Glasgow Weekly Times.

CLARK H. GREEN: *"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."*—Jefferson. EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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Emerson & Handley would respectfully inform the public that they have purchased of the Messrs. Arnot their entire establishment, and are now prepared to accommodate both citizens and strangers, with every description of vehicle, and good saddle horses, at a moment's notice.

The additions we are making in new carriages, Buggies, and fine horses, (none other kept,) will enable us to furnish "turn outs," equal in style and comfort to any establishment in the State. We are also prepared, at all times, to attend on pleasure parties, and to convey steamboat passengers to any point they may desire to go.

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A Hearse and Carriages will at all times be in readiness to attend funerals, either in the City or country.

Glasgow, Nov. 15, 1849.—37-1y.

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St. Louis, January 17, 1850.—1y.*

THE TIMES

LET IT BE KNOWN,

That the locofoco Presses and Politicians of this District, persist in slandering John G. Miller, by calling him a Free Soiler, in the face of the following explicit denial, over his own signature:

"I AM NOW, and have EVER BEEN, OPPOSED to the Wilmot Proviso, in EVERY SHAPE in which that question has been presented, and if elected, WILL CONTINUE to give it my ACTIVE OPPOSITION."—John G. Miller.

LET IT BE KNOWN,

That these same locofoco Presses and Politicians recognize and support Senator Atchison as one of their leaders, notwithstanding he VOTED FOR the Proviso, and BOASTED that HE introduced it into the Oregon Bill.

LET IT BE KNOWN,

That these same locofoco Presses and Politicians are supporting Jas. S. Green for Congress, notwithstanding he VOTED FOR W J. Brown for Speaker of the House, the said Brown being PLEDGED to give the Free Soilers and Abolitionists a Majority of the Most Important Committees, to the end that they might MAKE MORE EFECTUAL WAR UPON THE SOUTH.

MR. GREEN AND THE POWER OF CONGRESS OVER THE TERRITORIES.

The Fayette *Democrat* abandoning, some weeks ago, the issue touching Mr. Atchison's views of the power of Congress over the Territories, tenders a new one in regard to Mr. Green, as follows:

But it is not Mr. Atchison, but Mr. Green, that is running against Mr. Miller for Congress in this District. Now what will you do with Mr. Green?—Where will you place him? Come to the question at issue. Mr. Miller affirms the Constitutional power of Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories of the United States. Mr. Green denies this power. Mr. Green says this power is inherent in the people only. Mr. Miller says the Constitution of the United States gives it to Congress.

Where will *we* place Mr. Green? If you really desire to know we will tell you. We place him just where his votes in Congress and speeches at home place him—side by side with Atchison in the slough of self-contradiction, at home denying a power which at Washington he affirms by his votes! We place him just where the records of the country place most Locofoco politicians—namely, under the ban of startling inconsistencies! *That's where we place him.*

Now for the proof. An effort unusually desperate is being made by the Democratic press to prejudice the whig candidate for Congress before the people touching his views of the power of Congress over the territories. Believing this issue should be scourged out of the Canvass, because false and immaterial and of no practical importance to the country, we are resolved as far as we have an humble agency in the matter to place the subject in its true light before the voters, to submit the *facts* of the case; to meet and repel the assaults made upon Mr. Miller—and to show that *James S. Green*, too, is committed beyond escape, by acts which speak louder than words, by the enduring record of his opinions, to the power of Congress to legislate on the subject of slavery in the territories. If we shall succeed in doing this—and that we will succeed there is no question—another illustration will be afforded of the great truth that "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

We ask attention to the facts of the case: Mr. Green, in his speech, delivered at Palmyra, Mo., on the 9th June, 1849, and which may be found published in his *home organ*, the Canton *Reporter*, of the 21st of the same month, says:

"A bill to organize a government in Oregon was reported to the House, with a section in it forever prohibiting and excluding Slavery. This was done after the provisioists of the north had shown a predetermination to prohibit slavery in *all the territories.* When the bill came up for consideration, a motion was made to amend the proviso section, so as to put it on the *grounds of the Missouri Compromise.* WE ALL VOTED FOR THAT PROPOSITION AND ENDEAVORED TO CARRY IT."

In his speech in the House of Representatives April 4th, 1850, for which see Appendix to the Congressional Globe, p. 425, Mr. Green said:

"I have submitted a proposition by which the question, in all the territory acquired from Mexico, can be finally and definitely settled. It is, to extend the Missouri Compromise of 36 deg. 30 min. due west to the Pacific ocean, *excluding slavery north and allowing it south of that line,* while the territorial condition remains. * * * This mode of settling the question is also, in some degree, equitable in the division of the territory. True, it will give to the *north much the largest portion, from which the slave-holder will be totally excluded* while in the residue, the north will have equal privileges with the south."

These are the facts of the case as detailed by Mr. Green himself,—not *all* the facts, it is true, we might adduce but all which are essential to the argument. Now, what are their legitimate consequences? To what extent do they effect Mr. Green's position? To what principle of Constitutional law, to what power in Congress over the territories do these his solemn *acts under oath* thus recorded by himself commit him? This is a pregnant inquiry, and one which will develop with the clearness of noonday the inconsistencies of his course; to-wit, that, *at home*, he denies powers to Congress which at *Washington* he affirms by his votes!—That holding him to the logical and inevitable consequences of his *acts*, he is as fully committed to the power of Congress to exclude Slavery from the territories as any free soiler in the nation! And yet his peculiar friends in this District, with characteristic fairness and consistency, well assured that Mr. Miller IS OPPOSED TO THE WILMOT PROVISO IN EVERR SHAPE—raise a demagogueical clamor about his views of the abstract power of Congress on the subject.

Here, we see, (Mr. Green himself being witness,) Mr. Green has offered in Congress the Missouri Compromise and spoken and voted in its favor. And what is the Missouri Compromise? Mr. Green himself answers the question.—It is the line of 36 deg. 30 min., extending ☞*by act of Congress*☜ "due west to the Pacific ocean, EXCLUDING slavery north and ALLOWING it south of that line." And yet it is pretended that a Representative, under oath who votes for *this*, that a Representative who proposes, advocates and votes to exclude slavery north and allow it south of a certain line, nevertheless maintains that "the power is inherent in the people of the territories only;" that Congress has no authority to do that which, again and again, by speech and vote he has importuned Congress to perform! Yet it is pretended that Jas. S. Green, who has voted over and over again, according to his own confession, to "GIVE THE NORTH MUCH THE LARGEST PORTION" of our territories, *"from which the slaveholder will be totally excluded;"* yet believes that Congress has no power to exclude any portion of our people from that which was acquired by the common blood and treasure of the whole nation! Such are specimens of the inconsistencies and contradictions in which Mr. Green is involved. His followers will perhaps deem it an honor to wallow with him in the same slough of self-abnegation.

The line of 36 deg. 30 min., known as the Missouri Compromise, *"forever prohibits* Slavery" in the whole of Oregon and a great part of New Mexico and California to boot. Gen. Atchison, Mr. Green, C. F. Jackson, John B. Henderson, (democratic candidate for Congress in the 2d District,) the Missouri Legislature, the editor of the Fayette *Democrat* himself and many other "trading agitators" of the Locofoco party, are committed to that line, because they have urged Congress to pass it. Of course, then let them *say* what they may, they are all committed to the power to do that which they have asked Congress to perform. Then, gentlemen answer us—

1. Can Congress pass an act without *legislating?* and would not the passing of the Missouri compromise be *legislating* on the subject of *slavery* and nothing else? And if so, how can you reconcile your advocacy of this measure to the doctrine that Congress has *no* power to legislate on the subject? First, you deny the whole power, and then gentlemen, with your usual facility, you turn around, give a flat contradiction to your own theory, and support a measure that assumes for Congress a power which you all denounce as flagrantly unconstitutional and despotic. What Statesmen! What pinks of consistency!

2. If Congress have no power to legislate on the subject of slavery why do you propose that it should legislate?

3. If Congress can neither prohibit nor admit slavery in the territories why did Gen. Atchison, Mr. Green, Major Jackson and the rest of you propose to prohibit it by act of congress *"in much the largest portion"* of our territories, (that north of the Missouri Compromise,) and admit it south of that line?

4. If congress have authority to admit slavery in part and prohibit it in part, has it not likewise authority to admit or prohibit it altogether? If it can constitutionally prohibit Slavery in the whole of Oregon and large portions of New Mexico and California, (and each of you have *voted* thus to prohibit it,) can it not just as legally prohibit it in all of these territories together? And if not, why?

5. If Congress cannot legislate on the subject for want of an *express* grant of power, where do you find an *express* provision for prohibiting slavery in one territory and admitting it in another?

6. And if congress possesses no power to legislate on the subject, is not all legislation, either prohibiting or admitting slavery, and the very acts for which you voted, flagrantly in violation of the constitution, and, as far as you are concerned, monuments of self stultification and bad faith.

Gentlemen! "come to the question at issue." Extricate yourselves from the concessions of power your own acts assume. Show the people, if you can, that it is consistent with the character of American Statesmen, that it is in harmony with the respect due from the Representative to the people, first to vote under oath for a bill excluding slavery from territories and then to seal your own condemnation by denying the Constitutional authority of congress to pass the very measure for which you voted.

NEW CREED.

Blessed are they that are blind; for they shall see no ghosts.

Blessed are they that are deaf; for they never need lend any money, nor listen to tedious stories.

Blessed is she that would get married but cannot; for the consolation of the gospel are hers.

Blessed are they that expect nothing; for they shall not be disappointed.

Blessed are they that do not advertise; for they shall surely not be troubled with customers.

A Way to make Boys Sharp.—When Pickwick complimented the intelligence of Mr. Tony Weller's son Sam, the proud father replied with an air of great satisfaction: I am wery glad to hear of it, sir; I took a great deal of pains in his eddication, sir; let him run in the streets when he was young, and shift for hisself. Its the way to make a lad sharp, sir" (Judging from the number of youngsters pursuing the same "eddication" now, we should say that in a few years we may expect to have a *very* sharp set of boys)

Correspondent of the N. Y. Courier.

SCENES IN THE EAST.

A WEEK IN JERUSALEM.

I have now been more than a week in Jerusalem, and have become quite familliar with all its features. The city is about two miles square, and is surrounded by a thick wall of grey limestone, about twenty-five feet in height, built in a Saracenic style. The population amounts to about 15,000, of whom one-third are Christians, one-third Mahometans, and one-third Jews. The people, except the numerous monks and a few resident Europeans, dressed in Oriental costume, and all the native women, of every religion, go closely veiled. The houses are built of stone and present, externally, the same black and tomb like appearence of all Eastern cities. The streets are narrow and uneven, and are extremely slippery, since the stones with which they were long ago paved, have been worn off by the feet of innumerable pilgrims to a marble-like smoothness. The bazars are poorly built, ill supplied and thinly frequented. The pavements instead of rattling with wheels or ringing with hoofs, or echoing with the tramp of a busy multitude, hardly lisp with the pedestrian's sandalled step, and the camel's muffled tread. The hum of business and the voice of merriment is no where heard. A strange and melancholy stillness reigns over the once "tumultuous and joyous city."

The first object of the stranger's attention of course, is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is closely hemmed in by other buildings, and for the first time can hardly be found without a guide. Its front is of pointed architecture, but of a mixed and corrupt style, and is ornamented by a few bas-liefs much injured by time! The church is jointly occupied by the Roman Catholics, Greeks and the Armenians; and almost daily, service is performed in it in one of these rituals. Admission, however, may be obtained at any time on the payment of a small fee. The first object shown to us, on entering, was the marble slab said to cover the stone on which the body of our Saviour was anointed for burial. This is situated in the vestibule of the church and is regarded with great reverence. Passing into the body of the building, we at once recognized the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. It is an oblong structure of plain white marble, some twenty feet in length; ten broad and twelve high, situated directly under a lofty dome, through whose open top the bright blue sky looked lovingly down. The thick walls of this chappel are perforated with two large holes, through which Armenian and Greek priests on Easter Sunday miraculously receive fire from Heaven, in the presence of a pilgrim throng, frantic with excitement. The Roman Catholics despise and denounce the exhibition as a base imposture. The chapel is divided into two small compartments, in the first of which are the tombs of the heroic Godfrey de Bouillion and his brother Baldwin, and in the second the Holy Sepulchre itself. The exterior of the latter is simply a white marble platform, elevated about twenty inches above the floor, seven feet long and three wide.—Its upper slab is broadly cracked through the middle. Around it were ranged many vases of flowers, and above it were dozens of splendid lamps, belonging to the different churches, kept constantly burning. The priest who attended us gave us each a flower, after having first devoutly laid it on the sepulchre and sprinkled it with holy water.

Leaving this sacred place, we were afterwards shown the family tomb of Joseph, of Arimethia, cut from the solid rock; the stone on which our Saviour stood when He was tried, the pillar to which he was bound, when flagellated, and the grotto in which the Empress Helena found the three true crosses.—In the Greek place of worship, which, was highly gilt an ornamented with the most tawdry finery, a marble globe, inserted in the floor, was pointed out to us as the centre of the world! Ascending a flight of some twenty steps cut from the solid rock, we stood on Calvary. Here was a large chapel, splendidly decorated, near the alter of which were the three identical holes chiseled out of the solid rock, in which the crosses were originally planted.—Hard by was the rock which was rent! Many other places and objects associated with the last scenes of our Saviour's life, were also exhibited, but were too palpably spurious for sober mention.

After a personal survey of the spot, and mature consideration of all the evidence, I confess that I cannot implicity adop the general conclusion of the Protestant world, that the church of the Holy Sepulchre does not cover the site of our Saviour's Tomb, and has usurped its distinction. No arguments tending to show that the locality of this Church was anciently as it is now, within the city walls, have been strong enough in my mind to invalidate, with anything like decisive effect, the firm assertion of tradition to the contrary. But whether this spot was or was not hallowed by the death and burial of the incarnate Son of God, the Church that is built upon it is venerable for its extreme antiquity, venerable for its awful traditionary claims, and venerable as having been for ages the earthly centre of all Christian love and reverance, where millions have knelt with bursting hearts, after enduring battle, and toil, and want, and earthly suffering,—The man who can stand here unmoved has a heart harder than a mill stone!

The Mahometan Mosque of Omar occupies the site of the ancient Jewish Temple, and is surrounded by a lofty massive wall, which none but Mahometans are allowed to enter. The Jews have purchased the privilege of repairing on Friday afternoons to the exterior of a very ancient portion of this wall, there to bewail the fate of their Temple. I was present on one of these occasions, and a more impressive scene I have seldom witnessed. I found collected a large number of both sexes and all ages and conditions. Most of them were seated on the pavement, in the shadow of the wall, and were engaged either in reciting from the Book of Law, or in repeating to themselves prayers and ejaculations. The sorrow of desolate hearts was depicted in every countenance. Soon they all join in a dirge of indescribable mournfulness, after which they rose, and leaning against the wall with their faces inwards, they read from the Law, repeated another dolorous chant, and then motionless and silent, all remained absorbed in their own prayers and meditations.—The matron and the maid, the boy and the grey headed man, the rich in their sumptuous robes, and the poor in filthy rags, all alike seemed oppressed with a sense of desertion, and burdened with misery. I turned from the spot and left them all alone with their sorrow, struck as I had never been struck before, by the history and fate of the chosen people of God.

The Mount of Olives, situated just east of the city, had been my favorite resort not only on account of its intensely interesting historical associations, but as commanding the best of all views of Jerusalem. The city lies on a shelf, gently sloping towards you, and all its main features are discernable at a glance. On the east side of the city, nearest you, is the Mosque of Omar, covered and faced throughout with blue porcelain, and standing on a broad marble esplanade, in the midst of an immense area, shaded with trees and ornamented with praying chapels. Though the eye perceives little elevation, this is Mount Moriah, and the Mosque stands on the very spot once occupied by the Holy of Holies. How different is the dull dusky fane of the false prophet from the Temple of the living God, that used to glitter there, like a shrine of beaten gold! High up on the South side of the city, partly within and partly without the walls, is Mount Sion.—But in those vile hovels where Jews hide their wretchedness, and lepers their dispair, or in those terraced and plowed slopes, where the poor Arab desperately struggles with the scanty mould for a few grains, who can discover the seat of that royal city, which was once "beautiful in that situation, and the joy of the whole earth." Away to the Western extremity of the city, is the spot they call Mount Calvary, and still leading to it, is the long way up which the "Man of Sorrows" bore his cross.

At the foot of Olivet, directly between you and the city, is the Garden of Gethsemane, enclosed by a wall 20 feet in hight. It contains eight olive trees of the greatest antiquity, the very scions, it is said, of the trees which shaded that fearful mysterious passion of the Messiah. The valley of Jehosaphat stretches its dismal length, above and below the Garden, entombing in its dark cliffs untold generations of the sons of Abraham. "Siloa's brook that flowed by the oracle of God," is dry and silent now, but the pool of Siloam encased with time-worn stones and draperied with vines and flowers, still yields its pure and sweet waters. Sweeping round the base of Sion is seen the deep rugged glen of "alienated Judath," overhanging its traditionary Acaldama, whose scanty herbage bespeaks the wages of iniquity and the price of blood.

The closing day is my favorite time for visiting Olivet. The city at that hour always wears a sad and almost sepulchral appearance. Not a voice is heard save the Muezzien's cry to prayer, from the distant minaret, and not a figure is seen except that of a solitary villagar hurrying through the half-shut gates away to his humble home. The evening breeze is just begining to sigh over the tombs of the valleys and rustle among the hory olives around me, and the sun is casting its last dying beams athwart spire and dome, and canopying the sunken bed of the Dead Sea with one vast pavilion of crimson and purple, and enveloping the whole landscape with a lurid glow that contrasts most strangely with the cold grey mass of the city and the deep shades of the valleys around it. If there is a spot on the earth suited to pensive musings or a thoughtful mood, it is the Mount of Olives.

Sigma.

A FRIENDLY VISIT.

In the little town of Dover, which is situated in the Cumberland river, in Middle Tennessee, there lived some years ago an eccentric and intemperate old bachelor, by the name of Kingston. On one occasion, when prostrated on his bed by excess, and suffering acutely from those horrors, peculiar to his situation, he sent for one of his old boon companions to come and visit him.—Shryack, for that was the other's name, came duly to Kingston's room.

"What's the matter Kingston?"

"Shryack, shut the door."

"Yes, my dear fellow."

"Lock it."

"Eh!"

"Lock the door."

"Certainly, my dear boy."

"Shryack, I'm going to kill myself."

"My dear fellow, let me entreat you not to do it."

"I will."

"Don't it'll be the death of you!"

Shryack was quite cool and jocose, little dreaming that so terrible an event was actually going to take place.

Kingston had, as the last eccentric act of his life, taken a chisel and a mallet to bed with him, and with a desperate resolve, he seized the extraordinary tools of death, and in an instant drove the blade of the chisel into his breast!

The hair rose upon Schryack's head, and fright spread like a sheet of snow over his face.

'Kingston! Kingston! my dear fellow—you confounded rascal, Kingston! do you want to have me hung? Hold on; don't you die till I call somebody!"

Schryack ran to the door, and called like a madman to some people across the street.

"Hallo! here! say you Mister! all you stupid people, make haste over here, or there'll be a murder!"

The people crowded into Kingston's house.

"Don't die, Kingston! Don't *chisel* me that way! Don't die until you tell them who done it."

"I did it myself," said Kingston.

"There, that'll do; now you may die," replied Schyrack, taking a long breath and wiping the perspiratian from his forehead.

And Kingston did die, in that extraordinary manner leaving his fate to be recorded as a suicide that was almost a murder.