Hillsborough Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XIX. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1839. No. 957.

THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE.

The Pope he leads a happy life,
He knows no care of marriage stride,
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
His cook does all the dishes dine,
But yet all happy's not his life,
He loves no maid, nor wedded wife,
Nor child hath he to cheer his hope,
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
He loves a life of jollity,
Has wives as many as he will,
Loves change, and has his fancies still:
But yet he's not a happy man,
He fears the glory of the Alcoran,
And dares not taste one drop of wine,
I would not that his fate were mine.

So here I take my lowly stand,
I drink no wine but what my native land,
Produces me, no change I hope,
My fancy free, content my scope,
And whom my country pleases me,
I serve, for I am the Pope.

THE BEST NATURED MAN IN THE WORLD.

The following amusing soliloquy of Mr. Lemuel Sulx, is from that inimitable work, "Charcoal Sketches," by Joseph C. Neal:

The last time Sulx was seen in the busy haunts of men, he looked the very incarnation of gloom and despair. His very coat had gone to retrieve his necessities, and he wandered slowly and abjectedly about, relieving the workings of his perturbed spirit by kicking whatever fell in his way.

"I'm done," said quoth he; "partnership between me and good nature is this day dissolved, and all persons indebted will please settle with the undersigned, who is alone authorized. Yes, there's a good many indebted, and its high time to dissolve, when your partner has all the goods and spent all the money. Once I had a little shop—ah! wasn't it nice?—plenty of goods and plenty of business. But then comes one troop of fellows, and they wanted tick—I'm so good natured; then comes another set of chaps, who did'nt let bashfulness stand in their way a minute; they sailed a good deal nearer the wind, and wanted to borrow money—I'm so good natured; and more asked me to go their security. These fellows were always very particular friends of mine, and got what they asked for; but I was a very particular friend of theirs, and could'nt get it back. It was one of the good rules that won't work both ways; and I somehow or other, was at the wrong end of it; it would'nt work my way at all. There's few rules that will, barring subtraction, and division, and alligation; our folks alligated against me that I would'nt come to no good. All the cyphering I ever could do, made more come to little, and little come to less; and yet, as I said afore, had a good many assistants too.

"Business kept pretty fair; but I was'n't cured. Because I was good natured I had to go with 'em frolicking, tea partying, excursioning, and for the same reason, I was always appointed treasurer to make the distribution, when there was'nt a cent of surplus revenue in the treasury, but my own. It was my job to pay all the bills. Yes, it was always 'Salix, you know me'—'Salix, pony up at the bar, and lend us a levy'—'Salix always shells out like a gentleman.' Oh! to be sure, and why not?—now I'm shelled out myself—first out of my shop by old *venditioni exponas*, at the State House—old *fieri facias* to me directed. But they did'nt direct him soon enough, for he only got the fixtures. The goods had gone out on a bust long before I busted. Next, I was shelled out of my boarding house; and now," (with a lugubrious glance at his shirt and pantaloons) "I'm nearly shelled out of my clothes. It's a good thing they can't easy shell me out of my skin, or they would, and let me catch my death of cold. I'm a mere shell fish—an oyster with the kivers off.

"But it's always so—when I was a little boy they coaxed all my pennies out of me; coaxed me to take all the jawings, and all the hidings, and to go in to all sorts of scrapes, and precious scraps they used to be. I wonder if there is'nt two kinds of people—one kind that's made to chaw up t'other kind, and t'other kind that's made to be chawed up by one kind?—cat kind of people and mouse kind of people? I guess there is—I'm very much mouse myself.

"What I want to know is, what's to become of me—I've spent all I had in getting my edification. Learnin' they say, is better than houses and lands. I wonder if any body would swap some houses and lands with me for mine? I'd go it even, and ask no boot. They should have it at prime cost; but they won't; and I begin to be afraid I'll have to get married, or list in the marines. That's what most of people do when they have nothing to do."

SLAVERY IN RUSSIA.

The European correspondent of the N. Y. American, in describing the Russian peasantry, thus speaks of the condition of the subjects of the Czar, the slaves of the soil:

"We passed through numerous villages of peasants who belong to the various estates. These villages are composed of rough log huts, thatched with straw, and are all situated on one long street, sometimes a mile in length. Some estates have a population of a hundred thousand serfs, who belong to the soil and work the ground either for their masters or for themselves. In the latter case, they have commuted their services for a specific sum per annum in money, seldom over $5 per head. The income of many of the feudal lords is immense, though sometimes, when a succession of short crops produces a dearth, the lord of the soil is bound to purchase and transport from a distance the means of subsistence for those serfs and their families who have not commuted their time. In order to give you an idea of the wealth of some of these nobility, I will mention one of them. Prince Cheremeteif owns 180,000 male slaves. (the females of the family are never counted.) All his male slaves pay him a capitation of ten rubles, (two dollars) and all they can earn beyond is their own. Some of his slaves, as well as those belonging to other nobles, have acquired immense wealth by turning their attention to traffic in the Bazaars; but as slaves, they can never belong to the caste of Merchants, nor aspire to any employment under Government, neither can their children. They also are slaves, and either they or their parents could be sent back to work upon the estate at the will of their masters, unless they may have commuted for life."

A Young physician having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball to rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a day and drove at full speed through the village. After an absence of an hour he would return and carry away with him some of his instruments—thinking if he could impress his neighbors with the opinion that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability. A wag, who more than suspected the secret which he was practising, determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and on the next time that the doctor galloped by his door, sprang on his sized and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail. The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursuer followed on like an evil genius, but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay at a short distance ahead of him; down which he turned. The other kept close at his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way, at which he could affect any pretext for stopping. In the mean time, his saddle bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return, in the face of his neighbor, without exposing the secrets of the trade in the most palpable manner. Every bound of his sized carried him farther from his home; and the shades of night began to fall on hill and tower. Still the sound of horse's hoofs were thundering in his rear—he was driven to his wit's end. But just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow, and blood gushed from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and staunched the wound. Bandages were applied, and life was saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the physician tied the last bandage, he looked up in his face, and said "How lucky, neighbor, that I was able to arrive just in time."

The wondering spectator was silent with awe, and after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering villagers, as secured to the young physician a reputation not only for skill but also for super-natural prescience. Thus did the merest accident contribute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbor opened for him a path to business which the most influential patronage might never have been able to provide for him.

In the galleries at Versailles among the sculpture is the statue of Joan of Arc, recently finished by the Princess Marie D'Orleans, daughter of Louis Phillippe and sister to the Prince de Joinville who lately passed through the United states. Female Sculptors are rare; Lady Damer is the only British artist of the kind.

In the above statue, which has been finished about one year, instead of representing the gallant maid in the traditional dress of casque and feather and with a countenance of scorn as well as enthusiasm, stands with her drooped head uncovered—the rich hair being simply divided on either side her face, and her features, though resolute in expression, thoughtful even to deep melancholy. There is something, too, very delicate and just in her attitude. Instead of brandishing her sword like a well practised Amazon, La Pucelle here holds it unsheathed and point downwards, clasping it with a man's courage, but a woman's inexperience. The execution of the details of this statue is very good and masterly.

As a companion to this statue, which is the gem of the galleries, the princess has nearly finished one of Charlotte Cordlay, the murderer of Murat. The citizen king has bestowed upon his children a noble education, and their natural and powerful talents prove them to have been worthy recipients of it.

A Woman killed by a Lion.—In the managerie at Cassel, a lion that showed an astonishing degree of tameness toward the woman that had the care of him. This went so far that the woman, in order to amuse the company that came to see the animal, would often rashly place, not only her hand, but even her head between his ponderous jaws. She had frequently performed this experiment without suffering any injury; but having once introduced her head into the lion's mouth, the animal made a sudden snap, and killed her on the spot. Undoubtedly, this catastrophe was unintentional on the part of the lion; for probably at the fatal moment the hair of the woman's head irritated the lion's throat, and compelled him to sneeze or cough; at least the supposition seems to be confirmed by what followed: for, as soon as the lion perceived that he had killed his attendant, the good tempered, grateful animal exhibited signs of the deepest melancholy, laid himself down down by the dead body, which he would not suffer to be taken from him, refused to take any food, and in a few days pined himself to death.

Old Etna.—The eruptions of Etna were active and increasing in the end of October. The lava ran down the mountain in a subterranean channel, formed of the ancient consolidated lava, 800 feet long, and over 60 broad, and 15 feet high. Near the crater where it is open to view, it forms a cascade of liquid fire. The mountaineers walk fearlessly over this buried stream of fire, which they discern shining through the crevices beneath their feet. Ashes and stones are vomited up sometimes in clouds to obscure the sky.—The detonations and *Meublemens de terre*, are often heard and felt as far off as Messina. Much destruction is anticipated.

The manner in which the murder of General Bull, of Abbeville, S. C. was detected, illustrates, in a signal degree, the means which Providence adopts to confound and frustrate the contrivances of the wicked. He was murdered by his own negroes, who, after despatching him, placed his foot in the stirrup and caused his horse to drag him a considerable distance, in order to produce the impression that he had been thrown and thus killed. But, to their consternation at their own wickedness, they placed the *right* foot in the *left* stirrup, and the weight of the body broke the stirrup leather. Thus affording conclusive evidence that he could not have met his death from falling from his horse and being dragged over the ground.

Every man should carefully examine the character of his dislikes towards certain individuals, and see if he be not thinking wrong instead of their acting wrong.

The Lady of the first Governor of Vermont—An Authentic Anecdote.—Thomas Chittenden, the first Governor of Vermont, who was a plain farmer, alike remarkable for strong native powers of mind, and the republican simplicity with which he conducted every thing in his public duties, and his domestic establishment, was once visited by a party of travelling fashionables from one of our cities. When the hour of dinner arrived, Mrs. Chittenden, to the astonishment of the lady guests, went out and blew a tin horn for the workmen, who soon arrived, when to the still greater surprise, and even horror of these fair cits, the whole company, governor, his lady, guests, workmen and all, were invited to sit down to the substantial meal which had been provided for the occasion. After the dinner was over and the ladies were left by themselves, one of the guests thought she would gently take Mrs. Chittenden to task for this monstrous violation of the rules of city gentility, to which she had been, as they thought, so uncourteously made a victim.

"You do not *generally* sit down to the same table with your workmen I suppose, Mrs. Chittenden?" she commenced.

"Why," replied the governor's lady whose quick wit instantly appreciated the drift of the other, "why, I am almost ashamed to say we generally have, but I intend soon to amend in this particular. I was telling the governor this morning, that it was an absolute shame that the workmen, who did all the hard labor, should fare no better than we, who sit so much of the time in the house earning little or nothing, and I am determined, hereafter, to set two tables—the first and best for the workmen, and the last and poorest for the governor and myself."

[*Green Mountain Emporium.*

Letter from an American in France—French Currency.

Paris, August, 1838.

The hard money government of France has often been quoted in the United States as a pattern of safety and convenience to be adopted there. Besides, however, the lesson which is being taught the world by Frenchmen themselves in their late and multiplying measures for establishing a more extended paper currency by the institution of banks upon very much the same principles with those existing in the United States, I have, myself, had frequent illustrations of the operation, upon individual convenience, of this hard money currency system here. No bills are issued by the Bank of France of a less* denomination than 500f, say $100. All the remainder of the currency is in gold, silver, and copper. This is all very safe, beyond question. But when we come to the matter of convenience, the story is very different. Eighty dollars, even, in silver, is no small matter for a man to carry in his breeches pocket. If he puts it in the pocket of his coat tail, he is scarcely better accommodated. In the one case he will find his suspenders ready to give out at every step, if his pocket itself does not; and if his trowsers are of thin material, suited to a summer day, he will find himself lucky if a goodly portion of them be not carried away by the burden. In case the coat pocket be resorted to, it will soon give the wearer the appearance of a one-sided, rheumatic, or distorted person; beside, the dangling load will swing to and fro upon him like a dog with a pair of shears suspended upon his tail. And yet 80 dollars is not a large sum for one to desire to have about him in making his excursions through a city, either on business or pleasure. Truly, he may relieve his clothes of the *jog* by having a bag or pouch to carry in his hand. But on a day of questionable weather, the inconvenience of carrying a light umbrella is not small, and, if added to this is a bag of metallic coin, the odds in favor of loosing one or both would not be small.

But why not take gold, which has but little bulk and no great weight in a sum that will answer all ordinary purposes? Sure enough—but then one must buy gold in order to get it, though he may be jaded down with silver, and even in this old country of the metallic currency. This demonstrates that, do all we will, still gold will remain an article of traffic, and not an article of currency exclusively. Take an instance: I have to-day paid for a small purchase made in the Palais Royal, the centre of business transactions; it amounted to 202 francs only, or say 40 dollars. I had but little more than 100 dollars in my pocket, and that consisted mainly of a 500 franc bill; this I handed to the tradesman, and he returned me, of necessity, 300 francs in silver. But I said, don't burden me thus, the weather is oppressively hot, and I have already broken my suspenders once to-day in attempting to carry about me your hevy metal currency. Pray give me gold, if I must have coin. O, yes, he replied, but I must send a few doors distant and buy it for you. I could not avoid the alternative, and the gold was bought, at an expense, it is true, of only fifty-five cents for the $60 that was due me; but aptly illustrating both the inconvenience and expense to common people of a system of hard currency, that is, nevertheless, by no means a system of exclusive hard currency. The man who deals only in hundred dollar operations, and from that up to thousands, feels no inconvenience or expense from such a system, for he is not touched by it at all. But it bears upon the smaller class of dealers—the every day matters, and such as appertain to both that class of individuals and that class of trade which is least able to bear such a tax. I am sure that, reason as one may on the theory of a hard currency, if he would but attend to the conveniences, cheapness and practicable security of a paper currency, even as low as five dollar notes, and contrast it with the inconvenience and expense of a currency much more metallic, as it exists in France, he will be pursuaded that for a people like ours in America, and even for the French people, such a paper currency is far the best, and preferable in every point of view.

It cannot escape observation that the institution whose credit is safe for bills of the denomination of 500 francs must certainly be safe for bills of only 25 or 50 francs each. If a bank can be made to act honestly relative to the former class of bills, certainly it can be made equally honest in regard to bills of the latter class. And hence, more depends upon the men administering any system of banking that may be determined upon than upon the more elements of the system itself.

* A private banking company here issues bills of 25 francs.

REMARKS OF MR. STANLY,

(OF NORTH CAROLINA.)

On the motion for an inquiry into the late Defalcations of Public Officers.

Thursday January 17.

Immediately after Mr. Duncan of Ohio, concluded his remarks, Mr. Petrikin moved the previous question, but at Mr. Stanly's solicitation withdrew it, upon Mr. Stanly's promising to renew it before he sat down.

Mr STANLY then rose and said, he was not about to detain the house as long as the Representative from Ohio had done.

It is now 20 minutes past 4 o'clock, (said he.) We have been consuming time by listening to remarks upon all sorts of subjects. We have had much upon extravagance and economy—a most extravagant oration upon matters and things in general, from the battles of Cæsar and Pompey down to the recent democratic disturbance in Pennsylvania. Yesterday the house adjourned for the gratification of the Representative who had just finished his oration against "Henry Clay," "corporations," "associated wealth," and what in his elegant language he calls "whigery." The house has listened to all this with commendable patience, to the abuse of Whigs, and to the high praises upon the new Senator from Ohio, (Mr. Tappan,) Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Woodbury. I claim the right for a few minutes to reply to part of the speech just delivered. In the remarks I shall make, I will not attempt to answer the arguments of this defender of the administration upon all the matters he referred to; I should consume too much time, and could not avail myself of the same helps. He is so great a favorite at the Treasury Department, he can call on his "Dear Sir," Mr. Woodbury, and get all the information he wishes. If a Whig should apply, as one did at the last session, he would meet with a refusal.

Sir, he has had the utmost liberty, the most unlimited indulgence, yesterday and to-day. I cannot, in courtesy or justice, be denied the right to say a few words upon one subject to which he has alluded; I mean abolition. I shall not discuss this subject, but I wish to call attention to some parts of the gentleman's language in reference to this, and to a celebrated letter written by him when he was a candidate a few months ago.

It will be recollected, Mr. Speaker, that when I called the gentleman to order for irrelevancy when he was reading letters from his "*dear*" Amos and his "*dear*" Levi, showing how many Whigs and how many Democrats were in office in the departments, the Chair decided (Mr. Connor of North Carolina, was occupying the chair at the time) that the gentleman was in order. I submitted most cheerfully to this; and I took the liberty of interrupting the gentleman, and asking him how many abolitionists there were among the democrats in office. To which he replied, with a pompous elevation of tone, and with a confidence which evidently defied contradiction, that they (abolitionists) did not "belong to that family." They were all among the "Federal Whigs," as he calls them. Well, sir, I was glad to hear the assertion made on this floor, and I witnessed with a smile the self-satisfactory whimperings of some slaveholding democrats at this declaration from the Sampson of locofocoism.

But I have the evidence in my possession to drive away this pleasing delusion. This declaration but affords additional evidence of the attempt which the administration party are making to impose upon the Southern people.

But, sir, as far as I can, I will awaken the attention of the people of my district and my state to the doings of their self-constituted democratic friends.

But to the letter, the letter.

I hold in my hand, Mr. Speaker, a letter dated at Montgomery, Hamilton county, Ohio, signed "A. Duncan," in which the writer gives his views of slavery. I wish to read some extracts to the house, and I respectfully solicit the attention of the slaveholding democrats—of the caucus resolution making democrats—to the opinions of their trusty and well-beloved brother in democracy upon the subject of slavery. I want to show them what a democrat in Ohio, who is no abolitionist, thinks of their country and their constituents. Towards the latter part of the letter the writer says:

"There is no man living, perhaps, who is more deadly hostile to slavery than I am. My feelings, my education, the circumstances that have surrounded me through life together with my principles of what I believe to constitute the natural and political rights of man—all conspire to make me abhor it as one of the greatest evils that exists on the face of the earth."

[Mr. Duncan here rose and asked to explain.]

Of course, Mr. Speaker, I will hear him explain, said Mr. S.

Mr. Duncan then said, that when he was asked the question, whether there were any abolition democrats, he meant to say, they did not belong to the Democratic party, particularly in his district and state. The letter was in answer to interrogatories put to him before the election. I can read it, said he, (Cries of No! no!) I will then briefly state the contents.

Here Mr. Stanly said: Mr. Speaker, I cannot consent to yield the floor to allow the gentleman to "state the contents." I will do that for him, sir. I only gave way for explanation. The short extract I have read, sir, ought not to make the gentleman uneasy. It is mild, compared with what follows. But listen attentively, ye exclusive guardians of the South, ye only good democrats, to the declaration, that slavery is one of the greatest evils on the face of the earth, and that this democrat is "deadly hostile" to slavery. The gentleman's uneasiness, I presume, is on account of his Southern friends. They, in North Carolina, as I was told by one of them, denied the authenticity of this letter: yes, sir, they pronounced it a forgery! The people had been taught to believe that Mr. Van Buren had no abolition friends—no friends opposed to slavery. But here, sir, we have, from the pen of the Representative from Hamilton county, O-hi-O, the outpourings of more abuse, more hellish slander, deliberately concocted, on slave owners, than it has ever been my lot to hear from any avowed abolitionist.

Yet, sir, this same abhorrer of slavery, so "deadly hostile" to it, is, of all other democrats, the chosen advocate of the Globe—the chosen champion of this Southern-loving administration. Another extract. I want to give my constituents some information of the opinions of this personal and political friend of Martin Van Buren. The letter say, in continuation:

"Yes, greater in its moral effects and corrupting tendencies than all other human evils put together. It is not only a moral and political evil within itself or intrinsically so of the darkest and most damning character, but in all its bearings and effects calculated to produce the most fatal effects on both the moral and the political institutions of our country."

[Here Mr. Duncan asked leave to explain again. Mr. Stanly yielded for explanation; and Mr. Duncan said he was "not an abolitionist; and any individual or any newspaper that floats on the breeze, that said he was an abolitionist, was a vile calumniator."]

[Here Mr. Thompson, of South Carolina, rose, and called on the Speaker to enforce the rules, and see that a gentleman who was occupying the floor should not be thus frequently interrupted.]

Mr. Stanly continued. I have yielded the floor with pleasure to hear any explanations, but not to hear speeches of defence. I must insist upon my right to the floor, and will not again be interrupted for speeches of this character.

Sir, I am not acquainted with the kind of newspapers to which the gentleman refers. I have never seen any that floated on the breeze that charged him with being an abolitionist. Sir, it would better become the assumed gallantry of the distinguished democrat from Hamilton county, O-hi-o, who carries a rifle for personal defence, to wait until he is charged with being an abolitionist, before he throws out such bold denunciation. I have not charged him, and do not now charge him, with being an abolitionist. I am willing to admit that he and his newly elected Senator (Mr. Tappan) whom he has bepraised "as sound a democrat, and as pure a patriot, as ever honored the names; and, withall, of the first order of talents, and of the most unexceptionable deportment!" are neither of them abolitionists. I am willing to admit that they are both as good friends of the South as any Van Buren caucus democrats, who voted on the resolutions of the 12th of December last.

I will take this letter as proof of their affection for the south; or, if he pleases, I will take the reputed declaration of this "democrat and patriot," (Mr. Tappan,) about the time of the Southampton insurrection, as proof of his "sound democracy and pure patriotism."*

I am willing, I say, sir, to believe they are not abolitionists. I do not know what signification they attach to the words democrat and abolitionist. But, sir, I charge him with being the author of this letter, and he cannot deny that. I charge it in the presence and hearing of my democratic or Van Buren colleagues, and wish them no longer to consider this a forgery.

But to the letter. The gentleman told us that he dealt in figures, and from this letter I can prove that he does deal as largely in figures of imagination as any member on this floor. Hear a little more from this patent democrat, this herald of anti-abolition, of Tappan democracy. Hear a little more what he says about slavery.

"It is an evil that has, does now, and will in all time to come while it exists, involve in it, as well in its present possession as in its future operations, crime, fraud, theft, robbery, murder, and death. For the truth of what I say, as to its present effects upon the institutions of our country, I have only to refer you to a view of the slave states of our Union, and a comparison between the relative condition of the improvements of them and the free states. You see the free states happy and flourishing, to the admiration and astonishment of all who see them. Pub-

* Mr. Tappan said, if a man was such a fool as to keep a fellow-being in bondage, the slave has an undoubted right to cut the throat of his cruel master. And if his son should go into Virginia, to assist the whites in such a contest, he would disinherit him!