

an opportunity of introducing your-
self in the Review for the morning?
John—“Well I might be in position as I
know my watch, and will be honor-
able officers for all hands in the morn-
ing.”
Washington—“No, he's a teetotaler; but
if under you your coffee without milk
is wonderful.”
John—“Ah, without coffee is very
good—coffee as Mrs. Towns used to say,
a very good beverage for a Turk, but
not a decent drink for a Christian, no
more. A pig and a snail is the only
stage owner—if you can't get the
stage article, you may fall back on a
snail;” but if you get a quarelin'
with the old woman and want to commit
a bode, take the temperance pledge—
falls fellows off faster than the yaller
pot!

The watchman told him he had been
watching her for twelve months, and bid-
ding Tom a good night he turned the key
to the watchman's door upon him.
The Reviewer made a teetotaler of him
30 days.—*Georgia.*

WEEKLY POLITICAL BEACON.
JOHN P. DUNN, EDITOR.
WRENCEBURGH:
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1844



**FOR PRESIDENT,
GENERAL LEWIS CASS,**
Subject to the decision of a National Convention

Democratic State Electors.

District.	Name.	County.
For the State at large.		
	JAMES G. REARD,	Clarke.
	T. A. HOWARD,	Parke.
1st	W. A. HENTON,	Orange.
2d	DUNCAN, NEALAND,	Washington.
3d	J. M. JOHNSON,	Franklin.
4th	S. H. PIERCE,	Wayne.
5th	W. W. MORGAN,	Martin.
6th	PAUL C. BARNETT,	Morris.
7th	ANDREW H. BERRY,	Parke.
8th	H. W. DEWEIGHT,	Tipppecanoe.
9th	C. W. CLARKSON,	Laporte.
10th	E. P. LEECH,	Allen.

SAMUEL FOX.
This discourse, as given by the last Ver-
montian, has made its appearance
in the following form.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.
The Indiana Palladium says that it is
announced at the Senate of this dissemi-
nated individual here, to then hands a
certain manuscript, the name to be
addressed to a candidate for the Presi-
dency. Should Charles Glen Cass and
other whigs unite, “We doubt the suc-
cess.”

65—In looking over the last “Whig”
we were able to make out from the
liberal and moderate member, who they Mr.
Mrs. Clay was the candidate. If it is
Indiana Clay, we are for her distinctly.
To hope the whig will have something
time to do, then to calculate the exact
number of pounds Glen Cass carried in
our muskets and knapsacks of his tired
shinners, or precisely the hour Mrs. Clay
comes every day, in the amount of butter
she chooses monthly to be distinguished by.
How good that Chicago!

Democratic Arsenic!
The Whigs are upon you! Our ab-
horrents and the enemies of Jeffersonian
democracy are up and doing. We give you
only an imperfect sketch of their first
fighting engines. Are you prepared to let
them take the field without opposition? Do
not intend to smother the grand liberty
by the act of organizing the present campaign?
You do, it is time you were organizing—
through organization is going on in the
country. Here—pledges are taken; yes, in
dark and white—they are afraid to take
either words, but they must sign a bond—
All themselves, body and soul to Henry
Clay. Are we not free men? Must a man
run away his liberty!—and for what? That
they may be brought up and vote as their
neighbors tell them. Shame on you who
will sell away your liberty! We call on
a democracy of Southern county to organ-
ize—have your two public meetings—call out
your speakers—but never let a pledge be
taken at once or twice. We want none with
who do not love democracy for its merits,
to go for it for its equality, its opposition
all unnecessary and all blemishings on
our rights and liberties of all classes, either
African or Anglo. Awake, then, Democrats, and
defend yourselves!