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DORCHESTER COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

POET'S CORNER.

FREEDOM.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Freedom! beneath thy banner I was born—
O let me share thy full and perfect life!
Teach me Opinion's slavery to scorn,
And to be free from Passion's bitter strife;
Free of the world, a self dependent soul,
Nourished by lofty aims and genial truth,
And made more free by Love's serene control,
The spell of Beauty and the hopes of Youth.
The liberty of Nature let me know,
Caught from the mountains, groves and chrystal streams,
Her starry host, and sunset's purple glow,
That woo the spirit with celestial dreams,
On Fancy's wing exultingly to soar,
Till life's harsh fetters clog the heart no more.

"GOOD BYE."

Farewell! farewell!! is often heard
From the lips of those who part;
'Tis a whispered tone—'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;
But give me the lips that say
The honest words—"Good bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech,
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hand of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of friendship bursts and glows
In the warm, frank words—"Good bye!"

The mother sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes thro' her tears, her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives
Within her closing sigh;
But the deepest sob of anguish gives—
"God bless thee, boy! "Good bye!"

Go; watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam—
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand,
A long—a last "Good bye!"

MISCELLANY.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

At the request of the editor of the Maumee River Times, I will preach from this text:—

"*Take your time, Miss Lucy.*"

My hearers while reflecting upon this subject, whole swarms of pretty thoughts, no bigger than bed bugs, and as insignificant as ants, come buzzing around me. I shall endeavor to bring most of them into the hive of my present discourse; and in order to do this, I must let them take their time; otherwise they would mean nothing, express nothing, and be worth nothing.—To obtain any thing obtainable, which the heart may desire, my friends, you should never take a run and jump at it, else you may miss it altogether; but, take your time—don't hurry—travel slowly and tread carefully, and you will make much surer of your object than if you went off like a bottle of ginger pop, fretting and foaming for a moment, and then lie as inactive, lifeless and dormant as a woodcock in winter. This world is a great and curious quogmire, through which thousands grunt as they go unmindful that more haste causes less speed. Step cautiously from bog to bog, and you will reach the heavenly shore upon the other side, safely, soundly and with very little mud upon your boots; but just as true as you run recklessly across such a dangerous slough you will sink into the mire of trouble up to your waists; and the more you kick and flounder about, the more you are in it.

My friends take your time in every thing. I know that you have all set out and started for salvation; but if, with one grand rush, you millions of hasty and inconsiderate mortals, block up the narrow gate of heaven, only a few of you will get in, with torn robes, bloody noses, and bruised shins, even though you knock down the porter, and show fight to the guardian angels; but if you just take your time—have your tickets ready—and exhibit no counterfeits—the whole party will be put through as nicely as the President and his suite were at Howard's. Always take your time to work, like a barrel of new cider, and you will accomplish your undertakings, and gain strength by the exercise, instead of ruining your healths by going it continually on the hurry-up, nervous, exciting, don't-know-what-to-do system. The Omnipotent took his time to conceive, commence, and complete the stupendous work of creation. It required one day at least to churn the cream of chaos into any thing like a decent curdle—two days to bring it to a harder substance—and three days more to divide it into those myriads of little lumps, swimming in an unbounded ocean of infinity, called *worlds*. Now, my dear hearers, if proper time had not been taken for the execution of this mighty project, what kind of a mess would it have been? A half finished firmament—a sun without warmth—a moon made of mouldy cheese; and the probability is, that the great clock of the universe would keep no better time than a cider mill operated upon by a blind horse, and a young nigger soundly slumbering upon the sweep.

My young fellow mortals—the path of existence is rather a rough one; and it mustn't be run over in a hurry. Take your time—pick your way, and keep your eyes open—and you will arrive at the end of your journeys, without getting sore-footed, and perfectly satisfied with whatever acids may have been mingled with the saccharine juices of life. Don't be too eager to get rich. Take your time for that—and above all, take your time while you take your pick out of those lovely candidates for matrimony, which adorn the fair dominion of maidenhood. The girls are beautiful blossoms that bud and bloom spontaneously, as it were, along the lonely walks of celibacy. Grasp them not too hastily, lest you be pierced with thorns—and remember, too, that the fairest and sweetest flowers the soonest lose their beauty and fragrance. Therefore, take your time; and look for feminine posies, from which may be extracted the essence of admiration even when they become withered in autum, and their gay corolla of outward attraction shall have fallen faded to earth. If you can't do this kiss where you can, and charge me with the damage.

My young beloved sisters in sin—I know you have an itching desire to get married; and I fain would see you happy in the sacred bands of Hymen, and your hearts garlanded with the never-fading wreaths of love. But *just wait your time*, my dears, or your prospect of matrimony will be as slim as a crop of corn in a cow pasture. If you flirt with fools, flutter round fops—and follow the gentlemen, insted of waiting for the gentlemen to follow *you*; you will, probably soon be compelled to take your own time; and perchance, be left to decay, wither and dry up in the cold uncongenial atmosphere of neglect. Act with becoming modesty—sit still upon the blooming banks of Love's limped water, as you throw out your enticing flies for us fish to bite at—don't run up and down the stream in search of suckers that merely smell of the bait and never hitch on, but keep quiet, wait with patience, and you will get at least a catfish for your pains. But you, ye frailer sisters in iniquity—who have no virtue to protect, no characters to lose, no hopes to be blasted—I suppose you are bound to take your time instead of taking my advice. Poor unfortunate! Go it with a gallop down the dark avenues of error, that lead straight to perdition! I have not the moral power to restrain you; and yet if I could only get holy of your petticoats as you approach the precipice, I'd hang on, till I heard the snap of a corset string.

My hearers—whatever you do, let it be done with an honesty of purpose—a willingness of disposition—a cheerfulness of heart—and always to the tune "Take your time, Miss Lucy." So mote it be! DOW, JR.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT DURBIN TO BISHOP WAUGH.

We find the following interesting letter from Mr. Durbin in the Christian Advocate:—

Summit of Mount Sianai 4 o'clock.
Sabbath afternoon, Feb. 5, 1843.

MY DEAR BISHOP WAUGH.—How shall I put on paper what I feel this moment, as I sit apart from my companions on the very summit of Mount Sianai, with the expanded plains before me in which Israel encamped at the giving of the law? It is impossible to doubt; I *feel* the truth, and by faith I see the lightnings, hear the thunders, and the "trumpet waxing louder and louder," and feel this vast world, of dark, dreary desolation, with which Horeb is inclosed as a sanctuary, quake under the tread of the Almighty.

If I had been an infidel, had come hither, as I have, from Cairo, (near the ancient Memphis,) by the Wady el Teh, or "Valley of the Wanderings," which connects with the read Sea, about fifteen miles south of Suex, through Wady Tamarik, by one of the most fearful and peculiar mountain passes to be found on earth; and had I there seen the physical truth of the scriptures, where the people were "entangled in the land," and the wilderness of the Red Sea had shut them in," the only place between the Nile and the sea of which the Scripture history can be affirmed; then, if I had stood on the opposite shore, and looked down upon the waters in which Pharoah's hosthad 'sunk as lead',and there read the triumphal song of Moses, (Exodus, chap. x. v.) I should have felt that nowhere else, nor under any other circumstances, could that incomparable composition have been produced: then if I followed them "three days in the wilderness of Shur," to the present bitter fountain of Hamarah, (the Scripture *Marah*,) and next day to the Wadys Garundel and Usait, where yet are water and many palm trees amidst the surrounding desolation, I should have said, "Here is Elim," with its twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees," (Exodus Iv;) and from thence following their track through Wady Fieran I had suddenly issued through the Pass Nukb Hawy out into the plain of Rehab, which now lies before me at the base of the perpendicular walls of Horeb, rising like a terrible battlement twelve hundred or fifteen hundred feet high with the valley of Wady Sheik to the right and the wide mouth of Wady Leja to the left, all in full view of the gloomy, stern, desolate, thunder-splintered pinnacles," where I sit; I would have bowed to the authority of the holy history of Moses, simply upon the grounds of its geographical accuracy, which no writer, ancient or modern, has equalled, though he wrote three thousand five hundred years ago, and in the midst of an encampment of two millions of people, who depended upon him for guidance and salvation. Yet this accuracy is not the result of *revision* through successive ages, for no Jew has ever made a pilgrimage to Horeb, (which is itself a miracle,) except the prophet Elijah, who fled from Jezebel, and whose pretended resting place in the rock was shown us to-day.

But the shades of evening are drawing on, and the dark shadows of the lofty mountains are already projected far into the sandy plain. O! if yon glorious sun, fast descending westward behind the distant gloomy mountains, and just now with his *orient* beams tinting the dawn in *your* heavens, under which dwell all that I hold most dear on earth; if his mild beams which now fall almost level on me, could but convey to you what I feel this moment it would be an epistle indeed. But I must hasten down from the Mount of God and rest me in the monastry, built as tradition says, where Moses beheld the burning bush. There I hope to finish this letter, and say how I have spent the day in his holy mountain, in a cleft of which I was so fortunate to find a young, vigorous shrub, planted by the hand of the Almighty in his own holy hill, which I have cut, and purpose, if God spare us to meet again, and spend an hour of leisure together, to present to you, and to explain at length why I have adopted the new route (the southern) for Israel from Egypt to the Red Sea, a route over which no one, I believe, has passed heretofore, who has written expressly on the subject, but which had often been suggested by eminent travellers, who have felt pressed with the difficulties of the northern route by Suez among whom are Buckhardt and Laborde.

I wish I could sit here in this deep solitude for an hour longer, but my companions and one guide are gone, and the other a young, active Arab, is crouched at my feet in astonishment at my writing and apparent earnestness; and he seems to say, as he casts a glance at the setting sun, *The way down is long and dangerous.* So I must say, *Farewell to thee, Sinai!* I have stood upon the Alps, in the middle of July, and looked around upon the snowy empire—I have stood upon the Appenines, and looked abroad upon the plains of beautiful eventful Italy—I have stood upon the Albenian mount, and beheld the scene of the Eneiad from the Circean promontory, over the Compagna, to the eternal city and the mountains of Tivoli—I have sat down upon the pyramids of Egypt, and cast my eyes over the sacred city of Heliopolis, the land of Goshen, the fields of Jewish bondage, and the ancient Memphis, where Moses and Aaron, on the part of God and his people, contended with Pharoah and his servants, the death of whose "first born of man and beast in one night," filled the land with wailing: but I have never set my foot on any spot, from whence was visible so much stern, gloomy grandeur, heightened by the silence and solitude that reigns around; but infinitely more heightened by the awful and the sacred associations of the first great revelation in form from God to man. I feel oppressed with the spirit that breathes around me, and seems to inhabit this holy place. I shall never sit down upon the summit of Sinai again, and look upon the silent and empty plains at its feet: but I shall go down a better man, and aim so to live as to escape the terrible thunders at the last day, which once reverberated through these mountains, but have long since given way to the Gospel of peace. I can scarcely tear myself away from the hallowed summit, and I wish I *too* could linger here forty days in converse with the Lord.

Monastery of St. Catherine.

I promised to finish this letter here, and intimated that I would say, how I had spent the morning. But I must forego this pleasure till I see you, as I have already filled my sheet. I may add, however, that I spent it at high mass, in the ancient church built by the emperor Justinian, in the sixth century. I think the Greek Church is but little understood in our country and its services in Syria and here in Sinai have strongly attracted my attention, and I have made diligent inquiries concerning its doctrines and worship, and hope to prosecute them further at Constantinople and Athens.

I have but one thing to regret since I reached Egypt, and that is, that DR. Robinson and Mr. Smith did not take the southern route from Cairo to the Red Sea, indicated in the first part of this letter: for I must believe, that the traditions of the country presented the names of the mountains and valleys, as on the east side of the Gulf, together with the physical agreement of the passes with the history of Exodus would fully have satisfied their minds that this was the route of the Israelites; particularly, when to this evidence was added the probability that Israel was encamped near Memphis, the ancient Egyptian capital where Moses and Aaron and the elders of Israel seem constantly to be during their contention with Pharaoh. Such a conclusion, with the reasons drawn up by the doctor's masterly hand, is all that is wanted to render perfect their incomparable volumes of Biblical Researches in Palestine.

As I would still be remembered by my friends in America, you will oblige me, by mentioning me to such as are near you; or if you prefer to save yourself this trouble, you can hand this letter to the Advocate.

As ever, yours affectionately,
JOHN P. DURBIN.

JEREMY TAYLOR'S nightly prayer, for himself and his friends, was for God's merciful deliverance and preservation from the violence and rule of passion, from a servile will, and a commanding lust; from pride and vanity; from false opinion and ignorant confidence; from improvidence and prodigality; from envy and the spirit of slander; from sensualty; from presumption and despair; from a state of temptation and hardened spirit; from delaying of repentance and persevering in sin; from unthankfulness and irreligion, and from seducing others; from all infatuation of soul, folly and madness; from wilfulness, self-love, and vain ambition; from a vicious life and an unprovided death.

HUMOROUS.

SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND.

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

I don't think there ever was or ever will be such splendiferous galls as is there. Lord, the fust time I seed 'em it put me in mind of what happened to me in New Brunswick once. Governor of Maine sent me over to their Governor's official-like, with a state letter; and the British officers axed me to dine in their mess. Well, the English brags so like Niggers, I thought I'd prove 'em, and set 'em off on their own trade, jist for fun. So, says I, stranger captain, is all these forks and spoons, and plates and covers, and urns and what nots, real genuwine solid silver; the clear thing, and no mistake?

Sartainly, said he, we have nothin but silver here. Well, you can't tell a mili*tary* what he sais ain't credible, or you have to fight him; its considered ongenteel; so I jist puts my finger on my nose and winks, as to say, I ain't such a cussed fool as you take me to be, I can tell you.

When he seed I'd found him out, he larfed like any thing. Guess he found that no go, for I warnt born in the woods to be scared by an owl, that is a fact. Well, the fust time I went to the Lord's party, I thought it was another brag agin: I never seed nothin like it. Heavens and airth! I most jumpt o' my skin. Where onder the sun, sais I to myself, did he rake and scrape together such super superior galls as these. This party is a kind o' consarvity; he has got all the rare plants and roses in England here, and must have ransacked the whole country for em'.—Knowin I was a judge of woman kind, he wants me to think they are all in this way; but it's only possible. They are only show frigates arter all; it don't stand to reason, they can't be all clippers. He can't put leaks into me that way, so it tante no use tryin. Well, the next time I seed just such another convoy of partridges, same plumage, same step and same breed. Well done, sais I, they are intarmined to pull the wool over my eyes that's the fact; but they wont find that no easy matter, I know. Guess they must be done now; they can't show another presarve like them agin in all Britain. What trouble do they take to brag here, don't they? Well, to make a long story short, how do you think it eventuated, Squire? Why, every party I went to, had as grand a show as them, only some on 'em was better—fact, I assure; it's gospel truth; aint a word of lie in it, text to the letter. I never see nothin like it since I was raised, nor dreamed nothin like it nother. It beats all natur. It takes the rag off quite. If that old Turk Mahomed had seen these galls, he would'nt a bragged about his beautiful ones in Paradise so for everlasting, I know; for these English heifers would have beat 'em all hollar, that's a fact. For my part I call myself a judge. I have an eye there ain't no deceivin. I have made it a study, and know every pint about a woman, as well as I do about a hoss; therefore, if I say so it must be so, and no mistake. I make all allowance for the gear, and the getting up, and the vampim and all that sort of flash, but toggery wont make an ugly gal handsum, no how you can fix it. It may lower her ugliness a lettle, but it wont raise her beauty, if she hante got none.

TOM TOWNS WHO DONT LIKE COFFEE.

"Don't don't!" said Tom Towns last night, as the watchman applied his pole to the neighborhood of his fifth rib—"don't interfere with a feller vot's engaged in a fair fight with the miskitters and aint got no friends."

"What brings you here at this time of night?" said the watchman—it was 12 o'clock.

"Why, the fact of it is, old feller," said Tom, i'tis all the fault of the government—it's a cussed bad governmnt, this, and don't attend to the interests of the people, no how. Vy does'nt Congress pass a stop law, that 'ud enable a feller to stop in his boardin' house all the time without havin' to fork over to the old oman every Saturday night? I goes in for the Biddle policy! and then Nicholas tells the defaultin' States to pony up, I says, go it, Nick!—go it, old feller! But then I think, like him, that indiwidual repudiation is a right slap-up kind of a bizness and no mistake."

Watchman—"I think you're an idle feller, and don't work and oughter."

Tom Towns—"Workin' aint ginteel nor hindependent, no how you can fix it. Besides, what's the use of havin' a President and 4th o' July celebrations, if a feller can't live without doin' nothin'? Vy can't the legislature pass a bill for my belief? Aint I a human being? aint a human bein' as good as a canal or a railroad any day? and they passes acts in favor o' them; now, I calls that downright log-rolin'. But I'll fix 'em all next 'lection—I'll wote blank and weto the whole on 'em."

"Before doing so," says the watchman, "you had better come to the calaboose—you will have an opportunity of introducing yourself to the Recorder in the mornin."

"Well, I aint no objection as I knows on, watchey," said Tom; "but pr'aps you could give a poor feller a dime, I arnt got no change, and am'afraid his honor wont stand bitters for all hands in the mornin."

"No, he's a teetoller," said the watchman, "but he'll order you your coffee without milk, I've no doubt."

"Ah, watchey!" said Tom, "coffee is werry good—coffee, as Mrs. Towns used to say, is a werry excellent beverage for a Turk, but it aint decent drink for a Christian, no how. A "pig and whistle" is the only reg'lar eye opener—if you can't get the genivine article, you may fall back on a gin cock tail; but if you get a quarrellin' with the old ooman and wants to commit *shoe*-iside, take the temperance pledge—it kills fellers off faster than the yaller fever." The watchman told him he had been a teetoller for twelve months, and had no great sign or presentiment of dying then, and bidding Tom a good night, he turned the key of the watch-house door upon him.

The Recorder made a tetotaller of him for 30 days yesterday.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ROUGH AND TUMBLE.

The N. O. Tropic tells the following story:—"A Frenchman who knew very little of our language, unfortunately got into a difficulty with a back countryman, and fight he must, and that too rough and tumble. But before he went at it, he was very anxious to know what he should cry out if he found himself whipped; after being informed that when he was satisfied, all that he would have to do would be to cry out enough. At it they went—but poor Monsieur in his difficulties, forgot the word, and finding his eyes likely to be removed from their sockets, he began to cry out; but instead of saying what he was told, he commenced bawling lustily, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! To his astonishment the countryman kept pounding and gouging the harder, when Monsieur found there was no use of hallowing, turned and went to work in such good earnest that it was not long before the countryman sung out in a stentorian voice—enough! Say that again, says the Frenchman. Enough! enough! cried he again. When the Frenchman, in his turn, broke out—'Begar, dat is de vara word I was try to say long time ago.'

POLITICAL.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

It is to us perfectly astonishing, says the Baltimore Republican how respectable individuals can come boldly before an intelligent people, and attempt to shuffle from the shoulders of the Whig party, the responsibility of having saddled the people with the enormous debt which is so rapidly eating up their very substance.—It must be within the recollection of every voter, that when the schemes which have involved us so deeply in debt, were in the full tide of experiment, the Whig party in our State denounced and abused the Democrats for a "want of public spirit" in not aiding in "developing the resources of the State," when the Whigs were voting away millions of the people's money in those wild and visionary projects, and the filling the pockets of particular individuals for aiding them in their ruinous expenditures. If any have forgotten or doubt these facts, we invite them to the following extracts from the address of Mr. Hope, of Harford, for which we bespeak the reader's calm and dispassionate perusal.—We ask the people of this over-taxed and almost bankrupt State, to ponder these matters over, and having done so, to say whether they are willing to place their interests *again* in the keeping of a party which has proved to be such unfaithful stewards! Read it tax-payer—read it merchant—mechanic—laboring man;—all read it;—and then decide for yourselves, whether you will sanction, by your votes, the acts of a party which has brought upon you so much ruin and distress, and which if again in power will no doubt pursue a similar course.

"Since the people have been oppressed by the State debt, the Whigs have claimed only one half of the responsibility of creating it. While the State had credit, and millions were being squandered, the Whigs claimed to be the *exclusive champions* of Internal Improvements, and denounced General Jackson and all his party for being opposed to embarking the people's money or credit in what was then called, by the Anti-Democratic party, the favorite branch of the American System. Now, that the whole affair had turned out disastrously, it is alleged, that these ruinous schemes were the joint errors of both parties. This we deny. These projects *originated with the Whigs* and were carried through the Legislature by the influence of the *leading Whig politicians:* and in fact, all such schemes belong to that grand Federal system, which, while it professes to benefit the country by Banks, manufacturing Institutions, Rail Roads and Canals, is certain to end in plundering the many for the benefit of the few.

To shew, who are the artificers of our difficulties, let us recur to the past; and see how the Whig Governors and Whig leaders exerted their influence to create this debt. In 1828, John Q. Adams, then the Whig candidate for the Presidency, first broke thd earth on the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and on that occasion, he made a speech commending the work to popular favor—he and his party claimed to be its especial friends.

The *Whig* Governors, Kent, Martin, Howard, Thomas and Veasy, all cast the whole weight of their influence in favor of increasing the public debt. Gov. Thomas, a Whig of great influence, (he and his party, having for years, not only ruled one section of the State, but have disposed of the high offices pretty much at will among themselves and their friends,) who was so over zealous, that we cannot forbear quoting his language from his message of 1834, in which he says:

"Among the subjects most worthy to be brought to your notice on the present occasion, you will permit us to mention our great works of internal improvements. *Next to the promotion of virtue* and general diffusion of knowledge, it appears to us that there is no more noble task, &c. &c."

In connexion, with Governor Thomas', classing Internal Improvements next to *virtue* and *knowledge*, we will give an extract from the Report of his brother-in-law, William D. Merrick, made to the House of Delegates on the 4th of March, 1836, in favor of what he called the Union Bill, but which is better known as the Eight Million Bill. This great Whig leader on page 3 of his report, says:

"In relation to the Union Bill now offered to the House, the committe has deliberated and pondered its every syllable, no practical device for securing the State from loss or inconvenience has been pretermitted, and scrutiny is invited and calculation is defiend to detect a crevice, through which a wound may reach the public or capital. We offer it to the House, with confidence as a sure and infallible guide to State wealth; as a measure which will banish despondence from our commercial emporium, cheapen transportation, and increase the wealth of the people; uncover neglected mines of priceless treasure attract a teaming population and make our State the centre of a trade which none can estimate—and do all this *without abstracting a dollar from the Treasury, or from the pockets of the people.* Not only so, but with mathematical certainty, by the accumulation of a capital of three millions of dollars, which we now have not, make ample provisions for the establishment of the un appreciable blessing of universal education."

In addition to the prominent Whigs we have named, many others of great influence with their party, promulgated similar sentiments.—It should be remembered too, that those politicians all concurred in urging it upon the public, that the Rail Roads and Canal would not only pay the State debt, but would yield a surplus revenue to be supplied for the purposes of education. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising, that the people were betrayed into debts which they are unable to discharge. The majority of the State then belonging to the Whig party; and the men who ruled their party, and to whom they looked for correct political notions, were misleading them, by telling them that *they would have no taxes to pay, and that the Internal Improvements would be a source of public wealth.* It was natural for the Whigs to confide in the great men of their party, and we have shewn from the printed records of their acts, how these great men deceived them.

But, besides, the personal influence of the Whig Governors and Statesmen, exerted as we have shewn, in favor of the creation of this debt, other influential Whigs were hired to procure the passage of the loan bills. It will be seen from the evidence of James W. McCulloh, taken before the Legislature, that Joseph I. Merrick was paid *Two Thousand Dollars*, and Thomas S. Alexander and Nicholas Brewer, Jr., *One Thousand Dollars each*, for aiding in procuring a loan of a million of dollars to the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road, and that Joseph I. Merrick, was to receive *Ten Thousand Dollars* from the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, and *Ten Thousand more* from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company, if the Eight Million Loan Bill passed. The services of Robert W. Kent and Philemon Chew were also employed in aid of the Eight Million Bill, and they were to have *Three Thousand Dollars each*, if the bill was passed; and these sums were paid out of the money thus borrowed upon the credit of the State. It is true, that Mr. Kent and Mr. Chew did not receive their portion of the spoils, but it was because they did not succeed in their attempts to influence the particular members, from which they were to be rewarded. The Whig leaders had, therefore, other than patriotic motives for favoring the creation of these debts. Many of them were to receive large sums for deceiving the people, and there were not the only inducements the Whig politicians had for deluding the public, on the subject of Internal Improvements.—The Canal and Rail Road corporations furnished many lucrative offices which were filled by the Whigs, all of whom, were of course favorable to borrowing money on the credit of the State, because they were getting a large share of it themselves. By reference to the public documents, published by order of the Legislature in 1839, it will be seen that the salaries, paid by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, and the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company to officers and agents, exceed *One Hundred Thousand Dollars* annually, besides what was paid to lobby agents to mislead the Legislature. Now, when it is recollected, that these companies have been in operation over fifteen years, it will be perceived that not less than a MILLION AND A HALF of the present State debt has been paid to the officers and agents of the several Rail Road and Canal Companies. After such a waste of public money, it cannot be surprising that the State is insolvent. During all the periods, when the large debts were contracted, the State were under the full dominion of the Whigs, and when we see how the prominent members of that party were interested in the creation of the State debt, there can be no doubt concerning party responsibility.

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