From the Frankfort Commonwealth.

## THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. BRECKENRIDGE.

DANVILLE, KY., April 28, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR: You are aware that I have received two communications, both of them signed by a number of the most respectable citizens of your town, amongst whom I recognise many old personal friends, urging me to address the people at the capital of the State upon the great American question which so deeply engages the attention of the whole community. I may add, that many similar invitations have been sent to me, and still continue to be sent, from various and widely separated portions of the Commonwealth, signed in the aggregate by a very large number of persons. And it is no doubt known to you that, within this month, I was prevailed on, under peculiar circumstances, in both instances, to speak on this subject in Cynthiana and Lexington. The object of this communication is, in the first place, to say in this public manner, that it does not appear to me to be my duty to accept these invitations; and, in the second place, to perform the duty which they and many other considerations, do seem to me to require, in the distinct expression of my principles on the subject itself. In doing this, I may save necessity of future explanation to say, that I avail myself of the proof sheets of an article written by me for a periodical, published in another State, which has not yet been issued, and to add, that if I supposed there was the smallest doubt of the issue of this contest in Kentucky, or that my services were comparable in value to the estimate put on them by partial friends, I should pursue a very different course from the one I have now adopted.

Politics have assumed a new, and to the old managers of parties and elections, a most unexpected phase. Many things have conspired to produce this result, and men will, no doubt, give this or that explanation of the movements we are witnessing, according to the point of view from which they consider it. Many effects may be produced by the movement itself, and men will appreciate these effects, and endeavor to promote or prevent them, according to their views of general politics, of the interests of society, and of the proper destiny of our great country.

The intense and pervading power of the movement itself can no longer be a matter of doubt. And to the calm observer various elements are manifest which render its future progress altogether inevitable. Amongst these decisive elements may be stated the augmented force of the movement itself, acquired by its own previous triumphs; and the great homogeneousness of the spirit of it, to the portions of that country remaining to be subdued, rather than to the portions already conquered. It will encounter no difficulty equal to the intense Democracy of New Hampshire, Illinois, Pennsylvania and Michigan; the wide-spread political immorality of New York, the Democracy of Virginia, and the settled anti-slavery sentiment of Massachusetts; the hereditary Whigism of Kentucky. Yet all these are mastered by the grander spirit of the new movement. What barrier remains to arrest its irresistible career?

It is infinitely absurd for the opponents of this vast movement of the human mind, to attribute it to unworthy or insignificant causes. It is utterly ridiculous for its friends to imagine that it can exhaust itself upon subjects that are feeble and indistinct. It may aim at what is wrong or what is unattainable; but it cannot avoid aiming at what is great and permanent any more than it could have been produced by anything that was feeble, indirect, or base. A great people does not receive such shocks from such causes; nor when received do they terminate without immense results.

What we behold is a vast and apparently spontaneous uprising of the spirit of American nationality. Beneath that we behold the restoration of that primeval spirit of Protestant civilization, in which the country itself was originally created. And still beneath that we behold the renewal of that profound sense of the overwhelming necessity of our National Union—which was the grandest outbirth of our National Revolution. These are the life and heart and soul of this gigantic movement. American nationality, Protestant Civilization, National Union. The country believes all three of these are in danger. Men may say the country is deluded. But that does not alter the case so long as the country thinks otherwise. The country is resolved that all danger to all of them shall be thoroughly removed. Men may say, the country is misled; but what of that, so long as the country is resolved to be National, Protestant and United?

The country is thoroughly convinced that it cannot trust the perpetuation of its nationality, its Protestant civilization, and its Union as one people any longer, to the keeping of existing parties, in their ordinary action; and so the country has, for the time at least, set aside all parties. Men may say this is mere fanaticism; but what does the country care for the sayings of men whom it rejects as unworthy of being trusted with its destiny in so great a crisis? The country resolves to perpetuate the Union of these States. They who are faithful to the Union had better take up the same great purpose. Parties who are not, ought in the judgment of the country to be indiscriminately crushed. The country determines that its first object is the preservation of its original, its more precious, and its more vital inheritance; and [illegible] betrayed, it proposes to [illegible] quote suffrages. They [illegible] opinions will applaud this [illegible] the Union is to be preserved, [illegible] who do, unthinkingly [illegible] who do not, [illegible] so justly and permanently [illegible] country closed [illegible] being it to be [illegible] majority—to us, it [illegible] will more powerfully [illegible] which the country itself [illegible] galon on the face of the [illegible] but to every [illegible] sensible to the [illegible] by which those hopes [illegible] the ultimate objects, or the issue, the country will [illegible] tionality in spite of its [illegible] as its spirit has. [illegible] grand movement is [illegible] since the [illegible]

And still [illegible] in such a spirit; and she will be launched anew upon her high career.

It may be of less importance to determine by what means this great spirit has been aroused and concentrated. Yet this is not difficult.—Manifestly whatever those means were, they must have worked long and worked deeply. Was it nothing that in all parts of the country, and for years together, and upon the most opposite pretexts, the dissolution of the Union was constantly threatened? Was it nothing, that political corruption, grown gigantic in the land, had checked all honest men? Was it nothing, that a stream of foreign paupers and felons flowed ceaselessly into the bosom of the Republic?—Was it nothing, that millions of foreign Papists and foreign Infidels, inundating the country like a flood of locusts, were openly organized into powers directed against the liberty, the religion, and the nationality of the people? Was it nothing, that political parties openly bought and sold the support of these fearful powers, contracting always for such payments, in return, as were the most humiliating and the most fatal? Was it nothing that the voice of patriots, the power of the press, the importunities of the pulpit were directed, each in its own sphere and for years together, against this frightful and enormous wickedness? Was it nothing, that at length men could neither vote, nor speak, nor preach, nor pray, nor teach, without being liable to insult and violence—unless they would do all in such a manner as suited the tastes of foreign mobs, composed of foreign Infidels and Papists? Yea, verily, they were deep causes, and they worked long, which wrought the American people to that earnest and fervid, but yet calm and settled enthusiasm, which pervades the nation.

No doubt religion is an element of this wide-spread excitement. But it is not the only element, nor, with all men the chief one. Either of the other elements, by itself—or this one by itself—ought to have been sufficient to have saved the country from the peril which now demands the power of all three to avert it.

Because it is an element at all, they over whom long-delayed retribution is impending scream at the bare mention of it, as the demoniacs did when they saw Christ approach them.—It is a persecution for conscience sake, in their view, that we hesitate to surrender our country, our liberty, and our religion to the guidance of corrupt men banded with foreigners; and what makes it a persecution is, that these foreigners happen to be Papists and infidels. If they had happened to be Chinese, or Mahomedans, the nation would have an unsettled account with Popery, many centuries old. At first it was the Emperor and the Pope who trod us into the dust. Then it was kings and bishops, who burned some at the wilderness. Now it is priests and mobs and demagogues, who have followed us into our place of refuge—nay, our *last* place of refuge—to renew here the combat of centuries, in a form at once more degrading and detestable, and more likely to be fatal to us than in either of its preceding forms. Shall we be driven in the Pacific? Shall we succumb? Or shall we turn upon our relentless pursuers? They have followed the lion to his den, and brought him to bay! Did they expect him to die like a stag in his last lair?

The revolt of the country was wholly unexpected by those who supposed they had already secured its final subjection, and like every other great retribution, it takes those it falls on by surprise. It is not therefore, to be wondered at that they execrate with peculiar horror, the special means of success against them which their own perfidy and ferocity had rendered absolutely indispensible. The country organizes itself for the great conflict, which, to those who first embarked in it, seemed well nigh desperate, in silence and without observation. That is the way in which all grand movements occur; even the Kingdom of Heaven does not come with observation. But the demagogues, the priests, the mobs, the foreign papists and infidels, are shocked beyond endurance, because the handful of devoted men who first combined to save the country, if that were any longer possible, did not call the whole of them into council! For what? In order to be murdered, traduced, and the very end for which they were willing to be traduced, and, if necessary, murdered—utterly defeated? Were *they* called into council when their enemies bought and sold them? Were *they* notified, when corrupt bargains were struck, in which the liberties of the people were put up at an infamous price? Were *they* consulted when the atrocious schemes to break up the Union of these States were concocted?

Were they advised when the overthrow of our nationality, of our institutions, and of our religion together, was deliberately undertaken by the Popish despots and prelates of Europe? Was counsel asked of them by foreign Papists and infidels, when, throughout the whole land, they conspired with the full assent of demagogues to overthrow the Protestant civilization of the country? Were the secrets of the confessional made known to them? Were the secret oaths binding every Papal ecclesiastic with unlimited allegiance to a foreign temporal prince submitted to their scrutiny? The safety of the State is the supreme law. And surely it is the first necessity of a State that is endangered, and they who would save it must consult, must combine together. If the perfidy and ferocity of their enemies compel them to observe unusual caution, it is only proportioned to the greatness of their danger. In point of morality, certainly, it is precisely on the same [illegible] to ballot. The object of it [illegible] vital inheritance [illegible] betrayed, it proposes [illegible] quote suffrages. [illegible] opinions will applaud this [illegible] the Union is to be preserved, [illegible] who do, unthinkingly [illegible] who do not, [illegible] who do, unthinkingly [illegible] who do not, [illegible] so justly and permanently [illegible] country closed [illegible] being it to be [illegible] majority—to us, it [illegible] will more powerfully [illegible] which the country itself [illegible] galon on the face of the [illegible] but to every [illegible] sensible to the [illegible] by which those hopes [illegible] the ultimate objects, or the issue, the country will [illegible] tionality in spite of its [illegible] as its spirit has. [illegible] grand movement is [illegible] since the [illegible]

## THE TRUE WIFE.

She is no true wife who sustains not her husband in the day of calamity, who is not, when the world's great frown makes the heart chill with anguish, his guardian angel, growing brighter and more beautiful as misfortunes crowd along his path. Then is the time for trial of her gentleness, then is the time for testing whether the sweetness of her temper beams only with a transient light, or like the steady glory of the morning star, shines as brightly under the clouds. Has she then smiles just as charming? Does she try, by happy little inventions to lift from his sensitive spirit the burden of thought?

There are wives—nay, there are beings who, when dark hours come, fall to repining and upbraiding—thus adding to outside anxiety the harrowing scenes of domestic strife—as if all the blame in the world would make one hair white or black, or change the decree gone forth. Such know not that our darkness is heaven's light: our trials are but steps in a golden ladder, by which, if we rightly ascend, we may at last gain that eternal light, and bathe forever in its fullness and beauty.

"Is *that* all?" and the gentle face of the wife beamed with joy. Her husband had been on the verge of distraction—all his earthly possessions were gone, and he feared the result of her knowledge, she had been so tenderly cared for all her life?" But, says Irving's beautiful story, "a friend advised him, to give not sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids until he had unfolded to her all his hapless case.

"And that was her answer, with the smile of an angel!—*Is that all?* I feared by your sadness it was worse. Let these beautiful things be taken—all this spl[illegible] for let it go; I care not for it—I only care for my husband's love and confidence. You shall forget in my affection that you were ever in prosperity—only still love me, and I will aid you to bear these little reverses with cheerfulness."

Still love her! her a man must reverence, yea, and liken her to the very angels, for such a woman is a revelation from Heaven.

## GRAND DEMONSTRATION IN PHILADELPHIA FOR THE "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION."

From the Philadelphia Pennsylvanian, 8th.

We are informed that on Sunday next, 13th inst., a *Triduum*, or three days devotional exercise, in commemoration of the dogmatical definition of the "Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary," will commence in St. Augustine's Church. Splendid preparations are being made for the due celebration of the important event. Professors Rohr and Thunder intend to honor the occasion with a selection of gems from the greatest Masters of Church Music, and that they will be ably performed by St. Augustine's Choir, is a matter of doubt to no one, who attended the recent Oratorios of Rossini's Stabat Mater, in Concert Hall. Not only will the approaching festive celebration afford the lovers of sacred song an opportunity of enjoying a rare musical feast. They will also have an opportunity of hearing an exposition of the dogma of the "Immaculate Conception," from the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, one of the most eloquent divines of the day, who is announced to preach a series of sermons on the subject.

[It is to be hoped the Professors will not *Roar* and *Thunder* so loud as to frighten that other "immaculate conception,"—SAW! The youngster never having been in Rome, or Madrid, or Mexico, has not got used to such spectacles at home, yet.]—*N. Y. Ex.*

## THE PRESIDENT AT MOUNT VERNON.

The President of the United States and his family made a first pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington on Friday, in the steamer Collyer, under the command of Capt. Gedney. It was the usual day of the steamer for Mount Vernon, but President Pierce, in his republican manner, came unannounced and unexpected; Captain Gedney, however, was not to be outdone. He determined to make the day as full of pleasing incidents as possible, and he succeeded admirably. When the steamer arrived at the "White House" the distinguished company were just in time to witness an exciting haul of the seine, in which over a thousand shad, six thousand herring, and two immense sturgeons, with a rockfish weighing nearly 40 lbs., were caught.

The "White House" is a historical place, known in the annals of the last war with the British. It adjoins Mount Vernon estate, and with its 200 acres and valuable fishing landing belongs to Mr. Otterback. He has refused $65,000 for the place. It cost him $40,000. The rental of the fishing landing alone pays him $2,700 a year.

At Mount Vernon the President was handsomely received by Mr. John A. Washington, the youthful but deserving proprietor of the honored residence of the Father of his Country. The private rooms were cheerfully thrown open to the family of him who now fills the chair occupied by the immortal Washington. A beautiful bouquet from the garden of Washington was presented to Mrs. Pierce by Capt. Gedney.

A visit to the new and the old or first tomb was paid, and the company were again assembled on the decks of the Collyer, homeward bound, in as bright a sunshine and as delicious a day as man should ever wish for. Fort Washington, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, claimed the attention of the company, but an entrance was not effected until Captain Gedney (following up his kind attentions of the day) apprized the non-commissioned officer in command that the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States was present. Inside the fortification a white-haired veteran tendered his respects to the President, and, in reply to a question of how many soldiers he had under him here to keep the fort grounds in order, he stated to the President he was there a sutlary and alone, a sergeant of twenty-six years' standing.

*Judge Loring.*—All honor to Gov. Gardner, of Massachusetts, for refusing to remove from office Judge Loring, whose only offence was the due faithful execution of the laws. The Senate and House of Representatives had, in a fanatical spirit, passed resolutions directing his removal; yet Gov. Gardner, with a moral courage that reflects the highest credit on him, interposed the prerogative vested by the constitution, and arrested the disreputable proceedings. When it is recollected that this single act must seriously injure the Governor's political fortunes in that state, the independence and sense of right which prompted it, will be appreciated everywhere.—*Wilmington Herald.*

*Quarter Superior Court.*—The Superior Court for this County has been in session this week—Judge Ellis presiding. The only matter of public interest was the trial of Jno. B. Coles for the murder of Owen Handley, some time in September. Coles was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to be branded and imprisoned for six months. The first sentence was immediately upon to destroy Cronstadt, Sweaborg, Helsingfor, and Sebastopol.

## THE BOA AND THE MONKEY.

In the year 1823, an English officer, who was stationed with his regiment in the neighborhood of Kulladgee, in India—a region in which monkeys abound in numberless quantities, and whose yells, shrieks and bootings were indescribably wild—was a witness of a most extraordinary scene, which he has thus sketched: "I was one day, with a native for a companion, climbing one of the slanting ascents of the Kunmiddle Cliff, when I became aware that an unusual commotion reigned amongst my friends the monkeys, which had by this time got so familiarized with my appearance that they seldom condescended to honor me with a snarl, or a bough flung towards me in sport. Creeping round a rock, behind which they appeared to congregate, and on which grew a large gumarabic tree, completely golden with the abundance of yellow blossoms which covered it, I at once found myself on the stage of a strange tragedy in Simian life. In the voluminous folds of a boa constrictor was being slowly inwrapped a beautiful brown monkey, whose last cries and struggles denoted that I came too late, even had I been prepared to do battle with the reptile in the cause of oppressed innocence. The monkeys, in evident alarm, ran hither and thither, mobbing and mewing and chattering; but not one advanced near the spot, where presently their poor companion became almost quite hidden from view in the embrace of its destroyer.

Determined to watch the process of the affair, I quietly sat down, until gradually the monkey had been moulded, as it were, into a proper condition for deglutition, for I could hear the bones crack as they broke beneath the pressure to which they were subjected; and ere long, as the serpent began to untwist its folds, I could admire at leisure the magnificence of its glittering scales, that shone like some richly variegated metalic substance. I shuddered as I beheld its grand and awful head—the prominent orbits of the eyes themselves large and luminous with a fiery light. The creature was at least twenty feet in length, and was apparently famished by long fast. Perfectly heedless of the noise made by the monkeys, it unwound its coils till the victim, now an unrecognisable mass, lay before it, lubricated and fit to be received into the destroyer's stomach. When the reptile had fairly commenced its repast, and the before flaccid body began to fill and swell. I retired from the arena of conflict and hall of banquet, desirous of summoning my friend to assist me in capturing the giant. I knew that when gorged to repletion there would be no difficulty in making a prize of the serpent; and he readily entered into my plans.

Accompanied by a stout lascar bearing a strong cudgel and a sharp knife, for slaughter and skinning, we lost no time in reaching the scene, where, however, fresh marvels were being enacted, proving that the passion of revenge is not confined to the human breast. Keeping aloof, we resolved not to mar by an interference the by no means mystifying operations in which the monkeys were engaged. The boa constrictor lay, thoroughly gorged, and like a log of wood, beneath the same projecting mass of cliff where I had left it. On the summit of this rock a troop of monkeys had assembled, and three or four of the largest and strongest were occupied in displacing an immense fragment of the massive stone, already loosened by time and elements from the rest of the ledge. This mass almost overshadowed the reptile. By enormous exertions, made in a silence that was rare with them, they at last succeeded in pushing it onwards until it hung over the boa's head, when uttering a fierce yell, in which every separate voice mingled, by a vigorous movement they shoved it sheer down. The heavy mass fell right on the serpent's head, crushing it as if it were a cocoanut; and as the reptile lashed its fearful tail about in the final struggles for life, we could not refrain from joining in the singular chorus of rejoicing with which the monkeys now celebrated their accomplished vengeance."

*Church Doors Closed.*—We visited the Methodist Church on Sabbath morning last for the purpose of hearing the Rev. Dr. D. S. Doggett lecture on Foreign Mission, but when we arrived at the doors of the Church we found them closed, we were informed that young men made a regular business of congregating in the lobbies every Sunday morning and conversing in so loud a tone as to disturb not only the minister but the entire congregation, and that notice had been given from the pulpit that the next person or persons who were caught disturbing the congregation would be reported to the Mayor.—*Petersburg Intelligencer.*

*Counterfeit Double Eagle.*—A well made counterfeit of the $20 gold pieces is now in circulation. It is precisely the same circumference of the coin, but it is not as thick. It is valued at $18.50. The coin may be detected by observing the word "sold" in small raised letters on the bottom of the head.

*To Young Authors about to Write.*—If an author is wise (and we never met with an author who was not one of the wisest men) he *would never write a Preface.* For in that Preface he generally tells what his Book is about, and the Critic, knowing that, never reads his Book.

*Scarcity in Eastern Texas.*—The Dallas Herald, of the 21st ult., says:

Our neighbors in some of the eastern counties are said to be in a woful plight for the "staff of life." On the road from Shreveport to this place, we are told, there is almost no corn at all to be had for any price. A large surplus was made in this county, but it is now gone to supply the wants of our famishing neighbors.

*Lafayette's Opinion in Regard to Priestly Influence.*

LOUISVILLE, May 13.—The Courier of this morning publishes a long letter from Professor Morse, addressed to Bishop Spalding, who charged that Mr. Morse could not prove that Lafayette ever used the words—"If ever the liberties of this country are ruined, it will be by the Romish Priests." The Professor proves that Lafayette did use the expression, and that the proof adduced to the contrary are false and forgeries.


# Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 24, 1855.


## FOR CONGRESS,

### HAYWOOD W. GUION,

OF LINCOLN.

In the absence of an efficient and available candidate to represent the opinions and defend the faith of those, whose creed is materially different from that advocated by the Hon. Burton Craige, the Democratic candidate in this Congressional District, we nail to our mast-head the name of H. W. Guion of Lincolnton. We have long waited to see who would be forthcoming, and now, almost at the eleventh hour, when it is indispensably necessary we have, not immodestly we trust, thrown to the breeze the name of one, who as a lawyer, a scholar, an orator, a student and a gentleman, has few, if any superiors in Western North Carolina. That he can and will, if elected, represent this Congressional District to the satisfaction of all, we have not the shadow of a doubt. We have placed his name at the head of our columns this week, with entire self-confidence in our motives and implicit reliance upon Mr. Guion's ability to meet public expectation; and we insist upon his name remaining until a better man can be procured,—a probability, in our opinion, quite remote. We do this without consulting Mr. Guion's views or feelings at all—we act simply from the principles we profess, and for the interest of the country to which we belong.

## THE HON. BURTON CRAIGE.

On Tuesday last, being the week of the Superior Court, the Hon. Burton Craige, the democratic candidate for re-election to a seat in the House of Representatives, addressed the citizens of Rowan, at the Court House in this place. We were not present to hear him open his speech. He was discussing the power and influence of the Pope, as we entered; and to hear Mr. C on this subject, one would suppose that the Pope was a genus of the very *smallest kind of fry*, with no power, no influence on earth, except what little he could occasionally have delegated to himself by the petty princes and monarchs of Europe. Is Mr. Craige wiser than all that is written? Is he speaking from the history of Catholicism and the world, or from his own apparent alarms lest the American party may overthrow democratic aspirants—may overthrow *him*? Does he presume that such declarations, so contrary to the experience and history of the world, will be gulped down by the intelligent people of this district? Can it be possible that Mr. C. has lanched his hopes of re-election upon the expectation of persuading the people that history, sacred and profane, is false against Roman Catholic influence; and that on the contrary such power is insignificant and unworthy the watchful jealousies of our present free and happy Protestant Country. How else can his language, and his treatment of the subject, be construed? In no way: according to him the Pope is a cipher—the merest shade of a shadow, and his oath-bound, corrupt and corrupting agents, the priest-hood; as harmless as doves. Now it *may* be possible that Mr. C. will persuade some men that this is so. It would be a terrible calamity to our civil and religious welfare, [we think,] that such a fatal error should fall upon the people as a nation.

Our feelings have been, and are, most decidedly against the introduction of a religious element into the political affairs and discussions of the country. But that amounts to nothing; and would not, were half the world with us in sentiment, the other half being of opposite views and feelings. New questions will spring up: the change of times and circumstances will be continually calling them into existence, and it is idle to regret them. The best that can be done, therefore, is to meet them with manly courage; examine them in all their bearings, and make up a verdict upon the facts involved—acting as wisely as we can, and leaving the results to Him "who sitteth upon the circles of the earth;" whose Sovereignty is universal, and whose glory is the end of all things. If the questions now coming before the American people, comprehended in the principles of what is termed the "Know Nothing" party, involve a contest for supremacy, in this country, between native-born Protestant citizens and foreigners and Catholicism, as we believe they do, and as Mr. Craige seems to admit; taking this view of the matter, (and we presume Mr. C. and no one else can prevent its coming to this point, if it has not already reached it,) is he not, we would ask, at least in doubt as to the correctness of his present position? Does he suppose that his very able and oratorical displays can lull to sleep the rising spirit, and put to silence the murmurs of a people like ours, just awaking to a sense of what they conceive to be a great danger? In other words, does he suppose that he can arrest this new popular movement?—check it at its present stage, and at the same time stay *re-acting forces*? Would he, if he could, arrest it, having no strong or assurance than his own strength against reacting results, for the protection of those rights and privileges which we all *now* enjoy, but too lightly esteem.

There are other points in Mr. C's address to which we can make no allusion at present. His whole force was directed against the "Know Nothings," leaving it clear, as a matter of inference, that that party possesses strength in the District, and that Mr. C. fears it. We possess no knowledge touching their strength here. The most we know about the party is that they are bringing up new questions for the public mind to act upon, and that those questions are fraught with serious interest to the citizens of this country.

*Sevastopol a hard Nut to Crack—The Eastern War—Our true Policy.*

We are informed that the French and English had opened, and continued for several days, a bombardment with five hundred pieces of heavy artillery, to very little effect!! Verily, it seems that the allies have, in this *Tartar* city of the Euxine, *cotched a vole tartar.* But it will be obliged to meet its fate at last: France and England combined heartily, as we are assured; piqued and taunted at the repulses they have met with, will hardly give it up till Sevastopol falls. This seems manifest from the tone of the discussions in the British Parliament, and from the French journals. Their business has been badly managed, especially on the part of the English; but that very fact has stung the nation itself into a desperate state of energy and resolution; and the people of that country are just prepared to bear any thing that may be required of them to insure to the Russians a sound drubbing. We cannot say that we have any very ardent sympathies for any of the parties to that sanguinary contest, except the Turk. We look upon the conduct of the Russian government, in the whole matter, as far the most blameable of any. A lust for dominion, cloaked under a pretext of upholding the national religion, and marked throughout by insolence and ferocity, are the leading characteristic of her course. The opposition of the allies was dictated in part by the desire of preserving so rich a prize as Constantinople until it should be prepared to fall into their clutches, and partly by an honest fear of the dangerous growth of Russian power and domination. The motives of Turkey are certainly respectable, and claim the sympathy of all well wishers to right and justice. But it is a very ugly quarrel as it stands and we can see little prospect of its speedy termination. It is a wicked affair and speaks but little for the improvement of the moral and religious condition of the age. If one man kills another for his personal gain, he is a murderer; and for such an act he must hang by the neck until he is dead. But here is a man whom accident has given the control over a great number of his fellow creatures, that kills thousands of poor people who never did him wrong, in order to get possession of a body of land that belongs to his neighbor; and the only plea he has for this bloody course is that the *land is rich.* Yet this man, instead of being abhorred by mankind as a bloody monster, is lauded by thousands of people in our country, as a hero. Alas! we fear our own hearts are not right about the matter.

☞ The Asheville Spectator has hoisted the name of Leander B. Carmichael, Esq., of Wilkes county, in opposition to Mr. Clingman. Mr. Carmichael has served in the Legislature of North Carolina; and is a young gentleman of ability and address. May success attend him!

☞ James B. Shepard, Esq., who, it will be remembered, was the opponent of Hon. W. A. Graham in the gubernatorial canvass of 1846, has been nominated as the candidate of the American Party in the Metropolitan District. Being an old line Democrat, he has chosen to stake his chances on the side of truth and principle, rather than cling to party merely for party's sake. Another proof is this, that the American party is not composed exclusively of the "broken down Whigs" as alleged.

*The Weather.*—Last week we were favored with good rains. The earth had become perfectly dry—the atmosphere sultry and oppressive—the roads one mass of dust—vegetation scorched and almost lifeless—so that our distant readers can imagine the general joy and rejoicing which resulted from copious and extensive rains. As far as we have heard the rain was general and uniform, and things generally have assumed a lively and cheering aspect. The wheat crop is, evidently, cut short; and we fear that oats has already met with the same unavoidable misfortune. Whatever the season may hereafter prove, it is manifest that grain will be in great demand for a year to come. All classes must suffer in common with the farmer. Those of us in other occupations can heartily sympathise with his interests; for we are all dependent at last upon the farmer. He is the bone and sinew, if not the muscle and the mind, which keep in motion the world in which we live.

☞ The Superior Court is in session, this week, his Honor Judge MANLY on the Bench. No business of general interest, appears upon the docket at this term.