

MISCELLANY.

From the Jefferson Democrat.

Hard but Fair.

A life in town's a life of woe,
Of mischief, dread and care,
Our neighbors vex us night and day,
With matters hard but fair.

How fair it seems to go in debt,
How hard sometimes to pay,
Because those folks who owe us most
Cut stick and run away.

It's hard sometimes to get in debt,
Because our credit's down,
But fair with those who trust refuse,
For that's the way in town.

It's fair to ask a lovely miss,
A pleasant walk to take,
Along some stream or through some grove,
But hard to get a sack?

And if by chance we have a wife,
And children by her side,
It's fair to eat a scanty meal,
But hard to please the bride.

Sometimes to be like other folks.
A party we must make,
It's fair to ask the ladies there,
But hard to stop their clack?

Sometimes a grogshop heaves in view,
That seems to lure the eye,
It's fair to stop and take a dram,
But hard to pass it by.

Some folks in town would think it fair,
To join the temperance roll,
But oft they find it very hard,
To shun the flowing bowl.

The hardest case that I can find,
Is every one to please,
Some think it fair to pray erect,
And some upon their knees.

Some think it hard to pray at all,
And some would never cease,
But I should think it very fair,
To pray just when I please.

It's hard but fair to pay a debt,
It's fair but hard to die,
It's hard to live a life in town,
But fair—I know not why.

FRAGMENT.

Man! mortal man! to giftful error prone,
Sees others' faults, yet can't discern his own;
Views with an eye of jealousy the fame
His persevering brethren claim:
With self displeased, laments the mis-spent

past,
Vows this erroneous point, and that, the last;
New scenes, and finds his projects end in
pain,

Resolves to plan no more—then plans again.
On childhood thus does youth imperious
frown,

And manhood next on youth displeased
looks down:

Age sees in manhood follies to deplore,
And grieves youth, childhood, manhood are
no more.

And such the feelings of the bard, whose
breast

First teem'd with fancied flowers, but weeds
at best;

Whose youth put forth full many a feeble lay,
Which his maturer sense had cast away:

As sires, whose children are regardless
grown,

He calls them his, yet faint he would disown.

THE POISONOUS VALLEY OF JAVA.

Under this head we find the following singular story in one of the late London Journals. The account was communicated to the Royal Geographical Society in London, at its meeting on the 28th November, by John Barrow, Esq. to whom it had been written, in the form of a letter, from Mr. Alexander Loudon. If the circumstances related are true, the existence of this poisonous valley may account for the fabulous tales concerning the Upas tree. There is nothing in it positively incredible; as the effects attributed to the atmosphere might be occasioned by the exhalation of gasses from poisonous minerals, and the whole valley only another *Grotto del Cane* on a larger scale.

The letter contained the account of a visit to a small valley in the island of Java, which is particularly remarkable for its power of destroying in a very short space of time the life of man or any animal exposed to its atmosphere. It is distant only three miles from Batur, in Java, and on the 4th of July, 1831, Mr. Loudon, with a party of friends, set out to visit it. It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and, following a path which had been made for that purpose, the party shortly after reached it, with a couple of dogs and some fowls, for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountain the party dismounted, and scrambled up the side of a hill, a distance of a quarter of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. In consequence of the heavy rain that had fallen during the night, this was rendered more difficult, and occasioned much fatigue. When a few yards from the valley, a strong nauseous and suffocating smell was experienced, but on approaching the margin this inconvenience was no longer found. The scene that now presented itself is described as one of the most appalling in nature. The valley is about a half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about thirty or thirty-five feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat; without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. The attention of the party was immediately attracted to the number of skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deer, and all sorts of wild animals, which lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley appeared to be a hard sandy substance, and no vapour was perceived issuing from it, nor any opening through

which it might escape; and the sides were covered with vegetation. It was now proposed to enter it, and each of the party, having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening noisome smell was experienced, without any difficulty in breathing. A dog was now fastened at the end of a bamboo, and thrust to the bottom of the valley; while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effects. At the expiration of fourteen seconds the dog fell off its legs, without moving or looking round, and continued alive only 18 minutes. The other dog now left the party and went to his companion: on reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds, he fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl, was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a half, and another which was thrown in after, died in the space of a minute and a half. A heavy shower of rain fell during the time these experiments were going forward, which from the interesting nature of the experiments was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton, the head resting on the right arm. The effect of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. Two hours were passed in this valley of death, and the party had some difficulty in getting out of it, owing to the rain that had fallen. The human skeletons are supposed to be those of rebels, who had been pursued from the main road, and taken refuge in the valley without their knowledge of the danger to which they were thus exposing themselves.

Extraordinary Character.—In July 1818, A. M. Cromwell of Hammersmith, died suddenly in Tottenham Court Road. He was returning from the corn-market, when he was taken ill and carried in a dying state, into the house of a corn-chandler in Tottenham Court Road. The master of the shop, who knew him, was from home, and in the country. His wife did not know him, and he was therefore treated with no more attention from her than humanity dictated. He remained in the shop, and a crowd was collected in consequence, his dress not being speaking him a man of wealth or respectability, till he could be removed to the parish workhouse. However some gentlemen passing by chance, recognized him; and, knowing him to be a wealthy man, thought it right to search his person in the presence of several witnesses, when they found bank-notes to the amount of 1500*l.* A surgeon was sent for, who attended and examined him, and declared that in his opinion he had been dying during the last two hours, in consequence of the breaking of a blood vessel, supposed to be near his heart. It is said he was worth *two millions and a half*. He was 75 years old, and had been accumulating property for a great number of years, living at the most trifling expense. He frequently bought his clothes in Monmouth-street, and wore them as long as they would hang together; his breeches were very greasy and ragged; his stockings usually contained many holes; in fact, he could not be distinguished by his dress from his men. In the summer season he was frequently up at three o'clock, attending to and assisting in loading the brick carts, &c. &c. &c.—His wealth did not improve or alter his conduct, manners, or mode of living. He provided plenty of food for the house, but it was in a very rough style—fat pork, fat bacon, &c. sometimes poultry. His hog-feeders and other men sat at table with him in their working dress; and, if a friend happened to dine with him, his men were made company for them, and he did not deviate from his daily plan of helping his men first.

Last days of Napoleon.—The emperor for some time considered himself attacked by an internal disease, which would speedily prove fatal to him. He mentioned it; but it was supposed to be nothing more than the wandering of an imagination left unemployed. A few weeks before his death, he labored with a spade in his garden so long and so severely, as almost to faint from fatigue. Somebody suggested to him the probable injury to his health: ‘No,’ said he ‘it cannot hurt my health—that is lost beyond all hope. It will but shorten my days.’ He gave but little time to the composition of the *Memoirs* of his Life. Bertrand one day urged him to labour with more assiduity. ‘It is beneath me,’ said he, ‘to be the historian of my own life: Alexander had his *Quintus Curtius*, and I shall have mine. At all events, my life is recorded in my achievements.’

A short time before his malady became serious, he abandoned his reserve, and became familiar with every-body. He set a high value upon Bertrand but did not like him. He said to him, one day at table, ‘Bertrand, it was not your attachment to me, but your love of glory, that brought you to St. Helena—you would immortalize your name as my *fides Achates*,’ (the faithful companion of the hero of the *Aeneid*.) A little girl only nine years old the daughter of a sergeant of the garrison, often kept him company. He took great pleasure in speaking to her, and on coming, always kissed her on the cheek. He constantly provided himself with fruits or sweetmeats for her, and shortly before his death hung round her neck a small gold watch and gold chain. ‘Julie, (said he,) wear this for my sake.’ With a penknife he grav'd on the cover, clumsily enough it is true, these words,—The Emperor to his little friend Julie. He sometimes amused himself in giving this child lesson in drawing from the surrounding mountain scenery, with the most laughable whimsical figures and objects interspersed. His predilection for this child is extraordinary: she had nothing interesting in her person, and was in capacity rather below the average of the little girls of her age. The 2d of April was the day on which he was observed to be seriously indisposed. He rose early, and

walked in the garden. He, after a few minutes, sat upon a bank, apparently faint. Montholon went up to him, and asked him if he was taken ill. ‘Yes, (said he,) I feel nausea and sick stomach, the *ancient couriers* of death.’ Count Montholon smiled. Bonaparte took his arm and said, ‘My friend, we must not laugh at death when he is so near us.’ The little Julie soon appeared with a basket, and caught his attention. He brought her into the saloon, where breakfast was prepared, and filled her basket with different sweet things, adding a bottle of liqueur, with these words, ‘This is for your father to drink my health.’ One day he sent for a jeweller to alter or repair some trinkets, and asked him if he could make a silver coffin. The Jeweller tried to shift the question; Bonaparte repeated it, ‘I shall die, (said he,) in a few weeks.’ ‘God forbid that we should lose your Highness,’ said the other. ‘God grant that I may die soon,—very soon,’ returned Bonaparte: ‘I am well convinced that life is not a blessing but a curse.’

He often stretched himself on a sofa opposite the garden window, and read with a loud voice from *Telmaclius*, or the *Meniade*. He inquired one day with great eagerness, whether an English journal could be procured him. With some difficulty a newspaper was provided. He took it and glanced over it hastily, and suddenly exclaimed—‘Ah! Naples! Naples! poor devils—Murat was the bravest king they ever had; but he did not know his subjects. They are all Lazaroni, from the Duke of ——, down to the lowest beggar!’ The morning of the day on which he died he said, ‘Death has nothing to affright me. For three weeks death has been the companion of my pillow. Now he is about to embrace me, and bear me away forever.’

MONEY.

Put money in thy purse—*Shakespeare*.

We take our pen in hand, as our good old grandfathers used to say in writing to their sweethearts, to write a small chapter on money. It is a fruitful subject, inasmuch as it is the governing principle [if we may be allowed the expression] of mankind, and the axis of human ambition. Money is a good thing—a bad thing—a kind servant—a bad master—a thief in the temple of virtue—a ministering spirit to the needy—a villain in disguise—and, withal, a sad rake. What opens the fair arms of the blushing girl to the embraces of the old, infirm, and ugly? Money. What builds up a fool in the opinion of the world? Money. What causes old ladies to look kindly upon the advances of a young man to a blooming daughter? Money. What brings complimentary remarks from the old and humble, acknowledgements from the young? Money. What is the criterion of right and wrong? Money. What is the wrangling, struggling, cheating, browbeating, shuffling, and bowing, so prevalent among mankind? Money. What in fact, is the great standard of human affection? Money. What makes the printer struggle in the mire of politics? Money. What leads the editor to inform the public of these facts? Money. Do you take, sir? You are the very man we wish to hear from.

Life is short.—The poor pittance of 70 years is not worth being a villain for.—What matters it if your neighbor is interred in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind you through the track of time, a vast desert lies open in the retrospect; through this desert have your fathers journeyed on, until wearied with years and sorrows, they sunk from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fell and you are to go a little further, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, be not dismayed. The universe is in endless motion; every moment is big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.

Benefit of early instruction.—A lady observing a little girl, apparently lost in the street, accosted her with the question of ‘whose child are you?’ ‘Child of wrath, ma'am,’ cried the little urchin, dropping a curtsey as if addressing the person. ‘Where were you born?’ resumed the lady. ‘Born in sin, ma'am,’ persevered the diminutive theologian.

A hint to Anglers.—A paper states that a person at Enfield, crossing a pond, being thirsty and perceiving a hole in the ice, stooped down to drink; being possessed of a very long red nose, a fish supposed that he had some bait, made a bold snap at it, when the man threw back his head, and drew out a trout weighing 31 lbs. 4 oz.

In looking over the list of candidates for civil officers in the Cherokee nation, as announced in the *Phoenix*, we observe the following among others:—Sleeping Rabbit, Sweet Water, Roman Nose, Parched Corn.

Lumber for Sale.

THE subscriber has lately received a very large addition to his stock of LUMBER, and now offers for sale

425,000 feet of Boards and Plank,
14,000 " Joist,
15,000 " Scantling,
500,000 Shingles.

WM. TATE.

Lawrenceburg, July 12, 1832. —26

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Charles A. W. Washburn, late of Cincinnati, Ohio, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment; and all to whom said estate is indebted are called upon to present their accounts legally proven, within one year from this date.

CALVIN WASHBURN, Adm'r.

Cincinnati, 14th Sept. 1832. —35-3w

Wabash and Erie Canal.

222,000 ACRES OF WABASH AND ERIE CANAL LANDS FOR SALE, ON A CREDIT OF FIFTEEN YEARS.

There will be offered at Public Sale commencing on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, in the town of FORT WAYNE, in the State of Indiana, Two Hundred and Twenty-two Thousand Acres of Lands, in the Canal Division, situated in the valleys of the Wabash, Little, and Maumee rivers, on or within five miles of the Canal route, from near the mouth of the Tippecanoe to the state line dividing Indiana and Ohio.

The sale will commence with offering the lands in Township No. XXIV north, Range No. III west, near the mouth of Tippecanoe, and proceed northwardly and eastwardly, in regular order, from the lowest to the highest township in each range, as the tracts have been numbered in the public surveys, until all shall have been offered.

These lands were selected from those of the General Government in tracts of every size, and contain too large a quantity to be expressed individually in an advertisement. Maps showing the particular tracts, which will be offered at the sale, are being deposited in the Clerk's Offices in the counties of Tippecanoe, Carroll, Cass and Allen, which probably the Clerks will show if so requested. Maps of the whole division are also in the office of the Canal Commissioners at Fort Wayne, and with Jordan Vigus, Canal Commissioner, at Logansport, which will be open for the inspection of any person wishing to make an examination.

According to the provisions of the law on this subject, these lands are classed into first second and third rates; and are valued at \$3,50 \$2,50, and \$1.50 per acre; they will be offered at these prices, and if not sold during the public sale, will at any time thereafter be subject to be entered at the same rates at private sale, at the office of the Commissioners at Fort Wayne, or such other place in the Canal Division as may be selected for that purpose.

The terms at either public or private sale, will be one-fourth part of the purchase money, with one year's interest in advance, on the remainder; to be paid at the time of sale. The interest to be paid annually thereafter, until the final payment shall be made; and the balance of the purchase money to be paid on or before the first of October, 1847, conditioned that a failure to pay interest or principal for more than twenty days after the same shall have become due, forfeits the tract to the state, and subjects it to be sold for the benefit of the Canal Fund.

It is perhaps superfluous to add, that the Canal donation is some hundred miles from the apprehended seat of Indian war; in the interior of a country settled far beyond it, and entirely remote from danger from that cause. At this time it is entirely free from Cholera, or any epidemic disease whatever, and from the healthy situation of the country is expected to remain so. It is believed to be equally useless to detail the advantages of these lands; it is enough to remark, that 30,000 acres of them, were selected in small tracts, for their superior quality, out of more than 200,000 acres before they had been in market, when the choice of the country was free;—that they are now offered for the first time—that no part of the remainder has been in market, except once, at a public sale which lasted ten days—that they embrace a considerable portion of the richest lands in Indiana and are situated in a healthy country, well watered with springs, mill streams, and navigable rivers; that they afford a great variety of timbered and prairie lands; which with their situation directly on the Canal route, and with the Canal commenced under favorable auspices of being completed in a reasonable time, presents an favorable opportunity for the capitalist to invest his money,—the farmer to procure an eligible situation for his farm, with a cash market for his products at his own door—and the industrious man with his labor to earn a home, as has been ever offered in the Western Country.

D. BURR, JOHN VIGUS, SAM'L LEWIS, Fort Wayne Aug. 8, 1832. 34-tds.

NOTICE.—THE Stockholders of the Lawrenceburg Insurance Company are hereby notified, that an election for nine directors for said company will be held at their office in Lawrenceburg, on the second Monday in October next, between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock.

The Stockholders of said company are also notified, that one dollar on each share of stock is required to be paid on or before the 10th day of October next.

By order of the Board of Directors.

THOMAS PORTER, Sec'y.

CORN FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale 10 acres of standing corn, growing in the vicinity of Hardinsburg; also, 10 acres on land of Isaac Dunn near Andrew Morgan's. It will be sold either for cash in hand or on a credit of 6 months, to suit purchasers. For terms apply to

JOHN CALAHAN

Sept. 4, 1832. 34-tf.

LAW NOTICE.

AMOS LANE, Attorney and counsellor at Law, will, in future, give his undivided attention to his profession—may be consulted at his office, on high street, near the clerk's office, at all times, except when at Court—will attend the Circuit, Probate, and Commissioners' Courts, in the County of Dearborn. The Circuit Courts in Franklin, Switzerland, Ripley and Decatur counties. The Supreme and District Courts at Indianapolis. And will attend to business of *importance, either civil or criminal* in any other courts in this, or adjoining states. He trusts that his long and successful practice, will insure him, his former liberal portion of professional business, when the public shall be assured, that all business entrusted to his charge, shall receive his prompt attention, and best efforts, to bring it to a speedy and successful close.

AMOS LANE.

Lawrenceburg, June 13th, 1832. —24

To Printers.

THE subscribers have commenced an establishment for the manufacture of Printing Presses from Super-Imperial to Medium size of approved construction, the workmanship and materials of which they warrant equal to any made in the western country and which they will sell on liberal terms. Persons wishing to purchase, are invited to call and examine, at the manufacture on 5th street, between Elm and Plum streets, Cincinnati.

DICK