

POETRY.



THE LAST SLEEP.

The clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him.

When like a shade from summer's sky,
The darkness of this life shall cease—
When the unconscious breast shall lie
In the still earth's funeral peace.
How will the sleeper rest in dust,
His clay with kindred clay be bleat,
While the free spirit of the just
Soars to a brighter element.

There it a tranquilizing thought
Commingled with the voiceless grave:
'Tis with no bitter memories fraught—
It echoes not to time's dull wave;
Passion and pride are passed away,
And the deep slumberer sinks to rest,
Like gilded clouds, when sunset's ray
Is fading from the unbounded west.

And the hot gusts of kindling wrath,
Which lashed the bosom into storm,
They darken not his changeful path,
And the knitted brow no more deform—
The throbbing heart is calm and hushed,
The pulse of hate is cold and still;
And hopes; by sin and sorrow crucified,
Rise not to vex the baffled will!

Thus should it be, he slumbers now
Sweet as the cradled infant's rest;
No shadows cross that settled brow,
On which the unfeigned cold is pressed:
From the sealed lid there steals no tear—
There is no care the eye to dim,
And in his shroud, reposing there,
The vale's dull clod is 'sweet to him'!

Oh who would wake the sleeper up,
To walk earth's gloomy round again;
To feel the drops from sorrow's cup
Rise to the wild and fevered brain?
Far rather in their lowly bed,
Let his pale ashes moulder on—
Since the free spirit is not dead,
But to an endless life hath gone.

THE INDIAN.

S. J. B.
The warrior is gone
To rest with his father,
His tomahawk sleeps
With rust on its steel,
His vanquished tribe keeps
No watch where he fell;
The rifle is mute,
The war club decayed,
They lie where the foot
Of the chieftain is stayed,
The grave of the father,
The foeman trends over,
Shall his sons never gather
That grave to recover.

Do chieftains still rally
Who fought on the mountains?
Do tribes of the valley
Still drain the sweet fountain?
The council fire's blaze
Has gone down in blood;
The moccasin's trace
Washed out in the flood,
Did th' Evil One shake
His wings over that race,
And pestilence take
The swift from the chase?
Or rush they in wrath
Where war-feasts were spread,
And died in the path
Where brave men lie dead.

The yellow leaves sever
On scar autumn's day,
And strewn on the river
Float noiseless away,
Thus fade the race
Of the redmen of blood—
From war path and chase,
From prairie and wood,
The cold rust of peace
Is wearing away
The last of that race
In the lap of decay

And where is the home
Of the red men to be?
The pale face will come,
The Chieftain will flee,
His empire is fled
His sceptre departed,
His prowess is dead
His tribe broken hearted.

The white man is near,
His shadow is death;
And the red nations fear
Who sleep underneath.
His feet moved to crush:
He looks and they fly:
He speaks, and they hush;
He arms, and they die.

LAW FOR BACHELORS.—At Sparta,
a man was liable to an action for not
marrying at all, for marrying too late,
and for marrying improperly.

[Plutarch.

Miscellaneous.

The Duel.

The author of 'Recollections of the Peninsula' gives, in the Winter's Wreath, an account of a duellist who had killed his antagonist. We are not without a hope that his affecting narrative may, perchance, meet the eye of more than one of the young and rising generation, to whom these false and pernicious notions of personal indignity are familiar, which too often lead to the calamitous results that are here depicted.

Of all the delusions to which the silly pride and real weakness of mankind have given rise, there is none so utterly indefensible as this of murdering each other, by way of wiping away what is called a stain upon our honor. What stain we may well ask, can tarnish that honor more indelibly than the blood of a fellow creature? Who deserves to be shamed by society, to be exiled from its ranks, to be driven into the solitudes of his own despair, more than the man who, for some hasty word, some unintentional offence, some momentary bursts of passion, takes away the life which the Deity has given to one of his children?

But let us hear the remorse of the murderer, from his own confession: we know not whether the story be drawn from fancy or founded on fact; nor is it of any consequence one way or the other, inasmuch as the moral is true in all its parts, and the example impressive. The adversaries are said to be friends of their earliest youth, and to have entered the army together.

Upon some occasion the spirits of one of them were particularly exuberant, and in a playful mood, he tipped off his friend's cap in the presence of his fellow officers; an act which was very unexpectedly repaid by a blow which knocked him down. The consequences are related in the following words.

"I was instantly picked up by a tall vulgar young man who had lately joined the regiment, by exchange in consequence of an affair of honor, in which he had been engaged with his captain, and who was a ready agent of mischief—this business said he, can only be settled in one way and the sooner the better."

I cast my eyes around to look for Hill. He had caught up his cap and was walking away bare headed and two brother ensigns were following him one of whom I knew had a pair of duelling pistols. A little fellow, who had only joined a few days, and was not more than fifteen, and to whom we had both been kind, came to me. "O Vernon, said he, run after him; make it up: it was all foolishness; why, it was only play till he got vexed, and that was your fault. I am sure he is sorry. Let us all agree to say nothing about it at mess, and to keep it from the Colonel."

Such was the thought of the artless boy. Oh, that he had had man's wisdom! I mean not that of such men as were with us then, for my tall friend called him a young blockhead, bade him hold his nonsense, and remember that officers were not school boys. To think that of the seven persons present there was but one peacemaker, and he a child! Had he but gone to the colonel or any of the senior officers, there would not have been wanting some worth and wisdom to stand between 'the boy' and their calamity. As it was, we were both in the hands of wicked and unreasonable men,—both the dull and passive slaves of a cruel custom.

My tall friend went home with me to my barrack room, and wrote a challenge, which I copied, scarce knowing what I did. He carried it himself and was long away. How busy were my thoughts during that interval—he will make an apology me thought—he will do any thing rather than meet me. I never saw such a fellow replied the wretch that had volunteered immediately to be in the affair, my second, knock a man down and then offer an apology! why you would both be turned out of the service—he for offending and you for accepting it. "I would give my life, I replied, to avoid this meeting." Well, said my second, it is not possible; however it is a pleasant, safe duel for you, for after receiving your shot, he'll of course fire in the air and make his apology; but go to the ground he must; and you need not be uneasy: perhaps you may miss him—perhaps I might miss him replied I, but I would not fire at him nor hurt a hair of his head for the universe. As to that replied my Mentor, aim at him you must; you are the challenger. You must not call out a man and make a fool of him, and a mockery of a duel, and expect a couple of gentlemen stand looking on as seconds at such a piece of child's play. No, no that will never do—I feel for you my dear fellow, but your honor is at stake, it is a sad annoyance, but it cannot be helped. I

am engaged out to supper, and shall not go to bed all night, so I shall be with you in time. Five is the hour. You need not worry yourself about any thing: I have got pistols.

The heartless wretch left me, alone, troubled, bewildered—almost out of my senses. I walked about my room; I sat down; I lay down on my bed. I was in a sad confusion of thought. My brain was wearied with its working. I fell asleep. I awoke at four o'clock and got a light, washed and dressed myself. My servant, whom I had roused, stared at me, and asked if I was unwell. I said 'a little so.' 'Might he fetch the doctor, then?' 'No,' said I.

The only comfort I could find or make was in the resolution to fire wide off the mark; the only prayer my heart could breathe, was the fervent wish that I could manage it well. 'All's well that ends well,' said I myself. We shall be friends again at breakfast as if nothing had happened. Arthur loves me, and I him, better than all others.

It wanted some minutes to five when my odious second arrived, with his pistols wrapped in a silk handkerchief. We exchanged but a very few words; but, as we walked to the ground, he said, unfeelingly, 'this will not be pistols for two—coffee for one kind of a duel, but a very harmless one, I will answer for it my vonker, so you need not look so pale,' and I felt terrified.

—Every crime, Has, in the moment of its perpetration, Its own avenging angel—dark misgivings, An ominous sinking in the inmost breast."

We proceeded in silence to the sands. It was a dull misty morning. Hill and his second were there. Hills second joined mine, and they conferred a little together.

I hoped that the duel might yet be averted: I longed to run over to Hill he was walking up and down, about thirty yards from me, and to press him to my heart. The delay arose from Hill's second not choosing that the meeting should actually take place till a surgeon was in readiness to give any succor that might be needed. The ground was measured, but they did not suffer us to take posts until the assistant surgeon was seen advancing towards them a half mile distant. My second had so contrived matters, that this amiable doctor should know nothing of the duel until the parties were going forth; and even then, had not informed him who were the principals in it.

As I found myself opposite to the youth whom I best loved, with a pistol in my hand, my eyes swam, and I felt sick and giddy. All the presence of mind I had was intent upon making sure to miss him. I heard the words, 'ready, present.' I raised my pistol with a careful slowness and (according to the rules, when I got the aim I designed) I fired. In that moment guilt, remorse, age and despair fell, as it were, upon me, and they have dwelt with me ever since; for twenty long years they have held me in their cruel hands. My hope shuddered as my finger pulled the trigger. I dared not follow the shot with my eyes, but I heard the fall and I fainted upon the earth.

When I recovered my senses, I was laid by the side of Arthur Hill upon the sand, and he had got my hand in his; and he was looking at me kinder and sadder than I ever seen any body upon earth look, and in a few minutes with a heavy sigh he died.

Poor Arthur! I killed him, and have never yet been quite well since—not to say quite right. That hymn you heard me speak of, was found in Arthur's desk, copied out in his own hand writing, and his friends set it to me, two years ago to comfort me, and it does for the time; but I am very miserable, good sir—very."

A NOVEL MODE OF CELEBRATING A WEDDING.

The tenants and friends of a gentleman lately married, who had a large estate in the principality, have, by printed handbills, announced that they shall celebrate the happy event on a day named, in the following manner:

"The amusements of the day, will be a pig to be tried for by persons by paying 1s. each which will be spent in ale. The pig to have his tail shaved, and every person to dip his hands in soft soap and oil every three minutes. All are to start at the same time and he that catches the pig to be the owner of the same; he must also draw the pig backwards three yards. Three foot races for one pound of tobacco each, to be ran for by persons in bags; distance 200 yards. Two legs of mutton to be given to any person that will make the most foul or ugliest face by grinning through a horse collar. The materials of seven new shifts to be run for by women; four to be given to the foremost, two the next and one to the third. Two pony races, for a new bridle each, value 50£, subject to art-

cles. Also a race by asses for a new bridle, no person is to ride his own and the last to win. The eating pot will be put in circulation for the old women, with various other amusements too numerous to mention.

[Salopian Jour.

A FEMALE SPORTSMAN.

Mrs. Rhoads wife of Mr. Isaac Rhoads living about three miles east of this village on the 9th inst., observing two deer approach within a short distance of the house, took her husband's rifle and aimed it through the window, and brought the foremost down. She immediately reloaded the rifle and killed the other. Seeing three others approach, probably attracted by the browse of a tree, which had been cut down the day before, she again loaded and fired, evidently hitting one of them. Before she could re-charge the piece, the three gave leg-bail for their intended trespass. On going out to examine the spoil, the first deer felled made an attempt to arise and showed signs of hostility. She procured a club and beat him on the head till well assured her opponent would be obliged to tarry till her return, and started in quest of assistance, half a mile through the woods. Having apprised her husband of her good luck they both returned, and found the nimble footed rangers of the forest in the position she had left them. It is needless to say they were dealt with according to the huntsman's statute, such case made & provided."—*Elmira (Tioga Co.) Gazette.*

Hat Manufactory



THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has permanently located himself in ROCKVILLE, where he intends carrying on the above business. From his long experience in that line, he flatters himself that he will be able to furnish those who may wish to favor him with their custom, with the neatest and most

FASHIONABLE HATS; Which will be sold low for CASH, or approved country produce.

His shop is South West of the Public Square.

JACOB MAY.
N. B. The highest price in CASH will be given for FURS

Rockville Dec 1, 1831 J. M. .34-1f

NOTICE.

TAKE SUBSCRIBERS having this day entered into a partnership, will open a Cabinet shop on the 1st day of November next, one door South of the Rockville Hotel; where they will be ready at all times to furnish their customers with the best and cheapest work in their line of business—for cash, or country produce.

N. B. They also wish to purchase thirty thousand feet of lumber of all kinds, for which they will exchange work.

JAMES CAMERON, &
R. LAUDERDALE.
Oct. 8th, 1831. 26

NOTICE.

WILL be sold at the Court house door, in the town of Rockville, Parke county, Indiana; on Monday the 5th day of March next, School Section number four, in township number 16, north of range 8, west in said county.

The sale to commence between the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. and six P. M.

HIRAM D. JONES, Com.
Rockville, Jan. 2, 1832. 39

CINCINNATI CHRONICLE.

ENCOURAGED by a very liberal and extended patronage, the Proprietor of the CINCINNATI CHRONICLE and LIBERTY GAZETTE will at the commencement of the new year, print this paper on a sheet of enlarged dimensions and of better quality with a type partly new. These improvements will be made without exchanging the price of the Chronicle, which, it may be remarked, is lower than that of any paper in the West, considering the amount of reading matter which it will contain.

Its general character will remain unchanged. Excluding, as heretofore, party politics and religious controversies, it will be the constant object of the Proprietor of the Chronicle, to aid in advancing and developing the literature, morals, statistics, and physical resources of the West—to publish, in short an amusing and useful family paper.

Those persons who may wish to subscribe for the Chronicle, for the ensuing year, will please send in their names as early as possible, that the Proprietor may know how large an edition it will be necessary to print.

Printers exchanging with the Chronicle will please copy this notice, and the favor will be cheerfully reciprocated.

Cicero was of low birth and Metellus was the son of a licentious woman.—Metellus said to Cicero, Dare you tell your father's name? Cicero replied, "Can your mother tell yours?"

—O:O:O:O:—

LOCAL ILLUSTRATION.—A layman in Providence, Rhode Island, who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus expressed his belief in the existence of Deity; "Brethren, I am just as certain that there is a supreme Being, as I am that there is flour in Alexandria—and that I know for certain, as I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels fresh superfine, which I will sell as low as any other person in town."

A physician boasting of his great knowledge in his profession, said he never heard any complaint from patients. A by-stander wittily replied, "very likely, doctor, for the mistakes of physicians are generally buried with their patients."

New Hat MANUFACTORY.

THE SUBSCRIBER Respectfully informs the citizens of Rockville and the public in general, that he is establishing a

HAT MANUFACTORY, In ROCKVILLE, on the South side of the Public Square;

Where he intends keeping a general assortment of Hats. He has brought with him from the City of Cincinnati, the latest and most approved fashions of that place.

ALSO, AN assortment of very SUPERIOR FURS,

AND FANCY TRIMMINGS; Which from his extensive knowledge and practice in the best of Manufactories, he flatters himself that his Hats will be inferior to none offered for sale in this market.

CASH PAID FOR FURS.

A higher price will be paid for prime Otter Skins than has heretofore been given.

Also, the highest market price for Furs of every description.

ELI COOK.
February 4, 1832. 43-1f

To the Editors and Publishers of Newspapers.

JONATHAN ELLIOTT, Of the City of Washington, RESPECTFULLY requests the Editors or publishers of Newspapers within the several states and Territories of the Union to furnish him through their Representatives in Congress, of their particular States or Districts, at the seat of the Federal Government, with three copies of their Newspapers [marked ONE—TWO—THREE] issued on or about Wednesday, the twenty second of February 1832, (being the Centennial Anniversary of Gen. Washington.)

As his motive is entirely disinterested and patriotic in making this request, it being his desire to produce positive evidence of the number of Newspapers published in the United States, and their Territories, he desires that particular attention may be paid to this request, and above all, by country papers in distant towns, that are comparatively little known; and if, at the same time, they would communicate in their papers any "statistical information" relative to their immediate neighborhood, it would be highly appreciated, and gratefully acknowledged.

It is intended that every newspaper received shall be carefully preserved and arranged by States, in a room at Washington, devoted for this object; one set to be eventually deposited in the Library of Congress; the duplicate set to be transmitted to O. Rice, Esq., of London, (Agent for the purchase of Books &c. for the Congressional Library) to be by him placed in the British museum; and the triplicate set to be retained for some public institution.

It is intended, also, as soon as this collection is completed, to publish in a tabular form, in the public prints, for the information of the people of the U. States, a list of all the Newspapers, embracing the "Name," place and period of publication, and "Terms of subscription." Great pains will be taken to make this list (being an important result to be gathered from the collection) as correct as the materials will admit. It is hoped that the intelligent conductors of Newspapers favorable to the above project will oblige the advertiser by inserting this communication in their respective papers, to each of whom a "tabular statement will be transmitted as soon as published.