Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.

A VISIT TO THE NORTH BEND.

When in my boyhood, much after the thrilling events upon our Southwestern frontier, though not so long that the events were not fresh upon the memories of all, I read the history of the late war as carried on in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Upper Canada, I felt a longing desire to see, not only the theatre of these events, but the great actors in them. Tippecanoe, Fort Meigs, Sandusky and the Thames, have been classic ground in my fancy, as Thermopylæ or Marathon; and I have felt that it was as much a duty for the Americans to make his pilgrimage to the battle fields where the West wrestled with the savage, or the British and the savages, as to Bunker Hill, or Concord, or Lexington. It is not the magnitude of the slaughter that makes the battle ground immortal, but the magnitude of the events it determines; and this Tippecanoe and the Thames are as great events in the eyes of the West as Bunker Hill and Saratoga in the eyes of the East. I first felt it a duty to pay my respects to the man under a chief of the army or armies that liberated us from the savages of the Northwest, freed Ohio, Indiana and Michigan of the British, and ended his campaigns so gloriously by the rout of Proctor and the death of Tecumseh on the Thames in Upper Canada.

I met General Harrison in Cincinnati at the table of a common friend, and having received an invitation from the old soldier to visit him on his farm at the North Bend, 12 miles below Cincinnati, I had no disposition not to accept his hospitality and the invitation. I was to meet him by appointment on the hotel, to take the steamboat down the river; but being there first and having time to look about, I could not but be struck with the simplicity and republicanism of the appointments in a hotel frequented with his saddle bags on one arm, and a tin pale on the other, the first having his wardrobe, I presume, as is the custom often in the West, and the other being his provisions, doubtlessly, for his family. As he stopped to talk a moment or so with a friend, a large group, stimulated by curiosity, soon gathered about him; among them I noticed the boatmen of the levee, strangers from Tennessee, Illinois and Missouri, and other places on the river, dry men and teamsters, &c. &c. with whom the steamboat levee is so often thronged. The crowd becoming unpleasantly, though in the highest degree respectful, and probably all his friends, he left to be relieved by civilities with many, and he seems to know almost every body—he withdrew to the steamboat, where, however, he was followed by a considerable body of teamsters from Indiana, who, with their long stout whips under the arms of their linsey woolsey frocks, as they chatted pleasantly with the venerable old chief before them, made a picture Rome in its best days might envy. They told him they were his "Hoosier boys" and bid him "good by" only where and in the last steamboat bell made them hurry away.

In an hour, or a little more, we were at the North Bend, so called from a northern bend of the Ohio river. General Harrison's farm encircles this directly upon the river, and much of it is bottom land, all of an excellent quality. It is a very large farm, but has been much improved since settling over to the Miami river; but the General has sold some, and given away more to his children, who are settled around him in a large ditch now (to be the White Water Canal hereafter) is upon the margin of the river, and, in wet weather, it is muddy and difficult to pass. A large number of laborers are present at work upon it, (Irishmen and Germans,) who adore the General, and who rally for him to a man; and they seem indeed, like a huge hill, on the side of which is his orchard, and through this tunnel this canal is to stretch into Indiana, to bring the trade of the eastern part of that State to Cincinnati.—By a coincidence the General has got out the stone, and is now getting cord wood to burn the bricks that make the arch of the tunnel.

As we approached the residence of General Harrison, all in view of the river, and yet some distance from it, he remarked that there was his dwelling; and he added that when in robust health, it was called a Log Cabin, in the starters of the story had more of fact to found their jeers upon than many were aware of for, in the range (and the residence is a collection of neat, well-built, humble and yet all comfortable and neat) of one of the buildings, is a *bona fide* Log Cabin, now weather boarded though, and painted, which he had kept, and connected with the others, on account of some attachment he had formed for it, it having been the place where some of his family, a beautiful lawn is before the house, sloping toward the river, and directly in front is a fence of hewn posts, connected by plain iron rods. The cattle were grazing about this lawn in front, and among them were several milch cows as "fat as butter." A flock of sheep were on the other side of the lawn, just over a creek, now swollen by the back water of the Ohio; and the barns and out houses are in the rear of the dwellings—The farm and dwellings have the appearance of many in the valley of Virginia, and of some in New England, though land there is more precious, and farms more subdivided among children. All looked like a good, substantial farmer's home, who had all of the necessaries, and many of the comforts, though but a few of the luxuries of life.—Such is the retired dwelling of one so venerable man, who left the happy home of his father on James river, Virginia, when but a youth, to follow, as an ensign, the fortunes of Gen. Wayne, whom General Harrison had despatched, after the disasters of Harmar and St. Clair, to retrieve our fortunes upon the Indian frontier, and to make Ohio, Western Virginia, and Western Pennsylvania for the white man. This is the home of a son of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and of that freeman of Virginia, who, after he had risked his own estate and life by affixing his name to that instrument, willingly trusted his son to the perils of the savage and the wilderness to carry out the purposes of Providence, in the extension and establishment of the principles of the Revolution.

I was soon "at home" in the House of General Harrison. His wife was introduced, who told me Long Island was her birth place—Southhold I think. She said she had not been in Cincinnati for the last years, and she was quite content, and never wished to go, so long as she could have her husband and her children around her. Our supper was soon served, at an early hour, before six o'clock, the usual supper hour of the country, and we had on the table the good and plain fare of all substantial Farmers, the best butter, made in General Harrison's own house, Corn Bread and Flour Bread, with milk in abundance and rich as cream—and when this tea was over, Mrs. Harrison herself though not unattended by domestics, seemed to prefer the superintendence of the disposal of the affairs of her own table. I passed the evening in social conversation with General Harrison, at my request, after relating to me a rich fund of anecdotes respecting the Western country, which he took a drawing I had of the Battle Ground of Tippecanoe, and narrated with a remarkable power of recollection, all the details of that battle and of that interesting campaign. At 9 o'clock, he said it was his bed time, for "I rise at day break," and he showed me my room, well warmed by a comfortable fire, and bade me good night. I took up the Biography of his Father, in "the lives of the signers of the Declaration of Independence," and read the good service of that distinguished man performed for his own State, and for the whole Nation. What amazed me in the reflection upon that Life, considering also the services of the son, was, that he should be marked by so real, historical and family pride as Virginia, there can be a doubt as to a political result, particularly when that family and its branches are so appreciated in Virginia, and connected by marriage even with the family of Washington.

Soon after the rising of the sun General Harrison himself ushered me into "my office in the morning, in the country here," said he. I was soon at the breakfast table where the family was waiting. I found that the family was Mrs. Harrison and her daughter, the wife of Judge Jackson, with the General at the foot, the band of music giving him a lively greeting, and the ladies a livelier one still, when a general introduction took place.—The breakfast passed in social intercourse, in the playfulness and tact of which, but few very few men are the equal of General Harrison,—the company of U. S. Troops being but briefly reviewed, whom he scanned with a soldier's eye, and saluted with a soldier's courtesy, he took his leave, amid the waving of handkerchiefs, the cheers of the gentlemen, and the loud peals of a not inefficient band the General standing upon the shore, amid large bodies of workmen on the canal, who had rushed to see the, to them, novel scene.

The hospitality of General Harrison was not such as to permit me to leave his house in one day, or two, or three,—and I have seldom if ever, passed any time in my life so agreeably. To an Eastern man, his conversation is the most delightful History. His collected powers are remarkable, and his memory is wonderful. To me it was more entertaining than the most delightful romance, for romance that seems wherein he has been the hero—his youth is an romance, an *Aid de campe* under Gen. Wayne,—his manhood as the Governor of Indiana, and Commander-in-Chief of our armies in the West and North West,—where he defeated Trollope's Bazaar now stands in Cincinnati," said he, "many a time have I wheeled and marched my company in what was then Fort Washington." "Philadelphia and New York," he added, "were long after approached only on horseback, through Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia." "From the Miami," pointing to the Miami, "I went not far from his own Farm, and on which his son's Farm lies, "Mr. Jefferson, by his commission as Governor of Indiana and Upper Louisiana, received me with authority greater that a Roman Pro Consul, and a Commission of mine could make a magistrate whose jurisdiction should stretch from there to Mackinaw, where it was sold for corn to grow, even to regions productive of Cotton, and almost to Sugar." *"I think, I have personally obtained for the country, from the Indians, more millions of acres of land than the sword of a conqueror ever permanently won, and I trust never disturbed my title, or that of others.* To hear and see a plain Farmer talk thus, all history more than confirming his very remark, and that Farmer too in the vigor of a ripe old age,—now reaping the rewards of honest industry amid his own well-earned fields, seemed to me like a dream, and I can hardly realize that the Ohio, this Indiana is not a vision created by Magi. When Napoleon conquered a city,—when the tri-color was carried by his legions upon the battlements of Berlin or Vienna, Paris was in ecstacy, and all France was filled with joyful intoxication,—but here is an American Cæsar at work on his Farm, now making for him his own Commentaries, who carried the American flag, the furthest it was carried in his own time, further than from Rome to the Danube, among the terrible savages too, and who only laid down his sword, when the Forest was cleared of them, and that Flag stood waving in triumph in the uppermost Canada—further in advance in the British Dominionship than since the days of Montgomery—and more that all this though, where the wilderness has been is not one city, but a wilderness of cities now, the most beautiful of which is that where the young Emigrant wheeled his Company. Farms innumerable among them too, and an Empire of People, among the happiest the wealthiest and freest on earth! I say all these things to me like vision,—and when I dwell on it, and think of the service of Harrison, and his armed Pioneers, I cannot but feel that the true glory of the Cæsars of home and of the Napoleons, here is made to appear to the past with sympathies for each other, and when they remarked, that they were ignorant of his views upon this subject, he modestly replied, they could not expect to be well informed, as long as they confined their reading to one class of Papers, and therefore, he took some Whig Journals, in which his Chevioe speech was re published, and recommended their perusal of that.

The dinner table had other guests than the stranger and myself. A large party from Pittsburg on a pleasure *excursion*—mark that, an *excursion* of I know not how many hundred miles from Pittsburg to the Falls of St. Anthony even—stopping over night at Cincinnati, sent forward three gentlemen to request of the General the permission to wait upon him, and to present their respects Then Hon. Harmer Denny was one, who introduced the others, and we had a very agreeable Dinner Party—on a good Farmer's fare—with a fund of remarks and anecdotes of times present and past, in which no one led off with more vivacity than General Harrison himself.—We talked of every thing else but politics—all politicians as we were, such as the raising of cattle; and the General proud of his particularly of a Durham Bull; the making of canals, the amazing progress of this mercless country, the growth of which all General Harrison had seen with his own eyes; and by the time the dinner was over, a band of music in the distance heralded the approach of the steamboat Pennsylvania, with a large company of gentlemen and ladies on board, and a body of U. S. Staten Troops, on their way to Fort Leavensworth. The gentlemen soon landed, and their committee walked with them from the boat to the house, where they were introduced, but the inclemency of the weather and the difficulty of passing the mud of a new canal cleared by the turning in of the river and the house, with the grass all saturated with water, prevented the call of the ladies, and the General gallantly offered to call upon them.—The gentlemen departed the rose buds as about of their buds, as their offerings from the Log Cabin to their ladies fair, and in a few minutes the whole party were on their way to Cincinnati, the General and escort, the band of music giving him a lively greeting, and the ladies a livelier one still, when a general introduction took place.—The half hour passed in social intercourse, in the playfulness and tact of which, but few very few men are the equal of General Harrison,—the company of U. S. Troops being but briefly reviewed, whom he scanned with a soldier's eye, and saluted with a soldier's courtesy, he took his leave, amid the waving of handkerchiefs, the cheers of the gentlemen, and the loud peals of a not inefficient band the General standing upon the shore, amid large bodies of workmen on the canal, who had rushed to see the, to them, novel scene.

The hospitality of General Harrison was not such as to permit me to leave his house in one day, or two, or three,—and I have seldom if ever, passed any time in my life so agreeably. To an Eastern man, his conversation is the most delightful History. His collected powers are remarkable, and his memory is wonderful. To me it was more entertaining than the most delightful romance, for romance that seems wherein he has been the hero—his youth is an romance, an *Aid de campe* under Gen. Wayne,—his manhood as the Governor of Indiana, and Commander-in-Chief of our armies in the West and North West,—where he defeated Trollope's Bazaar now stands in Cincinnati," said he, "many a time have I wheeled and marched my company in what was then Fort Washington." "Philadelphia and New York," he added, "were long after approached only on horseback, through Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia." "From the Miami," pointing to the Miami, "I went not far from his own Farm, and on which his son's Farm lies, "Mr. Jefferson, by his commission as Governor of Indiana and Upper Louisiana, received me with authority greater that a Roman Pro Consul, and a Commission of mine could make a magistrate whose jurisdiction should stretch from there to Mackinaw, where it was sold for corn to grow, even to regions productive of Cotton, and almost to Sugar." *"I think, I have personally obtained for the country, from the Indians, more millions of acres of land than the sword of a conqueror ever permanently won, and I trust never disturbed my title, or that of others.* To hear and see a plain Farmer talk thus, all history more than confirming his very remark, and that Farmer too in the vigor of a ripe old age,—now reaping the rewards of honest industry amid his own well-earned fields, seemed to me like a dream, and I can hardly realize that the Ohio, this Indiana is not a vision created by Magi. When Napoleon conquered a city,—when the tri-color was carried by his legions upon the battlements of Berlin or Vienna, Paris was in ecstacy, and all France was filled with joyful intoxication,—but here is an American Cæsar at work on his Farm, now making for him his own Commentaries, who carried the American flag, the furthest it was carried in his own time, further than from Rome to the Danube, among the terrible savages too, and who only laid down his sword, when the Forest was cleared of them, and that Flag stood waving in triumph in the uppermost Canada—further in advance in the British Dominionship than since the days of Montgomery—and more that all this though, where the wilderness has been is not one city, but a wilderness of cities now, the most beautiful of which is that where the young Emigrant wheeled his Company. Farms innumerable among them too, and an Empire of People, among the happiest the wealthiest and freest on earth! I say all these things to me like vision,—and when I dwell on it, and think of the service of Harrison, and his armed Pioneers, I cannot but feel that the true glory of the Cæsars of home and of the Napoleons, here is made to appear to the past with sympathies for each other,

---

From the National Intelligencer.

"THE PROSPECT BEFORE US."

The inquiry is frequently addressed to us, both at home and from a distance, for our opinion in regard to the probable result of the issue about to be tried by the People of the United States between Martin Van Buren and William Henry Harrison. We beg leave to refer all such inquirers to the subjoined letter. It was written, not for the public eye, or for public effect, but in the sincerest and freedom of private correspondence, and by a man whose extensive sources of information, and whose care in sifting and comparing facts and probabilities, are backed with his clear judgement and known candor, impart to his opinions a value and weight superior to those of any other citizen within our knowledge. The justice of this tribute will be admitted by all who know the writer when they perceive the name to be that of the distinguished Senator of New York, Nathaniel P. Tallmadge. The letter first appeared in the Richmond Whig, and was addressed to a gentleman of that city. The editor remarks: "The author will be recognized without the signature of his initials" and adds, "It was written with no expectation of its meeting the public eye." Since, however, it has met the public eye, Mr. T. has given his consent to its republication with his name affixed, and no name could give to such a statement higher claims to respect and credence.

WASHINGTON, May 21, 1840.

My Dear Sir: Your letter of the 26th instant was duly received.

It is surprising to me that Ritchie's bragging in the Richmond Enquirer about New York should give our friends one moments uneasiness. It is his "vocation," and it is the habit of the Federal Locofoco party to make the world believe they are beaten. Since their overthrow in Connecticut, Rhode Island, Virginia, and in certain local elections in Pennsylvania, they pretend to be exceedingly modest and humble! They are *looking up*, because they are *on their backs!* I understand their game perfectly. They know they cannot make a decent figure in other elections unless they can persuade their friends that Mr. Van Buren can recover New York. Without it, he has not the remotest chance of success. As he goes New York goes. You know I have no hesitation in giving you my candid opinion, that he will be beaten by a much larger majority than that of the last two years. I have the best sources of information. I have an extensive correspondence all over the State, and, from my peculiar position, am enabled to judge with much accuracy of our prospects. For the last two years, I have predicted the result with an accuracy almost equal to the official canvass—and I now say to you that Gen. Harrison's majority, in my judgment, will *not be less than* FIFTEEN THOUSAND. We hope to swell it much beyond that. I have not heard of a single man that has gone over to the Locofocos since the late election. But I know and have heard of hundreds and hundreds, in different counties, who have abandoned it since that time, and who are now engaged with their old friends, the Democratic Republican friends in putting down Mr. Van Buren's old Federal doctrines.—Amongst this number, are men of the highest standing and influence in their respective counties.

What possible ground, then, is there for Mr. Ritchie or any other man to claim New York for the Van Buren Administration? It is preposterous. What claims do they present to the People, from which they expect to derive more favor than for the last two years? Do the confidence of the People has been more and more impaired during that period, the mercantile, the manufacturing, and the mechanic interests of the country have sensibly felt the deleterious influence of the measures of the Administration.—Now, that influence has reached the farming interests—and they may rely upon it, that those interests will tamely submit to have their goods, their manufactures, their labor, and the products of the soil, as well as their lands, reduced one half or two thirds in value, in order to enjoy the blessings of the *hard money of Cuba*, or of any other despotism, whose example the President has recommended for our imitation? No, sir, the free laborers of this country will never consent to have the price of their labor reduced to the same level with the peasants of Germany or the serfs of Russia; nor will the tillers of the soil consent that the products of their farms shall be reduced in price so low as not to pay the cost of production; and the farmers will understand that lands shall be reduced two-thirds in value—that where they have purchased a farm, for example, for $15,000, paid $10,000 in cash, and mortgaged the $5,000, that it shall be sold from under them for the amount of the mortgage, and their wives and children turned out of doors, without shelter and without bread. Such are the legitimate effects of the doctrines now maintained by this Administration, and which its friends and supporters are every where urging upon the country; and which will be established beyond the hope of redemption, if Mr. Van Buren shall be re-elected.

Of his re-election there is not the faintest prospect. In regard to New York—I speak without the least hesitation, and with the most entire confidence—he has no possible hope of success there. Why should he hope? The changes have been constantly against him for the last three years, and none in his favor. At the extra session in 1837 I proved his overthrow in that State. At the November election of that year he was swept away as by a hurricane. At the next session of Congress he apologized to his friends by saying that there were 40,000 voters who did not come to the polls, but would be out for him at the next election. Well, in 1838 these 40,000 voters had increased to 25,000 in addition, and he was beaten by more than 10,000 majority. He again consoled his friends for this unexpected defeat by saying that in the next campaign he would take the field in person. He did so; he traversed the whole State, on a mere electioneering tour, and, with the exception of the city of New York, the result in the Legislature showed a larger majority against him than the year before. In almost every contested county the popular vote against him was increased.—There was no falling off, but from local causes, any where, except in the old Western district, which is so immensely strong that there was no necessity of giving a full vote but at a general election. That old district will give Harrison fifteen thousand majority.

The late charter election in the city of New York has satisfied both friend and foe, that under the registry law Harrison will carry the city in the fall by a decisive vote. You must recollect, too, that last year we had every thing to contend against and Whig on our friends. Many gave up all for lost after they heard the disastrous accounts from Tennessee and Indiana. But there was some indomitable spirits, that never doubted or falter in a good cause. They rallied, and soon convinced the people that New York could sustain herself, and was not to be influenced by any events abroad, however unpropitious. At this time, every man of the Opposition is confident of success. It is not an over-confidence that begets inaction; it is a confidence that operates as a spur and inspires, and which impels to greater exertion. It is a confidence, in short, which will justify expectations of our friends, and disappoint the hopes of our opponents.

After all we have done in New York for the last three years, under the most unfavorable auspices, it is not a little mortifying to us now, with all our bright prospects before us, that a single friend abroad should for one moment permit a doubt of our triumphant success in the fall to crose his mind. *New York is just as certain for Harrison as that the time of election comes round.*—And if my old friend Ritchie, who goes for the man and not principles, would like to venture a suit of clothes on the issue, I should be pleased to accommodate him; or if he does not choose to venture it on New York, I should be pleased to get a bet on Randolph says, he will be "better accommodated," I will take a suit on each.

A Democratic Republican State Convention will be held in Utica, in the old headquarters at Syracuse. It will be held about the first of October. There will be a Conservative rally on that occasion, such as has been known in the State of New York. The real democracy will be there, to take the most effectual measures against the federal usurpations of Mr. Van Buren. New York adhere to true and Democratic Republican principles, and will not be driven into the *ultra-Federalism* of this Administration.—From the days of Gov. Clinton to the present time, she has resisted the encroachment of Executive power and the usurpations of the Federal Government. She will continue to resist them, whether urged upon her by Martin Van Buren or Thomas Ritchie. It is no reason, because these gentlemen have abandoned their principles and turned *Federalists*, that the Democratic Republicans of New York or of Virginia should follow their example. In New York they will adhere to their old principles, and will assemble in December in a Convention to resist the Federal aggressions as our fathers assembled, in the time of the Revolution, to resist the Stamp Act and the Tea Tax. I know the people well and understand their apprehensions about New York, and set down her 42 votes as the capital on which Harrison will commence business; and that I think is a good one for the beginning. He is a "big cabin and hard cider" candidate. I have devoted myself, for the last three years, to the reform of this Administration; I have enlisted for life, and you may rest assured that I shall not stop till the final battle in November is fought and won. That accomplished, and Harrison elected, I shall feel that our country is safe, our free institutions restored to their original purity, and that we may once more enter upon a train of uninterrupted prosperity. And I shall also feel that I can say, with the utmost propriety than Mr. Van Buren said on another occasion, "It is glory enough to have served under such a chief."

I have written a much longer letter than I intended when I commenced; but, having said this much, I will add a little more, by way of giving my opinion of the Presidential election. I have taken great pains to get the most accurate information. I have not only consulted members of Congress, but I have had a very extensive correspondence throughout the Union. My sources of information may be implicitly relied on; and I say, with the utmost sincerity, that in my judgment, General Harrison will be elected by a more triumphant majority than General Jackson received in his palmiest days. In writing to you as a friend, I have not only no motive, but no disposition, to mislead or exaggerate. I give my estimate below, on which I place the most implicit reliance, and sincerely believe the result will fully justify it.

Harrison.		*Van Buren.*	
Massachusetts,	14	New Hampshire,	7
Vermont,	7	South Carolina,	11
Connecticut,	8	Arkansas,	1
Rhode Island,	4		—
New York,	42		22
New Jersey,	8	*Doubtful.*	
Pennsylvania,	30	Maine,	10
Delaware,	3	Mississippi,	4
Maryland,	10	Alabama,	7
Virginia,	23	Missouri,	—
North Carolina,	15		21
Georgia,	11		25
Louisiana,	5		
Tennessee,	15		
Kentucky,	15		
Illinois,	5		
Indiana,	21		
Ohio,	21		
Michigan,	3		
Harrison,	249	Van Buren & doubtful	47

The whole number of electoral votes is 295—necessary to a choice 148. You will perceive, then, that Harrison will have 100 votes beyond the number requisite to elect him. I have given Mr. Van Buren New Hampshire, which I know will be a matter of complaint with our friends there; for they have determined to make battle in a way to shake even the granite hills. Perhaps I ought make a similar apology in regard to Arkansas. I have also given him South Carolina, which will no doubt go for him, unless by December, when the vote is to be cast, Mr. Calhoun shall think the interests of the country require it to be given to a third man as heretofore! Of the 25 doubtful votes, I think Harrison's chance decidedly the best for a majority of them; and if the tide of public sentiment continue to set as strongly as it has done, Mr. Van Buren, by November next, will scarcely have a State he can call his own.

I look forward to the above result with the most perfect confidence, and with the most pleasing anticipations. What a rebuke will it be of the attempted usurpation of all the powers of this Government, and the practical subversion of its fundamental principles! What a triumphant restoration of the powers of Congress, when freedom of thought and of action shall be once more vouchsafed to the Representatives of the People and of the States!

Excuse the haste with which I have written, under the pressure of numerous engagements and believe me very truly yours

N. P. TALLMADGE.

A Challenge.

We have always heard it said by teamsters, that "it's hard to conquer a stubborn horse." We find the idea verified with men every day. We despair sometimes of being able to follow up, by *re-printing of testimony*, the repeated slanders which the opposition press are circulating in the face of the refutations which we have published. What is once well *proved* to be wilfully false, is still held up as true.

We therefore ask the *"Compiler" to sum up and distinctly set forth, all the charges and those of his party against Gen.* Harrison, *as a candidate for the Presidency, in his paper of the 22d instant, that we may know what he persists in, and have something tangible.* We shall have a word or two to say upon them.

The Ball is Rolling!

Great Meetings in Shanesburg, Md.—The Log Cabin and Hard Cider meeting held in this place on Monday the 8th inst., is said to have been one of the largest and most enthusiastic assemblages ever convened in Washington county.—The Hagerstown Torch Light says—"As to the numbers present, we can only conjecture, for to count them within hundreds were impossible.—There might have been five, six, seven or eight thousand—certainly not less than five thousand. At one time a procession consisting of eighteen or nineteen hundred, marched into an adjacent field, in passing from which the rear of the procession had yet so great was the crowd that they were scarcely missed out of the streets, which remained thronged by those anxiously awaiting and expecting the commencement of the public speaking."—The meeting was forcibly and eloquently addressed by Wm. *Price*, Esq., President of the day, Maj. *James M. Coale, John P. Kennedy*, Esq. and *David Hoffman*, Esq. The three last named gentlemen are Harrison electoral candidates of the State.

The Wheeling *Times* states, on the authority of a letter from Marietta, Ohio, that a young lady from down the river, who was on a visit to her friends in that place, was last week thrown from a horse she was riding, and dragged seven miles. The horse was only stopped by the last of three posts from a rider, and when, as the remains of the unfortunate lady were so mutilated that they could scarcely be recognized by those of a human being.

Tallmadge's Letter.—We ask all to read the able letter of Mr. Tallmadge, the distinguished Senator in Congress from New York. It represents the "Little Magician" as being in rather a critical situation.

We have been requested to state that the Merchants of Petersburg, (York Springs,) intend closing their stores on the 4th of July.

The Tax Bill and the Improvement Bill have received the signature of the Governor.

Adjournment.—The Legislature of this State adjourned *sine die* on Friday morning last.

Visit to North Bend.—On the preceding page will be found an article with the above caption. The writer is Mr. Brooks of the New York Express, the celebrated letter-writer known as Philip Quaver. It is a good, quite interesting, and well worthy an attentive perusal.

Thrashing Machine.

Our townsman, Mr. Samuel H. Little, has invented a new *Thrashing Machine*, to which we would invite the attention of *Farmers*. We have carefully examined the model, and, (as far as we are competent to judge of this kind of work,) have no doubt but that machines constructed upon Mr. Little's plan will be found to be far superior to any others now in use. It is calculated for one horse, and requires the attention of but two persons, and will thrash upwards of *one hundred bushels of grain per day!* Mr. Little informs us that he has already received a license for the Patent office, for the protection of his right. See advertisement in another column.

News from Tippecanoe!

Tremendous gathering of the People!

We ask attention to the following interesting letter which has been furnished us, written (by a delegate to the convention during its session) to a friend in this place. It is cheering indeed.—That memorable spot has again marked an era in our history almost as remarkable as that of the 7th of November, 1811. The plains of that contested field have again been studded with the soldier's tent. A host of warriors in defence of our common country, enlisted under their *victorious General*, have again encamped on the spot where the Prophet's wigwam, and Pagan warriors have again been kindled, while the enemy were scanned and almost counted. The host that was there assembled *is enough* to convince us of the report the western gains will give when they come with their national salute. The camp-fires have been extinguished—*the army* have stationed their detachments at their posts—the near approach of the treacherous enemy has been announced by the sentry's alarm—the Aide of the Old Hero are upon duty—and a victory as glorious as was that which followed the extinguishing of the camp fires in 1811 is awaiting us. The hardy yeomanry of the west have shown that they are not so unprofitable as the effete Philosophers of the east inspires, and which impels to greater exertion. It is a confidence, in short, which will justify expectations of our friends, and disappoint the hopes of our opponents.

After all we have done in New York for the last three years, under the most unfavorable auspices, it is not a little mortifying to us now, with all our bright prospects before us, that a single friend abroad should for one moment permit a doubt of our triumphant success in the fall to crose his mind. *New York is just as certain for Harrison as that the time of election comes round.*—And if my old friend Ritchie, who goes for the man and not principles, would like to venture a suit of clothes on the issue, I should be pleased to accommodate him; or if he does not choose to venture it on New York, I should be pleased to get a bet on Randolph says, he will be "better accommodated," I will take a suit on each.

A Democratic Republican State Convention will be held in Utica, in the old headquarters at Syracuse. It will be held about the first of October. There will be a Conservative rally on that occasion, such as has not been known in the State of New York. The real democracy will be there, to take the most effectual measures against the federal usurpations of Mr. Van Buren. New York adhere to true and Democratic Republican principles, and will not be driven into the *ultra-Federalism* of this Administration.—From the days of Gov. Clinton to the present time, she has resisted the encroachment of Executive power and the usurpations of the Federal Government. She will continue to resist them, whether urged upon her by Martin Van Buren or Thomas Ritchie. It is no reason, because these gentlemen have abandoned their principles and turned *Federalists*, that the Democratic Republicans of New York or of Virginia should follow their example. In New York they will adhere to their old principles, and will assemble in December in a Convention to resist the Federal aggressions as our fathers assembled, in the time of the Revolution, to resist the Stamp Act and the Tea Tax. I know the people well and understand their apprehensions about New York, and set down her 42 votes as the capital on which Harrison will commence business; and that I think is a good one for the beginning. He is "big cabin and hard cider" candidate. I have devoted myself, for the last three years, to the reform of this Administration; I have enlisted for life, and you may rest assured that I shall not stop till the final battle in November is fought and won. That accomplished, and Harrison elected, I shall feel that our country is safe, our free institutions restored to their original purity, and that we may once more enter upon a train of uninterrupted prosperity. And I shall also feel that I can say, with the utmost propriety than Mr. Van Buren said on another occasion, "It is glory enough to have served under such a chief."

We have all message and are living in true Log Cabin and Hard cider simplicity, so mansion or stately palace has greeted our coming. But the Hoosiers look for no other reception—the Log cabin men want no other entertainment: they know by experience that the men of the Cabins are generous, free and open hearted, no dissimulation, no pretended friendship, and they would be sorry to see any other reception than that where possessor dwells in a cabin, than the cold regard of thousands that live in noble edifices.—Such is our spirit and such has been the spirit of the log cabin men since creation down.

I will not speak of the tremendous enthusiasm that pervades this living mass. The enthusiasm of the whole west cannot be more aptly described than by using the emphatic language of the West, "The Prairies are on fire!" Taking into consideration that this is yet a new and comparatively unsettled country and the difficulty of travelling in consequence of the want of good roads or capitale reliance, and sincerely believe the result will fully justify it.

Falsehood Refuted.

The following is a copy of a Letter from Hon. J. L. Williams, a Representative in Congress from the State of Tennessee, addressed to the Editors of the National Intelligencer. It explodes another of the many base and malicious slanders propagated by the white-livered gentry of the Loco Foco party. The "Compiler" has published and re-published this slander to its readers.

We now call upon them to correct the slander by publishing the following letter from Mr. Williams, together with the annexed extract from Gen. Harrison's letter. Here then, gentlemen, is a chance for a display of your boasted magnanimity:

Messrs. Gales & Seaton:—Please publish in the Intelligencer the subjoined extract of a letter from Gen. Harrison, under date of the 28th ultimo. It is in answer to a communication which I addressed to him, relative to that ignominious subjection to the Cincinnati Committee, which has been so often ascribed to him. He repels the imputation that his thoughts are subject to the *keeping* or dictation of a committee.

The publication of the annexed portion of his letter is due to Gen. Harrison. It will be appreciated by the candid and just of all parties. To get this publication, is a sufficient motive for connecting my name with its publication.

Yours, respectfully,
JOSEPH L. WILLIAMS.

Washington, June 6, 1840.

EXTRACT FROM GEN'L HARRISON'S LETTER.

"All the connexion which I ever had with the Corresponding Committee of the Whigs of Hamilton county, (that which you have been alluded to) is, that I requested the committee, through its chairman, Major Gwynne, to give the information sought for, in regard to the numerous letters I received in relation to my political opinions, and events in my past life. This was to be done by sending to the writers of those letters the pamphlet containing all the information they sought. He was, also, authorized, in cases where further opinions were asked for, to state my determination to give no other pledge, than that which I intended to do, if I should be elected to the Presidency. The reasons which had induced me to adopt that determination are contained in a letter written to a citizen of New York, and which will, I presume, be soon published.—With neither of the other members of the committee did I ever exchange one word, or, by letter, give or receive any enquiries as to the manner in which the task I had assigned to the committee was to be performed. Indeed, I did not know, until very recently who were the members of the committee. I could have no doubt of their being my political and personal friends; and such I found them to be.

"As it has been asserted that I employed this committee to write political opinions for me, because I was unable to write them myself, I have proper reason to say, that no one in the habit of doing this; and that in all the Addresses, Letters, Speeches, General Orders, &c., which have been published under my name, I have never found one, which was in a line that was written or suggested by any other individual. I do not claim for these productions any merit, nor would I consider myself blameable, had I received the occasional assistance of my friends in this way; but I mention it, to show how totally reckless are my political enemies in the assertions they make in relation to me."

"Still they Come."—The Chester County Convention which assembled at West Chester, Pa., on Tuesday last, was attended by about *eight thousand* people. Gen. Isaac P. Wayne, son of "Mad Anthony," was chosen President. Sixteen served as a Lieutenant, presided; and addresses were delivered by Mr. Proffit, Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Clarkson.

FROM HARRISBURG.

Correspondence of the Gettysburg Star and Banner.

Harrisburg, June 9, 1840.

Dear Sir: The House have this morning concurred in all the amendments made by the Senate to the Improvement Bill as it passed the House of Representatives. The Bill therefore only wants the signature of the Governor to become a law. The yeas and nays on concurring, in other words, on the final passage of the Bill, were as follows to wit—

Yeas.—Messrs. Andrews, Baily, Barstow, Bender, Bonsall, Bruner, Burden, Butler, Carothers, Chalfant, Clark, Cooper, Crawford, Dunlap, Elliott, Fisher, Fleming, George, Goodwin, Grant, Griffin, Hegins, (North's,) Higgins, (Huntingdon,) Hollenstein, Hutchinson, Henry, Hill, Hinchman, Hoge, (Mercer,) Holmes, Hummel, Johnston, Jones, Keim, Law, Lee, Leidy, Love, M'Clure, M'Kinstry, Morgan, Morton, Neff, Patterson, Pennypacker, Pollock, Reeves, Scheaver, Smith, Sprott, Washabaugh, Watts, Wilcox.—53.

Nays—Messrs. Albright, Brodhead, Cassel, Coolbaugh, Flannery, Flick, Fogel, Ford, Graham, Griffiths, Hazlehurst, Herr, Hoge, (Greene,) Hottenstein, Kauffman, Kinzie, Konigmacher, Kutz, Loy, M'Kinney, Nill, Penniman, (Phila.) Penrose, Ritter, Roberts, Sayers, Snodgrass, Snowden, Snyder, Stickel, Wilson, Zellin, Zimmerman, Hopkins, Speaker.—34.

The majority party, as usual resorted to the Legislative gag, the Previous Question, to prevent discussion or amendment. The previous question was called by Gen. Evans, a Loco Foco member, and sustained, several of the Whig members, (Mr. Fisher, for one,) voting with the majority, voting to sustain it; thus sacrificing their consistency and sense of propriety, to their local interest in the passage of the Improvement Bill.

The principal amendments made by the Senate were 1st. inserting an appropriation of $16,000 for the survey of a Rail Road Route from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh. 2d. striking out so much of the section appropriating $60,000 to the Wiconisco Canal, as relates to the construction of a feeder. 3d. and principally, striking out the section requiring the Superintendent by the Bill, to be loaned by the United States Bank at 4 per cent, under its charter, and authorizing the Governor to borrow it wherever he can get it, for 5 per cent!

This Bill, thus passed by force of the Previous Question, is really a monster." It appropriates over $3,320,000, every dollar of which has to be borrowed, and will of course go to increase the State Debt, making in all, an addition of about $4,000,000 made by the present highly Democratic Legislature, under the auspices of the present *economical* administration! This, however, is but a prelude to what is to come. The Tax Bill will come next; and when the people of this Commonwealth shall come to be taxed, as they will be, and that heavily too, on their land, monies at interest, bonds, notes, due bills, watches, carriages, house furniture, bank stock, bank dividends, &c. &c., to pay the money thus extravagantly appropriated, they will then know what to think of our present rulers. Nothing but a speedy change in the rulers, can arrest this poor country in its rapid downward march to ruin! Will not the people awake to a sense of their true interests, and at least try the effects of a change, which cannot be for the worse, and may be much for the better?

I gave you, in a former communication, a synopsis of the contents of this Bill. Among other things, it gives $600,000 to each of the North Extensions, the Erie and North Branch, as unprofitable and useless works as could well be imagined—six hundred thousand for repairs, although of the $870,000 appropriated last session for that purpose, upwards of $200,000 remain to this day unaccounted for. The Bill also gives $100,000 to a private company incorporated to improve the navigation of the Monongahela river! and a number of other appropriations equally objectionable. All these are now going, the State Debt will be *one hundred millions* of dollars, in less than ten years! Will the people say Amen! to this? Next fall's election must decide.

Harrisburg, June 10, 1840.

Dear Sir: The Tax Bill has just this moment passed the Senate on final reading and without amendment. It will now go to the Governor for the signature of the Governor, which it will doubtless obtain, to become a law. The majority on final passage was, however, very small, only two.

Thus the two great measures of this session, the Tax Bill and the Improvement Bill, have passed into laws. An addition of about *four mills* on the dollar has been made to the State Tax, and the people are to be taxed, in their downsitting and in their up-rising, their sitting, their walking and their lying, in their meat and drink, in their sleeping and their waking, to pay the Van Buren, Porter, State debt, tax