

The Worcester Banner



"HE IS THE FREEMAN, WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE."

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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Not exceeding sixteen lines, inserted three times for one dollar; for each subsequent insertion twenty five cents, payable in advance. When not limited, they will be continued until forbidden.

In announcing candidates for office, each name will be charged as a separate advertisement.

Communication, to receive attention, must have the postage paid.

THE TWO FATHERS.

By Professor Wilson.

There was the sound of stifled sobbing throughout the whole house, the fires were extinct on all the hearths, and by the glimmer of neglected lights small groups of weeping friends were sitting in remote rooms, silent, or now and then uttering a few words from which all the tones of hope had faded away, and that struck their hearts, at intervals, like the very toll of the passing bell. In one apartment there was a perfect hush, and no more motion than that on a frozen sea. Therein lay on her death bed, but still breathing as sweet a child as ever folded hands before God—over her countenance, white as the shrouded sheet, her parents had long been hanging, and dropping their last kisses on the closed unconscious eyes—he whose skill had been in vain bestowed on the sufferer night and day, stood at the foot of the couch with a solemn face, overspread with that profound pity which melteth not in tears—and the holy man who had continued to read to her the words of him who died to save sinners, even after her speech was gone, and her resignation was seen only in a few fast vanishing smiles now bowed down his silver hairs in the gloom; and at the very moment of her soul's departure to heaven remained in the posture of reverential prayer.

The change from life to death, gradual as it may have been in its progress, smites the loving heart that beholds it with a pang as sudden as if there had been no previous despair. There had been a faint irregular breath for parents to listen to—there had been a motion of the bosom for them to gaze on—a quivering of the eyelids that, miserable though it was, yet showed their child was yet among the living. But now breath or motion there was none—her name was the name of a shadow—for her life had ceased to be—she had left the world in which they dwelt and would continue to dwell—the separation was infinite, the loss beyond the power of their smitten hearts to conceive; and the religion itself, that had hitherto borne them up, deserted them in that extremity, and they both sank down together on the floor. No foot approached them—no hand was stretched out to succor them in their swoon—for the friends who beheld the agony stood aloof in their awe, and left them to the care of him who in his most dreadful judgments is still the God of mercy.

For an hour the parents were left alone in that chamber—for scenes of suffering there are which to witness is almost to profane. None went near them; and the few dear friends that were in the house dropped away one by one, to their own homes. The servants watched every louder groan that echoed through the stillness of the dark, and in whispers spoke of the saintly character of the beloved dead. "Too good was she," they said; "too beautiful to live long;" and she who had tended her from her birth, showed a ringlet of her hair cut off during her late mortal sleep, while many a feat fell on its golden glow from eyes little used to weep, and sentiments were expressed by those humble folk most affecting in their purity and solemnity;—such is the influence of sacred sorrow on the spirits of all the children of the dust.

Hurried feet were heard descending the stair, and the sound died away at a distance in the outer night. The old nurse ventured into the room, and with one arm below the head of the corpse, and the other across its breast, lay the mother in a profound sleep. Both faces were alike pale, and the same angelical smile was on both,—but no one else was present, and it was plain that the father had sought, in his distraction, the less insufferable solitude of the woods or gleens, now shone over by the midnight moon and stars.

On he went, blind and deaf to all outward things, yet unconsciously drawn, as if by the power of some invisible spirit, towards the solitary parish church that stood, among its multitude of burial heaps, under the gloom of an old pine-grove. Lonesome was the road he took, up a ravine darkened with trees, and filled with the constant thunder of waterfalls. To his ear the place was silent as the grave. Unappalled he passed along the edges of precipices, and close to the brink of many an abyss, like one walking in his sleep, and to whom danger is not, because he has no fear. The confused sense of some unimaginable calamity drove him along; for his soul in its passion could no longer grapple with realities, and all it knew was that there had been most dismal death. Misery more than man could endure was quaking at his heart—but his reason was so shaken, that it lost hold of the cause why of all God's creatures on this wretched earth he should be the most wretched, and thus ordered out for ever and ever into the haunted wilderness.

There came a pause to his agony, and lifting up his eyes, once more he knew the heavens, and wept. Then the image of his child lay before him, with its face looking up to all those glorious luminaries, and he remembered that she was dead. His seat was a grave-stone—the shadows of the church-tower lay across the moonlight burial ground—and the far-off, mysterious murmur of midnight was as a sound from another world.

Then arose, in the silence of that lonesome church-yard, the clamor of a grief that knew not how great it was till, far away from human voice and eye, it thus poured itself forth like a torrent, sounding along when all living things were asleep. All the blessings that Providence had bestowed,—so many, so pure, so high, and so undeserved,—were now all forgotten, or remembered in bitterness of spirit, almost with an upbraiding ingratitude. "What means the goodness of God, since he has gathered all his gifts into one and then destroyed them all by one dread decree? Better, oh better far, that she had never been born,—that smiles such as hers had never been seen, since they have all passed away,—that mine eyes had never seen her kneeling in prayer,—that—Oh thou great, and thou dreadful God! is her voice indeed mute for ever?—Can it be that our Emeline is dead, and soon, soon to be buried among these hideous tombstones! He dashed himself down on a cold stone slab, green with the mosses of many years, and writhing like a wounded worm, muttered curses on his existence, supplications for pardon, waitings for the dead, and prayers in behalf of her over whom, although he knew it not, God had thrown the mantle of a profound sleep, out of which she was to awake in perfect resignation, even with her only child lying a corpse in her bosom!

A shadow moved over the church-yard, there was a sound as of steps, and the miserable man felt himself in the presence of some one whom he could not yet discern. The feeling of that presence disarmed his grief,—something like shame for his weakness blended with the recollection of its cruel cause,—and starting to his feet, by a sudden effort of self command, he prepared himself to be seen and spoken to by one of his fellow-Christians. The figure of an old man stood close beside him, and he at once recognized the solemn countenance of him who had been praying to his daughter on her death-bed. It seemed as if tears were in those aged eyes; pity overspread all his features, pity was in his folded hands, and pity bent down that body more even than the weight of three score and ten years. "My son this is a sacred place, and God will to the prayers of a contrite heart send down peace from heaven—even the Holy Ghost the Comforter. I bid thee to be of good cheer—for where can mortal creatures like us so feel the vanity of sorrow as in the field of graves?"

There was a long silence, during which the heavens became more serene, each large lustrous star seeming nearer to the earth, and the solitary church-yard to be received into the very bosom of the sky. The soul of the bereaved father felt its immortality; and the dreadful darkness rolled off from the decrees of Providence. The mystery of the dread of life grew more supportable; and he heard the voice of an angel singing a hymn. Well known and dearly beloved was that voice! For many blessed years it had been heard amidst the shadow and sunshine of this earth; but now it wavered away far off into the blue celestial depths, murmuring a holy, almost a joyful farewell.

The old man bent over his son and wept. "O father, for by that name from youth upwards have I loved to call thee, join with me in humblest supplication to heaven for pardon of my mad impiety."

They knelt down together,—he, that grey-headed man, who had long been familiar with sorrow, and well acquainted with grief, and he that had never before bowed down at the bidding of a broken heart. The sighing and the sobbing were all now from the breast of him who had seemed unassailable to earthly troubles. Drenched were his wrinkled cheeks with tears, and he bowed his white hairs down even to the flowers that smiled in the moonlight on a grassy grave.

"O my son! pray thou also for thy poor old father! for know that only a few hours before I left my home to pray by little Emeline's bed, my own daughter—the sole daughter of my age—was called away from me—my Lucy lies like thy Emeline—no more—no more than dust!"

O the great goodness, and the exceeding love of the human heart, that all life-long has been under the inspiration of a heaven-born faith! Utterly desolate was now the house of this aged minister of religion; no one now to accompany him on his evening walk,—to read the chapter at morning and evening prayer,—to watch the daily change that steals over the face and the frame of him who had nearly reached the hill-foot of his pilgrimage, and to close his eyes at last when willingly they shall have become blind to this weary world.

The son now laid himself down at his father's feet, and in tenderness and reverential embrace, bathed them in contrite tears. It was now his turn to be the comforter; and in that awful trance, his own affliction changed into a sadness near akin to peace. He remembered that God chasteneth those he loves; the image of his wife, so beautiful in her resignation, and at that very hour cheered and strengthened by dreams sent

from heaven, was brought suddenly before him; the promises contained in the Book of Life, hoarser and firmer far than any vows that can ever breathe from the lips of creatures of the clay, became embodied in those scriptural expressions so charged with love divine; and between the place where he and his father now stood, once more tranquil and without a groan, and the light of all those glorious stars and constellations, appeared for a moment the shadow of a Cross.

The old man was the first to speak, and after that short fit of passion, his soul had ascended into the habitual and holy calm that broods over the declining years of the pious. Old age, too, by a gracious dispensation of Providence, becomes subdued to all such affections. Intense emotion it can contemplate with quiet sympathy in others; but when standing on the confines of another world, rightly considers all such emotion in its own case vanity of vanities. The past is as a painful or a pleasant dream; the future is felt to be the sole reality. He had parted with his daughter for a little while, and why should that little while be disturbed, blending as it was perceptibly with the dawning of an eternal day? "We shall meet, my son, on the Sabbath-day, in the house of God. One funeral sermon will suffice for them both—your Emeline and my Lucy—few tears now have I to shed,—you may have many,—let them flow freely at morning and evening sacrifice."

Again and again they embraced one another with mutual benedictions; and then parted, each in the way to his own dwelling; the old man into the gloom of the upper glen, and his son away down the light that bathed the vale widening towards the plain and the sea.

"THE PROSPECT BEFORE US."

The inquiry is frequently addressed to us, both at home and from a distance, for our opinion in regard to the probable result of the issue about to be tried by the People of the United States between MARTIN VAN BUREN and WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON. We beg leave to refer all such inquirers to the subjoined letter. It was written, not for the public eye, or for public effect, but in the sincerity and freedom of private correspondence, and by a man whose extensive sources of information, and whose care in sifting and comparing facts and probabilities, combined with his clear judgment and known candor, impart to his opinions a value and weight superior to those of any other citizen within our knowledge. The letter is as follows:—

WASHINGTON, May 29, 1840.
My Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 26th. inst. was duly received.

It is surprising to me that Ritchie's bragging in the Richmond Enquirer about New York should give our friends one moment's uneasiness. It is his "vocation," and it is the habit of the Federal Locofoco party to brag the louder the more they are beaten. Since their overthrow in Connecticut, Rhode Island, Virginia, and in certain local elections in Pennsylvania, their prospects have brightened wonderfully! They are looking up, because they are on their backs! I understand their game perfectly. They know they cannot make a decent fight in other States, unless they can persuade their friends that Mr. Van Buren can recover New York. Without it, he has not the remotest chance of success. As to his prospects in New York, I have no hesitation in giving you my candid opinion, that he will be beaten by a much larger majority than that of the last two years. I have the best sources of information. I have an extensive correspondence all over the State, and, from my peculiar position, am enabled to judge with much accuracy of our elections. For the last two years, I have predicted the result with an accuracy almost equal to the official canvass—and I now say to you that Gen. Harrison's majority, in my judgment, will not be less than Fifteen thousand. We hope to swell it much beyond that. I have not heard of a single man that has gone over to the Administration since the last election. But I know and have heard of hundreds and hundreds, in different counties, who have abandoned it since that time, and are now co-operating with their old Democratic Republican friends in putting down Mr. Van Buren's old Federal doctrines. Amongst this number, are men of the highest standing and influence in their respective counties.

What possible ground, then, is there for Mr. Ritchie or any other man to claim New York for this Federal Administration? It is preposterous. What claims do they present the People, from which they expect to derive more favor than for the last three years? The confidence of the people has been more and more impaired during that period; the mercantile, the manufacturing, and the mechanic interests of the country have heretofore felt the deleterious influence of the measures of the Administration. Now, that influence has reached the farming interest—and you may rely upon it, none of these interests will tamely submit to have their goods,

their manufactures, their labor, and the products of the soil, as well as their lands, reduced one-half or two-thirds in value in order to enjoy the blessings of the *hard money currency of Cuba*, or of any other despotism, whose example the President has recommended for our imitation. No, sir, the free laborers of this country will never consent to have the price of their labor reduced to the same level with the peasants of Germany or the serfs of Russia; nor will the tillers of the soil consent that the products of their farms shall be reduced to price so low as not to pay the cost of production; nor will the farmers consent that the lands shall be reduced to two-thirds in value—that where they have paid \$10,000 in cash, and mortgaged it for \$5,000, that it shall be sold from under them for the amount of the mortgage, and their wives and children turned out of doors, without shelter and without bread. Such are the legitimate effects of the doctrines now maintained by this Administration, and which its friends and supporters are every where urging upon the country; and which will be established beyond the hope of redemption, if Mr. Van Buren shall be re-elected.

Of his re-election there is not the faintest prospect. In regard to New York—I speak without the least hesitation, and with the most entire confidence—he has no possible hope of success there. Why should he have? The changes have been constantly against him for the last three years, and none in his favor. At the extra session in 1837 I predicted his overthrow in that state. At the November election of that year he was swept away as by a hurricane. At the next session of Congress he apologized to his friends by saying that there were 40,000 voters who did not come to the polls, but would be out for him at the next election. Well sir, in 1838 these 40,000 came out, and 25,000 in addition, and he was beaten by more than 10,000 majority. He again consoled his friends for this unexpected defeat by saying that in the next campaign he would take the field in person. He did so; he traversed the whole State, on a mere electioneering tour, and, with the exception of the city of New York, the result in the Legislature showed a larger majority against him than the year before. In almost every contested county the popular vote against him was increased. There was no falling off, but from local causes, any where, except in the old West, there was no necessity of giving a full vote but at a general election. That old district will give Harrison Fifteen thousand majority.

The late charter election in the city of New York has satisfied both friend and foe that under the registry law Harrison will carry the city in the fall by a decisive vote. You must recollect, too, that last year we had every thing to discourage and dishearten our friends. Many gave up all for lost after they heard the disastrous accounts from Tennessee and Indiana. But there were some indomitable spirits, that never doubt or falter in a good cause. They rallied, and soon convinced the People that New York could sustain herself, and was not to be influenced by any news abroad, however unpropitious. At this time every man of the Opposition is confident of success. It is not an over-confidence which invigorates and inspires, and which impels to greater exertion. It is a confidence, in short which will justify the expectations of our friends, and disappoint the hopes of our enemies.

After all we have done in New York for the last three years under the most unfavorable auspices it is not a little mortifying to us now, with all our bright prospects before us, that a single friend abroad should for one moment permit a doubt of our triumphant success in fall to cross his mind. New York is just as certain for Harrison as that the time of election comes round. And if my old friend Ritchie, who goes for men and not principles, would like to venture a suit of clothes on the issue, I should be pleased to accommodate him; or if he does not choose to venture it on New York, I will take it on the Union; or, as Randolph says he will be "better accommodated," I will take a suit on each.

A Democratic Republican State Convention will soon be called at the old headquarters at Syracuse. It will be held about the first of October. There will be a Conservative rally on that occasion such as has not been known before in the State. The real Democracy will be there, to take the most effectual measures against the federal usurpations of Mr. Van Buren. New York adheres to her old Democratic Republican principles, and will not be driven into the ultra Federalism of this Administration. From the days of Geo. Clinton to the present time, she has resisted the encroachments of Executive power and the usurpations of the Federal Government. She will continue to resist them whether urged upon her by Martin Van Buren or Thomas Ritchie. Is no reason, because these gentlemen have abandoned their principles and turned Federalists, that the Democratic Republicans of New York or Virginia should follow their example. In New York they will adhere to their old principles, and will assemble in Convention at Syracuse to resist Federal aggressions as our forefathers assembled in the time of the Revolution, to resist the Stamp Act and the Tea Tax. I beg, therefore, you will dismiss all apprehensions about New York, and set down her 42 votes as the capital on which Harrison will commence business, and then I think is a pretty fair beginning for a "log cabin and hard cider" candidate. I have devoted

myself, for the last three years, to the reform of this administration, I have enlisted for the war, and you may rest assured that I shall not stop till the final battle in November is fought and won. That accomplished, and Harrison elected, I shall feel that the country is safe, our free institutions restored to their original purity and that we may once more enter upon a train of uninterrupted prosperity. And I shall also feel that I can say, with much greater propriety, than Mr. Van Buren said on another occasion, "It is glory enough to have served under such a chief."

I have written a much longer letter than I intended when I commenced, but, having said thus much, I will add a little more by way of giving my estimate of the Presidential election. I have taken great pains to get the most accurate information. I have not only consulted members of Congress, but I have had a very extensive correspondence throughout the Union. My sources of information may be implicitly relied on; and I say to you, with the utmost sincerity, that, in my judgment, GENERAL HARRISON will be elected a by more triumphant majority than General Jackson received in his palmy days. In writing to you as a friend, I have not only no motive, but no disposition, to mislead or exaggerate. I give my estimate below on which I place the most implicit reliance, and sincerely believe the result will fully justify it.

Harrison	Van Buren
Massachusetts	14
New Hampshire	7
Vermont	7
South Carolina	11
Arkansas	4
Rhode Island	4
New York	42
New Jersey	8
Pennsylvania	30
Delaware	3
Maryland	10
Virginia	8
North Carolina	15
Georgia	11
Louisiana	5
Tennessee	15
Kentucky	15
Illinois	5
Indiana	9
Ohio	21
Michigan	3
Harrison	248
Van Buren	148

necessary to a choice 148. You will perceive, then, that Harrison will have 100 votes beyond the number requisite to elect him. I have given Mr. Van Buren New Hampshire, which I know will be a matter of complaint with friends there; for they have determined to make battle in a way to shake even the granite hills. Perhaps I ought to make a similar apology in regard to Arkansas. I have also given him South Carolina, which will go for him, unless by December, when the vote is to be cast, Mr. Calhoun shall think the interests of the country require it to be given to a third man as heretofore! Of the 25 doubtful votes, I think Harrison's chance decidedly the best for a majority of them, and if the tide of public sentiment continues to set as strongly as it has done Mr. Van Buren, by November next, will scarcely have a State he can call his own.

I look forward to the above result with the most perfect confidence and with the most pleasing anticipations. What a rebuke will it be of the attempted usurpation of all the powers of this Government, and the practical subversion of its fundamental principles! What a triumphant restoration of the powers of Congress, when freedom of thought and of action shall be once more vouchsafed to the Representative of the People and of the States.

Excuse the haste with which I have written, under the pressure of numerous engagements, and believe me very truly yours,

N. P. FALLMADGE.
Nat. Int.

THE LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY.

I have a faint recollection of having been sober at some very early period of my life before and things looked very much as they do now. It's distressing to think how ugly sobriety makes ever thing look. Yesterday, I thought myself an uncommon handsome young man, and now I'm hanged if I don't look so much like a ragged old beggar that I'm actually ashamed of myself. There ain't half so many stars in the sky as there were last night—and they don't dance half so merrily as they commonly do. They say its June, but I believe they lie, for I never lie December. I once heard that Idleness would bring a man to a morsel of bread—now I wish it would bring me to something to cool my burning tongue, for I haven't got a tonic, and the bars and cellars are all shut. Wonder if Dives was half as hot in Tophet as I am. I'll do something if I don't there's no snakes. I'll go and hold up that post, for it's so drunk it can't stand still that's certain. Where shall I sleep to night? These ere bricks would do as they have many a time before, but I've got no brandy to warm 'em. I think I'll go to the watch house. Hallo watch hall! murder!—as usual! the last tramp would not wake 'em; they're all drunk; and they've got no humanity, no bowels! If it feels so bad to be sober, I wonder every body ain't drunk. How I do pity the poor Temperance Sociers! They want us to drink water, and nothin' even in it, for dogs won't drink brandy they say?—why, that's only because they're irrational brutes, and don't

and don't know what's good for them. Now I'm a man, not a dog, and I'll stick to the brandy—I wish it would be me; I wish my throat was as long as I could taste it all the way down! If I had my way there, should I never to dwell in houses or stores, but all bar rooms and taverns, and I'd drink till every body else was dead, and then—I'd set up tavern myself. I do feel awful sick, and if it wasn't that there's not nothing but water in the docks I'd go and drown myself. What a pity they ain't filled with something short!—wouldn't I jump in?—The Corporation ought to see it. Now I think of it, now I think of it! I'll just stow myself snug away in this gutter and hold on to the flag stone; the sides maybe will keep me from rolling off. I don't believe the Queen of England ain't got such a bed-quilt as I have—the blue wall of heaven—but I wish it were tucked up a little closer about the edges. I say ma'am suppose you've got locked out as I have, but never mind! I'll take care of you;—there, creep underneath the counterpane. 'Tis hot, clear out!—why it's nothing but a dog, and I've thrown away all that politeness. Go away you dog!—I'm meat for your master. 'Now the wicked ceased from troubling, and the weary are at rest,—well, I do feel a notion to deliver myself up to religion. I'm just in a proper frame of mind for it; why all good men get drunk—the bible says so. Noah used to get so corned he couldn't stand, sit down, or lie still. Let go hozy, and Haman's heart was merry with wine! Solomon and Moses used to get drunk.—Zouls! I believe all patriots's got drunk.—Quit, Quit, I tell you,—what's the use of poking a fellow's ribs so. Breakfast ain't ready yet.

Watchman. No but the watch house is, and the police court will be open in the morning.



"THROUGH DESPOTISM'S DEEPEST NIGHT"
THE STARS OF GLORY ROSE,
TO FREEDOM'S FRIENDS A RALLYING LIGHT,
A BALE-FIRE TO HER FOES."

THE WORCESTER BANNER.

Snow-Hill, Md.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23rd 1840.

"The Union of the People for the sake of the People."
NOMINATION BY THE WHIG NATIONAL CONVENTION.

FOR PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM H. HARRISON

OF OHIO.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

JOHN TYLER

OF VIRGINIA.

For Electors of President and Vice President.
DAVID HOFFMAN for the Western Shore.
JOHN L. KERR, for the Eastern Shore.
THOMAS A. SPENCE, 1st District.
THEODORE LOCKERMAN, 2d "
JACOB A. PRESTON, 3d "
GEO. HOWARD, 4th "
JOHN P. KENNEDY, 5th "
RICHARD J. BOWIE, 6th "
JAMES M. COLE, 7th "
WM. T. WOOTTON, 7th "

HENRY CLAY.—This distinguished gentleman has accepted an invitation from his friends to dine at Hanover, Va., on the 27th inst.

BENNETT'S HERALD, in New York, has called down upon itself the thunders of the public press, for its profligacy and immorality. There appears to be a general crusade against it; the Signal, Star, and Courier are in the front of the attack. The result will be to make the Herald more popular and profitable than before; and Bennett wishes nothing more. He is indifferent to what may be said of him, so it fills his purse. If all be true, that is asserted of him, in the New York journals, it is full time some measures were taken to suppress the publication of the Herald. It is said he has acquired a fortune by levying "black mail," or "hush money," that is by extorting bribes from individuals who are unwilling to see their private matters presented to the public eye, through the Herald.

COURT MARTIAL.—The Court, summoned in the case of Commodore Elliot, is still in session, in Philadelphia, at an expense to Government of about eight hundred dollars a week. It appears to have taken a fresh start just as every one thought it about to close. This was occasioned by the impeachment of the veracity of one of the Commodore's witnesses, his Secretary. Many officers object to the reception of his testimony, and swear they would not believe him on his oath—and that he was in bad repute throughout the whole squadron, in the Mediterranean.

LIBERIA.—The last accounts from the American colonies on the coast of Africa are of a most gratifying nature to all friends of the cause of Colonization. The settlements are represented to be in the enjoyment of an unexampled degree of prosperity. As invincible in war, as they are industrious in peace, the settlers had just subdued some of the natives who had made an attack upon them. Their military prowess has rendered

them formidable as far as their fame has extended throughout the country. From the grain of mustard seed, planted by the hand of philanthropy, will arise a mighty tree to overshadow that benighted and neglected country, and spread amongst its degraded inhabitants the light and blessings of civilization and christianity. Long has Africa, once the home of power and wisdom, slept in the darkness of ignorance, but in the western horizon is rising a sun to dispel the gloom that rests upon her, and lead her forth amid the light of day among the nations of the earth.

EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—A letter from Lieut. Com. WILKES, received at the Navy Department, dated Sydney Head, Dec. 26th. 1839, states that all the preliminary observations &c. being completed, the squadron was under weigh for the Antarctic exploration. An English and French squadron are somewhat in the rear of the American, both on expeditions of a similar nature.

NORTHERN MAN WITH SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES.

In the month of May 1839, Lt. George Mann Hooe, of Va., of the U. S. Navy, was tried at Pensacola by a Naval Court Martial, on certain charges preferred against him by Commodore Uriah P. Levy, and convicted. Many irregularities in the proceedings were complained of by the accused and his protest duly spread upon the record. Among the rest, the most glaring and the one which contributed most to secure his conviction was the admission of the evidence of two colored persons against him. These proceedings were transmitted to the Secretary of the Navy, who with a full knowledge of all the facts appended to them his own signature and marked them "approved."

Lt. Hooe, however, who had been dismissed from the West India Squadron in consequence of his sentence, was not satisfied with the approval of the Secretary of the Navy, but determined to appeal to the President himself and obtain relief from his Southern prejudices. Accordingly he addressed a remonstrance to that august personage, complaining of the irregularities which prevailed at his trial and particularly of the admission of the testimony of colored persons against him. No doubt his expectations were on tiptoe. He suffered no intervening doubt to obscure the prospect before him of a speedy reinstatement to all the honors of which the abolitionist court had deprived him. Of course, he thought the "Northern man with Southern principles" would frown upon any proceedings so obnoxious to his Southern feelings. But Alas! instead of the "Northern man with Southern principles," he was a Southern man with no principles. He is coolly turned away with the reply that "the President sees nothing in the proceedings in the case of Lt. Hooe which requires his interference."

And this is the man from whom the South is to expect so much; A man who in the legislature of New York voted to instruct the Senators in Congress from that State, to vote against the admission of Missouri into the Union without a restriction against slavery; thereby attempting to secure to the non-slaveholding interest a preponderance in the National Legislature; a man who himself voted against the purchase of Florida from the same cause and with the same view, and the man who in 1839 gave his deliberate sanction to the admission of the testimony of negroes against the whites. As you are called upon to recognize in this individual, whose whole public career is full of examples of hostility to the South, one who, in the present crisis is alone able and willing to protect the Slave interest at the South. Methinks the protection he will give will be such as "vultures give to lambs." It will be upon a par with the security of a white man against the oath of a negro. We are often told that a man's views twenty years ago, upon the subject of slavery, is by no means a fair test of what they are now; we readily grant it; but when those opinions of twenty years standing seem to actuate a man's conduct at the present day, it is but fair to presume that they still remain unchanged. Were a man to come among us and dilate with all the feeling of a zealot upon the crying injustice of refusing validity to the poor negro's oath in a court of justice, we would immediately denounce him as an Abolitionist, and the officers of Judge Lynch's Court would be called upon to execute the sentence which would be inevitably pronounced. Is there any reason why Mr. Van Buren, whose mere decision in the case above related, is worth more to the Abolitionists, incalculably more, than the crazy preaching of an itinerant emissary, should be more favourably treated. I do not ask you to Lynch him. Such a proceeding, though sometimes excusable, is always improper. I only ask his Southern friends to desert him, cease to support a man who has always displayed the bitterest enmity to your most cherished institutions, whom it is evident, policy alone induced to declare himself a "Northern man with Southern principles," and who for an equivalent would not hesitate to desert you with as much self-complacency, as he joined

you after having been deserted by his own Empire State.

The facts related in the beginning of this article, was the basis of some resolutions presented to the House of Representatives by Mr. Botts of Va. who stated that he was personally responsible for its truth. It may therefore be implicitly relied upon.

NOMINATION.—At a state convention, of Delaware, of the Administration party, lately held, Martin Van Buren was nominated as candidate for President, and James K. Polk of Tennessee, for Vice President. Warren Jefferson, of South Carolina, was nominated for Governor, and Robinson, the present representative, for Congress. An electoral ticket was also nominated: one person from each county.

IN CONGRESS.

The select committee to which was referred the General Bankrupt Bill, have reported a Bill upon that subject containing the different modifications to which the Senate gave its approbation during the discussion previous to its reference. No objections were made to the Bill itself, though some thought the proceeding unparliamentary. It was read a first and second time and laid over. Mr. Patton's claims for indemnification for losses which he sustained in the service of the Government are now before the Senate. This subject has been so thoroughly discussed on a former occasion that one would suppose little else remained to be said on either side.

The Sub-Treasury and the Pilot law divide the attention of the House.

THE LOAFER.

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time: Some that will evermore creep upon their eyes, And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper; And others of such vinegar aspect, That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile, Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

NO. XVIII.

THE MISOGYNIST.

FEMALE FAITH.

This faith depends from poems above,
This, this is woman's changeless love.
CAREY.

She loved him—so at least she said—
When his were hope and day;
Night is around, hope is dead,
Her love has past away!
She loved him ere the wasting tread
Of care defaced his brow;
Dark lines are there, its bloom has fled,
She loves another now.

She loved him—so at least she vowed—
And fate was kind the while;
Now fortune frowns through mist & cloud,
One may imagine her smile.

She loved him when her youthful heart
Was truth and honor's home;
As age advances these depart—
Now he is left alone!

She loved him—so at least she swore—
When others were around;
But now his sky is darkened o'er,
Like friendship love is found!
She loved him in his gilded home,
Amid his wealth and pride;
Their light is dim, their beauty gone,
She will not be his bride.

And such is woman's "changeless love!"
Obedient to her will,
Wherever interest may approve,
We find it clinging still:
It hovers round while bliss, or hope,
Or wealth invites it stay;
When these are gone, the charm is broke,
And soon it hastes away!
June 18th.

For the Worcester Banner.

Oh! think not my purse will be always as light—
And free from all specie, as it appears to you when,
These times that's so hard, will assume colours bright
And the Hero of wars, shall have taken the Helm.

Little Van, they do tell me last he found me and frets
'Bout the Bill of Sub-Treasury that ever can pass;
He calls for the nuller, and Amen who gets,
A large piece of Paper and writes THIS TO CAREY.

Dear Carey, we are sinking our Hull it is rotten
The Cabinet poor Ship—will soon to the bottom
For the reduction of wages to that of South Slaves,
Have turned thousands of VANS—to thousands of knaves—

All attempts for repairs we will have no more,
For the cry of Mechanics—all wages too low,
Our Benton and Bue, have aroused all their ire
By speeches that spread like a prairie on fire

The Current is flowing towards that old Ship
And the buzz of multitudes, for the Hero of Tip
Unles we combine, and affect Pinettes plan
They'll take our mine body and cut off our VAN

If the House could be pulled that now, is in session
And be constrained to listen to Poor Vans petition
We then might have Hope—by spreading alarms
Of a 200,000 Standing here under ARMS—

Here, under arms.—By the way of a slip
To deter the old Hero from the charge of our arm
For Knives, spoons and Globes—will then certainly
Be sold.
That expressly were made—of old BATTLES RING
GOLD.

Dear Carey look ahead, while absent from home,
For shortly I fear we will all have to roam,
The Hero of Thunders and of Tippecanoe,
Has stolen the Hearts of ALL but a few.

I fear that November at the coming election
Will expose all our plans to certain detection
Millions of Specie now in Britains domains
Will reward our services and meet all our claims.

Our Vans call us all. I have just written his will.
He has remembered his pets but he fear that large Bill
For towels and napkins that House made might win
When compelled as he must be to adjourn him die. C.
Nagawonga June 15th 1840.

From the National Intelligencer.

We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers the following Letter from Hon. Joseph L. Williams, a respected Representative in Congress from the State of Tennessee, which explodes the fabrication of one of the contemptible efforts to disgrace the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

TO THE EDITORS.

Messrs. GALE & SEATON: Please publish in the Intelligencer the subjoined extract of a letter from Gen. HARRISON under the date of the 1st ultimo. It is in answer to a communication which I addressed to him, relative to the infamous suggestion to the Cincinnati Committee which has been so often ascribed to him. He repels the imputation that his thoughts are subject to the keeping or dictation of a committee.

The publication of the annexed portion of his letter is due to Gen. HARRISON. It will be appreciated by the candid and the just of all parties. To give it authentically, is a sufficient motive for connecting my name with its publication.

Yours, respectfully,

JOSEPH L. WILLIAMS.

WASHINGTON, June 6 1840.
EXTRACT FROM GEN. HARRISON'S LETTER.

"All the connexion which I ever had with the Corresponding Committee of the Whigs of Hamilton county (that which I suppose has been alluded to) is, that I requested the committee, through its chairman, Major Gwynne, to give the information sought for, in some of the numerous letters I received, in relation to my political opinions, and events in my past life. This was to be done by sending to the writers of those letters the documents which contained the information they sought. He was, also, authorized, in cases where further opinions were asked for to state my determination to give no other pledges of what I would or what I would not do if I should be elected to the Presidency. The reasons which had induced me to adopt this determination are contained in a letter written to a committee in New York, and which will, I presume, be soon published. With neither of the other members of the committee did I ever exchange one word, or, by letter, give or receive any suggestions as to the manner in which the task I had assigned to the committee was to be performed. Indeed, I did not know, until very recently who were the members of the committee. I could have no doubt of their being my political and personal friends; and such I found them to be.

"As it has been asserted that I employed this committee to write political opinions for me, because I was unable to write them myself, it may be proper to say, that I was never in the habit of doing this; and that in all the Addresses, Letters, Speeches, General Orders, &c., which have been published under my name and with my sanction, there is not a line that was written or suggested by any other individual. I do not claim for these productions any merit, nor would I consider myself blameable had I received the occasional assistance of my friends in this way; but I mention it to show how totally reckless are the political enemies, in the assertion they make in relation to me.

Money and business matters in Philadelphia.—The Inquirer of Saturday has the following paragraph:

"The week closes with a much more buoyant spirit in our business circles. The action of the Legislature in relation to the State Debt and the Interest on the State Debt and the Interest on the State Loans, is calculated to have a highly favorable effect, not only upon the State credit at home, but upon the prospects of the Bank of the United States and our monied institutions generally. With prudence and fidelity, we doubt not that all our Banks will be able to resume specie payment on the 15th of January ensuing, and we learn with pleasure that all in Philadelphia are directing their operations with reference to that desirable result. Money is easy, and not in demand; and with exception of an occasional calumny in the way of a rumour, contrived doubtless in most instances with base and mercenary motives, much less apprehension exists in the public mind. Capitalists have been so alarmed within the last six months—so many shocks have occurred in the monetary world—and stocks have depreciated so terribly, that we cannot expect any thing like a sudden or extraordinary improvement, but that affairs will gradually grow better, and confidence steadily appears to be the opinion of most of the observing in our commercial circles. We have seen the worst, and although some weeks or perhaps months will probably elapse before any considerable degree of activity will characterize our money and business operations, we proclaim without hesitation, that the prospect is more favorable at this moment than it has been since the suspension, and that Pennsylvania enjoys a much more creditable attitude than she has occupied for a long time. Let us get rid of the croakers and scandal mongers, and every thing will speedily wear a more cheerful appearance.

From the Chambersburg Repository.

MOST AWFUL TRAGEDY.

One of the most shocking murders—or rather massacre of an almost entire family—that ever cast a stain upon civilization, was perpetrated in Cromwell township, Huntingdon county, on Saturday the 25th ult.—The prominent particulars, as gathered from an individual present at the examination, are these:—William Brown is the father of the murdered family, which consisted of the parents and six children. The eldest daughter was married to Robert McConahy, who lived on his father-in-law's premises as a tenant. Brown, it seems, is a rough man, addicted to intemperance, and when in that condition was in the habit of threatening to kill some of his family, though never known to have attempted any thing of the kind. He was in the habit of working in the neighborhood at carpentering, while McConahy conducted the farming operations.

On Saturday morning the old man and his eldest son, aged about 21, left home for their place of employment; shortly after which, McConahy

ally proposed to the next eldest son and a younger one to "go a hunting," at the same time directing the daughter and another of the boys to do some work in a cornfield. McConahy's wife having the day previous been conveyed to a friend's house at some distance, by her husband, after the above disposition had been gone into, the whole family was dispersed, except Mrs. Brown, who remained in the house. McConahy and the two boys, on the hunting excursion, had not proceeded much beyond half a mile from the house when the report of guns were heard, and when the bodies of the two boys were afterwards found, it appeared that the oldest, a stout boy, had not been mortally wounded by the shot, that he made desperate battle, until overcome by his merciless assailant, who finally cut his throat. Whilst this scene was enacting the smaller boy ran some distance, but was pursued, shot and beaten to death, and with his brother, buried beneath leaves and other rubbish.

Shortly after this, the girl and her brother engaged in the corn field were attacked; the girl was shot, but there was ample and painful evidence to show that the first wound was not fatal and that she resisted the murderer with extraordinary power, which ceased only when both arms were broken, and her throat cut from ear to ear! The boy here, as in the other case, appeared to have been first shot and then beaten and stabbed until life was extinct. The bodies were covered up. The next object of the fiend incarnate was the mother of those murdered children. She was found in the house, and was despatched with a common butcher knife, with which her head was nearly severed from her body, though not without manifestation of having resisted her destroyer to the extent of her power. She was buried in her bed, and the blood carefully wiped off the floor.

The murderer then stationed himself in the barn, with two loaded rifles at a point commanding a view of the door of the dwelling house, and awaited the approach to the door of the next victims. The first was the eldest son, who when upon a threshold of the door, received a fatal shot, and fell dead upon the spot. He was dragged inside the house, and the door closed—Next came the father, and upon putting his hand to the door, found it fastened, upon which he made some exclamation of dissatisfaction, and at the same moment heard the report of a gun, and felt that a ball had passed so close to his eyes as to cause considerable pain; in a moment after, another discharge of a rifle sent a ball so as to cut a part of his ear, graze his whiskers, and pass through his hat—He then cast his eyes towards the barn, and discovered a person hastily turn around the corner, directing his course to the woods.

Upon effecting an entrance into the House, Mr. Brown found his eldest son upon the floor, dead, and upon further examination, discovered his wife concealed by the clothes, life also extinct. He then communicated the dreadful circumstance to the neighbors, who immediately instituted a search for the other members of the family; who were found as already described, the searchers being led in the right direction by the report of the guns previously heard.—The next question was, Who is the Murderer? The physician and Justice of Brown, at once gave color to the suspicion that he had returned home, maddened, as thousands have been before him, by intoxicating liquor, and had thus put into execution his oft threatened and unnatural purpose. He was secured—but fortunately for him he had remained sober that day, and only needed to bring forward his proofs to satisfy all that he could not be the murderer.

McConahy, the son-in-law, was present, and in reply to an insinuation from him unfavorable to Brown, the latter at once accused him as the criminal, averring that he was the man he saw running from the barn, &c. This soon resulted in the liberation of the old man, and the securing of McConahy, who in all the subsequent examination, became more deeply involved in condemning circumstances, and was finally committed to Huntingdon jail to await his trial in August.

Novel Case.—The New Orleans Bee states that M. M. Robinson, Esq. an attorney and counsellor, has been arrested in that city and examined before recorder Baldwin, upon a charge of secreting a slave. When the investigation was closed, Mr. Robinson was compelled to give bail for one thousand dollars for his appearance at the Criminal Court. The Bee then adds—

It may be considered rather a delicate stage of the transaction for comment, but the affair is a novel one and has created much curiosity. The nature of the evidence to our mind, only proved that Mr. R. had been applied to as a lawyer, to establish the freedom of a man of color from Philadelphia, holding free papers, but who had nevertheless been arrested as a slave and had escaped. Failing in his endeavours to effect this object, Mr. Robinson was requested by a person who had purchased the colored man to inform him where the boy was to be found, and to aid in securing his arrest. This Mr. Robinson refused to do, on the ground that no attorney has a right to betray his client, and he was consequently arrested, and has been bound over by the recorder Baldwin, upon a criminal charge. The only question to be settled in his prosecution, seems to be, shall the lawyer be compelled to divulge the secrets entrusted him by his client?

Gerrit Smith.—In the last number of the Liberator is a long letter from Gerrit Smith, Esq. of Peterboro', containing a statement of his views, which, if we understand him correctly, are now adverse to any general organization for anti-slavery action. He says:

"Since hearing how contention, boisterous and disgraceful was the anniversary meeting in the American Anti-Slavery Society, I have come to the conclusion that the benefits of anti-slavery organization yields are not an adequate recompense for the danger it does our cause, in perpetuation our mutual quarrels; and that it is therefore better, that it should be abandoned."

