# Poets' Department.

## THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The ship's bell toll'd! and slowly o'er the deck
Came forth the summon'd crew. Bold, hardy men,
Far from their native shore, stood silent there
With melancholy brow. From a low cloud,
That o'er the horizon hover'd came the threat
Of distant mutter'd thunder. Broken waves
Heaved up their sharp white helmets o'er the expanse
Of ocean, which in brooding stillness, lay
Like some vindictive king, who meditates
On hoarded wrong, or wakes the wrathful war.
The ship's bell toll'd! and lo! a youthful form
Which oft had boldly dared the slippery shrouds
At midnight's watch, was as a burden laid,
Down at his comrade's feet. Mournful they gazed
Upon his sunken cheek, and some there were,
Who in that bitter hour remembered well
The parting blessing of his hoary sire,
And the big tears that over his mother's cheek
Went coursing down, when his beloved voice
Breathed its farewell. But one who nearest stood
To that pale, shrouded corse, remembered more;
Of a white cottage with a shaven lawn,
And blossom'd hedge, and of a fair-haired girl
Who, at her lattice veil'd with woodbine, watch'd
His last, far step, and then turn'd back to weep
And close that comrade in his faithful breast
Hid a bright chestnut lock, which the dead youth
In life's extremity, had bade him bear,
With broken words of love's last eloquence,
To his blest Mary. Now that chosen friend
Bowed low his sun-bronzed face, and like a child,
Sobb'd in deep sorrow.
But there came a tone,
Clear as the breaking moon o'er seas,
"I am the resurrection." Every heart
Suppress'd its grief, and every eye was raised.
There stood the chaplain—his uncover'd brow
Unmark'd by earthly passion, while his voice,
Rich as the balm from plants of Paradise,
Poured the Eternal's message o'er the souls
Of dying men. It was a holy hour!
There lay the wreck of human beauty—here
Bent mourning manhood, while supporting faith
Cast her strong anchor 'neath the troubled wave.
There was a plunge!—the riven sea complain'd!
Death from his briny bosom took her own,
The awful fountains of the deep lift up
Their subterranean portals, and he went
Down to the floor of Ocean, 'mid the beds
Of brave and beautiful ones. Yet to my soul
In all the funeral pomp, the gate of pearl,
The monumental grandeur, with which earth
Indulgeth her dead sons, was naught we said,
Sublime, or sorrowful, as the mute sea
Opening her mouth to whelm that sailor youth.

*Verse for the corner of a lady's handkerchief.*

### TO A SIGH

Sweet echo of the soul in anguish,
Thou zephyric fan for those who languish,
O! cease to breathe, or, like the dove,
Let all thy song be—"love, still love."

*A small touch of the sublime.*

Abigail Lord, of her own accord,
Went down to see her sister;
Jason Lee, as brisk as a flea,
Jumped right up and kiss'd her.

## THE DISAPPOINTED

At length she sunk, and disappointment stood,
The only comforter, and mournfully
Told all was passing. Her interest in life,
In being, ceased: and now she seemed to feel,
And shuddered as she felt, her power of mind
Decaying in the spring-time of her day.
*Pollok's Course of Time*

It was early in the Autumn of 1826, that I journeyed into the western part of the State of New York. From my childhood up, I had been devotedly attached to the paternal roof, and most deadly averse to any adventure that might secure me an easier and more comfortable subsistence. But the flattering accounts which some of my village companions gave of their success among the descendants of Old Hendrick Hudson, and the actual evidence they afforded of it, by an exhibition of the "one thing needful," soon turned all my notions, and inspired me with the true spirit of Yankee adventure. I no longer felt myself spell-bound to the pleasures and scenes of home—but leaving them without reluctance, I set off like Jason of old in quest of the golden fleece. Although I knew but little of books, and still less of the world, my ambition was to take a school, and as the fact of being a New England son, was in itself an excellent recommendation, I soon succeeded in obtaining a very lucrative place, not in any old Dutch settlement—but in the intelligent and flourishing village of S——. My residence and board were taken up with a worthy and honest farmer—whose family consisted of an only daughter, and two small sons. There was such a frankness and mildness in the manners of Mr. Staunton—for such was the name of the farmer, that he early won my confidence and esteem. His society afforded me both instruction and amusement, and that of his daughter, was full of exquisite earthly pleasure. Naturally amiable and interesting, she had been rendered still more so by a proper cultivation of mind and manners. Her education had been obtained at none of those expensive boarding schools—where the study are coquetry and affectation rather than the practical principles of females duties. If she had not the polish and grace of those who come from such schools, she had not their disgusting affectedness of manner—she was in every sense of the word nature's child, and had been carefully instructed in those branches of knowledge necessary to give real ornament to her sex. Such qualities, for she was not remarkable for any personal attractions, secured to Emily the admiration of all who moved in her society, or had any respect for female virtue. But they secured to her *more* than this from the full and noble heart of Charles Atwood. He *loved* her, and if ever there was a love which came up from the still sanctuary of the soul, it was his. He had been her companion in the happy days of childhood—and with all the innocence of a school-boy love had sought the simple favors of her girlish generosity. Both being the off-springs of honest and wealthy farmers, if no means were taken to encourage their attachments—none were taken to prevent them, and in a short time they were so completely bound up in each other's affections, that one was not completely happy without the companionship of the other. From this time years passed sweetly and fleetly on. No cloud arose to dim the heaven of their hopes or damp the ardor of their youthful feeling. All was bright and beautiful like one summer morn, and although both faithfully discharged the duties of their respective stations, and began in secret to look forward to the period when a union of hand as well as heart should take place, they scarce noted the years as they moved; for

——"Time unheeded, speeds away
When love's luxurious pulse beats high.

The village were loud in praise of their continued attachment for each other, and often would the remark be made as they were seen walking over the green or riding through the street, "what a lovely pair!"

But all these prospects were destined to be early blasted. The respective fathers of Emily and Charles, had always borne the noble characters of peaceable and honest men. They seemed to have no desire for civil honors, or to mingle in the stirring scenes of political ambition. They cared not whether Cæsar or Augustus reigned, so long as their harvests were abundant and their sales profitable. But a new cause of action had now opened—a cause which might be truly said to "make the dumb to speak, and the deaf to hear." The whole western part of the State of New York, as if moved by one mighty impulse, arose and took sides upon the great question which had already begun to agitate the public mind. The line of political demarkation was drawn between Mr. Staunton and the father of our young hero, and thus a mutual hostility arose which was not confined within the sphere of public action. It entered their families—it profaned the sanctuary of their fire sides, and the visits of Charles from becoming discountenanced by the father of his love, were at last actually prohibited. Such is the degree to which ignorant and narrow minded men will carry their political principles. It would be in vain to attempt to describe the sorrow which this prohibition occasioned. It was a disappointment of which the young girl, in the simplicity of her heart, had never dreamed. She fancied that if that being whom she loved, with the disinterested fervor of woman, had alienated himself from her, she could have brooked the prostration of her hopes—cut to be denied for such a reason, and after the encouragements wich has been given, was enough to agonize her whole soul. But the promises and determinations of Mr. Staunton were now as if they never had been; irritated by the defeat of his party, and writhing under the ridicule of his enemies, he declared in an evil hour that his daughter should never marry the son of a political opponent, and although words were added to words and entreaty to entreaty, he never turned from this purpose, until the time for reparation had passed by. He recked not of the danger which would come upon Emily—for he was ignorant of true affection, and the strong hold which it had taken in her heart. She was a simple and amiable girl, and he could not believe that discharging Charles, would cause any thing more than a temporary sorrow. But I will dismiss this part of my subject. Those who have read a history of the affections in the great book of experience, will know it full well, without further description.

Charles Atwood, after meeting with this unexpected repulse from the most unexpected quarter, and attempting in vain to overcome the prejudices of the father, departed into the state of Missouri—not so much with a view to fame and fortune, as to forget the object of his early and lasting attachments. His naturally enterprising spirit rendered him for a while successful in business, and he seemed to have forgotten the place of his nativity, and its thousand interesting and minute resting associations. But this delusive veil was not long to continue drawn over his character, for being incapable of stifling the remembrances of the past, he flew to the intoxicating bowl, and in a short time became all that drinking and gambling and kindred vices can make a man. He died, reader, you know how.

But Emily Staunton could not thus betake herself to a strange territory, and live out a miserable existence. It was not her nature to dissipate care by mingling in the vicious and loathsome scenes of the world. It was rather by cherishing a divine melancholy and frequenting places of gloomy solitude. Although she still joined in the hilarities and parties of her gay companions, she was cold and indifferent; nor could her father ever prevail upon her to show any thing more than common civility to those who would have gladly made her the partner of their bosoms.—She still remembered the object of her first and only love, and often in the stillness of solitude have I heard her pour forth her song of sorrow for the blighted expectations of youth. There was a beautiful grove at a small distance in the rear of her father's dwelling, and here she would steal away in the calmness of the "moonlight hour," and indulge in all the luxuries of grief—ever and anon singing that sweetest of songs:—

"Hail to thee—hail to thee! kindling power!
Spirit of love, spirit of bliss!
The holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this."

None seemed to mark the baneful ills—which this course was effecting. Her mother had died while she was quite young, and her father now wholly engrossed with the great political contest which had completely destroyed his honesty and peaceableness of character. If he did notice a change in her complexion and manner—he imagined it arose from some trifling cause, and never dreamed that she was pining away in "green and yellow melancholy."

The illness and death of my father now called me back to Connecticut, and several years elapsed before I returned to resume the occupation which had been a source of pleasure, as well as profit to me. My first visit after returning was made at the house of Mr. Staunton, and, reader, I dread to tell the change that had passed over the spirit of the place. The disappointed girl, wearied with an existence in which there shone no ray of light or comfort, and diseased in imagination, had at length committed *Suicide*. The father was fast sinking into his grave—borne down with the accumulated weight of sorrow. He had withdrawn himself from any further participation in the once important question which had brought on him so much trouble, and determined to spend the remainder of his days in the little quietude of his own household. And from that determination he never departed.

*New England Weekly Review*

## REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. BONHOTE.

Did young people seriously consider the important change which marriage must necessarily produce in their situation, how much more cautious would it make them in their choice of a companion for life. Alas! what avails the graces of the finest figure, the most captivating address, or the assemblage of all that is ensnaring, if the heart is depraved or the conduct imprudent! The gayest associate of the convivial hour may be the dullest, the most unfit company for the domestic circle; and he who is never satisfied but in a crowd, or when engaged in a continual round of pleasure, is very unlikely to make a tender and prudent husband—should sickness or distress draw near, depend upon it he would fly from the approach. If beauty alone excited his passion, it would cease to exist when you are deprived of those attractions on which it was founded. If fortune was his inducement, that will likewise lose its value on his sordid mind; and the very person who brought him the wealth for which he sighed, will be considered as a grand obstacle to his enjoyment. Too often is this unpleasant picture to be seen in many discontented families, which a little serious reflection might have prevented from being so unfortunatly realized. Never be prevailed upon to yield your heart to any one, however he may shine in the gay circles of the world, if you are convinced that he has no relish for a retired life. The man who likes every house better than his own, will scarcely take the trouble of making his home agreable to others whilst it is disgusting to himself. It will be the only place in which he will give away to his discontent and ill humor. Such people are for ever strangers to the dear delights of a social state, and all the real comforts of a well regulated family. He that is indiscriminately at home, is never at home, and he feels himself a stranger or a visitor amidst his closest connexions.

*"Faint heart never won a fair lady"*

This proverb is an incentive to constancy and resolution in an honorable undertaking, having a more extensive meaning than the one expressed. It intimates the injurious-ness of being low spirited and despairing, as dejection of mind will in all probability, prevent success, as it enervates or enfeebles the whole energy of man. Irresolution unfits us to meet difficulties; but courage conquors those which at first appear insurmontable.

*Marriage Portion.*—It was one of the laws of Lycurgus that no portions should be given with young woman in marriage. When this great lawgiver was called on to justify this enactment, he observed,—"That in the choice of a wife, merit only should be considered; and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches, or neglected for their poverty."

*Cure for the Tooth-Ache.*—At a recent Meeting of the London Medical Society, Dr Blake stated that the extraction or excision of teeth was unnecessary. He was enabled, he said, to cure the most desperate cases of tooth ache (unless the disease was connected with rheumatism,) by the application of the following remedy to the diseased tooth: "Alum reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirit of æther, seven drachms; mix, and apply them to the tooth." Mr. Fray, the American dentist, who was present, admitted, with much candor that in 95 cases out of 100, where surgeons and dentists are applied to for the purpose of extraction, relief might be obtained without that, or even excision. It may, therefore, be worth while to try the remedy prescribed by Dr. Blake as unlike many of the nostrums of the present day, it cannot do any harm, but it does not appear to possess the character of a specific. Mr. Fray submitted his instruments for excision and extraction, to the inspection of the meeting, and he received some well merited encomiums for the improvement which he has introduced in the practice of the dentist.


## 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.—32tf

## 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.

## 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.

## Tin and Sheet Iron MANUFACTORY.

I HAVE a large assortment of Tin Ware on hand, which I will sell at wholesale or retail, low for cash or country produce, such as will suit.
N. SMITH.
N. B. Jobs done with neatness, accuracy and despatch.
Vincennes, Jan. 18, 1832. 17-tf.

## CASH IN HAND,

FOR WHEAT, RYE AND CORN, delivered at the Vincennes Steam Mill.
MARRON & HUNTER.
November 10, 1831. 7-tf

## FOR SALE!
## 400 ACRES OF LAND,

LYING in the Old Donation, and numbered 144. It will be sold at much less than the price of Congress lands. For further particulars, apply at the Gazette Office.
17th June.

## 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.

*A few pounds of Wool wanted at this Office.*



## 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 22, 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, 1330.—1

## 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. 10-tf

## NOTICE.

*To the heirs of Elijah H. Davison, dec'd.*

YOU are hereby notified, that I shall apply to the next Circuit Court for the county of Pike, to be holden on the second Monday in April next, for the division of one hundred acres of land, viz: Section 5, Range 9 South, Township 1 West; it being part of the real estate of E. H. Davison, deceased.
JOSEPH DAVISON.
February 14, 1832 21-3t.

## Dry Goods,

MARRON & HUNTER,

HAVE just received by Steam boat Utility, a supply of DRY

# GOODS,

**Hardware, Queensware, & GROCERIES,**

Which they will sell as low as any house in the Borough
Vincennes, Feb. 17, 1832. 21-tf

## CAUTION!

WHEREAS I gave my note in November, 1831, to Joseph Metsgour for the sum of twenty-six dollars, before I discovered deception, I hereby caution all persons from trading for the same, as it was obtained by false representations from me; and I shall not pay it unless compelled by law.
JOHN BARRICKMAN, Jr.
February 10, 1832. 21-3t.

## Partition of Real Estate.

*To the heirs and legal representatives of Matthias Killiam, late of Daviess county Indiana, deceased,*

### TAKE NOTICE.

THAT application will be made to the Circuit Court of said county of Daviess, at Washington, on the third Monday in March next, or as soon thereafter as a motion will be heard, for the appointment of Commissioners to divide the real estate of the said deceased, pursuant to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, situated in the counties of Daviess and Green.
WILLIAM KILLIAM,
DAVID KILLIAM,
*Two of the heirs of said deceased.*
Washington, Feb. 15, 1832 21-3t

## APPRENTICE WANTED

TO the Printing Business, a lad fifteen years of age, who can read and write intelligibly. Apply at this Office.

## BLANKS

Neatly executed at this Office.