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# The New Orleans Bee.

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NEW ORLEANS, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1853.

## THE DAILY BEE.

Saturday Morning, March 12, 1853.

☞ The Northern Mail failed yesterday from beyond Mobile.

### THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION

The party shows has been raised by the Democrats for the approaching municipal election, and we perceive by the favorite journals of that party, that meetings of the faithful are already called in a large number of districts. To the bold and exulting voice of the Democracy no response has been made. The Whig clarion is mute. Not even a solitary champion appears in the arena to defend that cause, which erewhile numbered its devoted thousands. The Whigs of New Orleans are in a state of suspended animation, a deadly torpor has crept upon them, and they are locked in a slumber as deep and dreamless as that which invades the senses of those human subjects whom the Swedish philosopher freezes into immobility, and then packs away on convenient shelves for a term of years.

We are not greatly astonished at this. The Whigs have been so thoroughly and completely beaten in the Presidential and State contests, that a majority of them labor under a sincere conviction of the nullity of further effort in the contest, from the tide of triumphant Democracy, they say, let our adversaries have full scope and sway. A reaction is sure to follow. They will commit errors and blunders enough to arouse universal indignation, and the people will in the end see through their apathy, and crawl from authority incompetent and mismanagement, to struggle against the blundering pretenders. To struggle against the incompetent party now in lawless. We should only be overwhelmed. Better to let them enjoy power, with its responsibility. They will soon be at their incapacity for good, and their unbridled lavishly for evil. They are the sentiments of very many Whigs. They are not ours. Actively and emphatically. We are always willing to combat a party whose doctrines we believe to be radically wrong, and inapplicable to the public weal, but the press can not compel public opinion to follow its dictates. If the Whigs choose to surrender at discretion, to allow their adversaries to walk over the course to victory, unchallenged, instead of making a manly and valiant resistance—upon them will rest the consequences of the act.

There is another reason alleged by the Whigs for their inaction in the coming canvass. The existing Council is Whig—at least in the popular branch. Ever since the election of the two boards, the Democracy has maintained a systematic and unceasing grumbling and faultfinding. Nothing has gone right. The Council has been extravagant—the vital interests of the city have been overlooked and neglected—the members have either not understood, or failed to perform their duties—in short, a regular Reform is the cry of the day. Such has been the language of the opposition, and so constant and loud has been the clamor, that a considerable proportion of the Whigs of our city now declare that for the nonce, they desire to abstain from making political nomination, and await the action of the citizens, without distinction of party—being perfectly willing to try the experiment so much vaunted by certain prints of a no party Council. This might per adventure be worth consideration, but for the fact that this pastoral admonition happens to be all on one side. The Whigs remain quiet, and give no sign of life. The Democrats, on the contrary, are quickened into apparently greater energy by the inactions of their opponents. They have by the inactions of their opponents. They have by the unchecked field, where Democratic factions, whose numbers as stacked to a slumber as the deep and dreamless as that which invades the senses of those human subjects whom the Swedish philosopher freezes into immobility, and then packs away on convenient shelves for a term of years.

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