

Port's Department.



SA TOUCH AT THE TIMES?

What's honor's proud and crusty creed,
To him who stands of cash in need,
Or him in search of place?
What's independence to a mind
To wise servility inclin'd,
And fearless of disgrace?

What virtue dwells in empty fame?
And what's the value of a name,
To any but a novice?
What's reputation, friendship, pride,
Compared with fortune's flowing tide—
With party, power and office?

The plant, patriot, trimming tribe,
Who wisely take the official bribe,
To better their condition;
Now sweeping for the popular gaze,
All former friends and creeds assail,
And curse the opposition.

FROM THE N. Y. CRYSTAL HUNTER.

MIND.

"Now this fellow has a head,"
I've marked upon a mountain top,
The sun a pebble kiss;
And then it seemed a starry drop,
Come from its azure fields of bliss,
To tell the earth how pure and fair
Was its fine home above the air.

I've seen a stone attempt to shine,
Beneath the restless wave;
But 'twas a faint and flickering line—
As trifling as the fire fly gave
When he went roving for a bride,
At the dark hour that day-birds hide.

I've watched a man whose thoughts were high
Bright as the mountain stone;
Mind, mighty mind, was in his eye;
Above the earth he stood, alone;
A light between the earth and sky;
Filled with a hue which could not die.

But man will grovel; and the wave
Of earth overshade his beams;
His life oft shrouded like his grave;
He gives the sunken pebbles gleam;
Unmindful of that inward light,
Which is a star at morn or night. C. E. E.

From the Legends of New England
A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

"The gaunt wolf,
Scouting the place of slaughter with his long
And most offensive howl did ask for blood."

"The wolf—the gaunt and ferocious
wolf! How many tales of wild horror are
associated with its name! Tales of deserted
battle-field—where the wolf and the
vulture feed together—a horrible and ob-
scene banquet, realizing the fearful de-
scription of the Siege of Corinth, when—

On the edge of a gulf,
There sat a raven flapping a wolf,
amidst the cold and stiffening corpse of
the fallen; or of the wild Scandinavian
forests, where the peasant sinks down ex-
hausted amid the drifts of winter, and the
wild wolf's howl sounds fearfully in his
deafening ear; and lean forms and evil
eyes gather closer and closer around him
as if impatient for the death of the doom-
ed victim.

The early settlers of New England
were not unfrequently incommoded by the
numbers and ferocity of the wolves, which
prowled around their rude settle-
ments. The hunter easily overpowered
them and with one discharge of the mus-
ket scattered them from his dwelling; they fled even from the timid child
in the broad glare of day; but in the thick
and solitary night, far away from the
dwelling of men, they were terrible, from
their fiendish ferocious appetite for blood."

I have heard of a fearful story of the
wolf from the lips of some of the old set-
tlers of Vermont; perhaps, it may be the
best told in the language of one of the
witnesses of the scene.

"Twas a night in January, in the
year 17—. We had been to a fine quilting
frolic about two miles from our settlement
of four or five log houses. "Twas rather
late—about twelve o'clock, I should guess,
when our party broke up. There was no
moon—and a dull, gray shadow or haze
hung all around the horizon, while over-
head a few pale and sickly looking stars
gave us their dull light as they shone
through the dingy curtain. There were
six of us in company—Harry Mason and
myself, and four as pretty girls as ever
grew up this side of the green mountains. There
were my two sisters, and Harry's
sister and sweetheart, the daughter of our
next door neighbor. She was a right
down handsome girl—that Caroline Allen. I
never saw her equal, though I am no
stranger to pretty faces. She was so
pleasant and kind of heart—so gentle and
sweet-spoken; and, so intelligent besides,
that every body loved her. She had an
eye as blue as the hill violet, and her lips
were like a red rose leaf in June. No
wonder that Harry Mason loved her, boy
though he was—for we had neither of us
seen our seventeenth summer.

Our party lay through a thick forest of
oak, with here and there a tall pine rising
its dark, full shadow against the sky, with
an outline rendered indistinct by the thick
darkness. The snow was deep—deeper
a great deal than ever it falls of late years—
but the surface was frozen strongly
enough to bear our weight, and we hurried
on over the white pathway in rapid
steps. We had not proceeded far before
a low, long howl came to our ears. We
all knew it in a moment; and I perceived
a shudder thrilling the arms that were
folded close to my own, as a sudden cry
burst from the lips of us all—the wolves
—he wolves!"

Did you ever see a wild wolf—not one
of your caged, broken down, show animals
that are exhibited for sixpence a sight,
children half price—but a fierce, half-

starved ranger of the wintry forest, howling
and hurrying over the barren snow,
actually mad with hunger? There is not
one of God's creatures which has such a
frightful fiendish look, as this animal. It
has the form as well as the spirit of a de-
mon.

Another, and another howl—and then
we could hear distinctly the quick padding
of feet behind us. We turned right round
and looked in the direction of the sound.

"The devils are after us," said Mason,
pointing to a line of dark gliding bodies.
And so in fact they were—the whole troop
of them—howling like so many Indians in
a powwow. We had no weapons of any
kind; and we knew enough of the nature
of the vile creatures who followed us, to
feel that it would be useless to contend
without them. There was not a moment
to lose; the savage beasts were close upon
us. To attempt flight would have been a
hopeless affair. There was but one chance
of success, and we instantly seized upon it.

"To the trees—let us climb the tree!" I
cried, springing forward towards a long
bowed and knarled oak which I saw at a
glance, might be easily climbed into.

Harry Mason sprung lightly into the
tree and aided in placing the girls in a
place of comparative security among the
thick boughs. I was the last on the
ground, and the whole troop were yelling
at my heels before I reached the rest of
the company. There was one moment of
hard breathing and wild exclamations am-
ong us, and then a feeling of calm thank-
fulness for our escape. The night was
cold, and we soon began to shiver and
shake, like so many sailors on the topmast
of an Iceland whaler. But there were no
murmurs—no complaining among us, for
we could distinctly see the gaunt, attenu-
ated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and
every now and then we could see great
glowing eyes, staring up into the tree
where we were seated. And then their
yells—they were long, loud and devilish.

I know not how long we had remained
in this situation, for we had no means of
ascertaining the time, when I heard a limb
cracking as if breaking down with the
weight of some one of us; and a moment
after a shriek went through my ears like
the piercing of a knife. A light form
went plunging down through the naked
branches, and fell with a dull and heavy
sound upon the stiff snow.

"Oh God! I am gone!" It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again. There was
a horrible dizziness and confusion in my
brain and I spoke not and I stirred not—
for the whole was at that time like an og-
ley dream. I only remember, that there
were cries and shuddering around me;
perhaps I joined with them—and that
there were smothered groans, and dread-
ful howls underneath. It was all over in
a moment. Poor Caroline! she was liter-
ally eaten alive. The wolves had a fright-
ful feast, and they became raving mad
with the taste of blood.

When I came to myself—when the hor-
rible dream went off—and it lasted but a
moment—I struggled to shake off the arms
of my sister which were clinging around me,
and could I have cleared myself, I
should have jumped down among the ra-
giving animals. But when another thought
came over me, I knew that any attempt
at rescue would be useless. As for poor
Mason he was wild with sorrow. He had
tried to follow Caroline when she fell, but he
could not shake off the grasp of his
terrified sister. His youth and weak con-
stitution and frame, were unable to with-
stand the dreadful trial; and he stood
close by my side, with his hands firmly
clenched and his teeth set closely, gazing
down upon the dark wrangling creatures
below, with the fixed stare of a maniac.
It was indeed a dreadful scene. Around
us was the thick cold night—and below,
the ravenous wild beasts were lapping
their bloody jaws, and howling for another
victim.

The morning broke at last; and our
frightful enemies fled at the first advance
of day light, like so many cowardly mur-
derers. We waited until the sun had ris-
en before we ventured to crawl from our
resting place. We were chilled through
—every limb was numb with cold and
terror—and poor Mason was delirious,
and raved wildly about the dreadful things
he had witnessed. There were bloody
stains all around the tree; and two or
three long locks of dark hair were
trampled into the snow.

We had gone but a little distance when
we were met by our friends from the set-
tlement who had become alarmed at our
absence. They were shocked at our wild
and frightful appearance; and my broth-
ers have oftentimes told me at first view
we all seemed like so many crazed and
brain stricken creatures. They assisted
us to reach our homes; but Harry Mason
never recovered fully from the dreadful
trial. He neglected his business, his
studies, and his friends; and would sit alone
for hours together, ever and anon mutter-
ing to himself about that horrible night.
He fell to drinking soon after and died a
miserable drunkard, before age had whit-
ened a hair on his head.

For my own part, I confess that I have
never entirely overcome the terrors of
that melancholy circumstance which I
have endeavored to describe. The thought
of it has haunted me like my own shadow;
and even now, the whole scene comes
freshly before me in my dreams, and I
start up with something of the same feel-
ing of terror that I experienced when more
than half a century ago, I passed a night
among the wolves!"

Consideration—A couple of young
people living near Potowmack, having some no-
tion to try a matrimonial life, the young
man being different and slow in conversa-
tion.

Blanks
Neatly executed at this Office.

tion about the matter, the lady grew impatient, and to bring the business to a close demanded an explicit avowal on the part of her lover, in the following terms: "Frank, if you intend to marry me I wish to know it, so that I may make some preparation." A long pause ensued—at length Frank broke the silence and exclaimed, "No meat, no corn, and the fishing time almost over! Good Lord, Nelly I can't."

BICKNELL'S REPORTER,
Counterfeit Detector, and Price Current.

REYNOLDS & BONNER,
VINCENNES, INDIANA.

New Goods.

MARRON & HUNTER,

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

GOODS

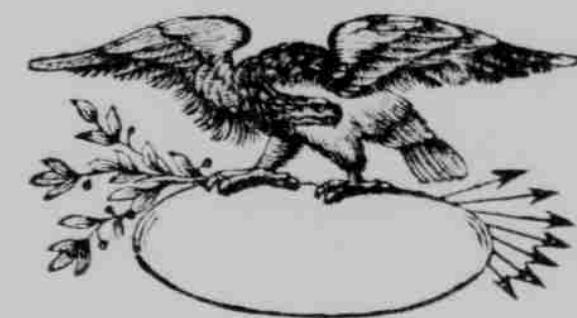
Hardware, Queensware, &

GROCERIES,

Which they will sell as low as any house
in the Borough.

Vincennes, Feb. 17, 1832. 21-ff

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—25ff

ROBERT SMITH

HAS just received per Steamer, Virginian,
an excellent assortment of hollow-ware,
among which are the following:

Sugar Kettles,
Plough Plates,
Boat Cables, and
Castings Assorted.

ALSO, KENIWA SALT, at 62 1-2 cts. per
bushel by the barrel reweighed.

Vincennes, Feb. 22, 1832. 22-ff

LAND FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following
described tracts of land, lying in the
Military tract, Illinois, viz:

The N. W. quarter of Section, No. 10, I. S. 5 W.
South half " " " 2, 9 N. 1 W.
N. E. part " " " 21, 6 N. 3 W.
N. W. part " " " 36, 7 N. 3 E.
N. E. part " " " 15, 9 N. 3 E.

The above lands are in the neighborhood of
good settlements. The N. E. quarter of Section
No. 21, lies within four and a half miles of Mc-
Comb, the County Seat of McDonough. The
whole is timbered and well-watered, and near
large prairies. They will be sold low for cash,
or exchanged for land in the neighborhood of
Vincennes, or good horses at a reasonable price.

He also offers for sale 400 acres of land, lying in
Knox county, Indiana, No. 231, fourteen miles
from Vincennes, on the road to Indianapolis.—
The titles to all the above, are indisputable.

N. SMITH. Vincennes, Jan. 20, 1832. 17-ff

HARDWARE,

WHOLESALE.

Henry E. Thomas & Co.

Main-street, near Wall street, Louisville, Ky.

HAVE constantly on hand a general and
complete assortment of GOODS in the
above line, in all its branches. In the stock will
be found

Collins & Co's cast steel axes,
Naylor and Sunderson's steel,
English and American Blister do,
Anvils and vices of all qualities,
Coach Mounting and Furniture, including
Lace and Trimmings,
Butcher's and Cam's Edge Tools,
Carpenters' Planes,
Wilson's and other Coffee Mills,
Straw-Knives, Hoes, Scythes,
Tack, Log and Hulter Chains,
Cut Nails, Brads, Tacks, Spikes,
Castings of all descriptions, &c. & c.
Their facilities for maintaining their assort-
ment and stock, both of

Foreign & Domestic Goods,

are such as to enable them to offer inducements
to Country Merchants equal to any House in the
Western Country; and they hope by liberal
terms and moderate dealing, to give satisfaction
to those whose custom they receive.

December 10, 1835. 13-3m.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber informs the public that he
has four hundred barrels of good Kewiwa
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 pur-
chase 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-ff.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber for
the first volume of the Gazette, and for ad-
vertising, are requested to pay their account
immediately; as it is necessary his former book
should be balanced forthwith.

Dec. 8, 1831. SAMUEL HILL.

CASH IN HAND,

FOR WHEAT, RYE AND CORN, deliver-

ed at the Vincennes Steam Mill.

MARRON & HUNTER.

November 10, 1831. 7-ff

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 partic-
ulars, apply at the Gazette Office.

17 June.

JUST RECEIVED

12 DOZEN SADDLE TIRES, assorted,
which will be sold low for cash.

ROBERT SMITH.

Vincennes, March 15, 1832. 17-ff

Prospectus

OF THE
VINCENNES GAZETTE,
A Weekly Newspaper established at Vinc