

MISCELLANY.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

"IT SHALL BE WELL."
"It shall be well"—the conqueror's word,
When vanquished realms salute him lord,
Gold, honor, titles powers confers
Upon his faithful followers,
Yet dares not bid fame's clarion swell,
Bearing the sound—"it shall be well."

"It shall be well"—the youth hath found
Joys, like young roses, clustering round;
His dreams, might see no lightning fall,
O, he could win and wear them all;
What promise can his fears dispel?
That holy one—"it shall be well."

He gains it—yet life's wintry day
Hath swept those clustered joys away,
Scattered like rose leaves on the wind—
But lives the promise in his mind!
O, ne'er again his sorrows tell,
Cling to the hope—"it shall be well."

"It shall be well"—there needs no more,
The cup of bliss is brimming o'er;
Joys—they are all by Goodness lent,
Griefs—they are all by Mercy sent—
That promise ours wher'er we dwell,
Prison or palace "shall be well."

"It shall be well"—when spring is bright,
And well 'mid winter's chilling outh;
The mind's dark storms were hushed in peace,
A rainbow bid earth's tempest cease,
When on the tear-dim'd spirit fell
Heaven's beam where glowed—it shall be well."

CORNELIA.

ANNALS OF THE VILLAGE.

BETTY STEVENS.

It is many a long year since I saw Simon Stevens—yet I remember him as distinctly as if I had seen him yesterday. He was a lank, sharp visaged man, with deep set eyes, thin lips, and a loose, attenuated frame, looking for all the world like a barn built by contract.

Simon supported this singular frame by the sale of garden seeds, which he raised in summer, and carried to various parts of the Union, during the winter. In travelling, he rivalled the boasted cheapness of modern stages and steam boats, for he asserted that he had made many a comfortable journey from Boston to Montreal, without expending more than a pistareen.—Simon's neighbor called him "a close unsociable man," and perhaps it was too true,—for the little he earned was obtained by hard labor and rigid economy; and he had but small compassion for those who had less industry, and greater desires than himself.—But unromancing as Simon was in temper and aspect, there were not wanting dairies, who were eager to undertake the task of ameliorating his character. The most prominent among them was Betty Tower—a muscular, raw boned damsel, to whom nature had proved a most cruel step-mother; for never was love frightened away by a more sour and malignant face, and never was maiden so anxious to secure the good will of that capricious little urchin.—Hood would have filled a volume with the "Whims and Oddities" of Betty's amours; but I am fain to pass over all save the last, and most successful one.

Simon Stevens had a cat and dog, on which he lavished some of the kindness, that warms every human heart, and which can never be utterly driven away. When Simon took a "tramp," as he termed it, his cat and dog led a most forlorn existence; and when he returned from a long journey, it grieved him to look upon Tab and Growler's dissipated habits, and to observe how reluctant they were to stay quietly at home.

Betty Tower scraped acquaintance with these perverse animals; and, by dint of caresses, and a spare bone, now and then, they became more than half domesticated under her solitary roof. Hence it was necessary for Simon to go there frequently to claim property,—and it was likewise incumbent upon him to thank Miss Betty for her persevering her time of life, with her secluded habits, kindness—so the acquaintance went on seemed to me almost incredible. Yet by little and little, 'till Simon at last it was true—and maternal affection awoke him to place a beautiful daughter beyond the depressing influence of her birth and education had wrought the cause of God and truth.

Afterwards, I more than once heard woman. Had she been the daughter of Mrs. Stevens at the head of a very Henry the 8th, she would have acted her part as well as her renowned namesake, so mighty in her passions, but mightier in intellect; but Betty Stevens had no subject save her husband,—and though she acquired almost unbounded influence over his narrow and timid mind, it was generally believed that her administration made him a better and a happier man. But there was another being, who did more toward christianizing Simon's heart, than Betty and all the preachers could have done—this was little Eliza beth—the child of his old age!

In the days of Simon's bachelorship, the cats and dogs knew, by instinct, that it was death to set foot in his dominions, and were fain to content themselves with barking at Tab and Growler through the fence; the very chickens had learned to do no more than stretch their necks under the gate to snap at a sleeping worm; yet, Elizabeth's foot-tracks were all over his garden—and though the doating father would inwardly groan with vexation, when he saw her little feet go pad, pad, over the very

places he had just planted, yet he could never summon resolution to send her into the house. Every where the pretty innocent was at the old man's side, at the hearth stone, and in the church,—in his garden and his bed.—So much had his rugged nature been subdued and softened by her artless prattle, that poor chubby little rogues, who in days gone by would not have even dared to peer within his doors, now frequently went from thence with pockets full of nuts and gingerbread;—and the little creature, who had proved so powerful in her helplessness, was such an one as a father well might love; for though Elizabeth Stevens was the offspring of such unsightly parents, she was a perfect cherub in beauty. The first time I saw Simon with his new charge, he was weeding his garden, while his wife sat knitting at the door, and happy little Betty was trotting round with her tiny water pot,—doing a vast deal of mischief,—but imagining herself very useful—just like a multitude of bustling politicians, who are taught by the crafty and experienced to believe they are turning the crank, which moves a nation's machinery. I then thought that child's dimpled face had the most gushing expression of mirth and happiness I had ever beheld. Six or seven years passed before I saw Elizabeth again. When dining at the princely mansion of the wealthy George Cartwright my attention was one day particularly attracted by a pretty little waiting maid with pink calimanco petticoat, and short baize gown, in whose expressive features I instantly recognized my favorite.—The struggle between her parents' parsimony and affection had ended in putting her out at profitable service, with the privilege of spending her Sundays with them. A happy day it was for Simon and Betty! Had Mr. Cartwright himself been expected to spend his Sabbaths at their humble dwelling, the floor could not have been more neatly sanded, or the fresh strawberries culled more nicely, than they were for this darling child. Indeed the love they bore this docile, affectionate, and blooming creature, was the one strong, ruling passion, like Aaron's serpent swallowing up all the rest. Every look and action betrayed how heart and soul were bound up in her; and the youthful lover in his fondness and jealousy, was never made so unhappy by neglect, as was honest old Simon, when this beloved daughter seemed less reluctant than usual to bid him farewell. But alas, the strongest earthly ties must be broken—Simon Stevens was, in process of time, gathered to his fathers! He died as he would have wished to die—his eyes resting upon his daughter's face, and his cheek nestled fondly upon her arm.

Soon after this event, I missed Elizabeth from behind my chair, when I dined with my friend George Cartwright. Her modest and attractive looks, had interested me so much that I could not forbear inquiring what had become of her.

Mr. Cartwright replied, she was too handsome for a servant, and that to confess the truth he found the disposition of his own girls somewhat injured by the notice she received from visitors,—especially as their wild, frank, good hearted, but mischievous brother, had more than once declared he wished he had a sister half as handsome as Betty Stevens. My friend added, that her widowed mother had collected together all the money she had saved so parsimoniously, and was actually preparing to go to the West Indies, with a distant relation, in order to establish a boarding house.—I had always known her to be an ambitious woman, whose powerful traits of character needed but peculiar circumstances to call them into prodigious exercise; but this spirit of enterprise at her time of life, with her secluded habits, and it was likewise incumbent upon him to thank Miss Betty for her persevering her time of life, with her secluded habits, kindness—so the acquaintance went on seemed to me almost incredible. Yet by little and little, 'till Simon at last it was true—and maternal affection awoke him to place a beautiful daughter beyond the depressing influence of her birth and education had wrought the cause of God and truth.

John Randolph.—During some period of Mr. Randolph's political career, he had the ill fortune to offend a coxcombish young fellow, who determined to avenge himself by insulting the R-anoke orator on the first opportunity that occurred. At length the opportunity presented itself, when the young sprig, meeting Randolph on the pavement, walked up to him very impudently and said, "I never give the way to a d—n—d rascal." Mr. Randolph immediately pulling off his hat and making the gentleman a low bow, replied, "Well, sir, I always do," and gave him the pavement.

Where is Betty Stevens now? My friend George Cartwright is dead; his large fortune is divided among his children; his daughters have married New York merchants; and within a few years his son has brought home to his splendid residence a famous West Indian lady. Had you seen her face in childhood, you would know it now, by the dimpling archness of expression, which even in sadness beams forth like fragments of a rainbow among the clouds.

Yes, it is even so—the dress so tasteful, yet so costly in its simplicity,—and that in its figure worthy of the Juno Matrona, belong to this Betty Stevens, who once fancied herself very picturesque in green baize, and pink calimanco.—*Mass. Journal.*

Hall, the editor of a paper in Boston, called the *Castigator*, has been confined in the House of Correction, for a libel. Thus is the *Castigator* castigated.

From the New York Courier.

The following lively sketch is from the same charming pen which adorns our columns under the signature of "Nox" The fair writer deserves a vote of thanks from the corps Editorial.

A NEWSPAPER—A newspaper! It is the cradle of genius—the record of truth. Wood-cut engravings adorn it, and the Muses smile graciously upon it. A newspaper! It is a picture of the world. Cast thine eyes over its grim pages; like that, all is confusion and bustle—each one pushing forward to attract attention by arts no matter how trivial. Little ships and big ships; steam boats with their roaring wheels and black smoke, whiz past us; post coaches and post boys; boxes of tea and barrels of Cognac. Franklin gridirons and La Fayette bedsteads; strayed animals and found animals, are all mingled promiscuously together. "Money!" cries the Loterry office. "Fire!" cries the Insurance Company. Strange that between both, men can not get money and keep it. Some applicants for public notice are very modest in their approaches, only soliciting favour as long as they deserve it; others are more aware of their claims on public gratitude, and surely some are prompted by the very spirit of philanthropy. The same divers fixed scene! In one column a fire; in the next a successful speculation. Here a man eats himself to death, there a child is starving; the widow solicits a pittance, and the rich man off-hands his loan; the register of Death numbers the old, the middle aged, and the young. *Matrimony!* ah, the list is generally long and appalling—*Notice!* also, some Jonathan is close at hand, advertising his refractory rib; what is the matter with thy wife, friend? is thy steak cooked too much? or are thy potatoes burnt up? or thy door lock set at twelve P. M. and thou on the outside? or did she love gadding about? she must be a mild creature, for she makes no angry retort. A newspaper! It makes one love this little round ball of earth. All the ships are well built, copper bottomed, and fast sailing; the houses are in good repair—extensive grounds, delighfully situated; no lime-bleached linen or damaged cambrics; no mouldy almonds or musty rances, or sour raisins; Madeira wine and Spanish segars are all of trans-Atlantic origin. In short, every thing comes from its proper place. Human beings, too, seem to be very social—so many partnerships. Sometimes indeed, we find some little soul armed with a patent right, elbowing his way through the crowd threatening chains and slavery to all who dare invade his proper sphere; but generally men seem to have coupled themselves together in loving fellowship. Much as our world has been abused by misanthropes and despised by poets, we doubt whether they would find in the clouds any thing half so convenient. Why, here is every thing—I theatres and circuses, rope-dancers and singers, gardens and gunpowder; doctors for the sick, teeth for the toothless, wigs for the bald, braces for the ill-shaped, rouge for the pale, and white lead for the rosy. It is indeed a bright and beautiful world, and we pray, gentle reader, that thou mayest be preserved from the spirit of love and poetry: only read thy newspaper punctually, and it will always appear to thee bright and beautiful.

Preaching. A very able and scrupulously orthodox divine, and one who laboured diligently in the cause of his Divine Master, in a sermon on the efficacy of preaching, says: There is a strain of preaching, which, although it wears the garb of zeal, is seldom a proof of any power but the power of self. I mean angry, scolding preaching. The Gospel is a benevolent scheme, and whosever speaks in the power of it, will assuredly speak in love. In the most solemn declaration of God's displeasure against it, a preacher may give evidence of a disposition of good will and compassion to sinners, and assuredly will, if he speak under the influence of truth. If we can indulge inective and bitterness in the pulpit, we know not what spirit we are of; but are gratifying our own evil tempers, under the pretence of a concern for the cause of God and truth.

John Randolph.—During some period of Mr. Randolph's political career, he had the ill fortune to offend a coxcombish young fellow, who determined to avenge himself by insulting the R-anoke orator on the first opportunity that occurred. At length the opportunity presented itself, when the young sprig, meeting Randolph on the pavement, walked up to him very impudently and said, "I never give the way to a d—n—d rascal." Mr. Randolph immediately pulling off his hat and making the gentleman a low bow, replied, "Well, sir, I always do," and gave him the pavement.

A female, the wife of a frame work knitter, residing in Leicester, made her appearance, and stated to the mayor, that she wanted to be parted from her husband. It appeared she was in the habit of leaving her husband for days together. Being asked by the Mayor why she did so? Replied, "Because he cut all the crust off the loaf." The worthy Mayor seemed to consider this as a clear proof, that he was a crusty husband.

GUARDIAN'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I shall expose to sale, at public vendue on the premises, on the third Saturday in November next, the right, title, interest, claim and demand of Rebecca Ann Sherer, late of Dearborn county, deceased, in, over and to, the South east quarter of Section No. 19, Township six, in Range two west, &c. &c. in the county of Dearborn, for maintenance of said heir, and payment of just debts.—By order of the probate court of Dearborn county.

ELIAS MILLIKEN,
10th October, 1828.

Guardian.

Fulling, Dying, and Dressing Cloth,

WILL be done at the Factory
in the town of New Lawrenceburg, at the customary prices.

Cotton Yarn
may be had at the same place.

TEST & DUNN.
sept. 26, 1828. 38-1f

FULLING
AND
Cloth Dressing,

At Samuel Bond's Mill, on White Water.

THE subscriber wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that his works are in complete order and ready for business; and that he is now ready to receive Cloth, which he will warrant to be FULLED, DYED & DRESSED, in the best manner, and with despatch, at the following prices, or as low as any other's customary prices:—London Brown, fullled, fine dress. 25 cents;—Women's wear, ditto, 14 cents;—nuff, Bottle Green, London Smokes, Olives, Browns, Black and Navy Blues, fullled, fine dress, from 18 to 20 cents;—Women's wear of the above colours, from 10 to 12 1-2 cents per yard. Light and dark Drabs, Leads, fullled, fine dress, 8 to 12 cents. Coloured cloth, fullled and pressed, 6 1-4; if sheared once or twice, 8 cents. finest dress 10 cents; and all other work in the above business, done at the same rates at the above Mill.

Cloth will be received at Ewing and Gibson's store, Lawrenceburg, and returned there again every two weeks finished.

MILES KELLOGG.
White Water, Aug. 4th 1828. 51f

EDWIN G. PRATT
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.

OFFICE in Lawrenceburg at the house of JOHN SPENCER.
May 1, 1828. 17f.

Collector's Notice.

NOTICE is also given that agreeably to law I will expose to public sale on the 2d Monday in November 1828, all Land and Town lots by their Number, as charged on the duplicate for the year 1828, and former years I have been collector.

JOHN PENCER S. & C.—D. C.
September 15, 1828. 57-5w.

La Mott's Cough Drops,
For Coughs, Consumptions, Colds, Influenza, Whooping Coughs, Spasmodic Asthma, Pain in the side, Difficulty of Breathing, and want of Sleep.

THE proprietors of La Mott's Cough Drops have refrained from saying but little in commendation of this preparation—being confident that its value would prove a sufficient recommendation; from the increased demand for the article, and the great celebrity which it has gained in every part of the United States where it is known—and in order to render it as extensively useful as possible, they feel confident in offering it to the public as an Approved Medicine in those diseases which it professes to cure, and one which has rendered the most entire satisfaction to all those who have had an opportunity of observing and testing its salutary effects. In confirmation of which they now present it to the public under the sanction of the following certificates from Physicians, Druggists and Merchants in different parts of the country.

CERTIFICATES.
We, the subscribers, have sold La Mott's Cough Drops, as agents for the Messrs. Crosby, of Philadelphia, who have obtained the approbation of the public, by effecting many cures of the diseases for which it is recommended. We have therefore no hesitation in recommending LA MOTT'S COUGH DROPS as an excellent medicine.

G. Dawson, druggist, and late U. S. Surgeon at Fort Fayette, Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. Hamm, M. D. and E. D. Donner druggists, Zanesville, Wm. Mount, M. D. Dayton; M. Wolf & Co., Apothecary's Hall, Goodwin, Ashton, and Fairchild & Co. druggists, Cincinnati; Ira. Dusho, druggist, Chillicothe; S. Sharpless, merchant, St. Louis; & C. & C. also the owner of the undivided half part of the east half, of section No. 24, town No. 7, range 1, west, lying in the county of Dearborn—and that William Godley was the owner of the undivided half part, of the north east quarter of section No. 25, town 7, range 1, west, &c. & c. and also the owner of the undivided half part of the east half, of section No. 24, town No. 7, range 1, west, all lying in the county of Dearborn—and that William Godley died leaving a son and heir, John Porter Godley, who has since deceased. The heirs of the said John Porter Godley are therefore hereby notified to appear before the Judges of the probate court, and court for the settlement of decedent's estate, in and for the county of Dearborn, at their term to be holden at Lawrenceburg on the second Monday in December next, then and there to show, if any thing they have to show, or can say, why the interest of the said William Godley, and his son and heir John Porter Godley, in, over and to the lands aforesaid, shall not be sold for the payment of the just debts of said deceased William Godley.

By order of the court.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

October 1, 1828. 59-4w.

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber by book account or note, are requested to call and make immediate payment or give a judgment and save cost, as no further indulgence can be given.

He would also inform the public that he still continues to carry on the

Tinning Business

in all its branches, at the old stand on High Street, south west of the market house, Lawrenceburg, and that he will be able at all times to accommodate customers and others with new work or repair old with despatch.

WILLIAM KELL.

Oct. 25, 1828. 44-6w.

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Jonathan Dayton, (late of New Jersey) dec'd, are required to make immediate payment; and all persons having claims against said estate, are required to present them, duly proven, or authenticated, agreeably to law, within one year from the date hereof, to either the subscriber at Cincinnati, or to George H. Dunn, Esq. at this place for settlement.

O. M. SPENCER. Adm'r.
of the estate of Jonathan Dayton, deceased.

Lawrenceburg Is., Oct. 8, 1828. 40-6w.

Administrator's Sale.

DEARBORN PROBATE COURT;

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1828.

The creditors of Wm. Godley, Application

deceased,
versus
The heirs of John Porter Godley,
Godley.

On the application of William Godley, deceased, he having heretofore, to wit: At the September term, 1827, of the Probate court, filed a schedule of the debts due from said estate, over and above the personal assets to pay the same—and shewing also that William Godley was the owner of the undivided half part, of the north east quarter of section No. 25, town 7, range 1, west, &c. & c. and also the owner of the undivided half part of the east half, of section No. 24, town No. 7, range 1, west, all lying in the county of Dearborn—and that William Godley died leaving a son and heir,