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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE STATE. ..... NEW ORLEANS, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, 1852.

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THE DAILY BEE.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE STATE.

Friday Morning, June 4, 1852.

FOR PRESIDENT:

MILLARD FILLMORE

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN

(Subject to the nomination of the Whig National Convention.)

FOR DELEGATES TO CONVENTION.

SENATORIAL TICKET.

J. P. BENSON. C. ROBERTS.
C. CAHAL. LEONARD MATHEWS.

REPRESENTATIVE TICKET!

First Representative District—Daniel Byrne, M. Delony.
Second Representative District—N. R. Jennings, A. B. Rudhard and Charles J. Leeds.
Third Representative District—Randell Hunt, J. S. Pike, W. H. Avery, H. T. Hayes, A. Bonneau and Samuel G. Risk.
Fourth Representative District—M. C. Edwards, J. W. Andrews and H. B. Eggleston.
Fifth Representative District—J. M. Lapeyre, Patrick Branson and Robert Preaux.
Sixth Representative District—T. W. Collins, Lewis Sarpy and Henry C. Castillanos.

☞ The Northern Mail failed yesterday to reach Mobile.

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

The Hon. John J. Crittenden, Attorney General of Kentucky, is the most able, if not the ablest orator in the United States. Pitted to argue in the Supreme Court before Judges Nelson, Mitchell vs. Harmony, against Daniel Webster, New York Bar, close of the argument, which lasted about two hours, the court room was crowded by ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose of listening to the great Kentuckian. Whatever opinion entertained that feel of the audience, and even drew forth considerable from the opposing counsel, Messrs. Nelson, Hall, Hill, and Fairchild, of New York, whose arguments were also erudite and forcible. Mr. Crittenden is doubtless one of the ablest men of the present age. His ancestors were of the powerful mind and which has gained for him the reputation of the greatest of American statesmen. He is a native of Virginia, and was born in his youth, *Springfield (Mass.) Post*, a zealous Democratic journal. The high compliment paid to the distinguished Kentuckian is indeed well deserved.—Mr. Crittenden is truly one of the ablest and most eloquent men of the present age. He is one of whom any nation on earth might well be proud.

Commenting upon the remarks of the *Post*, the Louisville *Journal* says, and says truly, that there is no reason why the members of the Whig national convention should not be able to agree on the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency. It they cannot unite upon either of the eminent patriots, Mr. Fillmore, Mr. Webster, and General Scott, whose names are most mentioned in connection with the nomination, they certainly can see no good reason why they should not be able to unite cordially in the nomination of Mr. Crittenden, who stands in the very front rank of the great men of the country, who has true and unwavering claims to the zealous devotion to Whig principles, and who is extraordinary courtesy and warm kindness has won the enthusiastic regard and confidence of all that have ever had personal intercourse with him, who has not probably a single enemy in the world, and whose position is favorable to the compromise, without being identified to any one, is so unequivocal, that, it we are correctly informed, a declaration upon the subject would be demanded by public sentiment from him or from the nominating convention.

Why should not Mr. Crittenden be nominated by general consent in the event of it being found that the nomination of either Mr. Fillmore, or Mr. Webster, or General Scott would cause extensive dissatisfaction?

It seems almost impossible that the Whig party should be compelled to select a candidate from the three competitors for the nomination. The unbounded and illimitable temper of the Whig journals have strewed up kind words of amicably towards the various aspirants, so powerful perhaps to be allayed by the bitterness of the contention. It is should turn out that Fillmore, nor Webster, nor Scott, should be the Whig party, we believe they would counsel the selection of a patriotic Whig statesman, who would be able to have national hostilities allayed by their candidate. Such a compromise candidate, we believe, would be a tower of strength. That it would unite the whole Whig party, we believe, and would counsel the selection of a true and high-minded statesman—that would be a true hearted, noble, generous and generous Whig: that comprehensive and far sighted statesman—that unselfish patriot—with a stainless reputation, and a lifetime of honor and civic renown, would be received with enthusiasm and determination by the Whig masses, and we truly believe, would be the most popular of our adopted citizens, and the most popular ever given by them to a Whig candidate.

We must say that we desire the nomination of Mr. Crittenden. Our first choice is Mr. Fillmore, our second Mr. Webster. But we know that Mr. Crittenden can unite the North, South, East and West, and it be generally shown that this cannot be accomplished by the suspicion of either of the distinguished gentlemen named before the people—we believe, from the strong conviction of his superior fitness, is there a Whig who would hesitate to give a cordial support to Mr. Crittenden.

A Trip to Vulcania.—As the windy season is approaching with you, when relief from the dust and cold of San Francisco will be most agreeable, just turn your attention hitherward, and we will show you hot springs and grizzlies, mountains of glass, and a live volcano belching forth steam enough for all your steamers, and sulphur enough to make your matches by below, should the accessions of population from California create a demand in his dominions. If you have, bring your white blankets, and we will take a wagon to McDonald's, about 40 miles from the embarcadero at Napa, and from thence go on horseback to the volcano.

Wend up a short time since with a party well mounted, and having a pack mule taking our baggage. The first night we were hospitably received at a friend's half way up the valley, and hankered comfortably in early hour, but awoke with a hearty shout to find our beds roughly labelled—our geological doctor found himself "some pumpkins," while the botanical man was marked "old cabbage." Much before the noon of his bank the rest of the trip, in which course I had to figure as the "old hoss" of the party. We dined at Mr. Knight's, the owner of a valuable ranch in the valley, and after a little delighted to find a piano and solo so far in the mountains.

From McDonald's to the Vulcan river, 15 miles over rocks, hill and mountain, we were tight hours, and so thoroughly fatigued we were glad to encamp with the hunters, about sunset and a half miles from Vulcania. Good coffee, bear fat, and venison steaks, prepared for us, and we slept round our campfire. At daybreak, with mountain appetites satisfied, we started on foot, leaving our horses behind, and then scramble over the rocks to Pluton river and Vulcania.

First we passed over rocks so hot as almost to burn the feet, steaming in places, so hot as to be covered with the most beautiful sulphur crystals, and then round the mountain side to the head of the gorge, where the most activity of steam is visible. Here the rocks were too hot to stand upon, and what was once hard granite, so decomposed as to admit running our canes through into them. All around covered with green and yellow, and the coffee in the furnace in a minute, the large hole was roaring with the vigor of a steam pipe of a large ocean steamer, and the noise with less noise, but nevertheless active enough to make the ground tremble for a hundred feet high, and in some cases so near the mountain stream that comes tumbling through the gorge, that in the depth of one's hand, water of a warm bath