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POET'S CORNER.

[For the Star.]
Mr. Editor:—
With fears and anxious cares oppressed;
Bereft of comfort, and of rest,
Repeating, groaning, wailing, sighing,
And almost literally dying,
I come with supplicating phiz,
Ay! think not, sir, I meant to quiz,
For evidence, untimely care,
Alas! has nearly silv'ered o'er my hair.
Oh! did you know my rueful case,
And could you see my ugly face,
Compassion Mr. Printer would
With tender pity, warm your blood;
For all these hours, cruelly fills in, more,
That I miserably die.
Are all brought on me, all because
I violated nature's laws,
Lived through my prime a single life,
And never tried to get a wife.
O wretched fate, O timid soul!
What seas of anguish through me roll,
But I have tried much of hate,
To get a loving gentle mate,
To keep me warm of winter nights,
And chase away the ghosts and spirits.
But all in vain, the girls despise
My groans, my eloquence and sighs.
They laugh contemptuously at me,
And grin at all my pleasantry.
Pray, Sir, can you direct me where I'll get
A sweet, delicious little pet,
With disposition mild, and manners meek,
A fine appearance, with a flush of cheek;
Conversation good, though not much talk;
Person fine, with a handsome walk;
With eyes black and a fine complexion
Is one that always wins my affection.
Now if you know one of this description,
Please let me know with her permission;
So here and pray, with wishes fervent,
Dear Sir, your very humble servant.
—Bayside, Feb. 1844. A BACHELOR.

Mr. Bachelor:—
We wot of one with eyes of jet,
But think you cannot "come it" yet;
For she's the idol of a Miller,
A change of heart alas might kill her.
—[Printer.]

BE QUIET, DO I'LL CALL MY MOTHER!

As I was sitting in a wood,
Under an oak tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude,
Who should come by but John, my lover!
He crossed my hand and kiss'd my cheek,
Then, warmer growing, kiss'd the other,
While I exclaim'd and strove to shriek,
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!"
He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me;
Then wiping from my cheek the tear,
He set his hand on the grass beside me,
He feign'd such pretty, serious woe,
Breath'd such sweet vows one after 'tother
I could but smile, while whispering low,
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!"
He talk'd so long, and talk'd so well,
And swore he meant not to deceive me;
I felt more grief than I can tell,
"When, with a sigh, he rose to leave me,
"Oh! John," said I, "and must thou go?"
I love thee better than all 'thou go."
There is no need to burry so,
"I never meant to call my mother."

MISCELLANY.

A LEAP YEAR STORY.

POPPING THE QUESTION.
"But why don't you get married?" said a bouncing girl, with a laughing eye, to a smooth faced, innocent looking youth, who blushed up to the eyes at the question.
"Well, I—said the youth, stopping short with a gasp, and fixing his eyes upon vacancy, with a puzzled and foolish expression.
"Well, go on—you what," said the fair cross-questioner almost imperceptibly inclining nearer to the young man. "Now just tell me right straight out, you what?"
"Why, I—O, pshaw, I don't know?"
"You do, I say you do know; come, I want to know."
"O, I can't tell you."
"I say you can. Why you know, I'll never mention it, and you may tell me of course, you know, for hav'n't I always been your friend?"
"Well, you have, I know," replied the beleaguered youth.
"And I'm sure I always thought you liked me," went on the maiden, in mellow accents.
"O, I do, Maria," said the unsophisticated youth, very warmly; and he found that Maria had unconsciously placed her hand in his open palm.
Then there was a silence.
"And then—well, John?" said Maria, dropping her eyes to the ground.
"Eh? Oh—well?" said John dropping his eyes and Maria's hand at the same moment.
"I'm pretty sure you love somebody, John; in fact," said Maria, assuming again a tone of railleury, "I know you're in love and John why don't you tell me all about it at once?"
"Well, I—"
"Will I?" "O, silly mortal, what is there to be afraid of?"
"O, it ain't because I'm afraid of any thing at all, and I'll—well now, Maria, I will tell you."
"Well now, John?"
"Eh?"
"Eh?"
"Eh?"
"Yes?"
"I am in love? how don't tell—you won't will you?" said John, violently seiz-

ing Maria by the hand, and looking in her face with a most imploring expression.
"Why, of course, you know John, I'll never breathe a word of it—you know I won't, don't you, John?" This was spoken in a mellow whisper, and the cherry lips of Maria were so near John's ear when she spoke, that had he turned his head to look at her, there might have occurred an exceedingly dangerous collision.
"Well Maria," said John, I've told you now, so you know all about it. I have always tho't a good deal of you, and—"
"Yes, John."
"I am sure you would do any thing for me that you could."
"Yes, John, you know I would."
"Well, I thought so, and you don't know how long I've wanted to tell you about it."
"I declare, John, I never ought to have told me long ago, if you wanted; for I'm sure I never was angry with you in my life."
"No, you wasn't; and I've often felt a great mind to do so."
"It's not too late now, you know, John."
"Well, Maria, do you think I'm too young to get married?"
"Indeed I do not John; and I know it would be a good thing for you too, for every body says the sooner young people are married the better, when they are prudent and inclined to love one another."
"That's just what I think; and now Maria I do want to get married; and if you'll just—"
"Indeed I will, John, for you know I was always partial to you, and I've said so often behind your back."
"Well, I declare I've all along thought you might object, and that's the reason I've been always afraid to ask you."
"Object, no, I'd die first; you may ask me just anything you please."
"And you'll grant it?"
"I will."
"Then, Maria, I want you to pop the question for me to Mary Sullivan, for—"
"What?"
"Do you love Mary Sullivan?"
"O, indeed I do, with all my heart!"
"I always thought you was a fool!"
"I say you're a fool, and you'd better go home—you mother, warned you. 'O, you—STUPID!" exclaimed the mortified Maria in a shrill treble; and she gave poor John a slap on the cheek that sent him reeling. It was noonday, and John declares he saw myriads of stars flashing around him, more than he ever saw in the night time.

THE ORATOR DONE UP.

"Feller Citizens," exclaimed an independent orator, on Tuesday night, about 12 o'clock, while he held on to a lamp-post with one arm, and lashed the air with the other.—"Feller citizens! I'm the man wot stands up (when I'm not drunk) for individual rights! Hurrah for our side!—it's no use of arguing the question, friends and feller citizens,—I'm as dry as blazes, and haven't taken a horn for the last five minutes. Down with ab-b-olitionism and temperance societies!—them's my sentiments, and I'm likewise friendly to universal sufferings. Go it roarsers and busters.
Hereupon the tremendous outpouring of eloquence became so overpowering, that he forsook his best friend, the lamp-post and made a lurch into the gutter.—"I'm in for it," continued he, "to your tents, O, Israel!" (sings) "the last link is broken," and Pam a gone sucker. Friends and feller citizens, d'ye see them stars wot blink in the blue heavens!—Sooner shall they fly from their e-therial speers than I from the position I have taken in this affair. I am for a free expression of sentiment, and no gag law,—hurra for "me! them's my sentiments!"
"Look here, mister," said the watch, interrupting the strain of pure and unadulterated patriotism, "though you have no audience but myself, you appear to be well backed and speak in the gutter-el tone. Why, man, you can't stand up for your cause."
"Do you mean to doubt my p-p-patriotism, mister?" asked the orator, making a motion to take the floor erect. Do you mean to insinuate that I can't support my argument nor myself either?—Friends and feller citizens,—I guv in my vote like a man, for "old Tip."—I went the whole figure. Listen to the voice of the patriot who fought, bled and died for,—look here, mister, is there any liquor shop any where within a reasonable distance?"
"Yes, there's one a very short distance off, where you will be provided for."
"Wh—wh—what's the name?"
"The Pilgrim's Retreat."
It is hardly necessary to add that the orator was boxed up for the night.

A Peep into Futurity.

It has been proved, says a cotemporary, that whoever sails round the world gains a day's reckoning. From which, would it not be possible for a sailor who had been around the world four times, to see into the middle of next week?

The "Jeremy Diddler" of Nations.

The name given to the United States by a London paper.

"What a long tail our cat's got."

AGRICULTURAL REVIEW FOR 1843.

[From the Cultivator.]
In looking back on the state of the country, the crops, and the condition of agriculture for the past year, we find much cause for pleasurable gratulation and for gratitude. The season has been a favorable one on the whole; the crops have been abundant, and the condition of the farming and planting interests, and as a matter of course the country, has been constantly improving. In a country like ours, embracing such a variety of climate, and so many objects of culture, it would be a little short of a miracle, if in every part, with every variety of product, there should be no failures; if every where the proper condition of temperature, of heat, moisture and duration, should be precisely what is required. Such a state of things it is unreasonable to expect; but local failures scarcely effect the general result.

The temperature of that part of the year which has the most influence on the labors of the farm, has been favorable to the maturity of the crops. September, however, was warmer several degrees than it has for several years past. There have been numerous and sudden fluctuations of temperature the whole season, and these have not been without their influence on the crops as well as the general health. Thus, on the first day of June, more or less snow fell over most of the northern States, and about the middle of September, frosts sufficiently severe to injure corn, occurred in many places. From the 25th of September to the present time, the weather has been very unfavorable, and its effect on the securing and preservation of crops, has been very injurious and will be widely felt. Snow to the depth of from 10 to 20 inches, fell over most of the north, previous to the middle of November; and the frosts at the south in October were destructive to the late cotton and tobacco.

The wheat crop of the United States for the year 1843, is greater than has ever before been produced. Immediately before the harvest, prospects were discouraging. In some places the Hessian fly had appeared, in others the grain worm, and nearly everywhere the grain was standing thin upon the ground, having in some places been smothered with snow, and in others frozen out in the spring. To the surprise of all, the insects did comparatively little damage, the heads came up large and heavy, and the berry was of the finest quality. The yield per sheaf, was unusually large, and more great crops of wheat have been grown the present year than in any previous one. About two millions of barrels of flour passed down the Erie canal, and the quantities received at Baltimore and New Orleans, have been unusually heavy. A great quantity of land had been seeded this fall with wheat, but those who were late in their labor, were obliged to put in their seed when the soil was not in the best condition. Wheat should always be sown before the 15th of September; later than that the probability of getting seed in well, lessens daily.

Indian corn is good; no better than in previous years, but a fair crop. The cold of early summer retarded its growth, and in some places the extreme dry weather of the month of August and a part of September had a bad effect. Still the old adage that so far as corn is concerned, dry weather scares them to death, and wet weather scares them to death, has, as usual, in general held good. Where the corn has felt its influence most, it was not so much in hindering its growth as in preventing the formation of the grain, or retarding the advance of the ears to maturity. In some instances, on very dry warm soils, we knew some fields that seemed to remain stationary for nearly a month, the plants simply retaining moisture enough to prevent their dying, or not enough to form or aid the maturing of the ears. In such cases the corn was late, and in many, perhaps most instances, suffered from the frosts of September. The great snows of the fore part of the month following found much of the corn still in the field, and it required no little skill and exertion to save it in good condition.

Rye, Oats and Barley have been good crops, and large quantities, oats in particular, have been raised. Barley is not extensively cultivated as formerly; as in the great barley producing districts of central New York, it is probably not more than half as much was sown in 1843, as in previous years. Two causes may be assigned for this falling off. There was not as much demand for barley for brewing as formerly, the temperance reformation having reached the consumption of beer, and farmers found that the constant cultivation of spring crops was getting their best land so foul as seriously to injure their productiveness. As the price of barley rendered its cultivation as an article of profit, of little consequence, much barley land has been seeded down, put into hoad crops, or fallowed for wheat.—The barley growth was of good quality and very productive.

The main root crop of the country is Potatoes—indeed we question whether there is any one that in all the Middle or Northern States contributes more to the food or comfort of the inhabitants than the potato. We are sorry to say that this crop has suffered much from several causes, and that while in some districts there is a general failure, in no one, as we can learn, has it reached an average crop. The potatoes are small and few in number, were late in maturing, and many were gathered prematurely. In those places where the drought

was more severe, the potatoes have suffered more than the corn, and their maturing more sensibly retarded. In many cases, indeed, the tops died in the field, long before the roots had ripened, and thus all possibility of improvement from the late rain was cut off. We saw many instances in which the first set of tubers had sprouted for the second crop, owing to the early stage in which they ripened. It is doubtless to be attributed to this premature ripening that decay or rot is so extensive among the roots gathered, so much so as in many cases to threaten a total loss.

In England and Scotland, the potato crop has for several years past been liable to great injury, and in some cases a total failure from a disease called the *cut*, in which the tops died immediately after the formation of the tubers commenced, leaving them wholly unfit for use. We have seen some cases of the same difficulty here, and it is not impossible that it may become as destructive here as abroad. No satisfactory solution of the cause of the evil has been given, though it has received attention from the ablest men of those countries; and it would be well for the American farmer to be as far as possible on his guard, and as a preventive, never plant potatoes successively on the same soil, or use any but sound mature seed. Raising new varieties from seed, it is probable, will eventually be found the best method of preventing diseases in this important vegetable; altho' the opinion that varieties degenerate and run out, has yet received no positive confirmation.

The other crops, such as hay, roots in general, garden vegetables, &c., have been very good, and the early appearance of winter indicates that all will be required for the flocks and herds before the next spring, in this respect, our friends at the South and West have greatly the advantage of us Northerners, as it demands no small part of our summer labor to provide for our animals during our winters.—It is evident great improvements in the wintering of stock might be effected by the adoption of the practice of stabling, or providing good warm shelter for animals, and by cutting or grinding the food furnished them. Grinding the corn with the cob adds fully one-third to its value for feeding, and the converting straw or corn stalks into chaff before using, is attended with equal advantages.

That there has been decided progress made the past year in the agriculture of the country; that the prospects of the planter and farmer are constantly improving; that the importance of agriculture to the country is becoming more apparent and more forcibly impressing the minds of our statesmen and economists; and that nothing but the diffusion of intelligence, and a proper spirit of independence among the tillers and owners of the soil, is wanting to place this great interest on its true foundation, is apparent to all who are observant of the times. The numerous cattle shows and fairs that have been held the past season in all parts of the Union, and the increased interest and spirit with which they have in general been conducted, affords a cheering proof, not only of the advantages of such associations, but of the better feelings which the assurances of improvement and success always impart. We conclude this brief retrospect with the remark, that in the past the agriculturist has abundant cause for gratitude, and in the future he may anticipate a still further development of that improvement in his business and its profits, of which he already beholds the dawn.

POLITICAL.

To the Editor of the "Annapolis Democratic Herald."

I hope you will allow me the opportunity through your columns, of addressing the following remarks to the Democratic party. It certainly cannot be considered treason in you to admit an article designed to promote the success of that party of which your paper is an accredited organ, nor can blame rest on you for entertaining any suggestions for that great object at a period like this, when recent events must have admonished every Democrat of the necessity of reflection and a full interchange of opinion.

A HARRISON WHIG.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 1844.

TO THE Democracy of the U. States.

Why is it that your march of triumph has been suddenly checked? Why do your enemies raise the glad shout of victory? Recent elections have everywhere filled the breasts of the once dejected Whigs, with sudden and unexpected joy, and it is time that every Democrat should pause in the unequal conflict and enquire into the cause of such heavy misfortunes. If an error has been committed, there is yet time to retrieve it, and to wrest the victory from the hands of an arrogant enemy. Where is the error? If you do not see it, allow one who has been a silent spectator hitherto, to direct your attention to your weak point. It is said that, in the game of chess, a looker-on may discover blunders which have escaped the notice of very superior players, and as I have stood neutral in every election for the last year, perhaps my position has furnished a better view of the battle field than if I had been furiously engaged in the melee.
Democrats! Are your adversaries stron-

ger now than in 1841 and 1842, when you swept State after State, in your conquering march? If so, what has caused their strength, and why are tables reversed? As one of the people, as a private citizen free from the dictation of party leaders, I tell you, openly and frankly, that the probability of the nomination of Martin Van Buren for the President, is the cause of your late disasters, and all the Whig triumphs. Where else can you find so manifest an explanation of the present unfortunate position of the Democratic party? Looking at this side of the picture, you find 1841, the Whig party was violently broken into fragments, and their ill-fortune continued to show itself in election after election, until Congress was revolutionized and a majority of Democrats had been elected in the place of the Whig majority. Then Mr. Van Buren's prospect of getting the nomination was so remote and speculative, that your ranks became swollen with dissatisfied Harrison Whigs—men who had voted for Gen. Harrison, but could not support Mr. Clay—and you became flushed with the confidence of numbers. Your Buren and wished to rise with him, eagerly seized on this opportunity, of bringing again forward their once rejected favorite, and from that time to this they had assiduously schemed and plotted to restore the old Van Buren dynasty. Their cards have been so well played, that, in the present aspect of things, it is next to a certainty that Mr. Van Buren will receive the nomination of the Convention in May next. We have this remarkable fact, that precisely in the same ratio as Mr. Van Buren's prospect of nomination has increased, so has the strength of the Democracy decreased, as shown in all the recent State elections, until now we find that Clay-Whiggery is above par, and its holders are exulting in their speculations. Taking this brief retrospective glance, can any sensible man doubt that this falling off in the Democratic strength has been owing to the Debauching influence of Mr. Van Buren's name? The effect of bringing him forward as the probable nominee of the Convention, has been at once to force all who have heretofore opposed Mr. Van Buren and who still oppose him, into one of two positions, viz: either to re-incline with Clay-Whiggery, or to occupy a neutral position, indifferent to the success of either party. To this last position I have the honor to belong and I believe there are many like me, but more rather than support Martin Van Buren. If then the contest be between Mr. Van Buren and Clay, it needs no prophet to foretell the result, and I have repeatedly heard some of the most distinguished original Democrats admit the certainty of Mr. Van Buren's defeat.—It is true that Martin Van Buren may be the choice of a majority of those who are opposed to Mr. Clay, but if his nomination will necessarily throw off the minority and leave his supporters in a minority of the whole people, then he is not the choice of a majority of the people and should be dropped. If the Democratic party sincerely desire to defeat Mr. Clay and secure the election of a Democrat, let them nominate a man who can be the rival of Clay and Van Buren. It is a great error to assume that the majority of the Democrats have right to make the nomination, unless you can first get the minority to agree to support the candidate of the majority; but as there is always a large class of people who will make no pledges and who will vote for the man of their choice in spite of every argument, it is clear that the nomination ought to be regulated with a view to secure the suffrages of this class whenever they hold the balance of power. And if I am not mistaken, I can demonstrate that this independent class of men hold the balance of power now. That Mr. Clay when running against a popular candidate, has never received a majority vote, is indisputable; and that Mr. Van Buren, at the last election, upon a fair trial of strength was beat by a popular majority largely upwards of one hundred thousand, is equally indisputable—then there is a class opposed to both Clay and Van Buren, but which added to either party, gives the majority. To secure these votes to the Democratic side, is the plain duty of every patriotic Democrat, for it is indispensable to success. Can Mr. Van Buren get those all important votes, and by what means is he to get them? Does he not want more votes than he got at the last election? Yes. But his friends say there is a great change, and there is a Democratic majority of the people; true, but why confound Mr. Van Buren with the majority? There lies the fault of his friends, in supposing that he and he alone is the embodiment and sole representative of the great Democratic feelings of the people.

They are yet to learn the wide difference between a support of Mr. Van Buren who has been tried and condemned by his peers, and the true strength of the Democratic party, when a suitable representative can be found to bring forth all its power and feelings.

Nominate Mr. Van Buren, and you ask the people to reverse their verdict at the last election—to surrender their consistency, of which all men are proud—and upon what grounds? I have heard but two grounds—the one that the election of Gen. Harrison was fraudulently attained, but there is no sufficient evidence of this, and it is absurd in itself; the other that the

people were humbugged by log cabins, hard cider, moon skins and Tippecanoe songs. Now this last is certainly a very respectful argument to address to an intelligent people—it asks, in substance that the people should confess themselves fools, and it is too insulting to be addressed with impunity to any man of spirit. These are the only grounds on which it can be pretended that Mr. Van Buren should have a new trial—for the idea of the Harrison Whig party being broken up, and a portion ready to unite with the Democracy is no manifestation in favor of Mr. Van Buren's nomination; but on the contrary a good reason why some other man, should be elected and supported, without demanding these new allies to sacrifice their consistency.

But it may be said that principles are everything, and men nothing; that Mr. Van Buren's principles are Democratic throughout, and he ought to be supported for his principles! The argument cuts its own throat, for it pre-supposes that Mr. Van Buren alone can carry out these principles, and it shows that this effort to run a defeated candidate on principles, when there are many of the same principles as good as he, partakes more of personal prejudice than principles. But I by no means assent to the assertion that "persons are nothing"—it is against all experience and observation. Give me the candidate whose personal popularity has excited the popular enthusiasm, and he will beat forever a man who stands upon principles without popularity to support him. That principles do operate to a great extent, I admit, but the choice of a man to carry out those principles, is a matter of momentous consequence. What gave to Generals Washington, Jackson, and Harrison, their vast popularity and influence? Was it their political principles, or the confidence the people had in the men from their eminent services?

Tried by this test, I care not what Mr. Van Buren's principles may be, he is not the man of the popular choice, and never has excited one feeling of popular enthusiasm. True, he has been once President—made so on trial, through compliment to Gen. Jackson, who used his unbounded influence at the time for that purpose. But it is not my purpose here to quarrel with any Democratic brother, who has conscientiously supported Mr. Van Buren. All I mean to say is, that I cannot conscientiously support him, and never will as at present advised. But I will cheerfully support any other Democrat who may receive the nomination. If you can do without my vote and the votes of others who desire to unite with you when Van Buren is dropped, you are right to go ahead and disregard our feelings; but if our votes are necessary to your success, we say frankly that you can get them with any other name on your flag. My only object is to discuss this as a question of expediency—and with that view I have a right to pour-tray the weakness of Mr. Van Buren, without exciting any ill-feeling on the part of his particular friends. I shall not here stop to criticize Mr. Van Buren's administration of the government, but I and thousands of others have done so when supporting Gen. Harrison. As I was consulting with them, I cannot consistently take back my changes; therefore I cannot under any circumstances vote for him. Is it fair to ask me to support a man against my conscience? But if you will nominate any other man from your party, I can conscientiously support him, by showing the questions of principle on which I left the Whig party, and on which I can unite with you. Let a fair contest come and I am prepared to meet the cry of desertion, which the Clay Whigs have raised to frighten "the rank and file" of the Harrison party in the support of Mr. Clay. There are many like me, and we will do our best for you if you will show us fair play; but if you want to do that, some of us will go for Clay as a choice of evils, while some of us will stand neutral in the contest.

As to myself, I preferred Gen. Harrison to Mr. Clay long before the meeting of the Harrisburg Convention; and I well remember the gall and bitterness with which Mr. Clay's friends denounced "Old Tippecanoe" for daring to come between him and his ambition. But the popular masses began to move and heave with enthusiasm for Harrison, and the Clay clique (with malice in their hearts) went forward in that great movement, hoping at a future day, to reap the harvest of Harrison's popularity by directing the once united multitude to receive Mr. Clay as the successor.

Democrats, learn a lesson from the wisdom of your enemies—look at the course of the Whig party in the memorable Harrisburg Convention, which nominated Gen. Harrison in preference to Mr. Clay. Previous to that convention, Mr. Clay was loudly advocated as the choice of the Whigs, and it was a notorious fact that a majority of the delegates preferred Mr. Clay, and would in all probability nominate him. It was in this aspect of things, that the Whigs lost almost every election—a perfect hurricane of Democratic victories swept over the land up to the very moment of Gen. Harrison's nomination—in Ohio the Whigs elected according to my recollection, but a single member of Congress at the Congressional election preceding the meeting of the Harrisburg Convention.

The delegates met, with this warning voice sounding in their ears—they paused in their mad career of attempting to force Mr. Clay into the Presidential chair, and the very delegates who preferred Mr. Clay turned around in obedience to these manifestations of the popular will, and unexpectedly nominated Gen. Harrison. They showed most consummate tact in their selection, and they wisely took as their guide in avoiding Mr. Clay, the defeats which they had sustained while he was their prominent candidate. Will this lesson be disregarded by you? Are not the cases parallel? You are now where the Whig party was previous to the meeting of the Harrisburg Convention, every where defeated and dispirited—the reason is obvious—you carry the weight of a unpopular