

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 burning sky,
Eternal polar frosts defy,
For money.

The furies dread, of wind and wave,
That round his bark tremendous rave,
The hardy sailor dares to brave,
For money.

The merchant's hope, the happy gale,
To wait 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O Money! source of weal and woe,
Our very friend, our deadly foe;
More precious wealth let's never forego,
Formoney.

Indianapolis, Dec. 4, 1828.

From the (Natchez) 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 en-
ergies 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 fearfully
contrasted with the vindictive roar of
the tempest and the stunning roar of
the heavy seas, as they thundered against
our bulwarks, and now increased to pain-
ful intensity by an ominous pause, when
the winds and the waters ceased their
clamour, and the giant spirits who sway-
ed their terrors, baffled in mischief, seem-
ed 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, throwing athwart the waste a lurid
gleam; lighting up its deep vallies, or
springing along its mountains, and wreath-
ing 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 ghast-
ly!

The black mass of clouds, now de-
scending, boiling and rolling with endless
involutions, and as a vast serpent gather-
ing up his dark folds for combat, came
on majestically, but in fearful energy,
directly upon us.

A report louder than artillery, an ap-
palling 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 resist-
ance was hopeless.

The fluid followed the mast, and at-
tracted 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 ought
to those we felt impending, when the
mad cry of "FIRE IN THE CABLE TIE!"
burst wildly from the crew.

Exertions, stimulated by consideration
of life and death, were used to extin-
guish the conflagration; but they were
vain, and could not be "got under." The
flame was rapidly coming aft, 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, plung-
ed her bows madly into the waves, rush-
ing on mountain high to meet her; and
as the flames eat into her vitals, consu-
ming 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
indiscribable; order and discipline
were contemned, and their warnings met
by ferocious scorn, and the independ-
ence 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 ex-
tremity 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,
wasthrown 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 jirk given in anger by the
corse, to suppress my struggles, or
strengthen his grasp.

I trusted that death would have relax-
ed the fingers; but the frosty air, con-
tracted them, and I felt the gripe, 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 desola-
tion 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, kind-
red friends! There were a thousand
deaths in the reflection!

As the flame curled upward, envelop-
ing shrouds, canvass, and spars, the
ship seemed invested with the wild en-
ergies 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 tor-
ture, and painful death; but even this I
was not destined to realize. The maga-
zine did indeed explode; but I yet lived,
and the fire rolled onward, wrapt me in
its burning folds! I screamed with ag-
ony, and a last desperate effort to dash
myself and the dead man into the sea, I
awoke!

I had blended mysiesta with the event-
ful story of "The Flying Dutchman," and
the volume still remained in my hand.

A noble coal fire was sparkling and roar-
ing in the grate, and my limbs were sit-
ting by it slyly enjoying their villany.

The dogs had hung a heavy quarto of
Johnson, to my toes, fired squibs, ser-
pents, and spiders, 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 re-
pose of "the seven sleepers."

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

Valuable 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, a-
rose from the decay of her stomach, and
the difficulty of finding any kind of alim-
ent 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 yalks of eggs,
beaten up with flour of potatoes and wa-
ter." 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 ef-
ficacy, however, in cases of debility, can-
not be questioned, and the following is
the mode of preparing the valuable ar-
ticle of food, as recommended by Sir
John Sinclair: Recipe—Beat up an egg
in a bowl, and then fill six table spoon-
fuls 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 addi-
tion 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 stom-
ach gets stronger.

Sir Isaac Newton was once riding over
Salisbury plain, when a boy keeping
sheep called to him, "Sir, you had bet-
ter make haste on, or you will get a wet
jacket." Newton looking round and ob-
serving 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 de-
termined, 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 fore-
tell 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 turp his
tail towards the wind, 'tis a sure sign of
rain within an hour." "What," ex-
claimed the philosopher, "must I in or-
der 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 Barbossan, and was extremely at-
tached to him. He followed him, if pos-
sible, 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 sly-
ly attended him to church, and mounting
on the sounding board above the pulpit,
unperceived, he lay quietly till the ser-
vice began. As soon as the preacher
commenced the sacred ceremonies, Pug
crept to the edge of the sounding board
overlooking his master, and imitated ev-
ery 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 com-
mencing the duties of divine worship.
The mimic, above his head, continued
to imitate every gesture with the great-
est archness. The people could not
compose their countenances; but in spite
of their utmost efforts, their risible mus-
cles were set in motion again and again.
The preacher now began to grow angry;
and in the warmth of his displeasure, re-
doubled his vociferations and his ges-
tures, thumped the pulpit with eagerness,
raised his hands on high, and accompa-
nied their motions with corresponding
 nods of the head. The monkey repeat-
ed all these gestures with the most gro-
tesque mockery; till at last the congre-
gation had no power over themselves,
but burst out into one loud and success-
ive laughter. The preacher stood a-
ghast at this unaccountable folly and dis-
respect, and would probably have left

the church had not one of his friends
stepped up to him and pointed out the
cause of this extraordinary behavior.
On looking up, it was with the greatest
difficulty he could command his own
countenance and preserve the serious as-
pect of his sacred character, whilst the
officers of the church were employed in
removing the comical intruder from his
station.

Mrs. Mary Ann Lewis,

DEEMS it a duty she owes the public, to
make known that she will at all times be
ready to minister to the wants of the sick and
afflicted those remedies, which, in a long course
of experiments, she has found to be effectual in
the most obstinate cases. Her medicine being
together with table preparations, is most im-
portant in its nature, but very powerful in effecting
speedy cures in difficult cases. She resides on
High street, Lawrenceburgh, a short distance be-
low the court house.

CERTIFICATES. I am pleased with the op-
portunity of relating to the public, that I labored
under a serious and painful complaint for a
number of years, and found but little relief until
I used Mrs. Lewis's medicine, and can now cer-
tify that I have been greatly relieved; and flatter
myself if I continue her prescriptions, that in a
short time I shall be restored to health.

MARY REYNOLDS.

Dearborn county, Ind. Nov. 24, 1828.

I do certify that I have been afflicted with a
pulmonary complaint and bad health for a long
time, and have been attended by eminent physi-
cians, but was not relieved until I used Mrs. Lewis's
medicines, and do not hesitate in stating that
I have been greatly restored to health.

WILLIAM UPP.

Lawrenceburgh, Ind. Nov. 24, 1828.

I do certify that I have received actual ben-
efit from Mrs. Lewis's medicine for the Num
Palsy.

WILLIAM GWIN.

To all whom it may concern, this my certifi-
cate that my wife has received more benefit from Mrs.
Lewis's medicine, in a short time, than she has
in five years past by doctors, and I believe her
to be very skilful in almost every complaint.

Moses KNEELAND.

Dearborn county, Ind. Dec. 5, 1828.

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 say-
ing 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 possi-
ble, 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 differ-
ent parts of the country.

We, the subscribers, have sold La Mott's
Cough Drops, as agents for the Messrs. Croasby &
The Medicine has obtained the approbation of
the public, by effecting many cures of the dis-
eases for which it is recommended. We have
therefore no hesitation in recommending LA
MOTT'S COUGH DROPS as an excellent medi-
cine.

G. Dawson, druggist, and late U. S. Surgeon
at Fort Fayette, Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. Hamm, M.
D. and E. D. Doan druggists, Zanesville, Wm.
Mount, M. D. Dayton; M. Wolf & Co. Apothec-
aries Hall, Goodwin & Ashton, and Farrelton
& Co. druggists, Cincinnati; Ira Dehaan, drug-
gist, Chichester; S. Sharpless, merchant, St.
Louisville; Wm. Lowry, merchant, Lebanon, O.
Dr. E. Ferris, Lawrenceburgh; Dr. H. W. Wells,
Madison, (Indiana); Thomas Wells, druggist,
Nashville; Thomas Davis, Shelbyville; and Dr.
George M. Daniel, Clarksville, (Tenn.); Byers &
Butler, druggists, Louisville; F. Floyd, druggist,
Frankfort; E. B. Price, merchant, Georgetown;
and R. M. Kercheval, druggist, Bardonia, Ky.

Certificates of important cases will accompany
each Bottle with particular directions for using
Said wholesale by O. & S. Crosby, Columbus,
Ohio; and by L. Thompson, Smith & Peasall,
Fullerton & Sexton, Butler & Jenkins, Briggs,
Philadelphia; and by S. Sweetser, George and
James Bailey, George H. & J. S. Keck, Balti-
more. Each bottle contains 45 doses—price 25c.
For Sale by E. FERRIS.

Lawrenceburgh, July 5, 1828.

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FULLING

AND

Cloth Dressing,

At Samuel Bond's Mill, on White Water.

THE subscriber wishes to inform his
friends and the public generally, that
he 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:—Lon-
don Brown, full, fine dress, 25 cents;—Wom-
en's wear, ditto, 14 cents;—Buff, Bottle
Greens, London Smokes, Olives, Browns,
Blacks, and Navy Blues, full, fine dress, from
18 3/4 to 20 cents; Women's wear of the a-
bove colours, from 10 to 12 1/2 cents per yard.
Light and dark Drabs, Leads, full, fine
dress, 8 to 12 cents. Coloured cloth, full
and pressed, 6 1/4; if sheared once or twice,
5 cents, finest dress 10 cents; and all other
work in the above business, done at the same
rates at the above Mill.

MILES KELLOGG.

White Water, Aug 4th 1828.

31st.

Cloth will be received at Ewing and
Gibson's store, Lawrenceburgh, and return it
there again every two weeks finished.

Flour, Corn Meal, Pork,

Beef, Chickens, Potatoes,

Wood, and most kinds of country pro-

duce, will be received at this Office in pay-

ment of papers or other debts.

CASH given for PORK.

Apply to

Baxter Davis.

Lawrenceburgh, Dec. 5, 1828.

REMOVAL.

DARRAH & ASKEW,

INFORM the public that they

have removed their

Grocery Store

to the log building adjoining the Market house,

on the south west corner of High and Walnut

streets; where they have and intend keeping

constantly on hand a very general assortment

of

GROCERIES, LIQUORS, &c. &c.

Also, Flour, Whiskey & Salt,

by the barrel, or retail. All of which articles

they offer for sale very low for cash.

Dec. 6, 1823.

A. HILL---Tailor,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of

Lawrenceburgh and its vicinity, that he has

commented the

TAILORING BUSINESS,

next door above John Gray's Inn. From an ex-

perience of 18 years at the business, he flatters

himself that he can render general satisfaction

to those who may give him a call.

Lawrenceburgh, Oct. 24th, 1828.

Administrator's Sale.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given, that I shall

expose to sale, at public vendue, on the pre-

mise, on the third Saturday in January, which

will be the 17th day of January 1829, all the

right, title, interest, claim and demand of John

McClure, deceased, in, over, and to the south-

east quarter of section No. 29, in town No. 7,

range 2 west, in the county of Dearborn, which

land is sold under a decree of the probate court

of Dearborn, for the payment of the just debts of

said deceased. I further notify the public, that

as far as can be ascertained, the said estate will

be insolvent, and I shall claim the settlement of

it as such.

HUGH MCCLURE, Adm'r.

Dec. 9, 1828.

TAKEN UP,

By JOHN SUNMAN, in Adams

Township, Ripley County, Indiana,

a BAY MARE with a yoke on,

about six years old; fourteen and

a half hands high; with black mane

and tail; left hind foot white; and a snip of the

nose. Appraised to twenty dollars. Also a

light Bay Colt; about eight months old; no

marks or brands perceivable. Appraised to

eight dollars by William Terry and Thomas

Clark, this 7th day of November, 1828.

A true Copy from my Estray Book.

JOHN SUNMAN J. P.

TAKEN UP

By Joseph Lenozer, of Dearborn

County, Casser Creek Township,

a BAY MARE, White face, some

white hairs about the hips, crease-

fallen, about thirteen and a half

hands high, no marks or brands perceivable.

Appraised at twelve dollars by Samuel Graham,

Peter Brokaw, and George Settles, Nov. 13, 1828.

A true Copy from my Estray Book.

JOHN LYONS, J. P.

Valuable real estate for Sale.

By virtue of a decree of the Dearborn cir-