GAZETTE.

FINCENNES.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1844.

Whig Principles.

ASHLAND, Sept. 13, 1842.

DEAR SIR: I had received your favor, communicating the particular purposes and views of the young men of Philadelphia, and I take pleasure in compliance with your request, in stating some of the principal objects which I suppose, engage the common desire and the common exertion of the Whig party to bring about, in the Government of the United States. Those are—

1. A sound *National Currency*, regulated by the will and authority of the Nation.

2. An *Adequate Revenue*, with fair *Protection to American Industry*.

3. Just restraints in the Executive power, consisting in further restriction on the exercise of the veto.

4. A faithful administration of the public domain, with an equitable *Distribution* of the proceeds of the sales of it among all the States.

5. An honest and economical administration of the Government, leaving public officers perfect freedom of thought and of the right of suffrage, but suitable restraints against improper interference in elections.

6. An amendment of the *Constitution*, limiting the incumbent of the *Presidential* office to a single term.

These objects attained, I think that we should seem to be blessed with best administration of the Government.

I am respectfully,
Your friend and obt. servant,
HENRY CLAY.

Mr. Jesse Lee.

Nominations of the National Whig Convention.

For President:

HENRY CLAY,

OF KENTUCKY.

For Vice President,

THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN,

OF NEW JERSEY.

Senatorial Electors.

HENRY S. LANE, of Montgomery Co.
JOSEPH G. MARSHALL, of Jefferson.

District Electors.

In Dist. John A. Breckenridge, of Warrick;
2d " James Collins, of Floyd;
3d " John A. Matson, of Franklin;
4th " Samuel W. Parker, of Fayette;
5th " Hugh O'Neal, of Marion;
6th " George G. Hunn, of Lawrence;
7th " Richard W. Thompson, of Vigo;
8th " A. L. Holmes, of Carroll;
9th " Horace P. Biddle, of Cass;
10th " L. G. Thompson, of Allen;

Our subscribers are reminded that we are in want of money. A pressing demand to pay for paper, urges us to make this appeal; or else we would not do it.—If we are not supplied with sufficient means with which to purchase paper, we will be under the painful necessity of suspending the publication of the Gazette.

"UP and COMING."

The Whig is not only in good looking order now, but is rising rapidly.—Steamboats that can attend the Battle ground Convention need not fear a lack of water or loading. The whole Hoosier Commonwealth will turn out, and, if we are not deceived in our neighbors, Suckerdom will also be pretty strongly represented.

Since the above was put in type, Capt. Gray of the Steamboat Monticello, called on our office and informed us that it is his intention to be here on the morning of the 25th and will leave for the Battle ground soon in the day. The Captain is a gentleman well calculated to give satisfaction to all who may patronize him, and we take pleasure in bespeaking for his boat the remembrance of our Whig friends.—He charges but six dollars a passenger, trip and back, which is two dollars less than was charged in '40.

☞ The reader's attention is directed to our advertising columns for every variety of cheap and fresh goods, for sale by our town merchants. There can also be seen two advertisements from Louisville, from our friends J. Danforth & Son, who have just received a large consignment of seasonable dry goods, and offer great inducements to those who may wish to purchase, and from B. G. Cutter, & Co., who have just received their spring supplies of Groceries, Domestics, Dye stuffs, Wines, &c. We wish it distinctly understood that none wish to sell goods who don't advertise. The Merchant who is too stingy to advertise will always ask a greater price for his goods than the one who does.

Our Nominations.

We publish to-day the proceedings of the Whig National Convention, which, as the whole nation expected it would, nominated Henry Clay for the Presidency. Indeed the action of that convention, so far as concerned this illustrious patriot, was merely formal. Already had a grateful people proclaimed, that the accumulated debt of obligation which our country owed him for his distinguished services should be paid. By loud and enthusiastic applause had a chivalrous nation hailed the cause of her favorite son, who had done more than any living man in the establishment & support of her free & liberal institutions. Being already acknowledged by spontaneous bursts of public sentiment as the great champion of popular rights, that convention could but confirm the choice and the only choice of the people. No vote was taken on his nomination. When the name of Henry Clay was proposed by Mr. Leigh of Virginia, it was received with unanimous and deafening acclamation.

Such demonstrations of Mr. Clay's universal popularity—of the high appreciation and favor in which he is held in every section of the Union, indicate to a certainty his triumphant success in November. As the great advocate of American interests—of her liberty and independence, it would be arraigning the intelligence, patriotism and integrity of our people to doubt their support of Mr. Clay. As an individual who has faithfully served his country in various stations of honor, and who has shed lustre upon American greatness, it would be unpugning the virtue and justice of our fellow-citizens, to fear for a moment but that they will give to his deeds the reward they merit.

Mr. Clay's genius and talent are of a peculiar order. No man possesses more firmness and boldness in his political views than he, and yet no one has ever displayed more skill and adroitness at compromise. Twice has his talent in this respect been called into requisition by our own internine commotions. On the admission of Missouri into the Union, and on the modification of our tariff laws by South Carolina in both instances when the elements of our government were shaken almost to disruption, Henry Clay stepped between the opposing parties, and by his cool, sagacious mind, reconciled the jarringe and heartburnings between the north and the south, and preserved the peace and harmony of our Union. In ministering the affairs of our broad-spread Republic, where there necessarily exist some diversity of interest and sectional jealousy, this talent is indispensable to the harmonious government of the whole. Particularly now when there are so many exciting questions agitating the public mind, that threaten the peace and quiet of our land. As the master mind that could direct the storm of angry contention that is darkening our horizon, Mr. Clay is peculiarly marked as the man of the times.

To trace the long and brilliant career of this great statesman that adorns the page of our history, would require too much time and space. Born in the year after the Declaration of Independence, as if Providence designed that his youthful mind should be strongly imbued by our Revolutionary struggles with the true spirit of liberty, in order that he might grow up with our institutions, and stamp upon them the impress of his own lofty character—he has faithfully performed the high trust. For thirty years he has toiled for the success of our grand experiment in a new order of government that now astonishes the world. In 1814, when our rights as a free people were trampled upon by the insolent arrogance of England, his mighty voice was heard animating the country to the vindication of her honor, and when in a long and victorious struggle we convinced our foe that we still possessed the spirit of '76, he quelled the storm of battle and restored peace to our nation by an honorable negotiation.—Since that time the powers of his mind have been unceasingly directed to the establishment of such systems of policy as would develop the rich resources of the country, and secure to us wealth and national independence.

Yet the proud name of Henry Clay has suffered from detraction. He was too conspicuous a mark to escape the darts of party malignity. His lofty genius and his eminent services but drew upon his devoted head the foul assaults of maddened envy, and for a season calumny clouded the disk of his immortal fame. But time has refuted those infamous charges, and obliterated all stain upon his honor. He now stands before the American people vindicated and justified. The star of his fortunes is fast nearing the culminating point, and millions of freemen are impatiently waiting to do honor to their countryman, and to crown his well-spent life with the highest homage of a grateful Republic.

THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN of N. Jersey was nominated by the Convention for the Vice Presidency. As the great actors on our political stage are so constantly changing as to render it difficult to remember their different characters, we will make a few brief remarks about this distinguished individual. Mr. Frelinghuysen was a member of the Senate during the first term of Jackson's administration, in which body he occupied a very prominent and conspicuous position. He there distinguished himself as a man of high order of intellect, and as a sterling patriot in his eloquent denunciation of the abuses of that administration. As a true-hearted whig, he was uncompromising in his maintenance of true and correct principles, and lost his seat, in the excitement of the time, because he cared more for the welfare of his country than of the dominant party.—He has since that time lived in retirment, devoting his life to religious and benevolent efforts. He is a man of extreme piety, and stands very high for his probity and moral character. The convention could not have made a better selection, and the Whigs have every assurance that he will, under any circumstances, ever be faithful to his duty and the true interests of the country.

For the Vincennes Gazette.

A. H.

MR. EDITOR:—Chance threw in my way the Gazette of last month, and as is always the case, I immediately glanced over its columns to observe the quantity and *quality* of original matter. For, (I speak from experience) there is nothing which adds more to the popularity of your hebdomadal than original productions. I saw in that number "*A Sonnet*" addressed "*To Barthinia*"—who Barthinia is I suppose the happy bard intends to keep locked up in his own poetic bosom. This is one of the *loftiest* exhibitions of mental prowess, I think with which we have been favored. His *prologue* wears quite Parisian colours and "Je vous aime" hoists, inscribed on its "*dream-land* flag. His Muse seems addressed to his own inconstant heart, which it would appear is floating about, the sport of the playful breeze. He appeases its mournful strains to the vacillating wandering spirit, and hopes it will return "all chastity" to his empty bosom. There is something *expressively* beautiful in his description of those "sparkling rooms where Beauty plays the Queen and flashes *gems* from her *soft* blue eyes and from her *red lips* pearls." I presume he meant to proceed and finish something in this style—"from her *red lips* pearls *drip't off in alabaster drops*"—but he was lost in the majesty of thought. He is enraptured with "gems flashing from her *soft* eyes"—this is truly grand—such consistency as exists between "*flashing* gems, and *soft* eyes, oh! Again, fill'd with desponding gloom he attempts to frighten his absent heart—"Oh, truant heart, *frail* are the roses' stems, they break in showers." This is too tame and insipid, excellent idea Stems *falling in Showers*, why did he not say the rose itself, that at least would have saved his consistency, "and sudden *tempest* hurls the, &c. Beautifully grammatical, "and Beauty pales its life's sweet star dimm'd by the moon of *time*." What the d—l does he mean by the "moon of time," who knows!!

At least he very pathetically invites his wandering heart back to its home, "Come to the fountain, heart, that never fails, thoughts sublime," &c., this is all squeamish nonsense. One more brilliant extract and I am done speaking of his "thoughts sublime," "That flow thrnow *dream land* free, bright, free." Now where, within the whole chaos of nonsensical absurdities can you find more ridiculous, farcical fiddle. This gentlemen's addition to the literary list is quite an acquisition. The tocsin of genius is ringing his advent.—He should have some public testimonial; there give him mine—

Oh Sheep! *do* cease to Bah!!!
You're quite too young, oh mighty A. H!!

Your admirer
ACERBUS.

For the Vincennes Gazette.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

"First, in the secret' intimate connection
One second right of woman is protection,
The second, a man of *sense* has it so full before him
He'd fix before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.
The third, which even kings, in low prostration,
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration,
Would'st thou be cured, thou *silly, weeping elf*,
Laugh at the world—ah! laugh at yourself.
Poor boy, beware those frowns, now so terrific!
Do love another—that's *your* grand specific,
You look so pale, dejected, sad, now I advise
A journey somewhere—and may you still be wise."

BURNS.

Now, I hope my kind readers will, with all the sympathy inherent in the heart of man, yield their generous sensibilities to my first attempt, as I never have before dipped my pen in the molten lava, and inscribed on the ermine surface of *foolscap*. An unintentional digression, or accidental hyperbole, will be, I apprehend, pardoned. To enter into the list where *rank, wealth* and *talents* are arrayed, would seem indeed preposterous, but motives sometimes peculiarly differ. There seems to be a buzzing fancy roving through my mind, that pleasures are exceptionable, and unaggerated, when contrasted with the joys so intense, so glowing, so luxuriant and so fascinating, that inhabit the hearts of those linked 'mid the chains of holy wedlock. Now, this may be owing to a *high wrought imagination*, or to the pleasurable emotions arising from an affinity with the dearest object on earth,—Circumstances so alter cases. "Oh! come to my arms my own stricken dear."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries:
And we must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures."

Whether this is applicable to my case or not, pardon the *softness* that chooses to consider it so.

Sometimes we have every inducement to imagine the realization of our most sanguine expectations. This may also be attributable to a *high wrought imagination*. But the thought is pleasant!—*Competition* has fled, as from the glowing, burning glance of fate, and like the mighty oak of the forest, that has withstood the storms of ages, and the withering stroke of the whirlwind's blast, the tornado's palsying frown—and all the frightful ravages of convulsive nature, one *(thinks)* one stands alone, unprecedented, *unrivalled*, firm and undaunted 'mid the collissions of affrighted myrieds——a mighty Czar!!

Oh! how pleasant—how *heavenly!* to gather together the family flock, before the family hearth—the poetic fireside, when weary, and worn out, with the sad turmoils of *barter*, and *traffic*, and the arduous labor of *revolutionizing* immense bales of *linen fillets*. To gather together there, amongst the bright, beaming faces of a numerous progeny—an interesting family—silently enjoying the excited flush that electrifies each youthful cheek—to be a spectator of their innocent gambols, as in sportive ecstacy they roll and tumble the Brussels' diamond—thrown into convulsions by their witty rhapsodies—interested beyond measure, and almost *distorted* with excessive enthusiasm at the harmonious, and musical epiphonimas that *occasionally* reach the enraptured tympanum.

How to be envied, that peculiar situation of clasping the gentle "dear" on the parental knee, and consoling with passionate appeals its passing sorrow—or supinely stretched on chequered tapestry, to indulge the wearied mind, in the consoling recreation of acting—*Goliloer 'mid the Pizmus*.

Oh! that I was endowed with the brilliant fancy of an Akenside—the sublimarian spirit of a Gray—the heavenly genius that instigated the angelic warfare in a Milton—the masterly, incorruptible, immortal mind of a Shakspeare—the glowing eloquence, the fire, the majesty of a Pindar. Oh! that I could dip my *goose* quill in that grand poetic reservoir and enrobe myself within the golden drapery of a Byron—what a gush of bright, fevered, burning thoughts would dance through my excited brain. I could then paint the pleasures, the happiness, the joys, and the tender *responsibilities* of blissful unsophisticated by the cold speculations of the rigid moralist, or the haughty, vindictive invectives of the morose, infatuated disciples of the Juvenal school. *Domestic felicity*—the poet's theme—the soldier's retrospect—sorrow's balm, bane of ennui—shield of the citadel of *harmony*, and the sailor's last resort—I hail thee *bisger*—*I who am married in love.*

a Stated, silent house-

Subscriber hoic.

Dulce Domum, May, 1844.

MAN.

BY ONONAW.

[Mr. Caddington: Much of [illegible] give you this week was prepar[illegible] at the close of Mr. Muzzy's grammar school. It is rather a singular [illegible] but may serve to while away a [illegible] moments. In its construction, I [illegible] ored to imitate what is called a "po[illegible] in music, dealing in prose, blank verse and rhyme. It was originally written in the shape of a letter, which, in connexion with a recollection of the occasion for which it was prepared, will account for a few of its peculiarities.]

Having viewed man in every situation and condition of life, I have chosen that my subject should be *Man*. At an early age I imbibed the opinion contained in Pope's declaration, that 'The noblest study of man is man,' and in my school boy days became a zealous student in the study of human nature. As I approached manhood my mania grew upon me, and I sought man in every condition

I have met him in the banquet hall,
And with him drained the flowing bowl;
I have viewed him in the forest wild,
Where christian foot had never trod;
I have scan'd him when his thirst for gold
Placed gain before his love of heaven;
I've with him at the camp fire sat,
And listened to his tales of danger,
When howling wolves around us met,
And screaming panthers cried for plunder;
I've seen him at the gaming board,
His brow portraying bitter anger;
And in the soul-absorbing mart,
Where money represents the heart,
I've wond'ring looked upon the man,
Who, foremost in the reckless van,
Rushed madly on, though honor, health,
Were sacrificed to gain him wealth.
I've seen the miser in his den—
The beggar shiv'ring in the cold—
And pomp throw off the shape of men
And slumber in its native mould.
The ball room belle has charmed a while
The fleeting hours, as on they rolled,
But, answering her bewitching smile,
A spirit whispered me, 'That wife
Is ever selling—never sold,
And he who buys must pay in gold!'
Then comes the maiden o'er the lawn,
With tread so light 'twould shame the fawn,
Bright vision of my fancy's sight;
It fades away in mellow light.

But, in every variety, from the criminal in his cell to the judge upon his bench, from the drunkard in the gutter to the minister of God in his pulpit, from the beggar in the street to the aristocrat in his parlor, from the savage denizen of the forest to the quaker in his habiliments of peace, from the miser in his rags to the bankrupt dandy in his coach, from the idiot in the asylum to the author in his attic, I have witnessed the same phenomenon——discontent. I have seen miserable men without number, but never one happy one. He who changes his situation in life neither augments his happiness nor adds to his misery, he but changes one care for another, and although the new one may be felt keenly or set lightly for a time, yet, as he becomes accustomed to it it will settle to the point occupied by its predecessor, and he enjoys no more happiness nor suffers a greater degree of misery. He may succeed in politics, in love of gain, in his ambitious aspirations after renown—any thing, in short, which constitutes a passion in man, but it will only serve to corrode his soul, and will neither render him a happier nor a better man. Whether he be a wrecked merchant or the chief of an overthrown empire—whether he be a suddenly enriched beggar or a newly made parent, the gravity of his new emotions will soon yield to the superior force of nature, and in point of happiness, he finds himself precisely where he was before. Nature will not be trampled upon by our grovelling passions—the evil feelings or gratified emotions that may for a time usurp our bosoms, cannot continue to defile her holy temple, but must succumb to her all-powerful will. Ambition may exceed its might—it may crack the sinews of a whole nation, and make the cringing multitude automaton dancers to its own stormy music—it may convulse the moral world and play a mighty game with the principles and opinions of men, but it cannot increase nor diminish the happiness of its votary, it cannot invade the territory of nature, and might as well attempt an alteration of those laws which produce the transient glory of the rainbow as to attempt a permanent alteration in the happiness of man.

He whom the world calls a cold, calculating philosopher, I have invariably found to be the happiest of men, capable of reflecting all around him the light which beamed from his own tranquil spirit, and, if sympathy of heart and intellect are within his reach, he will enjoy it more highly than any other man.

To the destruction of the sophistic hypothesis I have drawn above, and to [illegible] opportunities of those who think [illegible] friends, I thus publicly an[illegible] my determination to abstain, [illegible] nature, from all intoxicating [illegible] by strict obedience to [illegible], to become a better and a happier man than I otherwise could be.

F. A. C. L. HEMAN.

Murders in Philadelphia.

[illegible] between the [illegible] Irish has given Philadelphia [illegible] most dis[illegible] our country. [illegible] when [illegible] been [illegible] Wednesday [illegible] I been [illegible] had [illegible]

Horrible Outrage.—[illegible] forthw[illegible] monstra[illegible] ith by some [illegible] ers. The [illegible] would not cease an[illegible] ere [illegible] ly compelled to do so, in consequence of a severe flogging. This fight caused a little excitement, which was raised to intense degree, in consequence of several shots being fired from the upper window of the Hibernia hose house, in Cadwalader street, fronting the market house. By this volley several wounds were inflicted, and the Native Americans gathered at the meeting, becoming highly exasperated, and the Irishmen having gathered into a mob, they made an attack upon them.

A number of shots were fired from the crowd of Irishmen, but they were finally compelled to fly. The Native Americans pursued them, and several of the fugitives, finding themselves hotly pressed, darted into houses and up alleys, in order to escape. Several of the houses into which they were seen to enter were attacked, and the doors and windows of two frame houses in Cadwalader street, below Master street, were battered in with stones. On Master street, near Germantown road, the fronts of two houses were also much battered, and the windows riddled with stones. On Germantown road, the dwelling house of a widow, named Mrs. Brady, was forcibly broken into, the windows and shutters shattered, and the furniture broken up.

The windows in the upper story of the Hibernia hose house were also shattered, and Master street, between Germantown road and Cadwalader street was literally trewed with broken bricks and stones.—Finally, the Irishmen rallied, and beat off the Native Americans, and there the contest ended for the time.

The worst result of this disgraceful contest is seen in the loss of life. From the beginning of the affray the shots were frequent, and a number of persons were killed and wounded.

Midnight—further Particulars.—During the evening great crowds of people were gathered in the neighborhood of the scene of violence in the afternoon, and about 10 o'clock an attack was made upon a dwelling house in Second street, just above Franklin.

A cry was then raised of 'Go to the nunnery,' and a crowd then proceeded up Second street, to Master, at the corner of which is a Roman Catholic school house. A bonfire was kindled at one corner of the street, and the fence of the school-house set on fire, about the time when the crowd had halted in front of the school-house, a volley was fired from the house opposite, and when the crowd had parted it was discovered that several were killed and wounded.

The Native Americans then retreated and up to 12 o'clock (midnight) affairs remained quiet.

Sheriff M'Michael was on the ground during the evening, and shortly before nightfall made a call up at the military for aid, but as they had some time since resolved not to perform duty in cases of riots unless the Legislature made an appropriation for their pay during the time they were so engaged, which has not yet been done, they were not willing to entire [illegible] their duty.

The Sheriff, accompanied by [illegible] weleder, restrained the [illegible] during the night [illegible] which were content.

The excitement is [illegible] and it is hardly possible [illegible] terrible outbreak will [illegible]

We subjoin later acc[illegible] papers:

(Correspondence of the Pitts[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA [illegible]

A crowd paraded the [illegible] the remains of a large American [illegible] which was carried a banner with [illegible] 'This is the flag which has been [illegible] by Irish papists.' The Catholic Bishop [illegible] Patrick,' has issued a proclamation [illegible] sign manuel, which is extensively placed [illegible] the corners, calling upon the Catholics [illegible] the peace and refrain from attending any [illegible] linge of the people. General Cadwalader has [illegible] dered out the first brigade to the purpose [illegible] pressing the riot and preserving the peace.

It is impossible to conjecture how the [illegible] may terminate. I have never witnessed so great an excitement.

[From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

Continuation of the Riots—More Bloodshed.—Down to six o'clock the following are the killed and wounded, as far as could be ascertained:

J. Wesley Bleakliar, shot dead.

George Young received a ball in his breast—There are but slight hopes of his recovery.

Mr. Maitland shot dead.

Geo. Shiller, almost instantly killed.

Joseph L. Cox, dangerously wounded in the groin.

——— Lee, wounded in the hip.

Charles Vanscoyoter, shot in three places dangerously.

Patrick Fisher, shot in the forehead, not dangerously.

Aaron Rosson, shot in the arm.

Augustus Crate received a ball in his left arm, which was amputated severely.

Matthew Hammit was shot dead.

Lewis Greible was shot through the head and died instantly.

Peter Albright was wounded in the hand by a ball or slug.

Wm. Wright, shot dead.

Wright Ardis was shot in the lip, said to be a dangerous wound.

William E. Hillman received a shot in the right shoulder, thought to be serious.

John Whittaker was shot in the right [illegible] and bone splintered.

[illegible] Orte was wounded.

Hesselpoth received a shot in the [illegible] of the hand.

H. Blaney received a shot in [illegible]

[illegible] shot in the breast, taken [illegible] special to survive.

[illegible] received shots in various [illegible] whose names and residence [illegible] itement and consternation [illegible] were unable to ascer[illegible] [illegible] while standing on [illegible] a penny in his vest [illegible] injury. Other [illegible] escapes were made all around. During the latter part of the afternoon the houses on Cadwalader street, north of Master, were fired, and continued burning for several hours. No fire apparatus was put in requisition. It is said that several companies made attempts to reach the spot, but were prevented. The extent of damages by the fire, up to this time, cannot be ascertained.

About dark, General Cadwalader, with his brigade, proceeded to the spot and took a position near the scene of conflagration. The appearance of the military had the effect to produce quiet, and from the time they arrived the firing almost entirely ceased.

The Native American, a Philadelphia paper, comes to us bound in mourning, to 'commemorate one of the most infernal violations of freedom and the rights of men that was ever perpetrated in this land.' In a postscript it says: 'The aliens are still gathering in the upper end of Kensington, the excitement is extending all over the county.

The names of the sufferers last night, are Ramsey and Knight. Ramsey yet lingers in agony.

Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron WARE MANUFACTORY.

LOWER than ever sold in this market, either wholesale or retail. All kinds of jobbing done at the shortest notice, and at very reduced prices.

Shop opposite A. W. Tracy's store, Water Street. H. ABDILL.

Vincennes, May 4th, 1844.—48-tf.

WATED IMMEDIATELY,

10,000 yards Tow and Flax Linens, for which the highest price will be paid.

JOHN CALDWELL.

April 20, 1844. 46-tf.