From the Baltimore Post.

MRS. CLINTON AND THE WHIG PRESS.

It is truly lamentable to see the reckless and unworthy expedients that are resorted to by some of our political adversaries to annoy the President and through him to cast reproach upon the party to which he belongs. The last attack, drawn from the recent interview at Saratoga between the President and the widow of the late Governor Clinton, is the lowest in the scale of weak resentment, and is derived from a source that should entitle it to charity's thickest mantle to cover its obliquity, but for the folly of chuckling parasites and the heedless heralds that are giving it to the world with great gusto, as a brilliant accessory to the federal campaign.

That ill directed act shows how far a lady may forget her dignity and discard her delicacy under the impulse of mistaken resentment, stimulated by the insidious provocatives of designing friends. Scrupulous decorum must have felt outraged for the bold transgression, and every sacred regard for the attributes that adorn the female character, must have been shocked at the sight of such an unmerited indignity. It has been reviewed in this light by every well regulated mind anxious to preserve the conventional rules of society, and scrupulously careful to throw around woman the hallowed charms of a graceful demeanor, and the fascinations of a subduing gentleness.

But political violence has no limit to its exactions; it would strip woman of her legitimate character, and armed with man's worst passions, would lead her into the arena to do what self respect would forbid man to do for himself. In the very blaze of fashion and intelligence, and in the midst of the bland courtesies of the social circle, the mad spirit of political animosity would single out the most peerless ornament, and invest her with the dishonorable ambition of Thebstris, or the reckless feelings of the Maid of Orleans. It would willingly draw down upon its "fair victim" the lasting condemnation of society and the corroding pang of self reproach, if it could disturb, but for a day, the repose of the President, or create in a giddy circle a titter at his expense.

It must indeed be a desperate cause that has to resort to such expedients to eke out its electioneering season and to keep up the spirit of its crusaders. These are the straws to which drowning men stretch their hands. This premeditated attack upon the feelings of the President, is to be justified, it seems, upon the stale tattle that he "*persecuted*" the late Governor Clinton. Persecution is the very last charge that could be brought against Mr. Van Buren with any hope of being substantiated; it belongs not to his nature, and no act or inducement could provoke it. Mr. Clinton and Mr. Van Buren were, for many years, the leaders of different political parties in the State of New York; and as such, were fiercely and conspicuously opposed; but it was an opposition that rested upon the merits of the relative principles of those parties and the skill, legitimate & honorable, with which the two leaders marshalled and directed their forces. Death stepped in and determined the issues of the contest.

Never was "persecution" lisped by the great Clinton as a charge against his powerful adversary; for he knew that no such feelings belonged to him; and moreover, he would never had acknowledged that *any* man could *persecute* him before a people who knew him so well and honored him so much. The conflict between these two great men was of a lofty character, growing out of great principles, directed by the resources of their powerful minds, and stimulated by the noble aspiratious that look to honored rewards. The spirit of rivalry was strong, but it rode out its long career in the upper range of a dignified courtesy and unimpeached honor; and when Governor Clinton fell under the stroke of death, Mr. Van Buren felt and lamented that our country had lost one of the stately columns that upheld the republican edifice.—We would ask those who mourn his loss with the deepest anguish to consult that able and pathetic tribute to his memory by Mr. Van Buren in the Senate of the United States; and in that beautiful enlogy to read the refutation of the charge of "*persecution*."—This is due to the memory of the dead, and to the honor of the living.

When the gaieties of the season shall have passed away, and the political asperities that have been engendered shall be worn off by the general dispersion, the lady who played so conspicuous a part in the *petit* drama at the Springs, will, in the solitude of her home, call up the reminiscences of the past, and find in the calm judgment of her own mind, whom she has most injured, the gentleman who proffered the respect that was due to a lady, or the lady who forgot the respect that was due to a gentleman.

Federal Respect for the People.—The New York Commercial, a flaming federal whig paper, says, 'that the President of the United States entered Albany *with a* CRAVEN POPULACE *at his heels!!!*' Oh, if Federalism could once plant its foot upon the necks of the people, how soon it would throw off all specious disguise, all honied words, all unmeaning pretensions about Social Equality, with which they now tickle the ears and please the palates of their deluded followers. But we trust there is virtue enough in that '*craven populace*' to keep federalism at bay, and permit it to expend its impotent wrath in abusing, underrating sneering at the people. By so doing, it exposes its true character, and thus detracts continually, from all hope or chance of success.—[*Saco Democrat.*

From the Augusta Age.

TERGIVERSATION OF FEDERALISM.

It is the characteristic of TRUTH that its advocates never abandon it, nor lack confidence in the certainty of its triumph over error. It is their chosen weapon, which they may grasp with unyielding tenancy: especially in defeat. The darker the prospect, and the more overwhelming the progress of error—the stronger becomes their *faith in the power of truth.*

"Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

Whenever the Democratic party meets with a reverse, it does not abandon its principles—the TRUTHS on which it is based. On the contrary, it renews its covenant with truth, returns straightway, if it has wandered, to the ancient standard of its faith, and burnishes its *old* weapons, disdaining to throw them aside because they have failed in a single contest.

How different is it with Federalism.—Beaten down on one issue, it incontinently seeks another! Failing in one policy, it abandons it, and pretends to advocate a different one! Unsuccessful with one set of doctrines and arguments, it learns to forget them and to brandish other and opposite ones!

Recal to mind the exploded dogmas of Federalism. The election of a military chieftain, in 1828, would ruin the country, and was more to be deprecated than "*war, pestilence and famine.*" In 1836, the federal party *supported* a military chieftain for President! In 1830, removals from and appointments to office on political grounds, were corrupting the whole country, and slowly, but surely undermining our free institutions. In 1838 here, and earlier, whenever they had the power, elsewhere, the federal party turned every Democrat out of office, and appointed only federalists! In 1832, the country was ruined without a national bank. Now, the federal papers are almost silent on the subject, and in the South are trying to make the people believe that if their party should get the power, they would continue to "ruin the country" by refusing to establish such a bank! In 1834 the removal of the deposits, and in 1835, the specie circular severally *ruined the country.* On these topics the federalists are silent. In 1836, the State Bank deposit system capped the climax of ruin.—Mr. Clay pronounced it utterly corrupt, and dangerous to liberty. Now the federalists are trying to re establish that system, as a "half way house." Mr. *Clay himself*, says he will go for it! Last year Mr. Fairfield had *trampled upon the sacred right of petition.* How they made the welkin ring again with this charge! This year the sacred right of petition is *forgotten.* Only last year a national bank was absolutely necessary to *regulate exchanges.* Now their leading organ pronounces the idea that such a bank is necessary to regulate exchanges a "MISERABLE FUDGE." Last year the democratic party were levellers and destructives—in favor of an equal division of property and the destruction of all banks—this year, the democratic party *own* all the banks and compose the "*moneyed aristocracy*"! Last year, our institutions and the rights of property were in danger from the levelling doctrines of the *loco focos*, countenanced by Van Buren.—This year, the Federal Governor of New York proclaims in an electioneering speech, that "Aristocracy has a home even in this land of freedom"—and exhorts his hearers to "remove the barriers between the rich and the poor, and break the control of the few over the many"!

What does all this prove? What, but that the federal leaders have all along had no confidence in their own doctrines, assertions and arguments—what, but that they are conscious that *truth is not on their side?* It proves the description given of them by John Q. Adams (who ought to know them) in the following words, to be perfectly just:—

"Of that party, *treachery is so favorite an instrument*, that I have heard Mr. Burgess complain that they have used it even with him. It is their nature and vocation. So will, and so mote it always be. *They have no honest principle to keep them together*—their only cement is a sympathy of hatred to every man of purer principles than themselves."

From the Baltimore Post.

BANKS AND CURRENCY.

No 1.

Under this head we purpose to present our readers with a series of essays explanatory of two subjects, which, notwithstanding all that has been written and said about them, are very imperfectly understood by the public.

Some persons are so ignorant or predjudiced as to maintain, that without banks and paper currency there could be no extensive commerce; while others fall into the opposite error of supposing that both are utterly useless, or what is worse, absolutely injurious. That extensive commerce may be conducted without either, is evident from the accounts of Carthage, Alexandria and Byzantium, and more particularly of ancient Tyre, transmitted by the Prophet Ezekiel, in whose twenty seventh chapter we find the following particulars. Timber for ship building was supplied from Senir. Bashan and Lebanon; sailcloth from Egypt; metals from Tarshish; slaves and brazen vessels from Javan, Tubal, and Meshech; horses and mules from Togarmah; ivory and ebony from Dedan; wheat, honey, oil, and balm from Judeah; wine and wool from Damascus, and many other articles from Arabia, Assyria, and the Archipelago. Tyre was the grand emporium, whence these various commodities were distributed to the surrounding countries; and in addition she could supply them with her own manufactures in precious stones, linen, and embroidery. From this account it appears, that neither banks nor paper currency are absolutely essential to extensive commerce they being of modern invention; but, on the other hand, though not absolutely essential, they are, when rightly managed, materially conducive to national prosperity. This latter position we proceed to illustrate.

Men of business often have floating balances, and industrious, careful persons generally save money from their earnings, which money instead of being hoarded, should be employed in some profitable way; and there is no better way than that of lending it to mechanics, merchants, and others who can afford to pay interest for its use. But as business is greatly facilitated by intermediate agency, banks are useful by receiving unemployed money, and lending it on proper security; by this means both borrowers and lenders are benefitted, and the general prosperity of the community is promoted. To understand this, we have only to reflect, that if 1000 persons have each on an average, $50 on hand, which they deposite in a bank, there is a fund of $50,000, ready to be employed in developing resources, which would otherwise have remained in an unproductive state. Besides receiving and lending deposites, banks are agents in collecting money from distant parts, and thus relieve merchants from much expense and trouble. For instance, if A of Baltimore sells goods to B of New Orleans, amounting to $5,000, he draws a bill for that amount, and discounts it at a bank; and it is then either sent to a bank in the latter city for collection, or sold to C who has occasion to remit.

From the above brief statements, persons who have never informed themselves of the nature of banking transactions, may at once perceive that banks, when conducted on proper principles, are as useful in facilitating commercial operations as rail-roads or canals. Here then, that we may not fatigue those who deem the subject worthy of their attention, by giving them too long a lesson, we close the first of our essays, intending in subsequent ones, to describe other functions of banks and to point out the evils accruing from the mismanagement of banks, and from a paper currency when exclusively under their control.

MAN WORSHIP.—Thank God! the Democracy of this country is yet incapable of performing any such act of gross adulation, as is described in the following extract from the Herald's account of Mr. Clay's reception at Saratoga, nor do we believe that any where else except at such a concentration of the very *elite* of the Federal Aristocracy, could such a disgusting spectacle of degradation have been exhibited:

"In this dilemma, the four gallant horses were detached from his carriage—a large body of the people attached themselves to the traces—and with a crack of the whip and a "yo heave oh!" the carriage, with its precious and invaluable contents, was driven across, around, and up to the steps that led to the grand portico. Shout on shout followed this chivalrous feat of enthusiasm."

Again—

"At the very instant he reached within a foot of the door, the beautiful crown of roses—or 'one of these cornets'—descended gently from the window of the apartment occupied by the lady of the late Governor Clinton.—It was attached to a silken cord, and a beautiful young being, whom I took to be an angel, a cherub, or some such heavenly being, was seen lowering the diadem. As soon as it touched the venerable brow of Henry Clay, it had an effect upon him like a shock of lightning or a stroke of Colonel Stone's animal magnetism. Filled, like Apollo, with the divine *afflatus*, or, like Cæsar, when he had a similar offer from Antony at the *Lupercalia*, he seized the rosy diadem with his right, and, with his right hand, and, with graceful energy, mixed with modesty, as sangaree is with sugar, he put it aside."

No wonder the scene reminded the visiter of Cæsar's crown. It is too much like one of the events in the life of that man who gratified his ambition at the expense of his country, and his revenge at the expense of his friends. Shakspeare describes it well:

"I saw Mark Anthony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown either; 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again But, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it, and then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by, and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night caps," etc

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From the New York Courier.

CAPTURE OF A PIRATE.—We yesterday morning, gave an account of the arrest of Captain J. D. Wilson, of the ship General Parkhill, and of his examination and discharge, upon a charge of cruelty toward his black cook, on a recent voyage from Liverpool. It appears that the cook made a similar complaint before the authorities at Liverpool, which was there dismissed for want of jurisdiction in the premises. The adventures of Captain Wilson, on his voyage to Liverpool, *via* St. Marks, will, if related, prove of no inconsiderable interest to our readers, inasmuch as they will probably result in the trial of one of the ship's officers for a capital offence, alleged to have been committed on board, and who was yesterday arrested and committed to prison to answer to the charge preferred against him.

The ship General Parkill sailed from this port early in January last, having on board a company of troops, destined for the army in Florida. She arrived at St. Marks, and while lying in the roadstead, preparatory to her sailing for Liverpool, on the night of the 31st of January, Captain Wilson went ashore, and left the ship in charge of the chief mate Mr. Barney.

On returning on board the next morning, what was Capt. W's surprise to find no one in sight on deck, and making search, he found that Mr. Barney and several of the crew, were secured below, in the forecastle, and the second officer, named Lionel Watson, with six of the ship's crew were missing. Captain Wilson soon learned, that shortly after his leaving a mutiny had broken out among the crew, and that the mutineers had proceeded not only to the commission of acts of violence upon the first officer, and those of the crew who remained faithful, but after driving them below as before described, they broke open the cabin, which they rifled of a watch, some fire arms, clothes, provisions, and every article of value it contained, amounting in total to some $900. Their piracy completed they then took the stern boat, with which they made their escape.

Nothing more was heard of the mutineers or the boat till the ship arrived at Apalachicola, where the boat was found, it having been brought there and sold a short time previous.

Capt. Wilson also learned that a few days previous to this time the crew of a schooner had risen upon and murdered their officers, and started upon a piratical expedition, and supposed that the mutineers from his vessel had also joined the pirate.

Capt Wilson then sailed for Liverpool, and completing his voyage returned to this city without having ever heard further from the piratical gang, till yesterday afternoon as he was crossing the Park near the Post office who should he meet but the veritable Lionel Watson, his former second officer. Capt W. instantly seized upon Watson, and procuring the necessary aid marched him off to the Police. He was temporarily committed by Justice Bloodgood, until Capt. W. has time to make affidavit of the facts relative to the piracy, before the U. S. District Attorney, when he was fully committed for examination before the proper authorities.

TENNESSEE TO HER REPUBLICAN SISTERS SENDETH GREETING.—Tennessee informs her sister States that she is REDEEMED! REGENERATED!! DISENTHRALLED!!! from the shackles of Federalism! The VICTORY is decisive and complete. The Federalists are routed horse, foot and dragoons.—We do not like to triumph over a fallen foe, but the means and tricks resorted to by the Whigs during the late canvass gives them no claim on our sympathy. They are defeated; and they must bury their own dead and nurse their own wounded.

The whole political history of the country cannot exhibit a more brilliant triumph of principle over demagoguism than our late victory. We had every thing to contend against. There was a majority at the last election of near TWENTY THOUSAND for Cannon, and every one knows how disheartening it is to attempt to overcome so large a majority. The whole patronage of the State Government was brought to bear against Col. Polk and his principles. The presses of the State were more than two to one opposed to us, and deluged every county with their misrepresentations. In East Tennessee, a grey headed old man, whose services in former years had given him great influence, as his friends supposed, was brought into the arena, and, to his everlasting shame be it spoken, rode through this end of the State, circulating the vilest charges against Col. Polk and the Administration. Nor was this the only case of DICTATION. People from other States as though the Whigs were not capable of doing enough, were brought here to certify. Under all the circumstances it seems almost miraculous that we have succeeded.

Republicans of our sister States, give us a thousand cheers! Your toast will be, "TENNESSEE, GOD BLESS HER!" And you may add: "Many daughters have done well, but thou excellest them all!"

[*Knoxville Argus.*

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE.—Thomas Chittenden, the first governor of Vermont, who was a plain farmer, alike remarkable for strong native powers of mind, and the republican simplicity with which he conducted every thing in public duties and his domestic establishment, was once visited by a party of travelling fashionables, from one of our cities. When the hour of dinner arrived, Mrs. Chittenden, to the astonishment of her lady guests, went out and blew a horn for the workmen, who soon arrived, when to the still greater surprise, and even horror, of these fair cits, the whole company, governor, his lady, guests, workmen and all were invited to sit down to the substantial meal which had been provided for the occasion. After the dinner was over, and the ladies were left to themselves, one of the guests thought she would gently take Mrs. Chittenden to task for this monstrous violation of the rules of city gentility, to which she had been, as she thought, so uncourteously made a victim.

You do not generally sit down to the table with your workmen, I suppose Mrs. Chittenden? she commenced.

Why, replied the Governor's lady, whose quick wit instantly appreciated the drift of the other—why I am almost ashamed to say we generally have, but I intend soon to amend in this particular. I was telling the governor this very morning, that it was an absolute shame that the workmen who did all the hard labor should fare no better than we who sit so much of the time in the house earning nothing, and I determined hereafter to set two tables, the first and best for the workmen, and the last and poorest for the governor and myself.—*Saturday Courier.*

MORNING.—The following eloquent and exquisite description, is from the editorial columns of the Baltimore American; certainly one of the ablest and most respectable public journals, south of the Potomac:

How beautiful is morning, and yet how few, comparatively, are there to enjoy its loveliness as they should do. How delightful is it when day is young and nature awaking from its slumbers refreshed and regenerated, uplifts its brown decked head with innumerable gems, to saunter forth amid the green fields and catch the passing breeze that comes with balmy odours on its wing. Before the bustle and sultriness of noon-tide have arrived how refreshing is it to sally forth and listen to the orison that spring from glen and from hill side where the feathered songsters uplift their voices in thankfulness to their Creator. Mid-day may bring its excitements, and evening its conversational pleasures, but it is the morning alone that the spirit can retire within itself and amid the eloquent stillness of nature, revel in the luxury of free and uninterrupted intercourse with the Being whose power is every where, and whose goodness has clothed the earth with beauties as with a mantle. It is when the early

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Notes payable on demand, convertable at the will of the holder into gold or silver—and the precious metals in circulation throughout the world.

"They've *discharged* me by thunder!" as *Cannon* said when the Democrats of Tennessee *Polk*-ed him out.—N. Y. Era.

FOR THE AURORA.

THE CLOVEN FOOT OF FEDERALISM.

The Whig convention, held at Bucktown on the 14th instant, was a day of feasting and merriment to that party denominated "Federalist." I attended, as a spectator, to see their movements, but was disappointed—their meeting being held after the order of free masonry. They were more liberal with their purse than with their principles: they fed all the hungry, watered all the thirsty, and their merriment without denoted their joy within. About 2 o'clock, P. M, the delegates came down from the pandemonium, and informed us that Mr. Wilson had 33 votes, Mr. Frazier 26 Mr. Tall 30, Mr. Phelps 33, Mr. Henry 8, and Mr. Woolford 2 votes, as candidates for the Assembly; Jas. Carroll received 32, J. Newton 32, J. Higgins 32, Wm. Traverse 32; John Muir 30, A. Pritchett 32, S. Meekins 32, and James Pattison 1 vote, for Commissioners—all of the "decency party, and party of talents."—I suppose the *superior talent* of the party will carry them smoothly along, after graduating in the Bucktown College.

The Whig organs, every now and then, permit a tone to escape, which indicates their real sentiments A gentleman at the Bucktown convention, who was very busy in mixing and preparing liquors for the company, said to me that he would never be a candidate unless brought out in convention—that that was the only means they had to keep the party together. One of the delegates from Hooper's Island said to me, that we must bring out Whitefield Woolford, at all events, or it would break the party down: so it appears they have some wrestling Jacobs among them. Now this gentleman was a very smart, talented man, as you know every delegate should be on so important an occasion as choosing men to legislate for us—but he has one fault that I disapprove of, that is, if any of the Whigs do any thing which he thinks is not right, he damns them for *loco focos.* A circumstance of this kind took place in Cambridge the day before they met at Bucktown; this delegate was there, and some of his Whig friends took it upon themselves to fill his pockets with water melon rinds, and give him a few chunks with water melon, which caused him to call them all a set of *d—d loco focos.* But to be more serious upon the subject, we will return to the convention and take a summary view of the manner of electing delegates. Generally, at the first camp-meeting held in the county every year, a few leading and aspiring autocrats assemble here and select the candidates for the Assembly, and then have caucuses held in each district in the county to appoint delegates to go to Bucktown to bring them out before the next camp-meeting, so as to give them a chance for electioneering. Freemen of Dorchester, is this the way you suffer a few leading federalists to blindfold you? Will ——— be blinded by your proceedings, or will it rouse the scales to fall from his eyes, and he openly declare himself a free citizen? Will ——— suffer himself to be rode over roughshod any longer by a set of self conceited federalists? I aver not, and that he will claim his right as a freeman. But, my Whig friends, look out; you are all bound by your convention laws—a violation of which is worse than death, it is proscription and persecution—should any of you declare yourselves freemen, and not support the Bucktown convention, you may expect to be persecuted even unto death; for the Whigs have if the majority, and should they be so fortunate as to hold it this fall, they will, most likely, rule all the disobedient Whigs with a rod of iron.

A few words to my fellow Democrats, before I close this subject. The Democratic principle must win favor, as it is understood it teaches that *all mankind are free and equal.* Where this doctrine is rightly understood, we must love our brother as ourself; it teaches, without ceasing, the unadulterated principles of philosophy; it seeks to abuse no man, but to alleviate all; it seeks to relieve human suffering, and to bind up the broken heart; it is a principle of renovation, with tireless effort, for the happiness of man; this is the principle that has filled the bosom of every true Democrat since '76; by this principle the Democrats have been conquerors, and still continues to conquer; this is the principle that elevated General Jackson and Martin Van Buren to the Presidential chair, in spite of all; Adams, Clay, and Harrison, will undoubtedly elevate Mr. Van Buren in at the coming presidential election.—Now, my fellow Democrats, we have a principle opposite to this to combat with—it is the aristocratic principle; its characteristics are pride, vainglory, and ambition; it is made up of the "all talents and decency party," it turns with loathing and disgust from the labouring millions; it considers the *many* as only fit to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, while they themselves seek the uppermost rooms at feasts and conventions; this is the principle which regulates the political conduct of a very large portion of our Whig adversaries. Is it wonderful, then, that the Democratic principle should have borne us on conquering and to conquer? Then let us bear our banner aloft, determined to conquer in Dorchester, or die beneath its ample and imperishable folds.

A SPECTATOR.

"*That's sufficient,*"—as the feller said ven the dog bit him.

CAMBRIDG

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER

DEMOCRATIC CANDI

FOR SHERIFF.
JOHN W. DA

FOR THE ASSEMB
GEORGE A. Z. SM
JOHN ROWINS.
JOHN G. BELL.

COMMISSIONERS OF T
1st District—HENRY W. HI
" " SAMUEL S CR
2d District—HENRY COOK
" " LEVI D. TRAV
" " RICHARD PAT
3d District—SOLOMON FO
" " CHARLES TR

☞ The Orphans' Court of
will sit on Monday, the 9th inst

The Rhode Island election
Tuesday last. We have not h
sult. In the last Congress, th
the entire delegation. It remai
whether there has been any chan
vor. We are inclined to think
will remain pretty much as th
though some of our friends in th
under the impression that we h
of increase. We shall soon hea

We observe in the last Globe,
Commodore *Daniel T. Patterson*
He was an amiable and worth
ranked high in the navy as a gal

Mr. Clay, on his way home,
passed through Baltimore the ot
made a speech to the people fro
Hotel. His trip to the North ha
We wonder what he thinks of h
the next Presidency, and if h
upon carrying the State of New
he so recently visited. The late
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date.

TRAVELLING CANDIDA
Harrison succeeded so well in h
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Harrison did. He had better con
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soon as he leaves the North he
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Within one year the Democrats
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That is doing pretty well for
far as can be shown by a maj
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will be reduced to about the
which they deserve to be placed.

THE CONTRAST.—The d
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ers instead of attempting to excit
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Clay, on the contrary, is reckless
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stoned in his manners, and exhi
that coolness and self control whic
fit him for the high station to w
pires. This arises from his havin
the aristocracy, who hover rou
keep him from mingling with the
fusing into their own hot heade
place of that dignity and equani
he can only find by freely mixi
body of his fellow citizens. We
democracy displayed by Mr. Clay
a fair specimen of 'Whig' democra
the country.—Troy Budget.

Health of New Orleans.—We
learn from the Bee of the 9th, th
low Fever has extended its rava
city. The editors say:—"A
number of new cases have been ad
the Charity Hospital; and almost
sician of moderate practice has to
or more patients afflicted with the
The oppressive heats which now
considered favorable to the exten
epidemic."

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stock of MATERIALS, and is no
to execute all kinds of work in
fashions, and in the best manner
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the public generally, for the very
ronage he has received at their
hopes by diligent attention to bu
faithful workmanship to merit its c
The public's ob't. ser'
J. D. DU
Sept. 2, 1839.

A CARD.

GEO. EDWARD
ATTORNEY AT LAW
OFFERS his professional sev
public. He can be found at
one door above the "Chronicle" O
Sept. 2, 1839. 3w

We are authorised to announce
John Dennis, E
as a candidate to represent this dis
next Congress of the United States
Aug. 19, 1839. tf

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