

POETICAL.



CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

St. Matthew, viii 24-27.
Midnight was on the mighty deep,
And darkness filled the boundless sky,
While mad the raging wind was heard
The sea-birds' mournful cry:
For tempest clouds were mustering wrath
Across the sea's trackless path.

It came at length—one fearful gust
Rent from the mast the shivering sail,
And drove the helpless bark along,
The plaything of the gale;
While fearfully the lightning's glare
Fell on the pale brows gathered there.

But there was one, whose bright face
Unmarked the livid lightning flashed,
And on whose still, serene form,
Unfold the sea-spray's foam:
For, amid the tempest's spray, force and wild,
He slumbered like a wearied child.

Oh! who could look upon that face,
And feel the sting of coward fear?
Though hell's fierce demons raged around,
Yet heaven itself was there:
For who that glorious brow could see,
Nor own a present deity?

With hurried fear they press around
The lowly Saviour's humble bed,
As if his very touch had power
To shield their souls from dread;
While, cradled on the raging deep,
He lay in calm and tranquil sleep.

Vainly they struggled with their fears,
But wilder still the tempest woke,
Till from their full and over-fraught hearts
The voice of terror broke:
"Behold! we sink beneath the wave—
"We perish, Lord! but thou canst save!"

Slowly he rose—and mild rebuke
Shone in his soft and heaven-lit eye—
"Oh ye of little faith!" he cried,
"Is not your master nigh?"
"Is not your hope of succor just?
"Why know ye not in whom ye trust?"

He turned away, and conscious power
Dilated his majestic form:
As o'er the boiling sea he bent,
The ruler of the storm,
Earth to its center felt the thrill,
As low he murmured—"Peace! Be still!"

Back to the burst of meeting waves,
The roaring of the angry sea!
A moment more and all is hushed
In deep tranquillity:
While not a breeze is near to break
The mirror'd surface of the lake.

Then, on the striding heights of all,
Fell anxious doubt and holy awe,
As faintly they gazed on him
Whose will was nature's law:
"What man is this," they cry, "whose word
"E'en by the raging sea is heard?"

A TALE OF OLD TIMES.

During the revolutionary war, when the British were cruising on the coast, using every favorable opportunity of landing to destroy property, the militia kept themselves in constant readiness to meet any emergency. A large company was organized at Manomet Ponds, a village seven miles from Plymouth. They had frequent trainings, and were often heard to express a wish for an opportunity of measuring bayonets with John Bull. About this time a crew of Marblehead fishermen landed at Manomet one fine morning to wash out a cargo of cod. A boy residing in the vicinity, spied them standing in the water in their red shirts, and almost dead with fright, ran to the house of the redoubtable Capt. B—, informing him that a regiment of red-coats were paraded on the beach. The Captain immediately sent his drummers and messengers through the neighborhood, and in fifteen minutes the whole squad was under arms. The gallant Captain harangued his fellow soldiers: he told them that they were now to fight not only for their lives, but for all which makes life desirable; for their sweethearts, their homes, their wives and children. "Now," said he, "is a golden opportunity. Let us show to the world the courage and bravery of the people of Manomet Ponds, and posterity shall rise up and call us blessed. Now let us onward, and may the man who first turns his back upon the contest be forever branded as a coward." This speech was met with a loud murmur of applause; the pieces were charged, the bayonets fixed, and with shouldered arms marched to the precipitous cliffs which overhang the shore. What were their thoughts and feelings on the march we must leave the reader to conjecture. They doubtless felt the fear which always attends the soldier when first going into actual service; they thought of the pain of gun-shot wounds, and that some among their number would be cold in the embrace of death ere the sun should reach his meridian. Such thoughts at least recoiled in the mind of Capt. B.; but whether these outweighed his lofty ideas of the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," or whether he doubted the prowess of his troops, we cannot ascertain. Certain it is, however, that on arriving at the cliff, below the fishermen were quietly pursuing their occupation, he instantly turned upon his heel, exclaiming, "There are the red-coats! let every man take care of himself!" This speech was evidently more welcome than the first: the whole party immediately took to flight, not one venturing to look behind him, until they were safely intrenched in the mud and bogs of Beaver Dam Swamp.

Old Colonial Democrat.

TROUBLE.

The New York Mirror and the Advocate and Journal, each backed by sundry doughty correspondents, have been bravely discussing the method of properly writing invitation cards. One says it should be "the Miss Browns," another the "Misses Brown," while a third avers that it should read, "the young women whose name is Brown," with other equally wise conclusions tending very much to explain away the ambiguities of our language. If the difference of opinion between the combatants is likely to become serious, we would advise the young ladies whose maiden cognomen is scandalously Miss-represented, exchange it for some more graceful title, which will not be so obnoxious, or leave so much room for this comical exhibition of editorial gallantry.

Buffalo Bulletin.

A farmer in a neighboring town sent out his son John to feed the hogs. On reaching the last one of a litter of fine pigs. He seized a stake, and in a rage struck the old sow over the head and killed her. Supposing he had made a bad matter worse, he returned to the house expecting chastisement, and informed his father that all the pigs had been destroyed by their mother.

"Why didn't you kill the d—d critter?" said he in a rage.
"I did father!"
"You did? You good-for-nothing fellow!—I've a mind to dog you within an inch of your life!"

Anecdote.—A gentleman found that a species of vegetables, called onions, were in the constant habit of disappearing from his garden without an assignable cause, except the agency of a little negro of his. He accordingly applied the hickory very plentifully to the supposed delinquent, notwithstanding his lamentable protestation of innocence. A day or two after, he was surprised at the entrance into his room of the negro, preceded by a formidable stench, and bearing in his arms a certain grey animal, known commonly as a polecat. "Here massa," cried the negro, "I told you, you whip me for nothin'.—Here 'em chap that steal he ingyun. I smell he bred!"—Weekly Messenger.

ENCOURAGING TO YOUNG MEN.

What was Nathaniel Green, whom Washington termed the "first soldier of the revolution?" He was a blacksmith, and raised himself to the enviable station which he acquired by his thirst for knowledge, and untiring industry.

Who does not remember, or who has not read of the bookbinder, Knox, and the fame and honor which he acquired by his own exertion?

Willet, also, who was called "the bravest of the brave," and who moved so conspicuously among the mechanics of New York.

We will not suppose any reader ignorant of Franklin, the poor journeyman printer, who amidst the varied avocations of a busy life, had made himself one of the most accomplished men of the times, and after attaining the highest honors of scientific fame in his venerable and illustrious old age brought all that learning, science, and fame to the service of liberty.

When, too, will be forgotten the influence of the giant intellect of the once humble shoemaker of Connecticut, Roger Sherman, an intellect which won the confidence otherwise, and swayed the opinions of the multitude?

To come down to our own times. Look at the Rhode Island cooper, in the person of the eloquent Tristram Burges, an honored representative on the floor of Congress!

I must stop—but not for lack of similar examples—I could fill your useful sheet with them Mr. Editor. Oh that every young man, in our city and country, while struggling, that may be in poverty, and looking with envy to the gay and the affluent, would remember these things.

Hunt. Gaz.

From the New York Evening Star.

"You don't tell us nothing about the Cholera," says a good natured old lady, taking off her specks and laying down the Star.

"Certainly not, Madam, for two very good reasons; first, I don't like to talk on unpleasant subjects; this hot weather; secondly, I do not believe that there is any Cholera in this city to an extent to alarm any person."

"Why, la me! I know of a heap of cases of Cholera, or very like Cholera."

"No doubt, Madam, that is the very error into which we are constantly falling. You are well now."

"Yes, I think so. Now and then I have a twitch and a small cramp, but a little lavender and sugar drives it off."

"I can manufacture you into a positive case of Asiatic cholera in two hours."

"You don't say so—how?"

"Why, simply eat two cucumbers, dressed or raw, as you prefer—then take a quart of blackberries, four ears of green corn, four young potatoes mashed,—a lobster or a crab—some ice water, and wash the whole down with a quart of butter-milk, and you will shortly have a touch of the real thing."

Although there may have been a few cases of Cholera, arising probably from imprudence, or from causes unknown, yet all the physicians unite in declaring that there is no epidemic prevailing, and while we are free from epidemic we are only to be prudent—keep cool, and make ourselves comfortable,—there is no real danger,—and our Board of Health is wide awake; let us look to that quarter for truth.

It ought to be known generally, that persons struck with lightning, and apparently dead, are sometimes recovered by the copious application of cold water externally, particularly on the face.

Pretty Hot.—The editor of the Liverpool (Pa.) Mercury says, it was so hot in that place, that his ink stand melted away, and it was as much as his devil could do to save the pieces!

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

In pursuance of law, I, ANDREW JACKSON, President of the United States of America, do hereby declare and make known, that Public Sales will be held at the Land Office at Crawfordsville, in Indiana, and Palestine, in Illinois, for the disposal of the Public Lands in that part of township 10, lying North of the Northern boundary of Harrison's purchase, and townships 17, 18, 19, and 20, North, of range 10 West, of the second principal meridian, through which has been run the line of demarcation between the States of Indiana and Illinois, to wit:

At Crawfordsville, on the Second Monday in November next, for the disposal of that portion of the aforesaid townships, which, by recent survey, is found to be situated in Indiana; and—
At Palestine, on the Fourth Monday in November next, for the disposal of that portion thereof found to be situated in the State of Illinois.

Lands reserved for schools or for other purposes, also lands to which pre-emption rights have heretofore been established, or which may be established prior to the days of sale above mentioned, will be excluded from sale. Each sale will be kept open for one week and no longer.

Given under my hand at the City of Washington, this seventh day of July, A. D. 1834.

ANDREW JACKSON.

By the President:
ELIJAH HAYWARD,
Commissioner of the General Land Office.

Last Notice.

ALL those who are indebted to the late firm of Tomlinson & Ross, and do not call and settle, or make some arrangement about their notes and accounts, by the first of November next, suit will be commenced against them.

Books and Notes at the Washburn Insurance Company Office.

A. LEROY, Agent.

Vincennes, Ia., Aug. 6th, 1834—10-13t

Just Received,

50 BAGS HAVANNA COFFEE,

10 do. Rio do.
8 do. Barrels New Orleans Sugar,
3 do. do. do. do.
2 do. Barrels Cognac Brandy,
3 do. do. American do.
2 do. Barrels Cherry Brandy,
2 do. Madeira Wine,
3 do. do. Malaga do.
150 do. Tanners' Oil,
do. do. Cornmeal Salt.

Also, a large Assortment of

QUEENSWARE,

AND

China-Ware,

which are offered for sale very low by

BURTON & HEBERT.

Vincennes, June 21, 1834—3-

SALT! SALT!!!

250 BARRELS FIRST

quality Kenhawa SALT, just received and for sale by

SMITH & CARSON.

May, 2d, 1834—48-tf

NEW GOODS.

ROSS & EWING,

HAVE just received a handsome supply of

SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, making

their assortment general and complete—they

will sell low for cash, or for such articles of

country produce as is usually received in Stores.

Vincennes, Ind., May 10th, 1834—49-3a

SALT! SALT!!!

200 Barrels Kenhawa Salt,

first quality,

Bbls. Muskingum do.

do. do.

Just received, and

For sale, by

THORN & TRACY.

Vincennes, Ind., June 14th, 1834—2-tf

GROCERIES.

THE subscribers have just received from

New Orleans, a very general assortment of

Groceries, all of which, having been selected

with care, they feel safe in pronouncing them

of excellent qualities. These, together with

the old stock tender their assortment complete

and they will be disposed of low for cash.

THORN & TRACY.

June 21, 1834—3-tf

Eagle Factory.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT

is now in successful operation, making COT-

TON YARN, of a very superior quality. Customers,

and merchants generally, can have their

orders filled as usual, on the shortest notice.

D. S. BONNER.

Vincennes, March 3d, 1834—40-tf

BOTANIC

MEDICINES.

DR. HUTCHINSON,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and

the public, that his office is now kept on

Main street, Evansville, Indiana, near the Store

of Lockwood & Newman. He will keep on

hand, and for sale, a general assortment of

VEGETABLE MEDICINE.

Being fully convinced that a regular and scientific

system of BOTANIC MEDICAL PRACTICE, possesses a

superiority over the common mode of bleeding and

mineralizing, both in point of efficacy and safety, he

employs vegetable remedies exclusively in his practice,

and with the hope of permanent relief.

N. B. The public are informed that those

who are pretending to practice the Thomsonian

System without qualifications, or authority, or

blending vegetable and mineral medicines, are

not patronized by the Thomsonian Botanic In-

stitution.

A. P. HUTCHINSON.

Evansville, Ind. July 12, 1834—6-6m

Drug & Chemical Store.

HITT & ORRICK

RESPECTFULLY inform their

friends and the public generally,

that they keep on hand a large

and well selected assortment of fresh

MEDICINES, which they receive semi-annual-

ly, from the East.

Of which, the following are a part:

Acetate Morphine do.

Hydroiodate Potase do.

Ox Murate do.

doine do.

Black Oxid Mercury do.

Blue Pill Mass do.

Lunar Castic do.

Sulphate Quinine do.

Extract do.

Colonycinth do.

Cicuta do.

Balladonia do.

Limonice do.

Genuine Red Bark do.

Calisaye do.

Calomet do.

Opium do.

Ipecuanha do.

Cream Tartar do.

Calomel Magnesia do.

Carbonat do.

Peruvian Bark do.

Yellow Lima do.

Quassia do.

Cascarilla do.

Gentian do.

Colchicum do.

Syrup Liverwort do.

Gum Scammony do.

Garbidge do.

Canthar do.

Asafoetida do.

Tragacanth do.

Elastic do.

Syrax do.

Aloes do.

Guinea do.

Kino do.

Ammoniac do.

Radix Spigelia do.

Sugar Lead do.

Blue Vitriol do.

White do.

Tartaric Acid do.

Sap. Carb. Soda do.

Carb. do.

Manna Flake do.

Orange Peel do.

Nutgalls do.

Jalap Pulv do.

Colomaba do.

Virginia Snake Root do.

Seneca do.

Radix Valerian do.

Uva Ursi do.

Burgundy Pix do.

Pimento do.

Adhesive Plaster do.

Cantharides do.

Mercurial do.

Dyschinton do.

Court do.

Refined Borax do.

Crude do.

Salt Nitre Refined do.

White Squills do.

Balsam Capivi do.

Oil do.

Consolidated do.

Oil Canbels do.

Chloride Lime do.

Soda do.

Cowhage Down do.

Phosphorus do.

Croton Oil do.

Rhubarb Pulv do.

Radix do.

Digitalis do.

Rochell Salts do.

Black Drop do.

Prussiate Iron do.

Muriatic Acid do.

Sulphuric do.

Nitric do.

Sulphuric Ether do.

Aqua Ammonia do.

Spirits do.

Nit. dulc. do.

Black Drop do.

Family Medicines, &c.

Anti-d