From the Cincinnati Gazette.

A GOOD THING.

Gen. Harrison was among the invited guests to the dinner given to Gen. Ransselaer, in this city, on the second inst. He could not be present for reasons assigned. The following is his letter, declining the invitation. It is one of those good things which frequently fall from the pen of American statesmen, and from non-more often than Gen. Harrison's. Good taste will relish, and correct judgments approve it.

NORTH BEND, 1st July, 1840.

GENTLEMEN:—A recent domestic affliction in the death of one of my sons, and the present illness of Mrs. Harrison, will prevent me from enjoying the great pleasure of being present at the dinner to be given on Thursday next, to my beloved friend and old associate in arms, General Solomon Van Rensselaer. It is now forty-seven years since I first met this distinguished soldier in the army of Gen. Wayne—he in the capacity of Cornet of Dragoons, and I as an Ensign of Infantry. Associated in all the toils and difficulties incident to a war, the theatre of which was an unbroken wilderness; of ages nearly correspondent; and of dispositions and tastes which induced us to seek the same employments, the same amusements, and the same fellowships, our friendship thus formed by propensession and lost in common danger, could not be ephemeral. It was such indeed as though we had owned the same paternity, and had been nurtured at the same bosom. And I may say with Castalio of his brother,

"When had a friend that was not Polidore's,
"Or Polidore a foe that was not mine?"

I will not attempt, gentlemen, to give you even a summary of the services of this old soldier. I will not tell you of the deep debt of gratitude which is due to him from western men—of his gallant bearing in the battle of the Miamis, and the blood which I saw pouring from his manly bosom upon the soil of Ohio,—or his still more glorious achievements upon the heights of Queenstown, Fort-Erie, enobled, like those of Abraham, by the blood of the contending heroes. All this you know. It is to be found in the records of your country, and furnishes some of the brightest pages of its history. And what is he now? What and who is the hero of two wars, the conqueror of the hero Brock, of him by whose management, gallantry, so deep a wound had been inflicted upon the military character of our country?

A year ago I would have answered you, fellow-citizens, that he was living in humble retirement, in the bosom of a large and happy family, supported by the emoluments of an humble office, the gift of a President who had himself participated in his toils, and shed his blood in achieving the independence of his country, and knew how to appreciate a Hero's services and reward a soldier's toils. Such, gentlemen, was the situation of my friend, the defender of Ohio cabins from the furious savage, the bearer in his body of the marks of seven distinct wounds,—when the spoiler came.

When the disbanded legions of Augustus were suffered to eject the happy husbandman of the fairest portion of Italy, we have reason to believe, we know indeed, that some were spared. The ruthless warrior was not suffered to usurp the seat and violate the groves which had resounded to the songs of the genius of peace. We may conclude also, that the scarred veterans of former wars were exempted from the otherwise general proscription. Indeed, we must suppose that the sympathy naturally felt between men of the same profession, would have induced the usurpers to spare the warworn followers of the great Pompey, although they had been the soldiers of liberty, and the sworn enemies of their own faction. But, gentlemen, let me ask you now to point to an exception in the proscription which has raged in our country for the last twelve years? Who has been spared that professed any thing which could tempt the equipoise of the spoilers? My friend is the last victim. The reason of this honorable distinction I could not tell. It is somewhat different from that which induced the giant Polyphemus to intend the like honor to the king of Ithaca. But you may perhaps be anxious to know the reason which has been assigned for this outrage upon the feelings of the American people. Why, it was predicated that which has been given in all ages and in all countries for all the violent and unjust acts of tyrants: "The public good." In this case, "the advantage of the democracy." In the midst of such abominations, how appropriate is the exclamation of one of the distinguished victims of the savage Robespierre, "Oh! democracy, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

It may be proper, gentlemen, that I should add that Gen. Van Rensselaer has accepted for every cent of public money that ever came into his hands, and that he dares the strictest investigation into his conduct as an officer. What cause of deep reflection, gentlemen, does the case of my friend, contrasted with that of others known to be public defaulters, who have been retained in office, present to the patriot and the friend of Republican government!

I conclude, gentlemen, by offering you a sentiment: "May Solomon Van Rensselaer be the last victim in our country of party violence; and may the servers which come to be the future passports to office, be not those rendered to a party, but to the whole people.

I am, gentlemen, with great respect,
Your humble servant,
WM. H. HARRISON.

To SAMUEL W. DAVIES, etc.

The New Orleans Times of the 7th inst. says: "The Cashier of the City Bank at Natchitoches suddenly disappeared on Tuesday last. His absence was soon discovered, and an examination of affairs took place when it was found that he was in arrears, some 20 to 25,000. He was pursued and overtaken, and brought back the next day in fact he had only gone a short distance from town, having been engaged in taking laudanum, and making other attempts at self destruction."

From the Ohio Republican.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

The present Vice President, R. M. Johnson, is a man with whom we have some acquaintance. Some of our Harrison editors have said a few hard things about Colonel Richard M. Johnson, without knowing that they were unintentionally slandering one of the bravest soldiers of the last war, and one of the firmest friends that ever Gen. Harrison had the honor of possessing. We know son had the honor of possessing. We know him both intimately, and we speak by authority when we say there is nothing but the most kindly feelings entertained in the breasts of these honorable and distinguished men, towards each other. Richard M. Johnson has been kicked to one side, by his Van Buren friends, but that makes no diff'rence to us. We mean to tell a tale, the incidents of which we can prove by men of the most high minded and respectable men of Cincinnati, Elam P. Langdon is one of the most high minded and respectable men of Cincinnati, Elam P. Langdon is whom the man we allude to, and although there are some hundred of others upon whose testimony we might rely, we name him in preference to all the rest, because, although a supporter of the present administration, he possesses a soul, on which in eight years' acquaintance we never discovered a single stain or blot. But to our tale, which is not one of fancy.

On a certain occasion, not far from the dog days of 1835, it was rumored among some of us Jackson men of Cincinnati, that Dick Johnson, as every body familiarly called him, was about to perpetrate a stump speech in Covington, which, as we persume all our readers know, lies exactly opposite to Cincinnati, in the State of Kentucky, a State too well known in history and tradition to require our feeble attempts to eulogize. Well we crossed the river in the ferry boat, were duly hailed by the hell-hounds to hold forth, shook him cordially by the hand, and then sat down, along with Elam P. Langdon to hear his speech.

Stump speaking in Kentucky is not exactly the thing for us Ohio. It is somewhat difficult for a Kentucky stump orator, when he commences his speech to guess with much exactness as to its duration or its portrait. The Kentuckians dislike to be humbugged, and they very frequently ask a stump orator, even in the very height and flow of his eloquence, a question that throws him out of his own prescribed track. Such was the case with our friend Col. Johnson.

He began a dissertation on matters and things in general and Democracy in particular. He was moving on as smoothly as a square rigged brig, with all her canvass shaken out, when somebody in the crowd yelled out,

"Were you at the battle of the Thames?"

"I was, and what of it?"

"Are you the hero of that battle?"

"That's a very singular question to be put to me by any gentleman that has read the history of the last war. My brother James and myself—and the Colonel raised his head full and proud—had the pleasure of the name of his brave and departed brother—my brother James and myself raised a regiment of mounted riflemen and joined Gen. Harrison on the Maumee. We asked him for the post of danger, the very moment it could be obtained, and he told us, it it were possible, and it would not conflict with the general operations of the troops, we should grant it to us cheerfully. We were shortly on the trail of Proctor. We caught him on the Thamer. Our mounted regiment, as a matter of course, was in the advance, and when we descried the enemy, my brother and myself rode up to General Harrison and reminded him of his promise."

"Have your mounted men ever been practised to charge upon infantry?" said the General.

"Certainly," said we.

"Then," said the General, "the post of danger as well as of duty is before you.—One half of your regiment will charge through the British regulars, and the other half will, simultaneously, commence an attack on Tecumseh's Indians in the swamp."

"So said the General—my brother James, and a braver and a better man never lived, charged through the British, with one half of the battalion, while I, with the other half, undertook to rouse up the Indians in the swamp. They were not hard to rouse up, for Tecumseh, a man transcendently superior to Proctor, in point of real bravery, as 'Hyperion to a Satyr,' had determined to make that his best and most conclusive battle ground. We met them and fought them; and, when they learnt the Proctor's British regulars had been demolished by my brother James they began to retire. At this moment my lady had been perforated by five bullets, and my horse could only be kept on his legs by the greatest exertion of my bridle hand. In endeavoring to make him leap over a log in the swamp he fell and died, with two more balls in his carcass than were in my own. A tall, good looking Indian approached me, with his tomahawk ready for a throw. My horse lay in a position that did not permit me to be exactly dismounted. I pulled out a loaded pistol from my holsters and shot him.

"The way it was Tecumseh I shot. I care not, *and I know not*. I would have shot the best Indian that ever breathed under such circumstances without inquiring his name, or asking the ages of his children."

When the Colonel reached this point there was a deafening roar of applause. A simpleton, present, who did not know the true calibre of the man he was about to interrogate, and who wished to make himself popular among the enemies of Harrison, exclaimed in a stentorian voice—

"Where was General Harrison then?"

The Colonel gave a calm survey of the crowd, until he singled out the face of the querist, when he fixed his eye, and said in a tone of thunder,

"That's a very simple