

MISCELLANY.

From the Philadelphia Souvenir.
TO LOUISA.
Come, smile and be gay,
Enjoy the fair day,
That brightly around us is beaming;
Life, we all know,
Hath many a woe,
But 'twill not improve by our grieving.

Come hence it is folly,
To court melancholy.
Her glooms are forever too nigh;
When hope is the fairest,
And joy is the dearest,
'Tis oft over cast with her sigh.

And now, if you please,
We will pluck this hearts ease,
And place it to bloom on thy brou;
And long may it be,
An emblem of thee,
As free from all sorrow as now.

O, yes, like this flower,
Improve the short hour,
And leave 'till to-morrow to grieve;
To-morrow, we know,
May o'er shadow our brou,
Let's enjoy what the present will give. B.

From the Boston Mercury.

Directions for Manufacturing Love Rhyme.
Take an ounce of sighs and darts—
An equal share of eyes and hearts;
Mix them well with doves and roses,
Ruby lips and loves and posies,—
Talk about that urchin Cupid—
Swear you've been to church, and stupid
Must your charmer be, if there
She's not mark'd your love-born air;
If the damsel's name be Sally,
Always let it rhyme with valley—
If Caroline Rosette, or Mary,
Then divine, coquette, or fairy;
Loudly praise her "golden hair"—
Say she's "fairest of the fair";
And call (by way of flattery)
Her eyes like an electric battery!—Toby.

THE FIRST & LAST SACRIFICE.

Another in the series of compositions under the captivating title of *First and Last* has been received. The scene of the narrative is laid in this country, and its subject is found in the romantic characteristics of the native tribes. The writer represents himself as having left New Orleans in the latter part of May, for an overland journey to Savannah, induced chiefly by a wish to satisfy his curiosity, as to the manners and customs of savage life. On the twelfth night of his journey, he encamped, alone, near the margin of a deep glen, known by the name of *Murder Creek*, which fearful appellation it received from having been the scene of a tragical event in former times, when thirty persons there fell beneath the tomahawk of the savages. Here, in the night, he encounters a well-armed Indian, by whom he is taken prisoner, and conveyed to his cabin, in a remote and secret part of the forest. The walls of the wigwam were decorated with weapons & trophies of its occupant, and among them the captive shuddered to behold the scalps of not less than fifteen victims.

"Sit!" exclaimed the Indian, pointing to the bed of buffalo and wild deer skins in one corner of the cabin. I did so; while he, with the same stern silence which he had all along maintained, spread before me some milk, various preparations of Indian corn, wild venison, and softie; the last, a not unpalatable dish, being made of the flour of Indian corn, gathered while green, mixed with honey and water. He seated himself by my side, and partook of the meal. I too ate, and with a relish, after my morning's ride, in spite of many uneasy reflections which I could not repress. These reflections, indeed, were gradually becoming so painful, that I was on the point of demanding from my host an explanation of his motives for bringing me here, when he addressed me. I knew it was a point of Indian politeness not to interrupt a person who is speaking, and I was careful to avoid any breach of decorum.

"You are a white man—I found you sleeping—you were armed—I made you defenceless, and then offered you the pipe of peace.

"A white man found my father defenceless and asleep, and shot him as he slept. I was in my mother's womb: but the blood of my father was gathered, and before the milk of her bosom was on my lips, they were made red with his blood, that I might taste the food of revenge before the food of life.

"The first word I lisped, was REVENGE! The first passion I knew, was HATRED OF A WHITE MAN! The first time I knelt to the Great Spirit, it was on my father's grave to pray he would not send for me till I had clothed myself in a robe of blood, to greet my father in the Spirit Country.—My prayer was heard. My oath has been kept.

"I grew a man, and adopted myself into the Panther Family by marriage. In my cabin, which was on the banks of the Ontario, the Lake of a Thousand Islands, I numbered three generations. My mother lived—children were born to me—we were one family.

"Did I forget my oath? No. Did I forget the end for which I lived? Never. The day that saw my first-born in its

mother's arms, saw my first sacrifice to my father's spirit—a white man dead at my feet. Three moons after, another, and in that third moon—a third. There, pointing to the scalps, there hang the proofs that I do not say the thing which is not.

"Four snows passed, and I returned one evening from hunting, when I found my cabin burnt down. My mother alone sat weeping and lamenting among the ruins. I could not separate the bones of my children and my wife from the common heap of blackened ashes, which marked the spot where my home had stood, when I went forth in the morning. I did not weep. But I comforted my mother all that night, and when the sun arose, I said, 'Let us to the wilderness! We are now the last of our race. We are alone, and the desert offers its solitudes for such!'

"I left forever the Lake of Thousand Islands carrying with me only a handful of the ashes with which was mingled the dust of my children and my wife. In my progress hither, I visited the great warrior, Tecumseh. He was then about to depart from the borders of Canada upon a journey of a thousand miles to invite the Lower Creeks to take up the hatchet in defense of the British, against the Americans and Upper Creeks. I joined him. I was his companion. I sat with him in the assembly of the great council when, by the power of his talk, he obtained a solemn declaration they would take up the hatchet at his call. And they did; & I fought by his side when they did. His enemies were the Americans; mine were the whites; and my revenge slaked its thirst in their blood, with the same refreshing sense that I drink of the sparkling waters of the spring, without asking its name. Seven of the scalps you see belonged to those who fell beneath my tomahawk; but my arrows flew thick besides; nor was my gun levelled in vain.

"When the Warrior perished, the hope perished with him of the gathering of the Indian nations in some spot where the white people would not follow, and where we might live as our fathers had done. Tecumseh fell. I left my brethren, and built my cabin in the woods.

"It was in the season of the green corn when the thank-offering is made to the Great Spirit, that a white man came to my door. He had lost his path, and the sun was going down. My mother shook for the fear of death was upon her.—

"She spoke to me. Her words were like the hurricane that sweeps through the forest, and opens for itself a way among the hills. The stranger was the same that had found my father defenceless and asleep, and who shot him as he slept.—Come with me and learn the rest?

"The Indian arose, went forth, and entered the forest: I followed, utterly incapable of saying a word. There was something so strange and overpowering in what I seen and heard, so obscure and exciting in what I might still have to see and hear; it was so impossible for me to enter into the dark feelings of revenge that had been avowed, or to applaud the murderous spirit in which they had been appeased by this unfeeling savage; while to rebuke either must obviously have been at once hazardous and unavailing, that I could only meditate fearfully and silently upon the whole.

"The course he now took was indicated by no path, but lay through thick underwood, and among tangled bushes; while overhead the gigantic plane and maple trees, the lofty cedar, and the many different species of oak, formed a verdant roof, impervious to the rain which was falling in torrents. The fragrance of the woods was delicious, and the notes of innumerable birds, the cooing of doves with the incessant gambols of the squirrels, leaping from bough to bough in every direction soothed and delighted me, in spite of the feelings with which I was oppressed.

"At the distance of a quarter of a mile from the cabin, I observed a small stage, constructed between four trees standing near each other, and not more than four or five feet from the ground. On this stage I saw a human figure extended, which, as I afterwards discovered was the body of the Indian's mother. By her side was a red earthen vessel or pitcher, containing the bones of his father, and that "handful of ashes" which he had brought with him from the shores of Lake Ontario, under the impulse of a sentiment so well known to exist among the Indian tribes, the desire of mingling their own dust with that of their fathers and their kindred. I noticed, however, that my guide passed this simple sylvan sepulchre, without once turning his eyes towards it.

"We continued our progress through the forest, and I soon began to perceive we were ascending a rising ground, though the dense foliage which hemmed us in on every side prevented me from distinguishing the height or the extent of the acclivity. Presently, I heard the loud din and roar of water, and we had proceeded in the direction of the sound whose increasing noise indicated our gradual approximation to it, for rather more than half a mile, when the Indian stopped, and I found myself all at once on the brink of a tremendous whirlpool.

I looked down from the height of nearly two hundred feet, into the deep ravine below, through which the vexed stream bellowed and whirled till it escaped through another chasm and plunged into the recesses of the wood. It was an awful moment! The profound gloom of the place—the roar of the eddying vortex beneath—the dark and rugged abyss which yawned before me, where huge trunks of trees might be seen tossing and writhing about like things of life, tormented by the angry spirit of the waters—the unknown purpose of the being who had brought me hither, and who stood by my side in sullen silence, prophetic, to my mind, of a thousand horrible imaginings,—formed altogether a combination of circumstances that might have summoned fear into a bolder heart than mine was at that instant. At length the Indian spoke:—

"Do you mark that cedar shooting out midway from the rock? Hither I brought the white man who doomed me to be born upon a father's grave. I said to him, 'You slew my father!' He shook as my mother had done; for the fear of death was upon him. 'My father's blood hath left a stain upon you which must be washed out in these dark waters. He would have fled to the woods, like a wounded panther, but I grasped him thus (winding his sinewy arm tightly round me) and cried, 'Come with me to the Spirit World, and hear me tell my father how I have clothed myself, as with robe, in the blood of white men, to revenge his death. Come and see him smile upon me, when I pour to the blood of his slayer!'

"How he shrieked as I sprung with him into the abyss! He rolled from me, and I heard the plunge of his body into the roaring gulf below; but the Great Spirit spread forth that cedar, to catch me in my own descent; for I lay in its green arms, as the young bird in its sheltered nest.—Why was I preserved?

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The Batavia Press, alluding to the hardness of the times and the difficulty of collecting bills, tells the following: A gentleman called at the house of an honest old lady, for the purpose of collecting a small debt. Not recollecting the amount, he promised to send in his bill that evening. The old lady, supposing he meant his son William, replied—"Ola, our *Sall* never set up with any body yet; but *Bill's* a clever boy and they may build a fire in 't other room."

INDIANA COLLEGE, BLOOMINGTON

5000 BUSHELS CHAR-COAL wanted immediately at the New Lawrenceburg Foundry; for which 5 Cents per bushel will be given. Nov. 7, 1829. 44

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 a public sale will be held at the Land Offices at Jeffersonville & Vincennes, in the state of Indiana, at the periods hereinafter designated, for the disposal of all the lands which have been relinquished to the United States prior to the fourth of July, 1829, under the provisions of the several acts of Congress for the relief of the purchasers of public lands, and for the extinguishment of the debt due to the United States by the purchasers of public lands prior to the first day of July, 1820, which have heretofore been exposed to public sale under the provisions of the act of Congress, passed on the 24th day of April, 1820, entitled 'An act making further provision for the sale of public lands.'

The FACULTY CONSISTS OF THE REV. ANDREW WYLIE, D. D. President, and Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy and Poetic Literature. THE REV. B. YNARD R. HALL, A. M. Professor of the American Languages. JOHN H. BARNEY, A. M. Professor of Mathematics and Natural and Mathematical Philosophy.

The Studies of several classes are as follows:

FIRST, OR PREPARATORY CLASS.

LATIN: Ross Grammar, Mair's Introduction, Latin Reader two vols. Viri Romae, Caesar, Satires, Vergil's Aeneas, Antiken's Exercises, Testament, (Knapp's Edition) Grecus Major, Grecus Minor commenced.

GREEK: Valpy's Grammar, Antiken's Exercises, Testament, (Knapp's Edition) Grecus Major, Grecus Minor commenced.

ENGLISH: Grammar, Park's Exercises, Colburn's Arithmetic, (First Lessons) Colburn's Algebra commenced.

FRESHMAN.

Cicero's Orations, Virgil (Gould's) Grecus Major continued; English Grammar and Geography continued, Roman Antiquities, (Adm's) Colburn's Algebra, Hutton's Geometry. Compositions in English and Latin.

SOPHOMORE.

Cicero de Officiis, Hesiod, Juvenal, Grecus Major finished, Walker's Euclid, German Poetry's Greek Antiquities, Hutton's Mathematics, Compositions in English, Latin, and Greek.

JUNIOR.

Cicerone de Oratore, The Iliad; Hutton's Mathematics finished; Mathematical and Physical Geography; Astronomy, (Gunner's); Cyclopaedia's Natural Philosophy, Park's Chemistry; Rhetoric and Criticism, (Campbell and Bell's); Logic; Dissertations in English; Themes in Latin and English.

SENIOR.

Moral and Mental Philosophy; Political Economy; Constitution of the United States and the several states; Evidence of Christianity in connection with Natural Religion; A view of High Class (Latin and Greek) and of the Sciences; Dissertations.

The Hebrew (with points) or French at the option of the student, shall be taught, in addition to the above course; and if any student shall desire to make himself acquainted with any one or more of the branches specified, omitting others, he shall be at liberty so to do, attaching himself for that purpose to any class which he may find convenient. A full course, however, (keeping Hebrew and French,) shall be, in all cases, required to entitle to a diploma.

It is sufficient, at present, to remark, in relation to a subject now extensively agitated—the union of mental and corporeal exercise—that measures will be taken by the Board immediately, so as to afford an opportunity to such, and to such only, as may wish to adopt this mode. The price of tuition for the First Class is ten dollars per annum, or five dollars per session; in the other Classes it is fifteen dollars per annum, or seven and a half per session. All irregular students taking a part only of the course, will pay ten dollars per annum, or five per session. Students who take the full course may attend gratuitously to Hebrew and French; others must make private arrangements with the faculty. In addition to the preceding, every student will be taxed fifty cents per session for contingent expenses. All payments must be made in advance, before any person can be admitted to a recitation.

There are two sessions of five months each in every year; the first commences on the first day of December; and the other on the first day of June.

Boarding, including all expenses of wood, washing, candles, &c. may be procured in respectable families, at convenient distances from the College, at from one dollar and a quarter, to two dollars per week.

By order of the Board,

P. M. DORSEY, Clerk, Bloomington, Ind. 3d Nov. 1829.

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