

THE WHIG CLARION.

H. W. HUSTED, EDITOR.]

RALEIGH, NOVEMBER 29, 1843.

[Vol. I. No. 28.]

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM STAPLETON. (CONCLUDED.)

The last bold stroke of the Livingstonians was too much for Alderman Stubbs's philosophy. Immediately as he heard, he ran here and there, clasping his hands, turning up his eyes, in pious horror, and giving vent to the indignation of his innocent heart in a series of oaths and imprecations; albeit fame did say, and does say, that he frequently himself "whipped fortune round the stump" in the same manner; and that even there and then there were tickets in the field, (though I saw none of them,) which had emanated from the genius of Stubbs, and in which the g was omitted in the name of his formidable rival.

Waxing still more indignant as he related the story of his wrongs, the worthy Alderman mounted a door stoop, to give outlet to the current or rather cataract—of his woes, in a speech.

"There, fellow-citizens of my beloved country!" he exclaimed, "In this trick—this atrocious, abominable, and perfidious trick—we may behold, as in a looking glass, the treatment that we might expect from our infamous, vile, abominable, and miscreant opponents, if, the wrath of heaven was such, that they chanced to get the ward into their clutches, I will not denounce Anthony Livingston, Esquire—as he calls himself—as a villain, fellow-citizens!—No, God forbid that I should call any man a villain! But this I do say, that the getting up of these spurious tickets is his doing, and that any man who would make such an attempt to tarnish the glory of the ballot-box, is not only a villain, but a double distilled villain! Who, if he could, would make a dishcloth of the Star Spangled Banner, and sell his suffering country for a mess of pottage! Fellow-citizens of this glorious Union, if it is your desire, put me out—put me out of office this minute—but oh, select some one in my place that is not under the influence of British Gold!—some one that in the baseness of his heart would not condescend to rob you of the most glorious of your privileges, the inestimable right of voting according to the dictates of your own consciences! and I will not only cheerfully resign the honors of representing you in the council halls of this great city, but I will kiss the hands that smite me! I do not speak for myself, fellow citizens!—No, I do not speak for myself! In the patriotism and disinterestedness of my heart, I love the freedom and honors of my ward a thousand times better than I love Alderman Stubbs! And if there was one felling in my bosom that was opposed to the interests of my country, I would not only resist my own return to office, but I would even erase my name from the ticket, before I deposited my vote in the ballot-box! Ponder deeply on these things, fellow-citizens!—If you think there is any patriotism, honesty, and virtue, in polluting the ballot-box with spurious tickets, let Mr. Livingston—or as he compels people to call him—Anthony Livingston, Esq.—be elected! But if not—if you would perpetuate the inestimable blessings you enjoy—and disperse the black cloud of British influence that hangs over the land, remain faithful as your fathers have done before you, to the Regular Nominations!—Again I implore you, fellow-citizens, to let Stubbs go!—Don't mind Alderman Stubbs!—Sacrifice me if you will! But oh, in this hour of need, let us rush in a body to the ballot-box, and rescue this hitherto uncontaminated ward from the deep infamy with which it is now threatened!"

Here the orator's feelings completely clogged him, and he called his handkerchief in requisition, as if to dry up the liquid tribute of his patriotic sufferings in vain; for the heart of the crowd seemed touched by them; and many an independent elector who came partially determined to vote the Livingston ticket, joined heartily in the three cheers which rent the sky in favor of Alderman Stubbs.

The experienced eye of Barney Murphy at once perceived that this was a moment pregnant with destiny, and that something must be immediately done to counteract the effect of Stubbs's elegant appeal to the feelings of his constituents. Therefore having hunted up Mr. Livingston, who now let Bar-

ney have every thing his own way, he placed him on a stoop opposite to that which was occupied by Alderman Stubbs, and requested him to make a speech.

"Barney," said Mr. Livingston, "I'm so bewildered that I don't know what to say."

"So much the better, sir," returned Barney, "as it will be easier understood than was with much larnin' in it! But there's one thing I want you to do, sir—whatever I say, say afther me, no matter whether its fits or not; and I think that betune us we'll be an even match for ould Stubbs."

Whereupon Murphy placed himself in the rear of Mr. Livingston with his mouth convenient to his ear, while the latter addressed the audience as follows. The italicized portions of the speech, by the way, were according to Barney's promptings; and odd enough, they seemed as emanating from the lips of such a sedate and fastidious old gentleman as Anthony Livingston.

"It is with feelings of deep regret and astonishment, fellow-citizens, that I have been informed that Alderman Stubbs—turned a widow and her children out of their little home on last Monday evening. And further fellow-citizens, taking into consideration the position assumed by the present incumbent of the ward in relation to the—*stripes and stars and the eagle of liberty*—[cheers.]—I have arrived at the conclusion that he is not a man qualified to represent this ward in the legislative halls of the city, and that—nobody ever saw the froth if his pot yet.—[Cheers.]—Fellow-citizens, it is with reluctance as you all know, that I have permitted myself to be placed before you as a candidate for office; but still if your choice devolves on me, I here pledge myself to—vote against all sorts of taxation—to sustain rotation in office, and to see that the independent electors of this ward have their full share of the situations of the city.—[Great enthusiasm.]—Fellow-citizens, in reference to the tariff question I would say—three cheers for the eagle of liberty and the true democracy all over the world. [Loud applause.]—In following out this idea, fellow citizens, it seems to me that I am called on to make an exhibition of my principles on certain mooted points, which are—up with the poor—down with the rich, and to the devil with those that don't like the doctrine.—[Great cheering.]—Thus, fellow-citizens, incorporating, as we may say, the elements of popularity with true legislation, we perceive there is no human institution so excellent as—the stripes and stars and the eagle of liberty, not forgetting the harp of green Erin.—[Tremendous applause.]—And hence, as I should have previously observed, fellow-citizens, the principles of the immortal Jefferson shall be my guide in carrying out my well known views on the subject, in elucidation of which permit me to say—down with the Bank, and hurra for General Jackson! [Great enthusiasm.]—I will here briefly expound to you, fellow-citizens, a theory which I have conceived, and, as I think, perfected, where by it is rendered evident that—old Stubbs never christened his son Pat, and that he and his tail ought to be put out to make room for better men.—[A whirlwind of applause, interspersed with groans and hisses.] Yes, fellow-citizens, your present representatives is a regular old Joe, and the biggest skinflint that ever seized a poor man's furniture for a week's rent! In fact, fellow-citizens, philosophically considered, Mr. Stubbs is—a mere Judy O'Callaghan, and if we don't give him his walking ticket this day, the eagle of liberty may well blush for us—Irishmen are not Irishmen—and the wards' disgraced for another year!"

A mingled storm of applause and abuse followed Messrs. Livingston's and Murphy's speech, but it was very evident the applause had the best of it, and that the hearts of the bold exiles of Erin were softened by the allusion to the harp, and the fling at the Regular candidate's son Pat. The latter especially carried great weight with it, because Stubbs's love for "the sod" had been long a matter of much doubt and argument; while as I believe I have heretofore stated, the Irishman had the ward in their hands—at least they numbered a full third of the votes—and Pat is such an unflinching politician that it is said of him, that he can make one

vote go as far as other people can make three. However this may be, the foregoing burst of eloquence had the effect of frightening the Stubbsites out of the majority of their seven senses; and they were on the point of seeking consolation in another fight, when the mantle of genius descended on the shoulders of Stubbs, and his countenance was lit up with an idea that a Barney Murphy might have been proud of. I saw by the clubbing of legislative heads together, and the smiling faces which suddenly pervaded the assembly on the opposite stoop, that some sublime and awful demonstration might be expected; and I was debating in my mind from what point of the compass the storm might blow, that was then brewing for the destruction of the Livingstonians, when Barney exclaimed—"Oh, the villain! Murderer, what's this for?—he's going to bring the baby at us! And at the same moment a servant girl, carrying a fine infant, entered the arena, and surrendered her blooming charge, who was then squalling most lustily, into the out-stretched arms of Alderman Stubbs.

This movement alone produced a powerful sensation in favor of the opposition; but when the devoted parent, holding aloft the miniature edition of himself, made the following appeal to his audience, their enthusiasm knew no bounds, and it was quite apparent that nothing, short of a miracle, could prevent them from carrying all before them:

"My friends—but more especially my Irish friends, the enemy may put me out of office if they please—but I will cheerfully consent to, if it is thought necessary to the good of my beloved country, the honor of the star spangled banner, and the glory of free principles; but I will not submit to the bleeding wound which they have inflicted on my feelings, in their slanderous statement, that I have not christened this dear pledge of my love by the honored name of Patrick! And, therefore, I now produce him before you, for the double purpose of rebutting their infamous slander; and of making of him an offering on the shrine of my pure Irish feelings, and of the true democracy, for ever and ever."

Barney made a desperate attempt to counteract the influence of this affecting appeal; but it was of no use; for sympathy with the fond father and his suffering on the shrine of democracy, ruled the hour; and accordingly the Stubbsites began to poll votes almost as fast as they could hand out tickets. Meanwhile the leading Livingstonians looked on like monuments of despair; for they had played their last trump and lost the trick!

"Murderer, murderer!" exclaimed Barney, as he scratched his head in a paroxysm of tribulation, "I'll never forgive myself for not kidnapping the baby! for sure I might have foreseen that he'd be the death of us."

"Is there no hope at all, Barney?" said I. "Divil hope," he answered, "Divil as much as yon'd shove in your eye with an awlblade! But, *whew!* let me off!" And on the word he sprang from the stoop and rushed through the street as if he fancied that a legion of fiends were hot foot after him.

SIGNAL WHIG TRIUMPH IN MAINE.

An election was held on Monday in the four Districts of Maine which failed to make choice of Members of Congress at the State Election in September. The result is most cheering.

In the Kenebec and Franklin District, LUTHER SEVERANCE, Editor of the Kenebec Journal, and one of the best Whigs living, is elected by nearly 1000 majority. (He failed by over 200 in September.)

Clear Whig gain SEVEN HUNDRED.

But the most astounding result is that in the Lincoln District. Forty-three towns, which, in September, gave 1848 majority against Morse, the Whig candidate, now give 157 in his favor, a WHIG GAIN of TWO THOUSAND and fifteen! The vote stands 3,211 whig, 2,351 loco, 78 abolition, 530 scattering. The remaining 16 towns gave in September 436 whig, 837 loco, 301 scattering. Morse must have gained over 300 to be elected, which we can hardly hope for; but there can be no doubt that he now leads the Poll in this hitherto strongly Locofoco District!—Maine is coming for HARRY CLAY!

THE MAN VOT BRINTS NOOSEPAPERS.

A journeyman printer lately set out on foot for the interior of Ohio, a distance of five hundred miles, with an old brass rule and three dollars in cash in his pocket. He soon found himself in Pennsylvania, and being weary, called at the inn of a Dutchman, who he found quietly smoking his pipe, when the following dialogue ensued:

'Vell Mishter Valking Shtick, vat you vant?'

'Refreshment and repose.'

'Supper and lodgings, I reckon?'

'Yes, sir, supper and lodgings.'

'Pe you a Yankee?—I see you look like a Jewely in your pack to cheat te gals.'

'No, sir, no Yankee pedlar.'

'A singin' teacher, too lasy to vork?'

'No, sir.'

'A chenteel shoemaker, vot stchays till Saturday night, and laysh drunk in de porch ofer Sunday?'

'No, sir, or I should have mended my boots before this. But I am not disposed longer to submit to this outlandish inquisition. Can you give me supper and lodgings?'

'Trekely. But vot be you? A book achent taken honest people's money for a little larnin' dat only makes em lasy?'

'Try again, your worship.'

'A dentist, breakin' te beaple's chaws, at a toller a schnag und runnin' off mit ole Shambock's taughter?'

'No, sir, no tooth puller.'

'A kernolujus, den, feeling te young folk's beds, like so many cabbitch, and charging 25 cents for telling fortunes, like a blam'd Yankee?'

'No; no phrenologist, neither, your Excellency.'

'Vell den, vot de tife are you? Choost tell, and you shall have some of de best sassage for supper, and stchay all night, free gratis, mitout charging you a cent; mit a chill of wiskey to sthart on before preakfast.'

'Very well, your honor. To terminate the colloquy without further circumlocution; I am a humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art preservative of all-arts—a typographer, at your service!'

'Votsch dat?'

'A printer, sir, a man that prints books and newspapers.'

'A man vot brints noosebabers! Oh yaw, yaw! By Choopiter—aye, aye! Datsch it! a man vot brints noosebabers—yaw, yaw! Valk up, Mishter Brinter! Cheems, dake de chentleman's pack off. Chohn, pring some junks to de fire. A man vot brints noosebabers. I wish I may be shot if I didn't tink you vos a tailor!'

MINE ADVERTISEMENT.—Rundaway or stolen or straid, mine pig plack Horse, about fourteen oder fifteen hands and six inches hie. He has been got four black legs, two behint and two before, and he is black all over his body, but his face, and dat is black too. He trods, an ganters, an baces, an vawx, and ven he vawx his legs and feet all goes von after anoder—he has two ears on his head, both alike, but von is placker dan toder—he has two eyes, von is put out, and toder is pon de side of his head, and ven you go on toder side he vont see you—ven he eats much he has a pig pelly—and he has a long dale vot hangs down pehint, put I cut it short toder day, and now tis not so long as it vas—he is shot all round, put his pehind shoes comed off, and now he has only got shoes before—he bolts up his head and looks gaily, and ven he has been scairt he jumps about like every ting in te world—he vill ride mit a satule, or a shaze, or vill go by himself mitout nopody put a pag on his pack mit a poy on it—he is not very old, and ven he vawx or runs, his head come before and his dale stays behind, only ven he durns round and and gits mat, and den his dale is first. Whoever vill pring him pack, shall pay five tollers reward, an if he prings pack de tief dat stole him, he shall pay twenty tollars an ax no question.

BEAR IN MIND, That the Whig State Convention is to meet in Raleigh on Thursday, the 7th of December next.