

Whig and Tory. The Editor of the *Connerville Middlebury Free Press*, with some remarks, which, in the general, appear to us as well timed and worthy of a republication. The comments of the *Watchman*, we have thought, rather go ahead of the text; but either, we feel persuaded, will meet a hearty response from the liberal of both parties. Below are both the articles referred to, and we leave further comments to the reader.

The *Middlebury Free Press*, of Vermont, is entitled to credit for the article we have subjoined. We think the sentiments judicious and true, and trust that every reader will think the same of them, whatever may be his political sentiments. The title of *Whig* we deem a very appropriate appellation for those opposed to the present Administration. But the idea of saddling the infamous and obnoxious title of *Tory* upon the supporters of this Administration, has ever been abhorrent to our feelings. Words are arbitrary and custom fixes their meaning. Though Solomon was one of the wisest of men—yet now-a-days, when we say of one that "he is a Solomon of a fellow"—we mean that he approximates very nearly a natural fool. A man by the name of *Dunce* once lived in Scotland, who was also deemed one of the most learned and wise men of his age. But by using his name as Solomon's has been used—*Dunce* has long since come to mean a *very simpleton*. Somewhat thus it is with the word *Tory*. The English and Anglo-American meaning of the word is widely different. In England the word means nothing more than that those who are so called are the supporters and advocates of a *high and rigid Executive prerogative*. About the opening of the American Revolution, the actual import of the word began to change, in this country—so that about the close of that eventful struggle, he who was emphatically marked as a *Tory*, might be strung up as a *traitor*, to the next tree with almost certain impunity, by the Executioner who might be disposed to "take the responsibility." So that American custom has made *Tory* and *Traitor*—*torism* and *treason* synonymous terms, to an almost absolute extent. We Americans have no right, then, to apply this term to a portion of our American countrymen, and justify giving it its *English* definition. It can't be used for *American* purposes without taking its *American* definition. If it is used otherwise—we must declare that we deem it, to say the least, unkind and unfair, and wholly unbecoming the treatment a fellow citizen is entitled to. And in saying this we hold ourselves second to none in an unshaken attachment to the cause of the American Whigs. If the Whigs persist in dubbing the supporters of the present Administration, by the opprobrious epithet of *TORIES*—they may with the same propriety revert upon the Whigs and denominate them *REBELS*—for that was the title given to American Patriots by *American Tories*. We are happy to observe, that, although the term *Whig* is pretty generally applied to the opponents of the Administration, yet the term *Tory* as an appellation for the other party, has not become very current, except in the City of New York. Let it be banished from the land. We can differ amongst each other in Religion, and still believe our differing neighbor has a *good heart*—a

"title clear
To mansions in the skies."

May we not then differ from our neighbor in Politics, without denouncing him as

"Full of treason, stratagems and spoils?"

Gov. Marcy, to be sure, goes in for the "spoils," and with him there are many other Office holders, and would-be Office-holders who seem to have a peculiar *pensant* for "loaves and fishes"—Van Buren also, it is generally believed, is about as full of "strategems" as such a little fellow well can be—but then when it comes to "treason"—we ought to have the *proof* in one hand, and a substantial *hemp rope* in the other. But we have talked long enough. Here is the article.

"The above is the term which the late National republicans now use to designate the supporters of the present administration. It was first adopted at the municipal election in New York city last spring, and has now become general throughout the country. The appellation "Tory," and its counterpart "Whig," were not designed, we presume, to be used in the sense in which they were applied in the Revolution. They seem rather to have been adopted from the designation of parties in England, where the Whigs are *liberal* and the Tories are the advocates of strong monarchical doctrines. In what ever sense, however, they were designed to be used, we object to them as being improper in this country, at this time. We especially object to applying the appellation *Tory* to a portion of our fellow citizens, however much we may dislike the measures they support, or the doctrines they advocate. No one can separate from the term the meaning which was attached to it in the time of the Revolution, and which has even been associated with it from that to the present day. Now, though we are not Jackson men—no believers in many of Jackson's doctrines, and no supporters of his measures, we do not consider it decorous or polite to stigmatize those who are, with the appellation of *Tories*. We consider they are upholding wrong measures, and advocating heretical doctrines; but we do not consider that this will warrant us or any other person in branding them as enemies of their country and its government. They may be as honest in what we deem their errors, as we are in what they deem ours. They may conscientiously regard the course they pursue as being necessary for the welfare and safety of the country, while that course may, in point of fact, be directly subversive of its best interests. They may be *wrong* and not *treasonable* in their notions. But the term *Tory*, carries with it the idea of treason. It is associated with resistance to the government—with fellowship with the enemies of our country—with down-right hostility to our institutions. Now does any one believe their neighbors who happen to be Jackson men, are enemies to their country—are traitors? Why then call them *Tories*? You may disclaim, as strenuously as you please, the odious meaning of the term; it is utterly impossible to use it to the general acceptance of the people, in any other than its most objectionable sense.

We have long contended against the present administration in many of its leading measures, and we expect to continue our opposition to it as long as necessary, but we choose to employ some other cognomen, by which to designate its supporters than that of *Tory*. Hard names, especially when not warranted by facts, rarely ever convince those to whom they are applied, of their error. We believe in calling things by their right names, but not in taking the name for its substance. The people can put Jacksonism down, without applying the epithet *Tories* to its advocates. Its doctrines are odious enough without saddling upon its abettors by the use of a name, sins of a harsher and more revolting character.

If our readers will recollect, they will see that we have never used the term in question in the application of which we have been speaking, except by way of quotation from the self-styled Whig papers. We have pursued this course on the principle of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us. We should be tempted to go to fistfights with one who should seriously call us a *Tory*, and we will not brand our neighbors with an epithet we so little relish ourselves. In quoting from other papers, we have frequently been obliged to permit the insertion of the terms as they are used by others, but we wish not to be understood as sanctioning such use. We trust, in conclusion, that our Jackson friends will take no hope, and our Whig friends no umbrage from this article."

REASONS FOR HARD TIMES.

Perhaps there never was a time when the depressing effects of a stagnation in business were so universally felt all the world over, as they are now. The merchant sends out old dollars, and is lucky if he gets the same number of new ones in return, and he who has a share in Manufactures, has bought a "bottle imp," which he will do well to hawk about the streets for the lowest possible coin. The effects of this depression must, of course be felt by all grades of society. Yet who that passes through Cornhill at one o'clock, and sees the bright array of wives and daughters, as various in their decorations as the insects, the birds and the shells, would believe that the community is staggering under a weight which almost paralyzes its movements?—Every thing is so cheap, say the ladies, that it is inexcusable not to dress well. But do they reflect why things are so cheap? Do they know how much wealth has been sacrificed, how many families have been ruined to produce this boasted result? Do they know enough of the machinery of society to suppose that crash after crash may eventually be felt by those on whom they depend for support?

Luxuries are cheaper now, than necessities were a few years since; but it is a lamentable fact that it costs more to live than it did formerly. When silk was nine shillings per yard, 8 yards sufficed for a dress; now it is four or five shillings, sixteen or twenty yards will hardly satisfy the matrona.

If this extravagance were confined to the wealthiest classes it would be productive of more good than evil. But if the rich have a new dress every fortnight, people of moderate fortune would have one every month.

In this way finery becomes the standard of respectability; and a man's cloth is of more consequence than his character.

Men of fixed salaries spend every cent of their income, and then leave their children to depend on the precarious charity and reluctant friendship of those whom they have wasted their substance to please. Men who rush into enterprise and speculation, keep up their credit by splendor, and should they sink, they and their family carry with them extravagant habits to corrode their spirits with discontent, perchance to tempt them into crime. "I know we are extravagant," said one of my acquaintances the other day; "but how can I help it? My husband does no like to see his wife and daughters dress more neatly than those with whom they associate."—Then my dear lady, your husband has not as much moral courage as I thought he had. He should be content to see his wife and daughters respected for neatness. This all sounds very well to talk, replied the lady, but say what you will about pleasing and intelligent girls, nobody will attend to them, unless they dress in fashion. If my daughters were to dress in the plain neat style you recommend, they would see all their acquaintances asked to dance more frequently than themselves, and not a gentleman on Cornhill would join them.

I do not believe in this so extensive a sense as you do. Girls may appear genteel without being extravagant; and though some fops may know the most approved color for a ribbon, or the newest arrangement for trimmings, I believe gentlemen of real character merely notice whether a lady's dress is generally in good taste or not. But granting your statement to be true in its widest sense, of what consequence is it? How much will the whole happiness of your daughter's life be affected by her dancing some fifty times less than her companions, or wasting some few hours less in the empty conversation of coxcomb? A man often admires a style of dress, which he would not venture to support in a wife; extravagance has prevented many marriages, and rendered still more unhappy.

And should your daughters fail in forming good connexions, what have you to leave them save extravagant habits, too deeply rooted to be eradicated? Think you those who now laugh at them for a soiled glove, or an unfashionable ribbon, will assist their poverty, or cheer their neglected old age! No!—No! they would find them as cold and selfish as they are vain. A few thousands in the bank are worth all the fashionable friends in Christendom.

Whether my friend was convinced or not, I can not say; but I saw her daughters in Cornhill the next week with French hats and blond veils.

It is really melancholy to see how this fever of extravagance rages, and how it is sapping the strength of our happy country. It has no bounds; it pervades all ranks, and characterizes all ages.

I know the wife of a pavier, who spends 3 hundred a year in "outward adorning," and who will not condescend to speak to her husband while engaged in his honorable calling.

Mechanics, who should have too high a sense of their own respectability to resort to such competition, will indulge their daughters in dressing like the wealthiest; and your domestic would certainly leave, should you dare advise her to lay up one cent of her wages.

These things ought not to be. Every man should lay up something.

Boston Paper.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 13.

An unfortunate accident occurred yesterday, during the trial of a locomotive engine built by Mr. C. Reeder of this city for the use of the Ohio Rail Road company. We learn that the engine at the time of the accident, was undergoing an experiment, under the charge of the maker or his agent, for the purpose of testing its power before being delivered to the Company. It was attached to and in the act of drawing a train of burden cars, when the boiler exploded and killed the engineer Mr.

Neff, instantly. The attendant fireman, was injured, but not seriously. No other damage sustained.

American.

Democratic Festival. Arrangements are making to celebrate the triumph of the democracy in the states of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York, by a *Democratic Jubilee*, to be held on the battle ground at Trenton. The city of New York will send one hundred delegates from each ward.

Anadago Standard.

Visit to Miss Asong Moy, the Chinese Lady.

Having received a very polite card of invitation, written in Chinese characters, from Miss Asong Moy, desiring a special interview, before she made her appearance in public, we repaired, as in duty bound, to her residence, No. 8 Park Place, to pay our respects in due form and to felicitate her on her safe arrival from the celestial empire. We were determined to put the best foot foremost, and to show her that we were not quite so uncivilized and such barbarous vandals as she had been taught to believe by the great patriarch of her country, *Confucius* (Confucius). Large gilt letters in Chinese on either side of the door indicated her dwelling, and presented rather a novel and certainly not unpleasing contrast among the brass plates and bell handles of the *bougeoisie* in the neighborhood. We were received with great civility by Capt. Oberar, under whose protection she is, and who ushered us into the apartments which he has so beautifully furnished *à la Chinoise* for her accommodation. We might have imagined ourselves almost at Pekin—nothing but the rich dazzling colors and elaborate workmanship of Chinese ornaments were to be seen—lamps of the most gorgeous construction hanging down from the ceiling, and the heat of which when lighted sets in motion a number of curious images—porcelain vases filled with exquisitely beautiful flowers—lacquered tables, covered with gold ornaments in relief—ottomans—cushioned chairs, models of junks and pagodas, screens at the windows spread over with figures of birds and flowers, and paintings that might vie with the colors of Titan, steel mirrors, guitars and work-boxes in profusion; in short, the most felicitous arrangement of superb objects brought out purposely for Miss Moy's chambers, reminding us of the compliment which Napoleon so delicately paid to Maria Louisa, when on her arrival at Paris on her marriage, she found the identical furniture, down to the very bird cage, she had left at her boudoir in her palace of Schoenbrunn at Vienna.

As Miss Asong Moy had not yet completed her toilette, which we understand consumes about four hours, (think of that, ye fashionable dames of Gotham!) we availed ourselves of the interval and of Capt. Oberar's politeness, to examine the interesting objects above mentioned, which form a perfect Chinese museum, alone worth double the price of admission. At length her ladyship was announced, and presented herself in the rich costume of a Chinese lady—an outward mantle of blue silk, sumptuously embroidered, and yellow silk pantaloons; from beneath the ample folds of which peeped her tiny little feet, not over four inches in length, the whole of the curious shoe included. Her head has a profusion of jet black hair, combed upward from her fine forehead and brunet temples, and filled on the top with bouquets of artificial flowers and large gold pins, which dress we suppose, will henceforward quit the ton.

Miss Moy, stood motionless almost for some time, smiling graciously, but scarcely inclining her head more than a Mandarin image, while we with our multiplied bows, and attitudes and gesticulations, seemed quite ludicrous in an attempt to be excessively polite. Her quiet demeanor and imperturbable composure quite overpowered us. She then walked without much seeming difficulty to her cushioned chair on the platform, and there sat in silent and quiet repose for us to gaze at. She is short, but rather robust in stature; her features are pleasing, her forehead high and protuberant, and her face round and full, with two languishing black eyes placed with the peculiar obliquity of the outer angle, which characterizes the *Mongolian* variety of the human race, from which this people are descended. Miss Moy is, as may be gathered from the above, exceedingly *tauturn*, even with an interpreter; but doubtless she understands well the language of pantomime, if her young and spiritual countenance does not belie her. Those exquisites who hope to make an impression on this young lady, must be particularly cautious and delicate in their approaches. She is, it is said, much pleased with our country, and not at all homesick. She passes her life at her toilette, or at her tambour; sleeps much, and eats as we do; but occasionally with *chop sticks*, it is presumed. After sitting a short time in state she retired. *N. Y. Star.*

Ethan Allen. Col. Allen was brave even to rashness. In support of this position we submit to the reader the following adventure, related to us a short time since by a gentleman remotely connected with him:—Soon after the Proclamation of the Provincial Governor of New York was received by the people of Newmouir, in which a reward of one hundred pounds was offered for the apprehension of Allen, much anxiety was felt, by his friends, for his safety, on account of the many opportunities offered for arresting him. Allen, however, laughed at their fears; and offered a bet that he would proceed to Albany—slight at the most prominent house of entertainment—drink a bowl of punch, and finally escape unharmed. This was accepted: The necessary arrangements having been made, he proceeded to Albany and after alighting, called for a bowl of punch according to the terms of the bet. It was soon whispered around however, that "Ethan Allen was in the city," and a large concourse of people collected about the house—among whom was the Sheriff of Albany county. Allen, however, remained unmoved. Having finished his punch, he went to the door, mounted his horse, and, after giving a hearty "Huzzah for Vermont!" departed unharmed, from the astonished and gaping multitude.

The Editor of the *Harrisburg Intelligencer* complains of the high prices of all kinds of marketing, at that place. Butter, he says, now from 20 to 25 cents per pound, and potatoes from 80 cents to a dollar per bushel. If this be one of the consequences of General Jackson's "experiments," it is no wonder that the farmers generally sustain his administration; and it proves, moreover, that the panic makers, last winter, were not true prophets.

American Sentinel.

A few days ago, it was proposed by a gentleman on board of one of the boats on the Erie Canal, with some 50 or 60 passengers, that the Jackson men should place themselves on one side of the deck and the Bank tories on the other. Only four modern whigs were found; and the Captain, who was one of the four, was heard to exclaim in great agitation: "For God's sake, gentlemen, step over on this side, some of you, or you'll upset the boat."

Albany Argus.

A person named Gier, has been arrested at Lancaster, on suspicion of being the murderer of Perry, in Locust Ward, Philadelphia, about a month ago. He has been brought to Philadelphia.—The presumptive evidence against him is said to be very strong.

Baltimore American.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 3. We understand that eight deaths from Cholera occurred on board the steamer Champion, arrived this morning from the Mouth of Ohio River, viz. Mr. C. Tracy, and R. Dearborn, captain of the boat, and 6 deck passengers.

NEW YORK ELECTION.

All the counties in the State have been heard from: the following is the result.

MAJORITIES FOR GOVERNOR.

Reported and ascertained.

MARCY.	SEWARD.
Albany	100 Broome 250
Aleghany	100 Cattaraugus 550
Cayuga	754 Chautauque 2000
Chenango	635 Cortland 150
Clinton	300 Erie 2791
Columbia	287 Essex 650
Delaware	1800 Franklin 200
Dutchess	1101 Genesee 2730
Greene	801 Monroe 986
Herkimer	1600 Niagara 512
Jefferson	127 Livingston 1250
Kings	555 Ontario 1393
Lewis	500 Richmond 63
Madison	475 Washington 7550
Montgomery	886
New York	2337
Oneida	700
Onondaga	955
Orange	800
Orleans	119
Oswego	500
Onondaga	1450
Putnam	456
Queens	139
Rensselaer	20
Rockland	812
St. Lawrence	600
Saratoga	300
Schenectady	50
Schoharie	800
Suffolk	1129
Sullivan	363
Seneca	242
Steuben	1700
Tiago	1030
Tompkins	446
Ulster	1900
Warren	540
Westchester	800
Wayne	170
Yates	204

Jackson maj. 13,577

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

[COMPLETE.]

1st District	Abel Huntington,* of Suffolk;
2d,	Samuel Barton, of Richmond;
3d,	G. C. Cambreleng,* Campbell P. White,* John McKeon; Eli Moore, New York.
4th,	Aaron Ward,* of Westchester.
5th,	Abraham Bockee,* of Dutchess.
6th,	John W. Brown, of Orange.
7th,	Nicholas Sickles, of Ulster.
8th,	{ Aaron Vanderpool,* of Colum. Valentine Elsner, of Schoharie.
9th,	Hiram P. Hunt, of Rensselaer.
10th,	Gerrit V. Lansing,* of Albany.
11th,	John Cramer,* of Saratoga.
12th,	David Russell, of Washington.