

COMMUNICATIONS.

SMITHFIELD, Sept. 27, 1848. Mr. Editor: The first meeting of our Electors, Messrs. MILLER and BUSBECK, came off on yesterday...

He tore up the Baltimore paper, plank after plank, until Gen. Cass found himself standing over the Irish culprit found himself dancing, one day, "on nothing"...

FOR THE REGISTER. Mr. Editor! The recent events that have so feebly agitated unhappy France, have conspired to render the name of Lamartine first among those philanthropists who have so boldly endeavored to disenthral their native land...

LONELINESS. A POETIC MEDITATION. Translated from Lamartine. Beneath the oak tree's shade, the mountain's crown, At eve's mild hour, I sit, in sadness, down...

Beauty is spread around; yet my dimmed eye Sees nought to charm the soul in earth or sky— For search is cast in shadow on the wave...

When autumn's leaf falls withered from the trees, It gently floats upon the passing breeze; Borne on the whispering zephyrs, slowly sails...

FOR THE REGISTER.

A CALL UPON THE NORTH CAROLINA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS UPON SOME OF THEM FOR ASSISTANCE IN WHAT MAY PERHAPS BE REGARDED AS A SMALL MATTER.

What is wanted beyond almost everything else in the agriculturists of North Carolina is a good grass to cover the old fields, even the poorest of them, and furnish food during the summer for any amount of stock that may be placed upon them...

The Buffalo grass of the Great Desert, lying East of the Rocky Mountains, seemed to promise well, but I could find no good popular account of it. It is mentioned in Kendall's Santa Fe expedition, and that is all.

I had the pleasure of receiving some little time since, from the honorable Mr. Mangum, a copy of Emory's reconnaissance of New Mexico and California, and finding that it had amongst other matters, some notices of the botany of the region he traversed...

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GENERAL WASHINGTON AND GENERAL TAYLOR.

The feeling that there is a resemblance between General Washington and General Taylor, has been long impressed upon the public mind, and it is reasonable that, since the days of Washington, no man but General Taylor has been thought to possess, in any thing, the same extraordinary character.

The following parallel, though hastily drawn, will shadow forth the reasons why General Taylor is thought to resemble General Washington, for it alludes only to matters familiar with all, but probably not before so intimately contrasted.

General Washington, occupied, as he was, by military matters, never abandoned the duties, nor lost the character of one of the best practical planters of Virginia.

Gen. Taylor, although he has been in active military service for more than forty years is one of the most practical and successful farmers and planters in Louisiana.

Gen. Taylor never drinks anything but water. Every one under the command of Washington had the fullest reliance in his justice, and confidently applied to him when they thought they had been wronged or oppressed.

Every soldier in Gen. Taylor's army, however humble and in whatever difficulty, instantly looked to Gen. for redress.

Gen. Washington made it a personal matter to see that his prisoners were well treated and cared for.

Gen. Taylor gave to La Vega a letter of credit, to use, if necessary, while a prisoner of war, and distributed provisions at Buena Vista, among the famishing Mexicans, to beat his own expense if not sanctioned by the government.

Gen. Washington was seldom betrayed into the exhibition of great emotions. Gen. Taylor, in a conversation with some gentlemen, recently remarked that he had made it a study through life to control his feelings.

THE ORANGE SENATOR.

It will be seen from the following Circular to the Freeholders of Orange, that Mr. Waddell has resigned the seat in the Senate, given to him by the casting vote of the Sheriff of Orange, in August last.

The reasons given by Mr. Waddell for the step which he has taken, will no doubt be satisfactory to most of his friends; though some of them would have been better pleased if he had retained his seat, thinking him justly entitled to it, even though there should have been an error in the return from the precinct at John R. Holt's.

Mr. Waddell is again a candidate; and may we not hope that every Whig freeholder in Orange will be so mindful of what is due to himself, to his party and to the claims of a high-minded and tried public servant, to permit any small matter to keep him from the polls on the day of election?

TO THE FREEHOLDERS OF ORANGE. Having this day sent to his Excellency, the Governor, my resignation of the seat in the Senate for the county of Orange, which was awarded to me by the casting vote of the Sheriff in August last, I deem it as well due to you, as proper towards myself, to state the reasons which have induced me to take this course.

It is known to you all that rumors are afloat of some error having been committed at Holt's precinct, by reason of which five votes more were counted for me, than were cast for me. It is certain that the list and the tallies do not correspond with the number of votes certified by the keeper of the poll.

But although this certainty has not been stained, the probability seems to be that the error was in the return, and that the list is right; and were there no other considerations involved in the matter, I should feel bound not only to surrender my prima facie claim to the seat, but to leave my opponent as the ensue of election unembarrassed by any competition from me.

Believing myself, not, in fact, chosen by such a majority, I am again a candidate for your suffrages; and while I would scorn by any accident or mistake to assume, or by any doubt or uncertainty to appear to assume to represent you without your consent, yet I shall feel both pride and gratitude, if you shall choose to resolve all doubt by conferring upon me, by a certain majority, the honor to represent you.

Mr. Evans was a native of Norfolk county, Va. and although extensively acquainted, we may be permitted to say of him, without the accusation of eulogy, that if he left an enemy on earth we are not apprised of it. Of his virtues, &c., it does not become us to speak.

Capt. Miller was also badly scalded and otherwise wounded, by the explosion, and now lies dangerously ill at the house of Mr. Mathews. It is thought that the Engineer, (who is represented to be a man of low character,) designed the explosion, as the Captain had concluded to discharge him when they reached Mobile, and he had had a hurt in jail. Be this as it may, the Engineer is now in jail, and will, we learn, be tried for his life.

Mr. CLAY AND HIS OLD FRIENDS.

The following Correspondence appears in the Richmond papers, the tone of which, on both sides, and especially on the part of Mr. Clay, cannot fail to impress every candid reader most favorably:

My DEAR SIR: My well known and tried Whigs, some gray with age, a portion of your school companions, and the descendants of those who were wont to bow in reverence before the throne of Grace, and bear the authenticity of the Christian religion proven by your father's word, and who knew your devout and pious mother, have conferred on me, the presiding officer of the Convention, the honor of performing the pleasing duty of transmitting to you an account of an assemblage of freemen, who organized in Convention at the Slush Church, Hanover, (Va.) for the purpose of nominating yourself as President of these United States.

Permit me, however, on my own part, to say that the sun in his progress has performed sixty annual revolutions over my hoary head, and from early manhood I was a Whig in principle, and for many years my votes have proved me one in practice.

My DEAR SIR: I duly received your very kind official letter, transmitting the proceedings of a public meeting, held at the Slush Church, in Hanover County, at which they did me the honor to propose my name as a candidate for the Presidency, in terms highly flattering and complimentary.

I recognize among the persons assembled on that occasion many names with which, in my youthful days, I was very familiar and extremely intimate—associates at school, playmates, neighbors, friends. The Slush Church, too, where the assemblage took place, recalls many early and agreeable recollections, as being that at which I received a large part of my imperfect education.

Regarding those proceedings as the affectionate expression of the esteem, attachment, and confidence of my old companions, or their descendants, I have never received any similar document with more gratification, or with sentiments of more profound gratitude; and I presume that it was in that sense the proceedings occurred, and were transmitted by you to me.

Considered as a serious and formal presentation of my name to the people of the United States as a candidate for the Presidential office, I am sure that you will not be surprised at my saying that it is impossible for me to accept the nomination.

My name, with my consent, was submitted to the consideration of the Philadelphia Convention, which assembled in June last. That body thought proper to nominate a distinguished citizen of the United States, and not me. In view of the relation in which I stood to the Convention, I do not think that I ought to pass any judgment upon its proceedings.

It is sufficient to know that it did not deem it expedient to nominate me. In this decision, I have entirely acquiesced. I have quietly submitted to it, and have given no encouragement or countenance to any further use or conception of my name with the Presidency. To the effect, I have uniformly written to all associations and individuals who have addressed me on the subject. I hope that my good friends of Hanover will approve of my adherence to this resolution, dictated by my honor, by a regard to my character, and by my desire of retirement.

THE WEEPING LOCUS.

Upon his bed he turned, And heaved a bitter sigh, When news that Taylor was dead Swept like a whirlwind by.

What use for us to 'lectionize? Old Zack will have the day, And gain the peaceful battle, He wins in deadly fray.

As in the light of cultivated views abroad, you see a wealth of spiritual goodliness, in the works of Hamlet, and enamelled the insect. In the lesson. An uneducated man, the constituents of the common sense, in its splendor floods the firmament, and escape. He cannot comprehend the loveliness of the world, the character of light and from the properties of most physical bodies.

More Reality than Romances— with the following paragraph, which is a faithful picture of the species of the editor of a daily newspaper.

State of North Carolina. County. Superior Court of Law. 1848. Mary Patton, Petitioner vs. George N. Patton, Defendant.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. Superior Court of Law. August Term, 1848. Elizabeth Johnson, widow of James Johnson, Petitioner vs. James Johnson, Defendant.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. Superior Court of Law. August Term, 1848. James Johnson, Petitioner vs. James Johnson, Defendant.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. Superior Court of Law. August Term, 1848. James Johnson, Petitioner vs. James Johnson, Defendant.

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