

INDIANA STATE SENTINEL



The Price of Freedom

is Eternal Vigilance.

BY G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

Vol. I.]

INDIANAPOLIS,

OCTOBER 19, 1841.

[No. 13.]

"CROW, CHAPMAN, CROW!"

DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES:

A simple and frugal Government, confined within strict Constitutional limits. No public debt, either by the General Government, or by the States, except for objects of urgent necessity. No assumption by the General Government of the debts of the States, either directly, or indirectly by a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands. No extensive system of Internal Improvement by the General Government, or by the States. A constitutional barrier against improvident loans. The honest payment of our debts and the sacred preservation of the public faith. A gradual return from an extensive credit system. No national bank to swindle the laboring population. No connection between the Government and banking corporations. No grants of exclusive charters and privileges, by special legislation, to banks. No connection between Church and State. No proscription for honest opinions. Fostering aid to public education.

THE SUPREME COURT.

The doctrine that the decisions of the Supreme Court become portions of the constitution, is the most preposterous doctrine that mortal man ever uttered, within a quarter of a century, has attempted to engraft upon the constitution. It is wholly incompatible with the existence of that instrument. It lodges the whole power of the government in the hands of the Supreme Court judges, who are at liberty to make and unmake laws, and to abide by or reverse former decisions as they please. Think Heaven, the constitution of the United States was intended to be, and as yet it is, a more stubborn thing than stone. It defines and specifies the duties of each department of the government, and those duties are to be performed under the solemnity of an oath to protect and defend—not the provisions of the Supreme Court, but the constitution. Each department must perform the duties assigned by it; that instrument, and must look to the instrument itself, and not to any thing engrafted upon it, to learn those duties. The passage of every law is an original act, and those with whom the law making power is lodged are sworn to look to the constitution, and not to any thing engrafted upon it. If they find no authority for their power to pass it, they must refuse to do so. But if they exercise the power of the Supreme Court can excuse them from the crime of perjury if they exercise a power in derogation of that instrument. When any person refuses to obey a law on the ground that it is not constitutional, it is the business of the Supreme Court to decide the question, and its decision as to that particular law will be obeyed. But if they exercise a power beyond a village constable to dictate to Congress, or to a soldier, what laws they shall enact. With them, it is, as we have said, an original matter, and they must act on their own responsibility.

THE GRAND JURY.—It is often remarked, in favor of abolishing the criminal code, that certainty of punishment is more beneficial than severity; but this truth is more applicable, and should be more frequently enforced in the grand jury room, than in the halls of legislation. Criminals do not look at the laws as such, but to their administration with certainty, energy, and without respect to persons. They do not count the many who are convicted, but the few who are not. They are concerned, not for the sake of the law, but for the sake of the individual, and the elevation, and even tyranny, of public opinion—all this we shall see, and it were madness to resist, and folly to deplore. A modern system of geology finds a sufficient solution of the problems of the science in the contemporaneous action of the elements and the growing disposition of nations to promote it. Free trade! This is the plain duty and plain interest of the human race. To level all barriers to free exchange; to cut up the system of restriction, root and branch; to open every port on earth to every product; this is the office of enlightened humanity. To this a free nation should especially pledge itself, as the emblem of the growth of the world, and intercourse of nations free as the winds; this is not a dream of philanthropists. We are tending towards it, and let us hasten it—Under a wiser and more Christian civilization, we shall look back to our present restrictions, as we do on the swaddling bands by which, in darker times, the human body was compressed.

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THE TWO HENRYS.—Mr. HENRY A. WISE has almost entirely left the whig ranks, and united himself with the opposition. This we regret exceedingly, as he is a man in whom we never placed much confidence, and one for whom we can never entertain any respect, since the bloody transaction in which he was engaged, and which resulted in the death of the lamented Gilly. At that time, Mr. Wise was at the head of the whig ranks, and they attempted to shield him from the odium that attached to him, for his participation in that horrid deed. He was then, the champion of Henry Clay, travelled with him whilst on his political pilgrimage to the North, and followed with him and his friends, and perhaps occupied the same bed with him. They were not alone in the whig ranks, and they attempted to shield there were no better patriots, no greater, or more honest and upright men to be found, than Henry Clay and Henry A. Wise. But a change as complete as that which has taken place in the mind of Mr. Wise has cut loose from the great Detractor, and as a consequence, has involved the latter's signature in the same odium as the most embittered hatred of his former political friends.

HEWY CLAY.—The following is the conclusion of an excellent article in the Louisville Advertiser, upon the subject of Mr. Clay's second veto speech: "We do not wish to disparage Mr. Clay. He is the champion of a system which we consider to be fundamentally wrong and pernicious. He is the voice—the personification of Anglo-American aristocracy, founded on wealth rather than on glory, and seeking to sustain itself by incorporation with the Government. With him the aristocratic and the American, taking pride in the intellect of the country, even in its perversion, we behold without envy, the halo that gathers around the name of Mr. Clay's career. He is a true patriot."

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AFFECTION FOR THE DEAD.

By WASHINGTON IRVING. The sorrow for the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open, this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the arms of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns—who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love that survives the tomb, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

It has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overflowing burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection. When the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present runs of all that we most loved, soften away into pensive meditation on all that we love in the days of its brightness—when we would not see the grave, and from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. On the grave, and the grave, it lingers every evening—every day—every hour—every minute—every second—every moment—every instant—every atom of time. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compassionate thrill, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him.

But the grave is not a place of meditation; it is a place of history. There it is that we call upon in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its still grandeur—its motionless attendants, its mute, watchful assistants. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence. The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection? Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and you will find there set to the account with the conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endowment unguarded, that departed being, who can never—never—return to be soothed by thy criticism! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a sorrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom to contract its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unnumbered pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath the feet; then be sure that every sigh, every tear, every word, every thought, every action, will come thronging back upon thy memory and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheeded groan and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheeded and unavailing.

Then wave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret—but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

DISCONTENT.—How universal it is. We never knew the man who would say, "I am contented." Go where you will among the rich and poor, the man of command or the man who earns his bread by the daily sweat of his brow, you hear the sound of murmuring and the voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with his adze around a cask. "Ah, that is a carpenter," said a gentleman, as he bent over his last, "here am I, day after day, wearing my soul away in making soles for others—cooped up in this little 7 by 9 room, heigho!" "I am sick of this out door work," exclaims the carpenter, brooding under a sweltering sun, or exposed to the inclemencies of the weather—if I only was a tailor, "this is too bad," "perpetually cold, perpetually hot, perpetually wet, perpetually here, perpetually there, perpetually in the middle of the time—would that mine were a more active life." "Last day of grace—banks wont discount—customers wont pay—what shall I do?" grumbles the merchant. "I had rather be a truck horse—a dog—any thing!" Happy fellows, groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case or porps over some dry, dusty record—happy fellows, "I had rather hammer stone, than cudgel my brains on this tedious, vexatious question." And so through all the ramifications of society—all are complaining of their condition—finding fault with their particular calling. "If I were only this, or that, or the other, I should be contented," is the universal cry—"any thing but what I am," wags the world—so it has wagg'd, and so it will wag.

HERA FOR THE WOMEN.—A paper published in Iowa tells a capital temperance story. A farmer, belonging somewhere in Iowa, bought a keg of whiskey and brought it home. Well knowing that his better half had occasional fits of the charm, taking down her husband's rifle, she put in a charge with a good ball, and taking deliberate aim at the keg tapped it with the ball and brought down the whiskey at the first shot! Having a tub previously prepared, she was thus enabled to catch all, without losing a single drop, and left her poor husband to weep over and wonder at the loss of his whiskey.

A SCENE IN FLORIDA.

I witnessed a scene, a few days ago, which in my humble opinion, puts the story of Damon and Pythias quite in the shade. A party of Indians were recently discovered by some of our troops, who succeeded in capturing three of the warriors—the rest of the party consisting of three men, and several women and children, numbering, in all, about twenty. They were brought to this place, where they were interrogated by the Colonel, during which, it was discovered that two of them had been concerned in killing and burning a mail rider, sometime in March last. They were told that for this conduct of theirs, they would be hung in fifteen days, unless, within that time, the rest of their people should come in. They were then placed in chains, and were permitted to send out the third man of their party with a talk to bring in the rest of their people, while they, themselves, were committed to the guard. The man, thus sent out, returned in five days, bringing with him a warrior, by the name of Holati Fixico, and some women and children, among whom were the mother and sister of one of the prisoners, whose name is Talof Holo. The scene that followed may be dramatized thus:

[Scene, an open court in front of the commanding officer's quarters. Indians are discovered seated under the trees, among them Holati Fixico, (Pythias), on the grass in the Indian posture; Talof Holo, (Damon), in chains, on a bench, his head resting against the trunk of a tree, and looking towards the levee, with a countenance expressive of resignation; his mother and sister lying upon the grass, at his feet, the mother weeping at the fate which awaits her son. The Colonel and other officers are discovered at a little distance from the group of officers.]

Colonel.—(to Holati Fixico).—Where are the rest of the people sent for? Holati.—They have separated and cannot be found. Your troops have scattered them, and they have taken different paths. Colonel.—Know you not that unless they are brought in, these men (pointing to the prisoners) will be hung. (A pause, the Indians disconsolate, but apparently resigned.) If I send you out for the people will you bring them in time to save their lives? Holati.—The people have gone off, and I know not where to look for them—like the frightened deer, they have fled at the presence of your troops. Colonel.—Indian can find Indian—if they are not here in ten days, these men will surely die! Holati.—The track of the Indian is crossed, his path is hidden, and cannot be traced in ten days. Colonel.—(to Talof Holo).—Have you a wife? Talof.—My wife and child are out with the people. I wish them here that I may take leave of them before I die. Colonel.—Do you not love your wife and child? Talof.—The dog is fond of its kind—I love my own blood. Colonel.—Could you find the people that are out? Talof.—They are not here, and may not be found. Colonel.—Do you not desire your freedom? Talof.—I see the people passing to and fro, and wish to be with them—I am tired of my chains. Colonel.—If I release you, will you bring in the people within the time fixed? Talof.—You would not trust me—yet I would try. Colonel.—If Holati Fixico will consent to take your chains, and be bound in your stead, you shall not return, you may go. (A long pause.) Talof continues throughout the scene with his eyes fixed on the heaven—his mother and sister now cast imploring looks to Holati, who, during the last few questions, had struggled to maintain his composure, evincing by the heaving of his breast and his gaspings, as though he might have already about his neck, that he is ill at ease—all eyes are turned to him—he recovers, and with the utmost composure and firmness, replies—

Holati.—I have no wife or child, or mother—it is not fit he should live here—I consent to take his chains and abide his fate—let him go. Colonel.—He is not to do more than receive yourselves—Talof Holo, do you not desire your freedom? Talof.—I see the people passing to and fro, and wish to be with them—I am tired of my chains. Colonel.—If I release you, will you bring in the people within the time fixed? Talof.—You would not trust me—yet I would try. Colonel.—If Holati Fixico will consent to take your chains, and be bound in your stead, you shall not return, you may go. (A long pause.) Talof continues throughout the scene with his eyes fixed on the heaven—his mother and sister now cast imploring looks to Holati, who, during the last few questions, had struggled to maintain his composure, evincing by the heaving of his breast and his gaspings, as though he might have already about his neck, that he is ill at ease—all eyes are turned to him—he recovers, and with the utmost composure and firmness, replies—

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TALOF INGENUITY.—We Americans pride ourselves upon the superiority we have attained, by substituting machinery for human labor. We think we have accomplished miracles, by employing the strong arm of "unconquered steam" in twirling the spindles, or in setting the wool card in motion. The followers of the Grand Lama have done more—they have invented praying-machines, which do the business in perfection. It is a doctrine among them, and it is so convenient to saints and sinners, that no Calmuck, whether free-thinker or devotee, has ever ventured to call it in question; that as often as the paper, or other substance upon which a prayer is written is set in motion, this movement of the written prayer is as meritorious as its oral repetition. The Kurada, or praying machine, is therefore constructed upon this principle: it consists of two cylinders, or drums, filled within with rolls of paper covered with prayers and ejaculations written in Tartarian, or Sacred language. The drums are hung in a neat frame, and are kept on the whirl by a great facility, by the simple contrivance of a string and crank; every turn of the cylinder is perfectly equivalent to the prayers contained in it. The turning of the Kurada is an agreeable pastime in the long evenings of winter; but Tartar ingenuity has discovered a method of dispensing even with the slight degree of exertion which this compulsory substitute requires—they employ the smoke-pipe to say their prayers for them. The Kimora is another dumb substitute for devotion of the same nature. It is a bag upon which the air-horse, or Kimora is painted, together with an appropriate selection from the Calmuck ritual. As long as the Kimora flutters in the wind, the inhabitants of the tent upon which it is hoisted, are making their way to heaven by help of the air-horse.

THE TWO WHITE ROSES;

OR AN AFFECTIONATE GIRL.

[The following singular case was brought last spring, before the justice of peace of the fourth district in Paris. The object of the dispute was two white roses, whose withered leaves had long since been dispersed to the winds.] Madame Gallien, (mantua-maker)—I demand thirty francs (six dollars) damages, from Miss Flora Minville, for having caused me to lose an order worth one hundred and fifty francs. Judge.—Explain the facts. Madame.—Yes, sir. About two months ago, Miss Leontine de Crillon was to be married to the Prince of Clermont-Tonnerre; the marriage gifts were to be magnificent. I received an order to make a dress for the bride; it was to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. Splendid lace, pearls, gimp—all the marvels of the art of dress-making were to be united. But something more rare at that time was a *rose*; it was a natural white rose—a rose at the end of February! Judge.—And Miss Flora engaged to procure one for you?

Madame.—Yes, sir; she cultivates flowers, and often sells them to the great milliners of the capital. I went to her, and she promised to let me have one of the two roses she then possessed, for twenty-five francs, which sum was to be paid on delivery. I depended on her promise, but she did not keep it faithfully; for I did not receive the rose, and for that reason, they refused to take the wedding dress. Judge.—(to Miss Flora).—Why did you not deliver the rose? Miss Flora.—(with timidity).—It was not my fault. The evening before the day on which I had promised the white rose to Madame Gallien, a shower, which took place during my absence, made the flower expand, and some hours afterwards nothing remained of it but the stem. What I tell you is the truth! Judge.—I believe you, young girl. But the second rose, could you not have delivered that? Miss Flora.—(With tears in her eyes).—Oh! as to that one, it was not promised. Madame Gallien would certainly have accepted it, for it was the most beautiful of the two. But I could not give it. It was destined to my mother.

Judge.—Was it her birth-day? Miss Flora.—(Sorrowfully).—No sir, it was the anniversary of her death. (Profound sensation in the auditory.) Every year I lay on her tomb one of those white roses which she so much loved. This year I did the same. I said to myself, the bride will be as handsome with a flower less and my poor mother shall again to-day have her favorite rose. Here Miss Flora shed abundant tears, and Madame Gallien, endeavoring to console her, said to the Judge—"Stop the cause, sir, it is wrong for me to molest this poor girl for a good action; let us say no more about it, it is a misfortune that cannot be helped. All I wish for compensation, is to have a daughter like Miss Flora."

THE JUSTICE OF PEACE, which affected, sent away the parties without any further trial. HORRIBLE.—We copy the following from the London correspondence of the Boston Post:—A most diabolical case has just been reported, which shows to what a desperate situation the lower classes are driven. It is certainly the most awful case I ever heard of being committed among civilized people. It appears that there are "Philanthropic Burial Societies" in many towns in England, which pay certain sums to members for funeral expenses of a deceased child. One of the rules of the Stockport Burial Society, is that each member shall pay a penny per week, and at the end of seven weeks, or longer, if he should die, the society shall pay that period, the parents are entitled to the sum of three pounds and twelve shillings; and deducting one shilling and sixpence for the collector's fee, and two shillings, "for liquor," the net sum of three pounds eight-and-sixpence remains for the funeral expenses of the child. At the Chester assizes, two married couples, whose averaged ages were but twenty-six, were indicted. Their names were Sandys, and one couple were charged with having administered arsenic to their child, by which they murdered it, and the others were charged with being accessories to the crime before and after the fact. The deceased, whose murder they were accused, was thus awfully killed for the purpose of obtaining the sum of three pounds eight-and-sixpence from the Stockport Burial Society!

This is certainly the most shocking deed ever recorded. Parents are reduced so low in misery that every natural feeling is blunted—destroyed—and they sacrifice their own offspring for bread! This tale is so shocking to believe, and yet it is too well authenticated to be disbelieved—if such deeds are committed now, what dreadful ones remain to be committed when the pinching wants of winter come! The blood slavers at the thought. SCOTCH DEGREES.—When the University of Saint Andrews, some heretofore—a certain manner, who deemed that his ministrations would be more acceptable and more useful if he possessed what the Germans called the doctor-hat, put £15 in his purse, and went to Saint Andrews "to purchase himself a good degree." His man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was formally admitted to the long desired honor. On his return, "the doctor" sent for his servant, and addressed him somewhat as follows:—"Noo Sanders, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me the doctor; and gin onybody spiers at ye about me, ye'll be aye sure to say the doctor's in his study, or the doctor's engaged, or the doctor will see you in a crack." "That a' depends," was the reply, "whether ye ca' me the doctor." (The reverend doctor stared.) Ay, it's just as I continued the other "for, when I find that it cost so little, I've got a diploma myself. Doctor, put on some coals, or, doctor, bring me the whiskey and hot water; and onybody spiers at ye about me, ye'll be aye sure to say, 'the doctor's in the stable, or the doctor's in the pantry, or the digging potatoes, as the case may be.'"—Church Register.

CORPORATE POWER.—What would be thought of a Congress that would charter a company of men to supply the community with all articles of clothing, compelling every individual to take them at the corporate price, and prohibiting any one from making any wearing apparel! Would the people consider themselves bound to abide by it, or would they not demand its repeal as an unconstitutional and tyrannical act? There is something noble in the chivalrous daring of the highwayman, who stakes his liberty and life with his demand of your purse; and there is no redeeming trait in the character of the mercenary man who robs, alike, the rich and poor, by his promises, and skulks responsibility behind a charter.

The first step to greatness is to be honest. Married, Mr. Charles Pugh to Miss Anna Maria Cushing. That 's what we call choosing a peer.

For the State Sentinel.

LINES. "There is a tongue in every leaf! A voice in every rill! A voice that speaks ever and all! In flood and fire, 'tho' earth and air! A tongue that's never still."

From the Italian of Ariosto. Though in pleasure's paths we move, Or in sorrow's deepest care, In the fervor of our prayer; There is a thought that mingles still With our joys and with our fears, And it sways the heart at will. 'Tis the thought of early years. Oh! 'tis thine upon the sea; When the tides of ocean roll, With its proud waves bounding free; So the heart doth heave and swell While our feelings' like—our tears, Ebb and flow beneath the spell, Of the thought of early years. Like a vivid, flashing light, When it left its home above, Like a melody at night— Like a whisper'd wail of love— Of the woe we have behind, Like a friend who most endears, Like a hope of bliss to come— 'Tis the thought of early years. When life's waves we're riding o'er, 'Tis the thought of early years. "Castle of Indolence." Goats.

AUTUMN. Bright fountains are sinking, Streamlets are shrinking, Now the wide forest is withered and bare; Light clouds are flying, Soft winds are sighing, We will be thoughtful, for autumn is near. Blossoms we cherish, Of the warm woods we cherish, Scenes which we smile on as yellow and dear; Feelings of sadness, (O! show us no gladness, And make the mind thoughtful, for autumn is near. Thus all that is fairest, And sweetest and rarest, Must shortly be severed and call for a tear; Then let each emotion, And every feeling, And we will be thoughtful for autumn is near.

FREE TRADE.—The following eloquent remarks were taken from an address of Rev. Dr. Channing, recently delivered in Philadelphia. They breathe the true spirit of the philosopher and political economist. "Allow me to say a word to the merchants of our country on another subject. The time is come, when they are particularly called to take yet more generous views of their vocation, and to give commerce a universality as yet unknown. I refer to the juster principles which are gaining ground on the subject of free trade, and to the growing disposition of nations to promote it. Free trade! This is the plain duty and plain interest of the human race. To level all barriers to free exchange; to cut up the system of restriction, root and branch; to open every port on earth to every product; this is the office of enlightened humanity. To this a free nation should especially pledge itself, as the emblem of the growth of the world, and intercourse of nations free as the winds; this is not a dream of philanthropists. We are tending towards it, and let us hasten it—Under a wiser and more Christian civilization, we shall look back to our present restrictions, as we do on the swaddling bands by which, in darker times, the human body was compressed."

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