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The Daily Bee.

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NEW ORLEANS, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1853.

THE DAILY BEE.

Thursday Morning, August 18, 1853.

For Congress!
CHARLES DIBRELL,
T. G. HUNT.
For State Treasurer,
HARRY T. HAYS, of Orleans.
For Register Public Accounts,
JOSEPH [illegible], of St. Landry.
For Superintendent of Public Education,
A. G. [illegible], of W. Baton Rouge.

Thanks to the officers of the steamer *D. S. Stacy*, for late St. Louis papers.

MOUNT VERNON.

This favorite abode of WASHINGTON, and the spot where he breathed his last, owing to the criminal remissness, and we are almost tempted to add, the want of patriotism of Congress, and their lack of veneration for his great character, has been sold to some private speculators, who design to repair it and exhibit it for money, to all such as may be incited by a reverence for the memory and virtues of the illustrious dead, to make a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon. The home of WASHINGTON, where he passed his early manhood, and whither he retired, after the close of the war of the revolution, this cherished spot to which he retreated, upon the expiration of his eight years' presidency, to pass the few remaining years of his existence, has suffered by a recreant American Congress to be bought by a company of private [illegible] in order that they may speculate on his remains, and sell for sordid lucre, the sacred ashes of the founder of the Republic, and its first and greatest Chief Magistrate. The sacred shrine, whither the patriots of all climes and nations should repair, to refresh their patriotism—strengthen their love of liberty, and confirm their devotion to public virtue—has been rendered, in market ownership, and converted into a museum, a sight of which can hereafter be there had for *fifty cents for grown persons, and children, half price.* Shame upon a body of Legislators who can tolerate such an act of national disgrace and infamy, beneath the glorious dome of the capitol, and almost within the area of their eyes!

The fiftieth part of the money which Congress has wasted in idle discussions and futile declamations, would have sufficed to purchase the homestead of the hero patriot, to repair it, and keep it in good condition. One months' debate, on trivial subjects costs more than the purchase money of the entire estate, but Congress prefers to babble about abolitionism, and secessionism, than to perform a great act of national gratitude and duty, which would redound to the credit of the nation, and elevate its character among foreign States.

All nations have consecrated the custom of raising monuments to perpetuate the remembrance, and to transmit to posterity, the glory of their distinguished public men. To accomplish this end, patriotism has invoked to its aid the genius of the painter, artist and sculptor, and the greatest skill has been exerted in the construction of works of art, to perpetuate their physiognomy, personal appearance, proportions and costumes. But History is not satisfied with the form and drapery alone of the mighty dead, or even of the grand achievements which have made them immortal, and which stamps on its pages, *Fame for ever wants to be acquainted* with the private lives of the world's great benefactors—for from their habits and mode of life, their motives and public conduct can often be explained. Hence it is, that nothing is indifferent to the philosophical historian who seeks for biographical truth. The place where a great man dwells—the architecture of his house—his farm and its cultivation—the trees beneath whose coverts he sat and meditated—the fountains where he slaked his thirst—his library—the table upon which he wrote—in short the wish to know and learn every thing connected with his private life, which can shed light on his history, and when it is practicable to possess all the elements of a faithful biography of such a man as WASHINGTON, it is the imperative duty of Congress to avail itself of the opportunity, and acquire and preserve them, for all future generations. To suffer the last mestead to be sold to private individuals is a disgraceful enough; but to allow them to exhibit his bones and those of his wife, for money to every traveller who visits his tomb, is enough to bring down on the heads of those who have consigned us the crime, the indignation of the world and the curse of Heaven.

It is the duty of Congress to repair the wrong it has inflicted on the character of the people, by this disgraceful abandonment of its duty, and to efface from the page of American history this foul plot, that will tarnish the American name for all time to come, unless it be speedily repaired. Mount Vernon should have but one owner, and that owner must be the AMERICAN PEOPLE. Congress should purchase from the greedy speculators the remains of WASHINGTON, and treat what it may—the last and cherished abode of the father of the country, and cause it to be to the use of mankind. Make a hallowed spot, where the votaries of freedom may wend their way, from every quarter of the globe, and evince their admiration of the virtues—their appreciation of the sacrifices of the virtuous and lofty actions—and the unspotted fame [illegible] one, by their homage to the [illegible] whom, take him for all in all, [illegible] furnished he parallel.

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The Natchitoches *Chronicle* has the following:

On Monday evening last, a horrid murder was committed at Campte, in this parish, by a free man of color named Jean Baptiste Arceux, who, we learn, it is said, by jealousy, discharged the contents of a double barrelled shot-gun and a revolver, the loads of which all took effect in the head of his victim, Antoinette Grappe. The deceased had been living for some time with Arceux as his mistress. After the commission of the deed he immediately made his escape, and has not yet been apprehended.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we understand that Arceux's body has been found near Campte. It is supposed that he committed the dreadful murder, and then killed himself. Four pistol balls were found in his body.

DEATH IN THE LATE GEN. TAYLOR'S FAMILY.—The New York Mirror, in recording the death of Col. Bliss, who fell a victim to yellow fever, at Pascagoula, on the 5th instant, thus feelingly alludes to the occupants of the Presidential mansion a few brief years ago:

"Only a daughter (the widow of Col. Bliss,) of the victor at Buena Vista, of all his family who occupied the 'White House,' is left. What a startling change since the hour that saw the republican soldier borne by the barons of a grateful people from the field of battle and peril, and to him of undying fame and honor, to the highest seat of earthly power. Then, all was life, the proudest aspirations that could fire a mortal heart were fulfilled; the loftiest ambition reposed satisfied under the shadow of a goal reached unmolested, a fame perfected without blemish. General Taylor and his wife, and Col. Bliss then lived; their present honored and happy, their past glorious, and their future bright. They are all dead! One half of the loving and beloved circle of that family group, on which the eyes of the nation rested with delight, remains. She is, indeed, widowed and orphaned—millions will share, though they may not lighten her grief."

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A STRONG INFERENCE.

It appears that the gallant bearing of Capt. INGRAHAM in the Koszta affair has vastly astonished the European press—though, for the life of us, we cannot imagine why. Capt. INGRAHAM conducted himself precisely as a fearless and true-hearted American should have done; and his country might have fully expected. Less he could not well have done—more he would have been rash and ruthless, in attempting. But the fact is, that these Europeans are so little habituated to bestowing a thought on the Americans, Republic, and so seldom reflect upon the influence of free institutions in expanding national resources and shaping individual characters, that when they hear of an exploit, like that of Capt. INGRAHAM, they cry out how with wonderment and admiration. We, at home, take it as a matters of course, believing full well that whether noble or poverous, the officers of our Navy are ever prepared to assert the rights of their country, in a foreign land.

As a specimen of the stylistic which even well informed journalists speak of Capt. INGRAHAM's promptitude and courage, take the following from the London *Morning Advertiser*:

"The Governments of Western Europe are prostrate before Austria and the imbecility.—The despotism of the Emperor of [illegible]rnich, and the Cossitian Cabinet of England, cower in the presence of the Czar. The two greatest naval powers in the world lay their ships at anchor in Besika Bay, and Stratford apologies for their audacity! Our pale-faced diplomatists inquire anxiously what Austria thinks, or what Prussia will do to help their imbecility and cowardice. Every minister reads, every journalist writes, in deadly earnest up, and treasonably abroad, to extenuate their treacherous pusillanimity.

But while these paralyzed aristocrats are grieving, chattering like pedagogues, quibbling like sophists, and leaning to the bush like staves, the young Democracy rising in the West asserts its privilege of blood. The

Pondes Pinas
Silve Ilia nobis,

ploughs the Eastern waves, braves the Austrian blast, illustrates its sureety, shames our passivity, maintains the rights of nations, vindicates old ows, and proves to the world that the passport of America is the only safeguard against tyranny.

America represents that principle of liberty that makes every people her ally. American statesmen speak and write in the name of a country, and a spirit of which can hereafter be the model for *fifty cents for grown persons, and children, half price.* Shame upon a body of Legislators who can tolerate such an act of national disgrace and infamy, beneath the glorious dome of the capitol, and almost within the area of their eyes!

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A young lady at Rochester, [illegible] kept in such security by [illegible] for dropping in the organ [illegible] by some [illegible] of the [illegible] a dollar.

St. John's [illegible] Fla., [illegible] Sunday, [illegible] Sunday [illegible] Sunday [illegible] Sunday