

"Do not suppose that the farmers, who are not so hasty in jumping at a conclusion as the merchants, who form their opinions with more calmness and reflection, are about to take up an exploded absurdity, which the merchants themselves are ashamed of. They understand the history of the American trade in grain; the events of which I speak have taken place under their immediate observation, and they are not to be driven from their conclusion by a false and senseless outcry, be it repeated as often as it may."

Such is the substance of our friend's remarks, and from what we know of the farming population, and we can boast of having known them well in our time, we have little doubt of the truth of his representation.

From the Baltimore Republican.

SENSE.—"Log Cabin" at North Bend—Gen. Harrison at the window breathing fresh air—an old Soldier attempting to communicate with him—"The Committee," John C. Wright, David Gwynne, and O. M. Spencer, in front of the cabin—Wright with the key in his hand. The following dialogue occurs between the old Soldier and "The Committee":

Old Soldier.—Does Gen. Harrison live here gentlemen?

The Committee.—Yes.

Old Soldier.—I wish to see him.

The Committee.—You can't see him.

Old Soldier.—Why, gentlemen! I hope he is not sick.

The Committee.—No, the General is not sick. He never was in better health in his life, and you may tell every body that he is just as capable of attending to business as he was twenty years ago.

Old Soldier.—Then, why can't I see him, gentlemen? Oh, I suppose, may be, the General has company, some of the big bugs from Cincinnati. I can wait till they are gone. I'll just take a seat on that stump there; for I wouldn't like to miss seeing the old General, after walking so far out of my way.

The Committee.—The General is neither sick nor engaged with company; but you can't see him.

Here one of "The Committee," looking round, saw the old General peeping through a window of the cabin where a pane was out, and begged him—"dear General, just keep out of sight a few minutes, we'll soon get rid of this fellow, but if he sees you peeping in this way, it will tell badly." "Well, Wright," says the General, "I wish the election was over, for I am tired of being 'cooped'."

Old Soldier.—Why, gentlemen, I don't know what to make of this. I'm an old friend of Gen. Harrison, and people up in my part of the country are saying a great many hard things about him, and I thought while I was down in these parts, I'd call and see him for old times' sake, and just have his authority to contradict all the slanders his enemies are putting about against him. You may depend, gentlemen, it would be of service to the old gentleman, if I could see him and talk to him about those matters.

The Committee.—Friend, any thing you wish to say to Gen. Harrison, you can say to us, and we can answer for him.

Old Soldier.—But, gentlemen, I'd rather hear the General answer for himself.

The Committee.—That, friend, is what the General don't do now.

Old Soldier.—That's queer. Why don't he answer for himself now?

The Committee.—Because his friends determined that it was not "politic" that he should, and appointed a "Committee" to answer for him.

Old Soldier.—Well, gentlemen, who are the "Committee"?

The Committee.—We three.

Old Soldier.—Well, then, gentlemen, if you are authorized to answer for the General, be so good as to tell me whether the General is an Abolitionist or not, and whether, if elected, he will vote for any Bill for abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia?

The Committee.—These are questions, friend, which we don't answer.

Old Soldier.—Why, how's this? You say you do not allow the General to answer for himself, but you answer for him, and when I ask you only two simple questions, you tell me you don't answer those questions?—Are General's dead, and you won't tell me?

The Committee.—As you are a friend of Gen. Harrison, we may tell you, that the questions you have asked are these very questions which Gen. Harrison's friends don't think it "politic" for him or for us to answer.

Old Soldier.—Why not? Mr. Van Buren has answered them.

The Committee.—Yes, and the bigger fool he is for his last chance of getting a single Abolition vote by it.

Old Soldier.—Oh, ho!—that's the game it is! The Committee.—(Chuckling, and slapping the old soldier on the back.)—Lie low and keep dark! It's the game, my old lad of wax. Come take a glass of cider in the old General's health and success. He's the old soldier's friend.

Old Soldier.—I'd rather take a glass of old tye, if it's the same to you, gentlemen.

The Committee.—We are too-totillers, friend—and the General don't give his friends any thing but "hard cider."

Old Soldier.—Well, that's strange! The Gen. didn't use to like that sort of stuff; but he's getting old, and I spoke the Doctor's prescribe it. I know, however, as an old soldier, that very dangerous to change front in the face of the enemy. He'd better mind how he follows them Doctors' prescriptions, or they'll kill him.

The Committee.—Friend, it was not the Doctors, but "the committee," that prescribed Hard Cider for the General. They thought it the most "politic" drink for him, till after the election.

Old Soldier.—Well, the old man may drink what he pleases, but you don't turn my flank, gentlemen, with any such pop-gum as that; and, if the General ain't mighty changed since I knew him, and you'll just let me offer him the mouth of my canteen, you'll soon see whether he's a tea-totaler, as you call it. Come, gentlemen, just let me go in and take a shake手with the old man—say howdy-do, and good-bye, and give him a drap from my canteen. I'll promise you to say nothing to him about politics.

The Committee.—As an old soldier, you ought to know that orders must be obeyed. Now, we were put here to guard the old General from talking to any body and every body. If we let you in to see him, others will expect to be admitted, and then we might as well let him go at large.

Old Soldier.—Well, why should he go at large? It's a free country, and the old man's arrived at years of discretion, I suppose by this time.

The Committee.—You said you were a friend of Gen. Harrison. Now, if you are, you won't press this matter; for you know he is old now, and if he were allowed to talk to every body, he might injure his chance of election, for he is losing his memory and is apt, as all old men are, to forget today what he said yesterday; and if he were to tell one of these Loco Focos to-day that he was in favor of the Abolition scheme, and another one to-morrow that he was against it, they would be sure

to compare notes and expose the old general. We hope you are satisfied now, friend.

Old Soldier.—Satisfied? Yes, I am satisfied that my old General is mighty changed for the worse since he allowed himself to be caught up here, and forbidden to speak to his old friends.—Satisfied? did you say?—Yes, I am satisfied that the man who can't be trusted to enough for himself and speak out his opinions openly on all subjects and to all men, is not fit to be trusted with the Government.

The Committee.—What matters it friend, whether Gen. Harrison is fit for the Presidency or not, so that we elect him. He will have the ablest men in the country in his cabinet.

Old Soldier.—Then we had better sign one of them and let the old General stay at home. But who do you mean by the ablest men in the country?

The Committee.—For instance, Webster will be Secretary of State, and Atkinson, Secretary of the Treasury, and—

Old Soldier.—That's enough gentlemen; you won't go any further. Webster's enough for me. You could make the time more anxious even throwing in Rives. A Hartford Convention Federalist, who voted against all supplies for the army during the last war, and remained in the uniforms of the British, ought surely to be enough for an old Democrat and Soldier of the last war, without the mere weight of a renegade Democrat, Webster and Atkinson. Paid! Atkinson and Atkinson! Hard cider and sour beer! It's a nigger for a nig-

John C. Wright, one of "The Committee." You old rascal! How dare you say any thing against Mr. Webster? The last war was an unjust, unrighteous, unconstitutional and wholly wrong, and Mr. Webster was right in opposing it; and I would have voted against supplies all very much rascally Democrat as you are, but stirred. You a friend of Gen. Harrison, and none but Daniel Webster! Why, you old scamp, was not Gen. Harrison in the last war, is not he a friend of Mr. Webster?

Old Soldier.—I say, stranger, what may your name be?

Gwynne & Spencer, the other two of "The Committee." Don't tell him your name! For Gen. Harrison's sake, don't tell him! For the sake of the cause, don't tell him!

John C. Wright.—I will tell him. Gen. Harrison and his friends must not think to use me and be ashamed to own me. I will tell him. My name is JOHN C. WRIGHT! (An audience name and great passion.) Shallow! I'll tell him all about myself.

Gwynne & Spencer.—Oh, don't you remember you're to be calmed you have done enough enough in telling your name. Remember we are going to guard the party against the abominations of Gen. Harrison—let us not commit ourselves.

J. C. Wright.—Still muttering in a passion, I care not what he insinuated about Atkinson, but I will now tell him about myself. Webster abused me by calling me a scoundrel, who supported old John Adams, who supported the younger Adams. I am an old Federalist, and don't know who knows it. Gen. Harrison known it and likes me the better for it. I formerly edited a Federal paper in New York, I was afterwards a Federal member of Congress from Ohio, and voted for John Quincy Adams for President when the election went to the House. I was afterwards a Federal Judge in Ohio, and am now editor of the Federal Gazette in Cincinnati, and one of the committee, to answer for Gen. Harrison! You know now I hope my old acquaintances, who I am.

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will take care of me, and not turn me over to strangers to speculate on.

Citizen and Speaker.—We hope no part friends.

Old Soldier.—Gentlemen, I leave you more in sorrow than in anger. I suppose you think you're doing nothing more than your duty to your Party, while I think you are disgracing your country. But, gentlemen I have no occasion for a "Committee" or guard at my door, and if ever you should be passing through the county of Hocking, where I live, you will find no lock open my door, nor "the string of the latch pulled in!"

From the Madison (Ia.) Courier.

#### SELLING FREE MEN AS SLAVES IN THE STATE OF INDIANA!

Much has been said in defense of the charge against General Harrison, of voting in the Senate of Ohio to sell free white men as slaves; and General Harrison's own letters of denial and exculpation, have been very extensively published. The charge, however, remains well established, and as long as the records of the Senate of Ohio shall continue to exist, so long must the testimony to establish this charge be perpetuated. (See Journal of the Senate of Ohio of January the 20th, 1821.)

But we have restored this subject to show, that this section of the Ohio Legislature, with all its infamy, was an old acquaintance of General Harrison, and had no new horrors to present to his mind; for, while Governor of "the Territory of Indiana," he approved, and signed "An act Respecting Crimes and Punishments," containing sections more odious than the section for which he voted in the Ohio Senate: more odious, inasmuch as it made an escape from the most degrading and humiliating sentence a criminal offence punishable with WHIPPING in the full measure of THIRTY-NINE STRIPES!! and with a double surcharge unto time. (See Territorial Laws, Revised ed. of 1807, page 39, and 40—sections 30 and 31.)

See, 30. When any person or persons shall, on conviction of any crime, or breach of penal law, be sentenced to pay a fine or fines, with or without the costs of prosecution, it shall and may be lawful for the court before whom such convictions shall be had <sup>to</sup> ORDER THE SHERIFF TO SELl OR MAKE THE PERSON OR PERSONS SO CONVICTED, TO SERVICE, TO ANY PERSON OR PERSONS WHO WILL PAY THE SAID FINE AND COSTS FOR SUCH TERM OF TIME AS THE COURT MAY DETERMINE.

And of such person or persons, so sentenced and tried or sold, shall abscond from the service of such term or longer or shorter, before the term of such service shall be expired, he or she so absconding shall be convicted before a justice of the peace, or WHIPPED WITH THIRTY-NINE STRIPES!! and still moreover serve two more years.

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