

# THE RALEIGH TIMES.

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

NEW SERIES.

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*Wm. Dallas Haywood*

## TERMS.

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OFFICE ON FAYETTEVILLE ST., ONE DOOR BELOW POST OFFICE.

From Frank Fairleigh.

HELPING A LAME DOG OVER A STILE.

It was usually my custom of an afternoon to read law for a couple of hours, a course of training preparatory to committing myself to the tender mercies of a special pleader; and as Sir John's well stored library afforded me every facility for so doing, that was the venue I generally selected for my interviews with Messrs. Blackstone, Coke upon Lyttleton, and other legal luminaries. Accordingly, on the day in question, after having nearly quarrelled with my mother for congratulating me warmly on the attainment of my wishes, when I mentioned to her Lawless's proposal, found fault with Fanny's Italian pronunciation so harshly as to bring tears into her eyes, and grievously offended our old female domestic by disdainfully rejecting some pet abomination upon which she had decreed that I should lunch, I sallied forth and not wishing to encounter any of the family, entered the hall by a side door, and reached the library unobserved. To my surprise I discovered Lawless (whom I did not recollect ever to have seen there before, he being not much given to literary pursuits) seated, pen in hand, at the table, apparently absorbed in the mysteries of composition.

"I shall not disturb you, Lawless," said I, taking down a book. "I am only going to read law for an hour or two."

"Oh? disturb me?" was the reply; "I am uncommon glad to be disturbed, I can tell you, for hang me if I can make head or tail of it! Here have I been for the last three hours trying to write an offer to your sister, and actually have not contrived to make a fair start of it yet. I wish you would lend me a hand, there's a good fellow—I know you are up to all the dodges—just give me one sort of notion, eh? don't you see?"

"What! write an offer to my own sister? Well, of all the quaint ideas I ever heard, that's the oddest—really, you must excuse me."

"Very odd, is it?" inquired Coleman, opening the door in time to overhear the last sentence. "Pray let me hear about it then, for I like to know of odd things particularly; but, perhaps, I'm intruding?"

"Oh? no; come along here, Coleman," cried Lawless; "you are just the very boy I want to be, don't you see, if she'll have me, but there's the rub; Frank Fairleigh is all right, and the old lady says she's agreeable, so everything depends on the young woman herself—if she will but say 'Yes,' we shall go ahead in style; but, unfortunately, before she is likely to say anything one way or the other, you understand I've got to pop the question, as they call it. Now; I've about as much notion of making an offer, as a cow has of dancing a hornpipe—so I want you to help us a bit—eh?"

"Certainly," replied Freddy, courteously; "I shall be only too happy, and as delays are dangerous, I had perhaps better be off at once—where is the young lady?"

"Eh! hold hard there! don't go quite so fast, young man," exclaimed Lawless agitated; "if you bolt away at that pace you'll never see the end of the run; why you don't suppose I want you to go and talk to her—pop the question *viva voce*, do you? You'll be advising me to be married by deputy, I suppose, next. No, no, I'm going to do the trick by letter—something like a Valentine, only rather more so, eh? but I can't exactly manage it, write it properly. If it was but a warranty for a horse, now, I'd knock it off in no time, but this is a sort of a thing, you see, I'm not used to: one doesn't get married as easily as one sells a horse, nor as often, eh? and it's rather a nervous piece of business—a good deal depends upon the letter."

"You've been trying your hand at it already, I see," observed Coleman, seating himself at the table; "a pretty consumption of paper! I wonder what my governor would say to me if I were to set about drawing a deed in this style; why, the stationer's bill would run away with all the profits."

"Never mind the profits, you avicious Jew," replied Lawless. "Yes, I've been trying effects, as the painters call it—putting down two or three beginnings to find out which looked the most like the time of day—you understand?"

"Two or three?" repeated Coleman; "six or seven rather, *voyns*." "Mr. Lawless presents his affections to Miss Fairleigh and requests the loan." "Not a bad idea, an offer in the third person—the only case in which a third person would not be de trop in such an affair."

"Eh! yes, I did the respectful when I first started, you know, but I soon dropped that sort of thing when I got warm; you'll see, I stepped out no end afterwards."

"Honored Miss," continued Coleman, reading; "My sentiments, that is, your perfection, your splendid action, your high breeding, and the many slap-up points that may be discerned in you by any man that has an eye for a horse..."

"Ah! that was where I spoiled it, sighed Lawless.

Here's a very pretty one, resumed Freddy.

Adorable and adored Miss Fanny Fairleigh, seeing you as I do, with the eyes (Why, she would not think you saw her with your nose, would she? of fond affection, probably would induce me to overlook any unsoundness or disposition to vice..."

"That one did not turn out civilly, you see, said Lawless, or else it wasn't such a bad beginning."

Here is a better, rejoined Coleman.

Exquisitely beautiful Fanny, fairest of that lovely sex, which to distinguish it from our rough and ready fox-hunters, who, when once we get our heads at any of the fences of life, go at it, never mind how stiff it may be (matrimony has always appeared to me one of the stiffest) and generally contrive to find ourselves on the other side, with our hind legs well under us;—a sex, I say, which to distinguish it from our own, is called the fair sex, a stock of which I never used to think any great things; reckoning them only fit to catter round the parks with, until I saw you brought out, when I at once perceived that your condition—that is, my feelings—were so inexpressible that..."

"Ah! interposed Lawless, that's where I got bogged, sank in over the fetlocks, and had to give it up as a bad job."

In fact, your feelings became too many for you, returned Coleman; but what have we here?—verses, by all that's glorious!

No no! I'm not going to let you read them, exclaimed Lawless, attempting to wrest the paper out of his hand.

Be quiet, Lawless, rejoined Coleman, holding him off; sit down directly, sir, or I won't write a word for you: I must see what all your ideas are in order to get some notion of what you want to say; besides, I've no doubt they'll be very original."

I.

Sweet Fanny, there are moments  
When the heart is not one's own,  
When we find would clip it's wild wings 'tis,  
But we find the bird has flown.

II.

Dear Fanny, there are moments  
When a loss may be a gain,  
And sorrow, joy, for the best's a toy,  
And loving's such sweet pain.

III.

Yes, Fanny, there are moments  
When a smile is worth a throne,  
When a frown can prove the flower of love,  
Must fade and die alone.

Why you never wrote those, Lawless? Didn't I? returned Lawless; but I know I did, though—copied them out of an old book I found up there, and wrote some more to 'em, because I thought there was not enough for the money, besides putting in Fanny's name instead of—what, do you think?—Phyllis—there's a name for you; the fellow must have been a fool. Why, I would not give a dog such an ill name, for fear somebody would hang him; but go on."

Ah! now we come to the original matter, returned Coleman, and very original it seems.

IV.

Dear Fanny, there are moments  
When you gets you in a fix,  
Takes the bit in his jaws, and without any pause  
Bolt away with you like bricks.

V.

Yes, Fanny, there are moments  
When affection knows no bounds,  
When I'd rather be talking with you out walking  
Than rattling after the hounds!

VI.

Dear Fanny, there are moments  
When one feels that one's inspired,  
And — — — and — — —

—It does not seem to have been one of those moments with you just then," continued Freddy, "for the poem comes to an abrupt and untimely conclusion; unless three blots, and something that looks like a horse's head, may be a hieroglyphic mode of recording your inspirations, which I'm not learned enough to decipher."

"Eh! no; I broke down there," replied Lawless; "the muse deserted me, and went off in a canter for—where was it those young women use to hang out?—the 'Grand ad' place, you know?"

"The tuncful Nine, whom you barbarously designate young women," returned Coleman, "are popularly supposed to have resided on Mount Parnassus, which acclivity I have always imagined of a triangular or sugar-loaf form, with Apollo seated on the apex or extreme point, his attention divided between his playing, which latter necessity he provided for by executing difficult passages on a golden (or, more probably, silver-gilt) lyre."

"Eh! nonsense," rejoined Lawless; "now, do be serious for five minutes, and go ahead with this letter, there's a good fellow, for, 'pon my word, I'm in a wretched state of mind, I am, indeed. It's a fact, I'm nearly half a stone lighter than I was when I came here; I know I am, for there was an old fellow weighing a defunct pig down at the farm yesterday, and I

made him let me get into the scales when he took piggy out. I tell you what, if I'm not married soon I shall make a job for the sexton; such incessant wear and tear of the sensibilities is enough to kill a prize-fighter in full training, let alone a man that has been leading such a molly coddle life as I have of late, lounging about drawing-rooms like a lapdog."

"Well, then, let us begin at once," said Freddy, seizing a pen; "now, what am I to say?"

"Eh! why, you don't expect me to know do you?" exclaimed Lawless agitated; "I might just as well write it myself as have to tell you; no, you must help me, or else I'd better give the whole thing up at once."

"I'll help you, man, never fear," rejoined Freddy, "but you must give me something to work upon; why, it's all plain sailing enough; begin by describing your feelings."

"Feelings, eh?" said Lawless, rubbing his ear violently, so as to arouse his dormant faculties; "that's easier said than done. Well, here goes for a start—My dear Miss Fairleigh..."

"My dear Miss Fairleigh," repeated Coleman, writing rapidly, "yes."

"Have you written that?" continued Lawless; "at—let me think—I have felt for sometime past very peculiar sensations, and have become, in many respects, quite an altered man."

"Altered man," murmured Freddy, still writing.

"I have given up hunting," resumed Lawless, "which no longer possesses an interest in my eyes, though I think you'd have said, if you had been with us the last time we were out, that you never saw a prettier run in your life; the meet was at Chorley Bottom, and we got away in less than ten minutes after the hounds had been in cover, with as plucky a fox as ever puzzled a pack—"

"Hold hard there!" interrupted Coleman, "I can't put all that in; nobody ever wrote an account of a fox-hunt in a love-letter, no, you've given up hunting, which no longer possesses any interest in your eyes, now go on."

My eyes, repeated Lawless, reflectively; yes, I am become indifferent to everything; I take no pleasure in the new dog-cart, King in Long Acre is building for me, with cane sides, the wheels larger, and the seat, if possible, still higher than the last, and which, if I am not very much out in my reckoning, will follow so light—"

I can't write all that trash about a dog-cart, interrupted Freddy, crossly; that's worse than the fox-hunt; sick to your feelings, man, can't you?"

Ah, you little know the effect such feelings produce; now, go on."

At night my slumbers are rendered distracting, by visions of you—as—as—"

The bride of another; suggested Coleman.

Exactly, resumed Lawless; or, sleep refusing to visit my—"

Aching eye-balls, put in Freddy.

I lie tossing restlessly from side to side, as bitten by—"

The gnawing tooth of remorse;—that will do famously, added his scribe; now tell her that she is the cause of it."

All these unpleasantnesses are owing to you, began Lawless.

Oh! that won't do, said Coleman; no, these tender griefs (that's the term, I think) are some of the effects, goods, and chattels,—psah! I was thinking of drawing a will—the effects produced upon me by—"

The wonderful way in which you stuck to your saddle when the mare bolted with you, rejoined Lawless, enthusiastically;—what won't that do, either?"

No, be quiet, I've got it all beautifully now, if you don't interrupt me: Your many perfections of mind and person,—perfections which have led me to centre my ideas of happiness solely in the fond hope of one day calling you my own."

That's very pretty indeed, said Lawless go on."

Should I be fortunate enough, continued Coleman, to succeed in winning your affection, it will be the study of my future life to prevent your every wish—"

Eh! what do you mean not let her have her own way?—Oh! that will never pay; why, the little I know of women, I'm sure that, if you want to come over them, you must flatter 'em up with the idea that you mean to give 'em their heads on all occasions—let 'em do just what they like. Tell a woman she should not go up a chimney, it's my belief you'd see her nose peep out of the top before ten minutes were over. Oh! that'll never do!"

Nonsense, interrupted Freddy; prevent means to forestall in that sense; however, I'll put it forestall if you like it better."

I think it will be safest, replied Lawless, shaking his head solemnly.

In everything your will shall be law, continued Coleman, writing.

Oh! I say, that's coming it rather strong, though, interposed Lawless, query about that?"

All right, rejoined Coleman, it's always customary to say so in these cases, but it means nothing; as to the real question of mastery, that is a matter to be decided post-nally; you'll be enlightened on the subject before long in a series of midnight discourses, commonly known under the title of certain lectures."

Pleasant, eh? returned Lawless; well, I bet two to one on the grey mare, for I never could stand being preached to, and shall consent to anything for the sake of a quiet life—so move on."

If this offer of my heart and hand should

be favorably received by the loveliest of her sex, continued Coleman, a fine, a word, a smile—"

Wink, suggested Lawless, Will be sufficient to acquaint me with my happiness."

Tell her to look sharp about sending an answer, exclaimed Lawless; if she keeps me waiting long after that letter's sent, I shall go off pop, like a bottle of ginger beer; I know I shall,—string won't hold me, or wire either."

When once this letter is dispatched, I shall enjoy no respite from the torture of suspense till the answer arrives, which shall exalt to the highest pinnacle of happiness, or plunge into the lowest abysses of despair, one who lives but in the sunshine of your smile, and who now, with the liveliest affection, tempered by the most profound respect, ventures to sign himself, Your devotedly attached—"

And love-orn, interrupted Lawless, in a sharp, quick tone.

Love-orn! repeated Coleman, looking up with an air of surprise; sentimental and ridiculous in the extreme! I shall not write any such thing."

I believe, Mr. Coleman, that letter is intended to express my feelings, and, not yours? questioned Lawless in a tone of stern investigation.

Yes, of course it is, began Coleman. Then write as I desire, sir, continued Lawless, authoritatively; I ought to know my own feelings best, I imagine; I feel love-orn, and love-orn it shall be."

Oh, certainly, replied Coleman, slightly offended; anything you please. Your devotedly attached and love-orn admirer—here, sign it yourself, George Lawless."

Bravo! said Lawless, relapsing into his accustomed good humor the moment the knotty point of the insertion of love-orn had been carried; if that isn't first-rate, a Dutchman; why, Freddy, boy, where did you learn it? how does it come into your head?"

Native talent, replied Coleman, combined with a strong and lively appreciation of the sublime and beautiful, chiefly derived from my maternal grandmother, whose name was Burke."

That wasn't the Burke who wrote a book about it, was it? asked Lawless.

Ah! no, not exactly, replied Coleman, she would have been, I believe, had she been a man."

Very likely, returned Lawless, whose attention was absorbed in folding, sealing, and directing the important letter, Miss Fairleigh. Now, if she does but regard my suit favorably."

You'll be suited with a wife, punned Coleman.

But suppose she should say NO, continued Lawless; musing.

Why, then, you'll be non-suited, that's all, returned the incorrigible Freddy; and making a face at me, which (as I was to all appearance immersed fathoms deep in Blackstone) he thought I should not observe, he sauntered out of the room, humming the following scrap of some elegant ditty, with which he had become acquainted:—

If ever I marry a wife,  
I'll marry a publican's daughter,  
I'll sit all day long in the bar,  
And drink nothing but brandy and water.

Lawless having completed his arrangements to his satisfaction, hastened to follow Coleman's example, nodding to me as he left the room, and adding, Good-bye Fairleigh; read away, old boy, and when I see you again, I hope I shall have some good news for you."

WARRANTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.

It is to be presumed that not one in a hundred understands the simple process of cultivating either currants or gooseberries, although it has been detailed in all the horticultural books with which the world abounds. Thousands of persons, with every appliance for success, are still content to live without a plentiful supply of these delicious, healthy, and cheap luxuries, merely because they have not thought of the matter. The have a few stunted bushes set in the grass, with three fourths of the stocks dead, and then wonder why they do not bear in abundance.

There is not a more beautiful shrub growing than the currant, properly propagated—and the same may be said of the gooseberry. Cultivators who pay any attention to the subject, never allow the root to make but one stock, or as the English say, "make them stand on one leg"—thus forming a beautiful miniature tree.

To do this, you must take sprouts of last year's growth, and cut out all the eyes, or buds in the wood, leaving only two or three at the top; then push them about the length of the cutting, into mellow ground, where they will root, and run up a single stock, forming a beautiful symmetrical head. If you wish it higher, cut the eyes out again the second year. I have one six feet high. This places your fruit out of the way of hens, and prevents the gooseberry from middle-wing, which often happens when the fruit lies on or near the ground, and is shaded by a superabundance of leaves and sprouts. It changes an unsightly bush, which cumber and disfigures your garden, into an ornamental dwarf tree. The fruit is larger, and ripens better, and will last on the bushes, by a growing in perfection, until late in the fall.

The mass of people suppose that the roots make out from the lower buds. It is not so; they start from between the bark and wood at the place where it is cut from the parent root.—Vermont Chronicle.

New York, March 16th, 1852.

To the Editor of the Times:

SIR—A very large number of the Whigs of the City of New York, have nominated Daniel Webster to the office of President of the United States, subject to the decision of a National Convention. Our object in now addressing you is respectfully but earnestly to solicit your co-operation with us, to secure—first, the nomination of Mr. Webster by the Whig Convention, and secondly, his election.

We are relieved from the necessity of informing you who Mr. Webster is, and what he has done for the Whig party and his country. For the last thirty years he has been almost constantly before the public eye—what he has done is well known; he has given immortality to Whig principles, and contributed largely to the renown of his country.

We regard it especially important at this time, that Mr. Webster should fill the Executive chair, because of the peculiar and very critical state of the World. In the countries of Continental Europe, with few exceptions, every attempt to establish popular institutions has failed, and liberty has been crushed by military power. Recent intelligence assures us that France and Austria are combined to destroy the independence of Switzerland, under the pretence that she harbors political refugees. The ray of civil and religious freedom which shoots from the small and simple communities composing this interesting country was insignificant when Europe was possessed of equal freedom, but it is a beacon, in these times, to the nations that sit in darkness.—How then must the tyrants who govern those dark regions regard the light which beams from the Great Republic of the world, approximating nearer to them every day by the power of steam and improvement in the art of civilization?

In the events that may be anticipated, it is of the last importance that the Executive head of the United States should thoroughly understand the rights of the Republic as one of the family of nations, and uphold them—his duties—and perform them. Such a man is Daniel Webster, and such the position of the President. His popular addresses in 1840, 1844, and 1848 in support of General Harrison, Mr. Clay and General Taylor will last as long as the English language shall be spoken or read, and eloquence shall have admirers.

It is now his turn to be supported for the same office: the claims presented by his long faithful and distinguished services, cannot, we respectfully suggest, be overlooked without impairing the strength and tarnishing the honor of the Whig party. Common sense demands of every Whig that he should uphold the man who has for so long a time made him proud of his party, and that he should exert himself to place in the highest political position one who has elevated himself by his talents and industry to the highest pinnacle of fame.

What the country wants of its Chief Magistrate is, patriotism, talents, and experience in public affairs—a man, who will employ all his personal and official influence to cement and perpetuate the Union—to promote peace and prosperity at home—and secure for our country respect and honour abroad. Such a man is Daniel Webster.

We respectfully recommend that meetings of the friends of Mr. Webster in your vicinity, be held.

We shall be happy to hear from you—please address A. C. Kingsland, the chairman of the Committee.

We are very respectfully,  
Your fellow citizens, and ob't servants,  
A. C. KINGSLAND,  
GEO. GRIEWOOD,  
L. BROADBENT,  
ROBERT B. MINTURN,  
JNO. C. GREEN,  
W. H. GRINNELL,  
JAMES HARPER,  
MORGAN MORGANS,  
JONATHAN STURGES,  
W. W. WEBB,  
FRED. A. TALLMADGE.

NOTE THE DIFFERENCE.—The Democratic State Convention, of Virginia, adjourned without alluding to the subject of the Compromise in any shape. The Whig Convention on the contrary passed a resolution declaring the Compromise a final settlement and adjustment of the questions involved in it, and declared that any attempt to disturb it would be a blow aimed at the peace of the country and the integrity of the Union.

The people will see from this significant fact, which party is for quiet, and which for agitation. While the Whigs are desirous that all discussion of the exciting subject of slavery shall come to a final end, the Democrats, who falsely pretend to be the true friends of the South, are willing that the agitation on this delicate matter should recommence, although fraught with danger to Southern interests and Southern honor.

Let the people note the difference,  
[Wilmington Herald.]

POETRY.—It is the gift of Poetry, to halo every place in which it moves, to breath round nature an odor more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morn.

## THE LATEST DODGE.

The passage of the Maine Liquor Law, has afforded excellent food for the wits to sharpen their masticators on. The following joke as we have yet read. No doubt, however, but that we shall have occasion to laugh over many similar "rum" incidents before we are many weeks older.

About a fortnight since, a tall specimen of "Yankee manufacture" arrived in the good city of Portland, in the State of Maine, and established himself and luggage at the Elm Hotel. His luggage consisted of a small valise and a large oblong box, containing (for the inspection had examined its contents) a quantity of books, richly bound, which the proprietor had brought for the purpose of retailing about the city.

After seeing his property placed in the room allotted to him, the peddler made his appearance in the office with a small volume in his hand. He glanced his keen, shrewd eye leisurely around the room, which contained at that moment no one but the clerk and myself.

"Fond of reading?" inquired the peddler of the clerk, when he had finished his observation.

"Don't get any time to read," replied the clerk.

"I rather guess I've got a book here you would like to read," continued the peddler perseveringly.

"What is it?"

"Well, it's a real good book; and just right for the times, too, 'cause it'll give a man spiritual consolation; and they do say that's what a man can't get very easy in Maine—just about now."

"That's very true; but your 'consolation,' unfortunately, my friend, does not happen to be of the right sort."

"There was a cunning leech in the peddler's eye as he inquired—

"Fond of the right sort, hey?"

"When I can get it," said the clerk, becoming interested.

"Guess I shall sell you this book, then," said the peddler decidedly.

"What is it—you haven't told me the name of it yet?"

"It's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

"Oh; bother! I've read it at least a dozen times."

"But this is an entirely new edition."

"Oh! it's all the same."

"Beautifully engraved."

"Oh! nonsense—I don't want it."

And so saying, he commenced writing again, visibly annoyed.

"Say, you—better look at the pictures," continued the peddler, thrusting the book under his nose.

This movement had an astonishing effect upon the clerk. He jumped off his chair and began to examine the volume eagerly; but much to my surprise without opening it. Then seemingly satisfied with the scrutiny he asked the price and purchased it.

"Say, you"—said the peddler, after the bargain was concluded—moving towards the door—"Say you, if any body else should see that book and want to get another just like it, send 'em up to No. 73, and I'll accommodate 'em just about as quick as they please."

And exchanging a very queer and mysterious look with the clerk, the peddler vanished.

"What on earth made you buy that book?" asked I of the clerk, as soon as he had gone.

"See here a moment."

I advanced and looked over his shoulder. Turning up one end of the book, he removed a small slide, and discovered a small stoppel, which he unscrewed; which I applied mechanically to my mouth.

"What is it?" asked he laughing.

"Brandy—by jingo!" exclaimed I, pausing to take breath, and then making tracks for the door.

"Hallow! where are you going?"

"Up stairs; it has just struck me that the Pilgrim's Progress will be an excellent addition to my library."

"The next day the peddler's stock was exhausted."

MR. FILLMORE.

From a letter of the Hon. E. C. Cabell, Member of the House of Representatives, to the Editor of the Albany State Register, we present the following extract; which accords with our opinions as to the views and wishes of the Southern Whigs:

"Never was there so general a sentiment in favor of the election of any man to a political office, as that of the Southern Whigs for Mr. Fillmore. With one accord they desire to cast their votes for him; and there are thousands of Southern Whigs Democrats who will cheerfully vote for him, because he has been tried, and in the fearful crisis through which we have passed he has proved himself equal to any emergency, a patriot wholly uninfluenced by sectional considerations, and a President determined to do justice to all parts of the country, and fearlessly to execute the law. We make no sectional issues, we do not even wish to vote for a man from our section of the Union; but with one voice we ask Northern men to unite with us in the election of a northern man, not because he has shown any special partiality to the South, but simply because he has proved himself a national man, and has done his duty—nothing more—to all."