

**MILEAGE OF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.**

Gen. Saunders takes much merit to himself, for having written to the Postmaster General to ascertain what number of miles he was entitled to be paid for, as a Member of Congress. It is to be regretted, that the General, after having taken so much pains to be accurate, should not have settled by the information thus obtained. He says that he was informed that Raleigh is but 288 miles from Washington. Well, General! why then did you charge for 298 miles? Why tack on 10 to the distance you say you should be paid for?

At the Extra Session, you rec'd 1,086 40  
The Session consisted of 106 days  
at \$8 each, 848

The mileage therefore received was 238 40  
576 (the double of 288) at 40 cts.  
per mile, is 230 40

Excess per Session, 8 00

Other members may have been mistaken in distance, but you could not be. Is it not so, Mr. Standard, according to your "Congressional Directory," and "Table of Post Offices," in which you say it is certain that the General is entitled to but 288 miles travel?

Since the above was in type, we learn that Gen. Saunders alleges that the Book out of which he convicted others of overdrawn, does not state the true distance, so far as he is concerned! A nice matter truly—it is all gospel when the Bull can gore other people's cattle; but—ahem! "circumstances alter cases" when your own cow is hit. This is the last specimen of creeping out through a key-hole by the General. When tossed on the horns of the dilemma, he has found out that the Table of Post Offices has a typographical error of ten miles, as to his distance from Washington City. Some rascally Whig, we suppose, just to perplex and bother him has put it down at 293, when it should be 283 miles. "Sauce for the goose is" not "sauce for the gander" we suppose. We only suggest, that he ought to have known that, before he spooned it out so liberally to others. The truth is, we presume that the "Table of Post Offices" is not a legislative enactment of the "usual travelling route" to Washington City, but only shows the mail distance, which is often a very different thing, as every body who "has travelled" knows. Quere! do Democrats charge by the "Table" or do they charge by the travelling route?

From the Boston Atlas.  
IMPROMPTU.

On the re-nomination of Martin Van Buren for the Presidency by Col. Thomas Hart Benton.

When pumpkins shall grow on the top of a steeple,  
And showers of pomegranates shall fall like the rain;  
When Bronson and Bancroft can humbug the people—  
Van Buren may come back to power again.

When grinds-ones shall turn themselves round on the spindle—  
And John Bull shall swallow a third part of Maine;  
When Grahamites fatten, and beef-eaters dwindle,  
Van Buren may come back to power again.

When mint-drops shall flow up the broad Mississippi—  
And Amos no longer shall scribble for gain;  
When Ruchie refuses to scold like Zantippe,  
Van Buren may come back to power again.

When camels shall creep through the eye of a needle—  
And dunces confess themselves minus in brain;  
When rogues cannot cheat us nor parasites wheedle—  
Van Buren may come into power again.

MR. EDITOR: The few verses above quoted are true as if from a Sybil's leaf. Why should Van Buren come into power again? Freeman of America, ask yourselves this question. We profess to be an intelligent, prudent, calculating people. As such, answer the question, for what possible purpose, what probable benefit, what gain by accidental experiment, may be looked for by a return of Van Buren to power? Look Americans, before you leap. Think before you look. Have we not tried him once, and was there ever such a condemnation? A jury of States would have been unanimous in their verdict against him. Americans think: was it the man you discarded in 1840. No—it was his Administration. You dismissed him from your service because you saw in every measure he proposed, principles dangerous to your liberty. In every act, he had a total disregard of your wishes, a tyrannical invasion of your rights, and an obstinate determination to control your will. What brought him into power? Mr. Calhoun said the union of rogues and royalists enlisted for the Public Plunder. Why was he not retained in power? Because he brought the country to the brink of ruin, by bringing the power of his Administration in hostile array to the currency of the country—by falsely and traitorously traducing the character of the States—by destroying their credit, impairing their commerce, deranging their exchanges, and finally attempting to force upon them a system of finance which would inevitably have reduced the States to servile dependents of the General Government, and subjected their citizens to the cruel surveillance of tax collectors and rent receivers. The Sub-Treasury was the only distinguishing fea-

ture of his Administration; and though he professed to believe in the doctrine that when a majority of the people had expressed their wishes, all their agents must obey.— Still you find the Sub-Treasury condemned year after year, and recommended as often as rejected. Americans! it was an insult to our understandings; and the distress and ruin which such a course brought upon us, calls aloud for indignation and resentment. Will you call Van Buren to power again, and have your States vilified and insulted? Their improvements denounced, their credit destroyed? Will you bring him to power again, and have his office-holders rob the public of millions, fatten on your hard earnings, and by the steam of your very distress, stride over to Europe and fatten and play sycophant in the Courts of Royalty? Will you, dare you try the Sub-Treasury again? It has well nigh ruined us once, and but once again, and we are gone forever. Bring Van Buren into power again, and the Sub-Treasury will be forced down you, and with it will come, hard money and direct taxes. It will tend to this or nothing. The distress and ruin of such a state of things is revolting to think upon. I will not believe it.— Americans, drop men and ponder—ponder well these things. Yours, L. F.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

RALEIGH, JUNE 1843.

SIR: By a Committee appointed for that purpose, you were invited to attend the Whig Convention held in this place in the month of April 1842. Your answer, assigning reasons which prevented your acceptance of that invitation, declared that you had long entertained an ardent desire to visit North Carolina, and, though obliged to postpone that visit, you hoped God would spare you to make it at some future time. At the close of the last Session of the General Assembly, a meeting of the Whig members of that body was held, by which the undersigned were appointed a Committee to remind you of your contemplated visit, to express on the part of the Whigs of N. Carolina, their anxious wish to see you amongst them, and most respectfully, yet earnestly, to claim on their behalf the performance of your promise at such time as will be most agreeable to yourself.

That paying us a visit will be attended with fatigue and inconvenience to you, we are fully aware, but the Whigs of the State have strong claims upon your consideration. They have long admired you at a distance, as the boldest, most consistent and ablest asserter of those principles, on which depend the honor and welfare of our country; and they now desire to see with their own eyes, and to hear with their own ears, upon the soil of their own State, one, whom it is no disparagement of the excellence of others, to regard as the first living Patriot of America.

In the midst of the distraction, disgust and dismay, produced by the then recent defection of the President from the great party to whom he owed his elevation, the Whigs of this State, in their Convention of 1842, were the first to assume a decided position, and to announce a settled purpose. They declared you their choice for the first office of their country without qualification or condition; and to this declaration they, as one man, now steadfastly adhere. They desire your elevation to that office not only as a just acknowledgement of your past services, but also and chiefly, because from you in that high station, they hope (what they hope from no other) the restoration of our country to that glorious and happy state, from which by misgovernment and corruption, by treachery and selfishness, by knavery acting upon ambitious imbecility, by a wanton disregard of every obligation, personal and social, we have been unhappily displaced and degraded.

For such a people—so true and devoted in their attachment and so pure in their purposes—for such a cause, so deeply interesting, so awfully sacred to enlightened patriotism, we know you are ever ready to make any sacrifice.

We do, therefore, according to our instructions, and on behalf of the Whigs of North Carolina, ask on your part a fulfilment of your engagement; and we look forward, with eager hope, to the day when our constituents may add to the cherished recollections of their lives this also, that they have seen and heard HENRY CLAY.

- Your friends and fellow-citizens,  
B. F. MOORE,  
D. M. BARRINGER,  
MICHAEL FRANCIS,  
ANDREW JOYNER,  
THOMAS ALLISON,  
H. B. ELLIOTT,  
A. S. MOYE,  
JOHN A. YOUNG,  
S. P. ALLEN,  
C. G. LAMB,  
A. C. EHRINGHAUS,  
TOD R. CALDWELL,  
ALFRED DOCKERY.

HON. HENRY CLAY.

ASHLAND, 10th July, 1843.

GENTLEMEN: I have duly received your letter, as a Committee of the Whig portion of the Legislature of North Carolina, reminding me of my

engagement to visit that State, and expressing the expectation that I will fulfil it. My obligations of gratitude to North Carolina are too strong to have allowed me to forget my engagement, or to have abated my desire to visit it. I have, on the contrary, constantly cherished the wish to see it, and regretted that it has not been hitherto in my power to enjoy that gratification.

Your State, gentlemen, has other and higher titles to my friendly and respectful consideration than that, mentioned by you, of its having been the first to denounce the unparalleled treachery, which has marked the career of the acting President of the United States, although that merited denunciation was the performance of a high, moral and patriotic duty. No State has displayed more loyalty and attachment to the Union, been more prompt to defend and maintain it, or exhibited less selfish, restless or inordinate ambition. The first to declare the Independence of the Colonies, North Carolina will be among the last to abandon the support of the Union, without which we have no security for any of the blessings which we enjoy, in our political institutions. Her calm and dignified course has been mistaken for insensibility to public affairs. But she nobly vindicated herself from this unjust reproach in 1840, and I have no doubt stands ready to do it again, whenever a suitable emergency arises.

I shall take inexpressible pleasure in visiting such a State, and in cordially mixing with its population, without reserve. And, if God spare my life and health, I will certainly perform my promise in the course of the next Spring. I cannot now fix the precise time, but of that I will give you beforehand timely notice.

In the meantime, I pray your acceptance of my grateful acknowledgements for the renewal of the invitation with which I was honored, and assurances of the high respect and esteem with which I am, faithfully,

Your friend and ob't. serv't.

H. CLAY.

Messrs. MOORE, BARRINGER, &c.

We annex to the Correspondence which assures the Whigs of the good Old North, that the noble HENRY CLAY will visit our borders next Spring, the following beautiful Eulogy, taken from the Hartford Courant:

"If humanity presents a noble and sublime spectacle, it is when a pure and lofty patriot, regardless of self and devoted to the good of his country, even in the midst of calumny and reproach, pursues the path of duty, and patiently awaits the approval which time must at length bring. The retirement of such a man has greater power than all the seductive patronage with which the weak, the treacherous, and the evil-minded may attempt to purchase a mercenary support. While crowds, impelled by curiosity, may throng to gaze idly on the hour—the man of the Age, in his far off western home, with no other attractions than his mighty genius, and his lofty soul—receives the homage of millions of hearts. His single name has a charm more potent than all the gilded honors with which Monarchs and Presidents may reward their flatterers. Henry Clay! On what far distant mountain—in what deep forest—in what boundless prairie of our broad land, is that name unknown and unhonored? What stain of reproach, what suspicion of falsehood, what taint of treachery adheres to that glorious name? Opposing parties may for a time retard his upward progress, where is the opponent who dare assail his honor?—While magnanimity, and courage, and truth, are admired among men—while falsehood, and selfishness, and treachery are despised, the name of Henry Clay will be honored throughout the world. Well may he afford to "bide his time," for the day is at hand when the rallying cry of an injured and betrayed people will be—Justice to Henry Clay.

**A WAY TO PUT YOUNG COONS TO SLEEP.**

MR. EDITOR:—The County of Edgecomb and their idolized Editor of the 'Tarboro' Press, have very cunningly devised a puerile cheat in the 8th Congressional District to gull the Whigs; by pretending great preference for her own citizens, and particularly old bachelors, to fill both Congressional and State Legislatures. 'Tarboro' and its vicinity once was their beloved, and bachelors their choice—they fancied not a Representative with a brood of squalling young Democrats or grinning little coons at his heels; or have the domesticated varmint running home occasionally to bestow and receive conjugal caresses. Once Nash County and its residents, were in their estimation, the tail end of degradation itself, and had no place in their calendar of credit, except for 'pretty girls and brandy'; and as bachelors, they did not care a great deal about girls: they were only a necessary evil to noose erring louts with, but no acquisition to City polish or Legislative competency. And as for brandy, they said, they could make as good as the people of Nash; any how, it would make 'drunk come,' and that was sufficient for them. But when they found that they had no man in their County or the famous City of 'Tarboro', that could conquer the 'Conqueror,' they clubbed their wits to effect their hearts desire; by first praising Nash and its wealthy, polite and talented citizens to the skies—their style and address were fascinating—their soil

productive and abounding with gold, and their whole country a paradise to allure and enchant those once so blind to its value. It must be added to the ruined and impoverished Edgecomb. The accursed Rail Road had cut off their natural Allies, and turned their trade and thoughts from the once prosperous but now forsaken Taboro'. Every thing from Nash was going on the Rail Road: prices were better than Tarboro' could afford, and Salt and other necessities were coming to them by the Rail Road cheaper than 'Tarboro' was willing they should have them at. Edgecomb had to make out with Bank rags, instead of Nash gold—corn was taken and converted into whiskey, for the people to gulp; instead of that delicious old mellow Nash nectar, and even the very coons were making tracks from the impoverished County; inviting the fish and fowls, frogs and terrapins, to visit some other place of abode and mart, for trade. And who has done this, say they? that odious Stanly. He it is, that has written on our backs, "veni vidi vici" in liquid lava, more painful to us than a location in the uncomfortable regions of Tartarus. Something must be done to reach this cruel Stanly. Coon-dogs must be trained in Edgecomb, and every coon in the whole District must be killed. "But how ask the simple ones can it be done? we have tried betting, and that won't do; the coons won't sell their skins to us, and the loco's won't be sold by us, or bought from us; things must remain as they are." But mind how the wheel-horses pull when Howard cracks his whip at them. They find a Nash tackey hitched in harness with them, and the driver says "pull with honest Baldy, he is exactly the colt you want; don't be making mouths, and say he pranced around us when we were stalled and told us 'we were too terrapin like, and had not the nerve,' but hitch him in, and you'll see how the mud would fly; but pull with him, he is a fine colt from Nash, and we imported him for the very purpose of shaming your old sore and gallant shoulders." "None of your scoffs, because he don't know a Sound from a River or Branch—none of your comparisons, of his being a 'little Nash bull running full tilt against a locomotive. We, the caucus, set that that unbroken colt "Edgecombe" to praising the Calhoun horse, and to find fault with the Nash Resolution; but we did it to fool the coons, and make them think the dogs were on the back track, and it succeeded admirably, for some of the oldest coons don't dream of the hunting, and the dogs we intend to bring out on the 3rd August. They think we are asleep and scattered, but that is our deep laid scheme, and it was invented in Nash. They know well all such tricks—you'll see how the coons will blare open their eyes when we are done skinning them. Keep as still as mice until the election, and don't let a dog open his mouth; if you do, the coons will all take the alarm and it will be a poor hunt." Tell your pack, Howard, exactly how to do; and whip every howling puppy into his kennel, and teach him better manners and more docility than to murmur at your command; and then when you have made good "Force Bill" advocates out of real Nullifying freemen, you may possibly fool this old

NASH COON.

To the Editor of the Clarion:

SIR: I can stand it no longer. My name has been repeatedly dragged into the political arena, and my private feelings assailed without excuse—without reason or humanity. Such ignoble attempts to reach your political aims, through attacks upon an innocent and unoffending, and I may add, lovely woman, deserve the scorn and reprobation of every manly heart, and receive the unutterable scorn and contempt of

LAURA.

[In reply to Laura, we say with due submission, that we never before supposed that she was a sure enough Laura;—We had in our simplicity of soul, supposed that like the Laura of Petrarch, she was only the coinage of the Poet's brain. If she is really flesh and blood, we reverently take off our hat and beg her pardon; take back every syllable we ever said about her, and here make the amende honorable, by publicly proclaiming her the wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best, and eke also the most loveliest of created beings. Will that do, Laura?—ED. CLARION.