

# VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

## Military Chieftain.

The Nashville Union of Thursday last published the following letter from Gov. Carroll:

Sir:—I have been informed that Mr. Henry, in addressing the people last night at the Court house, stated that your report of the remarks I made before the Democratic State Convention at Nashville was not correct. I have to dry, for the first time, carefully read your statement published in the Union of the 18th February, and do not hesitate to say that it is in substance correct.

It has always been a rule with me in addressing my fellow citizens in relation to the public acts of an individual who stands before his countrymen as a candidate for office, to endeavor to be so clear and explicit that no one can misunderstand what I say—and for the truth of this I think I can with confidence appeal even to the Whigs who heard me address the people at Franklin and Lebanon.

General Harrison has recently been nominated by a Whig Convention as a candidate for the office of Chief Magistrate of the United States, and as his friends appear to found his claims principally upon the military services which he has rendered his country, I considered it my duty fairly to examine those claims; and the result has been, a solemn conviction that, in his military operations as a general officer, he was guilty of omissions of duty, and committed errors during the late war which would have disgraced a subaltern officer. This I have stated in all my addresses to the people, and, I think, established it already, by reference to his own communications and other official documents.

I have said, and I now repeat it, that at the battle of Tippecanoe, he encamped upon ground selected by the enemy, which he acknowledged afforded great facilities to the approach of the savages. That he established no picket guards to watch the movements of the enemy in the town during the night—that he could not even have had a camp guard properly stationed, otherwise he would not have been surprised—that he had thrown up no breast-work for the protection of his men—and that the order to Major Daviess, to charge a large body of Indians behind trees and logs with a party of sixty dismounted Dragoons, betrayed the most consummate ignorance in Indian warfare.

I have stated that he was guilty of the most wanton neglect of duty in not attempting to give aid to Major Croghan at Fort Stephenson.

I have stated that the fatal disasters at the river Raisin were owing entirely to a failure on his part to sustain General Winchester by an additional regiment, or even a battalion, on that occasion.

I have also stated that his order to Colonel Johnson, to charge on the Indians with his mounted riflemen at the battle of Thames, was unwise, unilitary, and entirely without precedent, especially as the Indians occupied a thick wood.

These charges I now repeat, and I can at any time sustain them before the people; and I shall be ready to meet any Whig candidate for Elector, or any other Whig, at any suitable time and place, to discuss the subjects—and if I do not prove to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind that the charges are true, the fault will be mine and not Gen. Harrison's.

WM CARROLL.

Nashville, April 8, 1840.

The Union remarks:

"No man in the country is a better judge of Gen. Harrison's conduct as a military man than Gen. Carroll. Himself a distinguished commander in all the great southern campaigns of the late war, he was the close observer of Harrison's movements, and with perfect knowledge of the facts as they existed, no man is better qualified, with the aid of impartial history, to expose this hero-humbug of the federalists. We hope that the venerable chief may have health and strength during the summer and fall to defend those principles for which he so gallantly fought upon the battle field of New Orleans. When he speaks, the people give ear; for they know that he cannot dissemble."

In another paragraph, the same paper, in allusion to the newly fledged military fame of Gen. Harrison, asks the following unanswerable question:

"When did Gen. Harrison become a great military man? Never until he became the Federal candidate for the Presidency. And how was he made so? Not by any battles he ever fought, but by the pufing of the Federal newspapers and politicians."

"At the close of the last war with England, every man in the remotest corner of the United States had heard of Gen. Jackson and his victories over the Indians and the British army at New Orleans. They had heard, too, of Carroll and of Coffee, as his comrades in arms. The body of our people had heard of Brown, of Gaines and of Scott, as brave and successful commanders at the north. They had heard of the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. They had heard of the noble defence of Fort Stephenson by the brave and gallant Col. Croghan. They had heard of McNeill and others, who stood upon the frontier and challenged the foe. But what had they heard, what did they know of Harrison as a successful General? Nothing—literally nothing—and for the best of reasons. Though for a time in command of the Northwestern army, he had fought no battles, had won no victories, and had done nothing worthy of the country's admiration.

"The surprise of the army under his command and his disastrous and disgraceful defeats by the savage enemy at Tippecanoe—when Jo. Daviess fell, when the best blood of Kentucky was spilled, and when we are told by the highest authority that not a dead Indian was found on the field—was viewed at the time with general execration by the whole country.

"But now, after the lapse of more than half a century—when it is supposed that the facts connected with that disastrous engagement, so disreputable to the commanding General, have faded from the public mind—the Federalists jealously ravish their fulsome adulation upon him, and through their hundreds of presses proclaim him to be the Hero of Tippecanoe."

"It is surprising to hear their speakers pour out their piteous moans over the fancied persecutions of their new-born hero when the truth is told about him. A man by the name of Henry, came to Nashville, on Tuesday, and on the evening of that day, at the court-house, poured out a矢 of vituperation, malice and base partisanship, upon the head of every man who differed with him in opinion, and who would not

cry, 'Great is Harrison' an old Federalist. He was an abusive speaker; with more acquired talents than one whose heart seems to be so imperfect deserves to possess. His speech was a tissue of blunders."

"And a portion of their conduct is amusing. It is exceedingly amusing to read the newspaper accounts that are given now-a-days of his military exploits. Yes!—the Federalists who were so much horror-stricken at the idea of Gen. Jackson's election to the Presidency because he was a 'military chieftain' and invoked 'war, pestilence and famine' upon the land, rather than such a calamity should befall the country, now place the claims of General Harrison to the Presidency chiefly upon the *supposition* that he is a *great military man!* But modern Whigs are capable of anything—and in this case its votaries undoubtedly console themselves with the reflection, that 'Old Tip' (as they call him) is not General enough to hurt him."

From the Louisville Public Advertiser.

INDIANA ALL RIGHT;

OR, THE WOULD-BE-GOVERNOR UNHORSED BY THE QUAKER.

DEAR PAPA.—I was accidentally in the Hoosier State a few days since, at a Whig meeting, for which notices had been stuck up, as I was informed, at every cross road, and corner, in Switzerland county, for some three or four weeks previous, stating that the accomplished and learned Judge Bigger, the Whig candidate for Governor, would address the people in Vevay. All the leaders of the Harrison party, from Madison to Rising Sun, were in attendance with their pose, to make one grand show; but, alas! they found themselves too sparse to outnumber the Democrats of Vevay and its immediate vicinity alone. Out of two hundred voters in the town of Vevay, there are but twenty-five Whigs. The Democrats challenged the Whigs to take the vote of the crowd, and offered to bet that they would number five to their three, which offer the Quakers stood quiet, the Judge taking the full length of the tether that was loosened for him. In reply Mr. F. calmly asked the Judge if he was sure that Oliver M. Spencer was dead! The Judge said yes, that he had been dead at least three years. Mr. F. responded, "that Mr. O. M. Spencer was an acquaintance of his, that he had seen him within twelve months, and that he had received a letter from him within three months! Unfortunately for the gentleman, Mr. O. M. Spencer is not dead, and I am not hoaxed." At this juncture, Uncle Ned handed to Mr. F. the Cincinnati Gazette, the acknowledged organ of Gen. Harrison, admitting the fact, and attempting to sustain the course of the committee. The tables were now turned; the Judge was prostrate. You should have been there to have heard it thunder. The Judge in reply rose and said: "I have but one original remark to make, you have two great Generals before you, General Harrison and General Ruin." He bowed and took his seat amidst the groans of his friends. Most exquisite wit, O citizens of Indiana! There is but one alternative—Harrison, or a Bigger Judge—ment upon you.

PAUL PRY.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 11.

A fire broke out between I and 2 o'clock this morning, in the building occupied by Messrs. LANOTRETE and O'SULLIVAN, and THOMAS ALLAN, as printing offices for the Democratic Review and the Madisonian. Before the fire companies reached there, the fire had made such progress as to leave no hope of saving the building, or any considerable portion of the printing materials in it. Messrs. LANOTRETE and O'SULLIVAN saved most of the stereotype plates of the Madisonian paper, and about 1,000 copies of the first volume of the work; the other two volumes, we believe, were entirely destroyed. The edition was 1,500 copies, three volumes to each, valued at from \$10,000 to \$12,000. They were insured for \$6,000; and their property destroyed is estimated at from \$15,000 to \$18,000. The materials of the Madisonian office were all destroyed, and no insurance on them. They were worth, we suppose, from \$6,000 to \$8,000. The roof and the upper floor of the Medical College were burnt: insured for \$3,000; and it will require that sum, it is supposed, to repair it. The Baptist Church was injured to the amount of \$500 or \$600. A frame soap factory was entirely destroyed, worth, probably, between \$800 and \$1,000.

It is not ascertained how the fire originated. Some of the hands in the Madisonian office were at work until after 12 o'clock; and the fire had made great progress when discovered, about half after 1 o'clock. But the prevailing opinion is, that it occurred in Messrs. LANOTRETE and SULLIVAN's office.—Globe.

The Strong Side.

A strong argument of the Federal party to obtain strength, is, to urge people to join them and get on the strong side. How often do we hear them say to Democrats, "You had better turn in time, and get on the strong side," as though Democrats are just as destitute of principle as themselves. We have often thought that they actually supposed Democrats to be without principle, from the fact that they themselves had none. It matters not, to a true Democrat, which party has the greatest numbers; but he goes for his principles. He cares not whether he is strong or weak—whether he is in the majority or in the minority. His politics are Democratic, and by that he is always willing to stand or fall. A Federalist cares not for principle, so that he gets office, and money, and honor. There is all of this difference between the two parties, and the party which goes for principle will always be the strong one.—Dearborn Dem.

Two scoundrels named Smyth and Peck, the former an Editor of a federal paper, recently went into the Democrat office, at Washington, Ind., and attacked the editor, Mr. Young, with clubs. Young flogged Smyth, and would have drubbed him decently, but the Sheriff interfered. The attack was made in consequence of the publication of a communication in the Democrat.

NEW JERSEY.—Nineteen out of twenty-two towns have gone for the Administration. Old Monmouth, which gave last year only thirty majority, has this year increased it to nine hundred. So much for treason and perjury.—Old Dominion.

Judge is no Judge. In the course of Mr. Fisher's remarks he alluded to the fact that the Whigs own most of the stock and had the control of nearly all the local banks. To which a bank director, from Madison, very impudently replied, "the reason of it is the Democrats have no money." Mr. F. rejoined, much to the chagrin of the director, showing to the gratification of the audience how the Whigs manage to take stock without money, and that he had no doubt the gentleman understood the art.

When Mr. F. commenced on Gen. Harrison and his confidential committee, the Judge grew very restive. Mr. F. became more and more severe in dwelling upon the ridiculous attitude in which Gen. H. was placed, by his committee, until the Judge could bear it no longer. He sprung up and asked Mr. F. if he would please name the committee, and the moment the name of O. M. Spencer was pronounced, the Judge with a triumphant air proclaimed that Oliver M. Spencer had been dead these three years. The Whigs then clapped and huzzaed at a tremendous rate. After the noise had ceased, the Judge told Mr. F. that he had certainly been hoaxed. He assured the Whigs that Gen. Harrison wrote his own letters, that it was impossible for a man of Gen. Harrison's ability to allow any one to write his letters; nay, it was preposterous to suppose for a moment that Gen. Harrison would have a committee for such a purpose. "The gentleman himself (Mr. F.)" observed the Judge, "could not believe it—if such was the fact, let low citizens, I most cordially agree with the gentleman (Mr. F.) that none of you should support him. I would not, and the great Whig party throughout the United States would abandon him at once. This fellow citizens, is the desperate means the party use with which we have to contend. How unfortunate for them, that they put a dead man's name on the committee! If Oliver M. Spencer had not been dead these three years, they would have succeeded in imposing upon you to-day. In charity to Mr. F. I must believe that he is hoaxed. All this time our Quaker stood quiet, the Judge taking the full length of the tether that was loosened for him. In reply Mr. F. calmly asked the Judge if he was sure that Oliver M. Spencer was dead! The Judge said yes, that he had been dead at least three years. Mr. F. responded, "that Mr. O. M. Spencer was an acquaintance of his, that he had seen him within twelve months, and that he had received a letter from him within three months! Unfortunately for the gentleman, Mr. O. M. Spencer is not dead, and I am not hoaxed." At this juncture, Uncle Ned handed to Mr. F. the Cincinnati Gazette, the acknowledged organ of Gen. Harrison, admitting the fact, and attempting to sustain the course of the committee. The tables were now turned; the Judge was prostrate. You should have been there to have heard it thunder. The Judge in reply rose and said: "I have but one original remark to make, you have two great Generals before you, General Harrison and General Ruin." He bowed and took his seat amidst the groans of his friends. Most exquisite wit, O citizens of Indiana! There is but one alternative—Harrison, or a Bigger Judge—ment upon you.

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