

VINCENNES GAZETTE.

VOLUME 5.]

VINCENNES, INDIANA, APRIL 9, 1835.

[NUMBER 45]

POETICAL.



PATRIOTIC SONG.

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

Sound, sound the tramp 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 tramp of Fame!
Call Ohio's favorite Son;
Beyond all doubt his name
Is WM. H. HARRISON,
The people, with a hearty cheer
Will honor him anew;—
And in the Presidential Chair
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 carefully past the *Benitier*, without dipping their fingers into the blessed water; not 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 hearing 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 pretentiousness, 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 restless look of motion that seemed caused by an unquiet mind.

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 pallid 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 sunk 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 nun 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 at 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 beads with much apparent devotion, she asked him in a deep whisper, —

"Do you understand French?"

"Yes," murmured 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 proof."

"It is no trifler," said she solemnly.

"Any thing is trifling that can enable me to serve you; for 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 excited 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 infringement is rare, and I am now intrusting them. I can speak to you no more at present — I have run a fearful risk. But meet me outside that little portal to night 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 entered the convent. The lover gains admittance, and shortly after is seen returning, bearing out 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 abounded, and the lover, unhesitatingly descended one of the flights of steps, which facilitate the loading 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 feat can be destined to conclude this affair?" muttered the careful guardian, as he watched with intense interest; and 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 doubtfully fixed on his retreating friend, and on the rippled surface of the water where the body sunk. The safety of his friend kept him mute, for to call for assistance was to reveal the murdered!

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 *Ritche* 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 young priest; and assassinated him in her cell. It was for the purpose of conveying away the murdered body, that she invited the traveller to this fearful interview. Molested by her beauty and the thought 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, she had mixed poison in the cup, and

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 decrees 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 turnep, 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 continuing good eight or ten years; those of the radish, turnep, 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 produce more and earlier fruit, and less vine. If you are to use last year's seeds of these kinds, wash them to cleanse them from mould, and let them be carefully and thoroughly dried.

See that bean poles and all such articles for the garden are getting 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 management to introduce.

FATTENING HOGS.

Mr. Oren Kogley of Washington, recently killed two hogs, one weighing 400 and the other 320 pounds. They were, he says, the fattest hogs that he ever butchered, and yielded him in abundance. They were fed almost entirely with apples until the severe cold weather in December, about 5 weeks before they were killed. During the five weeks they had six bushels of preverder and 15 or 20 bushels of potatoes. Mr. K. is confident that apples for stock are not estimated at half their value. [Hamp. Gaz.]

From the Wheeling Times.

REASONS WHY GEN. HARRISON SHOULD NOT BE PRESIDENT.

Messrs. Editors — As the name of Gen. Harrison seems to have grown conspicuous among the candidates for the Presidency, I wish through your paper to arrest his growing popularity, by suggesting a few reasons why the people ought not to vote for him.

1. I consider the General destitute of political sagacity. No man in the nation has filled a greater variety of important stations, or had greater advantages for amassing wealth. Yet he is a poor man. With both arms up to the elbows in the public treasure for a long series of years, he has not lined his own pockets. As Governor of Indian Territory, he received and distributed immense sums of public money at his own discretion — as Commander-in-chief, he had an extraordinary power given him to draw without limit on the Government, and did actually draw for more than eight hundred thousand dollars. He came out a poor man. He must be a bad economist, who with such chances has failed to build a princely fortune.

2. He is moreover destitute of political sagacity, not providing for his family, instead of sending his sons to West Point, or putting them into the navy, he has lavished his own money in educating and supporting them. This was certainly bad policy and very different from the course pursued by a large majority of our statesmen.

3. He is destitute of political sagacity in not having ever aspired to the Presidency until he was invited to it by the

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 maneuvering to get up. The test of the Senators and great men were long 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 Tippecanoe.

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 know 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-eating and projecting. All that made the people like him; but then they knew he was the smartest kind of a 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 how 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 Gen. why don't you hang out for a 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 they want me. 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. 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.

AN IDOL.

Thomas H. Benton is now the idol of repeaters and expungers. He is the man who sat down bravely 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 if General Jackson was elected President, Congress would have to legislate with darts and pistols in their belts — and meanly disavowed it. Whether he is the man to whom the following applies we do not assert. The extracts are made from a speech delivered in the Virginia House of Delegates, by Mr. Bolls. We commend it to the consideration of the worshippers of Thomas H. Benton.

Can Gaz.

"Sir, I am told that there was a man named Thomas H. Benton, some years ago a student at Chapel college, North Carolina, who was expelled for stealing a sum of money from the trunk of one of the present members of the General Court bench of Virginia, which was found wrapped in his cravat, and tied around his neck. Mr. Speaker, do you know the senator of Missouri? and can you tell me whether this is the same man or not? Can you tell me whether this is the same Thomas H. Benton, of whom a gentleman named Edward Bates, published a pamphlet referring to the above allegation, and charging him at the same time with almost every offence against decency, morality, and law, to be found in the catalogue of crimes; and challenging him to place a denial of the charges in such form as to admit of judicial investigation; which pamphlet has been recently republished, and is, I am told now to be found on the table of every member of Congress in both Houses? Sir, this is the miserable creature to whose lead Virginia is called upon to follow? Is it such a thing as this that we are required to call to the helm of this good old ship, and for whom we are to discard our old and faithful pilots, Watkins Leigh and John Tyler, men whose hearts and souls are all Virginia's whose interests are all identified with our own; whose friends and neighbors, whose relations and families are all with us — are these

fit subjects for sacrifice, Mr. Speaker, in your own opinion? Will you lend your aid to destroy them? and can you with confidence recommend the councils of this Missouri Senator? Sir, the facts I do not charge, but they have been often charged, thoroughly circulated and universally believed; and I am satisfied are susceptible of proof before any committee that can be raised for that purpose. Has he any friend on this floor who will deny the charge? I understand however, that at the instance of a gentleman with whom we had the pleasure to associate on this floor two years ago as a member from the county of Hallifax, the resolution of expulsion which was regularly entered on their journal, where by the bye, I imagine there was no constitutional authority requiring it to be retained, was expunged from the journal, whether by obliteration or drawing black lines around it, I have not ascertained; it was perhaps from this question the honorable Senator first borrowed his notion of expunging. At all events it furnishes another precedent to those that have been already cited by the advocates of this resolution, and quiet as opposite as any that have been mentioned.

BENEFITS OF MATRIMONY.

I went to one neighbor and solicited a donation for a public object; he replied, "I approve of the object; and would assist you, but you know I have a family and that charity begins at home."

I called on a second; he replied that such as were able ought to be liberal, and that he had every disposition to aid me; but he added, "I have stronger claims upon me which I am bound to regard; those of my children."

A public charity demanded that a messenger should be sent from the city to a remote country. A person was selected whose talents were well adapted to the mission. He replied, that nothing would give him more pleasure, but it was absolutely impossible on account of his family. — He was excused.

Two merchants, partners in business, failed. At a meeting of the creditors, it was resolved, that one should forthwith be released; but the other because he was a bachelor, might yet as his duty, go to work and pay a still greater dividend.

An insurance office were about to appoint a secretary. There were, as usual, twenty applicants. In the discussion of the board of directors, the talents of many were sent forth — when a member rose and said that the one whom he should propose was a man of moderate capacity, but that he was a poor man with a family. He succeeded, and holds the office still.

A merchant friend wished me to procure a person to fill a responsible station. A gentleman came who seemed well fitted for the office. I asked him how much salary he expected. He replied, smiling "I am a married man; which I understand to be fifteen hundred dollars per annum. He has the place. No bachelor would have had over a thousand."

Two criminals were tried for forgery at the Old Bailey and were condemned to death. The king pardoned the one who was married, on account of his wife and children. The other paid the forfeit of his life being a bachelor.

In short, would you avoid trouble of many kinds, exercise sympathy, procure office, or escape punishment, you have only to be married.

The Editor of the Western Weekly Review still continues refractory to the legitimate authority of the ladies. He answers reproval for his ridicule of "the happy state," by the following *jeu d'esprit*.

Beauty is vain, and money saith not such the wise man of the scriptures, — and we believe him. We are not yet to be caught, nevertheless we have yet your gratifying recommendations, brother Banner, in our pocket not doubting but that it will profit us, when our time comes. At present we believe that the poet preaches truth when he says, that,

Marriages is like a flaring candle.

Placed in a window of a summer night, Attracting all the insects of air, To come and sate their pretty winged-lets there.

Those who are out, but heads against the pain.

Those who are in, but to get out again.

STEAM BOAT DISASTERS ON THE MISSOURI.

The steam boat *Chian*, descending from Chariton for this port, struck a snag last week, twenty miles below Chariton, and sunk. Almost a total loss — some parts of the Engine only being saved. The *Chian* was insured for \$3000 in the Alton office, and \$2500 in the office of the Missouri Insurance Company.

About the same time the *Dianna*, bound for the Council Bluffs, and struck a snag near Lexington, and was compelled to put out a part of her cargo on the shore. During the night the river rose ten or twelve feet, and swept off most of the freight which had thus been saved. It belonged principally to the American Fur Company. The *Dianna* having temporarily repaired her injury, arrived here on Sunday morning, was hauled out at the Dock the same day, repaired yesterday morning, and is again ready for another voyage.