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FOR GOVERNOR

HENRY JOHNSON.

NEW-ORLEANS:

THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 31, 1841

☞ Our Advertising Subscribers are earnestly requested to send in their favors before 7 o'clock p. m., otherwise they must often be necessarily postponed till next day.

☞ Another cool spell has come upon us, but the misfortune is, it is not half cold enough. We shall not be satisfied until our citizens are pinched by the nipping grasp of winter. Nothing but the influence of a frost can put an extinguisher on the epidemic. It resists such changes in the weather as we now experience, and leaving those who have braved its terrors during the past summer and are still unscathed, it carries with remorseless severity, the returning tribute who have incautiously ventured within the sphere of its power, under the delusive impression that all danger is past. If the number of its victims check skill and science have not shorn it of its malignity.

MR. CUSHING'S LETTER.

Mr. Cushing enjoys the reputation of transcendent ability. To what then must be attributed the issue of assumptions and false confessions which make up his ONE GUILTY-like epistle to his constituents? To the inherent weakness of his cause. No unprejudiced man can peruse this letter and say that he is satisfied with its statements and deductions. In the first place, Mr. Cushing commences with a backhanded falsehood—that of a Caucus Dictatorship in Congress. Upon this he grounds nearly the whole of his argument. This is an exploded slander only kept up by the apostates from whiggery, who would fain disguise their own backslidings and defend their master from the charge of wishing to ruin Mr. Clay and his friends, by coldly levelling a similar accusation at the whigs in Congress. What preposterous folly and madness is this! Is there any one idiotic enough to believe that Mr. Clay, the very life and soul of the whig party, the impersonation of whiggery—the man by whose ceaseless exertions, indefatigable industry, powerful eloquence, and fervid exhortations, the integrity of the party was maintained during the darkest hour of Jacksonian supremacy—whose fate is indissolubly, forever linked with that great party—who must succeed or fall, sink or swim with it alone—does any one believe, we ask, that such a man could seek the dismemberment of the party? Is Mr Clay so utterly destitute of sagacity as to be willing to destroy himself? Is his past career as barren in instances of magnanimity and self-sacrificing devotion, as to induce the belief that, through anger or spite, or the wish to dictate, he would break up and disintegrate that mighty phalanx which overcame the storied squadrons of Bonapartism, in the last decisive encounter? Mr Cushing and his friends must form but a degraded estimate of popular intelligence, if they think the mass of the whigs can swallow such absurdities as these.

Another evidence of the feebleness of Mr Cushing's letter is the impotent effort to defend Mr. Tyler on the score of his conscience and constitutional obligations. It is not the vetoes which have exasperated the whigs—it is the circumstances attending them the indignities offered to the Cabinet—the plain, undenied and undeniable perration of wrong and injustice told by Bell, Ewing and Badger, which have caused such excitement and called forth curses both loud and deep on the unstable and double dealing politician who has been convicted before the bar of public opinion.

Every body knows that the whigs in Congress assembled in extra session with the most decided confidence in the President, and the fullest and sincerest intentions to second his views and support his administration. Every body knows too, that after the first veto, Mr Clay himself preached conciliation and harmony, and expressed, in the strongest terms, his personal and political friendship for the Executive. The second veto, followed by the resignation of nearly the entire cabinet, and the astounding revelations of Mr Ewing and the rest, but bare a veto that amazed and disgusted the community, and alienated them from Mr. Tyler. These statements remain on the record unrefuted—unrefuted, and while they thus remain, all the stolid verbosity of the *Madisonian*, aided by the expatriate articles of its scattered adherents, and the astute quibbling of Mr. Cushing cannot persuade the people that Mr. Tyler acted properly, honorably, or in accordance with the wishes and views of the party which elected him.

We have no time at present to follow Mr. Cushing through his long winded epistle, and must content ourselves with copying from the New York *Courier*, a few remarks which very appropriately refer to certain matters connected with the past career of the honorable M. C., and which prove how worthy he is of general credence.

Mr. Caleb Cushing. This gentleman has published a defence of the President, in an address to his constituents, purporting to be an explanation of his own course. We have read it very attentively, but can see in the life of which we can discover nothing with regard to Mr. Cushing's course. He appears to have entirely lost sight of himself in his desire to exculpate the President. Not a word of explanation is to be found in regard to his entrance to break up the Cabinet and possess himself of Mr. Webster's place, not a word of his letter to *Ewing*, for the *Herald* with this view, not a word explanatory of the letters he caused to be written pointing to himself as worthy of a place on the Cabinet nor the slightest allusion to the report that he kept a letter writer in constant pay to accomplish his objects and render himself conspicuous.

Now, how are we to account for these omissions? Is it attributable to accident or design? If to design, we can see very clearly the cause, that Mr. Cushing's vital recollection of a certain letter he caused to be written some years since in *Salem*, setting forth that he, Caleb Cushing, was considerably the greatest man in New England, and the subsequent necessity of getting a certain person to agree that that 'certain person' (the affidavit did not set forth whether the 'certain person' was a *male or female*)—was the writer and not Caleb Cushing, only have rendered him cautious in his denials of charges and insinuations made against him. The affidavit of the 'certain person' at the time alluded to, stated Mr. Cushing, but ultimately threw him into merited obscurity for a time, because people were so very unreasonable as to think there was presume little difference, in point of fact, between a man's writing an eulogy up in himself or permitting his *wife* to do it for him.

We do hope that Mr Cushing will respond to the calls made upon him by the Boston Press, for information as regards his participation in the plot to break up the late Cabinet.

Life is quite a pleasing occupation to take a stroll along the Levee now-a-days, and to contrast the appearance of this noted thoroughfare with that which it presented but a few short weeks since. Cotton bales are forming almost as efficient a rampart as they did in the Plains of Chalmette—towering high in attitude and swelling in numbers. Produce of all description is beginning to arrive, and the Levee exhibits a scene of bustle and animation, which must be gratifying to all who have been long anticipating the return of the business season. It needs but the disappearance of the pestilence, to give security to the earnest of coming prosperity: for, until the dread destroyer flies from our precincts, a certain degree of apathy must clog around the transactions of trade, while the apprehensions of personal insecurity deter many of our largest dealers from returning among us. The natural energies of commerce are even now struggling with the crushing influence of the epidemic. We need but the genial change in the seasons to render certain the triumph of the former.

RECORDER'S COURT—1st MUNICIPALITY.

His Honor was employed a part of yesterday morning in investigating into an accusation preferred against an individual. The charge was an attempt to commit a rape on the person of a young female. The testimony is of such a nature as to exclude it from our columns. The upshot of the matter was that the accused was held to bail in the sum of $3,000, to take his trial before the Criminal Court.

Duel. The *Morning Advertiser* has a new conception of this term. It thinks that duty means the obedience of the master to the dictates of the servant. Thus the Richmond *Whig* is returning, to a sense of duty, because our contemporary thinks that it only yourself is about leaving the people to patronize with Mr Tyler. In regard to its idea of duty, we can only announce it as a lexicographical discovery of the deepest importance, but with respect to the Richmond *Whig*, if our neighbor pursues Mr. Peabody's at all disposed to change its garments after the latest fashion in high political circles, it will find itself hugely mistaken.

The Mail failed yesterday beyond Charleston. The Courier of the 11th says, "the Wilmington boat arrived about 9 o'clock last evening, having been detained at Wilmington until 3 o'clock a. m. yesterday for the mail, which had not arrived there at that time. We understand the failure was caused by the breaking down of a freight car, which rendered the road impassable.

☞ Our contemporary of the *Advertiser* is praised by the Charleston *Mercury*: the most thoroughgoing hocofoco and Calhoun paper in the country. Strange—how shall we say &c &c.

Health of the City.—The number of interments reported to the Board of Health for the 24 hours ending at noon, was 28, of which 15 were of yellow fever.

The above report comprises the burials in the following cemeteries:

		Yellow Fever.
Potter's Field,	23	15
Catholic,	2	0
Protestant	1	1
Cypress Grove,	1	1
St. Patrick's	1	1
	28	18

Report of the Charity Hospital.—During the 24 hours ending on yesterday evening:

Admissions 15, of which 12 yellow fever
Discharges 3 " 3 of yellow fever.
Deaths, 4 " 0 of yellow fever.
Number of patients remaining, 315.

Physics of the Louisville *Journal* is an incorrigible wit, and we pity the unfortunate wight who persumes to exchange passes in an encounter with the master of sarcasm, repartee and point. His neighbor of the *Advertiser*, who for years has been the whetstone for the keen edge of his intellectual scimitar, having recently enlarged his daily to the dimensions of his weekly sheet, Prentice opens upon him a battery of grape shot that carries destruction in its path. He tells the *Advertiser* that its intellect bears no proportion to its bulk; that it is like a spider with a diminutive head and immense belly, that its enlargement is not healthy, it being a mere swelling, requiring a poultice, and he shrewdly adds, "we do not believe the public will furnish the materials for a bread and butter poultice." These are a few of the small shot of the *Journal*.

The largest Red Oak Tree in North America, says a correspondent of the Nachitoches *Herald*, can be seen on the plantation of W. Smith, esq., eighteen miles from Nachitoches, on the road leading to Opelousas. This majestic oak stands in the midst of a rich and heavy bottom, on the Bayou St. Barb. Two feet from the ground it measures *forty four* feet in circumference, and at six feet, *Thirty-two* feet. The trunk appears sound and healty, and its height to the branches, is from fifty to sixty feet.

☞ The Election for Governor and members of the Legislature in Pennsylvania took place on the 12th; that for the Legislature alone occurred in New Jersey and Ohio on the 13th. We look for a total rout of the whig forces in Pennsylvania, and a defeat in Ohio. We have a right to count upon success in N. Jersey, but whig prophecies are idle things now-a-days.

The New York *Mirror* of the 9th, for sale at Cohn's, contains one of the most exquisite engravings we have ever seen. It is entitled the Maid's Trial and is explained by a poetical figment on the first page. The face of the maiden is singularly beautiful and expressive, and the sketch is from a master's pencil.

Georgia Election.—Eighty-five counties give M'Donald 2655 majority. The remaining counties will swell it to 4000. In the legislature the loroforms will have a large majority.

☞ The N. Y. *Herald* first started the fabrication, that only fifty whigs in congress approved of the address issued by the whig members in that body. The idea was eagerly caught up here and elsewhere, and the falsehood has been going the rounds, while every effort is being made to convince the people that only fifty members of congress disapprove of Mr. Tyler's conduct. We have it in our power at length to lay this slander low, by an extract from a letter written from a high source at Washington, and published in a late number of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*.

"A story is going the rounds of the Whig papers that deserves the severest reprehension. It is in effect but a small part of the whig members of congress approved of the address which that body have spread before the public. It is alledged that on Monday the day on which it was issued, there were but very few members in the city, and of course that it met with the approval of a very small part of the whole whig delegation. The facts are briefly these.

On the Saturday preceding the Monday on which Congress adjourned, a Whig caucus was called at the Capital, at which the address was presented, read, and the subject debated till a very late hour of the night. Considerable opinion existed as to the propriety of all the main features of the address; but Mr. Evans, of Maine, and Mr. Saltonstall, of Massachusetts, would that the language of it might be so altered as not directly to censure the Secretary of State. They urged, in the present state of the foreign relations with Great Britain, any language that would compel Mr. Webster to resign, would, *you sir too*, be very prejudicial to the interests of the United States; and these gentlemen left the impression, (if they did not the pledges on the minds of their associates, that, after what had happened, the secretary would not retain his seat, except for the single patriotic purpose of completing the negotiations to the McLeod affair.

There was not at the meeting, I venture to say five whigs who believed that Mr W. would return his seat, or could do it with honor as a permanent matter. So I heard all say as they came out of the capitol that night; and I appeal to them for the truth of the assertion, that this was the opinion of the whole caucus.

There was at this time probably about one hundred whigs in the city of Washington, and they were at the capitol almost to a man. It was well known that on Monday morning the large mass of the members of the House of Representatives would leave the city, as they had no business before them, and the address was referred to the appropriate committee to be considered at no late day afterwards to the friends *par excellence* of the Secretary of State. The members did disperse accordingly, and the meeting which was held on Monday contained, as was anticipated, many less members than that of Saturday. But the members in congress were acquainted with the nature of the address a week at least before the adjournment, and those who had previously left the city were, in the main, in favor of the sentiments contained in that production. It is, therefore, all idle to say that it did not meet with the approbation of the whig delegation. When the question was taken at the meeting on Saturday, already mentioned, it was passed *almost unanimously*, all the eastern members present voting for it."

We copy (by request) an account from the Monroe (Ouachita) Standard, of the burning of President Tyler in effigy. We totally disapprove of these things, and are glad that the whigs of Orleans manifested their indignation at his conduct, in a manner more suitable and dignified.—

On Thursday the 1st instant, early in the day, news reached this place, in advance of the mail, of the second Veto Message. Though anticipated, no little excitement was visible on the reception of the news, among the former political friends. To give some expression of the indignation which they felt at the treacherous course which they think he is pursuing, they determined to burn him in effigy.

The representation of his Accidency (as His Excellency is significally termed), was unique and facetious if not bold and statesmanlike. There was something however of a military cast about him, as you gazed upon him with his head erect and his large military cout buttoned up to the chin. His countenance was grave if not dignified, and its general expression rather keen. He had the Veto Message in his hand, and was in the act of reading it to the House of representatives, whilst a weakness or tremor was visible in his knees. In his coat pocket he had a copy of the Bank Bill, and his military hat had on it, in large characters, VETO. The entire appearance of his Accidency was rather inviting than otherwise, and, for aught that we know to the contrary, a pretty good delineation. He was placed on an elevation in the public square where he remained during the evening the observed of all observers.

At an early hour after supper the whole town flocked to the public square. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the number of fine looking ladies and gentlemen who had come out to witness the burning of his Accidency, was made it nearly as light as day. A horse was in readiness for the President, but he expressed some unwillingness, by cutting a few extra capers, when his rider was about to be elevated to his seat. His *constitutional* scruples were soon silenced by throwing a cloth over his eyes. President Tyler was then escorted around town amidst the shouting of horns, the beating of tin pans and the melody of a hand organ.

His Accidency was at length brought back and again took his stand on the public square. Giving him a pretty considerable coat of tar, he was then set off, and whizzing and cracking the flames mounted upward, completely enveloping his excellency. In the short space of five minutes he was burnt to the ground.

Such was the end of President Tyler, by the same hands that assisted in his elevation to power. Such the inexhaustible barrier that divides them. Denounced as a political apostate he can expect nothing at their hands.

☞ The following description of Caldwell, the forger, is from the New York *Courier and Enquirer*:

We learn that as far as the course of the forger is hitherto known, he commenced as an abolitionist, and in that capacity introduced himself to Mr Lewis Tappan, representing that he himself had literally been a member of slaves and had discovered a scheme for importing negroes into Texas, which he was anxious to expose and prevent, and for that purpose was on his way to England to communicate on the subject with the British Government. A short time previous to his departure however, he applied to Mr Tappan for a loan of $5000 which he needed to further his benevolent purposes. The fervor of Mr. Tappan's views on the same subject, was not however so great as to lead him to fall into the trap set for him and his refusal to furnish the loan, induced the applicant for it, to write him an abusive letter, calling into question the sincerity of Mr. T.'s abolition opinions, and this letter being compared with some of the letters written to Mr. Brown and to Mr. Cornie, paves us to the conclusion of the forgery, proved to be in the same hand writing. Mr. Oliver M. Lowndes, the late police justice, had proceeded to Boston in pursuit of an individual who he suspected of being the guilty man, and though he was disappointed on this point he obtained from him such information as induced Mr. Lowndes to fix the forgery upon a certain Colonel Monroe Edwards, then in Philadelphia, whose handwriting proved to be the same as that in the letters above referred to.

On Saturday, Mr. Lowndes caused this Colonel Monroe Edwards to be arrested in Philadelphia and brought before a magistrate, by whom he was examined and committed in default of bail. On searching his baggage the sum of forty four thousand dollars was found in bank notes and gold, and yesterday a messenger was despatched to the Governor at Albany, for a requisition on the Governor of Pennsylvania to deliver up the accidental Colonel to the officers of justice of this State.

We are informed that he is a most accomplished villain, remarkable but for his gentlemanly appearance and manners that he has generated with some of our leading men here, in Philadelphia and in Washington. That he first arrived here with a letter of introduction from the president of the United States Branch Bank at Mobile, and that letters of introduction to persons of respectability, real or forged accompanied him wherever he he went. A melancholy tale the companion of his travels, who, when necessary to accomplish any of his purposes assumed the male attire. We abstain for the present from giving the numberless stories in circulation, concerning the career of this remarkable impostor, which it is believed also perpetrated a forgery some time since, on Messrs. Jacob Little & Co., of this city.

Singular Ingenuity and Skill. As an illustration of the ingenuity and skill displayed in some of the articles made by Boulton, the following anecdote is related: He visited France on a certain occasion for the purpose of attending a Mechanics' Fair that was to take place at which he longed to be allowed to exhibit a needle of his own making. After the same was submitting it to examiners of work, he called for the purpose of all the main features of the address; but Mr. Evans, of Maine, and Mr. Saltonstall, of Massachusetts, would that the language of it might be so altered as not directly to censure the Secretary of State. They urged, in the present state of the foreign relations with Great Britain, any language that would compel Mr. Webster to resign, would, *you sir too*, be very prejudicial to the interests of the United States; and these gentlemen left the impression, (if they did not the pledges on the minds of their associates, that, after what had happened, the secretary would not retain his seat, except for the single patriotic purpose of completing the negotiations to the McLeod affair.

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