

# DELAWARE JOURNAL.

Edited by M. Bradford.—Printed and Published by R. Porter & Son, No. 97, Market-Street, Wilmington.

Vol. I.

TUESDAY, October 23, 1827.

No. 53.

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## From the Freeman's [N. Y.] Advocate.

### THE CONSPIRATORS,

IN THREE ACTS.

Persons represented,

Gen. Jackson—Geo. Kremer, Secretary to the Gen.  
M'Duffie—Eaton—Randolph—Beverly, 2d in command.—Buchanan—Cuffee, Servant to Jackson.  
Mr. Clay—Gen'l. M'Arthur—Col. F. Johnson—Mr. Zane.

### ACT 1.

SCENE 1st.—A view of the Capitol and President's House.

Enter Jackson, Kremer, and M'Duffie.

Jackson. Gentlemen I am pleased to see you in my quarters; be seated Gentlemen, I have much to say to you. Mr. Secretary Kernan, you will please to order up some wine.

Kremer. You Mynheer, Cuffee! you plack too, spring tappel—I mean coe directly, you plack rascal, and bring out six bottles pranty wine for Mynheer. [aside] Now we shall lay our blans and plow out de furlghuter Glayites, and Atamites, and all other erites that poses old Hick—I shall blay my part—shall lie like de tivel for old Hick—shall fight too any pody and every pody, that is any every pody dat I thinks I can whip.

Jack. Gentlemen, how goes the election? what's the prospect?

M'Duffie. Prospect sir: why to cut it short, unless Clay and his friends can be got over. all is lost. It is whispered about, sir, that if you succeed Adams is to be your secretary of state; and to be plain with you sir, I would rather see the D— secretary than that old Yankee Cuffee. As it regards Clay, you can't buy him sir, besides if you could, his home sput notions are obnoxious to the people of the south, I mean sir the slave holders.

Enter Buchanan.

Jack. Welcome my worthy friend; I am extremely happy to see you: how stands our affairs?  
Buchanan. They don't stand at all sir; but a word with you in private sir. It is said that Adams is to be your secretary of state, if so, sir, you may hang up your fiddle. Your only chance of success is to select a western man for that office; and there is none more capable, more prominent or respectable than Mr. Clay—what say you sir? shall I make the proposition?

Jack. Sir I have the utmost confidence in your friendship and attachment to me personally; and in return you possess my regard and esteem. But sir, as it regards Mr. Clay, I cannot easily be reconciled to him; and it would give me infinite plea-

sure to shave off the d—d rascal's ears. Has he not on the floor of Congress dared to call in question some of my military acts? But on reflection, sir, there is policy in war: and in this case it may be proper to exercise it. I must keep cool and smother my resentment.—[aside grating his teeth] D— the rascal, I hate him; and yet I am in his power, but [resuming his station] Mr. Buchanan, I beg you to be assured sir, that I am not offended with you nor your proposition: go in peace my worthy friend, [taking him by the hand.]—One word before you go, [whispering in his ear.]—you are at liberty to say that I am not pledged to Mr. Adams: that's all sir—you understand me.

Buch. Perfectly, perfectly, sir: I take your meaning.

Exit Buchanan.—Loud knocking at the door.

Jack. Mr. secretary, attend to the alarm. A—side!—perhaps news from the Capitol—my fate is decided.

Kern. H—ll and de tivel, blood and thunder, amessenger joust coom from de capitol mit de news dat de furlghuter yankee hash beatoed Hick, against de will and directions of de beople.

Enter Randolph in a violent rage.

Jack. How now, how now my friend Randolph? has any person dared to insult you?

Rand. Insult me! sir, the whole American people have been insulted by this day's proceedings. By the blood of my ancestors Clay shall die, or—

Krem. Hault, hault a pisel, Mr. Hokeypunkus, leave dat me Mynheer, I make him dead or be d—d without boudor or bullet. I shall swear dat he make one contract mith de Yankee nation, dat will bring in de consumpt, and he tie directly after a while, den Mr. Hokeypunkus you save your bowder and pullets, and perhaps your head too, because Kentuck will fight like de very tivel.

SCENE 2d.—A drawing room.

Enter Clay, M'Arthur and F. Johnson.

Clay. Gentlemen, have you seen this morning's papers?

M'Arthur. I have seen them sir, and fully understand your allusion.

Johnson. I beg leave of you Mr. Clay, not to suffer yourself to be disturbed by the publication of such infamous slanders; depend upon it sir, it will not be believed by your real friends who best know you.

M'Arth. Mr. C. you are too sensitive; be patient but a little while, and the conspirators will be caught in their own trap.

Clay. Shall I not insist upon an investigation?

John. They will evade it sir, because they can offer no proof.

Clay. I shall move for a committee of investigation, to be composed of their own friends.

M'Arth. Depend upon it sir, they will not appear before the committee, for the best of reasons, that they cannot bring aught against you. It would truly give me infinite pleasure to hear that the Hero of New Orleans was not amongst the conspirators, but—but—

Clay. I understand you; but my worthy friend, publicly he will take no part in the matter, but I am satisfied that he is the head and soul of the conspiracy. He hates me as he does satan, and I can assure you my friends, that there is no love lost between us. I could not vote for such a man, were he even possessed of the necessary qualifications, but he has no other claims only such as he has acquired by his military fame. The matter shall be investigated, and the ruffians ferreted out.

ACT 2.

SCENE 2d.—The Entertainment and Hermitage, Enter Beverly with a numerous party.

Jack. I rejoice that I am in the midst of my friends where I can speak out my sentiments freely and without reserve.

Beverly. Command me sir, I am at your service.

Jack. I thank you my friend; I am sensible of your regard, and now you can render me an important service.—Clay must be put down, he is in my way to the Presidential chair, that will be killing two birds with one stone.—What think ye Gentlemen? Speak freely.

Bev. Good, good, my worthy General: we are unanimously agree to your proposition; but your plans, sir, your plans of operation, and mode of attack—

Jack. Gentlemen, in this kind of warfare I am a mere novice; entirely out of my element. My sword is my strong and sure weapon: but in the present case I can make no use of it. Violent means will not answer my purpose; if it did, I could send the rascals to the d—d in the twinkling of an eye, [flourishing his sword over the heads of his company.]

Bev. Lord have mercy upon us! are we not your friends, sir?

Jack. Friends, to be sure you are.—I would not disturb a hair of your heads, ye patriots. I only meant to exhibit in your presence a specimen of my prowess; but gentlemen, [flinging away his sword] as I said before, the war must be carried on without sword, spear, or other warlike instruments, and in the enemy's country.

Bev. In that kind of warfare the enemy is well skilled. Clay writes well, talks well; besides, General, to give the d—d his due, he is an honest fellow; and above all, [whispering into the General's ear] he will act on the defensive in a righteous cause.

Jack. There is force in your remarks, sir; I never counsel, [aside placing his hand upon his forehead and muttering out infamous, dishonourable.] But no matter; the election is approaching, and I must be President.

Bev. Let me see, \$25,000! To the point, my

noble Hero: to the point—time is precious, I wait your orders.

Jack. Well then, Mr. Beverly, to you will I assign the chief command of the expedition. Kremer will serve you as aid-de-camp; Green and Coleman will publish your proclamations, and write them too if necessary; for you know I can only write on the subject of blood and slaughter, I shall command the corps de reserve, and serve as occasion may require.

Bev. I wait your orders sir.

Jack. It has been the custom among civilized nations previous to any hostile movement, to publish a manifesto. In accordance then with this general rule of nations, I now furnish you with the outlines [handing him a paper] which you will please to put in proper form.

Bev. Shall I read the orders to your friends present?

Jack. Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

Bev. But General there are exceptions to this rigid rule: all present are your friends.

Jack. As you please then, sir, as you please. I have confidence in the integrity of my friends.

Bev. [Reads aloud the following order.] Ordered, that Major General Beverly issue a proclamation addressed to the people of the United States, stating in substance that a corrupt bargain and sale of the good people's suffrages have been consummated between J. Q. Adams and H. Clay, which high crime will, if necessary, be proved by a highly respectable member of congress; besides I believe it to be so, and who will dare to impeach my veracity or motives? (Signed) A—J—

Commander in Chief.

Bev. My worthy General, I am ready at all times to risk my life in defence of your rights; but my reputation—my reputation, sir, is at stake should we fail in proof.

Jack. Rest easy on that head; Buchanan is an honorable man, and will not fail to substantiate enough to satisfy the people that the Administration is corrupt; besides sir, any deficiencies shall be made up by innuendoes. McDuflie will command a powerful auxiliary force in the south. You know, sir, that he is well qualified to carry on such a war—blustering, bullying fellow; for declamation he stands unrivalled. Randolph, too, of Royal blood, an able tactician—on his services you may calculate as soon as he recovers from the wound in his morning gown. Kremer must be neutral: he lacks talent and respectability. He would injure the good cause.

Bev. I have reason to apprehend a failure in this enterprise. Clay will deny the charges promptly, and appeal to the people, [aside] for it is a horrid conspiracy.

Jack. Let him deny and be d—d. It will avail him nothing. I will publish the facts. Buchanan is my friend: he will not hesitate to confirm my statement.

Bev. I know Buchanan, sir, he will not testify to an untruth: not for the whole state of Tennessee—a high-minded, honorable gentleman.

Jack. Have I not told you, sir, that my innuendoes will be fully understood, and have the desired effect with the people? I mean the militia. I have their confidence. Away then with your doubts and difficulties, my word is sufficient: let the people and Orleans be the watch word.

Bev. If the contest were to be decided by the sword, then might you calculate on success to a certainty; but—

Jack. I will hear no more of your buts, doubts and scruples: bear in mind, sir, the second article of the rules and articles of war; has it escaped your recollection that governors and judges have trembled in my presence?

Bev. I beg of you to bear with me, sir; I am your friend: Clay and Adams must die—you shall be president or I fall in the contest. [Aside.] The people are too well informed not to see through this flimsy veil; however, at present there is no backing out.—Exit Beverly.

SCENE 4.—Cincinnati.

Enter Mr. Clay and numerous attendants.

Clay. Fresh news from the Headquarters of the conspirator's army—Jackson is out—his orders to Beverly are published. His military reputation will not screen him from just and merited indignation and contempt. He shall hear from me in due season. In the mean time, gentlemen, I can assure you that the whole story is a base and malicious fabrication.

Enter Mr. Zane.

Zane. Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a copy of Jackson's order, to Beverly, I obtained it in order that my injured friend should be advised of its contents—[handing the paper to Clay]

Clay. Thank you, my venerable friend. In self defence I shall use it. It gives me infinite pleasure to find that I still retain your confidence. That Jackson is at the head of this foul conspiracy, now is reduced to a certainty as such I shall hold him accountable. From Lexington you shall hear from me. Exit.

ACT 3.

SCENE 4.—Beverly's Camp.

Enter M'Duffie highly agitated.

M'Duffie. My worthy General, our plans are anticipated, and all is lost.—Here is Clay's speech to his friends in Kentucky—he blows up Old Hickory sky high. What's to be done?

Bev. It is a result we ought to have expected; nothing can be done only to back out, and let Jackson go to the D—d.

Enter Kremer, swearing in Dutch, with a paper in his hand.

Krem. H—ll and de tivel! only think of my brunther Bennamite, that d—d rascal Buchanan; why the fellow says that old Hick tells some d—d

lies, and he will not swear for him—no, not even to make him President, [hands the paper to M'Duffie.]

M'Duffie. I fear it is all over: shall I make one more effort? I can speechify as well as Clay and Buchanan. My constituents will give me another dinner if I say so; when I shall make another thumping speech.

Bev. What will your declamation and speechifying amount to, unaided by proof? Depend upon it sir, the people are not to be caught by chaff. Clay retains the confidence of the People; and they will protect him.

Enter Eaton and Randolph.

Eaton. Our prospects are gloomy, yet one string remains which may be touched with effect. Let Jackson come out a thorough going tariff man: the bait will take, and we shall understand him: Pennsylvania must be secured.

M'Duffie. A good idea sir: but should he come out for full protection to the wool growers and manufacturers, the south will abandon him. At present we do not suspect him of being in favor of that interest. In 1824 he secured Pennsylvania by voting a prohibitory duty on foreign iron; but he opposed other items of the bill, or to say the least, his votes were equivocal. He makes no speeches: there he shews his wisdom. Upon the whole, gentlemen, he shewed some generalship on the tariff question.

Eat. This then may be done with effect: republish his old letter of 1824, on that subject. The manner in which it is couched corresponds with his votes, the whole is equivocal and ingenious.

M'Duffie. Another good idea sir: the letter shall again be published; but my good friends, however, to meet Buchanan's exposure of the General, the difficulty appears insurmountable.

Bev. Gentlemen, it cannot be fairly met: he is our own witness—cannot—dare not impeach him. The General admits that he is honorable, and highly respectable, and is incapable of uttering a falsehood. What a dilemma are we led into!

M'Duffie. One effort more, and I am done. The old song (Hero of Orleans) must be sung upon a higher key; if that fails to rouse the People to action, then I say, one and all, huzza for William H. Crawford, for I cannot bear those home-spun rascals.

Krem. H—ll and the tivel again! I say Mr. Tuff; I cannot swallo— all your last speech, Mr. Tuff. You touch the sheep crowsers of my state of Pennsylvania in a dender bart. Now Mr. Tuff, let me deli you, that if you make mit any one dair, you make mit de whole for we go all together in a bunch, so necks come rube, Mr. Tuff, I stick to de sheep crowsers of Pennsylvania.

Rand. Gentlemen, "I hope I dont intrude."

M'Duffie. Not at all, my worthy friend; we are glad to see you—just speaking of the dilemma that Jackson has brought us into.

Rand. Dilemma, indeed, sirs! I am truly ashamed of the means which have been resorted to, in order to favor the General's election. It is disgraceful, dishonorable—and all high minded southern men will depise the actors in such a foul and dastardly conspiracy.

M'Duffie. You are severe sir. Let me tell you sir, that if it is disgraceful, you have participated in the disgrace.

Rand. In a measure, sir, I plead guilty—but have long since been convinced of my error. Thank God, I have had no hand in the present conspiracy.

M'Duffie. Was it your affair with Clay, that was the cause of such a sudden change?

Rand. Sir, you are insolent. I met Clay with a bold front, sir; I was not wounded in the buttock, as— I wish for no difficulty with you, sir. A word more, and I have done. Until Jackson shall exhibit a specimen of his diplomatic knowledge—give some evidence of his acquirements as a statesman; he cannot have my support. His splendid military achievements alone are not sufficient qualifications to entitle him to the office of President of the United States. I hope, gentlemen, "I don't intrude."

Exit. HERE THE CURTAIN DROPS.

## THE IRISHMAN'S GAMECOCK.

A Gentleman residing in the vicinity of N. York, was desirous of raising some game cocks, and accordingly despatched his Irish servant to the city to purchase a quantity of eggs.

The Irishman returned highly pleased with the success of his mission, and placed the eggs under a hen to hatch. He watched the process of incubation with great impatience, and when the future prize-fighters emerged from their oval prisons, he seized upon one and hastened with joy to exhibit it to his master.

"Master, Master," cried Pat, ounley just look here!"

The Gentleman cast his eyes upon the bird, and discovered it to be a duck! Astonishment and indignation prevented him from replying, and Pat continued.

"The paraty orchards of ould Ireland never seed the like of this—look at his bill—look at his fut, (turning up the webbed toes of the biped) what a jewel of a fighter he'll make—the holy St. Patrick, couldn't trip him up!"

American Carpeting.—There have been usually imported from 30 to 100,000 yards of ingrain carpets from Great Britain, annually at this port. This is an article which will soon be supplied extensively from our own manufactures.—There are already several manufactures of it in this vicinity. We have lately seen some made at Medway, and for sale by Mr. Tarbell, State Street which are considered equal in quality to the best Kidderminster manufacture.—Boston Advertiser.