

POETICAL.



CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

St. Matthew, viii. 24-27.
Midnight was on the mighty deep,
And darkness filled the boundless sky,
While 'mid the raging wind was heard
The sea-bird's mournful cry;
For tempest clouds were mustering wrath
Across the ocean'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, o'er whose bright face
Unmarked the livid lightning flashed,
And on whose sinless, prostrate form,
Unfelt the sea-spray dashed;
For, 'mid the tempest spray, fierce and wild,
He slumbered like a weaned child.

Old who could look upon that face,
And feel the sting of coward fear?
Though hell's fierce demons raged around,
Yet heaven itself was here;
For who that glorious bough 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 racing deep,
He lay in calm and tranquil sleep.

Vainly they struggled with their fears,
But wilder still the tempest wok,
Till from their full and o'er 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 fit eyes—
"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!"

They on the striking hearts of all,
Fell anxious doubt and holy awe;
As timidly 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 favourable 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 maiming bayonets with John Bull—About this time a crew of Marblehead fisherman 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 cliff which overhangs 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 recurred 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 fisherman 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 singly intrenched in the mud and bogs of Beaver Dam Swamp.

Old Colonial Democrat.

TRROUBLE.
The New York Mirror and the Advocate and Journal, each backed by sundry doughty correspondents, have been bravely discussing the method of properly writing

inviting cards. One says it should be "the Miss Brown," another the "Miss 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 grave 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 pen John found an old sow in the act of killing the last one of a litter of five 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 flog 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 history 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 tell you, you whip me for nothing—Here 'em chap that steal my ingyin. I smell his bret."—*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 Tristam Burges, an honored representative on the door 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 black berries, 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 Offices at Crawfordville, in Indiana, and Palestine, in Illinois, for the disposal of the Public Lands in that part of township 16, 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 Crawfordville, 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.

Drug & Chemical Store.

HITT & ORRICK

ESPECIALLY 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-annually, from the East.

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, &c.

Of which, the following are a part:

Acetate Morphine Epson Salts

Hydriodate Potash Glauber do.

Ox Murate do. Caustic Potash

codeine Benzoic Acid

Black Oxyd Mercury adx Sarsaparilla

Blue Pill Mass Cantharides

Lunar Costic Tartar Emetic

Sulphate Quinine Senna Alexandria

Extract do. Spermaceti

" Colocynth Sal Ammoniac

" Cincta Cocculus Indicus

" Balladona Arrow Root Poly.

" Liquorice Fine Sponge

Genuine Red Bark White Arsenic

" Calisaya do. Paper Pill Boxes

Calomel Wood "

Opium White Wax

Ipomea Tartar Yellow do.

Cream Tartar Red Precipitate

Calcined Magnesia White do.

Carbonat do. Chalk prepared

Peruvian Barks Crude Antimony

Yellow Linna do. Black Hellebore

Quassia Ergot Poly.

Cascara Flor Sulphur

Colchicum American do.

Syrup Liverwort Cubes

Scum Scammony Black oxyd Manganese

" Gamboge Carb Ammonia

" Arabic Citric Acid

" Camphor Phosphate Iron

" Asafoetida Carb. do.

" Tragacanth Antimonials pulv.

" Elastic Frankincense

" Styx Armenian Balsam

" Aloes Carb. Zinc

" Gunc Nux Vomica

" Kino Russian Castor

" Ammoniac Ext. Catechu

Rudz Spigelia Calabrum

Sugar Lead Roll Bristone

Blue Vitriol Sheet Corks

White do. Bottles do.

Tartaric Acid Vial "

Sup. Carb. Soda Oil Peppermint

Carb. do. " Almonds

Manna Flake " Wintergreen

Orange Peel " Cinnamon

Jalap Poly. " Cloves

Calumba do. " Lavender

Virginia Snake Root " Bordeau

Seneca do. " Anise

Rudz Valerian " Caraway

Uva Ursi " Orange

Burdigard Pix " Spruce

Pimento " Bergamot

Adhesive Plaster " Sarsaparilla

Cantharides do. " Origaniam

Mercurial do. " Hennock

Dyachinon do. " Pennyroyal

Court do. " Cedar

Reined Bora. " Turpentine

Crude do. " Juniper

Sal. Nitre Refined " Rosemary

White Squirts " Wamseed

Balsam Copavia " Senka

Oil do. " Castor

Consolidated do. " Sweet

Oil Cubes " Spike

Chloride Lime " Rose

do. Soda Prussiate Iron

Coughage Down " Muriatic Acid

Phosphorus " Sulphuric do.

Croton Oil " Nitric "

" Rhubarb Poly. " Sulphuric Ether