

# PLAINFIELD

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## For Plainfield Union.

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MILTON F. CUSHING,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
(WHICH OPENS THE POST OFFICE.)

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insertion must be sent by Saturday morning.  
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ADVERTISEMENTS, not exceeding a square, (16 lines in  
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order, will be inserted until forbidden, and charged ac-  
cordingly.

All Temperance, Political, and Religious Notices will  
be inserted at half the price of common advertisements.

## POETICAL



A correspondent of Blackwood thus para-  
phrases some of the prophecies of Malachi:

A sound on the trumpet,  
A sound at the gate,  
I hear the roused lioness  
How to her mate,  
In the thicket at midnight  
They pour forth their prey  
That shall gild their red jaws  
At the rising of day.  
For wrath is descending  
On Zion's proud tower;  
It shall come like a cloud,  
It shall wrap like a shroud,  
Till like Sodom, she sleeps  
In a sulphurous shower.

For behold! the day cometh,  
Where all shall be flame;  
When Zion's the sackcloth  
Shall cover thy name;  
When they bark off the billows  
Of Death shall be driven;  
When they try by the lightnings  
From earth shall be driven;  
When the oven, unkindled  
By mortal, shall burn;  
And chaff thou shalt glow  
In that furnace of war;  
And, dust as thou wert,  
Thou to dust shalt return.

'Tis the darkness of darkness,  
The midnight of soul!  
No moon on the depths  
On that midnight shall roll.  
No starlight shall pierce  
Through that life-chilling blaze,  
No torch from the roof  
Of the temple shall blaze.  
But, when Israel is buried  
In final despair,  
From a height over him  
Of God, God, Light of Light;  
Here the sun shall arise  
Her great Sovereign be there!

Then the sparks of flame,  
From the chariot-wheels hurled,  
Shall smite the crowned brow  
Of the God of this world!  
The captive of ages,  
The trumpet shall thrill  
From the lips of the seraph  
On Zion's sweet hill,  
For, when the trumpet shall come,  
And from dungeon and cave  
Shall ascend the pale slave,  
Lost Judah shall rise,  
Like the soul from the tomb!

Who pushes from Heavens?  
The angel of war;  
The whirlwind his wing  
And the lightning his path?  
His hand is uplifted,  
It carries a sword;  
'Tis ELLIEN! he heralds  
The march of the Lord!  
Sun, sink in eclipse!  
Earth, earth, shall thou stand,  
When the cherubim wings  
Bear the King of thy kings?  
We, to the ocean,  
We, to the land!  
'Tis the day long foretold,  
'Tis the judgment be gun!

God thy sword, Thou most Mighty!  
Thy triumph is won.  
The idol shall burn  
In his own glory's shrine;  
Then, daughter of synch, be  
Thy day-spring shall shine!  
Proud Zion, thy vale  
With the olive shall bloom,  
And the musk rose dwell  
In sweet dew on thy hill;  
For earth is restored,  
The great kingdom come.

## VARIETY.

Correspondence of the Plainfield Union.  
*Travels on the Ohio River, by V. N.*  
July 1st, 1840.

After a tedious tour through the Southern and  
Western country, I find myself on the beautiful  
Ohio, as the "homestead bound."

If the reader has never travelled on the western  
waters he can form no idea of the diversity of  
amusements resorted to by the passengers to be-  
guile their time. In one corner of the cabin is a  
crowd of political demagogues, discussing the af-  
fairs of nations, and their force of argument ap-  
pears to depend upon their strength of tonation,  
as each one tries to excel his opponent in clamor.  
But no one can conscientiously say "it is all  
talk and no action," as the second barrel of hard  
cider has been tapped since we left St. Louis.  
The whigs here contend that it is no less to mag-  
nify the virtue of "Tip," and in order to esti-  
mate the force of New Bond, their vision must be  
doubled by large draughts on the cider barrel  
payable at sight, and though the demand is great  
hard cider has a downward tendency.

Early this morning I was aroused from my  
berth to recognize that celebrated log cabin at  
North Bend, but you may judge of my surprise,  
instead of seeing a cabin constructed of logs, I  
saw one of the most splendid buildings that has  
been erected on the Ohio. The scenery in the  
vicinity was truly delightful, being relieved from  
that monotonous appearance that characterizes  
western rivers. Behind a grove of beautiful  
trees stood the far-famed residence of Gen. Harri-  
son, a large two-story frame building of very  
eligible location. In front of the door stood a  
barrel (not of hard cider) but of excellent Madec-  
ras, marked "this side up with care." But I re-  
turn to my description on the boat, and leave our  
hero of the Bend, wishing him a long and happy  
residence in his log cabin.

On my right is a number of exquisite flow-  
ers, which canes and ever and anon bring me  
with their delicate quizzing glances. Reader,  
were you ever looked at through one of those  
glasses by a half finished specimen of human na-  
ture? I fear you can badly judge of my present  
situation. One simple illustration will give you  
a conception of their situation, it is not illus-  
trative mine. Suppose for a moment that a large  
outrig canoe is dressed in p's bon, leaning a-  
gainst the wall, shutting one's eye and looking ve-  
ry intently at you who are seated on the deck  
through the thumb part of an old pair of shoes, and you have  
a fair facsimile of a modern pug.

On my left are a group of western ladies dis-  
cussing the merits of a new bonnet, whose inco-  
fant chat chat only serves to confuse my small  
cloud of brains. I suspect one of them at this  
moment of looking over my shoulder, which I  
attribute to the curiosity of the sex. One of  
them has just let exclaiming it was false, that  
she was not looking over my shoulder. How did  
she ascertain that I had accused her of the act?  
I hope the remainder of her company will  
soon retire, as "distance lends enchantment to  
the view." I fear you will suspect me of being  
ungallant, but you would subscribe to the remark  
were you similarly situated. It is a well known  
fact that when our eastern ladies find themselves  
on the wrong side of thirty, living in a state of  
oblivion, their only theme is the west, as there is  
a very small proportion of ladies in this section,  
so that the demand far exceeds the supply.  
What glorious news for old maids and young  
spinsters, even if they have been "cheated of fu-  
ture by dissembling nature." The standard of a  
coaxcomb will not decide their worth, and the on-  
ly duty exacted of the better half here, is to be  
mistress in the dairy, and songstress in the nu-  
rery, and, by the way, it is no difficult task for a  
lady to be mistress under any circumstances.

There are some very handsome villages situ-  
ated on the banks of the western rivers, which  
happily relieve the eye from one continued scene  
of low, low, low. Louisville, is a very hand-  
some city, but inferior in wealth or business to  
St. Louis. It has a population of twenty thou-  
sand, and is fast augmenting the number. Cin-  
cinnati is the largest and handsomest city of

the west, but is inferior to either of the above  
cities in the amount of business transactions.  
(its streets are regularly laid out, and resembles  
Philadelphia in its plan and character). The on-  
ly building in it that is remarkable is the bazar,  
built by Mrs. Trollope during her residence in  
America, which proved a losing speculation for its  
proprietor.

In passing up the Ohio, on the Virginia side,  
you pass the beautiful city of Wheeling, which  
was settled by the Zanes, the first pioneers of  
western Virginia, as early as 1769. From that  
period until the peace of 1774, the inhabitants  
were continually harassed by Indians, who stole  
or killed their cattle, and murdered the settlers  
whenever an opportunity offered.

The city of Pittsburgh was originally called  
Fort du Quesne, and was one of the first French  
settlements in the West. It has numerous saw-  
mills, and other manufactures, and may justly  
be called the greatest iron mart in the United  
States. The streets are very irregularly laid  
out, and the general appearance of the city is  
not calculated to prejudice the tourist in its favor.

In fact, Mr. Editor, New Jersey is yet the  
State for solid credit and high moral char-  
acter, barring the chat chat of lady quizzers.  
The advantages of the West are overrated, the  
liberty of the South is exaggerated, as much as  
the parsimony of the East. There is a rest-  
lessness at the South and bluntness at the West,  
that is far from agreeable to us who have been  
taught better things. It would be difficult to  
analyze southern character, as the populace of that  
section is composed of such heterogeneous mate-  
rials that the customs of all countries are blend-  
ed together, forming a complete Babel of man-  
ners. Few Southerners there are that do not  
act entirely from impulse, even upon matters of  
great moment, yet they possess many redemptive  
qualities. At some subsequent time I will  
give you some minute delineations of Southern  
and Western character, with apt illustrative  
anecdotes.

*Beautiful Object.*—A few days ago a dapper  
craft, rigged most gracefully after the fashion of  
a brig, with her top gallant sails and royals all  
set, and manned by a parcel of youngsters about  
10 or 15 years old and tidily dressed as sailors  
were seen off the town. Much curiosity was ex-  
cited to know who and what she was. She soon  
came up with a smart breeze, and was seen to  
great advantage as she passed the wharves. As  
she sailed along, one of her juvenile crew kept  
the least a going, and called out in true sailor  
style. Presently the shrill whistle of the young  
boatman was heard, and she put about with all  
the deliberation and decision of an old man.  
A misanthropist about fourteen or fifteen years  
was the commander of the craft; and this cir-  
cumstance, added to the appearance of the ves-  
sel, and the manner in which she was man-  
euvered, led me to believe that she was a pa-  
ser-vicer. The night was very gratifying to all  
who enjoyed it, and the skill of the crew called  
forth the praises of several veterans of the sea.  
Upon enquiry we learned that the first cutter of  
the Delaware had been fitted up as a brig for the  
purpose of drilling the naval apprentices in the  
practical details of seamanship. She is about 37  
feet long; her crew consists of twenty apprentice-  
sailors, and yards are exercised regularly.  
When under way it is made to perform all the  
evolutions of a man of war, the boys are taught  
to reef, furl, heave the lead, steer &c. The  
boatwain is a lad of about 10, and gives the  
various orders, and is well known in a larger way  
—*North-Sea Beacon.*

*The Farm of a Bonaparte.*—Mr. Hill who has  
lately visited Bordentown and vicinity, says (in  
the Yearly Register) that he had seen a French  
Joseph, although he has been absent in Europe  
for the last few years, continues to increase in  
size, as the grounds in usefulness. The same  
buildings, whether of brick or wood, that were  
built in 1790, and bright twenty years ago, lose none  
of their beauty and lustre. For more than a mile  
in distance, running alongside the old stage road  
and in sight of the present railroad, is the high  
picketed fence, through which is seen the mar-  
gin of trees and shrubbery extending as a bank  
around the premises, and through that are de-  
scribed the cultivated grounds. In one enclosure  
the deer are seen browsing on the grass, and in  
another is ground under cultivation of the plough  
—in a third is waving wheat or other grain.  
Barns and other buildings are erected at suit-  
able distance. The whole premises are laid out  
either for ornament or use of some sort. No  
part of them seems to be neglected.

From this description it would seem, that some  
republican farmers might take a lesson about the  
neatness, and fitness of things, from this royal  
talisman of the soil. —*Bound Journal.*

Vicious habits are so great a stain to human  
nature, and so odious in themselves, that every  
person, who is seen to be guilty of them, would  
be sure, though he were sure they would always  
continue both from God and man, and had no  
future punishment entailed upon them.

*The Widow and her Shipwrecked Son.*—In  
the North of England, in a small inland village,  
a lieutenant of the British Navy, after serving  
his country for many years, took up his abode  
He had a pious wife, and seven children.  
She sent them to the village Sabbath school; but  
the eldest, a boy of fourteen years, seemed dis-  
tinguished to profit by neither maternal love, nor  
pious instructions at school. He played and dis-  
tinguished with a class of wicked idlers that in-  
fested the village, and would have been bad as  
the worst of them, but for his father's rigid discipline.  
That, alone, restrained him from rushing into  
excesses of wickedness and riot. But this he  
did, and left his widow to combat the idleness  
of her boy alone. No, not alone; for she sought  
the help of her heavenly Husband.

The father being dead, the son grew worse.  
He was ungovernable, the afflicted widow  
wept, as with a broken heart, over her recalcit-  
rant child. Unable to restrain him, she adopted a  
very common mode in England of disposing of  
idle lads. It was a painful alternative; but he  
could not grow worse there, she thought, and  
possibly, the severe discipline of a ship might  
humble his proud spirit, and lead him to reflec-  
tion.

A ship was obtained for him. The  
bustle of preparation began and was over. Un-  
known to the youth, the mother placed a Bible  
in his chest, with the secret hope that its light  
might lead him to the day of trial to alk to the  
shoulder of his mother's brow, which he  
should be able to do on the deep blue sea. Many  
were the prayers that mother offered for her  
son; many the counsels she gave him from the  
fullness of her heart. The day of separation  
came. It was the day of trial to alk to the  
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It was a stormy night in mid winter. The  
wind howled, the rain poured down in torrents,  
and deep darkness obscured the sky. The wid-  
ow, and her children, sat beside the cheerful fire  
and a chastened cheerfulness overpowered the  
girl, and begged a shelter from the storm.  
Many years had passed and the wanderer  
had not returned. The ship had perished at  
sea, and the widow mourned her son as dead;  
and what was worse, she trembled for the safe-  
ty of his soul, and for the mother's brow, which he  
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When he had felted himself, she modestly  
enquired him his condition. He told her  
soon told. He had been shipwrecked, and was  
going home poor and penniless to his mother.  
He had been shipwrecked before. The widow  
asked him to tell the story of his sufferings.

He told her the story of his sufferings. He  
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teacher, in hope. Parents, despise not Sabbath  
school instruction, for your children may in like  
manner be saved. —*Sabbath School Messenger.*

We noticed last week that Messrs. Stephens  
and Caterwood had discovered many statues and  
other antiquities in Guatemala, the country south  
of Mexico. Mr. Noah, a Hebrew, editor of the  
New York Evening Star, makes the following  
remarks on the discovery of these antiquities,  
and their probable origin. Our own opinion for  
the last fifteen years has been that the Ameri-  
can Indians were the last tribes of Israel.

The people of this country must be prepared  
for extraordinary discoveries in researches  
throughout Central America, Peru and Mexico.  
We must as a nation relinquish our unbelief-  
ing propensities, or a firm persuasion of doubting  
every thing which we cannot exactly comprehend,  
and believing all things to be a hoax or a hum-  
bug, excepting men or a silver dollar, and prepare  
ourselves by a proper study and discipline of  
the Bible, to see and to believe that the World,  
as called the world, was not created in the  
sixth century, but that the statues and the  
statues above described, together with the altars  
and obelisks, the temples at Palenque, the hiero-  
glyphics, the aqueducts, viaducts and military  
highways, are from the same people who built  
Tyre, Babylon, the tower, the Pyramids and Car-  
thage—the Phoenicians! who, driven down the  
Mediterranean by Joshua, after they had circum-  
navigated Africa, visited the Straits of Gades, and  
the Western Islands, found themselves nearly 4000 years ago  
in the Gulf of Mexico, and there made their set-  
tlements—spread over the Peninsula to the Pa-  
cific Ocean. We know that 400 years ago, the  
Spaniards discovered the continent of America,  
and prepared for some time yet more, studying the  
downfall of the powerful people who built those  
cities. Let them be prepared to believe that  
1500 years after the Phoenicians had settled in  
America, the time and a half of the Israelites,  
from the capture of Samaria, took their departure  
for an unknown country, and after taking in  
their train the Tartars and Chinese disposed of  
themselves, crossed the Shering's Straits and passed  
down the Pacific side, until they reached the  
Isthmus of Darien, and there they came sud-  
denly upon the Canaanites and destroyed them a  
second time, and in the New World, and with  
them destroyed their temples and their Pagan  
altars, as they were ordered to do by the Al-  
mighty wherever they found them.—Let our  
people know that the red men spread over this  
continent are the descendants of what was called  
the lost tribes, who bear this day, the people  
of their religion, language and ceremonies, of  
their early origin.

So far all is conjecture; but these discoveries  
will in time ripen into fact and positive evi-  
dence. We know that 400 years ago, the Span-  
iards discovered the Southern portion of this  
continent, inhabited by a mild and peaceable race  
of Indians—a hospitable, inoffensive people, a-  
miable and kind who, in fact, were de-  
stroyed in the name of religion, and whose savage  
tribes at the north have not been reached even at  
this day.

It is a absurd for a moment to cherish the belief  
that the original Mexicans and Peruvians were  
the architects of those splendid temples, obelisks  
and pyramids, and that their chiefs formed those  
significant statues just discovered. All that we  
have of Peruvian fine arts, such as statues of  
human figures, are in the most disgusting  
taste, and out of all proportion and dimensions  
in drawing. The chart in Delafeld's work, and  
all other drawings prove this—indeed they tra-  
ditionally state that these stones and statues  
proportions, caps, pillars, bases, bas-reliefs, me-  
tates and triglyphs, which as we see this day at  
the Parthenon at Athens, were done by "wander-  
ing nations," of whom they know nothing. Who  
built them who raised the obelisks—who cap-  
tured the statues? The hieroglyphics will tell  
the story that this is not the New World. We  
take it for granted now, that commissions will  
be sent to the United States and other Euro-  
pean Governments to explore those countries—  
savans will soon be abroad—the yachts of the  
wealthy will soon be directed towards the Gulf  
of Mexico; and Thebes and Memphis will, for  
a time, cease to be the center of the world.  
We rejoice however, that to the United  
States will the merit be ascribed of setting on  
foot these discoveries. They are only the be-  
ginning—the mere dawn of those great events  
which soon are to burst upon us with wonderful  
light.

The following is a copy of a tavern sign in  
Illinois. The landlord is familiarly called Jerry  
Jenkins.  
BY THE TAILOR  
FOR  
MEN, AND HORSES.  
BY  
GREEN GILKINS

Savans.—Nothing contributes more to increase  
the profits of the husbandman, than correct sys-  
tem in the management of a farm. One product  
alone, as wheat, corn, &c., will sustain, and  
want of cultivation, and the lot of a farmer  
is always precarious. One species of crop will  
not always thrive but he who has wheat, rye, oats,  
corn, and all the varieties of roots suited to his  
soil, is sure of success in some every year.  
Beware of a reconciled chicken, and an untired  
friend.





Call soon or they will be all gone.

10