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From the Crisis.

## THE KISS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE PACIFIC COAST."

I do not like the title I have selected for this story, and yet I see not how I can help it. It requires great skill to fix upon an appropriate cognomen; one designed to serve as an index to the tale, should never be vague or uncertain in its connection with the body of the composition; one designed to serve as an index to the tale, should never be vague or uncertain in its connection with the body of the composition; one designed to serve as an index to the tale, should never be vague or uncertain in its connection with the body of the composition.

The log cabin of old Jerry Peters was somewhat longer, better suited, and more comfortable, than those of the most of his neighbors. It had the advantage of a plank floor, and was literally papered with a species of wood-cut drawings more prevalent there, than at the present day. In short, Jerry's domicile, was decidedly attractive, both in its external and internal appearance.

nigger on the plantation. It seems useless to call any body but you."  
"So I think," said Prince, "less you call de Queen, and she be's putting on her shoes an' stockings. Plenty water in the pail, old Missus."  
"So there is, I declare. Come, young man, quality out of the Captain's last doublings."  
"I was not a cold water man then, and so I did full justice to old Jerry's bold face."  
"Whose dis young Bucher?" asked old Prince, after scanning me very critically from head to foot.  
"Why, Prince," said the Captain, "don't you know him! This is young George Woodcock. He's studying law at the Court House. Shake hands with him, and tell him you're the best fiddler that ever drew a bow in Pin Hook."  
"Yaw! yaw! yaw!" shouted Prince, in a key that shook the cabin. "Young Moss, Woodcock, ha? I hear tell on you fore now, young mossa. I speak dis aint de fust Saturday night you've been out on a spree. Never miss; I see you as a gose."  
The company were all seated, the pine knots threw a cheerful light over the large room; old Prince was tuning his fiddle in the corner; all were ready for the word, "choose your partners"—still there was a pause.  
"What in the round world keeps Belle?" asked old Dolly.  
"Why," said Jake, "she's in the kitchen fiddling with Long Jim from over the Creek, 'bout the first dance." "Long Jim" swears he'll have the first reel with her, and she promised to go that with George Woodcock."  
"Don't let me be in the way," I remarked modestly.  
"You aint in the way," said Jake; "but Long Jim is, and if he don't take himself out of the way pretty shortly, he'll see sights."  
"Well, I reckon," said the Captain, "I'll settle that fit in less than three shakes of a pig's tail," and Captain started to the kitchen to enforce the rights of hospitality.  
It was not long before Captain Jerry returned, and with him the lady for whom the company had been waiting.  
"Ladies and gentlemen, and especially Mr. George Woodcock," said he with a grand flourish, "this is my daughter Belle Peters, generally known as the Queen of Pin Hook. I hope you'll all get acquainted with her."  
I made my prettiest Court House bow to the Queen; expressed my gratification and pleasure at making her personal acquaintance, and concluded by asking the honor of her hand for the first dance.  
Belle was a coquette, and a fine lady in her small way, and for each bow, she returned me three congrats, protesting that she had been keeping herself expressly for me, and that all the Jims in Pin Hook shouldn't come between me and her.  
"No, by dad," put in Long, "nor shall all the boys at the Court House come between me and you, Belle. You may dance with George Woodcock the first reel as you have promised to do, but if he don't want to swim Squash Creek before day, he'd better not be too impudicus."  
As I had no intention of setting up for a rival to the dem-savage Long Jim, from over the Creek, as they called him, I assured him there was no ground for a quarrel between us; that as that was my first visit to Pin Hook, I trusted it would create no unpleasantness that the Queen honored me, as a stranger, with her hand in opening the ball."  
Jim growled some sort of assent, and I led Belle Peters to the head of the room. Her Majesty the Queen of Pin Hook, was truly a majestic looking personage. She was fully four inches taller than the ordinary height of females, and bulky in proportion. She was still, an indefinable and intriguing dancer; with her fat, Belle could stand three cut-outs by the longest winded of her admirers. She was, after all, quite a beauty, so far as good skin, regular features, and a sparkling pair of eyes were concerned, and notwithstanding her illiterateness, she was an incessant talker.  
"Long Jim" appeared to me, expressly created as a mate for the Queen, and I did not wonder at his jealous regard for her. He was, at least, six feet four in height. Just the man, had he lived in the time of the great Frederick's father, to have been kidnapped and sent to Prussia for a grenadier. He was as ignorant as a bear, and as rough and as strong. Nature evidently intended Belle Peters and Long Jim Buggy for each other, and it was useless for them to struggle against the decree. Still, Belle was a coquette from instinct, and afflicted with all the Pin Hooker's who paid homage to her charms, and to the high standing of her family.  
The dance continued amidst uproarious laughing and talking, no little encouraged by the liberality with which Captain Jerry furnished the last doublings. Old Prince was fast asleep, but it made no difference in the skill with which he played their favorite tune of "Squash Creek beauties, how they go." Capt Jerry and

Old Dolly were both mid-nid-nodding in the corner. Squire Conroy, the Pin Hook Justice of the Peace, began to talk wisely and thickly about the merits of the various candidates then before the people; and several of the younger men, among whom Long Jim was quite conspicuous, were getting entirely cantankerous.  
"I don't believe you dare do it!" I heard wicked Will Sanders say to Long Jim.  
"What do you think I'm afraid of?" asked Jim, rather fiercely.  
"Why, of Captain Jerry, in the first place; of Jake, in the second place; and of Belle herself, in the third place."  
"It's a lie!" shouted Jim. "I'm not afraid of the whole Pin Hook beat, and I'll do it in spite of the big guns and little fishes."  
Belle was on the floor, dancing with all her might and in the best of humors, as Long Jim at this moment approached her. The savage threw his arms about her neck, and kissed her, with a report that sounded like the explosion of a four-pounder. Belle Peters screamed and struggled with all her strength, and some how in the tussel, fell heavily on the floor; the blood ran profusely from her nose; old Prince awoke with the noise; and the fiddle stopped. Captain Jerry and his wife threw off their solemnity, and looked aguish at the prostrate Queen. Long Jim, like all other fellows when they commit a great crime under the influence of liquor, was completely sobered by the extent of the catastrophe, and stood mute and trembling beside his unfortunate victim.  
"Who did this?" asked the Captain, in a voice of deep emotion.  
"I did," said Jim doggedly.  
"You did—did you!" said the Captain, in a tone that almost froze my blood. "Long Jim, if you cross the Creek to-night, you'll have better luck than I think you will. Give me my rifle, Prince!"  
"Slope Jim—slope!" cried a dozen voices, male and female—"or the captain will bore you for the h-l-l-o-w-horn."  
Jim did slope or run. It was for dear life and he made tracks like a wild turkey; Squash Creek was swam that night in shorter metre than it had been since the revolution. The Captain's call for his rifle aroused Belle from her swoon, or more likely, the possum fit she was playing off. Prince was in no hurry to produce the rifle, and old Dolly in an agony of terror, threw her arms about Jerry's neck, hysterically praying and entreating him not to murder Long Jim. Belle also interposed, and catching Prince by the leg, just as he was mounting a chair to reach the rifle, threw him *hushon* on the hard floor; there she held him, with her foot firmly planted on his breast.  
"Gorry mighty, Missy Belle!" groaned Prince, "pull yer foot off dis nigger, less you want to stop his fiddle forever an' de day arter."  
The delay produced by the confusion, the entreaties, and the tactics of the various parties, was sufficient to save Jim from the captain's vengeance. He knew that Jim was safe, and pursuit ceased.  
"Well, if I let the skunk go," growled Jerry, "what am I to do?"  
"Take the law of him," said Squire Conroy, brightening up at the idea of issuing a State's warrant.  
"What's the crime?" asked Jerry.  
"Salt and battery, as I should reckon," replied the Squire, doubtfully. "It may however be *follow de seay*. I haint sartain."  
"What's the punishment?" again asked the Captain.  
"Well, I aint sartain about that. As the Queen haint killed out and out, I reckon it wont hang him *quite*. 'Twill whip him though, I'm pretty sure."  
"That'll do," said Captain Jerry. "I hope they'll hang him, but forty save one, well laid on, will teach him better manners in future. Write the warrant, Squire, and I'll make the affidavit."  
It was court week. Judges, jurors, lawyers and witnesses were in attendance. Mr. Solicitor Windy had given out the bill, in the case of The State vs. James Buggy, for an assault and battery. Captain Jerry Peters, his wife, his son Jake, and the Queen, were in attendance as State's witnesses. Being a quasi officer of the Court, i. e. a "student at law," I was not bound over, though the solicitor sent me before the grand jury to testify. After hearing and duly deliberating upon the testimony, the grand jury found a "true bill," and Long Jim had to stand his trial.  
"The State vs. James Buggy, for an assault and battery: Who appears for the defendant?"  
"I do," replied lawyer Wordy.  
"Will you *traverse*?" asked the judge.  
"No, sir; we'll try the case."  
"Very well, sir. Go on, if the State is ready."  
Belle Peters was put upon the stand, and narrated the circumstances very particularly, though evidently with a leaning in Long Jim's favor. Belle's portly figure, and large, good natured face, apparently made a favorable impression upon the jury, and they were prepared to feel indignant at the discourtesy Long Jim had offered her.  
"Hem," said lawyer Wordy, com-

pleting the cross-examination. "Had there been any dispute or quarrel between you and James Buggy before the night you refer to?"  
"None, whatever."  
"Was he not in the habit of visiting at your father's house?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"What was the object of his frequent visits?"  
"No answer."  
"Come, Miss Peters, you must answer the question."  
"Well then, dar'nt it; he said he came to see me, and get his dram into the bargain."  
The judge looked at portly Belle, in some surprise at her unjudicial language.  
"Well, when he came to see you he generally got a dram, I suppose?"  
"In course he did, if he had any."  
"You were in the habit of giving a dram to all the beaux who called at your house?"  
"I can't say that," retorted Belle, pertly; "you called there once, and I don't recollect of giving you a dram."  
"This was considered a good hit, and there was a general laugh."  
"Did the defendant attempt any further violence to you than kissing you, on the night in question?"  
"I suppose not."  
"Did he ever kiss you before?"  
"Why, yes! a thousand times!"  
Belle's *naive* creature laugh this time at her expense.  
"You never indicted him before?"  
"Pshaw, no."  
"The fall, you think, was only accidental?"  
"Haint I said so?"  
"Well, you don't want to punish Jim for kissing you?"  
"Naw! Jim's a good fellow, though he was a little fuddled at the ball."  
"I close for the present," said Solicitor Windy.  
"I shall call no witnesses," was the answer of lawyer Wordy.  
"Very well, gentlemen. Will you go to the jury?"  
After a moment's consultation, both lawyers agreed to submit the case under the direction of the court.  
"Gentlemen of the jury," said his Honor, "the evidence is very plain in this case. The assault and battery complained of, consists in the defendant's having kissed the witness without her consent. Now, the law says, that any rude, contemptuous or angry touching the person of another, is a battery. If the witness did not give her consent, expressed or implied, at the time defendant kissed her, then the rude manner in which it was done constitutes the offence with which defendant stands charged. You may retire."  
The jury soon came in with a verdict of "guilty."  
"Very well," said his Honor. "Tomorrow, at ten o'clock, Mr. Solicitor will pass the sentence. Should the parties in this case compromise, in the meantime, let me know, or the defendant may stand a chance of spending some time in jail."  
Belle, who had taken a seat near me when she had given her testimony, turned to me and asked, "what the judge meant by a *compromise*?"  
"I suppose," said I, "he means for you and Jim to get married to-day."  
Long Jim looked the very picture of despair, at the judge's intimation of the jail. Belle's tender heart was touched. She made a motion to Long Jim as she went out of the Court House, which he obeyed. He soon after returned, with a bright countenance, whispered a few words to Squire Conroy, and they passed out together.  
"James Buggy," said the judge, "you have been convicted of an assault and battery on Belle Peters. Have you any representation to make to the Court before it proceeds to pass its sentence upon you?"  
"We have compromised," said Jim.  
"That is very well," said the judge. "Do you confirm this statement, Miss Peters? Have you and Jim made friends?"  
"Certainly; I should think so," replied Belle, "considering the *compromise*."  
"What compromise," said the judge. "did you make, that you both look so well pleased?"  
"The one your Honor recommended," replied Belle, with a simper.  
"I am not aware that I made any particular suggestion," said the judge.  
"We so understood it," said Belle; "so did George Woodcock."  
"Well, what have you done?"  
"We got married last night!"  
"This was too much for the gravity even of the Bench to stand. Never since, although I have had a quarter of a century's experience, have I heard such a roar of laughter as then shook the Court House."  
"Let the defendant," said the judge, "as soon as he could command himself—"  
"Let the defendant pay a fine of one cent!"  
"Long Jim from over the Creek" was a proud and a happy man.  
Belle's oldest daughter has succeeded her as Queen of Pin Hook.  
Pride wants to be discarded, and modest Diffidence introduced.

An American, travelling in Europe, writes to the editors of the New York Tribune, that he visited Pansco, in Naples, on the 16th of March, and was gladdened with a sight of the Statue of Columbus, which the artist informed him would be finished in a few days, and ready for transportation. The writer remarks that he has seen finer figures and more elaborate art, but no group more spirited and exciting. "There are," he adds, "two figures—one, Columbus, a majestic form in full Spanish dress, with a countenance lit up with lofty enthusiasm, and leaning forward with one foot advanced, as if he had just planted it on a new world. His right hand is elevated above and before him, with the palm upturned, on which rests a globe—the world of his easy dreams and present enraptured vision. The attitude—the countenance of all are sublime. Near him stands an Indian female, with her hands and body thrown back and her face turned in dismay toward the triumphant Columbus, in which are blended, in life-like vividness, surprise, wonder, and fear. The form is rich, even to voluptuousness, and the face superbly beautiful, yet wholly Indian. I think, however, that her attitude is unnatural and in some respect awkward. But it is not either the one form or the other that I admired so much; it was the design. The two standing in that attitude were a history—they were a great poem, the finest Columbiad that ever was written."  
A PATRIOTIC TOWN.—The Boston Mercantile Journal gives the following statistics of the town of Marblehead, Massachusetts, which exhibits a high degree of courage and patriotism on the part of its population. What town of equal size can make so favorable a showing?  
"The inhabitants of Marblehead have always been distinguished for their industry, power of enduring fatigue, physical courage, and patriotism. Most of them have been bred to the sea, and inured to the rough-and-tumble of life from their childhood; and have furnished, especially in time of war, many brave and gallant seamen for our ships. It is said that at the close of the Revolution, when the population was much less than at present, a statement made to the General Court of the sufferers by that war exhibited the following result:  
Widows 458  
Fatherless boys 364  
Fatherless girls 502  
Total 1324  
During the last war the little town of Marblehead furnished 1,400 men for the public service; and no ship of war, privateer, fleet, or flotta, prison ship, or depot, was without a goodly number of representatives from this patriotic town. Nor were they all confined to the sea service—they composed one entire company of the 40th regiment of regular troops—almost another of the flying artillery, and many scattering recruits for other services were raised. Many of these brave men were killed while fighting nobly for their country, and others were imprisoned. At the close of the war, Dartmouth, the English prison-house, unfolded her gloomy prison-gates upon five hundred gallant fellows who hailed from this obscure fishing town!"  
The Charter of Connecticut.—The old charter of Connecticut is carefully preserved at Hartford. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens speaks of it in the following manner, in a letter to the Brother Jonathan: "It is elaborately written in old English letter, and in one place the parchment is stained through by the sap or other moisture gathered in the tree which contained it. It was granted by Charles II in 1662; and when Edward Andross assumed the government, and threatened to remove the charter, it was concealed eighteen months in the old oak to which its name is given. Though one hundred and eighty years old, every word on the broad parchment is distinct, and the whole fabric remains as firm as if manufactured yesterday."  
Gold in Louisiana.—The last Attekapas Gazette states that gold dust has been found on the plantation of Mr. Tyson, on the borders of the Rigolet, in the parish of Rapides, some twenty miles from Alexandria. A gentleman from Alabama made the discovery. He declares that the land in that part of the country contains large quantities of gold. Some samples of that lately found have been sent to New Orleans and recognized as pure metal. This fact is confirmed by the Red River Republican.  
N. O. Bee.

three two great champions of their parties have changed places. But there is the difference between them—Mr. Calhoun swears loyalty to his uniform consistency. The Sun, Moon and Stars may vary, but the "one Star of the Palmetto State" is "fixed"—it changeth not. Mr. Clay frankly avows his change, in the following language:  
"Yes sir," said Mr. Clay, "it is very true that I opposed a National Bank in 1811; the speech you quote is my speech; it contains a frank expression of the opinions I then held on the subject. But five years of painful National experience convinced me I had been wrong—that a Bank was necessary to the country, to its relation to its currency and its revenues, and the very next session that offered, I assented the conviction which time and National suffering had produced, and to the convictions I have ever since adhered to. I am not ashamed of having grown wiser by experience, and on this only, of all great national questions, I have changed my ground. Judge from the arguments and facts I now submit to you whether I had or had not good reason."  
Will our friends, who publish Mr. Clay's great speech, publish also Mr. Calhoun's on the other side? Or will they publish Mr. Clay's avowal above? Or will they say, that in 1816 Messrs. Clay and Calhoun labored side by side, in bringing to light what the Democrats now shudder at as a misapprehension, "monstrous"? Will they tell their readers, that Mr. Calhoun was the Chairman of the Committee that reported the bill, and urged its passage with great vehemence and power? And that he cherished and nursed the "monster," into whose vitals the Old Hero had plunged his harpoon, up to its last gasp in 1837? We think not. It is prudent to sink these small matters, at present. But is it fair?  
Mr. Clay was, in 1811, opposed to a U. S. Bank. So was the virtuous Madison. The necessities of the country wrought a change on the minds of both these great Statesmen, and in 1816, they dared to prefer their country, to consistent adherence to error, and frankly avowed it. They acted in accordance with that manly feeling, and their country blessed and honored them for their manly courage.  
Clarion.

## JOHN C. CALHOUN.

A writer in the Moon (Ga.) Messenger thus traces the political twiftings of the "Arch Nullifier." If ever man boxed the political compass, Mr. Calhoun is that man. The truth of every assertion contained in the statement below can be established from the indubitable testimony of the records of the country.  
In 1816, the god father of a protective tariff—in 1832, the advocate of Nullification to overthrow it—in 1833, the supporter of the compromise—in 1841 the violent opponent of it—in 1816, the advocate of a National Bank—in 1834, proposing to extend its charter 12 years—in 1838 and 1841 denounced it as unconstitutional—in 1816, the advocate of a system of Internal Improvements—in 1819, the moving spirit, that breathed life into it—in 1832, the denouncer of it, as enabling all the evils of the Tariff—in 1843, again its advocate—in 1836, the advocate of distributing the proceeds of the sales of the Public Lands among the States, and the author of the scheme—in 1841, the reviler of the scheme as unconstitutional—in 1842, the advocate of the proceeds of the public lands being continued in the Treasury, as the only constitutional mode of application—in 1834, the author of the proposition to take them from the old States, and to cede them to the States in which they lie—in 1816, the author of the proposition to appropriate the bonus of the United States Bank to works of Internal Improvement—in 1840, the reviler of those who voted for his proposition—in 1825, the proud booster of his great services in giving being to the "American system"—now the advertiser of those who acted with him and followed his lead.—The author of the system of Internal Improvements, which has squandered so many millions of dollars for no good end, and now the persecuting reviler of those who attempted to carry out the schemes he planned.—The opponent of the Sub-Treasury in 1834—the great advocate of it now.—The advocate of every measure hated by the South, and the bold Senator, who declared in 1842, that he had not changed any of these principles, and yet the supplicant for their votes.—The blustering advocate of "free trade." In his whole Congressional career before his connexion with Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, he was the ultra advocate of protection both by his votes and speeches. A member of the Senate since 1832, amidst all the excitement of the Tariff question, he has never yet presented to the American people the first free trade proposition. This is the politician, who never yet raised a party around him, and this is the political weathercock, whose friends have erected a press at Mueon, to persuade the people of Georgia to follow him. This is the Presidential aspirant, who cannot get the vote of any two States in the Union. What an imposition upon common sense?

## HENRY CLAY—U. S. BANK.

Some of the Democratic papers consider it a good joke, to publish Mr. Clay's Anti-Bank Speech, made in 1811. They forget that in 1816 Mr. Calhoun made a speech for the Bank. On this subject,