

GAZETTE.

VINCENNES.

SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1833.

MISS HARRIET LIVERMORE.

The inhabitants of Vincennes were honored last week with a visit from this distinguished female preacher, on her way to Cincinnati. She delivered three discourses in the Methodist chapel fraught with the sublimest eloquence and characterized by the most profound argumentation. Very large and delighted audiences hung with riveted attention upon her words which burst as they fell. When dwelling upon the tender entreaties of a dying Saviour, she, "in words as soft as angels use," caused many a stout and hard heart to melt in sorrow, and suffused many an eye, unused to weep, in tears; and when she armed herself in the thunders of the law, she caused those to tremble who could not or would not repent—her voice rising above its ordinary pitch, without losing its depth, fulness, and melody, and swelling far beyond the apparent measure of the strength of her sickly and enfeebled frame—more terrible than the voice of the Priestess of the Delphic Oracle, caused every nerve to vibrate in unison, and bound every heart as with the spell of a magician. How much more notable are the commanding powers of her highly cultivated and classical mind employed, than those of another highly gifted woman, Miss Frances Wright, who has been designated as the Priestess of infidelity. The former would exalt us to Heaven, the latter would degrade us to the level of the brute beast. Miss Livermore in addition to her attractive eloquence, is an amateur in sacred music, and is decidedly the best singer we have heard west of the mountains. Her voice in speaking is unusually musical, and her gesticulation, which is rare, is always marked with correctness.

We know nothing about the disputed points whether women have or have not authority from the Scriptures to preach the gospel, but this much we know, that whether in or out of the pulpit, our best wishes accompany the pilgrim stranger.

THE DEPOSITES.

This subject is creating a wonderful and most wholesome excitement throughout the whole union. Mr. Duane is about to publish his account of the matter. He says that he supported Gen. Jackson because he thought him honest and capable, but that a residence of a few months near his person has taught him that he was mistaken, and he has the candor to avow his present convictions. In consequence of this injudicious and arbitrary act, worthy only of the autocrat of all the Russias, Gen. Jackson is losing friends in Philadelphia faster than he ever made them. Even the Richmond Enquirer, the organ of his administration in Virginia, has turned against the General on this all-absorbing question. On the first announcement of the late act, that paper said "It is the usurpation of power and violation of law in this transaction, that we deem to be of immediately greater consequence than the removal of the deposits." In a still later number, the editor says, his previous opinions have been "strengthened by his investigations and reflections." Well done Mr. Ritchie, the people are rising in their strength and enquiring whether General Jackson is king or not? They will demand of their representatives in the next Congress to maintain their rights and proclaim to the world that Gen. Jackson is not the whole government. Where now is the safety of the Deposites? Gen. Jackson having removed them from the U. S. Bank, where they were placed by the laws of Congress for safe keeping, and where Congress at its last session declared they were safe, may he not order them next to be placed in his own house, and there divide the spoils among the kitchen cabinet and the minions that surround him? And who is the superintendent of these deposits in the State Banks? We answer, a Mr. Whitney, who has proved himself a vile calumniator and a perjured villain.

CINCINNATI MIRROR.

The first two numbers of the new series of this highly popular hebdomadal, have just been received. As usual, it is beautifully executed, and filled with interesting matter. The corps editorial, Messrs Gallagher and Shreve, assuredly deserve to be extensively patronized for their untiring industry in rendering the Mirror what it really is, a fair specimen of Western literature.

FOR THE VINCENNES GAZETTE.

Governor Porter, Col. Owen and Col. Weatherford, the Commissioners on the behalf of the United States, appointed to treat with the Chippewa, Ottawa and Potawatamie nations of Indians at Chicago, Illinois, have brought their labors to a close, the above Indians having ceded all their lands east of the Mississippi to the United States for one million of dollars and no annuity. The St. Joseph Indians have also sold the reserve in Indiana, at a very high price for Indians, but the price is nothing compared to the benefit to the northern part of the State. It has been a common saying, that at Indian treaties, there was but one party to the bargain—here, there were two, and so far as I can judge or know, the Indians were dealt with fairly and justly, and protected from the numerous speculators and claimants who usually swarm at such places, who were all dealt with without fear, favor or partiality, with an eye single to justice, without reference to political service hitherto rendered, or those in expectancy.

—RUFUS.

Danville Ill 5th Oct 1833.

DOWNING CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, 23d Sept. 1833.

I sent a letter to you by Zekeil Bigelow just afore I left New York; and I was off as soon as they got the steam up. When I got to Philadelphia, I only had time to take a run round to see Squire Biddle a minute, and I found him pretty busy, but as good natured as ever. "Well," says he, "Major the General has opened his battery, but I'm afraid he'll kill as many friends as enemies." Well says I, "that's no matter he's got out of em." "But," says he, "Major, I thought you told us he'd do nothing till you got back again." This kinder cornered me, and made me a little wrathful;—and so, says I Squire I would like to know what you mean to do about it? And so I thought this would kinder corner him—"O," says he, "Major I'll tell you," and with that he turned round and picked up a bundle of letters he was just going to send off to branches, and he read some on em, and I read some on em; and they was all pretty much alike, tellin his folks to do all they could in relieving the money market, and not let people suffer, and just to carry as much sail as they could without splittin em, for now as the storm had come on, they could tell more about it than when it was only rumblin and lightening. Well, says I, this is a curious piece of business. The General wont like this, says I, and I would like to know your notion. "Why," says he, "Major we hope the people will decide against him when Congress meets." "What," says I, "do you call Congress 'the people'?" How you talk, says I—and if that is your notion of the Government, then, says I Squire you are a bigger fool than I took you for. Why says I, I and the General don't care no more for Congress, than we do for the legins. Well then, says he, there is the Cabinet,—perhaps they will have something to say about it. Well says I, that's worse yet. What has the Cabinet got to do with it? do you think we are going to appoint folks to tell us what to do? No, no, says I, Squire—you know a good deal, but you don't know nothing about the Government yet. The General didn't fight that New Orleans battle for nothing, says I. And when the people made him President, they knew he was the most knowing man goin, and ever since I've been with him, they are more and more sartin nothing more is wantin, unless it is for Mr. Van Buren to cut in, when we give out and go to the Hermitage, and with that I streaked it to Washington.

It was nigh upon midnight when I got to the White House, and the General was abed; and as I knew he wanted to see me dreadfully, I went right into his room and woke him up. "Why," says he "Major is that raly you? for I've been dreaming about you. I'm glad you are back again, for things are gittin pretty stormy here. So do you come to bed, and we'll talk about it." As soon as I got along side the General—there now, says he, Major I don't care for all the rest of the Government except Mr. Van Buren; and if we three aint a match for all creation, I'm mistaken. Says he "Major hant you seen my proclamation agin Biddle?" Yes, says I, I saw it at Baltimore. Well, says he, what do you think of it? Why, says I, General, I've been thinkin a good deal about it, and I'm thinkin about it all the while. Major, says he, that proclamation agin Biddle will kill him and the Bank as dead as that one agin the Nullifiers killed Calhoun and his party. There is nothin, says he, like a proclamation. And I have been thinkin, says he, Major, to git you to write one too, for there is a good many things yet I didn't say nothin about. I want you to read over Mr. Van Buren's late letters and you'll find a good many things wants attendin to. We have killed Calhoun and Biddle, but there are a raft of fellows to put down yet, such as Webster, and McDuff, and Clay, and Binny, and Everett, and Sargent, and Burgess, and a hundred others; and as the most on em are in Congress, I'm thinkin the best way would be for you and I to git up a proclamation agin Congress; and that's what I was dreaming about jest now. The most on em, I reckon, have been borrowin money of Biddle or wanted to, and if they hant, its no matter. And Mr. Van Buren thinks it would be well to call a convention to nominate a President and you and I can manage to skip that in the proclamation too, and if things don't go right for him, I'll hold on till it does. Well, says I, General, you know I telled you I'd stick to you through thick and thin, and I am to be depended on. I know it Major, says he, and I was only sorry you warent here a few

days ago; but Mr. Van Buren said there was no time to lose, and the first shot is worth a dozen afterwards. And so I come out agin Biddle at once. And it was jest so at New Orleans, if I hadnt gone down and gin the English a thump on the 23d December, they might have licked me on 8th January. And jest so it might be now, if we waited till Congress met, them fellows might re-charter the Bank in spite of us. But I reckon my proclamation has done up that business;—and it hant yours will. "Do you know," says he, "Major, that some of these fellows about me here, had the impudence to tell me tother day, I was runnin the risk of bein turned out of the White House."—Why, says I you dont say so? "Yes," says he, "its a fact—but, says he, Major, they dont know nothin about 'Raccoon hunting.' No, says I, 'oor skunkin neither.' And then he and I turned to; and told stories one arter another about rakoonin and skunkin till almost day light; and then we went to sleep. I expect my next will be a proclamation—but I dont know. We are pretty busy about every thing.

Your friend, J. DOWNING, Maj.
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

From the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

We publish to day another official document from Major Downing. The Major seems to consider the President's Proclamation against Mr. Biddle and the Bank as falling short of the mark; and he steps in very generously to make up the deficiency, by adding one of his own. Our friend seems to have rendered himself indispensably necessary to "the General." Indeed with all the advisers round about him, he would obviously get into serious difficulty every few days, if he were not kept straight by the Major's good sense, experience and discretion. It also seems as if the latter would verify the contrary of the wise man's maxim, that in the multitude of Counsellors there is safety, by the most decisive proof, that in this case, at least, there is far more wisdom in one sound head, than there is in those of the whole multitude round the pulpit of the palace.

At the same time, we must acknowledge, that the Major, in his Proclamation, has touched one ticklish subject.—We allude to the suggestion of a national convention to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. He may find, to his sorrow, that if he becomes leaky on that subject, that he may not only lose his bed fellow, but be obliged to shift his lodgings also.

Balt. Pat.

MAJOR DOWNING'S CLINCHER.

Published by Authority.

I, Major J. Downing, of the 2d Brigade of Downingville Militia, and second best man in the Government, (I and the General bein pretty much the bull on't) thinkin that the last Proclamation agin Biddle and the Bank hant got reasons enuff in it—give out this my Proclamation by way of a Clincher.

The times are now gittin pretty squally, and if we dont look out sharp things will go to smash,—and now is the time for all on you to back me and the General. We have been now nigh upon five years at work, nockin down abuses, and still things dont go exactly to our notion. We have taken all the offices away from the opposition folks; still some on em manage to git money to live on some where else. We have taken away the printin from them, and gin it all to our folks; still they keep printin other papers, and we cant manage to choak them off no how, but they will keep jawin and twittin on us; they wont print none of our notices, but keep all the while writin and printin their own, and try to make folks think that Webster, and McDuff, and Adams, and Sargent, and Clay, and Binny, and Everett, and Gallatin, and a raft more of such kinder fellows, know more than Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Kentle, Mr. Cambrelling, and Major Barry, and such good friends of ourn, and all as true as steel too. But I, and the General, have found out all about it. Biddle and the Bank are the varments—and if they are not put down there is no tellin the harm they'll do us. Biddle's Bank aint like other Banks—ev'ry thing it does goes pretty much right agin us; and most of the other banks do all they can to help us. There is one at Albany called the Regency Bank; now that is the right kind of bank, it loans money only to our friends, and gits its thumb on all the banks it can, and makes them do so too; and if they dont they put the screws on em—and that's the reason why our folks are so strong in Albany; and if the United States Bank was managed jest like the Regency Bank, we should all on us be much better off. And what was the United States Bank made for? Didnt Mr. Madison, and Mr. Monroe, and Mr. Adams, when they were Presidents, jest go into it whenever they pleased, and shovel out the money to their friends, and the opposition folks didnt git one cent; and now that General Jackson is President, and who has done more for the country than all the Presidents and Generals and Commodores, and the whole bunch on em ever did, when he wants to do a trifle for his friends in the same way, they wont let him—well then, says he, I'm the Government, and I want my money; and then they turn to and print books and speeches, saying the General aint the Government; and try to make folks think the Secretary of the Treasury and Congress, and not the General, has the right to take away the money. Now the General dont care no more for Congress than he does for the Secretary of the Treasury, and he'll sarve them jest as he has him. We dont want them, they only make trouble, unless they do jest as we tell em. We want money, and must have it. Some of our folks who have

been workin hard for us aint got any, and we have got no more offices to give em.

The rich folks have pretty much all the money, but as we cant vote em they ought to shell out—and that's pretty much Mr. Van Buren's notion too. And his notion is too, that there ought to be a convention to nominate a President, jest like that one a spell ago in Baltimore. One man is enuff for each State, only git the right one, and then vote by majority, jest as George Creamer did when he gave six and dirty votes for old Pennsylvania. It wont do to wait too long—its only three years more afore we shall want another President, and we ought to spring to it now jest as the General says about the Bank—that's got only three years more to run, and he is afraid it cant wind up as safely by that time as it can now, and so he's goin to give it a twist on the first of October—and we mean to follow it up till we knock it all to bis unless Biddle resigns, and if he does, the General says he'll make me President of the Bank, and give it a new charter, and then we'll git all our folks in and make things go better there.

There is no use in Congress or any body else to try and corner the General—he has thrashed double their number afore this, and if they do try to drive him in a corner, it will turn out just like a skunkin frolic,—the foremost dog will get the worst on't. By order of the Government,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

From the Turf Register, for Sept. 1832.

A REMARKABLE FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Kaskaskia Ill. July, 30, 1833.

Major John Pillers,—a farmer of great respectability; in this county,—informed me, that while he lived at his father's, in Missouri, some twenty years ago, a buzzard was taken alive, having gorged itself over a carcass to such a degree as to prevent its flying—its weight being too heavy for its wings: when he, together with his father, and a neighbor, with a small shoemaker's awl, ripped open its eyes, so that no part of the ball of either remained.—The head of the bird was then put under one of its wings, in which position it remained a few minutes when to the surprise of all, he gradually relieved his head from his wing, shook himself, as if to arrange his disordered feathers, and re-appeared with two good sound eyes—free from blemish, and possessing in every degree the power of vision? The seemingly cruel experiment was repeated with the same bird on different occasions, in the presence of different persons, fifty times, and always with the same result; and not the least injury appeared to have been occasioned by it. After the lapse of a few months, this bird flew away to its accustomed haunts.

I have mentioned this fact to several persons,—practical, uneducated men,—who though they had "never seen the like" expressed no surprise or doubt of its truth, but replied that they always heard that the down from the inside of buzzard's wing, was a cure for blindness in horses, and one man remarked that he cured a most inveterate case of approaching blindness, in himself by it. He procured the down, spread it on a bandage, applied it to his eyes, and recovered.

In corroboration of the statement of Major Pillers,—whose deposition is here to subjoined,—I can state my own experience on the subject. Travelling some three years since in the American Bottom, I staid part of a day with a friend of mine, whose step-son had the day before taken a half grown buzzard, disabled from flying by over eating. So soon as I saw the bird, the above statement of Major Pillers came fresh upon my recollection; and, as I had always been incredulous, I was determined to put it to the test of experiment, and accordingly mentioned the fact to the young gentleman who had the bird, and desired him to operate upon it. Having no sharp pointed instrument at hand, other than a common pin, with that he punctured one of the eyes: the aqueous humor flowed out, a whiteness like film came over the eye, and all its lustre instantly disappeared. The head was then placed under the wing of the bird, where it remained a few minutes only; and when taken out, the eye had resumed its usual brilliancy, appearing as sound as the other, with not a speck upon it. In this experiment, it is true, the eye-ball was not ripped open,—that operation seeming too cruel to have my participation; but, as far as it goes, it serves to inspire belief in the statement of Major Pillers.

And why should there not be a healing virtue in the down of a buzzard's wing? No man can say why not. Do we know whence those animal, mineral and vegetable substances, resorted to for the cure of all maladies, derive their healing powers? The fact that certain substances possess such qualities has been ascertained by experiment; and until that infallible test has disproved the efficacy of the down, no one can say it will not cure blindness. And why should not the buzzard have the power to reproduce its eyes? There are many mysteries in nature that we shall never be able to fathom. It is a mystery that an acorn can develop itself and become an oak; that an unsightly and disgusting worm can, in a short time become a most beautiful fly; in short, the whole world is but an open volume of mysteries, which all can wonder at, but few can unravel.

Upon sober consideration, it cannot be regarded more wonderful that a buzzard should have the power to reproduce its eyes than a spider its skin and legs—a horse his teeth and hoofs—our species their teeth and nails, or a deer his antlers.

They are all remarkable phenomena of animal physiology. The fact stated in the conclusion of the deposition, relative to the bald eagle, has not, I venture to say, arrested the attention of any one.—The ideas of feathers and plucking are ever associated; yet you cannot get those of the bald eagle without taking the skin with them.

Deposition of Major John Pillers.

I, John Pillers, a citizen of Randolph county, Illinois, do depose and say, that I am the individual alluded to in the above communication, and that the facts stated therein, so far as I am concerned, are true in every particular. The experiment of ripping open the buzzard's eyes, during the time we kept it, from February until May, was repeated, I dare say, fifty times, and once, at a log rolling, ten times in one day. An old African negro, belonging to Mr. Francois Vaile, Sen. of St. Genevieve, named Joseph, (then supposed to be upwards of one hundred years old,) first told me of it; and I have tried it frequently since on different buzzards, with the same result. The negro told me that the feathers could not be plucked out of a bald eagle. This is true. You may try it in any way, and scald it and you cannot pull out a feather.

John Pillers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, a justice of the peace of Randolph county, this 6th day of August, 1833; and I do further certify, that John Pillers, the subscriber to the above, is well known to me as a gentleman of character and respectability.

James Hughes, J. P. (Seal.)

WELLS.

Almost every family are more or less troubled by having the water in their wells become, at times, impure and unfit for use, in consequence of decaying and corrupting substances, such as dead cats, rats, toads, snakes, &c. finding their way into them. In many instances excellent wells are rendered good for nothing, and perhaps entirely abandoned, in consequence of the water becoming impure from some unknown cause, and many families, little able to bear it, are thus subjected to the trouble and expense of obtaining water elsewhere.

Good water is one of the greatest luxuries, as well as necessities of life, and the possession of it should not be lightly esteemed. For the information therefore, of such of our readers as have not known the fact before, we communicate the following simple mode of discovering every thing that lies in a well, and of ascertaining the situation and state of the water as it respects its cleanliness, purity, &c. viz: Take a small mirror and hold it over the well in such a position as to catch and throw the rays of the sun directly to the bottom of the well, which will instantly become illuminated in a manner so brilliant, that not only the smallest articles, such as pins, needles, spoons, knives, &c. can be distinctly discerned, but also, that the smallest pebbles and stones at the bottom can be as effectually examined as if they were held in the hand. The sun is in the best situation to be reflected in the above manner in the morning or afternoon of the day.

This simple experiment has been found to be of great utility, in finding any thing that may be lost, as well as in ascertaining the cause of the least impurity in the water. It was communicated to us by a worthy patron, with a wish that we should give it to the public.—Springfield Whig.

"YANKEE DOODLE."

An American gentleman in Paris, after giving an account of the 4th of July celebration in that capital, adds—

I must not omit to tell you how much we cheered "Yankee Doodle." At home we heard it with pleasure, but without cheering. Here when it struck up, it touched the electric chain that binds us to the pleasant land we have left, and all seemed to be inspired with one impulse—so "applaud to the very echo, that should applaud again." I know not whether the tune in the abstract be good or bad; but if music, like poetry, is to be praised according to the number of associations it awakens, or the images it renews, Yankee Doodle with us should have no parallel; and Von Weber never made such a strain in his life.

"Take a Scotchman from his hill" and at the ends of the earth tuckle his ears with Auld Robin Grey or Auld Lang Syne, and it annihilates time and space. He

"Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind."

He is back in imagination [which is reality,—as words are things] to the braesides, the heaths, the broom, the red plaid, the blue bonnets, the "honest men and bonny lasses." Or grind in the hard ears of a Swiss on Cumberland Road, his unmusical Ranz des Vaches, upon no sweeter organ than a cartwheel, and he is no longer in the Alleghanies. He is among his Alps, in some red log cabin, with one end sunk into the mountain, and perched on a cliff so steep that he must ascend it with hands and feet. Or he is beside some clear mountain lake a little mirror at the Alps, or some water fall or sheet of foam from their snowy summits.

I know not what are the images raised in the minds of others by "that good old tune," of which I spoke, but to me it is the glass of Surry's magician, and presents an image of beauty. It shows me a green land of long rivers and broad lakes—a land flowing with milk and honey—a land of steady habits, white churches, red school houses and many newspapers.

There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman—one when she wonders who she shall have—the other, when she wonders who will have her.