

MISCELLANY.

From the Pearl.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Thou spot of earth—where from my bosom
The first weak tones of nature rose;
Where first I cropp'd the stainless blossom
Of pleasure yet unmixed with woes:
Where with my new-born powers delighted,
I tript beneath a mother's hand;
In thee the quenchless flame was lighted,
That sparkles for my native land!

And when in childhood's quiet morning
Sometimes to distant haunts we rove,
The heart, like bended bow returning,
Springs swifter to its home of love!
Each hill and dale that shared our pleasures,
Becomes a heaven in memory;
And even the broken veteran measures
With sprightly steps his haunts of glee.

O'er Norway's crags, o'er Denmark's valleys,
Heroic tombs profusely rise,
Memorials of the love that rallies
Men round their banners, and knots their ties.
Dear is the bond of filial duty,
Dear is the grasp of friendly hand,
Dear is the kiss of opening beauty,
And dear, yes dear, our Native Land.

call the people to support the man on whom he depends for his office; well, thinks I no wonder the man is zealous in this case; he evidently has an axe to grind.

From the Berkshire American.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST—A FARCE.

Scene.—An editor is discovered in an elbow-chair, with a long list of subscribers before him, his face radiant with hope, and his pockets filled, in anticipation, to overflowing. Enter printer's devil with a bundle of letters, postage unpaid. The editor glancing his eye over the contents, turns *blue*, for where he expected bank bills, he finds only the paper-maker's bill, the type founder's bill, the ink manufacturer's bill, &c. &c. In this situation, surrounded with mephitic and confounded with horrors, he takes the printer's devil to be a *blue devil*, and having invoked his aid in conjuring up the ghosts of delinquent subscribers, he begins to read over their names.

Editor. John Lumberfunction.

Ghost. Here!

Editor. Dr. to paper five years—total amount \$15

Ghost. Intends to settle up as soon as ever he draws that 'ere prize in the lottery, which he is looking for every day.

Editor. Rodman Limberwig!

Ghost. Runaway.

Editor. The devil catch him!

Pr. Dev. I don't know where to find him, sir.

Editor. Peter Gimcrank!

Ghost. Gone to jail.

Editor. The devil go with him!

Pr. Dev. I'd rather not sir.

Editor. Lemuel Love-the-bottle!

Ghost. Lays out all his money for grog,

Editor. [Striking his name off the list, and proceeding to the next.] Nehemiah Pigarlack!

Ghost. Here!

Editor. Dr. to paper three years, and adv-ruising sundries—total amount \$12.

Ghost. Can't pay the money; will you take any thing in the way of *trade*?

Editor. Yes, any way to accommodate,

I'll take my pay in firewood.

Ghost. Hasn't any wood to spare. Any thing else in the world will be at your service.

Editor. Well, then, I will take a few bushels of grain.

Ghost. Is sorry to say he has not a bushel of grain to sell. But any thing else that you want.

Editor. I'll take some pork.

Ghost. Unluckily the pork is all prom-ised.

Editor. A side of beef, then.

Ghost. Has all his own beef to buy; but any thing else in the world that you can mention.

Editor. I should like a load of potatoes.

Ghost. Great part of them were spoilt by the frost, so that—

Editor. Some winter apples would not come amiss.

Ghost. Cattle got into the orchard and eat 'em all up. But can't you think of something else that you would like?

Editor. Ay, I'll take any thing in the world to get my pay—even to a load of chips and whet-stones."

Ghost. Very well—he'll take time to think about it. [Exit.]

Editor. Ephraim Puddingstone!

Ghost. Has broke to pieces long ago.

Editor. Luther Quintenbogus!

Ghost. Disappeared between twodays.

Editor. Anthony Scurvypocket!

Ghost. Never intended to pay.

The farce proceeds in this way till the editor, out of all patience, thrusts the subscription list into the fire, oversets the printer's devil with his foot, and throws his inkstand at the ghost, some of whom vanish into thin air, and the rest dance a *fandango* at his disappointment and mortification.

English Wars. Of 127 years, terminating in 1815, England spent 65 in war, and 62 in peace. The war of 1688, after lasting nine years, and raising our expenditure in that period to thirty-six millions, was ended by the treaty of Ryswick in 1697. Then came the war of the Spanish succession, which began 1702, concluded in 1713, and absorbed sixty-two and a half millions of our money. Next was the Spanish war of 1739, settled finally at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, after costing us nearly fifty-four millions. Then came the seven years' war of 1756, which terminated with the treaty of Paris in 1763, in the course of which we spent 112 millions. The next was the American war of 1776, which lasted eight years.—Our national expenditure in this time was 136 millions. The French revolutionary war began in 1793, lasted 9 years, and exhibited an expenditure of 464 millions. The war against Bonaparte, began in 1803, and ended in 1815. During those 12 years, we spent 1159 millions; 771 of which were raised by taxes, 388 by loans. In the revolutionary war we borrowed 201 millions; in the American 104 millions; in the seven years' war, 60 millions; in the Spanish war of 1739, 29 millions; in the war of the Spanish succession, 32 1-2 millions; in the war of 1588, 20 millions;—total borrowed in the seven wars, during 65 years, about 834 millions. In the same time we raised by taxes 1189 millions; thus forming a total expenditure of 2023 millions.

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks look out, good people, that fellow would set all to turning grindstones.

When I see a man holding a fat office, sounding the "horn on the borders," to

Weekly Review.

call the people to support the man on whom he depends for his office; well, thinks I no wonder the man is zealous in this case; he evidently has an axe to grind.

The following strange and incredible story appears in the York Herald:

"Last week a man passed through York, who is subsisting upon precarious charity, and who calls himself William Leek, and describes himself as having formerly been at sea, and who is labouring under the following very remarkable affliction. There is every external evidence of a living creature, apparently the size of a rat, being in his stomach. It is incessantly in motion except when the poor fellow eats and drinks, and then the moment the act of swallowing commences, it may be observed to rise towards the throat, and, from the form the man's stomach assumes, it seems to be busily engaged in devouring the food he is taking. When he drinks, on applying the ear to his stomach, a sound resembling that made by a dog or cat when lapping water, may be distinctly heard. Once a month this unseen reptile, or what ever it is, secretes the food it has taken, and the effects upon the man are melancholy in the extreme. The anguish he suffers throws him into fits, in the paroxysm of which he used to tear his flesh to such a degree, that his teeth have been forced out by the gags which it has been found necessary to put into his mouth—the marks of the bites are still visible on his left, or, as he termed it, his labored arm. He has been laboring under this singular disease three years, and the only account he can give of its origin, is the drinking about that time some water out of a stagnant pond in the fens of Lincolnshire. He says he has been in the London hospitals, and minutely examined by Sir Astley Cooper, who pronounced his case a very singular one, but for which he could prescribe no remedy. He informed us that he had poison administered to him to the greatest extent the faculty durst prescribe, but it had produced no effect upon the strange tenant of his stomach. He spoke with much resolution upon his hopes, that after his death, the opening of his body might unravel the mystery, and perhaps be of service, should any other individual fall into a similar misfortune. He is obliged to take meat with him when he retires to rest, for though while he sleeps the motion in his stomach ceases, yet he is not allowed to repose long before he is awakened by a craving for food, which he is obliged immediately to administer. The case is certainly a most extraordinary one, and there is, from the frank manner of the man, no reason to suspect any deception—indeed the nature of the external evidence is such, as, in our opinion, to prevent its possibility. He left York on Thursday last, and said he intended to go to Maltby, I'll take my pay in firewood.

Ghost. Hasn't any wood to spare. Any thing else in the world will be at your service.

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MILES KELLOGG

White Water, Aug 4th 1828. 81st.

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

TAKEN UP,

By JOHN SUNMAN, in Adams

Township, Ripley County, Indiana,

& 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 on the

rose. Appraised to twenty dollars. Also a

Light Bay Colt; about eight months old; no

marks or brands perceptible. Appraised to

eight dollars by William Terry and Thomas

Clark, this 7th day of November, 1828.

A true Copy from my Estry Book.

JOHN SUNMAN J. P.

50-3w

Blank Deeds

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFCE.

CINCINNATI PRICE CURRENT.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY.]

ARTICLES.	FROM	SETS.	8 CT.
Ashes, pot, ton,		90	00
Pearl "		100	00
Bees' wax	lb	20	22
Candles, dipped	lb	9	10
Mould	lb	11	12
Castings	per ton	60	00
Cigars, Amer. 1st qual	1000	75	100
Spanish	"	8	10 00
Coffee best qual	per lb	164	17
Cotton	per lb	10	11
Cotton Yarn, Nos. 5 to 10 lb		27	2
Feathers live geese & ducks	lb	23	25
Mackerel No 1 per bltl		00	00
No 2 & 3 "		8 50	9 00
Plaisted bushel		574	40
Flock sup. fresh from wagons	bbl	5	50
in store		5	62
Ginseng per lb		15	18
Gunpowder Lexington Ky keg	5 50	6 25	
Dupont's "		7 50	
Hemp per lb		5	
Iron, Juniata hammered ton		130 00	135 00
Puddled		80	00
Hoop 6, 8 & 10d	"	130	00
Nail rods	"	116	00
Lead pig and bar	lb	4	5
Leather sole, Eastern tan	lb	23	25
do Cincinnati	"	25	25
Calfskins dozen		18 00	26 00
Upper	do	24	30 00
Molasses, New Orleans gal		40	
Nails, Bowen's 4d & 10d lb		9	
Jumatta "		8	
Pittsburgh common "		6	7</