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MISCELLANY.

MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

A successful attempt was made on Saturday to obtain a grant from congress of public land within the city of Washington, upon which to erect a monument to the memory of the illustrious father of his country.

Already the society to carry this patriotic project into execution, has accomplished much to the advancement of their end. Agents have been commissioned, under bond and security, to collect money for its erection, and the most favorable encouragement has been extended to them by the people. We rejoice sincerely that a substantial and worthy testimony will be raised to the virtue of him whom no tribute can make better but whom gratitude will not injure. The plan of the building has not been determined upon, but we trust that some grand conception will be elicited from the mind of genius, in order that the memorial may be as free from blemish as the character of the man was to whom it is to be raised.—U. S. Telegraph.

IRELAND.

Famine in the North West.

DUBLIN, May 7th.

The most deplorable accounts have been received from almost all parts of the north-west coast, especially Sligo, and Donegal, of the dreadful state of distress, the absolutely starving condition, of the peasantry. The very backward state of the season, and the extreme severity of the weather for months past, have greatly aggravated the misery of the poor people, and accelerated the commencement of the periodical famine this year. I have seen several letters which give the most heart-rending account of the suffering of the peasantry.

At a place called Tollymorebegley, the cattle are dying in all directions from the total want of fodder, there being scarcely a blade of grass to be seen any where. This has been the case for several weeks past—so that the poor farmers and cottagers have been compelled to share their scanty supply of potatoes with the cattle, which have been reduced to skin and bone, and are not worth killing, unless for the skins, several cart loads of which have recently been sent for sale to Letterkenny, in order to purchase meal or potatoes with the produce.

One letter states that there is not more than a month's provisions in that part of the country; and from the lateness of the season, there can be no expectation of the potato crop until September or October.

Within the last ten days several ship loads of potatoes have been purchased by order of government, and sent to different ports along the coast, to be distributed to the starving people, and further supplies are in preparation; but this relief can only be very temporary. If extensive aid be not very promptly afforded, thousands must die of actual starvation.

A good one.—Business is so brisk at Buffalo, and the side-walks so crowded by persons hurrying to and fro, that one of the merchants declares in a daily paper that he has generally to stand from fifteen minutes to half an hour, with a quid of tobacco in his hand, waiting for an opportunity to throw it into the street without hitting some one.

A real gentleman.—He never dresses in the extreme of fashion, but avoids singularity in his person or habits.

Is affable with his equals, and pleasant and attentive to his inferiors.

In conversation he avoids hasty, ill-tempered or insulting remarks.

Pays punctually for his newspapers.

Never pries into another person's affairs.

Does never, under any circumstances, speak ill of a woman.

Never cuts an acquaintance, who has met a reverse of fortune; and

He always pays the postage on his letters on business.

During the year 1835, ten banks, located in Wall street, New York, paid postage to the amount of twenty six thousand dollars.

Honesty is the best policy, believe it, who dare do otherwise.



ORIGINAL POETRY,

BY BENJAMIN S. BULFINCH.

THE POETS DREAM.

When youth and every joy was mine,
And scenes of life were gay;
I thought those moments were divine,
But Time pass'd swift away:
Within the rosy bowers of Love,
I was my delight to be;
The fragrance of each rural grove,
Was ecstasy to me!

I wandered in the dewy morn,
Down by a purling rill—
Picked the Rose, but left the thorn,
There grew the pied-junquail;
Daisies and Violets mingled,
Did a confusion seem—
Nature my wandering footsteps led,
It was a POETS DREAM!

Stella was then in youthful prime,
No maiden was so true;
She did not think that Father Time
Her path with thorns would strew!
Wavering and kind, she cheer'd my hours,
The choicest flowers would bring;
But Fate's dark cloud forever lowers,
And sharpens Misery's sting!

The Star of Hope, so bright and fair,
For us did then arise!
She seem'd to breathe a purer air
Beneath those hazy skies:
Guided by Love, forever kind,
Fortune began to beam—
But ah! the wily god is blind,
It was a POETS DREAM!

Death came, and took her from my arms,
And baffled every joy;
The world, and all its glowing charms,
Do now forever cloy!
There is a hope beyond the grave,
Where sorrows never mar;
The great in fame, the truly brave
Are ruled by that star.

The Muses guide where'er I roam,
And cheer me through the night;
Inconstant is my earthly home,
But they insure delight!
Sweet are their whisperings, and soft
Their tuneful voices seem—
Fancy will play, and O, how oft
She cheer's a POETS DREAM!

ELIZA.

Dim shines the evening star in lowering skies,
The cheerless peasants leave the gloomy green;
To the dark grove each feathered minstrel flies,
And bleak the melancholy night is seen
In sable robe, by baneful cypress crown'd,
Veiling the air, and dark'ning all the ground!

Such was the hour when fair ELIZA came
To vent her sorrows in a neighboring wood;
Her tender heart suffus'd a generous flame
For manly WILLIAM, beautiful and good:
But the cold hand of Death, relentless power,
Cropp'd in the spring of life this opening flower!

Heaven's purest azure in her sparkling eye,
With more than common lustre sweetly shone;
Her bosom fragrant as a Summer sky,
Seem'd the shrine where Cupid kept his throne:
She was, indeed, the queen of love and peace,
Comely as Helen, chaste as fair Lucretia.

Ye powers! what sofofested majesty in woe,
By Nature's matchless hand all perfect made!
She smil'd at grief, and checks her sorrows flow,
The transient Summer Rose forgets to fade—
Who would have thought such excellence as she,
Deriv'd its stock from any earthly tree?

A gentle blush suffus'd her modest cheek,
Down which stole a soft unbidden tear;
Gentle her mien, her looks serenely meek,
Save when she paus'd the rushing south to hear:
Around her face the cooling zephyrs fly,
And fragrant roses scent the ambient sky!

But now, ELIZA weary with the way,
A balmy bank of Violets softly press'd;
She call'd on Death, nor chid his long delay,
Her heart with anguish bursting in her breast!
Gently the ligament of life unties,
The flower of beauty fades—she faints—she dies!

SONNET.

Summer returns! how sweet her balmy breath,
Perfumed by the fragrance of the Rose!
Flora anew prepares her flowery wreath,
Extatic pleasures from her parterre flows:
Sol's burning orb doth now in Cancer glow,
Sheds refugeance on this nether sphere—
The gentle streams their silvery bosoms show;
Delighted wood nymphs in their bowers appear!
Nature in verdant garb and innocence array'd,
Led by Variety's enchanting charms,
Crowned with Roses, each delighted maid
Scatters flowers in their extended arms:
I feel each passion sooth'd, each sense refined,
Summer exalts the Poet's roving mind!

REMARK.—Men often promise, when God has afflicted them with sickness, to amend their lives, if permitted to associate with the world; but when health is restored, they forget those promises, and launch into the career of sin with renewed ardour.

Original Essay.

For the Weekly Messenger.

THE UNITED STATES.

"UNITED WE STAND—DIVIDED WE FALL."

I have long intended to speak on the present condition of this Union, without entering the arena of politics, or intending to offend any portion of my fellow citizens, however they may differ from me in opinion. Notwithstanding the clashing interests of interested partisans, who support candidates for offices, with the hopes of obtaining offices themselves, and the invidious measures adopted to insure success, I have always considered it the duty of a public writer to be independent, and "to speak of things as they are," without affection or favour; for my opinions, at least, can neither be bought or sold. When we are left to the decisions of unbiassed judgment, we easily rise to the energies of mind; none are so ignoble as to be excluded from the common gift of reason—some may possess a greater degree of intellectual improvement than others; it is their duty to seek by communication of all they know to enlighten their fellow citizens, and to impart all the knowledge they may exclusively possess. Talents were never designed to be hidden in a napkin, and the man who may chance to enjoy them, and neglects to seek the melioration of his fellow beings by the exercise of them, he is in the eyes of justice a delinquent. Liberty, benevolence, and truth, are beings of universal dominion in a heart unadulterated with aristocratic pride, alive to the feelings of humanity, and not made callous by the use of the weapons of despotism. If these three great deities be the triunity and unity of our perpetual adoration, we are indeed free. Truth we can discover, benevolence we can feel, and the glorious principle of Liberty we can promote; but it is well to remember, that Liberty consists in a generous exercise of the human faculties, as far as compatible with the interests of the great nation to which we belong; and we should also remember, that no human being can restrain the thoughts, words, and the actions of his fellow beings, and that the public interests are alone to be regarded. There is therefore, and there only can be one interest in our Democratic system—the interest of man considered as one individual being, as an emblem of the whole, and of whose glorious body men are but the composing atoms, of whose sublime incomprehensible soul, all others are but emanations, the beams that sparkle around the disc of the grand intellectual Sun of Liberty! May I now ask, what is the interest of one atom opposed against the whole number? It is the interest of a single contemptible man, whoever he be, opposed to the whole nation—patriotism warring against philanthropy.

I have given an outline of what I conceive Liberty ought to be, and what measurably constitutes the essence of that deity, so extensively adored, even by those who have endeavored to enslave the mind. It is a fact, however, that cannot be denied, that Liberty may be abused; and this is a daily occurrence in all our large cities and towns. When our fathers framed the Constitution and instituted the government, they thought that harmony and good will would be the mutual feeling of every American heart, and that patriotic sentiments, indicative of the good sense of the people, would only be adopted; they could not look through the vista of fifty years, and behold the clashing interests of contending parties, one endeavoring to supplant the other, by libeling character, and effecting by stratagem, what they cannot do by fair means. The agents in such a nefarious business can expect no reward or benefit whatever, by engaging in such a concern—they must finally reap the bitter fruits of their turpitude, and be subject to the contempt of every virtuous member of society. The man who will libel the character of another man, in order to serve a friend, who is seeking office, would commit any crime, were he not fearful of the law—such a man cannot be esteemed as a friend; he will turn from one side to the other as occasion requires, or as times alter, and will be true to no one, any farther than his own interests are concerned. Such is the condition of the United States at the present time, and if I am not very much mistaken, the present political contest will be marked with indeblis disgrace for years to come; and the vicious examples which are set before youth, will not be obliterated from their minds, except by the interposition of a great miracle. It is strange that our citizens cannot meet, and associate together as brethren, without indulging in vituperation, thus making enemies of friends, and forfeiting that mutual esteem, which had been cemented from their youthful days! consciousness of the dignity and power which we inherently possess, as it will show us the value of our rights, and animate us to vindicate them, so it will lead us not to debase ourselves by party artifices. The true dignity of man consists in mild forbearance and complacent remission; these are the principles that will truly enoble human nature, will stamp eternal excellence on the conduct of all who practise them, and will fully warrant the decisions of an applauding posterity; and while changes are effecting in the moral and political world, by the discussion of Republican principles, and

the diffusion of political truths, philosophy and science will progressively advance, men will continue to seek their true interests, and will eventually survive the storm of prejudice.

The reasons why the people are the best keepers of their own liberties are, because they never think of usurping over other men's rights, but mind which way to preserve their own; whereas the case is far otherwise among aristocrats, as all nations of the world have felt to some purpose; for they naturally move within the circle of domination, and count it no less security than wisdom and policy, to brave it over the people. We have only to refer to Roman history to discover the true nature of men, and to infer from thence, what they would be in the United States, if they had the chance: Suetonius tells us, how Crassus, Cæsar, and another, "made a bargain between themselves, that nothing should be done in the Commonwealth that displeased either of them three." Such another triumvirate of grandees was Augustus, Lepidus, and Anthony, who agreed to share the world between themselves; and traced the same paths as the others did, to the summit of worldly tyranny, over the ruins of the liberties of their country; they saved and destroyed, depressed and advanced whom they pleased, and even waded through blood to obtain their ends. But while the government remained untouched in the people's hands, every particular man, save the ambitious, lived safe, and no man could be prosecuted, unless a true and satisfactory reason was rendered for his destruction. It has ever been the people's care to see that authority be so constituted, that it shall be rather a burden than a benefit to those that undertake it, and be qualified with such slender advantages of profit or pleasure, that men will reap little by the enjoyment. The happy consequence whereof is this, none but honest, generous, and public spirits, will then desire to be in authority, and that only for the public good. Hence it was, that in the infancy of Roman liberty, there was no canvassing of voices; but single and plain hearted men were called, entreated, and in a manner forced with impunity to the helm of government, in regard of that great trouble and pains which followed the employment. Thus, Cincinnatus was taken out of the field from his plough, and placed much against his will in the supreme dignity of dictator; so the noble minded Camillus, Fabius, and Curius, were with much ado, drawn from their favourite recreations of gardening, to the trouble of governing; and the consulate year being over, they returned with much gladness again to their employments. If there was little pay and less power, few men would be found willing to be President of the United States—it is not for the honor of the office, but for the profit that men seek it. I am inclined to think, that in these degenerate days, patriotism is only another word for gain.

The next position to be considered, is that fearful Aristocracy, a remnant of the British nobility, and next to slavery, the greatest curse of the land. The Declaration of Independence says, that "all men are created equal," an expression, according to the customs of the time, absolutely obsolete. Such is the distinction between the plebeian and patrician classes, that the latter would consider it an indeblis disgrace to be connected with the former in marriage. The fact is, there is no "equality" in the United States, except it be between individual classes. Such invidious distinctions are certainly anti-republican, and better suit a monarchy, than a republic. We are apt to ridicule British manners and customs, but we should look at home, and correct our own fashions and fables, before we sneer at our neighbors. The British government is a constitutional monarchy, composed of a hereditary nobility—therefore, it is lawful that titles should be conferred, and that distinctions in society should be adopted. But in the United States no such law exists; therefore, no citizen has a right to arrogate to himself that importance which does not belong to him as a member of the community. If a poor man be virtuous and honest, he is as good as a rich man; and infinitely better, if the latter be a villain. Aristocratic aristocrats, they are entirely negative; we must expect that poor wretched women will be fanciful, and as the fashionable ladies generally esteem industry a dishonor, all they have to do is to talk scandal, and run their fathers or husbands in debt. According to the population, there is more pride and pomposity in our large cities, than in any European city known to travellers—a fact, in which every American tourist in Europe has coincided. Now, let me ask of you, are all these pretensions a tribute to respectability where there is no other reason to be given for them? Have the United States, in this respect, any more pride than the most despotic monarch? by persons deeply in debt, and who have no other resource to look honest at, but to talk scandal, and treat all with contempt, and to tell of what is mis-called "good society." Having visited every city in this Union, and noticed the movements of all the fashionable parties, I am almost forced to believe that nothing else is wanting but titles, to establish a first rate nobility—and I should not be surprised, if in time, a petition should be presented to Congress to alter the Constitution to that effect. As it is, the Aristocrats might as well have titles of nobility, for they have adopted the same manners, customs, and privileges as have for ages been observed in Europe—and it is a fact that cannot be denied, that if an Aristocrat commits any crime whatever, he is sure to escape punishment, while the poor men for similar offences, must suffer all the pains and penalties of the laws!—witness the late trial

and acquittal of young Robinson at New York city; circumstances have since transpired, which prove beyond all doubt that he was the murderer of the unfortunate girl, as charged in the indictment. But his case is a solitary instance of partial justice, hundreds of instances might be recorded, where the poor have suffered, and the rich have been cleared. Talk not of Justice, she is not only purlind, but confined in a cage, from whence she will be released when men cease to worship gold, and that time will never come. When a people overstep the rules of moral propriety, and neglect the essential duties they owe to each other as citizens, it is time that the press should tell them of their duty; and if it is, as alleged, "the palladium of liberty," it should not screen villainy of any kind, whoever may be the aggressor; but this has been done by some Editors, who think themselves patriots! When the press becomes an engine of corruption, liberty is retreating; and that society must be extremely bad, which tolerates a corrupt press, or its supporters.

I will now proceed to demonstrate, that aristocracy in the United States is the harbinger of monarchy; and it is my fixed belief, that if the system is not frownd down, by the people, the schemes of the elder Adams will be realized in less than half a century to come. All the farmers and mechanics have to do is, to keep the Aristocrats out of power, and thus humble their pride, so that they may condescend at least to think their American brethren a little better than German bores!

1. The absurd titles of Excellency, Honorability, and Esquire, are all of monarchical origin, and therefore unsuitable in a Republican government.

2. Levees, or great feasts, from which poor honest men are excluded, and none admitted but those who are flatterers. In New York, where aristocracy reigns in all its splendor, the *hollers* have their maids of honor, and the *gentlemen* have their servants dressed in gold faced liveries; the same ceremonies are used at table which dignity the British nobility, on similar occasions. Cards are issued, bearing the coats of arms of families, and every thing is done in the true British style; other eastern cities are not far behind New York in these extravaganzas.

3. Keeping the birth days of public servants. On this head, a celebrated writer very justly says, "it is dangerous for a people to believe that any one man, or set of men, are necessary to the safety or happiness of a country; and keeping the birth days of individuals, has a tendency to create such an opinion." The Fourth of July, being the great Birth day of American Independence, is the only day that should be politically consecrated to gratitude and festivity in the United States.

4. Establishing a ceremonial distance between government officers and the people, whose servants they are. It is to make the hireling greater than his master, and to repeat the folly and crime of idolatry. They should be treated with civility, but in no instance to admit of any distant respect. An officer creates no change in the body or mind of a man; and the moment he separates himself from his constituents, by a fastidious distance, he should be displaced, and a better man elected to fill the vacancy.

Many more abuses might be mentioned here, if my time and limits permitted, but they will not be forgotten—when the mind becomes familiar with the trappings of aristocracy and royalty, the transition to monarchy and tyranny is inevitable. Let the farewell admonitions of Washington, and the republican doctrines of Jefferson, be the polar stars to guide us to happiness and peace! The elder John Adams, after returning from his embassy to England, wrote a book of *Discourses*, as translated in the *North Star*, and actually introduced them into the circles of fashion. The indirect measure laid the foundation of the present obnoxious aristocracy in the United States!

These remarks will be concluded in the next Messenger, under the same caption.

BENJAMIN S. BULFINCH.

Printer's Retreat, July 30, 1836.

Eloquence.—Speech of high constable Hays to the rioters who recently struck in New York: "Gentlemen, and blackguards—Go home or go with me! Taint no way this to raise wages. If your employers would give wages, don't work—keep home and lay quiet. Make no riots here. I don't allow them things. Come, march home with you—your wives and children want you. No way this to raise wages."
N. Y. paper.

We find the following advertisement in a Salem (N. J.) paper:—All persons are hereby cautioned against trusting my wife Matilda, late Matilda Reeve, (who was married to me on the 24th day of May last, contrary to, and against my consent,) upon my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting.—Signed *Samuel Shamp.*

A Devil of a Dust.—The *Parliamentary Gazette* says, that a "reverend gentleman" down east, told his congregation that "the dust was so thick on some people's bibles that *hell* could not be lighted out of them!"