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Maryland Journal,

A MU[redacted]TICS, AGRICULTURE, AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

VOL. IV. ROCKVILLE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1844. No. 36.

Printed and Published by
EDWARD WAITE:
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

POETRY.

From the American Whig.

JIMMY CARROLL.

TUNE—"*Old Dan Tucker.*"

There was a man in Baltimore,
When the British landed on our shore,
That every body thought would fight,
But he declared it was not right.

Get out of the way, Jimmy Carroll,
You are afraid of a musket barrel.

But now the Locofocos say
He served the State another way;
For he voted with the Loco crews,
To disfranchise the Jersey blues.
Get out of the way, &c.

And now for Governor of our State,
They've brought him out, but he's too late;
He'll get a Waterloo defeat,
For Tommy Pratt was never beat.
Get out of the way, &c.

But now the nags are in the pasture,
And some say Jimmy is the faster;
But he'll not run as fast next fall,
As when he run to Hampton Hall.
Get out of the way, &c.

Throughout the State the people's risin',
For Pratt, and Clay, and Frelinghuysen;
Poke is withering, Locos fighting,
The nation's cheering and Coons are biting.
Get out of the way, &c.

Montgomery Coons will take the right,
For they are foremost in the fight;
And at the polls, weather foul or fair,
Them same old Coons will all be there.

Get out of the way, Jimmy Carroll,
You are afraid of a musket barrel.

MISCELLALOUS.

The Tin Pedlar and Sleepy David.

"A YANKEE AMONG THE NULLIFIERS."

BY A SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

The Yankees, as I said before, are apt to be too cute for us in every thing except horse flesh, and sometimes in that. It was this day a year ago, and at this spot, that I entered my horse *Southron*, for a purse of two thousand dollars. He had won a like sum the year before with all ease. In short he was the best in all Carolina. There were, to be sure, two other horses, and very fine ones too, entered against him, but they were no touch to Southron, and I was as sure of winning as I am of sitting this moment, when who should come along but a yankee with a tin cart! He had the shabbiest worst looking horse you ever set eyes on. He was a lean, slab-sided, crooked-legged, rough-haired, milk-and-molasses colored son of a gun as ever went on four legs. He stood all the time as if he was asleep; in fact his owner called him *Sleepy David*. In short, sir, he was such a horse as would not have brought twenty dollars.

It was near the hour of starting, when the pedlar, whose exterior corresponded marvelously with that of his horse, who said his name was Zodac Baker, to the astonishment of all, intimated a wish to enter his horse along with the rest.

"Your horse!" exclaimed I—"what that sleepy looking critter there?—You'd better enter him for the turkey buzzards."

"Not's you know on, Mister," returned the Yankee, with some show of spirit. "To be sure the critter looks rather sleepy as he stands, and on that account I call him sleepy David; but he's a jo-fired smart horse for all that. He is like a singed cat, a darned sight better than he looks. I should like tarnation well to try him agin some of your South Carolina horses. To be sure I didn't come all the way from home on purpose; but as I was coming out this way with a load of tin and other notions, I thought I might time in so as to kill two birds with one stone—for thinks I to myself, if I can win the purse and peddle off my notions at the same time, I shall make a plaguy good speck. But I had to hurry on like the nation, to get here in season—and that's one reason my horse looks so kind of shabby and out of kelter this morning."

"But for all that he'll perform like days' work I tell you."

Supposing he had no idea of running his horse, and that all he had said was merely to gratify his propensity for talking, I bade him to be gone, and not trouble me with his Yankee palaver.

"Why, Mister, this is a free country, and a man has a right to talk, or let it alone, jest as he can afford. Now I've taken a good deal of pains to get here this morning, in order to run Sleepy David agin' some of your Southern horses. I ain't a joking, I am in airnest. I understand there is a purse of two thousand dollars, and should like amazingly to pick it up."

"You talk about picking up a purse of two thousand dollars with that bit of carron of yours! Away with you, and don't tr[illegible]le us any further."

"Well, if I can't run, then I suppose I can't—but its darned hard any how for a man to take so much pains as I have to come to the races, and then can't be allowed to run after all."

"It's too late now—by the rules of the course, the horse should have been entered yesterday; however, if you'll plank the entrance money, perhaps you may get in yet."

I said this by way of getting rid of the fellow, having no idea he could command a fourth part of the sum required.

"How much might be entrance money?" drawing out a purse containing a few pence in coppers.

"If it aint more than a quarter dollar or so, I'll plank it on the nail."

"It's two hundred dollars."

"Two hunured dollars!" exclaimed the Yankee; "by gauly, what a price! why they axed me only a quarter of a dollar to see the elephant and the whole caravan in New York. Two hundred dollars! why you must be joking now. Bless me! my whole load in tin ware, hoss, wagon, and all, would'nt fetch that at Miliken's auction. But, Mister, don't you spose I could get in for ten dollars?"

"Nothing short of two hundred; and that must be paid in the short space of five minutes."

We now thought we had fairly got rid of the fellow, but he returned to the charge, and asked if twenty dollars would't do, then seventy-five, then a hundred, and finding he could not make a bargain for less than a regular sum, he engaged to give it, provided he could find any one to loan him the money; for which he offered to pawn his wagon load of notions and Sleepy David to boot. He asked one, then another, to accommodate him with the loan, declaring that as soon as ever he took the purse, the money should be returned, and would give a dozen tin whistles into the bargain. He, however, got "more kicks than coppers," until some wag, who had plenty of cash, and liked to see the sport go on, lent him the two hundred dollars out of sheer malice; though, as it afterwards turned out, the Yankee had money enough about him and was merely playing the possom all the while.

His next object was to borrow a saddle. Here he was accommodated; and then taking Sleepy David from his tin cart scrambled upon his back, and then took his station on the course. You never saw a fellow sit on a horse so awkwardly in all your life. Every body said he would fall before he got a hundred yards; and some out of compassion urged him to withdraw.

"Not by a tarnal sight!" exclaimed he, "why, do not think I am such a tarnal fool as to pay two hundred dollars, and then not run arter all?"

Others who wanted to see the sport, though it should cost some broken bones, encouraged him to proceed—saying, as they laughed aloud, that they had no doubt he would carry off the purse.

"That's what I mean to do" exclaimed, he—"I hain't come here for nothing, I can tell you, wake up, Sleepy David, and look about you—you must have your eyes open to-day. I'ts no time to be snoozin' when there's money at stake."

The horse, as if he understood what his master was saying opened his eyes, pricked up his ears; and actually showed some signs of life.

The signal was given to start. Away sprang other Southern horses, leaving Sleepy David far in the rear, and the pedlar verging from side to side as if he was just ready to fall off. The horse went pawing along with his tail clinging close to his haunches and his nose stuck out straight before him; and you never beheld so queer a figure cut by any man and horse as this singular pair made.

But they improved as they proceeded—the pedlar sat more jockey-like, and the horse evidently gained on the others.

It was now thought that the Yankee had got enough of the race, and would withdraw before the next heat. Contrary to all expectations however, he persevered, and even offered to bet a thousand dollars on the issue of the race.

"The fellow's a fool," said one.

"He don't know which side of his bread is buttered," said another, "or else he would'nt risk any money more on so desperate a stake."

"He safe enough there," said a third, "for he has no money to risk."

Here, however, every body was mistaken again, for the pedlar hauled out an old greasy pocket-book and planked the thousand dollars; it was covered of course. But I confess I now began to be staggered; and to suspect the Yankee was, after all, more knave than fool. I had no fears, however for the purse.—Southron was not a horse to be distanced in one day, and especially by such a miserable looking animal as Sleepy David.

The second heat was now commenced—and, if I had before felt confident in the entire superiority of my noble horse Southron that confidence was strengthened, as I again saw him come ahead of the rest. I considered the purse now as my own property. In imagination I had grasped it, and was about putting it safely in my pocket, when—lo, and behold! the pedlar's horse, which was behind all the rest, suddenly shot forward, as if the deal kicked him on the end, and stretched his neck like a crane, won the heat by a head.

Every body was astonished. "That horse must be old Scratch himself," said one. "At least he has an evil genius to back him," said a third,—"I was sure he would play you some yankee trick before he got through." Such were the observations that passed from mouth to mouth.

The Yankee in the mean time offered the plank another $1000, but nobody would take the bet. And it was well they didn't; for at the third heat Sleepy David not only distanced every horse, but even came in a quarter of a mile ahead of Southron himself.

"There, by gauly!" said the yankee as he dismounted, "I'll take that are leetle purse if you please, and the tother cool thousand! I knew well enough that poor Southron could'nt hold a candla to *Sleepy David!*"

SLANDER.

Mr. Jefferson's rule of meeting a party slander was the best and most philosophical: Never notice it; never contradict it: Let your ACTS—let your daily walk and conversation be the corrective: LIVE IT DOWN, as John Randolph expressed it."

John Randolph no doubt made use of the phrase attributed to him in the above extract from the Richmond Whig. We have heard the late John Forsythe make use of the same expression, on the floor of the Senate, in regard to some calumny against himself. But both these gentlemen borrowed it from a greater man than either of them, distinguished as they both undoubtedly were in their day.

"Loose libels," said Edmund Burk, "ought always to be passed by in silence. By me they have been so always. I knew that as long as I remained in public, I should LIVE DOWN the calumnies of malice and the judgements of ignorance."

Again, said the same orator on another occasion—"To people who can believe such stories it is idle to offer explanation. If I cannot LIVE DOWN those contemptible calumnies, I shall never deign to contradict them in any other manner."

DR. CRUSTY GROWING MORE FACETIOUS.—"Have you ever remarked, Dr. Crusty," quoth Mrs. Stimp, yesterday, "that my children have different ways from most people?

"Frequently," retorted the doctor.

"Entirely different?" continued Mrs. Stimp.

"Entirely different," echoed the doctor.

"Well, how do you account for it, doctor?" asked Mrs. Stimp enquiringly.

"Because," rejoined the doctor, "you have humored them so much, that they *have ways of their own.* I noticed it particularly when little Benny threw that apple core at you, right in your face, and he told you he'd do it again if he wanted to."

Mrs Stimp has not alluded to her children since.—*N. O. Pic.*

ENGLAND, TEXAS AND MEXICO.—The Houston (Texas) Telegraph of Wednesday, July 31, contains the following paragraph:

"We now learn, upon the authority of Capt. Elliott himself, "that England had advised Mexico *under no circumstances* to acknowledge the independence of Texas, but to keep up an armistice with her as long as possible; and in case a successful attempt at annexation between the United States and Texas took place, *then to go to war, and England would back her in the contest.*' This confirms us in the opinion we have long entertained, that our independence will never be acknowledged by Mexico, while there is a prospect of annexation. England will resist this measure as long as it can be resisted by diplomacy.—And our government journal admits that 'the influence of England over Mexico is almost if not entirely unbounded."

A Loco friend asked us yesterday what we thought of the late move of Capt. Tyler? We answered, that we were not at all surprised that *traitors* and *tories* should fight on the same side. The Loco sloped.—*Standard.*

Died, of Polk and Dallas, the Washington (Fayette co.) Aurora, and the Circleville Watchman, two Locofoco papers in Ohio.

POLITICAL.

Deferred Articles.

O, THEM COONS!—Some upstart booby, who has a small smattering of Latin, is complaining in the Mud Machine of a "Coon," who, he says, "has been reporting, in the western part of this District, that there were fifteen or twenty Democrats in this place [Rockville] who will not support the Democratic candidate for Commissioner;" and concludes, by saying, "that the Democrats were never more united than they are at this time." Now, we can tell this *sappy* that he is mistaken, ("which is the mildest term we can use,") in charging this report on a Coon; for it was said by one of his own party in Rockville, and that in our hearing, that he believed Mr. Young, the Whig candidate for Commissioner, would get near one-third of the Democratic vote of the village; and gave as a reason, that a large body of the Democrats wished to get rid of a portion of the constables, and others, holding offices under this body of Commissioners, who, he felt certain, would not be removed without the Whigs got a majority in that body. He said, as for himself, he did not only mean to vote for Mr. Young as Commissioner, but he should also vote for Col. Pratt for Governor; and further said, that if he had no other reason for doing so, he should do it for the purpose of getting one man turned out of office, who he charged with not only being partial, but dishonest, in his decisions as Magistrate; and still further said, that he had already compelled him to give up one of the offices he held, but was holding on to the other with the hopes that Carroll would be elected Governor, and then he felt sure to get the office back again; and said for this reason he should vote for Mr. Pratt—well knowing that if he should be elected, then this *honest* office-holder would have to "walk the chalk." Now, this coming from one of the *democratic* party, is, we think, decidedly se-*Vere.*

HON. THOMAS G. PRATT.—The Baltimore Patriot announces in appropriate and feeling terms, the death of Mr. Pratt's son, in his eighth year, in that city, on the 23d ult.; which affliction, the Patriot states, "will entirely preclude Mr. Pratt from appearing at any of the public meetings that may be held between this and the day of election, or taking any further active part in the canvass for Governor." Under the circumstances his friends will, no doubt, approve of his determination.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas, writing under date of the 1st instant, says:

I was shown yesterday a beautiful gold snuff-box, which was made for, and carried by Peter the Great. On the top is a representation of the statue erected to him at St. Petersburg; on the sides, the walls of the Kremlin, and on the bottom his private arms. It was given by him to the ancestors of one of the leading noblemen of Russia, who has given it to Mr. Duncan of New Orleans, to present to his friend, HENRY CLAY, as an anonymous tribute to his talents as a statesman, and his worth as a citizen. Even in the mountain fastnesses of Greece, Mr. D. informs me, the Suliots inquired after Clay, associating the master-spirit of our country with their own Bozzaris, as

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

MEXICO AND TEXAS.—The St. Louis Republican of the 21st instant says:—

"We learn verbally that 4000 troops stationed at the city of Mexico have received marching orders to form part of the army for the Texas invasion, as well as 2000 from Jalapa, and the various contingents from the departments are rapidly arriving. We are also authentically informed that a merchant of Vera Cruz has contracted with the Mexican Government to build eight gun boats, of 80 tons each, to be employed in transporting troops and operating against Galveston and other portions of the sea board of Texas."

We annex an extract from a letter to a gentleman of this place (says the Berks and Schuylkill Journal of last Saturday) from Joseph Ritner, late Governor of this Commonwealth. It was drawn out by a report industriously spread abroad by the locos, that Mr. Ritner was in favor of Polk and Dallas:

MOUNT ROCK, August 1, 1844.

Your letter dated the 22d ult., was not received until yesterday. You have no doubt before this time seen my letter to Judge Reed on the same subject in regard to which you have addressed me. I suppose by this time the question is not asked of you, "whether it is true that I am supporting Polk and Dallas." But it would seem that the lying mania has complete control of locofoco orators and of the locofoco press—they cannot live without lying. I am credibly informed, notwithstanding uniform and uninterrupted opposition to the leading doctrines and principles of the British locofoco party, and after my sentiments have been published, and re-published, some of their papers and public speakers seem determined to persist in the falsehood, first published in a Pittsburg paper, that I was supporting Polk, &c. I do not much wonder that editors can be found amongst the conductors of the locofoco papers to publish any lie, and to attempt to fix the most foul stigma on the dead, or the living, since the practice of pardoning convicted libellers has become, it would seem, an established rule with the present Governor of this State—provided the libeller is his personal and political adherent. But that men can be found who lay claim to the character of gentlemen, who stand up in day-light and declare at a locofoco meeting, that I am supporting Polk and Dallas, is very incredible, but then it seems that it is nevertheless true. I could not go in favor of British interests, and against the Protective Tariff, and sound National *Currency*, the Distribution of the Proceeds of the Sales of the Public Lands among the States—and in favor of the Annexation of Texas, for any consideration. I therefore go for Gen. MARKLE first, and then I go for CLAY and FRELINGHUYSEN.

I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

JOSEPH RITNER.

"WHO IS JAMES K. POLK?"

He is the man who once said—

"The Wool Growers consider the duty upon foreign wool as important to their prosperity. *This opinion is founded in error!*" * * * "My opinion is *that wool should be duty free!*"

Can the farmers vote for him?

He is the man that says—

"I have no hesitation in declaring, that I am in favor of the *immediate annexation of Texas* to the territory and Government to the U. States."

What friend of the Union and our glorious Constitution can subscribe to such a sentiment?

He is the man who, on several occasions while in Congress, voted *against bills "for the relief of the surviving officers of the Revolutionary War!"*

Is there a descendant of those old patriots who can support a man who would deprive the soldiers of the revolution of their only means of subsistence?

He is the man who, while in Congress, voted *against* the resolution appropriating a few cords of wood for the relief of the perishing poor at Georgetown, during an unusually severe winter!

Is such a man entitled to the confidence and support of the poor, industrious but honest voters of the country.

He is the man who, when young, *fled* from Rutherford county to Maury, Tenn., to avoid being drafted and called out in the service of his country.

Is he qualified for the station of Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States?

He is the man, finally, who, as a candidate for the Presidency, professes no principles—advocates no measures—is actuated by no patriotic motives. He opposes every thing good which the Whigs advocate, and in the spirit of destructiveness would, if elected, repeal the Tariff of 1842 and establish no substitute by which the Nation and the industrial classes would be benefitted.—We will not support him—the People cannot safely and consistently support him, and they will not. Henry Clay is the People's choice—he will be triumphantly elected, and the Tariff will be preserved.—*Romney Intelligencer.*

We heard a noble Indiana Whig and a Locofoco conversing on politics a day or two ago. In the course of the conversation the Whig remarked, that the women are all Whigs. "Yes," said the Locofoco, "but the women don't vote yet." "No," returned the Whig, "but they have the raising of those who do vote."—*Louisville Jour.*

To the People of Maryland.

In the present campaign, I have considered it my privilege, as an American citizen, to inquire into the life and services of Mr. James Carroll, the Democratic nominee for Governor, and have thoroughly satisfied myself that at the time our citizens were engaged in the defence of their h[illegible]es and families, Mr. James Carroll wa[illegible] safety, as against a British bullet, at Hampton, the country seat of his father-in-law, Gen. Ridgely. *Knowing* this fact to be true, I have not hesitated to charge it; for which, I have been denounced from the hustings and in the columns of the "Argus," as a slanderer. The Democratic association of the 11th Ward, justly fearing the effect upon all right-thinking minds, have passed a series of resolutions, in which I am denounced as having made a charge, knowing it to be false. With commendable discretion, they have failed, however, to attach the names, of the officers of the meeting. All sorts of quibbles have been invented. "How could Mr. Carroll run from North Point, when he was not there!" say their orator and presses. True! but, gentlemen, why was he not there? and if he was not at North Point, *where was he?* It is a simple question, easily to be answered. It won't do to say "He was a resident of South River, in Anne Arundle county." *Was he there*, ready to defend that portion of the soil of our State? And if not, *where was he?* Mr. Carroll was born in Baltimore; his connexions, relatives and friends were there; *why did he not contribute to its defence?* I am informed his father and his brother were there, discharging their duty like patriots. *Where was he?*

I agree with the 11th Ward Democratic Association, "that the citizens residing on the waters of the Chesapeake had enough to do to protect their own property from British depredation at that period," and that duty was very much increased by Mr. Carroll leaving them to protect his also, whilst he was at Hampton. "Where the slanderer and the slandered are known, Mr. Carroll's reputation can sustain no injury," say that Association. It is true, I am a poor man, but that should be no sin in the eyes of Democracy. I am also an humble man—yet, notwithstanding, I consider myself as good a citizen as Mr. Carroll. If my neighbor's house is on fire, I rush to its rescue—if a poor person applies for alms, to the extent of my ability I relieve him—I strive to maintain my family—in all the relations which bind me to society, I endeavor to discharge my duty; and yet you find Democracy, the avenger of the poor man's wrongs, struggling most fiercely to crush to the earth a man, who, if he has any reputation at all, has made it himself; whilst it stands cap in hand, bowing most slavishly to Mr. Carroll, simply because he is a very wealthy Aristocratic gentleman, and has the power to reward. Now, gentlemen, to the test—I have been denounced as a slanderer; I will bet $100 to $10, that the charge I have made is true; and I here pronounce every man who assented to the passage of the 11th Ward resolutions a *liar* and a *coward.*

WM. H. WATSON,
No. 155 East Pratt street.

Will the Whig papers do me the favor to copy the above. It

MR. TYLER'S WITHDRAWAL.—It is pretty currently reported that Mr. Tyler in withdrawing his name from the canvass, has been true to his natural instinct, in endeavoring to provide for his family and friends—the boys, *Bob and John*, are to be cared for, provided Polk is successful, and it is even said that his Accidency himself is to have a mission or a judgeship. We only regret that after all the vaporing about "*justice to John Tyler,*" he did not give the people an opportunity of doing him *justice.*—His withdrawal will probably not make the difference of a single electoral vote in the United States.

REVENUE OF NEW YORK PORT.—The amount of duties collected at the port of New York, from the 1st of August to the 20th, was two millions two hundred and forty thousand dollars.

During the same period of the value of dutiable goods was five millions and six hundred thousand dollars,	5,600,000
Free goods, during the period, four hundred and eighty thousand dollars,	480,000
Total of goods,	$6,080,000

The proceeds of five foreign vessels, all supposed to have large cargoes of dutiable goods, are to be added to the amount. It would not be surprising if the revenue in the United States, from customs alone during the calendar year (January 1st, 1844, till 1st January, 1845,) should reach thirty millions of dollars.

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