

TERMS.

"SOUTHERN BANNER" is published weekly at FOUR DOLLARS in advance...

Advertisements will be inserted at one dollar per line (ten lines or less) for the first time...

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Sunday Morning News. The Old Clock. A CAPITAL JOKE.

"Here she goes, there she goes!"—Some day there came to this country a family...

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began to suspect that it might possess the virtues of Martin Heywood's chair...

"The fact is," said the Yankee, "I once won a hundred dollars with a clock like that!"

"A hundred dollars!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Yes! You see, there was one like it in a room over in Jersey, and a fellow bet me he could keep his fore-finger swinging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying here she goes, there she goes!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger waving in a curve, his eyes fixed on the pendulum.

"The landlord was not to lose in that way. His fore-finger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left hand disengaged his purse from his pocket, which he threw behind him on the table.

"Shall I deposit the money in the hands of the bar-keeper?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the only answer.

"One of the Yankees left the room. The landlord heard him go down stairs, but he was not to be disturbed by that trick.

"Mr. B—, are you crazy? What are you doing?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded waving his finger as before.

The bar-keeper rushed down stairs, he called a neighbor, and asked him to go up. They ascended, and the neighbor, seizing him gently by the collar, in an imploring voice, said:

"Mr. B— do not sit here. Come, come down stairs; what can possess you to sit here?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply; and the solemn fact and the slowly moving finger settled the matter. He was mad!

"He is mad," whispered the friend. "We must go for a doctor."

The landlord was not to be duped; he was not to be deceived although the whole town came to interrupt him.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" repeated the landlord, and his hands still moved on.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded waving his finger as before.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his hand continued to go but his wife would not go; she would stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him and make him lose the wager.

"What cause have you for this! Why do you do so! Has your wife—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress, for any thing she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that he thought of his child, whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, "shall I call up your daughter!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" the landlord again repeated, his eyes became more and more fixed and glazed, from the steadiness of the gaze.

"No madam! The fewer persons here the better. The maid had better stay away; do not let the maid—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" yet again, in harmony with the waving finger, issued from the lips of the landlord.

"A consultation, I think, will be necessary," said the physician. "Will you run for Dr. W—ms?"

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and hurried from the room.

In a few minutes Dr. W—ms, with another medical gentleman, entered.

"This is a sorry sight," said he to the doctor present.

"Indeed it is, sir," was the reply. "It is a sudden attack, one of the—"

shouted the landlord, as the minute hand advanced to the desired point.

The barber arched; he was naturally a talkative man—and when the doctor made some casual remark, reflecting upon the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied—

"Ah, ha no, Monsieur you say very bad to razor—tres beautiful—ch?—look! look! very fine isn't she?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" screamed the landlord, his hand waving on, on, and his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be convulsed with joy.

The barber was amazed. "Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded in the best English he could use—Vare? vare shall I begin? Vat is dat he say?"

"Shave his head at once!" interrupted the doctor, while the lady sank into a chair.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" the last time cried the landlord, as the clock struck the hour of nine, and he sprang from his seat in ecstasy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice, as he kept about the room.

"I've one it!—I've one it!" "What?" said the bar-keeper.

"What?" echoed the doctors. "What?" re-echoed the wife.

"Why, the wager—fifty dollars!" But casting his eyes around the room, and missing the young men who induced him to watch the clock, he asked his bar-keeper—

"Where are those young men who stopped here last night? eh? quick, where are they?"

"They went away in their wagon nearly an hour ago, sir, was the reply."

The truth flashed like a thunderbolt through his mind. They had taken his pocket book with one hundred and seven dollars therein, and decamped—a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them!

The story is ripe on all men's tongues in the neighborhood where the affair occurred, and the facts are not otherwise than here set down; but we regret that the worthy landlord in endeavoring to overtake the rascals, was thrown from his wagon, and so severely injured as to be confined to his room at the present moment, where he can watch the pendulum of his clock at his leisure.

The Book Agent.

As the sun was setting, after one of those sultry days in July, when the thermometer rose to 90, a tall, lantern-jawed, gambrel shanked fellow entered the village of—

in the old commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was dressed in the peculiar costume of a Yankee backwoodsman—having on his head a squirrel-skin cap, and on his feet a pair of double-soled cow-hide boots which would laugh out of countenance a Kamschatkian winter.

On his arms was folded a butternut colored frock coat, and in his hand was an extra shirt and dickey, tied up in a cotton flag handkerchief. On his entrance into the village he inquired for the clergyman, and being told where he might be found, started post haste for his residence.

Arriving at his house he found him enjoying the cool of the twilight in his garden. Stepping up to the fence he enquired if the Rev. Mr.— lived in that neighborhood? The clergyman told him that he did, and that he was the individual to whom he alluded.

"I'm dreadful deaf," said the fellow, "you must raise your voice, or I can't hear a word you say." The clergyman put his lips to his ear, and repeated the declaration that he was the person for whom he enquired, and asked the object of his call.

"This bin an awful hot day," said the traveller, "but it grows a little cooler as the sun goes down." The clergyman again enquired his business, on the top of his lungs. "I thank ye a thousand times," said the stranger, "I reckoned to have got to the tavern by sundown, but I haven't as I'm prodigiously tuckered out, I'll stay, and thank ye into the bargain," following the clergyman into the house.

The clergyman handed him a chair, and after laying down his coat in the corner of the room, and fanning himself a while with his cap, he took his seat. The clergyman in a loud voice, asked him to what part of the country he was travelling? "Any thing that comes handy," he replied, "I'm a farmer when at home, and not much used to nick-nacks—I can eat any thing but cold pork and cabbage, and that I never could eat since I was a boy—but don't put yourself out of the way at all about supper. The clergyman enquired again, in a still louder voice if he was from Vermont.

"I'm getting subscribers," said he, "for a valuable book—it is the work of John Bunyan, or Jonathan Bunyan—I don't remember exactly which; but I'll see, pulling out his prospectus and handing it to the clergyman, who after looking at it, handed it back, and remarked that he did not wish to subscribe. "O yes," he replied, "I always carry a pen and ink with me—I find a great many folks that don't keep such things in their houses," pulling out his pen and ink and offering it to the clergyman. The clergyman raised his voice to the highest key, and said he must be excused from subscribing. "Jest as well," said the agent, "I write the names of half my subscribers myself, entering the name of the clergyman in his subscription book.

The clergyman, despairing of making the fellow hear any thing, concluded to get rid of him in the easiest way he could. He therefore furnished him with a good supper and bed. In the morning he told him in as loud a voice as he was master of, that he did not want the work, and should not take it. "Don't give yourself any uneasiness about it," said the agent, "I never forget subscribers and especially ministers—you shall have it in due time."—Thanking him for his kindness and hospitality, and bidding him good morning, he trudged off as fast as his legs could carry him.

About a month after, as the clergyman was

on his way to visit a brother in the ministry in a neighboring town, he was not a little surprised to meet his old guest, the deaf book agent. He was dressed much in the same manner as before, but was seated on a box, in the fore part of a one horse wagon, drawn by a horse that would require stall-feeding to make much of a show. Coming up with him he jumped out of his wagon, shook him cordially by the hand, and said he was going directly to his house with his books.

The clergyman said he must be excused from taking them, as he had already a set on hand. "No matter," said the agent, "I'm going right by your house, and can leave the books and take the money of your wife," getting into his wagon and driving off.—the clergyman fearing his family might take the books in his absence, put about for home and arrived just as the agent was driving up. Seeing the clergyman had returned, he said "you came back for fear of rain I s'pose, and it does look as though we were going to have a long storm," taking the books from the box and carrying them into the house.

The clergyman told him as loud as he could that he did not want the books, and thought he was insulting him by forcing them upon him. The agent said that he intended to have got a little further before the storm; but if he could not conveniently pay him then he must accept his invitation and stay until the storm was over. The clergyman finding he must take the books or keep the fellow three or four days, paid the money, as the easiest way to get rid of him.

Why is a news paper like a good wife? Because every Man ought to have one of his own.—Exchange paper.

Yes, and every man who has not both a wife and a news paper of his own, is as much mistaken about the comforts of life, as if he had got up at mid-night and burnt his shirt to see whether or not it was dark.

Pearl River Banner.

POLITICAL.

From the Buffalo Journal.

HENRY CLAY.

In placing the name of this alike patriotic and profound statesman at the head of our paper as the whig candidate for the presidency, it seems incumbent upon us to state the reasons why we anticipate in this way, the decision of a Whig National Convention.

It will be remembered that the friends of Gen. Harrison in this city, did not wait twenty-four hours after the close of the polls at the last day of the election, before they caused his name to appear as a standing nomination at the head of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, accompanied at the outset with a very labored argument occupying nearly two columns of that paper, descriptive of the great merits of Gen. Harrison, and demerits of Henry Clay. This sudden and most unexpected move indicated, but too plainly, a pre-concerted plan to forestall public opinion, and an unwillingness to wait for, and abide by, the unbiased and deliberate judgment of a convention, representing equally the views, the feelings and the interests of our political friends, in every portion of the Union.

As the great object of the convention is to compare notes and reconcile conflicting opinions, it seems the work of folly if not of selfishness, to widen the limited discrepancy among friends, by the active and premature agitation of real or supposed points of difference. But after the friends of Gen. Harrison have brought forward his name, and still keep it constantly before the people, the friends of Henry Clay must either abandon the man of their choice, or else bring forward his name, that the electors in choosing delegates to a national convention, may know who are, and who are not candidates, for the highest office in the gift of free people.

Henry Clay has not seen sixty-two winters but he has seen no less than forty years of active public service. He commenced his distinguished career in 1797, by the voluntary sacrifice of his personal popularity and private interest, in a noble, generous, but unsuccessful effort to have the constitution of Kentucky so amended, as to banish forever from her soil, the dark stain of slavery.

It is worthy of remark, that Patric Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and Henry Clay—the three greatest champions of human liberty and republican institutions that the world has ever known, were no less the first than the ablest advocates of universal freedom.

At the session of congress 1811 and '12 Mr. Clay first took his seat as a member of the house of representatives, and what is without a parallel in American legislation, was elected speaker the first day he made his appearance in the hall of congress. But what is still more extraordinary, during all the vehement and stormy debates growing out of the war with Great Britain—the Seminole war, and all other exciting subjects, for the great number of years during which Mr. Clay occupied the chair, not a single decision of his was ever reversed by the vote of a majority of the house.—Does not this simple historical fact speak volumes, both for his wisdom and moderation? Surely, gold that has been submitted to one continued and intense heat for sixteen years, shown brighter and brighter, as it passed through the fire ordeal, is not unworthy of being wrought into a civick crown, and worn by a sovereign people, who themselves took the precious metal from the earth, and tried it in their own crucible.

The year 1812 was signalized by great events both in Europe and America. From unquestioned official investigation, the astounding fact was disclosed, that no less than seven thousand American seamen had been pressed into the service, and were then held in servile bondage in the British Navy. In vain was every effort made to procure their release and to prevent the impressment and ruthless captivity of American citizens—

while navigating the high seas.—Strange as it may now seem, American citizens were compelled to carry in their pockets proofs of their citizenship, when travelling on the great high way of nations, and in default of the same, the pretended "Lords of the Ocean," would nab them wherever they could find them and make them for life the galley slaves of a British King.

American vessels were seized by English frigates and confiscated with their cargoes while within sight of our own ports, for the pretended violation of a paper blockade of France. This was indeed a dark and dismal period in American history. Our commerce was annihilated—the Indians bribed by British gold, waged a savage and successful war upon our feeble western frontier, and what was worse than all, and most to be deplored, there was sad mutiny among the crew of the good ship of state. The federalists made a powerful and desperate struggle to depose the great Captain, James Madison, and fill his station with one who would allow the British to have their own way in blockading our sea-ports, and oppressing our seamen. At the head of this base servile scheme stood Martin Van Buren. He is the very man that rose in the convention which nominated De Witt Clinton, and made a motion "to make his nomination unanimous."—Martin Van Buren united heart and soul with the "blue light" federalists, and was the leader of the British party in 1811 and '12. And where was Henry Clay at this momentous crisis, when his country's downfall or salvation seemed poised on an even balance? Did he too unite with the federalists in advocating the monstrous claim of Great Britain to impress American seamen if found "without a passport," and blockade the whole world by a paper edict? Listen to a few words of his taken from one of those speeches which he so often made in the Hall of Congress, that kindled like an electric spark the sacred flame of patriotism in every bosom, and excited from Maine to Georgia; and from the Atlantic to the Lakes, one universal cry, "To arms! to arms!" "Give us liberty or give us death!"

"If Great Britain desires a mark which she can know her own subjects, let her give them an ear mark. The colors that float from the mast-head should be the credentials of our seamen.—"

"In such a cause, with the aid of providence, we must come out crowned with success; but if we fail, let us fall like men. LASH OURSELVES TO OUR GALLANT TARS, AND EXPIRE TOGETHER IN ONE COMMON STRUGGLE, FIGHTING FOR FREE TRADE AND SEAMAN'S RIGHTS."

"This was a time that tried men's souls,"

Where was found the little intriguing spirit of Van Buren? And where the great and dauntless soul of Clay?

At the treaty of Ghent, the British Commissioners demanded as a sine qua non, that Great Britain should, during all after time, enjoy an equal right with the people of the United States to navigate the whole of the Mississippi river. And strange as it may now seem, it is an historical fact, that a majority of the American commissioners were in favor of granting this most unreasonable and arrogant claim. It should be remembered however, that the son of Napoleon had then set—

that the glory and power of Great Britain, were at their zenith—that the news of the battle at New Orleans had not reached Europe, and that the American Commissioners had but little grounds for hope, while those of Great Britain were big with confidence.—

But the master spirit—the great champion of "Seamen's Rights" was a member of that memorable council, and peremptorily refused to sign any treaty which contained the conceded right of Great Britain to navigate this "father of waters." In this struggle, Mr. Clay had not, like Gen. Jackson, cotton bags for a breast-work, nor murderous Kentucky rifle-men to level with the dust, an opposing foe. No, it was an open field fight—Henry Clay against three friends and the masters of Europe, and the conquerors of Napoleon. At this day the five hundred steamboats, exclusively American floating upon the Mississippi tell who won the victory and throw a feeble flickering light upon the dawning value of that achievement.

If the gratitude of the nation elevated Andrew Jackson to the Presidency, for defending bravely a single city, in a single engagement, what measure of thanks shall it bestow upon the man who saved, in spite of the two willing concession of friends, and the determinate arrogance of a powerful enemy, a mighty river which is yet to become the prolific mother of a hundred cities?

But Henry Clay did not rest upon the laurels won, by having brought the war with Great Britain to a triumphant close. No, every page of American history, from that period to the present moment, re-records the brilliancy of his genius—the profound sagacity of his mature judgment—and above all, the vestal fire of patriotism, that ever burns brightly upon the altar of his heart.

Our seamen liberated, our commerce protected; who then was the greatest champion of American industry? It was Henry Clay. Who lent the pure devotion and gushing eloquence of a patriot's soul, and like an angel of peace saved this union at the time, when the memorable Missouri question, threatened the speedy dissolution of the republic? It was Henry Clay. Who effected an honorable compromise in the dark and fearful controversy on the Tariff Question, which drove South Carolina into open rebellion? It was Henry Clay. Who is in favor of preserving the priceless treasure of our national domain, which was acquired by the blood of our common forefathers, and of appropriating the same as it shall be needed, to the support of schools, and the diffusion of universal knowledge, which is confessedly the only palladium of American liberty? It is Henry Clay.

When a company of soldiers sent by the British authorities, came into an American port and deliberately murdered unarmed American citizens, sleeping peacefully under the protection of the passport and flag of their country—and not content with slaughtering the persons on board of the Caroline, must needs murder the defenceless Durfee, who was in no way connected with the Navy Island expedition, and yet his country's soil was made to drink his life's blood—whose voice responded first from the capitol, in tones of thunder, in denouncing the horrid outrage? It was the patriotic voice of Henry Clay. Whose visions look out from so lofty an eminence that it surveys at a glance, every portion of our wide extended territory, and whose ardent and liberal soul embraces and regards alike, the rights of the meanest slave and of the most exalted citizen, from New Brunswick to the Pacific? It is the vision and the soul of Henry Clay.

But why continue? Our feeble praise of Henry Clay, is like holding the light of a candle up to the broad blaze of the sun at mid-day. Without imitating the commercial, and depreciating the claims of the candidate of others, we shall support to the best of our poor ability the man of our choice. We dictate to no one, and if a Whig National Convention shall decide to place some other good name before the people to be supported by the whigs of the Union, we shall cheerfully abide their decision. But we have no fears that the calm and deliberate opinions of a national convention, will differ from our own. The signs of the times are most auspicious, for the certain triumph of the greatest champion of democratic principles and constitutional liberty which this, or any one, has brought upon the stage of action.

DUNCAN AND HIS CERTIFIERS.

"Never perhaps was there a blustering bully so entirely prostrated, "used up," hung up, impaled on high, as this Alexander Duncan has been. In addition to the tremendous castigation he received in the house, on account of his beastly publication in the Globe, from Messrs. Prentiss, Jenifer, and Menifee, Mr. Stanley has addressed a letter to the editors of the National Intelligencer, which proves Duncan to be more mean and contemptible, if possible, than he previously appeared. In his publication in the Globe, he denies that Mr. Stanley delivered the speech in the House which was published as his in the Intelligencer—declares that Mr. S. was not more than fifteen minutes in uttering what he did say—and to make good this assertion, produces the testimony of Mr. Hopkins L. Turney, Jesse A. Bynum, and Eli Moore. This man Duncan, who last year filled the Globe with a speech in reply to Mr. Bond, which he never delivered, now comes before the public and accuses Mr. Stanley of not delivering a speech which he and the whole House knew he did deliver!—But comment is superfluous. We subjoin the letter of Mr. Stanley, leaving out, for want of room, about a column of letters and statements from eleven members, all going to confirm the truth and correctness of those signed by Mr. Prentiss and others, and by Mr. Kenney. The letter speaks for itself.

Republican Banner.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1839.

Gentlemen:

On the 20th inst. my attention was called to a publication in the Globe, signed A. Duncan, in which I am abused and denounced, in language almost as violent as all the people of the Southern States have been by the same individual.

This communication has created no other sensations with me than those of ineffable disgust and humiliation—disgust, to see how much an article paraded before the world, in the official paper, (in the paper supported by Executive patronage, and humiliation, that such a man should be a member of Congress. I do not wish the author of this article any other punishment than that the people should read his communication in the Globe of the 19th of February, 1839.

I had not been in the House, on the morning of the 20th inst. more than an hour, before the annexed letter, signed by my friend S. S. Prentiss and others was handed to me.—

After the receipt of this, several other statements were offered me, and I requested several gentlemen to give me their opinions in regard to the correctness of the report of the speech.

I must ask the favor of you to publish these letters with this note. The letters are from gentlemen who advocate the sub-treasury—from Whigs and from Conservatives.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20, 1839.

Dear Sir:—

Your attention has been called to a publication in the Globe of this day, signed A. Duncan, which denies the speech as published in the Intelligencer, purporting to be your "reply to Dr. Duncan, of Ohio," on the 17th day of January, 1839, was never delivered by you in the House of Representatives. We were present when you replied to Dr. Duncan on that day, and heard your remarks through; and feel bound in justice and truth to tender to you our testimony that the said report of your remarks in reply to Dr. Duncan on the 17th of January, 1839, is according to our recollection, in which we are confident, more faithful and correct than reports of speeches in the House of Representatives are usually, that it is nearly, if not quite, verbatim correct; and if incorrect in any respect, it is less severe than were your remarks on the floor. We add, also that your remarks seemed to be extemporaneous; and at the moment you regretted you had not a copy of Dr. Duncan's letter on the subject of abolition; and it was we thought, from the expression of this regret,