

Indiana State Sentinel.

WEEKLY EDITION.

ETERNAL VIOLENCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY. INDIANAPOLIS, DECEMBER 25, 1845.

Deferred Matter.

A portion of matter omitted in our last to give place to the excellent resolutions and speeches of Gen. Cass and Mr. Allen of Ohio, will be found in this number. On the whole, it has lost nothing by a little age.

The Bank and its President.

The Bank President begins and ends his passionate article in the "Family Organ," by charging that our opposition to him-plasters, and our desire for an honest management of the Bank, is altogether owing to personal hostility towards him! In so doing, the President flatters himself entirely too much. We occupied the same ground precisely, long before he became of consequence enough to be known to us or to the public, either as a politician or a financier. Indeed, we have so little desire to enter the lists of blackguardism with one so much better versed than ourselves in pot-house slang, notwithstanding his lofty pretensions to aristocratic breeding, that we shall even now pass over his attempt to turn our animadversions upon his official conduct and financial notions, to those of personalities, however he may lay himself liable to them. We do not know that the Legislature which elected him to the Bank Presidency, made it unlawful for the public to examine into his official conduct; if it did, we should like to see the chapter and section conferring the extraordinary personal privilege. Until that is shown, we shall take the liberty to watch and expose his conduct, even though at the cost of ever so much ire and abuse from him in return.

Nothing could more conclusively prove the slippery ground upon which the Bank President stands, than the avidity with which he seizes upon a typographical error, in our extract from his last year's report, by which to help himself out of his unfortunate dilemma. The word "argument" was printed "arrangement," in such a connexion, that even a child of common discernment would have at once discovered the discrepancy. He grasps at this god-send as a drowning man will clutch at a straw; and suffers his uncontrollable passion to hurry him on, and to endeavor to make grown up men believe, that we intentionally committed the ridiculous error, for the purpose of misrepresenting his sentiments. His imputation is not only disproved by its consummate folly, but also by the fact that we stated particularly the volume and page from whence the extract was taken; thus giving the people, as well as the financiers, and especially members of the Legislature, who had the volume at hand, an opportunity to consult the source of our authority. Besides this, we can prove, if it be necessary, by our compositors and proof readers, that our manuscript was correct, and that the accidental error was theirs, not ours. But we shall not put ourselves to the trouble to do this, until we have additional evidence, that President Morrison's political character and financial ability is based upon so flimsy a foundation, that they are in imminent danger of being upset by such a trifle as a typographical error in a newspaper!

The President admits that there "has been a considerable increase of the circulation of the Bank during the past year;" but says, if it be too large, it is attributable to the charter, and not to the President of the Bank. Admitted: but the question, we mooted, again comes up: Is it proper to add fuel to the fire? Is it good financial economy, is it safe for the Bank and the people? Is it Democratic, just and right, to increase the means of expansion? That is the question; and it is one which we wish the Legislature, and not the Bank alone to decide.

In connection with this important point, President Morrison says he "does not feel called upon at this moment to speculate on the subject of the danger or utility of Banks," which he regards as "rather a stale subject." We have no doubt of the truth of all this. Whatever may be the condition of the Bank, or whatever the course it may pursue, there is but little risk of danger to him. He can quietly sit in the Bank parlor, and luxuriate upon his regalities, "as calm as a summer's morning." Whatever the danger, he has the knowledge and the chance of avoiding it, even if too self-denying to profit by it. Not so with the people. They are overwhelmed in destruction, perhaps, without a note of warning. Consequently, the danger is a subject not quite so stale to them; and he must not be surprised if they persist in talking about it, and watching those who manage the machinery.

RATTLENAKES!—His Lordship, Judge James Morrison, President of the State Bank of Indiana, calls one of our articles suggesting the propriety of thoroughly examining into the affairs of the Sinking Fund, a "Rattlesnake" article. You were never more fortunate in your life, Judge, in the application of a low term. It will prove, as we think you will be thoroughly convinced before it is through with, as fatal to corruption as the deadly reptile's peculiar secretion is to animal health. Your invitation, as well as that of some others, does very well as smoke. We have heard of another instance where funds were missing, and the innocent ones allowed themselves to be searched; but one among them thought a five or a ten dollar bill was not much. Yet the missing funds were found in one of his shoes. We have never charged any individual with any improper acts in relation to that fund; and it only astonishes us that some will catch fire so quick; go off half cocked; and desire to be examined in their peculiarly pointed out method. There are men connected with that fund, who stand as high in our esteem as any others. But this does not militate against the right of the people to examine their own matters as they deem proper.

We venture the assertion without fear of successful contradiction, that not a member of any committee appointed this winter can tell one item of his own knowledge after his examination, that he did not know before. These committees can stand round and let the clerks run over their balanced pages; but they cannot—they have not the time, to examine the why and wherefore of every thing, however much disposed they may be to do so. We refer to the Committees directly, if it is not as we have stated.

There can be no doubt of one thing. Those concerned are in great haste to have the matter hushed. There may be an object in this, or there may be not. We still urge every true friend of the people of Indiana in the Legislature, to have a thorough examination—one understandable by themselves and the people at large. If the concern has been well managed from the commencement, such examination will do it good. If corrupt, it may stop a few from enriching themselves by robbing the many. The idea, as suggested by Judge Morrison, and the Bank Organ, that we desire to delay such an examination, is absurd and preposterous. Is it not a thorough and searching operation which they dread, and which makes them desire it done so quickly!

VIRGINIA.—Hon. WM. SMITH has been elected Governor of Virginia, from the 1st day of January next. The vote stood Smith 54, Brockenbrough 40, scattering 26. Brockenbrough is a democrat, but was put in nomination by the whigs. The result is of the right character; and will mark the Democracy of the Old Dominion as proud of it.

Gov. BARTLEY'S MESSAGE.—The Message of Gov. Bartley of Ohio, like that of the Governor of Indiana, is concise and quite able.—*Low Journal*. The Louisville Journal stepping out of its path to praise Governor Whitcomb! When was that paper known to praise a Democrat, unless something was in the wind? It is intimated here, that the Governor is understood to be the favorite of the Whigs for the U. S. Senate. We do not believe Governor Whitcomb is a party to any Whig intrigue, but the effort may be made to make him one. We shall see.

We clip the above from the Louisville Democrat. The intimation is in the highest degree unjust to Gov. Whitcomb. So far from his being "the favorite of the Whigs for the U. S. Senate," he was the last man they desired to see elected to that station. Ever since the last August election showed that the Democrats had a majority on joint ballot and would consequently elect their Senator, the Whig press has regarded him as the candidate to be elected by the party and kept up an unceasing fire upon him. So far, too, was he from being "a party to any Whig intrigue," he did not bargain even with his own political friends for his elevation. He did not, in the common acceptance of the term, solicit a solitary vote. He expressed himself uniformly as unwilling to be elected unless the majority of the Democratic party in the State desired it, through their representatives, and therefore in the few conversations he held with his friends on the subject, he always said that he did not expect or wish for the vote of any member unless the constituents of the member preferred him for that station. He took early ground in favor of a nomination of a candidate for that office by the Democratic members convened by themselves, as the only mode calculated to ensure unanimity and success, and when the nomination was made of another person, he labored earnestly and constantly to induce all his friends to support it, and the nominee was elected.

He declared both before and after the nomination, that if he should be elected by a minority of the Democrats, with the aid of Whig votes, that he would resign the office the next day. He said that no real Democrat would receive an office against the wish of a majority of his own political friends. Now, Mr. Editor, if you have any better democrats, "bring them on."

Why the Democrat should have so hastily published such a paragraph we are at a loss to conjecture. It could not have been for the sacrifices of time, business, health, and very nearly of life, made by Gov. Whitcomb in canvassing for the office he now holds, and by which the State was redeemed. Nor could it have been for any manifestation on his part heretofore of undue ambition or love of office, that could induce him to abandon his friends or his principles. For he was opposed to receiving the nomination for the office he now holds, and only accepted it after it was made, from a high and controlling sense of duty. The only other office, except that of State Senator, that he ever held, was that of Commissioner of the General Land Office, and that was given to him by that noble hearted patriot, Andrew Jackson, without his application or knowledge. After all this, is it likely that he would intrigue with Whigs for office? Gov. Whitcomb will not complain that he was not elected to the U. S. Senate, but his friends have a right to complain that so unjust an article should make its appearance.

We make these remarks here, in the presence of the members of the Legislature, who will bear witness to its truth. Less we could not have said, and more we have not room to say, at present. We hope the Louisville Democrat will do justice in the premises.

The Vincennes Gazette copies an article from the State Journal, in which, speaking of the late Senatorial election, it says: "The result of this election will greatly astound the rank and file of the democratic party, as three fourths of them, no doubt, preferred the election of Governor Whitcomb. But the political tricksters, by resorting to a species of management, characteristic of such men, defeated the will of that majority, and they will be compelled, however disagreeable the employment, to throw up their caps in its favor."

Gov. Whitcomb feels under no obligation to the Journal editor for his compliment or sympathy, if his remark is designed as such. The same editor, before the election, warned the other democratic candidates and their friends, that it was useless for them to struggle, as the Governor was an expert master of the "lasso," and would "whip the members into the traces" and secure his own election, &c. &c. This remark was designed by the editor to defeat him, and his false sympathy after the election is too shallow to deceive. Every democratic member will bear witness that so far from using any means to secure his election that would justify the use of such terms as the lasso, &c. James Whitcomb did not even solicit a vote. Besides, if three fourths of the democratic rank and file were in his favor, why did the Journal man think it necessary to use the lasso or the whip? This is a specimen of his inconsistency! He is not thanked for his compliments or sympathy. The veil is too easily seen through, and the motive too obvious.

If Gov. Whitcomb ever suffers injustice politically, he will look to his political friends for redress, and not to his enemies. Sooner or later the redress will come. The Journal is only fortified to see the Democratic caucus principle established.

The Salem News, (whig) speaking of the late election of the Hon. J. D. Bright to the U. S. Senate, says: "We consider this event a poor compensation to the age, experience, talents and unceasing labors of Gov. Whitcomb in the Loco-foco ranks." Is it possible that a whig editor has discovered that Gov. Whitcomb has either talents or experience? And why is the discovery made just at this time? Because the editor thinks (not that he can disaffect him, but) that he might perhaps disaffect some of his democratic friends in the State. And this very editor, who has formerly battled him, most bitterly, and unceasingly, as the editor of the Bloomington Post, now thinks to gull his friends by a little false sympathy! Out upon such hypocrisy. Hypocrisy! Yes, it sticks out at the conclusion of the very same article, where the editor says that the result is to be accounted for, only because "they" (the democratic party) "consider the Governor the most popular man in their ranks, and viewing the result of the approaching gubernatorial election very doubtful, they have thought it best to hold him back to run for re-election to that office," that the editor "rejoices at the decision of the party, for there is no man in the Loco-foco ranks he would rather see DEFEATED." Well now, Mr. Editor, where's your consistency? The fact is, you were just as glad that he was defeated for the Senate, as you would be to see him defeated for Governor, if he should be a candidate. You hate him, not because of any personal unkindness that he has ever done you, for you know, as your former townsmen, you have no cause for that, but because he is immovably attached to his principles.

We publish in another column, the first of a promised series of communications on the subject of the State debt, by "Agricola." Some of our readers will recollect this signature as appended to some very sensible articles in our paper, three years since. Without endorsing every thing the writer may say, we can safely commend his articles to the attention of the reader as coming from a sound thinker, a good democrat, and an honest man. It is well to listen to such men.

Is it generally known how many banks the Royal Family are engaged in? We have heard of a Pharaoh Bank! before now, of which one of the Family is said to stand at the head.

Early in October last a short paragraph appeared in the Wabash Courier, under the head of "Sweating Blood—Clairvoyance." It alluded to a singular case of mental and physical phenomena, of recent occurrence in Terre Haute. We copied the paragraph, and appended some remarks of our own, briefly stating certain facts which had been related to us during a short visit to the person subject to these remarkable manifestations. In another column we have now the pleasure to lay before our readers a more full account of the case, from a gentleman whose ability is sufficiently evinced by his article. The case is very mysterious indeed; and to one acquainted with the parties testifying to the facts, as hard to disbelieve as, from its extraordinary character, it is to believe. These witnesses are among the most reputable persons in Terre Haute, where, even those who doubt, in any respect, as to the character of the phenomena, do not in the least question the integrity and credibility of those testifying to the same. We present the matter to our readers with the confession on our part, that we are unable to account for the preternatural phenomena upon any received doctrine of mental or physical science, and with the simple remark, that if it be a humbug, it is at least one of the best executed, that ever fell under our notice.

"We can see no good reason why Chapman is entitled to all the patronage of the public."—Morrison's Bank Organ.

This is where the shoe pinches. Morrison has long supposed that we were getting rich; and this, as much as any other reason, has induced him to endeavor to supplant us. By labor, by hard labor, night and day, such as he never dreamed of, we have been enabled to make a living, and do something to pay off those who had made money purses for him, by assuming the debts of the old Democrat office. As to our gains, over and above that,—why, a certain ex-speaker of Ohio has lost more in one night, than all we can boast of, and Allick won it.

The relative amount of matter in the State Sentinel and Morrison's "Democrat," may be judged of by the fact that Mr. Butler's letter, which was published in full, by us, made a little less than three columns in the State Sentinel, and the same document made six full columns in Morrison's paper; showing that in the same space, we give twice as much matter as Morrison gives. He will have to stir his stumps, and spend a few more dimes if he expects to compete with us in the newspaper business. He will find it less profitable that it used to be in old times.

The Royal Bank Paper, notwithstanding its pretended adoration of Gen. Cass, "had not space, at present," to lay his excellent resolutions and speech before his three hundred readers! Perhaps they may have "received a Washington letter" from the Gen., not quite so Bankish as they wish; and hence are disposed to drop him, as they would any one who opposes their selfish schemes. Great Democrats and Cass men, these Royal Bankers!

Chapman styles us the Royal Family. We think we are entitled to it.—Bank Organ.

A candid character is good for the soul. But it is decidedly in character for the tail to make the first acknowledgment, as he is not so far ahead,—his Bank not being so generally known as the State Bank of Indiana. Go it again, Mr. President Pharaoh.

The Tail of the Royal Family, thinks the Bank will pay us all it owes us. If the assets of the Bank were all of the character of the Tail's liabilities, we should somewhat doubt the fact. Can't we have a new edition now of the Hog and Cattle Story that was so effectually to humbug the farmers of Marion and use up Mr. Todd!

A. F. Morrison says we "cannot drive him into the attitude of bank defender." True. He is already there; though no doubt he would like to be driven into the bank itself, as the balance of the clique have been.

COMING TO HIS SENSES.—Morrison says every sensible dog knows his own kennel. We are glad he has found it out, especially since he was last a candidate.

Song.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN. TUNE—"Of a' the airts." No, not when sunbeams gaily shine, And garish day shows bright, Nor yet when stars look forth undimmed, Through calm and pleasant night; Oh, not when summer breezes rustle, Their sweet fans from hill and lea, And crowd their bonnie light play— Nor then will I see thee.

My love for thee needs not the sun, Like July's gaudy flow'rs; His emblem is the dew-drop rare, That shines through Winter's show'rs. Enough for me of warmth and light, Thy sunny smile shall be; Enough, when other oaks are dim, If thine look bright on me.

What time the heavens are tempest rent, And stormy day shows bright, When lightning strikes the stars are hid, And howls the midnight blast; When shrill shrieks like the sea-bird wild, When whitens foam the sea, When loudest roars the thunder's voice— Then night I'll come to thee.

No summer sun's heat here I— I'm not a sunshine friend— I am not one to shrink away, When Fate's dark shades descend. When other faces turn to love, When scarce may hope be seen— When false ones flinch before the storm, Then, dearest, look for me!

Small Bills. A proposition will be made in winter for an extension of the time for issuing small bills by the State Bank. We have only time now to say that we hope no Democrat will vote for such a measure.

We clip the above from the Goshen Democrat, and most heartily respond amen to the proposition, that no democrat will vote for such a measure. The fact is the more favorably we view the hands of the people the more they swindle them in return.—Delphi Oracle.

Upon this subject we have over and again declared our opposition to the demands of the State Bank. Day by day, we see additional reason to adhere our course. Let the Bank at once be admonished that as fast as her franchise expires, they will be reclaimed and forever rest with the people of the State, whether they are exercised by Whigs or Democrats.

Some of our exchanges are of opinion that no good democrat will be found managing a Bank at this age, of Rag Baroniism, while others believe that a democrat makes as good a bank director as any. However this may be, we need not now undertake to decide, but as things go on, we seem to exclaim, that they that ask and they who give to Banks the power of issuing small bills are not, when so doing, under the influence of democratic principles, profess what they may. We say let us opportunity be lost to limit the operations of the Bank, within the smallest possible compass.—Greencastle Patriot, Dec. 9.

We suppose that Gov. Whitcomb will again nominate democrats this winter to fill the vacancies on the Supreme Bench. Selecting democrats for Judges is not so criminal a matter after all! The whigs in this county, at the election for Associate Judge, on the 27th ult., drew the line and elected Mr. Archibald Simpson, whig, over Mr. Mayes, the democratic candidate. For conscience sake, we exclaim, the whigs, don't suffer politics to interfere with the judiciary.—Western Sun.

The Louisiana Constitution question has been decided almost unanimously. The votes of all the parishes, except Orleans, are in favor of the aggregate, as follows: For adoption, 12,577—against adoption, 1,305.

Mysterious Case at Terre Haute.

MISSISS. EDITORS.—According to the promise I made you Junior where here, I proceed to give you a narrative of some of the facts, relating to the strange mental manifestations of Susan E. Pearson. This female has resided in the family of Mr. W. of this place some two or three years.

She is from Kentucky, where some of her connections now reside. She is about twenty-two years of age—has been a sleep-walker from her earliest recollection. You are aware that the family of Mr. W., from whom I have received most of the facts respecting her, are persons of perfect integrity and honor, and who know them, could for a moment suspect them of intentional misrepresentation. Strange and startling as many things are, respecting her apparent gift of second-sight, it can hardly be expected that many will not regard them as merely fabulous, or at best the illusions of a diseased imagination. My purpose is to give facts which are fully established, and leave others to draw their own conclusions. All the facts connected with such instances are highly important to the cause of science; and the only anxiety which the genuine lover of truth should feel, would be, to deduce from these and other facts, the true science of mind, regardless of its effects upon his preconceived opinions.

The latter part of June last, Miss P. had suffered for several years from very frequent hemorrhage of the lungs, by which she was reduced to a state of great physical prostration. The slightest exertion, when awake, would often cause fresh paroxysms of her complaint. She suffered from very acute headache and pain in the chest. Still she was in the habit of walking in her sleep, and often went out at night. Every device was contrived to prevent her, by fastening the doors in various ways, and placing heavy objects against them; but with the sagacity and skill peculiar to somnambulists, she contrived to remove all obstacles. On one occasion, a settee was placed directly in front of her bed, so that she could not get up without stumbling against it. She arose at night and in attempting to get out of bed, fell with her stomach directly across the back of the settee.

This fall injured her severely. Medical aid was called in, but as her injuries seemed to be internal, it was found impossible to afford her relief. She remained in bed, with her health slowly impaired, and suffering great pain, for three or four weeks; and had relinquished nearly all hope of ever being better. At this time, (which was early in July last), the family observed that she remained with her eyes closed, and slept nearly the whole morning. At breakfast time, she was requested to rise and eat breakfast. She attempted to rise, but seemed wholly unable to do so, and she remained in bed, until she was told Mrs. H. (the mother of Mrs. W.) that she should never get up. She had eaten nothing for two or three days previous to this time. She was placed upon a pallet on the floor of her room and remained there apparently unconscious until near noon. She would pray and sing at intervals, but took no notice of things around her, and she retained no memory of what she had done or said. She then opened her eyes, and she could not get up, but she would never tell any one. Said she should be sick on the next day, and remarked to Mr. W. that she should then sweat blood.

Then she also said that on the same night at five minutes after one she should be very sick for a few minutes only. She was taken at the time indicated and was convulsed and seemed to suffer very intensely. The next day, (Thursday 11th), she had a very severe attack of convulsions, and sweat blood from the pit of the stomach. She required a person to press with as great force as possible, upon her forehead with the palm of the hand, and on the stomach with the ends of the fingers. She then recovered, and her flesh over the stomach, until she became weary and then withdrew her hand with no appearance of blood. Mr. W. took her place, and on removing his hands, discovered that his fingers were bloody.

On Friday, the 19th of September, about 11 o'clock, Mrs. W. asked her why she had been sleeping all the morning. She replied, to gain strength, for she was so very sick, that she would be unable to get up. At 1 o'clock, and remain in great suffering until five o'clock. She had before said while in the sleep-walking state that the Rev. Mr. L. would be at the house that evening. (He had never before been there.) She changed her dress, putting on her night-clothes, and taking great care that they should be particularly neat. She then opened her eyes, and she could not get up, but she would never tell any one. Said she should be sick on the next day, and remarked to Mr. W. that she should then sweat blood.

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to the parlor, knelt by the centre table and read in the bible. She read the sermon on the mount in Matthew and a passage in John and another in Revelations. She then resumed the subject of the strange thumping, and remarked that it was for her, because she had not read her bible and prayed as much nor as often as she should have done. She has since remarked that she heard a similar noise once before and once since then, and the only reason why she attached such a significance to it, was that, such an impression came upon her mind whenever she heard it. That at first she had attempted to shake off this impression, but that the repetition of the occurrence had only increased its force. After speaking of this, she proceeded to relate what had taken place when she was lying on the settee. It should be borne in mind that while giving this relation, she was in the sleep-walking state. She stated that while on the settee she had a vision of her brother who had lived at Lexington, Ky. 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