

**TENNESSEE.**

We find the following exhibit of the Tennessee Congressional Canvass in the Boston Atlas, and, since it is full, prefer to copy it *verbatim* rather than mangle it or work it over, as the manner of some is.

**TENNESSEE POLITICS.**—The canvass for Governor, Members of Congress, and the State Legislature, &c. in this State, is very warm. Messrs. Jones and Polk, the rival candidates for Governor, are stumping it through the whole State, and all accounts agree in representing the prospects as most favorable for the former. The following synopsis of the candidates and prospects in the several Congressional districts is abridged from the Memphis Eagle:

**1st DISTRICT.**—Composed of the counties of Johnson, Carter, Sullivan, Washington, Hawkins, Greene, and Cocke. Loco majority 713. John A. Aikin and Andrew Johnson, both Locos, are contesting for this district—the Whigs have no candidate, but will support Mr. Aikin, who announced himself in the Knoxville Register, a Whig paper, against the interdiction of the Loco Convention which nominated Mr. Johnson. Mr. Aikin declared himself at the same time, and in the same paper, in favor of a National Bank—Mr. Aikin's election is considered quite sure; and the Bank question is the main one for which the Whigs of Tennessee are again contending.—They will be well satisfied with his election.

**2d DISTRICT.**—Jefferson, Grainger, Claiborne, Campbell, Anderson, Morgan, Sevier, Blount and Monroe. Whig majority 2942. Candidates—Wm. T. Senter, Lewis Reneau, Whigs; W. W. Wallace, Loco. Mr. Senter is the regular nominee, and will doubtless be returned.

**3d DISTRICT.**—Knox, Roane, Bledsoe, Rhea, Meigs, McMinn, Polk, Bradley, Hamilton, Marion. Whig majority 1002. Candidates—Thomas J. Campbell, Whig; Julius W. Blackwell, Loco. Mr. Campbell, a true blue Whig, will of course be elected.

**4th DISTRICT.**—Fentress, Overton, Jackson, White, De Kalb, Van Buren, Warren, Coffee—Loco majority 1335. Candidates—Alvan Culom and Saml. H. Laughlin, both Locos. Mr. Laughlin is the regular nominee, and one of the notorious "13" disorganizing Senators. Mr. Culom comes out an "independent," and will receive the Whig strength generally, which it is said will elect him.

**5th DISTRICT.**—Franklin, Lincoln, Bedford, Marshall. Loco majority 3025. The candidates not yet settled upon. Loco of course.

**6th DISTRICT.**—Hickman, Maury, Giles, Lawrence, Wayne and Hardin. Loco majority 1400. Candidates—Neil L. Brown, Whig; Aaron V. Brown, Loco. Although our Whig friends think their candidate will succeed, we hardly think it probable—he will have to overcome too large a majority; but that he will greatly reduce it, is quite certain.

**7th DISTRICT.**—Wilson, Rutherford, Cannon, Williamson. Whig majority 2349. Candidates—David W. Dickson, Whig; no opposition.

**8th DISTRICT.**—Smith, Sumner, and Davidson. Whig majority, 1302. Candidates—Dr. Jos. H. Peyton, Whig; Gen. Daniel S. Donelson, Loco. Dr. Peyton, the Whig candidate, will of course be returned.

**9th DISTRICT.**—Robertson, Montgomery, Stewart, Dickson, Humphreys, Benton, and Henry.—Loco-Foco majority, 870. Candidates—Gustavus A. Henry, Whig; Cave Johnson, Loco. This District may be set down as doubtful, though the chances seem to be in favor of the Loco candidate. Mr. Henry is a very popular and eloquent haranguer, and the contest will be very animated and close.

**10th DISTRICT.**—McNairy, Hardeman Fayette, Shelby, Tipton, Haywood, Lauderdale, and Dyer. Whig majority 385. Candidates—John B. Ashe, Whig; Frederic P. Stanton, Loco. This is the Memphis district. The Whigs are in the best of spirits, and a Whig majority of 500 at least may be counted on. Of Mr. Ashe's election over Stanton, we do not entertain a shade of fear.

**11th DISTRICT.**—Perry, Henderson, Madison, Carroll, Gibson, Weakly, Obion. Whig majority, 2,608. Candidate—Milton Brown, Whig; no opposition.

Of the six Whig Districts, we do not think either of them can be considered at all doubtful; and we therefore consider the election of 6 Whig Members of Congress next to certain. Of the five Loco Districts, we entertain this opinion:—we consider three of them certain; but the strong probability is, that one of the three will elect a Loco-Foco National Bank man, which will be about the same as the election of another Whig. The other two Districts we consider somewhat doubtful, though the chances preponderate against us; they are vigorously and eloquently contested by Mr. Brown and Mr. Henry, to say the least of it; and our friends express strong hopes of carrying them.

The Van Buren papers constantly run their heads against a wall when they affect to stigmatize the election of General Harrison, as a fraud upon the people—as produced by humbug—by coon-skins, hard cider, and log cabins. They forget that they not only assert a palpable falsehood manifest to the whole world—but insult and outrage the feelings of the people of the country. Gen. Harrison was elected by the patriotism, intelligence, and good sense of the people. The result of the election of 1840, and the proceedings of the whole campaign of 1840, were of the most animating and exciting character, produced by purely American, Republican, and elevated political principles. Were the election to go over again, and Gen. Harrison alive, that Patriot Hero and Good President, would receive, we verily believe, a greater majority than he obtained in 1840. Are not these Van Buren presses aware that the spirit of Harrison may yet be invoked by his friends, and be used to rally them again to union and to victory!—*Alexandria Gazette.*

**NEW ORLEANS, JULY 8, 1843.**

**Messrs. GALES & SEATON:** I hope you will not allow yourselves to be discouraged as regards our prospects in this State for 1844 by the result of the recent election. The first district, as now constituted, and which has just elected Mr. SLIDELL to Congress, has always been Loco-foco, except in 1840, when it gave a small Whig majority, but in the contest for Governor in 1838 for Mr. PRIEUR, and again last year for Mr. MOUTON, it went against us; in the former case by a larger majority than now. In the present contest, for the first time with us, the enemy have adopted a regular system of making foreign votes, and from five to six hundred of that class have been naturalized within the last few weeks—to find which number, particularly at this season of the year, they have raked and scraped the highways and byways, the streets, alleys, lanes, and gutters of the City, and with all these means, and with an apathy on the part of the Whigs which we could not overcome, Mr. SLIDELL'S majority in the district is less than four hundred.

In the second district the apathy has been even greater, and not even half of the full vote has been polled; our candidate, Governor WHITE, is defeated by a small majority. The apathy has exceeded all belief; in 1840 the Whig majority in this district was 1,900, and now the aggregate vote of both parties will not exceed 2,000!

The third district has always been hopelessly Loco-foco, and Mr. DAWSON of course is re-elected, and we prefer him to any other man of their party. The Locos boast much of chances for success in the fourth district, where they are running a very popular Creole (Mr. BOSSIER) against Mr. MOORE, and shall not be surprised if he succeeds, as party trammels hang very loosely on our Creole Whigs, where that question comes up, and you have on more than one occasion seen our Legislature with a decided Whig majority elect a Loco-foco Creole Senator against an American Whig.

With all the recent events fresh before us, Louisiana is Whig, Whig to the core, and in 1844, when we will have a CAUSE and a CANDIDATE that will arouse the party, you will see how she will shake Loco-focism from her skirts and scatter it to the four winds of heaven. The manner in which the officeholders (Federal and State) worked in the late contest exceeds all former precedent. None were too high and none too low to take each in their proper sphere the full share of labor, and a large number of the most active and influential were thus appointed under the late and previous Whig administrations of the State; for whilst the present Executive carries out to the extreme the doctrine of political proscription in all his appointments, the Whigs, kind souls, have generally filled their offices with a full share of their enemies, and verily they are now receiving their reward. But I again say to you, and say to our friends, be of good cheer as regards Louisiana. In July, 1844, you shall hear the first Whig gun booming long and loud from her over the land as you did in July, 1840.—*National Intelligencer.*

**PROPOSED NATIONAL MASS CONVENTION.**

At the Whig Celebration of the late National Anniversary in the City and County of Philadelphia, the following appears among the published proceedings:

"Prior to the adjournment the following Resolution was offered by James S. Wallace, Esq. and carried amidst the most unbounded acclamation:

"Resolved, That the Whigs of Philadelphia tender an invitation to the Whigs of the WHOLE UNION to meet in Great Mass Convention on the 4th of July, 1844, at Independence Square, in the City of Philadelphia, to respond to the nomination of the National Whig Convention."

We trust this invitation, issued by the Whigs of Philadelphia to the Whigs of the Union, to respond to the nomination of the Whig National Convention which meets at Baltimore in May next, will be circulated from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Oregon. We are all aware of the influence which the Mass Convention at Baltimore in 1840 had upon the Whig party; associations were there entered into, friendships formed, correspondences arranged, opinions interchanged, and promises given which acted as the bond and cement of the entire Harrison party throughout the Union. It was the first giant impulse given to the avalanche of 1840; the first "roll of the ball" which crushed Loco-focism in its onward course; the Lexington of the moral and political revolution of the people against their taskmasters and oppressors!

The invitation is extended in unbounded cordiality, and we trust it will be accepted in the same spirit of fraternal kindness. We ask our Whig brethren of the Press to be bearers of the request which Philadelphia City and County makes to the Whigs of the Union, and to promulgate through their columns that every arrangement will be made for their comfort and convenience. Come one, come all! and here let us ratify anew those bonds of unity and kindness which treachery has been unable to sunder, and which time can never impair!—*Phila. Forum.*

**MODESTY!**

The following is the concluding paragraph of JOHN TYLER'S letter to the Loco Focos of Philadelphia, which was read at the late party celebration of the Fourth in that city. It is only remarkable for its extreme modesty:

"The principles upon which I shall continue to act, while I remain at the head of the Government, are those which are derived from the great teacher in the Republican School—and if for this I shall continue to be the object of abuse, I shall console myself with the reflection, THAT THE DISCIPLE SHOULD NOT EXPECT A FATE DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF HIS MASTER. IN HIS DAY AND GENERATION NO MAN WAS MORE VILIFIED THAN THE AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, WHOSE DISCIPLE I AM!!!!"

**INGRATITUDE OF THE WHIGS.**

We notice that several of the Whig presses have been denouncing Mr. CALHOUN in no very choice terms. This is very ungrateful, to say the least of it. Probably there is no man out of the Whig ranks to whom they are as much indebted for efficient services as Mr. Calhoun.—Was it not he who exposed the corruptions of Mr. Van Buren's administration, and proclaimed to the country that his party was "the Spoils party, without principles and without policy, and held together by nothing but the hopes of plunder?" Did he not denounce them as "rogues and royalists," and their leader as belonging to the "fox and weasel" tribe? Did he not prove the falsity of the charge of Federalism against the Whigs, and defend their name? He said "it was at least an honest and patriotic name.—It is synonymous to resistance to usurpation.—usurpation, come from what quarter and under what shape it may; whether it be that from the Government upon the rights of the States, or the Executive on the Legislative department." He even went further and said that the name Tory was properly applied to the Loco-foco party. The following is his language:—"What is there in the meaning of Whig and Tory, and what in the character of the Times which has caused their sudden revival as party designations at this time? I take it that the very essence of TORISM—that which constitutes a Tory is to sustain prerogative against privilege—to support the Executive against the Legislative Department of the Government, and to lean to the side of POWER AGAINST the side of LIBERTY; while the WHIG is, in all these particulars, of the very opposite principles. These are the leading characteristics of the RESPECTIVE PARTIES, WHIG and TORY, and run through their application in all the variety of circumstances in which they have been applied, either in this country, or Great Britain."

Is it not then the basest ingratitude in the Whigs to denounce him? But it is only another melancholy evidence of how soon favors are forgotten, while injuries are written, as it were, with a pen of steel upon tablets of brass. Out upon you! ye ungrateful Whigs.

**JOHN C. CALHOUN.**

A writer in the Macon (Ga.) Messenger thus traces the political twistifications of the "Arch Nullifier." If ever man boxed the political compass, Mr. Calhoun is that man. The truth of every assertion contained in the statement below can be established from the indubitable testimony of the records of the country.

"In 1816, the god-father of a protective tariff—in 1832, the advocate of Nullification to overthrow it—in 1833, the supporter of the Compromise act—in 1841, the violent opponent of it—in 1816, the advocate of a National Bank—in 1834, proposing to extend its charter 12 years—in 1838 and 1841 denounced it as unconstitutional—in 1816, the advocate of a system of Internal Improvements—in 1819, the moving spirit, that breathed life into it—in 1832, the denouncer of it, as entailing all the evils of the Tariff—in 1843, again its advocate—in 1836, the advocate of distributing the proceeds of the sales of the Public Lands among the States, and the author of the scheme—in 1841, the reviler of the scheme as unconstitutional—in 1842, the advocate of the proceeds of the public lands being continued in the Treasury, as the only constitutional mode of application—in 1834, the author of the proposition to take them from the old States, and to cede them to the States in which they lie—in 1816, the author of the proposition to appropriate the bonds of the United States Bank to works of Internal Improvement—in 1840, the reviler of those who voted for his proposition—in 1825, the proud boaster of his great services in giving being to the "American system"—now the traducer of those who acted with him and followed his lead.—The author of the system of Internal Improvements, which has squandered so many millions of dollars for no good end, and now the persecuting reviler of those who attempted to carry out the schemes he planned.—The opponent of the Sub-Treasury in 1834—the great advocate of it now.—The advocate of every measure hated by the South, and the bold Senator, who declared in 1842, that he had not changed any of these principles, and yet the supplicant for their votes.—The blustering advocate of "free trade." In his whole Congressional career before his connexion with Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, he was the ultra advocate of protection both by his votes and speeches. A member of the Senate since 1832, amidst all the excitement of the Tariff question, he has never yet presented to the American people the first free trade proposition. This is the politician, who never yet raised a party around him, and this is the political weathercock, whose friends have erected a press at Macon, to persuade the people of Georgia to follow him. This is the Presidential aspirant, who cannot get the vote of any two States in the Union. What an imposition upon common sense!

Nothing could have been more *mal apropos* to the singular claim urged for Mr. Calhoun, by his South Carolina friends, of his being the strict constructionist, *par excellence*, than the republication of what are called his "Suppressed Speeches," by the National Intelligencer. These Suppressed Speeches being, in fact amongst the very best he ever delivered, and yet going the whole length in opposition to all the State Rights doctrines of the present day. Instead of the vain effort to hide these speeches, how much better would it have been to say—as Mr. Clay always says about his often quoted anti-bank speech.—that he had "changed his opinion!"—*Alex. Gaz.*

**THE QUAIL.**

We would walk six miles to shake hands with the writer of the following article, and would not mind moreover, lending a lick ourselves at the murderous darkey whom he so justly anatomizes. The article is, we believe, from an old number of the Knickerbocker:—*Nat. Int.*

**SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING QUAIL.**—The Quail is the bird for me. He is no rover, no emigrant. He stays at home and is indented with the soil. Where the farmer works, he lives, and loves, and whistles. In budding spring time and in scorching summer, in bounteous autumn and in barren winter, his voice is heard from the same bushy hedgetence and from his customary cedars. Cupidity and cruelty may drive him to the woods, to seek more quiet seats; but he is merciful and kind to him, and he will visit your barn yard, and will sing for you upon the boughs of the apple tree by your gateway. But when warm May first wooes the young flowers to open and receive her breath, then begin the loves and jealousies and duels of the heroes of the bevy.—Duels too often, alas! bloody and fatal; for there liveth not an individual of the gallinaceous order, braver, bolder, more enduring than a cock quail fighting for his lady love. Arms, too, he wields, such as give no van blows, rightly used. His mandible serves for other purposes than mere biting of grasshoppers and picking up Indian corn. While the dre affray rages Miss Quailna looketh on from her safe perch on a limb above the combatants, impartial spectatress, holding her love under her left wing patiently; and when the vanquished craven finally bites the dust, descends and rewards the conquering hero with her heart and hand.

Now begin the cares and responsibilities of wedded life. Away fly the happy pair to seek some grassy tussock, where, safe from the eyes of the hawk and the nose of the fox, they may rear their expected brood in peace, provident and not doubting their espousals will be blessed with a numerous offspring. Oat harvest arrives, and the fields are waving with yellow grain. Now be wary, oh, kind hearted cradler! and tread not into those pure white eggs ready to burst with life! Soon there is a peeping sound heard! and lo! a proud mother walketh magnificently in the midst of her children, scratching and picking, and teaching them how to swallow. Happy she if she be permitted to bring them up to maturity, and unimpelled to renew her joys in another nest.

The assiduities of a mother have a beauty and a sacredness about them that command respect and reverence in all animal nature, human or inhuman—what a lie does that word carry—except, perhaps, in monsters insects and fish. I never yet heard of the parental tenderness of a trout, eating up his little baby, nor of the filial gratitude of a spider, nipping the life out his grey-headed father, and usurping his web. But if you would see the purest, the sincerest, the most affecting piety of a parent's love, startle a young family of quails, and watch the conduct of the mother. She will not leave you. No, not she. But she will fall at your feet, uttering a noise which none but a distressed mother can make, and she will run and flutter and seem to try to be caught, and cheat your outstretched hand, and affect to be wing-broken and wounded, and yet have just strength enough to tumble along until she has drawn you, fatigued, a safe distance from her threatened children and the young hopes of her heart; and then she will mount, whirring with glad strength, and away through the maze of trees you have not seen before, like a close shot bullet, fly to her skulking infants. Listen now! Do you hear those three half-plaintive notes quickly and clearly poured out? She is calling the boys and girls together. She sings not now "Bob White!" nor "Ah, Bob White!" That is her husband's love call or his trumpet blast of defiance. But she calls sweetly and softly for her lost children. Hear them "peep! peep! peep!" at the welcome voice of their mother's love! They are coming together. Soon the whole family will meet again. It is a foul sin to disturb them; but retreat your devious way, and let her hear your coming footsteps breaking down the briars as you renew the danger. She is quiet; not a word is passed between the fearful fugitives. Now, if you have the heart to do it, lie low, keep still, and imitate the call of the hen quail. Oh, mother! mother! how your heart would die if you could witness the deception! The little ones raise their trembling heads, and catch comfort and imagined safety from the sound. "Peep! peep!" they come to you, straining their little eyes, and clustering together, and answering, seem to say, "Where is she! Mother! mother! we are here!"

I knew an Ethiopian once—he lives yet in a hovel on the brush plains of Matowacs—who called a whole bevy together in that way. He first shot the parent bird; and when the murderous villain had ranged them in close company, while they were looking over each other's necks, and mingling their doubts and hopes and distresses, in a little circle, he levelled his cursed musket at their unhappy breasts, and butchered—"What! all my pretty ones! Did you say all?" He did, and he lives yet! Oh, let me not meet that nigger six miles north of Patchogue, in a place where the scrub oaks cover with cavernous gloom a sudden precipice, at whose bottom lies a deep lake unknown but to the Kwikæ and the lost deer hunter. For my soul's sake, let me not encounter him in the grim ravines of the Callicoon, in Sullivan, where the everlasting darkness of the hemlock forests would sanctify virtuous murder!

'Tis a very good world we live in,  
To lend, to spend, or to give in;  
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,  
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.