THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE.

Through the politeness of a friend in Indiana, we have been furnished with a copy of the proceedings of the twenty-fourth anniversary celebration of the Battle of Tippecanoe, held on the battle ground, November 7, 1835, from which we make the following extracts from an address delivered by the Hon. ISAAC NEWTON, President Judge of the First Circuit of Indiana:—

My principal object, fellow citizens, in addressing you upon this occasion, is to vindicate the HERO OF TIPPECANOE, against the aspersions that have been cast upon him by the *vile* tongue of slander.

It has been said again and again, that the Indians selected this camping ground. It has been said, also, that the selection was a bad one, and gave the Indians an advantage in the battle. These statements are both false, and have been made either through ignorance or a *malicious* design, to tear from Gen. Harrison the well earned laurels that encircle his brow, as a military commander. This ground was selected by Gen. Waller Taylor, one of his aids, and Gen. M. G. Clarke, the Brigade Major of the Militia. And, here, fellow citizens let me ask, who was more competent to select a camping ground, than these gentlemen? Gen. Clarke was a pioneer of the West, and an old Indian fighter, having emigrated to Indiana at least forty-five years ago. He is now living in Washington county, Ia.—Gen. Taylor was a Judge of the General Court of Indiana Territory at the time of the battle and was afterwards twice elected a Senator to Congress from Indiana. He is now dead; but his fame as a hero, still lives.

I come to the next question: Is this a good camping ground? And, here, let me ask any man of military science, who has examined this ground, and the adjacent country, in a better selection could have been made within five miles? What are the facts in relation to this ground? Has it not wood and water, two essential and indispensable requisites for a military encampment? Is it not considerably elevated above the adjacent country; except on the northeast part? Is there not a steep bluff on one side, and a prairie on the other? The affirmative of these questions being true, I now ask if the Indians, on one side of the encampment were not exposed to the balls of our muskets and rifles, in the open prairie, while we were partially at least, protected against theirs by the timber? Did not this bluff afford a protection to that part of the army who were placed near its top? The fact, that Capt. Warrick's company were placed near the top of this bluff, and the fact that the Captain himself, was the *only* man in the company who was shot by the Indians, is a sufficient answer to this question. The elevation of the ground above that occupied by the Indians, could not have been overcome by our men. Another advantage was secured to us by an elevated position: In shooting at our men who were elevated above them, the Indians, from necessity, would raise their guns above a horizontal position. If, therefore, their balls should pass over the first line, they would pass over the heads of all others within the encampment. Such are the facts in relation to this ground, about which, either malice or ignorance, and perhaps both, have been, and still are busily engaged in propagating and circulating falsehood, for the purpose of depriving the military character of the Hero of Tippecanoe and of the Thames.

To one of the chiefest of persecution against Gen. Harrison, some vile slanderers have had the baseness and hardihood to charge him with cowardice. This charge *I know to be false*. Yes, Fellow-Citizens, upon this ground, upon this consecrated battle field, I heard the voice of Gen. Harrison, more than once, amidst the din of arms, the cries of the wounded and groans of the dying, while the angel of darkness and death was hovering over the scene, commanding, cheering, and animating his officers and soldiers in the mild language of patriotism, and deliberate tones of heroism, which now but the brave could utter.

But fellow citizens, Gen. Harrison's military character needs no vindication by one who occupied so humble a station as I did, in the ever memorable battle of Tippecanoe. No splendid epaulettes were placed upon my shoulders; no glittering sword was suspended by my side. My rifle and my tomahawk, were the *only* weapons—and my *only* badge of military distinction. I am happy, fellow citizens, to find, after the lapse of 24 years, a *small remnant* of that patriotic band, who periled their lives in the *bloody* fight, still live, and who are providentially preserved as defenders of the fame, the honor, and the talents of their beloved Commander-in-chief. Let the history of the event speak his praise, and he needs no other vindication. Forty-four year ago, he came to Fort Washington, (now Cincinnati,) with a commission signed by the Father of his Country, appointing him an Ensign in the United States Army: he was afterwards appointed a Lieutenant, and while he held this station, he was appointed an aid to Gen. Wayne, and acted in this capacity at the time of Wayne's glorious victory over the Indians on the 20th of August, 1791, which resulted in the Treaty of '95, and restored peace to the Western States and Territories. He was, sometime after this treaty, appointed Secretary of the Northwestern Territory, and afterwards appointed a Delegate to Congress; and while a Delegate, he received the office of Gov. of Indiana Territory, from the great and democratic Jefferson, which he held for twelve years—during which time he was commissioner to make treaties with the Indians, and to purchase their lands, which he did to a large amount, and on better terms, for the United States, than any other commissioner ever did since his time.—In 1812, while the facts in relation to his conduct as a commander-in-chief of the army of Tippecanoe, were within the recollection of hundreds of his fellow soldiers, he was appointed Major General of the Kentucky Militia, by the venerable Gov. Shelby. This act of the patriotic Governor, and Hero of King's Mountain, was *unanimously* approved by the General Assembly of Kentucky—the blood of whose sons has been profusely shed on many a battle field in Indiana. Is not this evidence of the military skill and valor of Gen. Harrison?

A few months after receiving this appointment, Gen. H. was appointed by President Madison, Commander-in-Chief of the Northwestern Army. In 1813, the heroic Shelby, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, placed himself at the head of thousands of brave Kentuckians who rallied around his standard from all parts of the state, and marched to the head quarters of Gen. Harrison: and from placed himself and his brave companions under his command, and followed him to glorious victory over the British Regiones and their savage allies, at the battle of the Thames, on the memorable 5th of October 1813. Since this period Gen. H. has been elected to high and responsible offices; having been honored with the office of Senator of the United States from the State of Ohio, for several years. He now lives near the place to which he migrated forty-four years ago, when the great valley of the Mississippi was almost an unbroken forest from Pittsburg to New Orleans.

In conclusion, Fellow Citizens, let me ask, when or where, was Gen. H. found to be deficient in *Honesty, Capability,* or *Faithfulness* to the Constitution of his country? And why is it that he, in his old age, is pursued by the demon of relentless persecution? And why is the attempt now made to tear from his brow the military laurels that he has *deservedly* worn for twenty-four years? Let the *unhallowed* ambition of party spirit answer this question.

The witty and able editor of the Providence Journal affords the annexed sketch of an "old granny." It is an easy thing to call names, and with the weapon of illogical reasoning, to effect an exalted character as honorable and useful measures. In the present instance of the parties who have employed it to disparage General Harrison have reason for a military encampment, it not considerably elevated above the adjacent country; except on the northeast part? Is there not a steep bluff on one side, and a prairie on the other? The affirmative of these questions being true, I now ask if the Indians, on one side of the encampment were not exposed to the balls of our muskets and rifles, in the open prairie, while we were partially at least, protected against theirs by the timber? Did not this bluff afford a protection to that part of the army who were placed near its top? The fact, that Capt. Warrick's company were placed near the top of this bluff, and the fact that the Captain himself, was the *only* man in the company who was shot by the Indians, is a sufficient answer to this question. The elevation of the ground above that occupied by the Indians, could not have been overcome by our men. Another advantage was secured to us by an elevated position: In shooting at our men who were elevated above them, the Indians, from necessity, would raise their guns above a horizontal position. If, therefore, their balls should pass over the first line, they would pass over the heads of all others within the encampment. Such are the facts in relation to this ground, about which, either malice or ignorance, and perhaps both, have been, and still are busily engaged in propagating and circulating falsehood, for the purpose of depriving the military character of the Hero of Tippecanoe and of the Thames.

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SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN "OLD GRANNY."

In the years 1774, 1775, 1776, there was an 'old granny,' named Benjamin Harrison who was a member of Congress, and afterwards Governor of Virginia, he was one of the fifty-six 'old grannies' who signed the Declaration of Independence, he died, leaving but little property, for he was an 'old granny,' and devoted himself to his country with so much zeal in those stirring times, that he did not, like the more sensible office-holders of our day, acquire a fortune out of public employments. He died leaving a son named William Henry Harrison, who was pursuing his studies at Hampden Sidney College when the Indian frontier warfare broke out. Young Harrison was one of those called for one of 'old granny' named Robert Morris, and was a protege and favorite of another 'old granny,' named George Washington, both of whom like the father of Harrison, had spent their lives in the active service of their country. Being the son of an 'old granny,' and having been nursed by one himself, he was fit for the 'old grannies' above named, it cannot be thought surprising that young Harrison grew up to be an "old granny" himself.

In 1793, Harrison joined the army under 'old granny' Wayne, and by general 'old granny,' appointed the young volunteer as one of his *aids-de-camp*. In 1797, he resigned his commission, and was appointed Secretary of the North West territory.—The year after he was elected delegate to Congress.

Here he did a thing which alone would establish his inferiority to the present enlightened race of office-holders. The public lands were then divided into sections of 4000 acres, and were never sold in less quantity than a whole section. Consequently a man who wished to buy a farm for actual settlement, was obliged to buy 4000 acres at the government price, or to purchase a smaller quantity of some speculator, whose means would allow him to hold a whole section,—the price, of course in such cases, was far beyond that of the government lands. Being nothing but an 'old granny,' Harrison never for a moment considered how much superior the interests of a few speculators were, to those of the people at large, he obtained the passage of an act allowing sales of as small quantity as 320 acres, which brought it within the means of almost every man.

The following year this 'old granny' was appointed Governor of the territory of Indiana which is now divided into several large States. He was appointed repeatedly, at the request of the inhabitants, and held the office for fourteen years. During this time, he was superintendent of Indian Affairs within the jurisdiction and sole Commissioner for treating with the Indians. During this time, the 'old granny' negotiated thirteen treaties with the Indian tribes, for which services being an 'old granny' he never made the government any charge.—The battle of Tippecanoe, and the overthrow of the Pawnee Chiefs, were considered very respectable service for an 'old granny,' and in those days were thought to give a man some claim upon the gratitude of his country.

In 1812 when war was declared against Great Britain, this 'old granny' was placed in command of a large number of volunteers to protect the Indian territory, and was afterwards appointed Commander-in-Chief of the North Western army. His conduct in that war—his turning the tide of disaster, and raising in triumph and victory the falling flag of his country, the recovery of Michigan, the battle of the Thames, which destroyed the British army of Upper Canada, were also thought very considerable services for an 'old Granny.'

After resigning his commission, this 'old granny' was again appointed Commissioner to treat with the Indians. In 1816 he was elected a member of the Lower House of Congress and in 1824 he was elected a Senator in Congress, from the State of Ohio. In 1825, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Bogota, by John Quincy Adams, the 'old granny' who lately presided over the House of Representatives.

No man in this country ever possessed such opportunities for making a fortune out of his official station, especially by land speculations, from his position in the territory of Indiana, and from his knowledge of the country—of its situation, resources and growing importance—he could have easily obtained possession of tracts of land, the natural rise in the value of which would have made him as rich as a Girard or an Astor. But he was an 'old granny,' and having been educated in the school of such an 'old granny' as George Washington, he could not be supposed to know as much as the land receivers and other office holders of our day, who get rich on the plunder of the treasury, and then resign their offices and nominate their successors. So General Harrison retired from office as poor as he was when he entered it, and now, like a second Cincinnatus—who, we dare say, was an 'old granny,' he lives by the cultivation of the soil.

So it appears that William Henry Harrison, the 'old granny,' of whom we have been speaking, has been

Secretary of the North Western Territory.
Governor for fourteen years of the territory of Indiana.
Superintendent of Indian Affairs.
Commissioner for treating with the Indians.
Representative in Congress.
Senator in Congress.
Major General in the United States army.
Commander of the North Western army in the last war, and
Minister Plenipotentiary to Bogota.

Thus we may see what it takes to make an 'old granny,' he is before the people whom he has so long and so faithfully served, and he has been nominated as a candidate for one other office, that of the President of the United States In the long career of public employment and successful public service, he has never been accused of one dishonest action, he stands forth with clean hands, a clear head and honest heart, THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

VOICE OF THE WEST.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot.
CINCINNATI, Ohio, Feb. 12, 1840.

Your Eastern readers no doubt feel a deep interest in learning how the prospects of the advocates of correct principles and good government are progressing in the West. This portion of the Scioto Valley, I know from personal observation—as well as the whole entire State, from what I learn by the most authentic sources—are up and doing. The county of "Old Ross" held a Harrison meeting on the 8th of this month, which was attended by a large number of the "*bone and sinew*"—the yeomen of the county. I had the pleasure of noticing the faces of several gentlemen who have heretofore been zealous supporters of Mr. Van Buren, who united with us with much ardour in shouting "Huzza for Harrison," and who afterwards openly avowed their determination to support the *Ohio Farmer*. I hope the State of Maryland will give as ample proof next fall, that she is now min represented in her Executive as Ohio will, and that she is wholly so in her Executive and Legislature.

From what I see, and what I hear, I should not at all be surprised, to see FIFTY THOUSAND Ohio Farmers, Mechanics, Laborers, Merchants, and indeed all classes and professions, assemble at Columbus on the 21st and 22d inst., to transact the business of the people. Old Ross has made arrangements with eight Canal Boats, to take up her representation, each of which is capable of accommodating 120. Ohio will sustain triumphantly her well tried public servant, the Farmer of North Bend. Will Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Delaware, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Louisiana, Michigan, &c., back her? Echo answers: Yes, that we will.

A FARMER OF ROSS CO., OHIO.

From the Winchester Republican.

HARRISON AND TYLER IN OHIO.

The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman in Chillicothe, Ohio, to his friend in this town. The writer, after alluding to the scarcity of money and the reduced prices of produce, occasioned by the deranged condition of the currency proceeds as follows:

"But the hour of our redemption is drawing nigh. A light has dawned upon the West. The people are awake. The name of Harrison, or "Old Tip" as he is called, has rallied the people. The yeomanry of the entire west, without distinction of party, are rallying under the banner of the Hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames, determined to redeem this fair land from the paralyzing and blightening influence of Locofocoism. The flag of Harrison and Tyler is streaming from the mast head of every Whig paper in the West. Thousands of original Jackson men are joining the ranks and enrolling themselves under the banner of the former, statesman, and hero, and the cry is "still they come!" Forty Germans, at the last Harrison meeting in this city, who were Van Buren men at the last election, came boldly up, handed in their names, and pledged themselves to vote for Harrison and Tyler, and about fifty others, who had voted for Van Buren, previously gave in their adhesion, one of whom had fought side by side with Gen. Harrison, and wears upon his body the best tests of his patriotism—visible scars—who declares he "never knew a better man, or saw a braver soldier;" and, said he, "Harrison was always in the hottest and hardest of the fight, where balls were thickest, and where steel met steel in the fiercest." I do verily believes, that in this county alone there has been at least 500 changes from Vanism to the ranks of the people's candidate since the Harrisburg nomination. Throughout the whole length and breadth of the West we have the same gratifying intelligence. In an adjoining county ten or twelve farmers (Vanites) each carried a load of wheat to market, and could not get more than 37½ cents, cash, per bushel, whereupon they drove their teams altogether, jumped off their horses, took off their coats, turned them wrong side out, put them on again, jumped on their horses, cracked their whips, and drove out of town huzzaing for Harrison and Tyler. This is not a mere tale—it is a *positive fact*. They do not now care for being called turncoats, for, as one expressed himself, they are even willing to *turn their skins*.—You may set down 20,000 majority for Harrison and Tyler in Ohio.

"There will be a great meeting of the people at Columbus on the 22d of February. Ross county has appointed 1100 delegates, who are going to march up with knapsacks and blankets, and rations for six days. Every county in the State will be represented. The people will march up in companies of tens, of fifties, of hundreds, of thousands, to rescue the ark of the Constitution, and to save our beloved country."

DESTRUCTIVE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The seed-time of Locofocoism has passed. Its harvest approaches.

ALADAMA, a State in which Jackson and Van Buren have borne undisputed sway, has contracted a debt of $15,000,000. She is dependant solely on Banks for the means of paying her interest on this vast debt. Her energies are paralyzed and her currency almost worthless.

MAINE is without funds, and has been compelled to resort to an issue of Treasury Notes, of which the following is the form, to meet the expenses of the Government:

"The State of Maine promises to pay, at the Treasury office in Augusta, in one year after date, or sooner, if notice be given, to the holder of this note, five dollars *in current bank bills* of said state, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

, Treasurer State of Maine."

The condition of Maine is more desperate. Her Legislature has adjourned without making provision for a debt of $300,000, the bonds of which now lie protested in New York.

PENNSYLVANIA has just been saved from acknowledged bankruptcy by the aid of Banks whose charters her Legislature was on the point of forfeiting.

MICHIGAN, a state that came into the Union with youth, enterprise, and unbounded resources in her favor, has, in three short years, been utterly ruined by mis government. Her Rulers, from the highest to the lowest, prove to have been among the most abandoned and profligate that ever betrayed and cheated a deluded People.

And these are *some* of the fruits of Van Burenism. Others are ripening. The ruin it promises to be bitterly abundant. Our own State, most fortunately, threw off the "Spoilers" before they consummated its destruction. We escape the fate which has overwhelmed some, and awaits other elevated portions of the Union.—*Albany Journal.*

TROYT GREEZING—*almost a shipwreck!* —The St. Charles on her fifty boat out with an adventure on Friday last, almost equal to some of those related by Capt. Ross in his search after the north pole. When about half way across the river, she got jammed in amongst the ice, so firmly as to resist every effort to force her forward or to return to shore. There were fifteen passengers on board, who, for some time took it very cool, but at last, grew tired, and tickled themselves with contemplating their delicious position.

"Well, upon my word!" ejaculated a fat old gentleman, taking a long pull at his cordial and making his spectacles from his nose. "I never expected to be shipwrecked upon a ferry boat—ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" responded a young lady, who was leaning on the old gentleman's arm. "This will be something to tell of, when I get home, when you go to Congress! How delightful!"

"For my own part," observed a long, lank, leathern looking old gentleman, leaning his rifle on the bank where he had been fishing—"I dont think it so mighty pleasant, miss, to be frozen up here like a toad in the tub, waiting for the ice to learn politeness and give us room to pass." The old gentleman spoke very decidedly, and evidently meant what he said. After he had finished, he gave his handkerchief an emphatic twitch, so as to bring the carefully arranged knot exactly in front, and walked nervously to the other side of the boat.

A general giggle followed this ebullition of spleen on the part of the leathern old gentleman, and a desultory conversation was carried on by the passengers upon politics, the price of grain, the latest fashions, and other interesting topics, not forgetting, of course, the state of the weather.

Night at length fell around the voyagers, and no signs of relief were yet to be perceived. Upon looking out, they now found that they had drifted some miles down stream, and were completely cut off from all communication with the shore on either side. The good humored old gentleman began fidgetting about, and at length made inquiry about supper. Upon examining the locker, however, not a morsel of any thing could be found, and the poor cast-aways, as may well be supposed, passed a most uncomfortable night. At length morning dawned, but no signs of relief appeared. Noon came, and it was again night—and still they were wedged in closer and faster than ever. Merriment was at an end. Hunger spoke sharply and imperatively to all, and a look of alarm and anxiety pervaded every face. After suffering nearly another day, and just as they were on the point of killing one of the horses for food, a small boat succeeded in reaching them, laden with a more valuable freight than gold or diamonds—viz: a quarter section of corn bread and a large ham.—The way the eatables were used up, as Davy Crockett would express it, was "not slow, nor yet long you can fix it!" We are happy to state, in conclusion, that no lives were lost; and that, as they stepped on shore, the leathern old gentleman slyly whispered into the young lady—"There are many young ladies, Miss, who have been shipwrecked on the barren coast of old maidenhood just because the *ice wasn't broken* in time.—*St. Louis Dut.*

From the Harrisburg Chronicle.

SPEECH OF MR. POLLOCK.

GENERAL HARRISON'S BRAVERY.

Among the many foul charges brought against the private and public character of General Harrison none is seized upon with more avidity, and published with more malignant satisfaction by the federal loco focoress, than that of his being a coward; of ourselves we have never thought it sufficient to dignify this slander by an insertion, it having, like the rest, originated in the desperation of a desperate corrupt and malignant party. But we cannot resist the temptation now, of publishing the speech of Mr. Pollock of Ohio, delivered in Congress, in answer to this charge of cowardice against General Harrison. The vindication is most triumphant, and is beautifully made. Let the people read it. Mr. P. was a fellow soldier with and under General Harrison. He had opportunities of testing his General's bravery and skill. See what he says.

Our thanks are due to the friend who sent us this speech, and called our attention to it.

REMARKS OF MR. POLLOCK, OF MUSKINGUM.

In reply to the remarks made by Messrs. BUCHANAN and FLOOD during the debate in the House, on Monday last.

Mr. SPEAKER,—I have listened to the debate, thus far, with much patience. I have heard abuse heaped upon Gen. Harrison, by men we are compelled to respect, and although I am unaccustomed to speech making, I hope the House will bear with me for a few moments, for I shall not trouble the Printer's subscribers with a long particular matters. I shall not deal in generals, we have had too many of them already. Sir, I have heard members of this House compare Gen. Harrison to a Locofoco, whom he defended and protected from the war-knife and tomahawk of the Indian, when they were sleeping in their mother's arms.

Mr. Speaker,—I know something of Gen. Harrison; and something of his history, and something of the brave, noble, individuals who were with him during the last war; who were with him in the battles of the Thames, Fort Meigs, and Fort Stephenson. I know, sir, that cannon balls, and chain shot, and bomb shells, flew thick around him in these battles. The gentleman from Clermont, (Mr. Buchanan,) said that Gen. H. was not, during the battle of Fort Meigs, near enough to have the scales knocked off of him. Well, sir, if he was not near enough to have the scales knocked off, he was near enough to have scalped and dirk knocked on to him by cannon balls.—(Who saw it? asked some member.) I saw it, sir. I was in that battle. I saw a cannon ball strike within two feet of Gen. H. during that fight I was there. I saw bomb shells and chain shot flying all around him. Horses were shot down under him. I was also at the battle of the Thames, and I saw Gen. H. there, and he was in the hottest and hardest of the fight; and where balls flew thickest, and where steel met steel the fiercest. I was there with good Gen. Harrison. I speak what I know, and what my eyes have seen. Gen. Harrison is not a coward; and those who call him a coward know nothing of him. He was a brave, prudent and fearless General. He took the right course during the last war—he acted a noble part, and his country has honored him for it. The people have rewarded him by his side; whose arms were nerved by his presence; whose hearts were cheered by his valor; and who were led to triumph and to victory by his prudence, his courage, and skill, it Gen. Harrison was a coward—and they sir, will tell you, no!

Sir, I know Gen. Harrison. I have only wished to give my testimony in favor of Gen. Harrison, and to state what I have seen, in opposition to the statements of those who are ignorant of his character, and who know nothing of his bravery and skill.

India Cotton.—A Bombay paper of Oct. 26th, received in New York, says—"We understand that the Court of Directors have engaged twelve Americans to proceed to this country for the purpose of improving the cultivation and cleaning of Cotton, and that they may be shortly expected to arrive in Bombay."

The New Jersey Case.—The subject of the New Jersey outrage by Mr. Clerk Garland and his compatriots, has come before the General Assembly of Virginia in the very form we anticipated and desired—that of a message from New Jersey to Virginia, complaining of the outrage done that old Revolutionary State, the theatre of many glorious deeds. It has been considered, too, to the hands of an able Committee, with Mr. *Southall* at their head, and Virginia may expect a Report worthy of her and of New Jersey.—*Richmond Whig.*

Attempted Revolt and Piracy.—The New York Express states that on Monday last, three men, named William Robertson, Nathaniel Danfield and James Buckles, were brought by the U. S. Marshal from on board the U. S. brig Boxer, charged with an attempt at revolt and piracy on board the brig Despatch, of Boston, off Rio Janeiro. The plan of these prisoners was to induce the crew to seize upon the Captain and officers, murder them, run away with the brig, and commence piracy! Their diabolical design was frustrated before it could be put in execution, and the criminals were delivered over to the commander of the Boxer, to be brought home for trial. They were briefly examined and then committed to prison.

"AN OLD GRANNY."—It is not a new idea to call successful generals by the epithet of 'old granny.' In '77, when General Gates took Burgoyne, and when the latter came forward to deliver up the sword, some of his officers, addressing themselves to the officers of Gates, asked if this war was the 'old granny' they were to surrender. "Yes" was the reply; and observed that "he was a very successful mid wife. That he had, that morning, delivered Gen. Burgoyne of eight thousand men."—*Saint Journal.*

HARRISON AND THE LOCOFOCOS.—The Madisonian Republican Banner of late date, has the following extract of a letter from a gentleman in the north part of Indiana, engaged in the collection of furs and peltries, to a citizen of Madison. The writer says: "I have not visited a *log cabin* or a hunter's camp, since the nomination of the Harrisburg convention, and informed the farmer in his cabin, of the fact, or the hunter in his camp, but that the former did not take off his rusty hat, and the latter his fox-skin cap, and huzza for the Hero of the Thames and Tippecanoe." The letter adds that the soil of Indiana is not congenial to the growth of modern loco focoism, and that Harrison and Tyler will cross the Wabash with a large majority.

TEMPERANCE.—In the House on the 13th inst. Mr. Morton presented a petition praying for an investigation into the evils of intemperance, and said he hoped the committee on vice and immorality would act on the subject. Mr. M'Elwee said this was meddling with *other people's business*, and hoped the House would not agree to the investigation unless the gentlemen from Beaver would pay the expences. Mr. Morton thought the gentleman from Bedford ought to agree to the motion, as he has so great an interest as any other member in the matter.—*Tel. & Int.*

VERY AWFUL!—The Spirit of the Times, a pretty considerably fierce kind of a Loco Foco paper, in Philadelphia, has the following most awful paragraph, in relation to the Editor's abandonment of Bentonian humbuggery and knavery:

"The Governor's extra message was received with *mingled shame, indignation*, and *pity*. Many, they conceived him honest and sincere in his belief—that the course he was advocating was one which would meet with their approbation, but they were astonished that he should so easily yield to selfish misrepresentation—indignant that he should have been so heinously deluded—and pitying the misfortune of these, these beggared institutions should have sufficient influence to thwart their wishes, and *compel* them into an acquiescence with whatever political measures may be their private interest, convenience, however unjust and indefensible in point of principle and public faith.—And now, *our streets are filled with lamentation and expressions little short of unpeccernable hate.* The people are up in arms at this tyranny of the public money power over their rights and their demands. *Fierce resolves, and wild exclamations may be read in every countenance, and much awe should deprecate such an event, if some individuals were to visit us from Harrisburg*, who are known to be *desperate*, we *feel confident they would be hooted at and insulted*, for what is deemed an abandonment of their promises, and the true interest of the State."

THE MILLENNIUM.—William Miller a preacher, we understand, of the Baptist denomination, commenced, on Wednesday evening, the delivery of a course of lectures "on the second coming of Christ," at the Marlborough Chapel. The course will occupy the evenings in a week for the remainder of this month.

The great point which this lecturer labors to prove, as we are informed, is that Christ will appear in the year 1843; and that this advent will be attended with the civil, moral and physical judgments, which are foretold in the writings of the evangelists and prophets, taking the language of those writers according to the literal meaning of the words.—*Bost. Cou.*

"A LARGE FACT, AND NOT A FACT.—The difference of the *Earth's* distance from the *Sun*, between the *apogee* and *perigee* of the latter, that is, when it is farthest off, or nearest to, the Earth, *is three million two hundred thousand miles.* In this century, the Sun is in *apogee*, or farthest off, about 1st July, and in *perigee*, or nearest the Earth, on the last day of December.

"If, then, on the 1st July, a cannon ball could be discharged in opposite direction, in right line to the Sun, and go at the rate of 500 miles per hour, yet the Earth, proceeding in her accustomed orbit, would be nearer to the cannon ball than to the Sun, on the last day of December, by a million of miles!

From the St. Joseph, Florida Gaz. Jan. 29

INDIANS!—An express has just arrived (Tuesday morning) from Iola, with a letter from Mr. J. L. Smallwood; merchant of that place, stating that on Monday night the family of Mrs. Harden, about six miles from Iola, were all murdered and the premises burnt, by a party of Indians, supposed to be about twenty in number.—The citizens of that neighborhood were without arms or ammunition, and call for assistance. The Indians will either remain in the Aphalachicola swamps, or make for the eastern arm of St. Andrew's Bay. A company hence, under the command of Colonel Fitzpatrick, has gone in pursuit of them.

APALACHICOLA, (E. F.) Jan. 29, 1840.

We this morning received the distressing intelligence that the family of Mr. Rowlett, at Rowlett's Mills, in this county, a short thirty miles from this city, were massacred by a party of Indians just before sundown last evening. Mr. P. W. Rowlett and a mulatto man were shot down by the Indians before they had shown themselves. The Indians then approached the house, and the inmates were shot down in endeavoring to make their escape. Mrs. Hollis, a daughter of Mr. Rowlett, was shot down in the door. One individual, a Mr. Robinson, we believe, was near the premises, and also escaped to tell the story. The elder Mr. Rowlett and one of his sons were from home when the massacre took place.

INDIANA.—A Western paper states that a cute Yankee has caught a Van Buren man in the "Hoosier State," and is taking him round as a show. A live a sight! "children half price." It is said to be a first rate speculation!

GETTYSBURG STAR AND REPUBLICAN BANNER.

GETTYSBURG, February 25, 1840.

PEOPLE'S CANDIDATES.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
JOHN TYLER.

SENATORIAL ELECTORS.
JOHN ANDREW SHULZE, JOSEPH RITNER.

REPRESENTATIVE DELEGATES.

1st District:		LEVIS PASSMORE,
2d	do	CADWALLADER EVANS,
3d	do	CHARLES WATERS,
4th	do	JONATHAN GILLINGHAM,
	do	AMOS ELLMAKER,
	do	JOHN K. ZEILIN,
	do	DAVID POTTS,
5th	do	ROBERT STINSON,
6th	do	WILLIAM S. HENDEU,
7th	do	J. JENKINS ROSS,
8th	do	PETER FILBERT,
9th	do	JOSEPH H. SPAYD,
10th	do	JOHN HARPER,
11th	do	WILLIAM WELWAINE,
12th	do	JOHN DICKSON,
13th	do	JOHN SKEESHAN,
14th	do	JOHN REED,
15th	do	NATHAN BEACH,
16th	do	WES MIDDLESWARTH,
17th	do	GEORGE WALKER,
18th	do	BERNHARD CONNELLY, Jr.
19th	do	GEN. JOSEPH MARKLE,
20th	do	JUSTICE G. FORDYCE,
21st	do	JOSEPH HENDERSON,
22d	do	HARMAR DENNY,
23d	do	JOSEPH BETTINGTON,
24th	do	JAMES MONTGOMERY,
25th	do	JOHN DICK.

Our Banner.—WE HAVE FLUNG OUT THE BROAD BANNER OF INDEPENDENCE THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES, INSCRIBED WITH THE INSPIRING WORDS:—ONE PRESIDENTIAL TERM—THE INTEGRITY OF THE PUBLIC SERVANTS—THE SAFETY OF THE PUBLIC MONEY—AND THE GENERAL GOOD OF THE PEOPLE."

[DARBOUR.

Our thanks are due to the Hon. JAMES COOPER of Congress, and D. M. SMYSER, Esq. of the State Legislature, for public documents forwarded us.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF RELIGION AND LITERATURE.—The Subscribers to this periodical are informed that it is this week published, and may be obtained on *Thursday next*, by application at the bookstore of S. H. Buehler Req., Chambersburg St, near the public square.

PRESBYTERIAN SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.—This society celebrated its ninth anniversary on Friday evening last. The Chorus of Music, after a short hymn, by Professor JACOBS, orations were delivered by Messrs. N. H. CONNELL and C. WITMER, and the anniversary address by C. D. BRAND, Esq., of Philadelphia. The latter gentleman acquitted himself in a very able manner. The sentiments contained in his address were at once lofty and dignified; his illustrations striking and forcible; and the whole we consider it quite a rare production.

The music on this occasion was particularly good, and the young men composing the Band did themselves great credit for their skill, to wit, in the *execution* of the pieces. We hope they may continue together, and that we may often have the pleasure of listening to such a concord of sweet sounds."

The prospect still brightens—the news of each *Sun*, between the *apogee* and *perigee* of the labors of the friends of the *"Log cabin candidate"* cannot fail to elevate him to the chief magistrate's chair, and make him the tenant of the "White House" for the next Presidential term. Every State in the union is moving. Of the State in which the Hero resides, it may well be said, that the determination of the people of the ability of her sons to honor the people's candidate, are an earnest of a route among the *spoil's men*, which will be without a parallel. The "Log cabin" poor laborer, who could not afford to attend the "congregations" of the people, weekly held to respond to the nomination of the Harrisburg Convention. No hall, however spacious, sufficiently large to accommodate the assembled multitudes, the open market place is resorted to, where, from the youth who just enters political life, to the grey haired revolutionary who may scarce live to deposit in the Ballot-Box his approving token of the valorous deeds of the Hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames, there is an enthusiasm and unanimity exhibited, which, while it is rarely seen in such great concourse of people, is most gratifying to those who are endeavoring to drive from the public treasury the cormorants that have been preying upon it.

In the Key-stone State each movement of the enemy appears to find for them a pit-fall; and if Harrison and Tyler could never before have carried the State, they now can—the great leaders of the Loco Foco party have sworn it—they have not hesitated to utter it in high places—at meetings of their clans—to friends and foes. If the "little magician" places any dependence on Pennsylvania, his knees may begin to quake. The people have drawn a circle around him, and will place in his stead, one who has their confidence—whose *experience* has taught him *economy* in private life, which he will practice in public—whose scrupulous honesty, when receiving and disbursing millions of dollars as a ministerial officer under the government, (never having appropriated to himself a single *dime*, although in straightened circumstances and with a large family dependent on him for his daily bread,) is a sufficient guarantee for his prudent and faithful care of the public treasury from Prince and Downtwoods of Van Burenism—whose ability to manage the affairs of the people has been tested and approved by the confidence reposed in him by the elder and younger Adams, by Jefferson and Madison—and whose literary productions give satisfactory evidence of his ability to confer with our National councils.

General HARRISON is a true republican in practice and feeling. Martin Van Buren is an aristocrat of the royal stamp. The culture of the land, in the capacity of an Ohio farmer—the handling of the plough and implements of husbandry, are the daily employ of Gen. Harrison. Martin Van Buren rides in his English coach, with his attendants fore and aft, or sits in the lap of ease, surrounded by gorgeous tapestry and fawning sycophants. What republican can hesitate to make choice of the "Farmer President"—the *people's candidate*, and use uniting exertions to secure his election?

THE CUBA BLOODHOUNDS.

In the annals of warfare, nothing was ever regarded as so shocking as the employment of bloodhounds by Ferdinanda Cortez, in the subjugation of Mexico. The record of the transaction, in the Spanish chronicles, is that the latter his fox-skin cap, and huzza for the Hero of the Thames and Tippecanoe." The letter adds that the soil of Indiana is not congenial to the growth of modern loco focoism, and that Harrison and Tyler will cross the Wabash with a large majority.

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TEMPERANCE.—In the House on the 13th inst. Mr. Morton presented a petition praying for an investigation into the evils of intemperance, and said he hoped the committee on vice and immorality would act on the subject. Mr. M'Elwee said this was meddling with *other people's business*, and hoped the House would not agree to the investigation unless the gentlemen from Beaver would pay the expences. Mr. Morton thought the gentleman from Bedford ought to agree to the motion, as he has as great an interest as any other member in the matter.—*Tel. & Int.*

VERY AWFUL!—The Spirit of the Times, a pretty considerably fierce kind of a Loco Foco paper, in Philadelphia, has the following most awful paragraph, in relation to the Editor's abandonment of Bentonian humbuggery and knavery:

"The Governor's extra message was received with *mingled shame, indignation*, and *pity*. Many, they conceived him honest and sincere in his belief—that the course he was advocating was one which would meet with their approbation, but they were astonished that he should so easily yield to selfish misrepresentation—indignant that he should have been so heinously deluded—and pitying the misfortune of these, these beggared institutions should have sufficient influence to thwart their wishes, and *compel* them into an acquiescence with whatever political measures may be their private interest, convenience, however unjust and indefensible in point of principle and public faith.—And now, *our streets are filled with lamentation and expressions little short of unpeccernable hate.* The people are up in arms at this tyranny of the public money power over their rights and their demands. *Fierce resolves, and wild exclamations may be read in every countenance, and much awe should deprecate such an event, if some individuals were to visit us from Harrisburg*, who are known to be *desperate*, we *feel confident they would be hooted at and insulted*, for what is deemed an abandonment of their promises, and the true interest of the State."

THE MILLENNIUM.—William Miller a preacher, we understand, of the Baptist denomination, commenced, on Wednesday evening, the delivery of a course of lectures "on the second coming of Christ," at the Marlborough Chapel. The course will occupy the evenings in a week for the remainder of this month.

The great point which this lecturer labors to prove, as we are informed, is that Christ will appear in the year 1843; and that this advent will be attended with the civil, moral and physical judgments, which are foretold in the writings of the evangelists and prophets, taking the language of those