



THE CENTINEL.

VINCENNES, AUG. 21, 1819.

Election Returns.

Counties.	Governor.	Lt. Governor.			
	J. Jennings,	C. Harrison,	Rating.	Door,	J. De Pauw,
Harrison	847	88	693	146	
Dearborn	1015	161	902	231	
Jefferson	447	260	320	390	
Jennings	189	6	6	165	
Clarke	618	311	842	156	
Franklin	1087	50	777	513	
	4203	806	3540	1401	

Our statement of the return of votes for Representatives in this district, contained a typographical error. The following is the correction.

FOR REPRESENTATIVES.	
In Knox, Davis, Sullivan, Vigo & Owen.	
Warner	1069
Allen	1028
Blake	931
Bunting	683
Sullivan	647

FORT WAYNE.

Fort Wayne, was evacuated on the 1st of May last—Major Chunn's and Major Vose's companies, that were stationed at that post, are removed to Detroit. All the troops have been ordered from Detroit, except Major Chunn's Company of Infantry, and one company of artillery.

The abandonment of Fort Wayne is considered a very impolitic measure of government; as the country is infested with Indians from the old Boundary line on Raccoon creek, through all the new purchase to Detroit.

MELANCHOLY EVENT.

An unfortunate affair took place in Palmyra township, in this county, on Tuesday 10th inst. We are informed that two citizens, John Manning and Aaron Becker were in company with some of their neighbours at a public house, and, without any previous animosity were induced to quarrel for the amusement of two or three of the spectators, who made some trifling bets on the issue. It appears that at the onset, Becker, threw Manning down, but that Manning soon collected himself, raised and turned him, pitching him upon his head, with a severe fall, which dislocated his shoulder, fractured his collar bone, and wounded his spine so severely that he died the next morning. The instigators of the quarrel have fled, and Manning is now confined in the jail of this county. The deceased was a poor man and has left a wife and six children without support.

To the Editor of the Centinel.

SIR—I see in the last *Western Sun*, a notice of the death of a large CALF of this county. Be so good as to inform us if the deceased belonged to the BULL family of this place?—We are apprehensive that some of the squad are defunct, or that some other visitation has befallen them, as the Patriarchs appear to be generally in mourning.

Yours, MANY READERS.

Vincennes, Aug. 16, 1819.

To the Editor of the *Western Sun*.

SWEET SIR—In your last paper you gave us an account of certain "One Hundred and Ten pounds of Calf" which "was nicely cleaned for market" in this neighbourhood. We are glad to hear that there is a new speculation on foot; and take the liberty as friends, to remind you, that, as a faithful Editor, when you tell the truth, you should tell the whole truth, and let us know,

1st. Who slew said Veal?

2dly. What necromancer bought it?

3dly. Whose money paid for it?

And 4thly. If there was any "Salt" used in preparing it for market?

We are induced to ask these questions by the interest we feel in the success of all "honest endeavors to transport the produce of the country to another market;" and we trust, Sir, that we shall receive satisfactory answers in the next number of your useful and "entertaining" paper.

Your honest friends,

THE "LEGIONS."

Vincennes, 18th Aug. 1819.

P. S. Please procure a certificate.

FAWNSVILLE, 14th July, 1819.
To J^{AS} BULL, Esq.

DEAR SIR—The liberty I now take with you I have not taken with any gentlemen since last *Bissextile*. I hope I shall not be so indelicate as to offend you; for, in truth, Sir, I feel that my future happiness depends on your good opinion; and your "cheek of modesty" is of a very blushing complexion. I wish you to think highly of my judgment and discretion; and for this reason I take this public method of paying you my respects. I likewise wish you to believe I have ideas far above my sex—I therefore come forward in such a manly manner. I much pleased when I see other ladies turn up their noses at you; and your good sense will pardon me for it, sir, when you consider that it puts me out of all fear of having a rival in my affections. People may rail at, and ridicule you as much as they please—for my part, I think you are a fine "young man," and while I have a tongue to speak, or a pen to write with, you shall not be "unneedfully defended";—and I shall do it with sincerity. There is nothing, dear sir, that I like so well as the *uaked truth*—it agrees so well with my natural disposition. Some folks always go round about the bush to express their feelings—for my part, I like to come openly to the point at once. I despise all unnecessary preambles, when the thing is plain before me.

O, my dear Judge! Did you know my sentiments—my respect for your qualifications, and passion for your person—I am sure my feelings would be reciprocated!—Your darling image haunts me day and night, and I always see you surrounded by the *Loves*, the *Sports*, the *Smiles*, and the *Graces*. Lately, to be sure, the *Sports* and the *Smiles* have not been so constant in attendance; as the *Sports* have been absent on business, and the *hypochondres* of the *Smiles* have been seriously affected. But you are generally encompassed by the *Loves* and the *Graces*; and, with maidens like me, such a fraternity is peculiarly enticing. It is thus I acknowledge my weakness—O, were you but sensible of your power!—I am a very Venus in love—would to heaven you thought me so in attractions! You are an *Adonis* in personal charms—O, be not like him in coyness! You are a chevalier in gallantry and politeness to the ladies—do not suffer your only lover to be neglected! You are likewise a perfect *Daniel* in judgment—be merciful to the only female who will submit to your decision.

Beauty has such irresistible power,
That I, a fond, transporting dame,
Sigh for my transatlantic boy.
For me, how fateful was the hour,
When to the banks of Wabash came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

My dear Sir, I should not have troubled you with this public letter, if I had not seen one of your communications in the *Western Sun*, to which paper I have been an affectionate patron ever since it has been under your management. You there give an account of your frolic down the river, when you so triumphantly celebrated the anniversary of American Independence—the original declaration of which, I have heard some country people say, was drafted in 1776, by one *Thomas Jefferson*, of whom you have been such a public admirer, and signed by *James Madison*, the President whom you applauded so loudly during the late war; and maintained and confirmed by the sweat and blood of Colonel *James Monroe*, who fought and was wounded so at the battles of *Trenton*, *Germantown* and *Monmouth*; and who was Secretary of State to Mr. *Madison* at the time you praised him, too; and is now got to be President himself.

Well, my dear Sir, you all dined with captain *Bonhomme*—and I don't mean to flatter you, when I say, that (if I understand the French language) there was certainly one good man at the table. That was the right way of doing business. It was magnanimous to retreat from the multitude whom you despised, and with a few friends enjoy your *flow of soul* in the country.—Pardon my disidence, when I say, I regret that I was not with you. To be sure, it would not have seemed pretty for me to have been the only lady in company—your powerful general might have attacked me for a *camp-woman*, which would have been shocking to my habits of life. But, I have read in some book, that in old times ladies were often *transmogrified* into many shapes—and since your celebration, my mind has been divided by two wishes: Either, like an ancient nymph, to have been changed into a real *heiress*, so that I might have walked *incognito* around your table, and bellowed when you buzzed, and, as often as decency would permit, have shown my affection for your *name, person and family* by brushing off the flies from your face with my long tail—or crawled into a *wooden cow*, as another fond lady did, when she wanted to attract the notice of the lovely object of her affections.

O, had those good old times continued! How often have I since lamented that the age of such miracles is past; that in these dull times men and women are too often taken to be what they really are; that a mask of any kind does not long assist the wearer; that religious and political hypocrisy is very often exposed;—that gods and goddesses

are turned into *seraphim* and *cherubim*; and, as I heard an old lady say, the other day, old *Jove*, himself, has become a strict presbyterian!

But, as the case is, all a poor lovesick damsel can do, is to express her ideas as modestly as possible; so I must not flatter you; but truly I cannot relate to you the pleasure I felt on perusing your last toast, which was as follows:

"By John Ewing. *Lovely Woman*—

"Majestic charms in every feature shine,

"Her air, her port, her accent is divine"

Now, I know you intended this entirely as a compliment to me; and, indeed, I felt curiously when I perused it—it is true I am but four feet high, and my eyes are directed a little obliquely; but I have the prettiest hair-lip in the whole county—of course, I have an engaging look, and a divine accent into the bargain. And although my left limb is something shorter than the right, yet my right one is a good deal longer than the left, which, you know, gives me an air and a port inexpressible;—and if my neck was only so long as my nose, I think I should have a very majestic appearance.

Now, Sir, the object of my present writing is this:—You know I admire harmony, and am very fond of couplets, and I know your capability and obliging disposition. As you deal in hardware, and have a very musical phiz, be so pleasing as select the loudest brass jews-harp in your shop, (if you have not sold them all at auction) and come to our kitchen window, and thrum me your toast over by way of serenade every dark night, and I will return the compliment and display my talents by whistling some such verses as the following:—

"I wish I was on some little island,
And nobody with me but *Johnny* my diamond;
Johnny should fidget, and I would sing,
And we would make the island ring!"

"His heart it is made of the Low-land oak,
Yet soft as the streams of sweet Killarney;
His tongue is tipp'd with a bit of the brogue,
And a plentiful share of the new-fashioned blarney!"

I am bold, Sir, in asking this favor, as I am still fearful such *Platonic* courtship is very agreeable to your constitution; and that your fervency on the jews-harp will be the only test by which I shall ever judge of the ardor of your attachment. Be this as it must, dear sir, your compliance will be very entertaining to your warmest female friend,

BIDDY BUCKSKIN.

P. S. My compliments to your neighbor *Grinagain*.

Extract of a letter from a citizen of Vincennes, to his friend in this place, dated,

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, July 26th.

On Wednesday last, 38 miles from this place, on the road to Wheeling, Mr. Joseph Taylor of the house of *Eldar* and *Taylor* merchants, of Baltimore, who happened to be travelling alone, was seized, dragged from his horse, and blindfolded by three ruffians completely armed, who told him at once they were high way robbers. Mr. Taylor was unarmed, he was led into the woods, about one hundred yards from the road, carefully searched, and robbed of nearly \$2000 dollars; they kept him there tied & blindfolded until nine o'clock at night.—All this time they were so near the road, that travellers, were often heard to pass, but Mr. Taylor dared not speak for assistance; a pistol was constantly kept at his breast, and he was frequently and passionately told that if he made any noise, they would blow him to atoms in a moment. When they were about to take leave of him, they waited on him back to the road, presented him with his horse, watch, and sixty dollars to pay his expenses to Baltimore; and after wishing him a pleasant journey and better fortune, they hurried away. Mr. Taylor soon found a house—The alarm spread like wild-fire; the hardy sons of the forest left their beds at midnight to join in the pursuit—many enterprising citizens of the neighbouring towns were the next day traversing the country in every direction. Escape was impossible. The robbers were apprehended, yesterday, as they were entering the town of Newark, by a party of men, who had pursued them for about 70 miles. They threw away the money upon the first alarm, but it was readily found. I have just had the satisfaction to see the perpetrators of this crime, loaded with chains. They were brought into this town a few minutes before we arrived; they denied the charge, but their guilt is certain.

Tomorrow they will be taken on to Cambridge, to receive their trial.

The attorney General from Great Britain has according to the latest accounts introduced a bill into Parliament making it felony without benefit of clergy, for English subjects to enter into foreign service. This without any force of construction, be regarded as the opinion of the English ministry on this point. For a long time they have preserved a cold and sullen neutrality on this question; but it is said by English papers, that the operation of this bill will go to deprive the Spanish patriots of nearly ten thousand men, who have, without the royal license enlisted in the Revolutionary cause. We may therefore, conjecture, that this bill, introduced by

the Attorney General, is preliminary to a system of measures still more hostile to the patriots; for the first law officer of the crown never would introduce such a bill on his own personal responsibility. But, it may be said what peculiar motive has England, at the present moment, to shew hostility to the patriots of South America? What this secret motive is time must develop: it is a matter, we conceive, perfectly understood by the different courts; perhaps the cession of Cuba, or some great monopoly. We have gained the Floridas without the consent of the English ministry, and it would be no wonder if they should obtain possession of Cuba without our consent.

Morn. Chron.

Land Office at Vincennes.

August 14th 1819.

All persons concerned, are hereby required to take notice, that in three months from the date hereof, I shall issue to William Higgins a duplicate certificate No. 1150, dated Aug. 29 1815, for the S. E. 24, 1 N. 13 W. unless previous to that date some legal and sufficient objections are made thereto.

John Badoillet. R. L. O.

Lake Notice.

The subscriber having made arrangements to descend the river to *New Orleans* the ensuing fall, and being entirely dependent on the punctuality of those indebted to him for the means of fulfilling those arrangements, he takes this method of informing them that he will receive

Wheat

delivered at the Vincennes Steam-Mill, until the 10th of October next, for any money due him. He will also make a contract for

Pork

to be delivered by the 20th day of November. He therefore hopes those indebted to him, will not neglect to pay on or before that time, as collections are absolutely necessary and must be made.

ARTHUR PATTERSON.

August 7.

20-3d.

Edge Tool MAKING.

THE subscriber having returned to Vincennes, with a quantity of the best

Steel

intends keeping constantly on hand, an assortment of Carpenters and Coopers Tools, of all descriptions, warranted.

Axes, Broad-Axes, Adzes, Chisels, Cooper's Adzes, Drawing Knives and Axes, Patent Augurs, Mill Irons, Linners' Copper Smiths' Shears, Patent Pump Augurs &c. &c.

Smith-work, in general, executed in the neatest style and at the shortest notice.

He may be constantly found at the old stand at the Steam Mill shop.

James Elsworth.

Aug. 19, 1819.

N. B. Wanted, as apprentices to the above business, two active lads, of good character.

NOTICE.

MY wife Elizabeth Johnson having a second time absconded from my bed and board without any cause or provocation whatever, I therefore forswear all and every person from harboring her, or trusting her on my account, as I am determined not to pay any debts of her contracting after this date, and to prosecute any person who may harbor her—she took with her 28 dollars on the German Bank of Wooster, the notes were one of \$20 one of \$5 and one of \$3; also a suit of clothes nearly new, coat and Pantaloons of Blue Broad cloth and vest of black silk—a suitable reward will be given for the recovery of the money and clothes.

James J. Johnson.