

# The North Carolina Whig.

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

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

## TERMS:

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## Poetry.



### THE MODERN BELLE.

The daughter sits in the parlor,  
And reads in her easy chair,  
She's neat in her dress and station,  
And wears a ring in her hair,  
She walks and giggles and simpers,  
And smoozes and giggles and simpers,  
And though she looks like a modern belle,  
She really never looks like she.

Her father goes off in his rascal,  
And rages and rages and rages,  
He wears a most shocking hat,  
He's holding and saving his shillings,  
Savagely day by day,  
While she sits on her heels and her poodles  
Is yawning it all away.

She has a maid in the morning,  
Till nearly an hour of noon,  
Then comes down morning and evening,  
He wears a most shocking hat,  
He's holding and saving his shillings,  
Savagely day by day,  
While she sits on her heels and her poodles  
Is yawning it all away.

She sits upon her cushion,  
And reads in her easy chair,  
She's neat in her dress and station,  
And wears a ring in her hair,  
She walks and giggles and simpers,  
And smoozes and giggles and simpers,  
And though she looks like a modern belle,  
She really never looks like she.

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He's holding and saving his shillings,  
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While she sits on her heels and her poodles  
Is yawning it all away.

## Miscellaneous.

From Peterson's Ladies National Magazine.

### THE THREE GHOSTS.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

Round a cheerful wood fire, in a quaint,  
old country house, three sisters sat talking  
in the twilight. The bright blaze illumined  
the walls, on which a few portraits were  
hanging, and cast grotesque shadows from  
the old-fashioned furniture. The ruddy  
glow lighted up too the three lovely faces  
of the sisters, who were enjoying its cheer-  
fulness.

Very charming were they all, but very  
different in their beauty.

Margaret, the eldest—she who sits to the  
right of the fire, with head thrown partly  
back, while her hands are crossed upon her  
knees, is about twenty-two. She is tall,  
stately, and proudly beautiful. Sophie,  
"pretty Sophie," sits opposite on a sofa,  
with the head of little Rose, who is reclin-  
ing on her lap.

Little Rose, the youngest, with neither  
Margaret's queenly grace, nor Sophie's bril-  
liant beauty, was what ladies call "a dar-  
ling"—that is, she was lovable, charming,  
and innocent. In fact she was fresh and  
sweet as a Hawthorn blossom.

Those three young girls were singularly  
situated.

They resided in the old homestead where  
they have found them, alone, except for the  
servants who attended them. Father and  
mother were both dead within a few years,  
and as there was no relation to supply, even  
in a measure, their places, the orphan sis-  
ters clung yet more closely to each other,  
and continued to live in their desolate  
home, like birds who nestle together in the  
old nest when the parent birds have left  
them.

Thomas, an old and faithful man servant,  
and Kitty Cork, (a person notwithstanding  
her juvenile name, of middle age and tried  
fidelity) were their only domestics—but they  
sufficed for their labors were performed in  
the spirit of love and willingness.

Such was the little household of the sis-  
ters—and there they were settled—for life.  
For, be it known to you, oh, incredulous  
reader, that each of the fair sisterhood was  
and a solemn vow of celibacy.

When their father died and left them all  
alone in the world, they took each other's  
hands and solemnly promised never to desert  
each other, but to live and die together.

Three years had passed since that time,  
and though their loveliness attracted suitors  
even to their quiet, lonely home, no  
whisper had ever been breathed by any of  
the sisters of a wish to break that vow.

On the contrary, they often applauded  
their wisdom in devising it, and swore feal-  
ty to it anew.

Some such conversation had taken place  
on the very evening I have chosen to in-  
troduce them to my readers. Indeed they  
were more than usually vehement in their  
denunciations of any treason to their code.  
Margaret's eyes had flashed indignantly at  
the very thought of such treachery—Sophie  
had pouted most touchingly the lonely state  
of the other two—should one be base en-  
ough to desert—and little Rose had de-  
clared.

"That even if Prince Charming himself  
should come flying into the room in a gold-  
en chariot, and were to fall at her feet, all  
crowned with diamonds, she would not wa-  
ver the least mite—but should just say very  
caldy, 'Rise, Prince Charming, you can't  
have me. I have promised my sisters never  
to marry.'"

Margaret and Sophie laughed at little  
Rose's sally, and the greatest unanimity of  
opinion appeared to prevail.

While they sat over the fire discussing  
this subject, Kitty Cork entered with a kas-  
ket of chestnuts, saying,

"If ye please, ladies, Thomas bids me  
give ye they cuts. He's ather pickin'  
them hissel; and he sais as its Hallow-Ave,  
ye'll be thyrin' yer fortunes, good or bad—  
and it's wishin' ye good luck, and good hus-  
bands be it."

"Does not Thomas know?" began Mar-  
garet, with a frown.

"Oh—ay—he knows," interrupted Kitty,  
with a slight toss of the head; but im-  
mediately repeating this imprudent gesture,  
she added, with roguish demureness,

"Och, but Thomas is a queer, head-  
strong, odd body. Parr, odd sowl, he has  
ay his cracks and whims—and one is, ye'll  
all three o' ye be married befor the year's  
out. Unfortunate, demerited, crayther that  
he is, to take sike an crazy fancy."

"Crazy, indeed!" said Margaret, with  
dignity; but yet when Kitty was gone, the  
girls began, "just for fun," to try the nuts  
on the hot shovel in the good, old-fashion-  
ed manner. True, no names were mention-  
ed aloud, but that did not prevent each  
maiden from mentally designating her nuts  
as she pleased—and certainly the most in-  
terest glowed in each youthful face,  
as it watched the antics manœuvres of the  
minio lokers in the symbolical pantomime.  
Kitty returned to find them engaged in this  
most inebriated amusement; but like a  
wise dancier she took no note of trifling dis-  
crepancies. She, on the contrary, proposed  
that as they were trying Hallow-Eve games,  
they should, at a later hour, before going  
to bed, try the famous old one of sewing  
lempseed by moonlight.

"What is it, how do you do it?" cried  
the sisters, and Kitty went on to explain,  
how that the girl who would look into the  
future as to her fate, must go by night, alone,  
and beyond the hearing of her friends, and  
scattering lomp seed in the moonlight, must say,

"Hempseed I sew,  
Hempseed I sew,  
Whoever will be my true-love, come after me now."

And then, on looking over her right shoul-  
der, she should see the man she was to marry  
coming after her, with a great scythe,  
mowing—and who would most surely over-  
take her and cut her heels off with this wea-  
pon, if she passed too long to look."

"You forget, Kitty, we are never going  
to have any husbands," remarked Sophie,  
when Kitty paused in her explanations.

"Oh, well, then, no harm done," was the  
response—"if yees to have no husbands,  
no husbands will come and ye'll no risk  
yer heels."

The sisters were in the humor for a frolic,  
and would have adventured a trial on the  
spot, but the all important Kitty stopped  
them.

"What a time is this for sike a thing?  
it's no yet eight o'clock, and the moon's no  
up—the earliest hour ever I seen it tried  
was ten o'clock, and the midlight hour is  
better still."

The girls consented to wait a more propi-  
tious hour, and returned to their fire-side  
chat. Kitty returned to the kitchen, where  
she whispered a long tale in Thomas' ear.  
The latter listened—nodded his head sagaci-  
ously—looked up his hat and went out.

Ten o'clock at length struck, and the sis-  
ters, as eager as ever for the frolic, called  
Kitty. She appeared after a little delay,  
bringing with her three baskets of hemp-  
seed, one of which she gave to each fair ad-  
venturer with renewed instructions. Miss  
Margaret was desired to issue from the front  
door—Rose from the back, and Sophie from  
the side. They were about to set off, when  
Thomas, who stood silently observing all,  
said sagaciously,

"That's wrong, Kitty—Miss Rose is to  
go by the side, and Miss Sophie from the  
back."

"Thru for you, Thomas, and me heart's  
in very mouth at fright at no blather."

"Why, Kitty, what difference can it pos-  
sibly make?" inquired the girls.

Kitty made no intelligible answer—but  
something she mumbled like,

"Gae the right gait, and ye'll meet the  
right gait," as the three girlish figures fit-  
ted away in the darkness.

Five—ten minutes elapsed, and Margaret  
rushed breathless into the sitting-room; an  
instant more, and Rose and Sophie joined her.  
They all looked excited, and frightened.

Each looked at the other inquiringly, and  
Margaret began,

"I have really seen something very ex-  
traordinary—very strange. I do not know  
what to think. It could not have been a  
spirit—but—oh, how frightened I am! I  
will tell you all about it. I had scattered  
my hempseed and repeated the rhyme as  
Kitty directed, when looking behind I saw  
actually a figure in white, advancing to-  
ward me with a scythe, just as had been  
predicted. I was so taken by surprise, and  
so frightened—for, of course, I did not believe  
Kitty's nonsense, that I had no power to  
run or move. I stood motionless with ter-  
ror, while the figure approached nearer and  
nearer. It advanced, step by step, as a  
man does in mowing, and I yet had no power  
to stir. At last it was behind me—close  
—I felt its touch and its breath on my  
cheek—and a voice whispered in my ear,  
"Beware how you cast from you the  
love and devotion of a faithful heart. Young  
Alderton truly loves you—make him and  
yourself happy."

The sisters were silent. Margaret added,  
"What makes it stanger is, that I know  
well the voice that spoke—it was Alder-  
ton's—and I know none but a spirit could  
imitate those tones so as to deceive me. But  
tell us, Sophie—what happened to you? You  
are as pale as a lily."

"Sophie held up her hand, on the third  
finger of which glittered an opal ring, which  
she had never worn before.

"Listen!" said she, "I did just as you  
did, Margaret; and looking over my shoul-  
der as directed, I too saw a vision. It was  
not mowing as that you describe; but it  
held a scythe in its hand, and when I first  
saw it, it was already by my side. It was  
clad in some kind of a white mantle, and  
its features were quite visible in the moon-  
light. Sisters, it was Lieutenant Morton!  
He—or it took my hand, and put this ring  
on my finger, saying solemnly, as he did so,  
"With this ring I wed thee,  
In death or in life,  
This token doth hand thee  
Forever my wife."

Margaret shuddered. What if her sister  
were wedded to a demon? She had heard  
of such fearful things—and did not her own  
experience forbid her to be incredulous?  
With a sickening sensation of superstitious  
horror and apprehension, turned toward  
little Rose. What had befallen that poor  
child?

"I too have seen a ghost," Rose began—  
Margaret clasped her hands, and closed her  
eyes. Her pale face grew even whiter than  
before. Rose continued,

"I had seen my hempseed, as you did,  
sisters, and when I looked behind me, I  
saw the reaper coming after me with great  
strides. I started to run, but in my fright  
I stumbled and fell—and the ghost instan-  
tly sprang forward, and raised me up—and  
—"

"And what, Rose?" asked Sophie and  
Margaret, eagerly.

"And it was Robert Bloomley," said  
Rose, abruptly.

"How do you know? what makes you  
think so?" asked the sisters.

"Because he kissed me!" cried Rose,  
hastily. Then, overwhelmed by her own  
blushing speech, she hid her blushing face  
in her hands.

Margaret and Sophie were aghast. Here  
was a discovery!

Rose tried, awkwardly enough, to profit  
by the silence to amend her error.

"Ghosts don't kiss, you know," she tim-  
idly remarked.

"And Robert Bloomley does!" cried So-  
phie, laughing. "Oh, Rose, Rose, you lit-  
tle traitor, who would have expected this  
from you?"

She looked keenly at Margaret as she  
spoke, Margaret met her glance with a look  
at once conscious and suspicious.

A light was beginning to break in upon  
them. They began to see that Rose was  
not the only traitor in the camp. They be-  
gan also to suspect Kitty and see through  
her devices.

At last Sophie broke into a merry laugh.  
"The fact is," she said, "that that mis-  
chievous Kitty has been playing us a trick,  
very sassy, but very clever. I understand  
it all now, and she has evidently understood  
it all, this long time. How say you, Mar-  
garet? Are we justified in keeping our  
vows, when three ghosts come from their  
graves to bid us break them?"

Margaret turned aside her stately head,  
with a blush and smile, and made no ex-  
plicit answer. But I fancy she as well as  
the other sisters, were more satisfactory in  
their replies the next day, to the "three  
ghosts," who appeared in propria persona  
to plead their suits.

I need scarcely say, that as Sophie has

suggested, Kitty was at the bottom of these  
simple mysteries. Having, with her usual  
shrewdness, discovered the secret of each  
sister's, she had despatched Thomas to sum-  
mon the lovers in time to play the ghostly  
part assigned them.

Finally, I would merely remark, that  
that "quarre, head-strong odd body," Thom-  
as' prediction came precisely true. All  
three sisters were married within the year.

Margaret entered with her husband into  
possession of a noble estate in the neighbor-  
hood. Sophie accompanied Lieutenant Mor-  
ton to distant lands. But Rose, with her  
best-eyed farmer, settled down in the  
dear old homestead.

Kitty, now more important and more in-  
dulged than ever, and faithful old Thomas,  
of course, remained with her.

Once a year, as often as it is within the  
bounds of possibility, the sisters meet under  
the old roof-tree. Every Hallow-Eve they  
assemble, as of old, round the cheerful wood  
fire, not perhaps roasting chestnuts, and talk-  
ing girlish nonsense, but recalling scenes of  
past pleasures, and speaking of present hap-  
piness.

### TIN WEDDINGS.

The editor of the New York Weekly Observer has been to a "tin wedding." If our readers will be quiet, in three minutes they shall know what a "tin wedding" is. Now, a golden wedding is the commemoration of the fiftieth return of a couple's marriage—these are scarce. The "Silver Bride" is the friendly celebration of the twenty-fifth return of the happy day. These are less seldom. A "tin wedding" is a novelty, but it should not be, for who-  
ever reach the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage are at liberty to celebrate it. The Courier says on this occasion

"The bride and groom were presented, by relatives and friends in turn, with various articles of tin ware such as are eminent-  
ly useful in household economy making to-  
gether a complete set of culinary apparatus  
which would do honor even to a king's kitchen.

"These separate ceremonies were conclu-  
ded by a more formal presentation of an or-  
namental service of tin, prepared after the  
most approved form and fashion of silver,  
during which an address was delivered and a  
response given, both performances being  
marked with as much solemnity as the oc-  
casion could impart. At the supper, the  
table was covered with plates and dishes  
of tin; tin cups; tin spoons; and familiar  
articles were performed on tin plates. In  
fact, there could not have been a tin in any  
other place, except in a tinman's ware-  
house or in the mines of England.

"We were never before so thoroughly  
convinced of the numerous useful applica-  
tions to which it may be put, and of the high-  
ly respectable appearance which presents  
when handsomely scoured and we shall  
henceforth regard it, especially when asso-  
ciated with a 'Tin Wedding,' as one of the  
precious metals."

A strong lay loafer, who preferred beg-  
ging for a precarious subsistence, to work-  
ing for a sure one, called at the house of a  
blunt Massachusetts farmer, and in the usual  
language of his tribe, asked for some  
'cold victuals and old clothes.'

"You appear to be a stout, hearty look-  
ing man," said the farmer; "what do you do  
for a living?" "Why not much," replied  
the fellow, except traveling from one place  
to another."

"Traveling about, eh," rejoined the far-  
mer, "can you travel pretty well?"

"Oh, yes I'm pretty good at that."

Well then said the farmer loopy open-  
ing the door, "lets see you travel."

### TIN.

Some enthusiastic married men  
has written the following:

Oh, there's not in this wide world a hap-  
pier life.

Than to sit near the stove pipe and tinkle  
your wife;

Taste the sweets of her lips in the man-  
ner of glee,

And twist the cat's tail when she jumps  
on your knee.

"Pa," said a little urchin to Deacon N.,  
"have poor folks got any soul?" "Cer-  
tainly, my child; why do you ask such a  
question? Cause I hear folks say Parson  
P. never goes to see any body but the rich  
members of his church."—"Go to bed child."

"You have broken the Sabbath, John-  
ny," said a good man to his son. "Yes,"  
said his little sister, "and mother's long  
comb, too, right in three pieces!"

"Pa, do storms ever make malt liquor?"  
"No, child; why do you ask?" "Because  
I heard ma tell Jane to bring in the clothes,  
for a storm was brewing."

The Mercury says it saw a man swallow  
half a dozen glasses, and in less than ten  
minutes after he became a tumbler!

Young gentlemen who would prosper in  
love, should be gently. It is not fashion-  
able for ladies to take ardent spirits.

A TRUMPET.—An editor out West says  
that he had a talk with a woman, and got  
the last word.

### OLD HICKORY'S ENDORSEMENT.

Associated with Mr. Fillmore is the name  
of Andrew J. Donelson, of Tennessee. "Old  
Hickory's" favorite nephew. Maj. Donel-  
son graduated at West Point Military Aca-  
demy, was one of Gen. Jackson's life  
guards in the battle of New Orleans, was  
for thirty years his confidential friend and  
adviser, was his private secretary during  
his Administration, and in whose good sense  
and advice Gen. Jackson declared he had  
more confidence than in that of any mem-  
ber of his Cabinet, and to whom he was  
mainly indebted for the success and bril-  
liancy of his Administration. And when  
the old patriot was about closing his eyes  
on earth, and preparing to meet his God, he  
did not place his mantle upon him,—(that  
he left for us to do)—but with his blessing  
bequeathed to him his favorite sword, which  
had been presented to him for noble deeds,  
in the following remarkable language, which  
is a literal extract from his last Will:—

"I bequeath to my well beloved nephew,  
Andrew J. Donelson, son of Samuel  
Donelson, deceased, the elegant sword pre-  
sented to me by the State of Tennessee, with  
this injunction, that he fail not to use it  
when necessary in support and protection  
of our glorious Union, and for the protection  
of the constitutional rights of our be-  
loved country, should they be assailed by  
foreign enemies or domestic traitors. This,  
from the great change in my worldly affairs  
of late, is with my blessing all I can be-  
queath him, doing justice to those creditors  
to whom I am responsible.

This bequest is made as a memento of the  
high regard, affection and esteem which  
I bear to him as a high minded, honest  
and honorable man."

### DEATH OF LIEUT. HUNTER.

We find in the New York Times, of the 6th inst., an  
announcement of the death at the New York  
Hospital, of Lieutenant Hunter, more  
commonly known as "Alvarado Hunter." He  
was admitted to the hospital but a few  
days before, and died from a disease con-  
tracted in Mexico.

The life of Lieut. Hunter has been partic-  
ularly dramatic. He was first brought to  
extensive notice by a duel at Philadel-  
phia, in which he killed Mr. Miller, and was  
dismissed from the Navy in consequence of  
Gen. Jackson. Seeking a personal interview  
with Gen. Jackson sometime afterwards, he  
succeeded in impressing the old general so  
favorably, he was re-instated and permit-  
ted to draw his arrears of pay.

Sent by Commodore Perry upon a cruise  
of reconnaissance to Alvarado, a place con-  
taining about ten thousand inhabitants, and  
guarded by three thousand seven hundred  
regular troops, with sixty guns, he took the  
opportunity for achieving a little individual  
distinction, and summoned the city to sur-  
render. He had but fifty-six men and one  
gun, but he managed his approach with such  
address as to make them take him at his  
word and so, when Commodore Perry arrived  
in front of the city, the next morning,  
he saw the American flag waving from the  
forts. This exploit, however, though daring  
and romantic, was in disobedience of  
orders, and he was court-martialed and  
sent home. The feeling in his favor, how-  
ever, was too strong to be borne down by this  
occurrence, and he was afterwards placed in  
command of the Tamey, where, acting as  
parol, he was in default eight or ten  
thousand dollars, and was again dismissed  
the service. Reinstated by his friends,  
he was in command of the Bainbridge, on  
the Brazilian station in 1850, and because  
Commodore Salton refused to send him to  
Paraguay to interfere in a difficulty between  
the authorities of that place, he quit and  
came home, bringing the Bainbridge with  
him. For this he was again finally dismiss-  
ed, and from the consequences of the act,  
he was never able to recover, and a broken  
constitution, and grey before his time, he  
ended his life at the New York Hospital,  
as we have mentioned, on Tuesday last.—  
Charleston Standard.

### THE MISSION TO ENGLAND.

It is singular that three ministers to England should  
have been taken in succession from Penn-  
sylvania. Of the order of the appointees in  
the preceding list, Mr. Rush still survives,  
and is also a Pennsylvanian. Albert Gal-  
latin was appointed from the Keystone  
State, but is no longer among the living.  
Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Dallas are not far  
from the same age, the former being, we  
believe, two years the senior. The salary  
of our minister to England is now \$17,500,  
and there is no outlet or inducement. It was  
formerly \$9,000, with an outfit of the same  
amount, and an outfit of a quarter's salary.  
To one who remains two years or more ab-  
road, the present rate is the more proba-  
ble. For a year only, the old rate would  
make the better pay.

A California paper furnishes (to those  
who will believe it) the following extraor-  
dinary instance of fecundity: "A poor woman  
in the Sacramento Valley produced thirty-five  
children and two roosters about the first of  
March. From that stock she has since sup-  
ported a large family of children by the  
sale of eggs, besides raising twenty-one hun-  
dred chickens. If any one doubts this state-  
ment, the woman and the children will be  
produced to bear evidence."

SOAP FROM COTTON SEED.—Mr. BARNES,  
a soap manufacturer in New Orleans, Lou-  
isiana, has manufactured a new article of  
soap, made from cotton seed; it is purely  
vegetable, and has the same properties as  
Castile soap; the color is dark, for the reason  
that it is made from the dirtiest portion  
of the seed. It is sold at six cents per pound.

The libel suit of Major Crawley against  
Greely & McClure, which has been on trial  
for some days in the Superior Court of New  
York, has resulted in a verdict of \$50 for  
the plaintiff.

### AN ADDRESS OF MR. HAUGHTON.

We publish below, with great pleasure, a  
powerful address from J. H. Haughton,  
the patriotic and able delegate representing  
the State at large in the late National Amer-  
ican Convention, explaining the details of  
its action, and defining and defending the  
position of the party. In all respects, it is  
complete, satisfactory and gratifying. Let  
it be generally read and circulated;—*Re-  
publican Register.*

### TO THE AMERICAN PARTY IN NORTH CARO- LINA.

*Beloved Citizens*—Having been honored  
with a seat in the recent nominating Con-  
vention of the American party at Philadelphia,  
as one of the delegates at large from this  
State, I feel it due to you, as well as myself,  
to say something with reference to the pro-  
ceedings of that body, especially as I find  
that great misrepresentations have been  
made calculated to do great injustice to our  
cause. I shall give you a succinct narra-  
tive of what I saw and heard during the  
sitting of the American Convention, and  
leave others to draw their own conclusions.

The first day, the 22d of February, was  
occupied in organizing, and, on Saturday  
the 23d, nearly the entire day was employ-  
ed in discussing the question of adjourn-  
ment to July, and the result was a refusal  
to adjourn by a decisive majority. The  
vote on this question was decided by yeas  
and nays, and it was agreed, that as each  
member was called upon to vote, he should  
be at liberty to assign the reasons for his  
vote; and thus a very general discussion  
was introduced, embracing not only the im-  
mediate question before the Convention,  
but many others, and among them, that of  
slavery; and this all-absorbing subject was  
discussed in a style, by some of those who  
attended with us from the Convention,  
that gave much offence to the Southern dele-  
gates, and which—with the best belief  
that we should not be able to make a na-  
tional nomination, or to co-operate in future  
as a national party, included several mem-  
bers from the South to retire from the Con-  
vention.

In intimate conversation with this with-  
drawal was the question presented by the  
Pennsylvania delegates, of contested seats,  
there being two sets of delegates, the one  
known as the Edie, and the other as the  
Hunsicker delegates. There were several  
questions involved in this contest—among  
them, whether the Edie delegates had not  
forfeited their right as members of the Na-  
tional Convention, because the State Con-  
vention of Pennsylvania, which appointed them,  
had rejected the 12th section of the national  
platform of June last, while it was the  
Hunsicker delegates had adopted it. On the  
other hand, it was contended that the State  
Council which appointed the Hunsicker dele-  
gates was spurious, not having been duly con-  
stituted. The respective delegates were heard,  
each by one of their number, and when the  
vote was about to be taken, it was very diffi-  
cult to determine which set was entitled, and,  
accordingly, Mr. Brasus Brooks, of New  
York, proposed to refer the whole matter  
back to the committee on credentials, but,  
more for want of time, I believe, than any  
other cause, this did not prevail, and the  
vote being taken, resulted in favor of the  
Edie delegates. I have been thus particu-  
lar in alluding to this matter, because it has  
been the subject of much misrepresentation;  
it has been affirmed that it was a *rat* vote in  
the Convention upon the slavery question;  
this, I say, unbecomingly, is not so. The  
simple inquiry was, as to the constitutionality  
of the two sets of delegates and their political  
opinions. After the matter was dis-  
posed of, the Convention closed its labors for  
the second day.

On Monday morning, as soon as the Jour-  
nal was read, a member moved a series of  
resolutions as a platform, and another mem-  
ber proposed as a substitute (which was ac-  
cepted by the original mover), the follow-  
ing resolution, to wit:

Resolved, That the National Council has  
no authority to establish, for this Con-  
vention, a platform of principles, and that we  
will support no person for President, or  
Vice-President, who is not in favor of inter-  
dicting slavery north of 36, 30.

Mr. Haven, of New York, moved "to lay  
the whole subject on the table," and upon  
this the yeas and nays were ordered.

The roll was then called, and when the  
name of Mr. Thurston, of Massachusetts,  
was reached, he rose and announced that his  
understanding was, that *his* vote was to be a  
*rat* vote between freedom in the North and  
slavery in the South; he should vote nay,  
and if this proposition was rejected, he  
should feel bound to leave the Convention.  
Similar remarks were made by other ex-  
tremists and fanatics from the North, and  
it was distinctly declared by them, that this  
should be a test vote, and responded to by  
the South and the conservative North, "be  
it so."

Here there was presented the great ultimatum  
of the Missouri restrictionists. On  
one side were arrayed those who would re-  
strict slavery to a certain geographical line;  
on the other, the advocates of popular sov-  
ereignty, maintaining the right of the citi-  
zens of every territory to form their govern-  
ment and social system in their own way,  
subject only to the provisions of the Federal  
Constitution.

Now, upon this great issue, what was the  
result? A rejection of this Missouri line, by  
a vote of 141 to 60! Let it be borne in  
mind, also, that several members did not  
vote on this question, or the majority would  
have been still larger. And let it be also  
remembered, that the result of this vote was  
to *drive out* the restrictionists, and bring back  
the Southern men who had previously left.  
To show that I have attached no undue im-  
portance to this matter, let us see what they  
themselves say. As soon as they left the  
Convention they met and adopted a  
protest, and in this they say, that they  
"found themselves compelled to dissent from  
the principles avowed by that body (the  
Convention), and holding the opinion, as  
they do, that the restoration of the Missou-  
ri Compromise is indispensable to the re-  
pose of the country, &c, they regard the  
course of the Convention as a denial of

their rights and a rebuke of their senti-  
ments."

But it is said by the repeal of the 12th  
section of the new platform, the National  
Council exhibits hostility to the South. Had  
they stopped there, then there might have  
been some ground for this censure; but  
they did not, they adopted a substitute  
which a little attention to its provisions will  
show maintain the rights of the South and  
of all sections. Let us see what they are.  
The 6th and 7th sections are as follows, to  
wit:

"6. The unqualified recognition and  
maintenance of the reserved rights of the  
several States, and the cultivation of har-  
mony and fraternal good will between the  
citizens of the several States; and, to this  
end, non-interference by Congress with  
questions appertaining solely to the individ-  
ual States, and non-interference by each  
State with the affairs of any other State.

"7. The recognition of the right of the  
native-born and naturalized citizens of the  
United States, permanently residing in any  
Territory thereof, to frame their constitu-  
tion and laws, and to regulate their domes-  
tic and social affairs in their own mode,  
subject only to the provisions of the Federal  
Constitution, with the right of admission to  
the Union whenever they have the re-  
quisite population for one representative in  
Congress; *Provided always*, that none  
but those who are citizens of the United  
States under the Constitution and laws  
thereof, and who have a fixed residence in  
the formation of the constitution, or in the  
enactment of laws of said Territory or  
State."

In the 7th Section is asserted the great  
principle of popular sovereignty, a princi-  
ple which was in effect re-affirmed by the  
Convention that met immediately after, as is  
seen in the resolution with reference to the  
restoration of the Missouri line.

But the convention did not stop with the  
principle of popular sovereignty, a princi-  
ple which was in effect re-affirmed by the  
Convention that met immediately after, as is  
seen in the resolution with reference to the  
restoration of the Missouri line.

Here is the great difference between the  
platform of the American party, and the  
position of the Democratic: The American  
maintains the principle of citizen sovereignty—  
the Democratic *avoids* it that of equal-  
ity sovereignty—the American party in-  
sists that *only* those who are native born or  
naturalized shall take part in forming a  
State government—the Democratic that the  
alien, the un-naturalized foreigner, shall have  
equal rights with citizens native born—the  
American party insists that none but *citi-  
zens permanently* residing in any territory  
whether native born or alien, shall exercise  
there the elective franchise—the Democrat  
is averse to the statute—the same rights  
in this respect as to the citizen.

And have we not seen the practical ef-  
fect of this equal principle? Look at the  
present condition of the Territory of Kan-  
sas—a civil war is impending, perhaps already  
commenced. Does any one doubt that this  
very squatter franchise applied there has con-  
tributed more to bring about the present  
alarmsing state of things in that Territory  
than any other, than all other causes com-  
bined? It has originated foreign emigrant  
societies by which the freesoilers of the  
North have introduced herds of foreigners  
fresh from the despotisms and crimes of the  
old world to take part in forming the gov-  
ernment of the *future* State. This has oc-  
casioned a countervailing movement on the  
part of the abolition of Missouri, and hence  
the present condition there—hence the ap-  
prehensions of civil war in Kansas, with all  
its attendant horrors. Now, suppose the  
principle of one platform (allowing only citi-  
zens permanently residing in a territory  
to form the government of a State) had been  
incorporated in the Kansas Act, is it at all  
probable that these difficulties would have  
occurred—is it not almost certain that they  
*would not*?

You would then hear nothing of your fore-  
ign emigrant society sending foreigners in  
such hot haste into Kansas.

But why do the freesoilers desire the in-  
troduction of foreigners into this territory?  
Are not the foreigners that settle in the  
North and Northwest *exclusively* abolitionists?  
This foreign element therefore is the  
great lever by which Southern rights are  
to be "crushed out."

Whose principles therefore most com-  
mend themselves to the South—those which  
will keep out or check this foreign element,  
or those which would give it full force?

Again, the 12th section of the platform  
asserts and insists on the maintenance of all  
laws of Congress until said laws shall be  
repealed or shall be declared null and void  
by competent judicial authority. Here is a  
great *national* and conservative principle,  
one that excludes all idea of sectionalism,  
and looks to all parts of the country and  
guarantees to each all laws passed for any  
part of the whole—it therefore enforces the  
fugitive slave law passed especially for the  
South.

To sum up the whole then: The platform  
"allows all sectional questions," and the  
purpose is avowed to build up the Amer-  
ican party upon those principles purely *anti-  
national*. It maintains "the perpetuity of  
the Federal Union as the palladium of our  
civil and religious liberties." It demands  
"the unqualified recognition and mainte-  
nance of the reserved rights of the several  
States; non-interference by Congress with  
questions appertaining solely to the individ-  
ual States (slavery for instance); non-inter-  
ference by each State with the affairs of  
any other State; the recognition of the rights  
of the native born and naturalized citizens  
of the United States, permanently residing  
in any territories thereof, to frame their  
Constitutions and laws and to regulate their  
domestic and social affairs in their own  
mode," subject only to the Federal Consti-  
tution.

But the effort is made to produce the im-  
pression, that the Convention was split up in-  
to sections, and the nationality of the party  
destroyed. In the first place, this nation-  
al platform adopted by the Council, and  
virtually endorsed by the Convention, is a  
sufficient answer. Now, there happened to