

GAZETTE.

VINCENNES.

SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1834.

Our neighbor of the Sun has copied the following paragraph from the Saturday Courier:

Extract of a letter, dated Fredericksburg, Dec. 1833: "This morning I saw \$100 cwt. of Gold, delivered at the Bank of Virginia, by a gentleman from Luisa, the produce of nine or ten days work of a company that have recently leased the mine.

Now this is all fudge—that nine or ten days work of a company in a gold mine should have realized 2 trillions 322 millions 432 thousand dollars, \$2,322,432,000 is a matter that will do for the marines, but the sailors will not believe it. \$100 cwt of gold!! Why it would make a Cape Poge Indian grin!! Tell it not in Gath, for the Kitchen Cabinet will assuredly lay their hands upon it. Publish it not in the streets of A-kalon, for Van Buren will endeavor to convert it to his own use—and last though not least, Major Jack Downing will come in for his share of this wonderfully wondrous windfall.

The subdivisions of fractional sections, under the act of April 5, 1832, have been received in this district, for the following townships, viz: T. 1, 3, 4, 5, 10, N. R. 1 W; T. 4, 10, N. R. 2 W; T. 3, 4, 10, 11, N. R. 3 W; T. 1, 2, 3, 9, 12, N. R. 4 W; T. 1, 6, 7, 8, 12, 13, N. R. 5 W; T. 1, 5, 6, 13, 14, N. R. 6 W; T. 1, 3, 4, 5, 14, N. R. 7 W; T. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 14, 15, N. R. 8 W; T. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, N. R. 9 W.

A meeting of the Shareholders of the Vincennes Library, will take place on Monday next, at 10 o'clock A. M. at the Library Room.

The last Hoosier, of Greencastle, contains the following on the passage of the Bank Bill:

"Immediately after it was ascertained that it had passed, the citizens generally resolved upon celebrating the event; a salute was fired on the evening, and at night the town was most brilliantly illuminated; the utmost harmony and cordiality prevailed during the whole celebration."

At the annual meeting of the Columbia Typographical Society, held at the City of Washington on the 4th January, 1834, the following toast was given by one of the members:

The Hon. John Ewing of Indiana, late editor of the "Vincennes Telegraph." His useful career as a legislator in the "Hoosier State," demonstrates that he will not be the last of the "Mohicans" in Congress.

From the Indiana Democrat, of Jan. 25, 1834.

BANK BILL PASSED.

The all-engrossing subject of a state Bank, was put to rest on yesterday evening, by the final passage of the bill. It will be perceived by our report of proceedings that there was a difference of opinion between the Houses, relative to the manner of electing the President of the State Bank—the Senate contending for its relative legislative weight in the election, together with some minor differences. A committee of free conference was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Hills and Morgan, on the part of the Senate, and Messrs. Dunn and Hargrove, on the part of the House of Representatives. A report was made to the respective Houses, on yesterday morning. The committee, in their report, agreed to the following, as the plan to be adopted, in voting for President of the State Bank, to wit: The Senate and House of Representatives to vote separately by ballot; providing, however, that after three unsuccessful attempts to elect, in this manner, both Houses shall proceed by joint ballot, to elect said officer—a majority of all the votes given, being necessary to a choice. On the introduction of the report to the Senate, Mr. Payne of Harrison, in a short but pertinent speech opposed this branch of the report. Messrs. Hills and Morgan replied; when the question of concurrence was taken and decided in the affirmative, ayes 12, nays 11. The other matters of disagreement were also adjusted in the report, and the branch had been previously agreed to by the Senate. The same report being made to the house, it was concurred in except so much as related to the election of President. The House refused to concur in this branch of the report, by a vote of 30 in favor and 44 against the motion. The Senate being informed thereof, a motion was made to adhere to their vote of concurrence; which was carried by a vote of 19 to 10. The House of Representatives was again informed thereof, & after some discussion, in which Messrs. Evans, Wallace, Thompson, Huntington, and others participated, Mr. Brown of Tippecanoe moved to re-consider the vote of concurring in the report of the committee of free conference, which was carried in the affirmative, by a vote of 39 to 32. The question recurring, on the adoption of the report of the committee, it was decided in the affirmative, by a vote of 41 to 31; so the difference was adjusted, and the bill only requires the signature of the Government to become a law.

HOUSE OF REP. U. S.

On motion of Mr. Ewing of Indiana, Resolved,—"That the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads be instructed to inquire into the expediency of establishing a post road from Bedford, in the county of Lawrence, through Mount Pleasant, in the county of Martin, to the town of Portersville, in the county of Dubois, and of extending post route No. 3014, (Post Office Register,) from Greencastle, through Manhattan and Pleasant Garden, towns in the county of Putnam, Bowling Green and New Brunswick, (Rowley's Mills,) towns in the county of Clay, to Caledonia, and thence to Carlisle, towns in the county of Sullivan, in the State of Indiana.

The Alexandria Gazette, speaking of the entire speech, holds a very different language:

BENTONIANA.

Mr. Benton finished his ponderous harangue in the Senate on Tuesday. The old adage, *de gustibus non est, &c.* comes in play favorably whenever we hear any body disposed to think favorable of this gentleman's style and manner of speaking, to say nothing about the matter of his speeches.

He struck the high and low keys, on Tuesday, frequently. At one time he would 'roar you as gently as a sucking dove.' Anon, he was furious and excited—*Jupiter tonans.* In this stage of his passion he would walk to and fro like a hungry lion seeking for whom he might devour. Let us string together some of the things that we heard and noted as the Orator proceeded—

He was, he said, a man of mind and imagination—he had the *logos*—he could conceive!

To tell the Senate, he said, that the Bank wanted the Deposites to loan to the merchants was nonsense! Tell it to the boarding school misses! to the buckskinned hero of tragedy who could play his part without crying in the wrong place!—[a

digression at Mr. Clay, who is said to have shed tears at the conclusion of the first part of his great speech.] He would hereafter receive no pledges—pledges were *breath!* [crumpling up his fingers—blowing on them as if they were cold, and flitting them off from his face.]

There was a war of giants against the Bank; but the excitement raised was mere mole hills!!!

William Pitt, George Canning, and the Bank of England. [Appearances were here in favor of the fact that the Orator had just risen from the perusal of the Modern History of England.]

The Bank saw a glittering diadem, ahead! It was for grasping it!

He read resolutions giving an epitome of his views on financial matters, in which it is said that the gold from our mines is sufficient for the currency of the country.

The answer that you can get silver by carrying U. S. Bank notes to the Bank, is delusion and mockery!

The Bank is a monster—and we are strong whilst Jackson is alive, and we must now destroy the monster.

The President flung back the Bank Charter pierced like Caesar's robe with twenty wounds.

He concluded his speech, as we stated yesterday, with a panegyric upon Gen. Jackson, in which he said that the Bank Veto had opened to him the portals of everlasting fame, and that we should hereafter see him represented in bronze casts, with laurels on his head, and the 'I take the Responsibility' document in his hand! The peroration meant to be fine, excited a general smile.

The National Gazette says, Dr. Burney, in his History of Music, mentions that Stentor is celebrated by Homer, as 'the greatest throat performer of antiquity.' Mr. Benton will gain a similar reputation, as to modern times—by the duration, if not the sonorosity of his performances.—And, no doubt, he will be duly celebrated by the laureat of the Kitchen Cabinet

GENERAL POST OFFICE.

We copy the subjoined from the Marylander; it places in a few words, the impropriety of the conduct of the Post office, in a strong light before the public.

Cincinnati Gazette.

MR. BARRY AND HIS LOANS.

The 2d clause of the 8th section of the 1st article of the Constitution gives to Congress the power to 'borrow money on the credit of the United States,' but as they have passed no law authorizing the Post Master General, as their agent, to borrow the \$100,000, which he states he has obtained on loan—has he not violated the Constitution, and is he not, therefore, liable to impeachment?

As there is no mention made in his annual report of the receipt or disbursement of these \$100,000, and as that report should contain all the operations of his department, and show all his receipts and disbursements, from whatever source derivable, is not such suppression of fact and truth, sufficient cause to institute an inquiry of Congress?

Is it not the duty of the President, to recommend to Congress an immediate and rigid scrutiny into all the affairs of the Post office department?

If the Post Master General borrowed this enormous sum without the knowledge and approbation of the President, has he not, in so doing, worked a constitutional forfeiture of office?

If he borrowed it with the approbation and consent of the President, has not that high officer, by such connivance at a violation of law and duty by a subordinate, subjected himself to impeachment?

The Post Master General is bound by the act of March 2d, 1799, to "once in three months render to the Secretary of the Treasury a quarterly account of all the receipts and expenditures in the said department, to be adjusted and settled as other public accounts." Has he done so? If he has so settled has he included the before mentioned loans in such settlements? If so, why conceal them from Congress until they were extorted from him by the 'searching operation' of the Senate's resolution.

A QUERIST.

A trunk-maker in New York has recognized the trunk which was near being made an internal machine in Rhode Island, as one of his make, and hopes are entertained that the person who bought it, and the person who placed the powder and pistols in it, will be discovered.

From the Montrose (Penn.) Register.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Harrisburg Sept. 15, 1832.

Dear Sir:—I have read with feelings of peculiar approbation the editorial remarks in your paper of the 7th inst. on the subject of the Vice Presidency. I had already noticed, with no other emotion than those of contempt and disgust, the movements and declarations to which you allude—designed to create a belief that the Presidential Electors nominated on the 5th of March last, would, if elected, vote for Mr. Van Buren as Vice President. I will not believe, that any honest and intelligent friend of Gen. Jackson, can be guilty of such gross temerity. Should even a well-grounded suspicion prevail, that such a cause would be ultimately pursued by any portion of the electors on our ticket—thousands of Gen. Jackson's sincere friends would be deterred from supporting it; and if the corrupt attempts to induce this course are persisted in to the last, it may render doubtful even the entire electoral vote for Gen. Jackson himself.

Strange as it may seem, and discreditable as it certainly is, to its authors and abettors—I am now convinced, from recent developments, and facts within my own knowledge, that a deep laid plot is actually in a train of maturation, having for its object the transfer (if possible) of a part if not the whole electoral vote of Pennsylvania, to Mr. Van Buren. The plan is to remain quiet hereafter until the Presidential election, when the vote of the people will have been given with a view to Mr. Wilkins—then meetings of squads are to be got up wherever it is possible, and resolutions passed complimentary to Mr. Wilkins, but expressing regret that his prospects of success throughout the Union are no better, and a hope, that as an act of patriotic sacrifice rendered necessary by the crisis of affairs—he will decline. These will be paraded as evidence of public opinion, immediately before the electors assembled—to justify those (if any) who may be so inclined for giving their votes for Mr. Van Buren, and thus shamelessly degrading the political character of the State.

Be not astonished at almost any political movement in these times—therefore startle not when I tell you that I have seen letters (and heard of others) from New York politicians, which contain an outline of the above project. And that there are men in this State, engaged in this humiliating scheme, who profess to be friendly to Gen. Jackson—but who, in truth, are merely employing the influence of his name for their own mercenary and ambitious purposes—is equally certain, and susceptible of the clearest proof!—What Pennsylvanian, let me ask, who cherishes a single feeling of State pride or has a spark of manly spirit glowing within his bosom, but must awaken to indignation at the insult to the State, which this project involves?—It is such an insult as no one except the servile tools of a practised political gambler and systematic, intriguer, would dare to offer, even the most insignificant state in the Union. I have too much respect for the individuals named on our electoral ticket, to believe that any of them will prove recreant to the principles avowed by the fifth of March Convention, and cast their votes for the New York candidate for the Vice Presidency. I know it is a common maxim, that "every man has his price,"—however true this may be as a general rule, so far as I am concerned in this case, I must plead an exception. With me there can be no price for such a violation of faith and dereliction of principles. Mr. Van Buren having, by himself and his friends, done all in his power to defeat the views and just claims of the Democracy of Pennsylvania, ought to be the last man to expect, and I trust will be the last man to receive its favors. My vote can never be given to him for the Vice Presidency under any circumstances, and I took occasion to declare myself, in the broadest and most unequivocal terms, the other evening, to the State Central Committee, in order, if there were any latent understanding in which they participated to transfer ultimately, the vote of this State to Mr. Van Buren—that my name might be stricken from the ticket.

My personal respect for the President and the connection (unfortunate, I must call it, both for the country and General Jackson) which recently existed between him and Van Buren, has hitherto deterred me in some measure, from speaking of the latter as I think he deserves. The unspiring bitterness of their former opposition to General Jackson—continued until every hope of success was blasted by the firmness of Pennsylvania—argued but little in favor of the sincerity and patriotism of his late fawning professions—to say nothing of their grossness and servility. Situated as I am, when at home, on the confines of the State of New York, and having been personally intimate with many of Mr. Van Buren's partisans, few individuals have had better opportunities, than myself, of marking his political manoeuvres, for the last twenty years; during which time he has exhibited all the powers and qualities with regard to politics, of the chameleon assuming every hue and color which his ambitious purposes, in view of the exigencies of the moment, seemed to require.—To speak plainly—I know him to be devoid of political integrity—and most of those high qualities of the mind, which wherever they may be found, I humbly trust no minor difference in matters of human opinion will ever prevent me from duly acknowledging or yielding a just respect. Counting, and a certain species of popular tale, he indeed possesses, but

these only render him the more dangerous in times of public excitement and ill-will. When he first entered Gen. Jackson's Cabinet, I expressed my serious misgivings of the result, to Judge McLean, (then Postmaster General,) and others; and the mischiefs which I then apprehended have been more than verified. His whole course has been that of a political disorganizer whenever it could promote his selfish schemes. Party arrangements, and even the sacred ties of personal friendship, have been sacrificed upon the altar of his insatiate ambition.

Pennsylvania is fast losing her weight and influence in the Union, by substituting, erroneously as I conceive, an implicit devotion to men, for patriotism. And what increases the humiliation of her position is, that this devotion is never concentrated on her own men. Now, who that is in the least conversant with the springs of human action, can for a moment believe that our state will ever be duly respected by the nation, so long as she facility concedes by her conduct, that talented men are inferior to those of other states. For my own part, I am heartily sick of this trait in the policy of Pennsylvania. In the various avocations of life, professional and otherwise, this state has produced some of the most distinguished men of the age; and yet, in a political point of view, many of her best men have been neglected or forgotten, amid the din of party feuds and domestic dissensions.

As an elector, nominated and instructed by the late democratic convention, I have cheerfully given my pledge to vote for Andrew Jackson and William Wilkins, which pledge, if I have the honour to serve, shall be faithfully redeemed, unless I am absolved from such obligation by the death or subsequent acts of those candidates. And even then, since the state has taken a stand in behalf of one of her own sons, I would still be in favor of a Pennsylvania candidate. But if by any combination of circumstances, I should be induced to look for a vice President out of the state, I would decidedly prefer Philip P. Barbour of Virginia, whom I know to be a democratic of the Jefferson school, a sincere friend of the President, and to possess talents of the highest order. A man above all, I believe him to be as honest a man as ever lived.

I have thus very hastily and concisely given you my views with regard to certain matters naturally connected with the subject of the paragraph in your paper, first alluded to. They are the same that I express on all proper occasions—and I care not in what way, by whom, or to whom they are communicated.

Very respectfully,
Your friend and servant,
SAMUEL M'KEAN.

From the N. Y. Evening Star.

Don't believe the newspapers, is a common word with some politicians who do not admire the truth. Don't read my speech in the newspapers, says an M. C. unless I myself report it. Take what you see in the papers, says another simpering member of the Common Council, with many grains of allowance. And why so? What is a newspaper, its uses, appliances, appurtenances, and character, that it should thus be jibed and jeered at?—What is a newspaper? It is an *olla podrida*—an omnium gatherum—a multum in parvo—an *imperium in imperio*—“the mirror held up to nature”—“the very form and pressure of the times”—the breathing image and type of this bustling, restless world—a map and picture of human life—the text-book of mortality and record of human thoughts and feelings, and of every accident, ill, event, or circumstance that ‘flesh is heir to,’ from the helpless infant in the cradle to the powerful despot on his throne—from the humble obscurity of the cottage to the ‘cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces’—from the peaceful abodes of rural life to the ‘pomp and circumstance of glorious war’—the mitered bishop—the plumed helmet—the pale-faced victim of poverty and disease—the pampered glutton—from the ghastly groups of living spectres immured in dungeons to the husbandman that breathes the air of heaven, and, when his daily task is done, slumbers sweetly on his pillow—the haggard politician that ‘murders sleep’ over his midnight lamp, scheming out plots to delude the multitude, and to clutch the glittering diadem of vaulting ambition that ‘overleaps itself’—the hardy huntsman, scorning the world’s favours, and fearlessly roaming through the trackless forest, or clambering the highest crag of the precipice—the miserly felon in his cell, clanking his chains to beguile away the long agonizing hours that are to make up the measure of his guilty life—the lover, wooing at his mistress’ feet—the murderer plunging his poniard in the blood of unprotected innocence—from the student cloistered in the depths of solitude, revelling upon the cobweb fancies of his own ideal word to ‘the sea-boy on the high and giddy mast,’ bounding cheerily over the mountain wave, thoughtless of danger or care? All these and numberless multitudes of minor actors are the *dramatis personae* that successively move through the shifting scenes of the *tableau vivant* of which the columns of a newspaper are the theatre. And what an incongruous and heterogeneous aggregation of discordant materials make up the ingredients of its composition—of contrasting and wondrous incidents—marvelous tales—mysterious enunciations—verbose discussions—metaphysical disquisitions—sportive essays—stern alarms and dreadful accidents—bomastic panegyrics, jests, anecdotes, deaths, marriages, conundrums, enigmas, puns, poetry, acrostics and advertisements, of every shade,

color, and form, from grave to gay, from lively to severe,—the rainbow, chameleon or kaleidoscope are more diversified, nor Pandora's box more prolific in its contents nor the lumber-room of the most erudite brain of the three kingdoms more cluttered up with the *disjecta membra*, the shreds and patches of all things on, within, above, or upon the earth—from the aerial ascension of Mr. Durant to the last downward plunge of cataract-leaping Patch;—from the chase of the sea serpent and grisly bear to the capture of Black Hawk and the honored frog;—from the Siamese twins to the twins of Latona;—from the gold mines of Georgia to the gold vaults of the Bank—from Colonel Crockett whipping his weight in wild-cats to Major Downing bastinadoing the British at Madawaska—from Mr. Taney of the Treasury Mr. Zane of the Primer—from Alabama squatters to psalm singing Partisans—from Carolina crackers to wooden nutmeg venders—from advertising bachelors to crim. con. slopements—from slander poisoned paragraphs to pistol-shooting duelists—from the Yankee doo-dle of the menagerie to the *Dallo Giaia* of the opera—from logic to phys.—from the *Five Points* to the Magdalen Society—from A. T. Burgundy to the Newmarket races—from Don Miguel to Queen Isabella—from the Jim Crow of Mr. Rice to the gym nasties of Mr. Fuller—from the collar press to the press on the money market—from Kendall coal to Amos Kendall—from the ‘Great Magician’ to the Cabinet of the Kitchen—nullification and consolidation—rail-roads and steamboats—bursting boilers and broken axle trees—icebergs and orange trees—Indian corn and indigo—cotton bags and cholera—all mingled up together in agreeable confusion upon the miniature picture which the industrious journalist spreads out for the daily repast of his readers! And is this a concern for an honorable M. C. to turn up his nose at? Pooh!

From the Baltimore Gazette.

THE VETERAN LAFAYETTE.—AND HIS FLORIDA LANDS.

Certain paragraphs which have lately appeared in the American papers, might lead the public to suppose that General Lafayette, who takes so much pleasure in being called an *American Veteran*, had parted with the *entire tract* of land given him by Congress, in consideration of his sacrifices and devotion in the cause of America; when she was in the greatest need; foregoing the enjoyments of rank and opulence at home, to risk his life and fortune for our independence. But we are pleased to be informed by his friend and agent, Mr. Skinner, that the old General has never wavered in his determination under all circumstances to retain a portion of the land, as a memorial of his gratitude, for what he is pleased to acknowledge as the liberality of Congress; and his instructions have always been rather to lose the most advantageous sale of the whole, than not to retain a part for his family.

In his last letter dated fourth November last, he says that whilst he regrets the obligation to part with this fine tract, he feels more than ever attached to the spot which he can allow himself to retain. "I depend, he says, on your and Mr. Williams' kind precautions at the same time that