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ORIGINAL POETRY.

[We publish with pleasure the following poetical effusion by a valued friend. Although young in years, he has contributed some fine things to the periodical literature of the day. The law is a jealous mistress, but still our friend will steal away from her tomes of No-man-jargon, occasionally, and revel in the shady bowers of poetry. If it were not for the injunction of sobriety, contained in the note accompanying "The Old Man's Soliloquy," we would certainly accompany it with the writer's name. Our readers may look for an occasional treat from the gifted pen of the "Leydon Bard."]

FOR THE CADIZ SENTINEL.

THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY THE LEYDON BARD.

Ha! what a tailsome race I've run
Upon this course of strife,
Since first my infant steps began
To move and bound with life!
How heavy has the load become
Which I am doomed to bear!
How weakly upon my frame
Turn these frail limbs I wear?
Alas, alas, I'm helpless now
With old and hoary age,
Long years of grief have blanched my brow,
With their triumphant rage;
All early hopes have vanished too
Beyond my feeble grasp;
No longer then I seek to woo,
Or dream their shades to clasp.
The young, the thoughtless and the gay,
Laugh my white locks to scorn;
And hasten from my sight away
As though a demon's horn!
With vain attempt they pass me by
My bending form to scan;
And with a sneering accent cry,
"There goes the poor old man!"

Ah! they forget that long ago
I too was hale and young;
And with the glee of childhood's glow
To their fond idols clung;
That in the days of happy youth
I leaped at pleasure's call;
And "mid my comrades then, farooh,
Was guest of them all!"

How mould'ring time flings to decay
The joys we deem to gain!
How soon youth's follies fade away
Beneath the age of man!
Swift, as the darting eagle's flight,
The season hurries on;
And not till hunched in manhood's night
Are they aware 'tis gone!

Oh! that they might but understand,
How oft our childhood's flowers
Could well be called by youth's fresh hand,
To cheer their after hours!
Then would life be another scene
From that which round us lies—
A lovely landscape, fair and green,
Whose foliage never dies!

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ORIGINAL SKETCH.

FOR THE CADIZ SENTINEL.

CATCHING A BACHELOR.

AN APRIL FOOL STORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

The fame of the Hon. R. B. had travelled not only over these United States, but was well known in various parts of Europe, particularly at the Court of St. James. He at one time represented a district of Western Pennsylvania in Congress, and while occupying a seat in that body, he became distinguished for his profound learning, logical reasoning and powers of eloquence. As a debater, he had few equals, and being a decided advocate of the Tariff policy, it appeared to be a sort of ambitious pleasure for him to meet the opponents of that measure in wordy combat. Although an eminent and erudite lawyer, yet he appeared to take more delight in the study of political economy and the science of Government, than in pursuing the dry pages of My Lord Coke's "black lettered learning." His books were the only mistress at whose shrine he worshipped—the only deity to whom he bowed. He mingled but little among his fellow-citizens, and was never seen entertaining "the masses" at the street corners and at the public houses. Occasionally, when any thing of general interest was brought before a town meeting, he would consent to make a speech, and immediately leave when through. He was rarely seen at parties of pleasure, particularly where the "softer sex" were assembled, and never ventured to interchange with them "those sweet unutterable words," the eloquence which love employs.

Men of genius are said to be always slovenly, and of course B. could not help being slovenly also. Many amusing anecdotes are told of his carelessness, one only of which I will relate, and then proceed to the subject under consideration. He had an old negro washer-woman named Nelly, who took great delight in starching the fine lines of our old bachelor friend. Nelly called regularly once a week at the rooms of the "old zoon," to take away his linens. Each week the number of pieces seemed to be decreasing, and poor Nelly began to have serious apprehensions that some feminine African was sharing the profits, but as long as she was not formally dismissed, she said nothing on the subject. At length B., in dressing himself one day, did not succeed in finding a single piece of linen in his wardrobe. His suspicions against Nelly were at once aroused, and he accused her of want of honesty. She protested her innocence. But there was the empty wardrobe, and she alone had access to it. Nelly was dismissed, and the milliner was set to work, to fit up

a new lot. Poor Nelly made the matter known to some of her friends, determining that not a shade of suspicion should darken her fair fame. Some person suggested to her that B., although he put on clean linens, sometimes forgot to take off the old ones; and Nelly lost no time to see him relative to the matter.

"Massa B.," she said, while the big tears were streaming down the furrows of her sable countenance, "dey tell me that you has got all the shirts on what was lost,—sartin it is, massa, dat Nelly is not to blame." B. looked dumb-founded, but the sorrowful countenance of the old negro forbade him treating her in any manner the least unkind. He dropped the New York Albion, (a paper which he was fond of perusing,) and upon examination, actually discovered that he had fourteen shirts on!

—But, I have digressed. I have said that B. had an aversion to the society of ladies, and as he had seen the flowers of some fifty summers bloom on this beautiful earth, it was scarcely presumable that he possessed a heart vulnerable to the shafts of Cupid. Some ways who were acquainted with the peculiarities of his character, took it into their heads to have some sport at his expense on the first of April last, "all fool's day." Judge B. of the U. S. Court was a particular friend of Mr. B., and whenever he visited the city of P., our hero never failed to call upon him. The Judge generally put up at the house of Mr. A., who had a very interesting and accomplished daughter. The aforesaid wags, it appears, had apprized Miss A. of the trick they proposed playing off, and having no particular aversion to fun, she yielded her consent. On the morning of the first of April, our wags came across the old bachelor, and told him that his friend Judge B. was in town, at the house of Mr. A., and wished to see him forthwith. B. lost no time, but started down town immediately. Arriving at the house of Mr. A., he rang the bell, and Miss A. received him at the door, and invited him to walk in. "I wish to see Judge B.," I believe he steps with you," said the old woman, looking through his spectacles very anxiously upon the pleasant countenance of the damsel. "No, sir, he does not, nor have I heard that he is in the city at all." B. was completely "dissatisfied," as they say out in Illinois:—

"He spoke not a word,
But like a dumb statue or breathless statue,
Stare'd on the damsel, and look'd deadly pale."

"There was silence for the space of" considerable time. B. bit his finger nails, an amusement of which he was very fond, but could not get a word out. "O! I were I in the Court House, (thought he to himself) in the midst of a difficult ejection suit, or in Congress demolishing the arguments of South Carolina nullifiers and Virginia abstractionists—any where else but here. What am I to do?—whither shall I flee?" At length, Miss A. broke the silence, (ladies are always the first to break silence,) but she did not tell him that it was the first of April, as she was fully conscious that he was aware of that fact already!

Miss A. was justly celebrated for her fine conversational powers, and she entertained Mr. B. very agreeably indeed. His embarrassment passed off like a summer's cloud, and the sunshine of the lady's brilliant eyes beamed bright and beautiful before him. He was in a steel trap! Time flew unheeded by—hours appeared but as moments to our hero; and it was not until "twilight dews were falling," that the old bachelor was aware of the length of his visit. For once in his life he felt "all overish," as Jonathan Slick says, and began to think that there were "more things in heaven and earth, than were dreamed off in his philosophy." He told the young lady a round unvarnished tale of his bachelor life—a bachelor's troubles and a bachelor's clouds! And "these things to hear did Miss A. seriously incline," and she told him if he had any good friend of his, who wished to shake off the dull monotony of single blessedness, he had but to teach him how to repeat his own tale, and that would woo her. Upon this hint, like Othello, the Moor, did the old bachelor himself speak. His heart had been touched by the electric flame of love, and it was "love at first sight," too! He declared his passion—whether on bended knees or not, this dependent is not informed—popped the question, as they say down east among the Yankees, and was accepted!

"Not so badly fooled, after all," said Cobles to himself, as he was leaving the house of Mr. A.; "true I have not seen my friend of the woollack and black robes, but who cares!—have wooed and won a fair maiden in double quick time. She is intelligent, and what is better, has a glorious fine ankle! The young wags will laugh out of the other side of their mouths, who fooled me so bad! ha! ha! ha!" The "old coon" tasted the honey on the young maiden's lips, and bade her good night!

B. visited the house of Mr. A. daily, and he became so fond of the society of Miss A., that he felt miserable when absent from her. Coke and Plowden were allowed to slumber on dusty shelves—essays on banks, tariffs and political economy, were thrown aside and used useless. "Lalla Rookh" and the "Loves of the Angels" were considered decidedly sentimental, useful, instructing and also

together the best works for a man's library! Moonlight rambles along the margin of the limpid Allegro, at the witching hour of midnight, when Diana's silvery beams were dancing upon the blue waters, were regarded as more conducive to health and happiness, than "triuming the midnight lamp," in a close, ill-ventilated room. And he thought Tasso was a happy mortal and a wise man, and Lord Bacon was a fool! Bear's oil, otto of roses, cologne, and all that sort of thing, were put into requisition to flavor the old bachelor's person, when in the company of his Laura! What great fools these old bachelors will make of themselves!—they are infinitely worse than the sickly, sentimental school-boy of seventeen summers! Whiteisover went Miss A., there was seen Mr. B.; he stuck to her closer than a brother. In the ball room, the "dry bones" of Benedict might be heard rattling among the soft and tender sinews of little boys and girls, like an old oaken tree shorn of its bark, amidst a nursery of young shoots! And in the holy sanctuary, where never before was seen his countenance, he was a weekly visitor, and even if Miss A. seated herself in the choir, there was Mr. B. at her side, even though the whole congregation should split their sides with laughter! Perseverance, said Seneca, will scale the most rugged mountain; and it is only by perseverance, sometimes, that men can expect to win the object of their adoration. My last daily paper from the city of P., contained the following announcement, right under a picture of two hearts pierced by an arrow—"Married, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. G. U., D.D., the Hon. R. B. to Miss A. E. A., daughter of J. A., Esq., all of this city."

Who wouldn't be an "April Fool!"

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

Those are the words of my text for this occasion.

Touch us gently,
Let us glide down by stream,
Gently, as we sometime glide
Through a quiet dream!

My hearts—you may travel all over the world, and at the same time you are doing nothing but going through the world. This you know, as well as I, is sometimes hard digging; but a little patience, perseverance, and the sweet oil of hope, generally overcome all difficulties.—No matter where we seek repose in this jostling world, Time will keep stirring us up with sticks and poking straws at us. Poets talk about time flitting by, with silken wing and rustling sound, and feet that gently fall on flowers; but for my part, I think he comes tramping along with the biggest kind of boots, crushing at every tread some of us, poor insects, into the dust of death, and most horribly mauling others.

My friends—if prayers would avail any thing, it would be our daily petition that Time would touch us gently—that we might be permitted to glide down the stream of life as gently as we sometimes glide through a pleasant dream. Life after all, is little more than a dream. We revel amid imaginary pleasure—grunt and groan beneath fancied this—have now and then a touch of the nightmare—and are occasionally delighted with the deceitful visions of bliss. I sometimes doubt whether I really live and move and have a being, or am laboring under a pleasant delusion—whether, as the transcendentalist would say, there is an actuality affiliated with an ideal and camouflaged existence. But what's the odds allow me to ask, so long as we are happy?

My dear friends—as for asking Time to touch us gently, we might as well request a thunder-bolt to descend without noise, in consequence of family sickness. While time handles us tenderly—kisses and caresses us, as it were, with parental affection—waters and nourishes our opening buds of delight—fills our bosoms with hopes of hope's loveliest flowers—allows neither care, trouble nor sorrow to torment us—and with a wary wing, seems careful not to brush a particle of youthful bloom from our cheeks. But, my dear beloved brethren, when a few years have rolled away, we feel that time drives us in his old wagon along rougher roads than we have been accustomed to travel, and at a much swifter pace;—that he is sowing salt in the once green pastures of our hearts—that he is strewing thorns and thistles where sweetest of roses once bloomed—and that he is robbing us of joys which the world can never again bestow. When we look in the glass and find furrows ploughed in our faces, wrinkles upon our brows, and whole handfuls of hair torn from our temples, we cannot but come to the conclusion that Time has handled us roughly; and entertaining this idea, we are not quite so much mistaken as was the somnambulist, who imagined that a moonbeam had set his shirt-tail on fire.

My worthy hearers—let Time use you as he may, you ought all to prepare for the dread crisis that awaits you. Commence to-day, for you are not sure of living any decent length of time. Nay, to-morrow you may be cold tallow, done up in the rag and laid aside. Even you, little babies! you admired specimens of domestic manufacture!—you juvenile joys of milk! You may spring a leak in less than a week, and let life's contents soak into the earth; and where will you be, I ask, unless your parents possess sufficient piety to offer up sufficient prayers in your behalf? And you older ones! the hoops may fly off from your barrels before you are aware of it, allowing all the vital brine to escape, and leave you tainting in the moulding sepulchre. Time, the old man-mower, is in the midst of us all whetting his scythe for the next fatal stroke. I know not the victim soon to fall before his ken-edged bushwhacker, or I would point him out. Perhaps it is myself; for I feel that I am almost gone to seed, and am half ripe for the harvest; but certain it is that some one must shortly go on every side we constantly behold, in the great family of mankind, many falling into dust to rise no more. Oh! it is a melancholy sight to see so many of our friends annually dropping like leaves and tendrils from the trees, to be trod upon by the careless feet of posterity, and have the ploughs of generations intermingle their sacred ashes with the vile earth that nourishes potatoes, pumpkins, turnips and toad stools! It is mournful to reflect upon the frailty of human existence; and sadder still to think that the beau-

tiful materials of mortals should thus be cast to the four winds of heaven, or left to rot and enrich the soil from whence they sprang. But, my dear friends, we have this consolation, that while we drop a tear upon the dust of former friendship, we can say, in the assurance of heavenly hope, his is not the end of man. So mote it be!
Dow Jr.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

The Ball Room and Home.

A ball room! what a scene of common-place! how lackeyed in novels, how trite in ordinary life, and yet ball rooms have a character in all ages, something in the lights, the crowd, the music, conduces to stir up many of the thoughts that belong to fancy and romance. It is a melancholy scene to men after a certain age. It receives many of those lighter and more graceful images connected with the wandering desires of youth; shadows that crossed us, and seemed love, but were not, having much of the grace and charm, but none of the passion and tragedy of love. So many of our earliest and gentlest recollections are connected with those chalken floors, and that music painfully gay, and those quiet nooks and corners, where the talk that hovers about the heart and does not touch it has been held. A part and unsympathizing in that austere wisdom which comes to us after deep passions have been excited we see after from chasing the butterflies that dazle us no longer among the flowers that have evermore lost their fragrance.

Somewhat or other, it is one of the scenes that remind us most forcibly of the loss of youth! We are brought so closely in contact with the young and with the short-lived pleasures that once pleased us, and have forfeited all bloom. Happy the man who turns from "the tinkling cymbal" and "the gallery of pictures," and can think of some watchful eye and some kind heart at home. But those who have no home—and they are a numerous tribe—never feel lonelier hermits or sadder monists than in such a crowd.—Butcher.

Sayings and Sentiments of the Ancient Poets on Life and Death.

"Life, as well as all other things, has its bounds assigned by nature; and its conclusion, like the last act of a play, is old age—the fatigue of which we ought to shun, especially when our appetites are fully satisfied."—Cicero.

Socrates, on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him entertaining his friends with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, has these words: "Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not, but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavor to please him, and I have a good hope that this my hope will be accepted by him."

"In this life no man has so much care as he who endeavors after the most happiness."—Bion.

Epaminondas, being asked whether Chabria, Iphicrates, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed, replied, "You must first see us die, before that question can be answered."

"Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad."—Phalaris.

"It is in human life as in a game at tables: one may wish we had the highest cast; but if our chance be otherwise, it is our duty to play as well as we can, and make the best of it."—Plutarch.

Seneca, being asked what was the best thing that could befall man, answered, "That it was best for all never to be born, or to die immediately after one's birth."

"Three happy things, beneath their northern skies, Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise! Hence they no cares for this frail being feel, But rush unshaken on the pointed steel; Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn To spare that life, which must too soon return."—Lucan.

"Oh, the precursors turns of human state! How blind is man—how thoughtless of his fate! Oft through his limbs death's fatal arrows creep, When, sunk, he lies in luxury and sleep!"—Statius.

"Be not grieved above measure for thy deceased friends; they are not dead, but have only finished that journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take. We ourselves must go to that place of reception, in which they are all of them assembled; and in this general rendezvous of mankind, live together in another state of being."—Antiphones.

TEMPERANCE.—To resist temptation once, is not sufficient proof of honesty. If a servant, indeed were to resist the continued temptation of silver lying in a window, as some people let it lie, when he is sure his master does not know how much there is of it, he would give a strong proof of honesty. But this is a proof to which you have no right to put a man. You know, humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury; and, if he is overcome, you share his guilt.—Johnson.

CHASTITY.—How large a portion of chastity is sent out of the world by distant hint, or nodded away, and cruelly winked into suspicion by the envy of those who are past all temptation of it themselves. How does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by a report—which the party, who is at the pains to propagate it, beholds with much pity and fellow-feeling—that she is heartily sorry for it—hopes in God, that it is not true; however, as Archbishop Tillotson wittily observes upon it, it is resolved, in the mean time, to give the report her pass, that at least it may have fair play to take its fortune in the world—to be believed or not, according to the charity into whose hands it shall happen to fall.—Sterne.

HAPPINESS.—The earth can bear a great degree of happiness; can bear it for long without its bringing with it a curse or a disappointment. It is in stillness and in retirement where this good fortune blooms the best, and on that account the world knows little of it, and has little faith in it. But, thank God! it may be abundantly found in all times and in all countries; and it is—we whisper this to the blessed ones in order that we may rejoice with them—it is of extremely rare occurrence when it happens in actual life, as, for the sake of effect, it happens in books, that a strong current of happiness carries along with it unhappiness as in a drag-rope.

THE JOYOUS ONE.—Adelaide devoted very much time to her children; yet she continued for many others "a song of joy," indispensable at all festivities; and wherever her kind, fair countenance showed itself, under lowly roof or in lofty castle, by the song of mourning or the marriage hymn, there was she greeted as a messenger of heaven sent forth with consolation and joy. She was still the swan of whiteness, freshness, slenderness, and grace, and the happiness of her home was the living well in which she bathed her wings.

BENEFITS AND INJURIES.—There needs no greater subtlety to prove that both benefits and injuries receive their value from the intention, when even brutes themselves are able to decide upon this question. Tread upon a dog by chance, or put him to pain upon the dressing of a wound, the one he passes by as an accident, and the other, in his fashion, he acknowledges as a kindness; but offer to strike at him, and though you do him no hurt at all, he flies yet in the face of you, even for the mischief you barely meant to him.

THE DWELLING.—But the truth is, there belongs to a dweller on the borders of the kingdom of death, a peculiar rank, a peculiar worth, and the man believes that the whispering of spirits from the mysterious land reaches the ear which bows itself to them—on this account the wise and the strong of the earth listen silently, like disciples, and piously like little children, to the precepts that are breathing forth from dying lips.

A BROKEN FORTUNE.—Ovid finely compares a broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but should his want be such, that he sees for a trifle, it is too one to which he may be trusted with the smallest sum.—Goldsmith.

VANITY.—The vanity of young men in having fine clothes, and new fashions, and valuing themselves by them, is one of the most childish pieces of folly that can be, and the occasion of great profaneness, and undoing of young men. Avoid curiosity and too much expensiveness in your apparel; be comely, plain, decent, cleanly, not curious nor costly; it is a sign of a weak head-piece to be sick for every new fashion, or to think himself the better in it, or the worse with out it.

LABOR THE ONLY SOURCE OF WEALTH.—It is to labor that man owes everything possessed of changeable value. Labor is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort, and elegance, instead of want, misery, and barbarism.—Encyclopedia Britannica.

Slander and scandal differ much in the manner of their attack. Slander is "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," but scandal is "the destruction that wasteth at noonday." Scandal seldom looks forward to the consequences of its acts, and sometimes repents of them; slander ever looks at the result of its labors, and is disappointed if it fail in its object. Slander is deliberate; scandal is thoughtless. Malice is the companion of the one; folly is the comrade of the other.

GATHERINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

"His werry convenient to find one's self married, not only to your wife, but to all her relations as lives within fifty miles round."

A western editor says he once heard a western girl, after giving her lover a hearty smack, exclaim, "Dog my cats, if you haint been taken a little rye, old hess."

Gentleness is a sort of mild atmosphere, and it enters into a child's soul, like the sunshine into a rosebud, slowly but surely expanding it into beauty and vigor.

There is a place in the far west called "Sandown." The other side of it would be an appropriate spot for holding a great whig mass meeting.

A Mr. Huggins in Delaware, was lately married to Miss House. There will be lots of Huggings in that house—if fortune favors.

The exports from New Orleans, during the quarter, ending the 31st March, amounted to more than \$10,000,000, and more than double those of any previous quarter.

Why is a negro like a man who keeps a gambling house? Because black-legs sustain him.

Gen. Boyer, who was driven out of Hayti, is making arrangements to proceed to Jamaica, probably to be near the theatre of operations in Hayti. We may expect soon to hear of dark deeds in that quarter.

It is stated in Herapath's (British) Railway Magazine, that an invention is about being tried to make boats go on canals at some thirty miles an hour. That would be a "great go" indeed.

The grand result of our exploring expedition is, many thousand specimens of plants, birds, fish, reptiles, &c., &c., a minute history of which, with illustrations, is soon to be published.

A man in London, for a wager, recently drove 14 pair or 28 horses, attached to a large wagon, 12 miles without accident.

The London Times pays an annual stamp duty of £7,000—has 20,000 subscribers, and averages 780 new advertisements daily.

THE POLK-A-DANCE.—The democrats propose to make the whigs dance this new fashionable dance from now till November, to the tune of Polk and Dallas.

The Boston Atlas, in its rage at the democratic nominations, calls General Jackson a "superannuated old dotard."

POLITICAL.

Polk and Protection.

The following extract from a speech delivered by Col. Polk of Tennessee, whilst a member of Congress, in January, 1833, is a triumphant refutation of the charge that he is an advocate of "Free Trade." It will be perceived, that so far from having defended the doctrines imputed to him by the whigs, he advocated a bill affording the amplest protection to the manufacturing interests:

"No member of the committee (of which he was one,) who yielded his assent to this bill, I may safely affirm, desires to prostrate the manufacturer, nor will such, in their judgment be the effect of the bill. I venture to affirm that the bill, so far from prostrating these establishments, affords sufficient INCIDENTAL PROTECTION to enable all such as are based on real, not borrowed, capital, and which are conducted with economy and skill, not only to stand, under this bill, but to realize greater rates of profit upon the capital and labor employed, than is derived from any other regular business in the country."

Does this look like "Free Trade?"

Did Clay seek Randolph's Life?

On pages 259 and 300 of a "Biography of Clay," written by his friend George D. Prentice will be found the following:

"In due time the parties fired, and luckily for both the one, or at least for Mr. Clay, Mr. RANDOLPH'S LIFE WAS SAVED BY HIS GOWN. The unseemly garment constituted such a vast circumference, that the locality of the thin and swarthy Senator was at least a matter of very vague conjecture. Mr. Clay might as well have fired into the outspread top of an oak, in the hope of hitting a bird he supposed to be snugly perched somewhere among the branches. His BALL HIT THE CENTRE OF THE VISIBLE OBJECT, but Randolph was not there; and, of course, the ball did no harm and no good."

This shows that Mr. Clay shot with the aim of premeditated skill and deadly malice.

The Verdict of '32.

In 1832, when HENRY CLAY had a fair run against Gen. JACKSON for the Presidency, the vote stood as follows:

Jackson,	707,007
Clay,	228,561
Majority,	478,446

Here is the recorded verdict of the PEOPLE, by which it will be seen that Henry Clay was so odious to the American People during the campaign of 1832 that old Gen. JACKSON beat him nearly HALF A MILLION of votes! Only look at the verdict!—Dem. Union.

Signs in Schnyckil.

The Owingsburg "Stimme des Volks" (German) of last Saturday, contains a card, signed by Wm. Bismarcker and Peter Berrigian, citizens of Port Clinton, who state that their names had been used by the Clay Club, without their authority and against their consent. They are, as all sensible men should be, for POLK and DALLAS.

Col. Polk at Home!

The Democrats of Tennessee are making preparations for holding the largest Democratic Mass Meeting that has perhaps ever witnessed in the United States. It is to be held in Nashville, some time in the month of August. Gen. ANDREW JACKSON, if Providence spares his life, will preside; and the most distinguished speakers will be invited from all parts of the United States.

The York Gazette says the whigs are very curious to know what the K. in Mr. Polk's name stands for, and gratifies their inquisitiveness by informing them it means *kill*!

The full name of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency is JAMES KNOX POLK—and whiggery will never survive the knocks which such a name is sure to give it.—Democratic Union.

Col. Polk.—The Boston Atlas of Saturday ventures to asperse the private character of Governor Polk. It is no go. The National Intelligencer, the leading whig journal, says:

"OF MR. POLK AS A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN, AND AS KNOWN TO US IN HIS SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC RELATIONS, WE HAVE NO DISPOSITION TO SPEAK OTHERWISE THAN WITH ENTIRE RESPECT."

The whigs are all wrong in their doggerels—blind as beetles, bias and young puppies, else they would see that we have the "Poke," and that their old man must wear it, provided he shows life enough to make it use necessary. So here goes:

Democrats, arouse! advance! advance!
Join gaily in the fray;
Since now you have a glorious chance
Of POLKING HARRY CLAY.

A great cry has been raised by the federal newspapers since the nomination of Col. Polk because he was defeated in his own state for Governor at the last election. These worthies have forgot, perhaps, that he was defeated at that time, not by a majority, but a plurality of only 3,283 out of 112,751 votes. Had the friends of Mr. Tyler not run a candidate at that time, he undoubtedly would have been triumphantly elected. They have forgot, too, that Federal whiggery has always been in a majority of ten or fifteen thousand in Tennessee. O yes, they have forgot all these things!

The alteration in the name of the Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates, is remarkable. It speaks for itself, and speaks truly:

Polk and Partisim—
Dallas and Democracy—
Clay and Coonery—
Frelinghuysen and Federalism!

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—Proclaim it in the ears of a virtuous people, that Henry Clay's "bloody hand" caused the murder of Cilley, and that he tried to quit his conscience by saying it would "only be nine days' talk!"

Proclaim it in the ears of every coon in the land, that Henry Clay, by a base coalition with John Quincy Adams, cheated General Jackson out of the Presidency in 1824, and that too, after he had been instructed to vote for General Jackson.