

# 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 glee, and to the truth of Sanchez 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 soiree that evening of the illumination.

*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 the *as you* parent, beast, bird, or reptile. Perhaps they *consciously* more generally acknowledged than this. Your audience should begin early; and the evening ended a scene more brilliant and soul-stirring than any we had ever before 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 communistic twittings of conscience. Neighbors 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 ascribe 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.—*Louisville 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 a

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 8 tenths of ear corn, as:

12	12
11	11
—	—
132	132
6	6
—	—
732	732
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."

**Go to Cuba.**—Among the passengers in the Christopher Colen 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 extirpation of Florida Indians. A more appropriate office could not have been confided to him. We hope that his sojourn in a land of Sub-Treasuries and Hard Money may 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.*

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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, "I am now you," and walked round. The last one drew his tomahawk, and dashed it to pieces, saying, "I am now 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, dame!" 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 shouldn't 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 fault," urged the gentle schoolmaster. "I am not but dame. No, no. You are in fault, but of mind, and do not mean what you say. I am sure you don't."

"I do," returned the old woman. "I mean it all. If he hadn't 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 curly locks 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 then 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 Nelly. "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."

He raised his head, and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle ball that lay, with his slate and book, and other boyish property, upon a table in the room.

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 coverlet. 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 chasing it. It was the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chased it still, and could not lay it down.

**Lead us not into Temptation.**

**Sabbath Lounging.**—We have often observed with pain one peculiarity in the conduct of many young men of our country, 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 footpath and otherwise making themselves disagreeable.

It 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 idly 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 was observed in such numbers lounging about the streets on the Sabbath.

*Phil. Messenger.*

**AUTUMN.**—Beautiful thou art, Autumn, and typical also. Thou shonest with the richness with which thou dost 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 beauties 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 uniting all, come forcibly to the mind.

Thou hast usurped the place of summer, and the birds are singing their adieus—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. Palmer'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 shrubs. It is but a bound from the mother's lap, to the mast-head. He boxes the compass, in his infant soliloquies. He can hand-reel, and steer, by the time he flies a kite. The ambition of his youth is to catch the world with noble *seamanship*!" and his many "suc-cesses" on the mountain wave, his home"—no, not I am too fast—his home is not upon the deep; and in his wild 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 musing on her absent sailor. The gales of Cape Horn, or the monsoons of the Indian sea, are piping in his ear; 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 distant slumber. And whether his eyes, with the conscious pride of art, the "thing of life" he is managing, as all tight and trim, her upper rigging sent down, she leaps free and sure-footed, poised by a scant edge of main-top-sail, from peak to peak of the now rising now subsiding wavy Alps—while his hoarse voice, amid the mad uproar of the elements, guides her fierce way, as if by magic—or whether on the quiet Sabbath in the garnish 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 gaff* (I should say her bravery) set as gentle, and noiseless as a flock of white doves—still, still, loved spot of his nativity.

**The boys at play upon the green.**

He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to