Poets' Department.

[AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.]

The following lines, on the omnipresence of Deity, are from "the Spirit and Manners of the Age." They are highly poetical and beautiful.

Above—below—wherever I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I trace;
Traced in the midnight planet's blaze,
Or glistening in the morning dew;
Whatever is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflected ray.

I hear thee in the stormy wind,
That turns the ocean wave to foam;
Nor less thy wond'rous power I find,
When summer airs around me roam;
The tempest and the calm declare
Thy self, for thou art every where.

I find thee in the noon of night,
And read thy name in every star
That drinks its splendor from the light
That flows from mercy's beaming ear:
Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem
Composes—not thy diadem.

And when the radiant orb of light
Hath tipp'd the mountain top with gold,
Smote with the blaze, my wearied sight
Shrinks from the wonders I beheld;
That ray of glory, bright and fair,
Is but a living shadow there.

Thine is the silent noon of night,
The twilight eve—the dewy morn;
Whatever is beautiful and bright,
Thine hands have fashion'd to adorn:
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, "God is here!"

AN EPITAPH.

Entomb'd beneath this lofty tree,
A mortal lies of low degree
A strict observer from his youth
Of that important virtue, truth.
He never with a selfish view
Was known to speak a word untrue;
His temper lively, yet as mild
And harmless as a new born child.
He never slandered friend or foe,
Nor triumph'd in another's woe;
And tho' when young, he used to roam,
For years he lov'd his little home.
Scarcely there he had him down,
Nor ward the world's ill natur'd frown;
No wild ambitious thoughts possest
His quiet, unaspiring breast
He envied neither wealth nor power,
Enjoying still the present hour;
Contented with his daily bread
Each night he sought his peaceful bed;
Stranger to vice he knew no fear,
Ask Heaven important end drew near;
He breath'd his last without a sigh,
And show'd how innocence should die.
Blush, reader, while these lines you scan,
Here lies a MONKEY, not a man

Answer to the Puzzle in our last.
TOASTED.
Answer to the Riddle in our last.
LOVE.

From the Newport (N. H.) Eagle.

FIRST AND LAST COURTSHIP.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Obed Slow was one of your real Vermonters. He measured exactly six feet seven without his *cowhides*, and there was no one but allowed him to be the clumsiest and stoutest fellow the town of N. afforded. Obed was considered the very cream of the parish. He boasted of three titles, viz:—Justice of the peace, Captain of Militia, (termed by the vulgar *hedge fence*,) and *hog reeve*. Moreover, he was proprietor of, as he said, the best farm in the town, and every young lady assented that all that seemed lacking for his comfort, was a partner of his honors.

Captain Obed, as he was called, had lingered to the age of forty in single blessedness without the idea of matrimony once entering his cranium. But one Sunday, that little rogue of a Cupid showered upon him a volley of arrows as he cast his eyes upon the buxom form of Deacon Patch's daughter Dolly, who was sitting in the singer's seat. The same heart that had laid for forty years squeezed up to the breast of captain Slow, beat a tattoo like the pendulum of a clock. Every one observed that Obed did not fall asleep more than once during the forenoon service; and when he returned home from meeting, his head hung down like a mushroom at noon day.

The *beautiful* person of Dolly Patch, was now uppermost in Obed's thoughts, and now he proceeded straight away to consult his mother on the affair. Obed, with a brave heart, declared to her the whole tale of his love, and incapability of managing such "smooth affairs." "Oh, lud, Obed," said the old lady, taking a pinch of snuff, "oh lud, dear, dew spunk right up, there's a beginning in every thing." Obed thought exactly so; for it is said that he was seen about ten in the evening, bending his way through the snow across the lots, towards Deacon Patch's house. When Obed arrived at the door, his courage began to fail him, and he was on the very point of turning back, when his mother's words flashed across his mind, and he, with almost desperate courage, gave one loud rap on the door with his huge and half frozen fist, which was answered by the sharp bark of the old house-dog, and Deacon Patch's double-bass voice, with a "Get out Pup, walk in." After a few thumps of feet against the door way, the sharp and frosty visage of Obed Slow was seen to peer from out a bear skin cap, and great coat of snuff colored cloth.

Captain Slow, after *doffing* his apparel and giving the Deacon two or three hearty shakings of the hand, and making Dolly one of his military bows; in which he displayed to perfection a figure 3, very modestly helped himself to a seat in Mrs Patch's rocking chair.

Fortunately for Obed, the Deacon had just taken his *last* quart of cider, and drawn on his red night cap to follow Mrs Patch, who had just retired, and after bidding Dolly to "take good *keer* of the fire," withdrew, leaving the Captain and Dolly by themselves. Now this Dolly was a "real creature" for a joke: she, at this very time, had a lover to whom *she* expected soon to be married; and now she had a fine opportunity to play a joke on the Captain, therefore, she concluded to be as fond of him as possible. Soon the clock told 11, and Obed began to think it high time to have matters operating, as he felt rather drowsy. But he could not think of a single word that would apply to his case. Dolly sat looking into the fire, seemingly very much embarrassed, but slily laughing at the Captain's difficulty.

Captain Slow at length thought this was the time to "do or die," and he attempted to speak, but his heart seemed to fly up his throat and stop his utterance.

* * * * * *

"Ahem—ahem. Miss Dolly—you must perceive ——" and here Obed stuck fast. "That it's a very cool night," said Dolly with a pretended shiver, and a most bewitching grin. These proceedings were far from pleasing the Captain, but he felt relieved at least a thousand pounds.

"I declare how this ere fire smokes," observed Dolly. "Oh that's cause you're so harnsum, Dolly—they say a beauty draws smoke," said Obed, who now thought he had done wonders. But it happened that the smoke was on the Captain's side of the fireplace. Dolly could hardly keep from laughing, as she rose and came in front of Obed to regulate the fire.

As soon as she approached near enough, the Captain with a bold heart, seized her by the arm and drew her into his capacious lap. Blush not, gentle reader, but consider that these events occurred in the days of our grandfathers, when such things were common even in parties, to say nothing of *courtship*. Dolly sat as mute as a kitten, with the exception of a little squirming at first. The captain was in ecstacies at his good fortune, but after a half hour's space almost repented his forwardness. Now this Dolly was quite a sizeable girl weighing at least two hundred; she knew it too, and had not the remotest idea of altering her position. Obed bore her weight as patiently at first as he could, but soon he began to experience sundry prickling sensations in his legs.—To ask her to rise would be, perhaps, to sacrifice what he considered his dear bought advantage; on the other hand to let her remain he could not. The heat of the fire, added to his exhausted spirits, soon brought Morpheus (a great favorite of Obed) to his assistance, and that hand which had so lately clasped Dolly's arm, dropped helpless by his side. The mischievous Dolly now carefully freed herself from him and re-placed on his knees, in her stead, a large churn filled with butter-milk, and betook herself to bed as fast as possible, laughing well at the joke she had played on the captain.

In the mean while the sleeping Obed was dreaming at the rate of at least ten knots an hour. He thought his legs were screwed into a Blacksmith's vice, and all his efforts to disengage himself were fruitless. At length, as the pain increased, Obed gave one desperate leap, and oversetting the churn and its contents, found himself astride the old house dog in the other corner, who set up such a hideous yelping as caused the Deacon to bellow out "fire and murder!" most lustily.

Just as Obed found his feet and had fairly opened his eyes, he beheld the forms of the Deacon and his consort, clad in their night clothes, emerging from their sleeping apartment, the former armed with his walking cane, and the latter with her broom, drawn up in battle array.—But Obed, like a wise military man, tho't it more expedient to make a retreat, than to stand the chances of battle, and suiting the action to the thought, he was off as fast as his legs could carry him, nor did he stop to look behind, until at the door of his own mansion.

* * * * * *

Suffice it to say, this was Capt. Obed Slow's "First and Last Courtship;" and although his visage grew somewhat longer, and he kept his room for a week or two, his misfortune did not break his heart.—He retained his farm and titles to the day of his death, thanking his lucky stars that 'twas not his *fate* to have the trouble and expense of a wife. Dolly Patch was married to her first lover just six weeks from the eventful night, the transactions of which are above recorded.

A FRAGMENT FOR THE LADIES.

"Thy grandmother," said my uncle Toby, addressing himself to young Arabella, just from London, and who was playing the battle of Marengo, on the piano—"thy grandmother, child," said he, "used to play on a much better instrument than thine."

"Indeed," said Arabella, "how could it have been better? you know it is the most fashionable instrument, and is used by every body that is any thing."

"Your grandmother was something, yet she never saw a piano forte."

"But what was the name of the instrument?—had it strings, or was it played by keys?"

"You must give me time to recollect the name, it was indeed a stringed instrument, but was played by the hands."

"By the hand alone?—How vulgar; but I protest I should like to see one, and papa shall buy me one when I return to London. Do you think that we can obtain one?"

"No, you will not probably find one in London, but doubtless they may be found in some of the country towns."

"How many strings had it? Must one play with both hands? and could one play the double bass?"

"I know not whether it would play double bass, as you call it, it was played by both hands, and had two strings."

"Two strings only? surely you are jesting; how could good music be produced by such an instrument, when the piano has two or three hundred?"

"Oh, the strings were very long, one about 14 feet, and the other might be lengthened at pleasure, even to 50 or more."

"What a prodigious deal of room it must take up, but no matter, I will have mine in the old hall, and papa may have an addition built to it, for he says I shall never want for any thing, and so does mamma. Were the the strings struck with little mallets like the piano, or were they snapped like a harpsicord?"

"Like neither of those instruments, as I recollect, but it produced a soft kind of humming music, and was peculiarly agreeable to the husband and relations of the performer."

"O! as to pleasing one's husband or relations, that is all Dicky, in the Haut-ton, you know; but I am determined to have one at any rate. Was it easily learnt, and was it taught by French or Italian masters?"

"It was easily learnt, but Frenchmen or Italians scarcely dared to show their heads in our country in those times."

"Can you not possibly recollect the name?—How shall we know what to inquire for?

"Yes, I do now remember the name, and we must inquire for a *Spinning Wheel*."

HOW TO TELL BAD NEWS.

Scene—Mr. G's room at Oxford. Enter his father's Steward.

Mr G.—Ha, Jarvis! How are you my old boy? How do things go at home?

Steward.—Bad enough, your honor; the Magpie's dead.

Mr G.—Poor Mag! so he's gone. How came he to die?

Stew.—Over ate himself, sir.

Mr G.—Did he, faith? a greedy dog. Why, what did he get he liked so well?

Stew.—Horse flesh, sir; he died of eating horse flesh.

Mr G.—How came he to get so much horse flesh?

Stew.—All your father's horses, sir!

Mr. G.—What! are they dead too?

Stew.—Aye, sir; they died of overwork.

Mr G.—And why were they over-worked, pray?

Stew.—To carry water, sir.

Mr G.—To carry water! and what were they carrying water for?

Stew.—Sure, sir, to put out the fire.

Mr. G.—Fire! what fire?

Stew.—Oh, sir, your father,s house is burned down to the ground.

Mr G.—My father's house burnt down! And how came it set on fire?

Stew.—I think, sir, it must have been the torches.

Mr G.—Torches! what torches?

Stew.—At your mother's funeral.

Mr G.—My mother dead!

Stew.—Ah, poor lady, she never looked up after it.

Mr G.—After what?

Stew.—The loss of your father.

Mr G.—My father gone too?

Stew.—Yes, poor gentleman, he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

Mr G.—Heard of what?

Stew.—The bad news, sir, and please your honor.

Mr. G.—What! more miseries? more bad news?

Stew.—Yes, sir. Your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I am bold, sir, to come to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news!

At the request of a subscriber, we give below a Puzzle, which is nothing more nor less than "How does the Printer live;" and may, by commencing at the letter H. in the middle, be read as often as there are subscribers to our paper. We are aware, however, that our readers know that the Printer lives by prompt payment on the part of his subscribers.

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Whispers to a Wife.—In the matrimonial character, gentle lady, no longer let your fancy wander to scenes of pleasure or dissipation. Let home be now the sole scene of your wishes, your thoughts, your plans, your exertions. Let home be now the stage on which, in the varied character of wife, of mother, and of mistress, you strive to act and shine with splendor.

An Irishman was once brought up before a magistrate, charged with marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain: "Please your worship," says Paddy, "I was trying to get a good one."

MARRON & HUNTER

Respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that their new

GRIST MILL

is now completed. They will in future endeavor to keep on hand, at all times, fresh meal and flour, which they are determined to sell at fair price, for CASH only. No orders will be accepted, after this notification, unless the Cash accompanies them.

Those who may have accounts at the Vincennes Steam Mill, are informed that Cash payments will be expected for every article they may have purchased at that establishment.—The proprietors are prepared to execute all orders for Plank and Scantling, of every description, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

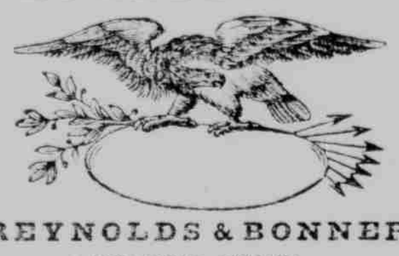
☞Marron & Hunter have received a consignment of

100 Barrels of KENAWHA SALT,

which they will dispose of low.

Vincennes, 7th May, 1831.—52tf

EAGLE FACTORY.



REYNOLDS & BONNER,

VINCENNES, INDIANA,

HAVE on hand, and will constantly keep for sale at their Factory in Vincennes,

COTTON YARN,

of their own manufacture and of a very superior quality. Merchants and others can be supplied with any quantity. Orders accompanied by the cash will be attended to immediately.

Vincennes, August 26, 1831.—25tf

VINCENNES DISTILLERY.

WHISKEY by the barrel—*new* and *fresh!*—none of your *old* stinking stuff, for sale low, at the Vincennes Distillery.

MARRON & HUNTER.

November 10, 1831. 7-tf.

BICKNELL'S REPORTER,

Counterfeit Detector, and Price Current.

THE first year of this publication having been concluded, the "Reporter" will hereafter be published weekly as well as semi monthly. We feel grateful to the public for the liberal patronage awarded us, (having now a more extensive circulation than any other newspaper in the United States) and shall leave no measure unresorted to, in order to render this journal valuable in all respects, not only to merchants, banking institutions, brokers and keepers of hotels but to the community in general. We have engaged the literary assistance of several gentlemen well known as writers, and have correspondents in all the principal cities and towns in the United States. We also receive weekly more than five hundred newspapers from different parts of the United States, so that whatever information may be circulated through the medium of the "Reporter," and the resources from whence it is derived, we can confidently state, may, in all cases, be relied upon as correct. Bank notes are being counterfeited in every direction; and on the arrival of every vessel from Europe, or the creation of every national excitement, the state of the market varies. Every person should, therefore, be possessed of some certain guide by which all such information might be received by the earliest mails, and at such a rate as not to render its possession an exorbitant tax. Such a Journal is exactly what we endeavor to render the "Reporter," in an effort to accomplish which, neither pains nor expense will at any time be spared on the part of the publisher. Every number will contain a carefully corrected Bank Note list, list of Broken Banks, Prices Current, Prices of Gold, Prices of Bank and Insurance Stock, and a description of all Counterfeit and Altered Notes in circulation throughout the United States; and all such information as is likely to throw light upon the subjects embraced in the design of this Journal. The latest foreign news, together with much original and well selected matter, will also be found in the columns of the "Reporter."

The terms of the weekly publication are $3 per annum—and semi-monthly $2—single copies 12½ cents. Address—

ROBERT T. BICKNELL, Exchange Broker, No. 119, Chesnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rising Sun HOTEL;

VINCENNES, INDIANA.

A. LE ROY respectfully informs his friends and the public he has leased for a term of years the Tavern Stand lately occupied by General Hon. Johnson, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers, and all others who may give him a call, in the best manner.

The stable attached to the house is large and convenient; and a careful hostler is employed, who is thoroughly acquainted with his business.

Vincennes, July 22, 1831.—43tf

NOTICE.

THE subscriber informs the public that he has four hundred barrels of good Kenhawa salt, which will be exchanged for WHEAT, CORN, COTTON, PORK or CASH, on good terms.

—ALSO—

A quantity of good Whiskey, and Cotton Yarn, by wholesale or retail. He wishes to purchase a quantity of Corn and Wheat, for which cash or the above articles will be paid.

H. D. WHEELER.

P. S. All those indebted to the late firm of Wheeler and Webb, and also to H. D. Wheeler, will save cost by calling and settling the same, on or before the 25th inst. Corn, wheat, cotton or pork will be taken for any debts that may be due.

H. D. W.

Vincennes, Dec. 1, 1831. 16-tf.

NOTICE.

THOSE subscribers to the Gazette who intend discharging their accounts, by paying in Wheat, are informed that they can deposit it at the Steam Mill of Messrs. Marron and Hunter, or at that of H. D. Wheeler. On producing the receipts of either of these gentlemen they shall receive a proper credit.

17th June. SAMUEL HILL.

Prospectus OF THE VINCENNES GAZETTE,

A Weekly Newspaper established at Vincennes, In

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL HILL & R. Y. CADDINGTON.

This paper was commenced in October 1830, and has been published regularly ever since, a period of fourteen months, a time sufficient to test its usefulness to the community. During this period its political character has been strongly developed, and its leading features have been in strict accordance with what has been emphatically termed the "American system," namely, the support of home industry by a protecting tariff on foreign goods; the encouragement of internal improvements; and in all cases a decided preference of measures and not men.

A free press is the palladium of the people's rights. The GAZETTE is unawed by executive proscription, and unaided by governmental or "By Authority" patronage. *It looks to the people only* for support. It is therefore at this time, that the Proprietors solicit the particular attention and require the patronage and assistance of their friends, and those who agree with them in politics.

TERMS.

The GAZETTE will be published every Saturday, on a super-royal sheet, and issued to subscribers in Vincennes, or placed in the post office for distant subscribers, at two dollars per annum in advance, two dollars and fifty cents six months after subscribing, or three dollars at the expiration of the year. As want of punctuality is a formidable drawback, payment in advance would be preferred.

Country produce delivered in Vincennes at the steam mills of Messrs. Marron & Hunter or of H D. Wheeler, will be received at the market price in payment for subscriptions.

Advertisements will be inserted at one dollar per square for three insertions, and twenty-five cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Subscribers will be at liberty to discontinue their paper on paying arrearages; but a failure to notify of a wish to discontinue, in conformity to the terms, will be considered a new engagement.

SAMUEL HILL,
R. Y. CADDINGTON.

☞The postage must be paid on all letters or communications addressed to the Editors.

Vincennes, November 28, 1831.

☞PROTECTION.☜

THE Protection Fire and Marine Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, are prepared to insure on

Steam, Keel, & Flat Boats, AND THEIR CARGOES.

ALSO,

ON HOUSES AND STORES, at moderate rates of premium.

Satisfactory evidence of the liberality of the company, in adjusting losses and promptness in paying, can be had by applying at the office of the Vincennes Gazette.

SAMUEL HILL, *Agent.*

Vincennes, Oct. 1, 1830.—1

NEW STORE.

SAM'L. & WM. J. WISE.

HAVE just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore, and are now offering for sale in the frame house on Market street, a few doors from Reynolds and Bonner, and immediately opposite Messrs. Tomlinson and Ross's store, a general assortment of merchandise—

CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods,

Hardware. Queensware. Cutlery Groceries, &c.

Also a large assortment of Morocco, Lasting and Leather shoes. All of which they are determined to sell low for cash, or approved country produce. Persons wishing to purchase, will do well by calling and examining for themselves.

WANTED—15 or 20,000 pounds of the best quality of Pork.

Vincennes, Dec. 16 1831. 12-tf

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber for the first volume of the Gazette, and for advertising, are requested to pay their accounts immediately; as it is necessary his former books should be balanced forthwith.

Dec. 8, 1831. SAMUEL HILL.

To Zebuline Harrison, Anna Maria S. Harrison, Clarissa Lorina Harrison, Zebulon Pike Harrison, William Henry Harrison, J. C. S. Harrison, heirs at law of J. C. S. Harrison, deceased,

TAKE notice, that we shall apply to the Circuit Court of Knox county, at the next ensuing term thereof, on the first Monday of September next, to appoint a Commissioner to make to us a conveyance in pursuance of the title bond of J. C. S. Harrison, deceased, dated 22d June, 1830, for lot number two hundred and thirty-four, in Vincennes, as designated on Johnson's and Emison's plat.

SAMUEL TOMLINSON,
JOHN ROSS.

Vincennes, Oct. 8, 1831. 3-3m.

CONVEYANCING.

THE subscriber will attend to Conveyancing, and to the preparation of papers necessary for the settlement of estates in the Probate Court, he will also execute writings of all descriptions on reasonable terms.

SAMUEL HILL.

November 17 1831.

WINTER GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received forty-seven packages of GOODS, suitable for the present season.—Also, brown and bleached DOMESTICS, wool and fine Hats, Whitmore Cotton Cards, &c.

CHAMBERS & GARVIN

Louisville, Ky. Nov. 23, 1831. 16-tf.

FOR SALE!

400 ACRES OF LAND,

LYING in the Old Donation, and numbered [illegible]. It will be sold at much less than the price of Congress lands. For further particulars apply at the Gazette Office.

17th June.

APPRENTICE WANTED

TO the Printing Business, a lad about five or six years of age, who can [illegible] intelligibly. Apply at this Office.