The North Carolina Whig.

A. C. WILLIAMSON, Editor. "Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty." T. J. HOLTON, Publisher.

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Poetry.

FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA WHIG.

TO MARY ——, OF IREDELL, N. C.

BY "WYE."

When twilight's early shades appear,—
Mingled with music's sweetest lay—
"The dying night-breeze o'er the hills
Harping"—then sad melancholy
Seizes my soul.
Blest memory,
Recall'st the scenes of other days
Not in themselves melancholy,
But in themselves there are joys,
Sweetest—*blest*, which, o'er my soul a soothing calm
Delight to hold.
But now melancholy
With cruel, relentless sway mounts her throne.
Methinks I hear that gentle voice,
That once entranced my soul far within
The land of songs and sweetest sounds,
Rising on the sighing breeze, all, charming,
That did hat unto her.
All that voice was music's self.
Methinks I see that forehead fair and high
Encircled by tresses of auburn hue;
As 'twere yesterday, I see them *now*, careless
Playing round a "neck of purest alabaster."
Underneath—ah 'twas there the fire, did glow,
Of her eyes—the hazel of the gazelle,
Their wild dazzling beauty on high,
Seem'd caught. 'Twas not mortal sure!
Sweet, ruby lips neath these appear,
Rich—ripe with the dew of bliss.
And oh! that form was grace itself,
Anon, as she skipped along the verdant banks
Of meadow's branch, or fairy-like trod the "carpet's down"
Of our "Old Hall" and made with joyous laughing,
The old walls ring—then, ah 'twas *then*,
Methought she had an Angels *form*
An angels *voice* was her's.
Ah! *then* she was beautiful!

Catawba, N. C., Dec. 6th, 1852.

Miscellaneous.

What is the Most Beautiful?

A TALE AFTER THE MANNER OF BOCCACCIO.

BY BEN. CASSEDY.

Now there lived in the country called Spain, in times long gone by, a set of young gentleman, who styled themselves *Philosophers*, and who met once in every week to discuss such questions as might be brought before them. It so fell out that they were once called upon to decide what was most beautiful; and many and various were the arguments brought forward by each of them. Now, it behoveth us as ready chroniclers, to inform those of the present day what was the decision of that learned assembly, to the end that our young readers may see what those of former days deemed most beautiful.

When the assembly were all convened, and the proposition was laid before them, there were some who said the question could not be decided, for beauty was but a mere matter of opinion, and consequently none would be willing to give up his tastes to the arguments of any other; but there were others, and these by far the greater part, who deemed it meet to listen to the arguments of that body, and so the question was laid before them.

First there rose a young gentleman, pale in complexion, slight in figure, graceful in appearance, and subdued in manner, and he thus addressed the assembly:—

"Most excellent signors, it seemeth to me, the most unworthy member of this wise body, that the question which your excellencies have propsed is one that admitteth but little argument, for it must be apparent to every one of you that this world doth not contain any one thing more beautiful than all others, but and only except the works of *nature*. What is there possessed of more beauty than the mighty ocean, with its high crested waves, its expanded blue surface, dotted here and there with the green isles of the sea; its coral-bottomed depths; its beautiful array of animated beings, from the big vastness of the great whale down to the tiny beauty of the little island-forming insects; from the rainbow-colored back of the beautiful dolphin to the roseate hue of the shore-loving tetrachon? Or, if that be not most beautiful, what think you of the sublimity of the craggy cliff that overshadows the deep sea, and proudly rears its mighty head, but to mock the minor climes of all around it? Or, if your mind better loveth a calmer beauty, what think you of the supreme loveliness of the dark green, when kind spring is just sending on her gentle zephyrs to kiss into bloom the budding luxuriance of the youthful trees, while flower after flower under the shade, and guarded by the care of the old parent trees of all the grove around, blooms into existence upon the shores of the beautiful and gentle little rivulet? And then, too, your wisdoms will remember that all this is the work of a God, while all else proceedeth from man's hand. It doth not, however, become so unworthy a member of this wise body to weary you longer; but I will sit down well satisfied that all others can but accede to my ideas of "What is most Beautiful."

Immediately as soon as he had taken his seat, there ran a murmur of applause throughout the assembly; for he had expressed the opinion of numbers of its members. But then there rose an individual of much distinction among them, and said,—

"It seemeth to me that the person who hath just left off a most pleasant and agreeable argument, doth speak well and advisedly, and, in the main, I entertain like views with him; but still I would wish to include, amid the beauties of nature, some of man's handiwork. Thus do I deem that nothing is more lovely than the prospect afforded to the vision of that individual, who, having climbed to the top of a grassy eminence, discerneth, scattered far away beneath him, the forest, the meadow, the purling brook; and, besides these, the green tops of the villagers cots, the tall steeple of the holy church, the mossy walls of the noble castle; and hearcth as it is borne to him from afar, the hum of voices, the distant sounds of the artificer's hammer, and the merry laugh of the playful boy. I would also wish to include, amid the works of nature, such things as are cultivated by man's hand. A lovely flower-garden doth contain much that is beautiful, with its ever varying assortment of form and size and color; with its beautiful walks, bordered by little flowers, that scatter the delicacy of their perfumes, and compel the very gay breezes to bear their delicious burdens. But it will not be meet that I sho'ld go on to speak of all that is beautiful in this sort, nor do I deem it profitable; for, now that to what has already been described by a poet of nature, I have added all that man has produced—naught else remaineth to be said."

As this speaker took his seat, most of the persons in the room were of opinion that the matter was already settled, and needed no further discussion; but a young gentleman then rose, and begged that he might be heard, inasmuch as his views were different form any that had yet been expressed. They signified their ready willingness to listen, and he began:—

"My brethren of this body well know that I have travelled much, and visited many different lands, and I select what I am now about to relate, as the most beautiful of all the things I have ever seen, and, moreover, I am well convinced that all others will soon fall into my way of thinking when they have heard my story. In a far-distant island there lived two men who were both lovers of the same fair damsel. One of them was a nobleman in the land, and equal in rank to the lady. He was possessed of many attractions, both of body and mind, and, withal, was as true and ardent a lover as ever lived; while the other had no attractions beyond his power of mind, and was far inferior in station to the lady of his love. Now the laws of the island so ordained it that no maiden might marry with any one who was beneath her in gentle blood, and yet the maiden's preferences were all in favor of the peasant, which, as soon as the nobleman had discovered, although he could have had the lady's hand by right, for her parents were in his favor, yet he visited the obscure peasant, and, finding that he was a man of genius and worth, he soon, by the power of his station, elevated him to the rank of a gentleman, and placed in his reach the means of procuring interviews with the lady, whom he soon afterwards married. And after this generous deed, the nobleman's love was still so strong towards the lady, that, being unable to conquer it he made a will leaving to her all of his immense estates, and perished by his own hand. Now this, do I deem most beautiful."

It was evident after this speaker had finished, that the assembly was beginning to be divided—some taking the part of the last speaker, and others persisting that they were in the right. After him, there arose one and another, some contending for one thing, and some for another. One said there was nothing more beautiful than a maiden weeping over the couch of a deceased lover; another that an act of charity bestowed upon an enemy was loveliest. Some said that two armies waiting for the word to charge, was most sublime, others again said that a man, nobly sustaining the reverses of fortune was most beautiful; others, that the natural love of two young people was most enchanting; and others, that there was nothing perfectly beautiful beneath the skies; and so they went on, until there came to be great confusion in the assembly, when, presently, an old white-haired man, who had set apart, and carefully observed their discussion, rose, and remarked that, if it was agreeable to the young gentlemen present, he would address them. They all expressed their anxiety to listen, and the old man proceeded:—

"My young friends, it seemeth hardly fair that an old man, worn down with years, should take any part in the discussion of this youthful body, and yet, when I tell you that this question is one that hath been to me a subject of much inquiry and diligent search, and that many of my numerous years have been spent in seeking to answer it aright, I do know that your goodness will pardon me for addressing you. From my earlest infancy I have been a worshipper of the beautiful, and often in my boyhood have I spent whole days in quest of something lovely, and if I have found it, I have sat for hours and dreamed over it, or, if it was away, I would call it up, and dwell on it with delight. As I grew older my passion for the beautiful grew more intense, nor did it leave me when I reached my man's estate, for I had scarcely completed my twentieth year, when I started to roam the world all over to gratify this passion. I travelled to sun-shiny Italy, and gazed on her verdant plains and sunny fields, looked upon her pure skies and marked the gorgeous changes of her glittering heavens; viewed the pencillings of her Raphael, her Titian, her Guido, and her Angelo, and noted the architectural beauty of her Saint Peter's and her Vatican; conversed with her noble lords and fair ladies, (and, in sooth, they are fair,) and roamed with her peasants and gondoliers, then I voyaged on to gay France, walked through her gardens, and paraded her Tuilleries, visited her palaces and her cottages; sported with the dashing gentlemen, and kissed the cheek of the ruddy maid. Then I passed on to merry England, and sported round her Maypoles and danced upon her greens; conversed with her poets and her statesmen, and saw her beauties all. And still I held me on, and visited the halls and the libraries of learned Germany, and glided over the glassy crystal of Holland's wave, and viewed all the magnificence of oriental greatness. I saw all the sublimity of the volcano in full eruption, all the majesty of the lofty mountain, all the calm beauty of earth's finest landscapes, all the dread magnificence of the Ocean-king, all that earth afforded of loveliness or sublimity—and yet it was not in this protracted search that I discovered what I now do deem the most beautiful of all earth's lovely things. In every country, and in every clime, I saw much that was beautiful—much that was lovely—and yet my heart told me there yet remained something to o'ertop them all—that the eye alone could not receive the most beautiful. That which to me now appeareth most beautiful is something that, did we not see it every day, we should not need to discuss this, our theme. It is a fair young maid—young, tender, loving—at the altar, just giving up herself, soul and body, mind, heart, feelings, sense, and everything, to the object of her heart's young love. Oh it is a delicious sight to see a young girl, reared in tenderness, nursed in luxury, supported and guided by all the dear ties of home and friends, and everything that had been near and dear—all at once sacrificing everything, nobly giving up all, straining all the ties that before had bound her, and giving up her sweet self, with all she had possessed, to him she loves. Oh, it is 'most beautiful,' to see the maiden blushing at the altar of her own dear sacrifice. Such an act of self devotion, in such a being is an angelic sight. And how doth it behoove him to whom this sacrifice is made to receive the boon? Ought he not to treasure it as he doth his very life—to defend, and shelter and protect it with his heart's blood? And what doth not he deserve who would trample on such a gift? Is there any torment earth can prepare for such a wretch? Heaven's deepest vengeance is enjoyment compared to his deserts. God in Heaven grant, my young friends, that all of you may know how to appreciate such a boon, should it ever be given to you!"

Hardly had the old man taken his seat, when some among the number rose and extended him their hands, and all professed themselves fully satisfied that he had found the greatest of Earth's Beauty.

NON-INTERVENTION RESOLUTIONS.

It will be seen that these Resolutions, introduced by Gen. Leach, have passed the House of Commons, only *eight* locofocos being found bold enough to vote against them! This is another principle of the Whig Platform which our opponents have marched up to the approval of, at this session of the Legislature. Let the good work go on. The "unterrified" are kicking off the planks from the Democratic Platform with a vengeance!

The objection urged against the Resolutions by the *eight* who were true to Kossuthism, was mainly that they are of no practical importance. What! Such an expression of opinion, by our Legislature, of no importance in the face of the recent career of the Hungarian incendiary through our country! Such an expression of opinion of no practical use, when it is well known that many of the locofoco leaders, Douglass and Cass, amongst them, have publicly declared their adhesion to the doctrines of Intervention! Of no importance, when Fillibusterism is rife around us and already in defiance of treaty stipulations, to invade the provinces of Spain! Are we blind! Has devotion to Party and the behests of Party deprived us of our reason so that we heed not the danger from Intervention! It cannot be.—*Raleigh Register.*

MASONIC.

The Grand Lodge of North Carolina, which convened, in this city, on the 6th instant, adjourned on the 10th. There was an unusually large attendance, and the proceedings were interesting and harmonious. The fraternity appear to be in a very prosperous condition. Ten new Charters were granted during the past year; Lodges are multiplying and the membership increasing.

At the late annual communication the following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

Alonzo T. Jerkins,	Grand Master.	
Luke Blackmer,	"	Senior Warden,
William P. Taylor,	"	Junior "
C. W. D. Hutchings,	"	Treasurer,
William T. Bain,	"	Secretary,

The following appointmentr were made by the Grand Master:

C. P. Mendenhall,	Dep. Grand Master,	
Rev. M. C. Breaker,	"	Chaplain,
Joseph Green,	"	Sr. Deacon,
Ed. R. Stanly,	"	Jr. "
Jas. T. Marriott,	"	Steward,
M. O. Outton,	"	Marshal,
W. F. S. Alston,	"	Sword B'ar'r
P. H. Winston,	"	Pursuivant,
James S. Terrell,	"	Tyler,

Star.

LUCKY WIND FALL.

Our young friend, (says the Greenville *Mountaineer*,) the Rev. L. M. COHEN, of the Baptist Church, who the reader will recollect, was graduated at the Furman University at this place last summer, has had the good fortune to receive the legacy of $40,000 from a remote female relative in England. It is known, by the friends of Mr. COHEN that he is by birth a jew, and that for reasons satisfactory to himself, he has seen fit to embrace the christian faith, and become a preacher of the gospel, after the persuasion of the Baptists. We learn that the grand maiden aunt, from whom Mr. COHEN receives his legacy, a few days previous to her death embraced the christian religion.—*Winnsboro Register.*

CENSUS REPORT.

Some very interesting tables are contained in the report of the Superintendent of the Census. One of them is a classification of inhabitants according to the countries of their birth, which shows that of the free inhabitants of the United States, 17,736,793 are natives of its soil, and that 2,210,828 were born in foreign countries; while the nativity of 39,337 could not be determined. It is shown that 1,8[illegible],518 of the whole number of foreign born inhabitants were residents of the free States, and 245,310 of the Slave States. It is seen that the persons of foreign birth [illegible] 11.06 per cent. of the whole free [illegible] from which have been derived the largest portions of these additions to our population appear in the following statement.

Natives of Ireland in the U. S. in 1850		961,719
do.	Germany do.	do. 573,225
do.	England do.	do. 278,675
do.	British America	do. 147,799
do.	Scotland do.	do. 70,559
do.	France do.	do. 54,069
do.	Wales do.	do. 29,868
		2,115,896
All other countries		95,922

The proportion in which the several countries above named have contributed to the aggregate immigrant population is shown in the subjoined statement:

Ireland,	43.4	per cent.
Germany,	25.9	do.
England,	12.6	do.
British America,	6.68	do.
Scotland,	3.17	do.
France,	2.44	do.
Wales,	1.34	do.
Miscellaneous,	4.47	do.
	100.00	

This view of the living immigrant population is important as serving to correct many extravagant notions concerning it which have attained extensive currency.

Another interesting branch of this subject is that which concerns the inter-migrations of our native citizens among the States. It is found that out of 17,736,792 free inhabitants 4,116,[illegible]92 have migrated and settled beyond the States of their birth. Three hundred and thirty-five thousand natives of Virginia, equal to 26 per cent. of the whole have found homes outside of her own borders. S. Carolina has sent forth 163,355, which is 36 per cent. of all citizens of that State living in the United States at the date of the census, and forms the astonishing proportion of 58 per cent. of those remaining in the State of their nativity. South Carolina has lost 261,575 free inhabitants, equal to 31 per cent. by emigration. Among the Northern States, Vermont and Connecticut have contributed most largely to the settlement of other parts of the country.—Their proportion, about 25 per cent. of their native citizens would perhaps exceed that of either of the Southern States already mentioned, were the number of slaves in the latter admitted as an element of the calculation.

REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.

According to the report of Hon. S. D Hubbard, Postmaster General, the number of postoffices in the United States, at the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1852, was 20,901; postmasters appointed during that year, 6,245. There were 1,719 post offices established, and 614 discontinued during the year.

From the end of the fiscal year to November 1, 1852, 526 postoffices have been established, and 236 discontinued, so that the whole number in operation at the latter date was 21,194. At its close there was in operation in the United States 6,711 mail routes, their aggregate length being 214,284 miles, and employing 5,266 contractors.—Annual transportation of the mails on these routes 58,985,728 miles, at an annual cost of $3,939,971, being about 6 7-10 cents per mile; 11,082,768 miles were performed on rail-roads, at a cost of $1,275,520, being about 11½ cents per mile; 6,353,409 miles in steamboats, at a cost of $505,815, being about 8 cents per mile; 20,698,630 miles in coaches, at a cost of $1,128,986, being about 5½ cents per mile; and 20,850,521 miles in modes not specified, at a cost of $1,029,650, being about 4 9-10 cents per mile.

The inland service shows an increase of 17,994 miles in mail routes; of 5,713,476 miles of annual transportation, and of $518,217 in the annual cost, the rail road service alone being increased 2,514,361 miles at an increased cost of $29,591.

There were six foreign mail routes in operation on the 30th of June, of the aggregate length of 18,349 miles—annual transportation 652,466 miles.

The cost of ocean steamer service for the year 1852 was $1,296,250; for 1851, $1,023,250.

The gross receipts of the Department for the year ending June 30th were $3,925,971.28. But of this only $1,226,792.90 were from letter postages and stamps, and $789,246.36 from newspapers and periodicals. The receipts from postages were less by $1,388,334.45 than those of the preceding year, being a decrease of 22 per cent. since the new law took effect. Still the Postmaster General does not desire a return to higher rates.

The expenditures of the Department for the last fiscal year were $3,108,459.04; those for the present year are estimated at $3,745,777.20. The estimated receipts, including $1,200,000 appropriations, are $3,417,790.83; leaving a deficit of $1,327,986.38, to be provided for by direct appropriation. A still larger appropriation will be required for the next year.

The increased speed attained on various great mail routes is noticed by the P. M. General. The following is given as the receipts for the postage on several lines of mail steamers during the last year:

By Collins' line, New York and Liverpool,	$228,867.61
By New York and Bremen line, touching at Southampton, England,	77,219.87
By New York and Havre line, touching at Cowes,	80,804.08
By Charleston and Havana line,	11,958.99

Several topics of no general interest are touched upon, and the report then speaks of the application of the Havre and Bremen lines of steamers for increased pay, on the ground that while the Collins' line receives $30,000 a trip, they get but $12,500 a trip for the Havre line and $16,666 for the Bremen line. They consider that the increased commerce and immigration from Germany since the line was established, entitle them to additional aid.

[illegible] postal conventions with foreign [illegible] are noticed, and the report then [illegible] consider the necessity for increased allowances to postmasters on account [illegible] increased labor under the new law. The [illegible] office collecting postages to the amount of [illegible]

Allow on $100, 50 per cent. commission,		$50 00
" 200, 40	" "	120 00
" 2,000, 33⅓	" "	666 66
" 600, 12½	" "	75 00
		911 66

The whole number of paid and unpaid letters which have passed through the postoffices of the United States during the last fiscal year, was 95,790,524. Of this number, 32,672,765 were unpaid; 18,448,510 paid by money; 31,897,750 paid by stamps; and 3,146,900 free.

The P. M. General recommends to Congress to remedy the evil existing in Philadelphia on account of the want of a suitable Postoffice building.

FOREIGN AND NATIVE POPULATION.

Among the other interesting items of information communicated by the Census returns, is that relating to the number of people in the United States of foreign birth.—If these returns be correct, the common computation is much too large. Many have supposed that the Irish alone amounted to three millions—and that the Germans did not fall much short of two millions. It appears, however, that there are very little over two millions in all. We believe this figure to be less than the fact. The Marshals, no doubt, omitted many; but it is reasonable to suppose that they did not omit over a million.

The following article, from the New York Herald, will possess interest for all our readers. We are not in danger, as many apprehend, of being swamped by the foreign population. Their influence is only felt in cities, and in certain parts of cities, and that only for a brief period. The native element so greatly predominates, that all foreign admixtures are speedily digested, and made to disappear. The cross of fresh breeds tends very much to invigorate the original stock. The Celts, whether Welch or Irish, greatly improve by a cross on the Anglo-Saxon—and though a streak of Irish blarney may be detected by close observers for one or two generations—the original infirmities of Irish character—improvidence and impulsiveness, wholly disappear. The Germans and those who come from still nearer the original Scandinavia, constitute invaluable accessions to the native breeds.

While the basis of the American population must be admitted to be Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman, so great is the infusion of foreign elements, that it would be no small puzzle to a genealogist to determine all its components. But nations composed of mixed breeds are those which have endured the longest, and achieved the greatest figure in the history of mankind. Athens was greatly indebted for its pre-eminence in power and intellect among the Greek cities, to its liberal policy in admitting and incorporating foreigners into the circle of citizenship. Rome, in its early days, pursued the same course—and the bold adventurers of every neighboring State, when defeated at home, fled to Rome as to a safe refuge. Independently of this source of foreign population, we have reason to believe, that Latin Rome was as thoroughly subdued by the Sabines as Anglo-Saxon England was by the Normans; and it was the glory of Numa's reign to blend the two races. Again, if not conquered by Tarquin, she received with him a large number of fresh population from Etruria—of mixed descent, Lydian and Greek.

The effect of these accessions upon their physical development were patent, and are noted by most ancient historians. What were the effects upon their moral and intellectual organization, from these various combinations, can only be a matter of speculation. It is probable they were beneficial. There were other Greeks who were Ionic beside the Athenians—and yet the Athenians surpassed them as far as they did all other Greeks, whether Doric or Æolic.—They were the most lively, the most versatile, the most brilliant, the most intellectual and most enterprising people of whom we have any record. In all the departments of letters and of arts—in poetry, philosophy, oratory, history, sculpture and painting, they have not been surpassed by any who have succeeded them—if they have ever been equalled. But for them, we should have no other knowledge of the existence of their stupid rivals, the Spartans, than what may be found in the Homeric Poems.—What other one cause could have contributed so much to their mental superiority as the blending of various races? They possessed no material advantages over the rest of Greece. Their sun was not brighter than that of Sparta—their scenery was not comparable to that of Argos—their soil was sterile by the side of the rich plains of Bœotia. But the pure blood of Lacadæmon was never polluted—it continued pure and stagnant till its latter days; while the liveliest and most enterprising spirits of every clime mingled and combined to form the wondrous whole of Athens.

Rome also was an aggregation of discordant elements. Of the origi al Latins, we know but little;—they were found upon the soil at the first dawn of history, and were probably in some way connected with those misty and mysterious rovers, the Pelasgians, who were equally a riddle to the ancients and the moderns. The Sabines, who early became blended with the Latins, are shown by antiquarians to be Celts, and probably the progenitors of the O'Briens and McConnels of Erin as well as of the Catos and Cæsars of Rome. The Etruscans were probably Lydian with a large Hellenic or Pelasgian infusion. Tarquin's father was reported to be a Greek from Corinth.

If there be any truth in the notion that a commingling of many races, tends to increase the physical and elevate the mental powers of man, the United States is in a fair way to present the highest specimen of humanity the world has ever seen. Here all the distinctive attributes of every branch of the descendants of Shem, Ham and Japhet meet, mingle and find a limitless field for development. In a hundred years, no American will be able to say whether he has more Celt or Saxon, Goth or Tartar blood in his veins; and as to Celt and Saxon and Goth, it would be a very difficult if not impossible matter for many to say which predominates with them now.

But to the Census exhibit:

From the New York Herald.

It is certain that the Irish constitute by far the largest element in the foreign population, being forty-three per cent of the whole, while Germany sends twenty-three per cent, and England but twelve per cent; and estimating the children and grandchildren of Irish parents in the same proportion as the per centage of the immigrants, we come to the conclusion that the Celtic element constitutes a very considerable ingredient in the whole of the American population. There is another conclusion, too, at which we arrive, and that is: that there need be no alarm about excessive emigration either of the Irish or Germans or of any other nation. The population of foreign birth form but eleven per cent, or one-ninth of the whole inhabitants. The one-ninth, therefore, is so absorbed by the other eight-ninths that it is rapidly assimilated and lost in the prevailing American element, so as ultimately to become as much American as the Americans themselves. Instead of the foreign element moulding the native, it is moulded by the native, and soon becomes "racy of the soil." This is particularly the case with regard to the Irish and Germans, who become good republicans, and adapt themselves to the institutions of the country more rapidly than any other race. It is only in the large cities, and in particular localities, that the influence of a particular foreign nationality, is felt; but even in these it is continually counteracted and neutralized by the prevailing native population, which increases in a more rapid ratio than the foreign. The greatest proportion of foreign population is to be found in the Northern and Western States—the largest amount of all in the three States of the Union New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio.

The Irish population prevail in the following States—New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Louisiana, Wisconsin, Kentucky, and Michigan. The Germans in the following—New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, Michigan, Louisiana, Texas, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Wisconsin. The English prevail in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan. The other nationalities do not amount to much in the United States. The following are the chief:—

Scotland and Wales,	100,418
British America,	147,799
France,	54,069
Born in other countries,	95,922
Place of birth unknown,	39,227

In addition, therefore, to the original stock, the Celt is the largest element, and the German the next—the one imparting fire and energy, and the other steadiness and industry within the sphere of their operations. The United States need not be ashamed of the largest item in the annual accession to its population, though, from oppression at home, it comes here the poorest.

FILLIBUSTERISM.

The Washington Union, chiming in with the New York Times, an advocate for the acquisition of Cuba, right or wrong, says:

"The more President Fillmore's course respecting Cuba is dwelt upon, the graver will be the objections that will arise to it.—In view of the past action of nearly every administration since Monroe's time, his conduct is exceedingly reprehensible."

We cannot for our lives see how the Union arrives at this conclusion. Certainly not by assuming that any administration heretofore has winked at a piratical proceedings to get possession of neighboring territory in violation of the faith of treaties—for no instance of the kind, thank Heaven, can be cited.—And what has Mr. Fillmore done more than to guard the fair fame and honorable name of our republic from this foul reproach? Better would it be if Cuba were embowelled in the lowest depths of the ocean than that such a reproach should rest on the untarnished reputation of our country. Mr. Fillmore has done nothing more than adopt measures for preventing the consummation of a piratical scheme for getting possession of Cuba, the success of which would justly have made our government a participant in the crime, in the estimation of the world and the view of prosterity. If this be "reprehensible," let the Union "make the most of it."—*Norfolk Herald.*

This is very well put by our contemporary of Norfolk. But if Mr. Fillmore's conduct has tended to dishonor the country, why do not the Democracy of Congress take the matter in hand? If he has submitted to insults from Spain, why do they not resent them? All power is in their hands—and they are heaping dirt upon their own heads, in abusing Mr. Fillmore and persisting in the same course that he has pursued. By the Constitution, he has no power to declare war—that power is entrusted to Congress. If cause of war exists, as these people have again and again asserted, why don't they proclaim it and go to work at once? What prevents them? They have sweeping majorities in both Houses of Congress. Do this, or, in the name of decency, hold your tongues.—*Richmond Whig.*

NOVEL CURE.

The New Orleans papers announce the arrival in that city of an English physician who professes to cure blindness, deafness and dumbness, by means of prussic acid.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

Bright and joyous, glad and gay,
Let us welcome NEW YEAR'S DAY,
Let us tune our voices sweet
While the opening year we greet.
Many a gleeful laugh has rung,
Many a gladsome song been sung;
Many a blush has lit the face,
Many a smile has lent a grace;
Many an eager glance has strayed,
Many a loving vow been made,
Since time has run his latest round,
And [illegible] the hope of the young heart been crushed,
And often the voice of affection been hushed,
The wail of the helpless, the poor orphan's cry,
The big tear of sorrow—the heart-rending sigh,
Have swell'd from the lone heart, deep-smitten with grief,
Where kind words of pity could give no relief.
Since the sun of New-Year has beamed on the earth, [had birth.
Where States have been trampled, and Empires
Lo in the Eastern world!
A Tyrant's flag, unfurled,
Drove forth her hero brave
To leave his Nation's grave
An Exile here to roam
Far from his youthful home,
While Freedom's genial sun
Went down upon the Hun.
Again the Despot's blood-stained hand
Hath bound in chains a beauteous land;
The steeds of slaughter madly prance,
And crush to earth *'la belle France.*
Sans Culottes vanish, statesmen wince
Beneath the *hauteur* of *The Prince.*
Again the curtain shifts the scene,
An *Empire*—where a *State* has been;
And "*Liberté*"—"*Egalité*,"
Are merely phantoms of a day.
From the Isle of the sea, the gem of the ocean,
A voice as of madness, of wildest commotion,
Still heard o'er the waters, bids the reckless press on, [yawn.
Till the Maelstroom of Ruin around them shall
The hand of firm, relentless death,
Has stilled the buoyant vital breath
Of Ashland's mighty sage;
Those lips on which mute Senates hung,
That voice, whose magic tones have rung,
No more our ears engage.
A Nation mourns her mighty son,
Whose glorious race on earth is run,
And bathes herself in tears;
No other can support his shield,
No other can his sabre wield,
No *second* yet appears.
Scarce has the hero of the West,
Reposed in his eternal rest
Beneath the silent tomb:
Till Webster too, the Statesman, Sage,
The Patriot pure, has left the stage,
To meet his final doom.
The mighty Chief of Marshfield sleeps,
While over his grave a Nation weeps,
Enwrapped in cayless gloom.
The *immortal Three* are now no more,
Have passed the undiscovered shore
Where sorrow cannot come.
While after the great, the good or the true,
Throughout the wide earth in thought you pursue,
Forget not, I ask, in your grief or your joy,
To remember, in kindness, the POOR PRINTER BOY,
Who has bro't you your paper in cold and in wet,
In flood-pouring rain, or fierce driving sleet,
Remember, remember—Oh, do not forget!!
A single kind action may a thousand beget!

COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDAR

FOR THE YEAR

1853;

Being the first after bissextile or Leap Year, containing 365 days; and after the 4th of July, the 77th of American Independence.

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JANUARY	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
FEBRUARY	—	—	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28					
MARCH	—	—	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
APRIL	—	—	—	—	—	1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
MAY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
JUNE	—	—	—	1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
JULY	—	—	—	—	—	1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
AUGUST	—	1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
SEPTEMBER	—	—	—	—	1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
OCTOBER	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
NOVEMBER	—	—	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
DECEMBER	—	—	—	—	1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31