

POLITICS OF THE DAY.

From the Richmond Whig. We stand on firm ground when we assert, that on the score of consistency and disinterestedness, Mr. Clay will suffer nothing in comparison with...

One whose history is told in a few stirring incidents of a nation's history, may perhaps pass from the stage of life, free of the abuse of the busy tongue of obloquy, and the bitter malice of designing men...

Mr. Clay's genius is of a rare order—a genius that can stoop to the consideration of matters the most minute, or thread the deepest labyrinth of knowledge yet explored by the eye of reason...

It seems that it is almost useless that the Republican Whigs should trouble themselves about a National Convention, in so far as may be involved a nomination of a suitable person to succeed in office the present incumbent of the Presidency...

This opposition is founded in the conviction, that in order to the fulfillment of the imperative duties imposed upon us by the Constitution, in order to the execution of our system of the representation, there are meetings enough—the influences of such assemblies when too frequent, (and pardon the digression) especially the primary meetings of the people, no one can doubt, most frequently, if not inevitably, they lead to the turbulence and dissipation—and therefore is it, that now, nothing—literally nothing, can be done, except through the agency of caucuses, conventions, and the like...

this subject, permit me to say, that I sincerely trust we may again return in respect to supplying the offices of the State, to the good old practice of permitting those who feel the disposition to announce themselves and submit singly to the people the question of election...

Were it honorable to exult over the misfortune of an adversary, or proper to permit the wrong of others to justify error in ourselves, we have additional cause of exultation in the confusion of our political opponents. The demon of discord presides over their councils and threatens to disturb the machiavelism of party discipline—but "laus deo" we have in my judgment no such need, were it even proper...

FROM THE BALTIMORE PATRIOT. TO THE WHIGS.

In some of the Locofoec papers of the lower stamp you find a tirade against the American people, for being humbugged, as they allege, by log cabins, coon skins, &c. in 1840. Now this charge comes with a poor grace from a set of men who, in every town, and at every cross-road, erected hickory-poles, the whole hog, and other devices, because Gen. Jackson was sometimes called "Old Hickory"...

Such, too, has been our American experience with the protective principle. The domestic industry of the country was early encouraged and developed by it, and is this moment realizing its benefits. No measure of an age or country ever more completely realized the expectations of its advocates than the Tariff of 1842...

THE TERM "TORY."—The Philadelphia Forum says:—"A moderate Democrat" objects to our using the name of "Tory" as the opposite to Whig. This "moderate Democrat," we venture to assert, never calls our party any thing but "Federalists." Where the shoe pinches, they want us to ease them. If modern democracy is not ultra Toryism, we have no knowledge of the position of parties.

Another of the traits of this party, as recorded by De Foe, was their zeal in the giving up of the liberties of their country to the arbitrary will of one man. "Persecuting Dissenters" was another. When we recollect the doctrine of General Jackson, that the will of the people, expressed either formally or informally, is superior to the Constitution, and the refusal of Mr. Van Buren to pay any regard to it until it coincided with his plans...

THE RICHMOND WHIG. "There is something in the chase by a weak man, of a dignity like that of the Presidency, which irresistibly reminds one of that ancient amusement among the kittens—the trying to overtake their tail. The little creature spins around forever in the same place, each moment persuaded that it is on the point of grasping its object, while every effort it makes serves only to whisk what it runs after farther out of its reach. Such is pretty much the grave piece of folly upon which the country has been condemned to look ever since our present sagacious ruler, caught a sight of his own tail and took it for the Presidency, which was following him about."

MISCELLANEOUS. IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT OR THE LAW OF ARREST. BY E. L. SULLIVAN. Once on a time there lived at Hamburg a certain merchant by the name of Meyer; he was a good little man; charitable to the poor, hospitable to his friends, and so rich that he was extremely respected in spite of his good nature...

THE TARIFF—ANALOGOUS CASE. The Sciota Gazette gives a conversation with an intelligent Polish gentleman—one of the exiled patriots—on the subject of the Tariff. His language was decided and remarkable, as he said: "Sir, the Tariff is the element of life to this country. Your prosperity, your independence, your national existence, depend upon regulating your imports from abroad, by a Tariff formed with a view to protecting and encouraging your agriculture and manufactures at home..."

"Well, the restriction went hard with us for three or four years, for we had to begin every thing. But necessity has laws, and they are often good ones. Our people and artisans went to work; mills and manufactories were erected; sheep were introduced from abroad; mechanics of unsurpassed skill came from England and France, and found ready employment; fields that were wastes or pleasure grounds were planted, and became productive; every principle of industry was developed; and the result was that in eight years after the first institutions of the Tariff we had better and cheaper woolens and cottons, better waggons and carriages, better agricultural implements, and better every thing we wanted to use or wear, except the finest and costliest cutlery, than we had before the Emperor's Tariff edict, and all at much lower prices! Sir, (he emphatically concluded) had it not been for the Polish Tariff, the Russian soldiery would have reached the Citadel of Warsaw, at the termination of our last conquest with them, much sooner than they did; for, I tell you, a good, stiff Tariff teaches the citizens of a country to rely upon their own energies, inspires the national body with confidence in its own resources—and if you husband these, you will fill the national coffers."

Such, too, has been our American experience with the protective principle. The domestic industry of the country was early encouraged and developed by it, and is this moment realizing its benefits. No measure of an age or country ever more completely realized the expectations of its advocates than the Tariff of 1842. The benefits expected were, 1st, the revival of the depressed manufacture of the country; 2d, the turning of the balance of trade in our favor; 3d, the importation of specie; 4th, the reduction of foreign goods and the use of our own. All these results have already occurred, and not only occurred, but are the theme of praise by some of those who have been opposed to the measure itself.—Newark Daily.

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MISCELLANEOUS. ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—BY SAM SLICK. It was late before we arrived at Eugene's Inn—the evening was cool, and a fire was chattering and crackling. Mr. Slick declared any share in the bottle of wine, he said he was dyspeptic; and a glass of so soon convinced me, that it was likely to produce in me something worse than dyspepsia. It was speedily removed, and we drank water to the end.

Once on a time there lived at Hamburg a certain merchant by the name of Meyer; he was a good little man; charitable to the poor, hospitable to his friends, and so rich that he was extremely respected in spite of his good nature. Among that part of property which was vested in other people's hands, and called "debts," was the sum of five hundred pounds owed to him by the captain of an English vessel. This debt had been so long contracted, that the worthy Meyer began to wish for a new investment of his capital. He accordingly resolved to take a trip to Portsmouth, in which Captain Jones was then residing, and take that liberty which in his opinion should, in a free country, never be permitted, viz: the liberty of applying for his money.

"And vat," said he to a man whom he asked to conduct him to the Captain's house, "vat is dat fine vessel yonder?" "She is the Royal Sally," replied the man, "bound for Calcutta, sate to-morrow; but, there's Capt. Jones' house, sir, he'll tell you all about it." The merchant bowed and knocked at the door of a red brick house; door green, brass knocker. Captain Jones was a tall man; he wore a blue jacket without skirts, he had high cheek bones, small eyes, and his whole appearance was eloquent of what is generally called the bluff honesty of seamen.

"Ah, here comes de monsh," thought Mynheer Meyer. The gentleman approached, the taller one whipped out what seemed to Meyer a receipt. "Ah, ver vell I vil sing, ver vell." "Singing, sir, is useless; you will be kind enough to accompany us. This is a warrant for debt, sir; my house is extremely comfortable; gentlemen of the first fashion go there; quite moderate too; only a guinea a day, find your own wine."

"I do—do—understand, sate," said the merchant, smiling, amicably, "I'm very well off here—thank you." "Come, come," said the other gentleman, speaking for the first time, "no parlor, no mousey, you are our prisoner. This a warrant for £10,000 due to Captain Gregory Jones."

"Dat be a strange way of paying a man his money!" said Mynheer Meyer. "In order to while away time, our merchant, who was wonderfully social, scraped acquaintance with some of his fellow prisoners. "Vat be you in prison?" said he to a stout respectable looking man, who seemed in violent passion; for vat crime?" "I, sir! I'm quoth the prisoner; 'sir, I was going to Liverpool, to vote at the election, when a friend of the opposing candidate had me arrested for two thousand pounds. Before I get the bail the election will be over!"

"Vat's that you tell me! Arrest you to prevent you from giving an honest vote! Is dat justice?" "Justice! no!" said our friend, "it's the law of arrest!" "And vat you be in prison?" said the merchant, pityingly, to a thin, cadaverous looking object who ever and anon applied a handkerchief to his eyes that were worn with weeping. "An attorney offered a friend of mine to discount a bill if he could find a few names to endorse it. The bill became due; the next day the attorney arrested all whose names were on the bill—there were eight of us; the law allows him two guineas for each, there are sixteen guineas, sir, for the lawyer—but I, sir, alas! my family will starve before I shall be released. Sir, there are a set of men called discounting attorneys, who live upon the profits of entrapping and arresting you folk!"

"But is dat justice?" "Alas! no, sir—it's the law of arrest." "But," said the merchant, turning round to a lawyer, whom the devil had deserted, and who was now with the victims of his profession, "dey tell me in England a man may be called innocent till he be proved guilty! but here am I who because your carrion of a shaitor, who owes me five hundred pounds, takes an oath that I owe him ten thousand pounds—here am I on dat scoundrel's single oath clapped in prison. Is this a man's being innocent till he be proved guilty, sate?" "Sir," said the lawyer, primly, "you are thinking of criminal cases, but if a man be unfortunate enough to get into debt, that's quite a different thing—we are harder to poverty than we are to crime!"

"But is dat justice?" "Justice! pooh! it's the law of arrest," said the lawyer, turning on his heel! "Our merchant was liberated, as no one appeared to prove the debt! He flew to a magistrate—he told his case—he implored justice against Captain Jones!" "Captain Gregory Jones, you mean?" "Ay, mine good sate—yesh!" "He sailed for Calcutta yesterday. He must evidently have sworn this debt against you for the purpose of getting rid of your claim, and silencing your mouth till you could catch him no longer! He's a clever fellow—Gregory Jones!" "De tyful! hut sate, is there no remedy for a poor merchant?" "Remedy? oh, yesh, indictment for perjury!" "But vat use is dat? You say he is gone ten thousand miles off—Calcutta!" "That's certainly against your indictment?" "And I cannot get my monsh?" "Not as I see."

"And I have been arrested instead of him?" "You have." "Sate, I have only one word to say—is dat justice?" "That I cannot say, Mynheer Meyer, but it is certainly the law of arrest," answered the magistrate, and he bowed the merchant out of the room. A negro woman, nearly 55 years of age, belonging to a Creole family in the parish of St. Landry, has had thirty-five children. Her first child was born at the age of 25. She gave birth to twins five times, to triplets three times. Twenty of her children are at present living. These facts are stated on the authority of an Opelousas paper.

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RESTORATION OF A RIFLE TO A CHEROKEE WARRIOR.—On the 27th March, 1814, Gen. Jackson fought the celebrated battle at the Horse Shoe with the Creek Indians. The General posted the Cherokee Regiment, together with the mounted Tennessee Volunteers, under Gen. Coffee, on the opposite side of the river, so as to surround the bend and prevent the enemy escaping in their canoes. In order to enable the Cherokees to engage in the conflict, "Whale," a Cherokee warrior of great bravery and resolution, with two companions, swam the river and carried two of the Creek canoes across the river to the company. This enabled the Cherokees to obtain their canoes, with which they succeeded in carrying over a force strong enough to attack the enemy in the rear and dislodge them from their breast-works. "Whale" received a gun-shot wound in the shoulder, in the taking of the first canoes. In 1816, President Madison had three rifles made at Harper's Ferry, to be presented to the three who first swam the river, together with medals for each. The rifle intended for "Whale," however, he never got; another person having obtained it. On the fact being communicated to the War Department by Gov. Butler, the agent of the Cherokees, the Secretary of War had another rifle prepared, to be presented to the old warrior. There is on it a plate-like of Gen. Jackson, and a silver plate is inserted in the stock, with this inscription: "Presented by the President of the United States to 'Whale,' a Cherokee Warrior, for his signal valor and heroism at the Battle of the Horse Shoe, in March, 1814." This rifle, accompanied by the medal, will be presented to him by Gov. Butler, (now on here, on his return to the Cherokee agency.) The mounting and engraving on this rifle has been executed in a beautiful and workmanlike manner, by Mr. Robert Keyworth, Pennsylvania Avenue.—Washington Cor. Balt. Sun.

"IS HE RICH?"—Many a sigh is heaved—many a heart is broken, many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible intuition which parents often evince in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every point of view as virtue is to vice? And yet how often is wealth considered a better recommendation to a young man than virtue? How often is the first question which is asked respecting a suitor of a daughter, "Is he rich?"

THE ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY. OF Hartford, Conn. Offers to insure Buildings and Merchandise, against loss or damage by fire, at premiums to suit the times. This is one of the oldest, and best Insurance Companies in the United States, and pays its losses promptly. Applications for Insurance in Raleigh, or its vicinity, to be made to S. W. WHITING, Agent. May 4, 1843.

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THAT TERRIBLE OLD SCHOOLMASTER. If after the first failure old Time would consent to a second trial under the same circumstances, few would be unsuccessful. But alas his car rolls on driving us before it, carrying us upon it, dismally pulling us after it, or at once for a finishing stroke, fatally running over us. His lessons are of use only in future. When (as often) he takes upon himself to give us a push in the ribs or a knock over the cranium, instead of twisting, writhing, or groaning with the pain, it is our proper business to take care that we get out of his way as far as possible the next time. Experiencing a hard old schoolmaster—one that about as frequently kills his uncautious pupils as contents himself with a mild and fatherly correction. For the last two years of more he has been the people of middle Florida fairly in hand, and as the venerable Slick says, he is, "laminating it into us like blazes!" At every stroke of his cudgel—hear the old villain how he taunts us with our misery: "There take that! run in debt, again will you—(whack!) spend money, be extravagant, prodigal, ride in carriage, covet about (whack, whack,) care nothing about economy, and those homely virtues, buy fine furniture, nice cabins, drive a coach and four, out of a rotten stable, give parties and balls, keep rare dogs, drink wine and frolic, (whack, whack!) send to Virginia for negroes, to Kentucky for mules, to New Orleans for bacon, flour, rice, sugar, corn, and molasses, to New York for fine silks, lace, jewelry, and gew-gaws; depend on others, raise nothing to eat, drink, or wear yourself; borrow money from Holland; charter large banks; get money from them, endorse, mortgage and mortgage again; speculate, neglect business, morose education, will you? (Whack!) Oh, yes! I teach you a thing or two that's worth knowing. I'll never lay by my cudgel till you strip off your coat, go to work, and earn your pittance, (whack!)—Oh! with them I say; toil, dig, labor, to take care of yourselves, earn money and save it, raise what you eat, pay for what you buy; give no long credits, take none; be sober, prudent, circumspect; attend to your business, and don't speculate; work, work, and let your boys and girls do likewise!" says that terrible old schoolmaster.

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