

GAZETTE.

VINCENNES.

Saturday, Aug. 20, 1836.

PEOPLES' CANDIDATE
FOR PRESIDENT IN 1836
GEN. WILLIAM H. HARRISON,
of Ohio.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
FRANCIS GRANGER,
of New York.

ELECTORS FOR THIS STATE.
J. G. CLEVENNIS of Orange County.
M. G. CLARK, of Washington.
HIRAM DECKER, of Knox.
ENOCH McCARTY, of Franklin.
MILTON STAFF, of Jefferson.
A. WILLIAMS, of Wayne.
A. W. MORRIS, of Marion.
A. S. WHITE, of Tippecanoe.
A. P. ANDREWS, of Laporte.

Foreign Items.

Another unsuccessful attempt has been made to assassinate Louis Philippe, by a young man named Alibain, a native of Lyons. The *Infernal Machine* was a musket cane, the muzzle of which was placed in the window of the carriage in which his Majesty was sitting, and discharged. The *parlez vous* don't take aim like our backwoodsman.

The French government have imprisomed a poor man calling himself Louis 17th, and who has instituted legal proceedings against the Duchesse de Angouleme, daughter of Louis 16th, to recover a share of her father's succession.

The trial between the Hon. Mr. Norton and Lord Melbourne, (instituted by the former for the recovery of damages for the alleged seduction of his wife) has resulted in favor of the latter. The celebrities of the parties, the youth, beauty and talents of the lady implicated, have given this case an exciting interest.

The bloody character of the civil war in Spain, is appalling. Since its commencement in 1833, to the 1st of April, 1836, there were killed on the field of battle (on both sides) 438,409 men, and 94,111 made prisoners.

Surplus Revenue.—Our neighbor, of the brilliant Sun, is a reputed oracle of that learned, temperate and very useful politician Railifl Boon, who is said to covet a seat with his inferiors, Clay, Calhoun and Webster, in the Senate of the United States! and notwithstanding this same Railifl denounced Mr. Clay's Land Bill, he afterwards voted to distribute the surplus revenue—thus depriving our State of about a million of money the bill of Mr. Clay would have secured in addition to the sum now granted. We advert to this to demonstrate the evident consistency of Boon and our neighbor—the one declared in his published letter, there would be no surplus in the treasury—the other in his last paper wants to know what disposition will be made of our share of it? If such politicians could influence the people, what a deplorable condition would ensue very soon? but it is to be hoped the great body of the people know more than this oracle and his chief. A Washington City paper, in allusion to the course of the Van Buren faction touching this matter, exclaims—

"No surplus! After this, what assertion is too intrepid for a Van Burenite?—What would not the man assert, who asserted there would be 'no surplus'?"

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

August 2d, 1836.

In conformity with the resolution of the Senate, passed July 1st, 1836, directing that "during the ensuing recess of Congress, the Secretary of the Treasury cause to be published, at the commencement of each month, a statement of the amount of money in the treasury subject to draft, and also the amount standing to the credit of disbursing officers," the undersigned hereby gives public notice that "the amount of money in the treasury subject to draft, as shown by the running account of the Treasurer, was, on the 1st instant \$36,555,845 95, and "the amount standing to the credit of disbursing officers" as shown by the latest returns received, was \$3,675,730 23.

LEVI WOODBURY,
Secretary of the Treasury.

An election for officers to the Company of the Vincennes Blues, takes place this evening at the Court House, at early candlelight. As many of the members of the Company as can make it convenient to attend, should do so. A thing of such acknowledged utility, as a well disciplined volunteer Company is to a place, should never be suffered to die away from carelessness, and we trust there is more than a sufficiency of military spirit existing here, to have as good a Company as the State can boast of.

A liberal sum should be subscribed by the citizens of the place, to purchase instruments for the formation of a musical band.

As we had expected, the result of the election in Knox county, is now being blazoned about thorough the administration organs, as the greatest victory ever won, knowing as they do (at least as the first promulgator, our neighbor of the Sun does) that the greatest of victories was gained by the assistance of at least two hundred Harrison men, known as such, and which could not have been achieved in any other way. Shine on friends, you will soon lose your listre.

The election in Kentucky has resulted in the success of a Harrison governor and

lieutenant governor. A large majority of both branches of the legislature are Harrison men.

FOR THE VINCENNES GAZETTE.

COMMON SCHOLEDUCATION, No. 2

"The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom." "The fear of the LORD is the beginning of knowledge." "The fear of the LORD is to hate evil." "By the fear of the LORD men depart from evil." "The fear of the LORD is a fountain of life, and tendeth to life."—Bible.

LOCKE.

FOR THE VINCENNES GAZETTE.

Mr. Caddington:

Nay, "there is nothing new under the sun" said my venerable friend, after perusing with attention Railifl Boon's late speech in Congress, in which he boasts of the title of "collar dog." This inventive age—of steam—of steam doctoring—of steam democracy, cannot boast of the refined invention of fawning sycophancy—of cringing subserviency—of toad eating; it was well known at a very early day, but by another name—the more refined figurative term of "holding the bowl." If among the ancient republican Tartars, one should say in a public assembly, that "dogs wearing the collar of their masters are generally considered to be a superior class of dogs, having the entire confidence of their masters—I am a party man, and one of the true collar dogs, and am proud to wear the collar of such a man as Andrew Jackson;" the long shirred republicans would at once exclaim, "She is holding the bowl."

By a reference to a very ancient manuscript, I find the term is derived from the following custom. The savage Russians, who were subject and tributary to the ancient and refined Republic of Tartary, paid their annual tribute, not in "yellow boys" nor "Whitney currency," but deposited in the public treasury, to which the Great Chieftain alone had access mushrooms, which were at that day a great luxury. When the Chieftain made a feast, his designated successor, all his Secretaries and dependents were invited to attend. The mushrooms, being handed to the kitchen officials below, were prepared by boiling; by which the water acquired an intoxicating quality, and was a sort of drink which these Republicans prided above all other. When the great men and ladies are assembled, and the ceremonies usual between people of distinction over, the mushroom broth goes freely round; they laugh, talk double entendre, grow fuddled, and become excellent company. The dependents and ~~daughters~~ on who love mushroom broths, destruction, as well as the great, but cannot obtain it at the first hand, post themselves on these occasions round the pretences of the ladies and gentlemen as they come down to pass their liquor; and holding a wooden bowl, catch the delicious fluid, very little altered by filtration, being still strongly tinctured with the intoxicating quality. Of this they drink with the utmost satisfaction, and thus get as drunk and as jovial as their betters.

Happy the great! continued my venerable friend who can fear no diminution of respect, unless being seized with a stranguary; and who when most drunk are most useful. Though we have not this custom among us, I foresee that if it were introduced, we might have many a toad-eater ready to drink from the wooden bowl on these occasions, and to praise the flavor of His Excellency's liquor. As we have different classes of great men, who knows but we might see the designated successor holding the bowl to the *Greatest and Best*, the *Post Master General*, holding it to the *Designated Successor*, and a M. C. (R. Boon perhaps) drinking it double distilled from the loins of honest Amos?

For my part I shall never for the future hear a great man's flatterers haranguing in his praise, that I shall not fancy I behold the wooden bowl; for I can see no reason why a man who can "avoid contempt by escaping observation," should bear the drudgery of decorum, unless he thought, that whatever came from the great was delicious, and had the tincture of the mushroom in it.

FOR THE VINCENNES GAZETTE.

Gentle Reader—I belong to that class of amphibious animals y-called "old bachelors"—perhaps you do too; if you do you will be better able to commiserate with me while I rehearse one of the many sad disappointments that we miserable creatures are heir to in this marrying world. Like all others in a state of single blessedness, I sometimes dream of getting married, but like all dreamers, have only slept away the chances I may have had of entering the silken bonds of Hymen. Often have I resolved that the momentous question should be popped at the very next favorable opportunity, but as often, (Bob Ares like) when the popping moment arrived, the mighty stock of courage that I had been screwing up to the sticking point for weeks, nay months, has suddenly "popped out at my finger ends;" leaving me in a state of wonderment, that I should ever have presumed to have thought of committing such an outrage upon the sensibilities of a modest man, as to have harbored the presumptive intention of popping such a thing, at a lady. Outrageous! So it has been, and so it is likely to be; and here I am, a lonely good-for-nothing old bachelor—say only companions, my arm-chair and dog—the former serves me to snooze away my dreaming moments, while the latter occupies the larger portion of the time in which I may be said to be a member of the ground; (for I see no chance of vegetating,) no chance of handing my name to posterity, no anxious wife to smoothe the decline of life; no little

prattlers to while away the hours with the enlivening sounds of da-da. The very thought is enough to drive one mad! Shall I ever enjoy the supreme felicity of hearing myself daddled by one of my own little white-heads? Oh! that that cruel popping was over, I should then stand some chance. But why am I trifling my time at this rate? Others are popping every day—why may not I? Zounds, that thought has made me bold as a lion; not a moment will I lose; this very evening will I see the widow, and then . . .

It was a beauteous summer evening; the pale moon was shedding her silver beams upon the face of sleeping nature—giving the world a softness to surrounding objects that seemed to banish every feeling from the mind but the holiest aspirations of love. The elements seemed to favor my design—As I traced my steps to the abode of Delia—(for that was the name of the fair widow whom I had determined to make Mrs. . . .) The beauty of the evening invited to a promenade on our picturesque common. Delia was not insensible to the beauties of nature, and as we paused ever and anon to admire some striking feature in the view before us, rendered doubly so by the present circumstances—we felt with the poet, that,

"'Twas but to grace the hours of shade, That beauty and the moon were made."

The long wished, for and long dreaded moment had now arrived—every attending circumstance seemed to inspire me with courage—an involuntary strain of eloquence burst from my lips—it seemed as if I were in a new state of existence—as if the gift of tongues had suddenly been conferred upon me—for I felt that I could not control the words that I was uttering, nor could I be better pleased than I was with what I had uttered—and so was my fair auditor—for as she turned her eyes upon me, the tell-tale orbs spoke plainer than words, that I had conquered. I seized her hand—she returned the impassioned grasp—she was mine—yes, yes, I said to myself, I am repaid, doubly so, for all the miseries of the past—bright visions of the future flew rapidly through my imagination—happy! happy man that I am, cried I, in a transport of bliss—and straining her to my enraptured breast, I imprinted one long, long kiss upon her yielding lips, when—I awoke.

My dear, gentle reader, I had been hating old Pont, and this was but one more added to the dreams of an

OLD BACHELOR.

Under the interesting head of "Common School Education," and over the promised signature of *Locke*, my eye was attracted to an article in the Gazette of last week which should not pass without some illustration. When I commenced reading the article, according to the tenor of its heading, I expected to find information of our school fund, and its proper and immediate application—the situation of our school funds, and the urgent reasons which induce action in relation to them—with the mode of proceeding, the writer might approve. But nothing of this—*Locke* only desires that teachers should instruct their pupils on the subject of religion; and without advertising to our school fund, or its situation. His remarks require a brief commentary.

All christian sects "have a rule of authority in the Bible for a foundation," and there are ten teachers utterly unequalled to lecture upon religion, for one who does not belong to a christian sect. Each sect, we all know, think its own creed the true religion, and this "*Locke*" does not distinctly define his own meaning of that term! Now, it is proper to ascertain what particular creed, founded as all christian creeds are, upon passages of Bible truth, that writer would establish? If he means the true and certain precepts of christianity "do unto others as others do unto us," he is correct and ought to say so. But if every common school is to be rendered a nest of sectarian theologists, religious freedom, liberty of conscience, I may add, our republican government, cannot long endure. In relation to this point I find my views well expressed and exemplified in the oration on the life, character, and services of the venerated JAMES MADISON; recently delivered by J. S. BARBOUR, of Virginia. I present your readers with the following passage.

OBSERVER.

"There is nothing so deeply seated in the breast of man as his sense of religious duty; and as each sectarian believes in his own sincerity, and the truth of his peculiar devotion, so is he less tolerant with others. This monitor of his heart is the sentinel which suspicion plants over the integrity and sincerity of his fellow-creatures. The passion is the most potent in all human affairs—Governments had been sufficiently skilled in the art of ruling to lay hold of it as the most powerful principle in the armor of tyranny. Its action had been felt in every part of the ancient world; indeed; wherever man was known, this active and sleepless and vigilant agent had been engaged in the service of Power, Church and State, kingly and priestly were allies in one common cause, against one common foe, which had hitherto been its victim—MURDER OR CONSPIRACY.

For fifteen centuries, this union, which was worshipped by no feeling of respect for the patriot's heart; which was cleared by no beam from the true spirit of the founder, and the light of that religion we now; which was unknown to the primitive Christians in the first three centuries of their existence, yet pervaded and prevailed on the earth. Ecclesiastical establishments had usurped a control over civil society; spiritual tyranny frowned from its bloody visage over the cowering multitude of civil authority; the tortures of the Inquisition and the fires of martyrdom, enveloped all Europe, from the pillars of Heracles even beyond the Euphrates.

Those great men that Providence had reared up to achieve our liberties, had ascended Mount Nebo, even unto Pisgah's height. The land of promise was gazed upon with eyes filled with anxiety yet disturbed with distrust. And the sunshade of our civil persecutions, a speck was seen, which they feared might, like the east at their heels, or

the shepherd's boy, soon overspread and darken the land; and from whose sombre shade the hydra of despotism might spring upon the young hopes of freedom, and crash them in its folds. Mr. Jefferson early foresaw this mischief, and endeavored to ward it off, in his bill to establish religious freedom. His single arm, with the more potent arm of the prejudices and propensities of the community against it, could not at once accomplish the benevolent purposes of his heart. In 1784, this bill was not only put aside, but the scheme of a law adopted for supporting the teachers of religion, countenanced by legislative favor, and sustained by a tax upon the People. This plenarian measure was resisted at its inception. Mr. Madison drew the admirable petition against its adoption, containing those holy truths which lay at the bottom of all the human structure, but are too holy to be infused into, and make part of, it. It was fully circulated, and as fully subscribed by numerous petitioners; for its light penetrated every village and county and hamlet of Virginia. That light rolled back its volume upon the disengaged mind of the Legislature of the State. It came, indeed, like the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in its wings; and the sun of Mr. Jefferson's bill. The multiplicity of our various sects was acknowledged to be the best security against particular intolerance and oppression. Bigotry and prejudice were subdued; and the mild effulgence of the Gospel of Christ shed its benign rays, with equal gladness, upon the hearts of all its followers. All nature's discord gave all nature's peace."

It was a beauteous summer evening; the pale moon was shedding her silver beams

upon the face of sleeping nature—giving the world a softness to surrounding objects that seemed to banish every feeling from the mind but the holiest aspirations of love.

The lumbering of paying in gold and silver to avoid accumulation of paper, is at once exposed when it is known that notes of the United States Bank are at a premium, and for all objects of purchase and transmission are better than gold.

Here we have the explanation of this order.

Star.

MARRIED—On Thursday evening last, August 4th, 1836, by the Rev. Aaron Wood, Mr. RICHARD BROWN, (formerly of Washington City, D. C.) Printer and Publisher of this paper, to Mrs. ANNIE, eldest daughter of Robert Lucas, of this place.—*Mr. Carmel Sentinel.*

[COMMUNICATED.]

DIED—In this place on Tuesday the 16th inst., Wm. D. BRUCE, son of Maj. Wm. Bruce, of Bruceville, in his 36th year. He left a wife and family of children—a more than ordinarily large circle of relatives and friends to lament his loss. The subject of the above notice, was a member of the Church of Christ, and was one of its brightest ornaments. He died as he had lived in the hope of a glorious immortality.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHEAP!! CHEAP!!! CHEAP!!!
Boots, Shoes and



HATS.

NATHANIEL PRICE is now selling off his stock of the above named Articles, all of which are of superior quality. He will continue to sell great bargains for a few weeks, only to close the concern at his old stand on Market street, one door above J. C. Clark's Hotel.

Vincennes, Aug. 18th, 1836—12-4.

PATENT BALANCES.

J. JACKS' Patent balance's best quality, just received and for sale by

J. & H. ABDILL.

Vincennes, Aug. 16th, 1836—12-4.

HAT.

MANUFACTORY.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has on hand, and intends manufacturing every variety of

HATS.

of the latest fashions and best materials. His shop is on Market-Street, between 2d and 3d, opposite E. Brown's Coffee-house.

SILAS SCHNEE.

Vincennes, Aug. 18th, 1836—12-4.

SALE OF LOTS.

IN THE TOWN OF PLYMOUTH,
The county Seat of Marshall county, Indiana, will take place on the 13th and 14th of September.

This town is situated on a handsome elevated plain, on the north bank of Yellow river—where the Michigan road crosses the same; the State road from Fort Wayne via Laporte to Michigan city, crosses said road and river. Plymouth is 42 1/2 miles north of Logansport 23 1/2 south of South Bend, 30 south-east of Laporte, and 42 from Michigan city. Adjoining the town plot a saw-mill is now in operation and doing a good business. The county seat on the 20th day of July was permanently located at Plymouth, and ample donations were obtained for the erection of the necessary public buildings. The county of Marshall is rapidly settling with industrious and enterprising Farmers, and has as fair a proportion of first rate land, timber and water, as any county in the north part of the State. Yellow river passing nearly through the center, and Tippewa through the south-east corner of the county. Extensive beds of iron ore are in this county and sufficient of water for manufacturing purposes. It is believed but few places in the north part of the state presents stronger inducement to the enterprising man of business and industrious mechanic than Plymouth. **TERMS**—One fourth in hand, the balance in 12, 18 and 24 months.

Groceries.

WHEELER & BAILEY,
HAVE just received and offer for sale a stock of

Port, Teneriff, Champaigne, Muscat & Claret

Lod and brown Sugar, Havanna and Rio Coffee, Codfish, Rice, pepper and spice, Almonds, cordage, &c.

which they will sell low Wholesale or Retail.