

The North Carolina Whig.

A. C. WILLIAMSON, EDITOR.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

T. J. HUTTON, PUBLISHER.

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Original Poetry.



FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA WHIG. TO "AMICUS."

BY IAN.

The Autumn winds are sighing low,
Through branching trees, a soft glow
Suffuses Nature's blushing face,
And crimson sunsets wrap its place.

Chill dreary Winter's reign is nigh,
E'en now its heralds fleetly sigh,
Then mingling snows, and driving sleets,
Will furnish Nature's winding sheets.

But O! the resurrection voice,
Of Spring will bid the Earth rejoice,
Unlock her tomb, unclose her band,
And shout her triumph through the land.

So hopes enthralled shall rise again,
So, then, dear friend, thy peace regain.
Though now unhappy, yet a stream
Of joy, shall on thy pathway beam.

From the Western Democrat.

On the Death of Philo Henderson, Esq.

BY EDWIN.

Muse of the South! this he dies
Whom I permit thee to die;
Ere of C. Minn. he has
Dearly unthinking of.

In white death Carwin's life
In autumn, on willows hang,
The autumn's note, who sang with fire
As minstrel never sang.

The morning star of Genius rose
In autumn height and gay;
Yet, ere the dawning day could close,
Its brightness passed away.

The flowers, buds, and warbling throng
Of sweetest birds and gay;
Nor can we e'er in sweetest song
Be charmed by him again.

The "Flower of Catawba," led
The dark and untimely way,
He sigh'd—his fellow—now with the dead
They sleep through endless day.

Come Walkup, Wiley, Cadger, all!
Continue your tears with mine;
Let grief in burning torrents fall
Upon his sacred shrine.

Miscellaneous.

From the Star Stungled Banner.

Marriage Without Love

BY MAY RITCHIE.

"O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!
From woman's bright eye glancing;
O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!
They heart entrancing."

Thus breathed our village pet—Elsie
Whitney, as languidly she leaned against
the trunk of a majestic tree, whose waving
boughs refreshed their verdant sprays
by constantly imbibing a portion of the
ever-varying current beneath them. She
was alone, or thought she was, and there-
fore continued chanting the remaining con-
tinuance of the favorite ballad that she had
memorized. But, as she was about finishing
the following lines:

What waits the brightly beaming,
And conquers her dead in—
"O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!"

she heard low footsteps directly behind her,
and, in a second, the clear, ringing voice of
a female, thus burst upon the tranquil air:

"Ha, ha, ha! Miss Sentimentalist, so you
think that love will melt the haughty beauty,
and conquer her disdain, eh?"

"Yes, Clara, for though you scorn my
assertion, I will repeat, as heretofore, that
there is such a thing as pure, unadorned—"

"Love, you was about to add," interrupted
the impatient Clara, "but come," she
added, "let's haste to the spot assigned us
for sketching, else to-morrow will find us
with tasks uncompleted, and a lesson upon
"Idleness" will ensue. By the way, don't
you almost detest our Governor? I do,
and am going to prevail upon mamma to pro-
cure a better one; she is so ill-natured if
we don't do everything just as she says."
"I shall be so glad to get the old 'vixen'
out of my sight."

"But perhaps your mamma will not think
best to—"

"Yes, she will, she always lets me have
everything as I wish. But we must go."—
And thus saying, the half spoiled Clara
Thurston, drew the arm of her gentle cousin
—Elsie Whitney—within her own, and
then they hastily sought, through the sha-
dow avenue, the romantic spot for the pur-
sues of their tastes.

As evening advanced, the maidens—having
finished their ink-stained labor—slowly
lent their footsteps towards their home—
They had been laughing and chatting gaily
upon their first leave of the spot where they
had been laboring so diligently; but as they
drew near a little thicket, through which
the shaded waters of the Merrimac show like
a half concealed mass of burnished silver,
their thoughts took a more serious turn
and they conversed in a different strain—

Each had, in turn, pointed out the beauty
by which they were surrounded; for both
were passionate admirers of nature's works.
And now, Elsie had commenced conversing
upon love, (her darling topic) which I shall
here produce in her own language, together
with the replies of her friend—or cousin—
Clara.

"I wish, Clara, that you believed as I do
about love; then we should think alike in
everything—then—"

"Pshaw! nonsense! there's no such thing
as love. When I get married (if ever I do)
it will be merely to better my condition in
life. Let's see what I'll have in Mrs. (somebody)—phoetons, steeds, potillions,
lootmen, servants, and—"

"Why, coz, you just let it!"

"Never was more in earnest in my life.
I shall not be fastidious in my choice; so
you perceive that I shall stand a good
chance to have everything as I desire. Age
and appearance are nothing to me, so long
as wealth is in the coffer."

"If that is your real opinion, Clara, I
sincerely commiserate the person destined
for your future husband. He will be most
shockingly duped," continued the speaker,
at the same time raising her eyes to the
face of her lovely companion, "for one to
gaze on that lovely face of yours, would ne-
ver once dream that the heart of its posses-
sor was utterly devoid of affection! O,
what deception lurks beneath the human
brow! But I cannot bring my mind to
believe that you think as you assert. You
will at some future day love."

"Never! no, never!"

"My heart is as free and a feather's thing!
A wave of the ocean! a bird on the wing!
A fearless steed o'er the desert plain bounding!
A spear of the storm o'er the valley resounding!
It parts of all bounds, and it mocks the decree
Of the world and its proud one, and seems to be
free."

and it always shall remain free!" continued
the enthusiastic Clara.

Elsie Whitney and Clara Thurston were
cousins. Elsie was an orphan, and had re-
cently taken up her abode at her uncle
Thurston's, who possessed a "goodly share
of this world's goods." Both girls were
beautiful, but their minds, as the reader
has perceived, were not the least alike. At
the time of my sketch their ages were thir-
teen, and fourteen, Clara being the senior
of the two.

Deeming that it would be but a source
of ennui to the reader to follow these females
through a series of "school-day" scenes, the
writer will glance over a space of ten years;
at the expiration of which time, they will
bring the subjects of her sketch—together
with an incident or so, which occurred in
the intervening time—before the reader.

In the parlor of a superb mansion, are
two females, which the reader will, as I pro-
ceed, recognize as Clara and Elsie. They
are, at present, in deep conversation, and
as the one clad in dark (mourning) is weep-
ing, the water will at once inform the
reader of the cause.

After five years of the most unhappy
wedlock that ever existed, the unfortunate
Clara had again met with her gentle cousin,
from whom she had, during that space, been
estranged. She was rehearsing to Elsie—
now the happy Mrs. Griffin—the manifold
sorrows that she had experienced since
their separation. The death of her tyrannical
husband she said, was to her a source
of joy. She concluded by saying, that there
was no happiness to be had in marriage
without love.

From Blackwood's Lady's Magazine.

The Rescued Criminal.

A great number of persons who knew the
celebrated Dr. B——, a Professor of the
College of Surgeons, have often heard him
relate the following anecdote:

One day he had procured the bodies of
two criminals who had been hung, for the
purpose of anatomy. Not being able to find
the key of the dissecting room at the time
the two subjects were brought, he ordered
them to be deposited in a building contiguous
to his bed room.

During the evening Dr. B—— wrote
and read as usual previous to retiring to
rest. The clock struck one, and all the
family slept soundly, when all at once a
dull sound proceeded from the room con-
taining the bodies.

Thinking that perhaps the cat had been
shut up there by mistake, he went to see
what had been the cause of the unexpected
noise. What was his astonishment, or rather
his horror, on discovering that the sack
which contained the bodies was torn
asunder, and on going nearer he found that
one of the bodies was missing!

The doors and windows had been fastened
with the greatest care, and it appeared
impossible that the body could have been
stolen. The good doctor felt rather
nervous on remarking this, and it was not
without an uneasy sensation that he began to
look about him, when to his horror and
amazement he perceived the missing body
sitting upright in a corner!

Poor Dr. B—— at this unlooked for
apparition became transfixed with terror,
which was increased by observing the dead
and sunken eyes of the corpse fixed upon
him; whichever way he moved, those
deadly eyes still followed him.

The worthy Doctor, more dead than alive,
now began to beat a hasty retreat, without
however, losing sight of the object of his
terror; he retreated step by step, one hand
holding the candle, the other extended in
search of the door, which he at length gain-
ed; but there is no escape, the specter has
risen and followed him, whose livid features,
added to the lateness of the hour, and the
stillness of the night seemed to conspire to
deprive the poor Dr. of the little courage he
has left; his strength fails, the candle falls
from his hand, and the terrible scene is now
in complete darkness.

The good Doctor has, however, gained his
apartment and thrown himself on his bed;
but the fearful spectre has still followed him
—it has caught him, and seizes hold of his
feet with both hands. At this climax of ter-
ror the doctor loudly exclaimed, "Whichever
you are, leave me!" At this the spectre let
go its hold, and vanished foolishly these words,

"Pity, good hangman! have pity on me!"
The good doctor now discovered the mys-
tery, and regained by little and little his com-
posure. He explained to the criminal, who
had so narrowly escaped death, who he
was, and prepared to call up some of the
family.

"Do you then wish to destroy me?" ex-
claimed the criminal. "If I am discovered,
my adventure will become public, and I
shall be brought to the scaffold a second
time. In the name of humanity save me
from death!"

The good doctor then rose and procured
a light; he muffled his unexpected visitor
in an old dressing gown; and having made
him take some restoring cordial, testified a
desire to know what had brought him to the
scaffold.

He was a deserter.

The good Doctor did not know well what
means to employ to save the poor creature.
He could keep him in his house, and to turn
him out would be to expose him to certain
death. The only way, then, was to get him
into the country; so having made him dress
himself in some old clothes which he kind
Doctor selected from his wardrobe, he left
town early, accompanied by his protegee,
whom he represented as an assistant in a
difficult case upon which he had been called
in.

When they had got into the open country,
the wretched creature threw himself at the
feet of his benefactor and liberator, and he
swore an eternal gratitude; and the gener-
ous doctor having relieved his wants by a
small sum of money, the grateful creature
left him with many prayers for his happi-
ness.

About twelve years after this occurrence
Dr. B—— had occasion to visit Amster-
dam. Having gone one day to the bank, he
was addressed by a well dressed man, one
who had been pointed out to him as one of
the most opulent merchants of the city.

The merchant asked him politely if he
were not Dr. B—— of London, and on his
answering him in the affirmative, pressed
him to dine at his house; which the worthy
Doctor accepted. On arriving at the mer-
chant's house he was shown into an elegant
apartment, where a most charming woman
and two lovely children welcomed him in
the most friendly manner; which reception
surprised him the more, coming from persons
he had never before met.

After dinner the merchant having taken
him into his counting-house, seized his hand,
and having pressed it with friendly warmth,
said to him—

"Do you not recollect me?"

"No," said the doctor.

"Well, then, I remember you well, and
your features never will be obliterated from
my memory—for to you I owe my life—
Do you not remember the poor deserter?"

On leaving you I went to Holland. Writing
a good hand and being a good accountant, I
soon obtained a situation as clerk in a mer-
chant's office. My good conduct and zeal
soon gained for me the confidence of my
employer and the affections of his daughter.
When he retired from business, I succeeded
him, and became his son-in-law; but with-
out you, without your care, without your
generous assistance, I should not have lived
to enjoy so much happiness. Generous man!
consider henceforth my house, my fortune
and myself as wholly yours."

The kind Doctor was affected even to
tear; and both those happy beings partici-
pated in the most delightful expression of
their feelings, which were soon shared by
the merchant's interesting family who came
to join him.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

We copy, from the Boston Olive Branch,
one of Mrs. Denison's beautiful lessons in
life. She says:—

A boon of inestimable worth is a calm,
thankful heart—a treasure that few, very
few, possess. We once met an old man,
whose face was a mixture of smiles and sun-
shine. Wherever he went, he succeeded in
making everybody about him as pleasant as
himself.

Said we, one day,—for he was one of that
delightful class whom everybody feels privi-
leged to be related to,—"Uncle, how is it
that you contrive to be so happy? Why do
you face so cheerful, when so many thou-
sands are cramped over with a most uncom-
fortable gloominess?"

"My dear, young friend," he answered,
with his placid smile, "I am even as others,
afflicted with infirmities. I have had my
share of sorrow—some would say more—
but I have found out the secret of being hap-
py, and it is this:

"Until you do that, you can lay but little
claim to a cheerful spirit. 'Forget what
manner of man you are,' and think more
with, rejoice more for your neighbors. If I
am poor, let me look upon my richer friend,
and in estimating his blessings, forget my
privations.

"If my neighbor is building a house, let
me watch with him its progress, and think,
'Well, what a comfortable place it will be,
to be sure; how much he may enjoy it with
his family.' Thus I have a double pleasure
—that of delight in noting the structure as
it expands into beauty, and making my
neighbor's weal mine. If he has planted a
fine garden, I feast my eyes on the flowers,
smell their fragrance: could I do more if it
was my own?"

"Another has a family of fine children;
they bless him and are blessed by him; my
mine are all gone before me; I have none
that bear my name; shall I, therefore, envy
my neighbor his lovely children? No; let
me enjoy their innocent smiles with him;
forget myself—my tears when they were
put away in darkness; or if I weep, may it
be for joy that God took them untainted
dwell in his holy angels forever.

"Believe an old man when he says there
is great pleasure in living for others. The
heart of the selfish man is like a city full
of crooked lanes. If a generous thought
from some glorious temple strays in there, it
is lost. It wanders about and about,
until enveloped in darkness; as the mist
of selfishness gathers around it, lies down
upon some cold thought to die, and is shrouded
in oblivion.

"So, if you would be happy, shun selfish-
ness; do a kindly deed for one, speak
a kindly word for another. He who is con-
stantly giving pleasure, is constantly receiv-
ing it. The little river gives to the great
ocean, and the more it gives, the faster it
runs. Stop its flowing, and the hot sun
would dry it up, till it would be but filthy
mud, sending forth bad odors, and corrupt-
ing the fresh air of Heaven. Keep your
heart constantly travelling on errands of
mercy—it has feet that never tire, hands
that cannot be overburdened, eyes that never
sleep; freight its hands with blessings, di-
rect its eyes—no matter how narrow your
sphere—to the nearest object of suffering,
and relieve it.

"I say, my dear young friend, take the
word of an old man for it, who has tried
every known panacea, and found all to fail,
except this golden rule,

"Forget self, and keep the heart busy for
others."

THE UNGRATEFUL SON.

"The eye that mocketh at his father, the
ravens of the valley shall pick it out." Prov.
XXX. 17.

This is a terrible denunciation against in-
gratitude to parents, and even in the present
day is sometimes virtually fulfilled.

Some years ago, an Irish gentleman, who
was an extensive contractor to our public
works, was reduced to poverty by the profligacy
and dishonesty of an ungrateful son.
The old man lost his wife—and to add to
his calamity, his health failed; and to fill
the cup of his sorrow, he lost his sight—
Thus poor, friendless, blind, forsaken, he
found an asylum in the Franklin county
almshouse, Pennsylvania.

While an inmate of this refuge for the af-
flicted, his wicked and ungrateful son trav-
elled that way; he was informed of his
father's situation, and that his parent wish-
ed to see him; and although he passed
within two hundred yards of the almshouse
he refused to stop and see his kind father
he had ruined. Now mark the result—
The very day he passed the almshouse on
his way to Gettysburg in an open carriage
he was overtaken by a storm and took a
severe cold that resulted in the destruction
of his eyes. He lay in Gettysburg in a cri-
tical situation until his funds were exhaust-
ed and those who had him in charge took
him to the Franklin county almshouse.

The day he was brought in, his father
laying dead the day before, was carried out.

He was put into the same room and oc-
cupied the same bed and in a short time
followed his neglected and heart broken
father to the judgment seat of Christ. It is
a fearful thing to fall into the hands of an
angry God.

EXERCISE FOR BOYS.

We love to see boys happy. We well re-
member our school-days—how the joyful
scenes of those golden hours rise before us
as we write. After a long and labored
session of school, what is finer for boys than
a good frolic on the green grass? See them!
—they hop and run, and toss their hats and
balls—every bone and cord and muscle of
their young and active frames is brought into
full and vigorous play. Their minds are un-
burdened as well as their bodies. Let boys have
exercise. They must have it, and a good
deal too; and they must have the right
kind, or they will become sickly and dwarf-
ish, their minds feeble and their feelings
peevish and fretful. The open air, and the
more and purer the better, is important to
good exercise to any one, but especially to
boys. Otherwise they will be pale and weak,
as a plant doomed to the shade. They must
have exercise which makes them forget
themselves, and all their troubles and tasks,
and throws the mind and heart into a glow
of life and joy. It does them good to be
excited. Our natures were made to be ex-
cited. This excitement, however, must be
innocent, and kept in proper bounds. The
notion which some parents and teachers
have, that boys must be kept as prim as
soldiers, and that every motion and step
must describe certain angles, is as false to
nature as it is destructive to their health
and happiness. Let your boys, mothers and
teachers, have enough of well-cooked, nutri-
tious (not rich) food at regular intervals,
good clear water in abundance, well applied
to all parts of their bodies; air, free and
pure as nature makes it; studies, to the full
extent of their capacities, judiciously distrib-
uted; exercise, that will stir the whole be-
ing, and keep in full play every life current;
and then let them have sleep, early, and
enough of it, in well-ventilated rooms, and
they can hardly fail to be happy, and grow
up well-proportioned and strong "to the
full stature of MEN—Mothers' Journal and
Family Visitor.

A GOOD RETORT.

A humorous young man was driving a
horse which was in the habit of stopping at
every house on the road side.

Passing a country tavern, where were col-
lected together some dozen countrymen, the
beast as usual ran opposite the door and
stopped in spite of the young man, who
applied the whip with all his might to drive
the horse on.

The men on the porch commenced a hearty
laugh, and some inquired if he would sell
the horse?

"Yes," replied the young man, "but I
cannot recommend him, as he once belong-
ed to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears
calves bleat."

The crowd retired to the bar in silence.

"Does Pa kiss you because he loves you?"
inquired a little wretch of his mother. "To
be sure, sonny, why?" "Well, I guess he
loves the kitchen girl, too, for I seen him
kiss her more'n forty times last Sunday,
when you was to meeting."

Political.

HOW THEY DESERT THE SINKING SHIP.

The locofoco press has been making
a parade over a few Whigs who have de-
clared their determination not to support
the Whig ticket. But we present them and
their friends with the following from the
ranks of the "unretired," who have rallied
under the banner of SCOTT and GRAHAM.
PUSH ON THE COLUMN!

1. The Charlotte Whig states "that the
Hon. Henry W. Conner, ex-member of Con-
gress from that district, is opposed to the elec-
tion of Gen. Pierce, and will not support
him. Now, when it is remembered that
these two gentlemen served most of their
time together in Congress, it may be regard-
ed as pretty strong proof that the General
lives a little too far North to suit the taste
of the honorable ex member, and that the
former did not stand side by side with Calhoun
in favor of the South."

2. James E. Baker, formerly a distin-
guished member of Congress from Alabama,
and a leading Democrat in that State.

3. Ex-Governor Lucas, of Iowa. He de-
clares in a recent letter that he will, under
no circumstances, support Franklin Pierce,
but will do all in his power to elevate to
the Presidency the patriot Soldier and
friend of American industry, Winfield Scott.

4. The Georgia Citizen gives the follow-
ing intelligence that Judge Charles Doug-
herty, Col. Wm. Dougherty, and the Hon.
James Johnson, (member of Congress from
the 2d Congressional District,) have all de-
clared in favor of Gen. Scott. Judge
Charles Dougherty was a prominent and
leading Southern Rights Whig last year—
Mr. Johnson was elected to Congress last
year as a Union Democrat, was one of the
signers of the Carl gotten up by Tombs,
Stephens, and others, and is now fully satis-
fied that the objections urged against
Scott in that document were without founda-
tion. It is announced, also, by the way,
that Gentry and Williams have abandoned
their opposition to the old hero.

5. Junius W. Nichols, formerly a leading
locofoco and a Case man, of Michigan.

6. James Henderson, an influential ad-
opted citizen of the same State.

7. The Whitehall (N. Y.) Chronicle says
that Dennis Jones, James Roberts, Elijah
Shepardson, B. Benjamin, A. Benjamin,
and Seymour Shepardson, of the town of
Dresden, in that county, heretofore leaders
in the locofoco party in that town, have re-
nounced their allegiance to that party, and
come out openly for Scott and Graham.

8. Geo. W. Baird, of Plainfield, Ohio,
who has heretofore gone for all candidates
by the "Democracy," declares that he in-
tends now to vote against "Pierce, the British
Candidate," and for "Scott, the friend
of America."

9. John J. Craig, a leading Irish locofoco
of Indiana, has resolved to support the
election of Scott, in preference to Pierce,
whom he designates as an unknown and un-
certain man.

10. The last Quincy (Illinois) Whig says
that about one hundred German Demo-
cratic citizens of that place are members of
the Scott Club, and "sincerely believe that
a large majority of German citizens of that
place will vote for Scott."

11. The last number of the Plymouth
(Ohio) Banner says that Gen. William Bat-
ley, of Marshall county, who has always
supported the Democratic ticket, has de-
clared his determination to vote for Scott
and Graham. Gen. B. was in the battle
of Lundy's Lane.

12. Hon. B. S. Cowan, of Belmont (O.)
is out for Scott and Graham. He is one
of the best stump speakers in the State.

13. The Ohio papers state that one hun-
dred Democratic voters of Hamilton, Butler
Co., Ohio, have enlisted for Scott and Gra-
ham.

14. A. G. Butler, of Wayne county,
Ohio, a soldier of 1812, and a strong Demo-
cratic, declares for Scott, and says he will
stick to him while there is a button on his
coat.

15. These are but a handful. The pa-
pers teem with "evidences" that thou-
sands and tens of thousands who have heretofore
sustained the Locofoco ticket, are giving
their enthusiastic support to the "Hero
of Lundy's Lane." We are cheered by
the news which pours in from all quarters.
The outlook of the people in the North
West to receive Gen. Scott shows what a
hold he has on their affections!

We appeal to the Whigs of North Car-
olina, to rally around the banner of the old
Hero, and we shall once more place the
old North State at the head of the WHIG
COLUMN!

AND STILL THEY COME!

The "Kanawha, (Va.) Republican," of
Sept. 22nd, says:

We suspect the leaders of the Pierce
party in this county will be forced to ap-
point a committee to hold their Vigilance
Committee before the canvass is over.

MARTIN SANDS, KANAWHA CO.,
Sept. 11, 1852.

Mr. NEWTON: We find that our Democratic
friends have appointed us to our Committee of
Vigilance for this county. They of course ex-
pect us to be vigilant. In this they shall not be
disappointed; but they must not think hard of
us if we prefer to be vigilant for the country,
rather than the Democracy, and for the
free old patriot and soldier, who were vigilant
for us when some of us were in our mother's arms,
rather than the present Yankee candidate of the
Democracy. In fact, we are tired of "North
men men with Southern feelings."

GEORGE H. CAVE,
WILLIAM L. HENDON,
WILLIAM HAY,
W. E. GRAHAM,
JENKINS BUCKNER,
JOHN REEDER.

KANAWHA COUNTY, Sept. 17, 1852.

Mr. NEWTON:—Dear Sir, I learn from a friend
that I have been appointed on the Democratic
Committee of Vigilance for this county.

I must decline the appointment, for two rea-
sons: First, because there are no Pierce men in
my region to be vigilant over; and, second, be-
cause I expect, at this season, to go to all parts
of my country.

Yours truly,
Geo. Cave.

KANAWHA CO., VA., GIVEN'S DISTRICT,
September 10, 1852.

Mr. NEWTON:—Dear Sir, Permit me to inform
the "State Democrat," that we are fully per-
suaded through the influence of the Republican, that from
the very best of reasons we cannot, and will not
and in an election of Messrs. Pierce and King;
and instead of bringing down the vote to the
polls, we are determined to put our own votes
and our own influence against the champions of
our "whole country." Yes, sir, we
are determined to vote for Scott, Graham, and