"*Keep it before the People,*" that JAMES MADISON, the Republican President, who aided as a member of the National Convention in framing the Constitution of the United States, signed the Bank charter of 1816, which bill was voted for by HENRY CLAY, FELIX GRUNDY, JOHN C. CALHOUN, and others, because, as they then said, they believed it to be both *expedient and Constitutional!*

"*Keep it before the People,*" that John Marshall, of Virginia, the Chief Justice of the United States, the bosom friend and political associate, of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, with SIX OTHER ASSOCIATE JUDGES, on the bench of the Supreme Court where the question of the Constitutionality of a National Bank came up for decision, determined the question in the following words:—

"AFTER THE MOST DELIBERATE CONSIDERATION, IT IS THE UNANIMOUS AND DECIDED OPINION OF THIS COURT, THAT THE ACT TO INCORPORATE THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES IS A LAW MADE IN PURSUANCE OF THE CONSTITUTION, AND IS PART OF THE SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND."—*Jonesboro' Whig.*

What is in a Name.

Why is it that the name of Henry Clay is never mentioned in public without an outbreak of enthusiastic applause? The Utica Gazette tells us that while Professor Grimes was lecturing in that place on Phrenology, he had occasion frequently to hold up for the inspection of the audience the portraits of various persons remarkable for some prominent external indication, and for corresponding mutual manifestations of character. Among the rest that of Henry Clay; and the moment that was done and the audience caught a view of it, with the announcement that "this is the head of Henry Clay!!" and before the lecturer had time to utter another word there burst spontaneously and as it seemed, almost with entire unanimity, such a repeated and drowning peal of applause, encoring and cheering, three times repeated, as to make the whole house as it were, shake, and the echoes of the explosion to reverberate through its arches and colonades.

Professor Grimes was evidently astonished and taken by surprise; and when the noise had a little subsided pleasantly remarked, that "he had undesignedly *touched a very excitable organ or bump!*"

It was the *heart* that was touched by the name of Clay—it was the swelling forth, of gushing enthusiasm, determined to do "Justice to Harry of the West."

The Difference.

We should always feel disposed to contrast the difference between our own People, living under a government liberized and free, with the people of other countries, where human rights are not secured to the masses of their inhabitants. The correspondent of the New York Tribune, sojourning in Italy, gives a degrading picture of society in that beautiful but despot-trodden land.—While the bounties of Providence are showered upon it with profusion, and its whole surface covered with the inexhaustless riches of Nature, man's misgovernment blasts the happiness designed to be conferred upon his fellow-creatures. Under date of Naples, May 1843, this writer says:

"You have heard of the bright eyes and raven tresses and music-like language of the Neapolitans; but I can assure you there is none of it here, i. e. among the lower classes. The only difference I can detect between them and our Indians is that our wild bloods are the more beautiful of the two. The color is the same, the hair very like indeed, and as to the "soft bastard Latin" they speak, it is one of the most abominable dialects I ever heard. I know this is rather shocking to one's ideas of Italian women. I am sure I was prepared to view them in a favorable, nay even a poetical light; but amid all the charms and excitements of this romantic land, I could not see otherwise. The old women are hags, and the young women dirty slip-shod slatterns. Talk about "bright eyed Italian maids!" Among our lower classes there are five beauties to one good looking woman here. It is nonsense to expect beauty among a population that live in filth and eat the vilest substance to escape the horrors of starvation. Wholesome food, comfortable apartments, and cleanly clothing, are indispensible to physical beauty; and these the Italians, except the upper classes, do not have. The filthy dens into which they are crammed, the tattered garments in which they are but half hid, and the haggard faces of hundreds of unfed women and children that meet me at every step as I enter the city at night, overthrow all the pleasures of the day, and I retire to my room angry with that political and social system that requires two-thirds to die of starvation, that the other third may die of surfeit. The King of Naples has fine palaces, while thousands of his subjects have not one blanket.

Men talk of travelling when the mind is matured, but I advise every one who wishes to enjoy Italy to visit it before he has ever thought of the irregularities and miseries of the world. Let him come into this beautiful clime while the imagination holds supreme sway and life is a golden dream. He then will see but its temples and arts, hear but the voice of the past, and grow enthusiastic on a soil where every stone is a monument, and every wall a history. I could weep when I see the havoc that tyranny and avarice make of the happiness of man. Why is it that those thousands around me should weep and suffer and die, that one lazy pride may gorgeously furnish fine palaces he enters but five times a year? Why should Lazzaroni multiply to be cursed by every stranger, merely that a few lazy nobles may turn a whole country into a beautiful villa to gallop through? Italy abounds in lovely scenery, and is rich in classical associations; but he must be a stupid observer or a heartless one, who can see and feel nothing else. As I wandered through the grounds of a princely noble, I enjoy the beauty and taste that surround me, until mounting some point of view I look down on a lovely country filled with half-fed men, and then I could hang him on one of his own oaks. There stands a glorious stature, but under it lies a sufferer. There is a magnificent Church, but on its ample step are heaps of rags that each envelope a living, suffering man. But I will close by quoting the language of an Italian, who after conversing with me a long time on this subject, drew a long sigh and said we must wait our time,—"patience and trust are the burden of the Troubadour." Yes—patience and confidence;—for the ridiculous farce of Kings will have an end, and humanity yet shake off its rags and assert and take its long withheld rights."

THE PLEDGE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"JOIN us in this pledge, colonel, surely you will not refuse *me*," said a beautiful bride, emerging from a bevy of bridesmaids, and extending a glass of brimming champagne as she spoke.

The gentleman whom she addressed had studiously refrained, during the evening, from drinking any of the costly wines prepared for the guests. But finding himself thus the object of general attention—for when the bride spoke every eye was turned on him—he colored, stammered a few indistinct words, took the glass and bowing gracefully drank long life to the bride.

"I told you I should succeed," said the young and happy creature, her eyes sparkling with triumph, as she retired into the circle of bridesmaids, "I knew Colonel Warren would not refuse *me*. What a pity he has got such puritanical notions in his head. He used to be the foremost with a happy allusion or eloquent sentiment when the wine circulated."

No one was there to contradict this joyous but thoughtless creature, or to tell her that Colonel Warren's indulgence in wine had nearly proved his ruin. He had been absent from his native city for some years, during which period he had formed his resolution not to drink, in consequence of a conviction of his own weakness. On his return, his old associates in vain persuaded him to alter his determination. He refused firmly but courteously. On various festive occasions they had endeavored to induce him to join them in pledging each other, but his answer had always been the same. This was the first time, since his return, that he had been at an entertainment where wine was introduced in the presence of ladies. It was resolved to try whether the influence of the sex would not break a resolution which more than one felt to be a reproach on himself. How the scheme succeeded we have seen.

No pen can adequately describe the emotions of Colonel Warren during the instant he hesitated before taking the proffered glass from the bride. He was chivalrous to a fault in his demeanor to the sex, and had never been known to refuse a favor asked by a woman. The bride was the daughter of his early friend, a cherished treasure, whom he had many a time dandled on his knee, and whom he had never done anything to slight or pain. He stood, as we have seen, irresolute for a moment, hesitating between fears for the result and a dislike to disoblige his favorite on this her wedding night. But, at length, he had fatally yielded.

Little did the young bride think of the dreadful issue of her tempting words and smiles. Little did she dream that the hankering love for wine, which had once reduced her victim to the verge of confirmed inebriacy, would wake again at the taste of that glass, and rage with more violence than ever. Young, happy and thoughtless, she looked only at the present triumph, without considering the result. How then was she surprised to hear, a few months after her marriage, that Colonel Warren was becoming an inebriate—that he rarely retired to bed unless in a state of intoxication—and that, in consequence, his fine person was becoming disfigured and his large fortune wasting away. She shuddered, but still did not think of her own agency in the matter, and, when next she met him, with the privilege allotted to youth and beauty, ventured to plead with him on the subject.

"Madam," said he, in reply, and the melancholy and somewhat stern tone in which he spoke never left her memory, "it is *too late*. I was once as I am now—I rallied and took a resolution never to drink again—I broke that resolution, you know how and when, and now I am a hopeless inebriate."

He turned and left her presence. Her eyes were opened. Oh how bitterly did she reproach herself for having spoken those fatal words. For nights she could not sleep. She sought again and again to see her victim, but he avoided her presence. They never met again but once. Reader! would you know how.

Some years after, on a cold bleak morning in January, a travelling sleigh, drawn by two spirited horses, was dashing along the turnpike between Norristown and Philadelphia. There had been a snow storm during the night, and the flakes lay piled against the fences and banks, were they had been driven by the icy wind which swept down from the hills beyond the Schuylkill. The sky was still overcast: the wind raged violently; and it was intensely cold. Few scenes could be more desolate. Houses, barns, trees and hay ricks were covered with snow, and the cattle, cowering in the sheds, seemed everywhere to beseech the sky in vain. As the sleigh, with its merry bells, whirled down the long hill that leads to Manayunk turnpike, the horses suddenly shied, nearly precipitating the vehicle into an opposite snow-bank. A lady slightly screamed and looked out in alarm from the furs which enveloped her; but seeing no cause for danger she was about to order the driver to proceed, when her little boy, pointing to the object which had startled the horses, said,

"Mother, what can that be in the road? Surely it is a man's hat."

The lady turned. In the centre of the highway was a pile of drifted snow a little larger than a human body. One end of the pile had been blown away, disclosing, as the boy said, a man's hat.

"Gracious heaven," she exclaimed, "can it be that some poor wretch has frozen to death here James," and she turned to a footman, "go and see."

With intense interest the lady watched while the servant brushed away the snow. In a few seconds it was apparent that a corpse was indeed there, and it was not long before the cause of the man's death was evident in an empty jug lying beside him. The spectators breathlessly awaited while the icy flakes were being removed from the face, for the lady was within a short distance of her home and thought that, perhaps, she might recognize the unfortunate being. She stepped out of the sleigh and approached the corpse.

"Colonel Warren!" she said, becoming ghastly pale and staggering, "Colonel Warren dying thus, a common drunkard, oh! just heaven this is too much."

And thus the victim and his destroyer met for the last time. It was the once thoughtless bride who now stood above that corpse.

A NAME.—The infant daughter of the Queen of Portugal is to be baptized Donna Maria Anna Fernanda Leopoldina Michaela Rafaila Gabriella Carlota Antonia Julia Victoria Praxedes Gonzaga de Braganzae Bourbon Saxe Coburge Gotha.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Nicholas Biddle is very ill.—*Philadelphia North American.*

RICHMOND PALLADIUM.

RICHMOND, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1843.

OUR COUNTRY—PROTECTION TO ITS INDUSTRY

FOR PRESIDENT,

HENRY CLAY.

THE MOB.—The Abolitionists of hereabouts held a meeting of two days continuance, in this city, during last week. Several distinguished lecturers from abroad were in attendance. They were uninterrupted until the last evening of their proposed meeting, when the building they occupied was closed against them, and they were told that it was done to preserve the public property from injury, and those who might attend there from the outrage of a mob. The, however, persisted in their right to assemble, and proceeded with the business of the meeting. At an early hour in the evening a number of persons assembled in front and on the porch on the north side of the building and by disgraceful yelling, singing and stamping disturbed the meeting, and from the spirit manifested it was evident that they designed a further and more serious attack upon the person who was addressing the meeting, if not upon some who composed the audience. To prevent an outrage of this kind, which would not only disgrace the city but violate the rights of many respectable citizens, James W. Green, Esq. was called upon by many of the citizens who had been attracted thither by the noise, to make a speech and thus endeavor to pacify the rioters. Mr. Green accordingly addressed them, and strongly advised them to desist from any further violation of the laws of the land and the rights of the citizens there assembled. He showed them the bad effects of the policy they were pursuing, not only as calculated to advance the cause of those they would injure, but as exhibiting the basest passions of the human mind,—making themselves amenable to the laws, and disgracing the good name of their own city, which it should be the duty of all to sustain. The large assembly that listened to Mr. Green dispersed, and quiet and good order appeared to be restored.—But we regret to say that before the meeting of abolitionists adjourned, some reckless persons entered the house and commenced anew their disturbance and finally commenced throwing eggs at the speaker, a Mr. White, we believe, who had given no cause for offence.

The meeting was broken up by those who had no right to interfere, and in a manner that should be condemned by all good citizens, and we sincerely regret that our city authorities were not present, as it was their duty to be, and at once arrest those who were concerned in it, and mete out to them the rigor of the laws which have been enacted to protect our citizens from outrage and insult. But the officers of the city were not there, and the rioters encouraged by their success in breaking up the meeting, repaired at some hour of the night to the residence of Mr. Withrow and broke in the windows of his house, and also by the stones thrown through them destroyed some of his cupboard furniture. No steps have yet been taken to bring those disturbers of the peace to punishment; but we hope, for the honor of our town, that they will not be permitted thus to escape.

While we must emphatically condemn the conduct of the mob, and would have them punished to the fullest extent, and severe rigor of the law, we must also be permitted to express our decided disapprobation of the conduct of the travelling lecturers who attended and addressed that convention. A Mr. Blackburn, who claims at one time, we understand, to have been a member of the Massachusetts House of Assembly, addressed the meeting on several occasions, and by his remarks, a portion of which we heard, he proved himself to be any thing but a *gentleman*. He gave a review of the speech made by Mr. Clay in this city about a year since, and indulged in terms of the most fool-hardy, and vulgar denunciation of that distinguished statesman, which he must have learned in some other *school* than the Legislature of the Old Bay State. Not only Mr. Clay but all that portion of the American people who accord to him eminent talents, unimpeachable integrity, and high and sincere patriotism, were denounced in a vocabulary of epithets that bespoke the man by whom they were used as a proficient in billingsgate and vulgarity. Not only were our distinguished men of a particular party vilified, but the professors of the Christian religion ridiculed and contemptuously abused.—The society of Friends, and many of the people in attendance were members of that society, were in particular scandalized and denounced.

We have not now time, neither have we any disposition to particularize his denunciations. They are beneath the notice of a respectable individual, and we are glad to learn that many of the abolitionists condemn them in the most decided terms.

Such men as Blackburn are a disadvantage, if not a disgrace to any party to which they may attach themselves, and the contempt of all honorable and reasonable men should consign them to the lowest station in society. We have no need for such men in the west; if the ultra abolitionists and the blasphemous infidels of the east are pleased with, and will elevate such men, we say let them do it; but the west is not sufficiently contaminated to give them countenance. And we say to them in the language of Mr. CLAY to Mr. Mendenhall: "*Go home and mind your own business, and leave other people to take care of theirs.* Limit your benevolent exertions to your own neighborhood. Within that circle you will find ample scope for the exercise of all your charities. Dry up the tears of the afflicted widows around you, console and comfort the helpless orphan, clothe the naked, and feed and help the poor, black and white, who need help—and you will be a wiser and a better man than you have this day shown yourself."

A Mob in Richmond.

We regret to learn that the quiet City of Richmond, on Friday night last, was made the scene of a most disgraceful riot. The occasion of it, we learn, was an Abolition meeting. The Abolitionists have for some time past been holding a series of meetings throughout this State, and amongst the Lecturers, is a negro man. It appears that this person was put forward at Richmond, and in the course of his remarks, he abused in the most bitter terms, all whose views did not comport with his own. His slang so incensed the people, that at night when the meeting was still going on, he, and probably some of the other Lecturers present, was egged, and the house of one Abolitionist in town was stoned.

As the conductor of a public journal, we feel it to be our duty to condemn such disgraceful proceedings. We do not do this, because we feel a sympathy with the Negro Abolition Lecturer. That he was impudent, and deserved all that he got is perhaps true, but *rioting* is not the way to meet such insults. Treat such persons with silent contempt. Don't go near them. Let them rave and foam, rant and roll their mouths, as much as they please, and let it alone is what it is worth. Recently, [illegible] thousands of the [illegible] were [illegible] the victims of a [illegible] of [illegible] Abolitionists in Philadelphia, and we have no doubt that Negro Lecturer at Richmond was one of that character. But—[illegible] of their slang.—*Wayne County Record.*

Disgraceful Riot.

The town of Pendleton in the adjoining county of Madison was the scene of a lawless outbreak on Saturday last. An Abolition convention had assembled in that place and was quietly and peacefully progressing with its business, when it was assaulted by a gang of the lawless and uncivilized ruffians around and dispersed, who proceeded to some of wanton and wicked violence upon the persons then assembled. Several persons were seriously wounded with stones, clubs and other missiles that were hurled indiscriminately among the crowd, and amongst the colored lecturers, here, it escaped with the loss of having evidently been the design of the mob to murder him. The fiend-like act has generously enough, in the rights of a portion of our fellow citizens, was most disgusting and heinous in all their details—disgraceful to the age and to the state in which we live, and we trust such a foul blot may never rest on it may be brought to merited punishment.

Under no circumstances can we be apologized for. At best they are but the substitution of the wildest and basest passions of the basest men for the sure operation of the law, but least of all can they be apologized for when wantonly and rushingly assailing the right of *free discussion*—a right as sacred as life itself and secured to every citizen by the law and the Constitution. It is the duty of every citizen to frown down and treat with contempt the actors in such scenes, and the duty of the ministers to ferret out and bring them to justice.

The citizens of Pendleton we learn are deserving of all praise for their efforts to quell the mob.—*Indiana Courier.*

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—The "old man eloquent," the sage, the philosopher, and the statesman, will visit Cincinnati on Tuesday the 7th day of November next. Mr. Adams' visit is not a political one, but he consented to visit the Cincinnatians, and he will then lay the foundation of laying the corner stone of an astronomical observatory about to be erected upon one of the hills east of the city. Thousands from every portion of the west will be there to welcome him, not as political partizans, but as Americans, to honor a man who is now entitled to the highest honors of an American citizen. The occasion will call forth the scientific and the learned, and although politics will have no place in the subject of his speech, yet the politician will also be there, to see and hear a man who has been so long and so distinguished before the American people. Will not Indianians be found among the many who will be there assembled?

☞The Turnpike companies do not charge toll of *footmen*, in consideration of which we invite a delegation of *printers* and *schoolmasters* to meet in this place and take up the line of march for the city of Cincinnati, to be present on the occasion of Mr. ADAMS' contemplated visit. The poor and ill paid must go as they can—patent democracy can ride in "*a buggy.*"

Prescription in a small way!—Our recently appointed Postmaster, D. D. Sloan, in the performance of the dirty work required at his hand, and as a compensation for the honor of holding an office under John Tyler, the ingrate and traitor, has deprived us of the publication of the List of Letters "by authority;" we have however, for the information of our readers given the late list in the paper of to-day. We do this free gratis, for nothing at all. Neither do we particularly complain of the course of Mr. Sloan—it is nothing more than we expected him to do; but how he reconciles his *conscience*, (and the Tyler party are great on conscience!) in the open and palpable violation of a solemn asservation and oath we cannot see. The post office law, (and in taking upon himself the duties and responsibilities of the office, Mr. Sloan took an oath faithfully to administer the affairs of the office in strict accordance therewith,) plainly and distinctly says that the list of letters *shall be* published in the paper which has the most extensive circulation in the immediate vicinity of the office, or within the district of country accommodated by the respective post offices. Mr. Williams, in the publication of the first list of letters under his administration, as an *honest* and a *truly conscientious* man, called upon the publishers of the respective papers, and being convinced that we had decidedly the largest circulation as contemplated by the law, he gave the list to us: but Mr. Sloan having a *Tyler conscience* in the superlative degree, did not bother his mind about it, and forthwith hands it over to the locofoco sheet. An oath is an oath, and the sin of violating that oath is as great in politics as it is in morals, and it is no question with us that a man who will violate an oath in politics will do it in any thing else.

Heavy Damages.—The Circuit Court of Franklin County, Ohio, at their late term rendered a verdict of *Two Thousand Dollars* damages against Sam. Medary, editor of the Ohio Statesman, for traducing the character of Demas Adams, Esq., in his columns. Mr. Medary charged Mr. Adams who was a clerk in the office of Auditor of State, with the commission of a fraud in his official acts. The verdict of a jury of his countrymen has branded the editor of the Statesman as a *libeller*.

What are the Abolitionist coming to?

At the late National Convention of the Third Party, who claim for themselves the exclusive use of the term of 'Liberty' to designate their organization, a resolution was passed declaring a portion, an important clause of the constitution of our country a *nullity*, and expressed their determination not to abide by it. Nullification in the *South* was once considered a horrible affair, but nullification in the *North* is altogether another matter. But our object is not now to quarrel with the northern nullifiers, neither is it to justify the "that blood" of the south. We simply wish to call the attention of our abolition friends to the following extract from a pamphlet of 68 pages, published by S. S. Foster, one of the most distinguished Abolition lecturers, and was, we believe a conspicuous member of the late nullifying National Convention. His book is entitled "The Brotherhood of Thieves, or a true picture of the American Church and Clergy."

In speaking of the Methodist church, he says:

"There is this church, then, a "Brotherhood of Thieves?" Is it not, rather, a conclave of an *arcadic band*, whose robbery is as much more compelling to the morals of the community than the lifting of a purse, as the distinctions are more distinct? For one, merely as I disposed to the exercise of a vocation, I suspect as the exception of a Methodist [illegible] [illegible] The stage does not teach my [illegible] the New Testament allows it even to embrace my wife and children; but the Methodist pulpit *does*! I know not in what light you view this subject, but for myself, I regard every intelligent communicant in the Methodist church as some guilty and infamous in the sight of God, [illegible] the pulpit, or in any way, and I cannot associate with him on any other terms of intercourse, than those which I stipulate for more infamous characters."

The Buffalo Commercial in commenting on the above, says:

"We will not [illegible] any comment upon language like this, and yet, infamous as it is, it scarcely goes further than one may attend the yearly sessions of the Conventions, who spoke of pretty much all the Christianity of the country as a thing to be scorned, trampled and spit upon. *Mr. Alvin Stewart*, took the ground that an active abolitionist was sure of salvation, for, as he had shown himself merciful to his fellow men, God would be merciful to him. Of course the converse of the proposition is equally true, that there is no salvation, without the pale of active, political abolitionism."

We take the liberty of saying that we know such sentiments find no response in the breasts of a large majority of the Abolitionists here, but there are some almost ready from their fanaticism on the subject of slavery to endorse even the blasphemies of Foster, the blackguardism of Blackburn, and the infidelity of Stewart.

JAMES BROOKS, Post Master, at Dayton, Ohio, has resigned his office. Mr. Brooks is certainly anomaly of office holders, to wilfully, premeditatedly, and with a full knowledge of the enormity of the act, resign a lucrative office. There's more in it, than the people wot of. After a while we shall see what we shall see.

☞The annual election takes place in the State of Ohio, on Tuesday next.

NEWMAN'S MILL.

THE subscriber thankful for former favors, would respectfully inform his friends and customers that he has made all necessary repairs pertaining to his MILLS, and they are now in complete running order. A first rate Miller is employed who learned his business in Pennsylvania and one whom I think is determined to give general satisfaction; I therefore hope to merit and receive a part of the public patronage. T. NEWMAN.

October 7th, 1843. 41tf

Washingtonian Rally!

The friends of the Temperance Reform, (and who are not) are informed that there will be a GRAND RALLY of the friends of the cause at Dublin, on THURSDAY, 19th of October, to be continued from day to day, as long as the interest may last. Should the weather be favorable it will be held in the grove adjoining town, if not both rooms of the Academy will be thrown open, as well as the churches. The committee appointed for that purpose have and will procure Speakers from a distance, among whom we number Brother Porter of Cincinnati. Ample accommodations will be provided for all who may favor us with their company. It is hoped that one and all may be with us on the occasion, and aid in exterminating the "old Tyrant" from our country.

By order of the committee,

S. T. SHARPE.

September, 23, 1843.

Just Receiving at

JOHN M. LAWS' CHEAP STORE.

A LARGE AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF FALL AND WINTER

DRY GOODS,

WHICH he offers unusually low for CASH or Country Produce. Also, on hand a large stock of

Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Cotton Yarns, Iron, Castings, Nails, &c. &c.

☞Having purchased his GOODS for Cash in Philadelphia, he is able to offer great inducements to purchasers. All who want BARGAINS will please give him a call.

Richmond, Sept. 9th, 1843. 37:tf

The printer wants Cash, Corn, Wheat and Wood.