old port.

In the scowl of heaven his face grew black as he was sipping.

'It is spoiled elder wine—rendered astringent by oakwood saw-dust, and the husk of fiberts—lead and arsenic, Madam, are—' but my ears tingled and I heard no more. I confessed to the amount of six glasses a day of this hellish liquor—pardon my warmth—and that such had been my allowance for many years. My thirst was now intolerable, and I beseeched a glass of beer.—It came, and Death in the Pot detected at once the murderous design of the brewer. Coccus indicus, Spanish juice, hartshorn shavings, orange powder, copperas, opium, tobacco, nox vomica—such were the shocking words he kept repeating to himself—and then again, 'Mrs. Trollope is poisoned.' May I not have a single cup of tea, Mr. Accum,' I asked imploringly, and the chemist shook his head. He then opened the tea-caddy, and emptying its contents, rubbed my best green tea between his hard horny palms. 'Sloe-leaves, and white thorn, Madam, colored with Dutch pink, and with the fine green bloom of verdigrise. Much in the course of your regular life you must have swallowed!' 'Might I try the coffee?' Oh! Mr. North, Mr. North, you know my age, and never once, during my whole existence, have I tasted coffee. I have been deluded by peas and beans, sand, gravel, and vegetable powder! Mr. Accum called it sham coffee, most infamous stuff, and unfit for human food! Alas! the day that I was born! In despair I asked for a glass of water, and just as the sparkling beverage was about to touch my pale quivering lips, my friend, for I must call him so in spite of every thing, interfered and tasting it, squirted it out of his mouth with a most alarming countenance. 'It comes out of a lead cistern—it is deadly poison!' Here I threw myself on my knees before this inexorable man, and cried, 'Mr. Death in the Pot, is there in heaven, on earth, or the waters under the earth, any one particle of matter that is not impregnated with death? What means this desperate mockery? For mercy sake give me the very smallest piece of bread and cheese, or I can support myself no longer. Are we or are we not, to have a morsel of breakfast this day?' He cut off about an inch long piece of cheese from the identical double Gloucester that you yourself, Mr. North, chose for me, on your last visit to London, and declared that it had been rendered most poisonous by the anotta used to color it. 'There is here, Mrs. Trollope, a quantity of red lead.—Have you madam, never experienced, a very violent colic?' 'Yes! yes! often, often, I exclaimed.' 'And did you use pepper and mustard?' 'I did even so.' Let me see the castors? I rose from my knees and brought them out. He puffed a little pepper into the palm of his hand, and went on as usual. 'This, madam, is spurious pepper altogether—it is made up of oil cake, (the residue of linseed, from which the oil has been pressed,) common clay, and perhaps a small portion of Cayenne pepper, (itself probably artificial or adulterated) to make it pungent. But now for the mustard,'—at this juncture the servant maid came in, and I told her that I was poisoned: she set up a prodigious scream, and Mr. Accum let fall the mustard pot on the carpet. But it is needless for me to prolong the shocking narrative. They assisted me to get into bed, from which I never more expected to rise. My eyes have been opened, and I see the horrors of my situation. I now remember the most excruciating colic, and divers other pangs, which I thought nothing of at the time, but which must have been the effects of the deleterious solids and liquids which I was daily in-

troducing into my stomach. It appears that I have never, so much as once, either eat or drank a real thing—that is a thing being what it pretended to be—Oh! the weight of lead and copper that has passed through my body! Oh! too, the gravel and the sand! But it is impossible to deceive me now. This very evening some bread was brought to me. Bread! I cried out indignantly—Take the vile deception out of my sight. Yes, my dear Kit, it was a villainous loaf of clay and alum! But my resolution is fixed, and I hope to die in peace. Henceforth, I shall not allow one particle of matter to descend into my stomach!—Already I feel myself 'of the earth, earthly.' Mr. Accum seldom leaves my bed side—and yesterday brought with him several eatables and drinkables, which he assured me he had analyzed, subject to the test act, and found them to be conformists. But I have no trust in chemistry. His quarter loaf looked like a chip cut off the corner of a stone block.

It was a manifest sham loaf. After being deluded in my Hollands, bit in my brandy, and having found my muffins a mockery, never more shall I be thrown off my guard. I am waxing weaker and weaker;—so farewell! Bewildering indeed has been the destiny of

SUSANNAH TROLLOPE.

THE ARKANSAS TERRITORY.

Extract of a letter from His Excellency Gov. Miller to a friend in Petersboro', N. H. dated Post of Arkansaw, Sept. 2, 1820.

I would have answered you sooner but I have been sick almost ever since I received your letter; and this is the first day I have felt able to write; I am now very weak. The sickness here is fever and ague; a slow bilious fever, &c. Very few deaths occur by disease—but people remain weak and fit for nothing a long time. My brother is apparently better in health than he has been for two years.

I suppose it would be agreeable to you to receive some description of this unknown country. It is situated between 33° and 36° 30' N. lat. and extends from the Mississippi to the western boundary of the possession of the U. S. It is a very large extent of country, thinly settled. In the village of Arkansaw there are seventeen houses, (dwellings) and this is, perhaps, as large a village as in the territory. From this, on the mail route, we have to travel without a house or shelter three days, to get to a settlement, across a Prairie. In crossing this water is a scarce article. In fact, there is a great want of water all over this country, with very few exceptions. The Arkansaw is a fine navigable river for more than a thousand miles, at a middle stage of water, and affords as rich on both sides, as there is in the world. In fact, on all the rivers is to be found land abundantly rich and fertile—and uniformly to be found. Back from the water streams the land is quite indifferent, you may say poor, till you go west two or three hundred miles then it is very good. The country is very flat and level from the Mississippi west for 150 miles, then it becomes hilly and broken, and rocky on all the hills. Of animals in this country, both winged and quadruped, we have no want. There is almost every species of the bird and fowl in great abundance—wild geese and swans, turkeys, quails, rabbits, raccoons, bear, wolf, catamount, wild cat, beaver, otter, deer, elk, and buffalo—the huntsman has full scope.

As to minerals, we have plenty of iron, lead, coal, salt, &c.

This country is the best for raising stock of every kind I have ever seen. A man may raise and keep, summer and winter, any number he pleases. They grow large and handsome.

Cotton and corn are the staple articles. The land, well tended, will average about 1000 in the seed to the acre; corn from 50 to 90 bushels.—The crop is good this year—but the birds destroy vast quantities of the corn.

I have spent more than two months on a visit to the Cherokee and Osage Indians this summer. The most of the rest of the time I have been sick. The object of my visit to the Indian Villages was to settle a difficulty betwixt them. I went on to the Cherokees, (250 miles) and held a council with them. They agreed to send four of their chiefs with me to the Osages, about 350 miles further. The settlement of the Cherokees is scattered for a long extent on the river, and appear not much different from those of the white people. They are considerably advanced towards civilization, and were very decent in their deportment. They inhabit a lovely, rich part of the country. The Osage village is built as compact as Boston, in the centre of a vast Prairie. We rode forty miles into it, before we came to the town. All the warriors, chiefs, and young men met us two miles from the town on horseback, mounted on good horses, and as fine as they had feathers or any thing else to make them. They professed much friendship. I got them to suspend their hostilities. The Osage town consisted of 145 dwellings from ten to fifteen in each house. The average height of the men is more than six feet. They are entirely in a state of nature. Very few white people have ever been among them. They know nothing of the use of money, nor do they use any ardent spirits.

I pitched my tent about half a mile from the town, and stayed five days. They made dances and plays every night to amuse me. These Indians have a native religion of their own, and are the only tribe, I ever knew, that had the conduct of the people and the Parliamentary opposition. "Coolly to hear and sedately to judge," says one of them, "used to be the characteristic of Englishmen. Now all the lower ranks of society seem to be frenzied.—They rush forward like wild horses, heedless alike of lash and rein."

"Alas for England!" says another, "may the patriot and the moralist exclaim, while they contemplate the occurrences of the last few weeks. Never was such madness caused, never were Englishmen before induced so far to forget themselves and all the established maxims of law or the constitution, by means so barefaced or so paltry. That the accusation of a Queen should make a considerable disturbance throughout the kingdom might be expected; still it might also be expected that before any persons pronounced her innocent, they would at least wait to hear the charges against her. Yet not only has this been forgotten, but all her accusers, the King, and his ministers, have been assailed with unparalleled violence and outrage. Was, then, the Queen so dear to the rabble of London? or was her innocence so clear, and her character always so unsuspected, that suspicious were impossible? No such thing. The truth is, that all those who, from motives of plunder, ambition, or revenge, have determined on a rebellion in this country, have availed themselves of the Queen's presence to forward their designs."

Public lands.—The public lands have been disposed of to the amount of about five and forty million and that only half that sum has been paid. A large balance can hardly be expected from the purchasers; wherefore Mr. Johnson has introduced a resolve in the Senate to take back the land not paid for, at the original price, and confirm the title to the remainder. This proposition is not relished, we are told, by the holders. But the danger to be apprehended, from having a numerous body of debtors residing together upon large tracts of land, is not to be slighted.

N. Y. Ev. Post

BALTIMORE, Dec. 2.

Congress. The proceedings as yet are not of much interest, except as shewing some of the probable topics which will be discussed—nor is it probable that any thing important will be transacted until after the constitution of Missouri is decided upon. In the mean time, we shall have the report of the secretary of the treasury, on the state of our money matters, which will set the committee of ways and means to work; and the committee of manufactures will probably have resolved on the course which they will pursue at this season. Many memorials for and against an increase of the duties on goods imported, have already been referred to the last named committee—among them, that of the "convention of delegates, representing the merchants, and others, interested in commerce," recently assembled at Philadelphia, which we intend to register.

On Thursday, Mrs. Minty Graham was tried on an indictment, as a common scold. After a tedious examination of numerous witnesses, and a zealous prosecution and elaborate defence, by able counsel, the Jury retired and soon returned with a verdict of *not guilty*. It satisfactorily appeared, in evidence, that she was an *uncommon scold*.

[Maryland Paper.

There is in the Library of Congress many curiosities in literature. Among them is Debree's Collection of Voyages, in three volumes, folio, a work so scarce that a copy of it is valued in an English catalogue of rare books, at twelve hundred pounds sterling! There is also Purchas's Pilgrimage, a single small volume valued at fifty pounds, and many others in equally high esteem, of which Congress become possessed by the fortunate chance of obtaining by purchase, Mr. Jefferson's Library.

RICHMOND, Nov. 29.

On Monday, the court (the chief justice presiding) took up the case of the five persons who were indicted with violating an act of congress, in having enlisted on board the armed Venezuelan vessel, the Wilson, capt. Almeida. Mr. Upsher appeared on the U. States; Messrs. Douthat and John G. Williams for the prisoners. Two juries were charged—first with the case of one of the men, who pleaded that he was forced to join the vessel; and next of the four other prisoners. In both cases, the juries returned the verdict of *Not Guilty*, and the prisoners were accordingly discharged.

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