

## Poetical Epitaph.



### THE EAGLE.

Mr. Clayton of Delaware, in his speech on the Revenue collection bill, said: "The shaft which shall stretch the American Eagle bleeding and lifeless in the dust, must be feathered from his own pinions." We find this sentiment thus embodied in the New York Commercial.

Our Eagle tow'ring in its might,  
No foreign dart can sting;  
The shaft that checks its onward flight,  
Is feather'd from its wing.

But where is he—the wreath—O where?  
Who maddly brands his name,  
By speeding such a shaft—to share  
An *André's* trait'rous fame.

He does not live!—Proud Bird attain  
The height to glory give—  
Our Union bind with Golden chain,  
And give the Clash to Heaven.

S. C.

19th February, 1833.

## Miscellaneous.

From the New York Mirror,  
**A GOOD JOKE.**

One fine winter evening, early in the present century, Colonel Blank—a queer name, is it not?—and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting, one on each side of a delightful hickory fire, enjoying their *otium cum dignitate*, without any interruption, for neither of them had spoken a word for at least an hour; and that, considering the sex of Miss Patty, was certainly very remarkable. The colonel was sitting cross-legged, in a great arm chair, with his pipe in one hand, newspaper in the other, spectacles on—last asleep. Miss Patty was moving herself gently backward and forward in a low rocking chair—sitting as straight as an arrow—knitting. Close at her feet was Miss Puss, her paws folded gracefully under her, dosing very composure, and evincing her satisfaction by murmuring forth a monotonous, though rather musical purr—while Mr. Carlo was stretched out at full length on the rug in front of the fire, and like his master sound asleep.

At length, the colonel, rousing from his nap, took off his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes, then glancing them at a huge pile of papers, that lay on the table near him, said—yawning at the same time most pathetically—

"I wish Henry was here, to help me about my rents."

"Well, I really wish he was," answered his sister.

"I can't expect him this month yet," yawned the colonel.

"Hadn't you better send for him, then?" said his sister.

Upon this the dog got up and walked towards the door.

"Where are you going, Carlo?" said the old gentleman.

The dog looked in his master's face, wagged his tail a little, but never said a word, and pursued his way towards the door, and as he could not very well open it himself, Miss Patty got up and opened it for him. The colonel seemed perfectly satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and joyful barking of the dog, announcing the approach of some one, induced him to alter his determination. Presently the lower door was violently opened, and a young man gayly entered the room.

"Why, William Henry, is that you?" said aunt Patty.

"Harry, my boy, I'm heartily glad to see you!" said the colonel, getting entirely out of the chair, and giving his nephew a substantial shake of his hand. "Pray what has brought you home so suddenly?"

"Do tell," said aunt Patty, peering over her spectacles.

"Oh! I don't know," said Henry. "It's rather dull in town, so I thought I would just step up and see how you all come on."

"Well, I'm deuced glad to see you—sit down," said the colonel.

"So do," said his sister.

But Henry, instead of doing as he was bid, dropped out of the room, but soon hopped in again, with a bottle in each hand, and giving one of them to the old lady, he said:

"There, aunt, is a bottle of first rate snuff for you—and here, uncle, is one of capital Maraschino."

"Thank you, my boy," said the colonel. "Positively, it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits."

"And mine too," said his sister. "What did you have to pay for this snuff?"

Here Carlo began to jump upon him; so he was not obliged to hear the question; but busied himself in keeping off the dog.

"Down Carlo!" shouted the colonel, somewhat sternly; and down went the dog, so humbled and dejected that the colonel began to feel sorry that he had spoken so cross. So, stretching out his hand, he patted the dog affectionately on the head, saying—

"Why, Carlo, poor Carlo, you need not feel so bad; I only wanted you to be a little more polite."

Carlo pricked up his ears, and showed signs of returning animation, though he did not immediately recover his spirits. But he looked up with an expression which seemed to say, "You need make no

apology, sir," and seated himself in dignified silence, under his master's chair.

In the mean time, Henry, (anxious either to help his uncle or himself, I cannot say which) had broken the seal from the top of the bottle of cordial, and drawn the cork, while aunt Patty got some glasses.

"Well, my boy," said the colonel, whose good humor increased every moment, "what's the news in Boston? any thing happened?"

"No—yes," said Henry, bursting into a fit of laughter. "Yes," continued he, as soon as he recovered himself. "I have got one of the best jokes to tell you that you ever heard of in your life."

"No!" exclaimed the old man with animation.

"Do tell," said aunt Patty, taking a pinch of snuff.

Now the colonel was noted for his extraordinary relish of a good joke, even though he was a sufferer by it himself.

"Come, let's have it," said he, filling the glass.

"La suz," said aunt Patty.

"Well, you must know," said Henry, hardly able to keep from laughing, "that while I was in town I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age, here he stroked his beard; a confounded clever fellow, very good looking, but as poor as poverty."

(Here he thrust one hand into his pocket, and commenced jingling at his pen-knives, keys, pocket-comb, and half-cent pieces.) "About two months ago, he fell desperately in love with a young girl and wants to marry her, but dares not, without the consent of his uncle, a very fine old gentleman, as rich as Cæsar—do take a little more cordial."

"Why—don't his uncle wish him to marry?"

"O yes! but there's the rub. He is very anxious that Bill should get a wife, but he's terribly afraid that he'd be taken in. Because it is generally understood that he is to be the old gentleman's heir. And for this reason, his uncle, although very liberal in every thing else, suspects every young lady, that pays his nephew the least attention, of being a fortune hunter."

"The old rip," said the colonel, "why can't he let the boy have his own way?"

"I think as much," said Patty.

Puss got up, stretched herself, and began to sneeze.

"Scat," said Miss Patty—and away went puss.

"Well, how did he manage?" said the colonel.

"Why," said Henry, laughing, "he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's consent right out; he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew that his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So, what does he do—go and have her miniature taken, for she was extremely beautiful, besides being intelligent and accomplished."

"Beautiful! intelligent! accomplished!" exclaimed the colonel, "pray what objection could the old fool have to her?"

"Why—she is not worth a cent," said Henry.

"Fudge," said the colonel; "I wish I had been in the old chap's place; but how did he get along?"

"Why, as I said, he had her picture taken, and as it was about time for collecting rents, he thought it would make the old gentleman good natured if he went home and offered to assist him. So, home he went—taking with him a parcel of oranges. By the by—that puts me in mind—I bought some at the same place, but have left them in the hall."

So skipping out of the room, he returned with a handkerchief filled with some of the finest oranges that ever came over; and handing one of them to his aunt, he laid the rest on the table beside his uncle.

The old gentleman smiled in every corner of his face, and put his hand into his pocket.

"Why didn't he marry her at once, and leave the rest to chance?" asked the Colonel, as if he wouldn't.

"Why—you must know that Bill loves his uncle as well as if he had been his own father; for the old gentleman has been as good as a father to him. So he couldn't bear the idea of getting married without trying to get his consent. And then, you see, he could be married at home, and that would just suit his uncle, for he is mighty fond of a good frolic now and then."

"He deserves to have her for that one thing," said the colonel with emotion. "Shoot me, if I don't wish I had been his uncle. Don't you think so Carlo?" addressing the dog who was just coming from under the chair.

"Yes, sir," said Carlo—or rather seemed to say: for he looked up with an expression so intelligent, that it conveyed the meaning as plainly as though he had spoken it in words."

"La suz!" said aunt Patty.

"Positively, Colonel, I think you have got the finest dog in the country," said Henry, patting Carlo.

Now, if there was one thing that the old gentleman liked better than to be called colonel, it was to have his dog praised. So he grew warmer, and presently pulled out his pocket book.

"Well," said he, "did he give his consent? what comes next?"

"Why," said Henry, "the old gentleman was mightily tickled to see the oranges. So he bade him a hearty welcome, and asked him all about every thing, and every body in town. This was just what

Bill wanted. So, after answering all inquiries, he takes the miniature out of his pocket, and handing it to his uncle, asked how he liked it—telling him that a particular friend lent it to him. The old gentleman was in an ecstasy of delight, and declared he would give the world to see a woman so handsome as that, and Bill might have her."

"Ha!" shouted the colonel. "The old chap was well come up with. The best joke I ever heard of; but was she so really beautiful?"

"The most angelic creature I ever saw," said Henry. "But you can judge—He lent me the picture, and knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at. Here Henry took it out of his pocket and handed it to his uncle, at the same time filling his glass."

"Do tell!" said aunt Patty—getting out of her chair to look at the picture—

"Well now, if that ain't a beauty!"

"You may say that, sister," said the colonel. "Shoot me, if I don't wish I had been in Bill's place. Deuce take it, why didn't you get the girl yourself, Henry?"

The most beautiful creature I ever laid my eyes on! I'd give a thousand dollars for such a niece."

"Would you?" said Henry, patting the dog.

"Yes, that I would," said the colonel. "And nine thousand more upon the top of it, if I wouldn't—and the colonel wiped his eyes."

"Do tell!" said aunt Patty.

"Then I'll introduce her to you to-morrow," said Henry.

And so he did; and in due time they were married.

## PROVERBS.

Beauty is potent, but money is omnipotent.

Nothing should be done in haste, but catching fleas.

A maid that laughs, is half taken.

It is a good horse that never stumbles, and a good wife that never grumbles.

A woman that pines, puts up a bill that she is to be let.

He that falls into the dirt, the longer he lies, the dirtier he is.

A lass that has many wooers, often fares worst.

Honest men marry soon, wise men not at all.

Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them.

## THE FARMER.

THRIFTY'S MAXIMS AND ADVICE FOR JOKE.

"A cheerful face is the index of a good heart"—Socrates reckons cheerfulness among the moral virtues, and advises parents to cultivate and foster a cheerful turn of mind in their children. He considers such a disposition the most amiable, and one which is the most naturally inclined to virtue.

Do we not every day witness the truth of what this old philosopher says? The man who is always peevish, morose, ill-natured and dissatisfied, is not only a very disagreeable companion, but you will generally find him a cruel father, a bad husband, and a disobliging neighbor.

He is not only unhappy himself, but dampens the pleasures of all around him. He seems to possess a malevolent heart, and to bear malice against the whole world.

The cheerful man, on the contrary, generally possesses a benevolent, humane and amiable disposition. Being easily pleased himself, he endeavors to please and oblige others. His company is sought after by all who know him, because they are always happy in his society. He is beloved by his family and friends, because he contributes so much to their social pleasures. In short, a family where cheerfulness, order and harmony reign among all the members, is a little paradise.

The cheerful always find something to admire—something pleasing in almost every object around them. The wonders of creation; the beauties of the landscape; hills, valleys and rivers; trees, vines and flowers; the sunshine and shower, the growing crops, and the endless variety of beauties which at this season of the year court the eye in every direction, all conspire to gladden the heart, and fill it with gratitude towards the great and good Being, who has created for us so many sources of pleasure.

Thrifty, who is a pattern of good nature, and the father of the most cheerful and happy family in the country, frequently takes a walk with his family, to enjoy the luxury of such rural scenes.

He says it gives a pleasing and happy turn to the thoughts, and leads to habits of cheerfulness, religion and virtue.

## NOTICE

Mr. LEWIS JAMES—Sir—Take notice, that I shall, on the 10th of June next, proceed with the county surveyor to relocate and perpetuate the corners of forty-eight acres of land purchased by me of you, being part of Fractional Sections thirteen (13) and fourteen, (14) Township seven South, Range ten West, in the district of land offered for sale at Vincennes.

Yours, &c.

DAVID AKINS.  
May 12, 1833—16-3t

## Rags! Rags! Rags!

CASH, or WORK, will be given for any quantity of clean Linnen or Cotton Rags at the WESTERN SUN office,

## NOTICE!

THE subscriber having taken out letters testamentary on the estate of Robert Elliott, (late of Knox county, Ia.) deceased, with the will annexed, will offer for sale on Tuesday the 4th day of June next, at the late residence of the said deceased, all his personal property, consisting of

Horses, Cattle and Hogs,  
Wagon and Gears, Farming Utensils,  
Household Furniture, Beds & Bedding,  
Some Corn in Crib,  
Wheat and Oats, growing, &c.

Terms made known on the day of sale. All persons having demands against the estate, will present them authenticated for settlement; those indebted, will please call and make immediate payment. The estate is believed to be solvent.

JOSEPH MCCLURE, Exr.

May 15, 1833—16-3t

## Borough Ordinances.

AN ORDINANCE relative to the Public Burial Ground.

Be it ordained by the Board of Trustees of the Borough of Vincennes, That the eighth section of an ordinance entitled "An ordinance relative to the public burial ground, passed 12th April, 1831," be and the same is hereby repealed.

PASSD by the Board of Trustees 9th April, 1833.

PASSD by the Board of Assistants, 13th May, 1833.

R. P. PRICE, Pres't.

SAMUEL HILL, Clerk.  
May 18, 1833—16-3t

AN ORDINANCE relative to Licenses to Retailers.

Be it ordained, That the Retailers of Spirituous Liquors within this Borough, pay a tax for their license from the Borough, at the rate of Twenty Dollars per year, and that all ordinances within the purview hereof be repealed.

PASSD 13th May, 1833.

R. P. PRICE, President.

SAMUEL HILL, Clerk.  
May 18, 1833—16-3t

STATE OF INDIANA.

VANDERBURGH CIRCUIT COURT,  
March Term, 1833.

Moses Noble,  
vs.  
Abigail Noble, alias  
A real Cordine.

ON affidavit of a disinterested person filed, it appearing to the court here, that the defendant is not a resident of the state of Indiana, on motion of the petitioner, It is ordered that the defendant appear here on or before the first day of the next term of this court, and answer the petitioner's said petition, or the matters and things therein contained, will be heard and determined in her absence. And it is further ordered, that notice of the pendency of this petition be given, by publication of this order four weeks successively in some public newspaper in this state, at least sixty days previous to the first day of the next term of this court. A copy—Test.

WILL. T. T. JONES, c. l. c. c. c.

May 18, 1833—16-3t

STATE OF INDIANA,

Gibson County.

GIBSON CIRCUIT COURT,  
February Term, 1833.

Jordan P. Cockrom, Plff.

vs.  
Isaac Strickland, John Miller, Stephen Strickland, and Jesse Harrison, Defts.

At this time came the complainant by his counsel, and filed his bill; and upon affidavit filed, it appears to the satisfaction of the court, that John Miller and Jesse Harrison, two of the above defendants, are not inhabitants of the state of Indiana; whereupon on motion, Ordered, That unless said defendants enter their appearance, by answering the plaintiff's bill, on or before the first day of our next term, to be holden at the court house in Princeton, on the first Monday in September next, the same will be taken for confessed; and further ordered, That this order be published four weeks successively in some public newspaper printed in Vincennes, Indiana, at least six weeks before the next term of this court.

Teste.

JOHN I. NEELY, Clerk.  
May 11, 1833—15-4t

## NOTICE!

THE public are cautioned against crediting my wife MARY FAITH, on my account, she having eloped from my bed and board, in the company of a villain named JOHN QUIN. They were both seen a few days since on the road to Vincennes, supposed to be going to the state of Illinois. Said Quin is about 35 years of age, heavy built, dark complexion, and much pock marked, and lost several of his fore teeth—is much given to drink, and works at the trades of plasterer and shoemaker. The aforesaid Mary is a stout built woman 30 years of age, complexion and hair dark, black eyes, long nose, and on the whole good looking. I describe the above pair that the public may not be imposed upon by two such vagabonds.

WILLIAM FAITH.  
Washington, Daviess County, Ky.  
May 8th, 1833.

## BLANK DEEDS

ALWAYS ON HAND, AND FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE.

## NEW AND

## VALUABLE INVENTION!

THE undersigned, a resident of Vincennes, Indiana, has invented and perfected a new and valuable improvement in the application of wind, for the purpose of propelling machinery;—for which he has received letters patent from the president of the United States, designated J. L. COLMAN'S SELF-REGULATING HORIZONTAL WINDMILL.

Ocular demonstration is always the most satisfactory—and two mills are now erected in the borough of Vincennes upon the plan of the undersigned, one of which has been in operation near two years.—The perfect safety and entire simplicity of these mills, may be conceived from a brief outline.

A horizontal wheel is placed on a vertical shaft above the house, with four or more wings or sails standing in an inclined position from the way the windwheel is calculated to run, which throws a gradual weight of the wings on a given scope of wind, and the wings bearing on the wind propel the wheel: it illustrates a combinational power of weight and wind, with the principle of gravity acting on wind.—Each wing performs one revolution on its pivot, to form one of the main windwheel.—Each wing has a bearing of seven-eighths of its circumference upon the wind, and the one-eighth occasions little or no resistance. The power is in proportion to the weight given, and a very light weight is sufficient to drive the simple machinery of a run of millstones. More or less power, if desired, can be given when the mill is in operation by the lower pivots of each wing being placed on a sliding block, to which a rope is attached extending to main shaft passing under a collar on shaft at the roof of building, to a windlass on shaft inside the house. There is nothing conjectural or complicated in the improvement mentioned;—it is founded on a principle of nature, and amply tested by practical experience. The use and benefit to accrue cannot long remain limited; it will be found to recommend itself for utility, cheapness, certainty, safety, and convenience, to the citizens of every quarter of the United States.

To those who reside on the western and southern plains, and to those near the Atlantic or northern lake shores, it will afford durable benefit and great accommodation. No person acquainted with mills, who has seen the mill of the undersigned in operation, has withheld an expression of entire approval; and a strong recommendation, after actual examination of the mill at work, could now be procured, signed by hundreds of intelligent citizens.—The expense of the running gearing of a grist mill, whether the main shaft be vertical or horizontal, is well known to all mill rights; and the chief difference arises from the driving power. The expense of a windwheel depends upon the size; one to carry one hundred yards of sail will not exceed one hundred dollars, and one carrying six hundred yards, may not exceed five hundred dollars. The first mentioned size will drive a run of four feet millstones with a very moderate wind; and the last mentioned size will, with the same wind, drive six run of the same size stones with equal safety at all times.

The undersigned, as a matter of choice at the present time, would prefer to recommend a windwheel to carry about three hundred yards, say sixty feet in diameter, and to remove any possible doubt, the following assurances are here made. That with the least possible wind it will drive one run of four feet millstones;—with a moderate breeze it will drive two or three, and with a strong wind five run of the same size, each doing good business.—That it will make four equal to any other mill, and requires much less attention to keep it in repair. That a boy of ten years of age may have entire and perfect command of it at all times without difficulty. That with garners to hold sufficient grain, and lead a supply to the hoppers, it may be left in perfect safety for twenty-four hours at a time. The wind may blow from a moderate breeze to a storm, (both inclusive) and change its direction as often and as quick as may be, and little if any difference will be perceived in the movement of the mill. That in proportion to cost, it will do a better business than any steam engine, (expense of fuel and engineer saved). And that for sawing and grist mills it will be found equally effective, and less expensive.

Persons desirous of further information in relation to this important discovery, will please visit the mill of the undersigned, or address him by mail, post paid, to Vincennes, Ind., which will receive due attention.

Any person or persons, who will build a good and substantial mill on the above principle, such as the undersigned will designate to him or them in writing, in the most prominent place in any of the states, and attend to the same personally, shall be entitled to half the proceeds arising from a patent in the state he or they may select.

J. L. COLMAN.

Vincennes, March 20, 1833—8-3m

Since the above was handed to the Editor, a respectable and intelligent citizen of this place, Willis Fellows, Esq. well acquainted with machinery, and with the different principles of windmills, gave it as his opinion, that the above principle is at least five hundred per cent. preferable to any heretofore used. —[Ed. Sen.]