

# GAZETTE.

VINCENNES.

SATURDAY MAY 25, 1836.

PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE  
FOR PRESIDENT IN 1836.  
**GEN. WM. H. HARRISON,**  
Of Ohio.

HARRISON ELECTORS FOR  
INDIANA.

Gen. JOHN G. CLENDENIN, of Orange  
county.

Dr. HIRSH DECKER, of Knox.  
Gen. MILTON STAFF, of Jefferson.  
Mr. ENOCH McCARTY, of Franklin.  
Mr. ACHILLES WILLIAMS, of Wayne.  
Mr. ALBERT S. WHITE, of Tippecanoe.

Gen. MARSTON G. CLARK, of Washing-  
ton.

Mr. ABRAHAM P. ANDREWS, of La-  
porte.

Mr. A. W. MORRIS, of Marion.

The glorious news of the capture of Santa Anna is confirmed—on the reception of the account at Louisville, the city was brilliantly illuminated. The Louisville Journal says: "Thousands of lights were glowing in every direction, bon-fires blazed, rockets streamed, cannons and small arms were roaring amid the loud shouts of the multitude, and every street exhibited a dense mass of men, women and children rejoicing in the jubilee."

In almost every street, the tyrant was either hanging or burning in effigy. Our quaker friend Jacob Brownell, however, had the most amusing representation of him. Jacob caught a live raccoon, and, christening it Santa Anna, suspended it before his wire-factory in a huge rat-trap. Of course the boys gathered around in great numbers, some pulling the four-legged Santa Anna by the tail, and others stirring him up with a long pole. We think that Jacob deserves to have the real two-legged Santa Anna for a similar exhibition.

## Kitchen Cabinet.

The Van Buren "Globe" says that "Monarchy is but a monopoly of political power." This is plain language for the ears of "the party," and a free people should understand its tendency—we think no good citizen can be long blind to the progressive steps indicative of the desperate schemes at Washington City, who with a power to dismiss and appoint 100 thousand office holders, with a subservient majority in both houses of Congress, and with expectants and hirings, in every section of the country, wielding the influence of money and deceptive promises would in reality establish in the person of Van Buren a declared and unprincipled monarchy.

We are authorized to announce James Doon, as a candidate for Sheriff of Knox County, at the approaching election.

Mr. Caddington.

You are authorized to announce Lewis R. Rogers, as a candidate to represent the counties of Knox, Daviess and Martin, in the next Senate of Indiana.

MANY VOTERS.

May 21st, 1836.

By the steamer Clay, arrived this morning, May 19th, we have dates from New Orleans of the 9th instant; and what is more cheering, a confirmation of the good news from Texas, which has animated us for several days past, and which we almost feared was too good to be authentic.

## TEXAS.

Col. A. Houston of the Texian army has arrived in the steamboat Caspian, and confirms the news of the glorious victory of Gen. Houston, and has favored us with the following list of the Mexican officers killed, wounded and prisoners.

Killed—Gen. Castillon, Col. Mora, Col. Manuel Acquirre, Lieut. Col. Castillo, General Cox and many others supposed to be killed but not yet found.

Prisoners—Gen. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, Col. Almonti, noble-camp, Col. Cespedes of the Guerrero-battalion, Brines, and to Santa Anna, Porilla de la Pedreguera and to Santa Anna, Numer, Valencia, Lieut. Col. Felipe Romero, (wounded) Valencia, Don Pedro del Gar do, Fernando Urtiza, wounded, and to Santa Anna, Arcas, Enciso, Muga, Don Ramon Curo, private Secretary to Santa Anna, also 5 Captains and 12 Lieutenants.

Gen. Santa Anna made the following proposition; that his army should lay down their arms, Texas independence acknowledged, the expenses of the war to be paid by Mexico, Santa Anna to remain as a hostage. Gen. Houston had issued orders that a further advance of the Mexican army should be the signal for the slaughter of Santa Anna and all the prisoners. The report of the terms of peace were not official, but supported by a great number of letters from officers of the army—N. O. Com Bulletin.

The N. O. Bulletin, of the 10th inst., gives the following letter; the particulars of the fight with, and defeat of Santa Anna, are more fully given than any we have heretofore received:

"NACITOCHES, May 5th, 1836.

"MY DEAR SIR—The war in Texas is closed—there is no doubt of the fact.—Gen. Gaines has recalled his flag which was despatched to the head quarters of Santa Anna, and ordered his men to re-  
turn to Fort Jessup.

I send you enclosed a list of the Mexican officers killed and taken in the late battle. We have correct information from more than twenty letters. Santa Anna crossed the Brazos at Fort Bend, twenty miles below San Felipe, with 600 men; after he took his position near Lewisburg he was joined by 500 more. He immediately commenced throwing up a breastwork; but before he had finished, Gen. Houston charged upon him with only 600 men, and 2 six pounders. Houston led the charge in person. He kept up a brisk fire upon the Mexicans with his field pieces, charged with grape and canister shot, but not a rifle was fired till within pistol shot of the Mexican line, when Houston formed his line and rushed over their works, at the same time pouring in upon them a most destructive and deadly fire from their rifles.

The moment Houston's men cleared the Mexican breast works, they drew their pistols and knives, and the work of death commenced in earnest: the Mexicans broke in every direction. The battle lasted not more than ten minutes. At the time of the charge Santa Anna was sitting in his carriage to the rear, surrounded by his staff. He immediately mounted his horse and rode off. This was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.—Houston followed the dispersed Mexicans till dark. Santa Anna was so closely pursued that he took to the swamp, and was taken next day in the disguise of a common soldier. He was not recognized till brought to Houston's camp; when he asked to be brought to Houston, and then disclosed himself. He was immediately recognized and embraced by those of his officers who were present. There were several in Houston's army who had known Santa Anna in Mexico, and immediately recognized him. He has offered to surrender all his force in Texas, ammunition of war, &c. to acknowledge the absolute independence of Texas, and to remain a hostage for the ratification of the treaty.

Houston led the charge most gallantly, had his horse killed under him, and received a wound in the leg.

I have not time to give you further particulars.

P. A. MORSE."

## From the Rochester Gem.

"Blue spirits and red,  
Black spirits and grey."

"A ghost! a ghost! Faith I've seen a ghost!" "What, Pa! did it look like?" "My faith, like all ghosts."

The history of the world from the time it was first called from chaos into existence, presents us one long continued series of revolutions. Empires have risen in quick succession, and spread wide over the earth their boundless power. But where are they? Stand on Zion's hill, and ask where are the countless myriads that once thronged the plains beneath! The sighing of the breezes as they sweep by the desolate spot, will be the sole response. Where is the ancient Babylonish Empire—Persian—Macedonian—or that proud race that sprang from imperial Rome! Faded all before the destroying hand of time. Others have risen on their ruins, and like them have vanished—merged in the general gulf of oblivion.

They have gone, warrior's call  
Shall rouse them no more to glory;  
The records of the grave are all  
That time has left of the story.

No less frequent and remarkable have been the changes in the opinions and customs of mankind. Heathen mythology has disappeared before the light of christianity. Her glad beams have dispelled the delusions which enchanted mankind and man has assumed a nobler and more exalted character. Not least of the advantages arising from the march of mind is the dispersion of those superstitious ideas, which cramp the intellect and debase the human character by their baleful influence. At the time when moral darkness shrouded the world these maxims pervaded the land Religion domestic regulations, laws, all were controlled by them. Even our ancestors, who cultivated to the highest degree the noble feelings of our nature, were not exempt from a particle of these contaminating principles.

To ascribe any remarkable, unaccountable circumstance, to the effect of supernatural agency, is an easy way of disposing of an otherwise difficult subject. We find a few, even at this period, weak enough to give credence to such ideas.—The mania is catching. Where this prevails in one family, it spreads, and ere long the whole neighborhood becomes infected. The power of association is strong. Does a person of weak nerves hear the croaking of a frog, he is filled with dire apprehensions, particularly, if it is at the time when twilight's sombre hour prevails. Does he see an old decayed dwelling house, rendered venerable by the shade of many elms, he imagines it haunted. We would not blame the inhabitants of New England for notions like these; they are their own both by right of possession and inheritance.

The circumstance that I would relate took place a few years ago, in one of the oldest villages in the state of—

In one of the principal streets there stood an aged mansion house, where in former times had lived and died one of the most respectable of the inhabitants. The town we said was one of the first settled; the house was the equal age. It was a venerable looking building, framed after the good old puritanic style, with a large porch in front, shaded with tall poplars, whose sage old patriarch of the

village oftentimes collected the village urchins & gave them goodly instruction but at the time when the affair of which we treat took place, the worn-out fences, decayed out-buildings, and walks overgrown with grass, gave evidence that the younger and more aspiring descendants had left the dwelling place of their fathers.

The house had passed down from father to son, even to the fourth generation when increasing wealth, together with increased pride, filled the mind of the fashionable possessor with shame on account of the rusty appearance of his habitation. At this time also, very opportunely, strange noises were heard in different parts of the building, as the voice of those in distress—mournful cries, and solemn groans. To account for this was not in the power of the young squire.—

He called up in rehearsal his own sins. Alas they were few! He inquired into those of his ancestors. An aged crone to whom he applied, in creaking bones & with wrinkled visage, told him that she had heard her grandmother prophesying that no good would come to that house, as the old judge (the grandfather of the present occupant) had been instrumental in procuring the condemnation of two sisters as witches. The mystery was solved, as the sons of fathers descended to their children even to the fourth generation—so had the ghost of departed come to wreak vengeance upon the lawless posterity of the merciless judge. The partition was called, the spirits were intruded to come out. Still they remained, alarming the neighborhood with their cries—length the house was left, and another built in a distant part of the village. At the parts where the noises had been heard were shut up, and the remainder given to the clergyman, in hopes that the society of his character would screen him from injury.

Years passed by and no more had been heard from the ghosts. Yet the passing school boy shuddered as he passed the house and thought of the tale told him by his mother, and even those of a more advanced age would hasten their steps if they came near it after dark. But the occupant lived in security, free from all intrusion, nor cared he what reports were in circulation concerning his house. A call from a distant quarter obliged him to be absent over Sunday, and two young men candidates for the ministry, engaged to supply his place. To send them to the tavern was contrary to the wishes of the good dame, and as she had no spare room in which to put the strangers, she was obliged to grant them one of the forbidden—already tenanted apartments.—Retiring from mentioning to her guests their ethereal room-mates, she wished them a good night's rest, and returned to her room, to pray that her wish might be realized.

It was a clear moon-light eve, and the wind which had blown rather fresh all day, now increased to a gale. Our patients elect, anticipating no harm, after choosing their rooms for the morrow, retired to rest. Their sleep was short. One awoke—cries were heard in the garret, and groans issued from the walls. The other soon awoke. They arose and went to the window. All was still with out, save the whistling of the gale. The air shone with chrysalis brightness, and the wind, whilst it drove them to their beds, rocked the whole house like a cradle. The noises in the mean time grew louder, but seemed stationary. Being the only ones in that part of the house, they found it useless to cry for help.—Never did captives long for release with greater earnestness than did these two disciples for morning.

The day at length dawned. The wind subsided and the spirit ceased from troubling.—Before descending to breakfast, they mutually agreed to be silent concerning their night adventure. With haggard looks they entered the parlour and found their hostess watching their appearance with much solicitude. For by their looks she was satisfied that something had occurred. But they mindful of their obligation, preserved an imperturbable silence. The day passed on and they discharged their duty faithfully but no satisfaction could induce them to tarry. They returned to their place of residence, and in confidence narrated the event to a friend, he to another, and soon the worthy dame heard of it herself. Coming from two such respectable men he could not but give credence to it. Still he wished to be certain. Selecting a windy night, for known reasons, he only at such times that goblins go abroad, he took his shawl in the room above mentioned. Soon he began to be heard.—His excited imagination exaggerated and then he sprang from the couch and rained on the threshold of the room. The next day he vacated the house. No other occupant applying, it was pulled down, when the spirits were discovered. The beams had become so rotten, that on the rocking of the house, they made a noise much resembling groans and plaintive cries.

Gentle reader I have not been writing a fiction tale; I can still point out the spot where these things happened.

SIMON.

## From the Richmond (Va) Sentinel.

WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME BACK?

Why didn't you call me back and why didn't you make me come back? said little Virginia Ann, as she came crying into the house with her mouth all bleeding from a fall upon the ice. This was the reproach of a child four years old to her mama, for not enforcing her command, not to go out to play upon the ice.—"This, no doubt, will be the galling reproach of many ruined children's overbearing and fondly-doating parents, when overtaken by misery; and when they behold with anguish that their wretchedness is but the consequence of parental indulgence in frolics, follies, and tempers of unimpaired youth. When the gay and thoughtless girl shall have spent her immature season of mental improvement in chasing after the whims in pursuing the butterfly beauties of youth, the

phantom called pleasure, and sober reason of riper years and all its concomitant, complicated cares and duties crowd upon her, and she finds herself utterly unprepared for their faithful discharge, will she not remember with poignant regret the many hours which she spent in following the fantastic fashions of folly, and urge the inquiry of little Ann:—O mama, why didn't you call me back!"

In fancy's view, I see the image of fondly caressing parents growing up around them, too good to do wrong, too tender to be corrected—every wish is to be gratified, every temper is indulged uncorbed. He is the idol of the house, and already the governor of his father's domain.—Years roll on—his tempers, his appetites still unrestrained, grow with his youth, and strengthened with his strength," until he is required to relinquish the gewgaws of childhood, and assume the man. His sphere of action is enlarged, and he begins to seek in society, the amusement once found in toys. But where does he go? Not to the society of enlightened, sober, and social part of the community, but to that, for which the unrestrained pursuits and indulgences of youth may have given him a relish—the company of the dissolute and dissipated. His parents watch his course with deep, sole felt solicitude, and wish, but silently and vainly wish, to check his ruinous career.—They never restrained him in childhood, and now it is too late. He has entered the whirling verge of Maelstrom of destruction, and he is careering swiftly to its centre. His rapid, and now irresistible downward course is alarming even to himself. He struggles to escape, and with the unnatural energies of a dying effort, raises his head above the waves of dissipation, and looked back with all the horrors of despair, he exclaims, O my parents! my parents! why didn't you call me back! The affecting reproach breaks upon the heart-strings of agonizing parents, and vibrates to the very core. The un-governed, misguided youth, sinks into vale oblivion, a victim to the cruel tenderness of his parents. He sinks to rise no more.

I see the little urchin commence his depredations in his neighbors orchard.—First is a "small matter" and his parents do not call him back. But the principle is involved, and crime is progressive.—Having executed small matters, he is prepared for greater, and step by step he proceeds in his downward career, till he is obliged to expiate the crime of highway robbery and murder, under the gallows. There, memory calls to him and his first visit to the orchard, and in the bitterness of a broken heart, he exclaims in the ears of his parents, why did you not call me back? If you had taught me to strain at a gnat, I should never have swallowed a Camel.

When the last trump shall announce the catastrophe of nature, and summon Adam's numerous progeny to the judgment seat of Christ; when the faithful minister, who has left the weight of his charge, and the unfaithful minister who has loved the fleeces more than the flock with their respective congregations; when the peasant and prince, the wise and the ignorant, the virtuous and the vicious, shall all appear at the grand assize of heaven; when with awful forebodings, the finally impenitent forestal their doom, will not the appalling appeal be made to many, why did you not call me back? When, you saw me straying from the paths of piety and peace, and with heedless steps treading the declining road to ruin, ye ministers and disciples of the most high, why in the name of your master did you not call me back?

PASTOR.

Faber's Mills, Feb. 13.

## From the Ohio Star.

It is a sign of a failing cause when the advocates of it resort to scurrility and abuse. They are the last argument of debilitated and unprincipled partisans.—Hence we argue that Van Burenism is not so popular as it might be in Ohio, for the Van Buren editors have set about abusing Gen. Harrison right heartily.—Beardless boys who have just passed from the discipline of a school to the management of a paper, and men who have never smelt powder, and whose courage, like that of Lucius O'Toole, would ooze out at their fingers' ends at the least prospect of personal danger, affect to call in question the courage and efficiency of General Harrison as a military leader. These editors style him "venal" and "the pettifcoat candidate." Such language as do not seem very edifying to themselves, but to the old settlers who know Harrison as a pioneer of 1791, and the gallant defenders of our Western frontier who fought under Harrison's banner during the late war, it cannot be otherwise than disgusting. Petticoats! The least said about them the best, least the yeomanry of the county.—Should vote them to a sweet little fellow who wears cherry whiskers and clock stockings, who rides in an English coach worth three thousand dollars, with servants dressed in livery, and who is celebrated for his attention to the ladies.

The people understand what clothes belong to the successful soldier and practical farmer, and what to the carpet knight.

## Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of John Chanley, late of Daviess county, deceased, have been recently granted to the undersigned by the Daviess Probate Court. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those who have claims against the same, are notified to file the same according to law. The estate is probably insolvent.

THOMAS McCAFFERTY.  
Washington, May 25, 1836—52—41.

## Election Notice.

FOR SHERIFF.

ZACHARIAH PULLIAM  
WILLIAM SCOTT

FOR SENATE.

SAMUEL JUDAH.

FOR SENATE, ILLINOIS.

JOHN C. RILEY,

SCHOOL COMMISSIONER.

WILLIAM R. McCORD

## NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received direct from the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and are now opening a large and general assortment of reasonable

## GOODS,

consisting in part of the following articles:—

Sup. Blue, Black and fancy coloured

Cloths.

do do do do do

Casimeres

Also a fine assortment of Buckskin and

Ribbed casimeres

Blue, Grey and Drab Sattinets

A handsome assortment of Silk, Velvet,

Merceries and Valencia Vestings

Gentlemen's summer fall and winter

Stocks

Italian Silk Cravats

Silk and Linen pocket Handkerchiefs

in great variety

Gentlemen's Silk, Linen, Cotton, Hosi-

er and Beaver Gloves

Gentlemen's Silk, Lamb wool, and Cotton

half Hose

Narrow and double width Marrinnes,

Embroideries and Circassians, various col-

ors

A fine variety of summer ware consist-

ing of Sea-grass Linen

French

White and brown Drilling

Crape Lining, hamilton stripes

West India Canton

Black, Drab and Brown Mole skin

Summer Cloth, various colors

together with a large and splendid as-

sortment of trimmings.

Also, a new and elegant assortment of

ready made Clothing, consisting of

Cloth Coats, Cotton and Linen Round-

abouts

Cotton and Linen Pantalons

Silk, Matino, Valencia, Merceries and

valien vests

Also, Suspenders, Rosettes, Collars, Linen

and Calico Shirts, Silk Hats, &c.

Together with every other article of

wearing apparel not enumerated above.

All of which we will sell on the most

accommodating terms.

N. B. The Tailoring business will be

carried on as usual at the old stand adjoining

Messrs Smith & Carson's, where we

will cheerfully attend to the making of

any article of clothing which our old

customers and others may entrust to us.

BROKAW & TAYLOR.

Vincennes, May 25th, 1836—52—41

## TO JOURNEYMEN

## Carriage Makers.

WANTED one or two Journey-

men immediately, to whom con-

stant employment, and good wages will

be given.

D. WHITMORE.

N. B. On hand and for sale one pig.

D. W.

Vincennes, May 26th, 1836—52—41

## Commissioner's Sale.

THE undersigned Commissioner will expose

to sale, on Monday the 20th of June next,

between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock

P. M. at the Tavern of J. C. Clarke, in

the town of Vincennes, to the highest & best

bidder, the following tract of land, lying on the

Wabash river in Knox county, to wit: Seventy-

Four acres off of the East side of West Fractional

Section 22, Township 2, North of Range 11, West; being the same on which the late

Pierre Compagnonette resided at the time of his

death, on a credit of Twelve months, the purchaser giving bond with approved security.

JACOB HARPER,  
JEREMIAH DONEVAR, } Commrs  
JOHN F. BAYARD.

Vincennes, May 28, 1836—52—41

## NOTICE.

THE undersigned have removed one

dant lower down on Main Street, in the

store lately occupied by William Meure;

where their mercantile business will be

continued under the firm of Daniel and

Timms—they have just received a fresh

stock of

## SPRING AND SUMMER

## GOODS.

Embracing a variety of Staple articles

to which invite the attention of their

friends and former customers.

A. B. DANIEL

LITTLETON TIMMS.

Vincennes April 9, 1836—45—41.

## RAGS! RAGS! RAGS!

All who have rags to save, prepare to

save them now. Two and a half cents

per pound, in cash, or three cents in

printing, will be given for any quantity

of clean linen or cotton rags delivered at

this office

20,000 lbs. Bacon for sale

by

WHEELER & BAILEY.

Vincennes, May 7th, 1836—46—41