The New Orleans Bee.

J. F. WEISSE, Proprietor
No. 83 Chartres Street.

DAILY PAPER, (one year in advance,) $12 00
COUNTRY PAPER, (semi-weekly, (one year in advance) 5 00
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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE STATE. ---- NEW ORLEANS, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 9, 1852.

No. 1887, Vol. 10.—NEW SERIES. Vol. XXX.—Whole No. 6886.

THE DAILY BEE.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE STATE,

Friday Morning, July 9, 1852.

FOR PRESIDENT
WINFIELD SCOTT,
Of Virginia.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
WM. A. GRAHAM,
Of North Carolina.

Electors for President and Vice President.

First District.—JACQUES TOUTANT, of St. Bernard: (substitute, J. B. WILKINSON, Jr., of Plaquemines.)

Second District.—CHRISTIAN ROSELIUS, of Orleans, (substitute, CYPRIEN DUFOUR, of Orleans.)

Third District.—DUNCAN F. KENNER, of Ascension; (substitute, FERDUS GARDERE, of Jefferson.)

Fourth District.—GEO. W. WATTERSON, of Livingston; (substitute, R. J. BARROW, of West Feliciana.)

Fifth District.—ALEXANDER DE CLOUET, of St. Martin; (substitute, J. K. ELGEE, of Rapides.)

Sixth District.—ISAIAH GARRETT, of Ouachita; (substitute, ———, of Madison.

THE COMPROMISE,
WHIG PLATFORM.

8. The series of acts of the 31st Congress, commonly known as the COMPROMISE or adjustment, (the act for the recovery of fugitives from labor included,) are received and acquiesced in by the Whigs of the United States, as a final settlement, in principle and substance, of the subjects to which they relate, and so far as these subjects are concerned, we will abide by them, and insist on their strict enforcement, until time and experience shall demonstrate the necessity of further legislation to guard against the evasion of the laws on one hand, and the abuse of their powers on the other—not impairing their present efficiency to meet the requirements of the constitution, and we deprecate all further agitation of the questions thus settled, as dangerous to our peace, and will discountenance all efforts to continue or renew such agitation, whenever, wherever, or however made—and we will maintain this settlement as essential to the nationality of the Whig party, and the integrity of the Union.

☞ THE NORTHERN MAIL failed yesterday from beyond Mobile.

THE BOLTERS—THE PROSPECT.

The Locofoco party are transported with rapture, at the refusal of sundry Union Whigs of the South, to sustain Gen. SCOTT; while they are equally delighted at the reluctance manifested by one journal in New York and one in Massachusetts, to rally round the banner of the Old Hero. The exultation of Locofoconism will prove not only transient but premature. We attach no importance whatever to these symptoms of disaffection. They occur at the beginning of every Presidential campaign. In 1840, the disappointment occasioned by the nomination of General HARRISON, was such, that for weeks, many leading phrases in the South declined supporting him. Georgia is absolutely spurned the nomination, and did not even choose an electoral ticket until four months after the Harrisburg Convention; and nevertheless, HARRISON carried Georgia by 8,000 majority. In 1848, New York and Massachusetts kicked furiously at the nomination of TAYLOR. In the former State, a large number of Whigs attempted to establish an independent organization, and form Mr. CLAY. In the latter, the bolters absolutely deserted the Whig candidate. Yet TAYLOR received the electoral vote of both States. Thus has it ever been. It is impossible to satisfy the whole party by any nomination, and there is always in the Northern Whigs a fraction of impracticables, who are ready to preach disaffection the moment their personal preferences are disappointed. The mass, however, stand firm, and the grumblers, after expending their discontent, will find that the only resource left to them, will be to adhere to the party or go over to the enemy. Precious few will adopt the last alternative.

Let us look at the list of deserters as they stand. Three from Georgia. No sane man expects to carry Georgia for SCOTT and GRAHAM. The State has been uniformly surrendered to the enemy in every calculation of the prospect that we have seen. Two from Alabama, two from Virginia—both States impregnably locofoco—and a matter of course as regards the effect it the Whigs were to sustain SCOTT to a man. Two from Tennessee. Here alone we may lose something that was considered at the best doubtful. We do not give up Tennessee, but are willing to admit that the election of GRAHAM and WILLIAMS may in no close a State, enable the adversary to triumph. Here is the full extent of the bolt. CABELL, BELL, and others that have been spoken of, will not budge from their party fealty—CABELL will not, for he was a delegate to the Whig National Convention, and aided in making the nomination. BELL will not, for he is a Whig, and will refuse to abandon the party, because his choice has been crossed.

Now, we say it boldly and deliberately, that we expect to elect Gen'l SCOTT without the aid of Georgia, Virginia, Tennessee and Florida—without even the vote of Louisiana, though we feel confident of the ability of the Whigs to carry the State. The estimate of the Whig party includes the votes of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, N. York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and North Carolina—135 electoral votes. We believe that Gen'l SCOTT will receive the votes of every State therein mentioned. We think his chance in Louisiana is as good as in Maine (8,) and in Indiana (13,) better than Pierce's, that in Michigan (6,) lowa (4,) California 4, and Wisconsin (5,) it is equal to Pierce's, and that it is not hopeless in Tennessee. We give this calculation for the benefit of the croakers—it is not, and cannot be, more than approximative, for at least two months must elapse, before results can be fairly estimated, much precision, but it is the estimate of the shrewdest and coolest Whigs in the Union; of men who are not wont to be deceived in such points, and who have thoroughly investigated public opinion—especially in the Northern and Western parts of the country. The Locos themselves, *with the Cass party*, have conceded to SCOTT, and put down Pennsylvania and New York as doubtful, but claim Maryland and half a dozen other Whig States to see if they cannot elect PIERCE any how—on paper.

Let the Whigs then, be of good cheer—Messrs TOOMBS, STEPHENS, and others of that ilk, can neither help nor harm old CHIPPEWAY. The N Y *Courier and Enquirer* will yet support the ticket, and if it should bolt, its influence was tested a few years ago, when it *opposed* JOHN YOUNG for Governor of the Empire State, and contrived to elect him by eleven thousand majority. In Massachusetts, the defection is confined to one journal published in Boston. Mr. WEBSTER himself will settle the difficulty there. The idea of his nomination by a handful of Native Americans, is simply absurdity. He neither adopts their principles, nor will permit them to use his name. The clouds it is lowered over our horizon have sent forth all our thunder pent up within their bosom. Some few have been affrighted by the tumult of the elements, have faltered and fled, but the great Whig army yet stands in its pride and its strength, ready for the battle, and confident of victory.

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ANECDOTE OF MR. CLAY.—A correspondent, writing from Washington, relates to us the following anecdote of HENRY CLAY:

I was myself a witness to a remarkable incident. As some of his friends, not many days before his death, were sitting in his chamber and discoursing of his virtue, his memorable patriotism, not imagining that he was then attending to their conversation, on the sudden he cleared out to us, that all the circumstances which we had mentioned, were common to him with many distinguished men whose America had produced, and that besides, fortune might lay claim to part of the merit of them; but, continued he, you have omitted what I most value myself upon, that during my life none of my fellow citizens ever accused me of a want of patriotism.

LIFE OF JUDGE JEFFREYS.—We are indebted to Lindsay & Blakiston, publishers, through J. L. WHITE, No. 53 Canal street, for the Life of Judge Jeffreys, Chief Justice of the King's bench under Charles II, and Lord High Chancellor of England, under James II. This is a work of some research, but it strikes us as elaborate attempt to whitewash the character of one of the greatest miscreants that ever lived. It is, otherwise, well written and quite interesting.

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QUICK PASSAGE.—The British bark *St. George*, made the passage out to Liverpool and back to this port in 76 days, with full cargo each way.

"A LOOKER ON IN VENICE" is out again in the *Courier*, laboring seriously to prove that Gen. PIERCE was actually present in one or more engagements during the Mexican campaign. The issue made by the writer is none *dare* seeking, and he has made the question between Gen. PIERCE's own report on one side, and the authorities cited on the other.—For all practical purposes, it is a matter of supreme indifference, whether Gen. PIERCE ever saw Mexico or not. The Whig party might very well afford to leave him every chaplet he can possibly gain from his military exploits.—Their candidate has garlands enough and to spare. From Niagara to Mexico is a tolerably long journey, and it is strewed in every direction with the triumphs of SCOTT. What care we if PIERCE gather a wreath or two by the way! It strikes us that the American people need not be taught the victories of OLD CHAPULTEPEC, though the advocates of Mr. PIERCE—whose very name was lost in obscurity until it was raked up before the Baltimore Convention—are striving hard to make the voters believe that the Democratic candidate is almost as great a Captain. We shall not be astonished after a while, if they discover that he alone is entitled to the exclusive honor and glory of the Mexican war.

THE WEATHER.—What scorching weather! The sun darts his fervent rays in all directions, surcharged with caloric enough to broil anybody's skin but a nigger. The thermometer has taken a leap upwards and remains steadily among the ipystics. People do nothing these days but imbibe ice-water, and soak up the perspiration that streams from their foreheads. There's no such thing as getting cool, except now and then, when a whiff from the South comes radiant with freshness, and moves certainly always the favor of a breeze laden with aroma, quenches for a while the almost incandescent air. Such weather as we have is too equatorial to suit civilized people. Senegambia or Congo, might like it passably well.

THE CROPS.—A letter dated at Aberdeen, Mississippi, June 21, from a merchant of Mobile, says that the cotton crop through Wilcox, Dallas, Marengo, Perry, Green and Pickens, Alabama, is indeed promising, and with a favorable season, from present appearances, the corn crop will be the largest ever raised in those counties. In Mississippi the prospects are equally flattering.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.—The Directors of the Alabama and Mississippi Railroad have decided, as we learn from the Selma Reporter, to put under contract within a short time that portion of the work lying between Selma and Union-town. A call is made upon subscribers for ten per cent on their stock.

The Directors of the Godville Plank Road in the Dallas Gazette informs us, unanimously, and lively hopes are entertained of its early completion to the Bigby river. The Directors are Joel E. Mathews, James D. Craig, W. W. Faulkner, E. M. Perine, William Hunter, and C. C. Pegues—Joel E. Mathews, President.

The Montgomery and Wetumpka Plank Road will, it is believed, be completed at an early day. The city of Montgomery has agreed to loan the company her bonds to the amount of $20,000.

AN EJECTOR DECLINED.—John J. Bocock, a Presidential elector of Westmoreland county, Virginia, nominated by the Democrats, has declined, on the ground that he has been a Whig all his life, but voted the Democratic ticket last year, under the impression that the democratic candidate for Governor was in favor of secession.

☞ EX-SENATOR DICKINSON, on Thursday night week, made a speech in Otsego county, in which, according to the Otsego *Republican*, he declared that "SCOTT was a gallant soldier and a worthy gentleman; that he "came as military leader was world wide," that he was "the greatest Captain of the age," and that if the people were minded to elect a General, he THE FREESOILERS AND THE WHIG PLATFORM.—The Boston *Commonwealth*, the organ of the Free Soil and Regional Democrats, evinces no disposition to favor the declarations to which the metropolitan organ of Democracy has given utterance, in its criticisms on the Whig platform and its supporters. We have already shown, says the Washington *Republic*, that the Freesoilers of Ohio are appreciating the tendencies and associations of a party which has absorbed the Barnburners of New York, have come out almost to a man in support of Pierce and King. The *Commonwealth* still clamors for a distinct organization; it may be because the coalition with the Democracy to which it was a party has not realized all the substantial profits that were anticipated, perhaps because little standing out is not unlikely to facilitate the completion of a better bargain. Meanwhile the *Commonwealth* serves its friends by heaping abuse on the Whig platform, as an exposition of principles that admits of no misconstruction. Saturday's issue opens an article with these words:

"The Whig party now stands fully and unreservedly committed to the Compromises—the Fugitive Slave Law, and to put down all agitation of the slavery question, "whenever, wherever, and however it may manifest itself. Its position is no longer equivocal."

With regard to the eighth resolution, which has so seriously disturbed the equanimity of the *Union*, the *Commonwealth* remarks that it "endorses without reservation and pledges the "whole Whig party to uphold forever the Fugitive Slave law." We have the further testimony of the same adversary that "the South dictated the platform," and virtually controlled both the party and the nomination.

COTTON.—In looking over a table of the production and distribution of cotton for the last twenty years, the *Southern Press* has been struck with the regularity of movement the great staple had made, regardless of changes in climate and tariffs, at home and abroad.

The production in the United States in 1831, was 1,038,848 bales. In 1851, it was 9,355,257; an increase of about 130 per cent. The domestic consumption in 1831, was 192,142 bales. In 1851, it was 404,108—almost precisely 130 per cent. The shipments to Great Britain in 1831, were 50,707 bales. In 1851, they were 1,397,112, also 130 per cent. The consumption in Great Britain has, however, not quite kept pace with the shipments thither—advancing from 801,100 bales in 1831, to 1,279,062, in 1851; but the surplus has been re-shipped from British to other ports—as in 1831 there were only 51,387 bales re-shipped; in 1851, there were 151,950—and, since indirect trade has made some progress in that period.

The changes in our tariffs appear to have affected very slightly the per centage of domestic consumption, of rather of domestic manufacture. In 1833, when the compromise was adopted, we manufactured 194,412 bales, or 18 per cent of the production. In 1841, when the duties were lowest, we manufactured 297,000 bales, or 16 per cent precisely, of that year's production. In 1846-6, years of high duties, we manufactured 18 and 20 per cent respectively; and in 1850-51, under the present tariff, the manufactures arp 23 and 17 per cent respectively.

EX. GOV. JONES, of Tennessee, in an eloquent speech at the great ratification meeting in New York, referred to the imputations made against Gen. SCOTT, that if elected to the Presidency he would be under the influence of cliques, and that Mr. SEWARD, of New York, especially would hold sway over him. We quote from the *Commercial Advertiser* the following report of Gov. JONES remarks on this point:

He did not come here to talk about Mr. Seward or any other man. And, by the way, he looked upon Mr. S. as the first abused man alive. But he wanted to vindicate Scott from the charge that if elected he would be under the control of Mr. Seward or any other man, or set of men.

He had known Scott long and well. He had tried to shake all his powers of persuasion and with a hundred to back him. Mr. Seward among them, for months, to get Scott to write a letter. Political opinions! It was made so apparent to him, that he could not help the conviction that his nomination depended upon his writing such a letter. But he had got it into his head that he could not and would not write a letter, and did not write it. (Cheers.) Much as I wanted him to write the letter, as necessary as I believed it to be, I became convinced that he would not write, even if satisfied that it would make him President for life. (Great cheering.) Now, think you, gentlemen, a man who is capable of standing so firmly against such influences, when he had decided upon the course his judgment dictated, is to be influenced and controlled by Mr. Seward, or any other man, or any clique? It is idle to think of it. No! If Winfield Scott is elected, he will be the President, and a national President, (cheers) and if you are voting for him, here in New York, on any other ground, you will be found "barking up the wrong tree!" (Laughter.)

Is it possible that you can believe that the man who has spent forty years of his life in building up a fame and a renown like that of General Scott, would, at his close, forfeit it all by surrendering himself into the hands of any clique, whose object may be to destroy the unity, the happiness, the prosperity of the country that it has so long been his highest glory to serve!

REPRIMANDS.—The Cincinnati Atlas, after giving instances of Democrats joining the Scott forces, says:

Democrats! Native to the soil of just such, and here in Cincinnati, where the Whigs are in a minority, and many of them severe scalds, the Scott ranks are making the matter hot their own hands; and there is a prospect that ere long, a shell must have a Lundy's Lane party to wake, to assign and so on, mutatis mutandis, that is will overpay and override a very strong organization, by throwing high above them all, and upon the bubbles waves heaving on the here to another victory.

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[From the Richmond Whig.]

FOR THE WHIG.

Supposed to be a portion of the Lost Book Jasher, lately discovered by Layard amid the Ruins of Nineveh.

CHAPTER VIII.

1. And it come to pass in the fourth year, that the Locos met together in council, even in the city of Baltimore.

2. They came up in great numbers, and the sound of their coming was as the roaring of many waters.

3. And there come together man of every tongue and speech, Hunkers and Barnburners, Free-Soilers, Abolitionists, and Interventionists, Unionists, Secessionists and Tariffists, and with them came also Rynders, the Hittite, and Mike Walsh, the Subterranean, who dwelleth in the alone pile of Sodom.

4. And they commanded one with another, saying let there be no division amongst us, but what soul soever languisheth for the loaves, let him be seated in our midst, and dwell in the tents of abundance.

5. And let us choose unto ourselves a captain and a leader, who shall lead us up into the high places, even those which abound with veins of silver and fine gold.

6. And into a land flowing with milk and honey, where we may lie down in fatness, and possess our souls in fishness.

7. And that saying pleased them greatly; and they wagged their heads every man of them, and sat down.

8. Then arose there an ancient man, who opened his mouth and said, let it be proclaimed this day whom ye will serve, and unto whom shall the gathering of the people be.

9. And there went forth a voice, as the voice of hundreds, saying, is there not Lewis of Michigan, a great man and a wise, who moreover hath been a man of war from his youth up?

10. Let us cleave therefore unto him, and he shall rend the prey from the mighty, and give the spoil unto us for an inheritance, and a possession forever.

11. But others cried, nay, what portion have we in Lewis? for his sword is broken and the sceptre is departed from Michigan.

12. But there is a young man even Douglas, who is very beautiful, so that there is none like him in all the earth; and the hearts of all the people yearn unto him.

13. For he sitteth near the market place, and saveth unto each man, "Would that I were a Euler in Israel, even for thy sake: for my affection goeth abroad, even unto the love of a range flesh."

14. So his mouth is filled with promises, and his hand boldeth not back the wine-cup, for one and two, yea three drinks and four, giveth he to every man; for he is a man of progress, and stayeth not in all his courses.

15. Then there sprang forth in their midst a man of the West, a man of fierce countenance, having his loins girt about with buck skin, and whose meat was beans and wild varmints.

16. And he cried aloud, Who is he that speaketh of the wine-cup, whose soul panteth for strong drink? Let him muster under the banner of the Chief Butler of Kentucky, and ye shall have, yea wine in flagons and strong drink in tankards.

17. Lo, even now, at the sound of his name my spirit thirsteth greatly; let us therefore adjourn to season.

18. Then spake there a man from Maine, saying, Not so my brother, but let us do all things soberly, and drink only the running brook.

19. But the man of the West cried out, Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing? Returned and went away in a rage.

20. And all the people followed after the man of the West.

CHAPTER IX.

1. And in process of time the men returned, and sat again in council, even in the great Sanhedrim in Baltimore.

2. And their eyes were red, but not with weeping; and they were filled, but not with the spirit of Wisdom.

3. And the contention waxed great amongst them, and they stayed not for many days.

4. Then there arose certain men of Virginia, who said, Let us gather ourselves unto Buchanan, the Tariffite, for he is a Hunker indeed, in whom there is no guile.

5. His name is published in many lands, and the sound thereof hath reached unto our ears and some can say that we are setters forth of strange men.

6. But others cried nay, for he was raised in the tents of wickedness, and hath blasphemed against us in the language of Ashdod, saying that he would let out the blood of Democracy, even with a lancet.

7. But the men of Virginia clove unto him, and a certain wise man among them, said, Why do ye murmur? Is not the Hunker our own window? In a few moments he came unto us smiling all over, and resumed his seat. But pretty soon he got up and slowly sauntered out, smirking as he went on either side, and saying to the assembled congregation that he was mad. Subsequent inquiry satisfied me that it was the veritable Pearson O'Connor.

☞ Our Democratic friends are saying, *just at the close*, many kind things of our estimable President, and we sincerely regret that they do not do so in the time because of seeing him four years longer in the White House at Washington. We shall hold these things in remembrance, because Mr. Fillmore is just now in the meridian of life, and his country hereafter, possibly may be in need of a man for occasions for his services, and be desirous of placing his name in the Presidential chair. There is no telling what may happen. We hope those who think Mr. Fillmore such a great man now, may retain their favorable opinion them.—*Alex. Gazette.*

A SINGULAR CASE.—One of the most singular cases of crime, in its commission and discovery, that ever came under our notice, it now falls to our lot to record. We will state the case without formality, drawing the facts from the testimony given before the Coroner.

On the 17th March, Mrs. Lydia Andrus, an old lady of Russell, nearly blind, had a box taken from her room, containing $4,000 worth of notes. The robbery was reported at the time of its occurrence. It now turns out that Dr. Henry Andrus, a well known quack, who has figured in the Courts for a number of years, was the robber. He walked into the room, took the box and walked off with it. This was on a moonlight evening. Before the box had been gone five minutes, the old lady missed the box and raised the alarm. At this time, the Doctor was not out of sight with his booty, and those around the house could see the light of a lamp followed, and the Doctor perceiving it, threw the box into a wood house he was passing, and skaiter on to his office. The lamp bearer got them off the scent. He then took a circuit, and joined the pursuers, as zealous as any of them. After having gone up the chase, the Doctor took his time to visit the wood house, and carry off the box. This he transferred to his boarding house, and there sat, saving the notes, and hiding the remainder of the box in a hollow tree.

Soon after this Andrus left for Connecticut, where he remained until the old lady, one of those heirs to a large estate, died. Then returned, and on Friday last visited Dr. De Wolf of Chester, to whom he unbosomed himself, and whom he offered $300 if he would assist him in a project he had in view. The project was to take up the box, which the old lady had written her name, at the foot of a partly blank page. This page Andrus wished to have, for the purpose of forging a note, which he had written out, and which he had stolen. He told Dr. De Wolf that he was the only person in Russell, or vicinity, with an instrument conveying to Andrus all the notes