

# The North Carolina Whig

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

VOLUME 4.

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

## TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be affixed to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months; and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (10 lines or less, this standard) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 24 per cent. through my advertising office. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at 50 per cent. for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time. Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

## Poetry.

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And my heart is beating lightest  
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'Tis my fondest dream.

## LIFE LESSONS.

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unlike him. He never laughed or even smiled at any of his profane, vulgar jokes, but on the contrary plainly showed by his looks that he did not like them.

We had changed the southern capes of Africa, and were standing up in the Indian Ocean. One day at the dinner table, Captain Savage allowed himself to become more profane than usual. Neither of the females were present, and he launched out in a course of stories and jests which were indeed in the extreme. The wine circulated freely, and his boon companions seemed to enjoy the sport hugely. Several times LeGrand cast a reproving glance at Savage, and the latter noticed it, but instead of becoming more decent, he only tried the harder to displease and annoy the quiet passenger.

At length the infantry captain became so outrageously profane and vulgar, that LeGrand would stand it no longer, and quickly leaving his chair he arose from the table and moved towards the deck.

"Come back here," shouted Savage.

"But the young man took no notice of him. "Come back," he said.

LeGrand did not turn, but, with a steady step, he kept on and went upon deck.

At length the officers finished their dessert, and most of them went on deck. Savage went up, and as soon as he saw LeGrand standing by the weather-mizen rigging, he passed over.

"Mr. LeGrand," he said, in a highly pompous tone, "why did you leave the dinner table?"

"Simply because I wished to," calmly replied the young man.

"But why did you wish to leave it?"

"That is a question I choose not to answer."

"But I choose that you shall."

"Oh, I would answer with pleasure, if I thought it would benefit you any to know; but I fear you would not improve upon it even were I to tell you."

"Allow me to be the judge. Tell me."

"Since you are so urgent, I will comply," returned LeGrand, in a tone perfectly calm and pleasant. "The truth is, sir, your conduct and speech were so unpleasant, that I suffered exceedingly, and so I chose to leave you with those who were better calculated to enjoy or put up with it."

"Ah," uttered the captain, while his cheeks flushed and his lips trembled. "And may I be so bold as to enquire what part of my conduct you thought unbecoming of a gentleman?"

"All of it, sir."

"Do you mean to say that I am not a gentleman?"

"I have said no such thing. I simply answered your own questions."

"But you have intimated that my conduct was ungentlemanly."

"Yes, sir. I have plainly said so."

"Ah, now I have it. I shall demand satisfaction for that. You shall find, sir, that no one can so easily characterize in question with impunity."

"Then, my dear sir," said LeGrand, "why will you not enquire of me in respect for the feelings of others?"

"I have, sir, all the respectability. Do you suppose that I am not a gentleman?"

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down and put him in irons; but I was disappointed: though upon more calm reflection, of course, I was glad affairs turned as they did.

This event cast a sort of cloud over the spirits of the passengers for several days, and though Savage refrained from some of his profanity, yet I could see not only he, but the others, looked on Walter LeGrand as a coward. The young man himself had seemed to notice it, for he was taciturn and seditious, and I often noticed that his lips trembled.

Early one morning land was reported upon the horizon. I knew it to be the Bourbon Island. The wind was very light, the ship not making more than three knots with her royals and studding sails. About the middle of the forenoon we saw a long, low boat or rather vessel come out from one of the coves of the island. I leveled my glass upon the craft, and found it to be full of men. There were seventy-five at least.

"Captain, what is she?" asked Savage, approaching the spot where I stood.

"I think there is not much danger in setting her down for a pirate," I replied.

"I have heard that there was a nest of pirates on the Bourbon Island, and I think we are likely to find it true."

"Pirates!" uttered Savage, turning pale. "They will be likely to be ugly customers, won't they?"

"Of course they will. They certainly outnumber us three to one, and are, in all probability, all of them stout, reckless fellows."

"But you don't think they will follow the rule of putting all their prisoners to death, do you?"

"You can judge of that as well as I can. It was my reply; and then I turned to the men.

I could see that Capt. Savage was much frightened, and in fact nearly all were startled by the appearance of the suspicious boat. The presence of a pirate is not a pleasant theme for any one, and more especially those land pirates, for they generally make it a practice to put their prisoners to death so that their haunts may not be exposed.

We had no carriage gun, but there were cutlasses and pistols enough on board for the crew, and I lost no time in arming my men. The ship's crew, including myself, made twenty-nine, and there were twelve of the passengers, though I knew not whether to count upon Walter LeGrand or not. However, he could fire a pistol, and that was something. By the time I had made these arrangements the quai was within a cable's length of us, and we could see that there were nearly eight hundred men on board of her—not so great odds as we had first supposed, but still two to one against us.

We could see, too, that they were all shades and complexions, some of them white, some red, some brown and some black.

I arranged the men close to the bulwarks with their muskets we could muster, and then turned to see if LeGrand was upon the deck. He stood by the cabin companion-way with a sword in his hand and two superbly mounted pistols stuck in his belt. The sword I had not seen before, and of course I judged that it must be his own. It was broad and heavy, of the most exquisite polish, and mounted in a bit of gold and precious stones. I was for the moment struck by the sight. The youth looked most strangely. His face was yet pale and calm, but his expression was changed—wonderfully changed. The fire of his eye was deep and intense, and the usual seditious, melancholy expression had given way to a sort of exultant smiling satisfaction. I did not speak to him. I saw that he stood over the place where his mother had taken refuge.

By this time the quai was nearly alongside. I waited until the moment for pistol shooting came and then I gave the order to fire, there was a long, yell from the boat and on the next moment she struck our side, and the pirates commenced clanking our rigging. Our shot had not done much execution, for nearly all who had sat in the quai leaped for the ship. We beat them back as well as we could, but they began to gain upon us, and at length my men gave way. I urged them all I could, but the bloody pirates came on in such wild fury that to slay them seemed impossible.

Savage fell back to the poop, and his companion followed him. The pirates struck down three of my men, and the rest fell back to the opposite side of the deck. By a heavy count I made out that there were but seventy of the enemy, and we had thirty-eight left. For a few moments there was a mutual suspension of hostilities. The pirates had all gained the deck—all that were saved, and their chiefstain stepped out in front of them. He was a Spaniard, but spoke English well.

"Do you surrender your ship," he asked.

"Of course we surrender," spoke Savage, seeing that I hesitated. "We may receive quarter if we surrender quietly."

"Nixan," said a man in a clear voice, and on turning we beheld Walter LeGrand. "Nixan" he repeated, while his dark eye flashed proudly—ARE WE ENGLISHMEN?"

I saw that these words produced a wonderful effect upon my crew, and so they did upon the other passengers, and I must confess that they went to my heart with a nerve-giving power. Only Capt. Savage seemed to dislike them. Upon him they seemed to grate harshly.

"At this moment Mrs. LeGrand came upon deck. She had heard her son's voice, and perhaps she thought he was in danger. "Santa Maria! that is my prize," exclaimed one who seemed to be second in command among pirates, as soon as he saw the beautiful woman.

"No, no, by San Paulo she's mine," cried the chiefstain, as he spoke he started towards the spot where the widowed mother stood. His lieutenant followed him, and so did several of the others.

"Stand back!" said Walter.

"Oh, buy—or die!"

Thus spoke the pirate leader, but he spoke to more, for the young man's sword swept the air like lightning, and the villain's head

was cleft in twain. Another stroke and the lieutenant shared the same fate.

"Now, men of England, show the blood of your proud nation!"

Every man heard these words, for they were like hugh notes—clear, ringing and distinct. I remember how LeGrand looked at that moment. He had just forced his mother below when he spoke, and then he turned upon the crew. His head was up, his teeth set, his finely chiseled nostrils distended, and his eyes literally emitting sparks of fire. He dashed a lightning shaft among the foe, and showed him. Ever and anon I could see the flash of his bright blade where it was not yet covered with blood. I fought with all my might—so did all my men. Savage fought, too, but he did not seek places of danger, rather seeming to keep his back against the bulwarks.

Ever and anon the flash of Walter's sword would catch my eye, and I failed not to see a man fall who it descended. My own men looked to him as their leading spirit, and I did not feel offended. I rather felt proud of him. How could I help it? It was almost a miracle how he swept the foul villains from before him. At length the deck began to grow thin of standing men, and streams of blood were flowing towards the scupperns. I reached LeGrand's side and I saw that he saw from him. "I saw his arm move and I saw another pirate fall."

Then a cry broke out upon our ears. It was a cry for quarter for mercy. The fighting ceased and the living pirates huddled together in the starboard gangway and disarmed. They numbered eleven men! My next work was to count my own, and I found eighteen of them, and nine of the infantry officers. In the centre of the quarter deck stood Walter LeGrand. He was leaning upon his sword and a tinstraw of blood trickled down his faithful blade and made a dark pool upon the deck about his point. He was still calm and serene, but the old look of seditious melancholy had once more taken possession of his countenance.

"Captain Favor," he said, "addressing me, "can you take care of the prisoners?"

"I quickly answered yes."

"Then said he I will go and comfort my mother, she may be anxious."

The prisoners were put in irons, and placed in safe confinement, and then we set to work and cleared up the deck. All hands turned workmen and ere long the dead were sewed up in the old sails and hurried in the deep blue sea—fried and fro together. There were but few wounded men. Such as there were, were properly cared for.

That evening, when we set down to sleep, no one could have told us the appearance of Walter LeGrand, that evening usual had happened. He met with that same calm smile of serenity, and his face wore that same look of unobtrusive, modest reserve. The men who were mostly in silence. I could see that the officers gazed upon the youth with looks of admiration and even reverence. He was a handsome and well-proportioned man, and he was a native American—there was no foreign sympathy in his half—no foreign vote to consider. When General Houston returned to the United States with the laurels of San Jacinto fresh upon his brow bringing an empire in his hands to lay at our feet, no Congressional invitations celebrated his arrival. No bills were passed to pay his expenses. He was a Native American, and nothing was to be gained by laudations of his military or his patriotism. When Gen. Scott had concluded one of the most wonderful campaigns ever recorded in history, he was recalled almost in disgrace, and his army, which he had found untrained militia, and converted into veteran heroes was transferred to one of his subordinates. Yet Congress offered no word of sympathy, applied no balm to the wounded feelings of the matchless soldier. He was a native American and the voice of condolence was mute. Had General Shields received similar treatment, a howl would have been raised from one end of the continent to the other, and half the tongues in Congress would have grown weary lamenting his wrongs.

With these facts before me, and all know them to be facts, I must be pardoned for maintaining that there is danger from foreign influence, and the sooner it is boldly met the better.

The objection that Know Nothing came from the North answered and explained by startling facts and figures.

It is gravely urged as an objection to the order of Know Nothing that it originated in the North, and ought therefore to be regarded with suspicion by the South, and this reason I have seen advanced by such men as Thomas and Suplehens of Georgia, and Preston of Kentucky—gentlemen whom I know personally, and for whose talents, attainments, and moral worth I have very great respect. To my mind it is an evidence of the weakness of any cause when men of fair abilities resort to such flimsy means to maintain their position. I do not know how the facts, but I shall concede that it did originate in New York, and then I shall proceed to show that there is no spot upon the continent where the people have suffered more from foreign immigration, or where they have more numerous reasons for fearing themselves against it. By reference to the annual report of the Governors of the Alms House, I find that there were in the New York Alms House during the year 1853, 2,198 inmates—of these only 550 were Natives, and 1648 foreigners supported at the expense of the city. And now I propose to see one side the argument of our opponents that only 3,000,000 foreigners to 20,000,000 Natives. According to that ratio there ought to be about seven natives to one foreigner in the Alms House. Whereas we find more than three foreigners to one native. No wonder that a people who are taxed to support such a body of paupers should be the first to set about devising means to get rid of them. Let us pursue the record—in the Bellevue Hospital, in the same city, there were 702 Americans—414 Foreigners; now the proportion rises to nearly six to one. There were of our dear poor—that is persons who had some place to sleep, but nothing to eat, and nothing to make a fire—

557 Native adults, and 1044 children—3131 Foreign adults, 5229 foreign children or children born of foreign parents. This number were relieved during the year with money. Of those relieved with fuel, there were 124 adult Americans and 1816 children—10,355 adult foreigners and 17,857 children. But the record is not yet complete—let us turn to the statistics of crime. In the city prisons there were during the year, 6,102 Americans—32,229 Foreigners.—I pass on to an even more gloomy than that of the prison cell, and call your attention to those whom God in his wisdom, has seen fit to deprive of the right of reason, in the Lunatic Asylum—there were admitted from the year 1847 to 1853, 779 Americans—2381 Foreigners. For the year 1853, there were 94 Americans—393 Foreigners. These tables might be made more complete by adding Organ Grinders, strolling Mendicants, and Professional Beggars, but of these I have no reliable data, and therefore pass them with the single remark that I have never seen a Native American who belonged to either class. These figures are more conclusive than any language could be made to prove the necessity of arresting the tide of emigration. Let every American impress them deeply upon his memory. 32,268 Foreign paupers and invalids; 3,851 Foreign criminals taking the Lunatic Asylum, and blighting the property of a single city. In that list of crimes is embraced murder, rape, arson, robbery, perjury, every thing which is degrading to the character of the individual, and every thing which is dangerous to society.

How the South is also suffering by Foreign Influence—Especially in connection with Washington's Order to put none but Americans on Guard.

In our section we see but little of the evils of emigration—comparatively few come among us, and those are generally of the best classes of their countrymen. It is not as a State that we suffer most but as an integral part of the Republic. The crime, vice, disease, destitution and beggary, which flow in with every tide of emigration afflict us but little; it is through their political action, in their capacity of voters, that the curse extends itself to us. When thousands upon thousands are carried to the polls and made to vote in favor of any man, or any party for a shilling, corrupting the ballot box, and rendering liberty insecure, then we suffer—then the law of self-preservation gives us a right, and makes it a duty to interpose. With such danger thickening around us the memorable order of General Washington should be upon every man's lips. "Put none but Americans on guard to-night." In time of peace your public offices are not to be filled with foreigners, and worse than our own with the pride of the mention of Bunker Hill, of Monmouth, of Saratoga, or of York Town. Put none on guard who can dwell by the hour upon the eloquence of Daniel O'Connell, but have never heard the name of Patrick Henry. Put none on guard who turn with cold indifference from the story of Niagara, or New Orleans, to boast of Marengo, or Leipzig, or Waterloo. They do not love your land as you do—they will not watch over it with the same absorbing interest. Oppression, not choice, has brought him here, and though he may feel a certain amount of gratitude for the shelter he has found, he still looks back to the green fields of his childhood—he remembers every stone upon the highway—he reads the history of his native land, and partakes in the pride of its great events—in his heart of hearts he feels that there is his home, and there his boldest affections are garnered up. Fear, necessity, common sense, may keep him here, but he loves not the land of the stranger—cares nothing for its former glories—sheds no tear over its former disasters.

With what reverence can the German regard the name of Washington when he remembers that his pathway to freedom was strewn with the dead bodies of German mercenaries! What exultation can the Briton feel in the fame of Jackson when he remembers that it was won by trampling the lion banner to the dust? It is not in human nature that they should feel as we do, and we are false to ourselves, when we put them in power, or give them the direction of the law.

The above that is lavished upon the American party, Comparison of Know Nothing secrecy and Democratic secrecy.

Perhaps no party in this country has ever been the subject of so much invective as the American Party. All the depths of the language have been used to fish up feelings and epithets to be applied to men whose names are in every man's mouth, and who are better than that of the strongest passions which are daily in use by former parties, and which become but mere words resorted to by the Americans, and editors in the cause of their own not infrequently run into the most ridiculous inconsistencies. I have seen one column of a newspaper filled with denunciations of the secret feature of the order, while the next not only purported to give the principles of the party, but even the very forms of initiation. One thing is certain, either these forms were forgotten, or all the indignant denunciation of secrecy with which we have been favored were hypocritical pretences in no way creditable to those who employed them. All the parties observe more or less secrecy in relation to certain portions of their tactics. The secrets of a Democratic caucus are as profound as those of a Know Nothing Council, and the will of every member is more completely subjected to the control of the majority. A Know Nothing, after his party have made a nomination may abandon the order, and then rid himself of all obligation to support it, but a Democrat who has once taken part in a Caucus is held in honor bound to abide the decision of that caucus, no matter how distasteful it may be. If the term "Dark Lantern Party" were applied to the midnight plottings of those who manufacture in caucuses and conventions Candidates without consulting the will of the people, it would be much more appropriate. The State and the National Councils having both removed the injunction of secrecy, that reproach is disposed of; in point of fact it never existed.

LETTER FROM HONORABLE JERE. CLEMENS, OF ALABAMA.

In Vindication of the principles of the American Party.

CONCLUDED.

Cause of the admission of Kossuth—Hon. Jackson, Houston and Scott were treated.

Not satisfied with the honors heaped upon Kossuth, Congress determined to extend to him some "material aid." Mr. Seward discovered that he was the Nation's guest and introduced a bill sounding like an expense as a national debt. The amount turned out to be somewhat extravagant. This plan of a publican party to liberty only lived at the rate of 8500 pt day. Consuming in the twenty-four hours Champagne and Burgundy which cost more than it would have taken to feed respectable family in North Alabama for a twelvemonth. At that very moment were they bills upon the Calendar of the House for the relief of destitute widows and orphans, whose husbands had died in defence of the country which Congress has not had time to attend to even to this day. As to Scott, Kossuth—he drank his wine, at his father's table, and Congress steadily fasted the bill. Do you ask the reason? I answer, wildcats and wrong heads voted. The foreigners who were to be celebrated by adulation of Kossuth had said: "Others will say it was not Kossuth, but his cause—that he had been battling for freedom and they wished to mark their appreciation of his efforts. As a tribute to the spirit of liberty it might have been well enough if we had been so lamentably deficient in paying that tribute to our own citizens."

When Gen. Jackson had driven the British army from New Orleans and rescued the country from one of the most terrible dangers with which it was ever threatened, he was arrested in the very hour of his triumph, and heavily fined for the rigorous discharge of his duty; and yet Congress permitted more than a quarter of a century to roll away without acknowledging the wrong, or attempting to repair it. He was a native American—there was no foreign sympathy in his half—no foreign vote to consider. When General Houston returned to the United States with the laurels of San Jacinto fresh upon his brow bringing an empire in his hands to lay at our feet, no Congressional invitations celebrated his arrival. No bills were passed to pay his expenses. He was a Native American, and nothing was to be gained by laudations of his military or his patriotism. When Gen. Scott had concluded one of the most wonderful campaigns ever recorded in history, he was recalled almost in disgrace, and his army, which he had found untrained militia, and converted into veteran heroes was transferred to one of his subordinates. Yet Congress offered no word of sympathy, applied no balm to the wounded feelings of the matchless soldier. He was a native American and the voice of condolence was mute. Had General Shields received similar treatment, a howl would have been raised from one end of the continent to the other, and half the tongues in Congress would have grown weary lamenting his wrongs.

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The objection that Know Nothing came from the North answered and explained by startling facts and figures.

It is gravely urged as an objection to the order of Know Nothing that it originated in the North, and ought therefore to be regarded with suspicion by the South, and this reason I have seen advanced by such men as Thomas and Suplehens of Georgia, and Preston of Kentucky—gentlemen whom I know personally, and for whose talents, attainments, and moral worth I have very great respect. To my mind it is an evidence of the weakness of any cause when men of fair abilities resort to such flimsy means to maintain their position. I do not know how the facts, but I shall concede that it did originate in New York, and then I shall proceed to show that there is no spot upon the continent where the people have suffered more from foreign immigration, or where they have more numerous reasons for fearing themselves against it. By reference to the annual report of the Governors of the Alms House, I find that there were in the New York Alms House during the year 1853, 2,198 inmates—of these only 550 were Natives, and 1648 foreigners supported at the expense of the city. And now I propose to see one side the argument of our opponents that only 3,000,000 foreigners to 20,000,000 Natives. According to that ratio there ought to be about seven natives to one foreigner in the Alms House. Whereas we find more than three foreigners to one native. No wonder that a people who are taxed to support such a body of paupers should be the first to set about devising means to get rid of them. Let us pursue the record—in the Bellevue Hospital, in the same city, there were 702 Americans—414 Foreigners; now the proportion rises to nearly six to one. There were of our dear poor—that is persons who had some place to sleep, but nothing to eat, and nothing to make a fire—

557 Native adults, and 1044 children—3131 Foreign adults, 5229 foreign children or children born of foreign parents. This number were relieved during the year with money. Of those relieved with fuel, there were 124 adult Americans and 1816 children—10,355 adult foreigners and 17,857 children. But the record is not yet complete—let us turn to the statistics of crime. In the city prisons there were during the year, 6,102 Americans—32,229 Foreigners.—I pass on to an even more gloomy than that of the prison cell, and call your attention to those whom God in his wisdom, has seen fit to deprive of the right of reason, in the Lunatic Asylum—there were admitted from the year 1847 to 1853, 779 Americans—2381 Foreigners. For the year 1853, there were 94 Americans—393 Foreigners. These tables might be made more complete by adding Organ Grinders, strolling Mendicants, and Professional Beggars, but of these I have no reliable data, and therefore pass them with the single remark that I have never seen a Native American who belonged to either class. These figures are more conclusive than any language could be made to prove the necessity of arresting the tide of emigration. Let every American impress them deeply upon his memory. 32,268 Foreign paupers and invalids; 3,851 Foreign criminals taking the Lunatic Asylum, and blighting the property of a single city. In that list of crimes is embraced murder, rape, arson, robbery, perjury, every thing which is degrading to the character of the individual, and every thing which is dangerous to society.

How the South is also suffering by Foreign Influence—Especially in connection with Washington's Order to put none but Americans on Guard.

In our section we see but little of the evils of emigration—comparatively few come among us, and those are generally of the best classes of their countrymen. It is not as a State that we suffer most but as an integral part of the Republic. The crime, vice, disease, destitution and beggary, which flow in with every tide of emigration afflict us but little; it is through their political action, in their capacity of voters, that the curse extends itself to us. When thousands upon thousands are carried to the polls and made to vote in favor of any man, or any party for a shilling, corrupting the ballot box, and rendering liberty insecure, then we suffer—then the law of self-preservation gives us a right, and makes it a duty to interpose. With such danger thickening around us the memorable order of General Washington should be upon every man's lips. "Put none but Americans on guard to-night." In time of peace your public offices are not to be filled with foreigners, and worse than our own with the pride of the mention of Bunker Hill, of Monmouth, of Saratoga, or of York Town. Put none on guard who can dwell by the hour upon the eloquence of Daniel O'Connell, but have never heard the name of Patrick Henry. Put none on guard who turn with cold indifference from the story of Niagara, or New Orleans, to boast of Marengo, or Leipzig, or Waterloo. They do not love your land as you do—they will not watch over it with the same absorbing interest. Oppression, not choice, has brought him here, and though he may feel a certain amount of gratitude for the shelter he has found, he still looks back to the green fields of his childhood—he remembers every stone upon the highway—he reads the history of his native land, and partakes in the pride of its great events—in his heart of hearts he feels that there is his home, and there his boldest affections are garnered up. Fear, necessity, common sense, may keep him here, but he loves not the land of the stranger—cares nothing for its former glories—sheds no tear over its former disasters.

With what reverence can the German regard the name of Washington when he remembers that his pathway to freedom was strewn with the dead bodies of German mercenaries! What exultation can the Briton feel in the fame of Jackson when he remembers that it was won by trampling the lion banner to the dust? It is not in human nature that they should feel as we do, and we are false to ourselves, when we put them in power, or give them the direction of the law.

The above that is lavished upon the American party, Comparison of Know Nothing secrecy and Democratic secrecy.

Perhaps no party in this country has ever been the subject of so much invective as the American Party. All the depths of the language have been used to fish up feelings and epithets to be applied to men whose names are in every man's mouth, and who are better than that of the strongest passions which are daily in use by former parties, and which become but mere words resorted to by the Americans, and editors in the cause of their own not infrequently run into the most ridiculous inconsistencies. I have seen one column of a newspaper filled with denunciations of the secret feature of the order, while the next not only purported to give the principles of the party, but even the very forms of initiation. One thing is certain, either these forms were forgotten, or all the indignant denunciation of secrecy with which we have been favored were hypocritical pretences in no way creditable to those who employed them. All the parties observe more or less secrecy in relation to certain portions of their tactics. The secrets of a Democratic caucus are as profound as those of a Know Nothing Council, and the will of every member is more completely subjected to the control of the majority. A Know Nothing, after his party have made a nomination may abandon the order, and then rid himself of all obligation to support it, but a Democrat who has once taken part in a Caucus is held in honor bound to abide the decision of that caucus, no matter how distasteful it may be. If the term "Dark Lantern Party" were applied to the midnight plottings of those who manufacture in caucuses and conventions Candidates without consulting the will of the people, it would be much more appropriate. The State and the National Councils having both removed the injunction of secrecy, that reproach is disposed of; in point of fact it never existed.

LETTER FROM HONORABLE JERE. CLEMENS, OF ALABAMA.

In Vindication of the principles of the American Party.

CONCLUDED.

Cause of the admission of Kossuth—Hon. Jackson, Houston and Scott were treated.

Not satisfied with the honors heaped upon Kossuth, Congress determined to extend to him some "material aid." Mr. Seward discovered that he was the Nation's guest and introduced a bill sounding like an expense as a national debt. The amount turned out to be somewhat extravagant. This plan of a publican party to liberty only lived at the rate of 8500 pt day. Consuming in the twenty-four hours Champagne and Burgundy which cost more than it would have taken to feed respectable family in North Alabama for a twelvemonth. At that very moment were they bills upon the Calendar of the House for the relief of destitute widows and orphans, whose husbands had died in defence of the country which Congress has not had time to attend to even to this day. As to Scott, Kossuth—he drank his wine, at his father's table, and Congress steadily fasted the bill. Do you ask the reason? I answer, wildcats and wrong heads voted. The foreigners who were to be celebrated by adulation of Kossuth had said: "Others will say it was not Kossuth, but his cause—that he had been battling for freedom and they wished to mark their appreciation of his efforts. As a tribute to the spirit of liberty it might have been well enough if we had been so lamentably deficient in paying that tribute to our own citizens."

When Gen. Jackson had driven the British army from New Orleans and rescued the country from one of the most terrible dangers with which it was ever threatened, he was arrested in the very hour of his triumph, and heavily fined for the rigorous discharge of his duty; and yet Congress permitted more than a quarter of a century to roll away without acknowledging the wrong, or attempting to repair it. He was a native American—there was no foreign sympathy in his half—no foreign vote to consider. When General Houston returned to the United States with the laurels of San Jacinto fresh upon