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POETICAL.



PATRIOTIC SONG.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Call old North Bend from his plough;
The Aid-de-Camp of Wayne,
Is the man we call for now,
His services of by-gone days,
And laurels gained of yore,
Are evidence enough to prove
That he can serve us more.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Call Old Tippecanoe;
The Shawnee Prophet's magic arts,
He did long since do;
The savage bands he scattered wide,
And saved the West Frontiers;
Through all the Western forest side,
His name is held most dear.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Call the Hero of the Thames;
Upon the worthy list, his name
Stands foremost of the names;
He broke the boasted British ranks
With Proctor in their van;
And left their mighty phalanx
On the field of battle slain.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Call Ohio's favorite Son;
Beyond all doubt his name
Is W.M. H. BARRISON,
The people, with a hearty cheer
Will honor him anew;—
And in the Presidential Chate
He'll prove the GOOD and TRUE.

From the Critic.

THE CONTENT CELL.

On a bleak and gloomy morning in the month of March, 1827, two travellers walked up the aisle of the church of St. — in one of the chief towns of the Netherlands. They were evidently strangers, not only to the place, which they gazed at with curiosity, but to the manners and feelings of the congregation, for they were observed to walk carelessly past the *Boullier*, without dipping their fingers into the blessed water; nor did they bend their knees as they crossed before the altar.

Still there was nothing of indifference in their manners; nothing, in short, which any liberal minded devotee might not have excused in the bearing of two heretics unaccustomed to Roman Catholic rites and acting from impulses of inexperience and youth. For they were both young, under five and twenty; and they had that reckless and independent air which marks the citizens of a free country. They were in fact, Americans, who with a full fund of health, money, and ardour of variety, had just arrived in Europe, and were starting on their journey in quest of knowledge and adventures.

They had landed a day or two before at Ostend, from London, and this was their first visit to a Roman Catholic church in a Roman Catholic country. One of the strangers, who was a Quaker, viewed the religious ceremonies without any other emotion than that of a painter or novelist, as if scanning the groups for the effect which they would produce portrayed on the canvas, or in description; while the other, of a more sanguine temperament, felt a deeper moral interest in the scene.

He was, however, after a short time, roused to a more minute and personal train of thought, by observing that one of the nuns, who had most pretensions to beauty, fixed her looks upon him, with an uncommon pretension, and in a manner so remarkable, as to cause him at length considerable embarrassment.—

There was something in the expression of her countenance, and in the determined scrutiny of her gaze, that made him almost shudder. She was handsome, certainly. Her features were regular and marked; but she was pale to sallowness, and her dark eyes had a restlessness of motion that seemed caused by an undigested.

He then felt his cheeks glow, and he gave to his looks the tenderest expression of which they were capable. He saw an answering flush rise on the pale brow of the nun, and a smile that thrilled through him, but not with unmoved delight, played for an instant on her colourless lips. Her eyes then sank down, and her face resumed her calm and sculptured look.

The service was at length concluded; the priests had retired from the deserted altar, and one by one the congregation left the church. Aroused by his less excited friend, the enamored young gentleman also arose to retire.

They were on the point of quitting their places and retiring from the almost deserted church; the friend of the young lover, for so we must call him, had turned round and made a few steps in the direction of the door, and the lover himself was about to follow, when his parting look

glance from her quick raised eyes, and a momentary, but intelligible motion with her finger that he should remain.

Determined, of course, to comply with this invitation, he found means to rid himself of his friend, and followed the fair one down a back stair, entered with her a narrow recess, lighted by a single lamp, before a shrine contained in which, she again resumed her kneeling position.—The lover took a position a few yards distant from the object of his gaze, and leaning against a pillar, awaited her communication.

With her head low bent, and inclined towards him, while she turned over her head with much apparent devotion, she asked him in a deep whisper,

“Do you understand French?”

“Yes,” answered he.

“Not sufficiently to express your influence on me.”

This was answered with her wonted smile.—

“Good Heaven, is it satisfaction or triumph?” thought the American.

“If you can see in me any thing to interest you?” continued she, “are you inclined to do me a favor?”

“Am I?” replied he, with energy—“try me—put me to the point.”

“It is no trifles,” said she solemnly.

“Any thing is trifling that can entitle me to serve you; or any thing short of death command me!”

“And if death did cross your path in the adventure?” exclaimed she, with a full expression of voice, and a piercing solemnity of look.

“By heavens! I’d even spurn that,” cried he; “you have exalted me to a pitch of excitement, I know not how or wherefore.”

“I am satisfied with you,” resumed she—“I believe you to be a man of honor, and that your fine person and striking face cannot be allied to an ignoble soul; I feel myself safe in your hands. You perceive that the rules of my order are not the strictest; but their discovered intrigues is more; and I am now intriguing them. I can speak to you no more at present—I have run a fearful risk. But meet me outside that little portal tonight at nine. I will admit you punctually as the clock strikes. You must not speak; but trust to me, follow me, and count on my gratitude.”

At the hour of nine, the young American followed his companion, and pushed to the convent. The lower gates admitted, and shortly after was seen returning, bearing on a figure wrapped in his cloak, which, from its form and dimensions, is judged to be a human being. The alarm and anxiety of the friend, heightened by this occurrence, is aroused, and he follows at a distance and in silence.

After a little time, in which they traversed several by-streets, they reached one of those canals with which the town abounds, and the lover hesitatingly descended one of the flights of steps, which facilitate the landing of goods from the barges, and the embarkation of persons employed.

“Heavens!” exclaimed the watchful friend to himself, “can he be wild enough to bear her off at night in some open boat? God knows where! Where or how will this adventure end?”

He placed himself close to the quay wall and looked over the parapet. He saw his friend on the steps; there was no boat of any kind standing near or in sight; yet the lover continued to descend.

“What can this mean? what frantic beast can be destined to conclude this affair? snatched the careful guardian, as he watched; he observed the object of his care to disencumber himself of his burden; a figure in black emerged from beneath the cloak, and a heavy plunge into the stagnant water was the signal of its disappearance.

The perpetrator of this appalling deed immediately ascended the steps. The shocked witness felt the blood curdling through his veins. His eyes seemed doubly fixed on his retreating friend, and on the rippled surface of the water where the body sank. The safety of his friend kept him mute, for to call for assistance was to reveal the murderer!

Leaving the place, he quickly gained upon his companion, who to his astonishment, took the direct road to the hotel.—They arrived there at the same moment, and they recognized each other without exchanging a word. A simultaneous pressure of the hand was their only salutation; and the friend shuddered to feel that the one he clasped, was cold and clammy.—The door opened to their summons, and they mounted together to their chamber.

The explanation given by the young American to his friend, is full of that source of interest which lovers of the Rattail school of romances delight in—namely, the horrible. The nun, by whose appearance he had been captivated, had received some untold injury or slight from a congre priss; and assassinated him to her cell. It was for the purpose of conveying away the murdered body, that she invited the traveller to this fearful interview.

Motivated by her beauty and the狂妄 of wine which she induced him to swallow, he consented to become the agent of her dark purpose. But to avoid the possibility of her crime being detected, or not having ever aspired to the Presidency until he was invited to it by the

unfortunate stranger at once her agent and her victim, scarcely finished his narration, before the drug takes effect, and he expires in great torture. His fellow traveller lays before the officer of the police a statement of the whole transaction, but a bigoted respect for the religious association stifles the degrees of justice, and induces them, without making any investigation, to suffer the mysterious and dreadful circumstance to pass into oblivion.

AGRICULTURAL.

Seasonable hints.—It is time to be thinking of spring. And spring opens, inviting you into the field, and urging you to seize every passing moment for business that can be done then only, you will be glad to have all your plans distinctly formed, and as far as practicable, every thing ready at hand.

Look at your seeds, both for the field and the garden, and see that they are good, in sufficient quantities, and in good order. If you wish to obtain seeds from your neighbors, or from a distance, make out a list and procure them the first opportunity. Have them all so arranged that you can put your hand on those you want at once. Select the largest and heaviest seeds. If you have any doubt about the vitality of your garden seeds, try them thus: put a small quantity in lukewarm water; let the water be four or five inches deep. Some seeds, such as those of the cabbage and turnip, if good, will go to the bottom at once. Cucumber, Lettuce, &c. require a few minutes. Parsnip, carrot, and all winged seeds, require to be well wetted before you put them in; the carrot should be rubbed, so as to get off the hairs. The seeds of beets are in a shell, but if very good, they will sink after being in the water an hour. In regard to some kinds of seeds, if you have those that are several years old, use them after trial as above, in preference to new ones. The seeds of cucumbers and melons containing good eight or ten years, those of the radish, turnip, and cabbage, &c. three or four years, while those of carrots, parsnips, &c. seldom remain good longer than two years. The seeds of melons, squashes, pumpkins, and the like are better when three or four years old. They grow more and earlier fruit, and less vine. If you are in use last year’s seeds of these kinds, wash them to cleanse them from muckage, and let them be carefully and thoroughly dried.

See that beans poles and all such articles for the garden are pruned now, while you have time. While getting your wood this can be done with very little trouble.

Examine the tools that are to be used next season in the field and in the garden. See whether you have enough and in good order. Consider whether there are any new ones that it would be good to manage

ment to introduce:

FATTENING BOGS.

Mr. Green King of Washington, recently killed two hogs, one weighing 400 and the other 520 pounds. They were, he says, the fattest hogs that he ever butchard, and yielded lard in abundance.

They were fed almost entirely with apples and the severe cold weather in December, about 5 weeks before they were killed. During the five weeks they had

six bushels of pease and 15 or 20 bushels of potatoes. Mr. K. is confident that apples for stock are not estimated at half their value. [Hamp. G. Z.]

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AN IDOL.

Thomas H. Benton is now the Idol of repeaters and expander.

He is the man who sat down gravely and wrote to the editor of the Richmond Enquirer, an account of the gorgeous furniture of the East room of the White House, when the room was totally uninhabited.

He is the man who declared that it General Jackson was elected President, Congress would have to legislate with dicks and pistols in their belts and meannly disavowed it.

Whether he is the man to whom the following applies we do not assert. The extract is made from a speech delivered in the Virginia House of Delegates, by Mr. Bates.

We commend it to the consideration of the worshippers of Thomas H. Benton.

people. Having been Governor, Minister, Plenipotentiary, and Commander-in-chief of a victorious army, he might have known that he was but a step from the top of the ladder, and that it only needed a little manoeuvring to get up. The rest of the Senators and great men were busy enough with their conversations, and caresses, and bargains, sounding their own praises, and all steering for the white house night and day. These are the smartest kind of men, and know what they are about. They have a natural sense of their own interests. Not so with old Tippencanoe.

When his time was out, he came quietly to North Bend, hung up his old rusty sword behind the door, packed up his fine coat that he wore when he was a foreign minister, and turned in to raising corn and pork like any other farmer.

There he was just as pleasant and contented as if he had never been a great man—while the rest of the Senators and ex-senators were writing here, and writing there—travelling about the country, visiting the fashionable watering places, and hunting in all sorts of ways, how much they loved the people, and what good Presidents they would make.

There he was just so—and you also knew where to find him. Every body called him an honest kind hearted, civil spoken, honorable gentleman.

Meet him any time, and he was always in a good humor; ask of him a favor, and he was sure to do it; look in his face, and he was honest. You do not see the wrinkles there of a man that lost his time in sleep scheming and projecting. All that made the people like him; but then they knew he was the smartest kind of man when he was in office, and they wondered to see him so quiet and good conditioned in a private station. But it showed that he was not up to the game played by great politicians. He did not understand having the people like some of them that I could name. When the neighbors asked him—Well General, why don’t you set up for some high place I have already; I’m a Farmer. No, but General, why don’t you hang out for big office?—Why I have been in big offices all my life. I served my country from the time that I was twenty one, till I was near sixty—all the best years of my manhood—and am willing to serve them again when those comes. When he talked this way the knowing ones shook their heads and well they might. Now, if he had been a man of right hard sense, he would have hired a score or two of printers to abuse him, an equal number of county court lawyers, and college house politicians to praise him, and he would have spent the winter at Washington, and the summer at the Saratoga Springs; he would have promised to reward his friends and to punish his enemies; and he would have made leagues, bargains, combinations, and coalitions.—The amount of all this shows that he is not fit for President, unless the people want an honest man in that place, which I do not think is the case.

A. PLAIN FARMER.

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