

GAZETTE.

VINCENNES.

SATURDAY, OCT. 5, 1833.

REMOVAL OF THE PUBLIC DEPOSITS.

"The long agony is over." The President has determined on removing the public deposits from the vaults of the United States Bank, and transferring them to those of the State Banks. We believe this measure as unwise as it is unjust. It destroys at once the unity of Gen. Jackson's cabinet proper, although it is doubtless much in unison with that which is usually denominated the Kitchen. He has formed this decision in direct opposition to the opinion of Messrs. McLane, Cass and Duane—a majority of his cabinet. Mr. Duane, it is said, will retire from his office, and another Secretary of the Treasury must be appointed—not more talented or more honest—but one more subservient to the powers "behind the throne." May there not be another rupture in his cabinet equally disgraceful and disastrous as the first? In this act there has been a violation of the compact between the Government and the Bank, in which it was understood that the deposits should remain in the latter during the existence of the charter. It is in opposition to a report of the special agent of the Treasury Department, who reported at the last session of Congress in favor of their continuance there. It is in opposition to the wishes of a majority of the last Congress, who sanctioned that report by their deliberate and solemn vote. It is, we believe, in opposition to the wishes of a large majority of the people of the United States. In this act of the President, we think we can read too much of personal and vindictive feeling—too little regard for the interests of the public. The United States Bank will now have to curtail its discounts and add a hundred fold to the commercial distress which now prevails. Is it a less safe depository of the public money now, than it was last winter, when a majority of the people's representatives decided so emphatically in its favor? Is it less safe than the State Banks? Have the people forgotten the want of confidence in these institutions which once prevailed all over the land?—When went there by a time when a Bill of the U. States Bank was dishonored?—There is no doubt in any unprejudiced and well informed mind of its solvency now. There can be none. The people will feel the consequences of this hasty and impolitic act of Gen. Jackson, by a still greater moneyed pressure. If we mistake not, the next congress will condemn it with a voice which cannot be misunderstood. We consider the President's reasons for his action on this matter entirely unsatisfactory. Mr. Van Buren, we are afraid, has been too much consulted, and has had too much influence in this decision.

We have made these remarks not from an overweening desire to support the U. S. Bank. We want a United States Bank of some kind. We care not how many wise modifications the present one may undergo. We care not if it give place to a better one. But we do believe that it is by far the safest depository of the public money in the land, and we much fear the people will have reason to lament that the President has used so high handed a measure as to make the transfer to the State Banks in opposition to the views of a majority of his Cabinet and of Congress.

We scarcely open a newspaper which is not crowded with scores of suicides, assassinations, attempts at assassination, horrid occurrences and melancholy disasters. Never was the United States so completely destitute of human reason as at the present time. England, it will be remembered, was at one time, famous for suicides, but times have changed, and vice versa.

Edwin Randolph, son of the late Peyton Randolph, of Richmond, Va, lately left this sublimity scene of action by committing suicide, at Charlestown, Va.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of the reader to the communication of "W" in to-day's paper; inasmuch as facts are therein contained, in relation to the battle of Tippecanoe, (a partial description of which was published in the tenth number of the Gazette,) of which we were before totally ignorant, else it should never have appeared in the columns of this paper. We are not only willing, but it always affords us great pleasure in correcting any and every error which may intrude itself upon us.

Mr. Edwin E. Forest, the celebrated American tragedian, has been engaged by the manager of the Louisville Theatre. He appeared, on the evening of the 28th ult. in his favorite character of Damon. Mrs. Knight has also been engaged, and made her appearance on the same evening.

The Races, which are to take place on the Vincennes Course, have been postponed from the 17th to the 31st inst.

Mr. M. R. Trimble, will, on to-day and to-morrow, at 11 o'clock, A. M. preach at the new Court House. Several other preachers are expected.

FOR THE VINCENNES GAZETTE.

Mr. Editor,

In your Gazette of the 17th of August, you have published an article under the head of "The Battle Ground of Tippecanoe" which, I believe, originally appeared in the *Kentucky Intelligencer* over the initials "J. C. C." That such a production should be admitted into any paper printed in the United States, after the many very minute and authentic descriptions that have been given of that battle, backed by the irrefutable testimony of those who had the honor of being engaged in it, is more than strange;—but that it should find its way into the columns of a newspaper published in *Knox County, in the State of Indiana*, and its numerous, egregious falsehoods remain for six weeks unrefuted to, is, to me, really surprising. The object of the writer is so badly cloaked that I really did ere this expect to see some of our citizens, more conversant with the facts in relation to that hard fought battle, step boldly forward to defeat it. He has most unnecessarily and, I think, unfairly endeavored to elevate the character of the gallant Daviess at the expense, not only of truth, but to the disparagement of one of the bravest soldiers and most patriotic of men that this country has produced—I mean Major General William Henry Harrison. Perhaps none of our military men ever received more flattering testimonials of approbation, or more enthusiastic encomiums both for his private worth and his ability as a commander, than have been voluntarily tendered by those who served under him, and of course ought to know him best wherever his character has been attacked. All men have their enemies—great men are by no means excepted; but, it is not at this day, and in this country that the fame of such a man as Harrison can be tarnished by the calumnies of any anonymous scribbler. It rests upon an impishable foundation, having become so incorporated with the history of the times, "that tried men's souls," that every lover of his country will indignantly spurn at any attempt to cast the slightest stigma upon his character either as a man or as a soldier. After the battle of Tippecanoe, his conduct as a military officer was unanimously assailed in the State of Kentucky, and elsewhere, by a few cowardly wretches who "hated the excellence they could not reach." Their attempts to lower him in the estimation of the American people proved entirely abortive as might have been expected, for we find that the same Legislative body that went into mourning for the loss of Colonel Daviess, and others, at the very same session, and only a short period after the battle, (which was still the subject of much discussion,) adopted almost unanimously the following resolution, viz: "That in the late campaign against the Indians on the Wabash, Governor Harrison has, in the opinion of this legislature, behaved like a hero, a patriot, and a general; and that for his cool, deliberate, skillful and gallant conduct, in the late battle of Tippecanoe, he well deserves the warmest thanks of the nation." (See joint resolutions of both houses of the Kentucky legislature.)

Far be it from me to utter a syllable to the prejudice of the valiant Joe Daviess, or attempt, in the slightest degree, to detract from the character of the brave Kentuckians who had the happiness of serving under him on that memorable occasion. But as a citizen of old Knox County, which alone furnished more than a moiety of the forces which the State turned out, and of a State which certainly did furnish three fourths of the heroes that figured at Tippecanoe, I cannot consent to see all the honor conferred on Kentucky, (who can so well do without it,) nor all the credit given to her sons, when I do know that it is justly, and almost entirely, due to our own. What are the assertions of J. C. C., and what are the facts? He has the affrontery to say, that the victory was achieved by Colonel Daviess, and "a few hundred mounted Kentucky rangers," when, it is a fact, that all the volunteers from that State in the whole army did not amount to above sixty or seventy men, and of these, nearly one-half were not under the command of Daviess—when the corps led on by that gallant individual, consisted of only twenty-one or two at the most, of which, not more than five or six were Kentuckians—and more particularly, when "the charge" made by him and there utterly failed, leaving affairs in a much worse situation than they were before he headed it!

Of Daviess's particular command, (the Dragoons), I have gleaned the following facts which may be relied on as correct. It consisted of one troop of seventy men, fit for duty, on the night of the engagement from Knox County, one other troop of about forty men from Clark County, and one small troop from Jefferson County, Kentucky. The latter had not

more than 25 men, perhaps, thirty at the extent of it; and if to these are added the four or five young gentlemen who came with Daviess, you have all the Kentuckians who were in the squadron commanded by that officer, who acted at the time under an Indian commission, given to him by General Harrison. Is it not monstrous, then, to impute the victory of Tippecanoe, to the Kentuckians, when it had been achieved by Daviess's command, the proportion of Kentuckians was to those of Indiana, as 30 or 35 is to 110 or 120? But the most singular part of this infamously false statement, is, that it boldly claims the victory for Daviess, when the only "charge" made by him was totally unsuccessful! He only ordered what he called his "first section," consisting of twenty or twenty-two men on this service, and one-half of these had passed the line of infantry, when he and White fell. The few that made the charge with them were driven back in confusion, and they had to repulse the savages several times, ere they succeeded in carrying the body of Daviess into the camp. In consequence of this unfortunate failure, General Harrison was compelled to cause the Indians that Daviess had attacked, to be dislodged by Captain Snelling's company of U. S. Infantry.

The writer in the *Intelligencer* says "defeat stared the white men in the face, and the chill look of death was setting in every countenance. The bravest quailed, &c. &c." Base calumniator, who quailed? Did Harrison? Spencer? McNahan? Berry? Warrick? Why the battle had hardly commenced when Daviess fell. What had happened before he received his mortal wound was not "a patching" to what afterwards took place, in resisting the repeated attacks of the savage foe during the hour and a half immediately after the body of poor Daviess had been carried off the field. It was subsequently to his fall too, that Spencer's company first, and Spencer's and Robb's company's afterwards resisted with signal success, the several very desperate charges made upon them, by at least, five times their number.

"The brave and excellent Joe Daviess" well deserves to be honored by his country. He fell nobly in her cause. But the well earned laurels of others, equally brave, and to the full as patriotic, should not be rudely plucked from their brows to add to his fame.

Besides the cavalry I have mentioned, there was a small company of about thirty men under the command of Captain Guiger, also from Jefferson County, Kentucky, who all behaved like heroes. The cavalry, and Colonel Wells, and Major Owen, composed the whole Kentuckians, that were in the engagement; they were not Rangers, but private citizens, who volunteered their services, and were commissioned by Governor Harrison.

"J. C. C." also asserts, that the site of the encampment was pointed out by the Indians. This is an old calumny and one would suppose it ought to have been put to rest by the testimony of those who really did select the encampment, viz: General W. Taylor, and General M. G. Clark, in conjunction with the Quarter Master General of the Army, (Piatt,) whose duty it was to select the spot for it, subject however to the approbation of General Harrison. By referring to the statements of General Taylor, Colonel Piatt, in Dawson's narrative of the services of General Harrison, p. 226, the conviction is clear and positive, that the Indians knew no more about who selected the site of the camp than "J. C. C." himself did, and it is most assuredly not a fact, that "many of the officers doubted the faith of the Indians and were inclined to camp at some other place." They made no remonstrances against it—neither did they dare to complain of it. No officer or soldier knew who selected it, excepting those who actually did pitch upon it whom I have already mentioned.

Believing as I really do, that the character of Indiana, as well as her old favorite General Harrison, is involved in the publication in the *Intelligencer*, I have ventured to say this much, in the hope that others better qualified, may be induced to take up the cudgels whenever they meet with wilful misrepresentations in relation to it. It is due to our country, inasmuch as it is an important item in its history, as well as to the cause of truth, that all barefaced falsehoods should be promptly contradicted. However plain my language, I will venture to say, that the statements I have made will be found to be strictly correct. The good old County of Knox, who had an entire regiment of Infantry, a troop of dragoons, and two companies of mounted riflemen, in the action of Tippecanoe, under the command of one who, for a long period, hailed her soil as his home, (in which, around his domestic hearth, with old-fashioned, genuine hospitality, he for many years held the most friendly intercourse with her citizens,) never will passively submit to see him unjustly deprived of those laurels for which he so gallantly risked his life.

September 24th, 1833

CONFESSIONS OF LE BLANC.

The last number of the New Jersey Advocate, contains the confessions of Le Blanc, who was executed on Friday the 6th of September. The following is an extract:

I had not lived with Mr. Sayre more than a week before I saw that I was considered more as a menial servant than a common hired man. As soon as my work was done for the day, I had something to do about the house, such as feed the hogs,

take care of the horses, cut wood and bring it in, carry water, and the like, and was under the servitude of the servant around the house. I was further convinced of this when my lodgings was exchanged for one of very inferior quality. I plainly saw that as I was a stranger and a foreigner, unacquainted with the customs and manners of the country, I should be made a miserable beast of burden, if I suffered it, to whom no pay would be returned but my food. From these considerations engendered the first idea of murder and plunder. I had longed to be in possession of sufficient money to either send it to my betrothed Maria, or go to her. I saw that Mr. Sayre paid out and received considerable, and believing from my treatment I should never be able to earn enough by my labor, these murderous thoughts often came into my mind.—I then began to pray to God to prevent me from committing so great a sin. Every time I thought of it I began to pray. But I found that God had left me: I had not confessed for ten years.

These ideas were continually recurring to me whilst I was at my daily labor, and my treatment determined me. I had formed my plans, but I waited several days for their daughter Mary to return, that I might murder her also, as she had a gold watch which I wanted. Finding that she did not return, and that I daily became more degraded in my own eyes, after their hired man had gone away, on Saturday, I asked Mr. Sayre for five dollars, as I wanted a hat and some other articles.—He gave me a five franc piece. This I considered an insult, for I had worked hard for him, and was willing to do the same justice for a year to come. I had made my preparations by cleaning the stable properly, and feeding the gray mare more than I did the horse. I then went to town, and got some cider and segars, and then went to a tavern, at which I had been once before, and took a glass of brandy and a segar; this was done to pass away the time until the people had gone to bed. I went home a little after ten o'clock, and remained around the barn some time, and then went into the kitchen where I found Mr. Sayre shaving. I pretended to be frightened; and told him by words and signs that something was wrong at the stable. I ran out and stood inside the stable door some time, with a spade in my hands, waiting for him to come. At length I saw him coming, with a candle in his hand, and as he came into the stable, I struck him down with the back of the spade, on the left side of the head, which killed him without a struggle. I gave him another blow on the forehead to make sure work of it, and then dug a hole in the heap of manure, dragged him into it, and covered him up. As soon as he fell, I threw the candle on the plank near by, to prevent any light shining out and exposing me.

I then went into the kitchen and decamped Mrs. Sayre out in the same way. She came out in a hurry, but without any light, and as soon as she got past the shed, I struck her with the same weapon with which I had killed her husband. It being dark, the blow glanced—she screamed; I gave her another, but with like effect, she screamed again and again, clinging hold of me, and begging for her life; and it was not until I gave her several blows, that I brought her to the ground. I got tired of striking her with the spade, and then I knuckled her on the head with my heavy shod boots. She died a terrible death, and I see her every time I close my eyes to sleep. When I found she was dead, I covered her up in the same heap of manure, and rolled the plaster over the blood which had run from her head whilst I was murdering her. I then went into the kitchen with a club in my hand, took a light, went softly up stairs to the garret, where Phebe, the colored woman, was sleeping, and with a single blow, she passed into an eternal sleep. The blood spouted into my face and on my vest and hands; she did not stir after I first struck. I then took the chisels which I had seen the carpenter put into the corn stalks, and opened all the drawers and trunks in the house. My object was only money. The silver money found in the belt around me, belonged to Mr. S. as also the change the Sheriff took from my pocket, except a few shillings left from the five franc piece which Mr. Sayre gave me.

From Hamilton's Men and Manners in America.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The person however, who has succeeded in rivetting most strongly the attention of the whole Union, is undoubtedly Mr. Webster. From the Gulf of St. Lawrence to that of Mexico, from Cape Sable to Lake Superior, his name has become, as it were, a household word. Many disapprove his politics, but none deny his great talents, his unrivalled fertility of argument, or his power, even still more remarkable, of rapid and comprehensive induction. In short, it is universally believed by his countrymen, that Mr. Webster is a great man; and in this matter I certainly make no pretensions to singularity of creed. Mr. Webster is a man of whom any country might well be proud. His knowledge is at once extensive and minute, his intellectual resources very great; and, whatever may be the subject of discussion, he is sure to shed on it the light of an active, acute, and powerful mind.

I confess, however, I did meet Mr. Webster under the influence of some prejudices. From the very day of my arrival in the United States, I had been in voluntarily familiar with his pretensions. Gentlemen sent me his speeches to read. When I talked of visiting Boston, the ob-

servation uniformly follow. "Ah! there you will see Mr. Webster." When I reached Boston, I encountered condescension on all hands. "You are very unfortunate," said my friends, "Mr. Webster set out yesterday for Washington." Whenever at Philadelphia and Baltimore, it became known that I had visited Boston, the question, "Did you see Mr. Webster?" was a sequence as constant and unvarying as that of the seasons.

The result of all this was, that the name of Webster became invested in my ear with an adventitious cacophony. It is not pleasant to admire upon compulsion, and the very pre-eminence of this gentleman has been converted into something of a bore. To Washington, however I came, armed with letters to the unconscious source of my annoyance. The first night of my arrival I met him at a ball. A dozen people pointed him out to my observation, and the first glance riveted my attention. I had never seen any countenance more expressive of intellectual power.

The forehead of Mr. Webster is high, broad, and advancing. The cavity beneath the eyebrow is remarkably large. The eye is deeply set, but full, dark and penetrating in the highest degree; the nose prominent, and well defined, the mouth marked by the rigid compression of the lips by which the New Englanders are distinguished. When Mr. Webster's countenance is in repose, its expression struck me as cold and forbidding, but in conversation it lightens up; and when he smiles, the whole impression it communicates is at once changed. His voice is clear, sharp and firm, without much variety of modulation; but when animated, it rings on the ear like a clarion.

As an orator, I should imagine Mr. Webster's forte to be in the department of pure reason. I cannot conceive his even attempting an appeal to the feelings. It could not be successful; and he has too much knowledge of his own powers to encounter failure. In debate his very countenance must tell. Few men would hazard a voluntary sophism under the glance of that eye, so cold, so keen, so penetrating, so expressive of intellectual power. A single look would be enough to wither up a whole volume of bad logic.

In the Senate, I had, unfortunately, no opportunity of hearing Mr. Webster display his great powers as debater. During my stay the subjects on which he happened to speak were altogether of inferior interest. In the Supreme Court he delivered several legal arguments which certainly struck me as admirable, both in regard to matter and manner. The latter was neither vehement nor subdued.—It was the manner of conscious power, tranquil and self possessed.

Mr. Webster may be at once acquitted of all participation in the besetting sins of his age and country. Even doubt, whether, in any single instance, he can be fairly charged with uttering a sentence of mere declamation. His speeches have nothing about them of gaudiness and glitter. Words with him are instruments, not ends; the vehicles, not of sound merely, but of sense and reason. He utters no periods full of noise and fury, like the voice of an idiot, signifying—nothing; and it certainly exhibits proof that the taste of the Americans is not yet irretrievably depraved, when an orator like Mr. Webster, who despises all the state and petty trickery of his art, is called by acclamation to the first place.

In conversation, Mr. Webster is particularly agreeable. It seems to delight him when he mingles with his friends, to cast off the trammels of weighty cogitation, and merge the lawyer and the statesman in the companion;—a more pleasant and instructive one I have rarely known in any country. As a politician, the opinions of Mr. Webster are remarkably free from intolerance. He is one of the few men in America who understand the British Constitution, not as a mere abstract system of laws and institutions, but in its true form and pressure, as it works and acts on the people, modified by a thousand influences, of which his countrymen in general know nothing.

Remarkable Coincidence.—Mr. Hawley has published a communication in the *Advertiser* at Rochester, stating that on the same day General Arnold died in England, the oak tree, under which Messrs. Van Wart and Williams captured Major Andre, in Tarrytown, was struck with lightning and shivered to pieces.

The poison of the snake is only venomous when it mixes with blood, and it may be swallowed into the stomach with perfect impunity. The fact is of much importance, and should be universally believed, for confidence in its truth may be the means of saving much suffering.

Forgeries.—On the 9th inst. a check for \$5,520 was presented at the Bank of Philadelphia, and paid; on the same day another check for \$3,500 was presented at the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, and another for \$1,500, at the Commercial Bank, both of which were paid. After the hour of closing the Banks, all these checks were discovered to be forgeries.—The perpetrator at the last accounts had not been detected. A reward of 1000 dollars is offered for his apprehension. *Louisville Herald.*

Accidental Death.—A youth by the name of WILLIAM HARRIS, was accidentally killed, at the residence of Mr. Berry, on the St. Charles road on Sunday last. We understand that he met his death by the load of a gun, placed for a moment near him, and which was discharged by a fortuitous blow of a horse's foot. The boy survived but for a few hours after the infliction of the wound.—*St. Louis Times.*