

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULES."



DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE.
Gen'l Harrison.

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WHO IS GEN. SCOTT?
Having published a sketch of the life of the Democratic nominee, we to-day give place to the following brief biography of the nominee of the Whig National Convention, which we find in the N. Y. Evening Express:—*Char. Cour.*

Every man, woman, and child in the country know Gen. Scott well; but for all that the present is the fitting opportunity to refresh general remembrance with a brief recapitulation of the more important events of a life so successful as his.

The subject of our memoir was born in Virginia, near Petersburg, on the 13th of June, 1780. Consequently he is now sixty-six years of age. Completing his studies at William and Mary College, he was admitted to the bar in 1801. He practiced law in Virginia only for about the space of a year, and then removed to South Carolina.

Shortly afterwards our troubles with Great Britain assuming a serious character, Congress passed an act (April, 1805) increasing the military forces of the country. Scott thereupon applied for a commission in one of the regiments raised in accordance with this authority, and in May he was appointed Captain of Light Artillery.

The interval between 1808 and the actual declaration of hostilities (in 1812), was one of great political excitement throughout the country. Scott warmly supported the administration of Mr. Madison, at the same time bearing testimony to the measures against the encroachments of the second Administration. In July, 1812, Scott, now Lieutenant-Colonel in the second Artillery, was ordered to the Niagara frontier. Some two months subsequent (in October), he was applied to by Gen. Elliot for assistance to capture two British ships of war—the "Adams" and "Caledonia"—then anchored under the guns of Fort Erie.

Both these vessels were taken, and Scott was compelled to abandon the Adams, in consequence of her getting aground. The English essayed her recapture, but were gallantly repulsed, by the exertions of Winfield Scott.

Who does not remember the battle of Queenstown Heights, only a few days after the above incident? The Americans there had to face a small odds of British troops, some thirteen hundred strong, while that of the Americans was not more than three hundred. Scott's heroic band was compelled to surrender, but it was only because the militia on the opposite shore refused, or were unable to cross to their aid. Yet the deeds which that small band performed on that occasion, will ever live in the grateful remembrance of their countrymen.—Lieut. Col. Scott was carried a prisoner to the British fortress at Quebec, and while there, a little incident occurred, which, exercising an important bearing upon the subsequent management of the war, is worth while relating.—At this time, it will be remembered, England denied what is called the "right of expatriation,"—that is to say, she did not recognize the right of any of her subjects to become citizens of another country, on the ground that "once a subject" (of England) "always a subject." According to this doctrine a native of Ireland, Scotland, or England, who had become naturalized in the United States, remained nevertheless, a subject of the British Government and forfeited his life as a traitor, if found in arms against her. The United States, meanwhile, denied this assumption—it naturalized laws being predicated upon an exactly opposite and proper theory. While Scott then was a prisoner at Quebec, the English endeavored to enforce this doctrine of perpetual allegiance, in order to send British prisoners, captured in the American ranks at Queenstown. The following is a description of the scene:

"Scott being in the cabin of the transport, found a large open deck and hastened up.—There he found a party of British officers in the act of mastering the prisoners, and separating from the rest such as by confession, or accent of the voice, were judged to be Irishmen. The object was to send them in a frigate, then along side to England, to be tried and executed for the crime of high treason, they being taken in arms against their native allegiance. Twenty three had been thus set apart when Scott reached the deck. * * * The moment Scott ascertained the object of the British officers, he commanded them to answer no more questions, in order that no other selection should be made by the British. He commanded them to remain silent, and they strictly obeyed. This was done in spite of the threats of the British officers, and not another man was separated from his companions. Scott was repeatedly commanded to go below, and high altercations ensued. He addressed the party selected, and explained to them fully the reciprocal obligations of allegiance and protection, assuring them that the United States would not fail to avenge their guilt and faithful soldiers; and finally pledged himself in the most solemn manner that retaliation, and if necessary, a refusal to give quarter in battle, should follow the execution of any one of the party. In the midst of this animated harangue, he was frequently interrupted by the British officers, and, though unarmed, could not be silenced."

The Irishmen thus selected were all sent to England, but as soon as Scott was exchanged he hastened to Washington, and reported the transaction to the Secretary of War, who, in turn, laid it before Congress. The result was the passage of an act (3d March, 1813) empowering the President of the United States to retaliate. Scott, soon after in subsequent engagements, captured a number of prisoners, and gave to the pledge he gave at Quebec, the number to be confined in the interior of the country, to abide, there, the fate of the 23 Irishmen taken at Queenstown, and sent to England for trial.

The result of this firm resolution on the part of Scott, and of the legislation consequent upon his efforts, was not only to save the lives of the twenty-three Irish prisoners, but to impel the respect the rights of our naturalized citizens, by virtually abandoning her claim to perpetual allegiance.

At the capture of Fort George, on the 27th of May, 1813, Scott landed on the Canada shore near Lake Ontario, formed his command on the British forces were drawn up fifteen hundred strong. The action was short and desperate, and was the first man to enter the fort, and hauled down the British flag with his own hands.

On the 10th and 11th of November, 1813, Scott defeated the enemy in two actions, one at Fort Matilda, the other at Hooploose Creek.

On the 9th of March, 1814, when only twenty-seven years of age, Scott was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General.

The battle of Chippewa was fought on the 5th of July, 1813. Scott, with 1900 Americans, met in an open plain and routed with the bayonet 2100 of the veteran troops of England—the very flower of the Army. As the two armies approached to close quarters, Scott called aloud to McNeill's battalion—"The enemy say we are good at long shot, but can't stand the cold iron! I call upon the Eleventh instantly to give the lie to the slander. Charge!"—They did charge. Before Gen. Brown could come up with the rear division of the American army, Scott had already won the day, and was in hot pursuit of the flying enemy.

The battle of Lundy's Lane (or Niagara, as it is frequently called) was fought on the 25th of July, 1814, just three weeks after that of Chippewa. The battle commenced about forty minutes before sunset and continued until midnight. Here again American valor triumphed over the veteran regiments of Britain.—Scott had two horses killed under him, was wounded in the side, but still fought on until the close of the battle, when he was prostrated by a wound in the shoulder. This was the hardest fought battle of the war.

For his gallantry in these actions, Scott was soon after promoted to the rank of Major-General. On Nov. 3d, 1813, Congress passed a resolution awarding him a gold medal.

Soon after the treaty of peace, President Madison tendered to Gen. Scott a place in his Cabinet—that of Secretary of War. This complimentary office was declined from motives highly creditable to Gen. Scott.

Being still feeble from his wounds, he soon after went to Europe for the restoration of his health, and for professional improvement. He was also entrusted by the Government with important diplomatic functions. He executed his instructions in so satisfactory a manner that President Madison caused to be written to him by the Secretary of State, a special letter of thanks.

In 1832, Scott was ordered to take command of the Black Hawk war. He sailed from Buffalo for Chicago, with nearly one thousand troops, in four steamboats.

On the 8th of July, while on the voyage, the cholera broke out among the troops with fearful violence. On the boat in which Gen. Scott sailed, with two hundred and twenty troops, there occurred in six days one hundred and thirty cases of cholera and fifty-one deaths. After Gen. Scott had proceeded from Chicago to the Mississippi river the pestilence again broke out among his troops. During the prevalence of this terrible scourge his devoted attention upon his suffering soldiers excited the admiration of all who were present. After the termination of the Black Hawk war, Gen. Scott and Gov. Reynolds were appointed by the United States Government Commissioners to treat with the North Western Indians in reference to all pending difficulties. In the various conferences held with the deputations from the several tribes it became the duty of Gen. Scott to conduct the discussions. This he did with great ability and ingenuity, and the result of the commission was to procure a treaty, just to the Indians, and highly advantageous to the United States—the Indians ceding their title to more than ten millions of acres, being a great portion of the lands of Iowa and Michigan.

On the 20th of January, 1836, Gen. Scott was ordered to take command in the Florida war. There he did all that the greatest military talent could accomplish. But the malice or envy of a brother officer, by misrepresentations made to the President, procured his recall for the purpose of having his official conduct subjected to the opinion of a court of Inquiry. The Court, after full investigation, pronounced the charge against Gen. Scott unsustainable.

In 1839, Gen. Scott was sent by the President to the Canada frontier—then in a State of fearful excitement on account of the burning of the Caroline within the American territory.—The whole population of Northern New York seemed about to march into Canada to avenge the wrong which had been done to the national honor. The object of the administration was to preserve peace between the two nations, until the pending difficulties could be settled by negotiation. For this purpose Scott was sent to the frontier. There he labored night and day, passing rapidly from point to point, superintending and directing the actions both of the military and civil authorities—and frequently, along a line of eight hundred miles, addressing immense gatherings of the excited citizens.—He succeeded in his mission beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. The peace of the country was preserved.

thousand of the best troops of Mexico, posted behind the strongest fortifications, and fighting with the courage of desperation. Nothing of military achievement recorded in ancient or modern history, can excel the glory of that march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico.

THE WARRIOR'S RACE FOR LIFE.

During the summer of 18—, soon after the difficulties with the Winnebago Indians had been amicably adjusted by a visit of one of their chiefs to Washington, accomplished by Gov. Cass, a Sioux Indian, while out hunting by the mouth of the Root river, shot and scalped a Winnebago which act he attempted to justify by saying that the Winnebago had wrapped around his person the blanket of an Indian who a short time previous, had murdered his brother. The Winnebagos became indignant at the act, and about two thousand of them assembled at Fort Crawford, and demanded of Col. Taylor the procurement and surrender of the murderer. The officers of the fort, apprehensive that new difficulties might arise with this factious tribe, if their demands were unattended to, concluded to make an effort to obtain the murderer. Accordingly an officer was despatched to demand him of the Sioux nation, who immediately gave him up, and he was brought down the river and confined at Fort Crawford. Soon after his arrival at the Fort, the Winnebagos again assembled and insisted upon an unconditional surrender of the prisoner to them which Col. Taylor refused to make, but despatched Lieut. R. and Dr. Eluise, the surgeon of the garrison, to have a talk with them upon the subject. At the conference the Winnebagos talked in a threatening and overbearing manner, and insisted that nothing would satisfy them but taking the life of the Sioux in their own way and by themselves. At length Lieut. R. proposed that the Indian should have a chance for his life in the following manner:

Two weeks from that time he was to be led out upon the prairie, and in a line with him, ten paces off, was to be placed upon his right and left, twelve of the most expert runners of the Winnebago nation, each armed with a tomahawk and a scalping knife.

At the tap of the drum, the Sioux should be free to start for the home of his tribe, and the Winnebagos free to pursue, capture and scalp him if they could.

To this proposal the Winnebagos acceded at once and seemed much pleased with the anticipation of great sport, as well as an easy conquest of the prisoner, whose confinement in the garrison during two weeks they believed would prostrate whatever running qualities he possessed. Their best runners were immediately brought in, and trained every day in full sight of the fort. Lieut. R., who had warmly enlisted in the cause of the Sioux, determined to have his Indian in the best possible trim.—Accordingly Eluise took him in charge, prescribing his diet, regulating the hours of repose and directing the rubbing of his body twice a day with flesh-brushes immediately before he went upon the parade ground to perform his morning and evening trainings. In fact, so careful was he trained and fitted for the race, of life and death, that he was tried upon the parade ground the fourth day before the race and performed the astonishing feat of forty one miles in two hours, apparently without fatigue.

The day at length arrived. Thousands of Indians, French, American and others had assembled to witness the scene. In fact, it was regarded as a gala day by all except the avenger of his brother Sioux. Lieut. R., on the part of the prisoner, and the celebrated war chiefs War-kon-shutes-keep and Pine-Top, on the part of the Winnebagos, superintended the arrangement of the parties on the ground. The point agreed upon for starting was upon the prairie, a little to the north of Prairie du Chien and a few rods from the residence then occupied by Judge Lockwood, while the race-course ran along Nine Mile Prairie, stretching to the north and skirting the shore of the Mississippi. The Sioux appeared upon the ground accompanied by a guard of soldiers, who were followed twenty-four antagonists, marching in Indian file naked, with the exception of the Indian breech-let. Their ribs were painted white, while their breasts were adorned with a number of hieroglyphical paintings. Across the face alternate stripes of black and white were painted in parallel lines, extending from the chin to the forehead.

The hair was plaited into numerous throgs fringed with bells, and tasseled with a red or white feather, while their moccasins were corded tightly around the hollow of the foot, as well as around the ankle, with the sinew of the deer. In the right hand each carried a tomahawk, while the left grasped the sheath that contained the scalping knife.

The prisoner was about twenty-three years of age, a little less than six feet in height, of a muscular and well proportioned contour, and manifested in the easy movements of his body, a wiry and agile command of his muscular power. His countenance presented a wan and haggard appearance, as he stood upon the ground, owing partly to the rigid discipline he had undergone in training, and partly to his having painted his face black, with the figure of a horse shoe in white upon his forehead, which denoted that he was condemned to die, with the privilege of making an effort to save his life by fleetness. Around his neck he wore a narrow belt of wampum, to which was appended the scalp he had taken from the Winnebago.

Soon after they had formed in a line, Lieut. R. came up and took one of the moccasins off the Indian, and showed the chief that he thought it contained a thin plate of steel, and asked if he objected to it, to which he replied that he might carry as much iron as he pleased. Lieut. R. having noticed at the same time that the countenance of the Indian presented a down-cast and melancholy appearance, requested Dr. Eluise, to come forward, who, after examining his pulse, reported that he was much excited, and that his nerves were in a tremulous condition.

he was not afraid to run with any Winnebago on foot, but he was afraid he could not outrun all the horses that were mounted by armed Indians. The lieutenant saw at once the cause of his alarm, and informed him that they should not interfere. He intended to ride the fleetest horse upon the ground and keep near him, and as he was well armed, would see that no horseman approached with hostile intention. At this announcement the countenance of the Indian brightened up with a smile, his whole person seemed lifted from the ground as he turned to his position in the line with a stalwart stride. The chiefs and Lieut. R. soon after mounted their horses and took a position directly in the rear of the prisoner. Spectators were removed from the front, when Lieut. R. gave the signal; the blow had scarcely reached the drum, when the prisoner darted from his antagonist with a bound that placed him beyond the reach of the whirling tomahawk. When the race was underway, many of his antagonists ran with great fleetness for a mile when the distance between them and the Sioux began to widen rapidly, showing the superior bottom of the latter, acquired by the discipline of the white man.

At the end of two miles the last of the contending Winnebagos withdrew from the chase; there was not an Indian horse upon the ground that could keep up with him after he had gone the first half mile. Lieut. R., finding his steed much fatigued, and the prairie free from enemies, reigned up. The Indian did not look behind nor speak as far as he was followed or seen, but kept his eye steadily fixed upon the white flag that had been placed at distances of half a mile apart, in order that he might run upon a straight line.

It was soon after reported by the Winnebagos that he had been killed by one of their boys, who had been secreted by order of War-kon-shutes-keep, beneath the bank of the river, near the upper end of the prairie. This, however, proved not to be true. The boy had shot a Winnebago through mistake, who like himself had been treacherously secreted for the purpose of intercepting the Sioux, who a few years ago was present at a treaty made by Gov. Doty with the Sioux nation. He had then but recently acquired the rank of chief. He requested Gov. Doty to inform him where Lieut. R. and Dr. Eluise were at that time, and was told that both had died in Florida. He immediately withdrew from the Convention, painted his face black and departed to the woods; nor could he be prevailed upon to come into the convention until he had gone through the usual ceremony of fasting and mourning for the dead.

LETTER FROM MR. FILLMORE.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.
Mr. Fillmore in the National Convention.

With a desire to correct some misrepresentations that have been made of the position of the President before the National Whig Convention, recently convened at Baltimore, I desire to publish the two letters inclosed. They were placed in my hands on the 14th inst., and have remained in my possession without being seen by any person, until this time. Previous to the sitting of the Convention, the President frequently and in an earnest manner, expressed to me a desire that his name might be withdrawn from the position in which it had been placed by his numerous and ardent friends.—Upon the adoption of the Platform of Whig principles, and particularly after the first ballot I felt my position in the Convention, as the depository of a discretionary power so important, to be delicate and perplexing in the highest degree. In obedience to the President's wishes, I desired to withdraw him from the honorable contest, while, on the other hand, from the first to the final ballot, no considerable portion of his friends among the Delegates could be found to consent to the unconditional abandonment of their first choice. As I was unable to see that the interests of the country or of the Whig party were in danger of being compromised by my decision, I allowed Mr. FILLMORE's name to remain in the hands of his friends to the end in the belief that such devotion was manifested by them called for the sacrifice on his part of all considerations merely personal.

IRVING HOUSE, June 28, 1852.
GEO. R. BABCOCK.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 12, 1852.
HON. GEO. R. BABCOCK, Delegate to the National Whig Convention, from the Buffalo District, N. Y.

MY DEAR SIR: To you as a personal and political friend, representing my old Congressional District, which has never deserted or betrayed me, I desire now to make a last request, and that is, that you present to the presiding officer of the Convention for nominating candidates for President and Vice-President, whenever you may deem it proper, the enclosed letter, withdrawing my name from the consideration of that Convention.

In determining what is a proper time to comply with this request, you will consider only the cause in which we are engaged, and the reasonable claim which my friends may have to the use of my name for its advancement.—While I am willing to submit to any sacrifice for them or for the cause, I wish it distinctly understood that I ask nothing for myself, and you will therefore decide this question wholly regardless of any real or supposed wish of mine, as to whose solicitations I should have yielded in this matter, I have not thought proper to disclose this intended act to any person but yourself, lest it might be said that so doing I had not acted in good faith to those who have thought my name essential to the success of the Whig cause. You will therefore perceive that the responsibility is with you, and with you alone, to keep the whole a profound secret until the proper time shall arrive to present my letter to the Convention; and of this, with full confidence in your prudence and wisdom, I constitute you the sole judge.

On the one hand, you will be careful to guard against any premature act or disclosure which might embarrass my friends, and give them just

cause of complaint; while on the other you will not suffer my name to be dragged into a contest for a nomination which I have never sought, do not now seek, and would not take, if tendered, but in discharge of an implied obligation, which every man assumes upon uniting with a political party, which is to yield to the will of a majority of those with whom he acts. I have the honor to be

Your friend and ob't servant,
MILLARD FILLMORE.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, June 10, 1852.
To the President of the National Whig Convention:

SIR: This communication will be presented to you and through you to the delegated wisdom of the Whig party, over which you preside, by Hon. George R. Babcock, who represents in your body the Congressional District in which I reside.

I trust that I shall be pardoned by the Convention for advertising briefly to the course which I have pursued and the causes which have induced this, as a means of explaining why I have selected this time and mode of making this announcement.

All must recollect that when I was so suddenly and unexpectedly called to the exalted station which I now occupy, by the death of my lamented and illustrious predecessor, there was a crisis in our public affairs full of difficulty and danger. The country was agitated by political and sectional passions and dissensions, growing out of the slavery and territorial questions then pending, and for which Congress had as yet been able to agree upon no measure of compromise and adjustment.

The Union itself was threatened with dissolution, and patriots and statesmen looked with apprehension to the future. In that trying I participated most profoundly. The difficulties and dangers which surrounded us were calmly but anxiously surveyed. I was oppressed by a sense of the great responsibilities that rested upon me, and sincerely trusted my ability to sustain them in a manner satisfactory and useful to the country. But I was bound to make the attempt, and to do it with any hope of success, I felt it necessary to discard every personal consideration, and devote myself to the difficult task before me with entire singleness of heart.

To prepare and strengthen myself for this task I endeavored to lay aside, as far as practicable, every merely selfish consideration—to banish from my mind every local or sectional prejudice,—and to remember only that I was an American citizen, and the magistrate of the American Republic, bound to regard every portion and section of it with equal justice and impartiality. That I might do this the more effectually, I resolved within myself not to seek a reelection.

Thus prepared, I entered upon the discharge of my official duties, with a determination to do everything in my power to aid in the settlement of those dangerous controversies. Fortunately for our favored country, a majority in both Houses of Congress, rising above mere party and personal considerations nobly and patriotically devoted themselves to the great work of pacification. The constitutional advisers whom I had called to my aid, and to whose fidelity, talents and patriotism the country is chiefly indebted for any benefit it may have received from my administration, with a unanimity and zeal worthy of every commendation, cordially gave their countenance and influence to the legislative department, in perfecting and adopting those healing measures of compromise, to which, upon their passage I felt bound, by every consideration of public duty, to give my official approval. Those laws being enacted, my constitutional duty was equally plain to take care that they were faithfully executed. But this I found the most painful of all my official duties. Nevertheless, I resolved to perform it, regardless of all consequences to myself; and in doing so, I determined to know no north and no South—and no friends but those who sustained the Constitution and laws—and no enemies but those who opposed them.

The gratifying result of this policy is before you and the country. The angry strife which for a time threatened to array State against State, and brother against brother, and deluge our happy land with fraternal blood, and desolate it with fire and sword has fortunately passed away. The surging billows of sectional agitation are calmed, and the public mind is fast settling down into its accustomed channels, and will soon renew its wonted devotion to the Constitution and the Union.

Availing myself of this happy change, I had determined, when the present Congress met, to announce to the public, in my annual message my previous resolution not to suffer my name to come before the National Convention for a nomination. I accordingly prepared a paragraph to that effect, but was finally persuaded to strike it out, lest it might have an unfavorable influence upon the then pending election in Virginia. After that had passed, I concluded to withdraw my name by a published address to the people, and prepared one accordingly; but this coming to the knowledge of some of my friends, they represented to me that my withdrawal, at that time, would not only endanger the perpetuity of those measures which I deemed so essential to the peace and welfare of the country, but would sacrifice many friends who had stood by my administration in the dark and perilous crisis through which it had so recently passed. The first was an appeal to my patriotism, the second to my gratitude. I could neither, and therefore yielded to their request, and consented that my name should remain where it was, until time should show, as I presumed it would, that its further use could neither benefit them nor the cause which we all had so much at heart. It was, however, distinctly understood that I could not consent to use any efforts to procure a nomination, but if one were freely and voluntarily tendered, I should not be at liberty to decline it.

The embarrassing question now presents itself, who is to determine when the use of my name can no longer benefit my friends or our common cause? To assume to decide this myself, in advance of the Convention, without consultation with those who have so generously

sustained me, might be deemed by them to consult them is utterly impracticable, and to suffer my name to go into a contest for the nomination is contrary to my original intention, and utterly repugnant to my feelings. I have, therefore, without consultation with any one, felt justified in assuming the responsibility of authorizing and requesting Mr. Babcock, either before or after any vote may be taken in the Convention, and whenever he shall be satisfied that I have discharged my duty to my friends and the country, to present this letter, and withdraw my name from the consideration of the Convention.

I trust my friends will appreciate the necessity which compels me to act without consulting them. I would cheerfully make any personal sacrifice for their sakes or for the good of my country, but I have nothing to ask for myself. I yielded with sincere reluctance to their entreaties to suffer my name to remain before the public as a possible candidate. I knew that it placed me in a false position. I foresaw that it would subject me to the base imputation of seeking a nomination, and of using the patronage of the Government to obtain it, and that the mortifying taunts from the same malignant source of having been defeated. But, conscious of my own integrity, I cheerfully consented to encounter all this, rather than that my friends should feel that I was indifferent, either to the cause, or to I am most happy to avail myself of this occasion to return to my sincere thanks and to express the grateful emotions of my heart to those friends of the country who have so generously and so nobly stood by the Constitution and the Union, during the perilous scenes through which we have just passed. My sincere prayer is, that their country may cherish and reward them according to their merits.

I hope and trust that my withdrawal may enable the Convention to unite harmoniously upon some more deserving candidate; one who, if elected, may be more successful in winning and retaining the confidence of the party to which he is attached, than I have been. Divided as we were, upon my accession to the Presidency, on questions of vital importance, it was impossible for me to pursue a course which would satisfy all. I have not attempted to do so. I have sought more anxiously to do what was right than what would please? and I shall feel no disappointment at finding that my conduct has, in the estimation of a majority of the Convention, rendered me an unavailable candidate. But it should at all times be a subject of gratification to any man that he has been enabled to serve his country by sacrificing himself. This is a consequence which neither he nor his friends have any cause to regret; and I hope mine will view it in that light.

For myself, permit me to add, I have no further aspirations. I feel that I have enjoyed much more of public honors than I deserved, and I shall soon retire from this exalted station with infinitely more satisfaction than I entered upon it, and with a heart grateful for the confidence which my countrymen have reposed in me—grateful for the indulgence with which they have received my humble efforts to serve them, and anxious only that they may be better served by my successor, and that our glorious Union and free institutions may be perpetuated.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your fellow-citizen and obedient servant,
MILLARD FILLMORE.

UP! UP!!

Now there you go again, fellow with your silly head bowed down like a plumed bulrush before the wind. Looking in the dust for a fortune? Hunting pins—rusty nails, Eh? Look up, stupid; you were made to walk erect; if you had been intended for a pin-hunter, or a dust-lucker, you would have been created snake-like—sure you would. God made you for a man and placed you erect, and to walk erect "in his likeness." Let snakes, frogs, and beetles look down, but you should look up. Out upon you, fellow, can't you be made hold up your head and look brave, do pray don't look so crest fallen! But look up, up and with "Eureka, Eureka," or some other dignified word above you and keep a steady eye fixed on it—keep looking up, up; for if you look down again your head will swim and down you will come! Up, fellow, look brisk and spry; shake off your gloomy dumps; disdain your wretched blues and leave the dirt, the pins and the old man under your feet for the snakes and mice creeping reptiles. Look up; there is a bright bow in the forward skies, even the storm does lower black and terrible over you; look to the bow, hope for a clear sunshine and the storm with its howling will soon pass over. Rub your eyes, be bright and spry, hoping for the best, for if you will still persist in being a stoop-booby, after our honest efforts to re-educate you, why look in the dust—hunt nails and pins if you please, but ten to one you will soon die with the smut, the bats or some other terrible disease.

The Tomb of General Harrison.—The editor of the Cincinnati Nonpareil has visited North Bend, speaks thus of General Harrison's tomb: "On a recent visit to the tomb of Harrison, situated on one of the most beautiful sites in the Western country, at North Bend, we were pained at beholding the little attention bestowed upon the ground covering the last resting place of the old hero. The lot selected in which are the remains of "old Tippecanoe," is enclosed around the base in circular form, with board fence, rough white-washed. The long grass has been trodden down, shrubby trees cut, and even the wooden door leading to the vault has been defaced and tilted, while the rough bricks on the side of the mound have been loosened and scattered over the ground for miles around. The earth on the mound has been ploughed up, as though the horse had been rooting there. The tomb, and the once beautiful scenery, have lost their interest, and a visit to the spot now any thing but pleasant. Thus pressing ourselves, we only echo the general feeling of all who have visited the burial place this Spring.

The Asheville Messenger.—Mr. Clingman is not Mr. Kerr's friend. And is that the reason why the Asheville Messenger is so hostile to Mr. Kerr?