

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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**TERMS.**  
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Phila. April 19, 1843.—6m.

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February 8, 1843.—6m.

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GEO. W. & LEWIS B. TAYLOR.  
Pila. Feb. 6, 1843.—6mo.

**Job Printing.**  
NEATLY EXECUTED  
AT THIS OFFICE.

## POETRY.

### The West Best Song.

We published some time since the best song that had appeared since the campaign of 1840, sung at the 4th of July celebration in Philadelphia.

We give the following as the next best that has appeared. It is from the pen of the Rev. W. Brownlow of the Jonesburg (Tenn.) Whig—one of the never tire coons, who is rejoicing at the recent victory in his own State, in which he was one of the principal actors. The song of the Whig, is embellished with a cut of a coon in a high tree, before him.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

As I walked out dis afternoon,  
To get a drink by de light of de moon,<  
Dar I see dat 'same Old Coon'  
A sittin' on a tree—  
A sittin' on a tree,  
A sittin' on a tree,  
A sittin' on a tree—  
And lookin' very glad.

Says I to him, 'wot make you grin?  
De Lokies say you're dead as sin;  
Dat dar you is—de same old skin—  
A sittin' on de tree, &c.

'Ob course I ar,' says he, 'and soon  
De Whites will sing de good old tune  
About de werry same 'Old Coon,'  
A sittin' on de tree, &c.

'When Massa Harrison—bless his soul!  
Began de great Whig ball to roll,  
Why here I sot, and see de whole—  
A sittin' on de tree, &c.

'One ting dar was in dat campaign  
I hope to neber see again—  
It gives dis Old Coon so much pain—  
A sittin' on de tree, &c.

'De way 'Old Wot'd' take you in,  
I offers thought would be a sin;  
It almos made me shed my skin,  
While sittin' on de tree, &c.

'Now when you get into de fray,  
Dat will be long for many a day,  
And end in lectin' HARRY CLAY,  
I'll sit upon dis tree, &c.

'And den, I hope, you put on  
Your flag de name of any one  
Wid his'n, 'twill be an 'honest John,'  
Or else not none at all!

So says dis "SAME OLD COON."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### From the London Literary Magazine.

#### MARRIED LIFE:

##### A Tale of Love and Happiness.

DEDICATED TO THE WHOLE BACHELOR TRIBE.

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious  
As the concealed comforts of a man  
Lock'd up in woman's love. I sent the air  
Of blessings, when I come but near the house;  
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth,  
The violet herb not sweeter."

I have often had occasion to remark the fortune with which woman sustains the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. These disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepid elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.—Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trial of roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter of her husband under misfortune, abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity.

I was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, they are there to share your prosperity; if otherwise, they are to comfort you. And indeed, I have often observed that a married man, filling into misfortunes, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence, but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments."

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, in administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex.

"Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."  
The difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination. He was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast—she was of life and gladness—I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there she sought favor and acceptance.

It was the mishap of my friend, however, to have embarked his fortune in a large speculation, and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him,

and he found him reduced to almost penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable, was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife, for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blamishments to win him back to happiness, but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul.

At length he came to me one day and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair.—When I had heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later, you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind, and true love will not brook reserve; it feels under-valued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"O, my friend, but to think what a blow I am to give all my future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar—that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to sink with me into indigence and obscurity!"

I saw grief was eloquent, and I left it have its flow, for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his procyon had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and I urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps necessary to her relief. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary."

"I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively, "in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust—I could—God bless her! God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature, for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up and seems to blaze in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is; no man knows what a ministering angel she is, until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of the world."

There was something in the earnestness of my language that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished off by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife. I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt a little solicitude for the result. I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel. It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms around my neck and asked me if that was all that had made me unhappy. But, poor girl," added he, "she can't realize the change we must undergo. She had no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation—she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegancies. When we come particularly to experience its sorid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations, then will be the trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had busied himself all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required but a few articles of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold except his wife's piano. That, he said, was too closely associated with himself—it belonged to the little story of their love—for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doating husband.

He was now going to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement.—My feelings had been strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and as he walked out fell into a fit of gloomy musing. "Poor Mary!" at length broke with a heavy sigh from his lips.

"And what off her?" asked I, "has she repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor! Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever seen her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort."

"Admirable girl," exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were richer—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman!"

"Oh, but my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage was over, I think I could be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience. She has been introduced to a humble dwelling; been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has for the first time known the fatigues of being obliged to do domestic employment—she has for the first time looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant—almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane so thickly shaded in forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine overran one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it, and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door and on the grass plot in front. A small wicker gate opened upon a foot-path that wound through some shrubbery at the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm. We paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing in a soft, sweet, and plaintive tone, "My dear George, I am so very glad you are come. I have been watching and waiting for you, and running down the lane and looking out for you. I have sat out a table under a tree, behind the cottage, and I have been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them, and we have such excellent cream—and every thing is so sweet and still there. Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "oh! we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her in his bosom—he folded his arms around her; he kissed her again and again; he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes. He has often assured me that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of such unutterable felicity.

The Militia officers are not the proudest men in the world, we always believed, and the following anecdote goes far to prove, that their humility is occasionally initiated, as well in its practical, as in its preceptive sense:

"Cuff," said one of these dignitaries to a negro at his side, as he prepared to swallow his fifth tin of "hardware." "Cuff, you're a good, honest, fellow, and I like to compliment a man wot's lived an honest life, if he is black—you shall take a glass of sumthin to drink with me, eh?"

"Well Captain," replied Cuff, wiping his mouth with the nether end of his shining coat-sleeve, "I see berry dry, so I won't be ugly 'bout it. Some niggers is too proud to drink wid a milksy ossifer—but, I tink a milksy ossifer—when he's sober—is jis as good as nigger—specially if he nigger's boy."—Exeunt the liquor.

GRANDLORQUENT.—"Gentlemen," said a student, "it is extremely insubrious to inhale the obnoxious effluvia which arises from the cadaverous carcass of a defunct horse." On another occasion, when asked "where he was walking," he replied, "merely perambulating miscellaneous through space."

DISCOURSE.—"Does you sing, marm?" said Joe Faber one day to a charming female acquaintance. "Oh," returned the fair one, "I never sings, but baby does, and when he does, I vistles him to sleep!"

A FAIR EXPECTATION.—"I am instructed to inform you that Mr. Brown expects the money to-morrow!" said a messenger from an impatient creditor to a dilatory debtor.

"Well, if he don't get it, tell him to keep on expecting!" was the cool reply.

REMEDY FOR A LADY'S SORE THROAT.—Enclose it closely, yet tenderly with a shirt sleeve, and be sure you have an arm in it.

## POLITICAL.

### From the Harrisburg Telegraph.

#### Canal Commissioners.

The candidates presented to the people for Canal Commissioners, by the Democratic Harrison State Convention, are men against whom a single objection cannot be raised. They are men of high moral standing and intelligence, and of unquestionable ability and worth. They are men of that integrity and practical fitness that the station demands.—They enjoy the highest confidence of those who know them—are unconnected and unadulterated with the frauds and speculation that have disgraced the management of our public works, raised the State debt to the enormous sum of FOURTY-TWO MILLIONS—sunk the credit of the Commonwealth below even that of bankruptcy, and enriched a few out of the hard earnings of the many. They are men in whom favoritism will find no friends—and speculators or plunderers no abettors. They are men whose lives and characters are a guarantee that, if elected, they will make faithful, competent, economical and devoted public servants.

Mr. TWEED, who stands at the head of the list, resides in Northumberland county, a central and proper location for the President of the Board. He is well and favorably known in this section of the State, not only as a man of unblemished reputation and integrity, but as one of extensive information on the subject of internal improvements—distinguished as a writer upon them—and as having been well acquainted with all the improvements of the State, from the first commencement. His qualifications in this respect, no one will question—they could scarcely be surpassed—and in the middle counties of Pennsylvania he will receive such a vote as will show that the people know and appreciate him.

The second on the list is Mr. WEAVER of Allegheny, the present sheriff of that county, who was elected in 1840 by an unprecedented majority for that office. Wherever he is known, he is esteemed for his plain, unpretending manners—his courteous demeanor—his sound judgment, and general intelligence. He stands above reproach, from even his political opponents, and will be extensively known in the West, will bring a very strong popularity.

Mr. GUILFORD, of Lebanon, concludes the list, as the candidate for the Eastern portion of the State, and all who know him will say, that he is a strong candidate, and will poll a great vote in this district of the State. He is a civil Engineer, and has distinguished himself as such in the service of the Union Canal Company. His qualifications for Commissioner are not exceeded by any man in the Commonwealth—and his personal standing is of that elevated character, that secures the respect of all. Mr. Guilford is too well known in this vicinity to require any eulogy at our hands. He has not an enemy where he is known—and the vote he will receive in Lebanon and Dauphin counties will show that he is not only esteemed for his private worth—but that the people have confidence in his experience, enlightened judgment, unbending integrity and firmness of character.

We may truly say, that the selections of these men are most happy and satisfactory, as it regards their locations and qualifications; and when the second Tuesday of October arrives, we hope to see those in favor of RETRENCHMENT, REFORM AND ECONOMY, of all political parties, give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether for TWEED, WEAVER and GUILFORD, and be gratified as well as benefited by their election.

### "We've Tread Them Sure!"

Col. Johnson, in a speech made in Harrisburg in October 1842, said that just before the battle of the Thames, when Gen. Harrison rode up to him, where he was at the head of his mounted dragoons, and saw the position of the British troops, he exclaimed—"WE'VE TREADED THEM SURE!" The Locofoco party of Pennsylvania, by their recent nominations for Canal Commissioners, are in as bad a position as were the British troops at the battle of the Thames—"WE'VE TREADED THEM SURE!" Let us inquire who and what their nominees are:

First, JAMES CLARK of Indiana, a member of the Canal Board for some dozen years; one of the OLD REGIME under which an extravagant system of internal improvements was fostered and encouraged—and one of those who recommended nearly all the monstrous appropriations by the Legislature, from whence arises the present burdensome debt of the State. The people have had enough of men of his stamp, and are not likely to trust them again with power and place. He is by far the weakest man on their ticket.

Second, we have JESSE MILLER, of Perry, Ex-Congressman and Ex-Auditor of the Treasury under Van Buren—an old lack of a politician whom the people of Perry had laid on the shelf, as politically defunct, but who is now roused up, and placed upon his legs for Canal Commissioner; but he can't run! The strength of his popularity may be estimated very readily by a single fact: He was re-nominated for Congress in the Perry, Cumberland and Juniata district in 1834, and barely escaped defeat by two or three hundred majority—that being all that was left to him of the over 2000 majority by which he was elected in the preceding term! The cause of this revolution in public sentiment

## POLITICAL.

was not any decrease of his party's strength, but it is said of certain "SPECULATIONS IN WHEAT"—speculations by the way, which the ensuing election will show the farmers of that district have not yet forgotten.

In a word, Mr. Miller has never been remarkable for any thing but an insatiable appetite for office—and was never particular whether it came by appointment or election, so that the pickings were fat and good. It may be denied that there is any thing remarkable in this feature of his character from that of many other individuals; but whether remarkable or not, he is not of the species out of which the people wish to make Canal Commissioners.

They have too great a pecuniary interest at stake in the State improvements to elect a STEREOTYPED PLACE-HUNTER, whose mouth is always open with the leeches' cry—"GIVE-GIVE!" to manage and control them.

Last, and least, we have Wm. B. FORSTER, Jr., of Allegheny, a young man who was brought from Kentucky, and placed upon the public works of the North Branch, as an engineer, soon after the Porter administration came into power. He then lent himself as a tool to drive the original contractors out of the just reward of their labors; and eventually succeeded in forcing every Whig to abandon his contract. The simple fact that under his estimates in favor of the Porter contractors who succeeded them, FORTUNES WERE MADE—and that he is to this day one of the most popular engineers with these CANAL CONTRACTORS and officers to be found in the State—ought to be sufficient to make the people careful how they entrust the Internal Improvements of the State to his management.

We have thus faithfully told over the roll of the Locofoco nominations for Canal Commissioners—How they ever came to receive the grave and deliberate nominations of a party Convention at this day is inexplicable, and will ever, perhaps, remain a wonder. In only one way can it be explained; by the fact that a majority of the convention were OLD CANAL CONTRACTORS, THEIR AGENTS, or CANAL OFFICERS.

Whether this is the class of men to dictate to the people whom they shall vote for, in order to promote economy and retrenchment, in the internal organization—Organize—Organize!

The time has come for action—earnest zealots, determined action. We have nominated a good and glorious ticket for Canal Commissioners—men of integrity—men of capacity—men of experience—NEW MEN in politics—men who are pledged to ECONOMY, RETRENCHMENT and REFORM.

The question is—CAN THEY BE ELECTED! We fearlessly answer—THEY CAN, if we all do our duty—if every Harrison man—every opponent of Locofocoism, Kickapooism and Canal Plundering—goes earnestly to work, from this time henceforth, until the 10th of October is past.

There must be organization—THOROUGH ORGANIZATION—in every county, town, and township of the Commonwealth. It must be done IMMEDIATELY. The time is short ere the election is upon us. But one brief month and the battle will be fought, and the victory won. Let us be up and doing then, and work "with a will."

An exchange paper says:—  
"It is asked why the Whigs of Tennessee were so gloriously successful! The answer is—They worked—they entered the field every man of them—they should themselves on their principles—and in every thing they did their whole duty."

Let the Harrison party of Pennsylvania imitate their brothers of Tennessee, and a like result will crown their efforts.—B.

### Important Questions.

—Whether Wm. B. Forster, Jr. is justly nominated as one of the locofoco candidates for Canal Commissioner, is the SAME W. B. FORSTER, Jr., to whom a distinguished Locofoco of Bradford county alluded when he said immediately after Porter's first election,—"WAIT UNTIL WE GET OUR OWN ENGINEER OF THIS LINE [the North Branch Extension] AND WE WILL HAVE EVERY WHIG ESTIMATED OFF THE WORKS!"

—Whether this SAME W. B. FORSTER, Jr., did come upon that line of Canal as Engineer, and DID ESTIMATE EVERY WHIG CONTRACTOR OFF THE WORKS, BY UNJUSTLY DEPRECIATING the amount due them for their labor; and so forced them to abandon their contracts to their utter ruin, which were then given to Locofocos at enormous prices. Is he the man!

—Whether he is the SAME WILLIAM B. FORSTER, Jr., who when LOCOFOCOS were thus introduced by base treachery, upon the works, became EXCEEDINGLY POPULAR AMONG THE CONTRACTORS!! by his LIBERAL!! and GENTLEMANLY conduct!

These are important questions which the people would like to see answered fully.—B.

THE PROVIDENCE EVENING COURIER, a Tyler paper, makes a laudatory appeal to the Democrats—Borrites—to rally and unite against the Whigs—the law and order party. The appeal will be useless and unheeded. Even Dorr himself, seems a union with the Tyler equal in that State, and begs of his followers not to disgrace themselves by any such bad company.