# EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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L. A. GODEY, 211 Chesnut st. Phila.


## POETRY.

### Thoughts on the approach of Death.

BY J. E. DOW.

Though 'round us the snow wreathed in splendor has twined,
And Winter has left his chill smile on the sky;
Though silver-tipped brooks with new jewels are lined,
And leafless groves wave to the storm's lullaby;

In gardens of beauty, where blushes the morn,
And sweetly the mocking bird whistles his tune,
The summer now rests like the silk on the corn,
And woos us in whispers—the whispers of June.

Yes, over the foam-tasseled billows there springs
An island where green-bosomed summer reclines;
Rich vales, where the hand of Omnipotence flings
The beauty of plants and the glory of vines.

There wades the blue herne o'er the shell spotted beach,
The bending tree bathes its bright fruit in the flood;
The mangosteen vies with the velvet-checked peach,
And the pale lemmon crushes the cherry of blood.

The coral, frail insect, his stony web waves,
The golden fish basks by the moss dimpled shore;
The water snake sails on his vessel of leaves;
And the honey bee sings when its labor is o'er;

Boughs bending with apples of russet and gold,
Tall chesnuts encumbered with rich bursting fruit,
Bright fountains that weep in the aspen shade cold,
And wild harps that ring like the lay of the lute;

Yet nature, alone, in that Eden reposes,
No footfall of man ever startles the ear;
God smiles on the isle and it rustles in roses,
Birds sing, and the mates of their choosing appear.

And say, shall we sigh for those regions of pleasure,
Those places were solitude revels in smiles,
Where beasts, birds, and insects, their tiny powers measure,
And waves of the sea sadly break on the isles?

No! give me the land where the pilgrim reposes,
And give me my country where the battle cloud rolled;
Oh! give me my country, though withered her roses
And give me her sterling race, dearer than gold.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30, 1839.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE LIVING PHANTOM.
### A TRUE STORY.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

When I was a young boy, I had delicate health, and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind; it was my delight in the long, summer evenings, to slip away from my noisy and more robust companions, that I might walk in the shade of a venerable wood, my favorite haunt, and listen to the cawing of the old rooks, who seemed as fond of this retreat as I was.

One evening I sat later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness in all nature that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie I was suddenly started by the sight of a tall, slender female, who was standing by me, looking sorrowfully and steadily in my face.—She was dressed in white, from head to foot, in a fashion that I had never seen before; her garments were unusually long and flowing, and rustled as she glided through the low shrubs near me, as if they were made of the richest silk. My heart beat as if I was dying, and I knew not that I could have stirred from the spot: but she seemed so mild and beautiful, I did not attempt it. Her pale, brown hair, was braided round her head, but there were some locks that strayed upon her neck, and although she looked like a lovely picture, but not like a lovely woman; I closed my eyes forcibly with my hands, and when I looked again, she had vanished.

I cannot exactly say, why I did not, on my return, speak of this beautiful appearance; nor why, with a strange mixture of hope and fear, I went again and again to the same spot, that I might see her. She always came, and often in the storm and plashing rain, that never seemed to touch or annoy her, and looked sweetly on me, and silently passed on—and though she was so near me, that once the wind lifted those light, straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek, yet I could never move or speak to her. I felt ill; and when I recovered, my mother closely questioned me of the tall lady, of whom, in the height of my fever, I had so often spoken.

I cannot tell you what a weight was taken from my boyish spirits when I learned this was no apparition, but a most lovely woman—not young, though she had kept her young looks for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spared her beauty.

When the rebel troops were retreating after their total defeat, in that very wood I was so fond of, a young officer, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wound, sunk from his horse, and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry R———, and conveyed by a trusty domestic to her father's mansion.—Sir Henry was a loyalist; but the officer's desperate condition excited his compassion, and his many wounds spoke a language a brave man could not misunderstand. Sir Henry's daughter, with many tears, pleaded for him, and promised that he should be carefully and secretly attended. And well she kept that promise—for she waited upon him (her mother being dead) for many weeks.

You may fancy, better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in reading, and low-voiced singing and gently playing on the lute; and how many fresh flowers were brought to one, whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for himself; and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined him. I will pass by this, to speak of one day which brighter and pleasanter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely than the looks of the young maiden, as she gaily spoke of "a little festival, which (though it might bear an unworthier name) she meant really to give in honor of her guest's recovery."

"And it is time, lady," said he, "for the guest, so tended and so honored, to tell you his whole story, and speak to you of one who will help him to thank you—may I ask you, fair lady, to write a billet for me, which, even in these times of danger, I may find some means to forward." To his mother, no doubt, she thought, as with light steps and a lighter heart she seated herself by his couch, and smilingly bade him dictate, but, when he said, "My dear wife," and lifted up his eyes, to be asked for more, he saw before him a pale statue, that gave him one look of utter despair, and fell (for he had no power to help her) heavily at his feet. These eyes never truly reflected the pure soul again, or answered by answering looks the fond inquiries of her poor old father.

### MILITARY ANECDOTE.

We heard the late General Ripley relate the following anecdote in the course of a speech which he made at a public meeting in this city some years ago. While the British army was besieging Fort Erie, during the last war, it occurred to General Brown, who commanded the garrison, that a sortie might be made to advantage and the enemy assailed behind his works. The garrison accordingly marched out with the gallant Brown at their head, and drove the enemy from their batteries with dreadful slaughter, and with considerable loss on their own. Ripley, while bravely leading his brigade to the assault, received a musket ball through the neck, which struck him to the earth, and he thought himself mortally wounded. He soon became insensible. When he came to, he found himself proceeding towards the fort in a litter, carried on the shoulders of some of his own soldiers. On the way they descried a party of the enemy approaching.—One of the party who was an Irishman, cried out "*Yonder are the red coats!*—our general shall not be taken—let us put him down and form at his side to protect him." The noble suggestion of this brave Irishman was instantly adopted and executed. They presented a front, and waited for the enemy to come up.—Fortunately it turned out that the latter were a detachment who had become bewildered, and were endeavoring to find their way to their own corps. Though much more numerous than the small squad that accompanied Gen. Ripley, they had no notion of acting on the offensive, and after stopping a moment to reconnoitre, they filed off in an opposite direction.—Gen. Ripley declared that the tone and bearing of the Irish soldier made an impression on his mind which never could be effaced. It was in all probability to the manly and daring measure which he recommended to his comrades that the general owed his being saved from captivity.—*N. Orleans Lou.*

### HUMORS OF VENTRILOQUISM.

As the mayor was about to open the important business of the day, with the expression of a lively hope that all persons would have a fair and impartial hearing, Valentine entered the hall, and having by virtue of perseverence reached the steps of the rostrum from which the electors were to be addressed, prepared at once to commence operations. The first was Mr. Creedale, an extremely thin gentleman with an elaborately chisselled nose, who came forward on the liberal side to nominate Mr. Job Stone.

'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Creedale.

'Nonsense!' cried Valentine, in an assumed voice of course which appeared to proceed from a remote part of the hall.

'Gentlemen,' repeated Mr. Creedale with some additional emphasis.

'Pooh, pooh!' exclaimed Valentine changing the tone.

'It may' said Mr. Creedale, 'be nonsense, or it may be pooh, pooh! but gentlemen, I beg that I may not be interrupted.'

'O don't mind Tibbs, go on!' cried Valentine.

'Tibbs, indeed!' observed Mr. Creedale, with a contemptuous curl of the lip. 'It's Mr. Tibbs, is it!'

'No! no!' cried the accused individual who was a highly respectable grocer, and remarkable for his quiet and unassuming demeanor.

'I am surprised at Mr. Tibbs,' said Mr. Creedale in continuation—'I have until now regarded him as an individual——'

'No, no!' again vociferated Tibbs, 'It ain't me, I arn't spoke a syllable."

'If Mr. Tibbs,' observed the mayor, 'or if any other gentleman be desirous of addressing the meeting he will have an opportunity of doing so anon."

'Upon my honor,' exclaimed Tibbs, 'I've—'

There were general cries of 'order, chair!' when Mr. Creedale continued—

'Gentlemen, without adverting to any extraneous matter, it gives me unspeakable pleasure to propose——'

'A revolution is!' growled Valentine, in a heavy base voice.

'That's me, I s'pose!' exultingly cried Tibbs, nodding his head and giving a most triumphant look.

'I know whose voice that is,' said Mr. Creedale, 'That's the voice of the Conservative bully. Yes, that's Mr. Bownrigg."

'What!' shouted Brownrigg, in a voice of vociferous thunder.

'What?' echoed Mr. Creedale.

'Say it's me again,' shouted Brownrigg, 'I only so much as say it's me again.'

'Mr. Brownrigg,' observed the mayor, 'will oblige to conduct himself here with propriety.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed Brownrigg 'Why fix upon me?'

'That is not the first time,' observed Mr. Creedale, 'that Mr. Brownrigg has been here with the view of blustering for the Conservatives, but it won't——'

'As true as life!" exclaimed Brownrigg, I never opened my lips. If I did——'

Loud cries of 'order, order! question! chair, chair!' drowned the conclusion of the sentence, however interesting it might have been and Mr. Creedale resumed—

'As I was about to observe, gentlemen, when gracefully interrupted, it gives me great pleasure to propose Mr. Stone as——'

'A Dickey!' screamed Valentine, assuming the shrill voice of a female—'Don't have him! he's a dickey!'

Here the entire meeting cried 'shame!' and the candidate rose to repel the insinuation.

'Officers!' shouted the mayor, 'instantly seize that depraved woman out.'

Thereupon a corps of corporate constables leaped with their staves and rushed to the spot from whence the sound appeared to proceed: but no woman was discoverable.—[From the Life and Adventures of Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist.

*Going Different Ways.* Dr. Hosack has more than once in his lectures, contrived to bring in the following anecdote: Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, former President of Princeton College, was once on board a packet-ship, and, among other passengeis, was a professed atheist. This fellow was very fond of troubling every body with his peculiar belief, and broaching the subject as often as he could get any body to listen to him. "He didn't believe in God, & future state—not he!" By and by there came up a terrible storm, and the subject was, that all would go to the bottom. There was much fear and consternation on board; but no one was so horribly frightened as the atheist. In this extremity he sought the clergyman. He found him in the cabin, collected, and thus addressed him—"Oh, Dr. Witherspoon! Dr. Witherspoon!" we're all gowin for it—we have but a short time to stay. Oh, my gracious! how the vessel rocks. We're all going—don't you think we are, Doctor?"

The Rev. gentlemen turned on him a look of most provoking coolness, and replied, in broad Scotch—"Na doubt, na doubt, mon, we're a' ganging; but you and I *dinna gang the same way.*"

"Tom," said a smartly dressed fellow to his companion, whose coat was somewhat the worse for wear, "your coat is internally *seedy.*' "I don't wonder at that," replied his friend," "considering how frequently it has been *sewn.*"

*A Quaker's Letter.* Friend John, I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sintul men in flesh, called attorneys, and let him take out an instrument with a seal thereunto, by means whereof he may seze the outward tabernicle of George Green, and bring him before the lamb-skin men at Westminister, and teach him to do as he would be done by.—Thy friend, R. G.

A NOUN OF MULTITUDE PROPER.—There is a young lady in Tennessee whose name is Mariah Elizabeth Benoni Ruth Alexowis St Josephs Taylor Amanda Henrietta Phillis Xenophia Bellerophon Indiana Randolph Yondingle Amassie Coe Kennebeck Rehoboth Zau Dorothy Luke Sarah Jemima Eloise Maynard Therese Underwood Fayrango Newton Valentina Angelina Narcissa Grey Fewhope Overton Wheeler!

## POLITICAL.

### PROCEEDS OF DEMOCRACY.

The following statement of Democratic gains during the last two years, we take from the Salem Advertiser.

| | |
|---|---|
| NEW HAMPSHIRE, | 3,882 |
| MAINE. | 6,379 |
| VERMONT, | 2,210 |
| RHODE ISLAND, | 844 |
| NORTH CAROLINA, | 19,541 |
| ALABAMA, | 1,000 |
| MARYLAND, | 4,965 |
| GEORGIA, | 3,300 |
| NEW JERSEY, | 3,978 |
| DELAWARE, | 630 |
| PENNSYLVANIA, | 25,636 |
| ARKANSAS, | 1,411 |
| MISSOURI, | 3,797 |
| ILLINOIS, | 680 |
| INDIANA, | 28,622 |
| TENNESSEE, | 21,542 |
| OHIO, | 23,457 |
| TOTAL DEMOCRATIC GAINS, | 154,157 |

What a brilliant array of victories is here furnished, and how gloriously do they prove the onward march of Democratic truth. What cheering evidence do they give too, of the virtue and integrity of the great mass of the people. Hereafter, let no honest Stateman ever dispair, even though he sees his favourite doctrines for a time defeated and overthrown. Let him trust undoubtingly, through good report, in the sober second thought of an uncorrupted community. Let him believe that the public mind cannot be long obscured by misrepresentation and error, and rarely fails, at last, to discern the right, and earnestly embrace it. Such a belief should be inspired by the occurrences of the last two years. Never did any man, in the hour of doubt and peril, throw himself more trustingly for support, on the naked power of truth, and the capacity and honesty of the public to perceive and acknowledge that thruth than did Martin Van Buren in 1837. The country was then convulsed in every direction, by one of those periodical PANICS which are the legitimate offsprings of an inflated paper currency. Distress and alarm were abroad among the people, and numbers in every State were found who began to doubt the financial policy of the Administration. At this period it was that the President, with a boldness which cannot be too much admired, and a confidence which has been nobly returned by the people, anounced the Independent Treasury system, and predicted for it a certain ultimate triumph. That triumph it has well achieved. Eleven States that in 1837 declared against it, have since rallied to its support and every where through the Union, it has gained, and is still gaining the truest friends. A short time we trust, will see it ratified by Congress and become the law of the land.—[Eastern Argus.

To this let us add 14,000 for Massachusetts, and 4,000 for Mississippi, not lacking in New York, where the gain has been increasing, and we have at least 172,000 gain in two years.

## *PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.*

### WASHINGTON, Dec. 2d, 1839.

At 12 o'clock to-day, Mr. Garland, the Clerk of the House of Representatives, proceeded to call that body to order, according to law and usage.

He said, on rising from his seat, that the hour having arrived for the meeting of the House, he would, if it were its pleasure, proceed to call it.

No objection being made, he went on to call the roll. Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Vermont, were full in their delegation, with the exception of one absentee from Massachusetts, occasioned by the death of Mr. Alvord. In the New York delegation there was [illegible] by Mr. Kempshall, [illegible]

When the New Jersey delegation was called, the Clerk, Mr. Garland, remarked that there were two sets of evidence, as to the claimants for seats, from that State, and if it were the pleasure of the House, he would pass New Jersey by, till it was ascertained if a quorum were absent or present.

Mr Maxwell of New Jersey, objected to passing New Jersey by. He wished to see, what evidence there was, that he and his Whig colleagues had not been duly elected.

Mr. Mercer of Va. called for the reading of the law in reference to the case.

Mr. Cave Johnson of Tennessee, was understood to object to the reading of the law, till the House was organized, and the roll had been called. He wished to know the object of Mr. Mercer in calling for the reading of the law.

Mr. Mercer replied, but could not be distinctly understood.

Mr. Vanderpool of New York, objected to the reading of the law at this stage of the business. He wished all the facts of the case laid before the House, before it proceeded to the reading of any law, in relation to it.

Mr. Tillinghast of R. I., was in favor of reading this law, and supported his views in a few remarks, which were not easily comprehended by any one, in consequence of the noise on the floor.

Mr. Jennifer of Maryland, enquired of the Clerk if he had any evidence in his possession, signed by the legal authority of New Jersey, to prove that any other than the Whig claimants, had been elected.

The Chair was about to reply, when

Mr. Rives of Va., interposed and demanded that the Clerk go on and ascertain if there be a quorum.

Mr. Maxwell of New Jersey objected. He wished to have his State called. He was ready to answer to his name, and produce his credentials. He hoped that New Jersey would not be put aside.

Mr. Wise, wanted to know if the House could not go on, without pausing to enquire if it possessed a quorum.

The Clerk replied, that that was a question for the House itself to decide.

Messrs. Mercer and Rives of Va., had a little conversation on the subject, rather personal and tart, which was not fully caught.

Mr. Hoffman of New York, addressed the House and assumed the broad ground, that the Clerk had no right to suspend the call of New Jersey. He had no more right to do so, with the evidence before him, than he had to suspend the call of New York, Virginia, or any other State.

Mr. Halstead, of New Jersey, next took the floor. He was one of the Whig claimants to the seats, and although he stated at the outset, that he would not go into any argument to prove the legitimacy of his claim, he made out to spin out a long essay on the subject.

Mr. Tillinghast, of R. I., resumed the floor, and went into a long argument to prove that the Whigs of New Jersey ought to have the seats they claimed. He arrived, however, at no definite conclusion.

The debate was further continued by Messrs. Slade, of Vermont, Mercer, and W. C. Johnson, of Maryland:

Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, went into an argument somewhat elaborate, to prove that the uniform practice of the House in organising itself ought to be adhered to. If now departed from in this instance, the House would find itself at sea without a pilot. He quoted a variety of cases to support his position, and concluded by insisting that New Jersey should be first called, and her contested election decided afterwards.

When Mr. Johnson had closed his argument, the debate was proceeded in by Messrs. Biddle, of Pa, Randolph, of New Jersey, Sergeant, of Pa., Bynum, of North Carolina, Galbraith, of Penn., Everett, of Vermont, Craig, of Virginia, and others.

The galleries were crowded to excess during the progress of the debate; but the thing that was supposed to be so pregnant with blood and "blue laws," soon lost all of its exciting and horrible qualities, and those who had assembled to see a row kicked up, were somewhat disappointed.

It is not, at this moment, very probable that the House will be organized for some days to come, unless a stopper be put on the thousand and one tongues that are ready to wag in reference to the subject.

You will see that the debate of to-day has rested entirely on the mere question of the capacity of the Clerk, to refuse to call on the State of New Jersey to step forward and answer to her name.

Mr. Garland, the Clerk, by the way, has done nothing to-day to generate any such question. When he had proceeded in his call,' as far as the State of New Jersey, he paused, and said that as there was a conflicting testimony in the matter of the claim of the parties for that State demanding seats, he would, if it was the pleasure of the House, pass over that State, and go on to ascertain if a quorum were present.—The question that has since been debated, was raised by the House itself, and not by Mr. Garland.

It appears to be the design of the Whigs to prevent the organization of the House as long as it is possible for them to do so, with the hope of getting in the absent Whig member, Mr. Kempshall, and filling up the vacancy in the Sixth Congressional District of Massacussetts.

In the Senate, nothing was done but to organize, and passing a resolution, ordering the usual newspapers for members for the use of the Senate.

Every member of the House of Representatives, save Mr. Kempshall, of New York, was in his seat. Such an early, and so punctual an attendance, has not heretofore, had a precedent. The excitement growing out of the contested elections produced this result; and it is the more to be rejoiced at, as it may possibly lead to industry and diligence during the session.

### WASHINGTON, Dec. 3d, 1839.

### ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE.

This morning, at the usual hour, the Clerk of the House of Representatives, the Hon. Hugh A. Garland, one of the most correct and virtuous men in the world, called that respectable body to order.

He stated at the outset, that therewere, when the House adjourned yesterday, three propositions before it, neither of which had been disposed of. He then said, that he felt with great intensity the delicacy and peculiarity of the position he occupied, and that he had prepared a document, in reference to the subject, which he would read, if the House would listen to him.

There were loud cries of go on, and of no, no, at the instant, which were silenced, however, by

Mr. Jenifer, of Maryland, who, as nearly as I could understand him, rose and inquired if the paper the clerk wished to read, would reverse the decision he made yesterday.

Mr. Garland was understood to reply, that he had not made any decision on the subject of the New Jersey contested election, and that the paper he wished to read would not alter any position he had formerly occupied.

Mr. Atherton, of New Hampshire, wished to hear the Clerk's document read.

Mr. Stanley, of North Carolina, objected.—He did not recognize the Clerk as a legitimate officer; and if he had any document to lay before the House, he had better get the gentleman from New Hampshire, or some other friend to read it.

Mr. Wise wished to have the paper read. He thought the Clerk had taken an extraordinary step, in omitting the call of the House yesterday, and he wished to hear what reasons he could assign for the act. It was the duty of the Clerk to give his views to the House—as much as this was due to common courtesy, to the clerk, to the House, and to the people.

Mr. White of Kentucky, was ardently opposed to the reading of any document by the Clerk. If that officer had any thing to say in defence of himself, he had no objection to listening to a verbal statement; but he was opposed to any elaborately prepared argument.—Mr. White was particularly severe and indignant in his remarks; and among other this said, that if the House went on as it was proposed it should, it might admit to seats within the Hall, any body, and any "*loafer*," that might come from New Jersey!

Mr. Wise again resumed the floor; and commenced an ardent speech, in favor of reading the Clerk's document, by saying that, he believed, he could do away with the objections raised by his friend from Kentucky. He then proceeded, at great length, to prove that the Clerk was entitled to a hearing, and was in fact a legitimate officer of the present Congress, by the courtesy of Parliament.

Mr. Briggs, of Mass. addressed the House, in favor of having the Clerk read his paper.—He contended that common courtety, justice, and truth, all demanded that the Clerk should be heard.

Mr. Cushing of Mass. was in favor of the reading of the document; and having supported his views at length, he closed by making a motion permitting the Clerk to be heard.

Mr. Vanderpool of New York, followed on the same side, and contended not only for the reading of the Clerk's paper, but for an immediate organization of the House, without calling on the State of New Jersey. In the course of his remarks, he read from a speech delivered by Mr. H. Everett of Vermont, in the case of Claiborne and Gholson. In doing this, he presented Mr. Everett in a position of amusing inconsistency. In the case referred to, Mr. Everett contended that the certificates of Gholson and Claiborne, though legal, were of non effect, as there had been an informality in the manner of holding the election. The New Jersey delegates are in a similar position; and yesterday Mr. Everett, contended that the House was bound to accept their certificates, and could not go behind them.

Gov. Pope of Kentucky addressed the House at length, and went into an elaborate review of the whole question. He concluded by expressing a hope, that the Clerk would not be allowed to read any document he had prepared for the occasion.

The discussion was further continued by Messrs. Rhett of S. C. Wise, and others. At 3 o'clock, I did not perceive any probability of a termination of the debate, and was constrained to prepare for the departure of the cars. I do not think it probable that any thing definite will be effected to day, or the day after to day, or any other day this side of dooms day, unless there be a stopper put on eternal propensity for talking, which is a curse to Congress.

The Senate, simply met and adjourned.—Judge White, I understand, has made up his mind not to resign his seat. Yours, Z.

### WASHINGTON, Dec. 5th, 1839.

The House of Representatives gets along but slowly. Indeed, it appears to me, that it is rather in the backward track. The good citizens "of the vicinage," as the lawyers would say, who have crowded the galleries since last Monday, have got weary of the whole thing, and begin to be among the miss-