

# 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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## TERMS:

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All letters relative to the Editorial Department must be directed to the Editor. And all letters on business to the Whig, must be addressed to the Proprietor. All letters must be post-paid or they will not be attended to.

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## Poetry.

FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA WHIG.  
TO MISS S. OF McLENDEN COUNTY, N. C.  
Sweet maiden, I sigh when memory calls back  
Joy of the past which has fled away—  
It is grief to my soul a bitter-sweet task  
While pleasures with me so faintly decay.

For love surely in absence never can die  
When fall by a heart which ever is true;  
And often when missing I weep and sigh  
And my thoughts turn back all hope to you.

Then I think of the time the distance is great,  
That tears in gloom lay cold from thee;  
Then the past I'd forget and yield to fate,  
If but once your love could smile on me.

Of life's joys have I drunk its pleasures to share—  
Ere here I have seen fair flowers decline,  
But never yet flourish'd a bud to compare,  
With a beauty so mistle as thine.

The gray locks of age to the grave hasten on—  
The green leaves of youth never in death;  
But never yet flourish'd a bud to compare,  
With a beauty so mistle as thine.

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## Noblemen.

BY C. D. STUART.  
The noblest man I know on earth,  
Are men whose names are known to all;  
Who have by no ancestral grace,  
How down the world and all the soil,  
And as a nobler name than fame,  
Thus follow a king or warrior's name.

The working men! what's their task,  
To give the world the bread of life;  
The sweat upon their honest brow,  
The royal stamp and seal of God;  
And higher are their drops of sweat,  
Than diamonds in a crown.

God bless the noble working men,  
Who rear the cities of the plain—  
Who dig the mines and build the ships,  
And drive the commerce on the main;  
God bless them for their worthy hands,  
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

## Miscellaneous.

From the N. O. Delta.

Captain Tobin and the Countessign.

All our citizens, and all who read the Delta during the Mexican war, know the gallant, the gifted, the humorous Capt. Tobin, whose letters to this journal, at the period referred to, gained him a national reputation. They were classic, graphic, witty and scholarly like. Four George has since paid the debt of nature in the Eureka State; and, considering the noble and generous traits of his character, Nature, in the spirit of sheer justice, should not have called on him for the debt as prematurely a done. But he is gone, and peace to the good fellow's manes! George told many good stories of himself, and many, we believe, to his left untold. We heard one year day from a comrade soldier of his—one who shared his tribulation and his black hat, one who could appreciate the sincerity of his friendship and enjoy the exquisite delight which his flow of social qualities ever kept in play. We want but the Captain's immortal humor to tell it in a way to amuse our readers. But we will tell it as best we can.

In the month of June, 1846, shortly after the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the Washington Regiment, in which the Captain commanded a company, was encamped, with other regiments, at a point twenty miles above Matamoros, on the banks of the Rio Grande, all under the command of Gen. Smith. The rains were not the best, nor were they served the most regular; but what was regarded as a peculiar deprivation by the Captain and some of his companions in arms from New Orleans, was, that for a full week they were marching by compulsion. There had not, during that time, been a drop of liquor in the camp—not even after prodding, and before the pickets were posted, the puff of a steamboat were heard in the distance. As one was expected about that period from New Orleans, and as it was known that a few barrels of brandy were among her stores, great was the rejoicing of George, and his immediate circle, at her approach.

She anchored about a mile from the camp, and the party set out to board her. George leading the advance. They were not well on board, when they were seated round a square table in the social hall, with a liberal supply of cigars and brandy and water before them, in which they indulged in the full freedom of the mess room. These were luxuries to which, for some time they had been strangers, and they were in no hurry to part company with them. This being the case, it was fully eleven o'clock before they started for camp, every man having an abundance of brandy stowed away in his "mess chest," and armed with two full bottles, one under each arm. The sentinels had been long post-

ed, and going their lonely rounds, but neither George nor any one of his party knew any more of the past word or counterword than they did of the present. Here was a dilemma, either hereof which was by no means agreeable as those friends when they had been imbibing; or it was to be shot if they forced their way on the sentinels; the other was to bivouac in the chapparral all night, and to be charged for absence from their post in the morning. After a council of war, it was agreed that one of them should approach the sentinels and endeavor to propitiate him in their favor with a view to effecting their entrance. George undertook the forlorn hope and a forlorn one it seemed to be.

Armed with two bottles of brandy, he advanced, though his step was neither as firm nor was his countenance as direct as the late and early day down. When he got within hailing distance of the guard, he cried out, "Whom do you seek?" George replied, "A friend," and bearing by the accent of the sentinels that he was a countryman of his own, he added, "Who do I else would it be? would any one but his own friend find his bottle of brandy from the bosom of his jacket, and treat you to it, as I offer to do now, just to keep you from getting the Rio Grande fever, and to keep out the cold during the night?"

"Advance," said the sentinel, "and give the counterword."

"Give what?" said George.

"The counterword," said the sentinel.

"Why, look here," said George, "without intending any national reflection, for I must be your a countryman of mine, you must be green. How long are you in the service?"

Sentinel—"A month."

George—"And this is your first night on duty?"

Sentinel—"I am, AVICK."

George—"Then, when in the name of General Jackson himself, can I have already got it from the fingers of the night?"

Sentinel—"Be quiet, Captain, I never thought of that, but what did he tell it to me for?"

George—"Why, that you might keep it secret, of course; but never mind—take a pull at this, (presenting him the bottle) but it'll be there, that's a trifle; that when you pull it, never mind, fire—and it often takes down its own men."

The sentinel took a long pull and a strong pull, and repeated the password. He then said, "Captain, dear, I've just been thinking—for I see you're a gentleman, and an Irish gentleman, at that—I've just been thinking how we'll that 'ud not with some hot water and white sugar, oh, it would be brilliant, indeed."

George—"You're a man of taste, old fellow, and (and) provided you don't fall very low, you're bound to rise to the army, but let us take another drink; you take one to keep you awake, and I'll take one to make me sleep, for you see what opposite virtues it possesses."

Sentinel—"Opposite virtues; to be sure it does. There was Fazel Fishery, who never took an extra glass, that he wouldn't go in for clean the fair—fighting every man he met, friend or foe, stranger or blood relation; and there was Parson Powell, (if he wasn't a protestant, I'd say God rest his soul), who never took his fifth tumbler, that he didn't begin to make speeches about the benefits of universal peace; and then the old fellow would go round kissing and hugging every one that came in his way—and you may be sure he never overlooked the party girls;—though I always observed that the old fellow's pace principles never induced him to kiss me grandmother, who, between me and you, was never a great beauty, and was tearfully marked with the small pox, to boot. Begor, her face was so rough that you'd imagine it must have suggested to McAdam the idea of paving with broken stones."

George—"Take another pull at the bottle, old boy." The sentinel did. "But your mother," continued George, "She was broad some, was she not?"

Sentinel—"As party a colleen as ever danced on the green—but she, you see, inherited her beauty from the paternal line."

George—"Then it is clear, from your good looks, that you are your mother's son, and not your grandmother's."

Sentinel—"Of course I'm not, for as Bill Began, the schoolmaster, used to say of the 'quartz' of the circle, that's mathematical impossibility; I couldn't be my grandmother's son, unless I was my own father. I'll take one more pull at the brandy, just to show you that there's an ill between us."

George—"Of course I may pass now?"

Sentinel—"By like—become—I'd like, could follow, to catch any one in my way; and remember if any one asks you, that I didn't tell you what the password was."

George—"O, certainly; and my comrades behind there—they pass too?"

Sentinel—"Every mother's son of them."

George called to his comrades, who were in the distance, to come up and pass, saying that he had made it all right. They passed in, and just as George was following, the Sentinel cried out, "Haid on there, Captain; you have not yet given the password. All the talk we have had was about the counterword."

"Oh, that's a fact," said George; "we have already settled the counterword; now, then, here, (drawing out the second bottle), here is the password."

"Be quiet, Captain, it's good," said the Sentinel; "pass on, but if you should see me about parade time to-morrow, walk in steadily from a weakness in the limbs, or a lightness in the head, or something of that sort, you don't report me at headquarters, that's all."

George and his comrades re-entered their quarters in safety, as much overjoyed as if they had performed a coup d'état as the French say.

TO THE POINT.

A brave veteran officer, reconnoitering a battery which it was necessary to storm, he concisely answered the engineers, who were endeavoring to dissuade him from the attempt:—You please, you may say and think what you please; all I know is, that the American flag must be hoisted on the ramparts to-morrow morning, for I have the order in my pocket."

## Congressional.

### EXTRACTS FROM THE SPEECH OF MR. CLEMENS, OF ALABAMA.

In the U. S. Senate Dec 10, on the Resolution of welcome to Kosutt.

Mr. President, I regret very sincerely that this resolution was introduced. It is painful to do any thing seemingly discourteous, and, as I must oppose the adoption of this and all similar resolutions, I should greatly have preferred that the special champion of Louis Kosutt had been content to leave him in the hands of the people, without attempting to commit the Government to any of his schemes for revolutionizing Europe.

I have listened, Mr. President, with great attention to all that has been said in this debate, and, if I have been convinced of nothing else, I am at least satisfied that the resolution on my table furnishes a most excellent subject for speech making. It possesses the peculiar advantage, that the less we know about it the better we can talk upon it. We may then give free rein to the imagination, and fancy can supply all that is needed to give beauty in a sentence or symmetry to the whole discourse. A great man had but not broken by misfortune; an exile pleading the cause of his bleeding country; a gallant people, struggling for freedom, and justly claiming rights, overpowered, crushed for a time, but only waiting for a ray of hope, a word of sympathy, to rise up on their oppressors; all these are themes upon which even a dull man might glow eloquent. This misfortune is, that so much of it is FANCY; so little is FACT. I understand the friends of Kosutt to base his claims to a public recognition by Congress partly upon the assumed fact he is a republican in principle, and has been the great disseminator of republican sentiments throughout Europe; and I have heard, I must confess with some regret, that he was exposed to LIBERALISM still more than the already liberal ideas prevailing upon this continent. In other words, that he is to give lessons to the descendants of the patriots of '76, and teach his language to the rudiments of civil liberty. Sir, I think it well enough to require, before we enter a school, when he became a rebel? If I have read the history of that struggle aright, it was not until defeat and disaster had overtaken him. In the zenith of his power, in the pride of his high place as Dictator of Hungary, he saw no ally in our free republic, and knelt in no prayer to freedom.

The contest in which he was engaged was not a contest between despotism and republicanism. It was a war of races. Kosutt and his associates were the oppressors, not the oppressed. So far from rebelling against the Emperor of Austria, they petitioned him, in the humblest terms, not for liberty, but for the security of their own rights; but for aid to enable them to keep another people in subjection. I have that petition before me. A short extract from it will enable the Senate to day, more how far the Magyar at that day deserved the character of republicans:

From a memorial presented to the Arch-bishop by Kosutt and the Hungarian Ministry, July 4, 1848.

"If his highness the Arch-bishop will bestow a careful attention upon all we have just said, he cannot but be convinced of the true character of the rebellion of those States, which make great pretensions of fidelity to his Majesty, the Emperor, the royal authority; he cannot but perceive that even their official journals Austria is met by a logical pretext in order to justify the crisis of the struggle such a superiority to the Slavonic element in Austria that, after the period of the Austrian throne, the empire shall be split up into independent Slavonic kingdoms, and the very existence of the Austrian Imperial House shall be thereby endangered."

"And yet loyalty and attachment to the King is so deeply rooted in the heart of the Hungarian nation, that the Holy Empire will never consent to openly exhibiting their intention they did not meet any sympathy. They have increased some thousands in the period of their rebellion, and the royal authority, and against the Hungarian nation, who have not only kind the royal power, but whom a legal independence and a constitutional administration is not a recent grant, but an ancient right, exercised by innumerable royal oaths—against the Hungarian nation, which, at the present moment, when almost every throne in civilized Europe is tottering, remain not only loyal, but the only firm prop of the Austrian throne. They do not only love their King, but they regard the kind assistance of his highness the Arch-bishop with respect to the Illyrian rebellion."

The Illyrian rebels, against whom Kosutt so humbly petitioned the aid of the King, had demanded, and were struggling to obtain, some small portion of the natural rights of man, and the war which finally ended in the subjugation of Hungary was begun in subjection—a people every way their equals, and who, if we are to judge from the different character of the petition presented to them, seem to me to have been far better entitled to the sympathies of a free people than Kosutt and his associates.

I have read the petition of the Magyar; to let me now call the attention of the Senate to that of their antagonists:

"Emperor, if you reject our prayers, we shall know how to vindicate our liberty without you; and we prefer to die heroically, like a Slavonic people, rather than to bear any longer such a yoke as is imposed upon us by an Avaric horde, from whom we have nothing good to receive or to learn. Emperors, know that we prefer, if we must choose between them, the knot of the Russians to the insolence of the Magyars. We will not, on any terms, belong to the Magyars. Remember, that if Croatia forms but a thirty-fifth part of your empire, the Croats constitute a third of your army."

Sir, the men who uttered such sentiments deserved to be free. They are words fit to be spoken by freemen, and I must be excused if I cannot feel any extraordinary enthusiasm in the cause of a man who sought to hold them in bondage. The question with me is, not whether he preaches freedom and equality now, when he is a wanderer and an exile, but rather what his practice would

power was in his hands, and when to have surrendered that power would have been indeed a merit worthy of a world's admiration. The task of tracing the history of that period affords me no pleasure; but when I am called upon as a representative of a Sovereign State, to aid in conferring on any individual an extraordinary honor, it is my duty to ascertain how far that honor is deserved. What, then, was his course during the whole progress of the memorable struggle in which he was engaged? Did he ever of any time give utterance to any republican sentiment? On the contrary, was not his whole course that of a determined and haughty oppressor? When the demands of the Slavonic were rejected by the House of Austria, and they proposed to join their forces to the sole condition that he should guarantee them equal rights and equal privileges, his reply was as haughty and imperious as any ever uttered by the most absolute despot to the humblest slave:

"There are three principles which must govern us:—no concession, and in regard to which we shall concede nothing, on ANY CONDITION WHATSOEVER, for it would amount to consulting with our own hands."

"1st. The unity of the State as it has existed for centuries."

"2d. The SUPREMACY OF THE MAGYAR ELEMENT, which is one and the same, the same blood, the same nation, and consequently by the use of the Magyar or the Hungarian language."

This was on the 10th of June, 1849, only two months before the King of Hungary was annihilated—George a prisoner and Kosutt a fugitive in the dominions of the Turk. Even at that time, the noblest sentiment of the Magyar element was announced as an indissoluble bond of amity and union; and it thus becomes apparent that the right to enslave others rather than the right to be free themselves constituted the main object of the war. The supremacy of the Magyar element was the leading idea, and much of the sympathy and enthusiasm which the advent of Kosutt has excited in the republican mind might well have been reserved for his other objects. I expect to be told that, whatever may have been his former sentiments, he is now a republican in feeling and principle. Indeed, the Senator from Massachusetts has already informed us that he has dared to utter such sentiments within the shadow of the throne of England. I have not so read his speeches. I have read a great deal in praise of the British constitution, nothing against the hereditary King and the hereditary nobility which disgraces it.

British freedom is not freedom, as we understand it, and proves of the British constitution do not furnish the highest evidence of a clear conception of the principles of civil liberty. At all events, if we concede a right to be claimed for himself, we must still bear in mind that he is only a recent convert. As long as there was a hope of his maintaining an iron rule over a people far more numerous than his own, republicanism never entered his thoughts. There is not a solitary paper emanating from him, or his associates during the continuance of the war which does not establish clearly and conclusively that one of them ever dreamed of the formation of a republic. The language of Count Polizky is too explicit to leave a doubt upon this point:

"The most current misapprehension of the Hungarians is that they are republicans, and that they have proclaimed the Republic such as the Hungarians conceive as in their power, which would comprise almost all the Hungarian territory. This assertion is often unwarily received by friends of the Hungarians, who, considering that the Queen of England maintains amicable relations with the Republic of Austria, that the Republic of France, and the Republic of Switzerland, are not altogether hostile to the republican application—But the real state of the matter is, that the Hungarians are not republicans, and that the Republic has not been proclaimed anywhere in Hungary."

There is, indeed, much more, to the same effect, but it is not needful for me to refer to it.

As an individual, I am willing to concede to Kosutt whatever of merit he can justly claim; but I do not wish to say, by any vote or otherwise, that I regard him as a patriot, that Washington, a great and successful general than John Jackson, or a more skillful general than Jackson. There are living men now within the limits of this country whom I look upon as all together his superiors. I am not one of those whose religion is said "his race alone his enchantment." I respect rather that greatness which is near me; which I do not have to take upon the uncertain reports of others. If the nearness of the object should elude us, if our eyes are dark spots or weak points should be revealed by it, I can still reserve what is good and appreciate what is great, without seeking for a perfection which is denied to man. I can look upon the work of God, without remembering the puny or the worthless things around me.

[Mr. Clemens proceeds to notice the mistake that Kosutt is the "invited guest of the nation," and the fact that the resolution of last Congress only offered a public vessel to convey him and his associates to this country in case they wished to emigrate.

After reading an extract from Kosutt's great New York speech, Mr. Clemens remarked:

"This language leaves no room for conjecture. His object is to seize the armed assistance of England and the United States. And now let us inquire for what purpose that assistance is sought? Nothing but the supremacy of the Magyar race. The exiles who have come among us have probably imbibed, and have certainly proclaimed, republican sentiments; but who believes that such sentiments have found a home in the bosom of a poor people of the Austrian throne. It is a well known historical fact that they have clung to their institutions with a tenacity even beyond that with which the Mohammedan clings to the Koran. It is those who have remained at home, constituting the vast majority of the population, who must give character to the institutions a successful revolution may enable them to establish; and who doubts they will return to the constitution and form of government for which they have manifested so decided a preference? Our aid, then, if given at all, will not be given to a republic but to a monarchy.

Fear God and keep his commandments.

## Temperance.

### MASSACHUSETTS FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF MAINE.

If the Temperance cause is dormant in the "Old Dominion," it is not so in other States. Massachusetts is likely to carry through her "Maine Law" with a perfect success, and New York and New Jersey will be close followers. The following proceedings, recently had in Boston, will give some idea of the way they do things down East:

[From the Cataract.]  
THE VOICE OF 133,512 PETITIONERS FOR THE "MAINE LAW" IN MASSACHUSETTS.

In compliance with an official call from the Massachusetts Temperance Central Executive Board, for that purpose, a Great Mass Temperance Convention was held in Tremont Temple in Boston on Wednesday, Jan. 21st, 1852, to present to the Legislature our "Mammoth Petition" of 133,512 citizens of Massachusetts, for the abolition of "drinking houses and tippling shops" within their borders. The Convention was called to order at ten o'clock A. M. by Rev. Mr. Otwell, the Chairman of said "Board," and W. W. Williams, Esq., of Boston, having been appointed temporary secretary, it was organized by the election of the following officers, viz:—

—PRESIDENT—  
HON. ASAHEL HUNTINGTON, of Salem.  
—VICE PRESIDENTS—  
Dr. John C. Warren of Boston—Hon. George Hood of Lynn—Hon. Louis Child of Lowell—Hon. Peter C. Bacon of Worcester—Hon. Zenas D. Bassett of Barnstable—Hon. J. Clark of Roxbury—Hon. N. B. Burden of Fall River—Hon. G. B. Waterfield of Duxbury—Rev. Dr. Osgood of Springfield—Dr. Barrett of Northampton—Hon. George N. Briggs of Pittsfield—Don't Frost, Esq. of Orange—H. N. Daniel Fisher of Elgartown.

—SECRETARIES—  
Rev. T. W. H. of Newburyport—B. W. Williams of Taunton—E. W. Jackson of Chelsea.

A very appropriate and impressive prayer having been offered by the venerable pioneer of temperance, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, Mr. Huntington, the President, on taking the Chair, addressed the Convention at some length, eloquently vindicating the principle, and provisions of the "Maine Law," and commending the speedy enactment of a similar statute in Massachusetts, as a measure absolutely necessary for the suppression of the rum traffic, and for the protection of the community against its countless and costly evils. He had been for many years District Attorney of a portion of the State, and well knew, he said, the many defects of the old and the great and urgent need of the proposed new law. (Great cheering.)

The "Mammoth Petition," escorted by twelve of the city police, who, as stewards and members of the Temple of Honor, volunteered their services on the occasion, was then brought into the Temple, and placed upon the rostrum with the greeting of three spontaneous and hearty cheers of the whole assembly. It was rolled on an axis, suspended on a wooden frame, as to rotate freely, and was about three feet in diameter, bearing the names of 133,512 petitioners, of which 57,067 were those of legal voters, being very nearly a majority of all the legal voters of the whole Commonwealth, although about one third of the towns in the State had not then sent in their returns.

After a short but striking address from Professor Stone of Bank-work, Me., in which he congratulated the Convention on the broad dimensions of the "Mammoth Roll" before him, and assured the people that the "Maine Law" continued to work beautifully and perfectly in Maine, and would not, and could not be repealed, the procession was formed under the direction of Col. R. Cowden, as Chief Marshal, and at about 11 o'clock began to move on its "winding way" to the State House through the streets.

The procession, in passing through Bowdoin, Mt. Vernon, Charles, and Bacon streets, having completely surrounded the State House arrived in front of the same about half past 12, when the Petition, accompanied by the Committee, and greeted by the cheers of the thousands, who thronged the balconies, porches, and spacious yard of the State House, was borne through the dense multitude, into the Representatives' Hall, and placed in the open area in front of the Speaker's Desk.

"Monstrous" as it was, this huge "Roll" was evidently neither an unexpected, nor an unwelcome guest to the House. It courteously suspended its business, and unanimously granted leave for the immense presentation of the petition, which was very handsomely done by Mr. Horace E. Smith, a member of the House from Chelsea, in the following address, viz:—

Mr. Speaker—Leave has been asked and granted to introduce a petition, which I may not say the petition, of a large portion of the inhabitants of the State and it seems proper to make at least a brief statement of the character of the petitioners, and the nature of their prayer. It will be seen at a glance, that the petition is one of extraordinary magnitude. I believe that in point of numbers, it has never been equalled in this country, and I confidently affirm that, in point of character and respectability, it has never been surpassed in any country. It bears the names of more than 130,000 of the best citizens and inhabitants of the Commonwealth, among whom more than 57,000 are known to be legal voters. And it is believed, also, that many more of the signers are at this time, though owing to various circumstances that fact is not stated. Standing at the head of all these names is the honored one of Geo. N. Briggs, and following him are those representing all classes, all professions, all trades in the Commonwealth. Women also is represented, and rightly too, for she is peculiarly interested in the subject of laws which have a tendency to enslave the subject of laws in whose enactment she has no voice—but more so the peculiar subject of the evil which she has to suffer in intoxicating drinks has brought upon the community. It is right, therefore, that her voice should be heard.

The petitioners ask for no class legislation, no act of incorporation, no protection for brewers, agriculturists or manufacturers, but for protection to man, to religion, to our halls of

learning, our temples of legislation, our courts of justice, and above all, to our domestic altars. They believe that the traffic in ardent spirits has polluted our houses of correction, our jails, our lunatic asylums, our grave yards,—with uncounted numbers of premature victims. They further believe that the Legislature has the power to remedy the evil, and having that power, it ought to exercise it. The boon they ask is no selfish one, and this petition of theirs is the result of the pulsation of the great heart of the Commonwealth. And, Mr. I trust I may be permitted to express the hope that their prayer will find a response here. I present, Mr. Speaker, the petition of George N. Briggs, and 133,512 others, for a law prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors. And as these several other petitions of the male and female scholars of the Wesleyan Academy, in W. W. Williams, of the teachers and pupils of an Art Academy; of the officers and students of Amherst College; of the town officers of North Bridgewater, and the officers of the Normal School there; of 28 prisoners in the Norfolk County Jail; of 28 prisoners in the House of Correction at Dedham—all for the same good. And I move their reference to a Joint Special Committee.

This motion was unanimously adopted, and the Joint Special Committee, which has since been appointed in compliance with it, consisted of—

H. E. Smith of Chelsea, J. J. Baker of Beverly, Rodney Hunt of Orange, Richard Walker of Taunton, J. W. Ward of Abington, J. Jacob Steep of Weymouth, H. W. Allen of Rye, John of the House, and Elmer Brigham of Westboro, and Z. D. Bassett of Barnstable, from the Senate.

WHITNEY'S RAIL ROAD.

MR. WHITNEY'S RAILROAD PROJECT

We find in the London Morning Chronicle of December 26th the following editorial article on the subject of Mr. Whitney's visit to England in the prosecution of his great scheme of a rail road to the Pacific:

The rapid progress which the United States are making towards the completion of a vast and intricate network of railway communication, not only between the populous towns and districts in their territory, but through regions remote from civilization and difficult of access, is one of the most striking features in the social and industrial history of the Confederation. For example, recent intelligence from New York announces the opening of the Hudson River Rail road, an hundred and forty-three miles in length; and notwithstanding all we have heard about the "mere trawlers" of America, the first complete journey over the line was performed in three hours and a half, or at the average speed of rather more than forty miles an hour. By all the schemes of this description which have ever been brought before the American people, Mr. Whitney's plan for a railway from Lake Michigan to the Pacific is unquestionably the most important; and it is probable that during the session of Congress which has just commenced it will be finally determined whether or not the project shall be pressed any further upon the acceptance of the United States Government. It is to be apprehended that the excitement prevailing among transient and local politicians with reference to questions which unhappily have far less claim on their attention than bona fide schemes for the material advancement of their country, will prevent any decisive steps being taken in Congress to give effect to the general sentiments of the American public in favor of Mr. Whitney's views.

The road would be to be extended westward from Chicago to the Pacific, and the slavery question, and the abolition topic of the next Presidential election, will, in all likelihood, render the labors of the Federal Legislature exceedingly barren of useful results. It is also not improbable that the delay which has taken place at Washington, in deciding upon Mr. Whitney's plan, may have rendered it impracticable for the United States any longer to afford the facilities which at one time existed within their territory for the construction of the Pacific line. Happily, however, it may not be impossible to carry out the work on the British side of the border; and a few weeks may determine whether or not this enterprise, which the violence of party politics has so long and so unreasonably postponed at Washington, shall be transferred to British hands.

For our own part, we have felt so strongly the desirableness of carrying out, if possible, such a scheme of communication, that we have repeatedly, during the last few months, brought the leading facts and arguments connected with Mr. Whitney's project under the notice of our readers. Since we last adverted to the subject, that gentleman has had the good fortune to have his plan discussed, in his own presence, by distinguished men and learned associations, to whose opinions, in all matters connected with science, the English people are accustomed to pay much deference. Nor is their influence confined to this country merely; for any judgment which may be strongly pronounced by the authorities to whom we shall presently have to refer cannot fail of being respected in every part of the civilized world. Coming to England as the exponent of a scheme which was very imperfectly understood in the U. S. States, Mr. Whitney had the good sense to see that his best chance of success lay in the adoption of the very first of a perfectly frank and straight forward line of conduct, and in a total avoidance of all those arts of assumption and misrepresentation which too often accompany the promulgation of new projects.

It was evidently well aware that, if he was to produce any deep and lasting impression in this country, it could only be by submitting his plans to the most unassuming scrutiny, and by being ready at all times to answer and answer objections. He pursued this course, and the result did not disappoint him. At first he found but little sympathy, and he met with formidable opposition. His data were disputed, and his practical conclusions were held to be exceedingly questionable. Still he persevered, and strong in the integrity of his purpose, and in the bona fide nature of his proceedings, he was more successful in converting opponents, satisfying objections, and winning the cordial confidence and support of impartial persons, than perhaps any other American who has ever visited us.

"GREAT PLACE, MONTGOMERY."

Hooper, of the Chambers T. Stone, is the following Montgomery incident as illustrative of the potency of champagne:

A friend of ours from an upper county was at a night rode given by the Duke in the S. M. B. After the ride was pretty much over, he found himself in the hurricane deck in a state of bewilderment. He concluded he'd go to his lodgings, and in the most independent manner imaginable, walked straight across the top of the starboard wheel-house, and immediately found himself (luckily unharmed) on a pile of sails on the wharf. His immediate examination was, "I'll introduce a bill to-morrow to make the Duke's steamers hoist their state ensigns." Great place, Montgomery!

Mr. Whitney has recently returned to America, leaving the great project which he has devoted his life to, in the hands of a committee of the British Parliament, for carrying out the work. In that regard, however, there still remains the great question of the British side of the frontier. It is certain that the line could be made through that territory, and through the cause to which we have adverted, the American scheme should find the attention of the British Parliament. It is to be hoped that the British side of the frontier, if it will, be duly considered. There is no question of national rivalry in this matter. Provided that the line be made, it is of little consequence whether it be constructed wholly by the American or British border, or by American or British settlers. What we want is the railway, and the hearty cooperation of both nations in making it. This is emphatically one of those works which are