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## SONG FOR THE 4th JULY.

An—Star Spangled Banner.

To the Sages who spoke, to the Heroes who bled,  
To the day and the deed wake the harp strings of glory;  
Let the song of the ransom'd remember the dead,  
And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story.  
O'er the bones of the bold  
Be that story be told,  
And their memory on Fame's golden table enroll'd,  
Who on Freedom's green hills  
Freedom's banner unfurl'd,  
And the heroes who raised that gave light to the world.  
'Twas for us and our children, to conquer or die,  
Unlambent they stood while the war storm burst o'er them;  
Each blade drew a thunderbolt down from the sky,  
Till the frozen turn'd pale, and were with-  
out and before them—  
Then from Liberty's band,  
Went a shout through the land,  
As the rainbow of peace their fair heritage spanned,  
And the banner of Freedom,  
In pride was unfurl'd,  
And the beacon fire raised that gave light to the world.  
They are gone, mighty men, and they sleep in their grave,  
Shall we ever forget them? Oh! never, no never!  
Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,  
And the anthem send down, "INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!"  
What woe! what woe! harp and tongue,  
Keep the theme ever young,  
Let their fame through the long line of ages be sung—  
Who on Freedom's green hills  
Freedom's banner unfurl'd,  
And the heroes who raised that gave light to the world.

## MARRIAGE BY LOTTERY.

What have our novelists been doing when this anecdote was waiting for them? Charles Theodore D'Estainville found himself, at twenty one, walking in the Gardens of the Luxembourg without the smallest coin of the realm in his pocket. He was a subaltern in a regiment of hussars, had served in the last years of Napoleon, and had received two slight wounds, two crosses, and was in a fair way to become a field-marshal, when Charles the X. was sent into exile, and two thirds of his regiment was put upon half pay. Charles was among the two thirds; the world was before him, and with twenty Napoleons, a handsome figure, and a hundred talents, he came, as every Frenchman does, on the first opportunity to Paris. Paris is notoriously the centre of the world, the paradise of woman and wits, the region of excitement, and the spot where every pleasure is to be had at the lowest price. Still, even in Paris, men cannot live upon air, and Charles found his twenty Napoleons rapidly diminishing. Of course it is to be presumed that he was not without expedients; what Frenchman ever was! and Charles, brilliant, young, and buoyant, tried every expedient natural to a man of genius. His first was to ascertain the tenderness of heart in great abundance, but the purse remarkably light—sides never fed any man, and sighs were ardent. He next tried the English hussars, but the day for captures there were past; the ladies might be tender, and the name of Chevalier, Marquis, or Count, was irresistible by the daughters of Irish Earls and London traders; but the Irish ladies having nothing but their blood, were determined to sell it dear, and instead of solid settlements in France for imaginary estates at home; and the four daughters of trade were so watched by hideous aunts and herculean brothers that the game was not worth the candle. *Rouge et noir* was next tried. Fortune smiled for one night on her new votary, and frowned for two; the Napoleons went down faster and faster, until at length the last portrait of the grand homme was the solitary tenant of the purse of Charles Theodore D'Estainville. It was this discovery that had sent him to meditate in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, a pleasant place for the last walk of departing lovers; and the *demi solde*, where he had his choice of walking a hundred yards to the right and blowing out his brains undisturbed by man, or a hundred yards to the left, and plunging into the Seine, according to the native style, in the midst

of the national admiration.

But while he was pondering on the alternative, night fell, the wind whistled keenly, the bell rang for the closing of the Gardens, and Charles was forced to leave the place of philosophy. In going through the streets he passed by three successive theatres, with each a pang, and never felt the calamity of an empty purse so pungently as at that moment. He now approached the Seine. That muddy river looked more muddy than ever, and Charles naturally shrank from a plunge which would so effectually disfigure him. He again felt his last Napoleons; and in the heroism of his recollections was putting the portrait of his great leader to his lips, when the sudden opening of a *cafe door*, the sound of the scraping of fiddlers and the hum of voices within, told him he might make better use of both himself and his coin than to bury either in the Seine, at least for that night. A Frenchman has always two reasons for every thing; a strong one and a weak. He generally gives way first to the weak one, and then the rational ground that the strong one will make way for itself. One of his reasons for determining to live for at least the next half hour was, that he owed a week's rent to his landlady, which he was bound in honor to discharge; and the other was, that he was desperately in love with one of the prettiest girls in Lyons, an exquisite blonde who had given him all her heart, but having not a sou to give along with it, had pledged himself to wait till Monsieur Charles should be a colonel. It was plain that neither of those purposes could be accomplished if he was to make his bed that night in the bottom of the Seine. He therefore postponed the performance until at least he should break the matter to the fair Euphrasia, in a billet worthy of a Frenchman in despair.

Ordering coffee, pen, ink, and paper, he sat down to write. To give him a clearer view of the subject, the smart garçon of the *cafe* lighted a small lamp in the rather dark box into which he had thrown himself and his sorrows. He began; dashed off a few sentences of supreme tenderness, and then paused, as is usual even with the most enamored, for a fresh flow of ideas. The lamp had thrown its radiance on a showy mirror, and the mirror had returned the radiance on Charles. His eyes caught sight of himself at full length in the mirror. Few men, Frenchmen not excluded, think themselves altogether destitute of personal charms; and Charles was really a handsome figure, such as might captivate its possessor, peculiarly when it was his last look. But why should it be his last look, was the thought that glanced into his mind? "Shall this classic head, jetty mustaches, exquisite imperial, and air chivalric go for nothing? Are the hearts of the women turned to stone? Are there not hundreds of maids, wives, and widows that every week marry monsters compared to this brilliant physiognomy; and am I good for nothing but to be pecked by a fishing net, left out in the Morgue, and paragoned in tomorrow's *Moniteur*? Something must be tried."

But that something has formed the difficulty for heroes and geniuses since the beginning of the world. While he paused he was struck with the voice of a Jew Rabbi, who had marched from the farther end of the *cafe*, offering the tickets of a lottery, which the prizes were ten hours. The sound caught his ears, and the idea dashed into his head like lightning. "A lottery! why, every thing is done by lottery—the world's a lottery.—Fortune is a lottery,—commissions in the hussars are a lottery,—the throne is a lottery, in which Louis Philippe has only drawn the first prize. Marriage is a lottery;—why, then, should not husbands be a lottery? Why should I draw myself, when I could be drawn for by half the females of France, make some pretty woman the happiest of the happy, and myself rich into a bargain!"

He threw aside his paper, called the Jews into the box, found by a few leading questions, that he was a Jew who knew the world—a quick, sagacious, sharp witted rogue—discussed the project of the live lottery with him, and before he left the box, had converted his love-letter into a charming address to all the charming women of France to purchase tickets in a lottery, of which the capital prize was to be the most captivating of mankind.

The Jew was delighted with the project, exhibited all the eagerness of his tribe in a sure speculation, and promised for a percentage, to dispose of all the shares at the synagogue in a week. To make the matter more secure, he insisted on Charles receiving fifty Napoleons on the spot, and finishing the night by supping with him at his apartments. The Napoleons were accepted, and so was the invitation. The Jew packed up his bonbons, called a cabriolet; the pair got into it, and were whirled to the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine*. A whole labyrinth of streets, narrow as sewers, and dark as pitch, led them to the Jew's domicile. A passage like the entrance to a jail there led them into a room which had a very striking re-

semblance to a dungeon and Charles began to think that he had trusted the Jew too far—but what could he be robbed of? Still, he might be sold to the surgeons. The idea was not the most agreeable; and he cast a glance upon the Jew's motions, with a full resolve, if he saw any treachery, to fly on him and strangle him on the spot. But this valor was unnecessary; the Jew simply touched a bell, the door opened, and to his astonishment he found himself in a suite of rooms furnished with the utmost magnificence. Splendid carpets, gilded furniture, costly pictures met the eye every where, and at the end of the suite, in a room of still more exquisite proportions and furniture, a table was laid with a luxurious supper. "You think all this," said the Jew, smiling, "rather odd for a seller of bon-bons, but this is the custom of my people; we thus make up for the troubles of our day and the scorn of the gentiles. Now, to supper and to business."

Three or four domestics; evidently Hebrews, in showy liveries, attended at table. On their retiring the plan was constructed. The Jew exhibited his extent of that mysterious correspondence which connects the children of Abraham with each other throughout the world. The lottery was arranged, and the night was concluded in discussing the not less agreeable topics of the vicinities of France, Spain, and Italy. Charles made but two reserves. One was of a ticket to be sent to Euphrasia and the other a stipulation for himself, that in case the drawer of the prize should not strike his taste, or he should not strike hers, the profits of the lottery should be divided between them, and the parties be free. In two months the ten thousand tickets were sold at a Napoleon a piece. The drawing took place. In a few after, the fair Euphrasia was waited upon by a handsome widow, enpoint, who came in her own equipage. "Save my life, mademoiselle," said she; "sell me the lottery ticket in your possession." Euphrasia had received the ticket, but utterly unconscious of its value, had thrown it into her escarcelle. "You shall have a thousand Napoleons for that ticket," said the showy widow. "Your ticket has drawn the prize."

The idea occurred to Euphrasia that through a thousand Napoleons would be a very satisfactory sum under other circumstances, it was unlucky to sell her good fortune until she knew what it was. The widow had bought thirty tickets in a determination to make sure of the prize. Her negotiation had failed, and she retired. In five minutes after, a travelling chariot drove to the door. Charles leapt up, and was in the arms of the fair Euphrasia. He had not discovered into whose hands the prize ticket had fallen a moment before he was on the road to Lyons, driving as fast as four horses could carry him. The denouement, was complete; he brought her five thousand Napoleons as an instalment, and forswore drowning himself for at least twelve months to come. The whole affair is registered before the civil tribunal of Lyons. The showy widow was an opulent landowner of Genoa. The happy pair are at this moment spending their honeymoon at Narbonne.

The defeat of the Sub-Treasury Bill has been hailed with rejoicing in every section of Union so far as heard from. Scarcely a murmur in any quarter, if we except the Government press, the President's *Ironie Journal*, the *Globe*, is heard against it. It has gone to the "bosom of the Capitols," without tears and without manners. There are but few so poor as "to do reverence" to its memory. The great body of the Van Buren party, themselves, we sincerely believe have no regrets to pour out over its grave.

They had no strong attachments for the measure—indeed the effects of its operation—secretly prayed for its defeat—yet were induced, from party considerations, to yield a spiritless support, or to refrain from open condemnation. They were satisfied after being tired of "experimenting." They feel, as well as we, that the Sub-Treasury scheme was a measure which would not answer the purposes for which it was designed—that it would not do for the settled policy of the country—that it would not bring the country out of its present chaotic state, and restore it to that settled condition and high state of prosperity in which it was before the ruinous experiments were forced upon it.

And they, as well as we, know how this end might be attained;—but, after their blind and infatuated course against our *panacea*, a medicine which has always worked well, and kept the body politic in a sound, healthy and vigorous state, they are ashamed, unlike magnanimous men and true patriots, to come out and acknowledge their error and the victims of our medicine. Truth, however, is now about to overtake error. A short time, and all will be well again.

Virginia Free Press.

Within the precincts of the Palace—Peter Force is re-elected Mayor of Washington. Mr. Force is a Printer and a Whig.

## From the Republican Banner.

### POLITICS OF TENNESSEE.

The reasons why Tennessee, in no event, can support the re-election of Mr. Van Buren, are well and forcibly put in the subjoined article from the *Knoxville Register*. It is, indeed, singular, and betokens no ordinary state of party infatuation, that the Administration should indulge the slightest hope of obtaining the vote of this State. What are the facts? In the palmiest days of Jacksonism, when resistance to the wishes of the Executive was deemed little short of treason, and was sure to bring down upon its author a loss of Executive favor and to be followed by Executive denunciation, this State had the spirit and independence to throw herself into the breach in defence of her constitutional rights. This unflinching standard of opposition to the tyranny of party discipline, and the madness of party excesses, was deemed, by many, the certain forerunner of the political destruction of all concerned in it. Judge White was read out of the Republican church for daring to permit the free citizens of the United States—free in name, but laboring under an intolerable party thralldom—to vote for him in opposition to Genl. Jackson's elect. Mr. Bell was alternately coaxed and threatened. The Speaker's chair—any office in the gift of the Executive, could have been his, had he only surrendered his right of thought, and laid the constitutional rights of his constituents at the footstool of Executive power. He was warned of the fate which awaited him—the fate of every political man who had ever come in contact with General Jackson. But seeing that the party with which he had long acted and of which he was a conspicuous and distinguished member, had abandoned the principles upon which they came into power, and were running into excesses which threatened the very liberties of the country, he paused—he remonstrated—he resisted. He and those who acted with him, relying upon the virtue and intelligence of the people of Tennessee, were not deterred by the consequences which had uniformly followed the slightest opposition to Genl. Jackson. They were willing to peril all in defence of the freedom of elections. Many thought their opposition madness. Few deemed success possible. But the grain of mustard seed, falling on a genial soil, has grown until it has become a tree whose branches extend far and wide, overshadowing the rank and noxious weeds of Jacksonism and party demagoguery. The Jackson party has crumpled to pieces from the very causes which were its strength and its life. Not an election has taken place since Mr. Van Buren came into office, which has not indicated a falling off in the strength of the Administration. Where now is the Jackson party, which but a few years back rejoiced in its overwhelming strength? Dwindled into insignificance! It cannot stand up long enough to be knocked down. It abandoned its principles and has paid the penalty of its apostasy. It is down never to rise again. In achieving this great revolution in public sentiment this great triumph of popular rights over Executive domination, the State of Tennessee has acted a conspicuous part. To her, we should be pardoned for saying, presently belongs the honor of early, manly, and successful resistance to Executive misrule, under peculiar circumstances indeed. She gave up her own son for the safety of "Rome." Having done this—having aided in the accomplishment of one of the greatest and most important revolutions in public sentiment that this country has ever known, what but the grossest ingratitude could permit the hope that the first fruits of this great victory would be offered up as an acceptable sacrifice on the altar of Van Burenism? Tennessee will maintain her position of "unflinching and uncompromising hostility" to the principles and practices of the party in power. But to return to the article in the *Register*. It runs thus:

From the Knoxville Register.

Mr. Editor—

How will Tennessee vote at the coming election, between Van Buren and Clay? Please say in your next paper, whether she can go for Clay, consistently with her higher expressed opinion in favor of the Jeffersonian doctrine, which she has cherished from 1793 to the present day?

In publishing and answering these interrogatories, you will confer a favor on a subscriber and

A FARMER

The foregoing, like the flowings of the Nile, comes to us from an unknown source. But inasmuch as the interrogatories propounded are of great importance and magnitude, we shall not hesitate in giving them a brief answer.

Being neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, we cannot at this early day give a categorical answer to the first interrogatory. But assuming that Mr. Clay and Mr. Van Buren will be the only competing candidates at the next Presidential election, and regarding the present political position of Tennessee as an in-

dication of what it will be then, which the firm and inflexible adherence of our people to a course deliberately taken, warrants us in doing, we entertain the belief that Mr. Clay will receive the vote of Tennessee by a large majority. Indeed, under the circumstances in which the question presents itself to our mind, we cannot force ourselves to any other conclusion. It would be strange indeed, that while all the States in the Union which supported Mr. Van Buren, so far as they have given any subsequent expression of opinion, are renouncing him and abandoning his policy, Tennessee, which always opposed him, should now take up and advocate his re-election! He never had the confidence of our people, and but for the very extraordinary influences which were brought to bear in his favor at the last election, would have received a very insignificant and disgraceful vote. And we would ask what measure of his administration, what act as the Executive branch of the government, has he done to commend him to the confidence and support of Tennessee? Have not the abuses and imperfections of his administration become so glaring and so abundant, as to drive his former supporters by whole States, into the ranks of his enemies, and to arouse popular indignation to an extent never before known in so short a time? Have ever the footsteps of ruin and desolation been more generally and indelibly imprinted on our commerce, both for foreign and domestic, than since the inauspicious moment of Mr. Van Buren's inauguration! Has there ever been in the whole volume of our military history, a page so disastrous to our arms and so disgraceful to our honor, as the successive campaigns in Florida? Or when in the administration of the Navy department has there been such want of energy and decision, as is manifested in the long talked of, but not yet departed, exploring expedition? And why is it that the national treasury, which but two years ago was so overflowing as to allow millions to be distributed among the family of States, has now a dollar to contribute towards the support of government. Can any or all of these evils be ascribed to any cause except the unwise policy of the government? Our citizens have operated all over the land with their accustomed industry and enterprise. A bountiful Providence has blessed our effort with an abundant harvest of those products which from the elements of commerce and prosperity. There has been no failure in our crops—no pestilential disease to arrest or interrupt the regular pursuits of our citizens in their various branches of business. Our fisheries have blossomed, and fruit has been our vines; the labor of our oxen has not failed, and our fields have yielded as much; our flocks have not been cut off from the folds, and there is much heart in our sailors; yet is the whole land laboring under the blights of misfortune and desolation. There has been no unpropitious occurrence in nature calculated to embarrass our trade or to check the onward and steady flow of our prosperity. To what then can we ascribe the present deranged condition of things, the threatened ruin of our community, but to the mal-administration and unwise policy of the government, under the control of Mr. Van Buren and his party. By the shortsighted and foolish experiments which sprung up during the later part of General Jackson's administration, and which have been obstinately persisted in by Mr. Van Buren, the whole currency of the country has become deranged and by the prodigal expenditure of the public money, the republic is made bankrupt. How then can it be a matter of doubt whether Tennessee will contribute to continue this state of things or not. To say that she would vote for the re-election of Mr. Van Buren, with these facts staring her in the face, is an insult against the intelligence and patriotism of her sons. No personal feelings or party associations can, or ought to influence a people in perpetrating a policy manifestly adverse to the real and substantial interest. The whole policy of the government must be changed, or our prosperity as a nation ceases. In no selection of a President who would pursue a different policy could we be worsted. Mr. Van Buren's policy is found to be radically wrong and destructive of what should be objects and ends of all governments, the happiness and prosperity of the citizen; and we must be wholly mistaken in the character of our people if they are not the first to change this state of things.

But aside from every defect of the measures of Mr. Van Buren's administration, the system of means by which he obtained the station he now occupies, renders it impossible that Tennessee should support his re-election. He owes his election to the influence of his predecessors, openly and avowedly used for that purpose, and Tennessee cannot without a total abjuration of that noble stand she has taken upon this subject, sanction a practice so violative of the spirit of our institutions, and so manifestly destructive of a full and free exercise of the right of suffrage.

For these and other important considerations, we are led irresistibly to the conclusion that in no event can Tennessee vote for Mr. Van Buren in preference to any competitor of any thing like respectable pretensions.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

"My feeble efforts to better the currency have not been in vain; I leave this people free, prosperous and happy."—*Jackson's Farewell Address.*

"The United States is in immediate danger of being rendered unable to discharge with good faith and promptitude, the various primary obligations of the Government."—*Van Buren's Message of the 10th ult.*

From the Alexandria Gazette.

### MORE THREATS!

Appearance in favor of peace and quietness at Washington, are any thing but favorable. We are informed in tones of exultation, by the *Globe*, that a message had been recently sent to Mr. Clay by one of the administration Senators, which it trusts, will have the desired effect of making him (Mr. Clay) more circumspect hereafter—and it significantly adds—that "another outbreak" on his (Mr. Clay's) part "might cost more BLOOD-SHED, and we shall not provoke it by a more particular notice." The cause of this message and hint is some alleged observation made by Mr. Clay a few days ago upon leaving his seat—construed into "an insult to the majority, couched with blasphemy," &c., all of which is probably entirely fictitious or grossly exaggerated. But we would direct public attention to the really dreadful state of things in Washington, when a Senator is threatened with a call to the field, and the fact trumpeted to the world by the Government official journal—coupled with an intimation that BLOOD shall be made to flow, if more "circumspection" is not used. Do the satellites of power think they can frighten Henry Clay? They mistake their man.

Let it be recollected, too, that these men who are now threatening Henry Clay with a deadly attack, are the very men who have most loudly over the "marvelous of Clay!" We much mistake public sentiment if this article in the *Globe* do not excite universal disgust and repulsion.

Salaries in Texas.—The salaries paid to the public officers in Texas, are as follows:—To the President \$10,000; Vice President, \$3,000; Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, and Navy, \$3,500 each; Postmaster General, \$2,000; Chief Clerk in those departments, \$1,500 each; Comptroller, Second Auditor and Treasurer, \$2,500 each; Commissioners of the General Land Office, \$3,000; Ministers Plenipotentiary, \$1,500 outfit, and \$5,000 per annum each; Secretaries of Legation, \$2,000 each; Attorney General, \$3,500.

The Barings.—The foundation of the fortunes of this English house were laid in 1735, when William Bingham, Senator from Pennsylvania, by his influence with the Executive, procured for his son-in-law, Mr. Alexander Baring, the agency of the United States government in its mounted transactions with England. The same influence, also gave them the business of the United States Bank, when that was chartered, and from the immense commissions they have received from those sources, and the confidence which in consequence has been generally reposed in them, has flowed their wealth.

Alexander Baring, who acted as the senior member of the house for more than 30 years, who married Miss Bingham, of Philadelphia, and who retired from the house in 1828, with a fortune of upwards of two millions of pounds sterling, is now Lord Ashburton—a peer of the Realm. We thus see, says the *New York Star*, that a few active young men of humble origin from Exeter, in the county of Devonshire, owe, by the influence they possessed through the great moneyed operations of the American government and people, not only advanced themselves to immense fortunes, but to distinguished marks of honor and favor from their Sovereign.

The Lamar Family.—It is said the Lamar family, lost in the Paluski, were all going to England in the *Great Western*, to see the Coronation of the British Queen. The young Lamar that survived, has gone raving mad, and his condition draws more strongly on our sympathy than if he had perished amid the waves that closed on his kindred.

The number of lives lost by steamboat accidents is truly appalling. In less than three years it is computed that about two thousand persons have thus suddenly been hurried to their graves. The *National Gazette* says, that during the year 1833, upwards of three hundred and fifty were cut off; in 1837, six or seven hundred met their deaths in the same way; and that already within the six months of 1838, quite a thousand, or nearly that number, have been thus killed! At the same ratio what will not be the startling result before the year is ended! And is there no remedy for all this?