

GAZETTE.

VINCENNES.

SATURDAY, OCT. 4, 1831.

The Western Sun assailants of our representative, we presume from the tenor of the last paper of that name, have for the present, at least ceased their vituperations against him. It is well—"they gnaw against a file." He is impervious to the attacks of such men. Honesty and talent, such as his, are a sufficient shield against those members of the Indiana Regency, who are seeking to further their own ambitious and selfish designs, by the prostration of every politician who has enlisted himself on the side of the people, and is striving with all the power which "God and nature" has given him, to advance their honor, their happiness, and their interests. The editor of the Sun in his last columns, gives, what it is presumed, his finale on this subject, briefly, sweetly, faintly, like the dying notes of the swan. We said *Indiana Regency*—mark those two words gentle reader; for you will see in due time, an exhibition of the designs of this Regency. Like that of New York, the individuals who compose it, are trying wondrous hard to deliver this state, bound hand and foot, to the legitimate heir, Martin Van Buren, (we quote the words of a Jackson editor,) but they are destitute of the talent which has hitherto characterised that notorious body. Much as we have been opposed to the course pursued by Gen. Jackson during his administration, we would rather support him for the Presidency, than that "wily magician," who has ever been opposed to every thing that savours of western interest and measures, and who, we believe, has been the principal agent in promoting those high handed measures of the Executive, which have crushed the venerable constitution of our country to the dust—paralyzed the energies of the nation—squandered the public money—crippled our manufactures, and brought down inextricable ruin upon thousands of families.

One word *en passant* to our neighbor of the Sun. We thank him for the introduction of Mr. Ewing's last reply. It has embellished his paper in an unusual degree, and afforded useful matter and home-spun truth for the political digestion of its readers, which cannot fail to have been edifying, if not quite as agreeable as the swallowing of the whole swine, tail, snout and all.

Mr. Caddington,

I see frequently the word "Tory" used in the newspapers, will you oblige me by giving the meaning of the word?

A SUBSCRIBER.

We will endeavor to comply with our correspondent's request. The word *Tory* is thus defined in Walker's Dictionary:—"Tory, a friend to monarchy and the church, a partisan, opposed to a Whig." We will now give the definition of the word "as we understand it." "A Tory," one who is governed by interest and habit alone—who considers not what is possible but what is real—who gives the preference over sight—who cries, long life to the conqueror, and is ever strong upon the stronger side, the side of corruption and proscription—who reiterates what his prompters say, and does as he is prompted by his own advantages. Broad is the way that leads to corruption, and multitudes there are who walk therein.—The Tory is sure to be in the thickest of them; his principle is to follow the leader; he knows that the Executive of the nation is the greatest and best, but does not trouble himself to enquire how the government is administered. He has no principles himself, nor does he profess to have any, but is ready to cut your throat by differing with any of his bigotted dogmas, or for objecting to any act of power that he supposes necessary to his interest. He will take his Bible oath that black is white, and that whatever is, is right, if it is for his convenience. He is not for empty speculations, but for full pockets. He is not a man, but a beast. He is stoned in his prejudices, he wallows in the mire of his senses; he cannot get beyond the feed trough of his sordid appetite. He tamples on the plea of humanity, and lives like a caterpillar, on the decay of public good. Truth and falsehood are to him something to buy and sell, and principle and conscience, something to eat and to drink. Such is a tory.

Curious.—The village Record states on most creditable authority, that a number of hen's eggs have been found in that county, with the word "War," in distinct

and handsome characters, written legibly upon them. The letters are raised above the level of the shell, like the letters used for instructing the blind. Those who have seen the eggs state, they must be natural productions; and that there cannot be any deception. It is also affirmed that every egg containing the letters is also marked with equal plainness "1831." The eggs are to be exhibited at the market house of Westchester on Saturday next.—*U. S. Gazette.*

We note the above as coming from the editor of an eastern print, and one whom we supposed, would have had more sense than to be thus hoaxed. Let the learned editor take an egg, and inscribe on it in hot grease, whatever word he pleases, whether it be War, Peace, Plague, Pestilence or Famine; then immerse it in a vessel containing strong vinegar, where it must remain for some time; he will then perceive that the words inscribed will be presented in distinct, raised and handsome characters; and for this he may take the word of an Hoosier. The curious, by calling at our office, can see one of the wonders.

[To place a *veto* on the fudge in last week's Sun, respecting Gen. Ripley, a member of Congress from Louisiana, we submit the following:]

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

Much has been said about the present political principles of Gen. Ripley, one of the newly elected members of Congress from Louisiana. We believe, however, that the subject no longer admits of controversy. All the papers that we receive from that State concur in the declaration that Gen. R., before his election, pledged himself strongly in favor of Whig principles, and against the illegal and unconstitutional encroachments of the administration. To this testimony we may now add that of a letter to the Louisiana Whig from a venerable gentleman, who is the neighbor and political confidant of Gen. Ripley, and who was actively engaged in writing in favor of his election during the canvass. The letter bears the evident stamp of the General's own authority. Let our opponents read it and relinquish with a groan the solitary little particle of comfort which they have endeavored to extract from the Western and South western elections:

Louisville Journal.

EAST FELICIANA, August 25th.
To the Editors of the *Louisiana Whig*.

GENTLEMEN.—In claiming Gen. Ripley as a whig, notwithstanding the denial of the claim by your contemporary of the Bee, you are fully borne out by the facts of the case. It is very true that Gen. Ripley, for reasons that were doubtless satisfactory to himself, was an active partisan of Jackson, at the last presidential election; but this was prior to those alarming assumptions of power on the part of the president, which so effectually alienated the support of many of his earliest and most devoted friends. This was before the authority of the federal judiciary had been spurned; before the national treasure had been seized and transferred to the custody of the president's partisans; before he affected to consider himself as "THE GOVERNMENT"—to talk of the secretaries as his secretaries—and himself, as the guardian and protector of the liberties of the people of the United States; in fine, before Andrew Jackson apostatized from all those rational principles of republican government, which were so ably delineated by Gen. Ripley in an address which he delivered at Laurel Hill, in this state, in the autumn of 1832.

To those principles—embracing a judicious protective tariff—a national bank—the supremacy of the laws and constitution, as interpreted by the judiciary—and the duty of the Executive to enforce obedience to the constitution and laws, when so interpreted, Gen. Ripley is still devoted; how far they tally with the creed of modern Jacksonism, as exhibited in the protest and the renominating message, I leave to the decision of those who claim Gen. Ripley as a "warm friend of the administration."

As your article in reply to the Bee indicates your determination not to recur to the subject; and being myself a neighbour of Gen. Ripley, I felt it a duty to apprise you of the foregoing, and to add that the several articles to which you allude, as published in the Mercantile Advertiser, were written by myself, with the privy of the friends of Gen. Ripley; and the several numbers of the papers containing them were distributed during the election, in the district. The republication of these articles in the "Democrat," at Clinton, it will not be forgotten, occasioned a rupture between that print and the "Phoenix," at St. Francisville, which claims to be the organ of the administration party in this district.

In short, if Gen. Ripley were really the candidate of "the party," how came it to

Dawson or the administration; and being thus elected, rely upon it he will act independently, and spurn the trammels of a party by whom he has been more than once cajoled and deceived.

Excuse the chirography of a sextagenarian, and believe me, Messrs. Editors, to be your friend and well-wisher.

The following is from the "Tennessee Beacon," a hot partisan of President Jackson. It shews the utter hopelessness of the prospects of the Kenderhook fox in the West, even among the supporters of the administration. They can swallow the whole hog; but for the fox they have no stomach:—*Louisville Journal.*

"In New York, and perhaps some other sections of the Union, the opinion seems to be prevalent that Martin Van Buren is to be run by the republican party as the successor of Gen. Jackson. Notwithstanding Mr. Van Buren's declared principles are the same as those of the republican party, we esteem it almost an impossibility for him to secure the votes of the western states. The opinion is abroad that Van Buren is too much of a magician, and howsoever this opinion may be, it is impossible to counteract its effect."

We are persuaded that with General Jackson Mr. Van Buren is a favorite; but whether more a favorite than Judge White, we are unable to say; but that as it may, and notwithstanding Gen. JACKSON'S great popularity in the west and south, we think it impossible for him to transfer his popularity to Mr. Van Buren, even in this state, which has never with

held from him a gift within her bestowal. The mass of the republican party are devoted to "principles, not men," and the fear that Mr. Van Buren is too pliant will no doubt restrain many from his support."

The New York Star contains the following account of the effect of our new coinage—

"GOLD.—Honest John Bull is taking advantage of the swindling project of the Kitchen cabinet, by importing sovereigns of the full weight, and having them coined into Van Buren half eagles, with as much alloy as reduces the value of each, *thirty three cents*. As these will not be received in a foreign country, of course they remain here, and who is cheated? The American people. They pay, by this humbug, for every half eagle *thirty three cents* more than its value. Will the people not open their eyes to this fraud?"

3 GAIN OF 10,000 VOTES IN MAINE.

"HOW STANDS THE CASE."

The Tories have been making a great noise about their victory in Maine. Now, how stands the case? In 1832, the Jackson electoral ticket had a majority of 5000, and the Tories carried every Congressman but one, who succeeded by a majority of less than 50. Last year the Tory Governor was elected by a majority of 12,000 votes, and they had a majority of 60 in the Lower House of the Legislature, and all the Senators but three.

Now, it will be seen, we have elected three Congressmen, and the Tories four; we ten or eleven Senators to their fourteen or fifteen, and in all probability we have a majority in the Lower House, while the Governor, instead of having 12,000 majority, will only have about 1500. A pretty victory to rejoice over! If the Whigs have not gained the day in Maine, they did not gain the battle of Bunker Hill.

EXTRACT TO THE EDITOR, DATED

Portland, Sept. 14, 1834.

Our information this morning from Washington and Hancock, places the election of Hamlin (Whig) beyond a doubt. I will attempt, in accordance with my promise, to give you an analysis of the state of things, as exhibited in the recent election.

Last year we stood one Congressman, three members of the State Senate, and the Tories had a majority of about 60 in the House; this year we have elected three Whig Congressmen (Evans, Bailey and Hamlin) ten or eleven Senators, (the Senate consists of 25,) and a large increase of Representatives, so much so, that unless we shall be deceived by the further returns, there is great hope for us in this branch of our legislature.

There being no choice for Congress in York county, we rely strongly on electing Porter there, and if so, shall have four to four, which will neutralize the vote of the State.

The returns for Governor come in slowly, but it is probable that Dunlap is re-elected by 1,500 votes, or thereabouts; this ought to occasion no surprise, and certainly not disappointment, when we reflect upon the disparity in our relative situation—with the patronage of the State and general government against us, and the every species of fraud and falsehood to contend with, it would have been astonishing indeed, if he could at once put down nearly 12,000 votes (the number the Whig candidate fell short last year.)

It is not a great victory, I ask, to have done as much as we have, and should not the great Whig party be satisfied? If to have gained 6000 in Indiana is a victory, what is the gain of 10,000 in Maine?

Our candidate from this district has not much ground to stand upon, and will hardly attempt those high-handed measures which distinguished him last year. Our gain in Cumberland is 1300 votes, and if every thing had been conducted fairly upon the part of our opponents, we should have beaten, but I am satisfied—we are satisfied—the march is onward.

We yesterday recorded the flight of Wm. Swartout, a Jackson Postmaster of Steuben county in New York. To day

we are called on to announce a similar exploit of Ebenezer Brown, a Postmaster of Yates county in the same State. He has fled to Canada with \$1,800 of the Post Office funds. He is the third of Mr. Barry's reform Postmasters in the western part of New York who have proved delinquent runaways within the last month. It would seem as if the administration had ranked Botany Bay for the materials of glory and reform. Who but a madman would think of letting a heavy banknote run the gauntlet through the Post Office in times like these?—*Louisville Journal.*

of the Revolution, and a firm Deciple of the Immortal Washington, the first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his Countrymen.

Boston July 8th, 5816.

God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PRETTY GOOD.

Dyspepsia.—If a man of business wishes to get clear of dyspepsia, he must give his stomach less to do. It will be of no service to follow any particular regimen; to live on chaff-bread or any such stuff—to weigh his food, &c. so long as the brain is in a state of constant excitement. Let that have proper rest and the stomach will perform its functions. But if he pass fourteen or fifteen hours a day in his office or counting room, and take no exercise, his stomach will inevitably become paralysed, and if he put nothing in it but a cracker a day, it will not digest it.

In many cases it is the brain that is the primary cause. Give that delicate organ some rest. Leave your business behind you when you go to your home. Do not sit down to your dinner with your brows knit, and your mind absorbed in casting up interest accounts. Never abridge yourself the usual hours of sleep. Take more or less exercise in the open air every day. Allow yourself some innocent recreation. Eat moderately, slowly, and of just what you please—provided it be not the shovel and tongs. If any particular dish disagree with you, however, never touch it nor look at it. Do not imagine that you must live on dry bread nor eat meal porridge; a reasonable quantity of nutritious food is necessary to the mind as well as to the body. Above all, banish all thoughts of the subject. If you have any treatises on dyspepsia, domestic medicines, &c. put them directly in the fire. If you are constantly talking and thinking about dyspepsia, you will surely have it. Endeavor to forget you have a stomach. Keep a clear conscience, live temperately, regularly, and cleanly; be industrious too, but be temperate in that.

New Mechanical Power.—An ingenious mechanic at Brussels has just applied a new power to mechanics, from which great results appear to be expected.—This power is galvanism. Across a fly-wheel which is to give motion to the machine he has placed a metallic bar, previously magnetized by galvanic pile, and within the attraction of two very powerful magnets. The moment that the bar arrives in a rotary course at the limit of the attractive power, and where it would necessarily stand still, the inventor, by the application of galvanism, suddenly converts the attractive into a repulsive power, which continues the motion in the same direction, and by these alternations, well managed, the wheel acquires a rapid rotation. The experiment is said to have been completely successful, and the machine worked for a whole hour.

A Paris paper mentions that for some days past a person has been riding through parts of the city in a car with sails, acted upon by the wind, with entire success.—He stopped at several places at pleasure, and appeared to have complete control of the machine. He even mounted a hilly street, with the wind almost "ahead." If things go on thus, steam power will soon be at a discount.

SHOCKING ATTEMPT TO POISON.

On Friday and Saturday last, an unaccountable attempt was made to poison Dr. Sweet and family, of Norton, Massachusetts, by a servant girl employed in his house. The whole family were so violently affected by the operation of the poison, the girl herself as well as the others, that Doctor Sweet became satisfied that their food had been poisoned by this girl. On accusing the girl, in a threatening manner, of what she had done, she repented immediately to the Doctor's office, and from a multitude of fictions took down the one, from which she confessed she took the poison, labelled "arsenic, rat-bane poison." The arsenic she declared she had taken in her hand and mixed with water, apple sauce, fish and cream, which had been prepared as food by the family, and of which she freely partook herself. For this diabolical act no possible motive can be assigned.

By the timely medical assistance of Doctor Sweet, the whole family, six in number, have been rescued from the jaws of death, and yesterday morning were all convalescent. The most shocking incident in this whole affair was, that when the two little children of Dr. Sweet were crying under the burning of their agonizing thirst, this *she devil* gave them the poisonous water for their drink.

Providence Journal.

Mr. Poindexter.—This distinguished Senator has been greeted on his return to Mississippi, by his constituents, with every demonstration of respect and attachment. Public dinners have been tendered him throughout the State, as an evidence of the high estimation in which his political course is held. We are happy to see it, for that gentleman was among the foremost during the recent session of Congress in resisting the encroachments and usurpations of the President and in acting the part of a faithful sentinel, and proclaiming to the people the dangers which threatened their constitution and liberties. He deserves the gratitude of every freeman.

There is now exhibiting in the *gangway* between the Manufacturers Hotel and Wakefield's a prodigious hog, we believe from Mr. Bardley's District. He weighs fourteen hundred pounds, and his motto is "perish every thing that is laid before him." He goes the *whole hog* in all respects as fully as the Hon. member, and receives those who wait upon him with as much courtesy as the President of the United States received the Committees who waited upon him during the last session of Congress. He is accompanied by a large elk, which is also a curiosity.—*Providence Journal.*

As you Please.—Some years ago, a crack-brained man, who was slighted by the females, once very modestly asked a young lady, "if she would not let him spend the evening with her?" "No," she angrily replied, "that's what I want." "Why," replied he, "you need not go so far, I did not mean this evening, but some stormy one, when I couldn't go any where else."