

# VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

## VEVAY:

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1840.

Democratic Republican Nomination.  
FOR PRESIDENT,  
**MARTIN VAN BUREN,**  
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
**RICHARD M. JOHNSON,**  
ELECTORS FOR INDIANA.

WILLIAM HENDRICKS, of Jefferson.  
GEORGE W. EWING, of Miami.  
1st. District. ROBERT DALE OWEN, of Posey.  
2d. " HENRY SECREST, of Putnam.  
3d. " THOMAS J. HENLEY, of Clark.  
4th. " JOHN L. ROBINSON, of Rush.  
5th. " ANDREW KENNEDY, of Delaware.  
6th. " WILLIAM J. PEASLER, of Shelby.  
7th. " JOHN M. LEMON, of Laporte.

## Democratic Association.

The Jefferson township Democratic Association will meet at the Court House on Saturday evening at early candle-lighting. A general attendance of the Democrats is requested, as business of importance will be transacted. Messrs. KYLE and KENT will address the Association.

**HALLOA, THERE!**—Some of our Democratic exchanges in this State, in placing the name of HENRY SECREST on the Electoral Ticket, must be in error with regard to his residence. Some have him placed in Owen, some in Spencer, and others in Putnam county. We hope some of our contemporaries, who know, will explain where Mr. Secrest hails from.

On the first page of our paper to-day, we give place to the communication of our correspondent 'Bautz'—the second number of 'Safings down in Skunkborough.' We hope the good people of this far-famed village, which has recently assumed such an imposing title, and become the theatre of events so important in the annals of history as to direct the subject of 'Brutus' pen,—we do hope, for the future good name and peaceable disposition of its inhabitants, that they will not take so much umbrage at the second appearance of 'Brutus' in their behalf as they did on his first coming. We pray you, do not go into spasms a second time at the breakfast table, when this reaches you, and shower down unheard-of imprecations on Brutus' head. Keep cool, we beseech you. No, no, rather rear a monument to Brutus' name, for the good he has done the ancient city of Skunkborough, wasting its fame on every breeze, than seek to torture the honest intentions of a noble heart like his.

**FROST.**—This autumnal visitor made its first appearance in this neighborhood on Thursday and Friday mornings of last week—though not heavy enough, we believe, to do any serious damage to vegetation.

It may be thought very queer that we do not condescend to give our intelligent neighbor of the Statesman a passing notice this week. Well, it is queer that's a fact—but the Statesman's dead, and its editor has moved to the forks of the road, where he intends turning his attention to the *morus multicaulis*.

The Springfield (Ill.) Register states that no less than one hundred buildings are now being erected in that flourishing young city. If this is the "awful effects of the Sub-Treasury," as the whigs are continually bawling out, we hope every city and village in the Union may feel them in good earnest.

We perceive from a notice in the Indiana Democrat that the Vice President of the United States, and *real Hero of the Thames*, Col. R. M. JOHNSON, will visit Connersville on the 12th, Indianapolis on the 14th, Crawfordsville on the 16th, and Lafayette on the 17th of October next.

**TIMOTHY FLINT,** well known throughout the west as an able and talented Literary writer, died at Reading, Mass., his birth place, on the 18th ultimo, at the age of sixty.

**UMPH!**—Prince Hal, the great apostle of black-cockade Federalism, went into Tennessee with the hope of aiding the sinking cause of the hard cider party, and in so doing he ran afoul of old Hickory and upset his apple-cart. The venerable Hero of New Orleans will not permit a heartless demagogue to attack him on his own dung-hill without a proper hearing. The late letter of the ex-President, which will be found in this day's paper, justly admonishes the impudence and foul slanders of that prince of demagogues, Harry, go home and repent.

A gentleman was recently robbed of \$2000 in Pittsburgh. The rogue who committed the theft was detected soon after in Philadelphia and about half the money found on his person. The other half has since been recovered in a grave in Pittsburgh, where he had hidden it.

The population of Rising Sun, according to the recent report of the Census taker, is 1066 souls. There are 206 heads of families, including 21 widows—averaging a fraction over 5 to the family.

Teaching little children Murray's Grammar, says a modern writer, is like sending a colt to mill with a bag of corn on his back the next day after he is foaled, or feeding him on the corn in the bag.

## Revival of Business.

Here in the West we hear nothing from the Harrison party (and apparently they are the only individuals who complain,) but an incessant cry of "hard times," "prostration of business," "ruin," "distress," "bankruptcy," &c. &c., while on the other hand nearly every paper that reaches us from the East, which is not governed by party motives, greets us with the cheering intelligence of a revival in almost all kinds of business, and a signal change for the better in money matters.

Under this head we find the following very sensible and candid remarks in a late number of the New York Sunday Mercury, a neutral sheet, to which we seriously invite the attention of our hard cider friends in this quarter:

"Has business revived? Is it reviving? These have been the most interesting inquiries of the week. And variously have they been answered. Your mere politicians—your sub-treasuryites have answered boldly, nay fiercely, in the affirmative; while your anti-subtreasuryites have answered in the negative. They both had certain ends to gain, the consideration of which blinded their vision. Avoiding these men, we have pushed our inquiries into every quarter where we thought we could gain anything like reliable information. We have had so much growling about hard times, ruin, bankruptcy, distress, misery; and the utter prostration of business, that we thought it would be a source of happiness to our readers, to hear of a thorough revival of all business, not only in this city but throughout the Union. If we have been rightly informed, and we took some pains to be so, there is already an influx of purchasers from the east, the west, the north, and the south, whose demands are increasing daily. Our banks are discounting more freely than at any time within the last eighteen months, and money is said never to have been so plentiful as it is now. The restoration of confidence will lead to the restoration of business. Both are at hand; of that rest assured. And here let us pause to reflect upon the acts of a beneficent Providence, in contrast with our own acts of misrule and of darkness. Nature has been truly—mercifully bountiful unto us. Our granaries, our barns, our farm yards, and our store houses are burthened with her riches. Then away with all repining, let us at once show that kindness to each other, which the controller of the universe has continued to extend to us—let us do unto others as we would that others should do unto us—let us be charitable and assisting."

**A PRESENT.**—We cheerfully acknowledge the receipt of a handsome present from our old friend Mr. J. J. PHILIP SCHENCK, consisting of a very large and most delicious Pound Cake, and a bottle of excellent Bordeaux Claret.

We were at a loss at first how to account for the occasion which prompted this unlockable, though acceptable present. It has been the custom, as long as we can recollect, when a wedding takes place in the village or neighborhood where a newspaper is published, for the newly married couple to send the printer a notice of the same, accompanied by a slice of the "bridal cake," and sometimes, (though very seldom,) a bottle of wine; but this could not be the case with our friend—for he has grown gray in the nuptial bands. At length, however, we ascertained the true cause which prompted this mysterious present to be different, though not entirely dissimilar to an occasion of that kind. Our old friend, having enjoyed the sweets of a married life exactly thirty years, resolved to celebrate his good fortune in an appropriate manner, and accordingly invited his neighbors to dine with him, and crack a joke over a glass or two of good old Bordeaux—that's all.

May our friend, Mr. Schenck, live to see thirty years roll round again—may the lives of him and his better half be a continued "honey-moon" during the whole time—may he always remember the printer at the return of this anniversary—and may all good married men follow his example. And last, though not least, (we like to have forgotten,) we live to receive all the cake meted out on such occasions—and when we die it may go to our heirs, executors and administrators.

**"GLORY ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY."**—Under this head a correspondent of the Cincinnati Advertiser relates the following hard cider incident. At the residence of an old man living three miles north of Sharon, and a whig at that, he had his worried wamice hanging out to dry, when a stage load of patriotic heroes were passing, on their way from Cincinnati to the grand convocation at Dayton. Mistaking it for a petticoat, they stopped the stage, formed a column, and made a most gallant charge upon the wamice—ripping and tearing it in a thousand pieces. We always know the whigs had a great aversion to petticoats, ever since old Tip was honored by the ladies of Chillicothe, but we supposed they were hardly so ignorant as to take a garment with sleeves for a petticoat. Really, as the writer observes, there must have been something harder than cider about, to produce such a ridiculous mistake.

In some parts of the country the Whigs are issuing all kinds of irredeemable shin-plasters, and trying to palm off the act on the democracy. What low cunning will they resort to next?

**Awful Hard Times.**—The Hartford Times says, the manufacturing establishments at Norwich, in that State, employ two sets of bands, and keep their works in operation night and day.

To this the Bay State Democrat adds: "The number of foreign entries at this port during the month of August, is 246,027, of which entered yesterday the largest number that ever entered in one day. In 1839 the number of entries for August were 208, in 1838, 186. So we go. The cry of 'hard times' and 'hard cider' will soon be out of fashion, even with the federalists themselves."

And again, the editor of the Boston Post remarks that in a walk of an hour through the streets of that city, he counted eighty-three brick dwellings and stores, one very extensive foundry, and an elegant church under course of erection.

Oh, the "hard times!" the "hard times!" What a pity it is the federalists could not, in reality, experience a small sprinkle of "hard times."

**DESTRUCTION OF THE COTTON CROP.**—We learn from the New Orleans papers that the army worm has been extremely destructive to the cotton crops the present season. Their ravages have extended in every direction. On some of the plantations, where from 250 to 300 bales would be a fair crop, not more than one hundred will be gathered.

The N. O. True American of the 29th ult. says: "We saw a gentleman yesterday from the Parish of Iberville, who states that the cotton crops in that Parish, and all along the western side of the Mississippi, from Governor Johnson's plantation at Claiborne Island to Point Coupe, and throughout West Baton Rouge, are almost totally destroyed by the army worm or Caterpillar. Through that whole region the crop will be cut short by one half or two thirds."

**MR. VAN BUREN SIMILAR TO JEFFERSON.**—The testimony of an opponent sometimes answers a good end. The following declaration is copied from the New York Commercial Advertiser, one of the leading federal whig organs of the country: "To Mr. Jefferson's exertions do we owe the reign of JACKSON and VAN BUREN. He it was who, like Absalom, corrupted the people. He it was that sowed the wind that brought the whirlwind."

A New York editor remarks that "there is more jollification, in a small compass, at the raising of a country pig-pen than may be observed in the city at the launching of a steam ship."

Ha, ha, ha! what does he know about the country!

**A HARRISON SHOE.**—We understand the delegation from Linn to the Bunker Hill Convention will proceed there in a *Big Shoe*, mounted on wheels, capable of containing 25 persons, and drawn by six horses.—*Exchange.*

This shoe will be admirably adapted to the purpose of conveying old Tip and Tyler up Salt River, after the November election.

The Whigs claim Rhode Island for Harrison and Tyler. This may be very probable, as no poor man can vote in that State in consequence of its odious property qualification. But place the poor man on an equal footing in the elective franchise with the "rich and the well-born" of Rhode Island, and era long whiggery will not find an abiding place in that State.

The following is an extract of a letter from John W. Taylor of New York, to Gov. Tompkins. Mr. Taylor was a member of Congress from that State in 1814, the year in which the letter was written.

"General DeSoto, of Kentucky, who is now in Congress, says that Harrison is not a pin better than Hull; that had not Governor Shelby determinedly persisted in pursuing Proctor, General Harrison would have gathered no laurels; that Harrison pertinaciously adhered to his intentions of stopping at Malden, and was diverted from his purpose by Gov. Shelby's firmness. It is further alleged that Harrison totally disregarded all economical considerations, and that the expenses of his last campaign have cost a sum extravagant beyond all calculation."

The Louisville Advertiser comments as follows upon the result of the late election in this State, as indicated by the official returns:

"It is in vain for the Federalists to pretend they have not lost more ground in Indiana than the small decrease in their majority since 1836 exhibits. Their majority then in proportion to the whole popular vote was considerably more than it is now, in proportion to the popular vote. In 1800 it was nearly one-eighth of the whole vote of the State. In the gubernatorial election just now closed it is not one-thirteenth of the whole popular vote. The Whigs in derision desire "Chapman to crow." We think he and the Democrats have more reason to "crow" over the decline of Whiggery in Indiana than the Federalists will find it agreeable to admit. Surely the tumble down of old Tip's friends from a majority of one-eighth of the whole vote of the State to a majority of less than one-thirteenth is something to "crow" over. We anticipate that Chapman will have more than this to crow about in November. Tip must be prepared to find that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip."

Here is an extract from the *Pulse of the People*, published at Woodstock, (Vt.) by C. G. Eastman, Esq., a very spirited political writer. It speaks our sentiments:

"It is of no sort of moment in this contest, whether general Harrison is the bravest warrior or the meanest coward, that ever graced or disgraced the pages of history. Let the man alone. His principles, his principles! It is sufficient for the old republicans to know that he is the candidate of the old federalists."

## Gen. Jackson's last Letter.

In a former number of our paper we published a letter from Gen. Jackson, respecting certain attacks on his official honesty, and on the fame of Edward Livingston, made by Henry Clay, at the Federal Convention held in Nashville. It appears that Clay and his friends discovered that the city of Nashville was a most ill-chosen place in which to assail the venerable Ex-President, and he immediately addressed a letter to the editor of the Nashville Banner, seeking to explain away the offensive features of his remarks. The following is Gen. Jackson's notice of that pitiful and contemptible article.

*To the Editor of the Nashville Union.*

Sir—I have just read in the Banner of this day an article addressed by Henry Clay, of Kentucky, to the public; the object of which is evidently to exculpate himself from the calumnious assault he made upon my character and that of Edward Livingston, deceased, in his speech to several gentlemen of the Federal Whig Party informed me that Mr. Clay had charged me with appointing defaulter to office; and since my appointment at Nashville a great number of my friends have stated that they heard Mr. Clay's speech on the occasion alluded to, and that he did declare that I had appointed Mr. Livingston Secretary of State when he was a defaulter.

With this evidence before me I cannot entertain a doubt that the information on which I acted when I addressed you on Tuesday is correct, nor is it at all impaired by the incalpation which Mr. Clay has offered to the public. Knowing the man as I do, I knew he would resort to some such artifice to cover his retreat from the position in which he had been thrown by his vain desire to gratify those who have followed in the rakkoon and hard cider pageant of the day.—Convicted of making an assertion which the records of the Senate and other familiar history proved to be false, he now attempts to qualify it by the following language—"In arguing from cause to effect I contend that the appointment of Mr. Livingston was a pernicious precedent—that it was a virtual proclamation to all who were or might be defaulters, that their infidelity in a public trust constituted no insuperable barrier to one of the highest offices in the government. I did not attribute to Gen. Jackson a knowledge of the default. I went even so far as to say that he might have reflected upon the consequence of the appointment of an individual so situated. I must now say that until Gen. Jackson otherwise asserts, I am constrained to believe that he could not have been ignorant of a fact so conspicuous in the annals of our country as that of the default of Edward Livingston, Esq., as Attorney of the United States in the District of New York, during the administration of Mr. Jefferson, to the amount of \$100,000." And all this moral sin is made to result, not from the fact that Mr. Livingston was a defaulter when he was appointed to the office of Secretary of State, but that he had been some twenty years before. It would be easy to show from the life of Mr. Livingston that the default here alluded to was one which did not prejudice his moral character, or lessen the high standing which he enjoyed at the time, and has since invariably sustained wherever he has been known. But it is not my purpose here to vindicate the memory of that eminent patriot and statesman! Every one can see that, explained as Mr. Clay now places his reference to that appointment, he fails to conceal his real design of leaving an impression on the public mind unfavorable to my character, and by a resort to facts which when examined are insufficient or imaginary.

He cannot say in an article which bears his signature that I ever appointed a defaulter or retained one in office knowing him to be one. Yet this was the impression which he sought to make on the multitude that were assembled here with him on Monday last. That he did then predicate this charge on the appointment of Mr. Livingston is proved by the testimony which I have adduced; but my exposure of the calumny will never reach, probably those who heard it uttered. This was my complaint—not that Mr. Clay had not a right to argue (as he expresses it) from cause to effect in the examination of my official conduct, but that he had no right to pervert facts for the purpose of giving effect to slanders of Mr. Livingston and myself.

Taking the same latitude that Mr. Clay did in his speech, and in his answer to my card, or by tracing effects to their causes with an impartiality and justice which will exonerate neither the living nor the dead, it would not be difficult to refer the public to a far more appropriate source for the evils of which Mr. Clay complains, than Mr. Livingston's appointment. This would be the extravagant extent of the bank paper system—upheld as it has been by the Federal party in their efforts to make the Government subservient to the schemes of stock jobbers and money brokers of this country and Europe. But I do not feel called upon here to vindicate the measures of the administration on this subject which have been so long resisted by the party of which Mr. Clay is the head.

Mr. Clay, when successful in the intrigues which made him Secretary of State, declared, "give us patronage and we will make ourselves popular." He has grasped twice at the Presidency. The people repudiated the principles of the administration of which he is a prominent member. He has made an incessant war upon every machine of my administration, and assailed the character of every public man who has not favored his ambitious pretensions. Availing himself of the corruptions of the Bank of the United States, and of the disasters which have befallen the country in consequence of the paper money system, he now makes pitiful appeals to the people, concealing the real causes of their pecuniary difficulties, and instead of exhorting them to unite in maintaining the inviolability of contracts and reforming the currency, he tells them to make another bank of fifty millions.

This certainly is not the man to come here and lecture Tennessee on morals or politics, and

to pull down or build up the reputation of her citizens.

Mr. Clay seems to have considered that he was addressing a benighted people—before whom he might indulge his malignant disposition to slander the living and the dead without exposure, and whose passions might be appealed to by the exhibition of empty pageants and flags of new device, not the flag of the country, indicating allegiance to our free institutions, but of the various factions that are united in the present war against the principles of the republican party. I leave an impartial public to determine what reliance ought to be placed on the statements of a demagogue thus reckless of truth and decency.

**ANDREW JACKSON.**

Nashville, Friday, 21st Aug. 1830.

## The Florida War.

Much has been said, in speeches on the floor of Congress and elsewhere, of the enormous expense incurred in transporting wood from New Orleans to Florida, while there was wood in abundance on the spot, which could have been obtained for the mere labor of cutting. The following letter from the Quartermaster General is the true light, and, while it absolves the administration from the charge of extravagance imputed to it in this instance, it proves that Gen. Jesup is not afraid to assume responsibility that properly belongs to him:

**Quartermaster General's Office.**

Washington city, Aug. 11, 1840.

Sir—In reply to your inquiry whether under your administration of the War Department, or during the Presidency of Mr. Van Buren, wood for steamboats has been transported from New Orleans to Florida at twenty dollars a cord, I have the honor to report that, during the period referred to, no fuel has been transported from N. Orleans to Florida at that or any price.—A single instance occurred in 1836, during the Presidency of General Jackson, of a cargo of wood sent from New Orleans to Florida, at a time, and under circumstances, which rendered the measure not only justifiable, but one of paramount duty. The army under Gen. Calhoun was in the field—the success depended upon supplies, reinforcements, and the means of land transportation; being sent forward promptly, several vessels loaded with subsistence, forage, and other stores, had been wrecked in violent gales on the Gulf of Mexico. The most prompt and energetic measure became necessary to replace the loss, as well as to push forward the troops moving from Alabama. The whole coast east of St. Marks, and South of Suwannee, except a small post on the Withlacoochee, and one at Tampa Bay, was in possession of the enemy. Fuel for the steamboats necessarily employed could be obtained only where military protection could be afforded, and consequently no where but at the posts named. A force could not be spared to cut the quantity of wood required; and for several weeks there were no teams to haul it, had it been cut. Had it been piled on the shore ready for use, there were no adequate means of placing it on board the boats, which, owing to the shallow water on the coasts and in the harbors of Florida, were compelled to anchor at a great distance from land. Until the posts had been reinforced, horses and mules obtained from Mobile and New Orleans, and boats to be used as lighters, built by the troops, the delay in obtaining the wood required by two steamboats for a single return voyage would have cost, in the demurrage of the boats alone, more than the highest estimated cost of the wood sent from New Orleans. It was under such circumstances a single cargo was ordered. No administration is accountable for the measure. I gave the order, and am responsible for it; Major Clark, a man of the purest character and sternest integrity, and one of the most faithful public servants this or any other country can boast, executed