

GAZETTE.



VINCENNES.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1840.

THE ILLUMINATION AND BALL.

On Tuesday night last, our town presented to the eye of the beholder, a treat rich and dazzling. The festive joy of our Republican Whig friends from a distance, who came hither by invitation, was only equalled by the joyous and enthusiastic outpouring of thanks by the citizens generally, to HIM who holds in HIS hands the destinies of nations, for the dispensation of the intellectual light, which they sincerely believe has saved this nation from a continuance of misrule, by those who had been selected to guide the helm of the nation. The illumination was succeeded by a ball on Wednesday, at Mr. J. C. Clark's Hotel, which was at once gorgeous and exhilarating. Though the large ball room was much crowded, every one present seemed to enjoy either the pleasure of tripping it on the light fantastic toe, or of witnessing the evolutions of their happy companions, whom heaven had blest with the "poetry of motion." All was mirth and glow, and to the truth of Sancho Panza's remark, "happy the man who invented sleep" the company generally agreed and were conveyed to their homes in carriages prepared for the occasion about 2 A. M.

The Vincennes Band deserve great credit for their valuable services on Tuesday evening, and we hope that those who know how to appreciate true merit, will not pass an opportunity of learning the science of music, which may be so easily obtained from Mr. John Lamp, the present teacher of the band, to whom we feel much indebted for a musical solo, that there evening of the illumination.

Thus ended a scene more brilliant and soul-stirring than any we had ever witnessed.

We have not yet received the official vote of this state, but we have received enough to satisfy us that Harrison's majority will be at least 15,000.

We have not yet received the official returns of the election in Illinois. A letter received in this place from a Van Buren elector, says: "The State has gone for the administration by 800 or 1000." If this be true, we have gained in that State since the August election (vide the State Register) 6000.

Our venerable and intelligent neighbor of the Sun in his last paper gives a lengthy article to prove that betting on elections is a very poor business. Some people's morals are more easily affected through their pockets than by any common twittings of conscience. Neighbored how much have you lost on the late election?

The St. Louis Argus (V. B.) of the 21st says "We go in for the illumination party," and asks "why do not the dear ladies, sweet creatures, dance, sing, and cry upon the happening of blessed events?" We answer, Mr. Argus, your lying has helped to bring about the happy events you allude to, and your former friends were they to do you justice, would make a light by which you could find your way out of the city.

Counterfeits.—A considerable quantity of counterfeit notes of the Bank of Kentucky, are in circulation in this city, remarks the Wheeling Gazette. They are of the denomination of \$5 letter B, payable at Danville to J. Barbour, dated Louisville, 5th of March, 1838, and signed by the proper officers of the Bank; the paper is rather yellow, but upon the whole the notes are well calculated to deceive persons not acquainted with the genuine ones.—*Lou. City Gazette.*

Measuring Corn.—The following rule for ascertaining the quantity of shelled corn, in a house of any dimensions, is by William Murray, Esq., of South Carolina, and was read before the St. John's Collection Agricultural Society, and communicated by them for publication in the Southern Agriculturist.

"Rule.—Having previously levelled the corn in the house so it will be of equal depth throughout, ascertaining the length and breadth and depth of the bulk, multiply these dimensions together, and their products by 4, then cut off one figure from the right of this last product, this will give so many bushels and

decimal of a bushel of shelled corn. If it be required to find the quantity of ear corn, substitute 8 for 4, and cut off one figure as before.

"EXAMPLE.—In a bulk of corn in the ear, measuring 12 feet long, 11 feet broad and 6 feet deep, there will be 316 bushels and 8 tenths of a bushel of shelled corn, or 63 bushels and 6 tenths of ear corn, as:

12	12
11	11
6	6
132	132
6	6
792	792
4	8
316.8	633.6

"The decimal 4 is used when the object is to find the quantity in shelled corn, because that decimal is half of the decimal 8, and it requires two bushels of ear corn to make one of shelled corn. In using these rules a half a bushel may be added for every hundred; that amount of ears results from the substitution of the decimals."

Gone to Cuba.—Among the passengers in the Christopher Coler for Havana, we notice the name of Mr. F. P. Blair, editor of the Washington Globe. We presume that he has been disgusted with the "extraordinary results" of the October and November elections; and is disposed to seek a land of political opinion more congenial to his own than those entertained by a majority of the American people. It may be, however, that he has been selected as a suitable individual to marshal another battalion of Bloodhounds for the extermination of Florida Indians. A more appropriate office could not have been confided to him. We hope that his sojourn in a land of Sub-Treasurers and Hard Money will render him better pleased with the institutions under which our country has flourished for half a century, and which he and his associate conspirators have labored so diligently to destroy.

N. Y. Express.

From the Youth's Cabinet.

HENRY HAYDEN: THE BOY WHO HAD HIS OWN WAY.

"Children obey your parents," says the apostle in his epistle to the Colossians. "This is one of the most obvious dictates of nature; even the irrational creatures are obedient by instinct, and follow their parents, parent, beast, bird, or reptile. Perhaps there is hardly more generally acknowledged than this. Your obedience should begin early; and the younger you are, the more you need a ruler."—*James.*

Henry Hayden gave his parents and teachers much trouble by his perverse, ungovernable temper. He might truly be termed a spoiled child. His parents sought to gratify his wishes in every respect, and by so doing injured him, and eventually brought sorrow upon themselves. Once when his teacher corrected him, he said to one of his school-mates, "I don't mind getting punished if I can have my own way. I am determined to do so again the first chance I get."

One day when he returned from school, he told his mother he was going to ride on Mr. D's horse. Mrs. Hayden knew the animal was unmanageable, and requested him not to go. Finding her arguments ineffectual in convincing Henry that it would be dangerous for him to attempt to manage the horse, she told him he must not go the stable. But he paid no attention to her commands. The hostler helped him to mount the horse, and rode round the stable delighted with his achievement. He then passed the house in which he lived, and in order to display his skill in horsemanship to his mother, he struck the horse. This enraged the fiery animal. He reared and threw his unskilful rider upon a pile of stones that lay in the road, and was out of sight in an instant. There laid Henry Hayden, senseless. The blood was flowing profusely from a deep wound in his forehead. He presented a ghastly spectacle. Several weeks passed before he had an interval of reason. His parents watched his bedside with their hearts wrung with the keenest anguish. In his delirium his thoughts dwelt upon the scenes and events which had developed his unamiable traits of character. "I had my way," was more than once unconsciously uttered by him who was to suffer the penalty for doing wrong during his life.

Four months passed, and Henry Hayden entered school. He did not appear as he'd formerly done, prompt in his lessons and superior to his school-mates. No. He knew not a letter in the alphabet. His brain was injured. After trying several months to teach him to say his letters, the instructors gave up in despair. It was then evident that he was an idiot for life.

Two years after this afflictive event, his wretched parents left the homes of their childhood and removed to the far west. I have not heard from them since. Before this sad accident Henry was a very interesting child. Those who saw him were delighted with his intelligent countenance, and bright, penetrating eye. But oh! how sad the change! It was painful to see the large scar which deformed his forehead, and it would have made your heart ache to observe the idiot gaze with which he stared at his old friends and play-mates.

This is a true history of one who was bent upon "having his own way." O, my young friends, take warning from the sad fate of Henry Hayden. We know not the dreadful sufferings he has felt. Perhaps his parents, worn out with grief

which gnawed upon their hearts, have left their idiot son to the cruel persecution of an unfeeling world. Perhaps he is now wandering from village to village, sleeping in barns and sheds, pelted by rude boys, and often asking in vain for a shelter from the piercing wind or driving storm. But if his parents live, who can estimate the bitterness of grief which fills their hearts?

O, that all parents might avoid a share in their grief, by early forming in their children a habit of prompt obedience.

A friend to the Young.

Lead us not into Temptation.—Three Indians in the vicinity of Green Bay became converts to the temperance cause, although previously given to "put the enemy into their mouth that stole away their brains." Three white men formed a resolution of trying their Indian sincerity. Placing a canteen of whiskey in their path, and hiding themselves in the bushes to observe the motions of the red men. The first one recognized his old acquaintance with an "ah!" and taking a high step he passed on. The second laughed, saying, "we know you, and walked round. The last one drew his tomahawk, and dashing it to pieces, said "ought you conquer me—now I conquer you!"

An Affecting Picture.

The following extract from one of the last No's. of Master Humphrey's Clock, is remarkable for its simplicity and its pathos. Nelly and her aged grandfather, in their wanderings, were hospitably entertained at the domicile of a village schoolmaster, who was in great distress on account of the illness of a little boy, his best scholar—one for whom he seems to have entertained more than parental affection. He gives his pupils a half holiday, and, leading Nelly by the hand, proceeds to the humble dwelling where his little favorite lay on a bed of sickness.—*Lou. Jour.*

They stopped at a cottage door, and the schoolmaster knocked softly at it with his hand. It was opened without loss of time. They entered a room where a little group of women were gathered about one older than the rest, who was crying very bitterly, and sat wringing her hands and rocking herself to and fro.

"Oh, dear!" said the schoolmaster, drawing near her chair, "is it so bad as this?" "He is going fast," cried the old woman; my grandson's dying. It's all along of you. You should not see him now but for his being so earnest on it. This is what his learning has brought him to. Oh dear, dear, dear, what can I do?" "Do not say that, I am in fact," urged the gentle schoolmaster. "I am not but I am sure you don't." "I do," returned the old woman. "I mean it all. If he had not been poring over his books, out of fear of you, he would have been well and merry now; I know he would."

The schoolmaster looked around upon the other women, as if to entreat some one among them to say a kind word for him, but they shook their heads, and murmured to each other that they never thought that there was much good in learning, and that this convinced them. Without saying a word in reply, or giving them a look of reproach, he followed the old woman who had summoned him, (and had now rejoined them,) into another room where his infant friend, half-dressed, lay stretched upon a bed.

He was a very young boy—quite a child. His hair hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not of earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear kind friend.

"I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the schoolmaster.

"Who is that?" said the boy, seeing Nell. "I am afraid to kiss her lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me."

The sobbing child came closer up, and took the languid hand in hers. Releasing his again, after a time the sick boy laid him gently down.

"You remember the garden, Harry," whispered the schoolmaster anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time. You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, my dear, very soon now, won't you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's grey head. He moved his lips, too, but no voice came from them; no, not a sound.

In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices, borne upon the evening air, came floating through the open window. "What's that?" said the sick child opening his eyes.

"The boys at play upon the green!" He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But his feeble arm dropped powerless down.

"Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the fair reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

And then he laid him softly down once more, and asked if the little girl was there for he could not see her.

She stepped forward, and pressed the passive hand that lay upon the covert. The two old friends and companions, for such they were, though they were man and child, held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall and fell asleep. The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

Sabbath Lounging.—We have often observed with pain one peculiarity in the conduct of many young men of our city. Instead of devoting Sundays to religious exercises, or mental improvement, or indeed to any rational purpose, crowds of them may be seen at the corners, standing and talking, smoking cigars, sometimes going through exercises of sparring, obstructing the foot path and otherwise making themselves disagreeable.

Franklin had spent his Sundays in this way he never would have been a statesman or a philosopher, and we may safely prophesy of all who are thus lily disposed that they will never come to any kind of eminence, unless it be that kind of eminence to which Jack Ketch introduces his patients. We speak advisedly when we say there is no other city in the Union where boys and young men were observed in such numbers lounging about the streets on the Sabbath.

Phil. Messenger.

Autumn.—Beautiful thou art, Autumn, and typical also. Thou showest us the richness with which thou canst diversify the leaves of the forest trees, which, as they stand out in bold relief against the clear blue sky, defy the artist's pencil to imitate in richness of coloring, and thou teachest us a lesson that should not be overlooked. Typical thou art of man's decline—of his onward march to the grave—and the scar and yellow leaf speaks forcibly to us of the winter—the grey hairs and second childhood of man. Yet we love thee, Autumn, for thou bringest with thee reminiscences, dear to the heart. The merry husking party, at which are assembled the country beaux and belles, and where each red ear of corn entitles him who has it, to kiss the rosy cheeks of every maid—the thanksgiving dinner, at which is assembled the whole family, and where joy reigns supreme—the toil, mingled with the pleasure, of nut gathering, all come forcibly to the mind. Thou hast usurped the place of summer, and the birds are singing their adieux—the soft, balmy zephyr, of the South will only fan our cheek at intervals—and we must prepare for the bleak and icy breath of Boreas. Thine attendant, Jack Frost, has already begun to paint landscapes upon windows, and caused many a little urchin to seek the fireside of an evening, instead of playing in the streets.

A Cape Cod Boy.—In Rev. Dr. Peabody's Barnstable Centinel discourse, we find the following spirited and accurate account of a Barnstable boy:

"The duck does not take to the water with a surer instinct than the Barnstable boy. He leaps from his leading strings into the shoals. It is but a bound, from the mother's lap, to the mast-head. He boxes the compass, in his infant soliloquy. He can hand-reef, and steer, by the time he flies a kite. The ambition of his youth is to win the world with noble seamanship!" and his manly march is on the mountain wave, his home—"no, no! I am too fast—his 'home' is not upon the deep!" and in his widest wanderings, he never forgets that it is not. His home stands on firm land, nestled among some light houses, which is the blackest midnight, of a polar winter, his mind's eye sees casting their serene radiance over the wide waters, to guide him back to the goal, as it was the starting place of his life's varied voyage. While he keeps the long night-watches, under the cross of the southern hemisphere his spirit is travelling half round the globe to look in at the fireside, where the household duties of the day gone through, the mother, or the sister, or the wife, or the dear friend that is not wife but shall be, is nursing on her absent sailor. The gales of Cape Horn, or the monsoons of the Indian sea, are piping in his ear; and; but clearer, and through and above all their roar, his ear is drinking in the low, sweet voice that is lulling here his infant's dainty slumber. And whether his eyes, with the conscious pride of art, the 'thing of life' he is managing, as all light and trim, her upper rigging sent down, she leaps free and sure-footed, poised by a scant edge of maintop-sail, from peak to peak of the now rising now subsiding watery Alps—while his hoarse voice, and the uproar of the elements, guides her fierce way, as if by magic—or whether on the quiet Sabbath in the garish sunset, or beneath the broad enveloping moonlight, his beautiful vessel skims under the line, over the level floor of ocean, with all her snowy top-ging (I should say her bravery) set as gentle, and noiseless as a flock of white doves—still, still, loved spot of his nativity.

"Whether he roams, whatever realms to see, His heart untrammelled, fondly turns to thee."

A Toper's idea of Temperance.—Temperance is a great virtue; therefore, always be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of sling before breakfast are as much as any man ought to take unless he is extraordinarily thirsty, and didn't drink enough on going to bed. But even in that case, he should not exceed twelve no how.

FIRE! FIRE!!

THE FIRE COMPANY will meet to-day at the Engine House, at the usual hour, for the working of the Engine. Also, on Friday evening next, a business meeting of the Company will take place.

W. F. EMERY, Sec'y. pro. tem.
Nov. 28, 1840.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, either by note or book account, are hereby notified to come forward and make payment on or before the 25th December, ensuing, or abide the consequences of law, as a longer time cannot be given with any degree of justice to himself.

PATRICK MOORE.

Nov. 20th, 1840.—24-5w.

STATE OF INDIANA, KNOX COUNTY, Knox Probate Court, Nov. Term, 1840.

Almon G. Roberts, adm'r, of John Benedict, dec'd, vs. James Benedict, Benjamin Benedict, John Baldwin, Sarah S. Baldwin, Anthony Benedict, Permelia Baldwin, John Baldwin, Helena Benedict, Jacob Benedict, Ann Allen, Jeremiah Allen, and Hannah Finney.

Petition for the sale of real estate. NOW at this time came the said Almon G. Roberts, administrator as aforesaid, and filed an inventory and appraisal of the real estate of said deceased, and likewise his memorial suggesting to this court that the personal estate is insufficient to pay the debts of said deceased, and praying an order of this Court for the sale of said estate, or so much thereof, as may be necessary for the payment of the debts of said deceased; and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that John Benedict and Hannah Finney are not residents of the State of Indiana. It is therefore ordered, that notice of the pendency of said memorial be given said non-resident defendants, by three successive publications in the Vincennes Saturday Gazette, a weekly newspaper, printed and published in Vincennes, before the second Monday in February next; and it further appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that James Benedict, Anthony Benedict, Benjamin Benedict, Sarah S. Baldwin, John Baldwin, Permelia Baldwin, John Baldwin and Helena Benedict, are residents of Knox county, and Jeremiah Allen and Ann Allen, are residents of Davies county, Indiana. It is therefore ordered, that they be summoned to be and appear at the next term of this Court on the second day of the term, and show cause, if any they can, why the said real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary for the payment of the debts of said deceased, shall not be sold, and made assets in the hands of said administrator, for the discharge of the debts, demands or payments of the said John Benedict, deceased, and this cause is continued until the next term.

Test,
WM. R. McCORD, CTR. P. C.
Nov. 27, 1840.—25-34.

To Elizabeth Nixon, Andrew Nixon, Abraham Nixon, John Gardner and Polly his wife, Andrew Harvey and Elizabeth his wife, Elizabeth Ann Colvin and Eliza Jane Colvin.

TAKE NOTICE.

WHAT on the second day of the term of the next Probate Court, to be holden in and for the county of Gibson, in the State of Indiana, on the 24 Monday in February next, I shall make application to said Court for the appointment of commissioners to make partition of the real estate of which Robert Nixon died seized, among the several heirs of the said Robert, and particularly of lots Nos. 2 and 3, in the north half of fractional section No. 13, T. 1, S. 10 W., and also of the north-east fractional quarter No. 11, T. 1, S. 10 W., and also of 23 acres of land assigned to said Robert by the commissioners appointed by the Gibson Circuit Court to divide the lands of William Nixon, dec'd, among his several heirs—being lot No. 2, of said division. When and where you being interested, may attend if you see proper.

NANCY NIXON,
One of the heirs of Robert Nixon, deceased.
Nov. 19, 1840.—25-41.

Administrator's Notice.

THE undersigned, has taken out letters of administration on the estate of Ann Hinds, late of Knox county, Ia., deceased. All those having claims against said estate, will present them legally authenticated for settlement. Those indebted to the same, will please make immediate payment. The estate is supposed to be solvent.

J. P. COX, Adm'r.
Nov. 27, 1840.—25-34.

Administrator's Sale.

THE undersigned, administrator on the estate of Ann Hinds, deceased, will expose to public sale on Saturday, the 19th day of December ensuing, all the personal property of said deceased, consisting in part of the following: Corn, Horses, Hogs, Cattle, Household and Kitchen furniture, &c.

Terms of Sale.—All sums of three dollars and under, cash in hand, and all sums over three dollars, a credit of twelve months will be given, the purchaser giving his note with approved security.
J. P. COX, Adm'r.
1840.—25-34.

NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are hereby notified to come forward and make payment on or before the 1st of January ensuing, as no further indulgence can be given. This request is made particularly necessary by reason of the necessity of closing up old outstanding debts of the estate of the dec'd.

WM. KYLE.
Nov. 27, 1840.—24-5w.

CASH FOR WHEAT.

WILL give the highest market price in Cash for wheat delivered at my mill.
J. L. COLMAN.
June 12, 1840.—1-4.

NO HUMBUG.

The old Cash System still!

All the Lottery tickets sold by J. M. CLARKE are authorized by the State of Virginia, and drawn publicly under the superintendence of Commissioners appointed for that purpose. The old cash system has been adopted, and will be persevered in by me to the exclusion of all Real Estate Lotteries, and prizes cashable on demand.

VIRGINIA STATE LOTTERY.

Class No. 9, draws at Wheeling, Friday, Dec. 19, 1840.
1 prize of 30,000 1 prize of 3,000
1 10,000 1 2,500
1 5,000 1 2,300
1 2,000 1 1,000

VIRGINIA STATE LOTTERY.

Class No. 2, draws at Wheeling, Friday, Dec. 25, 1840.
1 prize of 5,000 5 prizes of 2,000
1 20,000 5 1,500
1 6,000 5 1,200
1 3,500

Besides many others of 1,000, 500, &c.

Address your orders to
J. M. CLARKE, Wheeling.
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Nov. 25th, 1840.—25-34.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

VOLS. 22 & 23, 1841.

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH J. EALE,

AND
MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

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The only Magazine in this country intended for the perusal of Females that is edited by their own sex.

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Engravings from the paintings of Landseer and Collins, two of the most eminent painters of London, will from time to time grace our Book, and as soon as arrangements can be completed, our long cherished plan of original engravings from paintings originally prepared for the Book, will be given, one in each number. Two are now in preparation. Our means gives us the opportunity of embarking in this expensive speculation—we may fail in being remunerated for our outlay, but our subscribers will be benefited.

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