

THOMAS J. LEMAY,  
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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RALEIGH, APRIL 22, 1840.

THE PEOPLE'S TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,  
The invincible Hero of Tippecanoe—the incorruptible Statesman—the inflexible Republican—the patriot Farmer of Ohio.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
JOHN TYLER,  
A State Rights' Republican of the school of '98, one of Virginia's noblest sons, and emphatically one of America's most sagacious, virtuous and patriotic statesmen.

THE broad banner of HARRISON, LIBERTY and the CONSTITUTION is now flung to the breeze, inscribed with the inspiring motto—ONE PRESIDENTIAL TERM—THE INTEGRITY OF THE PUBLIC SERVANTS—THE SAFETY OF THE PUBLIC MONEY—THE DIVISION OF THE PUBLIC LANDS—THE DOWNFALL OF ABOLITION—AND THE GENERAL GOOD OF THE PEOPLE.

FOR GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA,  
JOHN M. MOREHEAD,  
OF GUILFORD COUNTY,  
The able Statesman—the sound republican—the

A FRAGMENT.

There is a period approaching when all things, whether they be beautiful, or grand, or glorious shall pass away. There is an hour drawing nigh, when the music of streams and the voluptuous minstrelsy of men shall alike linger no more upon the ear—when the beaming eye, the palpitating heart and the gallant form shall be covered by the dim vesture of dissolution—when the mighty and the feeble shall alike lie down in death, and be forgotten amid the loud clamour of the living world. There is a moment coming on apace, when the tremendous realities and the thrilling splendours and glories of the present shall be wasted and destroyed, and preserved and remembered only as the discovered relics of some unsubstantial but imposing vision. There is a day yet to be revealed in the progress of Time's unwearied revolutions, when the nations shall learn war no more—when banners that now float over the pomp of lofty thrones and glittering diadems, or flash amidst the lurid-lightnings of battle, shall go down in disgrace and humiliation—when shields that now gleam with golden devices and armorial bearings shall repose unpolished and lustreless beneath the demolished columns of Fame's proud temple—when the sound of the tocsin shall no longer incite to revolution—and when the shrill tone of the warrior's clarion shall be silent evermore. But in that day other sounds shall fall upon the ear. Strange and triumphant notes of jubilee and congratulation shall break forth amidst the mountains, and be wafted over the ocean and along the shores of earth's far extremity. Then shall there be signs in heaven and amazing wonders upon earth. The sun shall forget the original brilliancy of his shining—the moon shall put on the habiliments of mourning—and the stars shall fall from their peerless and transcendent habitations—and then shall a fadeless ensign be lifted up along the summit of the celestial mountains, and the light thereof shall break in beauty and consolation upon the kneeling nations of the world. No trophy of unhalloved victory—no device of war or token of collision or desolation—no image or memorial of sanguinary domination shall be borne upon its folds; but radiant and righteousness shall linger perpetually around it, and unto it shall the mingled voices of earth and heaven render the homage of thanksgiving and adoration.—*Mercer am.*

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE TURKS.

The Osmanli is the creature of the present; he never falls back upon the past; he has no glorious memories to win him from himself; every page of his history is shadowed over by some gloomy recollection—nor does he dwell upon the future, for he is the subject of a despotic government; the proud pachas of to-day may be headless, or at best householders to-morrow; and hence, the premature decay of three-fourths of the Turkish dwellings. When an individual becomes possessed of power, he buys or builds a residence suited to his brightened fortunes; he lavishes his wealth—why should he hoard it if he can only waste the cupidity of the sultan, and accelerate his disgrace; or awaken the jealousy

# RALEIGH STAR, And North Carolina Gazette.

VOL. XXXI } "NORTH CAROLINA—Powerful in moral, in intellectual, and in physical resources—the land of our sires, and the home of our affections." } NO. 17.  
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of his rivals, and insure his ruin. He made his house gay without, and convenient within; but all its accessories are ephemeral—the paint which he spreads over the surface remains fresh for a year, and that suffices him. Perchance it may outlast his favor; should it not do so, it is no unpleasant task to renew it; and if it should, he contents himself with the weather stained walls of a more golden season. Once in disgrace, he repairs only just sufficiently to defy the weather, and troubles himself no further. And thus after you have been a few months in the country, and have studied in some degree the nature and habits of the people, you may give a shrewd guess as you ride along, at the past and present position of the owner of every edifice that fringes the Bosphorus.

The courtier has raised a pile which looks as though it had been finished only yesterday; the walls are so bright and the lattices are so perfect—the ripple chafes against the marble steps that lead to the columned portico; and the feathery acacias nestle among their blossoming boughs, gilded kiosks, and lordly terraces.

The slighted favorite has still servants loitering about his door, and stately landing places besides which his caïque dances on the wave; but a shade has passed over the picture: the summer sun and the winter wind have deepened the bright blue or the soft olive of the edifice, and here and there a slender bar is rent away from the discolored lattices. The fair forest trees still wave along the covered terrace, but the steps are grass-grown, and the flower-vases are overturned—they might be replaced; but it is better policy to let them suffer with their master.

The dwelling of the exile is still more distinguishable. The shutters are hanging loose and beating in the wind; the broken casements no longer exclude the weather; the lattice are smashed away; the terrace-wall is falling inch by inch into the water; the rank grass is forcing its way through the crevices of the marble floor; the garden kiosks are roofless; and the green flocks which are flaunting in the sunshine, mocking the desolation which they dominate.

Fathers do not, in Turkey, build, or plant, or purchase for their sons—their fathers did it not for them—it would entail the probable loss of both principal and interest. The European young lady associates the idea of marriage with tenderness, and indulgence, domestic enjoyment; emancipation from maternal authority, and comparative personal liberty. She smiles in the stillness of happiness that she before her; and there is no bitterness in the tears with which she quits the home of her infancy. But the Armenian maiden only exchanges one tyranny for another—she is transported to the home of a stranger, whom a priest has told her that she is to love, and whom she has never seen—beneath the roof-tree of a man whom, henceforward, she is bound to honour, though her heart may loathe the mockery.—To obey is her least difficult duty, for she has been reared in obedience; but yet she cannot escape the pang of feeling how much more easy was that blind submission to another's will, when it was enforced by the mother who had laid her to sleep upon her bosom in her infancy, and on whose knee she had sported in her girlhood; than when she is suddenly called upon to bow meekly beneath the dictation of a new and strange task-mistress, knitted to her by no tie, save that new and unaccustomed link which has just been rivited by the church; and by which she has become the slave not only of her husband, but of his parents also.

Has she fortune, beauty, rank, they avail her nothing; for two long years she must not speak before her step-mother, save to reply to some question that may be put to her; and should she herself become a parent, she has yet a sterner and more difficult task to learn; for she cannot even fondle her infant before witnesses; but must fly and hide herself in her own chamber when she would indulge the outpourings of maternal love.

How melancholy a contrast does this Armenian barbarism afford to the beautiful devotedness of every inmate of a Turkish harem to the comfort and happiness of infancy! There it is difficult to decide which is really the mother of the rove, laughing, boisterous baby that is passed from one to another; and welcome to the heart and arms of all. The little plump, spoilt, mischievous arching, whose life is one long holiday of fun and frolic, and whose few floating tears through all around him into commotion. An infant is common property in a Turkish harem—a toy and a treasure alike to each; whether it be the child of the sultan Hanoum whose will is law, or of the slave whose duty is obedience; and it is certain that, if children could really be "killed with kindness," the Ottoman Empire, in as far as the Turks themselves are concerned, would soon be a waste.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

MAJOR DOWNING AT THE LOG CABIN NORTH BEND.

LOG CABIN, NORTH BEND, }  
March 29, 1840. }

To the Moderator of the Downingville Convention.  
Respected Sir—I got here yesterday safe and sound, and am as happy as a clam at high water. My journey from Washington to this place would take about a quart of paper to describe, so I won't undertake it; but never was a man had such a time. It was one eternal hurrah from the time I crossed the Potomac till I struck the Ohio. I didn't care the first go off to let folks know who I was or where I was going; at one chap looked into my hat as I sat at the dinner table, and asked me if I was "Jack Downing." I told him when I was a boy folks called me "Jacky," but when I fix in the world I thought I was entitled to be called John Downing. "Well," says he, "are you Major Downing?" "Just so," says I. "Is that your ax," says he, "lashed under that bundle?" "It is," says I. "That's cuffs," says he; and he went, and from that time till I got here I needed neither hard money or paper currency; there want a stage or a tavern that would let me pay a cent; and

if I could have eaten all the "Barbaquas" offered me, I guess I wouldn't want to eat again for a considerable spell.

I don't think there is any use in keeping the Convention at Downingville together after you get this letter; the work is pretty nigh done. There is only one notion now all through this everlasting and eternal country—and the present administration stand no more chance now than stump tall bulls in fly time. The only difficulty is, folks begin to swarm over a little too fast—and there are so many on 'em to claim the honor of being on the right side, that General Harrison will have to say as General Wellington did at Waterloo—"when so many have done their duty I can't discriminate."

I got here yesterday, and inquired for the "old hero," and was told he was out attending to ploughing up some bottom land, and I went off looking for him; and sure enuf I found him as busy as a bee in a tar bucket and twice as spry. I had'n't got my regimentals on and he took me for a settler. "Well, stranger," says he, "how do ye do?" "Right smart," says I. "How is it with you?" "From the East?" says he, "And going West?" "Yes, and no," says I. "Well," says he, "that sounds right, and makes me hope you will stop in these parts." I had never seen him afore, and as I had come to measure him through and through, I got eyeing him, and we had considerable conversation afore I let on who I was,—and when I did tell him I guess all Downingville, and especially our family and name would like to see the right down hearty shake of the hand the old Hero give me. "Why," says he, "Major, a rise in the Ohio after a long dry spell, was never more pleasing to me than to see you."

"Come," says he, "come along to my cabin, as for your stopping any where else, it ain't in the book—and remember just that half'n't is yourn." And so back we went—and he sent off to town and got my bundle, and show'd me my room; and as soon as supper was ready I was ready for it too. And then we had a regular set-to, and had a regular set-to, and had a regular set-to, and went to bed.

It would make this letter too long for a man who haint got the 'franking privilege,' to tell you what we talked about; nor will I, in this letter, give you any notion about the old Hero; for aint one supper, one talk, one night's lodging, or one good of cider that gives a man a right to speak of another, knowingly, especially a man up for the first time in the country.

I haint forgot yet that letter tother old Hero wrote to Mr. Monroe; but what I have said of this one thus far, and knowing tother one as well as I do, I think there is this difference,—both on 'em are rale grit, as their military history shows, and both on 'em have had considerable to do with the 'Engins. Now whilst one carried 'Ingin' notions to Washington and spread that doctrine into his party, I think tother one will only apply it to 'Engins, and give civilized folks a share that belongs to civilization; but as to this I dont say positive jist yet.

There are some things I like to see here in "the Cabin," and which look about right. There are four pictures hanging up here, which the old Hero says ought to hang in every cabin in the country, and that Congress ought to have printed and framed, and sent round to every cabin that can't afford to buy 'em,—and a leetle saving out of the public printing would pay the hull expense) and they—1st, the Declaration of Independence,—2nd, the Constitution of the United States,—3rd, Gen. Washington's Farewell Address and 4th, the Map of the United States. Now, with these, the General says, a good honest democrat—looking well to 'em—will straiten the crooks of party,—and as to Books, he says he may have as many as he can afford to buy—taking care to see that one at least shall stand first on the list, and that is the Bible.

There is no telling when I shall leave here. The General says he can't part with me no how,—that folks all about the country write him so many letters, and send him so many questions to answer, that he haint got time to answer 'em all, unless he neglects his farm and lets his apple trees go untrimm'd, and in that case he'd have no cider to give his friends next fall; and so I am going to lend him a hand in doing some of his writing.

There are a good many queries sent to the General; some honest ones, and some cunning ones, and all ought to be answer'd, and the General is willing to leave that business to me, only telling me to keep in my eye the four pictures hanging in the Cabin—et Chamber. Some want to know what the General's notions are about money matters,—Currency, Sub-Treasury and Banks, and so forth. Others about Tariff and Abolition, and Public Lands, and so forth. And others about office-holders, and who ought to hold office, and so forth. Others about Internal Improvement, and State Credit, and so forth, and so I expect to be kept pretty busy for a spell answering all these queries for the General, whilst he is busy with his farm and his apple trees, and it ain't possible for me to say that I can get back your way till I go with the General to Washington next fall, so you may as well adjourn the Convention at Downingville, and

refer all unfinished matters to me and the General at the Cabin on the North Bend, from which pint you and all creation will hear more from

Your respectful nephew and friend,  
J. DOWNING, Major, &c. &c. &c.

EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF  
MR. W. C. JOHNSON, of Maryland,  
On his motion to exclude Abolition Petitions.

I would here (said Mr. Johnson) most gladly conclude my remarks, which have been extended to great length by the importance of the question and the kind and indulgent attention of this House, but a sense of duty and of justice forces me to allude to a few remarks which have fallen from members of the Administration who have participated in this debate. Party politics of the day, he contended, should never be connected with this delicate subject. But if gentlemen will force a discussion of persons and their opinions into the debate, they must expect that they will be examined and answered.

It is a fact curious of note, that every member of the Administration who has spoken in this discussion has attempted to give it a political aspect—every member has charged Gen. Harrison, either directly or indirectly, with being either an abolitionist or strongly favoring the views of the abolitionists; and all of them have been lavish in eulogizing Mr. Van Buren as the great champion of Southern rights, Southern institutions, and Southern principles. I consider, then, that I am but in the line of my duty when I give a few passing observations to what has been said.

One gentleman declares that Mr. Clay was not nominated by the Harrisburg Convention, because he was a slave-holder, and was orthodox on the question of slavery. Another proclaims that Gen. Harrison was selected by the influence of the abolitionists of that Convention.

The gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. Bynum) has lately discovered that Mr. Clay is a genuine democrat, and that the delegation of Kentucky are sound, democratic, and trustworthy on the slave question.

There is one man in America who understands better than another not only the motives of men, but all the secret and occult springs of human action, that man is Henry Clay. Had Mr. Clay been nominated, the gentlemen, I opine, would have called him an abolitionist and a federalist. But since Mr. Clay is sound on this vital question as gentlemen properly regard it, and his colleagues in Congress in both Houses, and their constituents, and he and they advocate Gen. Harrison's election, and as their democratic State has once gone for him, and will do so again, should not the weight of the gentleman's own authority induce him and all who think with him to keep in company with this excellent democratic community by advocating likewise, Gen. Harrison for the Presidency? Kentucky is a border slave-holding State and her People are intelligent and democratic, and know their own interest very well, and know Gen. Harrison and his sentiments, for he is a near neighbor, on the border of Ohio.—And if Kentucky, so greatly interested in this question, will support him, North Carolina, so removed from the point of danger, can safely follow the example of Kentucky.

Another gentleman, after discoursing on the subject of abolition, asks with peculiar emphasis, why was Mr. Clay not nominated by the Harrisburg Convention? I will answer that question, if it will give gentlemen satisfaction to hear the reasons. The Harrisburg Convention assembled not for the purpose of nominating any particular gentleman, but to bring forward a suitable candidate, whoever he might be, who could defeat most easily Martin Van Buren. They discovered, upon consultation, that, with Mr. Clay in the field, they would have to fight hard to be successful. The Convention, composed of gentlemen from the centre to the circumference of the Union, knew that Harrison's popularity was fresh and vigorous; that he was potential at every position, from Harrisburg to the periphery of Union; that, by nominating him, the North, the South, the East, and the West, would unite zealously upon him; and that, by a single bold charge, after the manner of Napoleon, or himself in the last war, upon the enemy's centre, they would break their ranks, and scatter their wings, and route them, horse, foot, and dragons, every where, and therefore wisely resolved to make a sure business of it. I ask these honorable gentlemen if they would desire a better reason for the nomination of Gen. Harrison? And I hope it will be quite satisfactory to them, as it will surely be to the People.

The gentlemen from North Carolina (Mr. Bynum) was laboring for three days, with the adjuncts which I have before alluded to, to make Gen. Harrison a rank abolitionist. Did he succeed? He succeeded about as well as the brave little archer who attempted to kick down the moon, who aimed at, but missed it.—[A laugh.] He found himself, like the gentleman, to his own astonishment, on his back, and the silver orb still shining proudly aloft in the cerulran. [A laugh.] The vilest traducers of Gen. Harrison, who have a respectful regard for society

do not charge him with being either an abolitionist, or favoring their agitation. I hold now in my hand the Charleston Courier, which editor states that Harrison's views on the question are all that the South could desire; who comes out frankly, like an honorable and honest editor, and declares that he had done Harrison injustice, and cheerfully publishes his able speech, delivered at Vincennes.

What can be sounder, more argumentative, more states-manlike, more patriotic than his published opinions in his speech at Vincennes? How will Mr. Van Buren's views compare with them? Mr. Van Buren has avowed in his letter to a committee of gentlemen of North Carolina that Congress has the power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. Is such the Southern doctrine? If such are the views of gentlemen of the South, I stand aloof from them. But they answer, if the two Houses should pass a bill to abolish slavery, Mr. Van Buren is pledged to put his veto upon it. Is the South to be entrapped by such delusive security? What would a veto be worth in such a contingency? Nothing. The majority, once told in this House and the other, would alarm the South to dissolution; your Union, in despite of the veto, would not last a moment. But, did Mr. Van Buren believe that during his administration there was likely to be a majority in either House? Was any sensible or half deluded man in the South of such an opinion? Mr. Van Buren avowed it as a trap to catch the deluded. It was throwing soap to Cerberus. But let us progress in the analogy, or rather want of similarity in their conduct and sentiments. Mr. Van Buren voted instructions, when a member of the Senate of New York, to the Senators and Representatives in Congress, to vote against the admission of Missouri into the Union. Has that vote ingratiated him with the South? What did General Harrison do? Although a member of Congress from a free State, he voted with the South for the admission of Missouri, and made a patriotic sacrifice

Will the South reward him now with ingratitude and denunciation? Mr. Van Buren voted in the New York Convention in favor of the right, and by his influence secured the passage of the measure, for free negroes to vote in that State. Are such the views of the South, and has that vote made the South revere him as a Northern man with Southern principles? I have been in Ontario county, New York, during an election, when one of the blackest negroes in America, as black as one as ever doffed cap or dropped a smiling courtesy to the Vice President of the United States, was led to the polls by two or three followers of Mr. Van Buren, and voted their ticket.

I will not charge Mr. Van Buren with being an abolitionist. But I will say that he is just the kind of man who has the ability and the will to so shape his majority, and to spread his net, as to take the majority of them to himself. It becomes his policy to conciliate them. And here I will venture a prediction, that Col. R. M. Johnson, who said in the debate on the Missouri Question, February 1, 1820, that "in the District of Columbia, containing a population of 20,000 souls, and probably as many slaves as the whole of Missouri, the power of providing for their emancipation rests with Congress alone."—will not be run in the South, where the views of Governor Tyler as so well known. For the latter stands upon the high patriotic and democratic ground of defending the right of property from all unlawful and unconstitutional seizure for interference. Whilst the former will be run in all the Northern and Middle States, in order to secure the abolition, and that kindred and worse class of voters.

With such opinions of Mr. Van Buren as I have alluded to, some of the designing politicians of the South have justified themselves at home for sustaining him against the interest of the South, because they call him a Northern man with Southern principles. Is his sub-Treasury scheme a measure in accordance with Southern principles, which is destined to hand all the specie in the nation in the hands of the office-holders? Is his Treasury Bank, that measure of Executive consolidation and Treasury note paper, a measure of Southern admiration? Is his miserable derangement of the currency a measure favorable to the South, which has reduced the real and personal estate of the South, and all its staples, to half the price they were when he ascended the Executive chair?

Is his informing the Congress of the United States, and the People, that the People expect too much of Government, when they desire the Government to adopt measures to improve the currency and the country, a sentiment which meets with a favorable response from the South? Do such opinions and such conduct endear Mr. Van Buren to the South?

Since this prediction was made the Van Buren party of Virginia has dropped Col. Johnson and nominated Gov. Polk—as they did in Tennessee—whilst in Pennsylvania they have nominated Col. R. M. Johnson. In this way the South is to be gulled, and if Mr. Van Buren should again be elected, which is not likely, Col. Johnson will have the South transferred as before to him again. The South is credulous.

HUGH McQUEEN,  
THOS. J. LEMAY, } Editors.

81, I detect the name of a Northern man with Southern principles. I detect any Executive that would sacrifice any portion of the Union to the rest. If it were true that Mr. Van Buren has done so, as a Southern Representative, I would abhor the motive and the man.

If he has sold, betrayed, or sacrificed the interest of the North to the South, is such a man trustworthy? If he has turned traitor to the North to buy up the South, if he has done such a thing once, will he not, if it is his interest, turn false to you, as he has to his friends at the North? Will he not sacrifice you as readily as he would the people of the North? Is his attachment stronger for you than it is for those who first supported him, who made him all that he is? And if it is true that he is now false to them, is he not chargeable with the vilest ingratitude?

Will the proud and boasted chivalry of the South—those pure and immaculate patriots, take such a man to their bosom? will they hug him to their embrace, who has stung the bosom that first warmed him? The ranting and selfish politicians of the South may do it—I, for one, will not. Those who expect in time to get their reward may boast of him as a Northern man with Southern principles; but I esteem him as he is—a Northern man without principles; or, if he has principles, they are as transferable as a pair of bar-room slippers—changed as easily, and made to fit any body—a Chinese lady, or an Amazonian—a Lilliputian, or a Gulliver.

Sir, how does Harrison contrast with him? As "Hyperion to a Satyr." His principles are stable; his views on the Constitution sound and republican; his views upon the slave question are all that the South could desire—what the North should not dispute. I boast not that he is either a Western man with Eastern principles, or that he is a Southern man with Northern principles, or with principles, antagonistical to, or antipodes to, one portion of the Union. His mind, like his principles, is capacious enough to spread over the broad horizon of the nation's widest circumference, and to encourage and foster every inter at in the country, without sacrificing any one portion of it to the rest. The South will be safe, and prosper under his administration as well as the North; and by his election, land and staples, prices, wages, and business, would increase in every quarter of the Union. The body politic would revive from the paralysis which now prostrates it. The entire South should go for him and I trust, will. Not only has

any State in the Union, has once given him a majority of nearly four thousand, and will increase it. The district which I represent, binding on both Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia, the most important slave-holding district in the Union, touching the two points of agitation and danger, gave Harrison, at the last Presidential election, about nine hundred majority, and will, at the next, greatly increase that majority. The district adjoining, represented by my colleague (Mr. Jenifer) who is one of the largest slaveholders in the State, and his district contains more slaves than any one in the State, and it likewise borders on the District of Columbia, gave General Harrison some eight hundred majority. Look on the other side of the Potomac, and you will find that the district there hanging round the District of Columbia, (Mr. McCarty's,) and so deeply interested in this question, will give General Harrison not less than a thousand or eight hundred majority. Then, when those who are so deeply concerned in this question regard their interest safest if Harrison should be elected, will not the remote South, so far from danger, regard it as the highest proof that they will be secure; nay, will they not feel it to be a duty to themselves and their country to advocate the election of General Harrison instead of Mr. Van Buren?

Will not the whole South unite with the North and West, and go en masse for General Harrison, and rid the country of the impudent, vicious, and knavish men who now administer the Government?—Who that did not vote for him before is not now impressed with the belief of the misrule which has prostrated every interest in the country and paralyzed every branch of business?

For one, I must say that I did not vote for General Harrison at the last election. I could not vote for Mr. Van Buren; preferred either Mr. Clay or Mr. Webster. It is also true that I preferred ferred the nomination, at the late Harrisburg Convention, of either Mr. Clay or General Scott. It is most true that I rejoice that neither was nominated, and that the Convention wisely selected General Harrison. I had hardly paused, in other put-uits and with my preferences, to examine carefully his entire history and character minutely. I have, however, carefully examined and contemplated both. His life is a beautiful and instructive study, replete with incidents, and marked by wisdom in all its chequered and varied scenes. It should be familiar to every American parent, and be the companion of every schoolboy.

We find his birthplace in Virginia, just before the revolutionary war. Born of a mother who, like the daughter of the Scipio, could point to her son as her brightest and most valued jewel; his father standing side by side with Washington and Henry, and the great and glorious men who gave lustre to that State in the proudest days of her history, and his name recorded on the Declaration of Independence. Inheriting all the noble enthusiasm of his parents and the times of his youth, he goes forth with a commission from Washington, to carve his own destiny in the ranks of danger. Though

Since this prediction was made the Van Buren party of Virginia has dropped Col. Johnson and nominated Gov. Polk—as they did in Tennessee—whilst in Pennsylvania they have nominated Col. R. M. Johnson. In this way the South is to be gulled, and if Mr. Van Buren should again be elected, which is not likely, Col. Johnson will have the South transferred as before to him again. The South is credulous.