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BY DOUGLASS & NOEL.]

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From the Ohio Republican.

Lines suggested by the intended removal of the body of GENERAL HARRISON to North Bend.

Yes! bear him to the home he lov'd,—let his last resting place,

Be where the woods, and fields, and streams, wear a familiar face;

Where oft the joyous, warbling birds, have carolled o'er his head.

Where earth is fair, and heaven is bright, there make his lowly bed!

Lay him where oft his heart hath drank a melody, more sweet,

Than e'en a grateful Nation's praise, laid tribute at his feet.

Where household voices seem'd to float among the waving trees,

And tones he lov'd have met his ear, in every passing breeze;

Where the reflected lights have shone, that lit his happy hearth,

There lay the body to its rest, there give the "earth to earth!"

And oft at evening hour, shall come a lone and wond'ring heart,

To gaze upon the fresh green earth, where sleeps his mortal part;

Oft shall the piercing eye of faith, dispel the gathering gloom,

Bless Him who "burst the band of death, and triumph'd o'er the tomb."

Who, from earth's highest, noblest place, (by his most precious blood)

Hath call'd her last, "an heir of grace," a "king and priest to God!"

Hee, let a mourning Nation come, with scalding tears to wet,

The grave of him, "our country's hope," in clouds of darkness set.

And here, let grateful lips and hearts, the thrilling story tell,

How oft his country's murd'rous foe before his valor fell;

How oft the child of want and woe, was by his bounty fed,

And wand'ers from the ways of peace, in virtue's pathway led—

The blessing of the perishing!—here let his in-

cense come,

And shed a holy radiance, round the darkness of the tomb!

Lay him where fair Ohio's stream, a dirge-like music breathes;

A requiem for her "favorite son," sighs from her rolling waves!

And from the thousand living forms that on her bosom glide,

Shall burst the meed of grateful praise, to him "our Country's pride!"

Peace to his ashes—rest in peace midst honors nobly won,

Thy name in countless hearts shall live, lamented Harrison!

Zanesville, June 8. CLARA.

*The blessing of him that was ready to perish, come upon me.—Jon.

THE GRANARY.

BY REV. ABEL C. THOMAS.

"Who readeth let him understand."

"Jonathan Homespun having purchased an extensive farm and provided himself with every thing requisite to prosperous husbandry, proposes to furnish subscribers with one quart of wheat weekly for one year, at the low rate of one dollar and fifty cents if not paid till the close of the year."

"The facilities afforded by the government for the transportation of wheat to every section of the Union and adjacent provinces, are such as must prove satisfactory to every subscriber; and the proprietor of the Granary assures all who may patronize him, that he will exert himself to supply an article of the best quality."

N. B. Agents will be allowed a generous percentage. Address (post paid) proprietor of the Granary, Hopeville.

Such was the prospectus issued by my friend Mr. Homespun. Feeling a lively interest in his welfare I visited his farm, although it was a long journey from my home, and was pleased to find every thing in nice order. He informed me that he had contracted a large debt in the purchase of the premises, stock and implements of husbandry, but that he had no doubt of his ability to discharge every obligation in a few years. He also stated that he had already received many hundred subscribers, and that in four or five weeks he would commence the delivery of the wheat according to his proposals.

The scheme appeared plausible; and my friend was so confident of his success, that I had not the slightest doubt of his prosperity. I entered my name as a subscriber, and when I left him he was preparing many thousand quart sacks.

Every week for the space of two years, I received my quart of wheat, and concluded from its excellent quality and prompt delivery, that every thing was prosperous with Jonathan Homespun and his farm. So I gave myself no concern about my indebtedness to him—for, said I, "to a farmer so extensively patronized as he is, the small pittance of two years' arrangement would be but as a drop in the bucket." It is true, there was occasionally printed on the sacks a general notice to delinquents, but I never expected that this was intended for his friends.

The notice, however, became more frequent; and having leisure, I concluded I would visit my friend, the proprietor of the Granary. He greeted me cordially—but I saw that there was trouble. He was evidently worn with toil and anxiety; and in the conversation of the evening he entered into particulars.

"Here," said he, "I have been labouring day, and almost night, for two years; and I am more in debt now than when I began. My creditors are pressing me for payment; I am conscious of my inability to meet their demands, and can perceive no result but bankruptcy and ruin."

"But have you not a large list of subscribers?" said I.

"Yes, a very large list," was his reply, "but too many of them are like you!"

"Me!" I quickly rejoined in amazement, "too many like me!"

"Pardon me," said my friend, in a melancholy tone—"pardon me, for oppression will make even a wise man mad. You have had a quart of wheat weekly for two years, and I have not had a cent of payment; I have a large list of the same kind of patrons scattered here and there over thousands of miles. If they would pay me the trifles they severally owe me, I should be directly freed from embarrassment and go on my way rejoicing. But they reasoned as you reasoned—and among you I am brought to the door of poverty and ruin."

I felt the full force of the rebuke, and promptly paying arrearages at the increased price named in the prospectus, and also a year in advance; I shortly bade adieu to the worthy and wronged farmer, resolving to do every thing in my power to repair the injury which had accrued from my delinquency.

O, ye patrons of Jonathan Homespun! wherever ye are, and whoever ye are! ye who have received and eaten the wheat from his Granary, without making payment! Ye are guilty of a grievous sin of commission. Wherefore repent. Pay the farmer what you owe him. Uncle Sam's teamsters bring you the little sack of grain every week, and Uncle Sam's teamsters will carry the money safely to Jonathan Homespun.—*Star of Bethlehem.*

CONGRESS.

THURSDAY, June 17, 1841.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On motion of Mr. Adams, the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, on the bill for the relief of the widow of the late William Henry Harrison; which was read, as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Treasury pay, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to Mrs. Harrison, widow of William Henry Harrison, late President of the United States, or in the event of her death before payment, then to the legal representatives of the said William Henry Harrison the sum of

Mr. Adams moved to fill the blank in the bill with the sum \$25,000.

[Cries in various parts of the Hall of "agreed, agreed."]

Mr. Snyder of Pennsylvania moved an amendment to the resolution, which, on being read, proved to be a proposition to make an appropriation for the family of the late Charles Ogle.

The Chair ruled the amendment to be out of order.

Mr. Gordon of New York moved to fill the blank in the amendment with the sum of \$6,250.

Mr. Dean of Ohio said he was opposed to voting any sum whatever. There was something so extraordinary in the proposition, that the moment he heard it he was startled at the views of the ruling party.—Congress had been convened for an extraordinary purpose, but was it for the purpose of granting relief to the heirs of Gen. Harrison? Was it for a purpose like that the country had called upon them to assemble? Was this to be the first measure proposed for their public action? Mr. D. said he had no disposition to speak here of the acts of the deceased; he did not at this time desire to review the history of that man, he was willing that in his case the usual fate of men should be reversed. Let the evils he had done be buried with his bones, and let the good only which he had done for his country live after him. Mr. D. should set that all aside, until some gentleman should get up and attempt to express a eulogy upon the valor, patriotism, and public worth of William Henry Harrison; should anything like this be attempted, Mr. D. would then claim the right of expressing his views as to the merits of that man as a distinguished and illustrious patriot. In the meanwhile, he had serious objections to this bill, and such as came home to his bosom. The passage of any such act was barred by the principles of this Government and the restrictions of the Constitution? That instrument vested them with no authority to throw away the treasure of the country. By which of its clauses was Congress empowered to throw away the treasure of the country. By which of its clauses was Congress empowered to give away the public money gratuitously? He cared nothing for precedents. It was said that Congress had made a still larger grant to Lafayette; but Mr. D. never could find any sound reason or constitutional principle which justified them in conferring a gratuity upon any man. He was opposed to all gratuities. They had come here as it was alleged, to relieve the distress of the country. Yes! this "distress of the country" had been rung in the ears of the People from Georgia to the Lakes. Nothing was heard from a certain set of politicians but public distress and impending ruin; and there must be a called meeting of Congress to seek out some mode to allay the distress. Now Mr. D. must say that in his section of country there was no distress and no ruin; there was no derangement of the currency but such as was beyond the action of this House to remedy. Mr. D. was no believer in these distresses of the dear People. There was no distress in his district, and he had come here, not to make gratuities, but to discharge his constitutional duty according to the will of his constituents. It was not their will that any such bill as this should pass. If the question could be put to the vote among the people of his district, there was not a man, unless it might be some distressed Whig or old Federalist, who would give one farthing of this money. No, there was not one, not one man that would raise his voice in favor of making this donation to the widow and heirs of William Henry Harrison. Mr. D. said he had been astonished at the remark of the gentleman from Massachusetts, [Mr. Adams,] when he had stated, as one reason for making this donation, that Gen. Harrison had made large expenditures in an electioneering campaign. What was Congress to renumerate men for expending large sums of money in building log cabins? Was it indeed so? For himself, he had no doubt in the world that money had been poured out like a flood for electioneering purposes. He did not doubt that the Treasury had been emptied, had been drained, to effect electioneering purposes.

[Here Mr. D. was interrupted by loud laughter and cries of "Who doubts it?" "Very true," and "Who had the treasury?"

Mr. D. resumed. And not only so, but that the pockets of individuals had been emptied likewise. If the House should vote this donation, it would be shown and proved that individuals had improperly drawn money from the Treasury to be employed in this election.

[Here the laughter was renewed, mingled with cries of "No doubt of that!" "We all know that!"

Mr. D. said that he knew personally that the West had been flooded with documents which had come free of expense, and had been spread in profusion all over the land. If gentlemen knew of these corrupt practices,

why had they voted down a resolution which sought to bring them out to light? Were he permitted openly to repeat in his place a remark which had been made within his hearing, he could give a very fair reason why that resolution had been voted down. [Cries of "Give it!" "give it!" "let us have it!"]

Mr. D. said if it were proper he could soon give it, for it had proceeded from an old Whig Federalist. [Cries to order, mixed with cries of "go on."]

Mr. D. said he was not to be deterred by any noise or confusion which gentlemen might choose to get up from giving his views of this bill. It was an attempt to work upon the better feelings of men to make them do wrong; but both honor and policy should place men above all such influence. When had it ever before been asserted that because a man's expenses had been immense in getting into public office, therefore \$25,000 must be granted to his widow?

Mr. D. had been little surprised at the action of the House, though he must say that he had not before been aware to what extent certain influences could be made to reach the action of members on that floor. He had not supposed that any man here would ever have given his sanction to the rules under which they are now sitting and acting; but they had been adopted, and he was bound to yield to them. They had resolved that no petition should be received, nor any subject acted upon, save such as had been specially referred to them by the President. Now, it did so happen that the subject of this bill was referred to in the President's Message, but the rule forbade the consideration of any other claim. Now was this not an extraordinary feature of legislation? Was it not a most extraordinary state of things that they should be sitting, legislating on an ideal claim, a mere gratuity, a project to give away the public money to those who had no legal claim to it whatever, and yet that those who had a fair and legal claim must be shut out from presenting it?

Mr. D. had, in his drawer, three petitions from old soldiers worn out in the public service who had never received one farthing of the public money. If these men knocked at the door, gentlemen turned round and said to them, "depart until a more convenient season; we are busy in making a grant to Mrs. Harrison. He did not know what other gentlemen might think, but, among his constituents, it was thought that \$25,000 was an enormous sum—an ample remuneration, indeed, for the public service of any man. And was it not enough to compensate any candidate for the expenses he might be at when electioneering for that office? If, after he had got into office, he should die, he would be entitled to his legal salary so long as he performed his service, and no more. Mr. D. had been surprised at the decision of the Chair and the House in reference to the amendment moved by the gentlemen from Pennsylvania, [Mr. Snyder,] in behalf of the widow and children of Charles Ogle.—What difference was there between the claim of Ogle's heirs and those of Gen. Harrison? Were not the one as much entitled to the sympathies of the Federalists as the other? Were gentlemen in favor of giving bounties here, and such bounties as should follow men down to their heirs? Was this the retrenchment and reform the country had been taught to expect? He should like to know how any man could justify his vote for such a grant as this. Was not the Treasury already sufficiently drained? Had they not come together under the specious pretence of furnishing ways and means to replenish a drained and exhausted Treasury? And was this one of the means? Was this a bill to provide a sound and uniform currency? Was this one of the measures that was to restore confidence? Could that be the object of the bill? Mr. D. concluded by protesting against the grant of any sum whatever to a person who had no legal claim to a single dollar.

Mr. LANE, of Indiana, rose apparently under considerable excitement, and his delivery was so rapid as to render it extremely difficult to present more than an outline of his speech.

He said that he had not intended to utter a word until he had heard what had just fallen from the member from Ohio. Strange indeed it must have sounded to every human being that heard it—that that member, himself a citizen of Ohio, should get up here to make war on a dead citizen of his own State! To prey like a vampire on an illustrious man now committed to the silent tomb! He hoped the party to which the member belonged would not sustain him in such a course. The member had told the House that he would forbear making any attack upon the military character of Wm. Henry Harrison. In God's name, who did he think would listen to such an attack on the floor of an American Congress? He refrain! And was not that military character a part of the history of the country? The deeds of Wm. Henry Harrison were given to the past—far beyond the reach of any puny efforts of such an assailant. The member had informed the House that, among his constituents, there was no distress. If they never had been distressed before, they would be when they came to read the member's speech. He opposed the measure because the Treasury was empty. And who had emptied it? Who had wasted and squandered and pilfered and stolen the public money by thousands and millions, and fattened on the spoils? Mr. L. trusted in God that no party would sustain sentiments like these. Who that had an American heart in his bosom could refuse a grant which did equal honor to the giver and receiver?

Mr. L. would put it to the vote of Harrison's own soldiers. Ask them whether the widow of their old commander should or should not have this sum out of the public Treasury. The member talked about log cabins. Did he not know that the log cabin stood in this contest as the loved and chosen emblem of the free unbought affection, and the power and majesty of the People? For what could this topic have been introduced, but for the purpose of indulging in low, unworthy, disgusting party slang? If these were the laurels which the member sought to wear, Mr. L. envied them not. Long and greenly might they flourish on his brow—a brow that seemed well worthy to wear them. Gratuity! Who talked of gratuity! The committee proposed no gratuity. They had brought forward the bill expressly on the ground of indemnification. Did the member think to achieve for himself immortality by having his name on record as an opponent of this bill? Yes, he might, but it would be an immortality of infamy. The member's vote might stand upon the Journal, but it would stand there as a vote against the Father of the West; it would stand as some minute and scarcely visible blemish upon the marble that recorded an illustrious name for posterity. What might be that member's notions of fame it was hard to say. Did he expect to win fame by attacking the dead? He shared his fame with the hyena and the wolf. The member had asked, with a sneer of triumph, how gentlemen were to sustain themselves in giving a vote like this? Mr. L. would tell that individual how he should sustain himself; not by cringing before his constituents, but by standing before them erect in conscious integrity, and telling them that he had acted

here as a freeman and an American, regardless of the cant of demagogues. He now turned from the member, and left him and his speech to the infamous immortality so richly merited by both.

Mr. WHITE, of Indiana, said that were he to suffer such remarks as those which had been made by the member from Ohio to pass without a word in defence of the illustrious dead, he felt that he should do injustice alike to his State and to himself. This Representative Hall was the last, the very last place where he had expected to behold man whose head was whitening for the grave, use language to the disparagement of a patriot hero, in comparison to whom that man was dross. What! to represent a man whom this entire nation had delighted to honor as a thief and a robber of the public treasury? God forbid that such things should be uttered in the face of honorable men! Talk of bounty! Who asked for bounty? No man or woman in the name of Wm. Henry Harrison. The appropriation was but a part of that tardy justice which had slept too long. The People vote against it! The people were clamorous for the measure. The whole Union demanded it as with one voice. When Mr. W. saw gray hairs, he beheld them with reverence, because he was ready to think that each of them was a memento of some honorable or virtuous deed in a well-spent life; but when the hoary head was brought but as a pander to party infamy, he lost his respect for age itself in the contempt he felt for witnessing the prostitution. Let any man travel in that part of the country which it was Mr. W.'s honor to represent, where Harrison's own soldiers were to be found—those who had stood with him shoulder to shoulder in the defence of their country's liberties—and then let him utter imputations such as had been made here to-day, and he who made them, if he escaped their animadversion, would be sure to receive their curses on his name. Go to those veterans of the West and ask them if they approve of a bill like this, and you will see in a moment the fire of their early days kindling in their cheeks and flashing from their eye. They would stand erect and proud that the justice of their country was about to place one more wreath upon the tomb of their loved commander. Every hill, every valley was instinct with but one feeling. He wished the member who had spoken such things could have been in Mr. W.'s State when the news of Harrison's death was first received. He himself was riding at the moment in company with an aged man, but one who well merited the title of an old Roman—a man of iron nerves and lion heart—a man who, perhaps, had never shed a tear since his childhood; but when the doleful sound entered his ears that Harrison was dead, he wept like a boy; they were many tears—the tears of mourning patriotism. Did the member from Ohio ever shed such? There was in this act of appropriation the beauty of retributive justice. When a similar appropriation had been