

BY REQUEST.

To the memory of Maria Roush,
who departed this life March 1,
1813—Boon County, Kentucky.

Young Ladies all, attention give,
You that in wicked pleasures live;
One of your sex, the other day,
Was called by death's cold hand
away.

This lesson she has left for you,
To teach the careless what to do,
To seek Jehovah while they live,
And everlasting honors give.

A while before this damsel died,
Her tongue was speechless bound
and
At length she opened wide her
eyes,
And said her tongue was liberised.

She called her father to her bed,
And thus in dying anguish said,
My days on earth are at an end,
My soul is summoned to attend,

Before Jehovah's burning bar,
To hear my awful sentence there.
From meetings you have kept
your child,
To pleasures wanton, vain and
wild,

To frolics you would let me go,
And dance my soul to pain and
woe,
And now, dear father, do repent,
And read the holy testament.

Your head is blossom'd for the
grave,
You have a precious soul to save,
Your children teach to serve the
Lord,
And worship God with one ac-
cord.

Her honored mother she address,
Whose tears were streaming down
her breast,
She grasp'd her tender hand and
said,
Remember me when I am dead,

Your aged years have rolled away,
And brought you to the present
day,
Now take your dying child's ad-
vice,
And turn from sin and avarice,

Before the golden bowl be broke,
Or life's fair chard receives a
stroke,
Before death's banner round you
wave,
Before you're summoned to the
grave.

I see no pleasure on the earth,
To trace from death back to my
birth,
That would entice my soul to stay
In this vain world of misery.

By faith I view the distant shore,
Where pleasures reign forever
more,
Where songs on seraph's pinions
rise,
Beyond the curtain of the skies.

Prepare yourself, Oh mother
dear,
For you are now on the frontier,
Where everlasting time shall roll
Around my dear departing soul.
Her weeping brother she address-
ed,
And thus her grieving tongue ex-

pressed,
Forsake your sins and turn to
God,
And fear the vengeance of his rod.

Or he will send you down to
dwell
Forever in the lake of hell,
Where fiery billows bursting roll
Around the never dying soul.

Life is the time to seek his face,
His gospel mercy and his grace;
His arms are now extended wide,
Come purchase peace the prophet
cried.

Now give yourself up to his trust,
Before your bodies fall to dust;
And while you breathe the vital
air,
Pour out your precious souls in
prayer.

Reform your lives in word and
deed,
And pray that Christ may inter-
cede,
For you and for my sister dear,
That now is weeping round me
here.

Oh sister come and take your
leave,
Don't break your heart, I see you
grieve;
Chill'd are my limbs, the damps
of death,
Run down my cheeks and steal
my breath.

See o'er my head how angels
shine,
In sparkling garments long and
fine,
To soothe my parting spirit here,
And wipe away the briny tear.

Now my immortal soul shall rise
To God's eternal Paradise,
Where clouds of angels round
him stand,
And cherubs fly at his command.

My body here must slumbering
lie,
Till Gabriel's trumpet rocks the
sky;
Then in the resurrection day,
When heaven and earth shall pass
away,

I hope you'll meet me far above,
Where all is harmony and love,
Once more dear kindred I must
tell,
I bid you all a long farewell.

At this she clos'd her eyes in
death,
And thus resign'd her mortal
breath,
Under death's solemn Cypress
shade
They plac'd this young departed
maid.

While friends and kindred wept
around,
To see her corpse laid in the
ground,
A warning for the human race,
For all must go unto that place,

To the cold grave where silence
reigns,
In death's tremendous dark do-
mains;
Young people now a warning
take,
And from your wicked pleasures
break.

NEWSPAPERS.

At the close of the war, some
people then thought,
Post-riders and printers would all
come nought,
No news would be stirring, news-
papers to fill,
Which sure would both printers
and post-riders kill,
But faith their predictions have
prov'd not so true;
For weekly we've papers, and
news in them too.
From the south we have news
our warkawks to feed,
There patriots conquer and royal-
ists bleed.
From France we're inform'd too,
that Bourbon for king.
Is not to the people so pleasant a
thing.
That Bona's old minions are fir-
ing a plan,
For a crown'd head that's soun-
der for France if they can.
From Britain we've heard of wed-
dings and so,
Elopements and courtships, and
cuckoldoms too.
We've puns too, domestic, re-
marks and reviews,
And solid long essays t' instruct
and amuse
All classes and sexes in papers we
find
Some wish'd information as food
for the mind.
Price current and auctions our
merchant peruse,
Young misses the sonnets and hy-
menian news;
The lawyer and sheriff read duns
with a smile,
In hopes of employment—collect-
ing—awhile.
A receipt for the cure of the itch
or the gout,
By chance or by study however
found out,
When learned by the doctor he
orders the same,
Cures up the disorder and gets a
great name.
The people have learn'd through
the papers of late
The parties in congress—the
small and the great
Can tug altogether, enacting such
laws
As line their own fobs, if no oth-
er cause
Than sagely give laws—' what's
left in the chest,
'Pay part of our debts with and
tax for the rest.'
Our preachers, they learn of great
reformation
Through papers and pray it may
spread over the nation.
But hush, when they find it is
not of their order,
They wish it sleek out the Amer-
ican border.
Our wits through the papers a
channel can find,
To unload their noddles—relieve
too, the mind;
Else their witticism, too long be-
ing pent
Would burst as new cider do bar-
rels, for vent.
E'en maidens and batchelors, ugly
and old,
Who spurn the commandment
and hoard up their gold;
Who dwell in their hovels, dead
strangers to mirth,
Nor e'er come together t' repen-
ish the earth,
Who ne'er read the scriptures o-

nough yet to learn,
'Twas better to marry by far
to burn,
Sometimes though the papers
crack their tough jokes,
And hang one another to
other folks.
Then why's not a news-
worth as much for
T' instruct and amuse folk
peace as in war.

in a future contest
United States. That there
her circumstance of
the colonists who
to our own power
almost invariably
rival. During
above each De
remained (not as primary
the hostile territory.
of our settlers
every year. What
agents may be, is a sub
jocate. The fact
dispute, that British
suffers a daily loss of
population; and
of the united
climate, excursions
strength from our
decline. If we col
then, it must not be
which, from
to the str
other arms.

Dearborn circuit
May term 1817.
Eleanor, alias On a B
Honner Cooper, } for a L
versus } vice, ne
William Cooper, } filed:

T HIS day came the compla-
ant aforesaid by her attorney
filed her bill praying a divorce
from her husband William Co-
per, the defendant aforesaid; it
appearing to the satisfaction
of the court that the defend-
ant aforesaid is not a resident of
the state: It is therefore ordered
notice of the pendency of
said bill, be published for
weeks successively, in the Inde-
pendent Republican, printed at Mad-
ison and that unless the said defen-
ant appear at, or before the
term of this court, and answer
to the bill aforesaid; the
cause will then be heard in
absence.

A true copy from the Records.
Attest,
JAMES DILL, Clk.

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Cincinnati, April 12, 1817.

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