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Hope and Despair.

[We do not know the author of the following
verses nor from whence they came; but a vein
of such true poetic sentiment runs through the
lines as entitles them to preservation—in a week-
ly paper.]

She waved her hand and closed the gate;
My throbbing heart beat wildly high,
With proud, exultant hopes elate,
As low she murmured, Love, good-bye!

A wanderer in a distant land,
No scene observed my native sky;
I still could see that waving land,
Could hear the murmur, Love, good-bye.

Days pass like years, till once again,
Through the thick leaves I just desecry,
The well known gate, far down the lane,
At which she murmured, Love, good-bye.

Oh God! above her lonely tomb
The summer breezes waft and sigh; [blow],
While weeds grow rank where flowers should
O'er her who murmured, Love, good-bye!

Wretched, forlorn, and comfortless,
I ask no blessing but to die,
Through death alone I now may press
The lips which murmured, Love, good-bye!

I Ask Not Wealth

BY DENNIS.

"Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart—
Something to love, to rest upon,
To elasp affection's tendrils round."

I seek not wealth—the glittering gem,
Which dazzles with its glare—
Nor yet the golden diadem,
Which Kings and conquerors wear.

I ask for but one generous friend,
Whom I may call my own—
Whose love a cheering ray would lend
When faithless ones were gone;

Who would not leave a wounded heart
To languish in despair—
Nor let that charm which wealth imparts
More firmly bind them there;

Whose friendship would not be less warm,
When that alone was mine,
Than when, with it, all other charms
Should round my pathway shine.

This is the only boon I crave—
The gem for which I yearn—
Whilst on life's dark and stormy wave,
To love and rest upon.

This would not leave affliction's bowl
All bitterness remove—
And make this world a vestibule
To brighter worlds above.

Do Good.—Thousands of men breathe, more
and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard
of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good
in the world, and none were blessed by them,
none could point to them as the instrument of
their redemption; not a word they spoke could be
recalled, and they perished; their light went out
in darkness, and they were not remembered more
than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live
and die? O man immortal! Live for something.
Do good, and leave behind you a monument of
virtue that the storm of time can never destroy.
Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on
the hearts of thousands who come in contact with
you year by year, you will never be forgotten.
No, your name, your deeds will be as legible as
the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the
brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the
stars of heaven.—Dr. Chalmers.

The Indian Women vs. Free Whiskey.—In
Princeton, Gibson county, Ind., on Saturday last,
the women took the law into their own hands and
"cleaned out" every grocery in the town. They
had previously given the liquor sellers ten
days notice to quit the traffic. They numbered
some two hundred. All the liquor they could
find, including the bottles, demijohns and barrels
in which it was found, was destroyed. Six doz-
ens were visited, and it was thought that prop-
erty to the amount of \$1000 was destroyed.
Louisville Journal.

A Long Journey.—A correspondent of the
Charlotte Whig says, "On yesterday, the 3rd day
of March, 1856, I received a letter by mail which
was mailed in Columbus, Geo., on the 1st day of
March, 1850, containing a duplicate check for
\$500; just six years getting to this place and
three years after the death of him who wrote
said letter."

A Third Hit.—The following is a specimen of
the controversial powers of Kentucky editors.
The Louisville Journal is responsible for it:
"The editor of the Democrat says that we need
not attempt to wriggle out of our past life. The
world doesn't care how soon he wriggles out of
the present, or how soon his life wriggles
out of the past."

"She has Outlived Her Usefulness."

Not long since, a good looking man, in middle
life, came to our door asking for "the minister."
When informed that he was out of town, he seemed
disappointed and anxious. On being ques-
tioned as to his business, he replied:

"I have lost my mother, and as this place used
to be her home, and my father lies here, we have
come to lay her beside him."

"Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, "you
have met with a great loss."

"Well—yes," replied the strong man with hesi-
tancy, "a mother is a great loss in general; but
our mother has outlived her usefulness; she was
in her second childhood, and her mind had grown
as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort
to herself, and was a burden to everybody. There
were seven of us, sons and daughters, and as we
could not find anybody who was willing to board
her, we agreed to keep her among us a year
about. But I've had more than my share of her,
for she was too feeble to be moved when my time
was out, and that was more than three months
before her death. But (then she was a good
mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring
us all up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless
man we directed him to the house of a neighbor-
ing pastor, and returned to our nursery. We
gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or
grew sad in imitation of ours—those little ones to
whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet
as "Mother;" and we wondered if that day could
ever come when they would say of us, "She has
outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to her-
self and a burden to everybody else" and we
hoped that before such a day would dawn, we
might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we
should outlive the love of our children! Rather
let us die while our hearts are a part of their own,
that our grave may be watered with their tears,
and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial,
we went to our sanctuary to pay our only token of
respect for the aged stranger; for we felt that we
could give her memory a tear, even though her
own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled
hard to bring us all up; she was no comfort to
herself, and a burden to everybody else." These
words, which rang in our ears as we saw
the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long
and loud, until its iron tongue had chattered the
years of the toll-worn mother. One—two—
three—four—five. How clearly and almost merrily
each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber
in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at night-
fall on her weary father's knees. Six—seven—
eight—nine—ten, rang out the tale of her sports
as a school child, in the meadow, and by the
brook. Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—
fifteen spoke more gravely of school days, and lit-
tle household cares. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen
sounded out the untroubled visions of maid-
enhood, and the dream of early love. Nineteen
brought before us the happy bride. Twenty
spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full
to bursting with the new-string love which God
had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke af-
ter stroke told of her early widowhood—of the
love and cares and hopes and fears and toils
which she passed during these long years, till fit-
tingly rang out harsh and loud.

From that to sixty each stroke told of the warm-
hearted mother and grandmother, living over a-
gain her own joys and sorrows in those of her
children and children's children. Every family
of all the group wanted, grandmother then, and
the only strife was, who should secure the prize,
but hark! the bell tolls on! Seventy—seventy-
one—two—three—four. She begins to grow fee-
ble, requires more care; it is not always perfectly
patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's
house to another, so that no one place seems like
home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, and af-
ter all her toil and weariness, it is hard she can-
not be allowed a home to die in; that she must
be sent rather than invited, from house to house.
Eighty—eighty-one—two—three—four—ah, this
is now a second child; now she has outlived her
usefulness, she is no comfort to be a com-
fort to herself or anybody; that is, she has ceased
to be profitable to her earth, serving and mon-
ey-eyes-aping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our
lovely forest, and echoing back from our "hall of
the dead," eighty-nine; and she now lies in the
coffin, cold and still—she makes no trouble now,
demands no love, no soft words, no tender little
offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied
also an expression of grief for unrequited love,
sat on her marble features. Her children were
there, clad in weeds of woe, and in an irony we
remembered the strong man's words, "She was
a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange min-
ister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect,
and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery
white. He read several passages of Scripture
expressive of God's compassion to feeble man,
and especially of his tenderness when grey hairs are
on him, and his strength faltering. He then made
some touching remarks on human frailty, and of
dependence on God, urging all present to make
their peace with their Master while in health,
that they might claim his promises when heart
and flesh shall fail them. "Then," he said,
"the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and be-
neath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Lean-
ing over the desk, and gazing intently on the
coffin before him, he then said reverently,
"From a little child I have honored the aged;
but never till grey hairs covered my own head,
did I know truly how much love and sympathy
this class have a right to demand of their fellow-
creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother," he ad-
dressed us tenderly, "who now lies in death be-
fore us, was a stranger to me, as are all those, her
descendants. All I know of her is what her son
has told me to-day—that she was brought to this
town from afar, sixty-nine years ago a happy
bride—that here she has passed most of her life,
toiling as only mothers ever have strength to toil,
until she has reared a large family of sons and
daughters—that she left her home, clad in the
weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her chil-
dren and that till health and vigor left her, she
lived for you, her descendants."

You, who together have shared her love and
her care, know how well you have requited her.
God forbid that conscience should accuse any of
us through your own acts.

of ingratitude or murmuring, on account of
the care she has been to you of late. When you
go back to your homes, be careful of your words
and your example before your own children, for
the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap
from them when you yourself totter on the brink
of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one
who has himself entered the "evening of life,"
that you may never say in the presence of your
families nor of Heaven, "Our mother has outlived
her usefulness. She was a burden to us." Never,
never! A mother cannot live so long as that;
No; when she can no longer labor for her chil-
dren, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a
precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth
by her helplessness all the noble, generous feel-
ings of their natures.

Adieu, then, poor toll-worn mother. There are
no more sleepless nights, no more days of pain for
thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness
are part of the inheritance of the redeemed.—
Feeble as thou wert on earth, thou wilt be no bur-
den on the bosom of Infinite Love, but there shalt
thou find thy longed for rest, and receive glori-
ous sympathy from Jesus and his ransomed fold.

Savings Banks.

THEIR ORIGIN AND THEIR OBJECTS.

Some interesting facts in relation to Savings
Banks, are given in the New York Evening Post.
The origin of these institutions is attributed to
Rev. Joseph Smith, of Wendeover, England, in
the year 1790. Any sum from two pence up-
wards, was received every Sunday evening during
the summer months, and the money was prom-
ised to be returned at Christmas, with the ad-
dition of one-third, as a bounty upon the depositor's
economy. The first institution was established in
1804, by Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, who kept
the accounts, and was assisted by six gentlemen,
who acted as trustees, each agreeing to receive
an equal part of the sums deposited, and to allow
five per cent. on all sums of twenty shillings and
upwards, to such depositors as agreed to leave
their money for at least a year in their hands.
The first savings bank regularly brought before
the public, was the "British Friendly Bank Soci-
ety," of Rutwell, England, formed by Mr.
Henry Duncan, who published an account of his
institution for the purpose of encouraging the
formation of like establishments, and it is owing
to the example thus set that previous to the year
1817 there were seventy savings banks estab-
lished in England, four in Wales, and four in
Ireland. This rapidly did the people compre-
hend and seize upon the advantages offered by
these excellent fountains of economy and thrift.
The first English legislation for the management
of these corporations took place in 1817, and in
1828 their funds were directed to be invested
either in the Bank of England or of Ireland, in
the names of the "commissioners for the redemp-
tion of the national debt." The interest paid to
the trustees of the savings banks for the money
thus invested was £3 16s 1d per cent. per an-
num, while the rate allowed to depositors was
not, in any case to exceed £3 5s 7d per cent.
In 1838, there were in England, Wales and Ire-
land, 484 savings banks—385 of which were in
England—with funds amounting to £15,715,511;
number of accounts, 475,135. In 1850
the capital invested in savings banks in Great
Britain was £28,930,000, and at the present time
it probably exceeds £30,000,000.

The first savings bank in America was opened
in Philadelphia in 1816. One was also instituted
in Boston in the same year. The first institution
in New York, the Chambers Street Bank, has the
largest amount of funds of any similar institution
in the country.

When we consider the vast sums of money
which are placed in the care of these institutions,
the importance of the highest integrity in their
managers will be manifest. A signal breach of
trust on the part of any of them, resulting in a
loss to the depositors, would be a public calamity,
to say nothing of the injury which would be done
to the frugal poor. The confidence reposed in
these institutions is unequalled in the whole range
of money transactions, and any defalcation or en-
deavour to withdraw funds from all such establish-
ments, to be hoarded up and thus subtracted from
the general circulation.—*Birkbeck's Reporter.*

Savings as a Legal Tender.—Among the
important cases determined by the Supreme Court
at the term just closed, was one presenting the
question whether, under the law of Congress
making the new silver coin a legal tender for all
sums of five dollars and under, banks can pay
their circulation notes, of denominations of five
dollars and under, when presented in larger
quantities than five dollars, in such coin. The
decision of the Court was in the affirmative.
This new coin contained only about ninety-three
cents of standard silver. The purpose of its
issue, it will be recollected, was to prevent the
exportation of silver to foreign countries. It has
hitherto been a drug, in large sums, but under
this decision banks will need to keep no other
coin for the redemption of their notes. The real
point in issue was, can a bank when a quantity of
its small notes are presented at its counter for
redemption treat such as separate and distinct
evidence of indebtedness, or must the whole be
regarded as evidence of aggregate indebtedness?
Detroit Free Press.

Agriculture.—The agricultural department of
the Patent office at Washington, which has done
so much good in introducing plants and seeds
from abroad, and distributing them in this coun-
try for cultivation, proposes now to extend its
operation so as to obtain from abroad every plant,
herb or tree which has been cultivated success-
fully any where. This will require a larger ap-
propriation by Congress, but we think that money
could not be expended in any way more conducive
to the good of the nation. The agricultural is
the great interest of this country, and it has hith-
erto had the least Governmental encouragement,
and it does not need. An expenditure of this
kind would be for the benefit of every other
interest as much as the agricultural.

Leap Year.

Much "distressed in mind" I beg leave
through your columns to submit a few practical
hints to my many female admirers, which, if
observed, will relieve them of further anxiety,
and of further annoyance. For notwithstanding
my unbending love of female applause,
and fondness for being regarded a favorite by
the ladies, yet so excessive have been the adu-
lations which they have forced upon me since
leap year came in, that I am wearied and fatigued
so much so that I would willingly dispense
with further compliments and paeueries, and
still more willingly would I see abolished these
petty causes of jealousy which are continually
springing up among them on my account.

I have divided these my admirers into three
classes—The Gazers, the Chirographs, and the
Flats.
The Gazers constitute a very numerous class,
and are so called because they gaze at me on all
occasions, particularly at church, so as to render
my position extremely unpleasant one. They
all know me, and if you were to hear them talk
you would suppose me to be an intimate friend
of each and every one, when in fact, I know none
of them, and don't care particularly to be known
by them.

I am told that they call me by the most loving
names, and occasionally one makes the impression
(unintentionally of course) that I am engaged to
her, and so takes and impression as to prevent
other young ladies from addressing me who other-
wise would, one of whom I would probably be
glad to get the chance of. I don't like any such
privileges, and I shall be glad when Leap year
with its latitudinarianism is past and gone.

The Chirographs are those who employ them-
selves at letter writing. These I've divided into
two other classes. One I call the Hopefuls; and
the other I call the Hopefuls also. The first
write somewhat on the fancy order. They de-
scribe the domestic circle, they tell me of the
joys indescribable which spring from the union
of two buoyant youthful spirits. They describe
home. Here they were scintillatingly eloquent;
image follows image, trope follows trope, till the
garden of Eden, with its paradisaical fruits and
vines, divides into utter insignificance, compar-
ed to the home they describe; each one intin-
gating at the same time that her presence is neces-
sary to make it a beautiful and blissful abode. The
other Hopefuls are of a more pliegmatic temper-
ment, not so fanciful. They write to me about
their petty difficulties, tell me that their parents
are anxious to have them marry some kind and
industrious young man, and how few attractions
there are in single life, &c., &c., &c., as if I had
nothing to do but sympathize with them in their
troubles, or as if I am the only man in the wide
world who could make them happy. Thus it is
the Chirographs continually provoke me by indi-
rectly addressing me. Is there no way to elude
them? If I were to write to them to give them-
selves no further anxiety on the subject, they
would reply "wait for the wagon," yet my silence
will not satisfy them because they think my mod-
esty prevents me from responding. And thus
they will be hindered by this process of false reason-
ing, they continue to crowd their unwelcome epistles upon
me. Is it possible that ladies can carry on
"world without end" an *ex parte* correspond-
ence?

The Flats give me to understand in *flat* terms
where they stand. After a few visits they tell
me they love me and solicit me to become their
bridegroom. I tell them promptly that I do not
love them, am sorry that I do not; appreciate
the highly as friends, wish them all the good luck
imaginable, and hope they will continue their
visits.—Chagrined and mortified they go away,
and straight-way begin to fortify themselves—
that is to say, prepare themselves with answers,
should they be asked if they addressed me. And
I am informed that their answers are similar to
the following: One says "I never dreamed of
such a thing—could I get him if I wanted him,
—would I have him if I could." Another says
"she thought at one time she would have
him, but upon reflection concluded differently"
(sure enough she did.) A third says "she ad-
dressed him and found it such an easy "going
game" that she thought him too anxious, and
thereupon dropped the subject." A fourth says
"she has no recommendation but his purse,
and that would marry no man for his purse."
The fifth, a little more honest than the rest,
makes no answer at all except by risibles, hoping
by this means to shun the question. All these
take me at my word, and continue their visits.
As a matter of course I treat them politely,
for how could I treat a lady otherwise? This civi-
lity and politeness they construe into affection,
and the first thing I know, up they jump and "pop
the question" again. Is there to be no end to
these proceedings? Must a poor and inoffensive
man be thus imposed upon, and that too "without
the benefit of the clergy." The bible clearly
teaches that there is a fitness in things, and how
it is that I am adapted to the tastes of so many
young ladies is a matter of curiosity to me. I
desire to be charitable, but I am afraid that they
are after my fortune.—Please inform them that
my annual income does not exceed three pigs,
thirty head of chickens, two head of puddleducks,
and one two year old muscoug drake.

If you will publish this I will promise you,
should I survive the vexations of this leap year,
not to be a single man when the next one comes.
YOUNG AMERICA.

The Fifth Wife.—We learn from the Cov-
ington (Ky.) Journal that a few days ago Judge
Perrin, of that town, married a man for the fifth
time. A singular feature in the case is that the
fifth wife was also the third wife. The third
marriage not proving a happy one, the parties
separated and were divorced. The man married
again, and when death claimed his fourth wife,
the desolate widow returned to No. 3, and
again wedded and won her. Judge Perrin thinks
that he has tied them up effectually this time.
The lucky man had the impudence to claim a re-
duction of the marriage fee in consequence of the
large business he was doing in that line.

Not Bad.—A writer in one of the Western pa-
pers on school discipline, says: "Without a lib-
eral use of the rod, it is impossible to make boys
smart."

George Washington on Native Ameri- canism.

It has been denied that Geo. Washington ever
issued the order, "put none but Americans on
guard to-night." If the doubter will turn to
volume 2, page 1036, of American Archives, sec-
ond series, he will find an order issued by Wash-
ington, from Headquarters at Cambridge, July
10, 1775, wherein he directs his officers "not to
enlist any person who is not an American born,
unless such person has a wife and family and is a
settled resident in this country." The reason
for this instruction is evident from another order,
issued three days previously, which says: "The
General has great reason to be and is displeas-
ed with the negligence and inattention of those offi-
cers, who have placed as sentries at the outposts,
men with whose characters they are unacquaint-
ed.—He therefore orders that for the future no
man shall be appointed to those stations who is
not a native of the country." From Valley
 Forge, March 17, 1778, he issued in an order for
the formation of a corps, "they must be Ameri-
cans born." In the admirable compendium re-
cently published by John P. Sanderson, entitled
"Republican Landmarks," are extracts from
Spark's publication of "Washington Papers,"
which disclose the opinion entertained by Wash-
ington on the subject, and among them the fol-
lowing:

MORRISTOWN, May 7, 1777.

To RICHARD HENRY LEE—Dear Sir: I take
the liberty to ask you what Congress expects I
am to do with the many foreigners that have at
different times been promoted to the rank of field
officers, and by their last resolve, two to that
of the country rather than interest binds them.—
Our officers think it exceedingly hard, after they
have toiled in the service and have sustained
many losses, to have strangers put over them,
whose merit perhaps is not equal to their own,
but whose *effrontery* will take no denial. It is by
the zeal and activity of our own people that the
cause must be supported, and not by the few
hungry adventurers. I am, &c.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MIDDLEBANK, June 1, 1777.

TO THE SAME: You will, before this can
reach you, have seen Monsieur Decourdy; what
his real expectations are, I know not; but I fear
if his appointment is equal to what I have been
told is his expectation, it will be attended with
many unhappy consequences, to say nothing of
the policy of entrusting a department, on the ex-
ecution of which the salvation of the army de-
pends, to a foreigner, who has no other tie to
this Nation than the interest of the country from
honour. I would beg leave to observe that by
putting Mr. D. at the head of the artillery, you
will lose a very valuable officer in Gen. Knox,
who is a man of great military reading, sound
judgment and clever conceptions, and who will
resign if any one is put over him.

I am, &c.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WHITE PLAINS, July 24, 1778.

TO GOVERNOR MORRIS, Esq.—Dear Sir:—
The design of this is to touch cursorily upon a
subject of very great importance to the being of
these States—much more so than will appear at
first view—I mean the appointment of so many
foreigners to offices of high rank and trust in our
service.

The lavish manner in which rank has hitherto
been bestowed on these gentlemen, will certainly
be productive of one or the other of these two
evils, either to make us despised in the eyes of
Europe, or become a means of pouring them in
upon us like a torrent, adding to our present
burden.

But is neither the expense nor the trouble of
them I need dare; there is an evil more exten-
sive in its nature, and fatal in its consequences to
be apprehended, and that is, the driving of all
our officers out of the service, and throwing not
only our own army, but our military councils, en-
tirely into the hands of foreigners.

The officers, my dear sir, on whom you must
depend for the defence of the cause, distinguish-
ed by length of service and military merit, will
not submit much, if any, longer, to the unnatu-
ral promotion of men over them, who have no-
thing more than a little plausibility, unbounded
pride and ambition, and a perseverance in the
application to support their pretensions, not to
be resisted but by uncommon firmness; men who,
in the first instance, say they wish for nothing
more than the honor of serving so glorious a
cause as volunteers; the next day solicit rank
without pay; the day following want money ad-
vanced to them; and in the course of a week
want further promotion. The expediency and
policy of the measure remain to be considered,
and whether it is consistent with justice or pru-
dence to promote military fortune hunters at the
hazard of our army.

Baron Steuben, I now find, is also wanting to
quit his inspective of much discontent. In a
word, although I think the Baron an excellent
officer, I most devoutly wish that we had not
a single foreigner amongst us, except the Mar-
quis de Lafayette, who acts upon very different
principles from those which govern the rest.—
Adieu. I am, most sincerely, yours,
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Hung in Spite of a Reprieve.—We see in the
papers an account of the execution of a convict,
by the sheriff of Franklin county, in this State,
after the receipt by him of a respite, from Gov.
Winston. He is said to have pronounced the
document a forgery. If the order of the Gov-
ernor was formal, the hanging was murder; if it
was not, the sheriff is not responsible.

Mont. (Ala.) Mail.

Errors of The Press.—Reader, did you know
that every column of a newspaper contained from
ten to twenty thousand distinct pieces of metal,
the misplacing of any one of which would cause
a blunder or typographical error? With this
curious fact before you, don't you wonder at the
general accuracy of newspapers? Knowing this
to be the fact, you will be more disposed, we
hope, to excuse than magnify the errors of the press.

NO. 879.

In 1844, Messrs. Caly and Frelinghuysen,
were the Whig nominees for the Presidency and
Vice Presidency, and Mr. Fillmore was the
Whig candidate for the office of Governor, in op-
position to Siba Wright. They were all defeated
by the votes of Anti-Americans, Abolitionists,
and Roman Catholics; and what Mr. Fillmore
then thought of the influences which were brought
to bear against him, and will be brought against
him now, can be learned by a perusal of the fol-
lowing frank and noble letter:

MILLARD FILLMORE TO MR. CLAY.

Buffalo, Nov. 14, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have thought for three or
four days that I would write you, but really I am
unwarranted. I have no change or resolution. All
is gone. The last hope, which hangs first upon
the city of New York and then upon Virginia, is
finally dissipated, and I see nothing, but despair
dejected on every countenance.

For myself I have no regrets. I was nomina-
ted much against my will, and though not insens-
ible to the pride of success, yet I feel a kind of
relief at being defeated. But not so for you or
the nation. Every consideration of justice, every
feeling of gratitude conspired in the minds of
honest men to insure your election; and though
always doubtful of my own success, I could never
doubt yours, till the painful conviction was forced
upon me.

The Abolitionists and foreign Catholics have
defeated us in this State. I will not trust my-
self to speak of this vile hypocrisy of the leading
Abolitionists now.—Doubtless many acted hon-
estly and impartially in what they did. But it is
clear that *Fillmore* and his associates sold them-
selves to *Secession*, and they will doubtless re-
ceive their reward.

Our opponents, by pointing to the Native A-
mericans and to Mr. Frelinghuysen, drove the
foreign Catholics from us and defeated us in this
State. But it is in vain to look at the causes by which
this infamous result has been produced. It is
enough to say that all is gone, and I must con-
fess that nothing hath happened to shake my
confidence in our ability to sustain a free Gov-
ernment so much as this. If with such issues
and such candidates as the national contest pre-
sented, we can be beaten; what may we not ex-
pect? A cloud of gloom hangs over the future.
May God save the country; for it is evident the
people will not.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Divorce made Easy.

We have frequently seen in the German, and
occasionally in the English papers of our own
city and of New York, advertisements which in-
vite very singular persons to a matrimonial
German in this country relative to our laws
of divorce. There can be no question but that
they believe it to be not only a free but also a
very easy country, so far as the dissolution of the
tie matrimonial is concerned. If Meinher Hess
Michel gets tired of his Frau Katarina or desires
to exchange her blue-eyed obscurity for the little
charms and quicker glance of some Yankee
dancer, he waits till Katarina has gone to spend
a day or two with a friend, and then bolting off
to a newspaper office, inserts an advertisement
something like the following:—

I DIVORCED FROM HER HUSBAND, BED
AND TABLE, yesterday, KATARINE
MICHEL, of . The undersigned requests
said Katarine to return home within twenty-four
hours, or he will consider himself as divorced
from her by law.
HANS MICHEL.

There, if that isn't a cheap and easy route
to single blessedness, we should like to know what
is? No bother with lawyers, no going to court,
no boring around the Legislature—the entire
 Gordian knot formed by the silken tie being
readily dissolved by the short cut of a four
shilling advertisement. We assure our readers
that we have not exaggerated the case. "There
is no deception, ladies and gentlemen." We
have met with three different advertisements of
the above nature, from as many different parties,
within a few weeks past, and presume from this
that the opinion prevails very generally among a
certain class of Germans that a divorce may be
had for the expenditure attendant on the insertion
of an advertisement. This view of the American
law being thus to a certain degree prevalent
among the husbands,