

# GAZETTE

VINCENNES.

SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1833.

## THE REJOINER.

Our neighbor of the Sun is growing caustic. We regret it, and if he would take our advice he would wait until the next session of Congress, when he will see enough matter spread before that body, opposed to his political views, to bring all his bile into action. We are too fond of fun and frolic to quarrel with our neighbor unless indeed he should force it upon us, when we should fight from "instinct," as Jack Falstaff would say. The editor of the Sun has, however, complimented us by quoting a paragraph from one of our late numbers, and we will not be so wanting in courtesy as to refuse to perform the same kind office for him when he affords us the opportunity. We truly thank him for his kind "wishes," and reciprocate his good feelings. But what does he mean when he says, he "should be pleased if he" (that is the editor of this paper) "could have his own way." We can inform the editor of the Sun that we do indeed have our "own way." We are as free as the wild winds of heaven, except now and then we feel a little wanting in cash—a visitation which is not permitted in these days to assail the adherents of the present administration, and the recipients of "Treasury paper." We belong to the "outs," not to the "ins," but poor as we are, we are too rich for the whole kitchen cabinet to buy us. We are free and untrammelled, and transact the business of our office in our own way, with the desire to please all who have independence enough to think and speak of public men and measures as they think proper. We truly wish that the editor of the Sun were as free to do his own business in "his own way" as we are. The Globe at Washington would annihilate him if he should have the temerity to dissent from any of the articles of Jacksonism—if he should disbelieve the infallibility of the President and the Kitchen Cabinet. Mr. Stout speaks tauntingly of our "impartiality towards the present administration." Impartiality! Bah! Could he expect us to forget our duty to ourselves and to our patrons, as to offer our praises to the acts of such men as Francis Blair, Amos Kendall, and the other members of the cabinet improper? Gen. Jackson would doubt give us something to praise in his acts, if he were not poisoned by those reptiles and stimulated to doings which have cast a foul stain upon the once bright and unsullied escutcheon of our country. But we have said more than we proposed to ourselves when we took our "grey goose quill" to indite this article to our worthy brother. Personally, he has "our right gude will," though politically, we differ; hoping, however, he will soon join our side, which is undeniably the right one. He made the first assault at us, and we shall not be the first to cry "hold," though, as we observed above, we are fond of fun, and would much rather worship at the shrine of Momus than of Mars.

The races over our course commenced on Thursday the 31st ult. The first day's purse, \$50, three best out of five, one mile, was taken by Mr. Beard's sorrel horse—Mr. Purcell's horse taking the first heat, and the sorrel the next three. "Smiling Buck" from Sullivan county, although good bottom, could not raise a laugh, but kept on the even tenor of his way, as good at last as first. Time, two minutes.

The second day's purse, \$100, two miles and repeat, was taken by Sir William, distancing Mr. Nabb's Illinois horse—"Dennis" bolted on the first mile, and Mr. Curry's Sullivan county horse, was withdrawn after the first heat.

The third day's races, one mile and repeat for a purse of \$40, was contended for manfully by Mr. Curry's Hoosier mare, a Kentucky horse, and several other horses. The first heat was taken by the Hoosier mare by about a neck. The 2d heat by the same, beating the Kentucky horse thirty yards. Time, 2 minutes, 1 second.

The race for the saddle, a single dash of one mile, was a very animated one. It was won by Mr. Purcell's horse Bradlock, beating Mr. Beckes' mare about one foot, and leaving the Kentucky horse far behind. Time, 2 minutes.

## TO PRINTERS.

A good, sober and industrious Printer, capable of constant employment, by immediate application at this Office. Light work and moderate wages.

The October number of the Lady's Book has just come to hand.

Samuel Hill is a Candidate for the Office of Justice of the Peace, and will feel grateful to his fellow citizens for their support.

## From the New York Mirror

### MOZART.

\*\*\*\*The composer threw himself back on his couch, faint and exhausted. His countenance was pale and emaciated, yet there was a strange fire in his eye and the light of joy on his brow, that told of success. His task was finished, and the melody, even to his exquisite sensibility, was perfect. It had occupied him for weeks, and though his form was wasting by disease, yet his spirit seemed to acquire new vigor, and already claim kindred with immortality; for oft as the sound of his own composition stole on his ear, it bore an unearthly sweetness, that was, to him, too truly a warning of his future and fast coming doom. Now it was finished; and, for the first time for many weeks, he sank into a quiet and refreshing slumber. The apartment in which he lay was large, and lighted by a window, in a small recess, that opened to the east; near it his couch was placed, a table for writing stood at his feet, and just before him his favorite inseparable piano. The window was shaded by a curtain of crimson damask, and, as the sun (which had scarcely attained its meridian) stole through it, there was a rich glow cast upon every object. One beam fell upon the head of the composer, and then passed appearing to say, "Take this shall your day of life be, bright and glorious; but even so shall it vanish and pass away, though shining in noontide splendor."

A slight noise in the apartment awoke him, when, turning toward a fair young girl who entered, "Emilie, my daughter," said he, "come near me—my task is over—the requiem is finished. My requiem," he added, and a sigh escaped him, as present fame and future glory passed in vivid succession through his mind, and the idea, how soon he must leave it was, seemed, for a moment, too hard to endure. "Oh, say not so, my father," said the girl, interrupting him, as tears rushed to her eyes, "you must be better, you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it; do let me bring you something refreshing, for you have had nothing this morning, and I am sure we will nurse you well again."

"Do not deceive yourself, my love," said he, "this wasted form never can be restored by human aid; from heaven's mercy alone can I hope for succor; and it will be granted, my Emilie, in the time of my utmost need; yes, in the hour of death will I claim His help, who is always ready to aid those who trust in him; and soon, very soon must this mortal frame be laid in its quiet sleeping place, and this restless soul return to Him who gave it."

The tender girl stood in pallid though mute distress, not a sigh, not a tear, escaped her. The idea of death broke suddenly on her mind, that it checked every mode of utterance, and she gazed upon his countenance as if in a dream. Death, at any period of life, wears an awful aspect, but never more so than to the youthful heart, whose every step has been that of health and joy, and whose bounding pulse, yet swayed by hope, has never been chilled by the sorrow or distracted by the doubts and fears that hang over our earthly existence. Thus was it with Emilie, united by the tenderest sympathy to her father, and living, as it were, in a world of music, no wonder that she beheld death with terror, as the destroyer of her all—of happiness.

The dying father raised himself on his couch and said, "you spoke of refreshments, my daughter, it can still be offered to my fainting soul; take these notes, the last that I shall ever pen, and sit down to the instrument. Sing with them the hymn so beloved by your mother, and let me once more hear those tones which have been my delight, my passion, since my earliest remembrance." Emilie did as she was desired, and it seemed as if she sought a relief from her own thoughts, for after running over a few cords of the piano, she commenced in the sweetest voice the following lines:

"Spirit thy labor is o'er,  
Thy term of probation is run,  
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,  
And the race of immortal begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife  
On the pleasure of earth with regret,  
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,  
To mourn for thy day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,  
No wicked have power to molest,  
There the weary, like thee, and the wretched shall find  
A heaven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road  
For which thou art now on the wing,  
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,  
Their loud hallelujahs to sing."

As she concluded the last stanza, she dwelt for a few moments, on the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then waited, in silence, for the mild voice of her father's praises. He spoke not—and, with something like surprise, she turned toward him; he was laid back upon the sofa, his face shaded in part with his hand, and his form reposed as if in slumber. Starting with fear, Emilie sprang toward him, and seized his hand, but the touch paralyzed her, for she sank senseless by his side. He was gone! With the sounds of the sweetest melody ever composed by human thought, his soul had winged its flight to regions of eternal bliss.

CAROLINE.

## FEMALE EDUCATION.

Let your first care be to give your little girls a good physical education. Let their early years be passed, if possible, in the country, gathering flowers in the fields, and partaking of all the free exercise in which they delight. When they grow older, do not condemn them to sit eight listless hours of the day over their books, their work, their music. Be assured that half the number of hours passed in real half the number of hours passed in real make them more accomplished and more agreeable companions than those commonly are who have been most elaborately finished, in the modern acceptance of the term. The systems by which young ladies are taught to move their limbs according to the rules of art, to come into a room with studied diffidence, and to step into a carriage with measured action and premeditated grace, are only calculated to keep the degrading idea perpetually present, that they are preparing for the great market of the world. Real elegance of demeanour springs from the mind, fashionable schools do but teach its imitation, whilst their rules forbid to be ingenious. Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women supposed to have finished their education in such establishments. If they marry husbands as unformed as themselves, they fall into habits of insignificance without much pain; if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold of their affections. Hence matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves. In the education of young women we would say—let them be secured from all the trappings and manacles of such a system; let them partake of every active exercise not absolutely unfeminine, and trust to their being able to get into or out of a carriage with a light and graceful step, which no drilling can accomplish. Let them rise early and retire early to rest, and trust that their beauty will need to be coined into artificial smiles in order to secure a welcome, whatever room they enter. Let them ride, walk, run, dance, in the open air. Encourage the merry and innocent diversions in which the young delight; let them, under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley; let them plant and cultivate the garden, and make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain or the boisterous wind; and, above all, let them take no medicine except when the doctor orders it. The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up; but they would not find one of them upon whom they could exercise any power.—Foreign Quarterly Review.

## TAKE A NEWSPAPER.

We have often been surprised at the language of persons in good circumstances, when applied to on the subject of subscribing for a newspaper or periodical. "We can't afford it," says they; "can't afford it"—what nonsense; why, in nine cases out of ten, it is, to the subscriber, a money making business. Fearing that you may doubt it reader, we'll tell you how it is so.

Considering the numerous recipes—improvements in arts—in agriculture, and discoveries in science—reports of law cases—preventatives—cautions and cures—applications—advertisements and exhibition of wants and chances for speculation—which annually come into view through the medium of a well conducted newspaper—we venture to assert, that there are few individuals in the community, who do not in one way or another—by getting or saving—making or mending, in consequence of some information thus derived gain more than double every year the paltry amount he pays—or promises to pay the printer for it. Think it over now—are we not right? We are quite sure we are—so much so, that we make this offer; if any of our subscribers who is in the habit of attentively reading the paper will come forward and upon his conscience declare, that every thing considered, he is not the gainer in the view we have taken, we will give him a receipt in full for his subscription—and set him down for a stupid, good-for nothing blockhead, who (as Mrs. Royal once said of a certain individual) don't know enough to last him over night; and wakens up a fool every morning.

In our estimate, we have not included the moral obligation which every freeman is under to make himself acquainted with the principles, and watch narrowly the movements of the men into whose hands are entrusted in a measure, the destinies of his country—nor pleasures and advantages which flow from being enabled to trace through the medium of the Press, the progress of freedom and the success of free institutions throughout the world—with their sure attendant morality and religion. Newspapers are eminently serviceable too in a family of large children as tending to excite early, a thirst for information and a love for learning.

A freeman—a man of family who really can afford it (and there are few indeed who cannot) that will voluntarily deprive himself of the advantages we have enumerated, and oblige his children like himself to plod on in the ignorance of the world, and of what is going on around them, ought to have his lot cast among the poor of Germany—the lazaroni of Italy—or the serfs of Prussia—as unfitted to enjoy, or properly preserve, the inestimable blessing of rational freedom.

Susy Register.

A woman, in West Bloomfield, N. J. recently committed suicide to avoid the sufferings she endured from a drunken husband.

From the Madison (la.) Statesman.

## BEWARE OF A SWINDLER!

On or about the 2d instant, a certain individual calling himself JAMES HOUTON, arrived in this place (as he said) from Washington city. He stated that he was a partner of — Yeatman, Esq., of Wheeling, and that they had been appointed Agents of the General Government, for the purchase of any quantity of PORK which might be in market. His manners were unassuming, his countenance frank and open, and his general deportment that of a gentleman. In dress neat, but not extravagant, and in his conversation fluent, he insinuated himself into the good opinions of several of the influential and respectable citizens of this place, from whom he borrowed a duress, pacing horse, about eight years old, having a long switch tail, and a star in the forehead, a saddle nearly new with a blue cloth, a double reined bridle, and a small repeating gold watch, having the makers names (Dubois & fils) upon the face, and the numbers 3,253 and 3,040, on the stem. He, also, caused certain handbills to be printed at this office in the name of the firm, and an advertisement inserted in the papers, a copy of which will be found in another column.

On Tuesday morning the 15th instant, without paying the sums in which he was indebted to various individuals, he left this place for Brookville, since which time, he has not been heard from. When he started he promised that he would return in three days.

From all the circumstances of the case, we are fully convinced that he is a counterfeiter, and that he has a large amount of spurious money in his possession.

In addition to the thanks of the community, a liberal reward will be paid by the owners of the above property, for his apprehension.

Watchmakers and jewellers are requested to be on the lookout.

Printers throughout the United States are requested to give the above a few insertions in their respective papers, and to give information to the editor of this paper as soon as they may obtain any information relative to the above articles.

## EMIGRATION TO ILLINOIS.

The number of persons that daily pass through this place on their way to the State of Illinois is immense. Our office is situated directly on the street, along which these people are compelled to pass and we have a good opportunity of observing their numbers and appearance.

Many of these people, seem to be much more wealthy and respectable, than those we have observed moving to this state in former years. On Tuesday last, a company passed, in which were five large, well built and heavily laden wagons, and six neat, two horse carriages, filled with females who had every appearance of the lady about them—the wagons and carriages were driven by white men, well dressed and of good appearance.

The fertile lands of Illinois must invite men of enterprise and capital; and ere long we expect to see this young State take a conspicuous stand among her sisters of the Union.—Green River (Ky.) Advocate, Oct. 11.

Dreadful effects of intoxication.—Monday morning a stout, able man, between forty and fifty, was brought into the Meath Hospital, under the following horrible circumstances: He had been at the Donnybrook Fair on Sunday, and had indulged in his libations to such an excess that it was with the utmost difficulty he could reach his residence in New street. Having been left alone there, he fell down in a state of insensibility, and was immediately attacked by a pig, which literally ate off his whole face; having commenced with the nose, it carried away all its cartilaginous and soft parts, then both the cheeks, the lips and chin, as also a part of the right ear, tearing away all the muscles and the skin, and leaving nothing behind but the gums and teeth. His left hand, too, has been considerably mutilated. We have seen many frightful objects, the results of accidents and disease, but the case above detailed is by far the most frightful we ever witnessed.—Dublin Register.

Sale of a Wife by private contract.—George Wearne, of Maylor, met a respectable man at the New Inn, Falmouth, for the purpose of disposing of his wife.—Wearne offered to sell her for £50, highly recommending her excellencies and personal attractions, and stating that his only reason for parting was, that he was fonder of Bacchus than of women. The other party considering the price far exorbitant, offered 5s. Wearne was a little surprised at the disparity of the offer, but, after some little parley, said he wanted to have a good drop of "the creature" that night, and would sell her for 10s.—The bargain was immediately struck, and Wearne gave up the partner of his joys and sorrows, and treated the purchaser with a "drop of the creature," and wished him and his bargain a long and happy life.—Falmouth (Eng.) Packet.

Female Curiosity.—Mlle. Contat, the Miss Farren of the French Stage, afflicted by a painful disorder, was sent by her attendant surgeon to consult Corvisart who sat down in her presence to write his opinion of her case, to be sent in a sealed letter to his professional brother. A minute afterwards he was startled by a heavy fall, and on turning round, perceived Mlle. Contat on the floor, in a dead faint. Curiosity had induced her to peep over his shoulder and the first thing that met her eye, was the word cancer.

## SPLITTING ROCKS BY LIGHTNING.

The first experiment of splitting rocks by means of electric fluid, was made in Prussia, in 1811. The process was very simple—into a hole in the centre of the rock is placed a long rod of iron, as a conductor terminating in a point. When a thunder cloud passes over the stone, within its striking distance of the earth, the lightning from the cloud strikes the upper part of the conductor downwards to the heart of the stone, which either rends it in different places or splits it at once into a multitude of fragments. The experiment in Prussia was attended with complete success, during the first storm that passed over after the conductor was inserted in the stone.—Bunk. Hill Ju.

A Tree Consumed by Spontaneous Combustion.—A singular occurrence took place on Wednesday week at Frant. In the field adjoining the church, occupied by Mr. C. Wickens, smoke was seen issuing from the decayed part of a beautiful beech tree, and immediately afterwards flames were observable, although noon day. With some little difficulty they were subdued. In short time afterwards the body of another tree, (a very large ash) in the same field was discovered to be on fire, and before means could be resorted to extinguish it, the flames encircled the whole body, and defied every exertion that was made to save it until the tree broke off about six feet up. Both trees were in a most healthy condition. From what cause the fire could have originated still remains a mystery.—Maidstone paper.

Atrocious Act.—On Saturday night last, a black man belonging to Mr. Samuel Patterson, of this county, committed a most diabolical murder upon his wife, who was also a slave of Mr. Patterson, by literally cutting her through the body with an axe. He came to town immediately afterwards and surrendered himself to the jailor, and is now imprisoned, awaiting his trial. Lex Observer.

Recipe for Croup.—Dr. Godman has recommended the following as a certain, as well as simple remedy for a common and other fatal diseases among children. He says, "when they are threatened with attack of Croup, I direct a plaster, covered with dry Scotch snuff, varying in size according to the age of the patient, to be applied directly across the thorax, and retained there till all the symptoms disappear. The remedy is found to be always effectual when applied in the first and second stages of the malady." The plaster is made by greasing a piece of linen and covering it with snuff.

A Human Team.—A novel spectacle—and, we may add, a moving one—was witnessed in this place ten or twelve days since—exemplifying in one of the strongest points of view a state of bodily degradation most painful and revolting to the feelings of human nature. It consisted of a wagon, filled with such articles of furniture &c., as usually belong to an emigrating establishment bound for the "far West"—drawn by two men and a boy, all duly harnessed, acting in the capacity and doing the work of a team of horses? The individuals thus engaged appeared cheerful and patient in the exercise of their laborious employment. They were ascertained to be emigrants from Germany, on their way to the distant regions of the West.—Guernsey Times.

On a method of Preventing the Attacks of Caterpillars.—At this season of the year, says Mr. Brown of Pinfield, when caterpillars generally attack fruit trees and bushes, the following method of preventing their attacks may not prove underserving of notice. Let a hole be bored in the stem of the tree, as far in as the heart, in a direction sloping downwards, about a foot from the ground. Into this hole pour a little mercury. Close up the hole with a peg, not very tightly fitted in. Cut the top of the peg smoothly with the bark of the tree or bush, and then put a little tar over it to prevent water getting into the hole.—This I have found a safe and sure method of not only preventing attacks of Caterpillars, but of driving them off the tree; and it is not yet, I believe, publicly known. Quart. Journal of Agriculture.

The Press at large.—There are in Europe, with a population of 227,790,000, two thousand one hundred and forty-two periodical journals; in America, with a population of 40,000,000, upwards of one thousand; in Asia, with a population of 390,000,000, only twenty-seven; in Africa, with a population of 150,000,000, but twelve; in Oceania, with a population of 20,000,000, nine. "Thus it appears," says a French journal, "that in Asia, there is one paper for every 14,000,000; in Africa, one for every 12,000,000; in Europe, one for every 106,000; in America, one for every 30,000; and precisely in the same manner is the progress of civilization in these different divisions of the earth."

Masonry.—A project is under discussion in Vermont, to abolish the institution of masonry in that state. The grand lodge was soon to hold a meeting, to take the subject into consideration. The secular lodges were notified to send delegates to this meeting, and it was thought there would be a numerous attendance, several of them having promptly answered the call.

A gentleman in the country addressed a passionate billet doux to a lady in the same town, adding this curious postscript—"please send a speedy answer, as I have somebody else in my eye."