



A TALE.

There was a man named Daniel Dabb,
(A hump-back man was he.)
Who sometimes lived at a sea port,
But it was not Port-
He dealt in fish and mended nets,
But could not make it do,
Although he sometimes sold a fish,
And sometimes sold a shoo.

So of a quick he learned to bleed,
And drew teeth with precision,
And he knew the healing art,
He set up a physician.
He took a cellar, which you know
Is always under ground,
And sometimes he'd a pair of shoes,
And sometimes he'd a shoo.

By fish and shoo and drugg, said he,
"I hope I shall rise higher,
For by *will* I can't live,
Unless I have a buyer,
On weak I've staked my all and last,
And trust that I shall win it,
For if a tray of trade, won't win,
I think the deuce is in it."

But people would not have teeth drawn,
Because it gave them pain;
And bleeding, when folks will not bleed,
You know is all in vein.
One day when at his cellular head,
He sat with doleful face,
A servant maid came up to him,
And asked him for a place.

He'd herring shotten, though not shot,
That shone like any gem,
And though he'd placed them all in rows,
Roos had no place in them.
Says Sue, they are all skin and scales,
And full of bones within;
Says she I've missed without bones,
And very little skin."

Says Sue, they're poison, though I own
That I for some with soy long;
And as for poison I've heard says,
The French call all fish poison.
But I should like a little fish."

Says Dan "I've no little bait;

And as the eels are slippery things,

You'd better take a skate."

Oh nota place I want," says Sue,
Says Dan, "this is the case,
Because I was not out in time,
You see I'm out of place,
Indeed," says Sue, "Why so am I,
My mistress wants one stronger;
And though she says I am too short,
She does not want me longer."

If that's the case, dear Sue," says Dan,

"Why something must be done;

So as we two are out of place,

Why let us two make one,

To mend folks' shoes, and serve them fish,

Some want of help I feels;

So while I drive nails in their toes,

Why you can skin your eels."

"Oh, no," says Sue, "that will not do;
I'll find some other work,

For since you are a mussel-man,

You'd use me like a Turk."

So off she ran, and left poor Dan

A disappointed elf;

And when he'd cried fish all that day,

At night he cried himself.

Next morn on a large nail he hung,
And hung till he was pale;

For though dead, took him off the hooks,

He could not off the nail,

And when they bore him to the grave,

Sue wrung her hands and cried;

And some our ring his knell, although

It was for Sue he sighed."

From the London Metropolitan.

A SCENE OF THE LAST WAR.

* * * The war with France being over, sir Peter Parker took leave of his wife at Bordeaux, and we, with a large convoy carrying troops, made sail to the coast of America. We arrived in the Chesapeake at the time that the desolate war of conflagration was at its height. When we entered the Potowmack, a large river which empties itself into the Chesapeake, the fertile shores of this beautiful abode presented the sad effects of the war; on each side houses were burning with fearful rapidity and when night came on, they reassembled the signal fires of the Indians, blazing in all the horrors of destruction. The next day our marines accompanied the marines of the rest of the squadron in one of these expeditions. We were commanded by Sir G. Cockburn in person; and with him as an amateur, was the late gallant General Ross, who was afterwards killed at Baltimore. Our destination was up a river which runs at the back of St. George's Island; and the object was to destroy a factory, which was not only the abode of innocent labour, but likewise the resort of some few militiamen guilty of the unnatural sin of protecting their own country. We started in the morning and having landed about five miles up the river, proceeded along a pretty fair road, flanked on each side by large woods which led to the factory. General Ross directed the movements of our skirmishes, and instructed our sea general in some of the safeguards of a land-army. When we arrived within two hundred yards of the town, Sir Peter gave the word for his division to charge; and at a full trot we arrived at the factory. Our approach had been long known; every one but the women and children had deserted the town, and had taken with them most of the implements of their labour; we therefore most valiantly set fire to the unprotected property, notwithstanding the tears and the cries of the women, and like a parcel of savages as we were dashed round the wrecks of ruin. It is now of no use to dive into the reason why this savage mode of warfare was resorted to; it was generally asserted to be merely retaliation in the South, for aggressions in the North; in short as the Americans burnt right and left in Canada, we did them the same compliment in the Chesapeake, thereby following an example which greater barbarians than ourselves have shuddered to commit. Be it as it may, every house which we could by ingenuity vote into the residence of a militiaman was burnt; and, as almost every man in America did belong to the militia, we had abundant opportunities of becoming the most scientific destroyers of all sorts and kinds of property. On our return from the factory, Gen. Ross went on board the Admiral's ship, whilst Sir G. Cockburn and Sir P. Parker, with a sufficient force, landed on the shore immediately behind St. George's Island, and proceeded to surround a dwelling house near the beach. It was nine o'clock in the evening; the sun had long set, and the moon threw a clear pale light over the landscape. The house was surrounded with fir trees; and the inhabitants little dreamt, in so calm and beautiful a night, that the destroyer was at hand. All was hushed and quiet with the exception of the chirping cricket, and the ripple of the water as it broke on the beach. Like midnight murderers we cautiously approached the house; the door was open and we unmercifully intruded ourselves upon three young ladies sitting quietly at tea, occupying themselves with their work and apparently expecting a visit from some persons with whom they were better acquainted. Sir George Cockburn, Sir Peter Parker, and myself entered the room rather suddenly and a simultaneous scream was our welcome. Sir G. Cockburn has naturally an austere countenance; but Sir Peter Parker who was the handsomest man in the navy, wore always a winning smile and a cheerful demeanor. The ladies instantly appealed to the latter; but he was a good officer, and knew how to obey as well as command. — Sir George asked for the colonel, their father. He was out and not expected at home. "He provided arms for some of the militia?" continued Sir George. There seemed a slight acquiescence on the part of the ladies, which was followed by these words — "I am sorry to be guilty of an apparent incivility; but your father has mainly assisted in arming the militia and I must now do my duty. In ten minutes time I must set fire to this house; therefore use that period in removing your most valuable effects, for at the expiration of those ten minutes I shall give orders to burn those premises?" Any one who knew Sir George would have known that he never deviated from his word, and consequently would have begun to have packed up with all despatch. Not so the young ladies; they threw themselves on their knees, begged, implored, urged, and prayed the Admiral to depart and leave them to their home and their father — "They never assisted in war, excepting to succour a wounded enemy" — They never urged their father to arm the militia: They were in fact, poor and unprotected females. — Five minutes had elapsed: in vain they implored Sir George to forego his intentions. The youngest, a girl about sixteen, and lovely beyond the general beauty of those parts, threw herself at Sir Peter Parker's knees, and prayed him to interfere. The tears started from his eyes in a moment; and I was so bewildered at the affecting scene that I appeared to see through the thick mist. There stood Sir George, his countenance unchanged and unchangeable; his watch on the table, and his eyes fixed upon it. One girl had seized upon his left arm, which she pressed with her own hands; another stood a kind of knot of tears; whilst the third and youngest was on her knees before Sir Peter. His feelings soon overcame his duty, and he began a sentence, which the Admiral cut short; the time was expired, and I was desired to order the men to bring the fire-balls. Never shall I forget the despair of that moment. Poor Sir Peter wept like a child, whilst the girl clung to his knees and impeded his retreat; the Admiral walked out with his usual haughty stride, followed by the two eldest girls, who again vainly implored him to countermand the order. Sir Peter was scarcely clear of the threshold when the flames of the house threw a light over the before sombre darkness. We retreated from the scene of ruin, leaving the three daughters gazing at the work of destruction, which made the innocent houseless, and the afflition beggars. I will not give an opinion concerning the feelings of Sir George: I am sure he felt as a brave man always feels, when female beauty interteres with his duty. — The last struggle to retain his composure when he called out. "Begin" was ineffectual; he felt as much as others, but he had more command over his feelings. I know he is a brave man, and therefore am sure that he inherits that feeling which is common to that class of men.

By the light of that house we embarked, and returned on board. It was a scene which impressed itself upon my heart, and which my memory and hand unwillingly recall and publish.

"How did you get such a cold, Ben?" said a wheezing brother the other day. "I slept in the Park last night," answered Ben, "and some one left the gate open."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE. — A gentleman lately stopped in a certain Post Office, who, after enquiring for a letter for himself and another, and being answered in the negative, with great simplicity asked — "Do you know when there will be any?"

Topographical. — A printer, not thoroughly master of the business, especially that part of it, of placing the pages right, which printers term *imposing a form*, wrote to a friend to send him a book of *impressions* — his friend, not being acquainted with the printing business, and not knowing particularly what he wanted, sent him a *Jackson* *electrotyping pamphlet*, observing it was full of *impressions*, and hoped it would suit him.

peake, thereby following an example which greater barbarians than ourselves have shuddered to commit. Be it as it may, every house which we could by ingenuity vote into the residence of a militiaman was burnt; and, as almost every man in America did belong to the militia, we had abundant opportunities of becoming the most scientific destroyers of all sorts and kinds of property. On our return from the factory, Gen. Ross went on board the Admiral's ship, whilst Sir G. Cockburn and Sir P. Parker, with a sufficient force, landed on the shore immediately behind St. George's Island, and proceeded to surround a dwelling house near the beach. It was nine o'clock in the evening; the sun had long set, and the moon threw a clear pale light over the landscape. The house was surrounded with fir trees; and the inhabitants little dreamt, in so calm and beautiful a night, that the destroyer was at hand. All was hushed and quiet with the exception of the chirping cricket, and the ripple of the water as it broke on the beach. Like midnight murderers we cautiously approached the house; the door was open and we unmercifully intruded ourselves upon three young ladies sitting quietly at tea, occupying themselves with their work and apparently expecting a visit from some persons with whom they were better acquainted. Sir George Cockburn, Sir Peter Parker, and myself entered the room rather suddenly and a simultaneous scream was our welcome. Sir G. Cockburn has naturally an austere countenance; but Sir Peter Parker who was the handsomest man in the navy, wore always a winning smile and a cheerful demeanor. The ladies instantly appealed to the latter; but he was a good officer, and knew how to obey as well as command. — Sir George asked for the colonel, their father. He was out and not expected at home. "He provided arms for some of the militia?" continued Sir George. There seemed a slight acquiescence on the part of the ladies, which was followed by these words — "I am sorry to be guilty of an apparent incivility; but your father has mainly assisted in arming the militia and I must now do my duty. In ten minutes time I must set fire to this house; therefore use that period in removing your most valuable effects, for at the expiration of those ten minutes I shall give orders to burn those premises?" Any one who knew Sir George would have known that he never deviated from his word, and consequently would have begun to have packed up with all despatch. Not so the young ladies; they threw themselves on their knees, begged, implored, urged, and prayed the Admiral to depart and leave them to their home and their father — "They never urged their father to arm the militia: They were in fact, poor and unprotected females. — Five minutes had elapsed: in vain they implored Sir George to forego his intentions. The youngest, a girl about sixteen, and lovely beyond the general beauty of those parts, threw herself at Sir Peter Parker's knees, and prayed him to interfere. The tears started from his eyes in a moment; and I was so bewildered at the affecting scene that I appeared to see through the thick mist. There stood Sir George, his countenance unchanged and unchangeable; his watch on the table, and his eyes fixed upon it. One girl had seized upon his left arm, which she pressed with her own hands; another stood a kind of knot of tears; whilst the third and youngest was on her knees before Sir Peter. His feelings soon overcame his duty, and he began a sentence, which the Admiral cut short; the time was expired, and I was desired to order the men to bring the fire-balls. Never shall I forget the despair of that moment. Poor Sir Peter wept like a child, whilst the girl clung to his knees and impeded his retreat; the Admiral walked out with his usual haughty stride, followed by the two eldest girls, who again vainly implored him to countermand the order. Sir Peter was scarcely clear of the threshold when the flames of the house threw a light over the before sombre darkness. We retreated from the scene of ruin, leaving the three daughters gazing at the work of destruction, which made the innocent houseless, and the afflition beggars. I will not give an opinion concerning the feelings of Sir George: I am sure he felt as a brave man always feels, when female beauty interteres with his duty. — The last struggle to retain his composure when he called out. "Begin" was ineffectual; he felt as much as others, but he had more command over his feelings. I know he is a brave man, and therefore am sure that he inherits that feeling which is common to that class of men.

By the light of that house we embarked, and returned on board. It was a scene which impressed itself upon my heart, and which my memory and hand unwillingly recall and publish.

"How did you get such a cold, Ben?" said a wheezing brother the other day. "I slept in the Park last night," answered Ben, "and some one left the gate open."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE. — A gentleman lately stopped in a certain Post Office, who, after enquiring for a letter for himself and another, and being answered in the negative, with great simplicity asked — "Do you know when there will be any?"

Topographical. — A printer, not thoroughly master of the business, especially that part of it, of placing the pages right, which printers term *imposing a form*, wrote to a friend to send him a book of *impressions* — his friend, not being acquainted with the printing business, and not knowing particularly what he wanted, sent him a *Jackson* *electrotyping pamphlet*, observing it was full of *impressions*, and hoped it would suit him.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE undersigned will sell seven hundred and ninety acres of land, of the best quality, part of a tract of eleven hundred and ninety, situated on the north west side of the Wabash at the Grand Rapids, about two miles from Mount Carmel, in the State of Illinois, on which he has erected a convenient six story frame house with a piazza all round, in which he resides; a fringe smoke-house, a kitchen, a stone-walled well of excellent water, and cleared about ten acres. It extends near two miles on the river, and affords a site for a Town and Mills where the falls are four and a half feet. It is well timbered, and contains a quarry of fine stone. A petition to Congress has recently been forwarded to Gen. Robinson, a Senator from Illinois, praying national aid, to cut a canal at this place, of which, if effected, one third interest will run through this tract, and greatly enhance its value, and benefit both the states of Illinois and Indiana. One-half of the tract may be purchased with or without the improvements for less quantity to suit the purchaser, and a credit to part of the purchase will be given it required. W. M. MINTOSH. Grand Rapids, Dec. 27, 1831. 14-14.

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.

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.

15th June. SAMUEL HILL.

WINTER GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received forty seven packages of GOODS, suitable for the present season. — Also brown and bleached CLOTHES, wool and fine HATS, Whitmore COTTON CARDS, &c.

CHAMBERS & GARVIN.

Louisville, Ky. Nov. 23, 1831. 10-10.

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. — 14

GOODS

Hardware, Queensware, &

GROCERIES,

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

Vincennes, Feb. 17, 1832. 21-0.

NOTICE.

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

F. 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. 10-10.

GOODS

Hardware, Queensware, &

GROCERIES,

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

Vincennes, Feb. 17, 1832. 21-0.

FOR SALE.

400 ACRES OF LAND,

LYING in the Old Donation, and numbered

14. It will be sold at much less than the price of Congress lands. For further particulars, apply at the Gazette Office.

17th June.

LAND FOR SALE.

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