

Medical Asylum.



From the Boston Atlas.

LIVING PICTURE.—THE WIFE.

"Not that her youthful beauty won the name—
No! it was told how nobly and how well,
With what untiring love and gentleness,
Worth all the fleeting bloom of beauty's
dower,
She gained the title."

Idol! upon whose spotless shrine,
My early love its incense poured—
Idol! in boyhood's flush beloved,
In manhood's sterner time adored—
Idol! for many a trusting smile
In fortune's dazzling hour endeared—
Idol! for many a struggling tear
In fortune's darker hour revered—

Come, pillow on thy husband's breast
That heart forever dear to him;
What if his pulse beat cold and weak!
What if his fading eye be dim!
Thine is the touch to wake a joy—
Thine is the kiss to cheat a tear—
And thine the smile, oh! bless that smile—
His beacon light from childhood dear!

Comfort and Joy! can life requite
The deep devotion of thy love!
How shall the stricken eagle pay
The faithful nurturing of the dove!
Thoughts of long vanished years assail
My spirit as on thee it dwells—
And with a deeply saddening power
Starts memory from her inmost cells.

Yes, thoughts of days when bounding Hope
Taught young Ambition's plume to soar,
And Fancy's world gave hardly scope
To him whose heart aspires no more.
Dim, dim, and desolate doth shine
The lamp within a broken pane;
Waste in the incense of the urn—
Oh! ne'er to be renewed again.

Yet, stamped with firm, enduring truth,
Such as the lofty only feel,
Though prostrate in its kindred dust,
The altar claims one votary still,
Though all beside forsake the shrine,
And deem its light of glory set—
Still clings its dearest worshipper,
And ministers with fervor yet.

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Mirror.

COQUETRY.

FROM THE DESK OF A QUIET MAN.
"If of herself she will not love,
Nothing will make her—
'The Devil take her!'"

MY DEAR SIR—I am going to make
a confession for the benefit of mankind.
I will relate a plain tale. Chagrin and
grief will lend me words. When I left
the university some time since, some de-
mon possessed me with an ardent desire
to encounter a coquette. Among other
blessings heaven had given me a passably
good opinion of myself. I was tall, well
built enough, and with a countenance
which has not been considered particu-
larly disagreeable by those fair judges
who have had it under view. My edu-
cation (I considered) was complete, my
accomplishments not a few. I had a
tongue in my head and knew how to use
it, and to back these, I had thirty-five
thousand dollars in the United States
Bank, which stood as high in every per-
son's estimation as I did. As for wo-
men, (I might flatter myself,) but I did
suspect I knew the sex. Boyhood had
not passed away altogether unimproved,
and I thought should a coquette pass my
path, she shall have coquetting to her
heart's content. With these juvenile
views of my own powers, I took apart-
ments in the village of B—, and here
heaven soon granted what the town de-
nied. No one spoke of the society of
the place without naming Miss ——.
She was the theme of every tongue. Her
beauty, her wit, her voice, her eloquence,
her education, and her accomplishments,
her fortune, and above all, her desperate
flirtations, her audacious conquests, her
cruelty, her—Oh! said one of my in-
formants, stopping a moment for breath,
and breaking a chain of descriptive sub-
stantives which I began to think endless.
"Such a tyrant was never before seen—
No man approaches her but he goes a-
way with a deadly arrow cleaving to his
side and she laughing at his anguish."

"By the blood of the Mirables," I thought,
as I drew my last pump over a silk stock-
ing, and shook ambrosial fragrance into
my snowy kerchief, which I prepared for
the next evening to attend a little fete,
where I knew I should see this danger-
ous siren, by the blood of the Mirables,
by the guardian genius who never yet
deserted me upon an emergency, I will
teach this haughty and cruel tyrant what
it is to maltreat my sex. A parcel of il-
literate country dunces have been swell-
ing her triumphs with a list of unmean-
ing and dishonorable captives, and hence
her fame. Doubtless she is some little
smooth faced doll, some pert forward
miss, full of airs, and swelling of board-
ing school and bread and butter. Proud
of a bright complexion and a little mo-
ney, spoiled by flattery and the want of
competition, a creature that would be e-
clipsed, burnt up in the blaze of a city
soiree. A! I am a man I will attack her.
I will revenge the wrongs of her vic-
tims, I will teach her a lesson. My arm,
"more lucky than the rest," shall reach
her heart and free the world from bon-

dage! I gave the finishing brush to my
whiskers, I laid a stray curl an inch a-
side from my high white forehead, I
turned the tip of my collar inward, a-
bout half the breadth of a hair. The
broad mirror reflected my person. My
eyes are large and dark. I thought them
just then particularly brilliant.

"Rural belles should not be too saucy,"
murmured I, as I rang the bell at my
friend's seat. A few moments more
found me sitting by the side of a sweet
girl, to whom, in the confusion of a
crowd, much more numerous and daz-
zling than I had expected, some one had
introduced me in so hurried a manner as
to leave each one ignorant of the other's
name. I looked at her—she was a Ve-
nus. I danced with her—she was a sylph.
I absolutely forgot Caroline B—
The village coquette had passed utterly
from my mind, in the seducing loveli-
ness—the simple, modest grace—the ex-
quisite air of elegance and propriety,
which my charming acquaintance exhib-
ited. At length I remembered. I took
my gaze from her countenance, and
looked around for the object of my former
curiosity. A superbly dressed girl
was dancing near us—all her feathers,
flounces, jewels—blazing, rustling—
laughing aloud—with a head dress like a
tower. She smiled on this gentleman—
she whispered to that—she suffered a
third to hold her hand, and a fourth to tie
her shoe.

"Yes," said I, to myself, "this is Caro-
line B—This is the terror of our coun-
try swains. Ah, what mistaken ideas of
beauty. Ah, what coarse taste. They
have never seen painting and statuary—
They are ignorant of true beauty."

I withdrew my gaze—I rested my
eyes again on the face of my charming
friend. Her dress was simple white—
beautiful, unspotted, snowy white. No
decoration—no tinsel—no gaudy vulgar
solicitations for the crowd's attention;—
but rather a studied reserve, a classic
simplicity, a natural grace and refine-
ment of soul, had taught her those true
elements of beauty which painters spend
their lives in learning. Her rich hair
was parted with a severe absence of orna-
ment, on a head (whatever Miss Caro-
line B might think) by far the most
chastely beautiful in the room. Her no-
dest eyes beamed with a tender feeling
which made the heart tremble; and the
subdued and thoughtful expression visi-
ble in her countenance, resembled the
melancholy smile of an autumnal morn-
ing, which falls upon the still earth thro'
a silver mist, at once as pleasing as hap-
piness, and as sad as sorrow. A crea-
ture so beautiful I never saw before—
From that moment, I too, believed in
broken hearts. Here was Shakespeare's
Juliet, but where the Romeo?

The thought made me torn in my
choir as if I had trodden on an adder.
A moment after we were called to the
dance.

"Dance with me!" I said.
"I have refused three already," she re-
plied. "I said I was engaged."
Our eyes met. If love ever flashed in
a glance, I had kindled in the bosom of
this angelic creature a flame like that
which was burning every moment more
ardently in mine.

Our eyes met again. Wonderful,
wonderful orbs, to be the source of so
much delight—to be the windows thro'
which so much heavenly bliss can be
poured in upon the soul.
I took her hand as it laid upon her
knee. It was small, and white, and soft—
like nothing else in nature. Not to
press it slightly was as impossible as for
the thirsty pilgrim not to drink. The
pressure was returned. A flood of rap-
ture rolled along my nerves. Surely
some heavenly power led my steps over
enchanted ground. Every look was lan-
guage. Every motion delight—every
touch eloquence—happiness—love.
"You will not refuse me?" I drew her
gently as zephyr kisses the half opened
flowers, and even as they, with bashful
reluctance, unfold their leaves and bich
to meet the light, so this radiant creature
yielded to my impulse, and I led her
through a dance that seemed a dream,
only it was too delicious. The opportu-
nity was not neglected. I whispered in
her ear. I grew bold and saucy, and her
face was flushed up to mine with a per-
fect satisfaction, which told me my con-
quest was complete.

The dance was over—and an engage-
ment with a friend hurried me away.
"I will see you to-morrow," I whisper-
ed as I bade her adieu.

I strode along the floor like an emper-
or, and in the height and glow of my
triumph encountered the gentleman who
had given me so flaming an account of
the village coquette.

"Well my boy," I exclaimed, "I have
hitherto neglected to be introduced to
your wonderful Miss B but I think I can
meet her without danger."

"Meet her!" replied he, with a look of
surprise. "Why, you have been bending
over her—entranced—an hour—by the
clock. Two or three here have been
watching you all the time."

The truth flashed upon me—I was all
amazed—fear—horror. As I looked a-
round, I saw twenty people grinning at
me with the malice of demons.

"Here," said my friend, some time af-
terwards, "I have a lesson for you."

He guided me to another apartment.
I went like a lamb to the sacrifice—
Miss Caroline B was sitting with a
handsome fellow.

"He's from the city!" said my friend—
then the rascals all laughed.

"He's just out of the university!" said
another—then they all laughed again.
By a curious coincidence I even heard
the gentleman ask her to dance.

"I have refused six," said she.
"But you will dance with me?" and off
they went sure enough.

The next morning they were married.
What treatment is had enough, Mr.
Sadley, for such women? Lash them; if
you love your sex—expose them and
make me your friend forever. Yours,
sincerely,

AN INJURED YOUNG MAN.

IMPORTANT CALCULATION.

Six Cents, paid each day through the
year, for drams of whiskey, amounts to
about twenty-two dollars! If this mo-
ney was laid out for a good cow, it would
half support a common family. And
how many are there who spend double
that in the same way, whose families
suffer for bread, and must soon beg from
door to door!—Reflect seriously on this,
ye whiskey drinkers, and reform before
it is too late. Remember, that you not
only throw away your money, but sacri-
fice your time, health, reputation, and
even life itself;—and what is still more to
be lamented, it often results in the ruin
and destruction of whole families!!—
Who, but an idiot or mad man, would
conduct in so foolish and brutal a man-
ner? Let positive REFORMATION give
the answer;—and this would cause the
hearts of thousands to leap for joy.

THE DUTCHMAN'S HORSE.

Dere's to horse vrow! He'll travel to
hill up, an' to road down better as any
order horse never did. Oder day I was
riding been, and half come to Rip Van
Wrinkle's house up; my watch was just
4 on to clock—when I was come to
Hans Van Waggon's, it was vaunting
2 minutes to 4—Mein Gott! he beat Je
time dat much!

YANKEE TOAST.

The Tree of Liberty—may its roots
go down to the earth's center, its lofty
summit reach the skies, and its spread-
ing branches shade creation. Such a
tree would make an everlasting sight of
shingles. It would set the world hob-
bling about in infinite space, and give
creation a shake instead of a shade—
scattering the democrats roosting in it all
through the zodiac, among scorpions,
bulls, and bears, who would be more ter-
rified than when P. was on tumbled among
them with his daddy's double tandem.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

A heart rending story is told of a
young Scottish ploughboy, who being
disappointed in a love affair, was driving
so near the verge of despair, that with a
rope in his hand, he entered his master's
barn, and—killed all the cows tails to
gether.

To save Cucumbers from Bugs.

Set out an onion, or set up an onion
stalk, in each hill of cucumbers, and the
streaked bug will keep away.

The great rule of eating and drinking
is, to suit the quality and quantity of food
to the strength of our digestion; to take
always such a sort and such a measure of
food, as sits light and easy on the stom-
ach.

THE FRMER.

THRIFTY'S MAXIMS AND ADVICE FOR
MARCH.

THE DUTIES OF A CITIZEN.

An old philosopher, prescribing the
duties of a man, names three things in
particular, which every good citizen
ought to do, viz: "To build a house, to
plant a tree, and to present the common
wealth with a citizen."

Thrifty goes much farther than this
philosopher. He says, that every man
ought, not only to build a house (if he
need one) to plant trees, (especially fruit
trees) to raise a family of children, and
educate them well; but, that every good
citizen has many other equally important
duties to perform for the public good.

He ought, says he, to do every thing in
his power to advance the cause of mor-
ality, religion and science, and to foster
all such institutions as are calculated to
preserve and perpetuate the liberties of
his country.

But as Thrifty is a great advocate for
Internal Improvements, and believes that
nothing could promote the prosperity of
the country in a greater degree, he wis-
hes, at present, to urge them upon the at-
tention of every man who has any pre-
tensions to patriotism.

While we live at so great a distance
from market; while our roads are, at all
times, so bad, and during a considerable
part of the year wholly impassable;—
while we have to ford or swim the creeks
and rivers for the want of bridges; while
so many obstructions impede the naviga-
tion of our rivers; and while many of our
navigable waters might be united by
means of canals, we are called upon,
says he, by every consideration of duty,
patriotism and interest, to begin the great
work of internal improvement.

These works must be done sooner or
later—Why then so much apathy and
delay? Many of them, it is true, are
great and expensive undertakings;—but
industry and perseverance will work
miracles. Begin by improving the
roads and building bridges;—& as to the
other great works, let every individual
do all in his power; and let the states and
general government assist.

SALE FOR TAXES.

THE following lots, and parts of lots,
in the borough of Vincennes, will be offered
for sale for the taxes and costs due
thereon, on Saturday the 23d of March
next, unless sooner paid, to-wit:

Brant, John Ballance H. A. No. 31.
Brady, John, 4 of lot 153.
Black's heirs, 305.
Bono, John Bt. 238.
Black's heirs, 237.
Brown, James 4 200.
Collins, David H. A. 128.
Cartier, Pierre 404.
Dushane, Tonsant 439.
Danovan, Jeremiah 4 101.
Emison, Thomas 4 235.
Cary, Pierre or John Sheets, H. A. 65,
63, 67, 68.
Greaser's, Christian heirs, 189, 256, 285,
105, 106, 135, 179, 187, 433, 436,
456, 177.
The heirs of F. Greaser, 188, 178.
Huffman, Solomon 1 36, part of 100, part
of 99.
Ham, Catharine 118.
Lapant, Hyacinth 239.
McCall, William R. 379.
Purley's heirs, 279, 250, 376, 363.
Peepee, Theresa 355.
Richerville, Henry 4 129.
Richards, John 166.
Roseman, Joseph 170, 141, 402, 446.
Sisters of Charity, 4 81.
Vachett, Pierre 65.
Vandeventer's heirs, 4 101.
Lots given in by D. C. Johnson, 424, 419,
399, 319, 342, 491, 252, 460, 352.
Non Residents, 422, 423, 421, 320, 321,
271, 270, 260, 473, 322, 317, 316,
268, 480, 417, 315, 431, 4 124, 495,
494, 457, 496, 455, 454, 497, 244,
202, 160, 205, 247, 498, 500, 501,
502, 344.

ZACHARIAH PULLAM, B. C.

Vincennes, Feb. 8, 1833.—2-3t

NOTICE!

THE subscriber has on hand a quanti-
ty of FLOUR of a very superior quali-
ty of his own manufacturing, which he
will sell at the following reduced prices
for cash only, viz. \$1.50 per bbl. or \$2.25
per hundred pounds for superfine—other
qualities in proportion.

All those indebted to the subscriber are
earnestly requested to call and settle their
accounts, either in cash or wheat, as no
longer indulgence can be given.

H. D. WHEELER.

Vincennes, Feb. 13, 1833. 3-3t

PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber will offer at public
sale, on the 16th day of March, at his re-
sidence in Palmyra township, Knox coun-
ty, to the highest bidder, the following
property, to-wit:

One Four Horse Wagon,
GEERS, PLOUGHS, AXES,
HOES, HORSES, AND CATTLE,
Household and Kitchen
FURNITURE.

Terms of sale—all sums of three dollars
and under, cash in hand—all sums over
three dollars, and not exceeding ten dol-
lars, six months—all sums over ten dol-
lars, and not exceeding twenty dollars,
nine months—all sums over twenty dol-
lars, twelve months credit, by the purcha-
ser giving bond and security.

GEORGE STIPES.

Feb. 16, 1833. 3-3t

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WILL be offered at public sale, on
Saturday the 2d day of March
next, at the house of the subscriber, all my
stock of

3 HORSES,
CATTLE, HOGS, &c.

TOGETHER WITH

Household and Kitchen
FURNITURE.

Terms of sale—eighteen months credit on
all sums over five dollars, five, and under,
twelve months—the purchasers giving
note and good security.

JOHN BAKER.

Feb. 11, 1833. 3-3t

Administrator's Sale.

WILL be offered at public sale on
Monday the 4th day of March
next, at the office of George W. Ewing,
Esq. all the personal estate of Dr. Henry
Dawson, consisting of

A HORSE & SADDLE,
MEDICINES, BOOKS, WEARING
APPAREL, &c.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, a.m.—
Terms of sale—nine months credit on all
sums over three dollars.

GEORGE DAVIS, Admr.

Feb. 7, 1833.—2-4t

PUBLIC NOTICE.

IN the spring of 1829, or 1830, the fol-
lowing articles were left in Vincennes
and have not since been called for, viz:—
one small sack of COFFEE, a TRUNK,
lashed round with an old sternfast, and a
bag, containing sundry articles. The
owner can get them by applying at the
Western Sun office, paying for this adver-
tisement, and proving his property.

Nov. 30, 1832. 43-4t

DR. JOSEPH BROWNE

OFFERS to the people of Vincennes
and vicinity, his services in the
practice of MEDICINE, SURGERY,
and OBSTETRIC'S. He resides in the
house formerly occupied by the late C.
Graeter, where he may be found at all
times, save when out on professional busi-
ness.

Vincennes, Jan. 1833. 1-tf

GEO. W. MEARS, M. D.

TENDERS his professional services to
the citizens of Vincennes and its vi-
cinity.—He may be found at John C.
Clark's Hotel.

Vincennes, Jan. 19, 1833. 51 tf

FOR SALE

MY BRICK STORE ROOM

AND

DWELLING HOUSE,

on North half of Lot Number Sixteen, be-
ing corner of Maize and Second Streets,
in Mount Vernon, Indiana. To the pre-
mises are attached a Warehouse, a small
frame Dwelling and Brick Smokehouse—
there is a good cellar under the Store
Room. I have various other lots and
houses, with

81 Acres of Wood Land,

about one mile from town, which may be
purchased low, as my health has render-
ed it necessary to decline business.—
Those wishing to purchase will make ap-
plication to the subscriber by the first of
February or March next.

ADAM MOFFATT.

Jan. 5, 1833. 49 tf

INSURANCE.

THE WARREN INSURANCE COMPANY,
Vincennes, is now prepared to issue
policies. Houses and Furniture, Stores
and Goods, Boats and Cargoes will be in-
sured upon fair and reasonable terms;
and thus an opportunity is afforded to every
prudent person to secure at a trifling
expense, his property from accident.

Office on Market-street, adjoining
the store of Tomlinson & Ross.

Samuel Judah, President.

John Ross, Secretary.

Samuel Tomlinson, Nicholas Smith,

David S. Bonner, J. B. Martin.

Wm. J. Heberd, Thomas C. Bailey,

Thomas Bishop, M. Murphy.

Directors.

The company will loan money for short
periods, upon real or personal security
and will exchange uncurrent bank notes
foreign gold, &c.

Persons who may occasionally need
money, and do not wish to involve their
friends, may fill a bond and mortgage as a
collateral security, and thus be accom-
modated upon their own liability, with
this advantage also, that those who may
thus borrow, will be allowed to repay the
whole, or any part, at any time, and have
an abatement of all the interest agreed
upon, for the time unexpired, but not less
than ten per cent.

The company will receive money on
deposit, and will allow interest at the
rate of six per cent per year for deposited
HOUSES IN THE COUNTRY will
be insured at a very low rate.

Vincennes, Aug. 1st, 1832. 28-1y

\$400 REWARD!

REANAWAY from the subscribers, from
on board the steamboat ARAB, thirty
miles below Shawneetown, on the evening
of the 15th instant,

Four Negro Men.

ROB, a yellow man, aged about 25,
about five feet eight inches high, tolera-
bly stout built; had on a blue coat and
fur hat; no other marks perceivable.

SAM, a mulatto man, aged about
twenty-one or two years, five feet seven
inches high, Roman nose, is a remarkable
likely man, with a fine suit of hair; had
on Jackson coat with large outside pocket,
and a fur hat.

CHILCE is a large black man,
about twenty-seven years of age, five feet
seven inches high; he is a blacksmith by
trade—a very likely man—he has rather
a down look when looked in the face—he
had on a full lined linsley roundabout & pants
loons, I think gray, though not certain.

HENRY is a brown black, about
twenty-one or two years of age, about five
feet eight inches high; had on a drab full
lined linsley coat, Velas vest, and fur hat; he
is a very intelligent fellow, and has been
raised a house servant;—his eyes are a
little sunk in his head.

I expect they will make for some town
in Ohio, as they have all been accustomed
to country towns. We will give the
above reward for the apprehension and se-
curing said Negroes in any jail so that
we get them again, or one hundred dol-
lars for either.

Letters addressed to Woodville, Missis-
sippi, will secure prompt attention.

BRANCH JORDAN,

BENJ. H. LEWIS.

Nov. 20th 1832. 43 tf

TIN AND SHEET-IRON

MANUFACTORY.

I HAVE a LARGE assortment of TIN
WARE on hand, which I will sell at
wholesale or retail low for CASH or PRO-
DUCE, such as may suit. Job work done
at short notice.

N. SMITH.

Vincennes, Jan. 21, 1832. 50-tf

Rags! Rags! Rags!

CASH, or WORK, will be given for
any quantity of clean Linen or Cotton
Rags at the Western Sun office.