

The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

VOLUME 4.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., JULY 3, 1855.

NUMBER 20.

THOMAS J. HOLTON,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

The North Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for twelve months; and THREE DOLLARS and one-half of the year. No paper will be discounted until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square inch or less, this size type, for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuation. Court-advertisements at Sheriff's fees charged by per cent higher, and double fees of 100 per cent added to the regular price, to be inserted by the subscriber. Advertising inserted monthly or quarterly, at \$1 per square for each time. Semimonthly 50 cents per square for each time. Semimonthly 50 cents per square for each time.

Advertisers are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.

The Golden Wedding-Ring.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

With a white hand like a lily,
And a heart as weary as spring,
I am ripe and I am ready
For a golden wedding-ring.

This old world is scarce worth saving,
Till Love weds his purple wing,
And we gaze on the bliss of being
Through a golden wedding-ring.

Would you dress for Eden nearer,
And in earth the angels sing,
You must seek the magic mirror
Of a golden wedding-ring.

As the earth with sea is bounded,
And the winter world with spring,
So a golden ring is bounded,
With a golden wedding-ring.

There's known full many a maiden,
Like a white rose in spring,
With a golden wedding-ring.

As the crescent moon rings golden,
Her full grace perfectly shown,
Woman's beauty is unbound,
In a golden wedding-ring.

Falling petals on green boughs,
Signaling with sweetest sounds
To bind ever with such sweet ties,
Through a golden wedding-ring.

As when hearts are wildly beating,
And when love's dislodging stings
Then, Love's little words compeling
With a golden wedding-ring.

Miss Almer listened to this recital with an agitated heart, for she recognized in the speaker the little Johnny whom she had never forgotten. She sought an interview, and learned his history. How, after leaving his early home, the love of virtue, which she had aroused in his bosom, was ever leading him from his evil courses, and urging him to a higher life.

His parents soon after died, and he was taken as an errand-boy into a wealthy family, and allowed the opportunity of attending school. He at length sought other employment, in which he could increase his earnings, all of which he carefully hoarded, till he obtained a sum sufficient to enable him to attend a higher school. Thus he went on alternately laboring and studying, till he was qualified for a teacher, in which employment he had been for several years engaged. Need we say to any teacher who may read this, "Go then, and do likewise." All may not meet with so speedy a reward as did Miss Almer, but let us remember that the time of retribution is not yet, and if we labor faithfully, we may hope that the guardian angel is yet by ours, to find that some poor soul has been rescued from degradation by our endeavors, to shine forever a star in the Savior's coronet!

A harsh word will kill where a gentle one will make alive.—Independent.

A Student.—A young American, a Mr. P.—, who was visiting Paris with the "old folks," went to a masked ball during the carnival, to see the frolicsome to have some fun himself. His great desire was to meet an angel of the fair sex. He first looked all around, waiting to make a decision the moment he should find a fine waist and small feet. These beauties he discovered a domino of small figure, who took his arm and began to converse with him. The lady told him his name, the city of the United States from which he came, and to his astonishment, related to him many stirring excursions which he made last year, at Saratoga and Newport. All these things, while perched in good English, were very puzzling to the dandy, and in order to find out who his fair companion was, he invited her to supper in a private cabinet. The lady first refused; but after some time she consented, and the couple started in a carriage for the well-known restaurant of Vaucluse, where all the Americans take their meals. A cabaret was taken, the supper was ordered, and when they began to eat it, the lady was obliged, according to etiquette, to take off the mask. The "domino" followed discreetly behind her—Who! Guess it up! Yes. She was his mother! The romance was over, and he took the joke the best he could. Mrs. P.—is one of the prettiest American women in Paris; and no one, when looking at her—considering the freshness of her complexion, and the beauty of her charms, would for a moment suppose that she had a son twenty three years of age.

Pretty Smart.—A little urchin some two or three years old, being a little distance from the house, was suddenly startled by a loud clap of thunder. He was much frightened, and made rapid tracks for the house. But as the shed was the nearest shelter, he entered it, and casting a defiant look at the clouds, exclaimed, "Thunder away, I am under the shed!"

Certainly, Johnny, they are very sweet, and the first I have seen this season; I love them dearly, and you too, for bringing them

From the Louisville-Courier.
Professor Morse's Reply to Bishop Spalding.
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,
May 2, 1855.

IF EVER THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES ARE DESTROYED, THEY WILL BE BY THE ROMISH PRIESTS.—LaFayette.

To BISHOP M. J. SPALDING—SIR: Your remarks in the Courier of April 14th, have been sent to me. You will excuse the delay and my apparent neglect in noticing them, which, however, will be of no damage to the cause of truth, since, in the interim, I have neither been unmindful of you nor remiss, nor unsuccessful in my search for the means of gratifying your important inquiries. In common with the rest of the intelligent public, whose object is to arrive at the knowledge of an historic truth, I am under great obligations to you, sir, for charge upon LaFayette. You quote that letter as *generous*; you rely upon its *generosity*; you hint not the slightest *peculiarities* of its *spuriousness*; you even *justify* it without doubt; you *have repudiated* it as *so much* *blame* of your *Misfortune*, and this after being distinctly apprised that its *authenticity* is more than *doubtful*; even when the *charge of forgery* is made out from many respectable quarters. On the strength of that letter alone, you affirm that LaFayette *actually* *wrote* it, *directly* *the opposite* of what he did say. You pronounced the motto a "calumny"; and you profess to have "no doubt" that this letter "gave occasion for conjecturing that it is, that is, of *inventing* the motto."

It is not necessary, sir, to charge upon you the *forgery* of that spurious letter. It is sufficient for me that you have endorsed the counterpart as an historical fact, and passed it off upon the community as genuine. You have made yourself *peculiarly suspicious*, by giving it your *impartiality* and this, after a warning that should have induced caution, that the letter was more than *suspicious*. You would evade the responsibility of such an act, because, forsooth, you could cite a *Protestant source* for that letter. This is a subterfuge too shallow to protect you. I shall follow you into your *retreat* for your *Protestant authority*. You have not quoted that letter from the editorial column of a Protestant paper, but from one who conceals himself under the mask of "Old Line," writing in a Protestant paper. I hazard little in saying he is not a *Protestant*. Are you sure, sir, he is not a *Jesuit*, who has taken advantage of an election opportunity to abuse the confidence of a Protestant editor, the more easily to deceive a Protestant public? Can the public be fully assured, when they know the principles of absolute equivocation and perfidy on which your entire corporation is based, and proved to be based, and the systematical fraud and falsehood authorized by it, that there has not been a *convenient collusion* between you, sir, and this same "Old Line"? As of this complexion, in the annals of your corporation, are not so uncommon as to make it impossible. May he not be a *Jesuit*? Listen to his *letter* of defense of this apocryphal letter, after being called upon to produce his *own style*, (for even he has an *authority* for this letter); let him give it in his own *style*, (for even he has an *authority* for this letter); till *they are of the same* *style* *unable to show a genuine source whence they obtained it*, and can nowhere find it in the writings of LaFayette, they will then, in that case, only have acquired themselves of the charge of *falsification* to prove upon themselves the more damnable *charge of forgery*.

But even upon the supposition that they are capable of proving the letter which they *attribute* to LaFayette to be a *forgery*, (but which is a moral impossibility), and that no falsification has been perpetrated; still, if *they are of the same* *style* *unable to show a genuine source whence they obtained it*, and can nowhere find it in the writings of LaFayette, they will then, in that case, only have acquired themselves of the charge of *falsification* to prove upon themselves the more damnable *charge of forgery*. In the excitement consequent upon the discovery of the stupendous fraud, at the time I prepared the article for your press, the proper credit was inadvertently omitted. The work was obtained from the private library of a French gentleman residing near this city, and is entitled *Essays de Révolutionnaire, ouvrage d'Arnold de Jacobin*, by M. Jean Hippolyte Marchand, a Paris, 1836, 12mo, pp. 227. Being an essay on American government, with his correspondence, &c., which he published on his return to Paris, for the benefit of his friends, the Liberals and Republicans of France. The work, I presume, has never been translated and published in this country, for the reason that it does not possess sufficient merit to justify its publication.

If ever the liberty of the United States is destroyed, it will be by Romish priests." The fact of such a declaration coming from one who was a Catholic himself, it is not anything, bears the stamp of improbability, if not of downright absurdity on its very face, yet it passed current for truth, and was, we think, generally believed by the masses, who are prepared to drown my absurdity, provided infinite against Catholics! Now, will the impartial public think, when it is ascertained that this charge, like most others, which have been lately circulated in the country to our disadvantage, is not only utterly groundless, but is directly the reverse of the truth?

It makes the French patriot say, in fact, directly the opposite of what he did say: "If ever the liberty of the United States is destroyed, it will be by Romish priests." The author is a private, retired gentleman, and lived some years in New York city, but was not, perhaps, very generally known as an author in the literary circles of either this country or of Europe. The significant fact that the work is rare, may, in all probability, hence be the very circumstances which first suggested the idea of perpetrating the falsehood; for it is well known that the works of LaFayette, now in general circulation in this country, it is reasonable to be presumed that the certainty of the specific detection of such unlawful and damnable desperation of the fair fame and sacred reputation of the name and memory of the honored dead would have deterred the base and villainous fabulist from his diabolical machination, and the impartial historian would have spared the painful and humiliating necessity of handing down to posterity the record of a species of political porcinity and moral turpitude in the nineteenth century, the development of which exceeds in enormity the innumerable frauds, forgery, falsifications, and interpolations which disgraced the dark ages.

The Italics are his, sir, and I have omitted his declamatory preamble swollen with the verbiage of the same bombastic and scurrilous phraseology, a physiologism which a disturbed conscience would be apt to select to vent in characteristic epithets, the torment of persistent guilt. Its dialect besets the Jesuit in every line its sure as the bogey betrays a native of the Ku Klux Klan.

I cannot but admire your noble sentiments of devotion and attachment to your country and institutions. But I must be permitted to assure you that the fears which, in your pa-

*It will be seen that no publisher is named to be named.

triotic zeal, you seem to entertain, that if ever the liberty of the United States is destroyed, it will be by Romish priests, are certainly without any shadow of foundation whatever. An intimate acquaintance of more than half a century with the prominent and influential priests and members of that church, both in England and America, warrants me in assuring you that you need entertain no apprehension of danger to your republican institutions from that quarter.

You here, sir, not merely deny that Gen. LaFayette ever *wrote* such a document, but, as I have said, you assert that he *wrote a letter*, which letter you quote, *wherein* in which the pretended letter is said to be recorded. You have been called on for months to produce that book, and the call has been in vain. And,

let me say, sir, it is likely to be in vain, *since no such book can be found in Paris* nor is there any evidence that such a book was ever published there; on the contrary,

you have made a peremptory call upon me for a "retraction," on the assumption that I am responsible for the first using and circulating of the motto. You say:

"As he (I) first published and gave currency to the *calumnious* statement regarding LaFayette, he owes (lowe) it to the country and to himself, (myself) either to prove its truth or to retract it, like an honorable man."

Verger your previous *error*, sir, (which happens not to be the case,) I should prefer of the two courses you have so kindly marked out for me, *"to prove the truth,"* since I am not in the habit, at least, of saying, *much less of writing*, anything to be *retracted*.

Your premises, sir, are not true. I was not the first who published and gave currency to the motto in question. The first publication of it in which I was engaged, is in the work of the *Confessions of a French Catholic Priest*, published in 1837. The motto was published long previous to this date, in several newspapers. It was current in 1835. You will find it, sir, in the *Somerset Whig*, published in Somerville, New Jersey, of the date August 1st, 1835. It is also in the *Protestant Vicar*, of New York, August 29, 1835; and in other papers of the same year. Whence the writers derived the motto, I wish to occupy the same seat in that church on the Sabbath. He took it in great judgment, that I did not attend his church. But I could not help that. I followed my inclination. Now, my friend, I must tell you, that I was brought up in France a Roman Catholic, and believed that the Roman Catholic Church was the only true and Mother Church, till I came to this country, where I saw his Excellency General Washington, and the officers of the American army of different religion, worshipping in different churches.

"My eyes were opened. I see men can be of different religion, and worship in different churches, and yet be good christians; then saying, *With my opinion that, if ever the liberties of this country—the United States of America—are destroyed, it will be by the subtlety of the Roman Catholic Jesuit Priests, for they are the most crafty, dangerous enemies to civil and religious liberty. They have instigated most of the wars in Europe.*" He further said, "I wish my country, France, had such government and national liberty without this respect."

That the motto embodied the *sentiments* of LaFayette, I needed none to testify to me, as I have already said I made ample evidence of that fact in my personal interview with General LaFayette. My first expectation, indeed, was that I should actually find such a letter as you quote in the alleged book, and in such connection as would afford some clue to the culprit, and I sent to Paris to procure the work. To my surprise, I learned from my correspondent that the most eminent bibliopolists of course with him. At what time they first discovered the shape of the motto, I have no where as yet pretended to say.

You have been very important for the *retraction* of the letter which General LaFayette wrote to me at Havre, in 1835; and before I have done I shall be able to give you the result of my discoveries in this respect. That the motto embodied the *sentiments* of LaFayette, I needed none to testify to me, as I have already said I made ample evidence of that fact in my personal interview with General LaFayette, and before I have done I shall be able to give you the result of my discoveries in this respect. That the motto embodied the *sentiments* of LaFayette, I needed none to testify to me, as I have already said I made ample evidence of that fact in my personal interview with General LaFayette, and before I have done I shall be able to give you the result of my discoveries in this respect.

With sincere respect and esteem,

"P. J. VANPELT."

"Prof. S. E. B. Moltz, Pequipsc, N. Y." You have now, sir, what you so loudly called for, to wit: the concurrent testimony of one *American* to the uttering of the sentiments of the motto by LaFayette, and the *opposition* of the motto by LaFayette, and the character of the witness, sir, is unimpeached and unimpeachable. Through your *overzealous haste* to destroy the influence of the warning of this motto upon the American mind, you have been unwittingly the instrument of establishing its *paternity* in LaFayette beyond dispute. You have drawn out evidence, too, of its *unreality* and *untruth*; for the very measures by which you have attempted to throw discredit upon the genuineness of this motto, furnish a glaring example of the inherent corruption and dangerous character of your corporation; and they have also demonstrated most emphatically the necessity for such a warning, and the foresight and deep sagacity of the republic's wise and constant and benevolent friend.

The result of this controversy bears a lesson both to the American people and to you. The American people will teach to posterity with loss of incredulity and, with a deeper concern, the pregnant warnings of the fathers of the republic.

To you, sir, it administers a marked rebuke. That a foreign priest, trained by the necessities of his birth in the dark scholasticism of his ancestors, should, at the bidding of his ghostly master, bear with him to this land of Bible light and Christian civilization, the debasing maxims, the disgusting superstitions, and diabolical doctrines of his education, that he should think to practice undiscovered in this land of intellectual and moral light, the acts of deception, with which example and habit he has made him familiar at home, excites our wonder than our pity and disgust; but that an American, that one who, with his first moral breath inhaled the purified air of Kentucky, that one who was nurtured amid the sound heads and honest hearts of a Kentucky community, should voluntarily shrink away from the day-light that surrounded him and deliberately prefer to grop for enlightenment in the foreign dens of a decaying and festering superstition, is a puzzle beyond my poor comprehension to solve on any ordinary principles of moral science. Scripture, indeed, speaks of a class who "love darkness rather than light," and Scripture supplies the ready solution of the moral enigma.

You have ventured, in your *denunciations* of the French Catholic Priest, a convert from Popery, to speak of Arnold of Jacobin. I thank you for the suggestion. They are proper names that respectively and significantly impersonate political and religious tenets. I sincerely hope it is not reserved for America to give another proper noun to the vocabulary that shall more conveniently impersonate the double treason in a single name.

Respectfully, your obt serv't,
SAM'L P. B. MORSE.

ESCAPE OF SLAVES.—The Washington Union learns from Martinsburg, Virginia, that some abolition emissaries succeeded, on Friday evening last, in entering from the residence of the Hon. C. J. Faulkner six of his slaves. After the slaves had been run off, the telegraph wires east and west of Martinsburg were cut to prevent the transmission of intelligence. The Portsmouth (Va.) Transcript announces the arrival of six slaves, on board a schooner on the river below that town, on Saturday evening. They were bound North. The Transcript says:

"A colored drayman of Norfolk had applied for their passage, as we are informed, and made arrangements, as he supposed, for their safe transmission beyond the reach of their masters. But the captain reported the facts to the proper authorities, and steps were taken to secure their arrest."