



[The following lines were selected by a young Lady, and transmitted to her friend in this place, who had been recently married. They are certainly worth preserving.]

On matrimony's tickle son,  
I hear, thou hast ventured fairly,  
Though young in years it may not be.  
The bark is launched too early,  
Each wish of mine to heaven is sent,  
That, on the stormy water,  
Thou'll prove a wife obedient  
As thou hast been a daughter.

If every wish of mine were bliss,  
If every hope were pleasure,  
Then wouldst in him found happiness,  
And he in thee a treasure,  
For every wish and hope of mine,  
And every thought and feeling,  
Is for the will of these and thine,  
As true as my revealing.

I know thy youthful heart full well,  
Thou thoughtless, romping devil,  
But pardon, if my verse should tell  
My mind, in terms uncivil;  
For the advice which I indite,  
Pray thank me not unkindly;  
Tis from this heart each word I write,  
O mayst thou mark me duly.

To please thy husband in all things,  
For ever be thou zealous;  
Aye, bear in mind that love hath wings,  
Then never make him jealous.  
For if love from this perch once flies,  
How weak are beauty's issues!  
In vain would plead thy streaming eyes,  
And thy dishevelled tresses.

Be prudent in thy thoughts of dross,  
Be sparing of thy parties;  
Where fashion riots in excess,  
O nothing there but art is!  
And can its pallid sweets compare,  
With love of faithful bosoms?  
Then of the fatal tree beware,  
There's poison in its blossoms.

Each thought and wish to him confide,  
No secrets from him cherish;  
As soon as thou hast aught to hide,  
The better feelings perish.  
In whatsoever ye do or say  
O never with him palter;  
Remember too then saidst thou obey,  
Before the holy altar.

Bear and forbear, for you may find  
Uncounted things to tease ye,  
And should thy husband seem unkind,  
Averse to smile or please ye;  
Think that amidst the scene of life,  
He much has found to jeer him;  
Then smile as it becomes a wife,  
With music strive to cheer him.

Aye, answer him with kindly word,  
Be each tone sweetly spoken,  
For often is the marriage cord  
By angry accents broken;  
Then curb thy temper in its range,  
And fretful be thou never,  
For severed once a fervent change  
Hangs over both forever.

Upon thy neck light hang the chain  
For Hyman now has bound thee,  
O'er thee and thine may pleasure reign,  
And smiling friends surround thee.  
Then fare thee well, and may each time  
The sun smiles find thee wiser;  
Pray kindly com the well meant rhyme,  
Of thy sincere adviser.

## SATURDAY

In glowing terms I would this day indite—  
Its morn, its noon, its afternoon and night;  
The busiest day through the week, the latter day;  
A day when odd matters are made even;  
The dirtiest—cleanest too—of all the seven;  
The scouring pan, pail, plate, and platter day;  
A day of general noise and notability!

A plebe to gentlefolks,  
And prime gentry,  
D'en to the highest ranks—Nobility!  
And yet a day (baring all jokes)  
Of great utility.

Both to the rich as well as the modesty!  
A day of din—of clack—of clatter day;  
For all, how'er they mince the matter, say  
This day they dread;

A day with lipish, feverish, frenzy fed,  
Is that grand day of bust and bustle—Saturday.

We most cordially agree with the gentleman, who ever he was, that indited the above poetry. Saturday is the most thriving and bustling day of all the seven, and it really seems, since we began to bother with this paper, as if it came every other day in the week. How calm, peaceful and accommodating a body is poor Mrs. Monday. She is a clever, deliberate washerwoman, that seems to want for nothing but snuff and old clothes. The world goes very easy with her. To be sure, she never lays up many coppers, but then, says she, "I'll feel so tired and sleepy, after going to meeting twice yesterday besides the lecture, that I can hardly stir my hands about in the tub; Sam's stockings, Marm, had better be mended by niece To-morrow, before they are put in the wash—Yah—"

TUESDAY is a notable middle aged lady in bright spectacles, who is very grave and very silent, though she contrives to do some earning. WEDNESDAY is a driving widow of thirty-seven, who begins to fret that the work is so far behind hand, and by the quickness of her tongue in finding fault, succeeds in scolding people into something like intolerable activity. Next comes patient THURSDAY a young lady of half a century, who takes her chair at the table and sips tea and tells news all day long. She has half a dozen set words which constitute the spice of her conversation. "Bless my soul!" "How you talk!" "O my!" "Did you ever hear the like of it?" Yes, you old moth; all will hear the like of it, who spend their precious life at the tea-table, and put off to a more convenient season every employment but that of blasting their neighbors' character? FRIDAY is a venerable old lady very smart and very religious, who is nearly discouraged to see how much work remains to be done. The elder she grows the more nervous she becomes, the

cap, book and glasses are laid aside, and she labors zealously, talking all the while of the degeneration of modern times.— But then comes SATURDAY a strapping house-maid with the strength and tongue of Xantippe. Soap suds and sand! Hot irons and cold oven! Hoity-toity. Nothing has been done. Every thing is in confusion. Where is John? Where is Dick? Sam what have you been doing all the week? What fine order these things are in? Here take this brush—scrub up the auditors, clean the knives, &c. The house is turned topsy-turvy. All is dust, suds, bustle. Folks get up in the morning with a glimmering idea of the approaching hubbub, and feel marvelously apprehensive least they yield up to dirt and despair. Early in the day, people are thronging in from the country. The taverns begin to be filled up. The sun beats down hot—the streets are crowded with ladies after patterns; the markets are thronged with flies and housekeepers who are then obliged to provide the food of two days; money borrowers are also on the trot to gather the wherewithal to pay their bank-notes both for that day and Sunday—so that a large half of the whole business of the week is now transacted. As for reading newspapers at such a time—the thing is impossible. Half the citizens cannot get time to put on clean linen or be shaved. In fact the day is so fruitful of toil and trouble, that we never cease to wonder at the wish of the cunning African, who prayed to have Saturday every day, that Sunday might come oftener. But enough—

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit; The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell; Silence—  
[Boston Lounger.]

## KISSING.

We have just been looking over the first number of Tate's Edinburgh Magazine. It is very interesting, and almost equal to its rival Blackwood. We find only an article in it however of a peculiar sporting character. This is an essay on kissing, which most be allowed to be the rarest and the best kind of sport—*N. Y. Times*.

He thus describes the *kiss amatory*— "On writing this word we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogged weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and beautiful thing—first, innocent love—

There is that in female beauty, that delights merely to gaze upon; but beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasted with the white of the eye or the carnated skin,—the clear placid blue, into which you see down—down into the very soul—the deep hazel, lustrous as a sunlit stream seen through an opening in its willow banks,—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety nine times, but the hundredth you are a gone man. On a sudden, the eyes strike you as deeper and brighter than ever, or you fancy that a long look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eyelid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek; and at once you are in love. Then you spend the morning in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed; and when admitted, you set, and look and say nothing, and go away determined to tell your story the next time. This goes on four months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower with which she presents you—perhaps in the dating intoxication of love wasting it towards her; or in an affection of the Quixotic style, kneeling with mock heroic emphasis to kiss her hand in affected jest; and the next time you meet with her, both are stately and reserved as ever.

Till at last, on some unnoticeable day, when you find yourself alone with the lady, you quite univ'res feel her hand in yours, a yielding shudder crosses her, and you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon your lips delayed but not withheld.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love."

## PROVERES

Translated from the Spanish.

A client betwixt his attorney and counsellor, is like a goose between two foxes. He who compounds holy scripture with his own warrant, puts hot brandy together with his fingers.

Choose thy friends like thy books—few, but choice.

Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

Debts keep a man from sleeping too much.

Salt comes from the sea—mischievous from a woman.

He ventures too much who relies solely on his own judgment.

Nations do diversely digest their grief; the Dutch drink it away; the French sing it away; the Spaniard groans it away; and the Italian sleeps it away.

An Englishman Italianated, is a devil incarnate, and as foolish as the men of Gotham, who once sowed needles, hoping they would grow bars of iron.

To have gold brings fear; to have none brings grief.

Fortune reaches her hand to a bold man.

This is a sad house where the hen crows, and the cock is silent.

There is not so clear a mirror as an old friend.

To traverse the world safely, one must have the eye of a falcon, (to see danger afar off) the ear of an ass, the face of an ape, the tongue of a mountebank, the back of a camel to hear any thing, the mouth of a hog to eat any thing, the feet of a stag to fly from all mischief.

Where there are women and gosses there wants no noise.

He who has a wolf for a companion, let him carry a dog under his cloak.

The dead opens living men's eyes, viz: History speaks of the actions of dead men, opens the eyes, and directs the living.

At the first assault, the French are more than men, and afterwards less than women. This saying relates to the lightness and inconsistency of the French nation.

## A GRAMMATICAL PUPIL.

A country schoolmaster in the neighborhood of Cockney, the other day, after giving one of his pupils a sound drubbing for speaking bad grammar, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and, at the same time, promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him ungrammatically: the youngster being quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact, and thus he addressed his fellow pupil.—

There is a common substantive of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other side of

the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense.

*Elegant compliment from an old man*—

When Fontenelle was ninety-seven years of age, he happened to be in company with the then young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, who had been married but a few weeks. Fontenelle was always a great admirer of beauty, and he had been paying the bride many compliments, as refined as they were gallant. When the guests were sitting down to table, however, he passed her, and set himself down without perceiving her. "See now," said Madame Helvetius, "what dependence is to be put in all your fine speeches; you pass on before me without even looking at me!" "Madame," said the gallant old man, "if I had stopped to look at you, I could never have passed on."

## FEARFUL FACT.

According to the late census, there are 335,192 more males between the ages of twenty and thirty, than there are females between fifteen and twenty. Young bachelors, therefore, cannot be too active in supplying themselves with helpmates.

*A Receipt for destroying Fleas*.—To one pint of milk add a quarter of a pound of raw sugar, and two ounces of ground pepper, simmer the same together for eight or ten minutes, and place it about in shallow vessels; the fleas attack it greedily, and in a few minutes they are suffocated. By this method you may keep every part of your house, even your kitchen, clear of these all summer, without the danger that may attend the use of poison.

## 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 Walbas at the Grand Rapids, about two miles from Mount Carmel, in the State of Illinois, on which he has erected a convenient one story frame house with a piazza all round, in which he resides; a frame smoke house, 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 Mill where the fall is 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 across this place, of which, if effected, one third in extent 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; less quantity to suit the purchaser, and a credit for part of the purchase will be given if required.

WM. MINTOSH.

Grand Rapids, Dec. 27, 1831. 14-16.

Script, 2 sizes, Double Small Pica and Great Pica.

Besides Music, Back Slope, Ornamented letters and Lottery Figures, Piece Fractions, Superiors, Astronomical and other Signs, Space Rules, Brass Rules, Ornamented Dashes, Long Braces, more than 200 kinds of flowers, and 1,000 Cuts, and Ornaments for Schools, Books, Newspapers, and Scientific works.

Orders for any of these and also for Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Casos, Furniture, Ink or any other thing required in the Printing business will be executed on the most favorable terms, and with the utmost promptitude, a large stock of the Foundry articles being always on hand.

CP. Printers of Newspapers, who publish this advertisement, and forward a paper containing it to the foundry will be allowed three dollars for it, if they purchase from the foundry to the amount of twelve.

GEORGE BRUCE.

March 6— New York.

NEW SPRING AND

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. 10-12.

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—

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 costly calling and settling the same, on or before the 20th inst. Corn, wheat, cotton or pork will be taken for any debts that may be due.

H. D. W.

Vincennes, Dec. 1, 1831. 10-12.

NOTICE.

THESE subscribers to the Gazette who intend discharging their accounts, by paying in Wheat, are informed that they can deposit 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, 1831.

SAMUEL HILL.

NOTICE.

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.

WILLIAM BURKE, G. M. pro tem.

Cincinnati, May 17, 1832. 35-41.

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