

The Free Press.

MESSRS. EDITORS— Like the author of the publication in your paper of the 9th ult., under the signature of 'One of the Committee,' I shall offer no apology for the following. It is a long article, and I am not sure that you will be pleased to publish it in its due time. In the distribution of your editorial duties, you may choose to reject it, in which case I shall not complain.

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Mechanic, then, is surrounded with difficulties in a tight place—and it is believed that every reader of your paper will allow him the privilege of extricating himself the way he may. In this struggle, the generous will give him their sympathy, and the just will show him fair play.

One of the first places then, (tho' the signature of 'One of the Committee' has pretty clearly pointed out the identity of the author,) I declare that not one word of the following effort will be written with the least personal allusion to the supposed author; and if any plain consideration should be shown to the statements of the writer, or any strong expression of reprobation used, I ask him to believe that it has reference to the political principles of the writer and nothing else.

What he means by being a stickler for terms I do not know, but if the giving of life, in almost so many words, is not the handling of epithets, I know nothing of the meaning of that hackneyed phrase 'One of the Committee' has endeavored to identify the person of Mechanic by calling him one of the Federal clique who are so fond of federalism in its narrow days. Let me assure 'One of the Committee' that the day for this sort of slang is past.

The followers of him who laid down the position that the jurisdiction of Congress extended to all persons and to all things, can with no propriety denounce the author of the 'Free Press' as a Federalist. But if I were even obnoxious to the charge, I certainly never could be ashamed to have been a member of that party who had for its great leaders, George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Charles C. Pinckney, John Marshall and Patrick Henry. If 'One of the Committee' would be ashamed of such company, Mechanic certainly is not. Mechanic is told that he is a stickler for terms, and that he is a Federalist; but his party in their frequent attempts to stifle the voice of the people, the anti-republican gag-law of Congress, to trammel the Republican party in the Jersey case; the case of the Ohio Legislature; the case of the Ohio Legislature; the case of either of these cases—but as they have been called by his notice, it is proper he should say something about them.

the construction of the Dismal Swamp Canal, connecting the waters of Virginia with the Atlantic Ocean. It is now repudiated by the Republican party.

Again, it is well known that Mr. Jefferson was utterly opposed to the free use of the veto power. Look at his advice to George Washington: "If you have a doubt you ought to yield to the voice of the people as expressed through their immediate Representatives." Well known, and no one better than 'One of the Committee,' that Gen. Jackson while President retained Mr. Clay's Distribution Bill in his possession, and would not return it to Congress with his objections, because he knew, as every body knew at the time, if he returned it and gave Congress the opportunity of acting upon the subject, it would be passed that body by the Constitutional majority, two-thirds, and have become a law in spite of his veto.

Mr. Jefferson would have shuddered at the thought of the arbitrary exercise of a Constitutional power, and yet modern Democrats explained this act to the very letter. And more and again, to specify another instance of the departure of modern Democrats from the policy of Mr. Jefferson. It is known and is perfectly undeniable (indeed, 'One of the Committee' himself, has not had the fortitude to question the fact though his attention was called to it,) that Mr. Jefferson was ever an enthusiastic advocate of Home Manufactures, and that perhaps, in every annual Message he made to Congress, he commended their protection to the leading care of that body, and that special directions that the President's house, then to be occupied by him, should be furnished from the shops of his own countrymen.

Modern Democrats are for foreign subjects a tariff. I could go on further upon subjects of great importance. I have referred only to those great and important questions which divide the present political parties, and proved incontrovertibly that the modern Democrats are not the friends of the policy of Mr. Jefferson. Stand up, you reiterate the words, 'trampled under foot'—the policy and principles of that true patriot and distinguished statesman, Thomas Jefferson. I will not make good my statement. Stand up, you Excellency, answer me or nay! But I will not pay you to the wall.

'One of the Committee' says that during the late canvass for the Presidency, the Whigs had not the manliness to avow their measures, and that the Bank of the United States, a National Debt, a Distribution measure, and a high Protective Tariff. As to a Bank, I confess they were a little shy, and but for the cause, they would have avowed the twelve years rule of the Destructives, (I mean the Democracy in the reigns of Gen. Jackson, and Mr. Van Buren, together with the present administration) of paying their debts by the use of their favorite word, 'Respectability.'

But the democracy, (not of Virginia it is admitted,) to judge from some pretty strong indications, are willing now not only to divide those proceeds, but to give up the State to the debts to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars. Witness the numerous petitions pouring in upon Congress from the democratic States of the Union, and the Whigs, indeed, is going the whole hog, to use an old phrase taken from the democratic vocabulary.

A protected tariff has forever been boldly avowed by the Whigs, and I have not the least doubt that in less than ten years 'One of the Committee' will be as vehement a supporter, as he is now an opposer, of that policy. He will disdain to be clad in any thing but home-spun. 'One of the Committee' says that in looking for the cause of the Revolution, he is glad to recall the revolutions of '37-'38, he is not left to grapple with vague generalities and pointless declamation, Mechanic has descended to specifications. It is very strange, that his assertion should have been made, especially as the author must have had the address of the democratic meeting, as well as the essay of Mechanic before his eyes. I did nothing more than merely refer to the foot-note of the Democratic address, disagreeing from them all, I believe, except that which they call the struggle of the Bank to procure a renewal of its charter, which I chose to call, by a courteous expression "the struggle of the Bank to continue to ill the country."

I agreed with the Committee that this was a great and efficient, and I verily believe, the principal cause of the revolutions spoken in the address, and I feel confident that I have proved the entire satisfaction of every intelligent reader that those revolutions did originate principally from that cause. This writer says the Whigs have taken up this Bank. How? When?—I wish to know the date of his article. Did not the good democratic State of Pennsylvania grant its charter? And has not that State received from this Bank in bonus, loans, and the sale of its stock, upwards of 12 millions of dollars? Other democratic States could be mentioned who have forged large sums from this Bank, almost to an incredible amount. And what are those loans and stocks worth at this day—some of them not one cent, and the Bank has received 25 cents for the dollar. Reputation is now the word; we must now all abuse this Bank. It is poor human nature to abuse those whom we have robbed. 'One of the Committee' says that the Whigs have, through all its mutations, proved it never exerted any control over the currency. That this statement should be made by any man, at this day, is almost incredible. It proves beyond all doubt that 'One of the Committee' has, in his inquiries, or absolutely reckless in his assertions. Who, after this, will put the least confidence in his political statements? Does 'One of the Committee' suppose his essays will be read only by fools, who know no better? We will put this subject until we come to his great constitutional argument on its charter.

upon him, by his election and removal to Washington. The object is, to utterly destroy any one who has shape or impress of a man. I will not trust myself to answer it, lest I should use unbecoming language.

'One of the Committee' denies that Mr. Van Buren's administration expended twenty-five millions of dollars over and above its regular income, and gives a challenge that the items should be specified. I accept the challenge, and will give the items. First, there were paid to the States; (not paid, but expended); 6,000,000 Surplus in the Treasury which was on hand at Van Buren's accession to the Presidency. 8,000,000 United States Bank notes; 5,200,000 Trust Funds for Indians, &c; 1,500,000 Navy Pension Fund.

I think these sums added together make a little more than 25 millions of dollars. All these sums were swept from the board by the illicit administration of Mr. Van Buren. Nothing but ruined manufactures, ruined commerce, and worse than all, ruined credit was left. And such were the blessings of modern Democracy, that these specifications satisfactory to 'One of the Committee? Yes, to his heart's content; and he is heartily sorry he ever gave the defiance. Bitter as the pill is, however, he will be obliged to swallow it, and I sincerely hope it may have a salutary effect upon his political constitution.

'One of the Committee,' with great exultation, talks about the great curtailment of expenditures during Mr. Van Buren's administration. First year, expenditures 32 millions; second year, 27 millions; last year, down to 22 millions. If this is not a rapid curtailment, I know not what is; exactly five millions a lick. What a pity he had not been 'reduced to a mere shadow' in ten years more the expenditures would have been reduced to a mere song. Now who in this world believes that, or hardly any part of it? Not even the Editor of the Globe newspaper, from whose columns I have taken the above figures. It is really curious to notice by what hocus-pocus mode of reasoning this writer, 'One of the Committee,' has managed to reduce the expenditures of Mr. Van Buren to 22 millions of dollars. It seems he had borrowed five millions of dollars in the shape of Treasury Notes, and this amount he afterwards paid. Then I suppose if the annual expense of a Farmer should be 1000 dollars, and he borrows 500 dollars, and appropriates that amount to the payment of his taxes, as soon as he returns this borrowed money he has a right to say his expenses were reduced to the sum of 500 dollars. Pray, 'One of the Committee,' in what school of political economy did you study that abstruse science?

What may be the expenses of Mr. Tyler's administration I do not know. That they will be extravagant I have not the least doubt; but he will not cooperate with the Whigs in Congress, hardly in any measure of policy. I have not the least hope of the man or of his administration.

We now come to the great argument of 'One of the Committee,' on the subject of the constitutionality of a Bank charter. Mechanic had stated that this committee of the Democratic meeting had discovered a great secret—that a Bank charter was condemned as well by letters as by the spirit of the constitution. And I am charged, it would seem, with a willful misquotation for 'One of the Committee' exclaims, "What! Messrs Editors, 'What! I wish respect be paid to the character of the Whigs, a writer who will misquote the language of a resolution which he undertakes to pass strictures upon?" There is no such word in the resolution, and 'One of the Committee' is entirely wrong in his interpretation of the word now in the resolution, but I affirm most positively that that very word, or one fully equivalent and tantamount, is either in the resolution or the address of the committee. I am inclined to think it is in the address, if it is not in the resolution, but I am not sure.

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We come next to the paragraph in which 'One of the Committee' justifies the statement of 'One of the Committee' that in 1840 had placed the Government in the hands of a party, who have mismanaged our affairs, exhausted the funds, increased the debt, and proscribed the credit of our Government. 'One of the Committee' has the candor to acknowledge that the Whigs received no funds from their predecessors. The same candor ought to have led him to accuse the call of an extra session of Congress, and the payment of necessary expenses of the Government. He has forgotten to remember altogether that his President, Mr. Van Buren, called an extra session of Congress to help him along, before the first month had elapsed, he had taken his seat. Oh no, he could not see that! An ancient writer observed that every man carries a wallet across his shoulder, in the front part of which is stored away all his good faults of his neighbors, which he can never examine without some trouble, whilst he is forever looking into the front end, in which he has carefully stored away each and every fault of his neighbors.

presented for his approbation or rejection, may not necessarily be, in this bill constitutional? It is not necessary to pass it, and have I the right to approve it? The question is, by any possibility be avoided. To make the matter plain (and I must be very plain to beat any thing out of the brains of 'One of the Committee'), suppose Congress had made, and passed, a bill to incorporate an Abolition Society in the city of Washington, and at this session a law had passed that body authorizing the establishment of a branch of that incorporation in the city of Richmond, and such a law should be presented to Mr. Tyler for his approbation, would he not say at once this bill is unconstitutional—I reject it? The cases are precisely similar. Does 'One of the Committee' understand that, and yet deny that Mr. Madison's authority is passed over by the positive authority of Mr. Madison? 'One of the Committee' attempts to degrade him to the level of an idiot. He says, with an air of triumph to himself, and of degradation to Mr. Madison, 'what can they say, who press Mr. Madison's example upon us, and call upon us to reject it, when it is remembered that he vetoed the Bank because the charter required the payment of the debts of modern Democracy, and to quote the identical words. Could any human being, who had the least respect for the character and public services of Mr. Madison, venture to make such an assertion? Now, bank notes must be paid in something. What did Mr. Madison propose they should be paid in, chips or whistons? I will not use the vulgar language which seems to be natural to 'One of the Committee' in a public assembly, and the other defendant, Mr. Monroe's authority is passed over without one word of notice. I suppose 'One of the Committee' takes him to be another fool. It is denied that Gen. Jackson ever admitted the constitutional power of Congress to charter a Bank. 'One of the Committee' dares to examine his Veto Message, an official document, in which I aver without the least fear of any respectable contradiction, that this power is admitted in as many words. He chooses to relate that great and distinguished statesman, and his fame defies the base temper and blunt edge of the ridicule of 'One of the Committee,' and stands in no need of the defence of Mechanic's columns. His statements are no doubt true, but they are without one word of notice. I suppose 'One of the Committee' takes him to be another fool. It is denied that Gen. Jackson ever admitted the constitutional power of Congress to charter a Bank. 'One of the Committee' dares to examine his Veto Message, an official document, in which I aver without the least fear of any respectable contradiction, that this power is admitted in as many words. He chooses to relate that great and distinguished statesman, and his fame defies the base temper and blunt edge of the ridicule of 'One of the Committee,' and stands in no need of the defence of Mechanic's columns. His statements are no doubt true, but they are without one word of notice. I suppose 'One of the Committee' takes him to be another fool.

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number of the society that had just paid him the last tribute of respect—he was an Odd Fellow.

He had been a worthy man—and always sustained a spotless reputation—had been unfortunate in business—and in the midst of his misfortunes, he was taken ill, and continued to till the day of his death, which took place about a year after his first sickness. Owing to his limited means, the association of Odd Fellows was his only dependence, consisting of a wife and four children, during the whole of that time—and that support was cheerfully and liberally afforded. "We have," continued my informant, "alternately watched beside his dying couch every night for the last few months, and oh! how my hearts were pained to hear his expressions of regret at being under the necessity of allowing his Brethren of the Order to subject themselves to such inconvenience, in watching by him—and to such a degree, in providing for himself and family—and more than this, he regretted that he was about to die, and leave his family entirely dependent upon the benevolence of the institution, that had already done so much for them and him!—But we silenced his regrets, and soothed his sorrows, by assuring him that the bounties he was the recipient of, were the free will offerings of hearts that rejoiced in the privileges of relieving human distress, and of mitigating sufferings—and by telling him that his wife and little ones should be under the guardian protection of the Order, who would see to their maintenance and education, not as a matter of mercy, but as an incumbent duty, enjoined by the genius of the institutions, whose broad expansive wings of charity were spread out for the protection of all who take shelter beneath them! Our brother died in peace, we have buried him—and now we have the further privilege to avail ourselves of, and the additional duty to discharge, viz: that of attending to his family, and of educating his children, which shall be faithfully done.

By this time we had reached the house of the mourning family, I had not the honor of a good night, and could not help thanking Heaven that there was an asylum where the tear of the orphan and the widow would be wiped away, and all their sorrows soled! And there was in this cold and sterile world some sympathy for the friendless, the forsaken, the lonely among our race. I availed myself of the privilege of joining the Odd Fellows!

MISTAKEN BENEVOLENCE. The poor are always with us, and the deserving poor. They are to be found in every neighborhood and in every congregation. Though they are uncomplaining and keep their deprivations to themselves, they are no less deserving of our charities. And yet because they do not complain and solicit the aid of the benevolent, they are too often passed by, and suffered to linger in want of the very necessities of life. The absence of the sister of the community noted in its benevolent spirit, and when exertions are made to bestow charity where it is not needed. We frequently bear of efforts being made to present gifts to public men and to ministers, when their salaries must be more than sufficient to give them a good support. This is no other than mistaken benevolence. When the pastor of a congregation receives from eight to twelve hundred dollars a year, it appears to us an injudicious mode, to circulate a subscription paper to obtain funds to purchase a carpet, a table, or any piece of furniture to decorate the preacher's house. It is a needless expense, when the pastor is so well provided for, and when he can barely make a living, to purchase a cloak for the minister or a dress for his wife. If the man were poor, or his salary inadequate to support him, we would have nothing to say; but still should think it far better to raise his salary than to send out subscription papers. In many parishes we have known poor women to suffer for the necessities of life, while the ministers had large salaries and were continually receiving presents from their congregation. How much more charitable, to say nothing of the sanity of the thing, to raise something for the poor of the church. But they are lost sight of, in the affection for the pastor.—No wonder that pure and undebilitated religion—that religion which prompts the possessor to visit the widow and the fatherless in their afflictions—is in so low a state, when the needy are lost sight of, shunned and despised—to heap favors upon those who have more than an abundance. The objects of charity are all around us. They are in every congregation; we meet them in every path. But shall they excite in us no feeling of sympathy? Are they our fathers—our sisters—our children—and shall we close our hearts of compassion; and pass by them on our way? The anguish of the stricken widow and her bereaved children was intense as a husband's death. The husband of the widow was a fisher. The widow's course round the grave carried until the earth was heaped up over the coffin—and then they tread sadly away, and left the spot. The shades of evening were gathered on the way—saw, upon looking up, I perceived that the first star of the dewy twilight hour had stolen silently out from its ethereal abode, and was looking down upon the new made grave of the late possessor of earth, whose remains were now numbering in the narrow house appointed for all the living. But whose spirit had escaped a way to blissful regions, of which the widow and the children were ignorant. Aged man, consumptive men and destitute children will have that attention paid to them which their circumstances require.

MISCELLANEOUS. THE ODD FELLOW'S FUNERAL. Thus hath watched beside the bed of death, Oh! the funeral train, the funeral train, Thy lips received the last faint breath, Thy spirit fled above. Thy prayer was heard by the parting breeze, In a soft and sweet tone. Thy hand was given the grave-digger and tear— Oh! loved! thy task is done. HEMANS. We saw a calm and holy evening in midsummer. The light of the world was gradually sinking down the western sky, dimming its rare and ray's golden beauty, on steep, tower, and battlement of the city of Monuments. I had wandered out beyond the precincts of the noisy mart—and reclining myself on a beautiful mossy bank was engaged in deep communion with my own thoughts. I lay; at the still hour of sunset, to steal away from the bustling scenes of life and to be, that I may in some lone spot, indulge in a mournful yet pleasing reverie—call back again some half forgotten remembrance of the past—or let the aspirations of my heart go up, on the invisible wings of the wind, in gratitude to the Author of all my mercies; some such employment occupied my mind on the evening alluded to. In the midst of my meditations, however, I was aroused by the deep yet stifled oil of the muffled drum, and the mournful minstrelsy of wind instruments, united, in a soft and solemn funeral dirge—ringing out slowly, and with measured cadence on the calm air of that serene evening—and upon looking in the direction from whence the strains proceeded, I saw a FUNERAL TRAIN, wending their way up the valley and ascending the hill.

No long array of carriages headed that funeral procession—no evidence of wealth or pomp, or family pride, were manifest—a hearse, in which were contained the remains of one about to be committed to the cold resting place of the dead, and a single carriage, for the minister and family of the deceased, led on the sorrowing throng that followed in the rear. But though there were but few evidences of pomp or display, yet that slowly moving company were not without a manifest indications of deep sorrow—for the sad and advent look, the grave and smileless face, of each that followed on, signally evinced the most fervent grief that sat enthroned in every breast. Here, some a sad sighing throng. Moving with tardy step along; With mourning badge, and erpe bound head, In reflecting in the sun's bright day. Still on they come, with silent pace, And grief sits on their throes every face; For now, they have descended toward A brother to the 'Heavenly'! One who, in your early hall, Had proudly borne the 'pliny' call, Whose 'Garden' had been his home, Had joined the Eternal One in Heaven! They now with feeling's arms and true, Here come to sign a last farewell.

As the mournful train moved on, I rose instinctively, and followed in the rear: for all my sympathies had awakened. The gate of the 'eternal place' was soon gained—and the friends of the deceased, led by the minister of God, moved forward with reluctant step, and gathered around the grave prepared for the reception of the remains of their lost relative and friend. The sound of the drum was hushed, the funeral service was commenced—and ere its conclusion many a cheek was moistened with a tear of sympathy and regret. The anguish of the stricken widow and her bereaved children was intense as a husband's death. The husband of the widow was a fisher. The widow's course round the grave carried until the earth was heaped up over the coffin—and then they tread sadly away, and left the spot. The shades of evening were gathered on the way—saw, upon looking up, I perceived that the first star of the dewy twilight hour had stolen silently out from its ethereal abode, and was looking down upon the new made grave of the late possessor of earth, whose remains were now numbering in the narrow house appointed for all the living. But whose spirit had escaped a way to blissful regions, of which the widow and the children were ignorant. Aged man, consumptive men and destitute children will have that attention paid to them which their circumstances require.

Keep it before yourself, Mechanic, that work promised should always be done at the time and well done, and then you need give yourself no fears of a want of business. Empty of that job, list of workable machinery in the mind of a bookkeeper, empty of all quarters of the world in an ignorant man, but poverty is not a want of business—and in conversation with one of the

General Intelligence.

Business of Com. Foran.—We regret to learn, says the Baltimore Clipper, that Com. Porter, the representative of our country at Constantinople, has very delicate health. An extract from a private letter received by his nephew, residing in Baltimore, from his sister, says—"your uncle is at present in very feeble health, and we are apprehensive that he will not survive the present season."

Reputation.—The N. O. Bee states that the legislative council of Florida has decided by a vote of 32 to 4, that the Territory is not bound to pay the bonds issued under the authority of a previous legislature. The doctrine of repudiation is recognized in its broadest sense, and another instance of voluntary self-abandonment is offered for the consideration of the civilized world. The difficulties of the times have given a central check to the extravagancies of the people of the United States in their profuse consumption of various articles of fashion and luxury obtained from France. The Prefect of the Seine, in his recent annual report, mentions that the exports of Paris were lessened by twenty-four millions of francs, which evil he ascribes to the "American financial crisis" and the American tariff. (Baltimore American.)

The Alabama Legislature has refused to receive the State's quota of the land distribution fund. The State's finances are bankrupt, and her people are oppressed with taxation. EMIGRATION.—The Washington Spectator states that from a communication lately made to Congress, they learn that the whole number of passengers which arrived in the United States from foreign countries during the year 1842, amounted to 110,984—of which 74,014 were in the district of New York.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, having completed the necessary repairs to the Canal, have, within a few days past, let in the water along the line from Hancock to Georgetown, and it is now in good navigable order.

The Governor and Council of Massachusetts have fixed upon the first Monday in April for the election to fill the vacancies in the Congressional delegation of that State.

The whole number of buildings erected in the city of New York during the year 1842 is 912, being fifty-nine less than in 1841.

A New Game.—Some villians fastened the door of a watchmaker's shop in N. Y. and then one of them thrust his hand through the glass window, and grabbed three watches. His hurry, however, was so great that he got off with but one. A man named Charles Crosby, got married a few days ago, near Germantown, Ky. Not fancying the noise into which he had slipped his neck, he soon looked out for a different one, and hung himself on the first day of the honeymoon.

We learn from the Buffalo Commercial, that a young man named English was murdered at a wedding party a few days ago, under the most aggravated circumstances. It seems that a man named McCulloch was, among others present, celebrating the marriage of the sister of the deceased, when young English playfully took McCulloch's hat, but which he immediately replaced again, whereupon McCulloch stabbed him, and he died in fifteen minutes. The assassin was secured and committed to prison.

The Westminister (Md.) Carrolltonian makes mention of recent sales of land in Carroll county, at prices ranging from \$55.51 to \$53 per acre.

A BOUNCER.—The Cleveland Herald states that there is at the Museum in that city a young girl, eight years of age, named Hannah C. Crouse, born in Portage county, Ohio, who weighs 223 pounds!

TEMPERANCE.—The Earl of Erne, at a cattle show in Cork, and Sir Richard Musgrave, before a large number of spectators came forward and signed the pledge. In Dublin more than six hundred ladies, headed by the Countess of Clanricarde, have joined the cold water army.

YOUNG MEN.—We learn that a number of the ladies of Woodbury, N. J. have carpeted the cell in which young Mercer is confined, and furnished him with a suitable bed.

A vast mine was sprung at Dover, Eng. on the 26th ult., to blow up the Round-down Cliff, which stood next to Shakspeare's Cliff, the object being to make a road way instead of a tunnel, for the South-eastern railway. The quantity of gunpowder was 18,500 pounds. 1,000,000 tons of chalk were dislodged by the shock, which settled gently down into the sea below. The blast would save the company \$200,000 worth of labor. Sir John Herschel, and a number of scientific men were present, as also an immense assemblage.

Methodist Episcopal Church.—Minutes of several conferences just published, show that this church possesses 4,241 travelling preachers, 7,631 local preachers, 1,048,991 communicants, a net increase of 120,133 in 1843. (Portland Times.)





