

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### GENERAL HARRISON.

The presence "demonstrations of public sentiment," as exhibited all around us, from points already numerous, and daily becoming more and more so, appear to indicate, in characters too legible to be overlooked, that Gen. Harrison is about to form a stumbling block, or rather an insuperable barrier, placed at the very entrance into the narrow defile through which Mr. Van Buren expects to arrive at the summit of his ambition.

Scarcely a mail arrives, that does not bring intelligence of some paper hitherto either neutral, or having shewn a bias in favor of some other candidate, suddenly coming out in favor of the General. This is not to be mistaken as a small sign; on the contrary, it is one of ominous import.

When the neutral press enters the arena of politics, or the political press changes its character, the strongest evidence is furnished that it follows in the wake of public opinion in its vicinity. It is but a few months since Gen. Harrison was first thought of as a candidate for the Presidency. Already have many papers, able and influential, hoisted his ensign, in many States previously conceded to Mr. Van Buren by common consent, but which may now be set down as certain for Harrison, or at worst, as doubtful between them.

If political results might be calculated from what has once proven to be political data, the of Harrison to the Presidency might be assumed as a matter settled. The public meeting that ever nominated Gen. Jackson was held in Greensburgh, (Pa.) Some years afterwards, this circumstance being stated as the fact, that this was the first nomination of Gen. Jackson ever made, a Pittsburgh editor came out in denial of the assertion, stating, at the same time, that he was the first to nominate the General, in a communication inserted in a Harrisburgh paper long before the holding of that meeting. Harrison, too, was first nominated at Harrisburgh—not by an anonymous scribbler, but by an unanimous voice of a numerous meeting of the citizens, who, for intelligence deserves the appellation of *Statesmen*. Of the fruits of the seed then sown, the promise now in favor of Harrison is much greater than was that of Jackson after an equal lapse of time from his first nomination by a primary assemblage.

His prospect in Pennsylvania we consider now, superior to that of Van Buren; in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky of even less doubtful issue; and ere the ides of October 1836 shall come, Mr. Van Buren, we opine, will be compelled to call upon the Office-holders in strains similar to that of the ancient Britons upon the Romans; "The Barbarians" said they "on the one side drive us into the sea; the sea on the other drives us back upon the Barbarians; so that we have but hard choice left, to perish by the sword or by the waves." So with Mr. Van Buren: "Help, office holders or I sink." White in the South casts me on Harrison in the West; Harrison in the west shoves me upon Webster in the north; and Webster throws me back upon White, and unless you can do something for me, alas! I fear, that between three stools my "glory" must fall to the ground.

Western Virginia Times.

**The Short-Horned Durham Ox.**—Some superior specimens of his famous breed of English cattle, were imported a few days since in the ship Great Britain, Cap. French, from Liverpool—having been purchased by the Ohio Agricultural Society, of whose enterprising exertions we have before had occasion to advert to. We believe the present are the finest samples ever brought to this country.—They are eight in number, two years old and yearlings. The largest, which is a two year old white bull, is of herculean size, but not on that account of gross or unwieldy shape, but of remarkable elegance and symmetry of proportions, both in the body, neck, head, and limbs—presenting, in fact, a beautiful model or study for a painter like Wouwerman's, so famous for his cattle. He weighs 2500 lbs. and cost in England £200, making the whole expense of bringing him out about \$1000. What seems particularly to distinguish this breed of cattle, is the small elegant limbs, the robust muscular form of the neck, the fine contour of the head and face, and the short crupled horn turned inward. The neck in this bull is of a depth fully equal to the length of the head, the small pointed nose forming with the forehead, throat, and upper part of the neck an isosceles triangle, of which the throat is the base line. The two year old cow, which stood in the stall next to the large bull, was of white color, and nearly of the same size, also of elegant form. The yearlings composed of both sexes, were full as large as some of our full grown cattle.

The animals were fed on the passage on hay and oil cake, (made of ground flax seed) and the sides of the stalls being cushioned, prevented any injury from the motion of the ship, from which in fact they scarcely felt any inconvenience, as they very prudently lay down during a gale. The consequence is they have lost but very little flesh, and are in excellent health. The English boy who had charge of them, came out expressly for that purpose.—N. Y. Ex. Star.

**A Flat.**—An impertinent fop, a passenger on board the steam-boat De Wit Clinton the other day a few miles below Albany, observed a young lady looking very attentively at the shallows near the boat, and took the liberty of thus addressing her,—"Miss, do you see the flats?" She gave him a glance that would have petrified a man of sense, and turning on her heel, archly replied, "I see one flat, sir!"

### SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

Delivered fifteen minutes previous to the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote. It is true indeed, that, in the beginning we aimed at independence—but there is a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interests for our own good, she has obstinately persisted, until independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country, or its liberties, or the safety of his own life, or his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and presidential objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency—what are you! What can you be while the power of England remains—but out laws! If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament. Boston port bill, and all? Do we mean to consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its right trodden into the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men—that plighting before God of our sacred honor to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised in defence of American Liberty, may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I waver in the support I gave him.

The war then must go on, we must fight it through—and if the war must go on, why put off the Declaration of Independence. That measure will strengthen us—it will give us character abroad—the nations will treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. The former she would regard as the result of fortune, the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why—why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves into a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory? If we fail, it can be no worse for us—but we shall not fail. The cause will not fail—the cause will raise up armies—the cause will create navies. The people—the people—if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fierce other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war, for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British King, set before them the glories of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit—religion will approve it, and the lover of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there—let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly through this days business; you and I may rue it, we may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good; we may die; die colonist, die slaves—die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so—be it so—if it should be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. But whatever is our fate, be assured this declaration will stand; it may cost treasure, and it may cost blood, but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day! When we are in our graves, our children will honor it, with thanksgiving, with festivities, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears; not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come, my judgement approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope for in this life, I am now ready to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration; it is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment.

—independence now, and independence forever!!

**GENERAL HARRISON.**—His tour to Lake Erie. We learn from one of the gentlemen who accompanied General Harrison to Sandusky, that the General was every where, on the route, received with great cordiality and enthusiasm. At Sandusky, he and Gen. Vance, turned up the first earth, in performing the ceremony of laying the "corner stone" of the Dayton and Sandusky rail road. Gen. Harrison is represented to have made a most admirable speech on the occasion, which was listened to by the large auditory present, with manifest marks of pleasure and approbation.

When the General arrived at Delaware, he was waited on by a committee of gentlemen, and invited to partake of a public dinner. This he refused, but remained at the Public House a short time for the purpose of seeing his numerous friends. During his brief stay, a vast number of persons waited on the old hero, and every one seemed eager to shake him by the hand and wish him a blessing.

The General is represented to be in fine health and spirits. Though his young and robust companions were worn down by the fatigue and hospitalities of the journey, he remained fresh and cheerful. He is expected to return to-day.—Cincinnati Intelligencer.

**MAINE.**—The election for State Officers was held on Monday last, the 14th inst. We copy the following returns, which are not official but as correct as possible, from the Portland Jeffersonian, of Monday evening, an Administration print. The Jeffersonian says: "We cannot learn whether their is, or is not in fact, a choice of Representatives. If their is a choice, the opposite candidates are elected. The Abolitionists voted for neither of the regular tickets for Representatives, but for tickets of their own. There were also quite a number of scattering votes for Governor and Senators."

For Governor—King	724
Dunlap	819
For Senator	Administration.
Josiah Pierce	723
Tobias Purinton	725
Eliab Latham	725
N. G. Jewett	718
	Opposition.
James B. Cahoon	831
Clement H. Humphrey	829
David Dunlap	835
Samuel Farnsworth	831

New Yorker.

The Boston papers announce, that "the industrious fleas," so long exhibited in public, are about to be taken to Cape Cod. They will have to be "industrious" there or they will starve to death.—Lou. Jour.

The Advertiser thinks that Gen. Harrison will soon be "lost in a fog." Our neighbor seems resolved not to get into that predicament himself. He always keeps himself liberally supplied with "antifogmatics."—Lou. Jour.

A friend in Washington tells us of a late amusing scene at the palace. It appears, that the President, a few days ago, received a large and curiously folded package from the Post Office, superscribed "A present for General Jackson." On its being laid upon his table, the General took it up, and remarked with singular self-complacency—"Here is another present, my friends; you see, that the assaults of the Whigs cannot deprive me of the effusions of my people." He then proceeded to open it, and removed three or four envelopes without coming to the object of his search. "What can it be?" exclaimed the old man a little impatiently. "It is certainly something of value," said Mr. Blair, "and the donor has wrapped it up with care." Thus reassured, the Chiefman tore off half a dozen more envelopes but still saw nothing. "What the devil ex it be?" shouted he, with evident passion. "Let me open it, General," said Blair soothingly; but, at that moment, the last envelope yielded to the General's furious manipulations, and out rolled an old night fashion pellicion a little the worse for dirt and labelled in large letters—"A nother garment for our lady of the palace, to be hung up as a mirror to stimulate her to future exertions." The hero sat a moment in silence, and then broke into a roar, that astounded the household. The roaring of the bull of Bashan was a fool to it.—Louisville Journal.

**THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE.**—This noble vessel anchored at our harbour on Thursday morning last. Her hull, deck and timbers, are perfectly sound and strong. The shot-holes made by the cannonades of the American squadron, have been repaired. She is refitted with new masts—the tallest on the Lakes—with ample rigging, and carries more sails than any vessel upon these waters. Her cabin for the accommodation of passengers is commodious, and adorned with elegant furniture and trimmings.

The re-appearance of the "Queen Charlotte" now riding proudly again upon these waters, reminds us of the interesting occasion of her going down. She was the flag ship of the British squadron, which consisted of six vessels and sixty-three guns, and first opened a tremendous fire upon the Lawrence, which consisted of nine vessels and fifty four guns. The Lawrence sustained the fire of the Queen Charlotte for ten minutes, before she could bring her cannonades to bear, and then breasting the shots of two ships of equal size, made signals to the remainder of the squadron to come to her support. But light winds prevented, and for two hours the contest was held, until the Lawrence became unmanageable

and broken to pieces; and her crew, except four or five, were wounded. "While thus surrounded with death, and destruction still pouring upon him, Perry left the brig, now only a wreck, in an open boat, and heroically waving his sword, passed unhurt to the Niagara of 20 guns. The wind now rose. Ordering every canvas to be spread, he bore down upon the enemy;—passing the enemy's vessels, Detroit, Queen Charlotte and Lady Provost on the one side, and the Chippewa and Little Belt on the other, into each of which he poured a broadside,—he at length engaged the Lady Provost, which received so heavy a fire as to compel her men to retire below. The remainder of the American squadron, now one after another arrived, and following the example of their intrepid leader, closed in with the enemy, and the battle became general. Three hours finished the contest, and enabled Perry to announce to Gen. Harrison, the capture of the whole squadron, which he did, in this modest, laconic, and emphatic style:

"We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

The Queen Charlotte, after resting more than twenty years in the depths of Erie harbor, has now come forth fresh from the bosom of the deep, and

"Walks the water like a thing of life."

She carries not the flag of the Lion, but the "Stars and the Stripes;" and is converted from an engine of war directed against us, into an instrument of commercial advantage. Chicago American.

**Wool.**—This article says a Philadelphia paper, is becoming one of the greatest importances to our country. Indeed, it would be difficult to account for its culture having so long been neglected, where all the means of producing it are so abundant. We know of no part of the world where Wool has been higher on an average, for the last ten years, than in this country; and no one better calculated to raise it for us. Instead of making it an article of import from Europe, we have been, since the late war, importing it in large quantities, and realizing it is said, a fair profit. By the growth of the woolman's wealth and power. Hope the nation at the estimated for some years past, at the rate of four and forty millions of pounds, while here with a soil that produces its growth, with lands about one eighth of the extent, and ten times more extensive, we do not produce more than seventy-five millions of pounds.

**To make a Farmer.**—The celebrated Marshall said that "attendance and attention will make any man a farmer." He was brought up to commerce, and did not give any attention to farming until a matured period of life. He then took a worn out farm of 300 acres near London. In three months he dismissed his bailiff, and performed by the aid of study and practice, the duties of his office himself. He kept minutes of his operations, and published those from 1744 to 1777. He was acknowledged to be superior to most of his contemporary farmers. Arthur Young too, was brought up to commerce. Middleton, in his View of the Agriculture of Middlesex, says one of the best farmers in that country was a retired tailor. The reason why those who have been brought up to their professions often make excellent farmers is that they have a real taste for agriculture, and enter it with a zeal to which those have been brought up to it from infancy are strangers. Bakewell's advice to young farmers was "to see what others are doing," or in other words, to read what others are doing.

N. Y. Farmer & Magazine.

We were told the following singular story by a planter of high respectability, on Friday last.—Early in the season he purchased work horses for his plantation, and now, at noon, they feed in the open air.—The poultry, as is customary, assembled where the horses are fed.—A few days ago, hens with their brood of chickens approached the troughs where the horses are eating, when it was observed that one of the horses left his food and by moving his head near the ground, collected the young chickens in a huddle, and grabbed a mouthful of the brood, which he actually ate. Nor did he stop at that, but before relief could be afforded, he got a second mouthful, which he also ate. The gentleman added that his slaves have lost many of their young chickens, and the horse is accused of having devoured them. This must be a Kentucky horse—for Kentuckians are said to be half horse and half alligator, and the one we speak of appears to have much of the latter animal in this composition, with a little touch of the snapping turtle.—Louisville Journal.

**A Big Sign.**—The able and accomplished editors of the National Intelligencer, give manifest indications of a determination to break ground in the support of Gen. Harrison for the Presidency. In republishing, in their last paper, several columns of accounts of various public Meetings in favor of the Patriot of North Bend, the editors remark:

"The contents of the following columns will attract the attention of all our Whig friends. Our readers of a different class will perhaps take no interest in them; but it behooves all who disdain to obey the orders from the palace, for the choice of a successor to rule over them, to note well these 'Signs of the times.'"

### LARCENY AND DETECTION.

We understand, that on Wednesday night, a Mr. Ward from Middletown, Butler County, on retiring to rest, in a tavern on Main street near the Canal, in this city, deposited his pocket book, containing \$582 in bills, under his pillow. When he awoke in the mor-

ning his money was gone. No one slept in the room but a boy, (Mr. W's relation) and Mr. Green; suspicion at once attached to this person, and he was charged with the theft, which he repelled with great indignation. Search was made throughout the whole premises, with great industry, by Mr. Saffin (the Marshall) and others, but for a long time without success.

At length Mr. Saffin, discovered the whole of the money, deposited in a roll on a high beam in the corner of the stable, attached to the Tavern. In course of the search, Green was strictly interrogated as to where he had been, and what doing &c. from the time of his rising from bed, and was detected in several palpable falsehoods. Other corroborative circumstances contributed to implicate him as the thief, and he was carried before the Mayor, who, after an examination of the whole matter, fully committed the prisoner for trial at the ensuing court. He is now in jail.

From the Richmond (Va.) Palladium.

### GEN. HARRISON.

In days gone by, I have often commiserated the fate of this great man, when I beheld a swarm of politicians and Office-holders busily engaged, with every vice weapon that ambition could invent, to prostrate the hero of the Thames. And while these evil machinations were going on, I beheld our hero, Cincinnati-like, retire in silence from the field of his military fame, to his domestic concerns, and others of inferior merit, claim the glory which attended our arms at Thames and Tippecanoe. The immortal Tecumseh had fallen, and glory and honor in quick succession pursued the man who is said to have slain him. Proctor and the merciless Indian savages had been discomfited in battle, and Johnson and others claimed the merit. Congress and several Legislatures of different States had passed votes of thanks to Gen. Harrison, in terms highly applauding his military and civil services; but like so many shadows, all these testimonials of respect rapidly passed away as were forgotten.

Thus the reputation of Gen. Harrison has been neglected and abused—while these destroyers have pillaged his fame and reviled his honors. The people of a popular government as in the days of antiquity, when factitious banished Camillus, are themselves too apt to be misled by designing politicians, and they overlook their most distinguished citizens until the very liberty of which they boast, suspended in the balance and is to be redeemed with gold. Then it is that virtue and patriotism are remembered by the people, men act with an eye single to the good of their country. Former predilections are forgotten, and the all-absorbing questions, who shall we place at the head of affairs? The People, feeling themselves equally interested with the gentry of executive favor, this eventful crisis, have thought proper to nominate Gen. Harrison as their choice, and the gentry, Van Buren. The one is spontaneous movement in public mind, unconnected with men in office, who earn the bread by doging for a master. It is, indeed, the noblest sentiment that vibrates in the bosom of patriotism and respect. The other, a servile and pampered feeling on the part of office holders desiring a continuation of "peace and fishes" from the executive head, in violation of the great administration of the government. While the great mass of the people, prompted by a singular regard for the past services of Gen. Harrison—believe in worthy of future confidence, these wretched hirelings are disposed, form a desire to perpetuate their own existence, to support and urge Van Buren,—a fit instrument to add to their life and being. These Centaurs will, with legerdemain on all occasions, for so are their orders; and the people will move slowly and for a time undecidedly; but when once the current begins, it will sweep the workers of iniquity from their unhallowed grasp. The arm of man might as well be lifted against the winds or the waves, as for so jugglers, already fattened in office, to attempt at and inness in modern sophistry, the control of an injured people. Men will examine and act for themselves. And when this comes to pass, it will be acknowledged that Gen. Harrison once bravely fought in defence of country and justly acquired a civil and military fame, not inferior to any man living—in all things, is worthy of confidence among his fellow citizens.

DIED on the morning of Thursday the 23d ult. near the Yellow Springs, after a protracted period of severe suffering from a chronic affection of the liver, the Rev THOMAS A. STRONG, Professor of Languages in Miami University.

**North Carolina.**—The aggregate Congressional vote in this State shows a decided majority in favor of Gen. Harrison.

For the Whig candidates, 34,298

For the V. Buren candidates, 22,688

Whig majority, 11,610

The N. O. True American says: "As Kendall's thoughts fly in a crooked direction, how can they fly in any other, coming through such a crooked carcase? Can balls, shot from a crooked gun, go straight to their mark?"

Lou. Jour.

The Boston Galaxy says, that Isaac Hill, "President Jackson's Anointed." True and Gen. Upham was the priest, who officiated at the ceremony of anointment, set poor Isaac to dancing by anointing with the OIL OF MUDPOV.—Lou. Jour.

What medicine are we reminded of by a beating his wife? Elixir (he licks her)