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From the St. Charles Clarion.

## Address to the Despondent.

What though the sun may rise in gloom,  
And cheerless seem to view;  
At eve it met the truth illustrious,  
And set in golden hue.

What though misfortune's early blast,  
O'er prospects blast awhile;  
As all our pleasures vanish fast,  
Shall we our God revile?

How good the sorrows of this life  
Are quickly chased away;  
True pleasures take the place of strife,  
And rob it of its sway.

Oh! may it's round increase,  
Still let thy mind be even;  
Let all thy gentle murmurings cease,  
There's rest for thee in heaven.

WAMPER.

From the Baltimore Book.

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY W. HENRY CARPENTER.

Concluded.

### CHAPTER III.

With a heavy heart Sidney Tresham bent his way towards the dwelling of her who was dearer to him than life itself, and with whom he felt that poverty were happiness, while affluence, wanting her presence, could present no charms to compensate for the loss. Mary was resting her head upon her hand, and the traces of recent tears still remained upon her pale cheeks, when Sidney entered the apartment. No sooner had the desolate girl become aware of his presence, than throwing aside all maidenly reserve, she flung herself into his arms, and gave vent to her feelings in a copious flood of tears.

"They have taken him from me, Sidney—they have taken him from me, and he will die—I know he will die, unless some kind friend release him from that horrid place."

"Nay, nay, be of good heart, Mary—all will yet be well, rest assured all will yet be well," replied Sidney Tresham, soothingly, to his desponding companion; although, at the same time, he felt the gloomiest doubts of the truth of his own prophecy.

"Alas! alas!" she exclaimed, shaking her head mournfully. "who is there to care for my father now? he is poor, and friends, like birds of passage, migrate in the winter of a man's fortunes, little heeding how he fares, so that they be not impeded with his distresses."

"Your judgment is too harsh, dear Mary! Believe me, there are men who would sacrifice their all to serve a friend."

"Show me one such! show me one such, and I will fall at his feet and worship him. My father had friends, kind friends, who dined at his table, slept in his house, his servants were their servants, his horses at their disposal. Where are they now?—which of them will reach out a hand to raise my father, now that he is prostrate? Oh, too well have I learned what friendship means—and bitterly, God knows how bitterly the lesson has been taught me!"

"Mary! Mary!"

"Oh, that I were a man," continued the excited maiden, pacing the apartment, heedful of the interruption. "Oh, that I were a man—that I could do as men do—how cheerfully would I labor to obtain his release—how thrifty would I be of every coin—with what joy would I gaze upon the accumulating mass—with what pride would I redeem him from his captivity; and, oh, how rapturously would I support his feeble steps, that he might look again upon the glad green earth, and the blue sky, and the blessed sun, until, turning from the world's glory to his faithful child, he should whisper, as parents only whisper, this is your work, Mary!"

Sidney gazed with admiration upon the beautiful being as she now stood, statue like, filled with bright visions of the future, and he feared to awake her from so blissful a trance, to the sad realities which she was doomed to encounter.

For a moment the thoughts of Mary were with her ransomed father; but slowly and imperceptibly the distresses of the present stole upon her memory, and as they once more fully developed themselves, she sank upon the sofa, and covering her face with her hands, murmured in her wretchedness, all—all—have forsaken us, there is none to love us now.

"Do I not remain beside you? Do I not love you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!—you are all kindness, all affection. God help me! I am quarrelling with my dearest friend—Dear Sidney forgive me; I am a poor, weak, wretched girl, with no one in nature to look up to but my father, and he—he has been snatched from me! Your father, Sidney, he was my father's friend, what said he—? If your eyes are cast down, and your lips quiver. He did not refuse! do not say that he refused!"

He did not refuse.

Bless you, bless you for that word—then my father will once more be free—yet, you look sad,—how is this? My father did not refuse, but—  
Speak—speak—in merry speech!  
His assent was coupled with a condition, that—  
Name it!—name it!  
That we should be henceforth as those who had never met.

And you! what said you?  
I rejected the proposition and instantly left him.

For a few minutes, Mary sat absorbed in thought—It may have been in prayer, for when she again spoke, her voice was low, and her articulation, though somewhat tremulous, had a measured, monotonous distinctness, that gave evidence of her emotion in a great measure subdued by a powerful effort of the will.

How I have loved you, Mr. Tresham, it is not for me to say. How I still love you, and must continue so to do, time alone will prove. That I have been happy, very happy, in your presence, you cannot for a moment doubt. That my happiness was but the reflection of your own, I am credulous enough to believe. But that joy is past! I have been dreaming that the poor merchant's daughter could wed with the rich man's son—I awake to find the falsehood of my vision. Sidney, dear Sidney! my duty to my father commands me to make any sacrifice, in honor, on my part, to secure his comfort,—you—*are free*. Independent of what she owes her father, the daughter of Adam Winterfield is too proud to receive the addresses of any one whose father forbids the offering. Go—leave me, and tell—tell your father never more will Mary Winterfield welcome you other than a friend, even though her break in the struggle.

Never, by heavens! never, Mary, will I deliver any such message!

"Then, I must steel myself to the task."—  
—Sidney, do not speak, for I am firm. Wherever you go out into the world, my blessing will be with you. The various scenes with which you will be beguiled will tend to weaken the remembrance of me—all I ask is, do not too soon forget—let me hold a brief reign in your memory; for, though you may meet with fairer maidens, and of loftier birth, believe me, their love for you will never equal the passionate and abiding devotion that has become a part of the very being of Mary Winterfield. Farewell!—*Sidney—dear Sidney! farewell, and for ever!* Before Sidney Tresham could arrest her progress, Mary Winterfield had disappeared from the apartment. His anguish it is needless to describe.

### CHAPTER IV.

The course of our narrative now leads us to the chamber of John Adderly. The lawyer is seated in an easy, stuffed leather chair, in deep thought, while his fingers are mechanically beating the time of some tune, of which his mind takes no cognizance. From this reverie, he is suddenly aroused by the entrance of a clumsy, thick set man, with heavy eye-brows, and harsh irregular features, rendered even more forbidding by the evident effects of riotous excesses, and a course of continued inebriety. Welcoming the newcomer with a mixed gesture of familiarity and hauteur, Adderly thus began:

"Ford, when I succeeded in obtaining your acquittal from the serious affair in which you were last engaged, you swore you were bound to me forever, and that if at any time I should need a clear wit and a ready hand, I might command your services. The time has at length come, are you willing to aid me."

"Why, lawyer, do you see, in the first place, I might as well say yes, without asking any question, and then again, perhaps it would be better to say nothing, until I know what the job is—cos, as a body might say, its not altogether pleasant for a man to be runnin' his head into a noose, and not know nuthin' at all about it until it gits there. So, if you'll just give me a little light upon what's to be done, so I'll soon tell you whether I'll do it or no."

"Pshaw! it is a mere trifle I ask of you—only to assist me in running away with a girl."

"Oh, if that's all, I'll serve you with the greatest pleasure imaginable. Who is the creature?"

"Is it of any consequence that you should know her name?"

"Why, no, it don't make any much difference; but what are you going to do with her after we have carried her off?"

"Marry her."  
What—really?  
Certainly.  
Then where's the use of runnin' away with her at all? why not marry her here, and save all further trouble about it?  
Because she will not consent.  
Oh! then, you want to make her your wife, willy nilly, as somebody says—well I don't care if I help you—of course you'll pay all expenses?  
Assuredly.  
And give me something in the bargain for my trouble, eh?  
Yes, provided we succeed.  
I'm agreed. When do we begin?  
Come this way, and I will tell you more—and Adderly took the arm of the

ruffian, and conducted him to an inner chamber, where the nefarious scheme of abduction might be concerted with less fear of being overheard by others.

Once more we revert to Mary Winterfield. Fully resolved to release her father, even at the expense of her own happiness, Mary waited until the hour at which Mr. Tresham usually retired from business, and then, with a faltering step, but a resolute will, she sought the way to his house. He was at home, and a few minutes sufficed to conduct her to his presence. When there, however, placed in the peculiar position in which she felt herself, it required a more than ordinary degree of self-command to enable her to subdue her feelings to the bitter task she had imposed upon herself. Mr. Tresham, however, who had watched the varying color of her cheek, imagining her unwell, had with considerate kindness placed a chair within her reach, and bidding her be seated, he paused for a few moments to allow her agitation to subside before he opened the conversation.

I beg your pardon, my dear young lady, your name is—  
Winterfield, sir—Mary Winterfield, the daughter of Adam Winterfield.

And the betrothed of my son—Hum! a pretty couple you are to think of getting married without a dollar between you.

Of that, sir, it is now too late to repent, whatever our thoughts may have been; however during past happiness we may have shut our eyes to the future, the pain of the present is I trust a sufficient compensation for our mutual folly. I am no longer the betrothed of your son—he is now free to obey your will in all things. May he be happy, for a nobler heart never beat in manlier bosom.

So you have rejected Sid, eh! What has impelled you to do this?

Your own words to your son this morning, sir, and a sense of duty to my father. You were once friends, and mutual obligations have passed between you. A few bitter words, though they may have parted you for years, yet they cannot have erased the sentiments of friendship you previously entertained towards each other. Oh, sir! if there is any spark of that friendship remaining, let it now plead in your heart, and if years of toil, on my part, can afford any return for the service I require—do it, and I will be your willing slave.

No wonder my Sid loved this girl, murmured the merchant to himself, then turning to Mary he said,

Did you love my son?

Mary made no reply, but sinking back in her chair, burst into tears.

I beg your pardon my dear young lady, but if—if I had thought that—that—pshaw! I am an old fool! do you think you could make it convenient to call here this evening?  
At what time, sir?  
At six o'clock—no, say eight—it will not be too dark, will it?  
I do not mind the darkness, sir. I will be here.

The town clock had just struck eight, when two figures were seen rapidly turning the corner of an unfrequented street, and seeking a hiding place in the shadow of the angle.

Was that her, lawyer?

Yes! keep your eyes upon her as she approaches—such a chance may never offer again.

Aye, aye—leave me alone. She shant escape, I warrant me.

Where did you leave the chaise, Ford?

About a square off,—but don't ask questions now; its so dusky for the glimmer of those oil lamps, that it is barely possible to keep sight of the girl.

While these two worthies were intent upon their victim, a third person had approached unconsciously within hearing, and distinguishing the tones of Adderly, he stopped to listen, when, having heard sufficient to induce him to remain and watch, he threw himself into the shadow of a door way hard by, and patiently awaited the result.

Now, now, said Adderly, as the figure of a female became more perceptible in the darkness.

Not yet, lawyer, whispered Ford. I know when; don't you see the long run I should have towards her would frighten her, and then may be she'd scream—no, no, wait till she comes nearer.

Well, well, as you please—only if you miss her—  
Never fear—I know what's what—now for it.

Both of them dashed forward at the same instant, but one, of whom they little dreamed, was at their heels—there was a muffled scream, a sound of heavy blows, and the groans of a wounded man—and when the alarmed inhabitants rushed out with lights to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, they found two men on the ground bleeding—the maiden who had been rescued from their grasp was Mary Winterfield, and her rescuer, was rough, honest-hearted Jjokson.

Where will you permit me to have you conveyed, Miss Winterfield? inquired Jackson.

To Mr. Tresham's, replied Mary, and fainted.

When Mary recovered her senses, she found herself in a brilliantly lighted apartment, and to her astonishment and passionate joy, the first face she recognized was that of her father bending anxiously over her.

My father!

My dear, dear child!—and in another instant they were folded in a warm embrace.

Well, young lady, is there no one else here with whom you have been previously acquainted? Come forward Sid, and let me introduce you. Mary saw at a glance that all had been explained, and as her eyes encountered the fervent gaze of him who was her heart's idol, she blushed, but could not speak for excess of joy.

Here Sid, said Mr. Tresham, taking the unresisting hand of the fair girl—take her with my hearty consent—she is worthy of being any man's daughter. I am proud of your choice; bless you, my children, bless you!—may you never know sorrow.

The eyes of both fathers were filled with tears, but a happier party never passed a summer's evening together.

A short time subsequent to the events above narrated, we saw, in the papers of the day, an announcement of marriages between—cannot the reader guess who?

## Judge White's Speech,

Delivered at a Public Dinner, given him at Knoxville, Wednesday, August 1, 1838.

Fellow Citizens: I accept your invitation, not so much to partake of your hospitality, as to thank you, in great sincerity, for your continued confidence and support. You have been to me an impenetrable shield against calumniators and enemies.

After an absence of twelve months, with but little intermission, I am again among my constituents. Thanks to a kind Providence and to mine enemies, I am in good health, ready and willing to converse with you on all that has passed, and is likely to happen. My political enemies sought to destroy me; they fancied it an easy task; more of life was left than they or I supposed; their unjust attacks revived energies, which I, myself, believed were extinct, and, to all appearance, they have renewed my life's lease for some ten or twenty years.

I am not only here, but in good health; and although the two last sessions of Congress were among the most laborious I have ever served, I have no want of health to plead for any deficiency you may find in the performance of my official duties. I am grateful to Providence, and proud before you in the belief, that I have not been that simple automaton which, by the official organ, I was represented to be, capable only of saying yea or nay to the different questions presented to the Senate for decision.

The labors of Congress, both at the called and regular session, have been arduous; and although but few laws, of a general nature, have been passed, yet it has not been from inattention to the great interests of the country. There was a continued struggle between the Executive and Congress; the first wishing to obtain an unlimited discretionary power and control over the moneys belonging to the public; the latter anxiously endeavoring so to provide as to have them safely kept and secured, in such manner as to make them applicable at all times to the wants of the public. To the opposition in the House of Representatives the credit is due of preventing the moneyed power from being, in due form, added to the other powers of the Executive.

Shortly after I entered your service in the Senate, the great controversy commenced which ended in ousting the then incumbent, and placing the late Chief Magistrate in the Executive Chair. The principles for which you and I contended, and which we successfully maintained, ought never to be forgotten, and cannot be too often recurred to. We contended that the powers of the Executive were too great, and ought to be reduced, and limited by law: that the expenditures of the government were extravagant, and ought to be reduced; that it was a crime in the President, or any officer under him, to use his official station to influence the people in elections; that all monies which came into the Treasury beyond those which were necessary to defray the economical expenses of the government, ought to be returned to the people, who were the true and legitimate owners; and we solemnly pledged ourselves, in the face of the civilized world, that if we could obtain place and power, retrenchment and reform should be the order of the day: that the Augean stable should be thoroughly swept out and cleaned.

Emblematic of what we intended to accomplish we chose for our motto the broom; not one of the common material, but the Hickory broom. Hickory when young, is of all descriptions of wood the most tough, strong, and durable, but when old and worn eaten, the most brittle and worthless. Confiding in the sincerity of our professions, the sovereign people, through the ballot box, placed our political friends in power, and after a most solemn and formal renewal of our pledges, we commenced our operations, and, for the first

four years, I believed we were making some head-way. We had checked internal improvement within the states by mere Federal power, by vetoing the Mayaville Road Bill, and by vetoing a bill to re-charter the Bank of the United States; but when the second four years of our term commenced, then commenced also a controversy upon the question, who should succeed the then Chief Magistrate. For one, I kept on, endeavoring to accomplish the task we had undertaken; but, the more we swept the dirtier the stable became, and eventually we found our broom would not perform its office; the political moths and worms had got into it, and had eaten the splits so badly, that the moment we attempted to sweep, they broke off, and, finally, when the second four years ended, and we came to look into the Augean stable, we found it ten times as full of *litter* and *filth* as it was when we commenced our operations.

In the Senate we made an effort to pass, and did actually pass, a bill to limit the power of the Executive in removals from office. This bill was precisely similar to one reported by a committee of which I was a member, while Mr. Adams was in office. So far as I knew, it was then approved by the whole political party to which I belonged; I therefore gave it all the support in my power, and made in favor of it what I thought the best speech I had ever made in Congress. But, alas! when we came to take the vote, had it not been for Col. Benton, who with difficulty voted for it, of all my old democratic friends, I would have been found "solitary and alone" in its support. For this vote and this speech I have never been forgiven by those in power. I was excommunicated. That which was sound democracy when Mr. Adams was in power, was in their opinion rank Federalism in the days of his successor. They did right to excommunicate me. It was a mistake to suppose I ever belonged to such a set of changelings. I had been in earnest in my professions, and wished to carry them out in practice. You know what sort of a democrat I am. I claim to be a republican in the Jefferson school—such an one as my God and my education have made me. Modern Democrats are a different set entirely. They are made at any time the Federal Executive needs them. He makes a modern democrat out of an old Federalist, or any other worse material. You and I both know some that, not many years since, were made out of anti-war federalists, so rank that, during the late war, the young men had thoughts of soaking them in the tan-bats, on account of their tory sentiments. The process is a very simple one; the President has a political jar ready filled with yellow metal, and by rubbing well the candidate for Democracy with this metal, his views and principles are entirely changed, and he immediately becomes a fit communicant of the modern church. Away with such democrats! they cannot and will not long deceive the people. Ere long it will be found by all, that while this set have democracy on their lips, at heart they are tyrants and despots.

For what did you and I toil and labor to displace Mr. Adams? It was that we might bring back the practice of the government to sound Jeffersonian principles—to an economical expenditure of the public money. Before the second term of his successor had expired, some of my political friends believed my humble name ought to be presented to the people as a candidate for the high station he filled. Some in this assemblage well know I remonstrated against this use of my name, and foretold that, with my limited capacity and humble pretensions, no hope of success sought to be entertained. They thought differently. I did not and would not yield my assent until informed that the Federal Executive had threatened that if I did permit the use of my name, I should be rendered *odious to society*. This threat answered a purpose that the persuasion of friends could not. *Despotic power* never has governed and never shall govern me. My name was given to the public, and should have been, if the act had lost me the good opinion of every political friend I had upon earth, and I might almost add, if it had even endangered the good opinion of my wife and children. The result is known to us all. The Administration did its worst. Its thousand presses were opened upon me, and my friends; and here I am, in better health, and I think entitled to more character than when they commenced upon me. Still, let no man scorn the power of the press. To withstand its influence is a perilous effort. I have made the experiment, and now assure you that I should feel less risk in to-morrow shouldering my musket and knapsack, and marching to the swamps of Florida for a six month's campaign against the Seminoles, than encountering such incessant discharges of calumny and slander from all the presses which an American Executive has the power to bring into action.

In this conflict, you, the freemen of Tennessee, were my shield. The poisoned arrows of my enemies have fallen harmless at my feet. I have sustained no injury, and your firmness has given a brilliancy to the star which glitters to the game of Tennessee, of which we may all be proud.

For one, I am quite satisfied with the result. Let none suppose I am either disappointed or mortified. Still more, all may be assured that, with my consent, my name will never be used for any office whatever. If I ever had any aspirations for high office, time has put an end to them. I am not so old yet as to have the childish belief that my vigor of body and mind are to last always. In all the stations I have yet occupied, I have been enabled so to acquit myself as never to mortify my friends. Humble as my pretensions are, I have sometimes been placed in high office, as the associate of some who have had such character among men; many of you were witnesses of the manner in which our official duties were discharged, and I am proud in the belief that my reputation has never suffered by any comparison. My hope and prayer is, that I may have discretion enough to surrender even my present station, before I am so enfeebled, either in body or mind, as to make it necessary for the interest of Tennessee to hiss me from the stage.

The late Executive, then, has had his will carried into effect by the vote of the American people. They who have listened to his statements, "that the whole value of his Administration would be lost, unless Mr. Van Buren was elected to carry out his unfinished measures." The appointee of the late President has been elected to "finish his unfinished business." My friends, is he not getting through it with a rapidity which you did not anticipate? From the height of prosperity, in about six months from the day of his inauguration, the country was brought to a state of an unexampled embarrassment. Should he keep on in his ill-advised course, he will have performed his allotted task long before the laps of his four years. The great interest of the country will be all sacrificed, and, by an addition of the moneyed power of the Government, in an organized form, to the powers already possessed by the Federal Executive, the liberty of the people will be near its termination. Do not deceive yourselves by thinking that the Executive project for uniting the purse with the sword is to be abandoned. No such thing. It will be renewed again and again, so long as the most distant hope of success continues. The present Executive knows full well he has no distinctive character of his own. That he must conform to the will and wish of those who placed him in his present high situation. He knows the means by which he acquired it, and must act out his part. Remember that the miserable Lizard can reach the pinnacle of the same spire on which the Eagle proudly perches himself; but the process by which he reaches it is very different. The latter, trusting to his native strength and his own good wings, fearlessly soars aloft, and proudly perches himself on the summit, in view of all the beholders. While the other degraded reptile, stealthily and cautiously creeps up, clinging to, and ascending that side of the column which will best screen him from observation, until he reaches the pinnacle, and then shyly peeps over, ready to shrink back when he finds himself discovered. Do you ask what then is to be done when a political Lizard has taken possession of the station which ought alone to be occupied by the Eagle? My answer is ready. Through the ballot-boxes keep steadily switching him until he descends to that level which it is the interest of mankind he should occupy.

It is useless to deny the fact, it is undeniably true, that, notwithstanding all the promises, professions, and pledges of the late Administration, the Executive branch of the Government has become a piece of mere party machinery, operating in all elections, both State and Federal. Some few years since, on the centenary birth day of Gen. WASHINGTON, it was beautifully said by one of our most distinguished men, "that whenever our Government became a party machine, the liberties of the country could not be preserved; that the Government could by law protect men against murder, but not against suicide." There is, however, but one remedy in either case. Take from the individual the razor with which he is about to cut his throat, and he is for the present safe against suicide. In the same way, when you find those in possession of the Executive power using it as the machine of political suicide, take away the means of mischief, and you prevent political suicide. Take from them their offices, and place them in hands more worthy, and the republic may yet be saved.

The late Administration came in on the question of reform and retrenchment of expenditures. Pray, what abuse has been corrected? Not one! What retrenchment has taken place? None. Abuses have been multiplied, and expenditures have been increased. Mr. Adams was turned out because he was expending from twelve to thirteen millions of dollars per year, and now we are expending from thirty-five to forty millions per annum. Can any man be so stupid, as not to see this is all wrong? Can the