

COMMUNICATION.

The Editors of the Indianapolis Gazette have made a wonderful descent (or the person who wrote for them) in noticing the writer signed *Veritas*. I am well apprized of the transcendent talents and high towering Genius of the distinguished Editors of that Journal, and that the abilities of Junius and Horn Tooke united would sink into insignificance before them. I beg pardon of these gentlemen and bow with the utmost deference and respect to the right they have to dictate to the freemen of Indiana; but I must be excused, weak and imbecile as I am, for thinking for myself—and I hope they will be a little liberal in the present instance, as it is by the special grace of these powerful editors and their coadjutors that any person in the state of Indiana possesses any privileges at all. They ought to have a gag law for their special benefit, as the disposal of all the offices in and out of the state are at the sovereign will and pleasure of these great men.

Already does the sign of greatness, in this state, begin to make its appearance on the head of the Honorable Judge Editor, and if a vacancy should happen on the supreme bench, it is probable this learned Jurist Editor would deign to accept it for the good of the people of this young and interesting state. It is granted, gentlemen, that you are the intermediate space between the people and the constitution, to remedy all deficiencies in that instrument, when such poor 'sycophants' and fools as *Veritas* are willing to be governed by it without your interference.

As to his would be a Junius, you are much mistaken.—He glories in copying from others when necessary to protect his rights; and will never be ashamed to own it. He has not that extensive fund of original information which you possess—and he has never predicted that Gen. Noble would not be elected to the senate, and if he had, you have settled the hash for the representatives of Indiana; they are obliged to vote to your dictation, and that ought to satisfy your high mightinesses. He feels perfectly indifferent as to the interest which he may have by the election of the representative, or the supreme judge, or even Judge Smith. He is worth but little to any man or set of men, and never sold himself to advance any man's interest; and is not worth purchasing. He does not by any means use a fictitious signature out of the smallest fear from the editors of the Gazette or General Noble. Let the gentlemen rest easy, they shall be made satisfied. The conduct of Gen. Noble, as a public man, I want to see investigated; but these gentlemen would make the People think there is something behind the curtain, as they seem to say, king's excuse, in mentioning Mr. Polk. Let the whole come, or the jealous disposition of the multitude, will begin to think there is something wrong, great and powerful as you are. I do not design to enter the list as a compeer with these great men, and have thought it necessary to say thus much by way of apology, to the offended gentlemen who are the oracles of the State.

VERITAS.

P. S. He never has made request to any Editor to re-publish any of his purulent plagiaristic productions. V.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Russia. A Boston paper says—The whole number of conspirators convicted by the high court of justice, is 118—Some were convicted of a design to commit regicide and other murders; some of exciting revolt and rebellion; and others of participating in the military insurrection and assassinations at St. Petersburg. They have been sentenced as follows:—

To be drawn and quartered, 5
To be beheaded, 31
To suffer civil death, and be confined for life to hard labor in the mines 17
To hard labor in Siberia for a term of years, with deprivation of rank of nobility, 38
To perpetual exile in Siberia, 15
To transportation for life, 3
To degradation to the ranks, 9

and the astonishing number of 40,000 inhabitants found a refuge from slavery on this rock. The Conduriotti family acquired, it is said, a million during the last war, and it was from this spot that the revolution emanated. This little rock is still the hope of Greece, although now their riches are gone—expended for the common cause.

Will you talk to me, of selfishness, when men, possessing wealth and comfort thus ruin themselves for their country's sake! Or will you tell me there is no virtue in a people, whose women even fight? They are brave, sagacious, and cunning; and they only want enlightenment to vindicate their descent. They are a barbarous people, and that is the secret of the diversity of opinion concerning them.

The industrious islanders will never submit. Already they have planned their own exile. A friend of mine saw a letter yesterday which states, that to a man they have determined, in case of the worst, to leave their homes, and embark for America."

[Let them come—if come they must! We have bread enough, and to spare—land enough—and all the civil rights and social blessings that men can be expected to possess; and the sceptres of kings, the tails of bashaws, mitres of bishops, or even the standard of the prophet, are things that we laugh at, except as those who use them honor them.]

Africa. The Brazilian brig Natuno, with 83 slaves has been captured and sent into Sierra Leone, by the British ship Esk. While in charge of a prize master and a few seamen, the Natuno was spoken by a strange vessel, said to be the spanish brig Carolina, armed with 10 guns, and manned and fitted for the slave trade, which would have recaptured the Natuno, but for the firmness of the prize master—who shot the officer from the Carolina, when he attempted to force himself on board, and sustained a battle with the pirates for an hour and three quarters, by which one of the re-captured slaves was killed. If the British should meet with the Spanish vessel, it is probable that justice will be rendered to the crew, by spilling them in the ocean, in consequence of the battery and destruction of their floating hell.

The French government appears to be exerting itself in good faith, to suppress the slave trade; and has a frigate and seven other smaller vessels of war on the African coast.

Colombia. Mr. Watts, our chargé d'affairs at Bogota, has not been assassinated, as was so absolutely reported. Letters from him dated the 10th of August have been received.

Affairs are yet in a very unsettled state in Venezuela, and some of the adjacent provinces—but blood had not yet been shed, and a hope exists that good order may be restored without proceeding to extremities.

Buenos Ayres is more closely blockaded—eighty Brazilian vessels of war are in the river. Partial engagements take place between some of the vessels of the opposing squadrons. The Chilian squadron was expected.

Peru and Bolivar are considerably disturbed. The people, as yet, do not know how to manage themselves as free-men, and rather desire, and perhaps need a strong government, for the present.

INDIAN TREATY.

By the politeness of a gentleman living in Union county, says the Public Leger, we have been favored with the perusal of a letter from a gentleman attending the Indian treaty, dated Oct. 9th; also, a copy of Gov. Cass' speech, which will be found below. The writer states that the Indians assembled in Council on the 5th inst., fire was then struck in the midst of the council house

and a half a keg of tobacco brought in the great pipe was then lighted and first smoked by the commissioners and Mr. Hendricks, and then by the principal Chiefs." "No answer has yet been

made to Governor Cass' speech, but is expected to morrow, 10th inst. at 2 o'clock." "It is not probable that Miamies will sell their reserve, but there will be a purchase made of the land west of the Wabash."

GOVERNOR CASS' SPEECH.

My CHILDREN—*Potawatomies & Miamies*, We thank the Great Spirit that he has opened the paths to conduct us all here in safety, and that he has given us a clear sky and a cloudless sun to meet together in this council house. Your great father, the President of the United States, has sent me, together with the two gentlemen who sit with me, to meet you here upon business highly important to you and we request that you would open your ears and listen attentively to what we have to say to you.

When the great Spirit first placed you upon this island, he gave you plenty of game for food and clothing, and bows and arrows with which to kill it. After some time it became difficult to kill the game, and the Great Spirit sent the white men here who supplied you with guns, powder, and balls, and with blankets and clothes.—We were then a very small people; But we have since greatly increased, and we are now spread over the

whole face of the country. You have decreased, and your numbers are now much reduced. You have but little game, and it is difficult for you to support your women and children by hunting.

Your Great Father, whose eyes survey the whole country, sees that you have a large tract of land here which is of no service to you. You do not cultivate it and is but little game upon it.—The buffalo has long since left it, and the deer are going. There are no beavers, and there will soon be no other animals worth hunting upon it. There are a great many of the white children of your Father who would be glad to live upon this land. They would build houses, and raise corn, and cattle, and hogs. You know when a family grows up and becomes large, they must leave their father's house and look out for a place for themselves—so it is with your brethren. Their family is increasing and they must find some new place to move to. Your Great Father is willing to give for this land much more than it is worth to you.

He is willing to give you more than all the game upon it would sell for. He

will make you a considerable present now. You know well that all he promises, he will perform. The stipulations heretofore made to you are punctually fulfilled. Large annuities in specie are paid to you, and they are sufficient to make you comfortable; much more so than you were before the treaty of St. Marys.

Your Great Father is not only anxious to purchase the country of you; but he is desirous that you should remove far from his white children. You must all see that you cannot live in the neighborhood of the white people. You have bad men, so have we. Your people will steal our horses, kill our cattle and hogs, and commit other injuries upon our property. Some of our people who have committed crimes, escape into your country and it becomes difficult to take them. Besides, when you divide our settlements, we cannot have roads, and taverns, and ferries, nor can we communicate together as you know it is necessary we should do. The game too flies before our improvements, and when that goes you must follow it. But above all your young men are ruining themselves with whiskey.

Since within the recollection of many of you, your numbers have diminished one half, and unless you take some decisive step to check this evil, there will soon not be a red man remaining upon the island*. We have tried all we could to prevent you from having this poison, but we cannot.—Your bad men will buy, and our bad men will sell. Old and young among you will drink. You sacrifice your property, you abandon your women and children, and destroy one another. There is but one safety for you and that is to fly from this mad water. Your Father owns a large country west of the Mississippi; he is anxious that all his red children should remove there and sit down in peace together.—There they can hunt and provide well for their women and children, and once more become a happy people. We are authorized to offer you a residence there equal in extent to our lands here, and to pay you an annuity which will make you comfortable, and provide means for your removal. You will then have a country abounding with game, and you will also have the value of the country you leave. You will be beyond the reach of whiskey, for it cannot reach you there. Your Great Father will never suffer any of his white children to reside there, for it is reserved for the red people. It will be yours as long as the sun shines and the rain falls.

You must go before long—you cannot remain here—you must remove or perish. Now is the time for you to make a good bargain for yourselves, which will make you rich and comfortable. Come forward then like wise men, and accept the terms we offer. We understand there is some difference of opinion between Potawatomies and Miamies, respecting their claims to this land. This difference we should be glad to have you settle between yourselves. If you can do this it will be well—if not, we shall examine into the circumstances and decide between you."

[The preceding was written, and read by sentences to the interpreter, (Mr. Barron, chief interpreter,) who delivered it to the Indians; to this followed a few extempore remarks by Gov. Cass, viz.]

"Mr. McCoy, whom you know is a good man, will go with you over the Mississippi, and continue to live among you. You know him to be a good man, and a sincere friend to you, and would not advise you to do any thing that would be an injury to you. You stand alone—there is none to support you—the Shawnees [and Delawares?] are all gone. You have been invited by your Great Father the President, and are now sitting round our council fire, in our council house, and under our flag. Your young men are not always prudent, they will drink and quarrel—we hope the old and wise men will keep the young men from doing any injury. If blood should be shed at our council fire, we never should forgive

* The Indians call this country an Island, when speaking of it.

it—we have the will and the power to punish it. Your Great Father has a quick ear, a sharp eye, and a long arm.

—If a Potawatomi strikes a Miami, or a Miami strikes a Potawatomi, he strikes us—we feel the blow and will revenge it—no matter where he goes, we promise here before our brethren, red and white we will never kindle another council fire nor smoke another pipe before we punish him. Your young men must listen to what the chiefs tell them—they should do as in former days, when chiefs had power and the young men were wise—let them clear out their ears, and let the words I have spoken go to their hearts.

You now have the propositions we were authorized to make you. We wish you to remember it, and think upon it, and return us an answer as soon as possible. When you are ready let us know it, and we will hoist the flag—which shall be the signal that we are ready to receive your answer.

From the Georgetown Metropolitan.

BEAUCHAMP AND WIFE.

A very long letter, dated Frankfort, the fifth of July, was received by a gentleman in this town, who kindly permitted us to make a short extract, as touching a matter which cannot fail to prove interesting to the public.

"Of the unhappy exit of Beauchamp and wife, you have doubtless heard ere this through the medium of the public prints. It is still the topic of conversation here; and although there are few who do not admit the justice of the destiny of the ill-fated pair, I assure you there is a very strong feeling of sympathy excited, and their melancholy story not unfrequently receives the tribute of a tear, even in the very spot where the unhallowed deed was committed. Mrs. Beauchamp, I understand, was originally from Loudon county, Va. and came into our state with her father, on whom ill-fortune pressed with a heavy hand, the result of which was dissipation, and lastly death, leaving a wife and this young lady, the only surviving child, in very dependent circumstances.

"Miss Cook was a young and lovely woman, with a fine sylph-like figure; a countenance the most sweet and expressive that I ever beheld.—She was liberally educated, and her genius and mind towered far above her more wealthy associates.

"Her thoughts were free as the air she breathed, and those whose souls never travelled beyond the dull and ordinary pursuits of life, did not scruple to affirm that her *free thoughts* ruined her. It is said that Col. S. once addressed her; that, however, is not positively known; but it is well known that he seduced her. When a woman like her gives her heart, all else is but too apt to follow. She had a child, and her seducer, was soon after married to another woman. This perfidy stung her to the soul; her health became impaired for a time, and the gay and lively girl, whose society most men courted, and women feared, drooped like a lily blighted by the storm.

And this is woman's fate—

All her affections are called into life By winning flatteries, and then thrown back Upon themselves, to perish; and her heart, Her trusting heart, filled with weak tenderness,

Is left to bleed or break.

"It was for some time feared that her reason had lost its empire; she gradually recovered, however, and her hand was given for by young Beauchamp, a very sprightly and interesting youth, to whom she was united. Before her marriage, she ingeniously told him of the calamity that had befallen her, and he as generally buried it in oblivion, and when the recollections of her wrongs did not intrude themselves upon her, she lived happily, and the seduction of Miss Cook was charged on Col. Sharp to his prejudice. Mrs. Sharp and her mother was very vindictive upon the subject, to whom it is said that Colonel Sharp exhibited certificates from the *accoucheur* that the child of Miss Cook was a mafatto, and those ladies very imprudently talked of it, as having seen the certificates to that effect. This information was conveyed to Beauchamp in a letter, which letter Mrs. B. got & read just as her husband was entering the door. As soon as the damning intelligence met her eye, she sunk in her chair for a minute or two, and suddenly recovering herself, she extended her arms, her dark eyes flashing fire terrible as the lightnings of Heaven, "O my God! this demands vengeance! vengeance!! See, see," said she, handing the letter to her husband, "Charlotte Corday struck a tyrant down, and she was lauded in history, if I kill the villain I shall be loaded with obliquy, and branded as a murderer!" Beauchamp took the letter and read it; and then taking his wife's hand and looking her full in the face, said, in a slow and emphatic manner, "My much injured, much insulted Ann, his doom is sealed!" With this declaration she seemed much appeased, her whole heart was now fixed on revenge, so much so that her countenance underwent a great change, losing all its

sweetness and placidity, and her husband said at times he almost feared to look on it.

"After his return from accomplishing the deed, she met him at the threshold, and throwing her arms wildly around his neck, vehemently asked "Is it done?" then putting both her hands before her face, she said "God is just and I am revenged, and sitting on a chair she sobbed most piteously for half an hour.

"It seemed as if she had relented for a time, and she once expressed her fear that the vengeance was too terrible and too dearly bought.

"From the moment she went to the dungeon with her husband, all thought of self was lost.—She stopped at no sacrifices however painful, but helped to beguile him until it was known he had nothing to hope from the clemency of the Governor. It was then she endeavored to arm him with fortitude, to instill in his mind a contempt for death, and how much more it would become him as a man to die by his own hand, rather than by that of a hangman. "I will die with you," said she, "you generously shared my unlucky destiny in life. I will show you how cheerfully I will unite mine with yours in death. Do you not remember," said she, "how *Aria*, when her husband *Rutilus Cecina* was accused only of a conspiracy against *Claudius*, stabbed herself and handed the dagger to him, who followed her noble example? Do you not recollect, too, how Cleopatra refused to outlive the fortunes of the great *Anthony*? The mind of Ann Beauchamp is made up and she disdains to listen to the arguments of sophists and fools, who would endeavor to move her from her purpose."

"When they took the bidentum, she drank her's first, and handing him the phial said, "Recollect, my dear, with what a determined spirit Socrates drank the hemlock.

"After their repeated efforts had failed both of them expressed some impatience and much disappointment, and it was now found necessary, if they were to accomplish their object, to resort to the knife. On the fatal morning, when the bloody tragedy was acted, she took his hand, and smiling with a kind of mournful composure, said, "Come my dear, the knife must do us the friendly office after all." The guard was then requested to retire, and embracing each other tenderly, he exclaimed, "Yes, Ann, we will die together, and throw ourselves upon the mercy of God." He then drew forth the knife, and stabbed himself.—She seized the knife from his hand, as if anxious to perish at the same moment, and plunged it into her own body. Her wound was mortal; he expired on the scaffold. The whole scene was one of such an agonizing character that tears fell from every eye. It will be long indeed ere I forget it. A full account of these two ill-fated beings will shortly be published, when I will send you one of the first copies."

"Extraordinary affair.—A few weeks ago it was stated in the newspapers, that attempts had been made to burn the printing office of D. C. Miller, at Batavia, N. Y. but that the incendiary designs had been frustrated—Some of the papers stated that the cause of these attempts were, that Mr. Miller was engaged in printing a book which revealed the secrets of masonry. We have now before us Mr. Miller's paper of September 22, which contains four columns relative to this affair. It appears by this paper that Captain *William Morgan*, of Batavia, who fought with General Jackson at New-Orleans, was taken by violence on the 11th of September, and carried to Canandaigua, and put in jail at the village. But on Tuesday evening he was released and carried off in the night by a powerful party. That the affair made much excitement at Batavia, but the character and standing of the principal agents had allayed the excitement—Several respectable persons pledged themselves to Mrs. Morgan, that on condition she would deliver up certain papers (relative to masonry) her husband should be restored to her—She did so, but was afterwards informed that she would never see her husband, but that she and her family would be provided for. Several persons stated in her presence that Mr. Miller and some others would share the fate of Morgan, and all who had any agency in exposing masonry would be punished. Mr. Miller states that a powerful mob armed with bludgeons, had collected with the avowed intention of destroying his printing office, which would have been done but for the surrender of the papers by Mrs. Morgan. It appears that the sheriff of the county and a certain "legislator" who is not named, were conspicuous among the rioters, and we must anticipate some further account of this very extraordinary affair.—*Brooklyn Star*.

"Important legal decision.—In a case discussed during the present term of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, in this city, the question was, whether the child of a servant until the age of 28 years, can be held for the same period, and on the same conditions, as its mother, who was the daughter of a registered slave. The court decided, that according to the laws of this state, "no child can be held to servitude till the age of 28 years, but one whose mother was a servant for life or a slave, at the time of its birth." The opinion was pronounced by chief justice *Tilghman*.

Pittsburgh Gazette.

The U. S. ship *Hornet*, capt. Woodhouse bearing the broad pendant of com. Warrington, (on board,) has arrived at Norfolk. Left the frigate Constellation, capt. Woolsey, at Pensacola—all well.