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BY W. H. CHANDLER.]

THE UNION OF THE WHIGS—FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION.

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GREAT WHIG MEETING IN NEW YORK
—MR. FRELINGHUYSEN.—On Monday, the 6th inst., one of the largest meetings ever held in the city of New York assembled in the Park, in that city, to respond to the nominations of the Baltimore Convention. It is estimated that at least ten thousand Whigs were present. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and eloquent speeches were made by several distinguished gentlemen. After the meeting adjourned, the Whigs formed a procession, and marched to the residence of Mr. Frelinghuysen, to congratulate him on his nomination to the Vice Presidency. He made his appearance, and, after a long, hearty, and most enthusiastic greeting, proceeded to address the immense assembly, in a speech, of which we find the following report in the New York Express:

MR. FRELINGHUYSEN'S SPEECH.

My fellow-citizens, I thank you for your enthusiastic approbation of the nomination lately made by the Whigs of the United States, assembled in convention at Baltimore. To be selected by such a body of distinguished patriots, is an honor I most deeply and sensibly feel, and the more deeply and sensibly, that it is so cheerfully ratified by my friends and neighbors in New York. I can only say that such a mark of kindness will strengthen my attachment to Whig principles if such strengthening was necessary, and that it is certainly calculated to make me strive to the best of my abilities, if I am ever put in a situation to carry out your principles, so to act as to merit this kindness, and to justify the confidence you have conferred upon me. (Cheers.)

Gentlemen, the great principles of the Whig party, for which you have so long and so nobly struggled amid the greatest gloom, and notwithstanding the most cruel disappointments, are my principles. (Cheers, three times given, and three times repeated, with cries, "we know that," "we made the nomination for that.") I have long cherished these principles. I shall maintain them hereafter as I have maintained them before. (Cheers.) They are, as I understand them—

A sound national currency.
A just limitation of Executive power.
A tariff for revenue, discriminating for the purpose of incidental protection to domestic industry. (Loud cheering.)
An equal, fair distribution of the proceeds of the public lands among the several States of the Union.

These, as I understand them, continued Mr. Frelinghuysen, are the cardinal, although not all the principles, of the Whig party; and after what I have already said, I need hardly add, that they will find me a humble but willing advocate in whatever position I may be placed. (Cheers.)

We need an Executive administration of the Government, Mr. F. continued to say, that will fairly and faithfully carrying out the principles of the Constitution, exercising its full powers which are given it, and keeping strictly within its limitations, where powers are limited, conceding where there ought to be concession, but firm when concession would result in injury—liberally maintaining its compromises, but as independently carrying out its positive commands—and yet who will take no other responsibilities upon himself but what he finds there. It is a matter, as it seems to me, for thankfulness, in a distinguished citizen of Kentucky all these principles are embodied, and that he is not only pledged to them by a long public life, but that such is the truthfulness and fidelity of his nature, that the people can well trust him with power to carry them out. (Great cheering.)

Gentlemen, the political life of Henry Clay for thirty years past has been only an illustration of Whig principles, and the history of his life for twenty years would be the history of his country. Whenever there was a struggle for the protection of American labor against foreign industry, where but on the side of his country was Henry Clay?—Whenever there was a struggle to limit the alarming and overgrown magnitude of Executive power—or when the vast public domain was in jeopardy from being offered for sale in the political market, where but on the side of faith, of honor, of justice to all, was our illustrious champion and friend?—(Great cheering.) In all of these great questions his voice has been heard from the first. In all of the combats concerning them he has

led the van. (Cheers.) He has never compromised the dignity of his position to gain a vote, on the momentary breath of popular favor, but with an eye ever steady fixed upon an approving public, he has fearlessly discharged what he has deemed to be his duty. (Cheers.) I don't believe a purer patriot lives on the whole continent of America—(cheers)—and for proof, I point to a long public life passed in stirring scenes which has never conflicted with probity, or honor; a life unsullied by meanness, or groveling appeal to improper ambition—in all of which his principles have been put forth with order and as clear as light, while every pulse breathing within him has been for the welfare and true glory of his country. If such a man does not deserve the name of patriot, I do not know who does deserve the name or who can. (Cheers.) They say he is ambitious! I dare say he is. Be it so then.—But point me the time where he has not sacrificed ambition and himself, if what he deemed his duty called. I happened to know that on that great question, the public lands, the question was thrust upon him by an adverse Senate to make him unpopular in the West. He entered upon it with a zeal characteristic of himself, and gave it the whole power of his mind. He never thought of what was to become of himself. As a Western man he had a tempting field for political traffic in the whole public domain—he might have used it for the purpose of ambition. He might have held it out as a tempting bait for the whole West. But his heart was as large as his country. (Cheers.) He studied the title out of his public domain. He knew where it came from, and justice told where it belonged. Fearlessly, then, as is his nature, he flung out his banner, "Distribution of the proceeds among the States;" and he nailed it to the mast.—(Great cheering and cries of "that is good.")

I have said of Mr. Clay, continued Mr. Frelinghuysen, that his heart was as large as his country. A signal instance of it was his course on the tariff in the arduous session of 1832. Perhaps no man living could more tenderly cherish a conception of his own brain, or an offspring of his own creation than he who has been called the father of the American system. The principles of protection to American industry embodied in the tariff law, Mr. Clay has cherished as he has life. But when in 1831—'2, an unnatural excitement was got up in South Carolina against a law, in the enactment of which he did not participate, he saw it was necessary to save his country from peril, even to make a sacrifice of what he loved so much. He looked for time to instruct the whole country in the necessity and utility of protecting home industry, and he was willing to have a truce of eight years to give that time. He said to his friends in the Senate, "we can all see how an Executive can lead us into a fraternal war, but how he can get us out, that we never can foresee. Dear as the tariff is to all, he said, we must give it up for the moment to save our countrymen from shedding each other's blood—to preserve the union and cause of human liberty throughout the world. I shall rejoice my friends, if you can go with me, but do what you will, I must offer myself as a victim up to peace." [Cheers.] He became the great pacificator of that alarming time—and "blessed are the peace makers," says the highest authority that addresses man.—[Cheering and loud applause.] Thus, gentlemen, in every view I can take of my position, I have reason for gratitude and thankfulness to you and the country, that my name is connected with the name that reflects honor even upon so humble an associate—and it shall be my pride and my gratification, I repeat to merit the confidence your kindness has bestowed upon me. [Applause.]

One word, gentlemen, for my honored mother, the State that gave me birth—where repose the ashes of my ancestors—and to which I am indebted for many marks of regard prior to this of late. I assure you, gentlemen, New Jersey will be true to all the principles of Whigs. Whatever may be her temporary vibrations from the temporary inaction of her prosperity, or from local or transitory ambition, she is Whig to the heart and core. (Loud cheers.) We can never be any thing else but Whigs, Whigs first, Whig last, Whig always—[cheers]—a State cradled in the bloodiest scenes of the American revolution, whose hills, and valleys, and plains are stirring all with revolutionary invocations, she would be false to herself, and an unnatural offspring, if she could forget the principles born with her, and bleed for on her bosom. [Cheers.] No, she never can cease to be Whig till the plains of

Monmouth, the heights of Princeton, and the streets of Trenton are forgotten—till she tears out from history the leaves of her glory, and blots from her escutcheon the brightest gems that are emblazoned upon it. I promise you, gentlemen, I promise the Union, New Jersey will be true to herself, and the whole country. [Cheers loud and prolonged, amid which Mr. Frelinghuysen retired.]

THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

As Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN is now prominent

ly before his fellow citizens as a candidate

for their suffrages, a brief sketch of his

previous history may not be unacceptable. He

is descended from the Rev. Theodorius J.

Frelinghuysen, who emigrated to this country

from Holland in 1720, and settled in the

county of Somerset. He had the pastoral

charge of the Church at Millstone, and of

other neighboring parishes. He is said to

have been "a great blessing to the Refor-

med Dutch Church of America. He was an

able evangelical and eminently successful

preacher. He left five sons, ministers, and

two daughters married to ministers." One

of his sons, the Rev. John Frelinghuysen,

was also pastor of the same churches, and

died 1754. A monument still remains to

his memory in the graveyard at Somerville.

His son Gen. Frederick Frelinghuysen (the

father of the present Chancellor) was born

in 1753, and when only 22 years old was

sent by New Jersey to the Continental Congress,

which place he resigned in 1777. He

received a large share of the confidence of

his fellow-citizens, and, after serving in

many State offices, was elected to the U. S.

Senate, in 1793, which office domestic

duties constrained him to resign in 1796. He

was afterwards appointed Major General of

Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and rendered

important duties to his country. He

ranked among the ablest and purest citizens

of his State, and died in 1804, beloved and

lamented by his country and his friends. He

left three sons, of whom Theodore (the

candidate for the Vice Presidency) only survives.

He was born at Millstone, Somerset county

New Jersey, in 1787, and is consequently

fully seventy years of age. He graduated

at Princeton College in 1804. The Hon.

Samuel L. Southard, Thomas H. Crawford,

George Chambers, Joseph R. Ingersoll, and

President Lindsley, of the Nashville University,

were among his classmates. He studied

law with the late Richard Stockton, and

was admitted to practice in 1808. He soon

distinguished himself at the bar, and about

1814 was appointed Prosecutor of the Pleas

for Sussex county, and 1817 to be Attorney

General of the State, an office for which he

was eminently qualified, and the duties of

which he fulfilled for the space of 12 years

with distinguished ability. It is said that

the character which he had then acquired for integrity, and his fervid eloquence, enabled him to exercise an almost unlimited sway over the juries which he was called upon to address. In 1826 he was elected to a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court, vacated by the resignation of Judge Rossell, which he declined. He continued to act as Attorney General until 1828, when he was elected to the Senate of the United States. His course, during the six years he occupied a seat in that body, is known to the country at large. In 1829 he was selected to preside as Chancellor over the University of the city of New York, which station he now occupies.

We might here conclude, but we cannot

refrain from saying that this nomination will

give great gratification to the Whigs of New

Jersey. As a citizen, he is one whom the

State has always delighted to honor; and, as

a politician, he has always steadfastly main-

tained and advocated the principles of the

Whig party. In private life he exhibits the

suavity and amenity of manner, the kindness

of heart, and the benevolence of the dispo-

sition of a Christian. He brings to the dis-

charge of all his duties soundness of judg-

ment, steadiness of purpose, and habits and

principles of the strictest integrity. His views

are liberal and enlightened: he is beyond

the control of a mere selfish or partisan in-

fluence: and to no one could the great inter-

ests of the country be more safely entrusted.

Grateful for the honor conferred upon her

by the nomination, the Whigs of N. Jersey

pledge to their fellow Whigs throughout the

Union their most untiring efforts for the

maintenance of Whig principles, and the

next electoral vote of the State for HENRY

CLAY and THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.

EMIGRANTS' DAUGHTER.

One of the most singular peculiarities; indeed, I may say passions—of the Irish is their fondness for their offspring.

A curious illustration of this occurred to me on my recent journey through the Northern lakes. It happened to be what the sailors call very dirty weather, finished up by a tremendous gale which obliged us to seek shelter at a lump of aboriginal barrenness called, Mainot Island, where we were obliged to remain for five days. There were a few deck passengers—between five and six hundred; and inasmuch as they had only provided themselves with barely sufficient food for the average time, provisions became alarmingly scarce, and no possibility of a supply. To be sure there was one venerable ox—a sort of semi-petrification, an organic remnant—a poor, attenuated, hornless, sightless, bovine patriarch, who obligingly yielded up his small residue of existence for our benefit. Indeed, it was quite a mercy that we arrived to relieve him from a painful state of suspense, for so old and powerless was he, that if his last breath had not been extracted, he certainly could not have drawn it by himself.

Well, as you may suppose, there was considerable consternation on board. Short, very short, allowance was adopted to meet the contingency, and the poor deck passengers had a terrible time of it. Amongst the latter was an Irish emigrant, with his wife and three children, the eldest about seven years, and all without the smallest subsistence, except what the charity of their fellow passengers would afford them; and as they were but scantily supplied, it can readily be imagined how miserably off was this poor family. However, it so happened that the beauty and intelligence of the children attracted the attention of one of our lady passengers, who had them occasionally brought into the cabin and their hunger appeased. Gleesome bright-eyed little creatures they were, scrupulously clean, despite the poverty of their parents, all life and happiness, and in blissful ignorance of the destitution by which they were surrounded.

One day delighted with her little protegee, the lady happened to say, half jestingly—"I wonder would this poor man part with one of those little darlings! I should like to adopt it."

"I don't know" said I; "suppose we make the inquiry."

The man was sent for, and the delicate business thus opened:—"My good friend said," said the lady; "you are very poor, are you not?"

His answer was peculiarly Irish:—"Poor! me lady," said he. "Be the power of pewther! if there's a poorer man nor meself troublein' the world, God pity both of us, for we'd be about aqual."

"Then you must find it difficult to support your children," said I, making a long jump towards our object.

"Is it support them, sir?" he replied. "Lord bless ye, I never supported them—they get supported somehow or another; they've never bin hungry yet—when they are it'll be time enough to grumble."

Irish all over, thought I;—to-day has enough to do, let to-morrow look out for itself.

"Well then," I resumed with a determined plunge, "would it be a relief to you to part from one of them?"

I had mistaken my mode of attack. He started, turned pale, and with a wild glare in his eye, literally screamed out—

"A relief! God be good to us, what do ye mean? A relief!—would it be a relief 'd ye think to have the hand chopped from my body, or have the heart tore out of my breast?"

You don't understand us," interposed my philanthropic companion. "Should one be enabled to take and place your child in ease and comfort, would you interfere with its well doing?"

The tract of women! She had touched the chord of paternal solicitude—the poor fellow was silent, twisted his head about, and looked all bewildered. The struggle between a father's love and his child's interest was evident and affecting. At last he said—

"God bless ye, my lady, and all that thinks of the poor! Heaven knows I'd be glad to get better the child, it isn't in regard to meself, but—but hadn't I better go and spake to Mary, she's the mother of them, and 't would be unreasonab'le to be givin away her children afore her face, and she not to know nothing of the matter?"

"A way with you then," said I, "and bring us back word as soon as possible. In about an hour he returned, but his eyes red and swollen, and features pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," inquired I, "what success?"

"Bedad 'twas a hard struggle, sir," said he, "but it's for the child's good, and Heaven give us strength to bear it."

"Very good, and which is it to be?"

"Why, sir, I've bin spakin' to Mary, and she thinks as Norah here is the oldestest, she won't miss the mother so much, and if ye'll jist let her take a parting kiss, she'd give her to yez with a blessing."

So my poor fellow took his children away, to look at one of them for the last time. It was long ere he returned, but when he did he was leading the second eldest.

"How's this?" said I. "Have you changed your mind?"

"Not exactly changed my mind, sir," he replied; "but I've changed the crather. Ye see sir, I've bin spakin' to Mary, and when it come to the ind, be goxy! she couldn't part with Norah, at all at all; they've got used to aich others ways; but here's little Biddy—she's purtier far, if she'll do as well."

It's all the same," said I; let Biddy remain.

"May Heaven be yer guardian!" cried he,

snatching her up to his arms, and giving her one long hearty kiss. "God be kind to him that's kind to you, and them that offers you hurt or harm, may their souls never see St. Peter's." So the bereaved father rushed away, and all that night the child remained with us; but early the next morning my friend Pat re-appeared, and this time he had his youngest child, a mere baby, snugly cuddled up in his arms."

"What the matter now?" said I.

"Why thin, sir," said he, with an expression of the most comic anxiety, "axin' yer honor's pardon for being so wake hearted, but when I begun to think of Biddy's eyes—look at them, they're the image of her mother's, bedad—I couldn't let her go; but here's little Paudeen—he won't be much trouble to any one, for if he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye and the softest heart on the top of creation, and if he takes after his father, he'll have a purty hard fist on a broad pair of shoulders to push his way thro' the world. 'Take him, sir, and gi' me 'Biddy'."

"Just as you like," said I, having a pretty good guess how matters would eventuate.—So he took away his Biddy, and handed me the little toddling urchin. This chirping little vagabond won't be long with us, thought I. Nor was he. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed before Pat rushed into the cabin, and seizing little Paudeen up in his arms, he turned to me, and with large tears bubbling in his eyes, cried out:

"Look at him; sir—just look at him! it's the youngest. Ye wouldn't have the heart to keep him from us. The long and the short of it is, I've been spakin' to Mary. Ye see she couldn't part with Norah, and I didn't like to let Biddy go; but, be mesowl, neither of us could live a half day without little Paudeen. No sir,—no; we can bare the bitterness of poverty, but we can't part from our children, unless it's the will of Heaven to take it from us."

A SECRET.

"How do you do, Mrs. Tome; have you heard that story about Mrs. Ludy?"

"Why, no, really, Mrs. Gab, what is it?"—do tell."

"O, I promised not to tell for the world! No, I must never tell it, I'm afraid it will get out."

"Why, I'll never tell it as long as I live, just as true as the world—what is it? come—tell."

"Now you wont say anything about it, will you?"

"No I will never open my mouth about it, sacredly. Hope to die this minute."

"Well, if you believe me, Mrs. Ludy told me last night, that Mrs. Trott told her that her sister's husband was told by persons who saw it, that Mrs. Troubles' oldest daughter was told, by Mrs. Nichols, that she heard Mrs. the Pautein tell Naomi Blute, that milliner told her that Bustles were going out of fashion.—Crescent City.

The Bardstown Gazette is responsible for the truth of the following:—

"A man in Casey county has announced himself as a candidate for the Legislature, by the following placard, which he has tacked to the Court House door of that county:—

"John Brent, Locofoco, has a sickly wife and eight small children—is very poor, afraid to steal, don't like to work, against the Tariff, but in favor of Texas—would like to be elected to the legislature."

A man once said that he was calculating, that if butter was worth six cents a pound, how far it was to the market house.

Ans. Three lengths of a d-n fool, and if he didn't believe it to lay down and measure it. Them's the licks hos.

"My son, hold up your head and tell me who was the strongest man," "Jonah." "Why so?" "Cause the whale could'n't hold him after he got him down." That's a man—you needn't study the catechism any more at present."

HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE

A man and his wife down town, the other day, had a quarrel and horrible to relate, he got his axe and before the poor woman could get out of the way, he rushed into the yard and split some wood.

A miser in Alton gave an entertainment to a few friends. When the juice of the grape had evaporated, he waited on a justice, and begged to be committed to prison on a charge of having robbed himself of ten dollars!

The Richmond Star says "We have all been mischievous boys in our time, except the girls,—and they are always 'Playing the mischief'."

A youngster in school was asked "What was the Congress of the United States?" He replied, "Congress is composed of two bodies, the Senate and House of Representatives, which meet every winter to pass laws and distract business."

An Orator holding forth in favor of woman, dear woman, dear divine woman,—concluded thus:—"Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats woman!" "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors, "a bad husband does."

If a man call you a liar, and thief, and scoundrel, tell him you have not sufficient confidence in him to believe it.

From the Louisville Journal.
LATE FROM HAVANNA.

THE SEVILLE INSURRECTION.—We copy the following from the N. Orleans Picayune of the 11th inst.:

By the brig T. Street, we have received full files of Havana papers, up to the 4th inst! We insert the following extract of a letter.

HAVANNA; May, 4, 1844.

There has been a good deal of excitement here, and more in the country, in relation to the negro plot. It has subsided a little, yet arrests are going on, both among blacks and whites—many of the latter being considered as guilty as the former. The authorities are very active, and all foreign people of color have been ordered to quit the island within 15 days. The Government is not so active in the matter of the late murder of the American seamen.

Our Government has received official news, confirming the reports brought previously from St. Domingo. The blacks there, so it is said, have murdered all the mulattoes and many of the whites—among the latter, several Englishmen, Americans and Spaniards, and it is even said that some of the consuls have lost their lives.

Some hundred negroes have been executed already at Matanzas, and a great many more are yet to suffer. You shall be informed of all the particulars of the negro plot, which is yet a secret to most every one here.

By the Courier of last evening, we learn that a private letter from Havana, addressed to a commercial house in this city, gives some startling particulars of the conspiracy among the negroes. By this it would seem that the British ex-consul, the white-faced but black-hearted and notorious Turnbull, had a hand in fermenting the recent conspiracy to murder all the whites. A mulatto, named Cequi, who was brought before the court for being implicated in the plot, has made the following dreadful disclosures:

"And the negroes and mulattoes are concerned in the design to raise an insurrection. If three days more had elapsed before your discovery of the plot, no means of escape would have been left to you white people, because at a fixed hour the whole island would have been in a state of revolt. As I speak English, they employed me as interpreter, and, moreover, offered me ten thousand dollars and the rank of colonel.

"Unfortunately for me, I entered into the plot; but if you will pardon me, I will tell you everything that has happened from beginning to end. I will disclose everything that was to be done in every coffee-house, village and city. I will give you all the documents—I will tell you what kind of arms were to be used, and the names of all the chiefs who were to command in the different parts of the island.

"We chose Mr. Turnbull, ex-consul of England at Havana, and now in Jamaica, to be our king provisionally. That gentleman had at his disposal \$270,000, to supply the conspirators with food, arms, and ammunition. Our chief was the poet Placide, a mulatto, who possessed great influence among the colored people, as well as among many of the whites. Placide resided at Matanzas. I will now tell you the plan of the insurrection.

"The insurrection was to break out first at the sugar mills of El General, situated at Guantamas; second, at those of La Boque; third, at Artemiza; fourth, at Canigae; fifth, at Soledad; sixth, at Corral Falso. The insurrection was to break out at all these places the same night.

"The negroes at those points were to set fire to the houses, murder the whites, take possession of their arms, and march to Cardinas, where they were to find, on the banks of the San Guara, 600 muskets, and ammunition, landed from an English brig, which was to come from New Providence; from Cardinas they were to march, to the number of 3,000, upon Matanzas, where Placide was to wait for them.

"At Matanzas, the insurrection was to proceed on the following plan: At first, they intended to poison all the whites; but they afterwards determined, as a surer mode, that the cooks and other house servants, should set fire to the dwelling-houses on a fixed day, and murder their masters. The capital and other cities were to follow out example.

"At Havana the signal was to be given by firing muskets. The general meeting was to be held at the country house of the Count de Penalves. Thus every town had enemies in its bosom. We hoped to become masters of the island, and marry the white women; whom, on this account, we were ordered not to kill—at least, those who were not old and ugly.

"Finally, the disclosures which I am yet to make, will fill the whole world with horror."

Now in a sad predicament.

The Lokies are for President.

They have six horses in the pasture, and don't know who can go the faster.

GET OUT OF THE WAY! THE NATION'S RISING FOR HENRY CLAY AND FRELINGHUYSEN