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TERMS.

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POETRY.

CAROLINA.—BY J. B. HAYNE.

Air—"Oh, Susannah!"

Oh! spring has come once more! again
We hear the mockbird's lay;
Green garlands hang from all the trees,
And every thing is gay.
Fair flowers cluster in the fields,
Wild notes are singing free,
Of all the lands in the sunny South,
Carolina still for me.
Oh, Carolina!
That's the land for me;
Of all the lands in the sunny South,
Carolina still for me!

I love her rivers' gentle roll,
I love her groves of pine;
There water nymphs by sunset dance,
Amid green bowers of vine.
'Tis life to glide the light bateau,
When summer suns are high,
With gentle oars, while singing sweet,
The chorus still we'll cry,
Oh! Carolina, &c.

Ah, fearless once the Indian roam'd
Upon a wild domain;
He sighed as forward to the West,
He turned to look again!
Upon the bright and sunny spot,
While dancing round the tree,
His fathers by the midnight blaze,
Their war-songs echoed free.
Oh! Carolina, &c.

Oh, when the thunder storms of strife,
Shall dark our country o'er,
Of all the throngs upon the field,
What hearts will brave it more?
Then ring the chorus loud again,
With merry hearts and free;
Of all the lands in the sunny South,
Carolina still for me.
Oh, Carolina, &c.

MAJOR TWING'S STORY.

THE GUYAS-CUTIS.

"Mine, gentlemen, is also a travelling story, and though not so new as that of our friend Laurens, it is, perhaps, equally as true.

"I was journeying to the City of Washington, in company with a friend—a Georgian boy, like myself. We went, as thousands have gone, before and since, to try our luck at office hunting. You are all well aware that the road from Georgia to Washington passes through the Palmetto State, a State distinguished for the fertility of its soil, as well as the wealth, chivalry and intelligence of her sons." Here the Major winked knowingly at the company with one eye, while he kept the other fixed on a South Carolinian. "I thought myself a smart traveller, gentleman; but compared with my companion, I was as green as a pine. He had travelled some. He was naturally sharp as a briar, and experience had polished his wits to the keenness of a cambric needle. His name was Cobb—Wiley Cobb.

"We started from home on a capital of about three hundred dollars. It was all we could rake together. But we had a couple of stout Georgia ponies, and this we concluded, would be enough to put us through to Washington and back.

"If we're stumped," said Cobb, "we can sell the cattle."

"Unfortunately, before entering the Palmetto State, it was our luck to pass through the town of Augusta, on the Georgia side. Augusta has always been considered a brisk little place. We found it so. Not being in a great hurry, we agreed to remain over night and the next day. We had fallen in with some very agreeable acquaintances. We got to playing at first at ninepenny poker—then quarter dollar loo—then orange; and finally our Augusta friends introduced us to the interesting game of faro. We played all night, and by day break had deposited our three hundred dollars in the bank, where it stayed.

"What's to be done?" said I.

"I'm thinking," said Cobb.

"Sell the ponies, and start back!" suggested I.

"No such thing!" sharply responded Cobb.

"What better can we do?" asked I.

"What have you got in your saddlebags?" inquired my friend, without heeding my last interrogatory.

"A shirt, a pair of pistols, a plug of tobacco and a bowie," was my reply.

"We must sell the bowie first," said Cobb, "it will pay our tavern bill, and get us out of this infernal hole."

"And what next—on to Washington?" I inquired.

"Of course," said Cobb, "we would look wise turning back—we would be the standing joke of the country," added he.

"But how can we travel without funds?" said I.

"That we will have to find out," said Cobb, with

a look as cheerful and happy as if he had had relays of horses all along the road to Washington, and his bill paid at every tavern upon the route.

"I have an acquaintance," continued he, "at the end of the first stage from here; we can stop all night with him—that won't cost anything; beyond that we must trust to the hospitality of the farmers; I think we can get through South Carolina and Virginia handsomely—the danger is, we may stick in the tar—we must travel through the Turpentine State on the proceeds of your pistols—but come, let us dispose of your bowie, and get out of this sharper's nest."

"As Cobb was my senior, and in my estimation a great genius, I of course acquiesced. He sold the bowie knife to one of our gambling friends for six dollars—the tavern bill was settled, leaving a few shillings in our joint purse; and with this we took the road through South Carolina.

"At the end of the first day we stopped with Cobb's friend, and were hospitably entertained.—Cobb felt a strong inclination to borrow from him, but could not bring himself to confess the cause of our necessity. Cobb had a high idea of his travelling talents, and did not wish to acknowledge that he had been outwitted by the sharpers of Augusta. We left his friend's house, therefore, after an excellent breakfast, our horses well fed and curried, but without any increase to our finances.—On the contrary we had given a quarter to the 'darkie' who had saddled our horses.

"We were now fairly en route, travelling through to both of us a complete terra incognita.

"That night we stopped at what appeared to be a planter's house—a snug establishment. I do not know what my friend Cobb told the owner, as we were preparing to leave in the morning; but I heard him remark, somewhat sneeringly, as we got into our saddles, "It aint usual for folks to travel through these parts without money," and then there was a half-stifled ejaculation of "h—ll!" followed by a hissing through his teeth of words which would have sounded awfully in ears polite.

"Rather inhospitable," whispered I as we rode off.

"D—d inhospitable!" said Cobb, "especially for South Carolina—however, he's an exception, I guess."

"And he was an exception, for the next place we stopped at, they turned to, and black-guarded us outright, calling us 'impeters,' and 'Georgia Yankees'; and the next after that, the landlord of the house, which was a tavern, threatened to levy upon our saddlebags; which he certainly would have done, but Cobb told him very significantly that they contained only a pair of pistols, and that these were loaded, and might go off. Cobb, as if to assure him that he spoke the truth, drew out the pistols, and handed over one of them to me; then cocking his own, he told the landlord he "might have the saddle-bags, now as they were empty."

"But Cobb was six foot two, with a pair of fierce whiskers, and an eye as black as a coal; and the landlord concluded to let the bags hang where they were; so we leaped into our saddles and rode off.

"This will never do, Harry," said Cobb, as we jogged leisurely along.

"Never," said I.

"We must hit upon some plan to raise the wind," continued he.

"I wish we could," said I.

"Think," said he.

"I'll try," said I, and I commenced turning over in my mind every plan I could think of, that would be likely to relieve us from our present difficulty.

"But raising the wind, by the more process of thought, is an achievement which has puzzled sharper intellects than mine, and I was about abandoning the twentieth project, when Cobb, who was riding some distance in advance, suddenly checked his horse, and wheeling round in his saddle, with a triumphant gesture shouted out—

"By G—d, Harry, I have it."

"Good," cried I.

"I've t'reed the varmint!" continued he.

"You have?" said I.

"Like a knife!" said he.

"I am glad of it," said I, "but how?"

"Never mind I'll tell you all at-once; I haven't got the thing straightened out yet. How far do you suppose we are from Columbia?" inquired he.

"About twenty miles, I should think," answered I.

"We have come five, and they said twenty-five from the tavern."

"Well, then, ride slowly!" said Cobb. "We can't reach Columbia before dark—what sized place is it?"

"I haven't an idea," replied I; "it ought to be a good chunk of a place though—it's the State capital."

"So it is—you're right—it'll do us here; and we rode on in silence, Cobb buried in a profound meditation, evidently mulling his plans, and I dying with curiosity to know them.

"About half an hour after dark, we entered the town, and rode up the street, Cobb looking inquiringly at the different stores as we passed.

"Here's the thing!" ejaculated he, pulling up in front of a shoe shop, and getting off his horse.

"He entered the shop. I could see by his gesticulations to the owner of the establishment, that he was in treaty for a large empty box, which stood in the middle of the store. All that I could hear was the following, "After you have made the hole, you may nail on the lid, and paint the letters upon it—they are."

"Saying this he took a scrap

of paper, and writing some words upon it, handed it to the storekeeper.

"I'll send a dray for it in half an hour," continued he, as he paid for the box; and bidding the man good night, he came out, mounted his horse, and we continued our way to the principal hotel, where we drew up and dismounted.

"I'll be back in an hour, Harry," said Cobb, throwing me his bridle; "in the mean time, take your supper, engage a snug room, and wait for me. Don't register till I come—I'll attend to that."

"So saying, he disappeared down 'be street.

"Agreeably to his instructions, I ate supper—and heartily too, for we had not tasted victuals since morning;—and was shown to my room, where I waited patiently for about two hours. I was still ignorant how the supper was to be paid for, when the door opened, and Cobb entered. A couple of darkies followed at his heels, carrying the box that I had seen him purchase, upon the lid of which was painted in large, bold letters, "THE WONDERFUL GUYAS-CUTIS!" and underneath was an oblong hole or slit, newly chiselled in the wood.

"Cobb held in his hand a broad sheet of paper. This, as soon as the darkies had gone out of the room, he spread out upon the table, and pointing to it, emphatically exclaimed:

"There—now—Harry, that's the varmint!"

"What the devil is it?" said I.

"Read for yourself, old fellow!"

"I commenced reading.

"THE WONDERFUL GUYAS-CUTIS!!

CATCHED IN THE WILDS OF OREGON!

NEAR THE BOUNDARY OF

54 degrees 40' minutes!"

"This was in large capitals. Then followed the description in smaller letters.

"This remarkable animal, hitherto unknown to naturalists, possesses the intelligence of the human, combined with the ferocity of the tiger, and the agility of the orang outhang! He is of a bright sky-blue color, with eleven stripes upon his body, and one more about his nose, which makes the even dozen; and not one of them alike!

"In his rage, he has been known to carry Indians up to the tops of the highest trees, and there leave them to perish with hunger, thirst, and cold! which accounts satisfactory for the uncivilized nature of the red man!

"The highly intelligent citizens of Columbia are respectfully informed, that this wonderful quadruped has arrived among them, and will be exhibited this evening, Tuesday, at the Minerva Rooms, at the hour of 8 o'clock. Admittance, 25 cents!"

"But," said I, "my dear Wiley, now for the first time catching the idea of Cobb's project, 'you don't intend—'

"But I do though," interrupted he, "and I will—tha's as certain as my name's Wiley Cobb, of the State of Georgia!"

"But you do not really think you can gull the intelligent people?"

"Bah! intelligent people; it's plain Harry, you don't know the world," said Cobb, contemptuously.

"And what do you expect me to do?" I asked.

"Nothing but stay in this room to-morrow, and see that nobody peeps into that box."

"But at night?"

"At night, you will stand at the door; take the money, and when you hear me groan and shake the chain, you will run in behind the screen."

"I, beginning to look upon the thing as a good joke, promised faithfully to follow Cobb's instructions—not without some disagreeable anticipation, that both he and I would spend the following night in the Columbia jail."

"Next morning, Cobb was up at an early hour; and after morning piteously, and groaning in the most hideous and frightful manner, and talking at intervals into the box, as "Be still, Guy! Down, Guy, down!"—"Keep him down as old fellow!"—He left the room bidding me keep a sharp look out.

"As soon as he had gone, I noticed a considerable shuffling and whispering outside the door, and presently a darkie looking in asked me if I wanted anything.

"Not anything," said I, "don't come in!"

"The darkie drew back his head with a look of terror, and pulled to the door.

"Shortly after, the whispering recommenced, and the door again opened. This time it was the landlord of the hotel, whose curiosity had brought him to see the elephant!"

"It's a fierce critter that?" said he, putting his head inside of the door, but still holding on to the handle.

"Dreadful!" said I.

"Could I not have a peep?" inquired he.

"It's against the rules," said I, "besides a stranger makes him savage!"

"Oh! it does," said he apologizingly.

"Terrible!" said I.

"You'll hev a good house, I think," said he after a short pause.

"I hope so," said I.

"The bills is out; Mr. Van Amburgh was out putty early this morning."

"Mr. Van Amburgh!" ejaculated I.

"Yes, Mr. Van Amburgh, your partner."

"Oh—yes, Mr. Van Amburgh, my partner," I chimed in, as I saw that this was the name of manager of my friend Cobb.—"But Mr. Van Amburgh did not put out the bills himself?"

"I said this to cover the *four-pas* I had made."

"Oh—so; of course so," replied the landlord;

"he hired a boy."

"Certainly—that was right," I added.

"Breakfast'll be ready in a minute—you'll come down?"

"Oh! of course."

"At this Boniface took his leave to my great satisfaction.

"Cobb now returned bringing with him about six feet of a long-chain, done up in paper.

"After repeating his groaning and growling, we descended to breakfast, Cobb first carefully locking the door and putting the key in his pocket.

"We were evidently objects of great interest at the breakfast table, Cobb calling me Mr. Wolfe, and I addressing him as Mr. Van Amburgh. The servants waited upon us with delighted attention.

"After breakfast we returned to the room, when Cobb again went through the groaning rehearsal, and shortly after left me.

"This he repeated at intervals during the day; upon each succeeding occasion louder, if possible, and more terrific than before.

"Night came at length, and with our box, covered up in one of the landlord's quilts, we started for the Minerva Rooms. These I found fitted up with a running screen, and brilliantly lighted with candles. Cobb had the box and chain carried behind the screen, while I remained at the door to look after the treasury. We had no tickets, each one paying his or her quartet, and passing in.

"In a very short time the room was full of ladies, gentlemen and children. Tradesmen, and their wives—merchants and their families—youthfuls and their sweethearts and even a number of the intelligent members of the State Assembly. Expectation was on tip-toe to see the wonderful Guyas-cutis.

"Presently a low moaning was heard behind the screen, then a groan, and the most piteous of whines. "Down, Guy, down! still, old, still!" cried a voice, in hoarse, commanding accents.

"The chain is my cue," said I to myself, as I waited for the appointed signal. The people had all arrived, and already began to stamp, and clap their hands and exhibit the usual symptoms of impatience, crying out at intervals, "The Guyas-cutis the Guyas-cutis!"

"Bring him out, Mr. Showman—trot him out!"

"Let us see the savage varmint!"

"At this the Guyas-cutis growled fearfully.

"Give him a bone," cried one.

"Go it old 54 40!" exclaimed another.

"The hole or none!" shouted a third.

"Fifty-four forty or fight!" cried a fourth.

"Go it old K. Polk!" from a distant part of the room.

"At this the audience became convulsed with laughter. The groaning now became louder and more terrible, and Cobb's voice was heard in hoarse accents apostrophizing the Guyas-cutis—Then commenced a struggle behind the screen, and the rattling of a chain. This was my cue.—Putting on a look of terror, as I had been instructed by Cobb, I rushed up the open space between the spectators, and pushed in behind the curtain. I stole a glance backward, and entered, and saw that the audience had already caught the alarm. Some of the people had risen to their feet, and pale and trembling! Behind the screen, Cobb was running to and fro, scraping the sanded floor, rattling the chain and chiding some imaginary object in most threatening accents. He was in his shirt sleeves, and streams of what appeared to be blood, were running over his face, neck, and bosom!

"Down, savage, down!" cried Cobb.

"Boo-boo-oo-wow!" roared the Guyas-cutis.

"Oh! Mr. Wolfe!" cried Cobb, seeing me enter, come here—for God's sake help, or he'll be off!"

"Hold on to him," shouted I, in a loud voice, "hold on!"

"Bow-oo-wow-awow!" groaned the Guyas-cutis.

"Help, help!" cried Cobb.

"Hold on!" shouted I.

"Rattle—rattle!" went the chain. Cobb struggled for a moment; then rushing in front of the screen, and holding up the chain, he shouted in a voice of thunder:

"Save yourselves, gentlemen! Save your wives and children!—the Guyas-cutis is loose!"

"Gentlemen," said the Major, "it's more than I can do to describe the scene that followed. In less than two minutes the room was empty, and when Cobb and myself reached the street there was not a soul, man, woman, or child, to be seen. We hurried to the hotel, and ordered our horses saddled with all despatch, Cobb telling the landlord that the Guyas-cutis had taken to the fields, and we must pursue him on horseback! While our horses were being saddled, we settled the landlord's bill out of our newly acquired funds. We then started at a brisk gallop and did not draw bridle until we had put twenty miles between us and the good City of Columbia. Then we halted and counted our receipts, which amounted to—how much, Capt. Cobb?"

"Sixty-six dollars seventy-five cents to figger," said a tall, swarthy officer, who sat some way down the table to the major's right, and whose dark, saturnine countenance would never have betrayed him as the hero of the major's story; but it was he, indeed; and when the long, loud laughter had subsided, a dozen hands were stretched across the table, and a dozen voices were heard vociferating—

"Captain Cobb's health!—the health of Captain Cobb!"

"And now the major!" cried a voice.

"The major, the major," repeated several at once.

"The major, with three times three!"

Nine deafening cheers were given for the major.

"One more for the Guyas Cutis!" and a cheer followed, mingled with shouts of laughter.

POLITICAL.

THE WILMOT PROVISIO.

From Col. Benton's Speech delivered at Lexington, (Missouri) on the 7th of July, we extract that portion of his remarks in relation to the Anti-Slavery Proviso, or as it is usually called, the *Wilmot Proviso*:

Col. Benton told his audience there was no such thing! that there was such a man as Davy Wilmot in Congress, and he had copied the Jefferson proviso of 1787, to be applied against slavery in the territories to be acquired from Mexico; but that did not make him the author of the proviso, nor give him a right to its name, any more than copying the Declaration of Independence would make him the author of that paper, and give people a right to call it the Wilmot Declaration of Independence. He said Mr. Jefferson drew this proviso in April, 1784, when he was a member of the Congress of the confederation, and applied it to the north-western territory, to take effect there after the year 1800; that is to say, sixteen years after the time that he offered it. There were only ten States represented in Congress when he offered it, and only six of these voting for it, and the articles of confederation requiring two-thirds, it did not pass; but afterwards, in the year 1787, after Mr. Jefferson had left Congress, and the proviso had received the amendment which it now wears in relation to fugitive slaves, it received the unanimous vote of all the States, (every slave-holding State inclusive), and had remained the law of the land for the territories, and the States in the forks of the Ohio and the Mississippi ever since. This was the origin, he said, of the proviso; and that origin was Jeffersonian and southern; for every southern State voted for it. It was afterwards applied to Louisiana, north and west of Missouri, and that by a southern President and Cabinet, and has lately been applied to Oregon and Minnesota by the acts of Congress, establishing governments for these two Territories; and these two acts again approved by a southern President (Mr. James K. Polk), and a southern cabinet.

Col. B. dwelt upon these two acts, (the Oregon and Minnesota acts,) so important in the proviso controversy, and so little understood. The fact was that the Wilmot Proviso, as some choose to call it, had twice been sanctioned by the two houses of Congress, and by the Polk administration, within less than a year past. He himself had twice voted for it within that time—once in the Oregon bill, which passed in August, 1848—the other time for the Minnesota territorial act, which passed in February last. The passage of the first of these acts, in which he was a leader, made a great commotion, and brought him the favor of some challenges, to fight duels; two notes in one day, and that a Sunday—and the honor of being denounced, with Senator Houston, for a traitor in South Carolina, by Mr. Calhoun; the other passed easy; without even a call of yess and nays; and that for a reason which he (Mr. B.) would explain. He said, you have all heard of the conclave, not of cardinals, but of slave representing members of Congress, which met in the capitol some night during the last session of Congress. He called it a conclave, and in the primary latin sense of the word, (con and clave, with a key) for it was a locked up meeting, from which all people except members from slave States, were excluded. Its proceedings, of course, were secret; but after all was over a publication of the proceedings was ostensibly made. It was an imperfect publication. Senator Rusk, of Texas, who had gone into the conclave with Senator Houston, from patriotic motives—to save the present Union, and not make a southern confederacy; proclaimed the imperfection of the publication, and demanded, and enforced the production of the suppressed parts. Col. Benton had given two of these suppressions—both showing the Calhoun designs upon the Union—in his leading speech at Jefferson City; and he would give a third one of these suppressions, to show the reason why those who were so furious at the passage of the Wilmot proviso in the Oregon bill, became so gentle and docile—so quiescent and modest—at the passage of the same proviso, six months afterwards, in the Minnesota bill; and as this was a case for chapter and verse, Col. B. said he would first read the suppressed part of the conclave proceedings to which he alluded, and then make the applications of the contents which the case required.

He read thus:

"At the last session they passed a bill to establish a territorial government for Oregon, containing a proviso to exclude slavery, unaccompanied by compromise, or by asking any concession, or equivalent whatever to the South. It was so passed, *professedly* to exert the unlimited control of Congress over the subject. It was the first bill of the kind ever passed, and marks an important stage in the progress of aggression and encroachment in relation to slavery in the territorial aspect of the subject. It has given a new and powerful impulse to the abolitionists. Instead of resting satisfied with so great a step in their progress, they are now

urging with greater zeal than ever towards the accomplishment of the object they had in view."

This, said Mr. B., is the suppressed part; and now for its explanation and application. It was a paragraph in that paragraph of State papers, "the *Southern Address*," as originally conceived and written by its own father, Jno. Caldwell Calhoun; and was suppressed in conclusion by the Southern members themselves. Its design was evident, to obtain a condemnation of the *Wilmot Proviso*, as contained in the Oregon bill. He could not obtain that condemnation! not even from a conclave of Southern members! They would not sanction the paragraph; and it was struck out. The clause in the Oregon act was the strongest expression of Congress upon the subject which had ever been made; and this Mr. Calhoun told them in order to inflame them up to the attacking point. He told them it was the first bill of the kind that ever passed, because it contained no compromise, no concession, no equivalent to the South. He told them it was passed to assert the unlimited power of Congress over the subject of slavery in territories;—and in that he was right, for he, Mr. B. tired of seeing the people of Oregon without law or government, and determined to relieve them from the deplorable condition at any hazard to himself, had moved the amendment in the Senate, which passed the bill with the anti-slavery proviso in it. It was a naked, absolute, unconditional exercise of the unlimited power of Congress over the whole subject; and as such had passed both Houses of Congress, and received the approving signature of President Polk, with the sanction of his whole cabinet. This was a *nonplus*; and unless it could be got over, the game of nullification through the science of negro-logy, was at an end. It was out of the commotion of the passing of that unlimited act that came the challenges to fight duels which he had been favored; and then the attempt to get up the southern convention, by means of a subscription paper, started in the House of Representatives; and, failing in that, the imbecile denunciation to himself and Houston, in South Carolina, for traitors! who gave the cue to all the Calhounites in Missouri to do the same. This conclave was the last chance to get any sort of a condemnation of the Wilmot Proviso thus put into the Oregon bill, and therefore the paragraph was inserted in the address for the sanction and approbation of the southern members; but they could not go it. The passage was struck out! and, with it, the last hope expired of getting any sort of sanction, from any sort of a meeting, even all southern, and all shut up under lock and key, to the nullification *dogma* of no power in Congress to legislate upon slavery in territories. This was the secret of the non-resistance, and passive obedience, the dove-like, and lamb-like conduct of Calhoun and his followers at the passage of the Minnesota bill. That bill was just as much Wilmot proviso as the Oregon bill was; it was just as unlimited in its assertion of the power of Congress over slavery in territories as that bill was; for it contained no compromise—no concession—no equivalent to the South. It simply and unceremoniously gave to the inhabitants of Minnesota (which includes a part of the former Louisiana as well as part of the former North-Western Territory) the benefits of the rights, privileges and immunities which had been granted to Wisconsin;—and also, the benefit of all the laws then in force in Wisconsin; all of which, in relation to slavery, were in accordance with the Jefferson proviso of 1787. Thus, the Wilmot proviso was passed in law at the last session of Congress, and that in relation to territory acquired by the "blood and the treasure" of the whole Union, without a word of objection from Mr. Calhoun and his followers in Congress. It passed in silence there. This was before the resolutions had passed which had been furnished to the General Assembly of Missouri;—and it was a cruel thing to Mr. Calhoun, after thus giving up his *dogma* in Washington—after thus blinking the question and shrinking it there—not to have telegraphed to his subscribers in Missouri, and told them to give it up here! and to save themselves from what they are now getting, and from what is to come.

And this, exclaimed Col. B., is the mighty Wilmot proviso! that monster new and horrible! that gorgon's head, and chimera dire, which turns the beholder's face into stone, that raw-head and bloody bone with which a brawling demagogue was to run off a member of Congress, as a nurse would frighten children from their bread and butter.—"This is it! The old ordinance of '87 against slavery in territories, enacted and re-enacted into law until nullification itself ceases to oppose it, and pretends not to see it.

WHY DON'T HE TAKE SIDES?

Messrs. Ritchie & Burke of the Union, are very much excited because Old Zack won't define his position, and take sides either with the North or the South. They seem to think there is a scarcity in the number of