

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The following table contains the electoral, and popular vote as far as it has been received, and estimated as to the rest.—It is believed to be nearly correct:—

Table with columns: ELECTORS, MAJORITIES, Polk. Clay, Polk. Clay. Lists states like Maine, N. Hampshire, Vermont, etc., with corresponding electoral and majority counts.

Correspondence of the Southern.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 17, 1844.

Dear Sir: The mail yesterday brought the fatal news to the city, that little Jimmy Polk has been placed in the Presidential chair by the combination of the abolition and foreign votes, with a regular system of fraud by the locofoco party throughout the United States.

Cotton has declined about 40 per lb., consequent upon the late foreign advices up to Friday last. On the receipt of the election of little Jimmy yesterday, a further reduction of 40 immediately followed, and middling cotton will only command 50. Market dull, with indication of a further decline. Fair cotton will likely go to 50 or less.

There is not an honorable man who has an American heart, that does not look upon the noble, God-like Clay, with increased regard and veneration. Having long since reached the highest niche in the temple of fame, throughout the world, had he been elected President, it could have added nothing to his fame, his honor—save the glory of his country.

James G. Birney will likely form one of the cabinet of little Jimmy—and James Gordon Bennett or some other vagabond foreigner another. For his able and manly course with which you have sustained the country through a canvass, unparalleled in fraud, you have my cordial thanks with those of all true American hearts. I take my leave.

Respectfully, Q.

NOVEMBER 24, 1844.

Dear Sir:—Our cotton market is still downward, and middling fair cotton sells at 50 to 54 ordinary 4 1/2-2; general sales about 50. Prices seem inclined to go lower; confidence is disappearing among capitalists, and operations in every thing will be confined to the wants of the parties.

I call your attention to the testimony of the frauds in the Parish of Placemines, as published in the Bee and Tropic, the strongest evidence is kept back for a more important result yet to be brought up. In this city and along the line of the State bordering on Texas, the frauds have been equally great and flagrant.

You will see published in a few days, the outline of a plan adopted by the Clay Club of this city, to enable the whigs of the United States to manifest their respect, veneration and love for the character of Henry Clay, for his public services, which is grand in itself, alike due to the character of Henry Clay and the whigs of the United States. It is proposed to open books in every City, County, Town and Village, in the several States, where each whig who voted for Henry Clay, may register his name, also that of his wife and children, and pray for each name one time. The names of each person to be transcribed upon parchment, bound in 25 volumes, in the highest finish of costly style, for each of the States, each one containing a concise history of the life of Hon. Henry Clay, which shall be presented to him as a testimony of the regard and the affection of the whigs of the United States.

The fund raised, to be under the control of a committee appointed by the whig members of Congress, to purchase a colossal statue of Henry Clay, either of bronze or marble; and a marble temple of grand conception erected in which to place it, as a testimonial of the public services of Henry Clay. The location to be either at Washington city, Ashland, or the banks of the beautiful Ohio, opposite Cincinnati. The latter is most likely to be the spot selected, as it will overlook the tomb of the lamented Harrison. No locofoco will be allowed to record his name, and thus pollute this national manifestation of the love of the whigs of the United States for the life, character and public services of the great

test and best of American patriots and statesmen. The outline will present you a more full view when you see it.

Respectfully, Q.

We highly approve of the design spoken of in the latter portion of the above letter, and particularly of this portion of it:—

"The fund raised to be under the control of a committee appointed by the whig members of Congress, to purchase a colossal statue of Henry Clay, either of bronze or marble; and a marble temple of grand conception erected in which to place it, as a testimonial of the public services of Henry Clay."

This country has few temples of the kind here projected, and owing to the immoral, disorganizing, and malign influences of locofocoism, is shamefully averse to the practice of canonization, and has the most deplorable anarchical and irreligious tendencies. The deification of heroes, and the worship of demons and demigods, and godlike men, have been the marks of the highest civilization from the earliest ages. The second, or Olympic period of Grecian history, has been called the age of heroes. An author says: "Grateful sensibility to the merits of ancestors and progenitors, was a most common cause of the sort of deification with which their heroes were honored after death. Hence it came that most of the heroes were at last viewed as sons of Gods, and often of Jupiter himself." The heroes of the Greeks were of different ranks. Some were viewed as a sort of household deities, such as after their mortal existence watched over their families and friends, and were honored and worshipped only by them. Others whose services while they lived were of a more extended character, were worshipped by whole States and tribes as demigods, and sometimes had their appropriate festivals and mysteries, and even temples and priests—Vide, Bryant's Ancient Mythology.

Perseus was one of the most distinguished of the early heroes. He was the son of Jupiter and Danae, and educated by Polydectes on the island Seriphus.—His chief exploit was the destruction of the Gorgon Medusa, whose head he struck off with a sword given him by Vulcan. After his assassination by Megapenthes, he was placed amongst the constellations, and several temples were erected to him, besides a monument between Argos and Mycenae. [Ashland and Cincinnati.]

Theseus, a reputed son of Neptune, was excited by the renown of Hercules to imitate his achievements. His principal exploits were his descent to the lower world with his friend Pirithous, and his victory over the Amazon whose queen became his wife. The honor paid to him after his death was accompanied with unusual solemnities, a superb temple was consecrated to him at Athens, with a regular sacrifice termed Ogdolion.

Jason, and Castor and Pollux, were also heroes of some celebrity, and had temples, but the greatest of all the heroes was Hercules, the son of Jupiter and Alcmena. His renowned twelve labors can never be forgotten. These were: to kill the Nemean lion; to destroy the Lernean hydra; to catch alive the stag with golden horns; to catch the Erymanthian boar; to cleanse the stables of Augeas; to exterminate the birds of lake Stymphe; to bring alive the wild bull of Crete; to seize the horses of Diomedes; to obtain the girdle of Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons; to destroy the monster Geryon; to plunder the garden of Hesperides, guarded by a sleepless dragon; and to bring from the infernal world the three-headed dog Cerberus.

Less honorable was his love of Omphale, queen of Lydia, by which he sunk into most unworthy effeminacy. His last achievement was the destruction of the centaur Nessus, whose tunic poisoned with blood, Hercules received at the hands of Dejanira, and on putting it on, he was thrown into such desperate madness that he threw himself into the flames of a funeral pile on mount Etao. [The hero of our own age received a similar robe from old Mrs. Anacharsis Clootz. It invested him with the prerogatives of Secretary of State.]

An author says: "The worship of Hercules soon became general, and temples were erected to his honor numerous and magnificent. He received a great many surnames and epithets from his exploits, and from his places of worship." [The following suggestion might here be made: temples might be erected at each of the places mentioned in the letter, in order to accommodate the worship of his followers to the different surnames and epithets of our hero. At Washington, he might be worshipped as the "great embodiment," at Ashland as "the mill-boy of the slushes," and on the banks of the Ohio as "Harry of the West."] The Egyptians had temples to Isis, Osiris, Apis, Serapis and Anubis. We know little of their history or origin, but

sufficient to make apparent, the worship and reverential respect that was paid them by that learned, civilized, and scientific people.—We believe the Romans adopted all the gods of Greece with a goodly number of their own invention.—The author of the "Manual of Classical Literature" says: "To the gods already mentioned we may add those, which were constituted by the deification of the Emperors and their favorites. Thus a Caesar, an Augustus, a Claudius, and others were elevated to the rank of gods.—Sometimes this was done in their lifetime by the vilest adulation, but more frequently after death, to flatter their descendants." And Middleton, a skeptical writer in his "Letter from Rome," most irreverently remarks: "This servile and impious adulation was first practised by the Asiatic Greeks towards the succession of Alexander. The Roman Senate made it their business by solemn decree to place every deceased emperor in the number of the gods, and the ceremony of his Apotheosis were united with those of his funeral." He also thought the beatification of saints by the Romish church was derived from that practice.

Mahomet has a temple at Mecca, which all good Musselmens must visit once in their lives. Within it, by the power of magnetism, the coffin of the prophet is suspended; a miraculous phenomenon which no true Moslem would doubt on his salvation. No one can tell the softening influences that are exerted on the ferocious races who are inclined to this religion by the priests who officiate at the shrine of him who was able to bind adamantine fetters to the minds and muscles of his followers, and to leave the enchantment of his genius to exercise a sovereign control over the will and thoughts of their posterity. Who would disturb the happy devotions of those who "nightly at the solemn mosque" make their orisons to the son of Ishmael, and who live in blissful anticipations of sharing with him the pavements of musk and gold, and the smiles of the incomparable houris?

But our own happy and enlightened country has not been thus long without a temple. In the state of Illinois, at a place called Nauvoo, a magnificent temple is being erected by the followers of an "eminent citizen" and late distinguished prophet called Joseph Smith. For a history of this people and their temple, we refer our readers to the book "Mormon," which may be examined by all who feel a "deep interest in the progress of the Latter day Saints." We would say to our friends, however, who propose erecting the present statue and "temple of grand conception in which to place it," to take care lest the Mormons excel them as much in the magnificence of their temple, as they excel the Mormons in devotion to their chief.

We hail the commencement of this devotional and sacred work as the auspicious opening of a new era in the arts, and as giving a fresh impetus to the great cause of moral reform. We may hope that improvement in the architectural arts will keep pace with the deification of heroes.

As soon as the temple is finished our friends of course will institute an order of priesthood, and we will take leave of this interesting subject by referring them to a paragraph from an author on the Mythological worship of Greece: "The three principle duties of the priests were sacrifice, prayer, and instruction. With these were united sometimes the declaration and interpretation of oracles. Upon the rank of the god depended the number of the priests, who were employed to attend upon him, and who shared each his part of the various functions of the service. In every place there was one superior priest. The office of the parasites was to collect the grain and fruits designed for sacrifices into the store houses appropriated therefor. The superintendants, or those whose business it was to cleanse and adorn the temples were ranked among the sacred orders."

THE LATE CANVASS.

The N. Y. Herald says the whigs defeated Clay by their blundering. We are inclined to think the democrats defeated him, but at the same time we are willing to admit that never was canvass so wretchedly conducted as by the whigs in the contest just over. They proceeded on their old maxim, which is a favorite one with federalism, that the people are grossly ignorant, and have any given amount of gullibility. In conformity with this opinion, they attempted to palm off on them every species of barefaced forgery. They forged the Rooback story about Polk's negroes; they forged a paragraph from the London Times; they forged a letter on Birney; they talked about British gold, and British free trade tracts to circulate in this country, all of which they knew to be basely false, and the exposure

of which no doubt did them much injury; yet so much confidence had they in the maxim above mentioned, that they stuck to them to the last. They tried to tamper with the "Natives," and bargain with the Abolitionists, and wretchedly failed in both, showing all the disposition for bribery without the ingenuity to consummate the corruption. They tried to wring in, too, the wretched numeries of 1840. They forgot that a spirit existed in the land then which carried the election for them in spite of the songs and shows. Now the songs were desperately out of place; they produced only disgust and contempt in those on whom they were intended to operate.

THE GROANS OF THE DYING.

We copy several extracts from whig papers this week, to show the spirit in which they take their defeat. Never have we seen such raving, such moaning, such creaking, such unmanly despondency.—They seem to look on Henry Clay as standing astride of the Republic, and holding it up in his hands, and now that he and his detestable policy are stricken down, they predict the most awful calamities. It would be difficult to tell which, they or the Millerites, are now the craziest. They are circulating the most stupid lies about the fall of prices in stocks, produce, and property. We have no doubt many of them believe these things, for most of them are more silly than corrupt, just such nice young men as might be "rained with my lady's fan."

It is a maxim deeply engraven on the hearts of all true Americans, "Never despair of the Republic,"—and the miscreant who dares to say it is unfit to possess the privileges of a freeman. The most infamous thing of the kind we have seen is the following from the Richmond Whig. He and the aristocrats of Europe seem to be precisely of the same opinion:

"If J. K. Polk prevails over Henry Clay, the WHIG PARTY IS NO MORE! A remnant will continue to struggle for its principles—the only principles which can preserve the Constitution, order and prosperity—but their efforts will be hopeless and unavailing. Let us not, at so serious a moment, conceal the truth—let us not disguise any thing from ourselves or each other. We must conquer now! or cease to hope to resist successfully the elements of disorder, ruin and anarchy which menace the United States!"

On the other hand, it is like manner a death struggle with Locofocoism. If we best them now, their party is disbanded for years to come, and their legions scattered. They will rally in time! Of that we have no question! THEY WILL RALLY AND LEVEL TO THE EARTH THE NOBLE STRUCTURE REARED BY WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, FRANKLIN AND MADISON! Never did any Republic and never will the spirit of Agrarianism and anarchy cease its efforts, until Caesar bestrode the liberties of his country, and Cato was buried beneath their ruins! THIS IS THE FATE OF FREE GOVERNMENTS! But public virtue can postpone the day of the sad consummation!

To postpone it—to preserve us long as possible the blessings we have, deprived to which life were a weary course, and to perpetuate them to those who follow us, is the highest merely earthly duty. We owe it to ourselves, our children, our country, all mankind, and to God himself, who has vouchsafed to make us the most favored of modern people."

From the Richmond Whig.

DEFEAT OF MR. CLAY, AND ELECTION OF MR. POLK!—This result, so contrary to all human expectation, and so revolting to all sense of propriety, has clothed this community in mourning. The badge is not worn on the hat or the left arm—it is not exhibited in vain forms. It is told in the countenances of the people; in the gloom which overspreads nearly every countenance which is lighted up by intelligence! Our Rome mourns as old Rome did, when the battle of Cannae was lost! The women are in tears as for a great calamity, as if Hannibal was at the gates; and the very children look desolate and forlorn.

When the cars on Saturday arrived and announced the result of the New York vote, a stern and funeral silence, broken only here and there in the throng, by a boy or an excited partizan, was observed by the immense multitude. The whigs felt that the country had been cheated and deluded by the most infamous system of fraud and misrepresentation into self-betrayal, and the Democrats present were ashamed, we verily believe, of the candidate they had elected, and the cause which owed all its success to an extended and unblushing and persevering scheme of falsehood as ever disgraced an age of civilization!

From the same.

"WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, O MY SOUL?"—Not because a mere question of men has been decided adversely to our expectations, our hope, our convictions of right! Not because Henry Clay, a man who has done his country service, has been rejected by the people, and James K. Polk who has done none, has been preferred: Not on account of that which our opponents make so much account of, that the "Spoils" are transferred to hostile hands, No—the wretch who, at such a moment, could think of "Spoils" at all, is one with whom we claim and acknowledge no sympathy.

Not because our party is defeated, and the antagonist party is victorious! For none of these causes do we feel that depression of spirit which the Psalmist, inspired by God himself, so touchingly yet so simply describes! Were it an ordinary contest of contending factions, such as every Free Government which ever existed, or ever can exist, is necessarily exposed to, we should not regard the result either way, or any way as of lasting and momentous consequence. Whether the President be A. B. or C. or whether his officers, those through whose agency the machinery of Government is carried on, be of this opinion on the day, or that, is really and practically of small consequence. Nor is it so indispensable, however expedient for the pecuniary interests of the People, that the sound Whig doctrines of Political Economy and international Policy for which the Whigs contend, should be instantly enforced! This country always produces bread and meat enough for the consumption of its people, and there is no fear of starvation here! We can, therefore, wait awhile for a wise governmental policy, without the fear of famishing before the eyes of the people!

Is it then asked why we do feel so melancholy a depression at the result of the late great struggle? We answer frankly and promptly it is at the popular spirit which the contest has revealed; it is because a majority, or a claimed majority, of the American people have manifested so irreconcilable a hatred to the man who has best deserved of them, next to Washington undoubtedly, in real and substantial services: It is because Henry Clay has been voted against, not for his opinions—not for his principles—but because he was Henry Clay, the first in service, the first in renown! It is because our countrymen, in their verdict, have clearly and unequivocally exhibited that base and unworthy envy of excellence—that disposition to pull down what is better than themselves, and to put up what is inferior—the spirit of that Athenian who voted to banish Aristides because he was not only called but was the just—which has been the destruction of all Republics! Henry Clay has been defeated, nor because he was not worthy to lead his countrymen, for no man even pretends that he has an equal—but because he was Henry Clay, and the first in service to his country, as the first in a celebrity which extends to every climate of the civilized world!

This is the point of view which will present itself to the informed mind, instructed by the past experience of the world as the most important and the most fatal. The enjoyment of power for four years, in a nation's age, is of the least consequence: It is the hatred of pre-eminence which is the preference for congenial littleness and ignominy: It is the spirit to pull down instead of the spirit of elevating superior merit, which to the mind acquainted with the transactions of past Republics, is not merely hateful for its meanness, but fearful for its enormity. It is the raven which crows disappointment to the fond hopes of the Republic which wishes for liberty to universal mankind—and to the Christian and philanthropist, who are prone to flatter themselves that the world gets better and advances in perfection, as it advances in age.

For ourselves, we can see no difference at all in the popular and vulgar envy of illustrious merit which has rejected Henry Clay, and which refused a statue to the younger Cato. The events are at the distance of 2000 years apart, but they read precisely the same moral, tell the same criminal tale against poor human nature, and announce the same fate to Republics! Mr. Clay has been cast out, because he was the great and best deserving, and Mr. Polk has been elected because to elect him mortified no man's self love!

WHIGGISM AND DEMOCRACY.

The whig rests for support on material interests: democracy on morality and mind. The whig respects men with their possessions: democracy cherishes naked humanity. The whig idolizes established abuses, and pleads proscription: democracy is the party of hope and reform. The whig kindles with zeal in the defence of separate interests: democracy demands equal rights. The whig claims the privilege of his sovereign: democracy asserts the sovereignty of the people. The whig regards liberty as fortunate privilege, or as a covenanted enfranchisement: democracy holds liberty as a natural and inalienable right. The whig builds his strong government on force: democracy trusts in the diffusion of intelligence, and the power of opinion. The whig fulfils his contracts, and knows no obligation to do more: democracy claims kindness to every sufferer, and, as each generation takes up its line of march for eternity, it cheerfully provides for the infirm. The whig makes common cause with his clan: democracy cares for the well-being of the many. The whig, resting government on wealth, lays the foundation of a moneyed aristocracy: democracy, resting government on the intelligence and morality of the masses, establishes the supremacy of the people, and opens the way to the principality of virtue. [Baneroff.]

THE RAPID INCREASE OF POPULATION IN TEXAS.—One of our exchanges estimates the population of the infant republic in 1848 at one million of inhabitants. The great number now emigrating to that country is sufficient evidence of the fact. The northern portion is already so well settled, that great improvements in the roads and rivers are in contemplation. We have no doubt of the completion of the railroad projected Clarksville and Caddo lake. A gentleman recently from the Brazos says that about two thousand German emigrants are expected in that region in the ensuing year.

Written for the Independent Democrat. SYMPATHY.

BY MRS. DR. C. S. WILSON.
There is a voice that prompts desire,
Whisper'd in deeds of fame;
A breath that fans ambition's fire,
That wakes the minstrel's tuneful lyre,
To raise an envied name.

But the voice of Fame can never break
The reign of sorrow's gloom,
The minstrel's song can never make
The "Tyrant" welcome, or awake
The slumbers of the tomb!

There is a joy in Friendship's ties
When Fortune's smiles elate,
But penury's hand destroys the prize,
'Tis interest oft in friendship's guise,
Oft cancelled by stern fate.

And there's a charm in Beauty's smiles,
When pleasure holds her sway,
When fancy stoops to fashion's wiles
And love each rising thought beguiles,
That sheds a pleasing ray.

But smiles of Beauty are as brief
As dew drops on the rose,
A secret poison 'neath its leaf,
Invades the flowers, and silent grief
Preys on a heart of woes!

But there's a pearl that shines more bright
Where sorrows darkly lower;
A star that cheers misfortune's night,
In grief's corroding hour:

It is the tear of SYMPATHY,
That soothes the anguish'd heart,
'Tis pity's offering, sorrows sigh,
That feels for other's misery,
And seeks to bear a part.
Canton, Dec. 2, 1841.

AN APT QUOTATION.

The arch angel of whiggery, Daniel Webster, at a late rally of his routed and discomfited partisans at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, made a speech full of dogged resolution, which he commenced with the following quotation from the first book of Milton's Paradise Lost:

"What though the field be lost,
All is not lost, the unconquerable will."

This is part of Satan's speech, after his rebellion against the majesty of Heaven had been defeated, and himself and his host whelmed in the sulphurous pool of Tartarus. The orator did not like to quote any more of the original, so dropping the quotation, he goes on in plain prose, weaving into his speech, as if original, the ideas and many of the words of his Satanic model.

"And study of revenge immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield," says the Devil.

"The courage to resist, the firm purpose, the devoted adherence to our principles," says Black Dan.

Now, we call this plagiarism. With excellent judgment, the god like man compared the condition of the fallen whigs to that of the Satanic crew. With equally excellent taste, he likened himself to the Devil, and adopted the speech which Milton had prepared for him. But he should have given the Devil his due, and continued the quotations. Would not an action lie for violation of copyright? We wish some printer or lawyer would advise us. [N. Y. Ecc. Post.]

SO IT GOES.—The whigs are mourning over the ignorance and depravity of the country. This we must expect. They have one consolation: all they could do by means honest and dishonest, right and wrong, fair and foul—by speeches, songs, pamphlets, processions, barbecues, and all the paraphrenia of humbug and demagoguery, has been done. If the country is ruined, it is not their fault. So let them be satisfied. Let them now lay aside coons, Glee Clubs, &c., and be decent as they profess to be—all will be well. The sun will rise and set as usual, until Miller's prediction is verified. James K. Polk is President of the United States, in spite of all the effects of whiggery. We have one request to make of them, and that is, that they will lay aside the name whig. It was sacrilege to assume it at first. Once it was sacred; it has been brought into bad odour. It has covered over obnoxious measures which the people have condemned. Surrender the name; we cannot employ it to designate the party hereafter.—Lou. Dem.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday morning, 2d instant, by the Rev. L. Wiley, Mr. WASHINGTON F. JOHNSON, of Hinds, to Miss MARIA R. CARTER, of Madis in county.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS MULLEN departed this life November 29, 1844, at 10 A. M., after a severe illness of twelve days, which he bore with great christian fortitude, aged 47 years, 11 months and 25 days. He calmly and gently yielded up his spirit into the arms of his Saviour, whose he was, and whom he served in the bonds of love while in this life. His flesh shall rest in hope till the morning of the resurrection, when at the sound of the trumpet it shall rise triumphant to meet the spirit, and be reunited. May he there meet all his family, without the loss of one, and spend a happy immortality in their blessed society.