

# BRITLAND HERALD.

"Here comes the 'Herald' of a noisy world, with news from all Nations."

BY WHITE, EVERSON & Co.

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## PORTER.

Courtship.  
BY THOMAS MOORE.

"Oh Laura! will nothing bring thee  
E'er softer those looks of disdain?  
Are the songs of affection I sing thee  
All doomed to be sung in vain?  
I offer thee, fairest and dearest,  
A treasure the richest I'm worth;  
I offer thee love, the sincerest,  
The warmest ever glow'd upon earth!"  
But the maiden, a haughty look flinging,  
Said, "cease my compassion to move;  
For I'm not very partial to singing,  
And they're poor whose sole treasure is love!"  
"My name will be sounded in story,  
I offer thee, dearest, my name;  
I have fought in the proud field of glory;  
Oh Laura, come share in my fame!  
I bring thee a soul that adores thee art,  
And loves thee wherever thou art,  
Which thrills as its tribute it brings thee  
Of tenderness fresh from the heart!"  
But the maiden said, "cease to importune;  
Give Cupid the use of his wings;  
Ah, fame's but a pitiful fortune—  
And hearts are such valueless things!"  
"Oh Laura, forgive, if I've spoken  
Too boldly—my turn not away—  
For my heart with affliction is broken—  
My uncle died only to-day!  
My uncle, the noble—who tended  
My youth with affection and care,  
My manhood who kindly befriended—  
Has died—and has left me—his heir!"  
And the maiden said, "weep not, sincere  
My heart has been your's all along;  
Oh! hearts are of treasures the dearest—  
Do, Edward, go on with your song."

From the Charleston Courier.

HENRY CLAY.—Nothing can be more extraordinary and unaccountable than the present position of S. Carolina in reference to the Presidential question. Separated from her Southern sisters—standing aloof from her natural allies of the South West—she occupies a strange and awkward place among associates new and ungenial. Cutting asunder the ties of kindred opinion and ancient friendship, she has abandoned her attitude of proud indifference, to obey a leader in whom she has repeatedly declared that she has no trust. Confidence, which Chatham pronounced to be "a plant of slow growth," sprang up in her warm soil like the gourd of the prophet Jonah, in a single night, destined probably to wither and die as soon.

No measure of any importance requires her advocacy; no principle is at stake to demand from her the sacrifices she is making. The sub-treasury scheme—specie clause and all—that palladium of "diversance and liberty"—is consigned to cold neglect and hopeless oblivion. "No coming event casts a shadow before" such portentous menace as to introduce her to seek protection from the men whom she has professed to scorn and detest, the influential advisers of the Chief Magistrate, Blair, Benton and Kendall. Having long and loudly protested against the views which guided his impetuous career the retired monarch of the Hermitage, she now in peaceful submission, joins the servile train, headed by him whose greatest glory is to follow in the footsteps and carry out the views of the American Cæsar de Lion.

Fellow-citizens! can you be induced to pause for a moment, and reflect deliberately on the alternative presented to you. On the one hand we offer for your suffrage, a candidate of distinguished face HENRY CLAY, the great and gifted son of Virginia—a son of whom she might have been proud in her proudest days, when there were giants in the land. Without a rival among our Statesmen, the first of our living Orators, the observed of all observers in the Senate Chamber—his reputation belongs to our common country, and sheds abroad glory on his Western foster mother.

Calm, considerate and forbearing, he has more than once been the umpire in holy disputed questions, and restored peace by the weight of his character, and the wisdom of his counsel. "He is so familiar from long experience, with all the interests of the republic, that the whole nation is prepared to look to him on all great occasions, and to confide fully in his sagacity and patriotism."

In conferring upon him the highest honor in our power, we, the people, shall do honor to ourselves. What lustre can the possessions of office throw around the name of the noble Kentuckian! Through four administrations he has retained his hold upon the enthusiastic affection of his fellow citizens—"first in peace—first in war—first in the hearts of his countrymen," and has filled the largest space in every eye that from abroad gazes upon us across the Atlantic.

He is every way entitled to the warmest esteem and sympathy of Carolinians. All those qualities belong to him, and from prominent points in his personal history, which we are fond to regard as the peculiar characteristics of our most valued public men. A lofty courage, a chivalrous sense of honor, a frank avowal of every sentiment and opinion, a generous self-abandonment to the glowing impulse of feeling have been always the most striking attributes of the great leader of the Whig party.

Contrasted with these traits let us notice the moral and intellectual features of the present incumbent of the Presidential chair. Let us enquire what are his deserts—what service has he rendered to the nation. An unconfirmed Ambassador—a senator voting under instructions—how has he proved himself equal to the stations it has been his fortune to fill? What important measure has he originated or carried through?

Let us notice the singular pledge he has given to carry on the plans of his predecessor—a strong minded individual it is true, but perverse, peremptory and violent, always prompt to assume responsibility, and construe the Constitution by his own understanding. Let us think of his marked disposition—single as I do not deny, with many amiable qualities and much gentlemanly courtesy—to surrender himself to the guidance of those who surround him—not only the vigorous and bold Ex-President but the audacious Blair, the dark mind-

ed Kendall, the insolent and domineering Benton, and most wonderful of all, even the imbecile Woodbury. These men are thus indirectly our rulers. These are thy Gods O Israel.

Unlike his obsequiously worshipped chief, who concentrated and wielded with easy effort, the power of the fierce and wild democracy Mr. Van Buren has been its mere tool, its echo, its shadow; a faint shade, a waning sound, a dull instrument. The story of public life is a continuous history of failures, (for he has succeeded in nothing,) followed by strange reverses and unexpected advancement. He rebounds well, as empty bodies may often do, and being caught after his first fall by the strong arm of his political progenitor, he has been thrown far aloft. His second descent is destined to be final. Our Southern Cæsar thought to save him by his astonishing interposition and headlong plunge, but the wide gaping gulf is still unsealed and bottomless, and will swallow up the adherents of both in one promiscuous ruin.

For all he has done, all that he has purposed to do, for all he has promised, he has been amply repaid. By a succession of lucky chances, the results generally of the misdeeds of his adversaries, rather than his own skill in combination, but of which, with much promptness, and self possession he has well availed himself; he is elevated to the most eminent station in the world—for less than this I cannot account the first office in the gift of a great and free people. Since the days of WASHINGTON no man has been intitled to hold this place more than a single term. Let Mr. Van Buren, then, who surely holds it with a feeble title than any of his predecessors, let him retire with dignified modesty. He either will or must.

What claim can he have to the vote of South Carolina? His own fellow-citizens of the Empire State discard and reject him. What has he done for us—what for our country? He has promised in a certain event to veto a certain bill, if such a bill should ever pass, well knowing that during his political life it is impossible that the contingency should occur, and if it does, are we to depend for safety upon a Presidential vote?—Our good words will then be our only protection. Nay, long before that movement "argument will be exhausted, and we shall stand to our arms."

Here then we will raise aloft the banner of HENRY CLAY. We will plant it deeply and firmly, exulting in our gallant leader and our good cause. It is triumphant in every section of the Union, it prevails in Massachusetts, in Virginia, in Mississippi, and New York! We will no longer be silent, but join in the loud huzza which echoes from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of the St. Lawrence, and from the Atlantic far across the heights of the Allegheny to the lakes of the distant West. The voice of a free people rends the skies with its thunders, and over all our vast continent peers forth the name of the statesman of Kentucky.

WILLIAM LOWMEYER.

The rich and the poor.—The rich have the most meat—the poor the best appetite. The rich lie softest—the poor sleep the soundest. The rich have delicacies—the poor have health. The rich are afraid of losing—the poor have nothing to lose, and so in this respect have nothing to fear. The rich dread the midnight robber—the poor have no apprehensions of being robbed. The rich hang themselves through fear of poverty—the poor laugh and sing, and love their lives too well to put their neck in the noose.

Mulberry Mania.—In the course of a few years we may expect to find ourselves in the midst of an almost interminable forest. Multitudes of the new open fields which surround us on every side, are planted with the gold bearing Morus Multicaulis. We understand that one company have planted 400 acres, a few miles from this city, with this wonderful tree. A gentleman a few miles below us, possesses 100,000 trees, which he will sell for \$100,000 if he can get it. Straight sticks, trimmed, three and four feet long, sell for 50 to 62 1/2 cents. Buds 4 cents each. We congratulate our citizens upon the prospect of a fall in freewood.

Madisonian.

Medical Men will never be at a loss for Vaccine Virus, during the prevalence of Variol, on application to Dr. Cooke of this city. (appointed some years ago, it may be remembered, by the Royal College of Surgeons and Physicians, Corresponding Vaccinator of the National Vaccine Establishment in London) who will be informed, he at all times happy to favor his professional brethren—gratuitously—with supplies direct from England. Quite in character this, with the Patron of Albany. Long may he live—happy may he dwell.—Albany Sun.

The Spirit of Loco Focism.—The following explains itself, and gives us a sad specimen of the system of "rewarding friends and punishing enemies first introduced by the "Greatest and the Best."

From the Spirit of the Times, of May 3.

I, George Reed, of the District of Kensington having been elected, through the votes of Democrats, County Treasurer, DO HEREBY SOLEMNLY PLEDGE MYSELF to make all appointments out of the Democratic party, and will use the utmost of my exertions to ADVANCE THE INTEREST AND PROMOTE THE SUCCESS of the Democratic party, and that said office shall, in all respects, BE STRICTLY AND ENTIRELY DEMOCRATIC.

Given under my hand, this 17th day of April 1839.

GEORGE REED.

[A true copy of the original.]

This is Pennsylvania Loco Focism, and is a mild example, compared with some we have seen.

Old fashioned way to celebrate Nuptials.—In the New York Journal of April 13, 1790, it is stated that during the week previous, Mr. Alexander Robertson, in honor of his daughter's marriage to Peter McDougal, sent "to cheer the hearts of the sick in the same house, and the hapless debtors in jail, 150 loaves of bread, 300 pounds of cheese, 3 barrels strong ale and 3 barrels apples."

## Reminiscences of Bygone Times.

From the New York Mirror.  
NEW-ENGLAND WITCHCRAFT.

BY JOHN REED.

### CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

But why delay the catastrophe? Burroughs and Elizabeth and Rachel were taken. They were led back in triumph; he, prepared for the worse, Rachel afraid only for Elizabeth, and Elizabeth more dead than alive.

On the fifth day of August, 1692—less than one hundred and fifty years ago—he was put upon trial, he, a minister of the gospel, in the very heart of New England, for witchcraft! It happened in the midst of a terrible thunder storm, and lasted all day and a part of the night. His behavior was that of a good and brave man; but he shook, nevertheless, two or three times after midnight, when he saw beside eight confessing witches, and five or six poor disempered creatures, Elizabeth Hubbard herself, a woman whose character had been at his mercy for years, John Ruck, his brother-in-law, a pious, weak man, two or three old and very dear friends, and half a score of neighbors arrayed against him, as if each were encouraged by the others. What was he to believe? what could he believe? These people were not, like Elizabeth Hubbard, in his power, nor like the multitude, either hostile to nor afraid of him. They were there to take away his life—under a deep sense of duty. His manly heart swelled when he saw this, and a shadow fell upon the faces around him. It was the shadow of death, and he knew it.

"The confessing witches testified," to borrow the very language of an eye-witness to the whole, "that the prisoner had been at witch meetings with them, and had seduced and compelled them into the snare of witchcraft; that he promised them fine clothes for doing it; that he brought poppets to them, and thorns to stick into those poppets, for the afflicting other people, and that he exhorted them to bewitch all Salem village, but do it gradually."

Among the bewitched, or afflicted persons, one declared, "that in her agonies, a little black man came to her, saying his name was Burroughs, and bidding her set her hand to a book which he showed her, bragging that he was a conjurer, and above the ordinary rank of witches;" and others, that "in their torments, the prisoner tempted them to go to a sacrament, to which they heard him summoning other witches by the sound of a trumpet, who came from all quarters, helter skelter, to the rendezvous;" another, on recovering from a trance, declared, "that he had carried her away into the top of a very high mountain, where he showed her mighty and glorious kingdoms, and offered them all to her if she would but write her name in his book." His sudden appearance at the trial of Sarah Good, his look of premature old age after an absence of only three years, about which every body spoke with surprise when he appeared in court; his loud voice and swarthy complexion, both so unlike what they had been, that few could remember him in the gay, highspirited youth, whom they had known but a few years before, and been so well acquainted with when a preacher; his behaviour to the boy, his reproduction of the lost knife, at such a critical moment, by the help of that boy; his bright, fierce look at his undaunted courage, and his remarkable words when they asked him by what authority he was abroad again, and he answered, "By the authority of the Strong Man! Who was the Strong Man? By the authority of one who has endowed me with great power! Who was that One?"

The judges were not long in doubt, for it being proved by a great number of respectable and trustworthy witnesses, that the accused, though a small man, had lifted a gun of seven feet barrel, with one hand behind the lock; nay, that with his forefinger and at the same place, a stout, formidable savage did the same thing, it was adjudged by the court, after consulting together awhile, that Burroughs had been aided and assisted by the Black Man, who was near, in a bodily shape; and after this it having been satisfactorily proved that Burroughs "made nothing" of other tests requiring a bodily strength, such as no one there had ever seen or heard of out of the holy Scriptures, it was solemnly adjudged by the same court, after a further consultation, that George Burroughs had a devil; and, after this, it being proved by Mr. Ruck, the brother-in-law of Burroughs, "that one day, when Burroughs and his wife and Mr. Ruck went out after strawberries together, three miles into the country, Burroughs on foot and they on horseback, Burroughs went aside into the bushes, whereupon they halted and believed for him, and he not making them any reply, they went homeward with a quickened pace, not expecting to see him for a considerable time, but when they were near home they saw him ahead of them, all at once, and about as before, with a basket of strawberries, newly gathered, waiting for his wife, whom he reproved for what she had spoken to her brother on the road, which, when they marvelled at, he said he knew their very thoughts; and Ruck, saying that was more than the devil himself could know, he answered with a heat, "Brother and wife, my God makes known your thoughts to me." All this being proved, the court, after a third consultation, gave judgment in the following words:—"That George Burroughs then stepped aside only that, by the assistance of the Black Man, he might put on his invisibility, and in that fascinating mist, gratify his own jealous honor to hear what they said of him."

Others now testified that both his wives had frequently complained of their house being troubled with wicked spirits; and others, who had sworn before the committing Judge to the same story, now repeated, while it thundered and lightened in their upturned faces, and the big sweat stood upon the forehead of Burroughs, who appeared as if his heart was broken, though about his mouth was a patient, proud smile; for near him were Elizabeth and Rachel Dyer, waiting to be called up, one pale as death, watching his look as if she had no

hope on earth but in him, while the other stood up with her majestic forehead flashing to the storm—aye, repeated, even at such an hour, and in such a place, that they had been visited by the apparitions of his buried wives, who charged him with having caused their death, and promised, if he denied the charge, to appear in court against him.

"Prisoner at the bar," said one of the Judges, after consulting with J. Governor Stoughton, a Mr. Winthrop, and a Major Saltonstall, three other Judges "prisoner at the bar, what say you? will you venture to deny the charge?"

"Will I deny the ——" He was interrupted by a crash of thunder that shook the whole house, and was followed by one universal cry of horror from the multitude, rushing together, and falling upon their knees and covering their faces. "will I deny the charge?—Yes, that will I! that I do! Let my accusers appear! Let the grave open before me—I am not afraid. If they but wear the blessed features of them that I loved while on earth, I shall but tremble with joy to meet them."

Another crash of thunder followed—another similar outcry—and lo! the afflicted began screaming that the apparitions had actually kept their promise—accepted the challenge—and were seen standing face to face with the prisoner!

For a long time nothing could be heard but shrieks of horror, and the voices of the constables trying to make themselves heard.

At last, willing to hear what Burroughs would say, one of the judges asked him what hindered those people from giving their testimony—for they had all been seized with fit after fit, while proceeding with their stories.

"I do not know," was the reply, "I am utterly confounded by their behavior; it may be the devil." "Ah," said one of the Judges, "and why is the devil so loath to have testimony borne against you? answer me that." "Whereupon," says an eye-witness, "the prisoner was cast into very great confusion."

Here the trial ended. The minds of the jury were made up; for though he spoke in a way that made every body about him shudder, for what they called the application of his mighty power, and although he gave up to the judges a written argument of wonderful vigor and beauty, which is yet preserved among the records of that people, he was found guilty and straightway condemned to death—nay, for a time, it was a question whether he should not be burned alive or stoned to death.

He showed no sort of emotion. He made no sort of reply. He neither moved nor spoke till he saw the women gather about a place where Elizabeth Dyer sat, and lift her up and carry her forth into the air, as if she were a dead creature, followed by men with firelocks and drawn swords. "Then, and for the first time, he was moved; but, before he could open his mouth, he saw Rachel Dyer stand up and say to the Judges, 'Let me be tried, I entreat ye, oh Judges of Israel, before the maid be brought back! Let her be kept away, I beseech ye; if—' if his voice quavered for a moment here; "if her presence be not required by the law."

"Let it be so," was the answer from the bench. Proceed.

But why stop to detail a process, the result of which every body foreknew? Enough to say that she was found guilty, like the others.

"Why are these poor women troubled?" quoth Judge Winthrop, just before giving judgment of death against her.

"I do not know," was the reply.

"But according to your belief?"

"I do not wish to say what I think of the matter, friend Winthrop. It can do no good and might do harm."

"Do not you think they are bewitched?"

"No, I do not."

"Give us your thoughts of the malady," added another of the Judges.

"No, I should! My thoughts can be of no value to thee. If I had more proof I might be willing to speak of their master."

"Of their Master, hey!" cried a little man, with a sharp, eager look, and a pinched-up mouth, "and who is their master?"

"If they deal in witchcraft, or in the black-art Joseph, thee need not be told by me who their master is ———"

"Woman—you smile. Are you not afraid of death?"

"No—not afraid of death. And yet if I might be spared for a little time, I should be very thankful."

"Not afraid of death, Rachel Dyer?"

"No, no—and why should I be afraid of any thing but life, and the sorrows and the transgressions of life? Why should I desire to live?"

What is there to attach a miserable creature like me to life? No, no—but for one thing—the poor dear child, Elizabeth—I should say, Lord! let now thy servant depart in peace! nay, I should fore to be where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

"What have you done, Rachel Dyer, to disturb the faculties of that woman?"

"Speakest thou of the witness, Elizabeth Hubbard?"

"Yes."

"Much, much—though nought of evil."

"It is your apparition, perhaps?"

"If so, I cannot help it."

"Why does your apparition persecute her?"

"How should I know? He that appeared in the shape of Samuel, may appear in the shape of another."

"Judgment was pronounced forthwith, and she was ordered for execution within three days."

Elizabeth Dyer was then put to the bar; but half dead with terror, and so alarmingly ill, they concluded to put off her trial, and allow her to have a short interview with her sister.

### CHAPTER THE LAST.

The two wretched young women met once more—and but once, before they were to be separated for ever. Elizabeth grew ashamed of her own weakness, on perceiving how steadfast and womanly was the faith of Rachel. "I pray thee, dear sister, to forgive me," said she, falling suddenly

upon her sister's neck, after they had been together a whole hour.

"Forgive thee, for what, pray?"

"Do, do, forgive me, Rachel!"

"Why, what can be the matter with thee, child?" Here we sit for a whole hour together, in the dead of night, looking death in the face, without a sob or a tear comforting our hearts, weary and way-worn as they are, with the hope of soon meeting our beloved mother, and our high-minded father—and yet, all of a sudden, as if we had never thought a word of death——"

"Oh, but I have thought of it, sister—indeed I have, and what is more, I have brought myself to be very willing to die now—now, but ——"

"But what, pray?—why does thee stop?—why torn away thy face?—why break out even into such bitter lamentations?"

"Oh my dear, dear sister!"

"Why, what ails thee, Elizabeth Dyer? What am I to believe? What has thee done? Why does thee cling to me so? And wherefore does thee hide thy face?"

"Oh Rachel, Rachel, I dare not speak to thee; I dare not look at thee—I cannot!"

"Lift up thy head this minute, Elizabeth Dyer! Let go of my hand, and let me see thy face!"

"Oh, no, no, no—I dare not—I am afraid of thee."

"Of me!—of me, Elizabeth! Why what has thee done, my poor sister—and what have I done to deserve all this at thy hands?"

"Oh nothing, sister, dear sister—there has done nothing. It is I only that have been so foolish and so wicked!"

"Wicked! foolish!—in what way?—would thee drive me crazy?"

"I am very sorry, sister—very, very—but oh, I could not help it."

"Could not help what? Speak—and whatever it is, I will forgive thee—speak, in mercy!—we have but a few minutes left, the day is breaking now, Elizabeth; oh speak to me!"

"I will—I will!" whispered the poor girl, sobbing as if her heart would break, and burying her face in the lap of her terrified sister, at whose feet she had fallen, with her magnificent hair all abroad.

"I will—I will, but—with the low, sweet murmuring of a pure heart, as though it were a confession of guilt and shame—"Oh, don't look at me so; I cannot bear it, Rachel!"

"Look at thee, my poor, bewildered sister; how can thee tell whether I am looking at thee or not, while thy heart is there? Get up; I don't half like that posture; it betokens too much fear—too much humility, at a time like this. Get up, Elizabeth, Get up, if thee wouldst raise a trouble in my heart, which I wouldst have there now for all the world; Get up, I beseech thee, Elizabeth Dyer."

Elizabeth arose, and fell again upon her sister's neck, and putting her mouth close to her ear, while her innocent face glowed with deep shame, whispered—"I pray thee, Rachel, dear Rachel, I pray thee—do let me see once more, though it be only for a few minutes, before we are separated by death, never to meet again, perhaps, never!"

Rachel made no reply; but gathering the sweet girl into her bosom with a convulsive sob, she wept for a long while upon her neck. They were interrupted by the jailer, who came to read a warrant, saying, that inasmuch as the man called George Burroughs, otherwise called the Reverend George Burroughs, having desired to see Rachel Dyer and Elizabeth Dyer, the confederate witches, before his death, he had been permitted by the merciful and honorable Judges to see the said Rachel Dyer, and he, the bearer, was, therefore, empowered to fetch the said Rachel to the said George, for the reasons aforesaid; and therefore he was to fail not at his peril, etc.; all which he read with great emphasis and solemnity, even to the signatures of the judges, and the day of the month, and year.

A separation like that of death followed between the two sisters. They had no hope of meeting again on earth. Poor Elizabeth was quite speechless; but her large, blue eyes were turned up to the face of Rachel, as if to implore a consideration of her dying prayer. "If it may be," said Rachel, "if it may be, dear Elizabeth, it shall be. Have courage. Be prepared for the worst, while hoping for the best, however; and now farewell my dear, dear sister—we shall not see one another again this side the grave—oh my sister, forgive me that I have been harsh to thee; and if thy life be spared—as it may, dearest—oh think of me as of one that suffered much—much, from untold sorrow, and a weariness of spirit, known but to our Father, our dear Father in Heaven. Let us pray."

They prayed together, each with her arm about the other's neck—the jailer standing over them, and wondering to see witches pray; but accounting for it upon the principle of their being deserted by their betrayer, and driven to repentance by the wholesome severity of the law—interchanged their trembling farewell kisses, in a transport of affection, and parted for ever.

Rachel was led straightway to the dungeon, where she found Burroughs, chained like a wild beast to the wall. "There is yet one hope, dear Rachel!" said he, and but one; striving as he spoke, to wrench the pillar from its place, to which he was chained; though at the risk of bringing down the roof with it, like the strong man of old.

"No, George—there is no hope; and I could not have thee deceive thyself; nay, nay—wouldst thou, if thou hadst the power pluck down destruction upon the heads of the innocent.—Forswear, my friend, forbear!"

"Nay, it is not for myself that I speak. I am prepared for death, and ready for death; but oh Rachel! if I could but persuade you, there might be hope for Elizabeth and for you."

"George!—what hope on earth is there for me?—and she stopped suddenly, as if she had betrayed herself, and withdrew her hand which he had been holding to his heart.

"Hear me, thou high-hearted, generous one! I have, indeed, no hope of myself, and for thee; but—but—I do believe we may be saved."

"Manage!"

"Be patient, my dear friend, and change here; a great change."