

RALPH REGIS REGISTER.

AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers."

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1839.

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JOSEPH GALES & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Irish Humor and Irish Pathos.

The extract, which follows, is from an article in the
April number of the Westminster Review, the
basis of which is *Traits and Stories of the Irish
Peasantry, and The Popular Songs of Ireland.*
The reader will concur in the opinion of the re-
viewer, that both these qualities are inimitable.

Not long ago we expressed our sympathy
for an old Irish woman—old, and very
poor—who, in addition to her other misfor-
tunes, had lately lost her teeth. "Time
for me to lose 'em," she replied, "when
I've nothing for 'em to do." This is
Irish humor—a definition in an anecdote.
It arrives most rapidly at a conclusion by
the pleasantest road—it accomplishes a pur-
pose without a useless expenditure of words;
it is epigrammatic and yet easily un-
derstood: it is a picture as well as a speech;
it tickles the ear, animates the fancy, and
indirectly flatters an auditor by enabling
him to compliment his own quickness of
apprehension, in taking in the full meaning
of the words. Like every thing else that
is Irish, it is peculiar: it is not a pun, or a
quizz; it is unstudied, it comes unsearched
for, and uncalled for; it has an air of sim-
plicity, and yet simplicity is not its charac-
ter—it belongs more to the mind than to the
tongue, and more to the heart than to
either. Imagine for a moment a rosy cheeked
Munster man, paying rather leisurely the
high way in Cheapside, and quite un-
conscious of the English dignity of a shop-
keeper, blocking up a tradesman's door
with a heap of stones. "Take those stones
away," quoth the tradesman, in a flutter.
"Is it the stones? Why, then, where
would you have me take 'em to?" "Take
them to H—," replies the very angry
citizen. "I'll take 'em to Heaven, your
honor, they'll be more out of your way
there," says Paddy's reply. Now fancy
his tender glance of self-satisfaction; the fel-
low's overt civility, and covert satire; his
silent chuckle, intimated only by the least
twirl of his mobile mouth, the whole finish-
ed by the never-neglected shoulder twist,
as he stoops to resume his labor, and you
have at once a picture of veritable Irish
humor. An Irishman never blunders from
stupidity—he blunders because his head
has more than it can carry—he never lacks
ideas, but he strings them oddly together,
arriving at his conclusion by a shorter way
than an Englishman would have dreamed
of taking. He relishes his rags with merry laugh-
ter, and flutters his rags with merry laugh-
ter. Even Irish gentlemen at times com-
mit themselves in the blundering style, tho'
constant intercourse with the English has
somewhat flattened their wit, if it has added
to their wisdom. Not long since we received
a note of sympathy that we should have
chosen a very unfortunate period for visit-
ing the Irish metropolis, "when there's
nothing to see, and nobody to show it."
And a short time afterwards one of the
riders of a steeple-chase, finding his horse
boggle at a ditch, thus addressed his steed
"Lep it now and I'll give you a pound
note." Upon being subsequently ques-
tioned as to the effect of the promised bribe,
he added, "And she did lep it, and fell on
her face and hands." Of a kin to this is
the story of an Irish gentleman, who being
in Paris, and not understanding French,
drove to the hotel, at which, having been
there before, he knew an English waiter at-
tended. Having summoned a *garcon*, the
following dialogue took place—
"Waiter, bring me some gravy soup."
"Monsieur?"
"Some—gravy—soup. Will you bring
me the gravy soup? Don't stand bowing
and jabbering there; sure that's what I'm
wanting, and not your civility."
"Monsieur, je ne com—"
"Tunder and turf, man alive! if ye don't
understand me, can't ye send the man I
saw when I was here last?"

We will only give one more anecdote,
to illustrate the ready-wittedness of Paddy,
whose humor did not forsake him, even in
the presence of his priest or beneath the
shadow of the confessional.
Darby Kelly went to confession, and
having detailed his several sins of omission
and commission, to which various small
penalties were attached, at last came with
a groan, to the awful fact that he had stol-
en his neighbor, Kitty Mahony's pig; a
crime so heinous in the sight of Father
Tobin, that his reverence could by no man-
ner of means give him absolution for the
same. Darby begged and prayed and prom-
ised, but to no effect; no penance could
make atonement; no repentance could
produce effect; nothing, in short would, but
restitution—that is to say, to give back her
own to Kitty Mahony. But a difficulty

arose, inasmuch as Darby and Darby's
'children' had eaten up the pig. Upon
which the priest waxed wroth, and threat-
ened the rogue with evil here, and a terri-
ble destiny hereafter. "And now hear me,
ye vagabond cheat," he said, "when ye go
up to stand yer trial, and find yerself among
the goats, (for sheep ye are not) to get yer
sentence, there'll be two witnesses against
ye—there'll be Kitty Mahony that ye robb'd,
and the pig that ye ate—and what will ye
do then, ye vagabond?"

"Och, plaze yer reverence, and is it true
what ye say, that Kitty Mahony herself
will be there?"
"She will."
"And the pig I ate; will the pig be to
the fore?"
"He will."

"Oh, then, plaze yer reverence, if Kitty
Mahony will be there, what will hinder me
from saying, 'Kitty Mahony, bad luck to
yer soul, ther's yer pig; sure won't that
be restitution?'"

But examples of Irish humor are, as we
have said, sufficiently abundant; there is,
however, another predominant quality in
the Irish character, and *par consequens*,
in all about Ireland; as peculiar, as frequent
and as striking as the humor which abounds
in both; we mean Irish Pathos. There are
many melancholy aids in the country that
give it effect; but it does not need them in
the same proportion that Irish humor does;
it goes straight to the heart, while its op-
posite works on the imagination; it follows
or precedes the jest with extraordinary
rapidity; the smile bursts forth before the
tear is dry, but its sadness is certainly aug-
mented by witnessing the causes that pro-
duced it. There is a depth of pure and holy
poetry in Irish pathos which cannot be sur-
passed; its metaphors are appropriate, and
attack our reason by the force of their beau-
tiful simplicity. We remember once pass-
ing by an Irish cottage on the estate of an
absentee landlord, whose agent had distrained
for rent; the family were of the very
poor. A mother, whose husband was only
recovering from the 'sickness,' as typhus fever
is always called, staggered from beneath
the door-way, not from any weakness of her
own, but from her efforts to support the
wreck of what had been, three years before,
the finest young man in the parish. She
was followed by two little children, the
smallest remnant of her family; three had
been carried to the grave by the disease
from which the father was recovering; it
was beautiful to see how that pale, thin,
deep-eyed woman suffocated her own feel-
ings with the affection she bore her husband.

"Don't cry atther the poor place, childre
dear; sure, th' Almighty is above us all—
and this last trouble has been sent in good
time, whin there's not so many of us to
bear it. The could earth is heavy enough
on Kathleen and Matty and Michael, but
the trouble of this day would be heavier—
for they were made up of feeling. Sure, my
darlings, if there's power given the landlord
now, he'll not be our landlord in the world
above! The lord be praised for that same!
Don't cry atther the pig, Ellen, avourneen,
what signifies it? May the little boy take
the cat itself, sir?" addressing the half-
tipsy man who had taken the inventory of the
contents of their miserable cabin.—
"Never heed it, my darling, though to be
sure it's only natural to like the dawsey
cat that lay in his bosom all the time
of his sickness. Keep up, Michael," she
whispered to her husband, who, over-
powered by illness and mental suffering,
resisted her efforts to drag him into the
high road; he glared upon the bailiff with
the glare of a famished tiger, so famished
that it has not the power to spring upon its
foe, impotent in all but the fierce and rack-
ing thirst for blood. "What signifies it?
sure we'll be happier than ever—by'n'bye,"
she added, while the haggard smile upon
her lips was the bitter mockery of hope.—
"Come away Michael, I wonder that you
wouldn't be above letting the likes of them,
without a heart, see that you care about
them or their goings on. Oh! where's yer
pride gone?—that, and the silence togeth-
er, put many a trouble over us that's known
only to ourselves and the Almighty—bless-
ed be He is! He knows the troubles of the
poor, and keeps their secrets. Come away,
Michael! and don't let them come Nagurs
see that it's the woman that puts courage
in ye!"

But the peasant heeded her not—the
home affections were tugging at his heart.
He kept his eyes fixed upon the remnants
of the furniture of his once comfortable cot-
tage, that were dragged out previous to be-
ing carried away; he pointed to the potato
kish which was placed upon the table—that
indispensable article, in which the potatoes
are thrown when boiled, and which fre-
quently, in the wilder and less civilized parts
of Ireland, is used as a cradle for the "ba-
by." "God bless you!" he exclaimed to
the man! "God bless you, and don't take
that—it's nothing but a kish, it's not worth
half a farthing to ye, it's falling to pieces;
it's more to me, homeless and houseless as
I am, than thousands—it's nothing but a
kish, but my eldest boy—he, thank God,
that's not to the fore to see his father's po-
verty this day—he slept in it many a long
night, when the eyes of his little sister had
not gone among the bright stars of heav-
en, but were there to watch over him—it's
nothing but a kish—yet many a day, in the
midst of my slavery, have I and my wife,

and five as beautiful as ever stirred a man's
heart in his bosom—sat round it, and eat
the praythe and salt out of it, fresh and
wholesome; and when I had my six bless-
ings to look on, it's little I cared for the
slavery a poor Irishman is born to—it's
nothing but a kish—but it's been with me
full, and it's been with me empty, for many
a long year, and it's used to me—it knows
my troubles—for since the bed was sould
from under us, for the last gale, what else
had we to keep our heads from the could
earth? For the love of the Almighty God,
have mercy on a poor, weak, houseless
man; don't take the last dumb thing he
cares for—it's nothing but a kish."

No matter for the insignificance of the
object, the pathos of this is felt at once; it
is hardly necessary to describe the scene
or the actors therein—the words carry their
own meaning with them. The trust of the
poor Irish in the protecting care of the
Almighty is uppermost in all their troubles;
their faith in His wisdom is never shaken.
When tried in a manner that would drive
a Frenchman to his charcoal and an
Englishman to the river or the rope, we
have seen Paddy's eyes—eyes that have
ceased to feel the luxury of tears—uplifted
to heaven, and heard him murmur, "Well
to be sure, His will be done! He sent the
sore trouble on us, but His will be done!"

[From the Court Gazette London.]

Choosing a Husband.

"Caroline, you are twenty-one."
"I know it full well, and I assure you
no one regrets it more than myself, but
really I cannot help laughing at the idea
of marrying Sir Thomas Lupton."
"And why," said Lady Montague, grave-
ly. He is a man of good family and excel-
lent estate—highly connected; his mother
is the daughter of a duke, and he is a mem-
ber of Parliament for the Borough of Dun-
derton."

"Yes, and he sent us the Dunderton
Journal containing his election speech with
an account of how he was chaired, feasted
and flattered on that occasion, showing
that Sir Thomas, whatever he may be
here, is at least a great man in Dunderton."
"Nay, nay," added the laughing girl throw-
ing back the jet black ringlets, that seem-
ed sportively to fall over her bright black
eyes. "Pray dear mamma, turn to the tablets
again."
"Well there is young Flowerdale."
"A poet, and a man of sentiment, writes
pastorals, and told me the other day with a
simpler that our grandmothers showed ex-
quisite taste in being painted as shepher-
desses. The man may marry his grand-
mother, an he lists."

"Caroline, Caroline, pray be serious,
Lord Flowerdale, I am convinced, loves
you."
"The tablets! the tablets! my dear mam-
ma, I so long to hear the rest of the list."
"The next then, is Captain Bolton,
of the Guards, prospective heir to a marquis-
ate, and it is said has broken the hearts of
several ladies already."
"So, indeed, it is, but until I hear some
well authenticated fact of death having so
occurred, such as the verdict of a coroner's
inquest, 'died by the visitation of Captain,
or the certificate of two respectable physi-
cians; 'on soul and conscience,' I'll never
believe it."
"Well, really now, I always imagined
that the Captain was a favorite of yours—
I'm sure at Lady Vernons' route—"
"He talked to me of nothing but his uni-
form and during the rest of the evening
stood in lordly silence in a conspicuous
part of the room, with his lip curled a la
Byron, and in the attitude of Napoleon
storming a battery. Pshaw! I thought that
even you had seen that man was a fool—
But who is next on the list?"

"Mr. Dodridge, nephew, you know to
the bishop of—, and a rising man in the
church. He took high honours at Oxford,
and is besides, an excellent worthy young
man."
"Good, perhaps, but prosy. Moreover,
mamma, he wears spectacles and a white
neckcloth, things, to which I have an un-
conquerable aversion. However, he is a
very 'excellent, worthy young man,' as
you so justly observe, and is admirably
qualified to be a 'friend to the family—
But are these all?"

"There is yet one more," said Lady
Montagu, mournfully, "Sir Roger Tem-
pleton."
"A dear, good old soul, a second Sir
Toby Belch, but unfortunately, equally
dissipated. He would make an excellent
uncle. I don't dislike dissipated uncles
myself; it shows that there is a spirit in
the family; but a nearer relation to such
people is bad. But can you really wish
me," said Caroline, more seriously, while
her dark eyes brightened with sudden feel-
ing, "can you really wish your daughter
to marry an old and dissipated man like Sir
Roger Templeton?"

"Neither so very old nor so very dissi-
pated either," replied Lady Montagu, petu-
lantly. "He was a great friend of your
father's although a much younger man than
he. His habits are those of the old school,
but he is one of the wealthiest men in the
House of Commons, where he has repre-
sented the county of—, for many
years."
"And is a good county man, a spirited

agriculturist, an enlightened member of
the committee on turnpike roads. My dear
mamma, I know all his good qualities as
well as a few of his bad ones, so be assur-
ed I do not reject him ignorantly. But
you have concluded your list, now pray
lend me the tablets and you shall hear
mine."

Caroline Montagu took up the pencil,
and with a hand as white as the ivory ta-
blets which she held, rapidly traced a flame
upon them, then looked at her mother as if
hesitating.

"Well, Caroline, proceed."
"The first then is Edward Hastings."
"Mr. Edward Hastings," cried the ser-
vant, throwing open the door, and the
gentleman, as if by magic, stood before
them.

Lady Montague drew herself upon her
cushioned chair, and put the tips of her
jewelled fingers into Hastings' hand, while
Caroline, with a face covered with blushes,
permitted him to seat himself beside her on
a sofa, while her eyes glanced restlessly
towards her mother, whose look was sur-
prised and formal.

"Now, I know not, said Hastings, 'if
you ought to condescend to me for my be-
reavement, having lost a cousin, as the
Scotch say, three times removed, or con-
gratulate me on the acquisition of his title
and estate.'"

Caroline turned quickly round to Hast-
ings, and Lady Montagu's looks relaxed.
"May I ask, said her Ladyship, after a
moment's pause, who this cousin is?"
"Sir John Hastings of Harthurst Moor."
"What! Harthurst Moor, of—shire?"

"The very same; and I assure you a for-
tune was never more unexpectedly acquir-
ed, or conferred upon one that stood in
greater need of it, than the now present
worthy Baronet of that name."

"I assure you, Mr. Hastings—Sir Ed-
ward I mean," said Lady Montagu, with
a face all smiles and sunshine, "I sincerely
rejoice at your good fortune, and so I
am sure, does Caroline," "but," continued
her ladyship, rising and looking at her
watch, "I hope you will excuse me at pres-
ent; as I have an engagement at—"

"Certainly," cried Hastings, "I hope
you will not remain a single moment on my
account."
Lady Montagu had almost reached the
door, when suddenly turning round, she
exclaimed, "Oh! I forgot the tablets."
"Mamma," said Caroline, with an arch
look, as she still held them in her hand,
"do you know I think they are turned."
"Give them to me, foolish girl."

"Nay, let me keep them; they contain a
list I much wish to preserve."
"Caroline you are detaining me," said
Lady Montagu, as she took the tablets and
left the room.

"You look graver now," said Hastings,
observing a shade on the brow of the fair
girl by his side. "In sooth it is not fair
to banish your smiles at a time like this."
"I cannot choose but be so, for I have had
a lecture this morning on the choice of a
husband; a grave subject you must allow."

"And I heard a name as I entered the
room," said Hastings, passing his arm
round the waist of the blushing girl, "had
you the boldness, my Caroline, to—"
"Break the ice, but not quite thaw it—
that has been done by your cousin, three
times removed!"

A BRUTAL SCHOOLMASTER—Rufus Adams,
master of the new Grammar school in
Lowell, Mass. was tried last week for an
assault and battery upon F. Andrews, one
of his pupils. The boys supposed they
were to have vacation, and when the bell
rang, did not return to the school house.—
Upon being sent for, and told to hold up
their hands, if they were sorry, all but
FERDINAND held up their hands. The mas-
ter then took him in another room, and
with a strap, struck him 25 blows by
count of one of the witnesses, brought him
into the school room again and asked if he
was sorry. He nodded his head and moved
his lips. The master then took him out
again into the other room and whipped him
as much more, brought him out and re-
peated his question. The boy nodded,
and one of the witnesses thought he said
yes, though his voice was choked with
crying. The master then took him into
the room again and whipped him as much
more, brought him out and asked him if he
was sorry, and he answered yes. He was
then permitted to go to his seat. The boy
was very lame, and could not undress him-
self for eight days.

The Court decided that 75 blows, upon
a boy eleven years old, for a fault so trifling,
was punishable; that if the master
thought the boy deserved punishment for
staying out, he should have punished him
for that; but he had no right to punish him
till he would tell a falsehood, and say he
was sorry when he was not.

Adams was fined only \$10 and costs.
We consider this punishment too slight
for the offence. A fine of \$300, and im-
prisonment for half a year, would not have
been too much.—*Providence Journal.*

EXTRAORDINARY MINISTER!—The Courier
and Enquirer says that a special agent
of the administration has been appointed to
go to England to purchase sealing-wax,
penknives, paper, carpets, tapestry, &c. for
the use of the Government.

A PRAISEWORTHY ACT.

It is now nearly three years since Lt.
Morris Wheeler, of the Mobile Rifle Corps,
dropped down dead one morning as he en-
tered the store of a friend in Mobile. He
was a young gentleman much esteemed for
his business habits, his many virtues, and
his very creditable conduct in the Creek
campaign, from which his corps had then
but recently returned. His brother sol-
diers united in paying every public tribute
of respect to his memory; and, as a fur-
ther substantial and abiding testimony of
their esteem, undertook the charge of rais-
ing and educating his daughter—a child of
some six years. That trust, says the Mo-
bile Journal of a late date, they have faith-
fully executed, and have provided ample
funds for the increased expenditure requir-
ed by advancing growth. "The child, now
an intelligent girl of ten or eleven years of
age, has been sent to the North to receive
at the best schools there, every advantage
of mental and moral cultivation, such as
their liberal benefactors desire to bestow
upon the orphan of their deceased friend.
We are glad to be assured that this act of
noble sensibility has been worthily bestow-
ed, and that their protege exhibits all the
signs of a gentle and docile disposition, and
the proofs of a superior capacity, which
must gratify the hearts of her young pro-
tectors.—*Nashville Republican.*

[From the Milton Spectator.]

The Penitentiary System.

MR. JEFFERDS—At the last session of
our General Assembly a Resolution was
adopted, requesting the Governor of this
State to correspond with the Executives of
the several States of the Union and obtain
information in regard to the operations of
the Penitentiary system in those States
where they have been established. On a
recent visit to the City of Richmond, I
availed myself of a leisure hour to visit the
Penitentiary of Virginia, located in the en-
vironments of that City. In the morning I
waited on Governor CAMPBELL, at his residence,
and requested a permit to visit the Peniten-
tiary, (which is a necessary requisite)—
I found his Excellency to be a plain gentle-
man, who received me very politely. I
remarked to him that I was from North
Carolina, and desired to visit the Peniten-
tiary; that the propriety or expediency of
establishing one in my State was at this
time a subject of enquiry. I further re-
quested of him to give me his opinions as
to the policy or the advantages of the in-
stitution, of which I supposed he was very
capable, from long observation of its advan-
tages and disadvantages in that State, and
also whether he would advise the establish-
ment of Penitentiaries in States where
they do not now exist. He expressed
himself decidedly in favor of establishments
of the kind in every State of the Union.—
"That in addition to the large amounts saved
in not having to support idle criminals in
the Jails of the different counties, it was a
source of some revenue to the common-
wealth, which would be increased were it
not that they furnished the convicts with
money at the end of their term of service,
which he of course considered a wise and
humane provision in the law of that State."

The Governor gave me a very polite note
to Col. MORGAN, the Superintendent of
the Penitentiary, requesting him to show
me whatever was interesting in the estab-
lishment.

In the absence of Col. Morgan I was re-
ceived by one of his assistants and con-
ducted through all the apartments or work-
shops of the building, which is quite large—built
in a circle, and enclosed by a high wall.—
Some of their important mechanical opera-
tions are now aided by steam power, that
important invention which in this day is
adapted to so many useful purposes. The
most numerous operatives were Blacksmiths
and Shoemakers. Their manufactures are
of a superior quality and some of them ex-
hibit great mechanical skill.

There are now confined in the Peniten-
tiary upwards of two hundred convicts and
I was pleased to find among them but one
white female, and she appeared to be an ob-
ject of pity & compassion rather than punish-
ment. The convicts were all busily engaged
at work and appeared to be under very good
discipline. I saw a black fellow in the
yard chained to a seventy-six, who, the
keeper informed me, had been behaving
disorderly the day before. The punish-
ment for delinquency consists of solitary
confinement—abridging their rations, and
when that fails the lash is resorted to.

I am one of those who have always doubt-
ed the policy of establishing Penitentiaries,
not because I did not believe that it answer-
ed a valuable purpose in many cases, and
was the most effectual punishment for
hardened offenders, yet I have feared that
the power to punish in that way would be
abused, and many confined there to whom
a more mild punishment for the first con-
viction should be administered, and also
good men, sometimes suddenly overtaken
in a fault or crime committed under palliat-
ing circumstances, have to become the
companions of thieves, highway robbers
and murderers, and finally become des-
perate themselves.

Sabbath to attend to divine worship, con-
ducted alternately by Ministers of the dif-
ferent protestant denominations in the city.
A very respectable Minister of the Baptist
Church, who had preached to them fre-
quently, remarked to me in a conversation
on the subject, that he believed many of
the convicts were now good men and pious
christians and ought to be released from
their confinement. He also stated to me
that the convicts were generally attentive
to the preaching of the divine word.

O. P. Q.

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE REGISTER.

Messrs. EDITORS: I have mingled for a
few days past with gentlemen from various
parts of the State, and have been led into
conversation and reflections as to politics.
I am one, among many thousands of the
people, who, though by no means indiffer-
ent as to the men and measures of the day,
am yet so much engrossed with private busi-
ness, that I do not give that attention to
the affairs of Government which every man
ought to. I belong to the Whig party—go
for CLAY, and, at a proper time, for a U. S.
Bank—an against Martin Van Buren, the
Sub-Treasury system *in toto*—and against
the abominable and corrupting system of
rotation in office as practised by Jackson
and Van Buren; but, above all, I abominate
a man of intelligence who is, or has been,
an advocate for that servile fawning act of
the U. S. Senate—expunging CLAY'S Resolu-
tions. I can never think of a Senator
who voted for this act, without positive dis-
gust and aversion, and such must be the
sentiments of every intelligent citizen who
has examined the subject impartially—with-
out any desire for political preferment.—
These, Sir, I hope are the sentiments of
the great mass of the Whig party; yet I
am astonished to find that Mr. TALMADGE,
who voted for this spoliation of the records
of the Senate, is generally spoken of as the
most fit man to run on the Whig ticket as
Vice-President. For the purpose of mak-
ing the great State of New York vote for
Mr. CLAY, you would associate with him
one who was capable of this humiliating
and degrading vote. If in our zeal to de-
feat Van Buren, we so far forget principle
as to take up Mr. TALMADGE, we sanction
the same cold, calculating, unpatriotic political
manoeuvring which has of late brought so
many premature "grey hairs on the head
of our young Republic." I hold that it is
as true in politics, as it is in morals, that
the end cannot sanctify the means. That
truth and virtue and honor, however they
may be depressed at times, if steadfastly
persevered in, will be ultimately triumphant.
If we act on these principles, even our
enemies will respect us. If we do not,
the whole people will become corrupted to-
gether. Let us nominate EWING, then, the
man who so nobly chastised that servile,
time-serving majority in the Senate, and
whose whole life and bearing make him a
fit man to be associated with the magnani-
mous, the talented, the patriotic CLAY.—
Cannot you, and every other true Whig,
fight better under such a banner? It is due
to EWING, to the patriotic party who will
support the Harrisburgh nomination, and it
is the best policy to nominate him. New
York will go right without nominating TAL-
MADGE. Ohio may be secured by nomi-
nating EWING. If you will not nominate
EWING, then let us have HARRISON. Either
of them will be infinitely more acceptable
to our party, and we shall act consistently
and from principle, and therefore wisely.

The opposite course will exhibit the same
looseness of political principle in our party
which is characteristic of our opponents.

I seek no prominent place in politics—
and am not in the habit of writing for news-
papers. I have merely cast out these ideas
for your consideration and you can make
such use of them as you think proper.

ANTI-JUGGLER.

After a long and devotional servitude to
the country of his adoption, and we believe
without a single feeling of enmity or prej-
udice from any individual of any party, the
Hon. M. Hunt has returned to the United
States on a visit to his friends, and to at-
tend to his private affairs, which alone in-
duced his resignation of the highly distin-
guished station he recently so ably occu-
pied.

We first find the name of Gen. Hunt a-
mong the most ardent and efficient friends
of Texas in the generous State of Missis-
sippi, who in the darkest hour of her ad-
versity offered their arms and purses to aid and
sustain her holy cause. He was next ap-
pointed Major General of the Army—then
sent as our first Minister Plenipotentiary to
a foreign government, and afterwards in-
vited to the Cabinet of the present Adminis-
tration, as Secretary of the Navy; all of
which stations have been filled alike with
honor to himself and interest to the nation.
The career of but few men in the Republic
has been more brilliant or successful, so
but few will carry with them into retire-
ment a greater share of the confidence and
generous feelings of their countrymen.

Texas Intelligencer.

A Liverpool paper says that an Ombon
applied to the part affected by the sting of
an insect, will invariably give relief. This
important but simple remedy should be gen-
erally known.