The Spirit Of The Age.

Freedom of Inquiry, and the Power of the People.

BY C. G. EASTMAN. WOODSTOCK, VERMONT, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 11, 1840. VOL. I. NO. 19.

The Spirit Of The Age.

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ll communications must be addressed to C. G. EAST- ; and to insure attention, in all cases, the postage st be paid, and the name of the author given.
FFICE on Court Street, over the Post Office.

Job Work,
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

F THE FEDERAL CANDIDATE WILL NOT SPEAK R HIMSELF, LET THE RECORDS SPEAK FOR HIM. GEN. HARRISON, while Governor of Indiana Territo- approved a law passed by the Legislature, to SELL N FOR FINE or COST. The same law decreed the ishment of THIRTY-NINE STRIPES, to be inflicted any person thus sold, *who should abscond from his* RCHASER! Reader—how do you like this specimen Harrisonism, in addition to the Ohio case, and even rse than that; for the law specifically includes WOMEN well as *men* to be WHIPPED to full THIRTY-NINE RIPES."

HARRISON AND THE ECTIVE FRANCHISE.

"It is therefore enacted, at every free male inhab- nt of the age of 21 years ident in the Territory, and o hath been a citizen of any te in the Union or who been two years resident this Territory, and holds freehold in fifty acres of d within any county of the ne or any less quantity in county in which he shall ide, which with the im- vements made thereon, all be of the value of one ndred dollars, or has paid and in virtue of a deed of nveyance for further as- rances from a person vest- with the fee, is in actual ssession of five acres of d subject to taxation in county in which he shall resident, shall be, and hereby declared to be ly qualified electors of rep- sentatives for the counties which they are respective- resident.

* * *

JESSE B. THOMAS, Speaker of the House of presentatives.
B. CHAMBERS, President of the Council. pproved—September 17th, 07.
WM. HENRY HARRISON.

HARRISON'S DEMOCRACY.

[See Territorial laws, revised code' of 1807, pages 39 and 40—sections 30 and 31.]

"SEC. 30. When *any person*, or persons shall on conviction of any crime or breach of penal law, be sentenced to pay a fine, with or without the cost of prosecution, it shall and may be lawful for the court, before whom such conviction shall be had, *to order the Sheriff to sell or hire the person or persons so convicted, to service, to any person, or persons who will pay the said fine and costs* for such term of time as the court will think reasonable.

And if such persons, so sentenced and hired or sold, shall abscond from the service of his or her master or mistress, before the term of such service shall be expired, he or she so absconding, shall on conviction before a justice of the peace, be WHIPPED WITH THIRTY-NINE STRIPES! and shall moreover serve two days for every one so lost.

"SEC. 31. The judges of the several courts of record in this Territory shall give this act in charge to the grand jury at each and every court, in which a grand jury shall be sworn.

JESSE B. THOMAS, Speaker of the House of Representatives.
B. CHAMBERS, President of the Council. Approved—Sept. 17, 1807.
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

JOHN TYLER'S DEMOCRACY.

John Tyler,—The federal candidate for the Vice residency—when a member of the Virginia Convention, nding that the only true and legitimate qualification ould be a freehold, thus virtually placing all power in e hands of the few, that they should control the many.

Extract from Gen. Harison's letter, dated CINCINNATI Sept. 17, 1822. Sir In your last letter ou recommended to the ndidates at the ensuing e- ction, to publish their po- tical creeds, that the elec- rs may have a fair oppor- unity of choosing those hose sentiments best ac- ord with their own. *I have ver believed that every e- ector has a right to make his call upon those who of- er their services to the peo- le*, AND THAT THE CAN- DIDATES ARE BOUND TO ANSWER IT.

Extract from the letter of Gen. Harrison's confidential Committee dated Cincinnati Feb. 29, 1840 The policy is that the General make no further declaration of his principles for the public eye whilst occupying his present position.

READ THIS!

"THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE ALWAYS HAVE A RIGHT TO INTERROGATE THOSE WHO ARE CANDIDATES FOR THEIR SUFFRAGES."
Martin Van Buren.

AND THEN THIS.

"*He (Major Gwynne) was authorized, IN CASES WHERE FURTHER OPINIONS WERE ASKED FOR, to state my determination TO GIVE NO OTHER PLEDGES OF WHAT I WOULD OR WOULD NOT DO, IF I SHOULD BE ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY.*"
Gen. Harrison's letter to Joseph L. Williams.

FLORIDA, 18th July, 1840.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Age.

Wherever I go, I say that Vermont is the most Democratic State in the Union, and when asked why she slumbers in the embraces of Federalism? I answer, "no State is so deceived;" and, therefore, I am rejoiced to see your paper established at the home of my childhood, for the diffusion of truth among the people.

Annually have I seen the democracy of Vermont making demonstrations previous to an election, and annually have I seen it discomfited by federal intrigue. After each election you appear to imagine that such a disgrace to the State can never occur again, but never appear to apply yourselves to the task of removing the incubus of federalism with the energy that the removing of any *fixed* incubus requires.

You are ridden by a petty aristocry in slavish subjection to the aristocrats of New York and Boston, and yet aristocracy has no place in Vermont. Perhaps such aristocrats as we read of in story books—the Lords and Ladies who give the people on holidays oxen to roast whole, and barrels of beer to get drunk upon, may be fine things in their own country, but such would-be aristocrats as your hard cider folks who have managed to chisel a little more than their own share of property out of their more industrious neighbors, and who pass their time in cheapening eggs and butter that old women bring to market,—why, I would just as soon have no aristocracy at all.

Perhaps, however, I underrate your aristocracy, for the hard cider and log cabin display so closely resembles the roast ox and beer barrels, that I know not but a Yankee aristocracy may soon rival the English. I know they *will* if the people let them.

How is it that the Federalists can never approach the people without awkwardly insulting them?—From one end of the Union to the other people live in log *houses*, and in this part of the country we have very few of any other description, but I never heard of log *cabins* in America until the Federalists imported the word from the bogs of Ireland or wilds of Russia. Any person here is hospitably received in a log *house*, but if he asked a farmer to be allowed to pass the night in his log *cabin*, he would stand a fair chance of being kicked out.—Why did not the Federalists import the word *peasantry* with the *cabins*, for "peasants" are the usual occupants of *cabins*. This attraction is probably reserved for a future election, when we shall see Phil Hone, Nic Biddle and all the ruffled shirt banking swindling rascals of the nation styling themselves "peasants," & calling upon the "peasantry" of the country to assist them in driving the President from his "palace."

In looking simply upon the merits of the candidates, one can hardly believe there can be any struggle in the Presidential contest; but yet there will be a struggle, for there is a mighty army arrayed against you. An army composed of all the political outcasts of the nation, now banded together as a faction to oppose Democracy in America; which, DeToqueville truly says, is advancing onwards in the hands of God whether the hand of man lends its aid or attempts an impious resistance. 800 Bank Presidents, 800 Bank Cashiers, 100,000 Bank Directors, and a far greater number of Presidents and Directors of other corporations; all the public defaulters, and similar rascals who have been removed from office by the present administration; all the broken down stock-jobbers and speculators; all those who are not *quite* broke yet—that is, who are not yet found out—who still live in unpaid for houses, ride in unpaid for coaches, and dress in unpaid for broadcloth, and see nothing but a National Bank with a flood of paper money that can prevent them from being soon stripped to the nakedness in which Nature sent them into the world, and reduced to the insignificance that God intended for them. Add to these all the locust tribe who, without home, habitation, trade or business, infest steamboats, taverns, and lounging places; and all the puny swallow-tailed upstarts that *must* vote the Harrison ticket lest the daughters of the aforesaid "*respectables*"—daughters who, though they neither toil or spin, are dressed more gaudy than the lilies of the valley, will *refuse to dance with them*.

Surely this is a formidable array, allied to the "blue-lights" and "black cockades," and when we consider that the whig party resorts to every trick however base, however infamous, however insulting to common decency and public morals, I will not say they cannot elect Harrison—especially if the "broad seal" of New Jersey and the military of Governor Ritner are brought in play—but I do say, if by such means they can elect Harrison, by the same means they could elect a *nigger*. How disgraced should we be in the eyes of the world, could it be supposed that a large portion of the people of America countenanced either the pretensions of Harrison or the unhallowed stratagems of his piebald supporters.

I see the public meetings of democrats sneered at for their paucity of numbers; and sneeringly are we told that the farmers prefer staying at home to attend to their crops. Never mind, they will find time by and by to devote *one day* to the ballot box. The Federalists, on the contrary, attend the broaching of "hard cider" (half gin and half brandy) by thousands and tens of thousands. Why should they not? Living in idleness, upon bread produced by the sweat of *other men's* brows, what matters it to them *where* they eat it—whether it be in Woodstock, in Burlington, in Baltimore, or at Tippecanoe,—in either case those who attend to the crops must furnish it. What matters it to the cloud of locusts whether he be a farmer of Vermont or a farmer of Ohio who sows the field that the locusts settle down to devour? Time, to the federalists, is nothing; and why should they not travel on credit as well as live at home on credit? 30,000 I am told assembled at Tippecanoe. How many Federalists do you think could have been marched to Tippecanoe had the advance of a foreign enemy required a defence for the frontier? And why is it that Federalists are still permitted to exult over their country's shame? Instead of a drunken revel at Tippecanoe, would it not have been more decent to have performed a funeral service over the brave soldiers who, by the weak folly of Harrison, were massacred in their camp.

The first soldiery I ever saw was the 4th Regiment of Infantry, marching through Vermont in the time of the last war. It was called the "bloody fourth"—the men were "heroes of Tippecanoe." We boys of the time, thought them wonderful men; that Tippecanoe was a wonderful battle. Perhaps it was not prudent to acquaint our youth with the disgrace that Harrison had attached to the American arms; for while Federalism endeavored to spread universal terror by indecently magnifying and exulting over our reverses, it become the duty of the patriot to be decently silent where he could not openly applaud.

But *what was* this Tippecanoe battle, that the Federalists, always intent upon affixing dishonor upon their country, now compel us to expose?—I take the history not from printed books, or newspapers, or speeches in Congress, but from Harrison's *own despatches, written at the time.*

On the afternoon of the 6th November, 1811, Harrison with a strong force of regulars and volunteers arrives near the town of the Prophet (Tecumseh's brother) and prepares to encamp. Indians are hovering about, playing their usual antics. Harrison wishes to speak to them,—these come in and promise to bring more. Col. Davies of Kentucky, (he was among the massacred) is reconnoitering the mean time, and brings word that the Indians are near in considerable force and may be attacked to advantage. His officers and men are desirous of being led on, and the same spirit pervades the whole army; but Harrison will not "fight"—he prefers a "talk," and he tells the Indians who came in that he will give them till to-morrow to hold a council, but before they depart, discovering that his camping ground is *inconvenient* for want of *wood* and *water*, (whoever *thought* of camping where both of these were wanting,) he *inquires of the Indians* if *they* cannot point him out a better place, and *they* (benevolent souls) conduct him to the famed ground of Tippecanoe, which Harrison himself, eleven days after, admits to have been (for him) a most injudicious selection. On his left ran the Tippecanoe Creek, in a diagonal direction towards a marsh which flanked his right, forming thus a triangle at the base of which, on the marsh side, was the Prophet's town. In this place, where his mounted force was useless, Harrison allowed his men to be "penned" for the night. On the next morning, between 4 and 5 o'clock, Harrison being then "awake," (what a pity he had not been *awake* on the previous afternoon,) the Indians rushed upon the camp, commencing the massacre near the angle approaching the Prophet's town.—Before the men in that part of the camp could seize their arms, the Indians were among them, hand to hand, murdering in all directions. The alarm becoming general, the rear of the camp charged upon the Indians and drove them off. BUT—what did daylight disclose to the eyes of the brave and confiding soldiery? *One hundred and eighty-eight* of their own comrades (a large proportion of whom were officers) strewed upon the ground, dead or wounded. And what was next done to carry out the results of this "glorious victory"? Why, *destroying a part of the baggage* and loading the waggons with the wounded, the *army retreated*. How many did the Indians lose? Harrison says 30. I will venture to bet a pint of "hard cider" that this was guess work. Myriads of Indians have been "killed" in Florida, but somehow they are "dragged off" by their friends, and are never seen again until they are seen in some other fight, just as Harrison's Indians were seen under Tecumseh within a year from the *great battle* of Tippecanoe.

Such, I can assure my old companions in whose bosoms the "bloody fourth" created so much boyish enthusiasm, is the true story of Tippecanoe; though perhaps they, like myself, having preferred reading the bright pages of our country's history to the dark ones, have for years past chosen to forget the deplorable circumstances. Had we not Harrison's despatches for reference, the simple fact of an assemblage of 30,000 federalists at Tippecanoe would be a sufficient evidence of national disgrace. Had the Indians been assisted in the massacre by a few red-coated, bob-tailed British soldiers (their usual allies in American warfare) instead of 30,000, we should have seen 60,000 rejoicers.

I have alluded to hard cider, log cabins, and Tippecanoe, because upon these I suppose Harrison rests his claims to the suffrages of the people of Vermont; for it cannot be that he rests any claim upon the circumstance of having first got into public life by the *rule of inheritance*, as the *son* of a man of eminence, or upon having lived all his life an office-holder—the incumbent of offices *not held by the suffrages of the people, but obtained by intrigue with various administrations* and *held by servile adulation*. Nor can the claim rest upon his speeches, votes, or acts, which have *ever* been influenced by those who seek by cunning insinuations to introduce monarchical principles into our institutions, which, if once admitted, would tend slowly and surely to the overthrow of the Republic. Nor can it be his having *never* voted for or supported any noble and generous measure for more fairly declaring or more firmly establishing the principles of EQUAL RIGHTS, upon which rests the safety and happiness of the American people. No, no. Upon hard cider, log cabins, and Tippecanoe alone does Harrison claim the votes of the farmers of Vermont. He claims nothing for having in a long course of weak and imbecile public conduct, never allowed an opportunity for reducing American freemen to the condition of slaves, to pass without enrolling his name among the advocates of the measure. He has, however, a high claim in the eyes of the infamous gang who most loudly support him—he is the only freeborn citizen of the United States who *dares not avow his opinions*, and one who, by refusing to publish his sentiments upon fundamental questions while he asks for suffrages, would leave his voters in doubt whether they were voting for a man or a monkey.

How noble in contrast is the position of Mr. Van Buren. "I will not insult the patriotism of Vermont by speaking of him as a "northern man;" of the poor boy introducing himself to public favor by *his own merits*—not through the *hereditary influence of his family*; or of the man who has risen to public stations by the *free suffrages of his fellow citizens*—not by *obsequiously cringing* to legislative bodies and men in authority; but I would speak of him as one who boldly announces his principles and opinions, and one who, through three years of unexampled perplexities, has given the highest evidences of honor, honesty, capacity, patriotism and fitness for command. All the books in the world would not contain the calumnies that have been uttered and published against Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Jackson; but such has been the discretion and manliness of Mr. Van Buren, that his opponents, vile and miserable as they are, dare not attack his character in any one particular. They may abuse his measures, but after years of watchfulness they have discovered nothing bare-faced, tho' they be such as to authorize them to assail the man. Then there is the great claim of Van Buren to the suffrages of an enlightened, sober minded and religious people. His friends point to a *whole life*, ever honorable, ever irreproachable, ever devoted to his country's glory, and not to a single solitary dazzling act, which in the lives of many great men, is blazed forth to obliterate years of folly, indiscretion, or wrong doing.

Van Buren will not require the vote of Vermont to insure his re-election, but the honor of the State requires that it should not be given to his opponent. The office of President of the United States is the highest office in the world, because, instead of being the chance inheritance of an idiot or a woman, it is the free gift of an enlightened people. The House of Representatives represents districts, the Senate represents States, but the President represents the Nation from Maine to Arkansas. In addition to supreme executive power, his voice in legislation is not only equal to that of a majority of either house, but equal to a majority of both houses, for if by sectional combinations, (*log-rolling*) or by any means, a bill injurious or oppressive to the people should be passed by them, the President may pronounce his veto. How imperative then, is it upon the people to know that the candidate for President is *possessed* of sound opinions, and that he is nerved by courage, fortitude, and a strong mind to maintain them. In voting for Van Buren, we know for whom we vote; but in voting for Harrison, we should not know whether it was Clay or Biddle, or Botts, or Wise, or which of the "great rejected" we were electing to rule over us. Our nation would present the curious spectacle of a government without an executive. Our president would be a puppet, kicked and tossed by the Bulls and Bears of the stock-market.

The misrepresentations upon every measure of the administration that have for three years filled the columns of 1200 whig newspapers, & all their recent lies at "short date" having failed in deluding the people, our country is sought to be made disreputable in the eyes of the world by an attempt to smother the judgment by addresses to the senses—by Punch-and-Judy representations of cabins, pewter spoons, and skunk skins, (the people should tell the whigs to skin their own skunks—a dirty job they'd have of it.) Nothing is more common in Europe than sending round ballad-singers, organ-grinders and monkey dancers to amuse the people into a forgetfulness of their liberties, but I trust the disgusting spectacles of the present season will only rouse Americans to greater vigilance. It is well for federalism to enjoy its saturnalia before a Presidential election, for the rebuke of the people leaves it generally but little spirit after the event; but this year they appear to be already mired in the filth of their disgusting mummeries, and reel under the influence of premature intoxication. The party may now be compared to the over-anxious sportsman, who, by overtraining and over-practising before the race comes off breaks down his steed and allows his rival to walk the course; or to a band of drunkards who begin to discover that the stimulant which increases the desire is very apt to take away from the performance. Like braggarts glorying in their cups, they have overthrown all their enemies, and in imagination seen their flag floating o'er his ramparts, but slowly awakening from their inebriated trance they now find themselves weak, feverish, and powerless, while their opponents are not only standing firm but strengthened in their trenches and prepared for the general charge which soon will put in final rout the monster of Whigism and all its followers.

In unseating the hydra of Federalism in your State, *every* Democrat has an *active* duty to perform—but let the words of truth be carried into *all* the recesses of your vallies, & rest assured that the voice of Freedom will proclaim from your Mountain tops that Vermont is *free* and entitled to the honorabte consideration of her sister States.

B.

"Bloodless as yet!"

FEDERAL DESPERATION.

From the Ohio Statesman.

Henry Clay, after the veto of the U. States Bank, in a speech in the U. S. Senate, said, "we were in the midst of a revolution—bloodless as yet!"—thereby intending to throw out a *feeler* as to the mode of usurping the reins of government; and it was not done without its effect, for it has emboldened the leading British Whig orators simultaneously to urge, openly, an appeal to "ARMS!" in case they fail at the ballot box, in their desperate struggle for political power. Yes—unable to corrupt a free people by a British Bank, and British gold, they nurse in their depraved bosoms the vain idea, that with their *ancient English allies*, they can crush the INVINCIBLE DEMOCRACY, and "GIVE THEIR FLESH TO THE EAGLES!" Hear these "*Democratic*" whigs—these "supremacy of the laws" men. Before the adjournment of Congress, a Federal member hoisted the piratical flag, boldly declaring—"*I go for the peaceful remedy until November, and if not successful, I GO FOR ARMS!*"

More recently, Senator Preston, in a speech at a Federal meeting at Richmond, Va., said that—"*Although he believed that Mr. Van Buren's election would be defeated by constitutional means, yet if those means were insufficient, if the ballot box should fail him, HE, FOR ONE, WAS WILLING TO RESORT TO THE RIGHTS & THE ARMS THAT NATURE GAVE HIM.*"

And what says the "State Gazette," a leading Federal paper in New Jersey:

"With the Scotsmen of old, you may cry, 'they [the democratic party] have robbed us of *name*, and pursued us with beagles;' and *I would to God I might hear roaring from the ranks of the Democratic Whigs of New Jersey, the concluding part of the stanzas, viz GIVE THEIR ROOFS TO THE FLAMES, & THEIR FLESH TO THE EAGLES.*"

But these are not all. At Charleston, Kenawha co. Va., the *murderer*, *Graves*, with the blood of Maine's Democratic champion, *Cilley*, dripping as it were, from his brutal hands, thus threatens the Democracy:

"IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE HOPE OF REDRESS—THE HOPE OF A CHANGE THROUGH THE BALLOT BOX, I WOULD HERE—SO HELP ME GOD! UPON THIS HOLY ALTAR: TAKE AN OATH THIS NIGHT, TO TAKE UP ARMS, AND MARCH WITH YOU TO WASHINGTON, AND PULL DOWN THE PRESENT DYNASTY."

And in our own Buckeye State, Tom Corwin, the feed advocate of soulless, irresponsible Banks, and the *sacredness* of their *violated charters*—the man who voted to give the negroes the right of swearing away our lives in courts of justice—threatens the unyielding and fearless democracy of Ohio, that, 'If the *Army Bill* [a phantom of his own brain] becomes a law, the Sub-Treasury remains in force, and MARTIN VAN BUREN IS REELECTED, all *they* had to do to rid themselves, would be—TO TAKE UP ARMS!"

Who does not see in these appeals the same spirit that existed among the monarchists in the worst days of John Adams' Reign of Terror?—that spirit, which now, as then, would make assassination, murder, and every atrocity their fiendish minds can conceive, justifiable in gratifying their unhallowed ambition and thirst for power. These hypocritical brawlers for "Jeffersonian democracy," we are glad to see, are, one by one, doffing their masks, and hoisting their true federal colors. "If we fail at the BALLOT BOXES," say they, "WE WILL TAKE UP ARMS!" For what! To rid our country of a foreign foe? No!—plainly, to USURP the highest official stations, at the point of the bayonet, that the sovereign People, through their constitutional rights, refused to give them—thus trampling under foot their elective franchise, and unblushingly proclaiming their old federal doctrine, that THE PEOPLE ARE INCAPABLE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT. These are the men, too, who look upon the mass of the people (in the language of Tom Ewing in his late speech at the Market House) as "VASSALS OF POWER," and whose intelligence cannot be reached other than by an exhibition of mock log cabins, cider barrels, coon and opossum skins. But they have mistaken the age. An indignant and insulted people will frown down such gross presumption, and give these federal usurpers another evidence that they know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain them.

The above was prepared for our last paper, since when we have received the following, in the Fayette Democrat. A gentleman who was present, of the highest veracity, informs us, that Ex-Governor Trimble did not deny, next morning, but that he had used the language here attributed to him.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12, 1840.

We, the undersigned, certify that we heard Allen Trimble, (ex-Governor of Ohio,) of Highland co., make, in substance, the following remarks from a carriage in front of Cissna's Hotel, in Washington, last evening, about eleven o'clock.

"Gentlemen—I do not intend to make a speech; it has been stated, to day, that I once attempted to make a speech in this place, but failed; I acknowledged it. One of my friends told me, immediately after it, that it was a devil of a poor speech, and I valued him for his frankness. But I have yielded to the solicitations of a couple of gentlemen who sat near me, to get up and show myself to you, to let you know that I am with you, heart and hand, in this struggle for liberty—*AND, GENTLEMEN, IF WE CANNOT SUCCEED AT THE BALLOT BOX, WE SHALL HAVE TO REDEEM OUR LOST LIBERTIES AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET. AND I WILL BE WITH YOU ON ALL OCCASIONS,*" *which was received with cheers.*

L. D. WILLARD,
NATHANIEL CUTRIGHT,
JNO. McNALLY,
DAN. SHARP,
CALVIN WILLIAMS,
THOMAS V. CUTRIGHT,
JACOB LINSON,
E. H. SKILLMAN,
B. F. BAUGHN,
J. F. BOYER,
THOS. HUDSON,
JOSEPH TROUNSTINE,
JACOB WRIGHT,
JAMES ROEBUCK,
JAMES HENTON,
JOHN ROBINSON.

The Illinois Old Hickory has summed up the following:

THE REIGN OF TERROR REVIVED.

Recent developments from various parts of the country show that the Federal Hard Ciderites have determined to carry the elections this year by any means in their power—"peaceable if they can, forcibly if they must." This order was first issued by the Commander-in-Chief of the Federal forces at Fort Meigs, and has since been proclaimed from the stump, by Federal orators in different parts of the Union. In his Fort Meigs speech, as published in the Sangamo Journal, Old Soldier, and other Federal papers, Gen. Harrison used the following extraordinary language:

"Now, fellow-citizens, I have very little more to say, except to exhort you to go on, peaceably if you can, and—you can—to effect that reform upon which your hearts are fixed."

This language is not susceptible of misconstruction. The meaning is not obscure or equivocal. It is used with direct reference to the Presidential election, and says we must "go on peaceably IF WE CAN, and—we can." Who does not know the old adage of "peaceably if we can, and forcibly if we must?" And who can doubt that such was the meaning of Gen. Harrison, when he made use of this extraordinary declaration in a public speech to forty thousand of his partisans, if his friends and papers are to be believed? It can be regarded in no other light than a direct appeal to the passions of his infuriated partisans to resort to brute force if necessary, to carry the election.—That it was so considered by his heated followers, is evident from the reckless and inflammatory speeches of Col. Preston and Gen. Thompson, of South Carolina, and Capt. Stockton, of New Jersey. We give an account of Col. Preston's speech at Richmond, Va. from the Enquirer:

"After indulging in the most infuriated denunciations of the President of the United States, and exciting his audience to a pitch almost to phrensy, he (Mr. Preston,) capped the climax of his inflammatory appeal, by telling them that although he believed Mr. Van Buren's election would be defeated by constitutional means, yet if those means were insufficient, if the ballot box should fail him, *he, for one, was willing to resort to the rights and the arms that Nature gave him.*"

Another writer in the Richmond Enquirer, refers with indignation to this threat, and says:

"We charge him with having used language to the effect that, if Mr. Van Buren could not be displaced through the ballot box in November next, that if the evils of which he complained could not be removed by an appeal to the polls, he for one was ready to resort to such means as God and nature had put within his reach to force a change." We do not pretend to give his precise language; but that it was even stronger than we have used, hundreds, we are sure, would testify as there were five or six hundred present, and the sentiment was applauded by at least one-fourth of the number.

"In addition to this sentiment of moral treason, he said much to excite hatred between parties.—He exclaimed, "hate them, curse them, despise them, rush upon them. If they wound you, mind it not; but push on, turn aside their bayonets, and crush them to the earth.'"

Here is the same sentiment which Harrison uttered at Fort Meigs, repeated by Col. Preston at Richmond. Harrison says "peaceably if we can and —— we can." Preston says "if the Ballot Box should fail him, he for one, was willing to resort to the rights and the arms which nature gave him." Whilst Preston is thus attempting to incite the South to resist the popular will by force, Capt. Stockton, one of the Hard Cider leaders of New Jersey, is making his inflammatory appeals to the Jerseymen to "*give the roofs of the loco focos to the flames, and their flesh to the eagles.*" He says—

"With the Scotsmen of old—you may cry, "they have robbed us of *name* and pursued us with beagles;" and would to God I might hear roaring from the ranks of the Democratic whigs of New Jersey, the concluding part of that stanzas, viz: "*give their roof to the flames, and their flesh to the eagles.*"

Again, speaking of his five Federal brethren who attempted to obtain seats in Congress by fraudulent certificates from Gov. Pennington:

"He said, that for himself, if he had held the high commission of New Jersey in the last Congress he would have presented the certificate on the point of the hunting knife, he would have nailed it with the hunting knife to the Clerk's table, and *demanded what Southern hotspur would take it off.*'

Referring to the approaching election he told them "*to beat the loco focos peaceably if you can*, FORCIBLY if you must, and to rally at the polls and DRIVE BACK THE BRIGANDS." Such is the character of the speeches of this desperate, reckless, disappointed faction, that stimulates its courage with hard cider, and attempts to carry the elections by brute force. Success is its aim, and the end is made to justify the means. Despairing of success at the polls, and knowing that the people have decided against them & the unholy means by which they hope to get into power, the Feds have determined to accomplish by fraud and force what they cannot do by fair means. They have got their secret organization, their secret committees, companies of bullies, and all other secret arrangements which are necessary to carry out their dark and fraudulent designs. Secrecy, money and force, are the weapons upon which they rely for success. Our weapons are truth, arguments and reason. We rely upon the intelligence, the virtue and the patriotism of the people. Our appeals are addressed to their understandings, not to their passions. We deprecate any appeal or resort to force, and trust the enemy may not impose upon the Democracy, the stern necessity of repelling force by force.

From the Old Dominion.

GOVERNOR TAZEWELL.

We have the pleasure of laying before our readers to-day a letter from this distinguished gentleman. At a meeting of the District Convention, held in this town on the 26th of last month, a Committee waited on Mr Tazewell, with a request that he would preside over its deliberations, which he declined in consequence of feeble health, having also retired from the busy scenes of political life. But, at the same time, communicated candidly and frankly to the Committe his sentiments in relation to the all-exciting topics of the day.—The opinions of Mr Tazewell, as expressed by the Committee, having called forth invidious and illiberal remarks, induced one of them, Dr. J. P. Young, to address him a letter, and his reply to that gentleman we now publish, and which we are sure will command the attention of our readers.

LETTER OF THE HON. L. W. TAZEWELL.

NORFOLK, *August* 23d, 1840.

SIR: Your letter of yesterday was handed me when it was too late for me to reply to it by the servant who bore it. After the very explicit and often repeated declarations made by me to the committee of which you were a member, that I would not take any part in the ferocious contest now raging throughout the country, farther than by giving my vote on the day of election, I did not expect to be called upon again to abandon this purpose, especially by one of the members of that committee. You misunderstand the reason which induced me to form this resolution, if you suppose it can be changed either by repeating to me the unmerited commendations of too partial friends, or the infamous and malignant falsehoods of those who I despise too much to call them foes.

I have no reason to believe that I could influence a single vote, any where, if I would; and I am very sure that I would not if I could. My opinions upon any subject, when regarded as of sufficient consequence to be sought for by any of my acquaintance, have never been withheld from them; nor will they ever be concealed from any one. These opinions, in regard to the respective merits of the two candidates for the Presidential office, were given to the members of your committee, when asked for by them, as they had been before given to several other persons of both parties, and as they have been repeated to such persons since.—I obtrude them upon none, but I am as indifferent who may know them, as I am by whom they may be approved. They are my opinions, and would continue to be such although no other being on earth might concur with me.

Upon these opinions, as I formerly said to you, I shall act at the approaching election, by giving my suffrage in favor of the present President, and of consequence against his opponent. I have an acquaintance of some standing with both the candidates, founded upon a service with each of them for several successive years in the Senate of the United States. This acquaintance justifies me in saying of each, that he is a well-bred gentleman, of mild and amiable manners and deportment, and so far as I either know or believe, of irreproachable private character. Gen. Harrison is my senior by several years, I know, and therefore, he cannot be much short of seventy: Mr Van Buren is junior by more years, I believe then Gen. Harrison is my senior. In their political course, these gentleman have generally differed; and while we were all associated as members of the Senate of the United States, it was my fortune to differ sometimes with both. The occasions of my difference with both. The occasions of my difference with Mr. Van Buren, were few and rare; but with General Harrison, I do not remember a single subject, involving any question of constitutional law, or of high political expediency, as to which we ever concurred. And on the few occasions in which I differed with Mr. Van Buren, he was associated with Gen. Harrison. Hence, it cannot be matter of surprise to any, that when placed in a situation when I am, to choose between two persons, with neither of whom do I agree entirely, I should prefer him with whom I have often united both in opinion and action, to him with whom I have *invariably* differed.

I state these things, that knowing the effect which is sometimes produced upon human minds by frequent and long-continued conflicts of opinion upon subjects of much interest, you may appreciate as you please the sentiment I have often uttered and will therefore, again repeat, that, in my judgment, General Harrison is both physically and intellectually incompetent to perform the many, varied arduous, and important duties which must devolve upon every President of the United States;—that it is not prudent to expose our country to the certain perils which must await it should its destinies ever be committed to a President by accident, in times of difficulty and high excitement; and that such a catastrophe is always probable, when one is elevated to the Presidential chair who has already reached the full term ordinarily considered as the limit of man's life.

To a kind letter from friends in a distant State inquiring what were my opinions of Mr. Van Buren's administration, I have recently replied. A copy of this reply is now before me; and as it truly represents my sentiments upon this subject, I will transcribe my answer to the inquiry propounded. "I was opposed to Mr. Van Buren when he was first a candidate for the Vice Presidential chair, and my opposition to him was continued when he was afterwards a candidate for the station he now holds. Upon each of these occasions, there were other candidates who, as I thought, agreed with my opinions more exactly, and who therefore, I preferred. Entertaining such sentiments, I have watched his course, since he came into power, with a vigilance that might not perhaps have been used by me under other circumstances. Yet, with all this vigilance, I have not been able to detect a single unconstitutional act that has been done or proposed by him during his administration. This is not