Thos. Catrup Jr.

EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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POETRY

STANZAS,

Containing some account of the property, last illness, and death of Love.

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS,

What are Love's treasures, and what are its fears?
What is the music it joyfully hears?
What are its wonders, its lightnings and thunders?
What is its language, and what its delight?
Ringlets and letters and rings are its treasures;
Answers to half uttered words are its pleasures.
Doubts are its wonder, quarrels its thunder;
A frown the lightning that fills it with fright

Play is its work, and a tear is its joy;
A kiss is its compact, which nought can destroy
To part is its sorrow, tho' but till the morrow:
Eyes are its stars; in a smile is its might.
The voice is the music it ever would hear;
Its sunshine, the presence of one that is dear.
Dreaming is living; taking is giving:
A glance is its language, that glance is delight.

Trust is its armour, and blindness its shield;
A word of unkindness the sword it can wield.
Suspicion's its fever, anguish its deceiver;
Its power once slighted, forever is fled.
At length it grows weaker; its efforts to please
Each day are more feeble, until, by degrees,
It loses its blindness, gives one look of kindness,
One sigh for the past; then, alas! it is—dead.

From the Maine Democrat.

WHY DON'T THE BANKS RESUME.

BY Q. V. MARKS

Why don't the banks resume? ah why
Do they prolong the day,
And at their counters change deny,
And only paper pay?
They've made us wait full long enough,
And scold and fret and fume,
And now we want some better stuff
Why don't the banks resume?

Why don't the banks resume? Alas!
Why don't they pay the *cash*,
And give us something that will pass
As quick as powder flash;
Shinplasters swarms as thick as bees,
Our patience quite consume,
A greater plague are they than fleas,
Why don't the banks resume?

Why don't the banks resume? Oh tell
The folks the reason why,
'Twere better for the folks that sell,
And good for those that buy;
For specie's such a clever thing,
It takes but little room
When purses with its music ring,
Why don't the banks resume.

Why don't the banks resume? 'Tis said
They've held a meeting late,
But ah, the rogues, I'm much afraid
They'll make the people wait;
They've put the evil day away,
'Tne specie hasn't come,
Still let the people shout and say—
Why don't the banks resume?

Why don't the banks resume? If they
Should do the thing that's right,
And specie for their paper pay,
'Twould be a pleasant sight;
The busy world so dull before,
Would then with smiles resume,
And I should never question more—
Why don't the banks resume?

WITHOUT A RIVAL.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

'There was never anything so beautiful from the palette of a mere mortal!' exclaimed old Berto Linainlo.

'The boy has signed a contract with the father of mischief, for by no other means that I know could this be effected!" added Antonello.

"What delicacy—what brilliancy—what harmony of colouring!' observed Donato

'I really am perplexed and confounded,' rejoined Berto. 'I begin to believe there is magic in it.'

'All the master spirits of Florence,' remarked a fair lady of high rank, who among the rest, had come to gaze upon the painting—'all the master spirits in Florence may hide their heads now.

'Your art, signora,' added her companion to the surrounding artists, 'can produce nothing like that.'

'Did you say a boy; Giulietta?' demanded the lady.

'Ay, madam, and with a shape as seemly as my own; and that is something, I ween.'

'So young and handsome?'

'His face is as fair and unsullied as any on his own canvass—as fair—I had almost said as yours madam.'

'Nay, then, if he be so, it were worth a coronet to see him.'

'And have you never, is it possible, beheld him?'

'Never, how should I; he has been away—abroad; he has just returned to Italy.

Ay, madam; but before he went, and since his return he has, I am almost afraid to say often crossed your path."

'Mine, Giulietta! what do you mean?'

'Alas! madam, this young painter loves you; has long loved you with a kind of adoration which belongs only to enthusiasm, refinement, intellect and genius.'

'How you run on, child, you are a child, Giulietta—you jest.'

'No, madam.'

'And if you do not, what care I. This young man is audacious if he presume to think of me be ore I have interchanged a word with him—before I know his character or listen to his voice.

'Ah! but madam, you have listened to his voice. It was he who sung beneath your window last year, and who saved you in the path by the river from the ruffian Bandeulli. Despairing of your favor—for genius is ever modest—he withdrew from Florence and went abroad to foreign lands—beyond the Alps—I scarce know where. There his genius for painting drew all eyes, and he has carried his art so far, that no noble is richer and no painter more renowned. He has just returned.—This is his first work here. The critics are in raptures, and his brother artists are dying of envy.'

'Well, I hope he has long ago forgotten me, said the lady, with a passing blush. 'I remember the boy you speak of, a mere child; noble and prince-like, certainly, but a silly boy. I never supposed he had been bold enough to think of me; travel has doubtless cured him. It was an idle dream.'

'Ah! no, madam, Signor Dominica loves you yet, he sought me yesterday, and, to say the truth, induced me to persuade you here that he might learn your opinion of the production.'

'It is most beautiful, it is heavenly; but where found he a face so lovely—not on earth surely?

'It is your portrait, madam, from memory, and he has really succeeded in—'

'Hush, Giulietta, your tongue has no bounds.'

'Look, madam, he has entered the hall at this moment.

'Let us go, Giulietta instantly.'

'It is too late.'

'He bows to you, Giulietta, and with the prettiest blush. Yes, it is the stranger who has so mysteriously hovered near me—gained an interest in my heart, and then abandoned me.'

'How, madam?'

'What have I said! Ah! Giulietta, you have betrayed me; you have made me betray myself. He is coming this way too."

'Yes, he approaches—he retreats—he will retire—you may never see him again.'

'Well, let him come, I will speak to him.'

At a sign from the maiden, the young man approached; with a deep obeisance and a colour that rose perceptibly at the unwonted honour of being thus publicly presented to the haughtiest and most beautiful of the Florentine nobility.

'Young painter,' said the lady, resuming her self possession, and with a grace and sweetness that dazzled the eyes and the heart of that fervid worshipper of beauty, 'your production, which attracts the attention of all Florence, has not escaped mine. It has afforded me unmingled pleasure.'

'I am too much honoured,' replied the artist in a low voice, 'when such eyes deign to dwell even for a moment upon the humble work of these hands.'

'No,' said the lady, raising her dark, soft eyes modestly to his, and then lowering them beneath his ardent gaze, 'you are wrong; genius like yours is humble only to itself. It sighs over what to all other minds is perfection; and even when it most triumphs, unconscious of its power, it most despairs.'

'Speak again!' said the youth. 'Years of toil, of despondency, of solitude and hopeless gloom are repaid by the sound of your voice. Oh! speak again.'

'You may claim from us of the present day, what will be certainly paid you by posterity—the meed of praise. Report speaks of your having travelled,'

'I am but just returned from Flanders—'

'Where you have been studying the delightful art in which you so far excel all your contemporaries.'

'Did you mark that?' said Castagna, a Florentine artist, in an under tone to his companion.

'Silence,' said the other, 'let us hear the rest.

'My time was devoted to study and one other occupation.'

'What was it?'

'Grief for the absence of one I loved.'

'Is it in the north that you have learned the matchless skill of the pencil?'

'I am the possessor of a secret.'

'A secret!'

'Ay; by which, more than by any skill of my own, I produce on the canvass the effects which please you.'

'By such a frank acknowledgment, you make us feel that you have something better than a skilful hand, a generous heart. You are every way fortunate. We have on this side of the Alps seen nothing so beautiful. In what way can I express my gratitude for the pleasure you have, caused me in matter-more substantial than words?

'You embolden me to give utterance to a wish which has long dwelt in my breast.'

'Speak it. I know you would ask nothing which I may not grant before you name it.'

'Yonder face,' said the paigter, in a lower tone 'is the copy of one borne only in my memory, and till I approach the original, I deemed it not wholly unworthy. But now—I am in despair—my pencil is uninspired until I attain the triumph of my art by copying it anew from nature. I am a claimant for the honour of painting your portrait.'

A slight colour grew deeper at this request, and their eyes met. This lady opened her lips to utter a negative to a request couched in such bold language, but as she encountered the glance of this aspirant after immortality, she changed her mind, as woman sometimes will, and said—

'Signor Dominica, I consent; you may take my portrait. Addio, signor.'

The artist bowed.

'At four to-morrow, at the palazza D——

'Madam, I shall be punctual.'

And they parted.

Dominica had received from nature the gift of genius. The same partial providence which had invested him with inspiration, had bestowed upon him the form of Narcissus and the heart of Leander. It sometimes happens that some beings appear among men recalling the golden days when the gods walked through the woods and mingled among the shepherds. The lady of his dreams was like himself, of half celestial mind and form. To his enthusiastic soul, this young creature had presented herself as the star of the evening. He watched and worshipped it as something not of the earth—above his reach—a light created to illumine other and distant spheres—thrice happy he, if, like a sad wanderer o'er the deep, he might sometimes behold it, and utter to its kindling beams his unrequited, his unheard prayers. What was his emotion when certain tokens awoke in his bosom a hope, a dream, an instinct indefinable as the light which first heralds the morn, but more intoxicating than the breath which rises from the vallies and plains, when the grass, trees and flowers are moistened with evening dew.

He had cherished only two burning hopes—the one was fame, the other love. The first he had acquired. Europe began to murmur his name with applause, and it was already recorded where future generations might read; and now, as if fortune in a laughing mood had resolved to fill his goblet to the very brim—the wildest and most delicious vision of his fancy was about to be realized. He was going to stand before that young seraph, whose eyes had already said more than his tongue dared to utter, more than his heart dared to dream. He muttered to himself in a kind of blissful phrensy—

'To-morrow—to-morrow—at length to-morrow—roll on, leaden hours—oh, when will it be to-morrow?'

—

'A secret!' cried the knot of artists gathered together in conclave in the grand square by the old tower.

'I knew as much!' said Berto.

'I could have sworn it!' Anetello.

'To be sure!' exclaimed a third—'I always said it was a secret!'

'The lucky dog!' I, too, will visit Flanders!' cried Berto. 'I am only five-and-thirty—quite a boy!'

'And how my haughty mistress, who queens it so before the rest of us, how she softened in his favour!'

'He is a rare fellow, and rolls in gold.'

'She will marry him if he wishes—she is young, and untainted—and her own mistress withal.'

'Jupiter—what a lucky dog.'

'I swear,' said old Berto, 'I wilt go to Flanders too!'

—

It was night, and a very bright moon slowly ascending in the heaven, rendered everything as visible, only in more softened outlines, as in the day. The young lover had wandered forth in a secluded path by the river, which wound for nearly its whole course through thick groves. He was not, however long allowed to be alone. Castagna, the friend and guide of his infant years, joined him, and they walked together a long time, and conversed earnestly. At length Castagna said—

'Dominca, you know that I have ever cherished for you an affection all paternal. I have watched over your interests with fidelity and vigilance. I have been your best friend.

'And so I esteem you, dear Castagna.'

'But what is friendship, Dominica? It is mutual confidence. It is an interchange of each other's thoughts and sympathies. If you have troubles you communicate them. If you have pleasures, you divide them. Ah! I have a soul for friendship. Too well I know what it is. Too long I have sighed for a true and real return!'

'Am I not your friend, Castagna?

'No!—oh, no!'

'No!—how—you jest!'

'You hold a secret from me, Dominica. Between friends there are no secrets.'

'But, Castagna, this is a part of my profession. To ask it of me is to ask my fame. You are yourself so good an artist, 'that you stand at the head of the art in Florence.'

'Not now—not since you have returned.'

'But I freely confess to all that, not skill alone but a remarkable mechanical discovery only, places me in the eminence which—how—you weep Castagna—

'Did I?—why I believe there was a drop—I felt it rise to my lids. I did not know that it had left my lashes. I am old, and tender hearted—and sometimes I think that I am almost falling into my dotage. Yes, Dominica, I did shed a tear—not from disappointment at losing the secret—off, no!—but at the fading away of a vision—a rainbow of the heart—a bright, deceitful, false—'

'My dear and good Castagna, what is it you would say?'

'Your friendship, my beloved and once-trusted Dominica, I thought it mine. I pleased myself with the idea that you once loved me! Except yourself, there was no one on earth to whom my heart clung secretly. I have seen you a boy at my feet. I have watched your course to manhood with a father's solicitude and delight. I have not always, perhaps, sufficiently discovered my feelings—but—'

'Yes, my dear Castagna, I know you have always loved me. You once saved my life at the risk of your own——'

'I did. I was determined not to remember that incident FIRST.'

'Moreover, when I was in want you furnished me gold.'

"That, too, I feared you had forgotten.

'And, Castagna—perhaps, indeed, I feel convinced that I have not been right in concealing from you my inmost thoughts and knowledge. Yet in relating to you the secret which you desire, I am about to make a great sacrifice. You are now the first Florentine artist, after myself. Possessed of this secret you will be the first. Yet, on condition that you never reveal it, it shall be disclosed to you'

'I solemnly swear it dearest Dominica.'

'Know then, that at Borges, I met a learned man, who taught me to despise water colors' and to paint——,

'Well!'

"In oil!'

'In oil?—I see. And you have told this to no one?'

'Not one human being this side the Alps has the slightest conception of it but we two. This paper contains the details. It will teach you all you desire. Now, have I not tested my friendship, Castagna?

'Nobly, Dominica—most nobly—embrace me—and my thanks be—this—and this—and this!'

The moonbeams glanced from a glittering blade; its keen point, at each thrust, pierced deep to the heart.

There was a heavy splash in the river—the cloud sailed silently from before the moon—the breeze gently waved the tree tops—Castagna stood alone.

'At length! cried he—'at length, then, I am the first in Florence. I am without a rival!'

—

This incident, which marked the introduction of oil-painting into Italy, is related on the authority of Lanzi.

From the Fincastle (Va.) Democrat.

EXECUTION OF JACOB P. CRABTREE

This cold blooded, reckless individual was hurched into eternity, in the presence of two or three thousand spectators, at this place on Friday the 29th of December, in pursuance of the sentence of the Court, delivered by his Honor, Judge Allen, at the September term, a few days after his conviction, by a jury of his country, of the "wilful, deliberate and premeditated murder of George Blaze," and we venture to assert, that no man, in any age, or any country, ever met such a disgraceful end more firmly—indeed we believe that his indomitable spirit prevented him from making a single struggle after he was swung off, for he was never seen to move either hand or foot during the whole time that he was suspended. His history published at our office, from which he read several pages standing on his coffin under the gallows, and which he acknowledge was "*written by his own hand*," is a record of [illegible] such an abhorrent nature [illegible] to notice in this [illegible] expression [illegible] for an long he had [illegible] on the contrary seemed to take pride in the atrocious actions that he had been guilty of, and his only regret while in jail was, that he had not committed more murders. He acknowledged that he had committed a great many crimes of a very aggravated nature "*in the eye of the law*," for none of which, however, did he attribute any blame to himself, but considered all chargeable to the "*Hellish disposition*" of the family he came from, and the manner in which he had been treated by the world. He stated that death was a debt which we all had to pay, at one time or other, and it mattered little whether it occurred a few years earlier or later—that he had always been fond of paying his debts, and intimated that from the villanies he had committed he was at least even with the world, and therefore was not about to die a moment too soon.

Within the ring formed by the guard round the gallows were Clergymen of three different denominations, who had zealously laboured without effect ever since his conviction, to convince him of the necessity of repentance, but lest the crowd should suppose for a moment that he believed in any thing that they could do for him, or that they were there because he thought they could be of any service to him, he took occasion to say emphatically that he had no faith in repentance or prayer, but that as it looked more like "*human nature*" to have a Clergyman, he had requested his worthy friend, Mr. Johnson, to ask the Rev. Mr. Cocke, to come there to pray. He read a text from the Scriptures for some purpose which we did not exactly understand, but presume it was to show the imperfection of human nature; and when in reading his narrative he had to mention ardent spirits, he looked appealingly to the Sheriffs and remarked, "*I wish I had some now.*" In short we do not believe that he was ever gifted with such a thing as conscience at all, for he acted as none but a perfect demon could act, ever since he was arrested for the murder for which he died; mocked and laughed at the Clergymen who called to administer comfort to him, and he has been frequently heard to say that he would "pester" Old Beelzebub himself, if he did not treat him well in the infernal regions.

GEOGRAPHY OF PLANTS.

Every Zone has its peculiar vegetables, and as we miss some we find others make their appearance, as if to replace those which are absent. At the equator we find the natives of the Spice Islands, the clove, and nutmeg trees, pepper and mace. Cinnamon bushes clothe the surface of Ceylon; the odoriferous sandall wood, the ebony tree, the banyan, grow in the East Indies. In the same latitudes in Arabia the Happy, we fine balm, frankincence and myrrh, the coffee tree and the tamarind. But in these countries, at least in the plains, the trees and shrubs which decorate our more northerly climate are wanting. And as we go northwards, at every step we change the vegetable group, both by addition and subtraction. In the thickets to the west of the Caspian sea, we have the apricot citron, peach and walnut. In the same latitude in Spain, Sicily and Italy, we find the dwarf palm, the cypress, the chestnut, the cork tree: the orange and lemon trees perfume the air with their blossoms; the myrtle and pomegranate grow wild among the rocks. We cross the Alps and we find the vegetation which belongs to northern Europe, of which England is an instance. The oak, the beach and the elm, are natives of Great Britain and of America: the elm tree seen in Scotland, and in the north of England is the wych elm As we travel still further to the north the forests again change their character. In the northern provence of the Russian empire, are found forests of the various species of Firs: the Scotch and spruce fir and the birch. In the Orkney Islands, no tree is found but the hazel, which occurs again on the northern shore of the Baltic. As we travel into colder regions, we find species adapted to their situations.

The hoary or cold elder makes its appearance north of Stockholm: the sycamore and mountain Oak accompany us to the head of the Gulph of Bothnia; and as we leave this and traverse the Dephrian range, we pass in succession the boundary lines of the spruce fir, the Scotch fir, and those minute shrubs, which botanists distinguish as the dwarf birch and dwarf willow. Here within the arctic circle we find wild flowers of great beauty, the mezereum, the willow and white water lily, and the European globe flower: and when these fail us, the rain deer moss still makes the country habitable for animals and man. When one class fails, another appears in its place. The corn, wine and oil have each its boundaries. Wheat extends through the old continent, from England to Thibet: but does not succeed well in the west of Scotland; nor does it thrive better in the torid zone than in the polar regions: within the tropics, wheat, barley and oats are not cultivated, excepting above the level of the sea: the vine succeeds only where the autumnal temperature is between 50 and 63 deg. In both the hemispheres it cannot be profitably cultivated within 30 degrees of the equator, unless in elevated situations; or in islands as Teneriffe.

The limits of the cultivation of maize and of olives in France, are parallel to those which bound the vine and corn in succession to the north. In the north of Italy, west of Milan, we first meet with the cultivation of rice; which extends over all the southern part of Asia. In the new world, cotton can be cultivated to latitude 40, and in the old to 46 The sugar cane, the plantain, the mulberry, the betel nut, the indigo tree, the tea tree, flourish in India and China, and in America and West Indies—several of these plants have been successfully cultivated. The bread fruit tree begins to be cultivated in the Mannillas, and extends through the Pacific; the sago palm in the Moluccas and the cabbage tree in the Pelew Islands. We are indebted to Mr. Wheewell's Bridgewater treatise, for all the interesting facts here condensed.

Worth trying.—An experienced writer says that one bushel of flaxseed ground with eight bushels of oats, is better for horses than sixteen bushels of oats alone, and will effectually cure the botts.

Roger Sherman.—His biographer says "the volume which he consulted more than any other, was the Bible. It was his custom at the commencement of every session of Congress, to purchase a copy of the Scriptures, to carry on his road to present it to one of his [illegible]

Justice.—Every obstruction of the course of justice is a door opened to betray society, and bereave us of those blessings which it has in view. To stand up for the privileges of such places, is to invite men to sin with a bribe of impunity. It is a strange way of doing honor to God, to screen actions which are a disgrace to humanity.

General Jackson's Opinion.—We copied some days ago, as news which our readers were entitled to know as well as others, an article from the Nashville Banner, giving a statement of a certain conversation reported to have been held by General JACKSON, in which he was said to have declared the downfall of Mr. VAN BUREN'S Administration. It is due to truth now to state, that the promised *proof* of this fact has failed, the person relied upon to prove it having stated that he only spoke of it as a rumor, which he did not himself believe to be true. This statement of *his* conversation is flatly contradicted. But as the case stands, it is clear that he either did [illegible] now equivocates. In either case the report of the said conversation of General JACKSON is not sustained by proof. So states, in substance the Nashville Banner of the 11th instant. *Nat. Intelligencer.*

A GOOD DEMOCRAT.—About three summers ago an old man, a basket maker, passed in front of Congress Hall, at Saratoga, where a number of gentlemen were assembled on the piazza. They determined to quiz the old man about politics, and finally after a few remarks, observed, "I'll venture to say, that you have more money than I have."

"As to that, I know not; but I guess I'm worth as much as two thirds that come here if their debts were paid. But as you wish to know something about my politics, I've no objection to telling you; for I'm no way ashamed of 'em"

Here the old man threw himself into a posture for declamation quite unexpected to his audience, and with "actions suited to the word thus addressed them."

Gentlemen, I lived in General Washington's time, and I believe he was the greatest man that ever lived in these United States. Well, he had a kind of currency put into circulation, called continenal money. You know all about it as well as I can tell you. The people murmured, and complained of *hard times*. In the end all turned out well. Now a great deal of good may grow out of some evil." Here he raised his arm, and gesticulatung emphatically, exclaimed, "General Jackson has a long head Things don't look right to him, or me Men wear as much fine broad cloth and trimmings, at one time; women as much silk and laces as would buy a farm in Michigan or Illinois. Fine carriages, rich tables, and every thing else, that nothing but old England could stand. Why, they tell me that one lord or Duke there, could buy up half the *nobility* of New York. Their farmers are coming over here to our mighty waste lands; while the people here are living by hard work—but it won't do. If we got more money from the people over the seas, for our produce, and less of their gewgaws and drinkables, we should be more what republicans ought to be. But I hope all things will come right; and that after a little while, every man will be able to sit under his own vine and fig tree, and none to make him afraid. Gentlemen, I wish you all well," and he gathered up his baskets and withdrew

[*Buffalo Star.*

THE CONSPIRACY.

AND THE TEN INTERROGATORIES.

The Convention for reforming the Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania, has been the scene of much spirited and patriotic discussion in relation to the conspiracy charged upon the Bank of the United States, last spring, in plotting and effecting a suspension of specie payments. The courage and fidelity of the members of the Convention who thus beard iniquity in its den, (for the Convention is now sitting in the City of Philadelphia, to which the bank majority removed it,) is above all praise, and the interrogatories which are put to the attorney of the bank, Mr. John Sergeant who is the President of the Convention, are as edifying to the country as they are annoying to that bank attorney. They charge the Bank of the United States, openly and unequivocally, and to its face, with a CONSPIRACY to stop the banks last spring, and to derange the currency, exchanges and business of the country. Instead of demanding a committee of investigation, the bank defends itself by abuse of those who thus arraign it; and its body-guard of attorneys, debtors, and retainers earn their wages in vilifying those who arraign their employer. Mr. Read, of Susquehanna, is one of those who has deserved well of his country in exposing the conspiracy; and the following extract from his reply of the 19th of December, to Mr. Sergeant, the President of the Convention, and his *Ten Interrogatories*, deserve to be republished in every republican newspaper.—GLOBE.

I charged the banks with a conspiracy, not as my friend from Armstrong supposed, by inadvertence, but on the most thorough conviction of the truth of the charge, and that the evidence there adduced in support of it, will carry conviction to nine out of ten of the American people; yes, sir, evidence enough to satisfy any man not wilfully blind, or under the influence of some affiliated feeling. But this evidence, conclusive to every unprejudiced mind, produces no effect upon the honorable president. He wants evidence more in detail, I hope he may be gratified. I am about to issue a subpœna, and to put him upon his interrogatories. I hope he will not plead privilege, he who doubtless was selected for his great learning and universal knowledge, has no right—he cannot without dereliction of duty, to my humble opinion, refuse to the people of Pennsylvania the benefit of his vast acquirements. If he does plead privilege, if he does in any manner *evade* the interrogatories, then he must be content with such evidence of the fact as satisfies others, and if he does plead privilege, then he admits himself to be the attorney of the bank, and his abuse of me, for charging the banks in their absence, was ill-timed and unjust. If on the other, he will come forward as an honest witness, and testify his knowledge therein, then I promise him to follow it up with evidence *in detail* to his entire satisfaction.

Interrogatories to the President.

suspension at the presidency [illegible] heard of the [illegible] city of any mail, after the [illegible] York were closed?

2. If that information was brought by express to the bankers of this city?

3d. If he heard of a meeting of bank directors at the Exchange, the evening before the banks of that city suspended?

4th. If he heard that all the banks of this city (except the United States Bank) had agreed to stop payment the day after the said meeting at the Exchange?

5th. If he heard of a private meeting being held the next morning at the United States Bank?

6th. If he heard of a committee of three being then and there appointed, with instructions to go to the deposite banks of this city, and to demand specie, as soon as the deposite banks should be open?

7th. If the committe of three did not well understand from its knowledge of the agreement at the Exchange the preceding evening, that it they would get no specie from the depositories that it might be said that the deposite banks had first suspended?

8th. If he had not heard that the United States Bank suspended the moment the committee of three reported?

9th. If he did not see placards all over the city on the very day of suspension, stating that certificates of city loan would be issued next morning?

10th. If the United States Bank of Pennsylvania is not here present in Convention by her attorney?

If he give open and honest answers to these questions, he shall be gratified in *detail*.

But the President justifies the banks in the late suspension, and says they closed their doors in pursuance of a request to do so by the people. Sir, I deny it; it is not true that the people of Pennsylvania desired the banks to suspend payments Not one in fifty of the people had any suspicion that the banks had any intention to stop payments, or could have anticipated that the banks could violate all faith, and trample on all honesty, till after the foul deed was done. There might have been a meeting of a few bankers; but the people, sir, the people desire the banks to close their doors? Sir, it is a foul calumny of the people, to suggest that they anticipated this disgraceful conspiracy!

But the president thinks it honest and right to refuse to discharge a solemn obligation, with the means to do so at hand. Let us put a case for illustration. Suppose, sir, I owe you one thousand dollars, which I have agreed to pay you this day: you come from Lancaster, and ask me for the money. I tell you that I have seven or eight thousand lying idle in my desk; but I will not pay you, for two reasons. 1st. That I owe to a gentleman at Easton some money; and secondly, that if I pay you, it is more than probable that you will take the money to Lancaster, and pay it to some person there; whereas, I judge that the public interest requires that this money should remain locked up in my desk in Philadelphia. Sir, no individual debtor ever dared to tell this tale to his creditor. No *man* could do it without being marked as a knave or a madman. But the President justified this: according to his standard of morality, the banks are to violate all the principles of moral honesty, under the shallow pretence that they are the only judges of what will promote the public welfare. The banks may, according to the moral code of the President, honesty do those things which would destroy the moral character of an individual, and consign him either to the mad house, or to lasting infamy. To borrow again an exclamation from the president, "God preserve us" from such a code of morality as the President inculcates! God preserve us from such a vicious code as, if adopted, would sap the foundations of civil society! and make us a "*community of scoundrels*," to borrow an elegant extract from the gentleman from Franklin, (Mr. Dunlap.) Sir, I have done with the President and his destructive code of morals.

THE POLL EVIL.

The following Recipe for the cure of that formidable disease of the horse, called the Poll Evil, is from the New York Cultivator.

As soon as the tumor appears, make a strong decoction of the root of the meadow plant or vine, known by the name of *poison ivy*, and sometimes by that of mercury; bathe the tumor with this decoction every day, as hot as the horse will bare it; and heat it with a hot iron. In a short time it will begin to diminish, and in six weeks it will wholly subside. A very va-

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