The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE REPROBATION OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES.

BY D. P. PALMER. GEORGETOWN, O., TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1845 NEW SERIES.—VOL. V. No 25.

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From the Nashville Union, Dec. 7.

FRAUDULENT COMBINTIONS TO DEFEAT THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE—INFAMOUS PROPOSITION OF A BOSTON WHIG.

We have refrained from noticing seriously the rumor which many whigs have been industriously circulating in reference to the final defeat of Col. Polk's election, by an alleged refusal of the Pennsylvania and New York electors to cast the votes of those States for him: but we are now in possession of certain startling facts which will fully justify us in calling public attention to this subject. The rumor has been current, ever since the result in New York was known, that Col. Polk was to be defeated in the electoral colleges by the refusal of certain States to vote for him, whereby the election would be thrown into the House of Representative, when the Clay states would unite with a portion of the democratic states upon some other democrat than Col. Polk, and thereby secure his defeat. This rumor has been current, and be have seen in the manner in which it was received by many whigs, a willingness on their part to defeat the will of the people by fraudulent combinations, which stamp upon the whig leaders the odium of once more wishing to have the Presidential office made the subject of "bargain, intrigue and corruption." How this rumor originated, we are unable to ascertain, although we were confident that something in the way of proposals had taken place to give it currency. We are unable now, however, to give incontestible evidence of the existence of a plan to throw the election into the House of Representatives, and there, by combinations between whigs and certain democrats, to defeat Col. Polk.

We have been furnished by a prominent gentleman of South Carolina, with a copy of a letter from a whig at Boston, which contains a direct proposition to the democrats of that gallant state to cast her vote for John C. Calhoun for President, under the assurance that the Clay states would unite upon him and defeat Col. Polk. The following is a copy of the letter:—

"BOSTON, 11th Nov. 1844.

Dear sir:—I know you will excuse the liberty I take, in calling your attention to a subject that is now beginning to excite much attention in our city. I allude to the election returns of President of the United States. From the returns which we have received, it seems to us that our candidate, Clay cannot be elected unless South Carolina casts her electoral vote for him. I am sure I represent the whig feeling, when I say, that the whigs as a party infinitely prefer for President, a statesmen like your John C. Calhoun to a miserable tool like James K. Polk. As a party, we hate the abolitionists, and would be more happy to punish them by having Calhoun for President.—I, then, ask of you to use your political influence, and prevail upon your friends to cast their electoral vote for John C. Calhoun—this will bring the choice of President into the House of Representatives and then Calhoun could be all powerful. Do not, I beg of you, consider this an idle whim. It is a very possible result. South Carolina has not pledged herself to vote for Polk, and is therefore at liberty to vote for Calhoun. I am convinced that if the name of Calhoun is brought into the House of Representatives, the whigs will unite with the friends of Calhoun, and we shall have for President one of whom America never will be ashamed!"

The foregoing letter contains a direct proposition to a distinguished and influential citizen of South Carolina, and we are furnished with a copy of it that the desperate efforts of the federal whigs to defeat the popular will might be seen.—It was written on the 11th of November, when it seemed probable, according to the whig calculations at Boston, that South Carolina would control the general result. Hence the appeal is made to her. But when it turned out that New York controlled the election, then we hear of the idea that New York will vote for Wright, and throw the election into the House of Representatives. To defeat the election of a man chosen by the voice of his countrymen is the great purpose. Tennessee was once cheated out of a President, and now the same party have leaders who would cheat her a second time. We ask our friends to treasure up these things—other contests are to be fought, when the true character of modern whiggism must be portrayed. The same party which labored to deprive Thos. Jefferson of the Presidency—and afterwards actually defrauded Andrew Jackson—are now at work, after the clearest expression of the popular will to practice the same frauds upon the popular will, and place in the Presidency a man not voted for by any portion of the people.

ANTI-RENT LEAGUE.

The anti-rent difficulty which occurred a few years since on the lands of the Van Rensaliers—though put down at the time without much difficulty, has gradually spread its influence to other counties; and the landless of Columbiana, Schoharie, Green and Ulster have joined the confederacy, or anti-rent association, and it will probably extend over the greater part of Western New York, where the leases are held. To put down these landless men, troops will be required from a distant part of the State,—for it can hardly be expected that many of the persons in the disaffected districts, (who generally form the militia) in case of a collision wite the 'Indians,' as they are called,—whose sympathies will be on the side of tenants, will be willing to expose their lives for the purpose of enabling the over grown land holders to collect their rents. Two persons have lately been killed by the anti-renters, for which several of their number have been arrested and taken to Hudson and Troy for examination, among them are two persons, called Big Thunder and little Thunder. So much alarm is felt by the authorities of Hudson and Troy that they have sent an express to Governor Bouck for assistance. The Governor held a Cabinet council, and forthwith directed the Adjutant General to make a requisition for 2 companies in Albany, and 2 from New York. In compliance with the orders of the Governor the companies from Albany, had taken the 1 o'clock train for Hudson. On Sunday last in New York City, two companies of troops commanded by Capt. Krack, and Capt. Heath, assembled at Center Market and proceeded to Hudson by express at daylight Monday morning.

The following account of the origin of the difficulties, we copy from the New York Sun.—Ohio State Tribune.

"The origin of the difficulties we take to be this. Upon securing the independence of the thirteen Colonies of the United States, it was found that large possessions of lands in this State, belonged to certain families by hereditary decent. The Royal Government conferred by patent on the Van Rensalear family, and on other families in neighboring counties, certain large possessions of land, that of the Van Rensalear manor alone comprising forty square miles. Whether these lands were sold by the Crown or conferred on the family for services, we are unable to say; but as there was nothing of taint or disfoyalty in the family, and as their titles were undoubted, and the lands had been held long prior to the Revolutionary war, the Legislature by different laws confirmed their titles & recognized the validity of the leases.—These large possessions made their proprietor lord of the manor, a species of feudal right, in a measure incompatible with the spirit of our institutions, which do not recognize such occupation of property by hereditary descent; and the lord of the manor in his leases followed out the old royal privileges, reserving to him sell and posterity, all water courses, mines and minerals, requiring besides the annual rent that was known as *'villain service'* in the feudal age, from each tenant. These royal privilages, so hostile to the equality of our laws and the right to hold property were in a measure unfelt, and many of them not urged while the land was but thinly populated; but in the progress of time, these feudal possessions became the heart of the State and are of great value, and thousands of the people have built houses, mills, barns, bridges and other improvements, so that they have become actual principalities, and the lord of the manor, if his rents are paid, has a princely revenue. But the tenants have become restless and uneasy. Having enriched the land by their improvements, they either claim to own the soil or have an equity of redemption in it at a reasonable price. They contend also that these royal grants should have been abrogated by the Legislature when the government was changed; that their titles should have been extinguished on the ground that the whole State might have been thus partitioned among aristocratic families, in direct hostility to the letter and spirit of our republican and free institutions. Considering therefore the Landlord as a tax Gatherer in demanding his rent, they have confederated with force of arms to drive off the Collector, and blood has been shed, and more is likely to be shed before it ends.

COOL AND RICH.—Sam Slick tells the following story, which is as good as new:

Squire Peleg Sunford and all his family was all of them the most awful passionate folks that ever lived, when they chose, and then they could keep in their temper, and be as cool at other times as cucumbers. One night old Peleg, as he was called, told his son Gucom, a boy of 14 years old, to go and bring in a backlog for the fire. Backlog, you know, squire, in a wood fire, is always the biggest stick that one can find or carry. It takes a stout chunk of a boy to lift one.

'Well, as soon as Gucom goes to fetch the log, the old Squire drags forward the coals, and fixes the fire so as to leave a bed for it, and stands by ready to fit it into its place. Presently in comes Gucom with a little cat stick, no bigger than his leg, and throws it on. Uncle Peleg got so mad, that he never said a word, but just seized a ridin' whip, and gave him a most an awful whippen.' He tanned his hide properly for him, you may depend.' 'Now,' says he, 'go sir, and bring in a proper backlog.'

'Gucom was clear grit as well as the old man, for he was a chip of the old block, and no mistake; so out he goes, without so much as sayin' a word, but instead of goin' to the wood pile, he walks off altogether and staid away eight years, till he was one and twenty, and his own master. Well, as soon as he was a man grown, and lawfully on his own hook, he took it into his head one day he'd go home and see his father and mother agin, and show them he was alive and kickin', for they didn't know whether he was dead or not, never havin, heard of or from him one blessed word all that time. When he arrived to the old house, daylight was down and the light lit, and as he passed the keepin'-room winder, he looked in, and there was old Squire sittin' in the chair he was eight years afore, when he ordered in the backlog, and gave him such an onmurciful whippin'. So what does Gucom do but stops at the wood pile and picks up a most hugaceous log, (for he had grown to be a most thunderin' big feller then,) and openin' the door, he marches in and lays it down on the hearth, and then lookin', said he—

'Father, I've brought you in the backlog.'

'Uncle Peleg was struck up all of a heap; he couldn't believe his eyes that the six footer was the boy he had cow-hided, and he couldn't believe his ears when he heard him call him father: a man from the grave wouldn't have surprised him more; he was quite onfakalized and bedumbed for a minute. But he came to right off, and was iced down to a freezin' point in no time.

'What did you say?' said he.

'That I have brought you in the back log, sir, you sent me out for.'

'Well, then, you've been a d——d long time a fetchin' it,' said he, 'that's all I can say. Now draw the coals forward, put it on, and then go to bed.'

'Now, that's a fact, Squire; I know the parties myself, and that's what I call coolness, and no mistake.'

If on any occasion your wife should exclaim to you, 'Now tumble over the cradle and break your neck, do!' don't you do it.

SENTENCES FOR ENTICING SLAVES TO RUNAWAY.—Henry Boyde, a colored seaman on board the Schooner Cornelia—has lately been tried before the county court of Norfolk, Va. for aiding a slave to escape from his master. by secreting him on board the Schooner, and sentenced to four years imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

The Rev. C. T. Torry, convicted of stealing Slaves from their owner, after an ineffectual effort to obtain a new trial, was sentenced by the Baltimore city court, on the 28th ult., upon three indictments, to six years and six months imprisonment in the Penitentiary. His counsel asked permission of the Court, in obedience to Torrys request, that he might not be publicly sentenced. Which was granted, and the sentence privately communicated to him.

MISS DELIA WEBSTER.—The Louisville Courier of the 24th ult, says 'We learn from Lexington, that the Jury in the case of the Commonwealth, vs. Delia Webster, returned a verdict of guilty, and two years imprisonment in the Penitentiary." For aiding Slaves to escape from their masters. Miss Webster, was originally from one of the New England States, where she has a father and other relations living. For a few years past, she had been a teacher in an academy in Lexington. Rev. Mr. Fairbank, is to be tried at Lexington, for the same offence and there is no doubt entertained of his conviction.

The Jury on the case of Miss Webster, signed a petition to Gov. Owsley, praying her pardon on account of her sex. The Governor refused to pardon her.

LAST OF MIKE FINK.

The late Morgan Neville, of Cincinnati, an accomplished gentleman and scholar, was well known as the author of a story giving certain particulars respecting the life and death of the celebrated Mike Fink, 'the last of the boatmen.' Though a romantic tale, it was generally presumed to be possessed of the merit of authenticity. A late number of the St. Louis Reveille details some events attending the close of Fink's career which do not agree with Mr Neville's narrative. The statement of the Reveille is made upon the authority of Charles Keemle, Esq. substantiated by his personal knowledge of the events related. Fink, it appears, in 1832 entered the service of the Mountain Fur Company, under the late Gen. W. M. Ashley, of St. Louis, and went to the Fort at the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, where the occurences narrated by the Reveille took place. The whole story is so interesting that we give it without abridgement.

Mike, with many generous qualities, was always a reckless dare-devil; but, at this time, advancing in years and decayed in influence above all, became a victim of whisky, he was morose and desperate in the extreme. There was a government regulation which forbade the free use of alcohol at the trading posts on the Missouri river, and this was a continual source of quarrel between the men and the commandant Major Henry, on the part of Fink particularly. One of his freaks was to march with his rifle into the Fort and demand a supply of spirits. Argument was fruitles, force not to be thought of, and when on being positively denied Mike drew up his rifle and sent a ball through the cask, deliberately walked up and filled his can, while his particular 'boys' followed his example, all that could be done was to look upon the matter as one of his 'queer ways,' and that was the end of it.

This state of things continued for some time, Mike's temper and exactions growing more unbearable every day until finally, a split took place not only between himself and the commandant, but many others in the fort, and the unruly boatman swore he would not live among them. Followed only by a youth named Carpenter, whom he had brought up, and for whom he felt a rude but strong attachment, he prepared a sort of a cave in the river's bank, furnished it with a supply of whiskey, and with his companion turned in to pass the winter which was then closing upon them. In this place he buried himself, sometimes unseen for weeks, his protege providing what else was necessary beyond the whiskey. At length attempts were used on the part of those in the fort to withdraw Carpenter from Fink: foul insinuations were made, as to the nature of their connexion, the youth was twitted with being a mere slave, &c., all which (Fink heard of in solitude of retirement,) served to breed distrust between the two, and though they did not separate much of their cordiality ceased.

The winter wore away in this sullen state of torpor, spring came with its reviving influences and to celebrate the season a supply of alcohol was procured, and a number of his acquaintances from the fort coming to rouse out' Mike a desperate 'frolic,' of course ensued.

There were river yarns, and boatman songs, and 'nigger breakdowns,' interspersed with wrestling matches, jumping, laugh and yell, the can circulating freely, until Mike became somewhat mollified.

'I tell you what it is boys,' he cried, 'the Fort's a skunk hole, and I'd rather live with the bars than stay in it. Some on ye's bin trying to part me and my boy that I love like my own cub—but no matter. May be he's pisoned against me, but, Carpenter, (striking the youth heavily on the shoulder.) I took you by the hand when it had forgotten the touch of a father's or mother—you know me to be a man and you ain't going to turn out a dog!"

Whether it was that the youth fancied something insulting in the manner of the appeal, or not, we can't say; but it was not responded to very warmly, and a reproach followed from Mike. However, they drank together and the frolic went on, until Mike filled his can walked off some fifty yards, placed it upon the top of his head, and called to Carpenter to take his rifle.

This wild feat of shooting cans off each others head, was a favorite one with Mike—himself and 'boy' generally winding up a hard frolic with this savage, but deeply meaning proof of continued confidence, as for risk, their eagle eyes and iron nerves defied the might of whiskey. After their alienation, a doubly generous impulse, without doubt, had induced Fink to propose and subject himself to the test.

Carpenter had been drinking wildly, and with a boisterous laugh snatched up his rifle. All present had seen the parties 'shoot,' and this desperate aim, instead of alarming, was merely made a matter of of jest.

'Your grog is spilt forever, Mike!'

'Kill the old varmint, young'un!'

'What'l his skin bring in St. Louis?'

Amid a loud laugh, Carpenter raised his piece—even the jesters remarked that he was unsteady—'crack!'—the can fell,—a loud shout—but, instead of a smile of pleasure, a dark frown settled upon the face of Fink! He made no motion except to clutch his rifle as though he would have crushed it, and there he stood gazing at the youth strangely! Various shades of passion crossed his features—surprise, rage, suspition—but at length they composed themselves in a sad expression, the ball had grazed the top of his head cutting the scalp, and the thought of treachery had set his heart on fire.

There was a loud call upon Mike to know what he was waiting for, in which Carpeter joined, pointing to the can upon his head and bidding him fire, if he knew how!

'Carpenter my son,' said the boatman, 'I taught you to shoot different from that last shot! You've missed once, but you won't again!'

He fired, his ball crushing through the forehead of the youth, laid him a corpse amid his, as suddenly hushed companions!

Time wore on—many at the fort spoke darkly of the deed. Mike Fink had never been known to miss his aim—he had grown afraid of Carpenter—he had murdered him! While this feeling was gathering against him, the unhappy boatman lay in his cave, shunning both sympathy and sustenance. He spoke to none—when he did come forth, 'twas as a spectre, and only to haunt the grave of his 'boy,' or if he did break silence, 'twas to burst into a paroxysm of rage against the enemies who had 'turned his boy's heart from him!'

At the fort was a man by the name of Talbott, the Gunsmith of the station; he was very loud and bitter in his denunciations of the 'murderer,' as he called Fink, which finally reaching the ears of the latter, filled him with the most violent passion, and he swore that he would take the life of his defamer. This threat was almost forgotten, when one day Talbott, who was at work in his shop, saw Fink enter the fort, his first visit since the death of Carpenter. Fink approached, he was care-worn, sick and wasted, there was no anger in his bearing, but he carried his rifle, (had he ever gone without it?) and the gunsmith was not a coolly brave man, moreover his life had been threatened.

'Fink,' cried he, snatching up a pair of pistols from his bench, 'don't approach me—if you do you're a dead man!'

'Talbott' said the boatman, in a sad voice, 'you needn't be afraid—you've done me wrong—I'm come to talk to you about—Carpenter—my boy!'

He continued to advance, and the gunsmith again called to him.

'Fink! I know you,—if you come three steps nearer, I'll fire by——!'

Mike carried his rifle across his arm, and made no hostile demonstration, except in gradually getting nearer—if hostile his arm was.

'Talbott, you've accused me of murdering—my boy—Carpenter—that I raised from a child—that I loved like a son—that I can't live without! I'm not mad with you now, but you must let me show you that I couldn't do it—that I'd rather died than do it—that you've wronged me—'

By this time he was within a few steps of the door, and Talbott's agitation became extreme. Both pistols were pointed at Fink's breast in expectation of a spring from the latter.

'By the Almighty above us, Fink I'll fire—I dont want to speak to you now—don't put your foot on that step, don't—'

Fink did put his foot on the step, and the same moment fell heavily within it, receiving the contents of both barrels in his breast! His last and only words were—

'I did'nt mean to kill my boy!'

Poor Mike! we are satisfied with our senior's conviction that you did not mean to kill him. Suspision of treachery doubtless entered his mind, but cowardice and murder never dwelt there.

A few weeks after this event, Talbott himself perished in an attempt to cross the Missouri river in a skiff.

EXAMPLES TO FOLLOW.

When the Legislature first met, they commenced the work of proscription by cutting off the head of the little Messenger boy of the Senate, because he was a *Polk man!* Then the new Governor fell upon the German who had made fires, and took care of the public offices; and the last act was that of dismissing a most worthy mechanic and excellent Librarian, and putting in his place the most miserable, drunken loafer in the State, as a reward for his doggerel rhymes!—to say nothing of such acts as the Brown county Judges, the dismissal of General Gale, and the election of Mr. Moseley Adjutant General. The deep groanings of the whigs may be heard all round at these acts of the *decency!* But they are in character with the "all the decency and all the morals," to say nothing of the religion. They are *Teesdalean* "all over," and we congratulate our neighbor on his success!!—*Statesman.*

A TRUE BUT STRANGE STORY.

The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times says:

One of the strangest circumstances came to light in this city the other day, every link in its chain of events being equally mysterious and remarkable. A lady who keeps a stock store in Sixth street, missed the other day a splendid black scarf, of a rich and peculiarly figured silk. Of course she suspected a number of persons. She discharged her wash woman who happened to be in the store at the time, accused her saleswoman, and also a dealer who had been examining the scarf just before. This dealer was terribly annoyed by the accusation and sorely perplexed. But mark how he and others were relieved, and the guilty one discovered by a simple accident!—Some time after this dealer stepped into a milliner shop in Second street—the only one he ever visited—and there he beheld being worked up into a bonnet, a piece of silk, which he believed to be the identical one in question! He carried a piece of it to the loser. She new it was the same! The milliner said the bonnet was to be finished and called for that evening. A constable and a warrant were procured—the lady came—she was questioned about the silk—declared she bought it—was desired to show what store—the party proceeded to the shop of the loser—the lady there confessed her guilt and fainted! She was taken before Alderman * * *—fainted again—was bound over in $300 to answer—sent for her sister for security, and after a painful scene the curtain dropped! The culprit is a lady belonging to good society, and with her sister keeps a fashionable boarding-house in a fashionable street, is a member of church, and reputed to be a pious and highly respectable lady. We give no names, because we do not desire to add one pang to the sufficiently mortified parties, but nearly to mention the outlines of the singular story, in order to shew how innocence was acquitted and the legally culpable mysterious found out."

☞Those ALIENS were dreadful fellows during the Revolutionary war. A single instance, as a sample of the situation of many of the officers, when the army was disbanded in 1784, as related of the conduct of Baron Steuben, may not be amiss. When the main body of the army was disbanded at Newburg, and the veteran soldiers were bidding a parting farewell to each other, Lieut. Col. Cochran, an aged soldier of the New Hampshire line, remarked, with tears in his eyes, as he shook hands with the Baron—

'For myself I could stand it, but my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have no means of removing them.'

'Come, come,' said the Baron, 'don't give way to us, I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochran and her daughters.'

When the good old soldier left, them their countenance swere warm with gratitude, for he had left them all the money he had.

In one of the Rhode Island regiments there were several companies of black troops, who had served throughout the whole war, and their discipline and bravery was unsurpassed. The Baron observed one of these wounded negroes on the wharf at Newburg, apparently in great distress.

'What's the matter, brother soldier?'

'Why, master Baron, I want a dollar to go home with, now the Congress has no further use for me.'

The Baron was absent a few moments, and returned with a silver dollar which he had borrowed. 'There, is all I could get—take it.'

The negro received it with joy, hailed a sloop which was passing down the river to New York, and, as he reached the deck, took off his hat and said—'God bless master Baron.'—Boston Post.

TEXAS SETTLERS.—The Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer states that upwards of 5000 persons have passed through that place for Texas, during the present season, and that the roads are still lined with waggons.