Maryland Journal,

A MUSEUM OF POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

VOL. IV. ROCKVILLE, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1844. No. 41.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

Printed and Published by
EDWARD WAITE:
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

One Day Governor.

With shouts of joy on yesterday,
We heard the Locofocos say
That they had carried Jemmy Carroll,
But they hadn't heard the musket barrel.
Git out the way Jemmy Carroll
Don't you hear the musket barrell.

O loudly cheer'd the Loco crew;
Which made the whigs look black & blue
The old coons all crept in their holes
And thought of cutting down their poles
Git out the way Jemmy Carroll,
They hadn't heard the musket barrel.

Ah! no, they brought him out too late
To be the Gov'nor of our State—
"He's got a Waterloo defeat,
For Tommy Pratt was never beat."
Get out of the way, Jimmy Carroll,
Don't you hear the musket barrel.

He beat us bad in Baltimore,
But when he got to the Eastern Shore,
He heard the musket barrel crack,
And soon poor Jimmy flew the track.
Get out of the way Jimmy Carroll,
Don't you hear the musket barrel.

Then, Jimmy, go to Hampton Hall,
And hide yourself again this fall—
The Coons have scar'd you worse by far
Than the British did in the last war.
Then sneak away, Jimmy Carroll,
You can't stand the musket barrel.

The Coon's are out again to day,
From every tree I hear them say,
That in November Harry Clay
Will beat Jim Polk the same old way.
Then get out the way Polk & Carroll,
You can't stand the musket barrel.

Then in Victory's loudest strains,
O, let us shout and sing again;
Whilst there is life in these old Coons,
We'll shout & sing these same old tunes.
Get out of the way Polk and Carroll,
You can't stand the musket barrel.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

Machine Poetry.

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

The rose and the lily no longer now bloom,
The tulips and daisies have found them a tomb,
The green of the willow is fading away,
But the evergreens flourish, as much as to say,
"O, take your time, Miss Lucy,
Just take your time, my dear,
O, take your time, Miss Lucy,
Miss Lucy, Lucy Long."

The leaves of the chesnut turn yellow and pale,
And a wanness is spread o'er the late blooming vale,
A lone butterfly comes with his calico wings,
And, flitting along, he thus *silently* sings,
"Re, re, my true love,
Do come along, my darling,
Fare ye well, Miss Dinah gal,
I'm going over the mountain."

The hills and the valleys are saddened and changed,
And seared are the pastures where cattle or ce ranged;
Old Frost King, the tyrant, is coming to reign,
For I see him now building his throne on the [plain.
"Whar did ye come from?
Hoo, hoo, hoo!
Whar are ye going to?
Hoo, hoo, hoo,
Who do you belong to?
Hoo, hoo, hoo."

The robin hops round on the juniper tree,
To make himself merry, yet lonely is he,
He keeps himself busy from morning till late,
And sighs while he sings for his dear absent [mate.
"O little Lucy Neal,
O lovely Lucy Neal,
If I had her by my side,
How happy I would feel."

The blackbird, full late on his trip to the south,
Looks round for a seed or a worm for his mouth;
He mournfully chirps when the autumn winds blow,
And wanders in vain for a morsel to eat.
"Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to come to supper"

O, the October nights are dull, cheerless, and cold,
No joy they impart, and no beauty unfold;
No summer night-birds cause the woodland to ring,
But the crickets are left in their glory to sing.
Sing, crickets, sing,
O, sing, crickets, sing;
Sing all night till broad daylight,
And shut up your mouths in the morning.

GOOD.—On one of the banners carried in the Whig procession at Litchfield, Conn., last week, was the following inscription:

"*Polk* goes FOR *Texas*—CLAY goes TO WASHINGTON."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Short Patent Sermon.

My text for this morning may be found somewhere in these words:—

How very precious praise
Is to young Genius, like sunlight on flowers,
Ripening them into fruit.

My hearers—Genius, when somewhat matured, and not properly encouraged, is very apt to be still and allow itself to be trodden upon, like a lame duck in the dark, rather than attempt to get out of the way; but not unfrequently it essays to rise when it can't—flaps its wings gives a kick, and jumps about as high as a ham-strung grasshopper; then comes down ker whop, bruises itself not a little—trys again with no better success; and gives it up only when its wings are cropped by the shears of death. There is a great difference, my friends, between real geniuses and would-be geniuses. The real genius exhibits his inclination and capabilities while he is young—sometimes ere he is out of his petticoats; but the would-be genius makes his abortive attempts at any and every season of life. He has no important origidal ideas of his own, but makes use of others, which he spoils by meddling with. He has an everlasting itching for imitation; and there is no doubt but he oftentimes imagines that he is the real inventor of many things which he has contrived to counterfeit. So strong an opinion has he of himself and his powers, that if you were to put a pair of feather breeches upon him and set him to hatching eggs, he would be almost willing to swear that he was the legitimate father of every chicken that crept from under. Pure genius is furnished with pinions, swift and strong, with which it soars aloft with the eagle commanding the admiration of the world, and gathering its food from summits wholly inaccessible to the common herd. False genius endeavors to fly with artificial wings. It will not stoop to pick up the many seeds of sustenance that lie scattered along the ordinary paths of life; but is forever looking up to fruit that hangs high, and starves to death in its unsuccessful efforts to reach it.

My friends—young genius, if properly encouraged, will probably work wonders in time. To encourage genius in juveniles, is praising it; for praise is as necessary to it, as my text says, as sunlight to a flower, that ripens it into fruit. Parent, if your son exhibits a genius for drawing, by scratching houses, horses, and geese with a nail upon your mahogany table, don't box his ears, and send him to a tap house to learn the art and mystery of drawing beer and cider, but put a slate and pencil in his hand, and plaster on the praise thickly. Praise is even cheaper than putty; it costs nothing. Some children have a genius for one thing and some for another; but as for me, I had a genuius for every thing in general and nothing in particular—except it was for eating gingerbread.—I don't know, however, but I did manifest some little genius for preaching; for I recollect I used to get upon the top of a hill that overlooked a cornfield, and preach damnation to the crows. I was won't to preach to the black sinners something after this manner, and loud enough for all creation to hear:—'O, you rascally crows! you are a wicked and perverse generation, that seeketh after corn; but no corn shall be given here, save a parcel of pepper corns from brother Jim's gun. Therefore, take warning, ye vile transgressors, and flee from the wrath to come!' And they made themselves distant almost immediately. Would that my sermons could have such a powerful and salutary effect at present. But no—the more I tell my hearers, that they are tresspassing on forbidden grounds, and the more that I admonish them of the danger that awaits them, the more determinedly they seem to push forward in their headlong, unholy, and careless careers. If I advise young people not to get married, their minds are made up for matrimony at once; and if I tell them to marry, they had 'rather think about it awhile.' Tell them to go right, and they are sure to go wrong; and if I bid them follow their noses, they are sure to put their faces behind them, and follow their heels—I don't know but I shall have to manage them as farmers do hogs—try to drive them down-hill if they want them to go up.

No, I shall do no such thing. I shall continue, as heretofore, to preach up honesty, humility, sobriety, industry, frugality, love, virtue and wisdom. This is the kind of fodder with which I shall feed my sheep; and, if they don't like it, they can leave it and browse among thorn and thistles.

My hearers—genius generally requires fostering and encouraging when it is young to enable it to assume a bold and lofty flight in after years; although there are many instances where it has gained strength of position in its determination to rise in the most discouraging storms. The severe tempests of ridicule killed a young Keats, in whose sensitive soul and tender system dwelt the beautiful genius of poetry But they bro't out the genius of a Byron from its low brush and underwood to soar above all storms and tempests in an eternal sunshine of glory. And it was the oppressor's foot that scared up the bird of American Genius from its lowly haunts, to find shelter in the towering tree of Liberty. Generally speaking, praise to young genius is just as necessary as manure to a garden; but to the old sort it isn't of so much consequence. The latter may sometimes stand in need of necessary encouragement, but never of flattery.

Most of you seem to have a genius for making money, and taking every possible advantage of your fellow mortals around you; but this kind of genius isn't calculated to carry you safely to heaven No, if you depend upon any such strength as this to support you in your hopes of eternal happiness, you will be sadly disappointed. While upon the wing of ardent anticipation you will, sooner or later fall as suddenly to the ground as a wounded woodcock, and become an easy prey to that great hunter of men—the devil. My friends, if you haven't natural genius enough to avoid falling into the hands of the great arch enemy of mankind, listen to me hereafter, and I will point out the various ways and means of escape. If I don't show you a plain straight, smooth, safe and well-paved path to heaven, you may use my best beaver for a spit-box and convert my pulpit into a pig-pen.—So mote it be! DOW, JR.

The Vanites Visiting Henry Clay.

Since Mr. Clay has been a candidate, and so much said on the subject of his private and public character, it has begot a curiosity even among some of the Vanites to hear and see the man. A German citizen of Stark county, O. a *Vanite* some weeks since went all the way to Mr. Clay's farm, near Lexington, for that purpose. Another in Indiana, prompted by the same motives, recently paid Mr. Clay a visit, and the following is the result as related in a late number of the Indiana American:

A friend of mine, a few days ago in a visit into Kentucky met with a farmer, who soon introduced the subject of politics, and made known his position as follows:—"I always supported Jackson and Van Buren, and of course was opposed to Mr. Clay. I had expected to vote for Van Buren again, as I supposed he would be the democratic candidate, knowing a large majority of the party desired it. But to my surprise, a man by the name of Polk, was recommended as the candidate. Upon hearing the result of the convention at Baltimore, I was confounded. Polk! Polk! thought I. Who is Polk! I never heard of him before that I remember of. Well I suppose I must go it. But it is a bitter pill. In the course of a few days, however, I began to ask myself what objections I had to Mr. Clay. What has he ever done that I should not support him? I thought over his history, and to my surprise, I could find nothing in it that I could condemn. But he had always been spoken of as a rich Aristocrat. A despiser of the poor.—above common people, &c. I resolved to prove or disprove it. I determined to visit him immediately and see for myself.—I accordingly made my arrangements for starting. To make it the more certain, I dressed in my *every days*—just common jeans. I stopped for the night at an acquaintance, a democrat. In the morning I told my errand, and, as I expected, he endeavored to dissuade me from my purpose. But all to no purpose. In a short time, however, by some half dozen of the leading democrats of the place, all of whom conspired to stop me. They assured me I would be insulted. Clay would not see me.—A negro would meet me at the door, and inform me Mr. Clay could not be seen and thus I would be repelled; or the very best I could hope, would be a cold, lordly, forbidding interview, which I would be glad to end, and in order to avoid such mortification I had better stop. But go I would. I arrived at Mr. Clay's—hitched my horse, and rapped at the door.

Sure enough I was met by a negro man, dressed in good style. I inquired if Mr. Clay was at home. "He is, sir, walk in and be seated, and I will call him," was the prompt reply. He conducted me to a handsomely furnished room, and I took my seat. In a few minutes Mr. Clay made his appearance. As he advanced towards me with his hand extended, I arose and told my name, and being invited to sit down, I did so, and never felt more at home in my life. He immediately entered into conversation about the weather, crops, &c. inquiring particularly as to my mode of cultivation, while the subject of politics was not once mentioned, and nothing said which could give him the least idea of my object in visiting him. Having fully satisfied myself that he was a gentleman, and really the farmer's friend, and that he was far from spurning a man in jeans clothing, (for, by the by, he was, to my surprise, dressed in the very same himself) I arose to start, "Sir," said he, "you must not go now, our dinner will be ready soon. You must dine with us, and after dinner ride with me round my farm." By this time I had got so I could see where I had hitched my horse, which, to my surprise, was missing. I supposed, of course, he had broken loose and gone, and I remarked, "I must at least go and hunt my horse, I see he is gone." He answered in a tone which but illy comported with my feelings of alarm—"Oh, sir, your horse is well taken care of." How could I refuse to stay? We resumed our conversation, and shortly after dinner was announced as ready. At dinner I was politely introduced to each member of his family, and to my surprise he called my name as readily as if he had known me for years. Again, after dinner, farming operations formed our topic, for not one word had yet been said about politics. At length I remarked I must go. "If you must," said he, "I will order your horse, though I would be pleased for you to ride with me around my farm." The horse was accordingly ordered. I had been hesitating for some time whether to disclose my errand. I finally concluded I would. By this time several citizens had called in. I remarked it would hardly do not to disclose the object of my visit. He looked surprised, as if something fearful had been plotted. I then told him what I had been, whom I had supported, what I had heard of him, and what was now the result of my visit on my feelings. The company raised a loud laugh, and I really thought I never saw such a mouth as Mr Clay's was when he joined in. It seemed to stretch from ear to ear. His reply was, after the laugh subsided, he was glad I had visited him, and he wished every farmer in the land would do the same, believing that they would feel as I did, that he was a farmer, and a real friend to the farmer. And so thought I. Indeed, sir, no man can be in his company without pleasure. And now, sir, to reject such a man—a man long identified with the interests of the country, well acquainted with all the affairs of the nation, and go for a man poked at us by a convention of office-holders and office-seekers—a perfect stranger. I will never do it. I can tell you more. Since my visit, I have told its results to many, and not less than twenty of my neighbors have assured me they too will leave Polk and go for Clay.

Since copying the above, we learn that the name of the citizen of Stark, who visited Mr. Clay, is Mr. Herd, near Massillon, a German by birth, and a highly respectable citizen, who supported Van Buren. He has lately returned, and confirms all that is related above, as to the plain, farmer-like appearance of Henry Clay and his family.

The following is given in the New York Express as a copy of the reply of Mr. Polk, to the question of the Cumberland (Pa.) Democrats: "Are you in favor of the tariff of 1842?" It needs no comment:

"——, ——, ——.
"——: ——
"————————————
————————————
————————————
————————————.
"————————————
————————————
————————————
————————————
————————————
"——————.

This style is decidedly new. Mr. Polk is clearly entitled to some credit for being the inventor of it. Mr. Van Buren had a very skillful way of covering up his meaning with a superabundance of words. Mr. Polk improves upon this, and covers up words and meaning both, with a new chirography.—Where is the Daniel among the Locofocos to interpret this mysterious writing?

MR. CLAY'S LETTER.

Were we not prepared, in some measure, by the astounding profligacy and reckelessness of the usual decencies of political controversy, which have so lamentably signalized the present Presidential campaign, we should, of course, announce to our readers the utter impossibility, after the publication of the subjoined letter, of any further abolition allusions or insinuations in connection with the name of the most illustrious anti-abolitionist of the age, the great statesman of the Union, Henry Clay.

But such seems to be the rabidness of party, after what we have already witnessed, we are free to confess that we do not hope to see the mania of misrepresentation and abuse of this great man, stayed or checked until after the election, even by this letter, which, cannot be mistaken by the most blindly prejudiced partizan; no, not would it be stopped till then, though one rose from the dead to refute it.

We publish the letter, then, not with the hope of stopping the course of the villifiers of Mr. Clay on this topic, for merely party ends; but that the people may be so thoroughly fortified in the truth, that they may not, and will not, be deceived by the extraordinary efforts used to mislead them; and we ask the dissemination of this manly and plain dealing letter, by the friends not only of Mr. Clay, but by the friends of truth.

The annexed letter from Mr. Clay to the editor of the Lexington (Kentucky) Reporter, will, if any thing can, suffuse with the blush of shame the cheeks of those Locofocos at the South, who have been so reckless and so regardless of truth, as to charge or insinuate that he has favored abolitionists.

Verily, Locofocoism is headed and exposed in all its hideous proportions, at every turn. What new slander will they now get up. Wherewith to defame the Statesman of the West?

ASHLAND, September 2, 1844.

MR. WICKLIFFE.—The editor of a neighboring print, (the Kentucky Gazette, of Lexington,) calling my attention to a letter of C. M. Clay, Esq., under date of the 10th July, 1844, and addressed to Gen. J. J. Speed, of Ithaca, has appealed to me with so much earnestness, and a purpose of such *unaffected sincerely*, to say whether I approve or disapprove of that letter, that I have not the heart to deny to that editor the very great gratification which he will derive from the perusal of this note, especially when it gives me so little trouble to write it.

Mr. C. M Clay's letter was written without my knowledge, without any consultation with me, and without any authority from me. I never saw it until I read it in the public prints. That gentleman is an independent citizen, having a perfect right to entertain and avow his own opinions. I am not responsible for them, and he is not for mine. So far as he ventures to interpret my feelings, he has entirely misconceived them. I believe him to be equally mistaken as to those in the circle of my personal friends and neighbors generally.

In my speech, addressed to the Senate of the United States, and in resolutions which I offered to that body; in my address to Mr. Mendenhall about two years ago, and on various other public occasions, I have fully, freely, and explicitly avowed my sentiments and opinions on the subjects of the institutions of slavery and abolition. I adhere to them, without any reservation. I have neither entertained, nor expressed, publicly or privately, any others. And my friends and neighbors generally, so far as I have interchanged sentiments with them, coincide entirely with me.

The sentiments and opinions, so expressed by me, may be briefly stated to be, 1st. That Congress has no power or authority over the institution of slavery. 2d. That the existence, maintenance and continuance of that institution, depends exclusively upon the power and authority of the respective States within which it is situated. And 3d. That Congress cannot interfere with slavery in the District of Columbia, without a violation of good faith to the States of Maryland and Virginia, implied, if not expressed, in the terms, objects and purposes of the grant of ten miles square to the General Government.

So far from the success of the Whig cause having any injurious tentency, as has been alleged, I believe it will have a powerful effect in tranquilizing and harmonizing all parts of the Union, and in giving confidence, strength and security to all the great interests of our country.

I hope that your editorial neighbor will be now satisfied. And, as I trust, that I do not exaggerate the pleasure which this renewed expression of my views and opinions will give him, is it too much to anticipate that he will forthwith renounce the error of his ways, and come straight out a staunch and sterling Whig?

Yours respectfully,
H. CLAY.

PRENTICIANA.

The Globe exhorts Dorr to take courage, telling him that the Democrats throughout the country are "with him in feeling." It would be better for the public if a good many of them were with him in body.

From the fact that James K. Polk wears two faces, a tariff face for the North and an anti-tariff face for the South, he has acquired the name of *Janus* K. Polk

Amos Kendall says, that "most people are pleased with a rattle." Amos need'nt flatter himself—"most people' are not pleased with his rattle, or his bite."

The Nashville Union has an ar[illegible] entitled "the prospect before us." [illegible] presume the rascal's article is about [illegible] penitentiary or the gallows.

The Louisville Democrat says [illegible] Mr. Clay will be "beaten most disgra[illegible]fully in November." If he is beaten b[illegible] the Locofocos, it will of course be do[illegible] "disgracefully," and not honorably.

The Globe says that the whole Locofoco party of Pennsylvania have a str[illegible] affection for Shunk. Very likely. There is something in the soun[illegible] of t[illegible] name of *Shunk* that should m[illegible] *Polk-ats* have a fellow feelin[illegible] him.

MATTER OF TASTE.—"[illegible] rah for the girl of '40," cried a Whi[illegible] the Pavillion, on Thursday night. "No, no, hurrah for the girls of '16," responded a Whig; and the sentiment was enthusiastically applauded.

Our friend John C. Vaughn, of the Cincinnati Gazette, justly considering the low lived blackguard of the Cincinnati Enquirer unworthy of *public* notice, gave him a thrashing the other day in the street. Brough takes due notice of his whipping in the Enquirer, introducing the subject with the innocent interrogatory. "*How are we to understand it?*" He is about as bright as the fellow, who, on being kicked down stairs by a gentleman and pitched headlong into the street, exclaimed with a very inquiring physiognomy. "Sir, what am I to understand by such *insinuations*?"

A gentleman in Nashville proposes to bet two hundred and fifty dollars that J. K. Polk does not get a majority of votes in his own precinct—two hundred and fifty dollars that he does not get a majority in [illegible]n county, Maury—two hundred [illegible]y dollars that he does not get [illegible] of his own State, Tennessee—[illegible]en hundred and fifty dollars [illegible] elected President of the United [illegible] the ensuing election in Novem[illegible]

MAIN[illegible] At the second trial for the election of representatives to the State Legislature from the town of Portland, the whigs elected their candidates, three in number. Their average majority is nearly a hundred votes.

TEXAS HUMBUG CONFESSED.—The editor of the Columbia (Tenn.) Observer says that he is prepared to prove, if it shall be denied, that Mr. Polk acknowledged to a democratic friend of Giles county, after the nomination at Baltimore, that the Texas question was a humbug, but that it would answer the purpose of the party.

Marylanders, when any locofoco wire-puller tells you that James K. Polk is a friend of the Tariff, just read to him the following from the leading organ of the "Polk, Dallas & Texas" party in Maine:

"*The Whig mottoes of* PROTECTION *and no Annexation lie prostrate in the dust.* Clay and Whiggery are dead in the East.

75