

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT.

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"Port's Corner."

The last Journey of Henry Clay.

He passeth on his way.
The man to Senates dear.
The silver-voiced, whom gathered throngs,
Still held their breath to hear;

He hath no warrior's crown,

No laurel on his breast,

But Peace her drooping Olive binds

Amid his stainless crest.

He shrink not at his post

Till the spoiler grasped his hand,

And sternly chained the silver tongue

Whose music charmed the land;

Mid Summer's glorious pride,

With the trumpet of iron steed,

He sweepeth on, o'er the realm he loved,

But his closed eye takes no heed.

Our cities veiled their heads

As through their gates he passed,

And the mournful voice of toiling bells

Wailed out upon the blast;

And forth our noblest came

To guard the sacred trust,

And weeping woman cast her wreath

Upon the honored dust.

He passeth on his way

In more than kingly state,

And silent children press to gaze

Upon the fallen great;

While from the ramparts proud,

Where his country's banners fly,

The booming cannon canons his praise

But he deigneth no reply.

There's sorrow on the wave

As the clefted dead they bring,

The passing ships their pennons furl

Like an eagle's broken wing;

And as the rippling streams,

That precious burden bore,

The murmuring rivers tell their grief

To every shrouded shore.

He passeth on his way

To his own cultured lawn—

The shadow of his planted trees

That bloom when he is gone—

An agonizing love

Bands, with stilled moan,

A nation's tear upon the bier

That mingles with her own.

Bow down in reverent woe

Beside his pale pall—

The friend of man, who fearless sought

The brotherhood of all!

Strong in a Savior's strength,

When life's fruit wry was riven,

The Truth and Peace he loved on earth

Made him at home in heaven.

Hartford, Ct., July 1852.

L. H. S.

Correspondence of the Register.

CHICAGO, 8th Sept. 1852.

DEAR FRAZIER.—Your excellent paper has at last appeared in my office. It was a long time that it was expected, and with some doubt as to the result, but it finally came, and with it the recollection of the campaign last fall, the campaign of 1848, and those of 1844 and 1840. It reminded me of the noble Whigs that rallied for Clay and fought against fraud and slander through the canvass and at the polls for as pure and noble a man as ever died. No man ever had more devoted friends than Henry Clay. No man was ever more abused than he, and was the North of Pennsylvania filled with the infamous slanders? The very air of your hills seemed loaded with the pestilential breath of the malignant defamers. I heard many Polk speeches in that canvass, and from everything in the County that could talk, and I heard not one of those appeals from the Democracy, but what contained a slander that ought to have disgraced the tongue of the utterer, and that he dare not now face. Yet he is fallen into the grave, and these same men will now point you to Clay as the example of what the Whig party ought to support and growling about the tomb of the man they sought to disgrace while living, so gradually into the character of Scott, ridiculing his claims, helping along his worth as a man, and covering with vile detraction and reckless attacks his public services. The ablest and purest of the Whig party have been those whom the leaders of Locofoco have delighted to vilify. They stand up as unfeigned self-convinced of that black crime. Let us, as they make their inhuman warfare upon Scott, remember the wrongs that they have committed. Let the true patriots of the Whig party, the lovers of truth, of country, and its champions, remember Henry Clay. Let them remember that the men who branded him as a murderer, a gambler, a party to bargain and corrupt, and violator of oaths, when so long sought to mingle their tears with the tears of a Republic when the grave was open to receive him. There is not a Piero orator, short of tall ignorant in Northern Pennsylvania, that has not the deep and deadly

sin staining his whole character as a citizen and a politician. For my part, there is nothing that can stir up the blood from my honest heart as the praises of Henry Clay, when uttered by these heartless Locofocos; and if there were other reason under the broad face of heaven, I would vote for Scott and Graham, to rebuke the hounds that hunted the great Commander to his grave.

It appears by the papers that the Buchanan democracy have nominated W. Woodward for the vacancy upon the Supreme Bench. Now the question of his election will I suppose cannot be easily and thoroughly discussed. That it is not my purpose to discuss. He may be, to use his own words, "again ignored and digested" by a fulsome eulogy upon himself, and that from papers that he cannot read because his "stomach cannot endure the perusal." But this does strike me that while he stands upon their State ticket, put there to secure the native American vote of Philadelphia, Dauphin and Schuylkill counties, they will not attack Scott with the charge of hostility to foreigners! If there ever was a canvass that demonstrated a thing beyond doubt, this proves the hostility of Locofoco men to foreigners. It is not enough that Stanton should compare Irishmen to Negroes and Indians, that their Wool should sentence a Catholic Irishman to pay half of six months' wages as a fine, and wear the infamous balls and chain on his feet because he would worship according to the dictates of his own conscience, it is not enough that Bayh should be hosted out of their Convention, that Campbell should be defeated in a poll that gave over \$8,000 to Scott majority—these things were not enough of proof of their aversion to the liberal views they claim; they must needs nominate the great man of New Hampshire's Democracy, the only fit Democrat for the Presidency, from the only State that ever proscribed men because they were Catholics! And finally, in a State where they never received a majority only through the votes of such men, they must put Woodward on the State ticket—they must nominate a man who proposed that no foreigner arriving in this country after July 4th 1841, should be permitted to vote in his old Keystone. And these are the men who charge Scott with Nativism, parading before the people their forged Reid and America letters. Virtue consistency is a jewel, and modern Democracy is the jewel of consistency. Yours,

ALDEBARON.

MONROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 7, 1852.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1443.

that he uttered the sentiments in his speech which it contains, he published that it was nothing that can stir up the blood from my honest heart as the praises of Henry Clay, when uttered by these heartless Locofocos; and if there were other reason under the broad face of heaven, I would vote for Scott and Graham, to rebuke the hounds that hunted the great Commander to his grave.

Mr. Commins of Huntingdon, rose and said that he thought it was a very hard case that a member of his convention should introduce a proposition like that brought forward by the gentleman from Luzerne, (Mr. Woodward)—that he should support it by a strong argument against foreigners, and that he should say that the

State advocate the removal of the Religious Test is nothing. We know that the organs of the same party throughout the country have always appeared strong in their love of Catholics and Irishmen, and we also know how they have treated them which anything concerning

All anti Catholic bigots, whether Whig or Democrat, (and we know there are a plenty of both,) we heartily despise; yet we prefer the bold and daring characters among them to the soft-hearted, liberty-loving souls, who are always enthusiastic in our welfare, that there is little danger of a hair of our head being lost in their presence, except however, that they find a good and safe chance to burn us alive! Every one knows the flatness used by that party to catch the votes of Catholics previous to yesterday and since the agitation of the School question in New York City, and how they treated us in that affair! And when they went into power in Massachusetts in '45 with the express understanding that they were to do something in the Convention Question, we all know what they did—it is easily told—nothing. Still with our war with Mexico, and when that party was deeply interested in everything that concerned us, that they applied for Catholic chaplains to attend the Catholic soldiers in the army, and when our forces had so far got possession of the country that they thought they could try it safely, we well knew how easily they proposed robbing the churches in that country and applying the plunder to the expenses of the war—all this we remember, and as far as it depends on our efforts, posterity shall also remember it.

For the Whigs to do this, might raise

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