North Carolina Argus.

NORTH CAROLINA PORTFOLIO

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Volume V. WADESBOROUGH, N. C., UGUST 7, 1852. Number 32.

The North Carolina Argus,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY
SHELTON & PAUL.
ASSISTED IN THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT BY
JOHN W. CAMERON.

TERMS, *Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.*

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid before the expiration of six months.

Three Dollars if not paid until after the expiration of six months.

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LETTER OF MR. HILLIARD.

From the Montgomery (Alab.) Journal.

MONTGOMERY, (Ala.) July 5, 1852.

Gentlemen: Since the nomination of General Scott for the Presidency, I have been called on repeatedly by my political friends, personally or by letter, to express my views of the obligation of the Whig party of the Southern States in regard to that nomination, and of the policy of giving it our support. To avoid the necessity of replying to such calls from time to time, and in the hope of bringing our friends generally to my own view of what is both right and politic, I wish to state briefly, but very frankly, the position which I have taken, and the considerations which have induced me to assume it so promptly and so decidedly.

It was the general wish of the Southern Whigs that either Mr. Fillmore or Mr. Webster should be chosen by the National Convention as the candidate of the Whig party for the Presidency. Mr. Fillmore is immovably fixed in their respect and affection. The ability, the moderation, the justice, the heroic firmness which he has displayed in his Administration recall the better days of the Republic, and the pages which history will devote to the progress of the Government since his accession to power will not be defeated by a single stain. Unselfish and pure, his career is the actual living illustration of the sentiments which the great dramatist makes Cardinal Wolsey utter to Cromwell—

"Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aims't at
Be thy Country's, God's, and Truth's."

Of Mr. Webster I need not say that, if we could have placed him at the head of the Government, we should have regarded it as a splendid triumph of statesmanship; the civilized world would have hailed his elevation to the Presidency as a just tribute to his intellect, his patriotic nationality, and his great public services; every interest in the country would have been safe under his guiding hand, and we should have looked for an Administration which, whilst it filled every American bosom with a noble pride, would have left upon our institutions the stamp of his own great character. No living man blends higher qualities; whether we regard him as a scholar, an orator, a jurist, or a statesman, we do not hesitate for a moment to assign him the first place. He would at once be selected by acclamation as entitled to the first rank among his countrymen if the reward were a mere tribute to his powers, considered without any connexion with party politics, as Ulysses was from the Greeks, crowned upon the Trojan shore by the descending goddess—

"Ulysses first in public cares she found,
For prudent counsel like the gods renowned."

The mention of his name does not awaken more enthusiasm in New England than it does in the South; his splendid reputation is as dear to us here as it is in Massachusetts; he is too great to be appropriated by any section of the country—his fame is one of the glories of the Republic.

The Convention which assembled in Baltimore was an able, dignified, and patriotic body. After earnest conference and repeated ballotings, Gen. Winfield Scott was chosen by the unanimous vote of the delegates representing every State in the Union as the Whig candidate for the Presidency. The protracted contest was decided by the vote of Virginia; eight out of the fourteen votes of that great Commonwealth were at length cast for her illustrious son, and the Convention adopted him for the whole country.

I have not for a moment hesitated as to my own course. Upon learning the action of the Convention I promptly avowed my purpose to give whatever aid I could offer towards making good its nomination before the country. I shall continue to do so; and I truly believe that, in thus contributing whatever of influence or ability I may bring to the support of Gen. Scott, I shall be performing a high duty which I owe to my country. Before an attempt was made to nominate a candidate for the Presidency the Convention adopted a series of resolutions, which announced in clear and bold terms the principles which should govern the Whig party in the administration of the Government. Unlike the Democratic Convention, which deferred this duty until after the selection of candidates, and then adopted resolutions in a manner which took from them much of their potentiality and impressiveness, the Whig Convention deliberately and distinctly announced its principles in advance, and thus illustrated its purpose to stand by principles before men. *A wiser, a sounder, a nobler political creed has never been announced to the country.* It recognises the powers of the General Government and the rights of the States; it pledges the Whig party to a comprehensive, efficient, and constitutional system of national policy, the only system upon which this Government can be administered; and it explicitly adopts the Compromise measures of the last Congress as a final and complete settlement of the slavery question—affirming the necessity of maintaining them all, including the *fugitive slave law*, in their full vigor.

Gen. Scott promptly accepted the nomination tendered to him, and frankly pledged himself to abide by and support the principles adopted by the Convention as the creed of the Whig party. Upon what ground can we withhold from him our support? Every consideration, whether it relates to our obligation to stand by the decision of the Convention where we were represented, or to the policy which should govern us, impels us to the support of Gen. Scott. If we expect the Whigs of the United States to regard the rights of the people of the Southern States, we must co-operate with our fellow-citizens of the North in affirming and maintaining the great principles embraced in the resolutions of the National Convention; for the election of our candidates by the common suffrages of the people of the whole country will give us the strongest guarantees which we can desire that the Government will be administered in reference to those principles. Our candidates pledge themselves to their support and vindication. But if we refuse to co-operate with the Whigs of the Union, and insist upon identifying Gen. Scott with the enemies of our social system, we spread distrust throughout the ranks of our party; we alienate friends who are to-day prepared to stand with us; and we give new and increased importance to the anti-slavery organization of the North, by associating with it one of the most powerful citizens of the United States, who has just received from a National Convention, representig a large body of the American people, a nomination for the Presidency. Can any one fail to see that this is the only just and statesmanlike view which can be taken of this question? The two National Conventions adopted resolutions approving the Compromise measures and denouncing the farther agitation of the slavery question; Gen. Scott and Gen. Pierce both accepted their respective nominations, and recognized the binding authority of the resolutions of the Convention which presented their names to the American people; so that, if either of them should be elevated to the Presidency, we may expect the Government to be administered in the spirit of their pledges. A decided national support given to these candidates—a support limited neither to the North nor to the South—will effectually put down the anti-slavery party, and secure to the country a tranquillity which that faction cannot disturb, and across whose smooth and majestic current the wildest fanaticism cannot raise a ripple. But if we abandon Gen. Scott, and cut him off from the confidence and sympathy of the Southern people, we do him a grievous wrong—we throw him upon our enemies for support; and it is perfectly clear th[illegible] Presidency will be hai[illegible] it is to be [illegible] exist betwe[illegible]

I have long beli[illegible] quence has been give[illegible] of the North than it was entitled to, and that its power has actually been increased by the distrust which has been exhibited—in some cases most unjustly—towards the leading statesmen of the North. Statesmen eminent for their services have been assailed by the presses of the South, for temporary party purposes, as imbued with free-soil sentiments; and in this way a delicate and local question, which ought never to be thrust wantonly upon the arena of national politics, has been the subject of unceasing discussion. If we had sought to fix upon some plan for endangering the perpetuity of Southern institutions, we could not have succeeded better than we have done in yielding to a heated sectional partisan contest our very social system as an aliment of warfare against the statesmen of the North.

The Whig party must be a *National party*; it must hold opinions which embrace the interests of the North and the South alike; and never have I seen a conjuncture more favorable to the growth and diffusion of patriotic sentiments—sentiments co-extensive with the Republic—than the present. I should deplore as a national calamity, an attempt to cut Gen. Scott off from the support of the South, even putting out of the way my sympathy with the Whig party. I should regard it as a resolution of sectional jealousies, which I hoped to see forever buried after that glorious fraternization between the North and the South which took place in the triumphant passage of the Compromise measures.

I firmly believe that an exhibition of true confidence on the part of the South in the statesmen of the whole country, irrespective of geographical distinctions, would result in a perfect restoration of that generous current of national sympathy which up to a recent period flowed throughout the whole Republic. The hostility to our social system would be proscribed; it would lie within narrow limits, powerless as if stricken with the lightning of a nation's indignation. So long as we encourage it, and give it respectability by professing our belief that it gives tone to either of the great National parties; so long as we publish to the world our distrust of some of the greatest American names, we must expect to witness the growth of a faction which may in time become too formidable to be checked by the barriers of the Constitution.

The great evil of our times is the tendency of parties to sectional segregations. The Whig party ought to vindicate its claims to the confidence of the whole people of the United States, by discouraging hostility to the peculiar property, pursuits, or interest of any section of our country, whether it be the slave property of the plantation States or the industrial pursuits of the Northern States, with their large investments of capital, depending for their success upon a wise, steady, and just administration of the Government.

So far as Gen. Scott's personal sentiments are involved in the opening political contest, they are, beyond all question, conservative, patriotic, and national. Born and reared in Virginia, his sympathies are of course with the people among whom his youth was passed, a season when the heart receives its deepest and most enduring impressions. His studies were directed for some time to a prepation for the bar, and he was, I believe, engaged in the study of law in South Carolina when he was appointed to the army. He received his commission from the hands of Mr. Jefferson, and enjoyed the confidence of Mr. Madison, who tendered to him the place of Secretary of War when he was but twenty-eight years of age. To bind him still more closely to his native State, he married in Virginia, some years after he had ceased to reside there.

He is well known to me personally. His patriotic desire for the success of the compromise measures was well understood while they yet hung in doubtful scales; and it so happened that I dined in company with him on the day of their triumphant passage and *heard from his own lips the ardent expression of his unbounded satisfaction at that most happy consummation.*

He stands pledged to support those measures if he should be placed at the head of the Government, and we have ample guarantees that he will make good his pledges, for he will be prompted to it by his own predisposition, and he will be bound to it by his own untarnished honor.

Gen. Scott's brilliant military career is to be regarded in two aspects; it establishes his claim upon the gratitude of the American people for faithful services, and illustrates his fitness for great trusts. The first gleam of light that shot across the gloomy horizon of our country after the early reverses of the last war with Great Britain flashed from the sword of Scott; and his brilliant victories over the troops of our powerful enemy revived the drooping energies of our people. His conquest of Mexico, beginning at Vera Cruz and travelling along the tract of Cortez until he planted his country's standard upon the capital of that republic, may be regarded as one of the most heroic series of brilliant and successful actions, without a single reverse, which history presents to our view in ancient or modern times. He governed the extensive regions subjugated by his arms with a wisdom which demonstrated his fitness for trusts demanding the highest administrative abilities. His functions as the ruler of Mexico devolved upon him the most important civil duties; for it was a blended civil and political power which was entrusted to him.

Gen. Scott has more than once conducted delicate and important negotiations which, in his hands, were brought to a successful termination.

In view of these facts, looking from the point where I place myself, I feel no hesitation whatever in giving my support to Gen. Scott as the candidate for the Presidency. As to Mr. Graham, no objection is made to him. A gentleman, a statesman, a native of North Carolina, he is a fine representation of the soldid virtues of the State which gave him birth. He has demonstrated his fitness for places which require high qualifications, by his uniform success in performing the duties of every station to which he has been called. As Governor of the State of North Carolina, as Senator in the Congress of the United States, and as Secretary of the Navy, he has every where shown himself faithful and capable, and he is highly qualified for any of the duties which the Constitution devolves upon the Vice President of the United States, whether they be immediate or contingent.

HENRY W. HILLIARD.

Messrs. Bates and [illegible]

Important Revelation.

The Port Gibson (Miss.) Herald, of the 9th inst., reports the following circumstantial account of an interesting view between Gen. Scott and the Mississippi delegation to the Baltimore Convention.—Surely such a statement as this should satisfy every Whig; as to the Democrats, who support Gov. Johnson and Gen. Pierce—two mighty champions of the South!—to them, of course, it must be unsatisfactory:

After the nomination of the Whig candidates at Baltimore, and the closing of the Convention, the delegation from this State visited General Scott, to satisfy themselves whether the slanders circulated against him was true or false. They met him, and the result must prove satisfactory to all. A correspondent writing to us says, under date of

WASHINGTON, June 23, 1852.

MR. BRUNER:—I went to-day, in company with the Mississippi delegation, to call on General Winfield Scott. While the conversation is still fresh in my memory, I jot it down for your information.—The following contains the substance:

He said: "I was, in point of time, the fourth or fifth man who declared for the 'Omnibus Bill.'—Clay and Foote are the only men I now remember who preceded me. I, afterwards and during the progress of the various compromise bills, sanctioned and sustained each as it came up, in all its strength and breadth. I have, on an average, ever since, at least five times a day, declared the same sentiment. I declared for these measures as early as 1st February, 1850. Mr. Clay visited me on the day or the next after their passage by Congress, and I may say, *embraced* me as a brother and partner in their success. I am surprised at, and cannot account for, the contrary rumor that has gone abroad, especially among my friends at the South. I am gratified to have this opportunity of setting myself right in presence of the accredited men of Mississippi. My opinions have not been concealed from Mr. Seward on this subject. About April, 1850, I met with him on the boat between Elizabethtown (where I was going to superintend and direct about my garden,) and New York. It was the first time I had met him for eight years. He renewed the acquaintance and alluded to these measures. I promptly told him I was dead for the Union, dead for the Constitution, dead for the compromises of the Constitution, and dead against every man opposed to them. I did not meet him again until last December, when he opened the interview by an allusion to and waiver of my rudeness to him on the boat. I have declared these sentiments *everywhere and before all persons* WITHOUT RESERVATION OR FEAR OF COMMITTAL. I will now, ever have, and shall, in future, express my sentiments on all subjects of public importance, whenever properly called on. I am willing, and ever desire, if ANY MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER WILL STATE THAT HE EVER HEARD ME SAY OTHERWISE THAN I HAVE SAID TO YOU, THAT THE WORD 'INFAMOUS' SHOULD BE WRITTEN BOTH BEFORE AND AFTER MY NAME. I deem the compliment paid by your Convention the highest that can be paid to man on earth, save electing him to the office you have nominated me for. As to your persevering adherence in the ballotings to another, (allusion had previously been made to this by one of the company,) that leaves no heartburnings with me. You did what you thought for the best interests of our common country. Yours, truly,

Of the members elected to the Convention to amend the Constitution of Louisiana, 74 are Whigs and 39 Democrats.

From the Weldon, N. C. Patriot, Extra, July 22.

Attempt at Fraud!—Look at this and Read.

Exposure of an attempt to Deceive the People of Northampton County, and of North Carolina generally.

A circumstance has just been fully brought to light in this community, which imposes upon us one of the most unpleasant duties we ever had to perform, one, in regard to which we are left no alternative, and from which we cannot shrink. A deliberate attempt to practice a deception upon any portion of the community in which we live—to attach to the party of which we are an humble member, by fraud, the odium of being allied to Abolitionism—to defame as honest a set of people as ever lived—the Quakers of Northampton—is something which we cannot suffer to pass unnoticed. For us to do so, would be to render ourself unworthy the position we occupy—unworthy the respect of the intelligent people by whom we are surrounded.

We confess our inability to portray the transaction as it deserves, and we shall content ourself with submitting it to the judgment of that public whom it was designed to deceive, with the simple remark that we have known Mr. Peterson for several years past, and we know that he IS, and has been ever since we first knew him, one of the strongest Democrats we ever knew.

It may be that Mr. Peterson is not alone responsible for this singular transaction. And for his sake, and that of his family, we hope that this foul attempt at fraud may be fully investigated, and every one concerned have thrown upon him his due portion of public odium.

The letter disclosing this transaction, (which will be found annexed,) was forwarded to this place by Hon. Edward Stanly, under date of July 19, 1852. He says: "I enclose you a letter signed E. N. Peterson, "Weldon," which is to me so singular, I send to you, requesting you to make some inquiries concerning it. The suggestion is a most unworthy one, and I think Mr. Peterson will have cause to be ashamed of his proposal if he is a Whig—which I doubt from his letter."

Mr. Stanly's letter can be seen by any one wishing to do so. And if desired, we shall publish it in the next issue of our paper.

The following is a copy of Mr. Peterson's letter to Hon. Truman Smith:

WELDON, N. C., July 14, 1852.

Hon. Truman Smith, U. S. Senate:

Dear Sir:—Feeling a welfare for the success of our party, and having observed recently a number of publications received at this place franked by you, I have thought proper to address you this, to inform you there is a settlement not far from here in the county of Northampton, known as the Society of "Friends," or Quakers, who have rather an aversion to G[illegible] cott on ac[illegible] ing man. They believe in the old adage of running and "live to fight another day"—they also object to our platform relative to slavery, the fugitive Slave Law, &c. I think their objection to the former may be overcome, if they can be satisfied as to the latter objections, and I would suggest the propriety of supplying with some kind of a publication that would have a tendency to satisfy them of this respect, and if you would send me a half dozen copies of some paper or speech favoring their views in the matter, I will see that they get them. Send them under your frank, without being directed.

Our County and State Elections come off soon, and these Quaker's generally decide the election, as the vote is such a close one.

very respectfully,
Your obedient serv't.
(Signed) E. N. PETERSON.

DOWNINGVILLE RATIFICATION, AT LAST.

Downingville, State of Maine, July 20, 1852.

MR. GALES & SEATON,
Washington, Seat of Congress.

MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS!—We've made out to ratify at last, but it was about as hard a job as it was for the the Baltimore Convention to nominate. And I'm afraid the worst on't ain't over yet; for Uncle Joshua shakes his head and says to me, in a low tone, so the rest shan't hear, "between you and me, Major, the 'lection will be a harder job still." I put great faith in Uncle Joshua's feelins. He's a regular political weather glass, and can always tell whether we are going to have it fair or foul a good ways ahead. So when he shakes his head I naterally look out for a tuff spell of weather. When I got home from Baltimore, says I, "Well, Uncle Joshua, you got my letter in the Intelligencer, didn't you?" And says he, "Yes."

"Well, didn't we do that business up well?" says I. "I don't know about that," said Uncle Joshua; "I have my doubts about it."

"Why, don't you think," says I, "the nomination of Gineral Pierce will put the Democratic party on its legs again, and give it a fine start?"

Uncle Joshua looked up to me kind of quizzical, and says he, "It *has* gi'n the party a pretty considerable of a start already, it come so unexpected." And then he sot as much as two minutes drumming his finger on the table, and didn't say nothin.

And then he looked up again, and says he, "Major, *who is Gineral Pierce?* It ain't a *fictious* name, is it?"

"Why, Uncle Joshua," says I, "how you talk! It is Gineral Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire."

"Gineral Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, is it?" says he; "well, now, Major, are you sure there *is* such a person, or did somebody play a hoax on the Baltimore Convention?"

"Yes," says I'm as sure of it as I am that there is such a person as Uncle Joshua Downing. To make all sure of it, and no mistake, I come through New Hampshire, and went to Concord, where they said he lived, and inquired all about it. The neighbors there all knew him perfectly well, and showed me the house he lives in. He wasn't at home, or I should a seen him myself, and should got his promise to keep the Dowingville post office for you. But you needn't be afraid but what you'll have it, for I sent a telegraph to him from Baltimore, as soon as he was nominated, to keep it for you."

Here I see by the looks of Uncle Joshua's eyes that he begun to get hold of some new ideas. Says he, "Well, Major, it is a fact then, is it, that he was nominated in real earnest, and 'twasn't no joke?"

"Upon my word and honor," says I, "there isn't a particle of joke about it; it was all done in real arnest."

"Well, then, if you've really got a candidate," says Uncle Joshua, "I should like to know something about him. Does he belong to the Old Foggy class or Young America class?"

"I guess about half and half," says I, "and he'll be all the stronger for that, because he can draw votes on both sides."

"After all," says he, "I'm afraid it's a bad nomination. Them old pillars of the Democratic party, Gineral Cass, and Mr. Buchanan, and Governor Marcy, and Gineral Houston, and the rest, will feel so insulted and mortified at being pushed aside for strangers to take the lead that they'll all be agin the nomination, and their friends too, and that'll upset the whole kettle of fish."

"Don't you never fear that, Uncle Joshua," says I; "them old pillars that you speak of are all very much tickle with the nomination. Ye see, it broke the nose of Young America, and they was delighted with it. As soon as the nomination was out of the mould, before it had time to cool, they all telegraphed right back to Baltimore that nothin in the world could have happened to suit'em better; it was a most excellent nomination, and they felt under everlasting obligations to the Baltimore Convention. You needn't have no fears that they'll feel any coldness towards the nomination. They'll all turn to and work for it like beavers."

"Well, how is it," said Uncle Joshua, "about that boy-candidate for the Presidency that they call Young America? If his nose is knocked out of joint he'll of course oppose the nomination, tooth and nail."

"There's where you are mistaken again, Uncle Joshua," says I. "On the contrary, he goes for it hotter than any of 'em; and he telegraphed back to Baltimore as quick as lightning could carry it that the nomination was jest the thing; it couldn't be no better. Ye see, he looks upon it in the light that it chokes off all the Old Fogies and leaves the field clear for him next time. He thinks so highly of the nomination, and feels so patriotic about it, they say he is going to stump it through all the States, and make speeches in favor of Gineral Pierce's election. You may depend upon it, Uncle Joshua, we've got a very strong nomination, one that'll carry all afore it; every body is delighted with it, and every body's going to go for it. I didn't expect you to hold back a moment. I thought you would have things all cut and dried for a rousin ratification meeting by the time I got home."

"Well, you know, Major," said Uncle Joshua, "I always follow Col. Crockett's rule, and never go ahead till I know I'm right. How foolish we should look to call a ratification meeting here in Downingville, and be voted right plump down. You know the Freesoilers are [illegible]y strong among us, [illegible] States, [illegible] tion fixed up a platform to [illegible] on that's all in favor of the compromise and the fugitive law, and is dead set agin the Freesoilers. Now, Major, you must have more understanding than to think the Freesoilers will ever swallow that platform, and if they don't we are dished."

"You are all wrong again, Uncle Joshua," says I, "for the biggest Freesoiler in all America swallowed it right down, and didn't make a wry face about it."

"Who do you mean?" says he.

"I mean Mr. John Van Buren," says I.

"But you don't mean," says Uncle Joshua, "that Mr. John Van Buren accepts this platform, and is willing to stand on it?"

"Yes, I do exactly so," says I, "for he got right up in Tammany Hall and made a speech about it; and he said he would go the nomination and he'd stand the platform; at all events, he'd stand the platform for *this election*, anyhow. You needn't be at all afraid of the Freesoilers, Uncle; they ain't so stiff as you think for, and they are as anxious to get the offices as any body, and will work as hard for 'em. Now let us go to work and get up our ratification, and blow it out straight. The Democracy of the country expects Downingville to do its duty.

"Well, Major," says Uncle Joshua "you've made out a better case of it than I thought you could. I'm willing to take hold and see what we can do. But I declare I can't help laughing when I think it's Gineral Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, that we've got to ratify. I wish we knew something about him; something that we could make a little flusteration about, and wake up the Democracy."

"Good gracious, Uncle Joshua," says I, "have you been postmaster of Downingville this twenty years, and always reading the papers, and don't know that Gineral Pierce was one of the heroes of the Mexican war?"

At that, Uncle Joshua hopped up out of his chair like a boy, and says he, "Major, is that a fact?"

"Yes" says I, "'tis a fact. You know Mr. Polk sent me out there as a private ambassador to look after Gineral Scott and Mr. Trist. And Gineral Pierce *was* out there; I knew all about it, and about his getting wounded."

"Good!" says Uncle Joshua, snapping his fingers; "that's lucky; then we've got something to go upon; so nothing that the boys can hoorah about. And if we don't have too strong a team agin us we may carry the day yet. Who do you think the 'tother party will put up?"

"Well," says I, "it's likely to be Mr. Webster or Mr. Fillmore, and they can't either of 'em hold a candle to Gineral Pierce."

"Of course not," says Uncle Joshua, "if he was the hero of the Mexican war. I 'spose it was General Scott's part of the war that he was in, because that's where you was. Which of the battles did he fight the bravest in, and mow down most of the Mexicans? Did he help storm that Gibraltar castle at Vera Crux?"

"No," says I, "that little matter was all over before Gineral Pierce got to Mexico."

"Well, the great battle of Cerro Gordo come next," said Uncle Joshua, "I dare say Gineral Pierce was foremost in marching up that bloody Bunker Hill and driving off Santa Anna and his fifteen thousand troops."

"I'm sure he would a been foremost, if he'd only been there," says I, "but he hadn't got into the country yet, and Gineral Scott wouldn't wait for him. It seems as if Gineral Scott is always in a hurry when there is any fightin' to do, and won't wait for nobody."

"Well, the next great battle, if I remember the newspapers right, said Uncle Joshua, "was Contreras; and after that come the bloody and hot times of Churubusco, and the King's Mill, and Chepultepec, and marching into the City of Mexico. These was the battles, I spose, where General Pierce fit like a lion, and become the hero of the Mexican war. But which battle did he shine the brightest in, and cut down most of the enemy?"

"The truth is," says I, "he got wounded at Contreras, and so wan't able to take a part in them bloody affairs of Churubusco, and the King's Mill, and Chepultepec."

"Then he was in the battle of Contreras," said Uncle Joshua, "and that can't be disputed?"

"Oh yes," says I, "he was certainly in the first part of it, when they was getting the battle ready; for there's where he got wounded."

"Good," said Uncle Joshua; "he was in one battle, and got wounded; that's enough to make a handle of, any how. Whereabouts was his wound?"

"Well, he had several hurts," said I. "I believe in his foot and ancle, and other parts."

"Rifle balls?" said Uncle Joshua, very earnest.

O no, nothing of that kind," says I.

"What then; sword cuts? Or did the Mexicans stick their bayonets into him?"

"No, no; nothin of that kind, nother," says I.

"Then it must be grape or bombshells," said Uncle Joshua, "how was it?"

"No, no, 'twasn't none of them things," says I; "the fact was, when they was skirmishing round and getting ready for the battle his horse fell down with him and lamed him very bad."

Uncle Joshua colored a little, and sot and thought. At last he put on one of his knowing looks, and says he, "Well, Major, a wound is a wound any how, and we can make a handle of it without being such fools as to go into all the particulars of how he came by it. I say let's go to work and ratify General Pierce, and who knows but what we can make something out of this Mexican business?"

Well, Mr. Gales & Seaton, the thing was done. We ratified on the 21st of June, in the evening, and it was a tall piece of business. When I begun, I meant to give you a full account of it, with some of the speeches and resolutions. But I've made my preamble so long that I can't do it in this letter. We had a grand torchlight procession. Cousin Ephraim took his cart and oxen, and went into the woods and got a whole load of birch-bark and pitch-pine knots, and all the boys in Downingville turned out and carried torches. The school-house was illuminated with fifty candles. Uncle Joshua presided, as usual. Banners was hung round the room, with large letters, giving the names of all the great battles in Mexico; and the enthusiasm was immense. When we'd got about through, and was just winding up with three tremendous cheers for the "Hero of Mexico," a message came in to Uncle [illegible] ph had just brought news that the Whig Convention at Baltimore had nominated Gineral Scott for President. It gin the whole meeting the cold shuggers in a minute. Uncle Joshua looked very serious, and says he, "Feller-Democrats, to prevent any mistakes, I think you better give them three last cheers over again, and put in the name of Gineral Pierce." So we did, and gin three rousin cheers for *Gineral Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, the Hero of Mexico.*

Downingville is wide awake, and will do her duty in November.

So I remain your old friend,
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Among the late decisions of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania, sitting at Harrisburg, is the following:

The declarations of an insolvent husband cannot, under any circumstances, be evidence for the wife as to her ownership of property. When property is claimed by a married woman, she must show by evidence which does not admit of a reasonable doubt either that she owned it at the time of the marriage, or acquired it afterwards by gift, bequest, or purchase. If the husband could create title to personal property in the wife by merely saying it is hers, no creditor would be safe for a single moment. It is not easy to conceive how a higher premium for dishonesty could be offered. The relation of husband and wife is so intimate, and the identity of their interests so absolute, that even the oath of either is not and ought not to be taken in favor of the other. A *multi fortiori*, the naked declaration, should be rejected.

A SALUTARY THOUGHT.—When I was young there lived in our neighborhood a man who was universally reported to be very liberal and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measures, over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends, observing his frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much and said it would not be to his advantage. Now, my friends, mark the answer. 'God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes.' Think of this friends—only one journey through the world.

LORENZO DOW.—The best anecdote of Lorenzo Dow is, that being one evening at the hotel kept by one Bush, in Delhi, New York, the residence of the celebrated General Root, he was importuned by the latter gentleman, in the presence of the landlord, to describe Heaven. "You say a great deal of that place," said the General, "tell us how it looks." Lorenzo turned his grave face and long waving beard towards the General and Mr. Bush, and replied with imperturbable gravity, "Heaven, my friends, is a vast extent of smooth rich territory; there is not a *root* nor a *bush* in it, and there never will be."

AN ELECTOR DECLINED.—John J. Bocock, a Presidential elector of Westmoreland county, Virginia, nominated by the Democrats, has declined, on the ground that he has been a Whig all his life, but voted the Democratic ticket last year, under the impression that the Democratic candidate for Governor was in favor of secession.

Never open the door to a little vice lest a great one should enter also.