

MISCELLANY.

From the Indiana Journal.

MONEY.

The earth and sea we traverse o'er,
From pole to pole, from shore to shore,
And Nature's latent springs explore,
For money.

Through boiling deeps incessant ply,
And burning sands or burring sky,
Eternal polar frosts defy,
For money.

For money.

The merchant's hope, the happy gale,
To waft from 'far the cumbrous bale;
And watch the lucky hour of sale,
For money.

The peasant makes his humble bow,
And daily plies the spade and plough,
The sweat distilling from his brow,
For money.

For money.

Though patriot like he puff and swell,
As if he had the heart of Hell,
The statesman will his country sell,
For money.

For money.

The spring of virulent debate,
The wayward strife and vengeful hate,
And war, the curse of many a state,
For money.

For money.

Hard, gripping misers, lank and bare,
Denied to rest, and needful fare,
Torment their narrow souls with care,
For money.

For money.

Attentive wait on Mammon's call,
Before his altar prostrate fall,
And barter conscience, virtue—all,
For money.

For money.

The fortune-hunter heaves a sigh,
And for his mistress feigns to die;
But what has won his heart and eye?
Her money.

Her money.

The nabob lo! the heir attends,
And crowds of specious, suppliant friends,
But mark their secret selfish ends,
His money.

His money.

The jockey lies, and cheats, and swears,
The preacher stamps, and foams, and staves,
And hypocrites prolong their prayers,
For money.

For money.

The advocate expounds the laws,
Right slyly twists a knotty clause,
And warmly pleads his client's cause,
For money.

For money.

The doctor makes his deep surmise;
Affects to seem most wondrous wise;
The cause resolved receipt supplies,
For money.

For money.

The quack proclaims unerring skill,
Prescribes his universal pill;
Will wound, or heal, or cure, or kill,
For money.

For money.

The shuffling gambler packs the deck;
The knave and villain forges a check;
The thief and foot-pad risk their neck,
For money.

For money.

The assassin, nor in rage nor strife,
Whets and conceals the bloody knife,
And willing, spills the sacred life,
For money.

For money.

What will our credit still preserve?
Of action be the vital nerve?
And what will every purpose serve?
Tis money.

Tis money.

O Money! source of woe and woe,
Our very friend, our deadly foe;

More precious wealth let's ne'er forego,
For money.

DEARBORN.

Indianapolis, Dec. 4, 1828.

From the (Nashville) Ariel.

FRAGMENT.

*** But the dangers of the storm were unheeded, or lost in the horror that now grappled and convulsed the iron hearts of men accustomed to sport with ordinary perils; and to look upon the ocean, in his wrath, with unimpaired energies and sullen indifference.

The ship drove furiously before the blast; the canvass, below and aloft, was all in, every order had been issued and obeyed, which seamanship could devise, or courage execute, and nothing stirred to interrupt the deathlike silence, in which suspense had wrapped all on board: a silence, at one moment fearful contrasted with the vindictive roar of the tempest and the stunning break of the heavy seas, as they thundered against our bulwarks, and now increased to painful intensity by an ominous pause, when the winds and the waters ceased their clamour, and the giant spirits who swayed their terrors, baffled in mischief, seemed whispering together, and devising new efforts against our distressed but gallant and enduring ship.

Lightning, in sheets of flame, careered along the horizon, flashing over heaving volumes, of concentrated darkness, or in arrows of fire, shot from the zenith to the abyss, threw athwart the waste a lurid gleam; lighting up its deep vallies, or springing along its mountains, and wreathing their lofty crests; fretted to a snow-like foam. The ship went on, like a creature of destiny! Despair had closed the lips and glazed the eye of every passenger; and as the lightning afforded opportunity, they might be seen with clenched hands, standing like statues, or rather spectres, glaring, pale and ghastly!

The black mass of clouds, now descending, boiling and rolling with endless convolutions, and as a vast serpent gathering up his dark folds for combat, came on majestically, but in fearful energy, directly upon us.

A report louder than artillery, an appalling crash of timber, succeeded by a scream of terror, too surely announced that the vessel had been struck with lightning.

Two seamen were employed in the tops at the moment, and they were cast down headlong! One into the sea—I shall never forget the expression of his livid face and bloodshot eye, seen by that dreadful light, as he went by me into the deep; the other on the deck, close at my feet, and the expiring wretch clutched my ankle in his agony with a grasp from which I struggled vainly to escape. My own powers were inadequate, and resistance was hopeless.

The fluid followed the mast, and attracted by a chain cable, passed out at the bows, but not harmlessly. There were many combustibles on board, such as turpentine, tar, and cordage; former perils were therefore regarded as nought to those we felt impending, when the madrigal cry of "FIRE IN THE CABLE TIER" burst wildly from the crew.

Exertions, stimulated by consideration of life and death, were used to extinguish the conflagration; but they were vain, and could not be "got under!" The flame was rapidly coming off, and the smoke drove in heavy suffocating masses along the deck.

The ship, with her head wrapt in flame, pressed on through the sea; and as impelled by a sense of danger, plunged her bows madly into the waves, rushing on mountain high to meet her; and as the flames eat into her vitals, consuming one strength after another in her mighty frame, she pranced heavily, like some huge existence in mortal agony.

We were a hundred leagues from land, and cut off from all human aid. The discovery of a sail would only mock our misery, since succour was impracticable in such a sea lashed into fury by such a tempest.

We still went forward! On, on, like the wind! as we had been unredeemed, lost spirits, coursing the ocean on a steed of hell, girt about with a strange cloud of piercing wind, and fiery smoke, at the same moment scorched and frozen!

As a last and most desperate resort, it

was determined to lower away the boats, and encounter the hazard of drowning, rather than abide the assured alternative of death by burning. The confusion was indescribable: order and discipline were contemned, and their warnings met by ferocious scorn, and the independence of despair. Amidst the cries of the drowning, however, and the shrieks, prayers, and imprecations, of those struggling towards the boats, the object was attained.

My situation may be better imagined than described; I had fruitlessly implored the assistance of several, hurrying past me, to the gangway. I craved but one moment of their time, to release me from my horrible bondage. Mercy may as well be expected of the royal tiger, bathed to the eyes in warm blood, as sympathy from man to his fellow, in extremity of woe! They crowded on, and my entreaties, went away to the winds!

I again essayed my own strength; and in a violent exertion to relieve myself, was thrown backward, over a riven spar powerless! My fall, extended the arm of the dead man, but failed to break his hold, I was sensible of the reaction of the muscles, as the limb reassumed the form, it had taken on growing cold, and it seemed a jerk given in anger by the corpse, to suppress my struggles, or strengthen his grasp.

I trusted that death would have relaxed the fingers; but the frosty air, contracted them, and I felt the grip, tighter and tighter, closing around the limb, and sinking into my flesh, like bands of ice! I called, I begged, prayed, cursed and wept, in the very bitterness and desolation of my spirit! I might as well have invoked the storm; the boats pushed off, and I was alone! A prisoner of the dead?

My mind now reverted to home, my quiet peaceful home; to my cherubs playing about the hearth; to my anxious pious mother; my beloved sisters, kindred friends! There were a thousand deaths in the reflection!

As the flame curled upward, enveloping shrouds, canvass, and spars, the ship seemed invested with the wild energies of a magic, and went careering over the deep, as if urged to destruction by some indwelling, remorseless, and impatient fiend!

My hope now was, that the fire would reach the magazine, and thus spare me the agony of protracted torture, and painful death; but even this was not destined to realize. The magazine did indeed explode; but I yet lived, and the fire rolled onward, wrapt me in its burning folds! I screamed with agony, and a last desperate effort to dash myself and the dead man into the sea, I awoke!

I had blended my siesta with the eventful story of "The Flying Dutchman," and the volume still remained in my hand. A noble coal fire was sparkling and roaring in the grate, and my chums were sitting by it slyly enjoying their villainy.

The dogs had hung a heavy quoit of Johnson, to my toes, fired squibs, serpents, and spitdevils, about the room,

and divers crackers of every device in my ears; then they pulled off the bed clothes, applied a piece of ice under my shirt collar, and a hot plate to my bowels, and at the same moment raised a most infernal din; enough to disturb the repose of "the seven sleepers."

If I had been inclined to vengeance, I would never have told them my adventures; but I had not the heart to punish them so severely.

Valueable Recipe.—In the Memoirs of Count Segur, (Vol. 1, p. 168) there is the following anecdote: "My mother, (the Countess de Segur,) being asked by Voltaire respecting her health, told him that the most painful feeling she had, arose from the decay of her stomach, and the difficulty of finding any kind of aliment that it could bear.—Voltaire, by way of conversation, assured her that he was once nearly for a year in the same state, and believed to be incurable; but that nevertheless, a very simple remedy had restored him. It consisted in taking no other nourishment than yolks of eggs, beaten up with flour of potatoes and water." Though this circumstance took place as far back as about fifteen years ago, and respected so extraordinary a personage as Voltaire, it is astonishing how little it is known, and how rarely the remedy has been practised. Its efficacy, however, in cases of debility, cannot be questioned, and the following is the mode of preparing the valuable article of food, as recommended by Sir John Sinclair: Recipe—Beat up an egg in a bowl, and then fill six table spoonfuls of cold water, mixing the whole well together; then add two table spoonfuls of the farina of potatoes, mixing it with the liquor in the bowl. Then pour in as much boiling water as will convert the whole into jelly, and mix it well. It may be taken either alone or with the addition of a little milk, and moist sugar, not only for breakfast, but in cases of great stomachic debility, or in consumptive disorders, at the other meals. The dish is light, easily digested, extremely wholesome and nourishing. Bread or biscuit may be taken with it as the stomach gets stronger.

Sir Isaac Newton was once riding over Salisbury-plain, when a boy keeping sheep called to him, "Sir, you had better make haste on, or you will get a wet jacket." Newton looking round and observing neither clouds nor a speck on the horizon, jogged on, taking very little notice of the rustic's information. He had made but a few miles, when a storm suddenly arising wetted him to the skin. Surprised at the circumstance, and determined, if possible, to ascertain how an ignorant boy had attained a precision and knowledge in the weather of which the wisest philosophers would be proud, he rode back, wet as he was. "My lad," said Newton, "I'll give thee a guinea, if thou wilt tell me how thou canst foretell the weather so truly." "Will ye sir? I will then," said the boy, scratching his head and holding out his hand for the guinea. "Now sir," having received the money, and pointing to his sheep, "when you see that black ram turn his tail towards the wind, is a sure sign of rain within an hour." "What?" exclaimed the philosopher, "must I in order to foretell the weather, stay here, and watch which way that ram turns his tail?" "Yes sir." Off rode Newton, quite satisfied with his discovery, but not much inclined to avail himself of it, or to recommend it to others.

ANECDOTE OF A MONKEY.

A droll story is related of one of these creatures that had been long kept by Pere Barbozan, and was extremely attached to him. He followed him, if possible, wherever he went; and one day escaping the father's attention, who was generally careful to confine him when he wanted to get rid of his company, he silently attended him to church, and mounting on the sounding board above the pulpit, unperceived, he lay quietly till the service began. As soon as the preacher commenced the sacred ceremonies, Pug crept to the edge of the sounding board overlooking his master, and imitated every gesture with such a solemn air, and in so grotesque a manner, that the whole congregation was in a general titter. The father, insensible of the cause of this ill-timed levity, reproached his audience for such improper behavior, when commencing the duties of divine worship. The mimic, above his head, continued to imitate every gesture with the greatest archness. The people could not compose their countenances; but in spite of their utmost efforts, their risible muscles were set in motion again and again. The preacher now began to grow angry; and in the warmth of his displeasure, redoubled his vociferations and his gestures, thumped the pulpit with eagerness, raised his hands on high, and accompanied their motions with corresponding nods of the head. The monkey repeated all these gestures with the most grotesque mockery; till at last the congregation had no power over themselves, but burst out into one loud and successive laughter. The preacher stood aghast at this unaccountable folly and disrepect, and would probably have left

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