



GAZETTE.

SAFURDAY, JULY 9, 1831.

MORRISON'S INDIANA DEMOCRAT

Is too debased and abusive to desert upon; but the conductor of a public journal must guard its character from the attacks of superserviceable knaves and hired assailants. I cannot consent to place myself against the well-known character of the venomous and degraded editor of the Democrat, for he who touches pitch must be defiled—it is enough, however, to say that this pure and unspiced Exclusive, in his paper of the 25th ult. has showered on my devoted head a torrent of abuse and invective. Verily the cause is a bad one which is supported by such a man. As to his abandoned principles I detest them; and I am not disposed to be "galled and pestered by a popin jay," and one of those "who know the bowels of the commonwealth."

Mr. Morrison may or may not think me "the redoubtable Mr. Hill, the quondam nominal editor of the now Gazette but formerly the Wabash Telegraph"—if the former sustains the character so honorably won by the Telegraph, I am satisfied; and if this Mr. Morrison imagines that I do not solely control my own paper, he will do well to correct his thoughts—they may apply well enough to the "Democrat" establishment in that particular; but shall never attach themselves to the Gazette. The real fact is that many hired demagogues are endeavoring to put down the Gazette by every means in their power; and this is an example—they know its columns have opened the eyes of many—they know that it has advocated the rights of the farmer and mechanic, and defended their interests against the covered attacks of men who revel in wealth and luxury, both of which are derived from the honest yeomanry and industrious artisans of our state.

Editor Morrison is evidently a full blooded Ishmaelite; his hand being against every man who is not disposed to bend to the dust before the powers that be. He hesitates not to sacrifice measures for men—principles for party—and abuses the integrity that scorns and abhors his proceedings. Verily he will have his reward. Has he so soon forgotten the foul abuse he so lavishly heaped upon the Editor of the Greenburgh Observer, who, by the bye, in return, I am told, presented the character of the "Democrat" editor in its true light.

The assertion that Mr. John Ewing controls or influences the Gazette, is a wilful and deliberate falsehood. It would give me pleasure, however, if that gentleman would take a place in my columns much more frequently than he does. Seeing his name connected with mine, so soon as I had perused the unmerited censure of the Democrat, I sent him a note—shortly after I received the answer following:

Vincennes, July 6th, 1831.

DEAR SIR—I thank you for your attention.—I had previously discovered my name bandied in Morrison's rancorous "Democrat"—a slanderous vehicle of party, too worthless to be regarded at present. The opinions of Morrison weigh not a feather where he is best known.—At Indianapolis I know he is viewed by many, as a despicable fellow—one of those whispering eye-sores who busy themselves for party purposes, during the sittings of our Legislature. I have heard he is a mere "fetch and carry" under-strapper—practised in low intrigue and political pumping—and I view him and his abuse, as utterly unworthy of my notice. It would be too humiliating to contemplate the true picture of such a sinister lackey—such a worthless demon of calumny, and mouther of falsehood. LET HIS CHIEF EMPLOYERS AND PROMPTERS STAND FORTH! They wish to regulate all the affairs of our state, Executive, Legislative and Judicial—they wish all to submit to their corrupt will—and the iniquitous means resorted to for the accomplishment of their desire, only excites my indignation and abhorrence. I know the men, and may be forced to notice some of them, and the intrigues and deceit of two of the principals. I shall not commingle with Morrison—for with him I cannot suffer myself to be drawn into any newspaper controversy.

Respectfully yours,

JNO. EWING.

SAML HILL, Esq.
I give the foregoing letter because Mr. E. was unjustly attacked, and because his calumnies should be made known. Mr.

is not a man to be meddled with with impunity, and Morrison had better choose some other person upon whom to empty the vials of his wrath.

In my notice of the caucus of office holders at Indianapolis, I endeavored to expose the artifices of the "Twenty-seven Exclusives" who took upon themselves the power of dictating to 60,000 freemen of the country, by generously providing a candidate for whom they should vote. I published a statement, from memoranda furnished by a friend who was at Indianapolis at the same time, of a few of the "rewards" dealt out to those gentlemen. I may or may not have embraced some of the "rewarded" who attended on the occasion "by proxy." If I overrated the salaries paid to some, I may also have underrated that received by others. The matter was of course founded upon belief.

If this Morrison does receive pay directly from the government "contingencies," for the support of the cause he advocates, it will be kept secret. If he is not hailed and acknowledged a "By Authority" printer, by the Treasury Department, still the under officers of the government give him their advertising and other patronage—and besides this I have been told that his establishment and himself are measurably supported by the office holders in Indiana.

The editor of the Democrat has it, "that my opinions are changed by the circumstance of being removed from the Post Office at this place. Every man who knows me, knows the contrary. I anticipated what would be the ruinous tendency of Gen. Jackson's Administration long before he was elected, and every new development proves I was right. But I must be brief. Mr. Morrison's silly cavilling I will not spend time to expose, except the base motives which the wretched man attributes to me; these, with all his other falsehoods and misrepresentations, I throw back upon himself. I would also advise this "redoubtable editor" to mend his manners—as vile as he now is, by proceeding in his present course he will be come still more despicable, not only to others but to himself, and like the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, may in time have cause to exclaim—

"Judge now if Hell, with all its power to damn, Can add one curse to the foul thing I am."

In another column to give the correspondence between the late Secretaries of War and of the Treasury. Much as I am opposed to the measures of the present Administration, I regret exceedingly that this difference has taken place. Both parties are much, very much in fault; and the reflection that these quarrels of our cabinet ministers will be made the sport of European "exclusives," & tend to bring upon our beloved country, is painful in the extreme.

From the late heavy rains the road hence to Louisville is in very bad order—the mail stage, however, arrives regularly. If Mr. Boon had paid that attention to his constituents which their interests demanded, the bill passed by the Senate of the U. S. for the improvement of this road, would not have lain dormant in the lower house without at least an effort to effect its passage. What will the people of Knox, Daviess, Martin, and Orange, think of him for this neglect of duty? Will they send him again to represent them and their interests?

No important news from Europe this week.

"Oscar" is inadmissible—neither rhyme nor reason.

POSTSCRIPT.

A passenger in the western Stage gives information that a treaty had been made with the hostile Indians at Rock Island—no action had taken place—they had abandoned their encampment and crossed the river. My informant says he descended the Mississippi with General Gaines and four companies of regular troops—the militia of Illinois were on their way home.

FOR THE VINCENNES GAZETTE.

Mr. Hill: The insolence, ignorance and falsehood displayed by a scribbler who prostitutes the name of "Vincennes" in the nonpareil, ycleped Western Sun, are an exemplification of his avowed "first principles;" and in perfect accordance with the usual course of that degraded newspaper. By the chaotic blubber of this venal wretch and calumniator, "Vincennes," he would seem to court the blaze of his personal infamy to shew his baseness. We may be forced to gratify him and his prompter, in some particulars. In the mean time, we notice the false imputations cast upon us, with no other feeling than disgust. The calumniator, "in writing for his amusement," would perpetuate hatred and malignity;

give strength to the most abhorrent and ignoble feelings of our nature; sacrifice patriotism, magnanimity, benevolence, honesty and truth, upon the debased altar of SELF; and when a distinct development of his avowed depravity is glanced at by us, to guard the public from such contamination, he will wince and writhe and call it a "vile assault, undeserved and uncalled for!" Dissimulation and falsehood may not be discredit to such a wretch; and it would be folly to apply either philosophy or logic to his vicious propensities. The undersigned will only sketch a thorough felt detestation of the calumniator; he is only the creature of others' hate.

His last piece is aimed in a wrong direction; but nothing could more strongly unfold the true character of the "Western Sun." That paper has dealt out repeated calumnies against the private character of a justly distinguished individual; and this it will probably call the liberty of the press! Then we say with Doctor Franklin, "the liberty of the bludgeon should follow it." But no; such publications have no sanction in the true liberty of the press, that is to guard our morals and our republican institutions: it is the abuse of that liberty that "breeds the hate on which it feeds again," to afford aliment to party rancor and vicious malignity.—Let those who allow the "Western Sun" newspaper to reach their family mansions judge of the matter it disseminates, the principles it inculcates, whether their patronage does not encourage its course to destroy the harmony of society, nullify public spirit, and viciate the minds of the rising generation! If neither the uniform conduct of the gentleman supposed to be aimed at by "Vincennes," nor his talents, nor his peculiar frankness and maleness of character, can protect his spotless integrity from attack in the W. Sun, why do not his assailants stand forth "in propria persona?" We venture to predict he would soon give a just account of them.

The character and conduct of the gentleman introduced so often in the columns of the "Western Sun," answers the purpose and sets a resemblance in effect to the "old Madeira" of Dr. Franklin: "Friend Franklin," said Myers Fisher, the celebrated quaker lawyer of Philadelphia, one day to the Doctor, "these knaves almost every thing; can they tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the back yard? my neighbors are often tapping it of nights."

"Put a barrel of old Madeira wine by the side of it," replied the Doctor, "let them but get a taste of the Madeira and I'll engage they will never trouble the small beer any more."

In publishing our first article, your printer set "distinguished" for "disinterested," and the unimportant error is enough for the scribbler in Stout's paper, though he is a "distinguished" misrepresentor, and a "distinguished" Is it not evident he and his prompter seek to be "distinguished" by misrepresenting "first principles" and individual character? Heavens!—What an idea of distinction they must have; equal, we are sure, to the villain who burnt the temple of Ephesus that his name might be "distinguished."

"The aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian dome, Outlives in fame the pious fool who raised it."

Let it not be forgotten, that the wretch who would wreak his viciated & malignant passions upon the unoffending, proves by confession his own depravity, and should be banished from the pale of civilized society.—But enough of this.

In the first revolting publication of the pair of WORTHIES concerned in the articles which abuse our town, the operation of "disinterested" motives is denied. It is asserted that when man acts, "the moving monitor is self;" the doctrines of disinterested patriotism and benevolence are scouted—the "name of disinterested patriotism is annoying"—all claims to "disinterested motives" are denied, other than results from "SELF" such as a name, a character, an office, some selfish impulse is attributed to every virtuous action; and a caucus candidate for the office of lieutenant governor, named AMOS LANE, who "fought, bled, and died for his country," by proxy, (having hired a substitute), is alluded to for effect. In last week's publication, all this is called "de-canting abstractly on first principles!" and our notice of the false doctrine is called a "vile assault;" we are called "a thing," "sycophants or hypocrites;" our definition of principle and of interest called "garbled," with a denial of his own imputed doctrine, that "interest should govern principle!" a declaration that we cannot write truth and common sense in the same sentence! our remarks on the first article are called "malicious," and finally, he proclaims that noisy patriots and boasted honesty have a price, or cheat their neighbors! Thus such wretches can abandon or adhere to their theory, before it has lost the gloss of pernicious novelty; and the man who prizes correct principles and good character, must guard against the nefarious doctrines of such impostors.

That mankind are expert in pursuing their interests, is not sufficient to palliate the bedlamish ravings of the Sun calumniator. But every upright man must hold in abhorrence the grovelling principles of action which inculcate that the reception of a kindness creates more pleasure than the act of bestowing it, and that self directs all our actions. If all the acts of man be founded on, or attributable to self, or the result of selfish sensations, what becomes of our capabilities of improvement as rational beings? What of all we honor—all we love? If man

cannot act upon the social and benignant principles of his nature, then, indeed, he degenerates to the instinct of the brute! Self interest without restraint would prompt the commission of every crime—no sacredness of truth no purity of character, no feelings of honor, no regard of public good, no respect of our fellow man, would have influence! Under such a false cloak as the Sun scribbler wears at present, and with the pretended plea of "self defence," the selfish doctrine would sustain any principle, or induce any act. The sensualist, the miser, and the knave, approximate nearly to the brute; and the wretched human being who makes self the foundation of all his acts, must assume one of these characters. Our feelings have no doubt the same relation to the human frame, with those of the same physical construction; but the degree in which they have been nourished is the degree in which they manifest themselves. Let parents instruct & set a proper example to their offspring; and above all things guard their infant minds from contracting the pernicious doctrines of self.

The man not actively vicious we could overlook; but when studied vice voluntarily shows its brazen front, it shall not be allowed to boast of conquest. If "Vincennes" again appear, let the signature be changed; or we may be tempted to change it to the proper names! It is hoped this may not be necessary—the loathing of disgust will leave a mark. But it is no uncommon thing to see men repeat depraved acts, when

"With voices louder than a rendue crier's, I've heard their hearts proclaim their tongues for liars."

Sunk in selfish views, some wretches would wish to hug their delusion, even when they should know they can deceive no one else. A short time will show if the Sun correspondent is not one of this class—"this selfishness is a viperous worm." I will only add a quotation from Shakespeare, and a few lines from Pope: "Sore he that made us with such large discourse, Looking before and after, gave us not This capability and godlike reason?" "For self alone—no—no! Heaven forming each on other to depend, A master, or a servant, or a friend, Bids each on other for assistance call, Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all. Wants, faculties, passions, closer still ally The general interest, or endure the tie."

We now hope that truth and common sense are not strangers to the pen of THOUSANDS.

FOR THE VINCENNES GAZETTE.

Mr. Hill:—A correspondent in your last paper dubs somebody that no one knows a wag, because forsooth he had stated that "the gentlemen composing the Vincennes Board of Health, and the largest portion of our citizens do not possess the sense of smelling." If this remark is not more true than it is laughable, it is not entitled to much weight, let it come from whom it may. "Smellers" does not inform us in what precise time "the largest portion of our citizens" lost the sense of smelling; neither does he say if our own doubts whether he at the same time was not deprived of a sense more valuable. One so scrupulously correct in stating facts ought to be equally so with regard to dates, people abroad will no doubt be anxious to ascertain whether we ever had as many senses as ourselves, and if so, the cause of our present bereavement.

Smelling is the whole burthen of his song; but we unhesitatingly protest against anything he may have said about "poisonous exhalations" as incorrect, on the ground that, after having poked his nose into every dirty hole in the Borough, he could not possibly be a competent judge about what really is a nuisance. Besides, we shrewdly suspect that he may have met with an accident, or made a false step which caused him to consider that as epidemic, which in fact he all the time toted about him. Only hear him—"Whatever way we turn, whatever way the wind blows, we are equally offended. In two extremes of the town immense heaps of saw-dust, on the Prairie the still-house Pond, in every street" (what extravagance!) "the privies of our citizens, are continually loading the air with poisonous exhalations." Say what he may about the first items of complaint, I am very certain that a majority of our citizens will unite in considering the latter a very necessary evil. Smellers omitted to mention a great many things we are obliged to put up with—the Grave yard for instance—only think of that! What other town would permit such a thing to be within ten miles of it! The rank grass in our river toot—the mouldy exhalation, and our liberty pole! Audacious! How dare our magistrates sit inactive while such a mock symbol of what Smellers would deprive us of is clogged up under his very nose? As smellers seems to be a complaining sort of fellow, in order to gratify his propensity I would inform him that if he only puts himself to the trouble (or pleasure) of passing the Dubility Pond, crossing the Louisville road in the direction of the greater mound, and then proceed a little to the right, taking his delicate proboscis for his guide, just two and a half inches on the thumb-hand side, he may perhaps find—something else to carp at. If he should be intimidated from going the same round again, I recommend him to a trial of cephalic salts or barbers to his button hole, and when the vile stench is most offensive, it may prove most exhilarating.

This clamor that we hear every summer adds strength to erroneous impressions that are entertained abroad with regard to the salubrity of the place. Interest as well as truth demands that they should cease.

Last year nothing that interfered with business was complained of except the Distillery Pond. Although the Saw Mill has been in operation for many years at the lower end of town, not one whimper did we then hear about poisonous exhalations arising from its saw-dust. Was Smellers then a citizen, or has he since become a speculator in counter Mills and wants to have the whole lumber market to himself? I live in the upper burgh, commonly called Steamburgh, and have taken the pains to enquire of all my neighbors whether their families have in any way been annoyed by the saw-dust at the Steam Mill. They tell me not, I believe them, because perhaps it may wish to do so. If Smellers is at all annoyed by the saw-dust, I make no doubt that the proprietors of that concern will let him haul it off without charging him a cent for it. I have beautiful that they offer a dollar a week to any one that will rid them of it: so if Mr. Smellers has got a cart and wants a job, here is one that will be of more real benefit to him than a thousand of his communications will be to the public.

Before I conclude let me ask where is the prosperous city that has not its Saw Mills, its Distilleries and Breweries, and that does not feel proud of them? There are Distilleries on

the very largest scale in the city of New York which are not called an annoyance by the neighborhood. In stating that fact let me not be thought to justify the Pollution our common every body knows that this is not an insupportable appendage to an establishment of this kind. It is right, Mr. Hill, that we should particularly scan the motives which actuate Smellers to enter on this business, and to defend all independent citizens to know and defend their rights, when they are assailed by him or any like him. I feel assured that the owners of the Steam Mill will attend to their business heedless of any illiberal remarks of Smellers, and carry off their saw-dust just wherever it suits them. They will be commended for maintaining their privileges by every independent burgher, and they will follow their vocations in spite of Smellers or Fishers, practically if they can—forcibly if they must.

IRISH.

The following letter from Mr. Ingham, to the President will be read with surprise. Much as the public have seen of the dark and uncontrollable spirit, that has been raging and maddening at Washington, they must still be startled to find the leading officers of government attempting to assassinate one of their comrades, upon the high way. Of the truth of Mr. Ingham's accusation against Messrs. Lewis, Randolph, Campbell, and Smith, we have no doubt. They have denied his statement—but what reliance can be placed upon the assertions of desperadoes, so depraved as to attempt the life of a fellow being! Further developments of these dark transactions may soon be expected.—[Low Journal.

Washington, 21st June, 1831.

To the President of the United States.
Sir: Before I leave the city, it seems to be due to the government that I should perform a painful duty, imposed upon me by the events of the last forty eight hours. It is not necessary for me now to detail the circumstances which convinced me of the existence of vindictive personal hostility to me among some of the officers of the Government near your person, and supposed to be in your special confidence, which has been particularly developed within the last two weeks, and has finally displayed itself in an attempt to way lay me on my way to the office yesterday. I have reason to believe, for the purpose of assassination. If you have not already been apprised of these movements, you may perhaps be surprised to learn that the persons concerned in them are the late Secretary of War, and the Acting Secretary of War, and that the Secret Auditor of the Treasury, Register of the Treasury, and the Treasurer of the United States, were in their company; and that the Treasurer's and Register's rooms, in the lower part of the building of the Treasury Department, and also a grocery store between my lodgings and the office, were alternately occupied as their rendezvous while lying in wait, the former affording the best opportunity for observing me approach. Apprised of these movements on my return from taking leave of some of my friends, I found myself obliged to arm, and accompanied by my son and some other friends, I repaired to the office, to finish the business of the day, after which I returned to my lodgings in the same company. It is proper to state, that the principal persons who had been thus employed for several hours, retired from the Department soon after I entered my room, and that I received no molestation from them either at my ingress or egress. But, having recruited an additional force in the evening they paraded until a late hour on the streets near my lodgings, heavily armed, threatening an assault on the dwelling I reside in.

I do not present these facts to your notice for the purpose of invoking your protection. So far as an individual may rely on his own personal efforts, I am willing to meet this peril; and against an assault by numbers I have found an ample assurance of protection in the generous tender of personal service from the citizens of Washington. But they are communicated to you as the Chief Magistrate of the United States, and most especially of the District of Columbia, whose duties to maintaining good order among its inhabitants, and protecting the officers of the Government in the discharge of their duties cannot be unknown to you.

I have only to add that, so far as I am informed, all the persons engaged in giving countenance to this business are officers of the Government, except the late Secretary of War.

I have the honor to be, respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. D. INGHAM.

CHRISTIANITY.

"I believe that if Christianity should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academics of the philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throng of busy men, we should find her just and purest retreat with woman at the fire-side—her last altar would be the female heart—her last perfume would be the children gathered around the bosom of a mother—her last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God."

FRESHENING EGGS.

At this season, eggs are plenty and cheap, but collect that next February and March they may be as dear as they have been the past season, viz. from eighteen to twenty five cents per dozen. It will be good economy therefore to lay down eggs for the season of scarcity. For this purpose, take a vessel of sufficient size and fill it with strong lime water, in which put the fresh eggs; let them be kept perfectly covered by keeping a piece of board loaded with sufficient weight upon them to keep them an inch or two below the surface. In this manner eggs may be kept two years. Another method is to dip them in melted bees-wax, tallow, or varnish, or a solution of gum Arabic, by which the pores of the shell are made tight. Either method, as may suit the convenience of the housewife, will render them available for long keeping.—[Gentle Farmer.