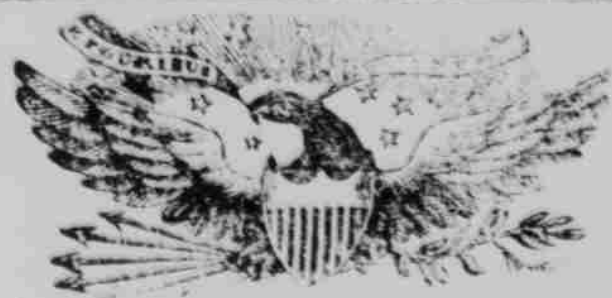


red time for reflection. The lives was up, and those whose views were not identified, or coincident with salutary measures for our advantage, urged it to its passage by the most potent arguments. Some conditions were affixed to our act of ratification. They secured a free bridge, if the two states will pay the company the full sum expended with interest at the expiration of fifty years.

TO BE CONTINUED.



## GAZETTE.

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 25, 1832.

For President of the United States.

HENRY CLAY

For Vice President of the United States,

JOHN SERGEANT

### TWENTY SECOND OF FEBRUARY

The centennial anniversary of the birth of Washington, was celebrated by the citizens of Vincennes on Wednesday last. A national salute from a piece of artillery, ushered in the day. At the first gun, the stars and stripes of our beloved country floated triumphantly in the air. At 12 o'clock, a procession was formed at the Hotel of Mr. J. C. Clark. It proceeded to the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the direction of Mr. Nathaniel Hammett, Marshall of the day. The house was filled to overflowing, and we regret to learn, that many gentlemen and ladies (a number of whom were from the country) were unable to obtain seats, in consequence of the crowd. The Rev. Mr. Ames offered up an impressive and fervent prayer to the throne of grace, for blessings on our native land; at the conclusion of which, he read some valuable and ever to be remembered selections from Washington's Farewell Address. This was followed by the subjoined Ode, written by a gentleman of this place for the day. It was sung by a select choir with much taste and effect, accompanied with instrumental music.

### Celebration Song

FOR THE TWENTY SECOND OF FEBRUARY, 1832.

Tune—Hail to the Chief

Sons of Columbia in freedom assembled,  
To greet with remembrance George Washington's birth.  
Whose actions in life were never dissembled,  
And whose name among men is the proudest on earth.  
O may his virtues be  
The aim of posterity,  
And America still stand unswerving in fame;  
Now let the cannons' peal  
Echo from hill to hill,  
To-day we convene to bless Washington's name.

When England in slavery thought to enchain us,  
And her cruel invader were poured on our land,  
George Washington stood forth in his might to maintain us,  
While his forces to Britain's were but a small band.

O may his valor show  
What is determined do,  
When our country and liberty call to the field;  
Now let the cannons' peal  
Echo from hill to hill,  
That Washington still was our buckler and shield.

Let the stars and the stripes of America's flag  
Be the beacon to guide us where liberty calls;  
When she is invaded let none ever lag—  
He's the noblest of martyrs that in her cause falls.

A century has gone  
Since Washington was born,  
And the hero sleeps in death where Potomac's waters run.  
Yet on his natal day  
Shall the cannons' echo say,  
We celebrate the birth day of our Washington.

The orator, Rev. Henry Moore Shaw, then delivered a spirited, eloquent and patriotic address, which was listened to with delight and attention, in which the life, the patriotism, and the civic virtues of Washington, were set forth as examples for the imitation of future generations.

As soon as the services at the Church were concluded, the procession was again formed, and returned to the Hotel of Mr. Clark, where was prepared a splendid and sumptuous dinner, of which a numerous and respectable company partook. Mr. Wm. Lindsay, an old revolutionary soldier, presided, assisted by Samuel Hill, John Stout Esq. acted as Vice President, assisted by Mr. James H. Hunter.

Good feeling and harmony prevailed, and it was gratifying to witness men of both political parties, assemble in the spirit of brotherly affection, and in devotedness to the patriotism and services of the sainted Washington. All appeared to be highly gratified. The following toasts were given on the occasion:

1. The day we celebrate—the American jubilee.
2. The memory of Geo. Washington.
3. The President and Vice President of the United States.
4. The heads of Departments.

3 The heroes and sages of the revolution—their memories dear to every American.

6. Charles Carroll of Carrollton—the only surviving signer of the declaration of independence.

7. Gen. Lafayette, our country's friend in time of need.

8. The navy of the United States.

9. The army of the United States.

10. The State of Indiana.

11. The Union—united we stand, divided we fall.

12. Unfortunate but gallant Poland; the friends of liberty throughout the world sympathize in her misfortunes.

13. The fair.

Much and very much credit is due to Mr. Clark for his extraordinary and praiseworthy exertions for this festival, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, bad roads and high water which had prevented our country brethren from attending the market as usual. Every luxury was provided which Indiana produces; and the politeness, civility and attention of the host, left an impression on the minds of his guests, which will not, nor can be speedily removed.

A splendid ball in the evening given at Mr. Clark's, closed the festivities of the day.

To the editors of newspapers published in Vincennes, Indiana, on the 23d Feb. 1832.

GENTLEMEN—Above you have an account of a festival held on yesterday in Vincennes on the centennial anniversary of the birth of the illustrious Washington, the father of his country. When you read these lines, we shall have departed for that "bourne from whence no traveler returns." We shall have been numbered with the dead!—yet through a period of one hundred years, it is not unpleasant to greet you. We wish you health, happiness and prosperity; yet it would be pleasant to us as freemen, to witness at your period the progress of our countrymen in arts and in arms. We consider ourselves now but in our infancy. Many who are familiar to us in these days, form a portion of those who first settled the state of Indiana; but alas! one by one they are departing rapidly to the tomb, and but a few years will pass, ere the whole will be numbered with the silent dead. The aborigines have turned their faces westward, and no more is heard in our land the war whoop of the Indian, the tramp of the Buffalo, or the shrill cries of the panther. And all are gone, and have vanished before the tempests of civilization, like as a meteor before the eyes of the sea-worn mariner. Yet, gentlemen, permit us to salute you, and pardon us for endeavoring to anticipate what may be your celebration in 1932—let us view it to prospective.

Feb. 23, 1832  
From the Daily Messenger, Vincennes, Ind.  
February 23, 1832

The second centennial anniversary of the birth of Washington, was properly observed in this city yesterday. A steam battery of cannon, taken from the Russians when our country was endangered, but unsuccessfully invaded by the slaves of the autocrat, opened the morn by a salute of 34 guns, numbering the states. These guns were manned by four beautiful volunteer companies. From the public buildings and universities was displayed the American, or (as our ancestors called it) the continental flag. At 1 P. M. a large number of citizens and strangers assembled at the City Hall; among the latter, we recognized the following named members of Congress, viz: Hon. Mr. Smith from Panama, Mr. Vives from Bogota, and Mr. Baker from Maracaibo. These gentlemen are on their way to the seat of government at Cincinnati. A procession was formed at 1 o'clock at the City Hall, which proceeded to the Lyceum, a new and splendid building recently erected on Canal street, which was formerly known by the name of Poverty Lane, and although the house is capable of containing 2,000 people, it was filled to overflowing in a very few minutes. That part of the City connected by the bridge with Gibsonport, poured out its hundreds; as also did Snappsville, which now forms part of the City. Many arrived too late, and we regret to say, were disappointed in obtaining seats.

After an affecting and appropriate national anthem had been sung by the choir, an interesting & patriotic oration was pronounced by the orator of the day. At the conclusion of the oration, the Farewell Address of the Father of his Country, was read with much impressiveness by the orator, a copy of which will be found in another column. We have only room to add, that numbers of our citizens dined together, and the evening was spent in harmony and gloce.

### FOR THE VINCENNES GAZETTE.

Messrs. Editors:—There is no work of the kind perhaps in the United States so worthy of commendation as the American Almanac, published in Boston by Gray and Bowen. The information and statistics contained in it, are various, important and accurate; and in no other periodical can so much intelligence as to the population and institutions of the United States, be embodied.

In looking over it, however, I find that in enumerating the principal towns in Indiana, although Salem, Richmond, and other places of small note are mentioned, the great city of Terre-Haute, situated at the head of steamboat navigation on the Wabash, the mart of commerce, the focus of intelligence, the school of politeness and dignity, the Athens of the west, with her immense population of 600 inhabitants, is omitted. This is a serious matter and may operate against the circulation of the Almanac. Feeling friendly to it, and believing that it deserves universal patronage, I have taken this method of conveying intelligence to its editors, of one great omission at least.

"WABASH."

Messrs. Hill and Caddington:

You will please publish the following notice in your useful paper.

A Subscriber.

### JACKSON AND JOHNSON CONVENTION.

The Jackson Republicans throughout the state of Illinois, who are friendly to the election of Col. R. M. Johnson of Kentucky, to the office of Vice President of the United States, are respectfully invited to appoint delegates to meet on the fourth Monday in March next, at the State House in Vandalia, for the purpose of nominating electoral candidates, who will vote for General Jackson and Col. Johnson. It is earnestly hoped that our republican friends throughout the Wabash Counties, will use every exertion to forward the great cause in which we are engaged.

From the Madison Republican.

### THE OHIO RIVER

Is now higher than it has ever been known since the first settlement of this country. It has overflowed its banks, and is about 30 feet above low water mark. We are informed by steam boat passengers that a considerable portion of Cincinnati is overflowed, and Lawrenceburg, in this state, is entirely inundated. The water is said to be from ten to twenty feet deep over the most of the town. This will no doubt greatly injure many of the citizens of that place, and more or less, prove detrimental to the town generally. We sincerely regret the misfortune of our neighbors of Lawrenceburg, and wish that their situation may not be so perilous as represented.

The town of Madison (with the exception of some half dozen houses, which are situated on the first bottom,) is yet out of the reach of this overwhelming and destructive element; being about forty feet above high water mark. No town on the Ohio is better situated with regard to high water, than Madison.

This day at two o'clock, the river was still rising. Seven or eight houses passed here yesterday evening.

The arrival of an American frigate, for the first time, at Constantinople, caused considerable sensation, not only among the Turks, but also throughout the whole diplomatic corps stationed at Pera. This ship, commanded by captain Bainbridge, came from Algiers, with a letter and presents from the dey to the sultan and capudan pacha. The presents consisted of tigers and other animals, sent with a view to conciliate the Turkish government whom the dey had offended. When she came to an anchor, and a message went to the Porte that an American frigate was in the harbor, the Turks were altogether unable to comprehend where the country was situated whose flag they were to salute. A great deal of time was therefore lost in settling this important point, and in considering how to visit the captain; we were sitting with him in his cabin, when a messenger came from the Turkish government to ask whether America was not otherwise called the New World; and, being answered in the affirmative, assured the captain that he was welcome, and would be treated with the utmost cordiality and respect. The messengers from the dey were then ordered on board the capudan pacha's ship, who received the letter from their sovereign with great respect, and then stamped upon it, telling them to go back to their master, and inform him, that he would be served after the same manner, whenever the Turkish admiral met him. Captain Bainbridge was however received with every mark of attention, and rewarded with magnificent presents. The fine order of his ship and the healthy state of her crew, became topics of general conversation in Pera; and the different ministers strove who should first receive him in their palaces. We accompanied him in his long boat to the Black Sea, as he was desirous of hoisting there for the first time, the American flag; and upon his return, were amused by a very singular entertainment at his table during dinner. Upon the four corners were many decanters containing fresh water from the four quarters of the globe. The natives of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, sat down together to the same table and were regaled with fish, fruit, bread, and other viands, while, of every article, a sample from each quarter of the globe was presented at the same time. The means of accomplishing this are easily explained, by his having touched at Algiers, in his passage from America, and being at anchor so near the shores both of Europe and Asia,

### CONGRESS.

Nearly the whole of yesterday's sitting of the Senate was occupied by Mr. Clay in the conclusion of his argument on the Tariff. He spoke more than three hours, and was briefly replied to by Mr. Smith, of Maryland, between whom and Mr. Clay some passages followed, of so warm a character as to call forth the interposition of the chair.

We should have supposed that the public appetite for the debate had been in some degree satiated by the previous displays; but yesterday the crowd which pressed into the Senate chamber was even greater than in any former day. Indeed, the jam exceeded any thing of the kind which we before witnessed. In the galleries, it seemed to us that men literally stood on other's shoulders. Below, the chamber was almost entirely filled with ladies—not seated—for the greatest part of them it was impossible to furnish seats; but standing in compact masses—and this for four or five hours. Truly, one knows not which most to admire in the fair auditory—their intellectual relish or their power of endurance.

The house of representatives adjourned yesterday at an early hour. No other business was transacted than the reception of petitions and the reports of Committee.—Nat. Int. 6th.

### More wonders of "MY" Administration.

Mr. Charles Bell of Springfield, gathered from a single bean vine, 234 pods, and 1,082 beans, the past season.

A cat has been born in Winchester, Va. having one head and neck but two bodies, four ears and eight legs. A friend of ours thinks it is a strong type of Jacksonism, for although the monstrosity, like the first has only one head—and hardly that—yet it is connected with multitudinous maws, and numerous bodies, every one of which is instinct with life and appetite for "treasury pup."

Asa Badling of Coventry, killed a hog last month, which weighed, when dressed, 564 lbs. Success to the whole hogism! The season has been remarkable for the staple commodity of "the party." We learn that Mr. B. has three fine shoats which he means to kill before the 4th of March '33, because he apprehends that after that period there will be a shrinkage of the article.

The fish on the Cape Cod banks have bitten uncommonly well during the three last seasons.

Custom House Presents to Andrew Jackson! On the 5th January, "a beautiful set of Astral Lamps," were presented to Gen. Jackson by the Custom House Officers of this City, including the Mail Contractor! Is this Bribery? Or is it Corruption? We append the names of the office holders.

James N. Barker—Collector of the Port!  
Wm. Duncan—Surgeon of the Port!  
John Pemberton—Naval Officer!  
James Reeside—Mail Contractor!  
B. S. Bonsall—late Tide Waiter, now Marshall!  
John Steele Weigh Master!  
Wm. Findly—Treasurer of the U. States Mint!  
John Kern—Tide Waiter!—&c. &c. &c.  
Pennsylvania Whig.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

### SUPPORT OF THE POOR.

A fact—Andrew Patterson was among the first of the New England emigrants to the southern part of the county of Herkimer. At the commencement of the revolution, he enlisted as a private and by continued good conduct he was promoted, a little before the close of the revolution, to the rank of an orderly sergeant. During the whole of that memorable contest he had been an active and hardy soldier. At one time he received a letter from Gen. Washington directing him to take charge of a small scouting party. This document he preserved as a most precious jewel, until the close of his life. Its contents, and the frequent exhibition of it, as he related the stories of the times "that tried men's souls," constituted the fond and source of his happiness. And when he told the trials and "hair breadth 'scapes" to which he had "often and again" being subjected, the recital of which would bring the "big tear drop" in the eye, he would show you "the letter" the warrant of his bravery and his integrity. He was industrious and of good habits; but by pursuing the business of a shoemaker in the early settlement of the place, he could obtain of any thing more than the scanty necessities of life. In the 68th year of his age he was smitten with an apoplectic fit. This crippled and disabled him the remainder of his life. In this situation, no alternative was left for subsistence but to apply to the town for support. The bare idea rent his very soul, and he suffered long before he resorted to this mortifying alternative. The services he had rendered, the battles he had fought, the exposures of his life for the cause of his country and independence, were often taken in view by him; and when he mused upon these circumstances, you would see his heart rise with convulsive throes in his bosom.

Soon after his application for public support, the annual town meeting took place. It had been the practice for one or two years, to put up the public poor, (or paupers as they were called) at vendue, at the annual town meeting, and sell to the lowest bidder. Patterson was present. After the ordinary business of the meeting was over the officer proceeded to the sale of the paupers. The name of Patterson was at last cried by the auctioneer. No sooner did Patterson hear his own person offered for sale, than with a convulsive sob he exclaimed, "Can it be

possible that my country who has had all the services of my youth and manhood, will, in my old age, sell me as a beggar! With the aid of his crutch and his cane, he hobbled a little one side of the crowd—but before the sale was made, his bosom gave another heave, accompanied by an agonizing groan, his heart burst, his soul took wings, and his body fell a lifeless corpse before the assembly who were speculating upon his misery.

### PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE.

A few years previously to the organization of the police cavalry and infantry, by the Count de Novion, (an officer of great merit, and who is at this moment living in a corner of Brittany, neglected by those of whom he deserves a better recompense,) the number of atrocities committed at all hours of the day, elicited an order of the government, prohibiting the carrying about any species of arms and empowering the civil patrols to stop and consider as murderers any who should be found to infringe this law. An unfortunate man of good family, returning home from playing a rubber of Cassino, had, owing to the loneliness of his road, provided himself with a rapier, which he took care to hide under his capote. He proceeded about half way, when he was attacked by one of those pests of the Lisbon streets, a large dog. He naturally drew his sword in self defence and shouted it in his enemy's ears. At the unlucky moment, the patrol appeared at the corner of the street; and the gentleman apprehending the consequences of being found with arms upon him, hastened to conceal himself. The guardians of the night, observing one who had the appearance of wishing to avoid them followed him quickly; upon which he slunk into a corridor, groped about in the dark, and ascended the staircase to the first floor, where he found a door upon the jar, which gave way upon his touch. Extreme fear prompted him to enter the room and conceal himself in a corner of it. In the mean time the patrol had provided themselves with a lantern, and followed his footsteps to his hiding place, where to their mutual horror, and to his utter consternation, a murdered woman was discovered in bed in a corner of the room. Presumptive evidence was so strong against him, being found there with a bloody sword under his cloak, that notwithstanding every effort was made by his friends to save him, he (having no female relation on footings of intimacy with any confessor) was executed. A few years afterwards, a galleon, on the point of death in the hospital of St. Jose, acknowledged being the real murderer, and that he had been hired for the purpose, at the usual price. [Sketches of Portuguese Life.]

From "Fivian Grey."

### DESCRIPTION OF LORD BYRON.

"One thing was more characteristic of Byron than an other, it was his strong, shrewd common sense—his pure, unalloyed sagacity. I was slightly acquainted with him in England, for I was then very young. But many years afterwards I met him in Italy. It was at Pisa, just before he left for Genoa. I was then very much struck at the alteration in his appearance. His face was very much swollen, and he was getting fat. His hair was gray, and his countenance had lost that spiritual expression which he once so eminently possessed. His teeth were decaying, and he said that if he ever came to England, it would be to consult Wayte about them—I certainly was very much struck at his alteration for the worse. Besides, he was dressed in the most extraordinary manner. He had on a magnificent foreign foraging cap, which he wore in the room, but his grey curls were quite perceptible; and a frogged surcoat; and he had a large gold chain round his neck, and pushed into his waistcoat pocket. I imagined, of course, that a glass was attached to it; but I afterwards found that it bore nothing but a quantity of trinkets. He had also another gold chain, tight round his neck like a collar. I was not long at Pisa, but we never parted and there was only one subject of conversation—England, England, England. I never met a man, in whom the *maladie du pays* was so strong. Byron was certainly at this time restless and discontented. He was tired of his dragon captains, and pensioned poetasters, and he dared not to come back to England with what he considered a tarnished reputation. His only thought was of some desperate exertion to clear himself. It was for this he went to Greece. When I was with him he was in correspondence with some friends in England, upon the purchase of a large tract of land in Columbia. He affected great admiration of Bolivar. The loss of Byron can never be retrieved. He was indeed a man—a real man; and when I say this, I award him, in my opinion, the most character which nature need aspire to. Byron's mind was like his own ocean—sublime in its yesty madness—beautiful in glittering summer brightness—mighty in the lone magnificence of its waste of water—gazed upon from the magic of its own nature, yet capable of representing, but as in a glass darkly, the natures of all others."

Early Rising.—Young ladies! would you improve your minds?—know that the morning is the best time to study. Would you improve your beauty?—know that the morning air is the best cosmetic. Would you enjoy pleasure without alloy?—know that the sun rising from its yellow couch, presents one of the most sublime and beautiful scenes in nature. Would you delight your eyes and regale your affections?—know that flowers are clad in best attire, and send forth sweetest perfumes in the morning.