

THE RALEIGH TIMES.

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C. C. RABOTEAU, Editor.

"GIVE ME THE LIBERTY TO KNOW, TO UTTER, AND TO ARGUE FREELY, ACCORDING TO CONSCIENCE, ABOVE ALL OTHER LIBERTIES."—MILTON.

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TERMS.

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BEAUTIES OF DEMOCRACY.

From the Speech of Mr. George T. Davis of Massachusetts, delivered in the House of Representatives on the 23d ult.—the Mexican Indemnity Bill being under consideration—we make an extract or two.—He is replying to Mr. Allen (free soil democrat) from the same State, and after defending Mr. Webster, who had been bitterly assailed by the coalitionists, he gives a fair history of the disreputable bargain between the Democrats and Free soilers, by which the offices were divided up among them, and the Whig State of Massachusetts defrauded. The details are quite rich.

My colleague is particularly earnest upon the subject of corruption. He expresses extreme fear of corruption. Now, there is a particular piece of corruption as, I consider it, occurring in our own State, before his own eyes—I might say occurring at his own instigation—that I think his talents and force might be more profitably directed against, than in hunting up these trumpety charges against the Secretary of State. Now, what are the facts? There are three parties in Massachusetts, and I mean to bring this matter close home, so far as Mr. Webster is concerned. There is the Democratic party, which in terms, in its resolves, endorses those measures known as the Compromise measures.—There is the Free soil party, which is sustained and kept up by hatred to the Compromise measures, including the Fugitive Slave Law. There is the Whig party, which I take it, by their State resolves, without taking any distinctly ground upon the compromise measures, still take perfectly distinct ground in sustaining Mr. Webster. What are the numbers of these parties? The number of Whig Voters is 64,000; number of the Democratic voters is 43,000; the number of the Free soil 28,000; leaving the Whigs a plurality, which anywhere else would be a majority of 21,000 votes. Of that vast majority of Whigs and Democrats, you have 100,000 voters against 28,000; one part of whom sustain the Compromise measures which Mr. Webster advocated, and the other part of whom, judging by their vote in their State Convention, sustain Mr. Webster, making, as I said before, 100,000 against 28,000.—That was the case last year. Something like that was the case the year before. Well what was the result, and what has happened in that State? Here were two parties, the Democratic and Free soil party, directly opposed to each other upon a ground which was vital to the existence of the Free soil party, and which was a most cardinal point in the creed of the Democratic party. Those parties met together and made a bargain. The Free soil party united with the Democratic party, and sent to the Senate of the United States the most talented and eloquent man who could be presented from the Free soil ranks; my colleague (Mr. ALLEN) always excepted. [Laughter.] For whom were the Democrats in Massachusetts who were in favor of the war with Mexico called upon to vote? For a gentleman who said, when Mr. Winthrop voted for the preamble and bill giving supplies to our troops in Mexico, "that Mr. Winthrop ought rather to allow our army to pass between the Caudine forks." Now I am not much of a Latin scholar, but I understand that the Caudine forks do not differ materially from the Alamo butchery; and that the Caudine forks in that connexion meant that Mr. Winthrop should have left the American throat to the tender mercies of the Mexican knife.

The Democratic party are in favor of non-intervention as regards slavery in the States or Territories. They were called upon to send to the U. States Senate for six years a gentleman who was in favor of intervention anywhere, or at least up to the verge of the Constitution. They sent to the Senate of the United States a gentleman who declared, in a speech to be found in one of his printed volumes, that there were depths of infamy as well as heights of fame; that President Fillmore had sounded the former, and that he had better never have been born than to have signed the Democratic party to do this.—What, I say, intimated the Democrats to do this? What was it? Why and how were the offices of the State put up like mutton and beef in the shambles? I will tell you how. The leaders of the two parties met in repeated caucuses; as an ultimate result six Councilors, the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and so forth, were given to the Democrats, while three Councilors, the United States Senator, and Sergeant-at-Arms, and some other more weight officers went to the Free soil party. The two parties higgled and chaffered and squabbled and might by night, in long and heated meetings, as to the distribution of these offices, each begging the other to come up to the

price of its puffed and advertised conscience and patriotism! Puffed, I say—advertised, I say, as thoroughly as ever were Philip's fire annihilator or Emmerson's razor strops. I will do them the justice, however, and I feel bound to say, that there was no trickery in one respect—there was as perfect an impartiality of treachery to principle on either side as can be expected from the weaknesses and imperfection of mortality. Such a scene was never before exhibited or dreamed of in this country as was exhibited in old Massachusetts. The leaders of two whole parties bought up by one wide, wild, wasting sweep of the offices of the Commonwealth.

I want to hear what the gentleman will say about this great crime against our institutions, this wholesale corruption, this monstrous—I had almost said this inexplicable falsehood to conscience and to God, to the heart of man, and to the nature of things? Where was the gentleman then? Where was he? Was he attempting to prevent corruption then? Quite the reverse. I understand that he instigated it; that he favors it; that he thinks it was right. Better that he should go home and endeavor to undo the mischief that he helped to do there than come here and assail Mr. Webster.

Now, nobody at a distance from Massachusetts could explain—by the aid of the reason which God has given him—precisely how it was that two parties, that occupied such exactly opposite grounds upon the Compromise question could be brought up to the mark—the one to help to send to the Senate of the United States, for six years, a man who would during that long period profess and enforce with his whole power, doctrines which they regarded as denationalizing and disorganizing; and the other to lend its influence to put into power in the State offices of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts a set of men utterly and entirely opposed to them in all those points which they professed to think most essential. Well, I will tell you how it was. It was party hatred, and that party hatred levelled against the man whom we have heard vilified to-day. Nothing else but that could, I am sure, have induced the Free soil party of Massachusetts to take the course they did. From the Boston Commonwealth, which is the organ of the Free soil party—and it is my practice to read the papers of the other side more than my own, for I take it for granted that my own are always right—from the Boston Commonwealth, the organ of the Free soil party, I clip the following which was the rallying cry for the last campaign, in the year of our Lord 1851:

"In the next place there must be UNION and EFFORT, CONFIDENCE and CONCESSION. No concession of principle, for none is required. To our Free soil friends we say, now that we wish to rebuke Daniel Webster, to sustain Charles Sumner, and to stamp upon the Fugitive Slave Law, its framers and apologists, the seal of popular reprobation, the Democrat who is farthest from us is nearer than any Whig can be. To our Democratic friends we say, now that you wish to sustain Governor Boutwell, to retain the State Administration, to preserve and to perfect the reforms so auspiciously commenced last winter, the Free soiler that is furthest from us is nearer than any Whig can be.—Let the spirit animate the allied forces, and victory is sure."

And this, Mr. Chairman, was the way they whipped us. Oh, glorious defeat!—Oh, destructive and abortive triumph!—need I say that I would rather be defeated fifty times in that way than have one success.

Mr. VENABLE. So had I.

Mr. DAVIS. But we are up within seven thousand of them. We stand shoulder to shoulder, and though out numbered, I can tell my colleague we are not by any means subdued. I will state another striking fact in connexion with this matter.—It is well known that two years ago, before the election of the present Free soil United States Senator, and after the election of Mr. Boutwell, the Democratic Governor, there were some twenty or thirty Democratic members of the House who would have nothing to do with Mr. Sumner.—What did the Free soil paper do then? It came out the very next morning after the first failure to elect, and said that Government must not make any changes or appointments to office until the United States Senatorship, was disposed of. That paper well understood its men. There was the greatest state of excitement and the most anxious expectation until that matter was arranged, and the doors of the treasury were thrown open to the lawyer. I remember an engraving after Landseer, in which a number of very hungry-looking dogs are squatting or standing on their hind-legs, with watering mouths and terrible anxiety in their eyes watching a meat tray over which a very portly-looking dog is keeping guard. [Laughter.] The engraving embodies these lines of the distich: "Each wild with hope and maddening to prevail, Points the plant ear and wags the expectant tail."

Well, there was something of that sort seen in Massachusetts. The potage was savory, Esau was hungry, and the birth-right and all went. [Laughter.] What, then, is the state of the case? Why, that these twenty six thousand voters, concentrating their rage and resentment on one grey, silvered head, making that their chief and leading object, and sacrificing every principle for the purpose of venting their rage on that great man, have succeeded in

by moves on the part of the coalitionists, causing a surface expression of a state of sentiment vastly different from the state of soul that is necessary to the problem of the

sentiment which actually exists in Massachusetts. Why this rage against the Secretary of State? Because they choose to say that he had been false to the North.—Upon that subject, on some proper occasion, and on some early occasion, I shall have something to say. It is not now the time to speak of his course of policy. My object is accomplished at this time in pointing out why it was that my colleague supposed that his course in relation to this matter would be regarded with suspicion by the House. For what Mr. Webster has suffered—if he has suffered anything—I do not suggest that he has any specific claim on any section of country, for I do not think myself that he was influenced in his course by regard to one section more than another.

What he did, whether right or not in all its details, was, in my judgment, the result of the intense, glowing, passionate nationality which is engraving the name, and which would lead him, I think, to endeavor at whatever personal cost, to do equal and exact justice, under the Constitution, to every section; and perhaps it may be truly said that his career, from the abundance of his vital case, and the personal, individual qualities of his character, more forcibly than that of any statesman of the time, illustrates the saying, that, in applying principles to the changing affairs of life, the man who is true to his idea must often submit to the risk of being deemed inconsistent in his measures.

I cannot tell, Mr. Chairman, how much this sort of assault which we have heard to-day is calculated to injure Mr. Webster.—If I can judge from the experience of the past, from the feeling which I see expressed in the faces about me, or from the emotions of my own heart, I should say not much. However this may be, I comfort myself with the thought that the man dies, but the cause lives; whatever he has done, suffered, and achieved, will live long after him in the annals and glories of his country; as the spreading trees bear testimony through its thousand bony arms, clothed with the fruits and leaves of a thousand years, to the care which nourished its early growth.

THE MARTYRS OF RUSSIA.

That truth is stranger than fiction is a truism none will now venture to dispute; but of all the romances of history that has yet emanated from the ever-teeming press, most certainly the work of Michelet is the most extraordinary and the most appalling. That in the nineteenth century an immense nation should be existing in which, amidst growing civilization the most odious barbarism only should be recognised as the governing principle, is one of those facts that stagger credulity. The disclosures of M. Michelet will be read with double interest at this moment, and the translation has been rendered with great fidelity. The following extract furnishes a correct view of Russian society and its paralyzing influence upon humanity:—

SIBERIA.—Much has been said of the martyrs of Siberia; but why distinguish them? The line of separation would be altogether fictitious. With the exception of an aggravation of cold, the whole of Russia is Siberia—beginning at the Vistula.

One speaks of the condemned; but every Russian is condemned. In a country where the law is a mere mockery there can be no serious judgment. All are condemned; yet no one is judged; there is no distinction between suffering and punishment.

The universal punishment is not such and such a positive evil—it is that breaking of the heart, that moral anxiety of a spirit, crushed beforehand, by an inevitable combination of misfortunes. In that merciless world where everything seems to possess the fixed rigidity of its native ice, nothing is fixed—all is pregnant with chance and doubt.

All are condemned, said we; the serf perhaps the least so, even in his servitude and misery; for he is not even sure of that very misery—to-morrow, all may change for him; he may perhaps be carried off, either for the army or the factories; his wife given to another; his family dispersed.

The soldier is condemned—not only because he was, all of a sudden, carried off from his home, and has ever since been subject to that continual bastinado, called military service; but also because he is totally ignorant of the time of his liberation; the law was thirty years formerly—now twenty; but what is the law in Russia?

The officer is condemned; he is forced against his will into a military school—he follows in spite of himself, the rude and monotonous path of unceasing exercises, parades and changes from one garrison to another. Sad priest of war: even whilst his fortune promised him the enjoyments of the world! But what befalls him if he does not serve? His family is thenceforth suspected—perhaps ruined and degraded—and for himself—he is lost forever!

Lost! What means that word? Killed? But it is apparently something more than death, since it is the occupation of the officer to fight and so expose himself to death—otherwise, says he, he would be lost.

The serf, who is seized for the army, says, "I am lost." He is in the very depth of his misfortune; he can descend no lower. But the officer can descend; he has yet something to fear, which is worse to him than death—he fears Siberia.

When the serf is made a soldier, his body only is taken. They care not for his heart; but with the officer, it is the

Russian government being, how to seize the soul of a man whose life of insupportable misery renders death indifferent to him.

This soul has been early deadened in those schools where is taught only the void—nothing material—nothing moral; so that, from very weariness, he is thrown into the arms of those enervating pleasures which deaden it yet more. But even this twofold operation does not always succeed in extinguishing a strong mind. All that still remains of the man must be restrained—must be overcome—and that by a moral terror. What terror?—an unknown punishment.

The Catholic Inquisition, besides its dungeons and tortures, continued to the end its physical torments, by a moral torment—an eternal hell—an infinity of space—the horror of the desert, and of the void. A never-ending distance. He who makes the journey on foot, loaded with heavy chains, starts young, and arrives aged—a man, twenty-five years old, full of health and life, started from Poland; three years after, a shadow drooped into Kamschatka!

A multitude of sufferings result from the climate itself—merciless climate! Some few degrees nearer to the Polar Sea were sufficient to cause death.

If the Russian, even at home, shut up six months in his oven, his heated room, can with difficulty keep out the furious north wind, what must it be in this second Russia, where the cold eats into you, where steel breaks like glass, where even the dogs that draw the sledges would inevitably perish were they not cased with fur?

To arrive there without resources would be deliverance, for one would die; but death must not come too quickly. Established in a small fort, in the midst of the icy desert—during two or three years, sometimes longer, digging the earth, or drawing the barrow, fed upon sour milk and bad fish, the exiles die slowly beneath the lash.

Even those who are not condemned to this terrible doom, but who have a kind of half liberty—a sort of physical existence, almost tolerable, find the moral effect scarcely less dreadful. If, to them, Siberia is not an eternity of suffering, it is one of forgetfulness, where they feel themselves disappear—dying away from the living world, from their families, from their friends. To lose one's name, to be called number 10 or number 20, and if your family still remain, to beget children without a name, a miserable race, which will perpetuate itself in eternal wretchedness! The ruined man ruins his children—he is cursed—so are they—and by a frightful crescendo it happens, that the children of a man who is himself condemned to the mines for twenty years, will remain miners for forty or fifty years, or even unto death, their children after them, and all their posterity.

Siberia not only draws degradation upon persons, thence transported, but also upon things. A bell was transported there for having sounded the tocsin during a revolt—cannons were transported, and received the knout at Tobolski. But degradation is indeed a most serious affair to persons, where it implies bastinadoing at will.

Had the exiles only to fear a complete change in their habits, the passage from an indolent Asiatic life, to a life of labour, even that would alone be sufficient to render Siberia the dread of the Russian.—Their effeminate mode of life can hardly bear the easy existence of the West of Europe. A Russian lady declared to me that it was impossible for her to exist in France; an infinite number of Eastern luxuries were wanting to her. Our servants appeared too rough for her; their voices harsh and proud. She could not support the natural friction of a world of equality.—She missed the stateries and attentions of her women; her life of heated rooms and baths—the tepid atmosphere of her Russian house. What would have become of this poor woman, if, instead of the journey to Paris, which she found so painful, she had performed the voyage to Siberia!

There is a tradition in Russia that Catherine, (or, perhaps, one of the empresses who preceded her) in order to lower the pride of certain great ladies, occasionally favoured them with an order for their degradation, which was to be performed by their servants in their own palaces. The chief of her secret chancery intimated the order with respect, and himself superintended its execution. The sad operation being finished, the patient dismissed him, with thanks, holding herself happy in being let off at such a price, and in having avoided Siberia.

Judge of the horror of a poor timid woman, dragged from her palace, her voluptuous ease, and her everlasting summer; perhaps thrown at night into a strong chest lined with iron, and rolled along some four or five thousand miles; or, perhaps, she who has hardly ever walked, is forced to march with a beggarly journey on make this frightful and beggarly journey on her road some miserable sustenance from the charity of serfs!

In whatever way she may go, it is, indeed, a frightful torture for a woman, leaving her husband, her children, and all she loves in the wide world, to wander alone and in the darkness of night, in the north and in winter—and in the harbor of the unknown? To pass from Europe into Siberia, is like falling into chaos; a desert of men and a desert of ideas; a vast nothing, without history, without tradition, and without religion (other than witchcraft,) so that she is left to her own religious

which have penetrated, such as the Mohammedanism of the Tartars, lose their dogmas, their legends and their halo, and become pale, dim, and nothingness, even as the invisible sun of Siberia.

Few can resist this destroying power of the void. Lost in this immense waste, they are stamped with its very image; and losing all personal identity, in their turn, also become mere nonentities.

In a journal published at Vilna, under the Russian censorship, in 1850, Madame Eve Felinska describes the deplorable condition in which she beheld a Polish colonel, at Tobolski. Implicated in the transactions of 1825, he had been condemned by the Senate to three years imprisonment merely for non-revelation. The emperor paid not the slightest regard to this sentence. He caused him to be transported to the north of Siberia, as far as the sixty-third degree, from whence, in mercy, he was allowed to return as far as Tobolski. "This unhappy man, who had been formerly one of the finest men in the army, was no longer to be recognized. He was lying back in an arm chair, for so weak was he, that he could not stand; his hair, (already white,) though very thin, and combed with care, fell upon his shoulders, and reached as far as his elbows. His face was very pale and swollen, and his look vacant. His eyes and lips trembled with emotion. We could see that he possessed the will, though not the power to speak. He motioned us with his hand to draw near, that he might salute us. For a moment, his mind regained its reason, but so affected was he, that he could, with difficulty, use his almost paralyzed tongue.—Finding that we were going to Berezwowa, where he had once resided, he wished us to take up our abode there, with his former hostess. All this conversation proceeded with considerable difficulty; we were almost obliged to guess his meaning. At length we perceived that he had exhausted the use of his faculties, for he informed us that we should find at Berezwowa, melons, grapes, and other southern fruits, his imagination, no doubt, wandering to the borders of the Tagus and the Seine, which he had known so well. With sorrowful hearts, we shortened our visit, but he still sought to retain us by his gestures, vainly endeavoring to articulate the word:—"Stay."

DEMOCRATIC OFFICERS.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot gives the following catalogue of the Local officers of the House of Representatives for the past two or three years:—

The Democratic majority in the House has been unfortunate for some years past, in its selections of its good men for the officers of the House. At one time, it selected and honored Mr. McNulty, by making him Clerk of the House. All remember how he turned out.

At a later period it selected B. F. Brown, the author of the two-faced biography of General Cass, as a most suitable man to be the doorkeeper of the House. But before the election, he was detected in some forgery matters and took to his heels and ran away.

NEXT, by means of a coalition and bargain, William J. Brown was put in nomination for Speaker of the House, and came within one vote of being elected, by the combined support of the Southern and Northern Democrats and the Ultra Abolitionists; but the bargain was smoked out just in time to prevent his election.

And now it has come to light that the Democracy has elected the author of the *Forney Letter* to the Clerkship of the House, and still retains him in that responsible position, without any mark of its disapprobation or condemnation of what the records of a Court show that he has done."

THE RESOLUTIONS OF '98.—Governor Johnson, in his letter of acceptance to the Staunton Convention, gave promise of what he would do for the State, by declaring that he would stand firmly by the Resolutions of '98. The *Knickerbocker* makes the following happy play on this habit of making these Resolutions apply to everything past, present and to come.

"A representative in Congress from the Interior of New York, meeting a brother member from Virginia immediately after his arrival in the Federal City, a day or two before the meeting of the present Congress, in answer to an inquiry from the gentleman from the Old Dominion, the former remarked that he had celebrated Thanksgiving Day with some friends in New York city.

"We have no thanksgiving in our State," responded the Virginian, with something of a chuckle.

"I suppose," retorted the New Yorker, "that is owing to the fact that you have nothing to be thankful for."

"No, Sir! you are out there rejoined the party of the second part, ardent as a Southern sun could make him. "The reason, Sir, that we have no thanksgiving in Virginia is, that there is no provision made for it in the Constitution of the State, and it is no where recognized in the Resolutions of '98."

The Democrats of Tennessee having expressed a preference for Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, for President, and Major General Gordon J. Pillow for Vice President, the N. Y. Tribune ventures to express the hope that when the gallant General entrenches himself for the campaign, he won't throw the dirt up on the wrong side of the ditch, as he did at Matamoros, when he was gaining immortal glory in warfare against the Mexicans.

MR. BUCHANAN AT HOME.

Under this significant heading the Democratic Convention of Lancaster County have issued an address, setting forth the grievances under which the favorite son of Pennsylvania has suffered, and the claims which he sets up to the favor of the Democratic party. This manifesto commences with expressing the "inexpressible gratification" of the convention in being able to greet their friends throughout Pennsylvania and the whole Union with the cheerful tidings that the "home of James Buchanan" has redeemed its pledge of a brilliant victory in his behalf, and given him at the Delegate Elections the largest majority "ever placed under similar circumstances upon the records of a political contest." It then proceeds to deplore the "unnatural war" that has been waged against their favorite by a few "unscrupulous and unprincipled" enemies in his own party, who are charged with having resorted to the use of the most opprobrious language and the most infamous calumny in his denunciation. This portion of the address is levelled at Mr. Reah Frazer and Mr. Simon Cameron, who are said to have "hated and despised" each other (before they were united by a common hatred to Mr. Buchanan) with a "cordiality which would make them envious pupils in an academy of demons." To illustrate the ancient hostility of these worthies in the most piquant and pointed way, the address says:—"No appellation was too vile in its significance for one of them to bestow upon the other; and to believe his own assertions, if there was one cavern in the regions of darkness blacker than another, he would have consigned him to an eternal asylum within its vaults." This phrasing is worthy of the poet's person—who "never mentions hell to ears polite." We do not believe that any such circumlocution ever occurred to Mr. Cameron or Mr. Frazer.

In spite, however, of the efforts of the hostile and malevolent, out of forty-five townships and districts in Lancaster county, forty-one have elected delegates friendly to Mr. Buchanan. Five thousand votes were polled, of which Mr. Buchanan received "an immense and overwhelming" majority. The votes polled approached within a thousand the largest number ever thrown in that county for Governor of the State or President of the United States. The city of Lancaster alone polled 1,187 votes, of which Mr. Buchanan received a majority of seven hundred and sixty-seven. Thus, in the judgment of the Lancaster County Convention, the "home of Mr. Buchanan" with the counties of York and Cumberland and the city and county of Philadelphia, have terminated the contest for the State with good harbinger of Democratic success in the Presidential struggle, and have ensured Mr. Buchanan the votes of one hundred and ten of the one hundred and thirty-three delegates to the State Convention to be held at Harrisburg on the 4th of March next. "The Hon. James Buchanan," says the Lancaster county manifesto, "may now, therefore, be considered the candidate of Pennsylvania for the Presidency of the United States. So certain as he lives he will be presented as such to the National Convention to be held at Baltimore on the 1st of June next with an unanimity of feeling in his favor which must convince every rational man in the country that he is truly 'the favorite son of the Keystone State.'"

Having Pennsylvania to begin with, Mr. Buchanan will start fair in the National Convention; and if her delegates adhere to him with fidelity, he may obtain the nomination. There is little doubt that he is more popular in the South than any other Democratic candidate from the North, and would run better, probably, than General Butler, in view of the latter's Free soil colonialisms and dependencies. The intrigues of the other candidates, however, may render Mr. Buchanan's home strength unavailing; and in that event, we apprehend that the domestic feuds in Pennsylvania may lose that State to the untried Democracy.—*Republic.*

Rare Fidelity.—The Louisville Journal does not think very favorably of the prospects of General Cass for the Presidency.—At least, such is the inference from the following piquant paragraph from that paper:—"We perceive that the Detroit Free Press refuses to think of any body but General Cass in connection with the next Presidency. We admire the editor's fidelity. He reminds us of a faithful dog that stays and starves to death by the dead body of his master."

OLD BACHELORS LOOK ON THIS!—SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.—Sheet-iron quilts—blue noses—frosty rooms—ice in the pitcher—unregenerated linen—beel-less socks—coffee sweetened with icicles—gutta-serena biscuits—flabby steak—dull razors—corns—coughs and cholics—aloes—misery &c., &c. Bah!

AND THEN ON THIS!—MATRIMONY.—Hot Buckwheat cakes—warm beds—comfortable slippers—smoking coffee—round arms—red lips—(ahem!—etc. etc.)—shirts exulting in buttons—decided stockings, boot jacks, happiness, &c.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The Legislature of the State of Georgia has determined to withdraw the block of marble bearing the inscription, "The Constitution of Georgia," which was transmitted to Washington, by the late Governor, and the donation of the State of Georgia, and resolved to have another prepared of Georgia marble, with the arms of the State of Georgia inscribed thereon.

PRAYING TO A PURPOSE.

An Alabama contemporary gives the following as the "Exordium" of an exhorter at a camp meeting in the old Bay State. How much he has improved on the original it becometh us not to say:—

Brethren! I was out on Rip-hin Mountain yesterday, and I come across a bar-pen, and it had a bar in it, and thinking he might get out, I took a sharp stick and poked his eyes out. I thought, if he did get out then, he'd have a rough traveling down the mountain. I thought it might be brother McCoughe's or brother Moses' or some of the brethren, and I come down to-day to tell the brethren about it. Let us pray.

O, Lord! I have massy on the whole world—have massy on the people who live in the North Cove, the Turkey Cove, the Linsick Cove, and all the little adjacent Coves. Blessed be God! Have massy upon them who live on the Catawba river, and more partic'larly upon them who live about Jim McDowell's.—Have massy upon them who live on Buck Creek up to where Billy McClung lives, who married my darter, and who is a holy man; O, Lord, have massy, and then taking the Dividing Ridge between Dick's Creek and the Garden Creek over to Muddy Creek, where Billy McClood lives, who married my tother darter, and who is another holy man—praised be God! and then revolt back to Jim McDowell's Spring Branch and up his Spring Branch to where my son Joshua lives, who is a living monument after this own heart,—blessed Lord! and then taking up where my son Baxter lives on Black Mountain—Lord have massy! he is a fine boy, a clever boy, he killed a turkey on day before yesterday, a fat buck on yesterday, and, O, Lord! may he kill a big bar on to-morrow.

A very quizzical, and telling letter is published in the Alexandria Gazette, from Phytowsky, Ex-Chamberlain to the Ex-Cout Kokophy, in which he gives the following significant resolutions as having passed at a "Classic Symposium in Gotham."

"Resolved, That in the instauration of the New Era, we proclaim as its leading maxim, Action first, Discussion afterwards.

"Resolved, That the present generation, being mounted on the shoulders of its predecessors, can see vastly further than they, and sees, for one thing, into the utter fallacy and doctrinal imbecility of those antiquated saws, 'Mind your own business,' and 'Charity begins at home.'

"Resolved, consequently, That it is our first and chief business to regulate the affairs of our neighbors and to see that they are comfortable; and that by our neighbors, in the new reading of the law of nations, is meant, first, the Hungarians, and next, all the world and the rest of mankind.

"Resolved, That, although the new policy opens to us a vista of boundless debt and endless trouble, and would probably imperil or dissolve the Union, we hold that to be a matter of but little consequence, since the Union itself is to be swallowed up in the new and grand discovery of the 'solidarity of the peoples.'

"Resolved, That it is impertinent to talk of precedents, in an unprecedented age, and that, being determined in failure to think with our stomachs and reason with our bayonets, we bid adieu to the old systems of logic and language; referring ourselves for the first, as before stated, to the lower viscera, and for the latter to that grand style of orientalism which has produced such a paroxysm of ecstasism in the organs of socialism and abolitionism."

BOOKS UNDER BAN.—We see by an article in a late London paper that the archbishop of the diocese of Lucon has issued a decree forbidding his flock to read—what you think?—Walter Scott's novels, Don Quixote, the Arabian Nights, Robinson Crusoe, and the works of Chateaubriand. This is a singular enumeration, and, as no reason for the excommunication is given, it will be an amusing puzzle to some scholars to discover why these authors have fallen into disrepute with the churchmen.

On the 5th of last August, this paper hoisted the names of Millard Fillmore and Wm. A. Graham for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States.—At that time, we were solitary and alone, being the only paper in the United States with that ticket at the head of its Editorial columns,—but now, more than 300 papers have Fillmore's name hoisted for the Presidency, and over 50 have the name of Wm. A. Graham, at their mast heads for the Vice Presidency. We venture to assert, that such unanimity seldom ever prevailed, in regard to the nomination for those offices, at so early a period preceding the Presidential election.

We have honesty and candor enough to assert our belief, that Millard Fillmore is the only Whig in the United States who can be elected to the Presidency, at this time.

Mr. Fillmore, though a Northern man, has shown, beyond question, his determination, to do all sections justice, and to administer the law according to the Constitution, as formed by our fore-fathers.

He is a noble patriot and a wise statesman, worthy to be honored by his countrymen.

Alabama Argus.

LOUISIANA SENATOR.—J. P. Benjamin, Whig, has been elected U. S. Senator, in place of Mr. Downs, whose term will expire March 3d, 1853. Mr. Benjamin, we understand, is a native of Fayetteville.