

# GAZETTE

## VINCENNES.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1833.

The very honorable mention made of us in an article over the name of William L. Withers, published in the last Western Sun, would seem to demand a few words by way of replication—at least to those who reside at a distance, and consequently must be unacquainted with the peculiarly unhappy temperament of this individual, and his notorious proneness to scatter indiscriminate abuse even on those who have endeavored to keep on the most friendly terms with him. Although we have never thrown the slightest obstacle in his path, we have no right to expect, and really do not pretend to ask to be made a solitary exception to his general rule on the score of friendship. We like to go with the crowd, and, rather than truckle for his good opinion, would be contented to let him abuse us and wish us at the devil, as he did all those who would not vote for him, when he was a standing candidate for almost every office in the gift of the good people of Knox. It is not our intention at this or any time to put our selves to any inconvenience in noticing the scurrilous productions of such a scribbler, neither should we feel bound to heed any thing he may think proper to say of us; every body knows talk he will without rhyme or reason, until he is left without a single auditor. When he gets into one of his ways, he may be heard holding forth at the corners of streets, and counters of grog-shops, "no one dull washy everlasting flood," and it is with us as with most of his hearers, what he says comes in at one ear and goes out at the other, only causing a hearty laugh—at his expense. Like every garrulous old granny in the country, he delighteth in scandal, and is ever monopolizing the conversation, to the descent upon the frailties or follies of others, his overbearing vanity not permitting him to perceive that in doing so he renders himself both disagreeable and ridiculous. We appeal to those who have had the misfortune to be bored with his company if this is not his peculiar foible—his ruling passion—his besetting sin, which will keep him in hot water as long as he lives.

"The very head and front of our offending bath this extent"—that at the request of a subscriber, we inserted an advertisement for which we had a responsible name, who, as well as Joseph Vanmeter, will, when called on, be qualified as to the correctness of the statements contained in it, and for printing which we were paid to our satisfaction. We have merely published what Mr. Withers himself does not choose to contradict. He does not pretend to do it, and it is for the public to judge whether the certificate of Mr. Emison has proved, or was intended by the writer of it to prove Mr. Custer "an abominable liar" and "a most infamous scoundrel" as Mr. Withers is pleased to call him. Those too, who are at all acquainted with Mr. W. can judge whether his very extensive blackguard vocabulary could not furnish him with many equally scurrilous epithets to traduce the character of Gen. Myers or any other man he dislikes, without using the precise words "villain" or "rascal." There is also a possibility that he did use these very words, and Mr. E. neither have heard nor recollected it, for it is admitted by Mr. Emison (whose veracity is unquestionable) that "Mr. Withers did make some remarks that he did consider derogatory to the character of Mr. Myers," although he does not recollect the words villain or rascal to have been used by him. But does this certificate or the mere ipse dixit of Withers prove that Mr. Custer is "an abominable liar" and "a most infamous scoundrel?" On the contrary, we do know that where this same Mr. W. L. Withers has an antipathy, these or much coarser epithets are applied most unsparingly, with a "sprinkling" of oaths, &c., and they who know him best look for them (coming from him) as mere words in course. It is a fact that for your real vulgar vituperative abuse, Bill Withers need not turn his back upon any Billingsgate fishwoman or Mississippi boatsman that ever lived.

Touching ourselves, he is pleased to say that "if the editor of the Vincennes Gazette will open his columns to any and every travelling vagabond who may choose to slander his readers, I will only say he ought to look to them alone for support." Indeed! And pray what support do we receive from you Mr. William L. Withers?

ers? None whatever; and if you really are one of our "readers," you borrow the paper, for your name is not to be found on our subscription list, and never shall be unless you pay in advance, or give good security for it. We think he should have cleared up his character without lugging us into his difficulties. We hazard these remarks regardless of the consequence, with the old adage about "pitch defiling" staring us full in the face.

The Boston Transcript of the 24th ult. mentions the circumstance of a young woman, a domestic in the family of Mr. Grindall Reynolds, who, while washing the outside of a window in the second story of the house, fell to the pavement, broke her leg, and died instantly.

A public dinner was, on Saturday last, given to Geo. D. Prentice, Esq. editor of the Louisville Journal and Focus. Upwards of three hundred persons, it appears, "sat down to a sumptuous dinner, abundant in juicy meats, delicious fruits and vegetables, to which enhanced zest was imparted by richly flavored wines."

From the Ohio State Journal.

### MILK SICKNESS, ONCE MORE.

Mr. Bailhache:

In your paper (17th inst.) I read the remarks of L. E. W. S. republished from the Western Star. Last week I forwarded you some vouchers on the subject, having thought it unnecessary further to discuss it.

I wish to be brief. L. E. W. S. did not read my short sketch published two years ago. I need scarcely repeat all the particulars. In 1793 or 4, in Kentucky, the two first victims to the puking complaint, so called, were Messrs. Tompkins and Fowler, on Bank-lick creek, on Licking river, Campbell county, Ky. Since 1806, I have traversed the West from Muskingum to Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, &c.; and wherever the milk sickness or puking complaint prevailed, there I found the poison vine.

But L. never saw a case of the milk sickness! He speaks of poison springs along the banks of streams! Who does not know that such springs exist? All along the banks of the Ohio, and other large streams, we have found them abundantly, charged with arsenic, to the annoyance of the first settlers on such streams, until they were induced to use the river water only. Does this prove that the poison vine does not produce the milk sickness? A circumscribed knowledge of the country will always produce a limited, very limited view of such subjects.

L. says the milk sickness prevailed on the Dry ridge of Ky. (the road from Covington, opposite to Cincinnati, to Lexington, passes over this ridge.) true it did; but first on Bank-lick creek, Raven creek, Eagle creek, &c. and as first stated, I travelled this ridge in August, 1803, founded my horse, had to walk, became thirsty, could find no water, drank from the wagon tracks where there were numerous spawn of tadpoles, and puked severely; but could no more charge the water of that high and healthy region of country with it, than L. dare charge it upon the pure springs and limpid streams of the Mad river valley.

L. cannot decide whether it be a mineral or vegetable substance, that produces the disease; from what I have stated he may attribute it to both. He states that the milk sickness prevails in the winter. Truly it does. The cattle and horses then eat the vine. The cases which I stated in Judge Horrell's pasture and meadow, in Clark county, proved this; and innumerable other cases might be cited. But the trip to Indianapolis seems to be the best effort. His travelling companion drank out of a certain spring; he saw about this spring something like mineral substances; and inquired of a boy if there was not the "sick stomach" complaint in that region of country? He replied "yes;" and his companion soon complained of having it, "more, however, I presume, from imagination than reality." I think so too.

Let me tell L. another story. In 1817, I was travelling with three medical gentlemen through Indiana. We were passing from Louisville to Vincennes. Two were theorists; one with myself was a matter of fact man. In order to be a little particular, I refer to my diary: I find "Saturday, Feb. 15, we put up at the widow Moore's," and ate a hearty supper on venison; I was very fond of it. My friend B., one of the theorists, a man of excellent and general information, after supper stepped out, and, to write plain English, vomited most prodigiously. I became alarmed, ran out to his assistance, and asked him what was the matter. "I had forgotten," said he, "that at this season of the year, that the deer eat laurel, which is poison." I replied, "but my dear sir, it is a matter of fact, that there is no laurel in this country; and I shall not lose my supper for mere supposition, for I shall have to pay for it." My friend smiled, and walked into the house. So that if L. had used the same philosophy with his travelling companion, he might have relieved him from his affliction, without the administering so large a "dose of strong purgative bitters."

Being, therefore, a matter of fact man, I give facts, and facts only, to support my theory.

I wonder if L. is not a doctor? If he is, I request him to visit the Mad river country, and call on some of our most successful, experienced, talented men of the Faculty, and they will doubtless give him further and fuller information on the subject, and they will state facts to the point.

As to myself, this subject is a mere matter of moonshine. Yet to the community at large, it is a matter of vast importance. I read in some papers an account of whole farms, well improved, having been abandoned in Indiana, for want of a knowledge of the cause of the puking complaint, which has made such havoc in the Western Country. If the cause be discovered, the vine is the cause, I have no doubt, and may be easily avoided. An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure. I hand you certificates as to facts.

Yours, respectfully,

T. S. HINDE.

August 20th, 1833.

I hereby certify, that my father settled on the waters of Mad river, four miles north of Urbana, on King's creek, about the year 1804; that in harvest the cattle took the trembles; that the country was settled some time before the cattle took the trembles, or the puking complaint was known among the people; that in cases of cattle having the trembles and dying, the manhood of the paunch was dried up; that believing the complaint to be caused by a poison vine, we looked for it, gave it to a calf, and next morning after eating it, it took the trembles. Each of us chewed some, (myself and father,) and it caused the water to run from our stomachs, and we were seriously affected by it; we did not swallow the juice; no one in the country believed it to be the water that caused the milk sickness. The vine described by Mr. T. S. Hinde, is the vine referred to by me.

WM. TAYLOR

Champaign county, August 19th, 1833.

We state that Thomas Parker, a neighbor of ours, from the information given by him, his cow, after eating the vine, died. Our father's cattle also died after eating it. Mr. Schoonmaker and part of his family died with the puking complaint. W. T., the undersigned, gave a dog a crock of cream left in the house; he ate it and died. The crows, ravens, and buzzards, that ate the carcasses of the cattle at Schoonmaker's, died. Our brother, T. Taylor, lives at the place, the water is pure and wholesome.

WM. TAYLOR,  
S. TAYLOR.

August 19th, 1833.

### THE QUAKER CASE.

We have found, at length in some of the New York papers, a tolerably intelligible account of the case which has recently occupied a large portion of their columns—taken from the Trenton Emancipator. This account states—

"It is a matter of public notoriety, that from the year 1823 to 1827, a difference of sentiment, either in relation to fundamental doctrines or important articles of discipline, had arisen among the society of Friends, which in the latter year produced a separation of the Society. Prior to this separation the two parties were known by the appellations of 'Orthodox' and 'Hicksite.' The first from their alleged adherence to the faith of the early Friends; and the last from their partiality towards Elias Hicks, a favorite speaker with them, although they also claimed to believe with early Friends. Upon the separation disputes about the large property held by the Society naturally arose, to determine one of which in 1829, this present suit was brought into Chancery.

A bill for relief was filed in the Court of Chancery by Joseph Hendrickson complainant, against Thomas L. Shotwell, defendant, to foreclose a mortgage given by the defendant to the plaintiff as treasurer of the preparative meeting of Friends of Chesterfield for the sum of two thousand dollars. This sum was part of a trust fund, raised by contribution in 1790, by the members of the meeting, and placed under the control of Trustees to be appointed by it. Hendrickson was the Treasurer chosen by the Orthodox; the Hicksite had since the separation, elected Stacy Decow, Treasurer, who claimed payment of the money as the proper representative of the Trustees.

Shotwell, who at that time was not a member of either society, finding himself thus placed between two fires, for his own safety in 1829, filed a bill of interpleader, desiring that both Treasurers might be brought into Court, and each party there be compelled to make out his title to the money. This brought the disputants face to face in Court, where the right of property was to be determined on the question, "which is the true Society of Friends?"

In order to determine this important question, the Court received the testimony of the complainant Hendrickson in the matter of belief. Without stating in detail the doctrines of the two parties as given by this witness, it may be sufficient to say that one party hold to the doctrine of the Trinity, which the other deny, in other words the dispute is one between Trinitarians and Unitarians—orthodoxy and heterodoxy. Another witness, Decow, gave an exposition of the creed of the Hicksite party. The orthodox party endeavored to establish the points of their belief as set forth in the answer and original bill of Hendrickson—its identity with the belief of early Friends—the opposite characters of the Hicksite doctrines and those entertained by early Friends—that the separation of the society grew out of the attempt to spread these spurious sentiments on the one hand and to suppress it on the other—and that the Hicksites

were unsound and unlike ancient Friends in belief, and seceders by their own acts—that the society of Friends were never, in the meetings, governed by the voice of the majority but by the sense of the meetings, gathered by the clerk.

The Hicksite, or Unitarian party, maintained that their belief and that the early Friends were the same, and that they believed in the Scriptures, both of which points they maintained in so many words, without permitting themselves in the most trivial particulars to be dragged into details, expositions or explanations; that they were not separatists or seceders, but were composed of a majority of the Friends belonging to the Philadelphia yearly meeting. That they were not followers of Elias Hicks, but of George Fox; that there was no power in temporal courts to inquire into spiritual things, and they therefore declined answering questions touching doctrinal points. They did not accuse the Orthodox of having departed from the belief of Friends, and were willing to share the property according to numbers—Their contest in this suit was only for their share, and not for the whole.

Upon this testimony, the cause came on for a hearing, before the late Chief Justice Ewing and Associate Justice Drake, sitting as masters in Chancery. In their opinions, read before the Chancellor, both Judges concurred in the power of the Court to inquire into the religious doctrines of a Society, in order to settle and direct a trust reposed in that Society. On the main question as to which constituted the real Society of Friends, although taking different grounds, they both arrived at the same conclusion. The Chief Justice being of opinion that the Hicksite party had made themselves seceders by their acts; while Justice Drake maintained that they were a new sect,—holding doctrines entirely repugnant to those held by the early Friends. In conformity to these opinions a decree in Chancery was made, in favor of the Orthodox claim;—and upon which the appeal to the High Court of Errors, just determined, was brought.

After a long trial, in which it would seem that the ingenuity of learned and persevering counsel had become exhausted, the Court of Errors, consisting of eleven judges, decided in favor of the orthodox party. The decision having been pronounced, the President made a communication, recommending to both parties a speedy and amicable adjustment of their disputes and difficulties—by which he means, it is presumed, a reconciliation in the points of belief; for he had already settled for them the difficulty as to property! The Emancipator says, the decision was listened to in breathless suspense; and adds—Although in the general discussion of doctrines, principles, and creeds, which this trial has elicited, some good or no good may spring; yet from the incessant rolling of eyes along the outworks of the gallery and the continuous play of artillery from thence, we apprehend many a heart has been led into captivity; and we expect shortly to hear of numerous suits begun in this court, being carried up to that of Hymen; which may make this trial the parent of a thousand others.

Perhaps this is what the learned judge intended by his admonition to the parties to make a speedy adjustment of their difficulties. Judging, however, from a communication in the New York Enquirer, we apprehend there is yet some disinclination to acquiesce in the righteousness of the decision. The writer thinks the decision will be reversed by the irresistible voice of public opinion; and he alludes to two points on which the voice of condemnation, he trusts, will be heard throughout the land. The first is the establishment of an ecclesiastical tribunal, to determine upon the religious opinions and consciences of men. The Court having, with more boldness than the Pope of Rome, ventured to declare what is the true faith, and what is not, and even gone so far as to declare that a very numerous and respectable society do not believe what they profess to believe. The next point is the glaring inconsistency the majority of the Court has fallen into, in their zeal to promote the interests of a particular party, declaring that the majority of a society must not be allowed to determine upon the regular business of the society; this would, in their opinion, be highly dangerous—the minority must always rule, or there is no safety to the Church.

It is stated that the seven judges who voted to confirm the decision of the Chancellor are Presbyterians—neither of the other four belonged to that sect.

### SOUNDS MADE BY INSECTS.

No insects have the power of producing sound by the mouth; they do not breathe through the mouth, and consequently have no power of producing sounds by that organ. The sounds are produced either by the quick vibration of the wings, or by beating on their own bodies, or other hard substances, with their mandibles or their feet. The sound of the bee is produced by the vibration of its wings in the air. The cricket, when it is disposed to be merry, beats time with its mandibles against its head and horny sides in the same manner as a human being when in good spirits or idle, drums with his fingers on the table. There is a sound which has often struck terror into the souls of the superstitious, and which is frequently heard behind the ceiling, called the death-watch. This has been ascertained to be caused by a small species of woodbeetle, and most probably in the same way as the cricket produces its sound by beating with its feet on the wood.

SCENE, an Editor's closet—Editor solus.

### "INDEPENDENCE OF THE PRESS."

Well, a pretty days work of it I shall make. News, I have nothing—Politics, stale, flat and unprofitable—Miscellany, enough of it—miscellaneous bills payable, and a miscellaneous list of subscribers, with tastes as miscellaneous as the tongues of Babel. Ha! footsteps! drop the first person singular, and don the plural, we must now play the Editor.

(Enter devil.) Copy Sir!

(Enter A.) I missed my paper this morning, sir, I don't want to take it if—

(Enter B.) There's a letter o' turned upside down in my advertisement this morning sir! I—

(Enter C.) You didn't notice my new work, my treatise on a flea, this morning! You have no literary taste! Sir you—

(Enter D.) Sir your boy don't leave my paper sir—I live in hind alley; you turn out of—st, to the right, then take a left hand turn—then to the right again—then jump an arch fence—then over a kennel—then jump a ten foot fence—then enter a door—climb five pair of stairs—turn fourteen corners—and you can't miss my door—I want your boy to leave my paper first—it's only a mile out of his way—if he don't I'll stop—

(Enter D.) Sir you have abused my friend, the article against Mr.—as a candidate, is intolerable, it is scandalous—I'll stop my paper if I'll—

(Enter E.) Mr. Editor you are merely mouthed, you lack independence, your remarks upon Mr.—the candidate for Congress, are too tame. If you don't put on harder I'll stop my—

(Enter F.) Your remarks upon profane swearing are personal, d—n you sir, you mean me, before I'll patronize you longer I'll see you in—

(Enter G.) Mr.—we are very sorry that you do not say more against the growing sin of profanity. Unless you put your veto upon it more decidedly, no man of correct moral principles will give you his patronage; I for one—

(Enter H.) Bad luck to the dirty soul of him, where does he keep himself? By the powers, I'll strike him if I can get at his carcass, and I'll kick him any how! Why do you fill your paper with the dirty lies about Irishmen at all!

(Enter I.) Why don't you give us more anecdotes and such Irish stories and them things—I don't like long speeches—I—(Curtain falls.)—[Lowell Jour.]

We thank the unknown friend who has sent us a copy of the pamphlet, containing Gen. Washington's Letters to the Marquis de Chastellux, which was printed at Charleston, S. C. in the year 1825, with a brief but interesting memoir of Chastellux prefixed. It would be difficult to find any effusion of Washington's pen, devoid of intrinsic interest. It is not his name alone that forms the attraction and importance of any part of his writings. The tone and style of the letters to one of whom he seems so have been fond, are remarkably happy; and the topics, both domestic and public, taken from events between 1780 and 1789, will always command attention. The Peace Societies may be pleased to read such language as the following from such a source.—Nat. Gaz.

"While you"—Washington says to Chastellux, (April 25, 1788)—"have been making love under the banner of Hymen, the great personages of the North have been making war under the inspiration or rather infatuation, of Mars. Now, for my part, I humbly conceive, you had much the best and wisest of the bargain; for, certainly, it is more consonant to all the principles of reason and religion (natural and revealed) to replenish the earth with inhabitants than to depopulate it by killing those already in existence; besides, it is time for the age of knight-errantry and mad heroism to be at an end. Your young military men, who want to reap the harvest of laurels, care not, I suppose, for the sake of humanity, it is devoutly to be wished, that the manly employment of agriculture, and the humanizing benefits of commerce, would supersede the waste of war and the rage of conquest, that the swords might be turned into ploughshares, the spears into pruning hooks, and, as the scripture expresses it, the nations learn war no more."

The real Major Jack Downing.—There is about as eager a curiosity to know the name of the author of the genuine letters of Major Jack Downing, as there used to be about the letters of Junius. They have generally been believed to be from the pen of ZELER SMITH, Esq. the talented editor of the Portland Courier; but we have always suspected that John Holmes, formerly a Senator in Congress from Maine, knew the most about their authorship. We have recently been informed that he has acknowledged them to a member of Congress from Rhode Island.

New England Review.

Daniel Webster, when a young practitioner, had a bad case to manage in Court. He told his client, that there was one witness against him, who if he testified, would ruin him. "When the trial comes on (said Webster) point him out to me." The man was shown to him, sitting on an upper seat near the bench, in a crowded court room. Webster, with his withering glance, surveyed him from head to foot. The witness receded a short distance.—During the examination of other witnesses, Webster gave him another piercing look. He removed farther towards the door. Three or four more scrutinizing observations, looked the witness out of Court.—N. Y. Gazette.

Cast Metal Pianos.—In Paris, pianos have been constructed, the frame work of which is formed of cast iron. These instruments have been brought to such perfection, by MM. Pleyel & Co., that not only do they rival but in many particulars, surpass the best English instruments. The solidity of the frame work is so great, that they seldom get out of tune; and the sound-board, relieved from those enormous pieces of wood with which it was formerly lumbered, in order to resist the strain, possesses much more elasticity, and second the vibration of the strings much better. The tone of these instruments is wonderful, both in power and mellowness; and the mechanism is so perfect, that it admits of the most delicate as well as of the strongest touch.