



GAZETTE.

SATURDAY JANUARY 20, 1832.

On Wednesday morning the 24th inst. the thermometer stood at sunrise 15 degrees below 0. At 8 o'clock, A. M. 13 degrees below 0, and at sundown, 6 degrees below 0, and on the 25th at sunrise 6 degrees below 0. A vast quantity of ice has rendered the river impassable.— The cold is still intense.

The Rev. Mr. Alexander will preach to-morrow in the Presbyterian church. Service to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Samuel Hill declines being considered a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace. The election takes place this day at the Court House.

Gen. W. Johnston, Esq. is a candidate for Justice of the Peace.

A press of matter has obliged us to omit many prepared articles. We trust our readers will excuse us till next week, particularly when we state that our devil has bolted, and made himself scarce.

Those subscribers who have engaged to pay in wood, are informed, it will be now acceptable.

Pursuant to previous arrangement, a number of the citizens of Vincennes met at the Inn of Mr. John C. Clark, on Monday evening, the 22nd of January, A. D. 1832, for the purpose of making suitable and appropriate arrangements for the celebration of the 22d of February ensuing, being the Anniversary of the immortal WASHINGTON.

When Elihu Stout, Esq. was unanimously called to the Chair, and Gen. W. Johnston chosen Secretary.

On motion of Capt. Martin, Resolved, That the day be celebrated by a public Address, Dinner, and Ball in the evening, and that it be ushered in by a National Salute of 24 rounds.

By the same, Resolved, That a committee of five persons be appointed by the Chairman, whose duty it shall be to select an Orator, and appoint Managers for the Ball, and collect money to defray the expense of Music and Powder; and the same was appointed, consisting of Messrs. John B. Martin, W. J. Heber, Samuel Wise, Hiram Decker and Samuel Smith.

By the same, Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to contract with some suitable person to furnish the dinner, (contracting with him for the dinner of the Gunner and Musicians,) and make such other arrangements as may be necessary.

On motion of Gen. Myers, Resolved, That the meeting now proceed to the election (by ballot) of a Marshall of the day; and upon counting the ballots, Mr. Hammit was duly elected.

By Capt. Martin, Resolved, That the Marshall publish the arrangements of the day in the Vincennes Gazette and Western Sun, ten days at least, previous to the Anniversary.

On motion of Mr. Samuel Smith, Resolved, That the Revolutionary Patriots residing amongst us, be invited by the committee appointed to contract for the dinner, to attend and join in the procession, and participate free of expense.

By the same, Resolved, That the citizens of the country generally, be invited, and the Major General and his Staff, with all other Military officers, be requested to attend in uniform, and join in the procession and celebration.

On motion of Capt. Martin, Resolved, That the proceedings of the present meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and published in the Vincennes Gazette and Western Sun.

Adjourned sine die

ELIHU STOUT, Chairman,
GEN. W. JOHNSTON, Secretary.

FOR THE VINCENNES GAZETTE

DEAR CITIZENS:

The question is now fairly before us, whether we will have Andrew Jackson or Henry Clay for our next president. Before we determine this important question, it becomes us as men interested in the welfare of our country, first to settle in our minds, what are the qualifications requisite in a President. Should he possess a comprehensive view of things, a capacity to take in at one glance all our foreign and domestic relations, and by his own resources to decide on the most judicious course under any emergency? If he should, scrutinize the characters of these two rival candidates and see which of them possesses this quality in the greatest degree. Should our president possess it, bery of feeling, a spirit above presumption for opinion's sake? Should his highest aspiration be to identify his name with the glory of his country? If he should, then again into the comparative investigation of these two characters, and where

you find these qualities in the greatest perfection, there fix your political attachment. Do we wish a president, who not only professes, but acts upon those principles upon which we conceive our own and our country's prosperity is based? Do we desire a president who will not descend from his high station to mingle in the low strifes that are waged by would be senators, intriguing aspirants and driveling politicians? If we do, let us examine the past conduct of these two candidates and judge for ourselves, which will be most likely to realize our wishes. Should our president be a man who would not lend a too willing ear to the venomous effusions of violent partisans? Should he on all occasions, present a lofty and dignified bearing, neither exhibiting a willingness to strut the tyrant, nor manifesting a fondness for the truckling arts of the demagogue? If he should, let us study the characters of the two men before us from the time they first obtained notoriety in the world to the present, and ascertain for ourselves, in which these so desirable qualities are combined to the greatest extent, and for that man, let us give our votes.— Such is the process of reasoning, which every man should adopt in attaining the important conclusion, that he to whom he gives his vote, is the best qualified.

How often have we heard men say that they voted for such a one because they thought him the best qualified, when we knew at the same time they had not taken the requisite pains to inform themselves of the qualifications of such person or his competitors. Others we have heard talk in the same style, when their thoughts satisfied their words. Is such conduct worthy of men who have in their keeping the fate of their country—of men who should feel that when they vote, they act for their country and not for themselves—of men who should know, that it depends upon the proper exercise of this very privilege whether their posterity shall enjoy the liberty that has been transmitted to them by their forefathers? Surely not. Free men should disdain to be led by the nose by the venal understrappers of any party. They should seek information when they want it, in the annals of their country, and not in the vociferations of some grog shop politician, who is taught to sing hallelujahs to the idol he worships. If you wished a house built or a wagon made, and was uncertain which of several mechanics would execute your work in the best style, would you ask information from the journeymen of one of these mechanics? You unhesitatingly answer no. They are interested in deceiving us. Why then do you pursue a different course in political matters? Why do you look up for information to office-holders and hireling editors, men the tenor of whose offices depends upon the predominance of their party? Are they not interested in deceiving you? Certainly they are. There is a spirit amongst us dangerous to our free institutions. It is the spirit of party. It has driven talent and worth from our high places. It has elevated venality to a pernicious influence in society. It has embittered the happiness of domestic life—and, in fine, it is a demon that must be exercised, or our boasted liberties will become its prey. When men can be brought to act from party views altogether, they are no longer fit to be entrusted with power, they are emphatically traitors to their country. Every consideration is urged in the success of their party; they are ready to sacrifice every thing to the one object, and should they be successful, they have but obtained a triumph over themselves. History is crowded with examples of the baneful effects of this spirit. Look to the French republic—to the republics of Rome and Greece. Go still farther—it was in the intemperance of party persecution, that the Jews took to their bosom Barabbas ("a man charged with *murder and sedition*") and in his stead crucified the Saviour of the world. Learn wisdom from their fate. Such being the effects of this spirit, it becomes every one who feels an interest in his country, to use his utmost exertions to put it down.

A CITIZEN.

To the Editors of the Vincennes Gazette.

GENTLEMEN:—It has been a subject of much astonishment to myself and many others, that the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans in this borough should not have elicited more notice from the corps editorial. "To shoot at folly as it flies" is not only our privilege, but our duty. I will therefore, endeavor to give you a sketch of the proceedings that marked the close of that memorable day. You may remember that it was the day which we usually call the Lord's, the day which the Deity has hallowed—in which He rested from His labors, and which He has commanded His creatures to keep holy. No extraordinary circumstances attended its commencement. The hymn of praise was sung; the prayer for divine blessings was devoutly offered by the followers of the benevolent Founder of the Sabbath. All was still. Even the beasts while eating the food provided for them, seemed to say, this is the day or rest. Here and there, however, might be seen a small group of loungers in the streets where "wisdom crieth but no man regardeth it," whose anxious countenances and violent gestures, "gave note of mighty preparation." Occasionally, too, might be seen a horseman urging his steed along with more than common pace, having an unusual smile upon his lips, and borne along towards the aforementioned groups of loungers by the same powerful principle of attraction, by which sour-kraut finds its way into the throat of a Dutchman. The sun went down in its mid glories. Darkness ever

spread the face of the earth. And then on the discharge of his duties; a noble in for the first time was heard the sublime sound of the thundering cannon. That sound reverberated along the shores of the affrighted Wabash. The fishes rising themselves from their torpor, and for getting for a moment the cold, cried out, "O dear, what can the matter be?" The bones of every departed Indian warrior inhumed in the bank, on which reposed the mighty gun, rattled at the sound.— The victim of the influenza feebly raised his head from the pillow and asked with a groan "what is that?" and then sinking back into his place of weariness, cried out, "O my head! my head!" Although no super-human sounds filled the air—albeit no fiery meteors flashed along the sky as when the mighty Welch hero Owen Glen dower was born, yet the horses neighed and the kittens mewed most discordantly and unnaturally. Thirteen guns were fired as one of the company was heard to say in honor of Gen. Jackson's birth day. And it was a day that would and should be celebrated. "No," replied another, (more knowing) "it is in honor of the victory that Gen. Jackson's brave soldiers—No I mean the victory that the brave Gen. Jackson gained over the British at New Orleans, and we fire thirteen guns because Old Hickory gained thirteen victories over them and Tom and Jesse Benton, and the Indians," roared a third who came in as an auxiliary to help his comrade out with the round number. When keenest insight, and the clearest and villainous subtlety was to be exploded, most penetrating genius; as a man of enlarged experience, laborious study, and inconsiderable fear and trembling was extensive research, Mr. Ewing was the least the mettle of the piece might break, and wound, and kill. No one a was not thought, that to these qualifications among the worshippers of "the hero of two wars" was found daring enough to grieve, that sublime eloquence with which he maintained his joint resolution on the U. S. Bank, internal improvement and a who seeing their dilemma, boldly applied the torch to the powder, and fired every succeeding round. Shot after shot rent the ether, and it was thought that due homage had been paid to "the greatest and best." I wonder who found the powder and the whiskey? What a sublime spectacle did the proceedings of that night present to a christian community. It magnifies so much human reason—manifests such independence of mind—such a noble contempt for every divine sanction—every sacred institution, by magnifying a mere man at the expense of the violation of the laws of heaven. What a triumph to the friends of infidelity to see Gen. Jackson made the Lord of the Sabbath. What a pity that Fanny Wright, Ann Royal and Mr. Owen of Lanark, that most excellent trio, could not have been present to witness a scene that they would have contemplated with such infinite delight. It was worthy of the best days of Robespierre and Marat. It is to be presumed this Lord's day homage will be peculiarly acceptable to the President of these United States, called the second Washington!—Washington the christian! Washington the pious communicant!

RHENZI.

FOR THE VINCENNES GAZETTE.

When a communication or address of any importance appears before the public, it is natural to inquire from whence it has originated, and who is its author; why it has been written? Whether to enlighten the community at large on subjects not of general notoriety by a patriotic mind, or is it produced for the advancement of a demagogical and selfish spirit? The address of the Jackson meeting is one about which as much conjecture may originate, as any one that has lately graced the columns of a public print. That the majority who attended that meeting are honest and conscientious in their support of the "mighty Hero," no person, however prejudiced against him and his administration, pretends to doubt. But that its prime mover, its advocate, are really so much attached to the interests of the country as they represent, and look upon his course of policy as that which alone will avert from our hands the storms of anarchy and confusion, is not to be believed, until they furnish more conclusive evidence than their actions heretofore have developed. The people are not prepared to be gullied into measures such as these would-be dictators desire. They cannot be persuaded that virtue, and whatever is good and true, requires them to devote their time and service for the emolument of men whose every act declares that "aut ego, aut nihil" is their motto, who go not for the welfare of the country, but work day and night to secure the objects their inflated ambition places before their imagination as most desirable. The putative author of this address, probably may be exonerated from censure, as he has not as yet been allowed even the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. His real father, however, is not only now clothed in fine linen and purple" every day, but has an opportunity of a certain fear does not prevent its acceptance, of becoming but a little lower than his greatest leader, a leader who stands at the gate of the palace, and directs his slaves what to do and where to go.

Circumstances prevent me now from entering into a full review of all the errors and inconsistencies of this address.— Next week, however, I shall pay Messrs. &c. my sentiments of high consideration.

CURTHUS.

FOR THE VINCENNES GAZETTE.

Messrs. Editors:—The conduct of public men is a fair subject for investigation. And first Mr. D. S. Bonner. Rich and poor, old and young, Clay men and Jackson men, all hands, all parties agree in awarding to him firmness of purpose, unaffected modesty, a sleepless vigilance

sents the public with a four-columned zig-zag of as hollow and senseless trash as is to be found any where else in the annals of Jacksonism. His remarks were evidently intended for rabble rousing—they are entirely too turgid, too empty, too bombastic, too sublimated for serious consideration. Mr. H. has undoubtedly learned to think and demonstrate by blowing up soap-bubbles through a goose quill, and it may be pretty fairly conjectured that he has studied elocution by drumming on an old whiskey barrel with a pair of corn cobs. Whilst perusing this speechification, we were frequently reminded of an arraignment which is said to have been perpetrated by some ambitious member of a village debating club. *Happiness* was the theme for discussion. The incipient Demosthenes arose with considerable pomposity of demeanor, and throwing himself into as imposing an attitude as may be, thus held forth: "Mr. President, happiness is like a crow perched upon yonder's mountain; which, when you reproach, vanishes, like the *schismatic* tints of the *concealed* rain-bow!"

PASSAGE OF THE CANAL BILL.

On Monday evening last, at near 5 o'clock, the Canal bill was put upon its final passage in the House of Representatives, having previously passed the Senate, and carried by a majority of eleven votes, the vote standing as follows:

Ayes.—Messrs. Alley, Angle, Barber, Bell, Bonner, Bryant, Clark, Clawson, Conner, Cox, Cravens, Crampton, Culley, Davis, Decker, Finch, Flake, Gardner, Groves, Hanna, Heaton, Huntington, Martin, Maxwell, Morris, Murray, Nelson, Noble, Peyton, Proffitt, Reid, Reynolds, Robinson, Rose, Secrest, Standford, Stevenson, Tebbs, Wallace, Willey, Wilson and Woodson—42.

Nays.—Messrs. Brady, Casey, Cotton, Crume, Durham, Ferguson, Frame, Griggs, Hargrave, Harrod, Henderson, Henley, Hite, Hoover, Jones, Lane, Livingston, Logan, Lynd, Moyer, Paddack, Parks, Polke, Ruddick, Slaughter, Smiley, Steele, Thornton, Vawter, Williams and Moore, Speaker—31.

Messrs. Aker and Caldwell were absent on leave granted by the House.

When the result was announced, the friends of the measure evinced the most heartfelt pleasure, and in the evening Indianapolis was brilliantly illuminated and the event hailed by the firing of cannon, the beating of drums, and other demonstrations of the importance of the measure.—*Democrat*.

"DURING MY ADMINISTRATION."

The following caustic remarks are well deserved. It is farcical to hear the worshippers of the Hero, arrogating for his brows, all the honors of the "great moral spectacle," of paying off the *Debt* of the Nation. In vain was the system steadily pursued by former Administrations—in vain has it been recommended and sanctioned by all his predecessors—in vain, is it urged that the payment of the debt is the result of a policy and of laws, adopted before Gen. Jackson's succession, and which he could not disturb if he would—his claim for all the credit of the great work is advanced without a blush, modestly recognised by himself, and re-echoed in all directions by his faithful myrmidons.—*R. Whig*

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22, 1831.

The refusal of the Cabinet to allow of a greater reduction of the Tea Duty, at the present time, when the excess of revenue has already produced an overflowing Treasury, and when still a greater excess is likely to give the government more money than they know what to do with, is a fact of which the public sentinels should not lose sight. Year after year have the dominant party been bewailing the sufferings of the poor because, of the taxes which they are indirectly compelled to pay, upon the necessities of life, in the shape of duties. But now, when the national debt has been so far reduced that the balance not yet fallen due is not felt, the moment that the opponents of the administration propose a further reduction upon one of the necessities of life, which enters into the consumption of every family in the United States, the government raises a peremptory objection to granting any further relief to the people. The payment of the national debt, to the utmost farthing, is interposed as an objection against a measure, which, although its adoption would be a manifest relief to the people, could not yet, such is the flourishing condition of the Treasury, protract the final payment of the debt a single day. But the *Debt*—the *Debt*—that is the hobby of the moment—and the president is galloping away upon it at a prodigious rate. Somebody has taught him the words—"GREAT MORAL SPECTACLE"—and for a week past the old gentleman has been distressing his visitors day after day, with the same round of remarks about "the great moral spectacle," which will be presented by the payment of the debt—all of which, he really seems to think, has been, and will be performed *under my administration*! Both the president and his ministers, however, seem to forget that the credit is due, not to them but to the system. The act under which the debt is paying, was passed in 1815; and it is under that act that the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, and not president Jackson, are paying off the debt. When that act was passed, it was in contemplation that the debt should be paid in 1832; and if you will turn back to your files, you will find that in the year 1824, Mr. McLane, then at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means, in now

SILVERSMITH.

January 22d, 1832.

From the Political Clarion.

THE DEBATE.

We have examined attentively, the remarks by Messrs. Ewing, Dumont and Hayes, in the State Senate, on the joint resolution relative to the American System and the re-chartering of the United States Bank. We think that the effort of Mr. Ewing reflects much credit upon himself and the state. It is not often that we find public men assuming so lofty, high minded and independent a bearing. The dearest interest of the country, in the hands of such men, are safe—men

—Who know their rights
And knowing, dare maintain'.

Mr. Hayes defends that resplendent escutcheon is the tablet of Andrew Jackson, entitled the Veto. And by the way, pre-