

GAZETTE.

VINCENNES.

SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1835.

The last Western Sun has a long letter from Thos. H. Benton, strongly recommending Mr. Van Buren as fit person to succeed Gen. Jackson; and the editor is so taken with it, that he earnestly solicits his readers to give it their attention. It seems to us, with all due deference to the editor, that Mr. Benton is one of the last persons in this country to whom an honest and high-minded man would apply for a letter of recommendation, and we have no doubt that Mr. Van Buren himself bit his lips while reading this letter; for unprincipled as he is, he has too much cunning not to know, that to have his pretensions endorsed by such a name, is rather damning than flattering. This same Mr. Benton, who is commended by the editor to the especial favor of his readers, declared upon the door of Congress, (if reported correctly) that he was a party man and went with the party right or wrong. If these are not his precise words, they are in substance. Now we are bold to say, that any man who acts upon this principle, is neither an honest man nor a patriot; and so far from being fit to dictate to the people of this country, for whom they should vote, his praise should be received with great distrust. The labored defence of Mr. Van Buren's vote for the tariff of 1828, in this letter, proves what we said in our last paper, that Mr. Van Buren and his friends are paying court to the South, and are willing to sacrifice us. This letter was written for the south, and was intended to circulate there; but we believe that our modest Senator (Mr. Benton) with all his reckless assertions, dogmatical positiveness, and garrulous periods, will find it difficult to convince any unprejudiced man that Mr. Van Buren is an honest politician. Mr. Van Buren, according to Benton, has been for the last twenty years opposed to every thing anti-democratic in New York legislation and politics. Now that feature in New York politics, which is decidedly the most objectionable, as having a very corrupting influence, is the regulation of all elections by conventions, caucuses, or cabals, which publicly proclaim, that offices are the spoils of the victors. For this simple reason, it puts it in the power of a few individuals, by manufacturing public sentiment and holding out the prospect of gain to voters, to controul a state. The learned letter-writer defines democracy ("demos-krateo") to be the government of the people. We agree with him in his definition, but not in the application, for it seems to us, that the government of a cabal or convention, composed of pensioned office holders, so far from being the government of the people, approaches very near to the worse sort of aristocracy. If Mr. Van Buren had no hand in establishing or sustaining this system of politics in New York, it seems strange, very strange, that this same system should have been introduced for the first time in our history at Washington, immediately after Gen. Jackson's first election, and while he (Mr. Van Buren) was Secretary of State.

Republic of Letters—We are requested to say that Mr. William Pearson having ceased to be publisher of the *Republic of Letters*, all communications, relating to the work, are hereafter to be directed to George Dearborn, 38 Gold Street, New York.

At the request of a number of the supporters of Gen. Harrison, (named as a candidate for the office of President of the United States) residing in the country, the meeting notified for to-day, is postponed until Saturday next at 2 o'clock, P. M. The meeting will take place at the Court House.

The Weekly Messenger of the 10th inst. says, that two men have been apprehended and imprisoned at Louisville, on a charge of counterfeiting the notes of the State Bank of Indiana.

The Wabash river is in a fine stage for any class of steam-boats, and it is expected that there will be several here shortly.

H. L. Roble is a candidate for Borough Constable at the coming election.

INDIANAPOLIS, January 17, 1835.

Mr. Coddington—I thought it would not be uninteresting to you to know what was going on here. The internal improvement bill which was reported to the House a few days since by the committee on canals and internal improvements, an

subsequently referred to a select committee of three persons, was on yesterday reported to the House with amendments. Owing to the exceptional features of the Bill, which are partial in their views, it met with strong opposition; it provided for the construction of two or three canals and a rail road from Madison to Lafayette—also a route from Salem to Crawfordville. The last route it must be confessed, is of small importance when compared to the New Albany and Vincennes route, which was intentionally left out in this arrangement; and it was owing to this last defect, that induced Shaw to oppose the bill, which he did in a masterly manner on yesterday, when the bill was introduced; so powerful was the effect of his speech, that it induced the friends of the bill to delay the action of that House until another day by postponing the previous question, which had been moved by the opposition. This bill was again introduced this morning, but with such alterations and amendments as was supposed would give it strength—Shaw again met it, and his speech on this occasion is considered the finest specimen of oratory that has been delivered in the House for some time. The friends of the bill again delayed the action of the House, and I doubt very much whether it ever recovers from the shock it received. It is admitted on all hands that Shaw is the most eloquent speaker in the House, and I am proud to see that what old Knox lost in the Senate, has been amply repaid in the House of Representatives.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

JOHNSON THE SMUGGLER.

Mr. WARD—Sir—Observing in your Journal of the 7th inst. some account of a vessel designed to rescue Bonaparte from St. Helena, and knowing that that account, and the trailing notice by Sir Walter Scott in his life of Napoleon are both erroneous, I send you the following:

Captain Johnson of the British Navy, (then on half pay) was made known to me in the year 1819, during the time I was building a small ship of 250 tons, at Deptford, for Mr. James Burgess, of London. During his long and frequent visits he became well acquainted with my principles and method of building; and early in 1820, called on me at Chelsea, and gave me the dimensions of a vessel from which I made a model, that pleased him with out alteration. I had the moulds made in a vacant building near my lodgings, and transported to a merchant's private yard on the Thames at a place called the Nine Elms, about a quarter of a mile from Vauxhall Gate, where I built the schooner, of 82 feet extreme length on deck, 17 feet in width, and 9 feet depth of hold, measuring 112 tons. I formed her by Capt J's desire, of unusual strength and figure; consisting of 7 courses of Quebec oak, 4 longitudinal of inch thick and 3 transverse of 1-2 inch, making 5-12 inches through. This vessel was fastened with small compressed treenails of oak, having all the fore and aft courses caulked, payed and papered between each. On her last course of cross-planking was laid brackets to give the deck the usual curve. The inside of this vessel between her bulk heads, exhibited the appearance of a vast electric cask and on deck a long regular oval of 82 feet by 17.

At Paddington, by the side of the canal, in a private yard, Capt. Johnson built his submarine boat, on my patent, of 36 feet long, 9 wide, and five deep, with a rise of deck in the centre fore and aft to strike his masts, sails, and rigging into, when designed to sink. This vessel was built of five courses of 1-2 inch oak, 3 fore and aft, and 2 athwart. Capt. John Johnson superintended its building, at whose request I was occasionally there. In Capt. Johnson's conversation with me respecting the management of his submarine boat, impressed me with a belief of its being devoted to the completion of the torpedo system, by speaking of the difficulties he met with at the board of admiralty in securing a suitable compensation for what he had already done, and stipulating for the reward on his complete success with the vessel. He mentioned to me his acquaintance with Mr. Fulton in France, and that he was indebted to him for the first instructions in torpedoes; that they made jointly several experiments; that since Mr. Fulton left England, he made great improvements in the management of his torpedoes, in rendering them more certain and destructive, and in the ability of continuing under water a much longer period. He reported to me the extremity he was reduced to, in his wrought iron submarine boat, by getting foul after he had fixed his torpedo to the barge, and his prompt relief, much in the manner as stated in your Journal, and that he had been under water two hours; but assured me he could with safety continue four, and on the boat constructing at Paddington, six hours. For depressing his boat, he admitted water by a cock, and elevated her by expelling the water by a force pump, and consequently he could keep her stationary at the proposed depth.

He had cases of condensed atmospheric air for a supply, and could eject the foul air when it became unfit for respiration and admit fresh from his magazine. To propel this boat under water, he used paddles, to fold and expand like dock's feet. An improvement, I suggested a plan invented by a copper smith, [whose name I forgot] then residing in Swallow street, in the borough, and which had been used many years previous by some captains of vessels to propel them in a calm. I made the experiment on a wherry of mine, 25 feet long, 4 feet 8 inches deep, by passing a round iron rod of 1 1/4 inch diameter through a stuffing box in the stern; on each

side of this shaft, near the end, wings of 9 inches of stout sheet iron were fixed, having been moulded on a circle of 18 inches diameter, the whole partaking in the form of an open sere. The angle of the shaft was such as to allow the blades to revolve to a few inches under water. On the inner end of the shaft was a small toothed wheel and a large one fixed so as to play in it and increase the velocity, which was turned by a crank.

The waterman I employed considered the labor equal and the velocity superior to that of ordinary sculling, and it may be termed a rotary scull. This captain Johnson designed to adopt as the most efficient and secure means of propelling a submarine boat, as by turning either to the right or left he advanced bow or stern foremost, being actually screwing or unscrewing. With this apparatus properly adapted to the size of the boat he was confident of obtaining from 2 to 3 miles an hour speed under water.

About 12 years previous to this, Capt. J. was leader and principal of a powerful band of smugglers. When engaged in an expedition on the coast of Kent, at the head of his party, he was confronted by an officer commanding a detachment of dragoons—Captain J. in a short parley with the officer, (in his mild and decisive manner) represented his superior numbers, well armed and desperate courage, that it would be madly throwing away the lives of his men to engage them, when a dragoon (without orders) attempted to seize captain Johnson's bridle, who instantly shot him; upon this the dragoons retreated to procure a reinforcement, during which time Capt. Johnson's troops secured their goods. For this their leader was outlawed, and a large reward offered for his apprehension.

He was taken and put in Newgate prison. Respecting his disappearance from prison there was much noise and various absurd reports of his wonderful escape, but many believed he walked out very peacefully, and was paid for going. In a short time the outlawry was annulled and Capt. Johnson commanded a small armed vessel in H. B. M. service. His character was well known previous to his seizure; he was well acquainted with the northern coast of France, Flanders and Holland, and had confidential connexions in all these places. At this period of the war, few men could have been found so serviceable, therefore I think it probable he dictated his own conditions of enlargement.

When riding with him in his gig to the vessel at Nine Elms, in passing about the centre of Westminster bridge, he pointed across me and said there lies the key of Newgate.

That such a person, from national policy should be exonerated from the penalties of the law, is not a novelty in the history of governments. When Bonaparte's death was known in London, I became acquainted with the design in general, that the schr was cruise off the island at such a distance as not to be visible from it; to run closer at night, to give and observe concerted signals, that could be only known from ordinary occurrences, by those in Napoleon's interest. By means of the submarine boat agents, they could have been landed to co-operate with those in the town, and concealed from observation, and when arrangements were completed the escape was to be effected from the most inaccessible part of the island, by ingeniously constructed rigging lines.

When we consider the remote spot of confinement, on a rock surrounded with fortifications, the untiring vigilance of his jailor, and his personal asperity to the victim of usurped power, the rescue of Bonaparte might be thought impracticable to human effort. Yet when we consider the period we live in, the many successful escapes which have been effected; the vast assured recompence in case of success, that the enterprise scarcely endangered punishment if detected, the ardor of mind, conscious it was engaged in relieving the unjustly oppressed, with the knowledge, experience in stratagem, and devoted attainment of the agents to the object of their enterprise, it might render their success at least probable; some future biography may develop the whole arrangement.

In Sept. 1818, at madame Mear's Hotel, near Ponte Reyle, (Paris) I had been conversing with gentlemen on my system of building, as explained in a pamphlet, with drawings, which I exhibited. The following morning, one of them, an officer (who had served under Napoleon) said "Ah, if you could build us a vessel to bring off Bonaparte, we would give you a million of pounds." This I should not have mentioned, but that after Napoleon's death I heard Capt. J. was to have received 500,000 pounds sterling, if he landed him in the United States, and one million of in France, Capt. Johnson is an Irishman, was then about forty five years of age, nearly six feet high, well proportioned, and rather florid complexion, mild in his tones of voice, and rather sedate, with a countenance that indicated habitual self possession and decision of character, temperate if not abstemious, in his living. I never saw him excited, or knew him guilty of low or profane language, and from all I knew or heard, honorable in fulfilling his engagements.

These requisites were necessary as a successful leader of contraband dealers, but indispensable in his contemplated expedition. The numerous instances of intrepid conduct displayed against the laws of his country, and afterwards in support of its power, may entitle him to the reward you gave him in your Journal of record.

WILLIAM ANNESLEY.

FOREIGN NEWS.

We have accounts from London to the evening of the 16th Dec. by another arrival at New York. Our splendid packets have placed the two cities eight or ten days nearer than they used to be! The most important things contained in the papers are as follow:

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

The new tory ministry has been filled up thus:

Sir R. Peel, first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer.

Lord Lyndhurst, Lord chancellor.

Duke of Wellington, Foreign secretary.

Lord Wharncliffe, Privy seal.

Earl of Aberdeen, First lord of the admiralty.

Lord Roslyn, President of the council.

Mr. Goulburn, Secretary of the home department.

Mr. Herries, Secretary of war.

Sir Henry Hardinge, Secretary for Ireland.

Sir G. Murray, Master general of the ordnance.

Mr. E. Baring, President of the board of trade.

Sir E. Keatehill, Paymaster of the forces.

Lord Ellenborough, President of the board of control.

The above form the cabinet.

The secretaryship for the colonies and the chancellorship for the duchy of Lancaster are not yet filled up.

The following appointments have been made:

Sir J. Scarlett, Chief baron of the exchequer.

Sir E. Sigden, Chancellor of Ireland.

Lord Jersey, Lord Chamberlain.

Several cabinet councils have been held, and parliament was further prorogued until the 18th instant. Other lesser appointments were yet to be made.

Great dissatisfaction, and a strong excitement, prevails in England—very large and highly inflamed meetings of the people have been held; but to the date above given, no acts of violence had been reported. The London "Morning Chronicle," has a specimen, of the present state of things as follows:

"To the management caused by the *coup d'etat* at Brighton, and the interregnum of the duke, has succeeded a deep determined feeling of disgust and resentment at the impudent experiment now making, of forcing back upon us the children and the champions of the old abominable system—the Goddards, the Herries, the Granville Somersets, the Billes, Lowther and Holmes, the Dawsions, the Hardings and Horace Twiss—the quarter day apostate patriots, and all the offensive half forgotten, who lorded it over us in the old boroughing-days, which we fully thought were never to return."

The people, we say, will not suffer these men to be their masters again. They will not have them under their old master the duke and his forces—nor will they allow themselves to be cheated by them, under the false pretences of his ducal deputy.

The elections will soon decide the question, at once and forever. Neither force nor fraud can give these impudent adventurers an increase to their present force of more than thirty or forty votes; and what will strength be? not a fourth of the total number of the house—All the counties put together, in England, Ireland and Scotland, return only two hundred and fifty four members, and the so called conservatives have them all—what then? But some of these deluded men say they have two hundred and eighty or three hundred secure—It is not true, but suppose it were—what then?

In the one case, the smooth faced gentlemen on

the treasury bench meets parliament with a majority of ninety-eight; in the other fifty-eight

against him. Did ever minister do this before?

Has any man a right, with such prospects to make such an experiment? Has he a right to throw the country into confusion by the dissolution of a two year's parliament? Where is the precedent for such conduct?

We hope, and we believe, that the first day of the next session will not pass over without a motion of inquiry as to who dared to advise his ministry to dismiss his last government—

who dared to advise him to dismiss his late parliament without cause of complaint against either the government or the parliament, and without any chance of administering the affairs of the country by other men, or with other measures?"

ENGLAND.

The Conservative party, with the Queen at their head, have gained a momentary triumph over the democracy of England, and restored the Tories to power, and placed the Duke of Wellington again at the head of the administration. The change has produced, as might have been expected, great sensation in that country, and it is proposed to revive the "Political Unions."

A London Whig paper of the latest date says: "The most gratifying features in today's occurrences, was the perfect unanimity of all classes and sections of Reformers throughout the kingdom. From Kent, Devon, Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, Dorsetshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Notts, and in short in almost all the counties in England, we have the strongest assurance that the metropolis does not stand alone in the indignation and disgust with which it views the Tory intrigue. In Scotland and Ireland we have various accounts that the best possible feeling prevails. All minor differences are laid aside, and the nation stands united as one man."

We esteem the Duke of Wellington, in the expansive sense of the word, entirely too popular ever long to rule the destinies of England. His administration will be brief, and when it falls, it will be "never to rise again." *Boston Transcript.*

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25, 1835.

[Correspondence of the *Partisan*

I would wish you "a merry Christmas," if Christmas would not be all over by the time my letter reaches you. A merry Christmas, however, with you, is altogether a different affair from what we have here. Here it is merry in deed. For example, since dark last evening, our ears have been constantly saluted, even during the whole night, with guns, squibs and crackers innumerable. The voices of the whole colored population have been stretched to their highest pitch, to give volume and duration to their joy; and any day I will hazard a lusty throat of theirs against a small piece of cannon, contending that it will be heard at a great distance, knowing no rivals for them in the capacity of noise making, unless it be the Hon. Mr. Lane, of Indiana, whose voice is said to be such that it is unnecessary for the reporter to report him, inasmuch as his constituents can hear him cross the mountains! In short Christmas day in the south, is the Saturnalia of the slave population. The day is their own. If they do not command their masters as they did in Rome, they have full command of themselves, receiving presents, making visits, crowding the streets, dancing, screaming, and hallooing, as if they would not have another chance for the year to come. The white population have their parties. The slaves make their

parties. Our Thanksgiving Day but goes I compare with it in point of jollification. Indeed they have one kind of an assembly wholly unknown to us, and that they call an "egg-nog party," in which grown men indulge in feats such as the boys were wont to have on our "Election day," before the good old custom was abolished in Massachusetts and in Maine, after the separation.

Monstrous.—A report came to the city a few days ago, of a murder committed at a log house rising in the back woods of Indiana. We transcribe the circumstances, literally, as we understood them. While the work was going on, a man with an axe, drove the brain of another with whom he had some alteration. This so unnered the strained arms that supported a heavy log near to the top of the wall, that it fell upon them, killing him with the bloody axe and two others. Another man, on the corner of the wall, fainted, or was so much affected by what he saw, that he fell and broke his neck. All occasioned by the wicked rashness of one man. *Louisville Paper.*

Yesterday was the coldest of the season—the thermometer at sunrise, in different situations, indicated from 8 to 15 degrees below zero. The harbor is frozen over below the Fort.

We learn from a gentleman residing at the Rochester Lower Mills, that the thermometer at that place, yesterday morning at 7 o'clock, stood at 22 degrees below zero; 10 o'clock, 12 below; 12 o'clock noon, 2 degrees above; 4 o'clock, P. M. 4 degrees below zero; 10 o'clock, 10 below; this morning at sunrise, 16 below.

At Woonsocket Falls, R. I., yesterday morning, the thermometer was 24 degrees below zero; at Concord, Mass. 27 below; at Lowell it was 29 below.

The Essex Register of this morning says: The thermometer fell, yesterday morning, to 17 degrees below zero. The whole of our inner harbor is frozen, but several masters, which had put in