The Columbus Democrat.

H. H. Worthington, Editor.] COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1841. [Vol. 8: No. 6.

THE DEMOCRAT

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY WORTHINGTON & ABBEY.

TERMS—$1 per annum in advance: $3 in six months, or $5 at the end of a year.

No paper will be discontinued until all dues have been paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at $1 per square (8 lines or less) for the first insertion, and 50 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

ADVERTISEMENTS not marked with the number of insertions, will be published until forbid and charged as above.

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LIST of letters remaining in the Post Office at Columbus Mississippi on the first of AUGUST 1841.

Alexander Wm	Adams Henry
Allen G. G.	Amis Junis
Anee Miss Eliza	
Barton Dav'd Capt	Butler Samuel Rev. 2
Barthelomere mrs Martha	Benge Thos O 3
Barry Bartley	Baker C W
Ross John	Mrs Martha S C
Bell Platt	Brooks Micajah
Bell Thomas	
Clark Alex'	Colwell Mrs Eleanor
Crenshaw Garland	Cathian Thomas B
Collins Lewis	Chambey A K
Cooke R W	Cayce Joel A
Crate Saml S	Coleman Ruffin
Donnell Levi	Dupree Daniel F
Davis Miss Mary	Duncan Wm L
Ellis Robert and B	Edwards Lamach
Ellias George R	Edmonson W G
Fisher Charles F 2	Finch James
Fowler A C	Ford Wm
Graves John W	Gordon Miss Caroline A
George Flemming	Goff Jno C
Gordon George N	Gordon James
Giblinge George	Garvin Jno and J. or Miss Nancy Sims
George Wm H	
Harrell A W 2	Hall Jno Dr 2
Harrod Eli	Hooker Doct
Holderness McKinney [Colonel	Hart John
	Hendrick Jahaziel
Harris Finis E Rev.	Hawkins Mrs John
Herrington Jno T	Johnson Henry
Jones R S Coln'	Johnson Marmaduke B
Kimbell James	King Willis A
Kidd Jno B	Keppell Mrs
Kirk John M	
Lecture Georgiana miss	Love Thos N
Lucey Jane colored woman	Lauderdible & Seal
	Long Rich'd H
Lee Wm L D M D	Lacy Jerad
Lawrence Dav'd	Leach Elliett
Mellon John	Myatt Elizabeth
Morris Jonathon	McLaran Charles 2
McGee Micajah 3	Mosely James H
Mustain C T	Morrison Wm B
McDonald Peter	Shelton Thos B
McKinley Jno W	McCown James
McGehee Thos	McLauren Jno C
McCown James 2	
Norris James S	Nash R B
Owen Henry	Pender Dolphin D
Platt Wm	Pope Miss Mary E
Powell Jas W	Putnam Henry
Powell Andrew J	Prince Joseph
Ragsdale Daniel W	Rohrer Samuel
Reynolds Miss Sarah	Rickman John
Ragsdale G A	Stephens James 2
Smith Alex W	Sellers James
Sims Wm W	Sparks Elizabeth A
Sykes Rich'd	Smith Samuel
Stanton H H	Smith Jesse
Stone James H	Sawers J A
Stevenson Wm H	Speight Jesse
Strotham A D Doct	Strathans Henry
Thompson Mrs Mary H 2	Troup Walter 2
	Taylor H B
Taylor Joseph	Thompson Scott
Taylor Pamuel	Tucker Wm A
Thompson mrs Artimina	Terrell charles
Tucker Mr	
Veitch Mrs S E	Veitch Wm
Valentine Tho's Doct	Vaughn Gabriel,
Willis Wm E 2	Watkins Miss E
Watkins Thos A Doct	Wallace Joseph
Woodfin Wm	Wright Wm
Wharton A S Doct	Warren Mrs Harriet
Warren P M	Williams Josiah
White Gideon B	Woodard Thos
Whitfield Wm	Wood Thos B
Yeates Miss Martha	

JOSEPH BLAIR, *P. M.*

☞ Persons calling for the above letters will please say they are advertised.

MAIL ARRANGEMENT.

Northern, *via, Florence. Ala.*—Due every Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday, at 7 P. M
Closes, every Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday at 8 P M

Southern, *via. Jackson.*—Due every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 3 A M.
Closes every Sunday Tuesday and Friday at 7 P M

Eastern, *via. Tuscaloosa, & Mobile, via. Greensborough.*—Due every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 7 P M.
Closes every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 7 P M.

Western, *via Aberdeen and Pontotoc*—Due every Sunday and Wednesday, at 7 P M
Closes " " 8 P M.

Winchester, *via. Macon and De Ka*
Due every Monday and Thursday, at 6 P M.
Closes every Monday and Tuesday at 8 P M.

Greensborough, Miss., *via. Plymouth and Starkville.*—Due every Saturday, at 12 M.
Closes every Tuesday, at 8 P M.

Houston, *via. Colbert.*—Due every Friday at 6 P M.
Closes every Tuesday at 8 P M.

Hillsborough, *via. Philadelphia.*
Due every Sunday at 8 P M.
Closes every Monday at 8 P M.

Caledonia,—Due every Sunday, 6 P M.
Closes every Friday, at 8 P M.

Fayette C. H. Ala. *via Millport.*
Due every Friday, 12 M.
Closes every Friday, 12 M

JOSEPH BLAIR
Post Master.

Columbus, Dec. 1840

THE SPIRIT'S DWELLING.

BY THE LATE WM. LEGGETT.

Where freed from being's galling chain,
We press that touch of rest,
Where thought no longer racks the brain,
Nor sorrow fills the breast.
Where cold and pulseless lies the heart,
And quenched the beaming eye;
Ah! whither strays the the immortal part,
That is not doomed to die!

Does it, on light wing'd zephyrs borne,
Float gently though the sky,
Low whispering in the breath of morn,
Or mo'd with evening's sigh!
Twere sweet, when memory loads the mind,
With grief too deep to speak,
To hear lost loved ones in the wind!
And feel them on our cheek!

Does it, through ether's viewless track,
Seek out some burning star,
Whence that will sometimes wander back,
To this lorn sphere afar!
Oh! it were glorious to believe
That from each radiant sphere,
Spirits in bliss watch through the eve
O'er those they loved when here!

Whence is your light, ye quenchless fires,
That gild night's azure skies,
The unwavering flame that ne'er expires,
Whence but from seraph's eyes!
I ask no learn'd astronomer,
To tell me what you are,
But darest you vault blessed spirit's home,
A soul in every star.

Yet wherever the spirit springs,
Its earthly fetters riven,
Whether it rides on zephyr's wings,
Or shines a star in heaven.
The heart that humbly trusts His might,
Who rules stars, wind, and wave,
In spite of death, shall re-unite
In bliss beyond the grave.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY TRANSACTION—SUMMARY EXECUTION BY THE POPULACE.

—The facts that a drover of Kentucky, named Utterback, had been nearly murdered, and robbed, and that two men named Mayhe and Couch had been arrested on suspicion of being the perpetrators of the outrage, were published in our paper last week; and we now learn that both the accused have fallen victims to popular wrath, by execution, without trial or even indictment, and while their victim was still alive, and the possibility of his recovery existed. These extraordinary facts were communicated to the Cincinnati Republican by a highly respectable citizen of Kentucky, who had the details of the transaction from several persons who witnessed them; and from that paper we gather the following particulars.

At the time of the execution the prisoners had been in confinement in the jail at Williamstown, Grant county, Ky., on the above charge. Mr. Utterback, it seems, has been lingering in a miserable state—his throat having been shockingly mangled, at a tavern some three or four miles beyond Williamstown, on a much travelled road, and an object of commiseration with every passer by. He is a citizen of Bourbon, the adjoining county to Grant, and where the excitement has been increasing ever since the attempt to murder him. It being problematical, however, whether Mr Utterback might not survive—although in such reduced situation as to be neither useful to himself nor fellow men—the uncertainty increased whether the utmost penalty of the law would be visited upon the prisoners, nothing less than which it seemed, would pacify the people of Bourbon. Many of the citizens of that county, therefore, deliberately resolved upon the summary execution. They first deputed ten citizens of the county to visit Williamstown, and inform the citizens of the place, and the prisoners particularly, that at such a time the prisoners were to be executed. This notice was thirty six hours previous to the actual execution, and a clergyman was also sent and actually went to the prison, for religious converse with the prisoners.

On Saturday, in pursuance of the notice, about five hundred citizens of Bourbon, to which were added some from Scott and Harrison counties, went into Williamstown in solemn procession and most perfect order. They had chosen their sheriffs to act for the occasion, and proceeded to the jail, and demanded the prisoners, Mayhe and Couch. The sheriff of Grant refused to give them up, or the keys of the prison; he offered however no other resistance, and the people at once broke open the doors. They then took the prisoners, placed them in an open wagon, their irons on them, took up their line of march without the least noise or confusion, to the spot where the murder was attempted, about four miles distant. By this time the number assembled was believed to have been at least two thousand. After arriving on the ground, Mr O'Hara, a member of the bar, addressed the people for some time upon the propriety of permitting the law to take its course.—He was listened to with the utmost silence and respect, but without apparently altering the determination of a single person present. The preliminaries were then adjusted and the prisoners asked if they had any thing to say previous to the closing of their earthly accounts. One of them, Mayhe, addressed a few remarks to the people, admitting the commission of the act for which they were to suffer, denying, however, that it was his wish to commit actual murder. Religious service was then performed by a clergyman present, and Mayhe and Couch were hung in their irons upon a tree standing over the same spot where their crime was committed. Rude coffins were constructed and there they were buried.—the crowd then dispersed in the most perfect order.

When we add, that one of the criminals, Mayhe has been long known by many citizens of Ohio and Kentucky as a man of notoriously bad character—having been confined at different times and escaped from the Penitentiaries of both states—we have stated all the facts and whatever there may be of a palliating nature in this case.

Remonstrate early against every usurpation in Congress: agitate the great question before the country, among the people: and then if a Bank is chartered, let those 100,000 freemen of Ohio, with the MILLION in the Union, who voted for MARTIN VAN BUREN, never slumber or sleep, until they determine, in perfect obedience to the laws, to REPEAL THE MONSTER, and every foul blot upon the escutcheon of our country, cast by the ruthless hand of Federalism. And may shame, and disgrace, and ignominy follow the wretch who is base enough to barter away our rights to an institution, which would regulate our lives, property, and liberty, with the iron rod of despotism.—*St. Clairsville Gazette.*

MISSISSIPPI DEBT.

We have noticed heretofore the peculiar turn of the domestic politics of Mississippi which presents a spectacle singular in our country just now of a purely State question overshadowing and absorbing all others. Parties are there divided into *Bondpaying* and *Anti-Bondpaying*. The latter party from little beginnings has suddenly shot up, powerful, determined, and with no lack of moral force that belongs to every cause that is fearlessly thrown into the light of free discussion. They say the people of Mississippi never sanctioned the immense loan made to establish the Union Bank—that the law authorizing that loan was in the teeth of an explicit and peremptory provision of the State Constitution, and that, besides, every provision of the law itself, for security and indemnification of the State was broken in the manner of carrying it out. Finally, that the people have never received any consideration—but on the contrary, even if they should avoid paying a cent of it, the contraction of the debt will have been a curse to their morals, a blight to their prosperity, a wide wasteful evil, ameliorated by no particle of good. To show here they think and speak on the subject in Mississippi, we make below some extracts from two letters which we find in the *Mississippian*. They are from two gentlemen of high standing, who had been nominated on the Anti-Bond ticket for the Legislature. The first is from Andrew Hays, who refused the nomination for private reasons, but speaks of the cause in the following strong language:

"Before closing this letter, I will barely add, that the people did not contract to pay the bonds of the Union Bank, nor have they constitutionally or otherwise, in any visible or tangible manner ratified or recognized their sale or the receipts of the proceeds of such sales by others. I therefore cannot conceive upon what legal or moral grounds the people can be required to pay them. In fact I feel that this demand of payment of the people is not only illegal, but unjust and ought to be rejected under all the forms of the Constitution by every stern advocate of justice and national honor. Under this aspect of the subject, although I cannot become a candidate for the Legislature, I will not be wanting in my duty to support the noble cause which the meeting at Raymond advocated."

That the reader may see the full force of the allusion to the constitutional ratification of the loan by the people, we quote a section from the Constitution of Mississippi—Art. 7, Sec. 9.

"No law shall ever be passed to raise a loan of money upon the credit of the State, or to pledge the faith of the State for the payment or redemption of any loan or debt, unless such law be proposed in the Senate or House of Representatives and be agreed to by a Majority of the members of each house, and entered on their journals with the yeas and nays thereon, and be referred to the next succeeding Legislature, and published for three months previous to the next regular election in three newspapers of the State, and unless a majority of each branch of the Legislature so elected after such publication shall agree to and pass such law: and in such case the yeas and nays shall be taken and entered on the journals of each house."

One would suppose there could be no dispute about a provision so comprehensive and explicit—the grand intent of which is that every proposed loan or pledge of the State credit, shall, with its specific objects and extent clearly set forth in the form of a Legislative act, be presented in all possible publicity to the people and ratified by them at a general election—he would be shown by the sanction or rejection of the law by the succeeding Legislature. Will it be believed that no such reference was ever made to the people—that the loan was contracted under a law passed by a single Legislature—not published, not referred to the people, not sanctioned by the succeeding Legislature!

This explanation was necessary in order to give full effect to the second extract, which is from the letter of William Clark, who is apparently a clergyman and declines running for the Legislature in a time of a bitter party strife, for reasons connected with his sacred calling. But he speaks out without reserve and his conclusions are the more likely to influence others from the fact that he had until lately been of a different opinion and his letter bears many marks of his having yielded his first impressions with no little reluctance. He yielded most of the minor points to the other side and does not think it of any importance that the Bonds were sold below par, nor that the avails of them have been wasted without benefit to the people.

I admit that our Legislature has ample power to pass any law binding the State, except where "money is to be borrowed or the faith of the State pledged." This the constitution interdicts from doing. Any law having for its object the "borrowing of money or plighting of the faith of the state," must be passed by a majority of both Houses, the yeas and nays recorded, and then published three months before the next election, and the ratification of the act, thus published, by both branches of the legislature elect after the publication of the said law, binds the State. The supplemental charter is deficient in every constitutional requisition to give it binding effect. I admit that the original charter is constitutional, but this is denied by some. The only question it appears to me is, did the bonds issue or were they delivered in accordance with its provisions? Were the people bound when the act of delivery was consummated? I believe that no person contends for this position. Indeed I do not recollect a solitary provision of that law that was complied with. The act provides that the Governor is to appoint two provisional directors who are to judge of the sufficiency of the mortgages given to identify the State. This was not done. The law provides that the State shall be bound as security for the stockholders upon a certain contingency. This contingency never did happen, nor has it to this day. The people agreed to be bound as security for the stockholders, whenever the ten directors to be appointed by the Governor, should inform him that the stockholders had paid in $500,000 in cash, and amply indemnified the State for its liability to be assumed on their behalf. This has never been done. No directors were so appointed; no mortgages had been given, nor was there ever one dollar paid into the bank by the stockholders, nor indeed was there one stockholder on the day of the issuance of the bonds. These facts I am informed, and believe were known to the purchaser of their paper writings purporting to bind the State.—*Charleston Mercury.*

The Scotchman's prayer...Keep my purse from the *lawyer*, and my body from the *doctor* and my soul from the *devil*.

PITT'S PROPHECY ON AMERICAN BANKING.

"Let the Americans," said Mr. Pitt, "adopt their funding system, and go into their banking institutions, and their boasted independence will be a mere phantom." This funding system, spoken of by Mr. Pitt, was adopted under the guardian care of Alexander Hamilton, a man in whom all the vices of a political Nero were concealed. English in his principles, English in his feelings, and English in his views; and if the spontaneous fertility and almost millless resources of our rich and productive country had not enabled us to knock off the chains of a national debt, we should have given the world long ago a practical evidence of the *depth* of our boasted liberties—perhaps before the dawn of a second generation. The funding system we have abolished, but our system of incorporated banking, on which Mr. Pitt, at that infant period of our national history, laid so great stress, is still with us; the same thing of despotism that it was in those days; the same engine of political and social oppression, and the same inveterate and deadly foe of human freedom.

If the English statesman who thus predicted the downfall of American liberty, through the direct and sole agency of the system of funding and banking, could, for a few short moments, be permitted to rise from his tomb and come among us, and witness the mighty inroads of the latter of these systems, with what force might he point us to the partial fulfilment of his prophecy. This picture is not the mere gilded ornament of fancy or high wrought exaggeration; it is a plain matter of fact picture simply drawn with the dull, every day pencil of homely truth. We have only to look at the system as it now exists—observe its practical operations—note its triumphant march over law, order, and the immutable code of equal justice, to see the full fulfilment of Mr. Pitt's prophecy. Men may talk of the credit system being the prop and support of our new and unlimited land; but if that system is to pass between us and the faintest ray of liberty's glorious sun, let it be speedily and for ever crushed. We may not at present be able to conceive and place a just value on the evils of the banking system; but depend upon it, that if we continue to nurse it by special legislation, and bring it into the bosom of our fireside economy, or grant it the countenance of favor in any way, we shall learn to our cost that we have been warming into life the creature of revenge and death. We may perhaps remain ourselves into day dreams of security and repose; but our time will only the sooner come; the despotism of these moneyed monstrosities will only grow the faster, and our liberties become feebler and more impure.

A NEW CATECHISM TO BE LEARNED BY OFFICE SEEKERS.

Question. Did you aid in building any log cabins?

Answer. I did.

Q. Did you swear to and circulate Ogle's speech about gold spoons?

A. I did.

Q. Did you swear to and circulate the standing army humbug?

A. I did.

Q. Did you not tell the people often, and swear to it, that there should be no more removals from office, no *proscription for opinion's sake?*

A. I did.

Q. Did you drink plenty of hard cider well tempered with brandy, wear log-cabin buttons, sing songs, shout Amos Kendall and the Globe, and huzzah lustily for Tippecanoe and Tyler too?

A. I did, and huzzahed a little the loudest for Tyler too.

Q. Did you call Mr. Van Buren a little Dutchman, and swear that he wore whiskers, and that he would steal all the money out of the Independent Treasury?

A. In all these things have I been faithful, in season and out of season without regard to wear and tear of conscience.

Q. Rehearse the articles of your belief.

A. I believe in Tippecanoe and Tyler too, in Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and the United States Bank—I believe in Nicholas Biddle and Bela Badger—I believe that the people have been duped and deceived, and that federalism can never obtain power except by fraud and corruption. I believe in broken banks, corn skins and hard cider. I do not believe in the intelligence of the people, or in their capacity for self government. I believe above all, notwithstanding the many promises made to the contrary, that the great end and aim of the whigs, was to get the offices. I believe, that I have told more election falsehoods, brawled louder, got drunk oftener upon hard cider, and am a greater loofer and scoundrel than any of my competitors, therefore I must be rewarded.

Springfield (Ill.) Register.

A good return.—A short time ago, a planter of the State of Mississippi, who had a heavy mortgage upon his slaves, left the country, and took with him all his negroes. The mortgagees having learned that he had taken his route for Texas, soon after started in pursuit. He was traced as far as our town, and hearing that the fellow was not far distant, the parties procured the assistance of the sheriff, and proceeded on as far as the United States line, but without overtaking him. The gentlemen then left the sheriff, and crossed the Sabine into Texas. Here they soon learned respecting the slaves, and found out where they were staying for the night. As soon as they supposed the fatigue of the day's travel had thrown them asleep, the pursuers stealthily approached and secured all the arms of the company. They then roused them up, and obliged them to make an unconditional surrender; and, with the exception of the swindling owner and his accomplices, the mortgagees captured and brought into our territory, all that had been wrongfully taken from us. A detachment of United States troops, headed by the sheriff, and accompanied by the mortgagees, all well armed, brought the slaves into town on Wednesday evening last, when they were placed in our town prison, to be recovered by a proper process of law.—*Natchitoches Herald, 27, July.*

A man must be excessively stupid as well as uncharitable who believes there is no virtue but on his own side, and that there are not men as honest as himself who may differ with him in political principles.

The barbers have an idea of getting up a public dinner to the Secretary of the Navy, for giving them a supply of business in his late order to the officers of the Navy requiring the demolition of whiskers, mustachios, souplocks, and imperials.

HARD TIMES.

The man who has followed the old fashioned method of living within his means—of spending less than he has earned—who has practised the homely virtues of industry and frugality, is seldom heard to complain of the "times." He who has contracted no debts, except those which he had the certain means of paying, will seldom be heard to grumble at *fate, fortune*, or the *times*.

To the man who owes more than he can pay—who meets a debtor at every turn—who finds a dunning letter in every mail, the times are always hard. He who has nothing to exchange for money, will always find money scarce. The speculator, when he can no longer deceive—the bankrupt, the spendthrift, and the prodigal, may be allowed to rail. The times to them will be hard. He who relies upon his wits rather than industry for subsistence, will often find occasion to curse the times. Those of whom the mania of '36 took possession and by various speculations lost their all, were increasing in their imprecations.

Some years since it was nicely discovered that the government, and not the times, should bear the load. It is a great consolation to our wretchedness to be able to trace our misery to causes, other than ourselves. It was pleasant to be able to charge to others the ruin which was the inevitable result of the individual's own extravagance and folly. Of the sins of how many did the last administration have to bear the load!

A Day on board a Steamer.—A passenger on board of the Britannia, on her last departure from Boston, writes from Halifax to the editor of the Trenton Emporium, as follows:—

"The day on board is spent as follows: From daylight until eight the ship is a sort of general dressing room. This business over, the passengers assemble in the dining room, where each has his seat at table permanently assigned for the voyage. At half-past eight the bell rings, and an English breakfast appears, to wit: tea, coffee, fish, beef, ham, eggs, sausages, and in short every thing that was ever heard of as a morning dish. This occupation lasts an hour. Then those who are inclined to walk, promenade the deck—those who do not choose exercise, amuse themselves in reading (for there is a good library on board) or in playing chess, &c., for the implements for all sorts of games are here. Thus passes the time till twelve, when the tables of the dining room are spread with cold provisions and liquors, preceded by tureens of soup. This occupies half an hour—then amusements go on till four—then comes the regular dinner—twelve or fourteen kinds of meat, fish and fowl, soups, pastrys, puddings, nuts, fruits, &c. &c., in a profusion which I have nowhere met with on land.—The afternoon of the day is devoted pretty much to lounging. An excellent supper comes at eight and by ten we are generally a bed. This—the round of two days is, doubtless, a sample of what the voyage is to be."

The last number of Graham's Magazine, is full of excellent papers. We clip from one of its pages the following verybeautiful paragraph:

"The summer is here!—here with its fragrant mornings and its noonday heats, its mellow twilights and its moonlight evenings, its days of glory and its nights of starry beauty. It is summer. Let us go out into the country, away from the stifling air and dull brick walls of the town, into the far, pure, breezy, unsurpassable country.—There we shall breath the fresh air of Heaven.—We will lie down on some shady knoll, or stretch ourselves beside the cooling stream, or wander off among the breezy woods; or perchance sit in some quiet arbor of the garden, listening to the low humming of the bees, or the far-off tinkle of the bright jet on the stones. Ay! we will go out into the country. We will gaze on the green grass, the growing flowers, the cloudless azure of the skies. But we will do more. We will gaze on our fellow men such as God made him, and not on the too often mean, grovelling and short-sighted denizens of the town. We will go into the stately palaces, secluded among sombre trees; into the airy, fantastic dwellings of retired citizens; into sunny old farms, with their wide porches inviting us to enter, and—dearer than all—into the smiling cottages, which peeping out from amid overspreading honey suckles, dozing under willow trees by the brook-side, or nestling beneath the shadow of a green and fragrant hill, are scattered all over the land, in hill and in dell, studding it, as it were, with loveliness. And whatever we go we shall find beauty. God hath left his impress on the green fields and running brooks, and every leaf that quivers in the breeze, and every bird that carols on the air, speaks out His praise."

HOME SCRAPS.

The Baltimore Republican has this good thing:

"We now have nothing but sad continual cry from the present Administration party in Congress, and that is, MONEY!—MONEY!—MONEY!—'help us, CASH US, or we sink!' All of which money is to be paid by the sweat of the poor man's brow—by the producers—the farmers, the mechanics, and the laborers!"

The stock jobbers' cry is—cash us, or we sink—State Stocks cry, cash us, or we sink—the office seekers cry, cash us, or we sink—Baring and Bates cry as Webster cried to Baring, cash us, or we sink.

The Baltimore Republican says:—

"There never was before, in any country, such a swarm of ravenous destroyers, as are now battering at the door of the National Treasury, crying *plunder! plunder! plunder!*—let us steal—Congress can *borrow* more."

[*Charleston Mercury.*

"TAKE HEED LEST YE FALL."

The Missouri Argus thinks that the whigs should not fail to keep the wise injunction of the Apostle ever in mind. To show them how well grounded are democratic hopes of the overthrow of Federal Whiggery we "submit facts to a candid world."

	Votes.
In 1836, Van Buren rec'd.,	763,587
"Harrison, White and Webster,	737,711
Mr. Van Buren's Maj.	25,876
In 1840, Gen. Harrison rec'd.	1,270,065
"Mr. Van Buren.	1,123,674
Gen. Harrison's maj.	146,391

The whigs must recollect that there are eleven hundred and twenty-three thousand six hundred and seventy-four Democrats in the United States, without reckoning South Carolina. Don't *trifle* Mr. Whigs.

TRUE HONESTY.—Twenty years ago a Boston sailor loaned two dollars to a Swedish shipmate in Hamburgh. The Bostonian forgot the matter of course, having become a merchant in Boston in extensive business. A few days since a man called at the merchants counting room, and addressing him, asked if such was his name, mentioning it. He replied yes. Then, said the man, I owe you two dollars. When we were shipmates I borrowed that sum of you in Hamburgh. I told you I would repay it if I lived, even if it were twenty years afterwards. It is twenty years this day since I borrowed it. Having just ascertained that you are the individual who lent it to me, I have called to pay it according to promise. After some little time the circumstance came to the recollection of the merchant, and he received his pay.

The Boston Transcript, from which we learn the circumstance, does not state how the merchant appropriated the money. Had he been a heathen of the time of Augustus, he would have devoted it to the gods. Had he been a Hebrew of the time of Solomon he would have cast the sailor's with the widow's mite, into the Treasury of the Temple. Had he been a New Yorker, he might have paid a premium with it, for a seat at Kilder's benefit. Being a Bostonian, we presume he put it in his vest pocket. Such money, so received, ought to burn the man's fingers, who accepting it should devote it to any ordinary purpose.—*N. Y. Tattler.*

ASTOUNDING—YET TRUE.—The Washington correspondent of the *New Era* says:

The list of names presented to the Senate for confirmation, to fill appointments occasioned by *removals for opinions sake*, comprises a greater number of removals within the first THREE MONTHS' administration of the *no proscription party*, than all the removals from office by EVERY PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE FORMATION OF OUR GOVERNMENT. This is not *imaginary*. The list of nominations now before the Senate has been compared with the number of removals made by Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Jackson, and Van Buren, *and the records* prove that GENERAL HARRISON AND JOHN TYLER HAVE MADE MORE REMOVALS FROM OFFICE IN THREE MONTHS, THAN THOSE EIGHT PRESIDENTS DID IN FIFTY TWO YEARS. Look at this, ye enemies to proscription for opinion's sake.

And this is done by the men who declared, before the election that "no man should be removed from office for opinion's sake," and by the same men who declaimed so loudly against Mr. Van Buren's "army of office holders." Who ever heard of such hypocrisy! Who ever heard of such perfect abandonment of all principles, of all decency, all regard for the wishes of the people and the welfare of the people and the welfare of the Union!

A word to Young Men.—How often are we pained to see young men after the business of the day is finished, lounging about fashionable places of resort; when the hours they devote to the pursuits of pleasure as it is styled might be usefully occupied in the cultivation of their minds. A young man has each night at least four hours before retiring to rest, which he might occupy in reading and writing. Now say he goes into business at the age of twenty, and remains unmarried five years, he will then have for mental application during this time, seven thousand three hundred hours. What a store of knowledge might be acquired in that period! How much useful information might be obtained! Even after he marries, his family will not detain him from an opportunity of instructing himself in the arts and sciences.

The Mechanic.—England may boast of her titled aristocracy, and assert the infinite superiority of her wealthy nobles, over those less gifted to their birth, and fortune; the rich and the proud of our own land may point with the finger of scorn to the comparatively humble and obscure artizan, who labors for his own and his family's support; but in our estimation, the honest and industrious mechanic should be ranked among the first of those whose exertions contribute most to the advancement of the arts and sciences, and the comfort of the community. The working classes unquestionably constitute one of the chief sources of the wealth of any country, and we regard it as the height of absurdity to attempt to derogate from the value of so eminently useful a class of operatives.—*Masonic Register.*

For and against a Bank.—Congress chartered a Bank in 1791. Congress refused to charter a Bank in 1811. Congress chartered a Bank in 1816. President Jackson vetoed the Bank in 1832. The people sustained the veto, and elected a President and Congress opposed to a Bank in 1832. Again the people elected Mr. Van Buren, the avowed opponent of a Bank, in 1836; Congress rejected a Bank, and established the Independent Treasury in 1840; and acting President Tyler admits that the people are now against a National Bank. The Supreme Court of the United States, in 1824, decided that a Bank was constitutional. The present Supreme Court would decide the other way. The Constitution, therefore remains unaltered by Congress or the Supreme Court.—*Boston Post.*

THE MIR.

The mir is a bird of—merry and free,
He roves at his pleasure, o'er land and o'er sea,
He quaffs the bracer, and he kisses the flower,
And he warps when he lists in a jessamine bower,

He gives to the cheek of the maiden its bloom,
He tastes their warm kisses, and breathes their perfume;
But truant-like often, the sweets that he sips
Are lavished next moment on lovelier lips.

The better currency.—The notes of the United States Bank, with all the "odor of nationality about them," are selling in Philadelphia at a discount of 22 per cent. for specie. This is a loss which falls on those who have exchanged their labor and their produce for paper trash, which the Bank whig presses and orators declared, over and over again, was better than gold or silver. Thousands of people believed the lie, and have been *humbugged* by a loss of 22 cents on a dollar. This as Poor Richard would say, is paying dear for the paper whistle.—*Albany Argus.*

No less than twenty-five whig members of Congress, were applicants for the single office of Minister to Texas. The Boston Post says, the President could not do the country a greater service than to appoint the whole number.