EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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POETRY.

From the Forget Me-Not, for 1839.

SONG OF THE BURMAN LOVER.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAPBELL.

Oh! come with me, in my little canoe,
For the tide is high, and the sky is blue,
And the wind is fair and 'tis sweet to row
To the isles where the mango-apples grow!

Oh! come with me, and be my love,
And for thee the jungle-depth I'll rove;
I'll gather the honey comb, bright as gold,
And seek out the elk's most secret fold.

I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
And bind the tiger cub with a chain;
And a young gazelle, with silver feet,
I'll bring thee for a playmate sweet!

I'll climb the palm for the bya's nest,
And red peas I'll gather to deck thy breast;
I'll pierce the cocoa for its wine,
And twine thee posies, if thou'lt be mine!

Then come with me, in my light conoe;
While the waters are calm & the skies are blue,
For should we linger another day,
Storms may arise, and love decay!

HINTS TO NEWSPAPER EDITORS.

One reader cries, your strain's to gave,
Too much morality you have,
Too much about religion;
Give me some witch and wizard tales,
On slip-shod ghosts with fins and scales,
And feathers like a pigeon.

In love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings, and priests, and lords,
Of border wars, and Gothic hordes
That used to live in hovels.

No, no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded love sick stuff
To craze the fair creation:
Give us some recent foreign news
Of Russians, Turks, the Poles, or Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of dull scholastic lore
Would like to see a little more
Of first rate scraps of Latin;
The grocer fain would learn the price
Of tea and sugar, fruit and rice;
The draper, silk and satin;

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A rebus or a riddle:
Some wish for parlimentary news,
And some, perhaps, of wiser views,
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander quill.
And scrawl against the paper;
Of all the literary fools,
Bred in our colleges or schools,
He cuts the greatest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety,
Variety in all things—
A miscellaneous hodge podge print,
Composed (I only give the hint)
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss
To hear of weddings plenty:
For in a time of general rain
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain,
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,
Of people totally undone
By losses, fire, or fever;
Another answers, full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of racoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a favorite dish
Of politics to suit them;
But here we rest at perfect ease
For should they swear the moon was cheese
We never should confute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
So, brother editors, pursue
The path that seems the best to you,
And let the grumblers grumble.

THE FLOWERS OF THE SEA.

A THRILLING STORY.

An extraordinary story is told by Captain Wallace, of a lover and his mistress, who were saved in a singular manner from the jaws of a shark. A transport with a part of a regiment on board, was sailing with a gentle breeze along the coast of Colney; one of the officers was leaning over the poop railing, conversing with a young lady who had inspired him with the tender passion. The lady was in the cabin in the act of handing a paper to her lover, when, overreaching herself, she fell into the sea, and supported by her clothes drifted astern; the officer lost no time in plunging in after her, and upheld her with one arm The sails were quickly backed, the ship lay to, and preparations were made to lower a boat, when, to the dismay of all on board a large shark appeared under the keel of the vessel; and gliding towards his victims, a shout of terror from the agonized spectators called the attention of the officer to the approaching danger; he saw the monster's fearful length nearing him; he made a desperate effort, plunged and splashed the water so as to frighten the shark, who turned and dived out of sight.—The current had now carried the officer and the lady close to the vessel when the shark appeared a second time along side, and was in the act of turning on his back to seize one of the hapless pair when a private of the officer's company, who was standing in the hammock nettings, jumped fearlessly overboard with a bayonet in the hand, which he plunged in the back of the shark, which instantly disappearing, the three were released from their perilous situation.

Saving Time.—A clergyman, who had a large farm, as was generally the case in our forefathers days, went out to see one of his laborers, who was ploughing in the field, and he found him sitting upon his plough, resting his team, "John" said he, "would it not be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here and be hubbing a few bushes while the oxen are resting?" John, with a countenance which might well have become the divine himself, instantly returned—"Would it not be well, sir, for you to have a swingling board in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to swingle a little flax?" The reverend gentleman turned on his heel, laughed heartily, and said no more about hubbing bushes.—Hampshire Gazette.

AN ARRSEST—A FACT.—Some years ago, in a county not a hundred miles from Adams, a small sized man went to the plantation of a gentleman who was light in wit but rather heavy in flesh with a piece of paper in his hand folded in a legal form, and known by the abbreviation of "casa." Having found the owner of the plantation in the field, he explained his business, when he was requested to read the capias, which commenced as usual—"You are hereby commanded without delay, to take the body of &c.

"Humph!" says the prisoner stretching himself upon his back. "I am ready."

"O, but you don't expect me to carry you in my arms?"

"Certainly, you must 'take my body,' you know. I do not resist the process of the law, understand, but submit with much cheerfulness.

"Will you wait here until I bring a cart?"

"Can't promise—I may recover from my fatigue in the mean time.

"Well what must I do?"

"You must do your duty."

And there he lay immoveable, until the Sheriff left.—Natchez Cour.

From the Monument for February.

THE WORDS AS IT IS.

[From a sketch of great interest, written by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, we take the following scenes. They will find their way to the heart. In how many, many thousand ways are those lines of Burns brought back to the thoughts, as we pass through the world.—

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,"

When exercises of benevolence, and acts of good will towards mankind bring with them such peaceful thoughts, and leave such refreshing remembrances, it is strange that any one will oppress his fellow.] *Ed. Ath. and Vis.*

YES, that night Charles Hanson and his wife slept in peace, and the dreams were of days of yore, when plenty smiled around their homes, and hope shed a steady beam o'er their pathway. Their dreams were like the visions of a shipwrecked mariner who clings to a fragment of his vessel, alone, in the midst of the solemn and trackless ocean, with the lethargy of exhaustion depressing his physical energies, while his restless and yearning heart is filled with home, and the eye of his fancy rests on all the bright and joyous things around it—the smiling friends—a plenteous board—and gushing fountains—trees filled with blushing fruits, and vines borne down to the verdant earth, by clusters of tempting grapes. He awakes—and awakes reaching forth his hand for a draught of water,—awakes, with the sound of laughter yet ringing in his ears, but alas, 'tis the heavy boom of the ocean's wave and the brightness, he still imagines, but the phantasmagoria conjured up by the rays of the setting sun agitated by the trembling waters. He awakes to double misery—to starvation and despair.

The next morning brought its usual accompaniment of bills and duns. Some small debts were paid—the baker—grocery and milk woman discharged, much to their astonishment, but the others with their malicious insults still lingered and jeered, and exulted like vultures hovering over anticipated prey. At length they departed,—then came the penny post with two letters, large packages they were, which took much of their small means to pay for, but they did not think of that, for hope was busy at their hearts when they saw that the post mark on one was New York; and as Mr. Hanson early broke the seals, his countenance was bright with expectation, or he was sure, poor fellow! that it contained asistance from a wealthy brother he had, who resided there, but as you may have seen a cloud darken a rising star, so did keen disappointment shadow his face as he read the contents which demanded immediately the repayment of certain sums, lent several years previous, when for some youthful indiscretions he was banished from his Father's house until a sense of the follies he had committed, procured him a pardon and recall. His brother, was a child by his father's first wife, who owing to certain affairs in the settlement of his mother's fortune which was left with annexed conditions, solely to him, disagreed so frequently with his father, who had the management and control of them, that the old gentleman unable to bear such continual disturbance—unwilling to endure impertinence and ingratitude from his own child, determined to give his wealth into his own hands, which he did. Samuel Hanson forthwith departed to New York, where he invested his moneys in stocks and landed property, which in a few years yielded him an income of thousands;—married an heiress—became a pillar of the most popular church in the city, and sitting up a splended establishment, beheld himself in a short time a man of great consequence.

When Charles Hanson read the unfeeling letter he exclaimed, "Oh my God, dost thou own for thy children the cruel and iron hearted among the sons of men."

"What has happened now, dearest?" enquired his trembling wife.

"Happened," he replied, turning his pale face towards her—"happened," he repeated—"there! read that, and tell me it the mercies of God has departed from us! Oh Clara Hanson! I could bear it all, but for you and my child! for you to suffer and endure the shame that is heaped on me is too much. Now for the other letter—it is a visitation of like mercy and loving kindness, I presume!"—and he laughed bitterly as he opened the envelope which enclosed a bill of the amount due for house rent.

"Ah," said he, muttering and expressive of the misery of his heart as he read—"House rent due long ago—from my landlord—lodging in a gaol to-morrow—275 dollars—due six months ago—will not wait any longer—stand in need of it—sorry, to press you under your present misfortunes. D'ye hear that Clara the hoary hypocrite! 'the constable and officers will wait on you to-morrow either to receive the above mentioned sums, or your body. Come here my daughter-my blue eyed dove—come to your farther and kiss him"—and burst of inexpressible anguish caused him to weep until his chest heaved with the throbbings of his broken heart, as he hugged his child to his bosom.

She was a lovely child. The silken curls of her light brown hair parted over her fair round forehead and fell on her blue veined temples in many a cluster—her eyes were a dark hazel color, overarched by brows, such as a skilful painter might pencil on the forehead of an angel or the Madonna; and their bright depths were shaded by long fringing eye lashes, which imparted a softness, a maturity to her loveliness, such as we do not often see in children. The gloom that had so many months oppressed her parents seemed to have spread a cloud over little Nannie's joyous spirits, for now, the child seldom smiled, and still more seldom uttered words of glee, but would sit in her little chair at Mrs. Hanson's feet, with her large eyes fixed on some object on the floor, rocking herself to and fro, or turning her thin white fingers around each other as if in a state of utter abstraction.

It is a sad thing to see a delicate flower bowed down to the earth by the peltings of a heavy storm. More sad is it to see a fair child sinking under sorrows it cannot comprehend,—to hear the bird-like tones of its gladness gradually hushed—to see the rose hue in its cheek, wax dimmer day by day, and hear the footsteps which once rang so joyously over the floor, or fell so lightly among the grass and flowers become faint, and slow, and fearful. Men and women, as they advanced in years, and progress along the road of life, must expect to sow many bitter tears and reap a full fruition of sorrow; but to see a child, just bursting like a half cleft rose in the morning beams of life, with an appreciation of the holy and beautiful things, bowed down and shedding tears over unknown though not unfelt sorrows, is a sight that always saddens me.

"Father," said the child, as she laid her little pale cheek on his shoulder, what is a jail? is it a pretty place like we used to live in, father? and when we get there will you and mother be happy and glad—and will mother sing, and laugh and play with little Nannie again?"

He could do no less than evade her questions, for she looked up into his face so earnestly, and such a flush of hope brightened her countenance, as she thought of old and familiar things, that he could not find it in his heart to tell her what it really was, but aked her—

"Are you not happy my child? Your mother is always with you—your father is always with you! why are you not happy?"

"I don't know sir, but mother is so pale and never laughs now, and sometimes I am so hungry and I can't get any bread. Oh me! I wish we could all go to sleep and not wake any more until the angels wake us, don't you?" Her father kissed her beautiful lips many times, and answered in the affirmative.

"But," continued little Nannie, "we can't go to sleep, that long yet, father, and mustn't we try, and be glad while we are awake?"

"Yes, my little comforter," said Mr. Hanson much softened, and forgetful at the moment of his troubles. Clara stood behind his chair leaning on his shoulder with one arm thrown carelessly around his neck, and her hand resting on her child's head. The group would have formed a beautiful picture on canvass, but living and breathing as it was in its loveliness, it was fairer and holier to contemplate, those three beings, sinked indissolably together by a chain of love which was rivetted by care and suffering, and shone brighter beneath the storm that had been gathering and bursting around them. They reminded me of a burst of sunlight glinting through a black tempest, on a foam-capped wave—or three stars hedged in by a circle of black clouds

The next morning betimes the agents of their landlord's cruel injustice were at Charles Hanson's door, knocking for admittance. It was opened by himself, and with a calm and unaltered voice, he told them he was acquainted with the object of their visit, and not having money to satisfy their employer's claim, bade them lead on to the prison.

"But could no compromise be made sir?" asked the humane officer, "have you no friend who could extricate you from this affair? I am a poor man myself, Mr. Hanson, or you should not leave your home this morning, and your pale sweet lady and child, for a common jail. Have you no friends Mr. Hanson."

"None sir—lead on," answered Mr. Hanson sternly.

There are moments in affliction, when pity from a stranger seems to awaken anger instead of consolation in our hearts, and poor Hanson in the hopelessness of his misery, deemed the man's interference and ineffectual pity, rather an impertinance than a kindness. There sat poor Clara in a corner, as pale as marble—not agitated—but with her eyes closed and big tears swelling from beneath her eye lashes, and rolling down her white cheeks. Her head reclined against the wall, and not a sign of life was about her except those mournful tears. Little Nannie's head was nestled on her mother's knees, and low, convulsive sobs burst from the child's heart as if every one broke some fine chord of feeling in it, so intensely pitiful and despairing were they.

"I say, Mr. Nelson?" cried one of the men to the constable, dashing his brown rough hand over his eyes, "its no use to stand here parley vooing, no how, your'e poor, sir, so am I; but I declare to man, sir, when I see sich sights as [illegible] man, I think all poor people ought just in mercy to be hanged to save 'em, sir, from the oppressions of them as is ris up in the world. Consarn 'em, I say!"

"Thank you friends," said Hanson—his feelings undergoing another revulsion, as the man's indignant sentiments expressed themselves, "thank you for your sympathy, but you must know," whispered he, pointing significantly to his wife and child, "that to prolong this scene would be peculiarly painful. I will bid them farewell—then you may lead me where you list. He approached Clara, but she moved not—he kissed her lips, but she noticed it not—and although he knelt and clasped her in a long and earnest embrace, she gave no token of consciousness. He arose, and raising his hands to Heaven, while his tearless eyes were lifted upwards, exclaimed—"God of Justice! if the sword of thine omnipotence be not broken, avenge—oh avenge my wrongs!" Clara heard that awful prayer—it pierced even the lethargic trance of despair, and with a shriek which she hoped would reach Heaven before the sinful invocation of her husband was recorded on the archieves of judgement, cried "Rather, oh Father, forgive us all our trespasses!"—and sunk in a faint on the floor.

By this time an old woman who resided in the next house, and who had often done a good turn for them, came in, and lifting the helpless creature in her arms, laid her on her humble bed.

He left them in their desolation—he left them to a fate he little dreamed of, and in a few hours was sitting alone in the debtor's cell, brooding over his anguish until consciousness was almost extinct.

The day after these events transpired, I arrived home from a tour, I had been making through some parts of Europe for the benefit of my son's health, and the first thing that struck my attention on entering my house, was a dirty, coarse looking note from Clara Hanson, lying on the hall table where it had been for months. There were the characters written in her own delicate style, informing me of their pressing necessities, and begging me as the friend of her childhood and youth to come to their assistance—naming the place of their abode. I had heard nothing of the change in their fortune until then, much less of their extreme sorrows, and filled with astonishment, bordered at the sudden revelation, I stepped back instantly into my carriage, and directed the coachman to drive to the place designated in the note. After many turnings and windings, he found the house—it was closed—not a vestage of life was there about it. Our repeated and heavy knockings on the door brought an old crone's head from the window of an adjoining house.

"Where?" I asked, "where are the family who resided here good woman?"

"Troth an' its muir than I ken o' my leddy.—Ye'll hae to be a speering round a worse place than this if ye find the gudeman."

"Gracious Heavens! what means you mother?"

"A jail, my leddy."

"And where is Mrs. Hanson?"

"I dinna ken. She greeted sairly after him, pun leddy! when they took him awa', and their young bairn was like to die that night o' wae. This morning I missed them too an I dinna ken whar they be."

Night was wearing rapidly on, so I determined to return home and recommence my search in the morning. * * * * *

My heart sickened as I approached the dreary place whose walls imprisoned Charles Hanson—he who had been the playmate of my childhood, and friend of maturer years. Who, the last time I had seen him, was on the brightest pinnacle of fortune and renown—surrounded by friends and flatterers—listened to as an oracle—applauded as a god. A heavy snow had fallen during the night, and the side walk in front of the prison gates looked like a pave of polished marble. A quantity had drifted against the gate, which presented to my excited imagination, as the dim light of dawning day fell on it, the appearance of a human being covered with a white sheet, the folds of which had fallen to the proportions of the figure. The nearer I drew towards the gate—the more fearfully distinct it became, and a sickening feeling had like to have made me faint, as my servant exclaimed, "It is some poor body frozen to death I reckon mistress."

"Remove the snow Robert," I replied, "remove it quickly."

"He did so as well as he could with his hands. As the crusted snow fell from the top of the figure, a pale dead face presented itself, and oh God! I shudder now while I write it—it was the face of Clara Hanson. "Oh my friend," I cried clasping my arms around the shrouded form, and kissing her cold marble cheeks and lips, "is it thus I find thee?"

I felt something move, as I clung to her—and a sigh, such a sigh as escapes from a peaceful sleeper's heart, gave token of life, and as Robert cleared from off her shoulders and bosom their mantle of snow, I saw a sight which melted and subdued to tears my whole soul. On her dead mother's bosom lay little Nannie Hanson, sleeping as sweetly as if she had been on a couch of down, her lips were half apart, and her soft breath stole up as gentle through the opening it had made in the snow, as if it had been whispering among flowers—a delicate flush was on her cheeks, and her silken hair lay around them in disordered curls. * * * *

That evening Charles Hanson was to be released from prison, and I sat with his child who had sobbed herself to sleep in my arms, anxiously and fearfully awaiting his appearance, In the drawing room lay the beautiful remains of his Clara, how could I lead him to his dead? how could I bear the first outbreak of his mighty anguish? In a few minutes of the time appointed, I heard his step in the hall, then his voice, and in another moment, he stood before me trembling with emotions which his words could not express, emotions so mixed, that silence and tears were their best interpreters. At length he spoke—"kindest and best friend! fill up the cup of blessings you have bestowed on me by giving my Clara to my arms in health and safety!" This voice awoke Nannie, and she sprang to his embrace and clung to him as if she feared they might again be seperated. He asked again for Clara? I burst into tears.

"My child," he cried frantically, "where is your mother?"

"My mother is asleep in that room and they wont let me wake her," she answered.

He rushed into the drawing room, and there was a confirmation of his worst fears. The shroud was not whiter than the face of his dead wife, nor a moonlit sky more placid than the smile which her departing spirit had left on it. I had placed on her bosom a white japonica and orange blossoms, and a girdle of broad white satin ribbon encircled her slender and exquisitely delicate waist. Two curls had been suffered to fall on her cheeks, and as her face lay half shaded beneath the veil which was over it, she looked like a timid young bride prepared for the altar.

Oh terrible—heart-rending was Charles Hanson's agony! It was like the moans which precede some of nature's convulsions, and I thought his heart, the heart of his physical being would break, and I should see him strangled with his own life blood; but he lived, and for weeks and weeks he sat, or walked, or spoke as one under the influence of somnambulism. His hair whitened, and in the midst of his youth, he grew old, and his steps faltered, and his tongue trembled. It was a fearful and a pitiful sight.

VIRGINIA.

We are happy to perceive that the Democracy of the Old Dominion has raised its hitherto unconquerable voice, to call together its strength in battle array, for the fundamental doctrines which achieved the first great conquest under the author of the Declaration of Independence. We see indications of a spirit in the following resolutions of the committee and the comments of the Enquirer, which will not, we think, be vanquished by intrigue, bargain or management, although the father of this scheme of policy now devotes all his characteristic energy and unscrupulous skill in this way to make sure of victory in Virginia.

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

The committee appointed under the resolution of the late meeting of the members of the General Assembly, friends of the present Administration, have, according to order, had the same under consideration, & respectfully submit the following report and resolutions:

WM. SMITH,
N. E. VENABLE,
JOS. S. WATKINS,
JNO. WOOLFOLK.

NOTE.—Mr. John T. Anderson was one of the committee to prepare the address and resolutions, and assented to the same.

To the Democratic Republicans of Virginia:

It is known to you, fellow citizens, that ever since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, you have had to encounter an insidious, active and untiring foe. This foe, composed in part of those who disbelieve the capacity of freemen to govern themselves, and who deem a privileged and irresponsible class essential to the stability of all good government, you have often encountered and repeatedly overthrown. But, undismayed by disaster, and unconquered by defeat, your enemy is again preparing for the coming struggle. With shouts of encouragement, swelling with the breeze, they urge forward to the struggle, and exclaim—

"What though former fields have been lost?
All is not lost! The unconquerable will,
And study of revenge—immortal hate—
And courage never to submit or yield,"

is ours.

In this spirit fellow citizens, our political adversaries are preparing for the spring election. Led by choice, or driven by necessity, to sustain that obnoxious politician, Henry Clay, they seek to withhold from your view that his election to the Presidency would necessarily involve the re-establishment of a National Bank and a revival of the tariff policy. Madly seeking victory, they have elsewhere allied themselves to the dark spirit of Abolition, a demon more malignant than he "who first seduced the mother of mankind." Stimulated by the hope of fixed and irreconcileable differences among yourselves, they appear determined to refrain from no effort, and refuse no measure that will tend to that result, for which they have so often struggled, but so often in vain.

Under these imposing circumstances should you not be up and doing! Will you put forth no effort to sustain yourselves—no effort to overcome those over whom you have so often triumphed?

Under a profound conviction of the deep importance of the present crisis, your Republican fellow citizens of the General Assembly have deemed it wise to recommend a convention of the friends of the present Administration, to meet at the Capitol, in the city of Richmond, to consider of the best means to restore our ancient harmony, and to advance the great principles of free government; therefore,

Resolved, That a convention of the Republican party of Virginia do assemble at the Capitol, in this city, on the 3d Monday of March next.

Resolved, That each county, town and borough of this Commonwealth be requested to appoint one or more delegates to unite with the present Republican members of the General Assembly in forming such convention, especially those counties, towns or boroughs, which are not now represented in the General Assembly by Republicans.

Resolved. That it be recommended to the Republicans of the State, where it is found inconvenient to send delegates, to appoint a proxy or proxies to represent them in the said convention.

Resolved, That the Republican members of the General Assembly will heartily aid in promoting the objects of the proposed convention.

Resolved, That the Editor of the Richmond Enquirer and other Republican papers in this State, are requested to publish the address and resolutions adopted by this meeting.

These resolutions were adopted, and the blank in the first resolution filled, by an adjourned meeting of the Republican members of the General Assembly, in the Senate Chamber, on Tuesday night, the 29th instant, Mr. Opie, of the Senate, in the chair, and Mr. Venable, of the House of Delegates, secretary. The roll was called, and about sixty members appeared in person or by proxy.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

We lay the preceding Address before the Republicans of Virginia with unbounded satisfaction. It is time indeed to be "up and doing." It is time to arouse the Democracy of the land; to reorganize our party; to call forth the people; to dissipate the jarring elements of division; to extinguish the torch of discord, if possible; or, if some few will not reunite, to rally together all the good men and the true, and march forth in battle array, with closed shields, to combat the enemies of the Republican party, the friends of Mr. Clay, and the advocates of a National Bank. It is hoped that the appeal of the Republican members of the Legislature will not be in vain, and that the Democracy will turn out and appoint their delegates to attend the convention.

An effort is about to be made to reunite the party. The call is made upon the friends of the Administration only. Any man who prefers a Whig candidate to Mr. Van Buren, or who is not disposed to lend a liberal support to the present Administration, had better join the Whig ranks at once, for the preceding invitation is, of course, not addressed to him. The address is intended not for enemies, but for friends—for those who are the friends of the Administration, whatever may be their opinions on the Sub-Treasury question. We understand enough of the temper and the proceedings of the Republicans who send forth this address, to believe that such is the liberal spirit in which they address their countrymen. They address themselves to the friends of the Administration—to those who are disposed to cooperate with them in the re-election of Mr. Van Buren, and in the exclusion of a Whig candidate from the Presidential chair.

The convention has other objects to promote. We wish to animate and confirm our friends and convince them of the importance of the present crisis—to consult together for the protection of Southern interests, now menaced by Northern fanaticism—to bring out our strong men in all the counties, and secure concert of action—to reiterate and vindicate our great principles—to counteract the designs of our political opponents, who predicate their success upon fomenting our family quarrels, and to agree upon the measures which, if boldly and vigorously pursued, will ensure us a decisive and glorious triumph. In these designs have they not a right to expect the hearty cooperation of the Republicans throughout Virginia? Would it not be an insult to their patriotism and intelligence to dwell on these great objects, with the view of reconciling them to the measure which our friends in the General Assembly have adopted?

From the Washington Chronicle.

We hesitate not in saying that the treatment Mr. Moore has received from the Aristocracy of New York is a bold and daring insult to the great producing class of this Republic, which they are bound to resent in such a manner as will satisfy their enemies that the *real people* will not permit their friends to be injured with impunity. This act of Aristocratic revenge, should excite the ire of the bone and sinew of the country from one extreme of the Union to the other, and cause them to adopt such measures as will compel their enemies to tremble for the consequences of their own wickedness. Unless this is done and done quickly too, what chance is there for the people's rights to be protected? If their best friends are to be sacrificed with impunity, who will dare to step forward in their defence? None. They will shortly be in the same miserable condition in this country that they now are in Europe trampled in the dust by their oppressers, and not a soul to say a word in their behalf.

We ask, in sober earnest, what course has Mr. Moore pursued relative to the people? Has he not at all times, and under circumstances the most discouraging, been their firm and abiding friend? We take leave to answer in the affirmative. He was among the talented few who boldly espoused their cause in by gone years, and gave the impulse to those great measures of reform that were first agitated among the producers of wealth, and are now claiming the attention of this great nation. As the President of the first National Convention of Working men, he spoke often and with thrilling eloquence on the mighty evils of monopolies; demonstrated their injurious effects on productive industry, and thus roused a spirit of opposition to them and their malign influences on the noble principles of political equality among that class of the community, which will never again be quieted until their injurious effects on labour are destroyed. He was also among the first and ablest advocates for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and the destruction of all unequal and oppressive enactments and usages. In a word, in New York, on the floor of Congress, and at other places, he has ever been the advocate of equal rights—the bold and fearless champion of popular liberty. For this cause, and this only, have the Aristocracy hated him, and have removed him from Congress; and for this cause it is the duty of the great producing class of this Republic to sustain him by every means in their power.

The Annapolis Republican has the following synopsis of Bills before the Maryland House of Delegates:

To regulate proceedings in Courts of Equity in certain cases."—reported by Mr. MASON.

This bill proposes that hereafter, when a party complainant in court shall die, having heirs at law, who if adults, would be proper parties to said suit instead of the deceased party, the court may enter the said heirs as party to said suit, although under the age of twenty-one years—and the case shall proceed as if the party were still living.

Supplement to the act of 1835. ch. 200 relative to CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS—reported by Mr. PITTS.—This bill relates to the compensation to Sheriffs making sale of a Negro Convict under the original act.

Supplement to the act of 1834, ch. 203 for accepting the provisions of the act of Congress, entitled an act for the continuation of the Cumberland Road, &c. reported by Mr BLOCHER.

This bill authorises the superintendant of that road, to construct and keep in repair that portion of the road leading from the termination of the Cumberland Turnpike, near the Lutheran Church in Cumberland, to the first mile post on the National Road, and to keep in repair the bridges between those points—the costs to be taken from monies collected for tolls.

Supplement to the act for the dissemination of Literature in this State. Reported by Mr. ORRICK.

This bill gives to the Trustees of the several Schools, Academies and Colleges, that receive donations of moneys from the State, for the benefit of the poor—discretionary power as to the number of poor children to be admitted, provided said number shall not exceed twelve.

To protect the reputation of unmarried Females—reported by Mr. MASON.

1 Provides, that all words spoken maliciously touching the reputation, chastity or virtue