

RALEIGH STAR, And North Carolina Gazette.

"NORTH CAROLINA—Powerful in moral, in intellectual, and in physical resources—the land of our sires, and the home of our affections." } No. 2.
Vol. XXXIII } RALEIGH N. C. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1842

THOMAS J. LEMAY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

Subscription, three dollars per annum—half in advance.
Persons residing without the State will be required to pay the whole amount of the year's subscription in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For every square (not exceeding 16 lines) this size type first insertion, one dollar; each subsequent insertion, twenty cents.
The advertisement of Clerks and Sheriffs will be charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 50 per cent. will be made from the regular price for advertisers by the year.
Letters to the Editors must be post-paid.

State of North Carolina, GATES COUNTY.

November County Court, 1841.

John S. Griffin } Original Attachment levied on
vs. } land.
Jesse Y. Harrell,

In this case it appearing to the Court that Jesse Y. Harrell is an inhabitant of another State, it is ordered by the Court that publication be made in the Raleigh Star, for the defendant to appear on or before the next Term of this Court, and reply to the property levied on, otherwise it will be condemned to satisfy the plaintiff's demand.

Witness, William G. Daughtry, Clerk of said Court, at office in Gatesville, the third Monday of November, 1841.

W. G. DAUGHTRY, C. C. C.
Price Adv. \$5 62 1/2

State of North Carolina, GATES COUNTY.

November County Court, 1841.

James L. Satterfield } Original Attachment levied on
vs. } land.
Jesse Y. Harrell,

In this case it appearing to the Court that Jesse Y. Harrell is an inhabitant of another State, it is ordered by the Court that publication be made in the Raleigh Star, for the defendant to appear on or before the next Term of this Court, and reply to the property levied on, otherwise it will be condemned to satisfy the plaintiff's demand.

Witness, William G. Daughtry, Clerk of said Court, at Office in Gatesville, the third Monday of November, 1841.

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Price Adv. \$5 62 1/2

State of North Carolina, GATES COUNTY.

November County Court, 1841.

James H. Williams } Original Attachment levied on
vs. } land.
David C. Cross,

In this case it appearing to the Court that David C. Cross is an inhabitant of another State, it is ordered by the Court that publication be made in the Raleigh Star, for the defendant to appear on or before the next Term of this Court, and reply to the property levied on, otherwise it will be condemned to satisfy the plaintiff's demand.

Witness, William G. Daughtry, Clerk of said Court, at Office in Gatesville, the third Monday of November, 1841.

W. G. DAUGHTRY, C. C. C.
Price Adv. \$5 62 1/2

State of North Carolina, BERTIE COUNTY.

In Equity—September Term, 1841.

C. W. Jacobs, Adm'r of N. H. Thompson, T. F. Page, Jas. Jones, Henry Nicholls and others, plaintiffs,

vs. Thomas B. Webb, Jonathan R. Webb, Adoms & Cunningham and others, defendants.

In this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Adoms & Cunningham are not residents of this State; it is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Raleigh Star for six weeks for them to be and appear before the Judge of our said Court, to be held in Windsor on the third Monday of March, 1842, and plead, answer or demur, or judgment pro confesso will be entered against them, and the cause be heard exparte.

L. S. WEBB, C. & M. F.
Dec 15, 1841. Price Adv. \$5 62 1/2

Four Hundred Dollars Reward.

PROCLAMATION,

By His Excellency, JOHN M. MOREHEAD, Governor of the State of North Carolina.

Whereas it has been officially reported to the Executive Department of this State, that on the 19th day of November, A. D. 1841 one THOMAS BLEDS-E, of the County of Franklin, in the State of Maryland, was feloniously killed and murdered by one WILLIAM H. FALKNER, late of said county, who both fled from justice.

And whereas, it is further officially reported to this Department, that on the 30th of November 1841, JAMES W. VINSOON, of Wayne County, in said State, was feloniously killed and murdered by one WILLIAM P. JERNIGAN, late of said county, who both fled from justice.

Now, therefore, to the end that the said William H. Falkner and the said William P. Jernigan may be brought to trial, I have thought proper to issue this my Proclamation, offering a Reward of Two Hundred Dollars for the apprehension of each of the fugitives, to any person or persons who may apprehend and deliver them—the said Falkner, to the Sheriff of Franklin County, and the said Jernigan to the Sheriff of Wayne County, or confine them in the Jail of said counties respectively. And I do moreover hereby enjoin and require all Officers of this State, whether Civil or Military, to use their best exertions to apprehend, or cause to be apprehended, the fugitive offenders aforesaid.

Given under my hand, as Governor, &c. and the Great Seal of the State of North Carolina, Done at our City of Raleigh, this 22d day of December, A. D. 1841.

JOHN M. MOREHEAD,
By His Excellency's command,
PATRICK REYNOLDS, Private Secretary.

DESCRIPTION.

FALKNER is about 40 or 45 years of age, about five feet, five or six inches high, blue hair, fair skin, broad mouth, and is getting quite grey, weighs between one hundred and eighty or ninety pounds.

JERNIGAN is about thirty-eight or forty years of age, height at feet 5 or 5 1/2 inches, stout and corpulent weight, about two hundred pounds, light complexion, countenance somewhat pleasing, foot small for his size, has the habit of repetition in conversation, has resided for several years in Wayne County, N. C., and acted as Jailor, has had divers transactions with negro traders, and is no doubt known by many persons in the Southern States.

December 23, 1841. 52 Sm

LAST STRUGGLE FOR POLISH INDEPENDENCE.

The fifty-first struggle was the siege of Warsaw. The Russian army, composed of 100,000, attempted for two days to take possession of Warsaw, defended only by 25,000 Poles. Appalling and melancholy was the picture, when the suburbs of Warsaw were consumed in flame by the Russian artillery. They opened batteries of 200 pieces of cannon, which they played like an infernal orchestra around the tottering houses. That tremendous bombardment lasted two days. It seemed like a canopy of destructive fire, which surrounded and covered the devoted capital. The entrenchment of the fortification was filled up with the dead bodies of the Russians, who mounted upon 25,000 of their slain countrymen to the walls. The Poles counted 9,000 in killed and wounded. The next day, however, Warsaw was taken. This was the end of that ardent struggle of the Polish revolution, which lasted months. During this time the

Poles fought fifty battles; 420,000 Russians, with 500 pieces of artillery, had been sent against 70,000 Poles and 120 cannon; 200,000 of the Russians fell victims in the Polish Territory.

TWO SCENES FROM REAL LIFE

Some score years since, the President of a well known College in Kentucky, was one morning while sitting in his study, astonished by the entrance of a singular visitor.

The visitor was a boy of some seventeen years, rough and uncouth in his appearance, dressed in coarse homespun, with thick clumsy shoes on his feet, an old tattered felt hat on his head, surmounting a mass of uncombed hair, which relieved swarthy & sunburnt features, marked by eyes quick and sparkling, but vacant and inexpressive from the want of education. The whole appearance of the youth was that of an untaught—uncultivated plough-boy.

The President, an affable and a venerable man, inquired into the business of the person who stood before him.

"If you please, sir," said the plough-boy, with all the hesitancy of an uneducated rustic. "If you please, sir, I'd like to get some latin. I heard you had a college in these parts, and I thought if I would work a spell for you, you would help me now and then in gettin' an education."

"Well, my young friend," replied the President, "I scarcely can see any way in which you might be useful to us. The request is something singular."

"Why I can bring water, cut wood, or black your boots," interrupted the boy, his eyes brightening in his earnestness. "I want to get an education. I want—to make something of myself. I don't keer how hard I work only so as I git an education. I want"

He paused at a loss for words to express his ideas. But there was a language in the expressive lip, and the glancing eye; there was a language in the manner, in the tone in which the words were spoken, that appealed at once to the Professor's feelings.

He determined to try the sincerity of the youth.

"I am afraid, my young friend, that I can do nothing for you. I would like to assist you, but I can see no way in which you can be useful to us at present."

The President resumed his book. In a moment he glanced at the plough-boy, who silent and mute, stood holding the handle of the door. He fingered his rough hat confusedly with one hand—his eyes were down cast, and his upper lip quivered and trembled as though he were endeavoring to repress strong and sudden feelings of intense disappointment. The effort was but half successful. A tear emerging from the downcast eyelid, rolled over the sun-burnt cheek and with a quick nervous action, the plough-boy raised his toil-hardened hand, and brushed away the sign of regret.

He made a well meant, but awkward mark of obeisance, and opened the door, had one foot across the threshold, when the President called him back.

The plough-boy was in a few minutes hired as man-of-all-work, and boot black to the College.

The next scene which we give the reader was in a new and magnificent church, rich with the beauties of architecture, and thronged by an immense crowd, who listened in death-like stillness to the burning eloquence of the minister of heaven, who delivered the mission of his master from the altar.

The speaker was a man in the full glow of middle age, of striking and impressive appearance, piercing intellectual eye, and high intelligent forehead.

Every eye is fixed up on him—every lip is hushed, and every ear, with nervous intensity drinks in the eloquent teaching of the orator.

Who in all that throng would recognize, in the famed, the learned, the eloquent President of College, Pennsylvania, the humble boot-black of College in Kentucky.

ROSANNA, THE UGLY ONE.

FROM THE FRENCH.
"But look, then," said Mrs. Moore to her husband, "how ugly that little one is; is she not, William?"

And Mr. Moore, who was sitting in a rocking chair amusing himself with poking the fire laid down the tongue he held, and gravely answered his wife.

"But, my dear, you have said so one hundred times, and were you to say it one hundred times more, Rose would not become less ugly for your saying so?"

Rosanna was a little girl about fourteen. She was their child, and to do her mother justice, she was really very ugly—nay, almost revolting, with her little grey eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick protruding lips, red hair, and, above all, a form remarkably awry.

Rose was then very ugly—but she was a sweet girl nevertheless. Kind and intelligent she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt, as she listened to her mother's observation. "Oh, you little fright, you will never get a husband."

Eight o'clock struck; Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

"Go to bed, Rosanna."

Tremblingly the little girl approached her mother to give her the kiss of good night.

"Tis useless, you little monster," said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one's eye. She hastily wiped it away, and turning to her father presented him the yet humid

check. He kissed her tenderly. "I am not altogether miserable," she murmured leaving the room.

Retired to her chamber she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked this part of the night; for she desired to be able to present it to her mother when she arose in the morning.

The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow, Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one's reward.

Her eyes, by chance, glanced over a neighboring mirror.

"Yes," she said internally, "I am ugly—they are right," and she sought in her young head to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world—now pangs wounded the little one's heart. A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age—but then she was so good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, then loved her. Now, indeed, our little one was happy.

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became in consequence of some trifling prevarication, highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled—for eight long days Mrs. Moore was continually crying. Rosanna in vain raked her young brains to discover why, but her father still continued angry, and her mother still continued weeping.

At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile the parties.

They were all three seated in the parlour—Mr. Moore was arranging the fire—when this was concluded, he threw the tongs from him, snatched a book from the mantel, and opened it abruptly; but after a moment's perusal, he closed it again, in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms about his neck, as he was about to rise, and affectionately caressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moistened handkerchief wherewith her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith; she then tenderly embraced her mother who returned her affectionate caresses with all a mother's fondness.

The parties being now favorably disposed, nought remained but to establish peace. This was no easy matter—neither would make the first overture—and without the penetration of little Rose, the reconciliation would not then have taken place.

She took her father's hand between her own little hands, and pressed it to her bosom; she then took her mother's hand, and joined it into her father's as it lay near her heart. Human pride could resist no longer—the alienated parents arose at the same moment and cordially embraced each other. From that hour Rose was the idol of them both.

Six years after this, Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun, which during the day, had shed over nature an intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long, white bands of red—clouds more and more dark were heaping themselves on the eastern sky—the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth was returning to the sun the heat she had been receiving from the latter during the day. All was heavy and weary—the air inhaled seemed rather to suffocate than to nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon whose every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding here and there, in the darkened light, groups of young females, whose white dresses slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical whereon the imagination loved to dwell. A low languishing whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet. A young woman seated before a piano, was expressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporary melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering, but a general silence took place, for here was a celestial symphony, a seraph's song.

Lord Underwood, a fine blue-eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody, that his frame seemed agitated by a momentary convulsion. He listened to the angel's voice, so softly harmonizing with the sweet tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the melody and original truth to which he listened, that transfixed him where he stood.

"How beautiful must that young girl be," thought Underwood. "Happy the man on whom may fall her choice," and he involuntarily sighed.

Suddenly lights are brought in. The young woman was the ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupefied—he closed his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her a second time, and he found her less ugly; and Rose

was indeed less ugly. The beauties of her mind seemed transferred to her person, and her grey eyes, small as they were, expressed wonderfully well her internal sensations.

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and became the happiest of men in his possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us, but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us to the grave.

An objection Answered.—If a working-man advocate measures adapted to the elevation of his fellow laborers, an objection is frequently raised, urging that the working people themselves are the bitterest foes to the elevation of their own order, and that one of the so-called higher orders is ever more ready to extend respect and encouragement to a workman of intellectual and moral worth, than are his fellow-laborers, who notwithstanding his merits, regard him with distrust and jealousy, refusing to acknowledge his merits until endorsed by the professional classes, or until he has withdrawn himself from the shop, to seek respectability and fame in an office.

That there is much truth in this charge, cannot be denied, but the truth of the objection is the strongest reason why exertions should be made to remove it, by convincing the working classes that the indulgence of so mean a sentiment, or prejudice is one of the chief enemies to their social, political and intellectual elevation. The foundation of this suicidal prejudice rests mainly on the erroneous opinion that manual labor is incompatible with enlarged mental cultivation.

But history and present experience establishes the fact, that the greatest luminaries of the mental world became great over individuals of the highest attainments in polite and learned professions, before,—yes, they became great before they left, and while they continued the vocation of toil; while laboring at the forge, on the shoemaker's bench; and at the loom. There is no natural obstacle; almost every journeyman mechanic has leisure enough to read and study,—there is no more profitable time to think than when he is at work. Thought develops mind; mind is intellectual dignity and power.

Mrs. Jones the Female impostor.—All our readers without doubt remember the performance of one Mr. Jones, in Rochester some months ago, who by large stories of high connections in England induced a young man named Hunter to become her husband, whom she plundered of what little money he had, involved him largely in debt, and then decamped. A communication in the Rochester Evening Post states that she has been performing similar impostures in Toronto. She there represented herself as a head cook in the late Sir Astley Cooper's establishment, who she said had left her an annuity of £100. This soon increased to £300, and a man named Lanesboro' believed her story and married her. A letter from Toronto to the Post gives the following summary of her exploits, and adds that she has since been heard of at Albany. After having deceived her husband by stories about £100,000 being left her, and that Lord Liverpool had named her steward to bring her home; after having got a number of others to credit her story and trust her with money; after having, in the midst of sickness, given assurance to the attending minister, of her Christian resignation and pious trust in her Redeemer; after having enjoyed herself by driving in a carriage, prepared her husband with the necessaries to go to London, to attend to her business; after having borrowed a pair of boots of the wife of the tailor that made her husband's fine clothes; after having gulled every body; she decamped quietly by the Traipit one morning in the first of this week, just before her husband was to have started for England. I suppose she has carried off about £300, and has gone to play off the same game of cheating on the gullibles of some other place.

An honest man need not feel the assaults of his enemies. Talent will be appreciated, industry will be rewarded, and he who pursues, in any calling, an open, manly, honest course, will in the end triumph over all enemies, and build for himself a good name which shall endure long after his truce-deeds shall have been forgotten.

STRANGE VERDICT.—The verdict recently delivered by a jury in Baltimore, who had been empanelled to try a case of felony, was, that they had "agreed to disagree." They were discharged as incompetent to deliberate on the case after the finding of such a verdict.

A Yankee visited the West Indies, and having his attention called by the cries of an old man apparently one hundred, enquired the cause of his weeping, to which the wrinkled and grey headed old man replied that his father had just been whipping him. The Yankee's curiosity led him to see the father of a son so old, and finding him in a hut contiguous, began to reprimand him for chastising one so far advanced in life. The father's apology was this: "Theascal has been throwing stones at his grandfater!"

A small difference.—An Irish recruit was asked by his officer—"What's your height?" to which Pat replied, "the man that measured me, told me it was five foot ten—or ten foot five; I'm not exactly sure which, but it was either one or t'other."

Ephraim says that there is something singularly mellow-dious about a musician, when he is drunk.

THE RAINBOW.

BY ANELIA.

I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours, That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers; A riddle I took one bright afternoon, When my heart was as light as a blossom in June; The green earth was moist with the late-fallen showers.

The breeze fluttered down & blew open the flowers, While a single white cloud in its haven of rest, On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze, That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas, Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled Its so-soiled pinions of purple and gold, 'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth, 'T had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth, And, fair as an angel, it floated all trees, With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell; Like a woman's soft bosom, it rose and it fell, While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,

When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down on the shore, As sweet hymns ascended, no murmur of prayer, Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there, And best my young head in devotion and love, 'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings! How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings! It looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air, If I looked on the ocean the rainbow was there; Thus forming a globe as brilliant and whole As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul— Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled, It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

These are moments, I think, when the spirit receives Whole volumes of thought on its mystic leaves, When the folds of the heart in a moment unfold, Like the incense leaves from the heart of a rose. And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,

The thoughts it awakes were too deep to pass by; It left my soul on like the wing of the dove, All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain That shadows the links in life's mystical chain; I know that my form, like that bow from the wave, Must pass from the earth and be sold in the grave; Yet all when death's shadows my bosom enfold, When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,

May I hope, like the rainbow, my spirit unfold In beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

Don't believe it.—An exchange paper says there is a man in New York whose voice is so silvery, that his words readily pass for quarter dollars.

Promoted.—Tucker, the Governor elect of Mississippi, was a blacksmith in early life. His opponent, Shattuck, commenced as a pedlar.

Sale College, according to the recent catalogue, contains Theological Students 59, Law students 31, Medical Students 47, Resident Graduates 3, Senior 108, Junior 108, Sophomores 125, Freshmen 70, Total 530.

There is a paper in Philadelphia, called the "Demosthenian Shield," publishes by an association of negroes. One of its negro correspondents, over the signature of "Slicum," says that, if a white girl is virtuous, pretty, intelligent, and doesn't get drunk, he would just as soon marry her as a black girl. The editors think he is not very particular.

The following is one of those perfect anecdotes now and then put on paper: GEORGE IV, AND HIS QUEEN.—Within a few, very few days after their marriage, these high personages were assembled at their dinner-table in Carlton House, surrounded by a splendid party of ladies and gentlemen, their guests, when the princess exclaimed, "I left my mouchair up stairs; Prince of Wales, will you lend me yours? Surprised, you, astonished at such a request, at such a time, and in such a place, he desired, in a mild tone, one of the attendants to go to Mrs. Young, and fetch him one of his new white cambric handkerchiefs, which was immediately brought to him, nicely folded, upon a silver waiter, when he took it as delivered, and so sent it to the princess. Her royal highness took, or rather snatched it from the river waiter, and applying it to her nose, used it most violently and audibly too, in the sight and hearing of the whole company; when rolling, or rather pressing it closely together, she collectedly measured the distance between herself and the prince, and with the force of a catapult sent it up the centre of the table at the prince's head. Frazer's Magazine.

AN OLD CHURCH.—The church of St. Severin, in Paris, was eight hundred years old at the discovery of America, and has now been standing more than eight hundred years upon ground where a church was first erected about the year 600.

WRITING PICTURE.—There are over 23,000 persons living by begging in London, and in Paris as many more. Out of 12 children born in Paris, 11 die before they are one year old, from want and wretchedness. The average income of the whole population of France is 11 cents a day; 20,000,000 live on 6 cents a day each; 7,000,000 live on chestnuts.

AN OLD LADY at the North, the other day, brought her husband before a magistrate on a charge of bigamy. The poor man said—"she's been the plague of my life for five and thirty long years; I am heartily sorry I ever married her." "Yes, John," replied his wife, "and I'll make you sorry you ever married any body else, before I've done with you."

MURDERERS HUNG.—The four slaves of Capt. De Hart, of the parish of St. Mary, Louisiana, who conspired and killed him, were hung on Saturday, the 29 ult.

Warning.—The London Times mentions a case of shooting, by which a man was killed dead by his friend, in frolic, not supposing the gun which he held to be loaded. The unfortunate man who did the deed went nearly distracted when he saw what he had done.

REMARKS

OF Mr. MANGUM, of North Carolina, On the motion of Mr. Tallmadge to refer the plan of a Fiscal Agent to a Select Committee of nine, to be appointed by the Chair.

Mr. Mangum, of North Carolina, who had obtained the floor yesterday, rose and addressed the Senate in an unusually animated speech in opposition to the project of the Secretary of the Treasury for an Exchequer Board. The Reporter regrets, however, that, owing to the frequent faltering of the speaker's voice, much that he said was lost at the distant seat from which his speech was heard and reported.

Mr. M. commenced with a promise, very frequently made in Congress, to occupy but a short time in the remarks he had to offer. It was not his design to go into anything like a regular dissection of service analysis of the tremendous project submitted in the Secretary's report; yet, inasmuch as very strenuous efforts were making to pre-occupy the public mind in its favor, Mr. M. did desire to express his views of the scheme in presenting which he desired it to be clearly understood that he spoke for no interest, clique or party, either in the Senate or out of it; the opinions he should express were his own. He had not only abstained from all consultation or comparison of views upon the subject, but had resisted such consultation when proposed to him; because, looking at all the past, he was disposed to "let bygones be bygones;" and regarding the actual state of the country and the amount of the public distress, he was prepared to meet gentlemen who should propose any feasible measure for its relief in a broad and catholic spirit. On all this subject of banking he held, probably, some peculiar opinions; he did not set much value upon them, nor did he deem them of any great consequence to others; but such as they were, they were his. There was one reflection which could not but have occurred to every mind. They had here presented to them a paper marked by consummate ability, and drawn up with great labor, the production, as it was said, of a gigantic intellect, or, as others had expressed themselves, of the first mind in this Republic; and gentlemen on all sides of the House had vied with each other in bestowing upon it their highest eulogiums.

Immature, however, as he was in criticism, he was compelled to differ in his judgment on the logical qualities of this production, as well from the astute and ingenious Senator (Mr. Buchanan) from Pennsylvania, as from the able and learned Senator from South Carolina, (Mr. Calhoun,) than whom no man in this country was better fitted to judge on the closeness of any specimen of logic submitted to him. It was very remarkable that the report passed over, and seemed studiously to avoid, those points of argument connected with the general subject, on which the ablest minds had for years done battle; and in the deductions which it made, so far from exhibiting the force and clearness of a logical head, it presented most obvious defects in logic, the conclusions drawn from premises laid down being inconclusive, abrupt, and, in one instance especially, monstrous. There was one fact, in reference to the plan suggested in this document, which must have struck all who witnessed the proceedings of that body. Here was a project, the production of a mighty intellect, one of the first minds of the age, a mind familiar for twenty years with the public affairs of this country, and closely identified with a great and glorious, and victorious political party—and yet, wonderful to tell, with all this acknowledged ability, all this experience and knowledge of public affairs, and all this careful elaboration of a great and all-important subject, when the result of its labors was presented to the Senate, not a man had been found who would rise in its place, and say, "I will take it." A project was thrown out, backed by enough of intellectual power to force almost any principle upon the assent of other minds, and yet there was not found among all the members of that body, not one so poor as to do it reverence. And why? The case was plain. It was an attempt to unite things essentially incompatible—to drink at once, and in the same cup, from the mouth and from the sources of the Nile. And here he must be suffered to say, that the course of the honorable Senator, and of those who were on this occasion associated with him, habitually cherishing, as they did, the most exalted respect for the source from whence this document came, was such as entitled them to the respect of every candid and upright man. They stood manfully by their principles, be they good or bad, and were too honest and too wary to step into the dead-lane which had been artfully prepared to catch them.

To the honorable Senator from New York (Mr. Tallmadge) he would say that, although he was willing to do any thing which could consistently be done, to relieve the distresses of the country, and was prepared to receive and consider whatever that Senator and his committee might propose as a substitute for this scheme, yet he greatly feared that their efforts to prepare such a measure would be wholly unavailing; he feared so. How did it happen that nobody could be found to come into this new project? Was it not, obviously, because old principles had been abandoned? Whatever motives might have led to the presentation of such a scheme, whether it had been conceived with a view to secure, or to hold power, it was altogether a new conception, and one that seemed artfully suited to the feelings of the time.—Such at least, would be the opinion of it entertained in one part of the Union. If Mr. M. were to act about a dissection of this remarkable production, he did not know that it would be worth the metal which might be worn away in the operation. Nobody put the measure forth as a thing to be adopted; that seemed not even to be thought of; as it stood, it was repudiated on all hands. In endeavoring