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GAZETTE.

"TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR."

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From the Indiana State Journal.

A Whig Song
WRITTEN BY A LADY.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
You did pretend to be a Whig,
For Harry, sir, you went,
But now you have turned loo, John,
And now for Polk you go,
Against your former principles,
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson my Jo, John,
The whigs have fought together,
And many a happy day, John,
They've had with one another,
But you have them betrayed, John,
And why did you do so?

A curse upon all traitors, John,
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson my Jo, John,
Why will you be a fool,
And sneak about the Loco, John,
Who use for you their tool;

They're laughing in their sleeves, John,
That they can gull you so,
And thus obtain a vote for Polk,
John Anderson, my Jo.

The brave Housier whig boys, John,
Will never sell their votes,
For Loco-poco promises,
Or even British coats:

They want a Protective Tariff, John,
And Texas they forego,
With her slaves and her ten million debt
John Anderson, my Jo.

The Indians whigs, John,
Will never own him more
And Poke root butter,
No more than stea

The whigs will no

On su

You've

John Anderson, my Jo,

You've helped the coon to kill;

And done an act of cruelty

That makes our blood run chill;

Go now among the whigs, John,

Their minds if you would know,

And list to their deep curses, John,

John Anderson, my Jo.

The following remarks are from a paper that takes no part in the party conflicts of the day—the writer is not a politician who is seeking votes for any man or party—but he speaks as an American, who has no theory to defend, and consequently, whose mind is unfettered by party prejudice. The remarks of such a paper are entitled to more weight than those which are daily engaged in political discussions, in order to have an influence on the approaching election. They are the sentiments of every true American, when he views the subject in its proper light.—America contains genius and industry equal to that of any country under heaven. What has man ever done, that Americans cannot do? Why then should our country have a name to be independent, while in fact she does not possess true independence—while we rely upon a foreign power for supplies, instead of furnishing them ourselves, and which, in the event of war, we must be deprived of, and involved in serious difficulties? Protection to American mechanics should be the watchword of every American citizen:

From Wilson & Co.'s Dispatch.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

The circular recently issued by the American Institute of this city, preparatory to the exhibition in October, displays unusual zeal in the cause of domestic industry. It is intended, if possible, to surpass all former displays, and to show the world what American ingenuity and American labor are capable of performing. We confess we always feel a glow of pride at the contemplation of their handiwork. We would like to see the American mechanic surpassing every foreign competition, and there is no doubt in all the branches which he has yet undertaken, he has completely done so.

Nothing can make this country so rich or so truly independent as the encouragement of our domestic industry, but the politicians on both sides have raised questions, or in the language of the day, issues, on this subject, which they are discussing more for effect upon the ballot boxes, than the good of the nation at large. Every thing they can lay their hands upon to turn to political account, they seize with avidity, and the most opposite statements are constantly made in order to effect their designs.

We believe it is possible to look at this subject in a clear and distinct light, and the arguments on both sides may be fairly examined, stripped of all the false theories and delusions with which it is a fashion to mystify matter of fact. Without taking this trouble, we may nevertheless state some things which are self-evident.

LETTER FROM MR. CLAY.

To the Editors of the *National Intelligencer*.

ASHLAND, Sept. 23, 1844.

GENTLEMEN:

Since my nomination at Baltimore in May last, by the Whig Convention, as a candidate for the office of President of the United States, I have received many letters propounding to me questions on public affairs, and others may have been addressed to me which I never received. To most of those which have reached me I have replied; but to some I have not, because either the subjects of which they treated were such as that, in respect to them, my opinions, I thought, had been sufficiently promulgated, or that they did not possess, in my judgment, sufficient importance to require an answer from me. I desire now to say to the public, through you, that, considering the near approach of the Presidential election, I shall henceforward decline to transmit for publication any letters from me in answer to inquiries upon public matters.

We hold then that any policy which designs to attack the labor, the industry, or the skill of American operatives, is suicidal to our best interests. Politicians have no right to blink this fact, and if they do, the people should not be led off blindfold in the path of error.

We do not, in this place, intend to discuss the character of the measures which have this tendency, nor to say how high or how low a tariff should be constructed. We believe all parties are for incidental protection; and we do not lay aside our neutrality when we quote this generally received proposition as admitting all that is necessary. Incidental protection, if it means what it says, is all that the manufacturer asks. Protection? whether incidental or otherwise, is all he cares for. Let others quarrel about words, the practical result is to him quite sufficient.

It is a very common thing, however, to hold up to the people the fact that they are enormously taxed on articles of necessity. We saw the other day a frightful appeal to this subject in Beach's Son. The tax upon some articles was displayed as an extortion from the pockets of the people. But it has long been known to practical men that the duty upon a foreign article does not necessarily raise its price. Since the higher rates of the last tariff were established, goods never were cheaper on the average at present. We appeal to every man's experience, whether he ever knew prices to be more reasonable than now. It may indeed be shown and demonstrated that the cost of most articles of necessity is less than it has ever been before in this country. To the consumer, therefore, the duties are in fact nothing. If they were taken off, goods would not be cheaper, as experience shows.

And there are good reasons for it.—First, because most of the foreign goods sent to this country, are sent for a market at all risks, and at any price. More goods are sold under the hammer in the United States than in any other country in the world.

Where this is the case, the will of the buyer rules the market, and he gets the goods at the price he chooses to pay, or there is no sale. Second; because much of the stocks sent to this country are the balance left of what has been sold at home at remunerating prices. A manufacturer who has disposed of £10,000 of his wares in England at a round profit, will not lose if he send £500, the balance of his stock, to be sold here at any price. Third; the competition which is produced by foreign manufacturers in cotton, woollen, iron, leather, &c., compels a corresponding fall in prices by the foreign merchant who sends his goods here. And this is a direct benefit to the American consumer.—The greater our success in manufactures, the greater will be the supply and the competition.

We contend, therefore, for the American mechanic. We do not wish to see our blacksmiths, our turners, our boot makers, our hatters, our jewellers, our nail manufacturers, our tailors, our printers and booksellers, ruined for any body's theory, or any one's ambition to be in office. If the American people can maintain them by their honest labor, we do not wish to see them prostrated. It would not help agriculture, certainly, if all our mechanics had to turn farmers to live. The over supply would knock labor down to the European standard, and there would be one great level reached of poverty and stagnation. We say again away with all theories that destroy the independence, business and prosperity of American mechanics.

VANBUREN NOT POLKISM.—No one will controvert the remarkable statements made below by the Newark Daily Advertiser, a paper of perfect responsibility in all its statements:

VANBUREN ELECTORS COMING OUT.—At the Whig meeting in Hanover (Morris county) on Saturday last, Dr. Fairchild, who was the Van Buren candidate for Elector in 1840, presided, and introduced Giles M. Hiltier of New York, and N. H. Conger of this city, as speakers.—This is the second of the Democratic electors of this State in 1840, who honorably refused to be sold to Polk & Texas—Judge Stule, of West Jersey, being the other. We hear that one of the others will vote for Clay and Frelinghuysen, but are not permitted to mention the name.

ion as long as any considerable and respectable portion of the Confederacy should continue to stand out in opposition to the annexation of Texas.

In all three of my letters upon the subject of Texas, I stated that annexation was inadmissible except upon fair and reasonable terms, if every other objection was removed. In a speech which I addressed to the Senate of the United States more than three years ago, I avowed my opposition, for the reasons there stated, to the assumption, by the General Government, of the debts of the several States. It was hardly, therefore, to be presumed that I could be in favor of assuming the unascertained debt of a foreign State, with which we have no fraternal ties, and whose bad record or violation of its engagements can bring no reproaches upon us.

Having thus, gentlemen, made the apology which I intended, for my omission to answer any letters of inquiry upon public affairs which I may have received, announced my purpose to decline henceforward transmitting answers for publication to any such letters that I may hereafter receive; and vindicate some of those which I have forwarded against the erroneous constructions to which they have been exposed, I have accomplished the purpose of this note, and remain, respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

MESSES. GALES & SEATON.

The Good President HARRISON.

The living men of this generation can never forget the public dishonor, and private distress, which through all time, will

throw a cloud over the misrule of Martin Van Buren, and those who were bandied together with him in their attacks upon the Constitution—the Laws—the Mor

the Peace of the Nation. "When I

the voice of inspiration. Five hundred thousand persons, pursuing their lawful callings, were crushed into bankruptcy by the government—and two millions of

human beings—their parents, wives, chil

children—dependent upon them, humbled to

beggary. A mountain of debt was ent

talled upon the people—and, unable to

pay either principal or interest, the na

tion's shame went forth on the winds, to

the uttermost parts of the earth. The

Spanish bloodhounds, from the isles of the

tropics, scenting after human flesh, were

not more horrid foes to the naked native

of Florida, than the bandit of the capi

to the peaceful citizen. Laborsickne

ssed, credit died. The earth seemed brass,

and the heavens iron. Could the living

men, who were then ruined, be assembled

—and, with them the dead who died bro

ken heart, unable to sustain the ruin of

their families—they would equal one quar

ter of the voters of the Republic—a host

far greater than those who fell in the

revolution. Then, the men of these

times, and this nation, felt the desolation

of a bad government—and behold, enact

ed by their heirs, the tragedy which

gives mournful interest to the history of

ruined States and fallen greatness. Instinctively, we remembered the glorious ages

gone. We thought of the sound wisdom

of other days—and, contrasting what was,

with what had been, we cried with sor

row—"Our fathers—where are they?"—

All the famed heroes of the Council

and War sleep in glory. But the son

of a FATHER who signed the immortal De

claration—a man who had been com

missioned by Washington, the Father of

his country—one who had stood in battle

beneath the victorious banners of Wayne,

the uncorrupted son of the patriot sire,

nursed at the feet of heroes, and breath

ing the earliest breezes that fanned the

banners of freedom yet lived—lived in

good old age, the last link that bound this

generation to the statesmen of those un

forgotten days. The times were evil—

Public integrity had fled. Faith in the

virtue of public men was dying in the

nations heart. Then it was that OHIO

disclosed to the eyes of the people an UR

IGHT STATESMAN, amid her own sylvan

shades, giving a new illustration to

the questions.

—Must such minds be nourished in the

deep in the unpruned forest—midst the ro

of catarracts, where nourishing nature smiles

On infant WASHINGTON?"

Scarce could the sight be credited:—

His integrity was without stain. Trusted

he had been and found faithful. Gov

ernor, in years long since gone by, with king

sway, of the vast realms of the West—

with opportunities for princely wealth

soliciting his virtue—he ruled wisely, as

a freeman should, in obedience to the Laws

—and, after the wealth of an empire had

passed through his hands, he was found

with only his ancestral plough.

While eager enquiry was on the lips

of the young, a thousand witnesses ap

peared. From the hills of New England;

from the fields and beside the lakes and

streams of Pennsylvania, and the Empire

State—from the Savannahs and prairies

of the South and West—thousands, with

one and the same voice testified to the

virtues and the valor of their leader in days

of difficulty, when they went soldiering

with HARRISON, long time ago.

There was that mysterious coincidence

seen, when appears, between the hero's

life and the nation's wants—and which</