

# TIGGA EAGLE.

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VOL. II.

WELLSBOROUGH, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1839.

NO. 7.

**ARRIVAL.**  
has just received in addition to a splendid stock of Groceries, Queensware, and Goods, which he will sell at a low price in Tigua county, of

**on Draught.**  
port, Torogosa, old superior brandy, London particular, and white wines.

**ALSO—**  
bottles of the "Anchor" brand, of the "Anchor" and "Juno" Claret, an extra article, country Gin, Brandy, St. of different qualities.

**Teas.**  
particulars next week.

**Agars and Coffee.**  
particulars next week.

**WARE.**  
descriptions.

**TS.**  
particulars next week.

**Goods.**  
particulars next week.

**SHOE.**  
particulars next week.

**RD WARE.**  
particulars next week.

**ALSO.**  
particulars next week.

**ND MEDICINES.**  
particulars next week.

**ALD.**  
particulars next week.

**RESOURCES.**  
particulars next week.

**ENJ. B. SMITH,**  
particulars next week.

**R SALE.**  
particulars next week.

**WALKER, Agent.**  
particulars next week.

**NOTICE.**  
particulars next week.

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## POETRY. THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

By BRYANT.  
The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and scar,  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the leaves lie dead and chill;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's leap.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.  
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood,  
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood!

Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and beautiful of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie, but cold November rain  
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,  
And the wild-rose and the orchid died amid the summer glow,  
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood.

Till fall the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of the smile was gone from upland, glade and glen.  
And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as such such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home.

When the sound of falling nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light, the waters of the rill,  
The south wind reaches the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,  
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;  
In the cold moist earth we find her when the forest east the leaf,  
And we weep that one so lovely should have a life so brief.

Yet no sunset it was, that one, like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful should perish with the flowers.

**THE BOWL.**  
BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTER, U. S. ARMY.  
Oh! shun the bowl!—the draught beware,  
Whose smile but mocks the lips of men,  
When foaming high with waters rare,  
Oh! never touch the goblet then,  
Whi friends we love though sweet to sip  
The nectar'd juice at close of day,  
Yet trust ye not the syren lip  
That wins to cheat, and thro' us stray.

Oh! shun the bowl, and thou shalt crow  
A deeper spell than swains in wine,  
The bright sun hours of sunset glow,  
Their crimson clouds as briefly shine.  
A few short days in madness past,  
And thou wilt sink unknown to years,  
Without a hope beyond the blast,  
Which mourns above thy grave of tears.

Oh! leave the bowl!—if thou art wise  
To shun the path of riotous lives,  
The burning heat where anguish lies,  
And peared honor weeps for shame,  
In after years some cheering ray  
From virtue's smile will let the spread,  
And thou shalt bless the better way  
Thi erring steps were loth to tread.

Oh! shun the bowl—as thou wouldst leave  
The poison'd spot where reptiles tread,  
Let widow'd hearts for thee should grieve—  
For thee, unaimed tears be shed.  
Yea! time may be the fearful lot,  
To prove, ere yet thine hour is o'er,  
A sire—and yet the witness not  
Of them who weep his broken vow.

## REMARKS OF HON. C. J. INGERSOLL.

The following remarks of the Hon. Charles J. Ingersoll, delivered before the Harvest Home celebration yesterday, we like so well, placing in the true light, as he has done, the relative situation of town and country, that we have given up to them entire our editorial columns, and ask for them, from every reader, a calm and unprejudiced perusal.

What is most worthy of notice at a Harvest Home just now, near the 'great town' as Penn called Philadelphia, is the striking contrast between town and country, that here, within sight of our beautiful metropolis, we are different people, in another region, reminded by our merriment and their misery, of the poet's saying, that "God made the country, and man made the town."

Only five miles from the Exchange of Philadelphia, all about us is exultation and gratitude for bounties, while we can almost hear our neighbors in town, in the midst of peace, plenty and prosperity, wailing, gnashing and cursing at hard times, tight days, bad markets, and grievances, which we are strangers to. Every thing that the great producer, mother earth affords, flourishes at this delightful season, in utmost exuberance throughout our chosen land. Those who depend on harvests for happiness, and the banks of running streams for support instead of banks of deposit and their runners, are well to do, and grateful for it. But just below these Germantown hills stands a noble city, in all the pride of its marble magnificence, with unquelled facilities, both natural and artificial, for happiness and enjoyment, crowded with intelligent and enterprising people, most of them respectable, moral and industrious, yet so many in agonies of want and misery, as to disturb the whole with their wailing. Not poor people, that is, not such as live on charity, but poor rich, depending on banks and living on paper, which is very hard currency. No pestilence, no famine, or war, to impoverish them; but with health, flourishing commerce, thriving manufactures, mild, good government in short all that is necessary to prosperity in real distress and bitter complaining. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, are now living in Philadelphia, grimacing horrible, ghastly smiles, in daily dread of ruin. Way are the men of the field so well off, while their brethren in town are so miserable! Simply because our fellow townsmen, with all their superior learning, wisdom and display, suffer themselves to be governed, and the whole country to be disquieted by usurers, speculators, and extortioners, who will not work, but continually excite commotions, pressures and panics, by insane contrivances, to make money of rags, and fortunes in a day. Fatal experience shows that it cannot be done; but that dreadful reactions inevitably follow their oversteering, and seem only to stimulate the jugglers to more desperate attempts to pass paper for silver, while the abused community submits to their abominations, if it does not applaud them. War, pestilence, and famine combined, would not inflict the wretchedness which towns, both great and small, (for nearly every one either wants or has, is incorporated, that is, its regularly stocked and barricaded fort, manned with privileged, intangible garrisons to fire paper money from,) suffer, and make all others suffer, from these banditti. Despising the mother that bore them, our common mother, the earth, these necromancers, having bilted the great highway by industry to competency, hasten to get rich by gambling in bye-ways. Our towns are over-run by them as much as some parts of Europe are by other sturdy beggars.—New York is more infested by them than Philadelphia. New York and Philadelphia are suffering from them as much as they did from cholera.—Numbers, vulgarly called gentlemen, are reduced to great straits, some of them to disgrace by a town malaria, which originated in original sin, and poisons the blood, not only of individuals, but the whole community, producing an itch worse than the leprosy of old. Money, or currency, is the blood of the body politic. Derange it, and the whole system is diseased. All contrivances to make it out of other substances than all mankind have always used, that is, without precious metals, without labor, are absurd, and

contrary to the laws of nature. You might as well undertake to make corn ripen in one cold winter night. The deception which has been so successful, of palming off paper money on people for gold and silver, is as mere a cheat as wooden nutmegs, but much more injurious than that small fraud. It is the grand imposture of modern times, and the bane of free government. Witchcraft is less foolish, (and respectable Quakers have been hanged for it,) than the slight of hand by which thousands of our poor deluded fellow townsmen, are sold to the evil spirit by paper money. Witches are poor devils. But money-mongers are terrible. Loco Focos, that go off by spontaneous combustion, and like burning prairies, consume all before them. Borrowing by bank discounts, is the subtlest of seductions, the very worst of all ways of being led into temptation. Accommodation paper is millions gambling in millions. If one steals a cent, it is larceny; but if one hundred, incorporated, cheat widows and orphans of all they have by paper money, they are privileged by law to do it, and go to church like gentlemen. It is wonderful how a free considerate people can submit to such absurd wrongs. The paper money mongers are at once suicides and fratricides. They destroy money, morals, law, order, industry, liberty, equality and property. They ruin the very standards of value. Where is the use of Congress being empowered by the Constitution to fix the standard of weights and measures, if every wild cat bank can unsettle it; make a yard four feet long or one, as it pleases; a bushel hold a peck or a gallon; a pound weigh an ounce or two pounds? Gambling, betting on elections, habitual intoxication and other misdeeds, are nothing to this monstrous vice and immorality. Police reports and insolvent courts are full of its perpetrators and victims—ult not as full, as they might be. It is not the crazy instruments of the contrivance who are so much to blame as the system itself, which is fatally false and ought to be exposed. The best men in the world could not make it otherwise by law. It is incredible how they lead the man in his matter—how they punch the poor and cheat the rich—the one rich to blind to see the hand filching them. The system is rotten to the core, narrow, bones and all, dishonest, unlawful, impracticable and ruinous.

When Robert Morris and Alexander Hamilton are vouched for by some, and censured by others, as the authors of modern banking, both parties wrong those great financiers. The Bank of North America had dollars in coin for dollars in paper, when Morris founded it, (as all banks have begun) as temporary expedient. The notes of the first Bank of the U. S. were justly convertible, when Hamilton made the first fatal experiment of taking bank notes for public dues. Neither of them ever countenanced such a thing as mere paper, nor convertible. The vile adulteration since grown up, is an American bastard, of British parentage; a stupendous fraud on mankind; a total overthrow of all law and common sense; the dreadful offspring of dire necessity, forged in British Privy Council, under the white heat of war pressure, and smuggled into the world; but recalled and disowned by the British Government with shame and sorrow, for its sins, when the impending danger was over. It was a mere temporary expedient, used like sublimate of mercury, to effect immediate satisfaction. And this villainous stuff we have put on, to stick to us like Hercules' fatal shirt, as our best clothing. We take extreme medicine, poison, as our daily fare; and its consequences are distemper, wretchedness, and short-lived being—dissolution in remorse, instead of long life, health and happiness. It is a scourge peculiar to this country, in this respect, the most blighted and stupid in the world; a deep stain on our national character, doing us immense injury abroad; a cancer on the American breast. It has recolonised us in England. It forces tribute from us harder than we ever took up arms against. The holy alliance of despots regard it with delight, as fettering beyond their combined power Republican energy and American development. It seems to be our doom. All science, experience instinct, teach us that there is but one kind of money.—But we half-informed yankees, just to much educated to work, are put upon every device to live without it, and with all our sharp-sightedness cannot perceive what every man, woman and

child knows, that paper is not metal—perhaps there is something in the very trick of it that takes with the yankees. It is marvellous what a small number by this delusion confound and control the whole country.

These gamblers call themselves merchants, and rail at all endeavors to check their designs as injurious and inimical to commerce. The merchants ought to disown them. A bona fide merchant is an honor and benefit to any commonwealth. There were two such brothers, whose summer residences were in Germantown; gentlemen who minded their business, enriched themselves, and comforted the community, who were universally respected. But did they shave notes, fly exchange kites, stand trembling at a bank counter for the grinding of a bit of accommodation paper, or tear men's coats off to get stuck in some new fancy, chartered to cheat? No, never. Merchants are not bulls nor bears, your jobbing getry, who neither toil nor spin, yet are arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, and keep almost as many mistresses.—There are hundreds of bank waiting men lounging about town, who in the country might be much more independent and respectable—and cured of dyspepsia and debt at the same time. If the real merchants would discountenance these counterfeiters, the lawyers would follow, and then the press, and so we should get rid of the dynasty, whose influence is prodigious. I trust our young gentlemen will see that neither riches nor honor came of discounts, debts, speculation, and fictitious credit. I always thought it a mistake in Gen. Jackson to say that bank discounts and paper money make the rich richer.—There are ten thousand blanks to one prize in that lottery. Look round through all the splendid misery of the flashy borrowers; where do you see a man grown even rich among them? Hundreds flutter about on paper wings, lurching down with upstart contempt on honest thrift trading along. But the end crowns the work.—There is a French proverb which says—"veillez que when he dies." Industry never fails. Speculation seldom wins.—The child of the speculators is commonly as hard as the way of ransgressors. The jail or the poor house is commonly his last stage. The flour speculators, the cotton speculators, the land speculators, the stock speculators, the nabobs, the gilded butterflies of yesterday, are withered to crawling worms again to-day.

The bitter lessons they both learn and teach, ought to satisfy us that time as well as labour, are irresponsible elements in all sound acquisitions; that discounts are not property, nor paper gold. The country, with its dirty acres, is richer than the tradesman and paper pinions. None get rich by gambling, and a few in a hurry. If the old Roman had put a little Greek in his veto, he would have argued that, while paper money does indeed grind the poor, yet it seldom makes the rich richer. The rich lose more, though they may suffer less by it than the poor. It is the great, if not the only cause of the striking difference existing between the towns and the farms of our common country; and if country people could but unite against the disorganizers, as they greatly outnumber them, they could put them down with ease at once.

There is one and only one simple cure for the evil, and that is no paper money under, at any rate, twenty colts. There is gold and silver enough in the country, if the banks would let it circulate. If the superior enterprise, more constant, and more universal labour of the United States were not deprived of the only certain standard of value, that by which all other nations measure for themselves and for us too, domestic exchanges would be equal, and foreign exchanges in our favour against all parts of the world. Europe would be constantly in debt to us, for we should export our manufactures to Europe, Asia, and Africa. All other protection to American industry is futile but payments in gold and silver.—They are the only American system; a tariff without them is no sense. There is not time now to develop a political view of this subject, which may be rendered very striking, especially to young men; I mean the aristocratic effect of paper money.

It is common to talk of an aristocracy of wealth, but as in my humble opinion, gambling on credit seldom, if ever leads to wealth, it is wrong to call the apex of aristocracy it raises from a l-fours to walking upright, an aristocr-

cy of wealth, for they have no wealth. Instead of presenting to view this side of the subject now, however, I must pave that tale of aristocracy for some future exposition, and close at present by one practical and personal illustration. There was a poor village boy, of humble parents, who managed as he grey up, by good conduct, to work his way along till he saved some money, earned by practising as a lawyer. He resisted the temptations of speculation, though it was rife all about him, and stuck to his business. While his acquaintances were most of them all agog for making money by banks and other corporations, and burning their fingers with discoun s to get rich in a day, he preferred investing his gains in land, and letting it lie like seed to ripen and bear fruit. By such investment, as often happens, he grew rich, so rich that he said he was ashamed for thinking so much of it. His neighbors, finding him trust worthy, called him into public service, in the state Legislature, and gradually he arose from one place to another, till he became such a public favorite, that crowds of people welcomed him, like Lafayette, where ever he went, and especially country people. Some say he drives a gilded coach, with servants in fine liveries, which, if so, is not like his taste generally; tho' probably it is a handsome equipage, as he has become President of the United States, supplied by law with liberal means to maintain the dignity of that elevated station.

From his career, avarice and ambition may learn a moral. His administration is striving against the paper power, which Washington and Madison, and the other fathers of our government flattered themselves they had put down. In the course of human events, however, it afterwards stole a terrible march upon us; and, let us confess, not without to much democratic assistance. President Jackson, God bless him! came with his iron nerve and head of granite, heated in a volcano, to set his giant popularity against that foe, as he set his noble breast against the foe at New Orleans; the paper money foe denounced by Madison in the Federalist, as worse than enemies in arms—more formidable to American liberty, and equality, morality and prosperity, union and harmony. President Van Buren, in his calm, considerate way, has set himself against it too. The speculators say he wants to injure trade and break the banks. But just the contrary; he is sustaining them against counterfeiters. He says to the banks "Gentlemen, I wish you no harm; but I think after so many experiments, equally injurious to you and to government, you ought not to use public money, which the law punishes its delinquency when done by individuals. You may use what kind of money you like; but the law and the Constitution requires gold and silver for the public dues." This is the whole question which agitates the country.—The speculators are like a disturbed boat's net's net—all fury and spite. But wifoever attacked them? Who made the banks burst? Not government.—What makes the shaving shops in town go off like blasted rock? Was it not themselves that drilled the holes and used the gunpowder? They must and will use usury—it must be in paper money—it must be borrowed money—it must be public money—and it must be kept in chartered corporations. The President mildly, if not mockly, says not. Having preserved his own chastity of pocket from miscellaneous inter-course, he desires to restore that of the Government, which, by one false step after another, since Gen. Hamilton's first flirt with a bank, had got, at last, to downright polygamy, and was half ruined by keeping a whole harem of mistresses. It is a hard task, to be sure, to reform a confirmed rake; but is it not the President in duty bound to try to restore the constitution to its original vigour? I think that he will succeed—he is so lucky, and the thing is so very reasonable. He got the better of the British when they roused the Maine-lacs. Fine fellows! those men in Maine! There is so much method in their madness! Congress, by proclamation, all parties voting, Martin Van Buren dictator of all North America, though a bold stroke, was a glorious spectacle of republican might. It told in London and Paris, and the capture of Saratoga, Yorktown and New Orleans. These peaceable victories are excellent things for cheap government, such as the United States have lately won over the two greatest powers of Europe; it is really doing won-

ders, by mere dread of democracy, without fleets and armies. If such exploits are fol owed up by an act of emancipation from the money power, the United States, with seventeen millions of people, will fulfill the destiny marked out by their great Declaration of Independence, and their country will prosper accordingly.

## QUIN.

Quin and Foote associated with the best company; and Quin like Foote, was distinguished for a certain contempt for a portion of the society he courted, namely, the more noble but less intelligent. Dining one day at a party in Bath, Quin uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight. A nobleman present, who was not ill ustrious for the brilliant of his ideas, exclaimed: "What a pity 'tis, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!" Quin fixed and flashed his eye upon the person, with this reply: "What would your lordship, have me be—a lord!"

Quin was also distinguished for his attachment to the society of females; though the accounts which have been handed down of his rugged habits and propensities may have led my reader to the contrary supposition. Where ladies were present one evening, the subject of conversation was the doctrine of Pythagoras. Quin remained silent. One of the party (remarkable for the whiteness of her neck) asked Quin his opinion.—"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, Mr. Quin?" "Oh, yes, ma'am!" "And pray may I inquire, what creature's form you would prefer hereafter to inhabit?" "A fly's, ma'am." "A fly!"—"Yes, that I might have the pleasure, at some future day, of resting on your lady ship's nose."

Some person whom he had offended, met him one day in the street, and stopped him.—"Mr. Quin," said he, "I understand sir you have been taking away my name?" "What have I said sir?" "You—you—you called me a scoundrel, sir!" "Keep your name," replied Quin, and walked on. Quin in his old age, every one knows, became a great gourmand, and, among other things, invented a composition, which he called his "Siamese soup," pretending that its ingredients were principally from the "East." The peculiarity of its flavor became the topic of the day. The "rage" at Bath was Mr. Quin's soup; but as he would not part with the receipt, this state of notice was highly inconvenient; every person of taste was endeavoring, to dine with him; every dinner he was at, an apology was made for the absence of the "Siamese soup." His female friends Quin was forced to put off with promises; the males received a respectful but manly denial. A conspiracy was accordingly projected by a dozen ladies, of Bath, against his peace and comfort. At the time he was flooded with all sorts of letters—abroad, beset with applications under every form. The possession of this secret was made a racket to all his enjoyments. A fourth lady discovered the desire, and threatened to give. Collating the names of the conspirators, Quin invited them to a dinner, and gave them the receipt before they departed—an invitation, as my reader will suppose, which was joyfully accepted. Quin then gave a pair of his old boots to his housemaid to scour and soak, and when sufficiently seasoned, to chop up into fine particles, like minced meat. On the appointed day, he took these particles, and pouring them into a copper pot, with sage, onions, spice ham, wine, water, and other ingredients, composed a mixture of about two gallons, which was served up at his table as his "Siamese soup." The company were in transports at its flavor; but Quin, pleading a cold, did not taste it.

Nature bids me love myself, and hate all that hurts me; reason bids me love my friend, and hate those that envy me; religion bids me love all, and hate none, and overcome evil with good. There is no man so contemptible but in distress requires pity. It is inhuman to be altogether insensible of another's misery. Archimedes being asked—Who was the master of Sparta? The laws, said he, and next them, the magistrates. Solon being asked—Why, among his personal laws, there was not one against personal affairs—answered—He could not believe the world so fantastical as to regard them. Justice without mercy is extreme injury; and it is as great tyranny not to mitigate laws, as iniquity to break them. The extremity of right is extremity of wrong.