

POETICAL ASYLUM.

From the (Concord) Middlesex Gazette
THE PRINTER'S "HOUR OF PEACE."

By the Author of the

"POET'S HOUR OF PEACE."

Know ye the PRINTER'S hour of peace?
Know ye an hour more fraught with
joy

Then ever felt the maid of Greece,
When kiss'd by Venus' am'rous boy?

'Tis not when round the mazy case,
Her nimble fingers kiss the types;
Nor is it when with length'ned face
The sturdy devil's tail he gripes;

'Tis not when news of dreadful note,
His columns all with minion fill;
'Tis not when brother Printers quote
Th' effusions of his stump worn quill.

'Tis not when all his work is done,
His glimmering fire he hovers near,
And, heedless of the coming dun,
Grows merry o'er a pint of beer.

'Tis not when in Miss Fancy's Glass,
Long Advertisements meet his eye,
And seem to whisper as they pass,
"We'll grace your columns bye and
bye."

Nor is it when with num'rous names
His length'ned roll of vellum swells,
As if 'twere touch'd by conj'ror's wand,
Or grew by fairies' magic spells.

No—reader—no—the Printer's hour,
His hour of real sweet repose,
Is not when by some magic pow'r
His list of patrons daily grows:

But O! 'tis when stern Winter, drear,
Comes rob'd in snow, & rain & vapor,
He hears in whispers soft and dear,
"We've come to PAY you for the
PAPER!"

Elegant Extract from a Sermon
on the Autumn.

Text—"And Isaac went out to
meditate in the even-tide.—Gen.
24, 63.

There is an "even-tide" in the
day—an hour when the sun re-
tires, and the shadows fall, and
when nature assumes the apper-
ances of soberness and silence. It
is an hour from which every
where the thoughtless fly, as peo-
ple only, in their imagination with
images of gloom; it is the hour,
on the other hand, which, in eve-
ry age, the wise have loved, as
bringing with it sentiments and
affections more valuable than all
the splendors of the day.

Its first impression is to still all
the turbulence of thought or pas-
sion which the day may have
brought forth. We follow with
our eye the descending sun; we
listen to the decaying sounds of
labour and of toil—and, when all
the fields are silent around us, we
feel a kindred stillness to breath
upon our souls, and to calm them
from the agitation of society.
From this first impression, there
is a second, which naturally fol-
lows it.—In the day we are living
with men—in the "even-tide" we
begin to live with nature; we see
the world withdrawn from us—the
shades of night darken over
the habitations of men, and we
feel ourselves alone. It is an hour
fitted as it would seem, by Him
who made us, to still, but with
gentle hand, the throb of every
unruly passion, and the ardor of
every impure desire; and, while
it veils for a time the world that
misleads us, to awaken in our
hearts those legitimate affections

which the heat of the day may
have dissolved, there is yet a far-
ther scene it presents to us. While
the world withdraws from us,
and while the shades of the eve-
ning darken upon our dwellings,
the splendors of the firmament
come forward to our view. In
our moments when earth is over-
shadowed, heaven opens to our
eyes the radiance of a sublimer
Being; our hearts follow the suc-
cessive; splendors of the scene
and while we forget, for a time,
the obscurity of earthly concerns,
we feel that there are "yet greater
things than these."

There is, in the second place, an
"even-tide" in the year—a season
when the sun withdraws his pro-
pitious light; when the winds
arise, and the leaves fall and na-
ture around us seems to sink into
decay. It is said, in general, to
be the season of melancholy; and
if, by this word be meant that it
is the time of solemn and of seri-
ous thought, it is undoubtedly
the season of melancholy; yet it
is a melancholy so soothing, so
gentle in its approach, and so pro-
phetic in its influence, that they
who have known it feel, as in-
stinctively, that it is the doing of
God, and the heart of man is not
thus finely touched, but to fine is-
sues.

When we go into the fields in
the evening of year, a different
voice approaches us. We regard,
even in spite of ourselves, the still
but steady advances of time. A
few days ago, and the summer of
the year was grateful, and every
element was filled with life, and
the sun of Heaven seemed to glo-
ry in his ascendant.—He is now
enfeebled in his power; the des-
ert no more "blossoms like the
rose;" the song of joy is no more
heard among the branches; and
the earth is strewn with that foil-
age which once bespoke the mag-
nificence of summer. Whatever
may be the passion which socie-
ty has awakened, we pause amid
this apparent desolation of na-
ture. We sit down in the lodge
"of the way faring men in the
wilderness," and we feel that all
we witness is the emblem of our
own fate. Such also, in a few
years, will be our own condition.
The blossoms of our spring—the
pride of our summer will also
fade into decay; and the pulse
that now beats high with virtu-
ous or with vicious desire, will
gradually sink, and then must
stop forever. We rise from our
meditations with hearts softened
and subdued, and we return into
life as into a shadowy scene,
where we have "disquieted our-
selves in vain."

Yet a few years, we think, and
all that now bless, or all that now
convulse humanity, will also have
perished. The mightiest pagan-
try of life will pass—the loudest
notes of triumph or of conquest
will be silent in the grave;—the
wicked, wherever active, "will
cease from troubling," and the
weary, wherever suffering, "will
be at rest." Under an impres-
sion so profound, we feel our own
hearts better.—The cares, the an-
imosities, the hatreds which so-
ciety may have engendered, sink
unperceived from our bosoms.
In the general desolation of na-
ture, we feel the littleness of our
passions; we look forward to

that kindred evening which time
must bring to all; we anticipate
the graves of those we hate and
of those we love. Every unkind
passion falls, with the leaves that
fall around us; and we return
slowly to our homes, and to the
society which surrounds us with
the wish only to enlighten or to
bless them.

There is an eventide in human
life; a season when the eye be-
comes dim, and the strength de-
cays, and when the winter of age
begins to shed, upon the human
head, its prophetic snow. It is
the season of life to which the
present is most analogous; and
much it becomes, and much it
would profit you, my elder bre-
thren, to mark the instructions
which the season brings.

The spring and the summer of
your days are gone, and with
them not only the joys they
knew, but many of the friends
who gave them. You have en-
tered upon the autumn of your be-
ing; and whatever may have been
the profusion of your spring, or
the warm intemperance of your
summer, there is yet a season of
stillness and solitude which the
Beneficent of heaven affords you,
in which you may meditate upon
the past and the future, and pre-
pare yourselves for the mighty
change which you are soon to
undergo.

In the long retrospect of your
journey you have seen every day
the shades of the evening fall, and
every year the clouds of winter
gather. But you have seen also,
every succeeding day, the morn-
ing arise in its brightness, and in
every succeeding year, spring re-
turn to renovate the winter of na-
ture. It is now you may under-
stand the magnificent language of
Heaven—it mingles its voice
with that of revelation.—it sum-
mons you in these hours, when
the leaves fall and the winter is
gathering, to that evening study
which the mercy of Heaven has
provided in the book of salva-
tion; And, while the shadowy
valley opens, which leads to the
abode of death, it speaks of that
hand which can comfort and can
save, and which can conduct to
those "green pastures, and those
still waters," where there is an
eternal spring for the children of
God.

A well known simpleton, who
had for many years been employ-
ed in carrying the corn to mill for
the poor house in the town in
which he lives, was one day ac-
costed by the miller in the follow-
ing manner:—"John, they say
you are a fool—that you don't
know any thing."—"Hah, hah!
(said John) that can't be true,
for I do know something, tho' I
may not know other things. But
I can tell you what I do know,
and what I don't know." "I'm
glad to hear it (replied the mil-
ler :) now let us hear, John, what
you do know." "I know (an-
swered John,) that the miller's
hogs grow fat."—"Very well,
very well, that's true John; now
please to inform me what you
don't know?"—"I don't know
(cried John, scratching his head)
whose corn they are fed on?"

JUSTICE'S BLANKS,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

FOR SALE, A KEEL BOAT

OF ten or twelve tons burthen—she
is almost new, substially built, and
will be sold reasonable—apply to
JOHN EWING.

February 7, 1817.

10-tf

J. C. REILEY, & Co.

WATCH & CLOCK MAKERS,
SILVERSMITHS & JEWELLERS

RESPECTFULLY informs their
friends, and the public in general,
that they have commenced the above bu-
siness in all its various branches, in the
house lately occupied by Messrs. Hale
& Wood, and nearly opposite Harlow &
Trimble's store—where they hope by
their unremitting attention to business, to
merit the approbation of the public.

Vincennes, January 1, 1817.

N. B.—Watches & Clocks, of every
description carefully repaired, and war-
ranted to perform.—The highest price
given for old Gold and Silver.

An apprentice, will be taken of
good moral habits, to learn the above.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

LOST,

ON the 23d of this instant a

Red Morocco Pocket Book,

either in the town of Vincennes, or on
the road leading from Vincennes to the
White-Oak Springs, it contains a num-
ber of papers valuable to me, and would
be of no use to any other person—there
is also bank notes in it to the amount of
\$30, among which is a note on the Far-
mers' and Mechanics' Bank of Cincin-
nati. I will give the above reward to
any person who will deliver the said
pocket book and papers at the office of
the Western Sun, or at the White-Oak
Springs to

JOSEPH W. LOAN.

February 26, 1817.

13-3t

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate
of Toussaint Dubois decd. by Note
account or otherwise, are requested to
make immediate payment to Henry Du-
bois, who is duly authorised to receive
the same.

JANE DUBOIS

WILL JONES,

T. DUBOIS.

Vincennes, 22, Feb. 1817.

12-4t

CASH! CASH! CASH!!!

THE highest prices in CASH, will be
given for good fresh

BUTTER, EGGS and

HONEY, by

AB JAH HULL.

Vincennes, Feb. 21, 1817.

12-tf

NOTICE,

THE subscriber being duly authori-
zed to adjust, and finally close the
business of the late firm of N. Broad-
ing, jun. & Co. hereby requests all per-
sons indebted to the same, to come for-
ward and discharge their debts.—If it is
not convenient for any of those against
whom there are book accounts, to dis-
charge the same immediately, a reason-
able time for payment will be given, pro-
vided they embrace the present oppor-
tunity of calling upon me, and giving
their notes for the amounts due.

ISAAC BLACKFORD.

Vincennes, Feb. 7, 1817.

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LAW NOTICE

NATHL. HUNTINGTON,

Attorney at Law & Conveyancer.

HAS opened an office, under the
same roof of Messrs. Hale and
Wood's Apothecary Store, in Vincennes,
where he will be generally found ready
to attend to the business of his profes-
sion.

tf-5 Vincennes, January 2, 1817

J. CALL.

WILL practice Law in the
Circuit Courts of Knox,
and the adjacent counties—he re-
sides at the "Vincennes Hotel."

Vincennes, 14, Feb. 1817.

11-tf

WRITING PAPER,

For Sale at the Office of the
WESTERN SUN.