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## TERMS:

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## MISCELLANEOUS

### The Wife of Washington.

BY MISS SIG URNEY.

The state of society in Virginia a century since, was quiet and imposing. The American Dominion retained stronger features of resemblance to the father land than any of its sisters. The manners of England have been transplanted with but little radical change in the territory of Powhatan. A kind of feudal magnificence, a high and quick sense of honor, a generous and lordly hospitality, early characterized a State which has given to this Western Empire so many of its mightiest and noblest names.

One of the most immediate changes arising from the revolution of the mother country, was the breaking down of that courtly and almost solemn etiquette which marked the intercourse of higher classes. "I know your age by the edition of your manners," said a lady of discernment to a gentleman distinguished for politeness. "I am certain that you were educated before the Revolution." But the Republicanism which may possibly have swept with too full a tide over our national manners, had, at that period of which we speak, no existence in Virginia. The levees of her royal governors, though stripped of monarchical pomp, displayed a remnant of those "stately trappings of chivalry," with which the titled and valiant of a still earlier age, were accustomed to European courts, to pay homage to beauty and rank.

It was early in the winter of 1743, that the levees of Governor Couch opened with unexampled splendor at *William sburg*. Many of the members of Assembly took thither with them a part of their families, and the season was graced by the presence of several high-mi-nisters, who had never before been presented at court. One among these was evidently the theme of general admiration. Some of the staid matrons criticised her as deficient in height. But though somewhat beneath the middle stature, she possessed that round and exquisite symmetry which the early historians have ascribed to the fascinating Anne Boleyn. A pure complexion and clear eye, was finely contrasted with dark, glossy and redundant hair. Still it was found difficult, by common observers, to analyze her beauty; for it rested not on any prominent gift but on the union of the whole person in loveliness. Grace of movement, and melody of voice, were confessed to be among its elements. More of animation was hers, than is wont to distinguish the modern southern beauty; but what chiefly won old and young, was a bland cheerfulness, the silent history of the soul's happiness, and an expressive smile, inspiring every beholder with confidence like a beam from the temple of truth.

Though she had scarcely numbered twenty-eight summers, there was about her a womanly dignity which chastened admiration into respect.

Among others who had a full their devotions to this lovely young creature, was Colonel Custis, one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time. His father, the Hon. John Custis of Arlington, held the office of King's Counsellor and was a man of wealth and distinction. His attendance at Williamsburg during the present session, had been somewhat interrupted by ill health; and while there the graver duties of the statesman had so far absorbed him as to render him ignorant as to what reigning beauties had produced sensation at court. Not long after the suspension of the levees, and the return of the bur-gesses to their homes, the counsellor requested a conversation in his cabinet with his son-in-law, Daniel Park Custis. There was a singular mixture of gravity and condescension in his manner as he desired him to be seated, and thus opened the discourse:

"I have for some time wished to see you on an interesting subject. Though still young, I consider you have arrived to years of discretion."

The Colonel bowed.

"I trust I have always shown that regard for your welfare which is due from an affectionate father to an only son. I am about to give you another proof in it. In short, I wish your attention to a suitable marriage."

The Colonel bowed.

"You know Colonel Byrd, of Westover, to be my very particular friend. His daughter is one of the most beautiful and accomplished in Virginia. It is my desire that you form with her a matrimonial alliance."

"My dear sir, I have not the vanity of supposing that I could render myself agreeable to Miss Byrd."

"No objection on that head. Her father and myself have settled it. Indeed, I may as well tell you that we have had numberless conversations on this business, and that you have been as betrothed from the cradle. Think, my son, of the advantage of such a connection, the congenity of wealth and power that shall ultimately pass into your hands."

"Affection, sir, seems to me, to be the only bond that can hallow such a union. No even my reverence for the best of fathers could induce me to enter into it from mercenary motives."

"Mercenary, sir, mercenary! Whoever before dared to couple that word with my name?" exclaimed the counsellor, raising himself to his full height, and fixing a kindling eye upon his son.

Then pacing the apartment a few turns he stopped opposite to him and added:

"You speak of the affection that should precede marriage. Have the goodness to understand that the mispleasing of yours may materially affect your paternal inheritance."

"It seemed to you for reply, but in vain. May I inquire if you have thus early presumed to decide seriously on the preference of any young lady as a companion for life?"

"I have, sir."

"May I be favored with a knowledge of her name?"

"Miss Martha Dabridge."

The high spirited gentlemen parted in mutual resentment; but the reflections of a night restored them to better feelings. The father began to excuse the son, by recalling the warmth of his own early attachment; while the son referred the testimony of the father to the narrowness of the opinion of a long cherished plan, and the querulousness of feeble health. Still, as it usually happens to proud men, neither would he see his heart to the other; and a slight though almost imperceptible coldness gathered over their intercourse. But this interview served only as a stimulant to matrimony.

The temporary reserve of the father, throwing something like a gloom over the paternal mansion, increased the frequency of the visits of the lover. The gentle object of his preference imagined no barrier to an alliance where there existed no inequality; and he labored to communicate what could only occasion perplexity, and what he trusted would soon vanish like the "baseless fabric of a dream."

According to a happy presage the lofty counsellor gave his consent to the nuptials, and the flower of the court of Williamsburg became a bride in the blush of her seventeenth year.

Their residence was a retired and romantic mansion on the banks of the Pamunkey. It reared its white walls amid a profusion of vines and flowering trees. Broad plantations, and the wealth of Virginia forest variegated the grounds. Rural occupations, and the delight of each other's society, prepared for them what they deemed a paradise. In visits to their favored dwelling the Chancellor learned to appreciate the treasure of his new daughter. Her excellence in the responsible sphere to which she was then introduced won his regard; and with the ingenuousness of an honorable mind when convinced of an error, he sought every opportunity of distinguishing her merit, which he had once been reluctant to admit. When he saw the grace and courtliness with which she maintained a general hospitality; the judgment far beyond her years displayed in the management of her servants; the energy, the early rising, the cheerful alacrity with which she regulated and beautified the internal mechanism of her family; the disinterestedness with which she forgot herself, and sought the good of others; but above all, her untiring devotion to her husband, and the little ones sprung up around her, he gloried in the sentiment of his son, which, indeed, he had always believed, though he was once in danger of swerving from it, that strong personal affection is essential to the basis of matrimonial affection.

But the scene of exquisite felicity was not long to last. The death of her two eldest children prepared her for a deep loss in her beloved and estimable husband. In the trying situation of a young, beautiful, and wealthy wife and mother, she was still able to conduct herself with unvarying discretion, and faithfully to discharge every important duty.

It was in the spring of 1758 that two gentlemen attended by a servant, were seen riding through the luxuriant scenery with which the county of New Kent, in Virginia, abounds. The most striking figure of the groupe was a tall, graceful man, apparently about twenty-five or twenty six years of age. He would have been a model for a statue when Rome was in her best days. His companion was an elderly man, in a plain garb, who, by the familiarity by which he pointed out surrounding objects, would seem to be taking his daily rounds upon his own estate. As they approached the avenue to an antique mansion, he placed his hand on the arm of his companion.

"Nay, Colonel Washington, let it never be said that you passed the house of your father's friend without dismounting. I must insist on the honor of delaying you as my guest."

"Thanks to you, my dear sir, but I ride in haste, the business of dispatches to our Governor in Williamsburg, which may not brook delay."

"Is this the noble steed which was given to you by the dying Baddock on the field of Monongahela? and this the same servant he bequeathed you at the same time?"

Washington answered in the affirmative.

"Then, my dear Colonel, thus mounted, and attended, you may well dine with me, and by borrowing some of this fine moonlight, reach Williamsburg ere his Excellency shall have shaken off his morning slumbers."

"Do I understand that I may be excused immediately after dinner?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, I accept your hospitality."—And gracefully throwing himself from his charger, he resigned the rein to his English servant, giving at the same time strict orders as to the time he must be ready to pursue their journey.

"I am rejoiced, Colonel Washington," said the hospitable old gentleman, "fortu-nately to have met you on my morning ride; and the more so, as I have some guests who may make the repast pass pleasantly, and will not fail to appreciate our young and valiant soldier."

Washington bowed his thanks, and was introduced to the company. Virginia's famed hospitality was well set forth in that spacious banqueting hall. Precise in his household regulations, the social feast was closed at the time the best predicted. The servant was also punctual—he knew the habits of his master. At the appointed moment he stood with horses caparisoned at the gate; and much did he marvel, as listening to very footsteps that paced down the avenue, he saw the sun sink in the west, and yet no master appear. At length orders came that the horses should be put up for the night. Wonder upon wonder! when his business with the Governor was so urgent! The sun was high in the heavens the next day when Washington mounted for his journey. No explanation was given, but it was rumored that among the guests was a beautiful and youthful widow, to whose charms his heart was devoted. This was further confirmed by his staying but a brief space at Williamsburg, retracing his route with unusual celerity and becoming a frequent visitor at the house of the late Colonel Custis, in the vicinity, where the following year, his nuptials were celebrated.

Henceforth the life of the lady of Mount Vernon is a part of the history of her country. In that mansion she was first introduced into the plans of Washington, sharing his confidence, and making his household happy. There her only daughter, Martha Custis, died in the bloom of youth; a few years after, when the troubles of the country drew her husband to the post of commander-in-chief of her armies, she accompanied him to Boston, and witnessed his signal evacuation. For eight years he turned no more to enjoy his beloved residence on the Potomac. During his absence she made the most strenuous efforts to discharge the added weight of care, and to endure, without change less trust in heaven, unexampled anxiety for one so inexpressibly dear. At the close of each campaign she repaired in compliance with his wish, to head quarters, where the ladies of the general's officers joined her in forming such society as diffused a cheerful influence over even the gloom of the winter of Valley Forge and Morristown.

The opening of every campaign was the signal of the return of Lady Washington, (as he was called in the army) to her domestic cares at Mount Vernon. "I heard," said she, "the first and the last cannon of the revolution y war." The rejoicing which attended the surrender of Cornwallis, in the autumn of 1781, marked for her a season of the deepest sorrow. Her only remaining child, Colonel John Custis, the aid-camp of Washington, became during his arduous duties at the siege of Yorktown, the victim of epidemic fever and died at the age of twenty-seven. He was but a boy of five at the time of her second marriage, and had drawn forth strongly the affections and regard of her husband, who shared her affliction for his loss, and endeavored by the tenderest sympathy to alleviate it.

After the close of the war, a few years were devoted to the enjoyment and embellishment of their favorite Mount Vernon. The peace and returning prosperity of their country gave pure and bright ingredients to their cup of happiness. Their mansion was thronged with guests of distinction, all of whom remarked with admiration the energy of Mrs. Washington in the complicated duties of a Virginia housewife, and the elegance and grace with which she presided at her noble board.

The voice of a free nation, conferring on Gen. Washington the highest office in its power to bestow, was not obeyed without a sacrifice of feeling. It was in the spring of 1789, that, with his lady, he bade adieu to his tranquil abode, to assume the responsibility of the first Presidency. In forming his domestic establishment, he mingled the simplicity of a republic with that dignity which he felt was necessary to secure the respect of older governments. The furniture of his house, the livery of his servants, the entertainment of his guests displayed elegance, while they rejected ostentation. In all these arrangements, Mrs. Washington was a second self. Her Friday evening levees, at which she was always present, exhibited that perfect etiquette which marks the intercourse of the dignified and high bred. Commencing at seven and closing at ten they lent no more sanctions to late hours and levity. The first lady of the nation preserved the habits of early life. Indulging in no indolence, she left her pillow at dawn and after breakfast retired to her chamber for an hour for the study of her scriptures and devotion. This practice, during the long period of half a century, was never omitted. The duties of her sabbath were near to her. The President and herself attended public worship with the utmost regu-

larity, and in the evening he would read to her in her chamber, the scriptures and a sermon.

The spring of 1797 opened for them with the most pleasing anticipations. The cares of high office were resigned, and they were about to retire, for the remainder of their days to the spring shades of Mount Vernon. The new turf springing into fresh greenness wherever they trod, the vernal blossoms opened to receive them, the warbled welcome of the birds were never more dear, as war-ried with the toils of public life, and satiated with its honors, they returned to their rural retreat, hallowed by the recollections of earlier years and by the consciousness of virtue.

But in two years Washington was no more. The shock of his death, after an illness of only twenty four hours, fell like a thunder bolt upon the bereaved widow. The piety which had long been her strength continued its support, but her heart drooped; and though her cheerfulness did not utterly forsake her, she discharged her habitual round of duties, as one who felt "that glory had departed."

How beautiful and characteristic was her reply to the solicitations of the highest authority of the nation, that the remains of her illustrious husband might be removed to the seat of Government, and a marble monument erected to mark the spot of their repose.

"Taught by the great example which I have had not long before, never to oppose my private wishes to the will of my country, I consent to the request made by Congress; and in doing this I need not, I cannot say what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty."

The intention of the Congress of 1799 has ever been executed, nor the proposed monument erected. The enthusiasm of the oppressed away, and the many conflicting cares of a great nation turned its thought from thus perpetuating his memory, whose image, it trusted, would be ever enshrined in the hearts of a great people.

Scarcely two years of her lovely widowhood were accomplished, ere the lady of Mount Vernon found death approaching. Gathering her family around her, she impressed on them the value of religion which she had tasted from her youth onward to manhood. Then calmly resigned her soul into the hands of him who gave it, at the age of seventy, full of honors, she was laid in the tomb of Washington.

In this outline of the lineaments of Martha Washington, we perceive that it was neither the beauty with which she was endowed, nor the high station which she had attained, that gave enduring lustre to her character, but her Christian fidelity in those duties which devolve upon her sex. It is fitted her to eradicate the home, to lighten the cares, to cheer the anxieties, to sub-stantiate the enjoyments of him who, in the expressive language of the Chief Justice Marshall, was "so loved of Heaven as to depart without exhibiting the weaknesses of humanity."

From the Charleston Mercury.

## The Religious Instruction of Slaves.

### BISHOP BERKELEY.

About the year 1728 the truly excellent and great Bishop Berkeley conceived the design of establishing on the Islands of Bermuda, then generally called the Summer Islands, a college for the education of Missionaries to convert the Savages of America.

The scheme met with so much favour from the distinguished men of the times, that it was at length taken up in parliament, and the King was petitioned to make a grant of £20,000 to carry it into effect, which he readily promised to do, through Walpole the then Minister. Bishop Berkeley accordingly sailed for this country, and took up his residence at Newport in Rhode Island, where he spent several years, waiting for the fulfilment of the royal promise. But with Walpole, to promise and to do, especially in the matter of giving away money, were not exactly the same things, and when, after interminable delays, the Bishop inquired of him through a friend, whether he intended really to let him have the £20,000 or no, Sir Robert made the very honest and obliging reply: "If you put this question to me, as a Minister, I must and can assure you, that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid as soon as suits with public convenience, but if you ask me as a friend, whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America, expecting the payment of £20,000, I advise him, by all means, to return home to Europe and to give up his present expectations." The Bishop was too wise a man not to take such a hint, and the object of seven years anxious toil was sacrificed to the faithfulness of one narrow-minded great man. So ended the first scheme ever put on foot to evangelize America.

But we have given this short history specially to introduce the fact, that it was a part of the plan of Bishop Berkeley to provide for the spiritual instruction of the slaves of this country, as well as the conversion of the Savages to Christianity; which we think a circumstance so honorable to his sagacity and philanthropy, that it ought to be kept in the minds of posterity.—Speaking in his "Propos-1," of the mean qualifications, both as to learning and morals, of the Clergymen they had been in the habit of sending out from England to America, he remarks, "To this may be imputed the small care that hath been taken to correct the negroes of our plantations, who, to the

infamy of England, and scandal of the world, continue heathens under Christian masters, and in Christian countries. Which would never be if our Planters were rightly instructed and made sensible, that they disappointed their own baptism by denying it to those who belong to them;—that it would be of advantage to their affairs, to have slaves who should "obey in all things their master according to the flesh, not with eye service as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, as fearing God;"—that Gospel liberty consists with temporal servitude,—and that their slaves would only become better slaves by being Christians." The result of Bishop Berkeley's enterprise shows how much sincerity, that England, which then and ever since would turn the world upside-down to free slaves not her own, had to bestow upon the most feasible efforts to improve the moral condition of those in which her own subjects held a property. The depth of British philanthropy might always be measured by its pecuniary avails. The views just expressed, show another thing, which we would impress on our Planters,—that the idea of giving systematic religious instruction to our slave population is no new idea, of the other day's origin, but was familiar to the thoughts and plans of wise men, more than a century ago;—and who appear to have had a very clear perception of the reasons that make it proper. No longer than ten or twelve years since, when the plan of sending Missionaries to our blacks was first entered upon, we well remember the opposition it raised among many of the Planters, who were averse to it as an innovation, fraught with ill consequences, they could not tell what, but which they were determined not to risk. As all thinking men foresaw, their fears have proved perfectly groundless, and we venture to say, not one who has made the experiment, but will heartily subscribe to the soundness of Bishop Berkeley's observations. What prejudice still exists, we are sure a very few years more of trial will remove, and that man will come to be regarded in South Carolina a monster, as he is, who, through business and posthumous, exerts the shocking despotism of sealing the mind of his poor slaves to a knowledge of God and a future world. Such a man does not deserve to live.

election of John Quincy Adams, and ended in giving birth to their more legitimate issue, Andrew Jackson. Storm, tornado, and hurricane came in such swift succession that the politicians of the different sections of the country were hurled from sphere to sphere, and from planet to planet John Sergeant was among the few who were not thrown out of their orbits by the agitating influences of the hour. Calmly and firmly he breasted the storm until the close of Mr. Adams's administration; he then retired to his constituents, not to repose upon laurels honorably earned, but to aid by his personal assistance and advice in gathering together a party of his fellow-citizens who should be determined to see the country rescued from the hands of domestic enemies.

In 1832 he was nominated by the Whigs generally throughout the Union as their candidate for the Vice Presidency in connexion with Henry Clay for the Presidency. In the State of Pennsylvania, as in several other States, he cheerfully withdrew his name to satisfy the views of those who deemed the introduction of the lamented Wirt then expedient. The glory of the battle of New Orleans was too much for every expedient, and the result was the re-election of Andrew Jackson.

In the canvass preceding the election of 1836 it was settled by our friends that popular expression indicated the propriety of the selection of Gen. Harrison as our candidate for the Presidency. John Sergeant, whose fate was inseparable from that of Mr. Clay, responded immediately to what seemed to be the sentiment of his brethren, by yielding his own position, together with a preference based upon a long and ardent personal as well as political attachment for the illustrious statesman of the West,—resting a tear—without, as far as we can learn, any thing calculated to lend dramatic effect, but unostentatiously, as an honest man goes to his duty or to his work.

Henry Clay and John Sergeant have been united at all times; as well in opinion, political faith, and concert of action, as in the relations accorded to them by the Whig party of the country. When Henry Clay was withdrawn to give place to General Harrison, John Sergeant was withdrawn to give place to John Tyler.

John Sergeant was withdrawn to make room for John Tyler! Remember that I say, remember it, and let it speak trumpet-tongued to the advocates of temporary and sectional expedient who congregate about political caucusses and contentions. Let it be echoed and re-echoed throughout the land until it shall be heard by every patriotic Whig, who, in the delusion of the hour, assisted in the sacrifice of the long tried, faithful, and devoted champion of his principles and his rights; and may an honorable indignation be awakened to send forth the cry of justice, until justice be done.

Pennsylvania has no other candidate for the Vice Presidency. Since 1832 she has had no other candidate. She has at all times yielded to her sister States. She can yield no longer. In the name of her hundreds of thousands of voters, and in memory of her glorious triumph for the departed Harrison, under the auspices of her beautiful influence, she demands the nomination of John Sergeant. Whence shall we give voice come! Delaware—patriotic as we have little Delaware, will be heard through her magnificent and glorious representative Clayton, proclaiming her disinterested choice for Pennsylvania. Massachusetts, unless fettered by the distinguished statesman who "knows not where he shall go," that State of wholesome morals and sound doctrine, will not be backward in doing right for the sake of doing right. John Davis, of Massachusetts and John M. Clayton, of Delaware, whose friends are the friends of John Sergeant, and all of whom belong to the good old Whig family, will with one voice demand that justice which can be obtained only by the nomination of John Sergeant.

Then Pennsylvania appeals with an undoubting confidence to the high sense of honor of her patriotic friends and Whig brethren throughout the Union. She tenders to their consideration no political changeling—no ephemeral creature of accident; but a candidate whose whole life has been devoted to the support and promulgation of Whig principles.

HARRISON.

## POLITICAL

### The Vice Presidency.

From the Philadelphia U. States Gazette.

TO THE WHIGS OF THE U. STATES.

FELLOW CITIZENS: We have put at rest controversy as to the Presidency—our candidate is already nominated; but we have yet to settle a matter which recent developments have made of incalculable importance—the selection of a proper candidate for the Vice Presidency.

It is to be apprehended that, in our enthusiasm for the distinguished statesman chosen for the highest place in our gift, our better judgment may not be exercised in preparing for contingencies, which, however calamitous, may yet be obtained by Providence, and for which he had experience of the last few years has taught us we must provide. In providing, we are so much obliged upon to demand the highest record of character. Not traditionary legend—but stories of neighborhood—not the hearsay evidence of politicians, even when there may be the assistance of sectional circumstance to discourage further inquiry; especially, if we are yet sane, will we discard all evidence proceeding from the candidate himself, even though with tears he may seem to sacrifice his fondest hope upon the altar of his country; and long and deeply should we dwell upon our warnings and our obligations, when we remember that the last words uttered by the lamented Harrison were addressed to John Tyler!

Let us then go to our work with the determination of supporting none other than a man whose life has demonstrated his sincere and ardent attachment to our principles—let him be a man who in any event will "carry out the principles of the Constitution." He must not be a man who by political accident may have been thrown into juxtaposition with us; we must be careful to the severest scrutiny, in all communion, with these juxtaposition Whigs. They have been our curse. To whom in these circumstances of solemn admonition can we look with an abiding confidence?

We can look to JOHN SERGEANT, of Pennsylvania. We all know that in him sound principles are inherent; he has so cultivated them and adhered to them through all the vicissitudes of his life, that to depart from them would be to depart from himself. In our darkest as in our brightest hours he has been our steadfast friend; in all our political relations and arrangements he has taken the part allotted to him and performed his duty; disturbed by no restless and personal ambition, he has been contented to serve when others less meritorious have sought to rule. Pre-eminently distinguished for his good faith and integrity in all the public trusts reposed in his hands, he has asked for no reward other than that which has been voluntarily accorded to him throughout the Union—the acknowledgment of his fidelity, of his personal and political honor. His life has been a beautiful manifestation of the character of an upright politician united with that of a wise statesman.

Mr. Sergeant was active in public life through the convulsions in the political elements which immediately preceded the

election of John Quincy Adams, and ended in giving birth to their more legitimate issue, Andrew Jackson. Storm, tornado, and hurricane came in such swift succession that the politicians of the different sections of the country were hurled from sphere to sphere, and from planet to planet John Sergeant was among the few who were not thrown out of their orbits by the agitating influences of the hour. Calmly and firmly he breasted the storm until the close of Mr. Adams's administration; he then retired to his constituents, not to repose upon laurels honorably earned, but to aid by his personal assistance and advice in gathering together a party of his fellow-citizens who should be determined to see the country rescued from the hands of domestic enemies.

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HARRISON.

## The Whig System.

Home labor; work at home; buy at home; sell at home; spend at home; employ our own countrymen in preference; help Americans first; protect American labor; assist American industry; let the South feed the North; the North supply the South; what we don't want we will ship away; what we can't make or produce we will buy from foreigners. This is the Whig system; this is Henry Clay's policy. We love our own dear country, and our own countrymen, before any foreign nation; and mean first to take care of American men and American boys, and American girls and women. We are not an idle people; we must and we will live by our labor. It feeds us and it clothes us; and we mean to take care of that labor in preference to any venal, or any power foreign or domestic. Hence we want a domestic and protective tariff.—Annapolis Republican.