

THE CASTIGATOR.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

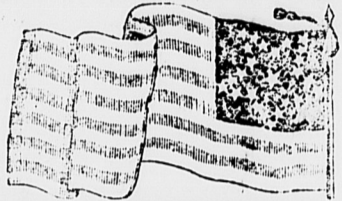
By W. TRENCH.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., OCTOBER 23, 1840.

NUMBER 9.

THE CASTIGATOR
WILL BE ISSUED
EVERY FRIDAY AFTERNOON,
UNTIL AFTER THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.
TERMS.—Twenty-Five Cents a single copy.
Five Dollars for twenty-five copies.

CONNECTICUT MUST BE REDEEMED.



DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.
MARTIN VAN BUREN,
OF NEW-YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT.
RICHARD M. JOHNSON,
OF KENTUCKY.

FOR ELECTORS.
ISAAC TOUCEY, Hartford Co.
RALPH I. INGERSOLL, New-Haven "
T. T. WHITTLESEY, Fairfield "
ASA CHILD, New-London "
C. F. CLEVELAND, Windham "
ORRIN S. SEYMOUR, Fitchfield "
SAMUEL INGHAM, Middlesex "
ALONZO W. BIRGE, Tolland "

FOR CONGRESS—SECOND DISTRICT.
CHARLES A. INGERSOLL,
OF NEW-HAVEN.

New-Jersey elections.
The elections in New-Jersey for members of the legislature, has, as before, resulted in the success of the whigs.

This result was expected, and need not be wondered at, when it is known that the state representation has been apportioned with the view of giving to the whigs a preponderance in the legislature. Four democratic counties, containing 14,600 voters, send but 11 members to the assembly, while four whig counties containing 12,000, send 11. The whigs, last year, had a large majority in the legislature, although the democrats had the popular vote.

In many of the strong counties of both parties, there was no contest, the weaker party suffering the elections to go by default, and from the imperfectness of the returns received, and the absence of a general question to divide the state, we cannot give an accurate table of the popular vote. The majority is probably democratic, as it was last year.—*Boston Post, Oct. 17.*

Beware of Federal Falsehoods.—We caution our friends to give no credit to the multiplied and exaggerated falsehoods of the federalists. Of course they, who always deal in hyperboles, will send abroad their stories, as thick and offensive as the vermin of Egypt. On the eve of all elections, and especially of presidential elections, the lies of whiggery cover the land. Give no credit to the statements. Refuse to be slaves of corporations. Act upon your own principles. Act for your country, for liberty, and independence.—*Hartford Times.*

FOR THE CASTIGATOR.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The nearer this election approaches, the more noisy and boasting do the whigs become. With them it is all *Hail! Glorious News!* and *Splendid Victories!* Whether they gain, or lose, it is all the same thing, they shout victory, and all the little whiggies throw up their caps, swing their delicate hands in the air, and join in the chorus. They have gained Delaware, they say;—but the poor simpletons forgot that they had Delaware at the last Presidential election. So too, they raise tremendous shouts for Maryland, Georgia, and Ohio, when in point of fact, all these States voted against Mr. Van Buren at the last election.—The only states which, with any truth, they can claim as gained since the last election, are New Jersey, and North Carolina. In the former one, the last contest was very close, and in the other State, local questions, caused a predominance in their favor, so that they are far from being sure of carrying either State at the great contest in November.

The truth is, all this boasting and swaggering is for effect. It is a part and parcel of their system of deception, fraud, and corruption.—These are the only implements, in this political warfare, which they pretend to use; for they long since have discarded every particle of reason and sober argument. To deceive and defraud the people, is now their only aim, and if, perchance, they should succeed by such means, their tender consciences would be as much at rest as if they had been engaged in the promotion of Temperance, or even Religion itself.

But, is the battle already won? Is the government of this country to be placed again in the hands of the federal party? Let facts answer. Let each state speak for itself, and on footing up the accounts, we can easily arrive at the probable result. In the following table, the states are put down as, from the best evidence extant, it is confidently believed they will go.

The whole number of Electoral votes is, 294	
Necessary to a choice, 148	
<i>For Mr Van Buren.</i>	<i>For Gen Harrison.</i>
Maine, 10	Massachusetts, 14
New Hampshire, 7	Rhode Island, 4
New York, 42	Connecticut, 8
Pennsylvania, 30	Vermont, 7
Virginia, 23	Delaware, 3
South Carolina, 11	Maryland, 10
Tennessee, 15	Kentucky, 15
Mississippi, 4	Indiana, 9
Illinois, 5	Ohio, 21
Missouri, 4	
Alabama, 7	
Arkansas, 3	
Michigan, 3	
	<i>Doubtful.</i>
	New Jersey, 8
	North Carolina, 15
	Georgia, 11
	Louisiana, 5
	39

From the above statement it appears that if all the states, put down as *doubtful*, should go for Gen. Harrison, still he cannot be elected; while on the other hand, Mr. Van Buren has *seventeen* votes more than is necessary to elect him. If therefore he should lose Maine and Michigan, and gain none of the doubtful states, still he will be elected, the other states going as claimed, for him. But the chances are at least equal of his obtaining a part, if not all, the states put down as doubtful.

To our democratic friends, therefore, we would say *arouse to action!* You are engaged in a righteous cause which must and will prevail. There is no cause for dispondency.—

Mr. Van Buren will be the next President. Do your duty and all is safe. Turn a deaf ear to the deceptions, and misrepresentations, of your opponents. And, to the British whigs we would say,—crow over your pretended victories,—shout, defraud, and practice all manner of deceptions to your heart's content, and, when the election is over, betake yourselves to some Insane Hospital for a restoration of your senses. JEFFERSON.

INFAMOUS VILLAINY.

astounding Disclosures, Fraud Corruption.
We publish the subjoined, which is a literal copy of a letter, written by MADISON JEFFERS, High Constable of the City of Baltimore, to Mr. George Riston, of Philadelphia. It discloses but a small part of the systematic fraud, of the Whig party. This accounts for the apparent gains they have made in some of the elections that have taken place. It is on a par with all their acts, and it may be regarded, so says our correspondent, as a providential circumstance that the letter has been discovered, and possession of it obtained by a young and enthusiastic Democrat Mr. Henry Gideon, of Spring Garden. He waited on Riston, pretending to be a journeyman on Gerard College, and asked him how many men he wanted to carry Baltimore. Riston detailed his plans, and gave Mr. Gideon the letter as evidence that he was fully authorized to consummate this scheme of fraud and villainy. The letter was placed in possession of the Democratic committee in Philadelphia. Democrats of the whole country, read the letter, and be prepared to guard the parity of the

ELECTIVE FRANCHISE

AT ALL HAZARDS!

We have no time for comment.

[Copy] BALTIMORE, Oct. 9, 1840.

Dear sir:—I had a talk with our friend this morning who informs me that you can send us 500 men here for the Mayor's election next Monday week. If you can possibly do so, use every exertion to do it, for as regards the Mayor in Baltimore it is all important to the Electoral vote in the State.

The men that you send ought to hail from this city as far as possible. You will also see the importance of this when you learn that since the taking of the last census, the council to be elected now will have the division of the Wards.

If they get it they may cut it up in such a manner as to prevent us from ever getting this city again.

If you should come to any conclusion in this matter be kind enough to write me immediately.

Your's,
George Riston, Esq. M. JEFFERS.

Can any whig explain the following, which we copy from the *close of the last* article of Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1839? At Holand house, all the British ministry being present, the "Jeffersonian (American) democrat," Daniel Webster, said:
"There never was but ONE ENGLAND. There never will be but one England. There never can be but one England. Ye, O! Whigs, have done your best to *spoil and ruin THIS GRANDEST OF ALL THE CREATIONS OF THE ALMIGHTY.*"

¶ The New York Herald draws the following correct portrait of the "whig" party:
"The old whig party are generally tyrants—federalists—aristocrats—despots; and cannot be trusted with power."

From the *Coshocton (Ohio) Democrat.*

The following portrait of the certificate hero was published in the *Richmond Whig*, the leading federal organ in Virginia, a short time previous to Harrison's nomination. It is to the life, and we recommend it to the careful perusal of the whiggies. They will learn in what estimation he was held by his own party previous to his nomination for the presidency:

"Shall we then turn to Gen. Harrison, who, not many years ago, thanked his stars that he had cast his lot beyond the Ohio, and out of the reach of Virginia politics and Virginia negroes! But, in God's name! what is Gen. Harrison, that he should be president of the United States! A hero!! another hero!!! Pity that Lord Byron had not thought to put him on the list! A hero!!!! Well, are we to seek safety again under the arm of a military chieftain. But for the battles of Tippecanoe and the Thames, (and you know, sir, what merit there was in the one, and to whom the credit of the other belongs,) who would not as soon have thought of him for pope as president! The queen of England might as well make Lord Wellington archbishop of Canterbury. And why is he thought of! Why drag him from obscurity? Why is the thick darkness of his mind broken up, and the heavy slumber of his faculties disturbed by this unreasonable dawn of glory! Why, but that the marvelous success of Andrew Jackson has disclosed a secret not before suspected, which to all such as want a tyrant and tool, recommends a military man as most likely to catch the favor of the servile herd who worship power and bow to its insignia! What is he but a man, who, with a few more grains of understanding, might have HALF ENOUGH to know that HE HAS NOT ONE HUNDREDTH PART OF WHAT SHOULD QUALIFY HIM FOR THE STATION HE ASPIRES TO!! Who has caught him up, and besotted him with flattery, to make him the fool of the comedy? Let him go to sleep again, like Christopher Sly, and sleep himself sober, and wake up the clerk of the county court."

Frauds of Federalism.

There is not a day that we do not receive reports of new and extraordinary frauds perpetrated by the hard cider party. The last Missouri Argus contains a letter from the late defeated candidate of whiggery for the chief magistracy of Missouri, in which he directs his friend to have some tickets struck for the remote democratic counties of the State, containing his name as Governor, mixed in with those of the democratic candidates for the local representation. This was to enable his artful friends in those counties to palm him off on the ticket as the democratic candidate for Governor.

In the articles which are copied from the Columbus Statesman, Ohio, and from the Maine Democrat, it will be found that the dignitaries of federalism have been employed on similar, but rather more infamous, frauds in both those States.

NEW INVENTION.—A yankee has invented a machine for making political speeches, to suit all parties, and on the most reasonable terms.—*Phil. Spirit of the Times.*

The fellow will undoubtedly find ready sale for it on applying to Gen. Harrison, Daniel Webster, or any of the federal spouters.—*Bay State Democrat.*



The present contest.

Probably at no period in the history of our country has an election been held of so important a character, in all respects, as that to which we are now approaching. From the organization of our government to the present time, the people of the United States have been divided into two great classes or parties, as distinctive in their features and principles as were the patricians and plebians of ancient Rome. The names by which these two parties were at first distinguished were federalist and democrat. The former party aimed at the concentration of power in the hands of a few, while the object of the latter was to vest it in the people. Under these names, with these principles to guide them, they met and fought, and after a severe struggle, the cause of democracy gained the ascendancy. So complete at that time was the overthrow of federalism, and so odious did even the name of federalist become, that the party abandoned all hope of ever rallying again under their original party name. Since then their object has constantly been to distract the democratic party, and draw disaffected members of it into the support of their measures in disguise. To effect this, they have been ready to adopt any name that might be most pleasing, for the time being, to their new converts; and have been ready to change this name when, by so doing, they could draw aside a larger number from the democratic fold. But their principles have never changed. The same principles which governed them in 1798, govern them now. Of this every one must be satisfied who reads the articles headed "A great Contest," which have appeared in the Extra Globe, and then calls to mind the principles by which the federalists were distinguished during the presidency of John Adams. The federalists then thirsted for hereditary power and hereditary privileges, and they are thirsting for the same now. Disguise as they will their real object, this is the point at which they are aiming, and they are determined, if possible, to obtain it at all hazards, and by ANY MEANS.

Every mail brings some account of the extraordinary and unhallowed means by which federalism is silently scheming its way into power. In every quarter of the country the basest frauds are resorted to, and the most sacred rights of freemen are trampled upon, to elevate Wm. H. Harrison to the presidency, and with his elevation, to subvert the liberties of our republic.

Some may startle, and think we take too melancholy a view of our future prospects when we speak of the overthrow of liberty as a consequence of the success of federalism. But it is not so. Whenever the federal party have had the power in our country,

and have dared to act out their principles, every measure they have adopted, and every law they have passed, has tended to one object, and that one object has been, the investiture of power and privilege in the hands of a few. And whether we believe it or not, the same object is the ultimatum for which all their present efforts are put forth. They are now making a powerful effort to seize the reins of our government, and if, by excitement in some instances, by oppression in others, and by direct resort to fraud where these means are insufficient, they can carry the present election, the days of American freedom are numbered. They may talk of their patriotism, but where is it recorded in the history of the past? They may proclaim their love for the people from the forum and upon the house tops, but when, save in mere empty declamation, have they ever shown that love? They may, for the sake of deceiving the people, accuse our national administration of corruption and extravagance, but not a solitary charge which they bring forward can they sustain by truth and argument.

Indeed, the day for argument with the federal party is at an end. They have tried it in other days, and it has failed them. They have tried misrepresentation and falsehood too; but, so long as the people were left to read and reflect, "the sober, second thought" threw federalism far into the shade, and truth triumphed. They tried too, to "reach the people through their sufferings," and thousands were made to feel the "iron heel of [federal] oppression." But in this also they have failed.

Now, their plan is by the excitement of log cabins, hard cider, and coon skins, to banish reading and reflection. The people must not read. Every democratic paper in the land is denounced as a dirty lying sheet; too immoral to go into the families of the pious cider-drinking and brandy-guzzling feds. And what is it, pray, that gives such an immoral character to the democratic papers of our country? Is it because they represent the foolish mummeries of federalism in their true light? Because they hold up to just and deserved ridicule, the chieftains of hard cider and coon skin carousals? Because *females*, (ladies we cannot call them,) who so far forget the sphere which nature and education has assigned them as to mingle in the strife of party politics, are exposed in all the indelicacy themselves have assumed, before the public? In other words, does the exposure of indelicacy, immorality, and dissipation, constitute immorality itself? And must every schoolboy be taught to cry "dirty puppy! lying loco foco!" and every federal suckling be hushed to its slumbers by such musical lullabies as these? And all because the iniquities and intrigues and indecencies of federalism are laid bare for public examination by a faithful democrat, who dares to breast the storm of federal fury, and hold the lighted candle of truth in the midst of the corruption and dark dealings of the federal party? If such be immorality, may it always find me for an advocate; notwithstanding my profession as a Christian may be assailed, and I may be loaded with federal abuse every day of my life. W. T.

If Gen. Harrison obtains the presidency, what a spectacle the world will present. England, Spain, Portugal, United States, and the Mediterranean fleet, under *petticoat government*. Surely the women will rule the world.

The great whig Convention.

The following strong appeal was made by the Middletown aristocracy to the whigs of this county to induce them to attend the convention held on Tuesday.

"We would urge every whig in the country to turn out upon this important occasion. We call upon every man who desires to see the sun of prosperity again shining upon our devoted country—every man who is opposed to a reduction of the wages of the laborer—every man who is unwilling to be subjected to the oppression of United States TAX GATHERERS—every man opposed to the project of a STANDING ARMY—every man who is the friend of order, and who would sustain the law—every man who prefers his country to a party—who prefers true democracy to false pretences, to be present upon this occasion."

Besides, the whiggies were told that "at the same time and place the ladies of the city of Middletown will present the whigs of the town with an elegant banner."

Well, the gorgeous banner was presented with all due solemnity, on which affecting occasion the Hon. Ebenezer Jackson and Austin Baldwin, Esq., displayed their oratory, so effectively too, as to make the whigs shout vociferously, and the whiggesses to clap their hands in extacy! O! what a scene!

After displaying the "elegant banner" to the gaping throng, it was paraded through the streets, borne by the "fire king," and at last unfurled in the pulpit of the North Congregationalist Church. We hope the beautiful thing will be preserved for future exhibitions, and its history, with the names of the "patriotic donors," be transmitted to posterity. Would it not be well to get it insured and placed in the vault of one of the banks? What say you, Leazer; would'nt you like to keep it!

When the worship of the banner was fairly over, and sundry whig orators had let off their steam, the meeting adjourned, now more than ever convinced that Gen. Harrison was actually elected president and the county of Middlesex redeemed!

Old Sawyers.

Democratic farmers, mechanics, and workmen! you are called upon by every principle of honor, and of self-respect, to rally, every one of you, and, by your votes, to wipe off the odium that is cast upon you by the aristocracy. "Old Sawyers," a pretty name, indeed, to apply to American freemen! is'nt it!

That gold watch.

Many of our readers may be at a loss to know why it is that we so often allude to a certain gold watch. Well—we will tell them the whole story. Some time since, a gentleman in this city sold his watch, a fine gold patent lever, for eighty-five dollars; to receive his pay for the same when Gen. Harrison is elected president, and not before. Thus it will be seen that, if Harrison is not elected, the gentleman loses his watch entirely. On the other hand, all that he receives is its real value. Now we set a great store by the gentleman, and would not hurt the hair of his head on any account; yet when we hear some roguish democrat ask him the time of day, we cannot, for the life of us, refrain from smiling.

NOTE BENA.—Since the above was written, we have heard it rumored that the watch in question was not the gentleman's own, but belonged to his LADY! If this is a fact, it is too bad! Worse, by half, than kicking over the tea table after being defeated at town meeting.

Feminine politicians.

It certainly is deplorable enough for the male population of our country to be constantly engaged in political broils, and contentions; but when females leave their appropriate duties and stations, and engage in these scenes, under the sanction, and by the request of a great and blustering party, becomes ten times more so than it otherwise would be. To see the wives and daughters of the wealthy, those who lay claim to the highest order of respectability and to the most delicate refinement, and who set themselves up, and are looked up to, as patterns of feminine perfection, coming forward into the arena of political strife, and figuring amid the tumult and noise of a boisterous throng, cannot awake in the breast of any rational man or woman any other sentiment than that of unmitigated contempt. We care who that woman may be, or how highly she may be esteemed by her admirers; whether she appears in pawn colored satin or plain "linsey wolsey;" if she suffers herself to be drawn so far from her appropriate element as to prostitute her influence to the advancement of popular political tumult, she cannot and will not be respected by the truly chaste and virtuous of either sex; and no language can be too severe in which to express our disapprobation of her conduct.

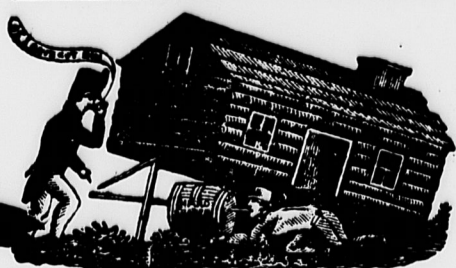
All the decency and all the morality that has given a specimen in the GREAT WHIG Convention which took place on the 20th inst, in this city, of the difference between precept and practice, faith and works. We find the Presbyterian meetinghouse converted into a political arena—the gorgeous whig banner elevated in the pulpit, and the applaus and horrors, and clapping of hands, and stamping of feet, as the various orators declaimed, made the welkin ring and showed but too clearly that all regard to the sacredness of the place was lost; by the money changers, and that the spirit of him who overthrew their tables in the temple was wanting to rebuke them—"My house shall be the house of prayer, and ye have made it _____." "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

Anecdote.

One of the federal runners of this city called upon an old and respectable member of that party one day last week, and requested him to assist them at the raising of a liberty pole on the Monday following. "No!" said the veteran, "I wont go, nor stir a step! If you have any offices to distribute you never call on me to help do that; but if there is any work to be done, it's how do you do, Mr. K! And wont you do this, Mr. K! And wont you help us do that, Mr. K! And now you may raise your own POLES for all me. I dislike your hard cider and coon skins; and all the rest of your flummery; and I wont have any thing more to do with you!"

Small potatoes.

"American system" is as mad as a March hare, because we neglected to assign him a place in the Tip and Ty procession, last week. The truth is, he is such unaccountable small potatoes that he escaped our notice entirely. Had we thought of him, perhaps we might have given him a seat upon the cider barrel in the temperance secretary's wheelbarrow, or some such place; but as a general thing we shall let such small fry go for what they will fetch; satisfied that they are not worth the butter that it takes to cook them.



The last gasp of Whiggery in Middlesex County

Tuesday last was a day ever to be remembered in consequence of the immense gathering of pure, patriotic whig souls, in Middletown on that day. Great had been the inducements held out to attract a tremendous assemblage to this devoted spot, and profuse the arrangements to entertain them in a truly hospitable manner. Ducks and geese, turkeys and chickens, pigs and porkers, without number, were led to the slaughter, and indiscriminately put to the knife, and thence transferred to the oven, to be had in readiness to tickle the palate of the simpering gentry, who were expected to be present in such a vast multitude on that important occasion. Well, about ten o'clock, the lost tribes from different parts of this county, and from New Haven, Hartford, &c, began to assemble, in squads of eight or ten; looking for all the world like a corporal's guard; and displaying banners "appropriated to the occasion," furnished by the aristocracy of Middletown. Some time before noon, the procession was formed by some fifteen or twenty marshals, mounted on grey chargers, with appropriate blue badges and sashes, and then the way the mud flew when the word was given to advance, and the band struck up that most proper of all tunes for the occasion, "the British grenadier's march," would have been a caution to Napoleon's body guard, at the battle of Waterloo. Onward they moved in might and majesty, displaying all the pomp and splendor of self-conceited greatness, likening themselves, in their frenzied imaginations, to a victorious boast, going on from conquering to conquer! And well they might. For all that they had been able to coax and crowd in to their ranks at this time was exactly three hundred and seventy-one. It is due, however, in candor to the sickly looking coon hunters to say, that they had the good fortune to augment their numbers by the way, from among those who were ashamed to be seen with them openly, until, when they arrived at their head quarters, the Presbyterian Church, it amounted to four hundred and seventeen, all told; to wit:—three hundred and fifty-nine men, and fifty eight boys; and no more. This is the highest number given by any one of the many gentlemen who took the trouble to count them. Of this number, 63 were from Hartford, 49 from Durham, 21 from N. Haven, 14 from Meriden, 42 from Chatham, 12 from Haddam, 5 from E. Haddam, 7 from Chester, 4 from Saybrook, 2 from Berlin, and three from Wethersfield, bearing a banner to which was appended five bunches of onions; one on the staff, and one dangling from each corner of the flag. The steamboat Middletown was had in requisition, to bring troops from all along the river, and when she came to land her freight on our wharf, behold there was the enormous number of 17! And there was, in addition to these, two from the New York boat. Allowing all who came from abroad to have joined in the procession, there was only 194 of our citizens out on the

occasion, including 58 boys! Of a truth we may exclaim, *Democracy is used up in Middlesex County!!* After the ceremony of presenting the "Gorgeous feminine Tippecanoe Banner" had been gone through, & the he Tips and "she Tips," and little Tips had become quietly seated in parson Crane's church, the celebrated orators from a distance were called for, but lo! they were among the missing. Only one, a Mr Ulman from N. York was present. This created no little disaffection among the poor whiggies, but they were soon quieted by the appearance of the Litchfield Dictator, Truman Smith, who is one of the famous Washington federal executive committee, who dealt out large quantities of fog to his gaping audience with a gold spoon. He was followed by "half shad" of N. Haven, who dealt principally in soda water, for the special benefit of the "she Tips" and the way he was cheered by the clapping of their pretty little hands and the rattling of their coon skin aprons, must have penetrated the utmost recess of his capacious soul. What these delicate females did with their feet during this exciting season, we are unable to say; we presume however they hept them pretty snugly hid beneath their dimities, lest we should discover the holes in the heels of their stockings. Be that as it may, they were honorably applauded by Bobadil, and Bobenezer, for their patriotism in coming to the rescue, when the constitution is bleeding at every pore, and anathemas pronounced against any one who should have the presumption to say aught against petticoat government and the "rights of women." These worthies were followed up by the windy mayor from near old Milford Trumbull & others, when this vast assemblage of talent, respectability, morality, & temperance dispersed to attend to their usual vocations—the he Tips, to brow-beat the hard working demos, and the "she Tips" to scold at their servants and fondle their cubs. Thus ended the grand display of the "Gorgeous Banner!" The mighty agony is over, and what is the production! "The mountain has labored and brought forth a mouse." "O TRUMPERY! O MOSES!"

A Bright One.

In addition to the skunks, coons, and other live stock brought to town on Tuesday last, to exemplify the principles of British whiggery, were four very young puppies which were exhibited by a boy in a basket.

"What sort of dogs are they," inquired patent Giles. "They are Harrison puppies now," replied the youngster. "That's right" said cousin Giles, "here is a ninepence for you, my good fellow." The boy, pocketing the affront, cried out with a grin, "But they wont be after they get their eyes open they will then be Van Buren puppies." Reader; to enjoy the joke, you should have been there about this time.

Family warning!

Young men and Bachelors look out! unless you want to wear ragged stockings, cook your own victuals, and tend your own children, have a care how you connect yourself with a brawling, female politician. If you would have your house a hell, and your home a curse, marry a "feminine Tippecanoe" one who is aiding and exciting the animosities, and participating in the political strife of the day. Such a woman (nine cases in ten) would rule you with a broomstick, keep you continually in a broil, and finally decorate your brows with a pair of horns, by eloping with a panic orator.

Who pays.

Report says that the banners, devices, and other mummery displayed at the late British whig carousal in this town, were made to order for the aristocrats connected with one of the banking institutions in this city. We have but little doubt of the correctness of the rumor, for we have always considered them a haughty purse proud set of shyllocks, underrating the intelligence of the people, and striving to hoodwink and control all whose necessities made them subservient to their designs. But do these sham gentry think the yeomanry of Middlesex county are so ignorant that they cannot tell a wolf, even if he is covered over with a "mutton skin?" Do they think because they had a parcel of cloths painted over with mottos, and sent into every town in the county by one of their lackeys, to be paraded through our streets, that the people will receive them as the sentinels of such towns? Not so! every one knows the whole game! and that it was originated by the bankers and the expense defrayed by the banks, for the purpose of deceiving and cheating the country folks into the support of a superannuated, imbecile old man, whom they are endeavoring to palm off upon the freemen as a suitable candidate for the presidency. The means which are adopted to delude and deceive the electors, are not only demoralizing, but insulting to a free and intelligent people.

The Temple desecrated.

Our neighbors, the North Congregationalists, are extremely obliging people. If any want their church to worship the Lord in, it is at their service; if any to worship the devil, it is equally at their disposal. The Lord has had it one day in the week, with one exception—during the speculating mania, the devil, finding the congregation a little more eager for lucre than religion, and having occasion for a land office, it was given up to him. Even on the Sabbath his lithographic city lots were displayed about the altar, and he was much gratified to find how much better they took than what usually had been dispensed there.

Now it is characteristic of his Satanic majesty, that when he gets his followers into difficulty, particularly well under water, he cuts stick, and leaves them to get out as they can. But this was too good a field to leave unoccupied very long, and knowing well the credulity of the congregation, and their whiggish propensities to blame and chastise the innocent for the acts of the guilty, he returned, made his best bow, and told them that, after all, he had no hand in their former difficulties. It was all Mr. Van Buren; and, to punish him for his wickedness, if they would give up their church to him again when he wanted, give him a "gorgeous banner" to decorate his pulpit, and worship him as faithfully as they had done heretofore, he would help them to turn out Mr. Van Buren; and give them his best and particular friend for a president—and for the loss of their city lots, a host of fat offices. They have taken him at his word, and complied with his request to the letter. But he is about to leave them, shaking his sides at their gullibility, and their promised president is like to be where their Marion lots are, all on paper and under water.

Why have the British whigs ceased to lie about those "awful bloodhounds?" Do give us a groan or two more on that subject, old deserve-a-rope.—Hartford Times.

Extravagance of the Government.

It would appear from the burden of the song of the distress orators at the great whig gathering on Tuesday, that the extravagance of the government is the colossian argument which is to revolutionize the country. They say that the expenses of the government for the last year were between thirty-seven and thirty-eight millions. Now these speakers very well know this assertion is entirely destitute of truth. That this is the amount of money which has passed through the hands of government we do not deny, but we simply ask and will rest the subject there, whether paying monies collected of other nations for spoiliations on our commerce is a part of public expenses? This constitutes a large item in the above amount. Or is paying indemnities to other nations, a part of our expenses? There is another large item. Is paying the claims of the states for expenses during the last war, for which Connecticut comes in for a large share; is this a part of the expenses of the government for the last year? Is paying off between three and four millions of dollars of pensions to soldiers and widows of soldiers of the revolution a part of the expenses of the last year; in which widows the past year, in this town, received arrearages to the amount of between three and four thousand dollars; is this to be put down to the expenses of the last year? It is these and similar items which makes up a large proportion of the above amount. Every one knows and every candid man will say that they have nothing to do with the current expenses of the past year. They virtually say, if they come into power, they are going to reduce this mighty sum. If so, we have only to say, they expect to violate the faith of the nation—they expect to withhold the indemnities due to individuals and other nations—they expect to cheat the poor Indians out of their lands and their annuities—they expect to stop the improvement of the navy—let our fortifications and harbors go to decay, and discontinue the pensions to the widows and soldiers, or perhaps do as many of them have done, pay fifty cents on a dollar—cheat their honest creditors, and retire at the end of four years on a fortune.

On looking at the federal procession last Tuesday, we observed an individual who had been entirely overlooked in the Programme which appeared in our last paper. The whig committee had neglected to assign him a place in their procession, notwithstanding he had long served them faithfully in the capacity of candle-snuffer to the reading room. Poor Bob felt so heart-broken to see himself thus slighted, that he fell upon his hands and knees, and begged pitifully to be allowed to walk in the procession, promising, if they would only give him that privilege, that he would light their lamps and snuff their candles in future for nothing. Accordingly he was allowed to go in front of the ladies with a broom, and sweep off the sidewalk, so that they need not get any mud on their precious little feet.

The administration has a gain of eleven electoral votes in South Carolina. This state went against Mr. Van Buren in 1836, and is within one an equivalent for both Connecticut and Rhode Island, which are now put down as certain for the federalists. Hartford Times.

We do not think it is best to give up Connecticut as certain to the feds yet. If every county in the state will do as well as Middlesex in November, Connecticut will go for Van Buren.

Fashions for November!

Since the hard cider gathering of all the decency on Tuesday last, red flannel has taken a rise of 33 1-3 per cent and none to be had in the market at that price. The shabby genteel aristocracy of this benighted city, have such a veneration for the old woman that lives in a log cabin at North Bend, that the members of the "feminine Tippecanoe club" have resolved to go back to "the good old days of Adam and Eve," and have adopted homespun loose gowns and red flannel petticoats, to be worn "with the latch string out." It will, no doubt, be an appropriate and becoming apparel for the would be gentry who, instead of imitating the plain and comfortable customs of their mothers, have been aping off the habits of their betters.

Another splendid failure.

For two or three weeks past the feds have been summoning together the "odds and ends" of their party, to have a tremendous blow-up at Norwich, on Thursday of last week. The "godlike" Daniel Webster was to be there, and proclaim from the rostrum, in his own mighty eloquence, "that every man who calls him an aristocrat is a LIAR."

Well the day arrived. The Tippecanoe drummer began to beat up for a gathering of his majesty's forces; and big swigs and little swigs of every grade and hue were seen to peep out of their holes, and presently were on their way to the cabin. The committee appointed to receive visitors from abroad, reported six coons, two monkeys, three cats, and ten dogs. These were all apportioned to their several places in the assembly, and a loud call, squealed forth in a thousand different tones, echoed through every quarter of the cabin, for the "godlike" Daniel to come forth. But alas! no Daniel was there! Where was he? Will the Constitution or the Courier tell us where the "godlike" was last week.

No wonder women have taken to politics since Harrison's nomination to the presidency. They do not see why one granny should not be as eligible as another to the office. Remember ambition was the death of Cæsar.

CLOSING UP OF THE "MASS MEETING."—The federal "Constitution" gives a full report of the doings of the mighty convention of whiggies of Tuesday last. We should be glad to copy it entire into our columns, but as our limits do not permit, we will content ourselves with copying verbatim "the conclusion of the whole matter," as it appears in the Constitution:—

"The Hon. E. Jackson then addressed the convention in his usual chaste and happy style, and much to the satisfaction of those who heard him. He spoke of the happy form of government, with which the people of this country are favored, and of vigilance on the part of the people, in order to maintain it. Party he considered as liable to destroy our free institutions.

"A song was then sung by Mr. Gates of East Haddam. Another song was sung by several gentlemen. Meeting adjourned."

The following, we presume, was one of the songs sung on the occasion:—

"Granny, hush, lie still and slumber,
Miss Brower now attends thy rest,
Indian children without number,
Gather round their daddy's nest."

Mr. McDEFFIE—in speaking of Gen. Harrison says—

"In the hands of such a man, the Constitution would be a mere nose of wax. Every thing would resolve itself into the tyrant's plea—necessity."

From the New York Sun.

ELECTIONS.—We do not consider it important to occupy our columns with long tabular statements of votes in towns and counties, to the exclusion of other interesting matters. These statements which our contemporaries publish are always made up in the first instance from mere rumors and reports, and are therefore uniformly erroneous to some extent. We make it a point to give all authentic news as soon as received, in as condensed a form as possible.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The democratic majority is variously estimated from four thousand upwards. The Ledger says the democratic Central Committee of correspondence have issued a circular stating the majority on the popular vote at upwards of twelve thousand, and promise to sustain this statement by the publication of the official vote of each county in a few days. Doubtful. The whigs have a majority in the Senate; the House is a tie, 50 whigs and 50 democrats.

NEW JERSEY.—The whig majority will not vary far from 1000. The strength of parties was not, however, fairly tested, as in several counties there was only one ticket run.

OHIO.—The whigs have carried every thing in this state. The popular majority will be from 15 to 20,000.

GEORGIA.—The whig majority is about 3,500 in the popular vote. They have both branches of the legislature also. A senator is to be chosen in place of Mr. Lumpkin.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—On Monday last an election took place in South Carolina. In the Charleston district J. E. Homes was re-elected to Congress without opposition. R. B. Rhett is re-elected in the 8th district without opposition. Both these gentlemen are Van Buren men. In the Columbia district it appears that the Van Buren candidate has been elected. South Carolina elects nine members of Congress.

These are all the elections to be held prior to the contest for the presidency. As far as they afford indications of the vote in that contest they all stand where they did in 1826, with the exception of South Carolina, which it is conceded will now vote for Mr. Van Buren. We ought, perhaps, to remark that the state elections in the southern states do not generally afford a sure index to the vote on the presidential election.

The democracy are aroused—they have done up their summer's work, and are looking around them to find out the meaning of all the bustle and noise got up by the merchants and bankers about the sub-treasury, log cabins, and hard cider. They say that the evils prophesied by the whigs in case the bill passed have not been realized, but the reverse, as the prices of commodities are improving, and the prospect is cheering for a fair reward for the toils of the husbandman. Hay is worth \$8, wheat \$1 25, corn 75c, barley 62, oats 31, butter 12, cheese 8, tallow 12, hops 21, &c. &c. The cry of hard times has ceased to have the intended effect, and so have the humbug of "log cabins" and "hard cider." These catch words are not in the mouths of the industrious, sober-minded citizens, whose labor produces something for the common weal, but in those of persons who live by their wits, cheating honest labor of its earnings, or the idle lounge, who is in fact nothing but a moth upon, or rather a curse to, society. Go to the mock log cabins, and who is to be found there, singing Harrison songs, and pouring down "hard cider" in the shape of strong drink? None others than the designing, intriguing politician, associated with the lazy drones and bankrupts of the neighborhood. Such places are shunned by the honest, industrious, well-disposed citizens, as dens where mischief is concocted, and evil habits formed. The democracy are a plain, straight-going set of men, who seek not to delude by jack o' lanterns, and therefore these humbugs of the whigs find no favor with them. They work and think, and at the proper time they will be at the polls to vote, and in numbers too that will put to nothing all the designs and trickery of the foe they contend with.

Freeman's Journal.

Federal insults are as cheap as dirt.

From the Extra Globe.

Croghan and Harrison's honors.

The public know that the Wheeling Harrison Committee attempted to make it appear that the contemplated tender of the petticoat to Harrison, and simultaneously with the sword to CROGHAN, was a recently invented story of some of the democrats of Ohio. We have heretofore given the proof of respectable men, who were appized at the time of the preparation of the petticoat by the ladies of Chillicothe, and testified to the fact. A friend has sent us the additional testimony of several most respectable person in the valley of the Muskingum, who heard the account of the transaction contemporaneously with its happening. The proof below was transmitted to us with the following letter:

Extract from a letter, dated

McCONNELSVILLE, Oct. 2, 1840.

"The signers are of the first standing in the community; old men—mostly farmers—who have lived in the valley of the Muskingum since childhood. Col. Isaac Humphreys you will probably recognise as an acquaintance. He is senator from this district, highly enlightened, talented and respectable.

"The good work progresses finely. One week more, and we shall have the ballot box decide the conflict. I have confidence in the success of democracy in the Buckeye State. The signs of the times were never more favorable to the defeat of federalism.

Yours respectfully,

From the Muskingum Valley.

The Harrison Petticoat story.

TESTIMONY OF OLD MEN OF THE COUNTRY.

Early in the season we said something of this old report, and in the course of our remarks, related an incident which actually took place in this neighborhood, when an old gentleman of the whig party in this valley was charged with having first related the story of the ladies of Chillicothe preparing or presenting Harrison with a petticoat, after his refusal to reinforce Croghan at Fort Stephenson. We know of several old men who were familiar with the story many years since, and about two months ago heard they had certified to the fact. Last week we were favored with the following documents. The signatures are those of the old residents of this and Washington county—men of high standing and of unimpeached integrity.

The public can now judge of the justice there is in charging the invention of this story to a distinguished member of the democratic party, when there is evidence incontrovertible that it was related as early as 1813 or 1814.

"We, the undersigned, hereby testify that we were residents of Ohio, during the war of 1813, &c. and that as early as the latter part of that year, we recollect distinctly of hearing an anecdote of the ladies of Chillicothe to the following effect: 'That in consequence of the gallantry displayed by Col. Croghan at the defence of Fort Stephenson, the ladies of the town of Chillicothe presented him with a sword, as a testimonial of their regard for his valor; and that in consequence of the singular conduct of Gen. Harrison in refusing him aid even when the noise of the battle was heard in his camp, the same ladies prepared and presented (as it was then related) a petticoat to Harrison, as a mark of their respect for him. This anecdote was related in the Muskingum valley from the time of the occurrence up to 1820, &c. and occasioned much amusement.

ISAAC HUMPHREYS,
JAMES LEGGETT,
JOHN MEHANA,
THOS. H. WHITE,
ABEL SHERMAN,
WM. OLIPHANT."

The undersigner hereby certify they heard John Patterson relate a story on his return from the army on furlough, in the year 1813, to the following effect: That in consequence of the cowardice exhibited by Gen-

eral Harrison in refusing to send assistance to Croghan at the battle of Fort Stephenson, the ladies of Chillicothe, Ohio, prepared a petticoat and presented, or were prepared to present, as a testimony of their respect for him. We affirm this, in consequence of having seen or heard of a denial, of all the facts, by the individual referred to, as above related.

JOHN FEATHERSTON,
JAMES ALEXANDER,
HIRAM JONES,
PETER HAGERMAN,
THOS. H. WHITE,
ABEL SHERMAN.

The Bloodhounds.

Why have the honest whigs discontinued their attacks on the administration on account of the Florida bloodhounds?

Because Governor CALL, who procured them and paid for them without authority from the government, having lost his office, HAS TURNED WHIG!

He tells his new allies that the only real ground of complaint was, that the secret of war ordered them to be muzzled so that they could not bite and mangle the Indians!

Yet, honest federal whiggery, which had so much sympathy for the poor Indians while any political capital could be made out of it, now take the author of the bloodhound war to their bosoms! So much stronger is their hatred of the administration than their sympathy for the Indians, that the very men who lifted up their hands in holy horror at the employment of bloodhounds, are now willing to couple themselves with bloodhounds without muzzles, to hunt it down.

The "Declaration of Whig Principles."

It is humorously styled, read by Mr. Webster, to the late meeting at Bunkerhill, charges against the present national administration, as its great transgression, that when the crisis of 1837 came, it "abandoned all care of the currency, and thus renounced its constitutional duty." Mr. Webster, in his Saratoga speech, also insisted upon the duty of the general government to keep the paper money in circulation on a par with specie. If this could have been done in 1837—if the government could by any possibility have kept the immense amount of paper money, which was already in circulation in 1836 and 1837, upon a par with specie, Mr. Webster's speculation might have gone on until the original speculators had sold out at an immense advance upon the first prices of their stock. If the establishment of a national bank, or if receiving the money of the broken state banks at the treasury, could have had the effect to give this artificial value to paper, the government ought to have tried it. Why should so promising an enterprise as that of the Ellsworth Land and Lumber Company be blown away like a summer cloud, in consequence of the perversity of the administration?

It is no answer to say, that even if the government could have kept up the great credit system a little longer by the measures asked for by Mr. Webster and his friends, the explosion would have been only more violent at last. It is no answer to say that false values, like stones thrown into the air, must come down at last, and that when the time for the collapse of the bubble of false credit has finally arrived, Eolus with all his winds cannot keep it inflated. The government should have done what it could; it should not have abandoned the care of the currency; it should have stood by Mr. Webster and his friends, in their speculations. It should have done its best to put money in his pocket, and then it could not have been blamed for renouncing its constitutional duty.

Evening Post.

NOTICE.

State of Connecticut, ss. Superior Court,
Middlesex County, August Term, 1840.

UPON the Petition of Jane Reynolds, of East Haddam, in said County, pending before said Court, praying for a Divorce from Joseph N. Reynolds, now gone to parts unknown, as per Petition on file, dated Aug. 18, 1836—It is found by the Court, that actual notice of the pending of said Petition cannot be given without great expense.—Ordered, That notice of the pendency of said petition be given, by publishing this order in two Newspapers printed in the city of Middletown, in said County, immediately after the rising of this Court, six weeks successively.

6w1 Test, JOHN FISK, Clerk.