

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?
Knew 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,
His 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 glimmin' ring 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 *veilum* 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 retires, and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which every where the thoughtless fly, as people only, in their imagination with images of gloom; it is the hour, on the other hand, which, in every 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 passion 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 follows it—In the day we are living with men—in the "even-tide" we begin to live with nature; we see the world withdrawn from us—the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone.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 farther scene it presents to us. While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendors of the firmament come forward to our view. In our moments when earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer Being; our hearts follow the successive; 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 propitious light; when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature 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 serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and the heart of man is not thus finely touched, but to fine issues.

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 glory in his ascendant.—He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "blossoms like the rose;" the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passion which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. 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 virtuous 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 ourselves 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 pagentry 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 impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better.—The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature, we feel the littleness of our passions; we look forward to

that kindred evening which time must bring to all; we anticipate the raves 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 becomes dim, and the strength decays, 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 brethren, 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 entered upon the autumn of your being; 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 prepare 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 morning arise in its brightness, and in every succeeding year, spring return to renovate the winter of nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven—it mingles its voice with that of revelation,—it summons 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 salvation; 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 employed in carrying the corn to mill for the poor house in the town in which he lives, was one day accosted by the miller in the following 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 miller:) now let us hear, John, what you do know." "I know (answered 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

6
OF ten or twelve tons burthen—she
is almost new, substantially 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 busi-
ness 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-
anteed 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 Mechanicks' 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, } Adm'rs.
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. 12-4t

NOTICE,

THE subscriber being duly author-
ized to adjust, and finally close the
business of the late firm of *N. Bread-
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. 10-tf

LAW NOTICE.

NATHL. HUNTINGTON,
Attorney at Law & Conveyancer.

10
HAS opened an office, under the
same roof of Messers. 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. 11-4t

WRITING PAPER,

For Sale at the Office of the
WESTERN SUN.