and direct you and the *Globe* to proceed as the organ of his administration, give you all his confidence, and all would be well and end well.

*This is the substance;* and I had a hope on the receipt of this letter, and some others written by mutual friends, would have restored all things to harmony and confidence again. I rested on this hope until the 7th, when I received yours of the 30th, and two confidential letters from the President, directed to be laid before me, from which it would seem that the purchase of the *Globe*, and to get clear of you, its editor, is the great absorbing question before the President. *Well, who is to be the purchaser?* Mr. Ritchie and Major A. J. Donelson its editors. *Query as to the latter.* The above question I have asked the President. Is that renegade politician, Cameron, who boasts he has $50,000 to set up a new paper, to be one of them?—who is a bankrupt in politics, and who got elected senator by selling hi[m]self to the Whigs, and could not raise $1,000, to be one of the proprietors to unite the democracy. His very election has divided them in Pennsylvania; and a letter to me says he has done our mutual friend ——— much injury, he being charged with using secretly his influence to effect it; or would Cameron's ownership in part unite ———, ———, ———, ———, and a host of other old time Democrats in your expulsion? *What delusion!* Or is ———, to be the purchaser? Here, it is stated he is vastly encumbered with debt—by many a perfect bankrupt. Who is to purchase? and where is the money to come from? Is ———, the satellite of ———, the great friend of ———? a perfect bankrupt in property. My own opinion is, that the contract made, the money cannot be raised, and the Globe cannot be bought. What then? The President will find himself in a dilmma, having to apologise, and the Globe be the organ, and Ritchie will return, not so well satisfied with the sagacity of the Administration as when he left Richmond.

These are my speculations. I may be in error. I would like to know what portion of the cabinet are supporting and advising the President to this course, where nothing but injury can result to him in the end, and division in his cabinet, arising from jealousy. What political clique is to be benefitted? My dear friend, let me know all about the cabinet, and their movements on this subject. How loathsome it is to me to see an old friend laid aside, principles of justice and friendship forgotten, and all for the sake of *policy*—and the great democratic party divided or endangered for *policy*—and that a mere imaginary policy, that must tend to divide the great democratic party, whilst the Whigs are secretly rejoicing at the prospects of disunion in our ranks. I declare to you, it is a course that common sense forbade the adoption, when the administration was entering on its career with so much harmony and prospect of success. I cannot reflect upon it with any calmness; every point of it, upon scrutiny, turns to harm and disunion, and not one beneficial result can be expected from it. I will be anxious to know the result. If harmony is restored, and the *Globe*, the organ, I will rejoice; if sold to whom, and for what. *Have, if you sell, the purchase money well secured.* What is the President doing for Mr. ——? He was to have had the ——. This, I see, is given to another.

This may be the last letter I may be able to write you; but, live or die, I am your friend, (and never deserted one from *policy*,) and leave my papers and reputation in your keeping. As far as justice is due to my fame, I know you will shield it. I ask no more. I rest upon truth, and require nothing but what truth will mete to me. All my household join me in kind wishes for your health and prosperity, and that of all your family; and that you may triumph over all enemies. May God's choicest blessings be bestowed upon you and yours through life is the prayer of your sincere friend, ANDREW JACKSON.

E. P. Blair, esq.

It thus appears from these letters of Gen. Jackson, that Mr. Polk and his cabinet found it necessary to change the organ, and as appears from recent articles in the *Union*, the editor of the *Union* after much difficulty about principles, and about terms was selected. But Messrs. Blair and Rives would not agree to the arrangement without the consent of Mr. Van Buren, and of Silas Wright. So that the question of organship was discussed and settled by Mr. Polk and his cabinet, General Jackson, Martin Van Buren and Silas Wright.

Now a President has patronage enough not only to support, but to enrich an organ. The power of an organ is very great. Whatever tone it adopts, all the lesser organs must keep time. All candidates for Executive favour must of course do the same thing—and so must all the candidates of the party in power, for Congress. Yet organs have been and are the creatures of a single man, or a very few men. Such is the practical working of our great Federal system—of the elective franchise—of the freedom of the press.

But the *Globe*, which exercised dictatorial power over the Democratic party, had only between four and five thousand subscribers. The *Southern Press* without party patronage, State or Federal, comes into being and at once has double the number.

Of late years, however, a class of neutral papers has arisen with influence enough to hold the balance of power between the two great parties. But these papers are professedly neutral. To make them subservient to the views of party, correspondents are employed, who write constantly for party. The Baltimore *Sun*, Philadelphia *Ledger*, New Orleans *Picayune*, are of this class, and being published in large cities at very low prices, obtain a wide circulation.

A correspandent of these papers and others signing himself X, Observer, le Diable Boiteaux, &c., was actively engaged last season, in behalf of the Compromise and of General Cass. He was used generally as an instrument of personal abuse, and an inditer of rumors of the most rediculous and contradictory character, for party purposes. We never thought him worthy of notice, but his letters were frequently copied into the *Union*, and he refered to editorially as the "intelligent," the "well informed" correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, &c., showing that he was in the secrets of the party.

Well, the Compromise passed. But very much to the astonishment and dismay of its contrivers, it has prostrated them at the North and South. And they naturally betook themselves to the expedient of combining for their own preservation, under pretence of preserving the Union.

The "intelligent correspondent" X has been quite active in this Union movement. The Union paper has been wavering—and a quarrel has arisen. We publish the last passages of this controversy; not that we think the testimony of either party is of any consequence as to any body else—but as they evidently know each other, and are mutual endors[e]rs of each others intelligence and patriotism, it is rather conclusive as to themselves.

The assistant editor of the *Union* would state that he has noticed the impertinent puerility of the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, who gives to the world his blank ignorance and vapid conceit over the signature of X.

Having been curbed in his insolence, this mercenary camp-follower, who is ready to serve any cause, endeavors to shield himself by stating that the punishment which he has received, and which his contortions prove to have been very painful, was not inflicted by the editor, but by the assistant editor of the *Union*. Well, be it so, if that gives him any relief. The editor of the *Union* left Washington at 9 o'clock, December 24. Within an hour or two after his departure the Philadelphia *Ledger*, an abolition paper, and the Baltimore *Sun*, a southern paper—both owned, we believe, by the same Janus-faced establishment—were placed in the hands of the assistant editor of the *Union*. He saw that both the Washington correspondents of the abolition paper and the Washington correspondent of the southern paper had mentioned and described differently the position which the *Union* assumed towards Governor Floyd's message. We contrasted the two statements, so that it might appear not only that these correspondents had spoken falsely of the position of the *Union*, but that each had convicted the other of direct falsehood. But it seems that the writer for the *Ledger* and the writer for the *Sun* did not convict each other of falsehood, since it has come to pass that they are one and the same person, encompassed in the same suit of clothes, who proved by his different statements a double falsehood himself. He not only did this; but he debased himself still further by voluntarily appropriating to himself general remarks, which no man worthy of the name would claim as his property.

We feel it to be our duty to correct the false statement of this self-conceited correspondent, as well as to refer to the origin of his groundless imputation upon the principles entertained and advocated by the editor of the *Union* for years as sectional and "provincial." The very use of the term "provincial" satisfied us that the writer was ignorant of the nature of our political system, and of the principles on which it is founded. We knew that no one would have employed such a term but an individual educated abroad, in the midst of the petty systems and downtrodden nations of Europe, or would have applied it to principles which were first recognized by the ablest men of this country, and have ever constituted the groundwork on which the Democratic party rests. No Federalist even in this country would have used such a term. He would have had too much respect for himself, if not for others, to have done so. The term itself smells of *serfdom* and *abasement*. We knew it did not spring from an American mind. We hit the mark at the first blow.

We have been tender and forbearing to this man. We knew the difficulties of his position. He had to cater for the abolition sentiments of the readers of the Philadelphia Ledger—he had to give a different set of dishes for the readers of the Baltimore Sun—and at the same time he was playing the toady to men of the North, the South, the East, and the West, in order to gain employment as a political turnspit. We do not blame those gentlemen from the "four points of the compass:" men are but children of a larger growth; they love the rattle; they must have their lap-dogs. But they have no right to annoy other people's ears, or permit their interesting specimens of sleek, meek-eyed, silver-gray caninity to annoy harmless wayfarers. For ourselves, we must object to such ideas of enlarged liberty; and if the lap-dogs are turned loose in bad weather, we will kick them off, preferring their angry barks to their muddy paws planted fawningly on our pantaloons.

This man—like all other men who harbor in their hearts contempt for themselves—endeavors to shield himself by pretending that the lash struck others. He strives to make it appear that our *adopted citizens* are wounded by the blows which have been given to him when he misbehaved. What arrogant conceit or cowering timidity! Where are his credentials for thrusting himself forward as the exponent of foreign immigration? Who constituted him the leader and defender of better and honester men? How comes it that his flatulent conceit is to be taken as an index of Germrn honesty and industry? How comes it that his card-tricks are taken as the insignia of the honest labor of Belgium, the devoted courage of Baden and Bavaria, and the many high qualities which flourish on the Rhine? We did not endeavor to cast a slur upon foreigners; least of all did we attempt to cast a slur upon German republicanism. We meant to prick a bubbles, and show the emptiness of a foreign pretender, who came to our country, not as a foreigner seeking an asylum, but as a Jew to trade in his wares—mock wares, too—mere words, and the semblance of principles.

But enough of this man, and the tribe of trading politicians to which he has ever belonged—this ape of foreign manners and eulogist of foreign customs—a moral commninglement of the physical traits of the Hessian and Cowboy, with the bad qualities of both, and good qualities of neither—a man who neither respects his country, his creed, nor his religion, who leaves Europe to preach Democracy, and who remains in America to mimic the "high-life-below-stairs" of eastern monarchies. We always wish to write English; but on the present occasion we are speaking of an anomalous character, and all the rules permit us to invent words to describe him the foreign native—the tariff free-trader—the European American, the royal Democrat, and the Democratic royalist—the Northern man with Southern principles—the Southern man with Northern principles—the man with different opinions recorded in all the Atlantic cities—the political Dugald Dalgetty, ready to serve either the Ledger or the Sun for a consideration, provided that the courage and constancy of Dugald are not exacted from him.

We have done with this character. We make an humble apology to all the readers of the *Union* for giving so many portraits of a disable subject. We will never offend again.

[*Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.*]

Washington, Dec. 31, 1850.

*The Assaults of the Union—Return of Father Ritchie—Retort to Personalities, &c.*

The *ardent-spirited* "assistant" of the *Union*, (partizan print, not *newspaper*) cannot obtrude himself on my notice. He is not my equal in any respect, and I must needs address myself to his master.

Father Ritchie, in the *Union* of the 21st instant, after having been for two days on the anxious seat, endorsed Gov. Floyd's message in terms of the most submissive provincial adulation, differing from it only in regard to the *time* when a national convention was to be held. Some of his friends exposed to him the folly of his course on the evening of that day, and on Sunday morning, the Union contained another article on the subject, begging the question, and asking time to consider; on Tuesday following, however, the Union shifted its ground altogether, and came out against a national convention, but in favor of separate State actions. Mr. Richie's first editorial was a humbug; Mr. Ritchie's second editorial was a humbug; and Mr. Ritchie's third editorial was a humbug; and it was precisely the articles in the *Sun* and *Ledger* which made that humbug *explode*, by stigmatizing it as a *provincial* humbug, and Father Ritchie as a provincial man. The article which appeared in the Ledger was in reply to Mr. Ritchie's first editorial, that in the Sun in reply to the second editorial of Mr Ritchie; it is *Mr. Ritchie* who has veered round, not the letter-writers. Indeed, the course of the Union has been a perfect curiosity, and it would *now* contradict itself every day, were it not kept in the traces by Ovid F. Johnson, *esquire*, late Attorney General of Pennsylvania, under the administration of Governor Porter. It is he who furnished brains to the concern. Mr. Ritchie himself furnishes twattle, and his ardent assistant nothing but vulgarity and nonsense.

Mr. Ritchie, when attacked, always pleads old age, and respectable connections. Both pleas are vain, and entirely inadmissible in a public print. All respect, to be sure, is due to a venerable old matron, but when she puts paint on her cheeks, and cotton in her stays, and affects to get angry when no longer considered the queen of the ball room, then she must expect not entirely to escape satire. Mr. Ritchie is a good deal made up of *cotton*—a great deal more so than is satisfactory to the south-western members and to the members from the Middle States, and it is quite time, I think, that he should be a little *worsted*. The *Union* was as ultra a Southern paper as there was in the country, when the *Southern Press* was established which took off the palm, and forced Mr. Ritchie, against his own inclinations, to become a *quasi* national man. He saw that he was broke, and that his only chance was to behave himself, and apply to Congress for relief. Now that the danger of disunion is past, Mr. Ritchie, having secured the approbation of the friends of the Union, is currying favors with the Southern ultras, by falling back into his old provincialism and Southern championship. Mr. Ritchie has contributed more to the split in the Northern Democracy, and to the defeat of the party, than any other man, and he is now at his old work again, relying for his individual success on the dire necessity, (becoming daily more urgent,) to get rid of him in some way or other. He wants to force the party into a divorce a *mensa et thoro*; suing for alimony.

The first man that called Mr. Ritchie a provincial man was General Andrew Jackson, when he said, Ritchie would do very well in Virginia, and the South, but not in Washington, at the head of a national organ; and it is rather late in the day to hold a man to account for agreeing substantially with General Jackson. Mr. Ritchie became a technical Democrat because he was born in democratic Virginia, in the shade of such democratic oaks as Jefferson and Madison. Had he been born in France, the highest honors to which his ambition would have aspired would have been to become the editor and proprietor of the *official organ*, Le Moniteur.

There are men who are Democrats in every clime and under every government—they are the men of independent character and mind, not worshippers of idols, and toadies to authority. We all remember Mr. Ritchie as the editor of the government organ under Mr. Polk—how he sent round his beggar's basket to the departments for news, and how, when any one chanced to get news in advance of him, he came down on the "letter writers" like the house-maid in the farm yard on the poultry. Mr. Ritchie was then a national man as far as the administration was national; he was for 54 40 as long as the administration was for 54 40, and came down "flat-footed" on 49, when the administration conceded that boundary. The only times when Mr. Ritchie was national, *on his own account*, was, 1st, when he embraced Jenny Lind in the name of the American people; (a western member might have performed that interesting ceremony in a manner quite as satisfactory) and 2d, when, taking the *Prince of Wales* for his model, he applied, through parliament, to the nation, to pay his debts.

I again hope that Congress will not turn a deaf ear to Mr. Ritchie's importunities. If Mr. Ritchie really means to leave Washington, there is no sum, however large, which the people would grudge to effect so desirable an object. As to myself, I am neither an applicant for office, nor a supplicant for charity. I am alike independent of the administration and of Congress—of parties and party hacks, and quite indifferent to the dying curse of the Washington Union.

I have now done with Mr. Ritchie. I have no business with his understrappers. If, in this controversy, I was driven to a point farther than I wished to go, it is Mr. Ritchie's own fault. I have not indulged in personalities, but *argued* the case of Gov. Floyd's message; while the *Union*, instead of meeting me in argument, made an unworthy and ungentlemanly assault on my character. I have now stated the case, and leave it to every impartial reader to say on which side, are candor, justice, reason, propriety, moderation and truth. I wish Mr. Ritchie a very happy New Year. X.

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*From the Asheville (N. C.) News.*

For What do They Rejoice?—Any one who has paid the least attention to what has been going on in this town during the past week, cannot fail to have noticed the rejoicing of a certain class of men over the failure of the proposed meeting on the 30th ult. What was there in that failure to rejoice over? What was the avowed object of the meeting? Was it not to take into consideration the present alarming condition of the country? Was there any "treason" in that? Did any one fear that Buncombe intended to dissolve the Union, simply because her citizens, in accordance with their constitutional rights and the precedents set by so many communities, thought it not amiss to meet and express an opinion as to the merits of the controversy now threatening to engulph the nation? What was there in this circumstance to furnish occasion for such senseless brayings as have been dinned into the ears of this community for a few days past? What great victory did the Union and the Constitution achieve, that those highly respectable men who were the prime movers of the meeting should be denounced as *traitors* and *disorganizers*? Are they willing to rest under these charges? The meeting was a failure not because the people did not heartily approve of the objects proposed, for there was a large crowd in attendance, but because of a personal difficulty which occurred between two gentlemen just as the meeting was organizing.

Now, where in the name of common sense is room for the rejoicing that has disgusted this community? The secret is this: the enemies of Southern rights in this town expected that ground would be taken in defence of Southern rights and Southern honor; and any thing short of an expression of such sentiments, they consider a *triumph!* A strange sort of triumph truly! Men living in the South professing to love her institutions and making their bread out of her people, rejoicing at every thing which prevents her citizens from expressing their love for the land that gave them birth!! If these are the men to whom the South looks for protection she is indeed an object of pity. The hypocritical cry of "Union! Union!" is not sufficiently potent to blind the people much longer to the real character of their betrayers. We love the Union *as it was*, but not as our Northern oppressors would make it. When it ceases to be a Union of equality, of common rights, of protection to all, it becomes a curse, and should no longer be reverenced as the foundation of our liberties.

Then we would ask if the "union of the South for the sake of the Union," should not become the watchword of every truehearted Southern man? But the course of those men who are now in such extacies of joy, is well calculated to create dissensions here and to invite renewed aggressions from the North. We hurl back the epithet of "Nullifiers," which has been applied to the editors of this paper and other Southern men in this town, and charge those who use it with being not only enemies to the South and traitors to their country, but Free-soilers and Abolitionists! Though they may deny their abolition sympathies, let some of them be careful, or their own statements in private conversations may rise in judgment against them! The time is passing by for gulling the people with professions of attachment to the Union, when every day adds proof upon proof, that those who have no other means of proving it than by opposing every effort to unite the South, are pursuing the very course to weaken and destroy the Union, by tamely submitting to all the encroachments of the North. We commend Mr. Clingman's letter to the perusal of those who are rejoicing over what they esteem a blow to the South.

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☞ Mr. Asa Whitney will deliver a lecture on Saturday evening next, at 7½ o'clock, precisely, at the National Hall, for the purpose of explaining his project for the construction of a rail-road to the Pacific ocean.

He will exhibit maps, and explain the position, as well the condition of the population in the principal parts of the globe with the American Continent, as the geographical, commercial, and political centre of all.

As the first part of the explanation is absolutely necessary to a full understanding of the whole subject, those who seek correct information should take pains to be present when the lecture commences.

To members of Congress especially, this lecture will be a labor-saving machine, in giving information otherwise not easily procurable.

John Adams.—In the 36th year of his age, John Adams made the following entry in his Diary. He was then practising law in Boston, though living in Braintree.

"It has been my fate to be acquainted in the way of business with a number of very rich men—Gardiner, Bowdoin, Pitts, Hancock, Rowe, Lee, Sargent, Hooper, Doane. Hooper, Gardiner, Rowe, Lee, and Doane, have all acquired their wealth by their own industry; Bowdoin and Hancock received theirs by succession, descent or devise; Pitts by marriage. But there is not one of all these who derives more pleasure from his property than I do from mine; my little farm and stock and cash afford me as much satisfaction as all their immense tracts, extensive navigation, sumptuous buildings, their vast sums at interest and stocks in trade yield to them. The pleasures of property arise from acquisition more than possession, from what is to come rather than what is. The rich are seldom remarkable for modesty, ingenuity or humanity. Their wealth has rather a tendency to make them penurious and selfish."

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☞ We extract from the Norfolk, Va., *Southern Argus* the following article. The facts set forth are well worthy of serious reflection:

Punic Faith.—There is a certain easy-of-faith class of politicians in our country, who, on all occasions, without rhyme or reason, are prating of "Peace" and "Union," and who put themselves to infinite pains to convince the public mind that the miserable compromise of "shreds and patches" will be observed in good faith by the people in the free States. A temporary truce at present prevails in Congress, and from motives of policy, Seward and Co. desist from the agitation of abolition. This is held up, with great jubilation, as a sign that the Treaty of Peace is to be perpetuated, and that, hereafter, everything is to be sunshine and good fellowship. All the extra patriotic professions of Webster and others, are paraded in the newspapers for the purpose of showing the beauties and practical operations of the glorious adjustment. They attempt to delude the people by presenting them with but one side of the picture, and studiously keep them in ignorance of the number of instances where the North disregards its obligations, and the only portion of the compromise (the fugitive slave law) which was to operate for the benefit of the South, condemned and trampled under foot.

We find in the columns of the Nashville papers, a letter from a gentleman in East Tennessee, giving an account of his unsuccessful attempt to recover fugitive slaves under the new law. It shows how faithfully the officers under the United States Government discharge their duties, and how utterly hopeless it is to expect that the people in the non-slaveholding States will suffer this law to be executed. What course will Mr. Fillmore now pursue towards the officials of Michigan? Will he refer their case, like the one from Boston, to Attorney General Crittenden, and be content with a mamby-pamby opinion from him in justification of their conduct? We give the letter below:

Nashville, Dec. 14, 1851.

*Messrs. Editors:*—Several years ago it was the bad luck of my father, John P. Chester, to lose some negroes by their flight to the free States; by the merest accident he ascertained then that they were in Washington, near Rasin Post-office. Some years ago, he, in connection with myself and another man, attempted an arrest by force, but being overpowered and outdone, the slaves were recaptured and again set at liberty. A short time afterwards, I received a letter from one Mrs. Howland, an arrant abolitionists of the Abby Folsom school, which contained the following extract:

"Rasin, Dec. 21, 1846.

*Dear Sir:*—Yours of the 3d inst. I received yesterday, in company with one from Ross Wilkins, United States Judge, who resides in Detroit, both on the same subject, but of entirely different import."

So you see that this pink of kindness, this gem of humanity, and this theoretical and practical Abolitionist and amalgamator, was in the habit of receiving letters of the creed and tenor from Ross Wilkins, United States Judge.

A few days days after the passage of the Fugitive slave bill, I started in pursuit of the same slaves; by great exertion and expense I found them in Washtenaw county, Michigan, ten miles from Ypsilante and 40 miles west of Detroit. I saw them, a friend who was with me saw them, and fifty other circumstances corroborated the fact that they were there. I hastened to Detroit to get my warrant—applied to one Mr. Watson, a commissioner—he declined issuing the writ on account of private engagements in an adjoining county or town, stating to me that if he issued it that he would lose thereby, pecuniarily, and in character, or in other words, that he lived in a free State—that public sentiment was against the law—that it would injure him. He is a lawyer. He with a gentleman by the name of George C. Bates, United States District Attorney, advised me to apply to the United States Judge; and in fact they urged it in such a way that I saw no other course. I finally resolved to do so.

I went to a lawyer by the name of Douglass, to employ him to assist me in making out the case. That gentleman had, as he informed me, political aspirations, and any connection with it would injure him. I asked others, and all were afraid of public sentiment, and declined. I then had to rely upon my own capacity, and execute an affidavit myself. I did so—presented it, as I was urged, to the United States Judge. After considerable parley he issued my writ in the presence of the clerk and deputy marshal. I handed it instantly to that worthy, who peremptorily declined serving it. *His honor* told me to hunt up the principal marshal. I did so—demanded immediate service. He declined it—said night exposure would kill him—had no *posse*—dangerous without one—that the free negroes and fugitive slaves would kill us—advised me to go to Ypsilante by the morning train, and he and his *posse* would come by the evening one. I did as I was advised—got to my destination by nine o'clock, a. m. At two, p. m., a telegraph dispatch came to abolitionists and negroes that I was at Ypsilante after a number of negroes. They being well organized, sent runners in every direction; run the slaves to Canada, by the way of Gibraltar, before the marshal could get there by the cars, or any other conveyance—he having to leave Detroit at 7 o'clock, p. m.

Thus you will see the fallibility of the miss-called compromise; the humbuggery of the Fugitive slave bill; the duplicity of the North; the rascality of the officials whose duty it is to execute, in good faith, this law.

The man, or rather the villain, from whom I got my warrant, was Ross Wilkins, U. S. Judge, who corresponded with this practical amalgamationist, Mrs. Howland, she being the instrument who prevented us in 1846 from capturing them, and who harbored them for years before that time, and within a short time of this. No man knew where they were save Ross Wilkins and the marshal, nor did any one know my name except them, for I was known by an assumed one.

As a Southern man, I know my duty. I know the feelings of the people North. I know that they will not execute this law if it be possible to avoid it. No reliance should be put in their protestations; no faith must be had in their declarations. They would poison rather than assist you; assassinate you rather than see you succeed. Of the thousands of negroes who are fugitives only four have been arrested. Hundreds are there in search of their property, and one out of the whole number may succeed.

In conclusion, I would advise those who have property there to capture it by force, rather than expose themselves to the treachery of their officers or people. Most respectfully,

THOS. R. CHESTER,
*Jonesboro', E. Tennessee.*

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*From the Charleston (S. C.) Sun.*

South Carolina in the Olden Time.—The New York Express has been reviving some reminiscences of the love of the Union which actuated the earlier statesmen of South Carolina. It has been quoting largely from the speeches of the Pinckneys, and other great men of the "olden time," to show how fervent was their support of that Union which their degenerate descendants would now sever. The Richmond Republican quotes much of this article with great unction, and concludes its remarks with these words:

"Is this the time for South Carolina to talk of secession? Let her consult the pages of her early fathers, and learn with them to regard the Union as the 'Palladium of Safety.'"

But the Express and the Republican have both forgotten one important fact.

The Union that our ancestors so ardently admired, is the Union for the preservation of which South Carolina would even now spend her last cent of treasure, and pour out her last drop of blood. The Union which South Carolina would dissever, is a Union which these noble ancestors would have scornfully spurned beneath their feet, had the North dared to make them the offer of so iniquitous a compact.

South Carolina.—The New York Tribune, referring to the tone of the message of the Gov. of South Carolina, says:

"Let no blood be needlessly shed, but *let no unworthy concessions be made.* What we apprehend is not that South Carolina will practically secede from the Union, but that undue truckling to her will be resorted to on the pretext of averting that deplored catastrophe. The tariff compromise of 1833, and the ten millions to Texas in 1850, are precedents which must not be followed in 1851. Gentlemen of the South! the free States *will not* surrender half of California to slavery, and *will not* consent to the establishment of slavery in New Mexico or Utah! They *do not* repent of having successfully resisted the extension of slavery into our new territories. They do not feel that they have demanded any thing that was not right, nor that they have in any way encroached upon the rights of the South. They do not regard the 'Adjustment' of last summer, as, on the whole, favorable to the North, nor will they consent, on the assumption, that it was to give new guarantees and new assurances to the slaveholding interest. Let it be fairly understood that, in case of a secession of South Carolina, the North will not needlessly shed one drop of her blood, nor any consideration, surrender one tittle of its cherished principles, and we shall arrive speedily and happily at the end of this new demonstration."

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☞ The New York *Herald* thus speaks of the fugacious long trial in New York. One shuffle is as good as another:

The Fugitive Slave Case.—The proceedings in the case of Henry Long, the alleged fugitive slave, which have been occupying a large share of public attention, and a very considerable portion of the time of many of our law courts for the last week, are yet unfinished; they have, however, taken an extraordinary turn, and one which will be calculated to adjust the only apparent point at issue. Is Henry Long a fugitive slave, or is he a freeman? The counsel for the defence have issued half a dozen writs of *habeas corpus*, disputing the legality of the tribunal before which the accused was being examined. None of these writs have been as yet decided, and two remain adjourned over till the 6th of January. Yesterday, the claimant applied for, and *obtained, a warrant from the United States Circuit Court*, for the body of the alleged fugitive, and he was accordingly brought before that tribunal, where the case will be proceded with this day, and the result may probably lead to the grave and important question, *whether the State Courts*, or the United States Courts, are paramount in their authority as to the disposition of a case which comes peculiarly before the United States authorities.

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*From the N. O. Daily Enquirer.*

Experience of a Blown-up Man.—Mr. H. A. Kidd, one of the editors of the New Orleans *Crescent*, who was on the *Anglo-Norman*, and reported killed by the explosion of that boat, furnishes the following account of his miraculous escape from death. After giving a narrative of the excursion up to about the time of the explosion, and stating that he was on the hurricane deck, he goes on to say:

Mr. Bigny [one of the editors of the *Delta*] and myself took the only two chairs remaining unoccupied on the deck, and placed them, his with his back to the pilot-house, and mine with its back to the chimney. It will be seen at once that we seated ourselves immediately over the monster boiler of the boat.

We had been but a very few minutes engaged in conversation, when a jet of hot water, accompanied by steam, was forced out of the main pipe just aft the chimney, and fell in a considerable shower near us. I had not before noticed any thing of the kind, and thought it very strange. I was just about remarking this to Mr. Bigny, when I was suddenly lifted high into the air, I know not to what distance. I have a distinct recollection of passing rather irregularly, though the air, enveloped, it seemed to me, by an impenetrable cloud. There was a sufficient lapse of time for me to have a distinct impression upon my mind that I was inevitably lost. In what position I entered the water, and what depth I went, I have not the slightest idea. When I arose to the surface, I wiped the water from my face, and endeavored to get a view of things about me, which I was prevented from doing by the vapor of steam which enveloped everything as a cloud. This, however, was, in a short time, disappared, and I then had a clear conception of my situation. I found myself still in possession of my senses, and my limbs in good working condition. I looked round, as I thought, in every direction, and could only discover that I was not far from the middle of the river, and in the neighborhood of some twenty or thirty others, who seemed to have been thrown into the river somewhat in a heap, they were sustaining themselves on the surface as best they could, many of them endeavoring to get in possession of floating pieces of the wreck to aid them.

I could see nothing of the exploded boat, and was fully satisfied in my mind that she was blown all to pieces, and every being on board lost but those who, like myself, were still struggling in the water. I will do myself the simple justice to say, that from the time I arose to the surface I had no apprehension of drowning, notwithstanding the chances that seemed against me. I never felt more buoyant, nor swam with greater ease. Still I thought it well enough to appropriate whatever aid was within my reach, so like others I began a race, which proved a tedious one, after a piece of shattered plank. I finally reached it, and putting one hand rather rudely upon it got a sousing for my pains—the piece was too small to render me any material service. I abandoned it and turned in the direction of a steamboat [which I afterwards learned to be the *Naniops*] which was making towards us. To keep my face toward the approaching steamer I found that I had to oppose the strong current of the river. This, together with the coldness of the water, so exhausted my physical energies that for a brief space, I felt that I might not be able to keep myself on the surface until the boat should come within reach of me. As the boat came near to us there was a cry from a large number of my unfortunate neighbors—"Stop the boat!" "Stop the boat!"—There was indeed great danger of our being run over by it. I, however, had no fears on this point, and made no effort to get out of its way. Fortunately for myself I was one of the first the boat approached.

A sailor threw out to me a large cable, which I succeeded in grasping at the first effort. I was drawn to the boat's guards, which were several feet above the water. While drawing me up the kind-hearted sailor cried out: 'Hold on, partner.' But I could not, my energies were exhausted, the rope was slipping in my hands, and I should certainly have fallen into the water, and perhaps have been carried irrecoverably out of reach under the boat's guards, had not another sailor quickly reached down and got hold of one of my arms. I was drawn on board about as nearly lifeless as folks get to be who are not dead. Two stout men kindly assisted me into the cabin. A blanket was wrapt round my shivering and almost insensible body.

As soon as there was a restoration of a littitle vital warmth, I became deadly sick, and but for my rather ungraceful casting up of the bountiful dinner and fine store of champagne, taken about an hour before, by a violent eruption from my stomach, I am not sure as to what would have been the consequence. About half a glass of brandy and peppermint was then administered to me; my chest, which I discovered, both from its soreness and my spitting of blood, to have been somewhat bruised, was copiously bathed with whiskey, and I began gradually to improve. Friend Bigny was one of the first whom I met on board. He had escaped in about the same plight as myself. You may be sure it was a happy meeting on both sides.

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☞ Connecticut always was great on clocks. The New Haven Register asks:

Why is a clock the most humble thing in existence? Because it always holds its hands before its face, and however good its works may be is always running itself down.

Protestant Conference.—We find in the Raleigh Standard the proceedings of the conference of this denomination of christians in North Carolina, held in Granville county on the 8th inst. During the session, the following resolutions were adopted with respect to the Ohio Wesleyan Methodists, lately preaching against slavery in Guilford county:

*Resolved*, That in the view of some efforts that are being made under the specious name of Wesleyan Methodism, to introduce and enforce the doctrine of abolition of slavery in this State, by the agency of certain men, who have dared to assume the name of christian ministers, it is the duty of all the ministers and preachers of this conference, to show their unqualified disapprobation of all such efforts and ministers, by standing entirely aloof from all such associations, and not to assist or participate in any of their mischievous and wicked and lawless efforts to subvert the order, peace, and prosperity of the citizens of our State.

*Resolved, furthermore*, That those evil and arch agents in this mischief, McBride, Crooks, and Bacon, should not be permitted to assume any part of any religious service performed in any of our chapels or preaching places.

*Whereas*, It is publicly known that certain ministers, calling themselves true Wesleyan Methodists, have been convicted of intermeddling with the institution of slavery in our State, and have fomented strife and discord, both in social and religious point of view, and have brought much odium on the Christian name; and furthermore, as persons at a distance from the scene of these transactions may not be fully aware that the ministers above mentioned are not of our own order,

*Resolved*, That the political papers in "our State, friendly to truth and justice, be requested to announce that the authors of these disturbances are not Methodist Protestants, but true Wesleyan Methodists, (so called) from the State of Ohio."

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*From the Holly Springs (Miss.) Jacksonian.*

Jackson County for the South.—A meeting in Jackson County, in this State was held some time since, at the house of Mr. Grantham. A committee was appointed, who reported a preamble and resolutions, which we unanimously adopted. We select and publish the following, as the best, and most important ones:

*Resolved*, That Congress, having no power but that delegated to it by the Constitution, had no right to admit California as a State, on the mere merit of expediency.

*Resolved*, That we look upon the fraudulent admission of California, as a State, into the Union, and the abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia, as a gross and unprecedented violation of the Constitution.

*Resolved*, That we hold it to be self-evident that when a party to a contract, discards one or more of its stipulated conditions, that all parties therein interested, are released from any further obligations, to wit:

*Resolved*, That when a bond of an agreement ceases to secure the objects for which it is made, it then becomes necessary for the party aggrieved to seek redress.

*Resolved*, That in view of the present state of governmental affairs, our representatives and senators, are hereby requested to use all honorable means to restore to us, our lost equality, even if it be in secession.

*Resolved*, That in the absence of an union of equality, which has been denied us by acts of Congress, through an abolition agreement, we hereby pledge ourselves to the "Union of the South."

*Resolved*, That Jefferson Davis, one of our senators, and our four representatives in Congress, have our sincere thanks for their fair and manly course in battling for Southern rights.

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*From the Indiana State Sentinel.*

**Letter from the Editor to Hon. G. N. Fitch.**

Washington, Dec. 19, 1850.

Dear Sir:—The following article is from the Indiana Statesman:

"DR. FITCH.

Dr. Graham N. Fitch, passed through the city last week, *en route* for Washington. The Doctor assures us that the disunion humbug was the veriest farce imaginable, that he was opposed to the passage of the Fugitive slave bill,—went to Bill Brown and urged him not to vote for it, and for himself was determined to vote for its repeal. He regards the Fugitive slave bill an utter abomination."

It refers to an alleged conversation between yourself and the editor, (not intended, I presume, for publication,) in which my name is used and in such manner as to imply a controversy between you and myself, relative to the Fugitive slave bill. In legislating, I have aimed to consult my own judgment, and what I regard as the interests and wishes of my constituents, and to vote accordingly. In doing so, I often differ with my colleagues; but never call in question their votes. Under your instructions and pledges, I regarded your vote on the Fugitive slave bill as correct. Being differently situated, and under no pledges, I voted differently. As Dr. Ellis has made the alleged conversation public through the columns of his paper, I should be pleased to know to what extent you authorized him so to do, and whether he has correctly represented you.

Very respectfully your ob't serv't.

Hon. G. N. Fitch. W. J. BROWN.

REPLY OF HON. G. N. FITCH TO THE ABOVE.

Washington, Dec. 19, 1850.

Dear Sir: I regret much that my old friend, the editor of the Statesman, should so far step aside from the courtesies of social life as to build an editorial involving others, and *exactly in accordance with his own prejudices and views*, out of a private conversation, and without my knowledge or consent. It is impossible to remember the details of the half hour's conversation with him. That I expressed no fears of *immediate* disunion is doubtless true—having entertained none such; though that civil war would have ensued had not the Texas and New Mexico boundary been settled I have no doubt. I have usually in conversations upon the subject (whether I did in this instance or not) stated my conviction, that continued causes of dissatisfaction, crimination and recrimination, between North and South, must inevitably result in a few years in attempted dissolution of the Union; and therefore, the sooner such causes ceased their operation, the better and safer for the country. This conviction has been coupled with another, viz: that there were those, North and South, who desired such catastrophe, (disunion,) and would leave no effort untried to bring it about. My opinion of the Fugitive slave bill can readily be ascertained by any one desirous of knowing, without going to private conversations, by reference to a synopsis in the *Pharos*, of my speech in Logansport in October last. I regret the temper of the article to which you have called my attention, as it manifests a disposition to make an issue between myself and those of my colleagues who voted for the bill. My opinion relative to it was well known to my colleagues; hence, whether I did or did not urge you or any one else to vote against it, can be of very little moment. I remember to have solicited you, either personally, or through one of our colleagues, to vote against a proposed amendment of the slave trade bill; and probably so stated to the editor of the Statesman.

I presume it was this statement to which the editor desired to allude, as I do not remember to have made any other to him relative to your votes. The Indiana delegation differed in their opinion of the Fugitive slave bill; but the difference was an honest one. Each voted according to the dictates of his own judgment. I trust I shall be the last one to introduce or encourage the introduction of a difference of opinion relative to that bill, or any other sectional question, as an issue among Democrats. Such course should be deprecated by all good Democrats as unwise, unnecessary and mischievous. We have *national* objects and principles upon which to write, and should avoid attempting to engraft upon them any sectional questions: as such attempts can only lead to disastrous decisions. I regret furthermore, the temper of the article became it by implication makes me a party to the personal feeling apparently entertained by the editor towards yourself, one of my colleagues, with all of whom my relations are and have been of the most friendly character. I would no more be uncourteous in language or act toward a colleague, than toward the editor of the Statesman; with whom, as editor of the Goshen Democrat, it was my pride for many years to co-operate politically in the same congressional district. The article manifests a wish—or at least has a tendency—to pledge me to a certain course of action in relation to the Fugitive slave bill, before it is known whether any questions relative to it will be presented, or occasion offered for any action whatever. *If there is any action had in relation to that bill*, I prefer, whatever my own course in the matter may be, to precede or accompany an avowal of that course with an exposition of the reasons by which it is governed.

Respectfully yours,

GRAHAM N. FITCH.

Hon. W. J. Brown.

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## THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

## IN SENATE.

Thursday, Jan. 2, 1851.

Petitions were presented by Messrs. Clay, Bell, Shields, Foote, and others. Several reports were made from several committees.

Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS made a report from the Military Committee, upon the subject of the recent Court Martial at Fort Constitution, New Hampshire, under which certain alleged cruel punishments were inflicted upon a private of the Army. The report, together with the proceedings of the court, were ordered to be printed.

CALIFORNIA.

Mr. GWIN introduced a bill providing for the survey of the public lands in California, and for granting donation and other privileges, to actual settlers, and for other purposes.

SHIP ISLAND.

A bill reported from the Military Committee, appropriating $50,000 for the fortification of Ship Island on the gulf coast of Mississippi, was taken up, and ordered to a third reading.

REMOVALS FROM OFFICE.

Mr. BRIGHT moved to suspend the other orders of the day, and to take up the resolution of Mr. Bradbury, inquiring of the President the number of removals from office under the late administration of General Taylor, &c.

Mr. BRIGHT, in a lengthy and elaborate argument, addressed the Senate upon the general subject of proscription, but more particularly in defence of Gen. Lane, late Governor of Oregon, from certain charges made against him in the course of the preceding debates upon this resolution. After an argument, going to show that Gen. Lane was superseded in office because he was a Democrat, and from no other cause, Mr. Bright replied to the statement of Mr. Mangum, that Gen. Lane, having been guilty of a breach of decorum towards Gen. Taylor, his superior in command, in reference to the battle of Buena Vista, he, Gen. Taylor, was authorized to dismiss him. Upon this branch of the subject, Mr. Bright went into a minute examination of the conduct of the 2d Indiana regiment at the battle of Buena Vista, exonerating it from the responsibility of its flight; and complaining that after Gen. Taylor knew that they had retreated under orders, he should have corrected his official report, which he never did. It was true that Gen. Lane had complained of this; but this was not the ground of his dismissal from office. He was dismissed because he was a Democrat, and in violation of the pledges under which the late administration came into power.

Mr. EWING said that he thought he could prove it to the satisfaction of the Senate, from documents which he would be able to produce, that Gen. Lane and Col. Weller were properly discharged from the offices which they respectively held, as Governor of Oregon and Mexican Boundary Commissioner. In order to have time to produce the documents desired, Mr. Ewing moved the subject be postponed till Monday next, which was agreed to.

CALIFORNIA LAND TITLES.

On motion af Mr. GWIN, the bill was taken up, providing for a board of Commissioners for the adjudication of land titles and land claims in the State of California. The bill provides also for a regular judicial examination, and for an appeal to the Supreme Court. All private titles and claims to land in California to be examined.

Mr. GWIN moved an amendment, extending over these California cases, the benefits to the claimants of the act of 1828, providing for the settlement of land titles and claims in the Territory of Florida.

Mr. BENTON proposed a substitute for the bill, which substitute provides that there shall be a recorder of land titles in California, who with the District Attorney shall have authority to decide upon all land titles and land claims of Spanish and Mexican descent, except the claims of J. C. Freemont, with regard to which there may be an appeal taken to the Supreme Court. Mr. Benton considered the original bill as tantamount to a confiscation of all the real estate of the resident inhabitants of *California*, holding all their titles to be invalid till proved to be valid. He recited the history of the Spanish grant, to actual settlers in California, a system followed up by Mexico; and while he considered titles thus descended to be good, he urged that it would be equivalent to a confiscation to run them through the guantlet of our Courts. He wished therefore, to see these titles respected, but he excepted from the general provisions of his substitute, the claims of Col. Fremont, because he desired to stand in his true light as perfectly disinterested in behalf of the people of California.

Mr. GWIN defended his bill, and contended that it would be acceptable to the people of California—that one of the largest land-holders in that State, now in this city, and a warm advocate of the bill; and that Colonel Fremont had expressed himself perfectly willing to submit to its provisions.

The debate was continued for an hour between Mr. Benton and Mr. Gwin, in behalf of their respective measures, when

On motion the subject was laid aside till tomorrow, and the Senate adjourned.

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## TELEGRAPHIC.

[By Telegraph—for the Southern Press.]

New York, Jan. 2.

The United States ship Preble arrived from the Pacific. She left San Francisco August 2d, Valparaiso Nov. 22d, and has been absent from the U. States four years and three months, and has sailed over one hundred thousand miles. Owing to sickness among the crew, and want of proper equipments on the ship, she was unable to remain at sea more than eleven months of this time. The ship has been unavoidably sickly. Out of one hundred and forty-five persons, who sailed in her in 1846, but ten remain.

Buffalo, January 2, 1851.

We have a painful rumor here, that the steamers Napoleon and Independence have both been lost on Lake Superior in a recent gale, with all on board: We live in hope of the rumor being incorrect.

Boston, January 2, 1851.

The Free-soilers and Democrats, at a caucus last night, appointed each a committee of twelve to confer together on their course of action.

Philadelphia, January 2—p. m.

The steamer City of Glasgow has just arrived at her wharf on Pine street. She was welcomed by the firing of cannon, and made a very imposing appearance. The committee met her at Chester, and escorted her into port.

New York, January 2—p. m.

The parties interested in the case of Long, the alleged fugitive slave, made their appearance in court this morning, but owing to the indisposition of Judge Judson, the case was indefinitely postponed.

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GLOVES! GLOVES!! GLOVES!!!

Bajoius Gloves, of all sizes and colors, for Ladies and Gentlemen's wear, at PARKER'S New Store under the National Hotel. 3t

EVENING DRESS FANS.

100 newest patterns Evening Dress Fans, (Spanish) mounted in Pearl, Ivory, and Papier mache, just opened at PARKER'S new fancy and Perfumery Store, under the National Hotel. 3t