

GAZETTE.

VINCENNES.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1834.

CONGRESS.

This body, after a stormy and protracted session, adjourned, we have no doubt, on the 30th ult. It has been an eventful session, and one which will be long remembered in this country. Stephenson's nomination was yet pending, and we think it extremely doubtful whether it will be confirmed by the Senate. That branch of the National legislature is worthy of all praise. Its members have nobly stood in the breaches of the Constitution. In their manly defence of liberty, they will be sustained by a large majority of the American people. Mr. Clay's resolutions, which passed through that body without division, declaring the Secretary's reasons insufficient for the removal of the public deposits, and in favor of having them made in the U. S. Bank, were laid on the table in the lower House. The friends of the administration dared not to meet the measure boldly. They would not vote on the reasons of Secretary Tandy, knowing as they did, that they would be thrown in the minority. They therefore, voted to lay the resolutions on the table. This may suit party purposes for the time being, but it will not be satisfactory to the American people. Many thousands of dollars of the people's money, will be lost forever by the deposits in the local banks. They have failed, and will continue to fail. It will not do to have the public purse under the control of one man, even though that man is Gen. Jackson. The public moneys are now left in his hands and those of his Kitchen Cabinet, to be squandered for electioneering purposes. The times are sadly out of joint—that's certain.

THE GEN. POST OFFICE.

This is the most rotten part of the present administration. The Report of the majority of the Committee appointed by the Senate to inspect its affairs, proves to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind, that the excess of expenditure in four years of the present administration over the four years of the preceding administration, is *three millions of dollars*.—There are 40,000 dollars missing which neither Maj. Barry nor his Clerks can give any satisfactory account of. This is abominable. Under Mr. McLane, the Post Office was a source of revenue to the Government; now it is a dead weight; and the people must be taxed to pay its debts. It is insolvent—utterly bankrupt; and yet Maj. Barry has been retained in office by Gen. Jackson to do the very things he has done.

Another break up in the Cabinet.—Mr. McLane has resigned the office of Secretary of State. It is rumored also that the Attorney General, Mr. Butler, is becoming displeased with the atmosphere of Washington. It is conjectured that Mr. Wilkins will go into the Post Office, vice Major Barry removed. Mr. Polk and Mr. Forsyth are talked of as likely to fill a seat in the Cabinet. Amos Kendall or Thos. H. Benton is to be Treasurer!—God forbid. What would become of the people's money in such hands?

We have just received Nos. 6 and 7 of the 2d volume of Parley's Magazine. It is an interesting work, and one admirably adapted for the amusement and edification of the young. The two numbers may be seen at our office. We take pleasure in recommending the work to such of our friends and patrons as have children at school. The price is low—only one dollar per annum. It has become a great favorite in the Schools east of the mountains. It is accompanied by spirited and appropriate engravings, which add much to its interest. While it conveys a useful fund of knowledge to the juvenile mind, it is well calculated, from its entire novelty, to give an enduring taste for general reading and literature.

A severe storm of thunder and lightning was experienced in this town on Wednesday evening last. The lightning struck in two or three places. Providence no lives were lost.

Extract from a letter of a gentleman now in Washington, to his friend in this place.

A pre-emption bill, allowing settlers, two years from the 1st day of January last, to enter their improvements is now a law.

The Cumberland Road Bill, granting to Indiana more for that object than she ever had any one year, (\$150,000) is passed—other appropriation bills, will not, it is thought, be passed until the Treasury is settled—who is to succeed McLane, in the State Department is doubt-

ful, and the resignation of Secretary Cass, is talked of—Stephenson's nomination as Minister to England will not be confirmed.

From the N. Y. Commercial of Thursday.

DEATH OF LAFAYETTE.

This morning the packet ship Silas Richards, Captain Bursley, arrived from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 24th of May. By this arrival the editors of the Commercial Advertiser have received numerous files of London papers to the 23d of May, and Liverpool to the 24th both inclusive.

The first item of intelligence that attracted our attention, and before the tidings of the fact had reached us by rumor, was the death of the last surviving General of the glorious army of the American Revolution—the immortal LAFAYETTE! The accounts of his indisposition reaching us from time to time for several weeks past, together with his great age, had indeed prepared us for this event. Still it will carry sadness to every American heart. We have given ample details of this melancholy event below. The English journals, of all parties, seem vying with each other to dim the lustre of the deceased patriot's character and renown. He died on the 20th of May. His funeral was to be celebrated on the 23d ultimo. The papers of the 21st—the day after his decease, were chiefly filled with remarks and particulars relative to his death.—With two exceptions only—and those the two remaining advocates of the fallen cause of legitimacy—the French papers, in bearing testimony to the eminent political qualities and private virtues of the departed patriot.

The Death of General Lafayette is one of those events which cannot take place without striking home to a nation's heart with that force of mighty sadness which is remembered once and forever. No corner of the earth but will be affected by the tidings. Filling the highest and the proudest station in public opinion, that was perhaps ever occupied by a mortal—so inseparably associated with the birth and progress of the grand events which have placed this age in an unapproachable advance of every other, and which have given a new tone to the political aspect of the world—the death of the purest and most consistent republican of his time—will startle with the contrast of their own degeneracy, the profligate anarchists of France, and the tottering idols of exploded despotism will exult in the removal for ever from the scene of life, of the incorruptible patriot—the sway of whose holy principles made them shake and tremble on their lofty thrones.

And America! how will the voice of universal sadness ring from her thousand hills, now that the last of the memorable men who guided her arm in the dark hour of her revolutionary struggle, is no more! The friend of her Washington—the last link that bound his living memory with her present greatness—the first in her affections—the first in her gratitude—whose memory will live last in her remembrance. Lafayette! thou great and good! the time will never come when the recollection of thy virtues and thy services will be effaced from the heart of the country of thy adoption, and to which thy exertions so greatly contributed to give rank among the nations of the earth.

This is not the time, and not the place to give that view of Lafayette's character to which it is entitled. What vicissitudes of political life have been his! He commenced his career when the light of the most dazzling period of the lofty monarchy of France was still bright upon the land. Actuated by the impulse of his generous enthusiasm, he enlisted his energies in that infant cause of liberty which attained a vigorous manhood in America, and stretching across the wide Atlantic, soon grew to a giant's might in his native land. The Royal Ship of France went down. The feudal rule of a thousand years was supplanted by the genius of Revolution, which, drunk with license, and mad with new-found power, stalked on from desolation to desolation—subverting all, controlling all, destroying all—until mankind grew sick with horror, and turned frightened from the sight.

But Lafayette had no part with its blood, its terrors, or its crime—his voice was heard above the storm—the serene of his principles prevailed at last, and for a moment France seemed to have settled into the grandeur and dignity of regulated freedom. Then came the iron sway of a sterner but more imposing despotism. Napoleon went on from conquest to conquest—gathering glory from successive victories—and, concentrating the nation's energy with his own fame and power, till the bubble burst, and he fell, crushed beneath the massive weight of the edifice he had created.

Lafayette never bowed down to the splendid idol. When the world went wild with adoration—aloof and in retirement, the republican General, unawed, undaunted, and unintimidated, preserved his consistency and principles. The Bourbons, supported by the bayonets of the Holy Alliance, returned to the throne which mocked their imbecility. The patriot of 1787 was true to himself in 1814. He had no common cause with men whose promises were faithless—whose presence was an incubus on the land. And in the hundred days, still faithful to the guiding principles of his life, he distrusted the suspicious love for constitutions, which found in the despot master of the Confederation of the Rhine.

When the dynasty of Napoleon was crushed by the arm of England never to rise, on the plains of Waterloo—the unfeigned purity, and far-reaching wisdom of Lafayette saved the nation from the

tremendous horrors of a protracted struggle, which the defeated and desperate monarch could have created.

For fifteen years, the chafed and uneasy nation again endured the Bourbon sway. Lafayette, throughout, distrusted them—and when, with madness weak as it was wicked, they attempted in 1823, to wield the sceptre of Louis the Fourteenth, and they fell, in an instant, beneath the fearful re-action they had created.

The all-powerful character and spotless integrity of Lafayette was interposed to save the nation. All France was in his hands. With the ease of instant determination he might have stepped into the vacant throne—but he preferred the greatness of saving his country to the glory of ruling it.

His conduct then, completed his renown, and gained him a distinction of pure and unadulterated fame which no public character ever before attained. From that time he has remained the idol of his country and the wonder of the world—the man whose character and whose consistency alone preserved the nation.

Acknowledged by all to be the man who held the juring destinies of Europe and of the earth in his hand—acknowledged by all, and proved, by events, to have been the only man existing who could not abuse his trust, who could not be tempted by his situation.

Such, in a few words, was Lafayette—the morning-star of one Revolution, and the guiding light of another—he lived to see his principles triumphant and his glory complete—by saving his country at the most tremendous crisis of its whole history—and has gone down to the grave with an honor, a celebrity, and a purity of reputation rarely if ever before attained by any public character.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Chronicle.

WASHINGTON, June 18, 1834.

Wednesday evening, 7½ o'clock.

In the Senate this morning, a conversation took place between Messrs. Clay and Grundy, which has been repeated variously during the day, probably in many cases to the injury of its real import.

I understand that Mr. Grundy took upon him to deny that the President of the United States had continued Mr. Barry in office for some time after he was acquainted with the mal-administration of that department. The observation was probably intended to remove the current belief, that the President was disposed to connive at the delinquencies and unconstitutional doings of Major Barry. Mr.

Clay enquired of Mr. Grundy, if he was to be understood as making this declaration or denial by authority. Mr. Grundy said he had no communication with the cabinet; but reiterated his opinion, that it would turn out as he had stated, nay further, that in less than a week, he should be able to speak with certainty on the subject. Mr. Clay was sorry the Senator from Tennessee could not speak with certainty now; that he, Mr. C. should hold the opinion, that the President of the United States had continued Mr. Barry in office since his delinquencies had been known to the Executive. Here the dialogue dropped. *Nous verons.* Our city is full of rumors to day, and some of them point at great changes about to be made in the departments, and of resignations already made. It is rumored and believed, that Mr. Polk, (the present Chancellor of the Exchequer) will be nominated as Secretary of the Treasury. And it is also rumored that the Hon. Thomas P. Moore, the ex-Minister to Colombia, is to be placed at the head of a bureau. It is also thought by many (but I shall not speak of it as *on dit*) that the faithful services of the Hon. W. Wilkins, Senator from Pennsylvania, will be speedily rewarded with O! "consummation so devoutly wished."

From the Baltimore Patriot.

BARGAIN AND SALE.—Our Washington Correspondent discloses some secrets worth knowing in relation to Mr. Stephen's intended mission to England. That Mr. Stephenson has conducted, as the presiding officer of the House, in all his appointments of Committees, and in his decisions, in slavish obedience to Executive will, has been manifest to the whole nation. But if we are now to have the damning evidence of the fact under the hand of His Majesty's Secretary of State, we do say he will have met to him no more than his deserts, in a prompt rejection of his nomination by the Senate. We want no better evidence of the estimation in which he is held by the House, than that not a single member was found to rise in his place and offer the customary vote of thanks. Stephenson, at best, is but a vain ostentatious man, and the sooner he is suffered to sink into forgetfulness the better for himself and his country.

THE POST OFFICE.

The following Washington letter from the New York Evening Star is capital—capital for its truth and for the manner in which the truth is told:

Washington, Thursday, June 12. I wish you would come on to Washington, would show you the finest living definition of the word *chap-fallen* which you could possibly witness between here and the world's end. The building before me (the Post Office) is literally a Medusa's head; it petrifies every Jacksonian that looks at it. Those of them who were wont to pass by it at the most direct path to reach their boarding houses, now go round another way; those who, to save expense, called for oranges in their own letters, sacrifice economy to feeling—and give "a consideration," as Trapo says in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, to an unconscious honest nigger, to save them the sight of a building which reminds them of disgrace, and threatens them with dishonor and defeat. *Guys*, by this time, Major Barry wishes he had never been "a man of letters." "Corruption?"

did I not hear that word sometime since from the lips of the administration? as Moore says,

"From purity's own cherub mouth?"

Yes! Corruption was the watch-word! The corrupt Bank! The monster Bank! Its influence on the press! Its loans to favorites! Its publications in its own defense!

What but *madness* could have induced the advocates of the administration, with the consciousness of intent guilt in their bosoms, and the certainty too of its exposure, to have assailed the Bank as it has done? Corruption of the Press! Look at the Post Office Reports: either of them! "Corrupt loans?" Look at the Post Office Reports either of them. "Misrepresentation—aye, wilful misrepresentation of the state of facts?" Look at those portions of the President's last Message which relate to the Post Office Department: *Insolvency!*—(mark you this, Master Brooke, for your house has suffered by the word)—*INSOLVENTY!*—Is the BANK INSOLVENT? No, is the POST OFFICE INSOLVENT? Yes! And, rely on it, it will take a score of such old women as Goody Grundy to shoulder up the falling fabric! Yet *now comes*, this is the stern, the rigid President and Cabinet, whose eyes cannot behold iniquity, and whose potent hands cannot restrain the bill of vengeance.

The monster Bank if it were all they describe it to be; if it had all the power, and all the corruption within it, which its enemies, with

Jackson at their head, declare, let it hide its diminished monstrous head, when it sees uprising in all its magnitude and potency before it, the MONSTER POST OFFICE, with its thousands and tens of thousands of evil deeds darkening on its crest. What will the people think of the President now? A one-eyed Argus, who could watch the corruptions or asserted corruptions of an institution which has been as the refreshing shower in summer to our country, and keep his other eye asleep or blind to the corruption necessarily carrying on by the Post Office. The people will think on this—and more, they will decide upon it. Thirty thousand extra copies have been ordered to be printed. Thirty thousand extra copies of the reports on the accounts of the Post Office! Do you know, sir, how many fire brands were *watered*—I should say *lit*—by Sampson to the fox's tails? Short, I believe, of 30,000—and yet they made dreadful havoc among the corn of the Philistines!—Thirty thousand copies of such combustible matter as these reports are formed, is sufficient to burn up the whole Van Buren Jacksonism of the country; for there is no pure Jacksonism left.

REFORM ECONOMY.

In the report of the Post Office Committee of the Senate, it appears that from the 30th September, 1831, to the 30th of September, 1833, a period of two years, Patriot Pen, of Louisville, received from the Post Office, for *blanks, paper and twine* \$9,566 36, nine thousand five hundred and sixty six dollars thirty six cents. The job in two years, was taken from the establishment of the Cincinnati Gazette and transferred to the Patriot for Economy.

The whole sum received by the Gazette office, for *blanks, paper and twine*, for about the same extent of country, from January 1st 1825, to May, 1829, a little more than four years, was \$2627 33.—Two thousand six hundred twenty seven dollars thirty three cents. The value of jobs seems greatly to have increased under the reign of reform.—Cincinnati Gaz.

Provided for Escape.—We understand that Mr. Amos Butler, of Marlborough, was grinding spades lately at the scythe factory, Capt. Amos Sibley, in Troy when the grindstone, weighing about a ton, was revolving at the rate of 200 times a minute, split open, and threw him to the top of the shop, where he was sitting, as has since been ascertained by measure. He was taken up nearly dead, but by timely medical aid, and the good Providence of God, life was preserved, and he is now in a fair way to recover. No bones were broken.—Museum.

From the New-York Courier and Enquirer.

Exchange Papers.—There are in all, about one thousand newspapers published in the United States; and at different times we have been requested to exchange with the whole of them. As far as possible, we have complied with these requests, and when we have refused, it has been from a conviction that we could not afford to do otherwise, added to the impossibility of finding time to examine all if we received them. At a crisis like the present, however, we deem it our interest and the interest of the country, that a free and full exchange of sentiments should take place between those who advocate the same principles; and therefore although we have now nearly four hundred papers on our Exchange list, we propose a free exchange with all the *Whig* papers in the U. S. from this time till the 1st of January next.

Editors with whom we now exchange, will oblige us by republishing this notice.

From the Boston Evening Journal.

WONDERFUL MACHINE.—We find in an English publication of 1734, a description of an extraordinary aerostatic machine, which was prepared in Naples, for the purpose of gratifying the curiosity of royalty. The balloons of the present day are but pygmies compared with it. Notwithstanding the minuteness of the description, it is difficult for us to conceive that a body of such magnitude, at noon day, should ascend to a height which would render it invisible. It is also singular that in the course of three or four hours, this enormous balloon should be wafted only a mile from the place from which it started. But without further comment, we proceed to lay before our readers, a copy, verbatim, of the description of this huge balloon, and the aerial palace to it appended.

London, March 29. By a letter from Naples, dated the 19th February, we learn that his Majesty the King of Sweden, having expressed a desire to see the experiment of the air balloon, there was yesterday a grand exhibition by order of the Court of Naples, at Mr. Boutwell's Horse-Mill, four or five miles from this place, in company with the King of Sweden, who was placed, seated at the top of the engine house, in a building of the most beautiful architecture, grinding, by an unguarded step, and fitly in diameter, and two hundred in height, gilt, and bearing on the top an enormous crown, sparkling with well imitated precious stones, of various colors; to this globe was annexed a slow motion of the horses, which were on