The North Carolina Whig.

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

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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Poetry.

The Good Old Times.

I wish the fashions were the same
As thirty years ago,
I can't imagine what can make
The tailors change them so:
When I was in my youth I made
A coat of homespun do,
And thought it very fine to have
My hair tied in a cue.

And in those days our breeches were
All buckled at the knee,
And silver buckles would insure
The best of company;
Our beavers were of comely shape,
And kept off sun and rain—
Oh, how I wish these broad brimmed hats,
Would come in vogue again.

I'm troubled with a half a yard
Of cloth about my feet;
My coat is made so very small,
The laps will hardly meet;
Tight knees are all the fashion now,
And shoes must have square toes;
Where fashion will arrive at last,
The tailor only knows.

The people of the present day,
Have watch chains all of gold,
You'd think their monstrous pocket book
Was filled with wealth untold!
My father wore a silver watch,
And ran a good stre! enough,
And well I recollect his straight
Old pewter headed cane.

He owned a large and thrifty farm
Of wood and meadow land,
And always had a plenty of
The dollar coins on hand;
I guess some dashy friends of mine
Would find it rather hard,
To pay for coats they're wearing now
At "two pounds ten per yard."

Miscellaneous.

[From the Columbia (S. C.) Examiner.]

THE ACE OF SPADES.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

'Twenty to one I hit it at the first shot!' said Frank Traverse, a young American, as he pointed out to his companions—a groupe of Cubans and Spaniards—a playing card, the ace of spades, pinned to the trunk of a plain tree, at twenty paces distant, in the capacious garden of a country seat in the neighborhood of Havana.

'Draw it rather milder, for Heaven's sake, Frank,' whispered his friend, Will Waters, a New Yorker, long a resident of Cuba.

'Twenty to one I centre the ace!' repeated Traverse, looking round him.

'You are jesting, *amigo*,' said a dashing young Spanish officer, Captain Antonio Alvarez, of the Lanceros. 'You are jesting, or you want to throw away your money.'

'That's my lookout, Captain; will you take me up?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, then, I'll make the offer fairer. I will turn my back to the mark—wheel at the word fire, and discharge my pistol at one—two—three. You shall give the word, if you like.'

'Done!'

Traverse turned his back to the card. The captain gave the word. Traverse wheeled and fired at two. Captain Alvarez ran up and examined the card. He returned stroking his coal black moustache.

'You did it certainly,' said he; 'but it was a chance shot.'

'A chance shot!' repeated Traverse.—'A hundred to one I'll do it again four times running!'

'Done!' said the captain.

The second shot widened the hole made by the first. The circumference of the third cut the circle of the second—the fourth and fifth shots widened the aperture. The card was handed round amidst the admiration of the company.

Traverse smiled as he put the card in his vest pocket.

'This is nothing,' said he; 'I have made better shots. There is nothing wonderful in it. I have lived with the pistol in my hand.'

'Do you understand the small sword also, senor,' asked the lancero, carelessly.

'Indifferently well,' replied Traverse.

'What do you say to a bout?' asked the captain.

'With all my heart.'

Alvarez smiled, and signaled to an attendant to bring the foils. He offered the American his choice. The young men laid aside their coats. Traverse bent the blade of his foil to try its temper and spring; it proved to be of the best German steel. Alvarez tossed his high in the air, caught it with the right and left hand, threw it over his arms, and played with it in a thousand dexterous fashions. At last they saluted gracefully and interchanged the preliminary passes to ascertain their distance.

'On guard!' cried the Spaniard, stamping his foot, and the glittering blades were engaged.

Traverse was counted a good swordsman. He made a pass, and his antagonist sent his blade whirling thirty feet in the air.

'Take mine, I beg you,' said Alvarez, with a polite bow.

Picking up the American's sword, he renewed the encounter, and touched his antagonist lightly on the breast. Traverse lunged in return, and was disarmed instantly.

'I give it up,' said he, gaily. 'St George was not a more master of the sword.'

'It is nothing,' answered the Spaniard indifferently, yet well pleased at the compliment. 'My fencing is like your shooting. I have lived with the sword in my hand. It is my favorite weapon.'

'He is an inveterate duelist,' whispered Walters to his friend. 'He has killed four men to my certain knowledge, and each one was drilled in a different place. His success makes him something of a bully.'

'Come, gentlemen, to horse!' said Captain Alvarez. 'The sun has almost touched the horizon—the sea breeze has sprung up—we shall not be in time to pay our respects to the ladies on the Paseo.'

The gay party lighted their cigars, mounted their little Andalusian horses, and cantered towards the city at an easy pace.

It was holiday time in Havana, and Traverse and his friend, both masked, were chatting with a couple of lovely senoritas, on whom they were making an evening call, when a group of maskers entered the room. One of them held a guitar, in his hands, which he touched skilfully, while he sang with a voice whose richness was not entirely suppressed by the mask he wore, the words of a Spanish ditty. When he ceased, he approached the senorita Meleudez, and said:

'Manuela, do you know me?'

'I know you not, signor.'

'Can you not guess?'

'It flashes to my mind,' said the senorita, 'that you are Sebastian Nevaro.'

'Wrong!' replied the stranger, with a light laugh. 'Try again.'

'I will be sure this time,' said the gay girl, and she sprang from her seat and snatched at his mask. The stranger defended himself, and as he was much taller than his assailant, baffled her efforts completely.

Traverse, laughing, sprang to her aid, and had already seized the stranger's mask, when a shriek uttered simultaneously by the two ladies arrested his hand. He turned away in astonishment. Manuela, pale as death, sank into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, sobbed convulsively.

'What the devil have I done now?' asked Traverse of his friend.

'Don't you know,' replied Walters, 'that it is a deadly insult to lay your hand on a mask? A woman has privileges, but man none. It is like pulling an Oriental by the beard. You've got yourself into a precious scrape.'

'You'll stand by me, Will?'

'Ye-e-s,' replied Walters, with some hesitation.

At this juncture, the stranger approached Traverse, and said in a low, deliberate voice:

'You desired to see my face. Behold it, then!' He raised his mask.

'Captain Antonio Alverez!' exlaimed Traverse.

'The same, sir, at your service,' replied the captain.

'It appears you know me. May I ask you to favor me in return by disclosing your face? I am very anxious to know whom I shall pay respects for the honor you did me just now in the presence of these ladies. Remove the mask if you please.'

'Not here Captain, but you shall soon learn who I am. I never conceal myself from a friend or foe. I will send you my card, and then you will know to whom to address your cartel—for I presume you consider yourself affronted.'

'I am to be found at my quarters in the cavalry barracks, whither I am going directly. Until we meet again, sir, farewell.'

The stranger offered his hand first to Traverse and then to his friend. Then with a low bow, an *a los pies de'ustades senoritas*, he passed out of the room with a stately step.

Each of his comrades exhibited the same stately curiosity, and the two Americans were left alone with the ladies. Manuela threw herself into the arms of Traverse, and wept upon his shoulder.

'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'I wish that I were dead. I have brought this on you by a thoughtless act—and he will kill you as he has done so many others. And what will your poor *madre* do when she hears that her brave son has fallen in a quarrel like this?'

'An embrace and tears from you, senorita, are cheaply purchased by life itself?' replied Traverse, with high-flown gallantry.

'But dry your bright eyes—or prepare to shed tears for the lancero—for the choice of weapons lies with me, and he is at my mercy.'

'Deuced lucky, too!' muttered Walters. 'If it had been otherwise he would have spitted you like a lark. But what's to be done now?'

'To the captain's quarters,' replied Traverse.

'Adieu, ladies.'

'Good fortune go with you, gallant *caballero*!' cried the girls together.

Traverse, putting his arm in that of his friend, strolled away in the direction of the barracks.

'Why the deuce did you not mind your own business?' grumbled Walters. 'It's a confounded ticklish thing to meddle with a man's mask, and you ought to have known it.'

'How should I?'

'Ignorance is no excuse in the eyes of custom any more than in the eyes of the law. But you are in for it now. What do you propose to do?'

'Send him my card.'

'He'll fight, of course.'

'I should suppose—his profession will force him to it.'

'Very well—you name pistols. You cant think of killing him?'

'Do I look like a ruffian, Walters?'

'Very well, then, you fire in the air.—He's dissatisfied, demands another shot—you grant, and very likely the fellow will hit you. No, no! you must wing him at the first shot. Touch him in the arm.'

'And perhaps cause him the loss of a limb! I cant think of that.'

'Then all I have to say is, that it is a very bad scrape. What if you apologize?'

'Apologize?' cried Traverse. 'No! no! the blood of the Old Dominion will not allow me to stoop so low as that. I can bleed, but I cannot blush. It is an awkward affair as you say; but I must see it through.'

'Very well, or rather very ill,' said Walters. 'And here we are at the barracks. I am to go in an ask for Captain Alvarez, and hand him your card.'

'Exactly, and wait for an answer, whatever it may be.'

'Hand me your card, then quick!'

'Confound it!' cried Traverse, searching his pockets, 'I haven't any cards about me; I left them all at my hotel.'

'How unlucky!' cried Walters.

'Unlucky indeed!' Stay! have you a pencil?'

'Yes: here it is, have you found a card?'

'Yes,' said Traverse, producing a crumpled and solled card, there it is.

'That! Do you call that thing a card?

'Yes, it is the Ace of Spades!

'The very card you centered five times!

'Yes, it must serve the purpose. And Traverse wrote his address upon it. Walters took the card and disappeared, while Traverse walked to and fro, wrapped in deep thought.

In a few moments his friends reappeared with an exultant countenance.

'Joy! Joy!' he cried.

'What do you mean?'

'Alverez has backed out. It was the Ace of Spades that did it. Soon as he saw it he changed color. There's a note from him?'

Traverse tore open the note and read:

'*Carmo Mi Amigo:* Had I known it was you who laid hands upon my mask, the affair would have ended in a laugh. We cannot hold foreigners for acts committed in contravention of our social usages. Let it pass as a frolic of the Carnival. Excuse my apparent rudeness, and believe ever yours. "ANTONIO ALVAREZ."

"Valliant Captain!" cried Traverse, as the friends turned to regain their lodgings. "I appreciate his motives; he had no idea of being centered like the Ace of Spades."

DEMOCRATIC ECONOMY.—The estimates of the Administration reveal the fact that the expenses of our federal government for the present year will be seventy-one millions. John Quincy Adams was driven from office by the cry of "extravagance," when the highest expenditures of his administration never exceeded thirteen millions. Fillmore, a quarter of a century later, was charged with "extravagance," because, with the war debt upon his shoulders, he spent fifty millions. But in three years this economical "Democratic administration" has run the expenses up from fifty to seventy-one millions.—[*N. O. Bulletin.*

PRINTER LOST.—The friends of Charles H. Sedgwick are exceedingly anxious to learn where he is at present, or to give such information as will place them in the way to find him. He resided at Chicago a number of years ago, and was connected with one of the first daily papers there, after which he went further west, and all traces of him has been lost. Publishers of papers who will copy this paragraph will confer a favor, and information may be addressed to Robert Sedgwick, Moline, Rock Island county, Illinois.

LETTER OF HON. EDWING READE,

OF NORTH CAROLINA,

TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.

Fellow-Citizens:—It has been said that a representative ought to keep near to his constituents, in order that they may have the benefit of his information, and he the benefit of their instructions. I shall not have an opportunity of seeing you soon, and therefore, I adopt this method of communication. I am prompted to it at this time, because the country is in peril, and its patriotism needs to be aroused, and by the further consideration that my colleague, Mr. Clingman, has written a letter which is calculated, as I sign not intended, to mislead, and which, from the position and reputation of the author, is likely to have a wide circulation.

I desire, in the first place, to give you such information as I have in regard to the condition of the country, its danger, and the cause. And, in the next place, to suggest the remedy.

Our country is of vast extent: of every variety of climate, soil, productions, population, and interests, and, withal, is an experiment in government; several independent sovereignties united in one—*one of many*—and yet each retaining its sovereignty—*many in one*. That there should be perplexities and difficulties is to be expected, especially when the simplest forms of government are not exempt from them. That there should be excitement and disputes is too natural to surprise us; but that, beyond this, there should be actual violence and danger, ought to arouse every man, who is capable of appreciating the beauty and excellence of our government, and its example to the world, and of imagining the shame and distraction of its failure, or the evils of its overthrow. If any indifference does or can exist, it must be because we have enjoyed the choicest blessings so long, as to suppose that there can be no end to them; and have failed to remember the lesson, that eternal vigilance is the price of them. I do not desire to be an *alarmist*, but it is my duty to occupy the position of a *watchman*, and to cry danger while it is yet in the distance. I think there is danger now. The best informed think so. Mr. Clingman, in his late letter, says:

"That the ultimate destiny of our present political system will be determined by events soon to occur, is most probable."

I am sorry to be obliged to agree with him: but I desire to encourage the hope, that the storm which threatens to uproot, will only steady and make us the firmer.

The causes of this unsettled condition are several; but that which seems to be prominent now, is the controversy in regard to slavery. In the same letter, Mr. Clingman says:

"The danger which now menaces the existence of the Federal Union arises from feelings of hostility entertained in the North towards the Southern section, and especially the institution of negro slavery as it exists among us."

I have now stated the danger, and I have stated one, at least, if not the main cause.

And now, my fellow-citizens, why should the controversy between you and the North, upon that subject, threaten the destruction of the Union? That the North should be opposed to slavery, almost to a man, and that you should be in favor of it, almost to a man, is just what both sides expect, and is, in fact, just what exists. But because you cannot think alike is that any reason why you should destroy the government? You always have differed about it, and you have differed about other matters; but you have always settled them.

In 1820, Missouri asked to be admitted, as a State, into the Union. Her constitution allowed of slavery. The North objected to her coming in, and there was a very dangerous excitement about it. At length it was compromised, in this way: it was agreed that Missouri should come in as a slave State, and that all the balance of the territory we had, should be divided by a line right through it, and that all north of that line should be free. After this compromise, the public mind rested quietly.—And for this I have the high authority of Mr. Clingman, who, in his letter, says:

"The anti-slavery feeling gradually subsided there, [at the North,] and the country remained quiet until a new influence was brought to bear on it."

Here, then, you see, we had our quarrel, and we compromised it, and divided out the whole of our territory, and the country was quiet. How much it is to be regretted that it could not remain quiet! How much it is to be regretted that any influence should be brought to bear, and disturb the nation's quiet! But it has been said that,

"The long lean lizard will mar the lion's rest."

And so it is that something has been brought to bear to break up the "rest" of the people! Be that influence what it may, it is an unhallowed one, and deserves the people's censure. Mr. Clingman states that influence as follows:

"Great Britain had acquired by the force of her arms and skill in diplomacy, immense possessions in Asia. Her East Indian provinces alone contained more than one hundred millions of people, held in a state of most abject slavery," &c.

After going on to show how cruelly these people are treated by England, Mr. Clingman proceeds:

"These miserable laborers are mainly engaged in the cultivation of tropical productions, to supply the demand of the markets of Great Britain, and those of her customers. It was seen, however, that owing to the superior skill and energy of the South, they were able, by means of slave labor, to produce cotton, sugar, rice, &c., at lower rates, and thus undersell similar articles grown in India. The British government likewise held certain islands in the West Indies, cultivated by negro slaves, but as the amount of her interest there was comparatively small, she determined to sacrifice it for what she regarded a more important object. She accordingly emancipated her negro slaves in the West Indies, and thereby reduced the island to a State of unproductive barbarism. *She then set in motion a system of operations to force the United States to emancipate her slaves in like manner*, expecting, if this was accomplished, to be able to supply the world, at her own prices, with tropical productions from her great Eastern possessions."

Mr. Clingman states further, that England regarded us as a rival, and sought means to alienate the North and South, and break up the Union; and then he proceeds as follows:

"With a view, therefore, to accomplish these objects, more than twenty years ago, the British press, and book-makers generally, were stimulated to embark in a systematic war against negro slavery in the United States. Abolition lectures were sent over, and money furnished to establish papers and circulate pamphlets to influence the minds of the people of the Northern States. Looking far ahead, they sought to incorporate their doctrines into the school-books and publications best calculated to influence the minds of the young and ignorant. Their views were most readily received in Massachusetts, where there were the remains of the old anti-slavery federalists, and where the British influence has, for the last half century, been greatest. From this State these doctrines were gradually diffused, to a great extent, throughout the North."

Now, are these things so? If they are not, why would Mr. Clingman say they are? You will concede that he would state nothing which he did not believe, and you will concede that he is well informed. And as confirmatory that what he says is true, (if any confirmation were wanted,) he copies from a late London paper as follows:

"The aggressive spirit of the people of the United States requires an humbling, and it is for us to perform the task. England's mission is to complete the great work commenced by her in 1831, when she liberated her slaves. There are now over 3,000,000 human beings held in cruel bondage in the United States. If, therefore, the United States Government deny, and is resolved to question, the right of Great Britain to her Central American possessions, we, the people of the British Empire, are resolved to strike off the shackles from the feet of her 3,000,000 slaves. And there are those among us who will sanctify such a glorious cause."

And then Mr. Clingman says, as follows:

"There is, too, a complete understanding between our enemies in Great Britain, and their allies in this country."

I have quoted thus freely from Mr. Clingman's letter, because, from his long experience in public affairs, and his admitted ability, I thought it would be the most satisfactory proof to the administration party, with which he is acting; and, also, because I design to use it for another purpose.

It appears, then, that we had our quarrel about slavery. We settled it, and were at rest. We are disturbed again upon the same subject, and threatened with destruction. And that disturbing cause is, foreign influence!

Well might the Father of his Country warn us "against the insidious wiles of foreign influence!"

I have stated the danger, and the cause. Now, what is the remedy? And here I must regret that I can get no further aid from my distinguished collengue, Mr. Clingman. I must not only stand unsupported by, but must stand against him. Indeed, so strange is his remedy, that I fear some one will doubt whether he understands the cause. It can only be explained upon the old adage, that, "the hair of the animal that bites will cure the wound." But there is a philosophy which teaches that long experience in political life, while it furnishes much information, clouds the judgment with a thousand phantasies of the interest of self and party; and which teaches further, that what we have been accustomed to consider very bad, and, upon inspection, find out not to be *so bad* as we supposed, may really not be equal to what it appears in its new light. It is creditable to our nature that, when our hate is turned to love, a sense of our injustice makes us love too much. And when we have loved an unworthy object, we hate it the worse for the love we wasted.

I cannot tell how much I must blame any or all these virtues for the loss I feel in not having the sanction of Mr. Clingman, and a few other distinguished friends, to the views I entertain, as to the proper remedy for this great, ground-swell evil, foreign influence! If he has loved the Whig party more than it deserved, may he not be a little too severe in his denunciation, now that he has left it? And if he has hated Democracy, and abused it as if it had not a virtue in the world, may he not think too much of it, now that he has joined it, and finds that it has some virtue? May not a sense of the injustice he has done it, or any little spare favor that he may (hardly) expect from it, make him praise it now more than it deserves? And may not the commendable vanity which he feels that he may not be thought to be worsted by the exchange, excite in him the allowable pride of exalting his new associates above any that he has had before, or that any one else will ever have hereafter? As to all that I do not know. But this I do know, that, after having made out a clear case that the country is about to be ruined by foreign influence, instead of joining those who would strike down that influence, he unites with those who would strike down them that would! Instead of maintaining the great doctrine that this country must become Americanized, he unites with those who maintain, that there shall be no difference, even in bestowing the offices which govern the country, between a native-born and a foreign-born, though that foreigner be an Englishman, who has been carefully cultivated, from the time when the earliest school-book was put into his hand, to hate our institutions.

Mr. Clingman's remedy is this: Join the administration party and strike down abolitionism.

My remedy is this: Join the American party and strike down foreignism, which is the main cause of abolitionism.

I have two objections to Mr. Clingman's remedy. The first is, that the administration party is itself an evil, and does not desire to accomplish what is proposed. And in the next place it is powerless to do it, even if it desired to do so.

And here I remark, that I have no quarrel with Democrats, as such. I am co-operating, and am proud to co-operate, with thousands of them to accomplish a great good. But the administration party, as organized, is a great evil. And such is the opinion of a great many of the best Democrats in the land; and such has been the opinion of Mr. Clingman. And to establish this fact, I will again avail myself of the assistance of Mr. Clingman, than which, wherever I can have it, I desire nothing better; because it will be so acceptable and weighty with those who maintain the contrary. In a speech which he made in the 28th Congress, to be found in Congresional Globe, vol. 14, page 110, in speaking of and denouncing the course of that party in regard to the 25th rule of the House, he says as follows:

"Was it done as compensation to *their abolition allies in the North*, by whose aid they carried the great States of New York and Pennsylvania, and thereby elected Mr. Polk?"

Again he says:

"Sir, it is a common remark, that the members of this so-called Democratic party, however they may take opposite sides on measures of policy, never split their votes; but always make a common struggle on the election day. This is owing to the fact which I had occasion to state at the last session, that this party is held together by the cohesive power of public plunder; and, therefore, whenever they are making a struggle to get into power, it is a part of their general system of tactics, that each segment of the party should adopt that side of any question that is strongest at home, and thereby increase their chance of carrying the election."

"The only connecting tie being dissolved, the party will go to pieces. This, sir, is the rock on which you are destined to split. Though a political adversary, I warn you of the danger."

How kind! Was ever such mercy shown to such a culprit? And how unquestionably true, and dangerously certain, must have been the crimes enumerated, to have induced such a kindly, sympathetic judge to have paraded them in the face of the world, and to have given them the enduring notority of a Congressional record!

On page 116 of the same, he says, in substance, that they arrayed in their behalf "the unprincipled Abolitionists." And that "each member is required to stand by his party at all hazards," (just what he says now of the Americans,) "though in doing so he should act in opposition to the best interests of the country. In turn, the party will stand by him, and protect him from the consequences of any crime, provided it be done for the benefit of the party." And now, if the administration party shall not admit this picture to be true, I beg them to remember, that if they discredit Mr. Clingman, no one will believe a word that he says against the Americans. On page 117 he continues as follows:

"The Abolition party had nominated as its candidate for the Presidency, J. G. Birney; but the Democratic party, afterwards, likewise nominated him for the Legislature of Michigan. He accepted the nomination; and by that means, or perhaps by more solid appliances, he was induced to use influence with his party for Mr. Polk."

"So strong, however, sir, was the Whig party in the country that even this manœuvre would not have defeated us, had it not been for other similar artifices. Nearly 100,000 foreigners are estimated to arrive annually in the United States. Of this number a very large proportion are Roman Catholics. By means, which time does not permit me to recount, but the most insidious and unjustifiable, the Democratic party succeeded in inducing them to band themselves together, and rally to the support of Mr. Polk. Some of them avowed their preference for him, because his free-trade policy *was more favorable to the interest of the mother countries from which they came*, then was Mr. Clay. Others *proclaimed on their banners that* they would not be ruled by Americans. Sir, had the foreign Catholics been divided in the late election, as other sects and classes generally are, Mr. Clay would have carried, by a large majority, the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Louisiana, and probably others in the Northwest."

"Not only did we have to contend with the influence of foreigners here, but British gold was openly and profusely used." &c.

"All the world may interfere in our domestic matters." * * * * "And we as a nation sit stupidly quiet while she foments, for her own advantage, our domestic institutions."

"Men who have not been one month in the country, from the penitentiaries of Europe, unacquainted with the language in which they were sworn, for that they know not."

"And if the foreign Catholics, or foreigners generally, continue banded together, with a view of controlling the elections of the country, there will be *aroused antagonistic feelings in the hearts of all true Americans*, which will *sweep away the party* to which they have attached themselves."

Thus spoke, and such were the sentiments of my distinguished colleague, in the 28th Congress. But then, as now, while he seems to have had a clear idea of the *cause*, yet he was utterly at fault as to the remedy. Then he said the Whig party could put down the evils. But, instead of that, the evils put down the Whig party. And now he thinks the Democratic party can cure the evils. But the truth is, that neither of the old parties standing alone could cure the evils. Hence the necessity of the American party, composed of both the old parties.

I do not charge the Democrats, as such, with Abolitionism; but I do charge the administration, its party in organization, of dealing doubly, now as heretofore, and that it has pandered to the Abolition influence; and I proceed to offer you the evidence which has satisfied me. I have already given you the testimony of Mr. Clingman that such was, unquestionably, its policy some years ago. Read again the extracts I have quoted from his speech. They prove that they had one face North and another South; that they were allied with Abolitionists, and by unjust means united the foreign and Catholic votes.

I next offer the testimony of the Union, the organ of the party, as follows:

"The Free-Soil Democratic leaders at the North are a regular portion of the Democratic party, and Gen. Pierce if elected, will make no distinction between them and the rest of the Democrats in the distribution of the official patronage and in the election of agents for administering the government." [See Gen. Zollicoffer's speech in Congress, April 8, 1856.]

I next offer the testimony of Mr. Douglas, the leader of the party in Congress.—It being charged in the North that the Kansas bill was favorable to slavery, he wrote to the Concord New Humpshire Patriot, on 16th February, 1854, as follows:

"Why do they not state the matter truly, and state that it opens the country to *freedom*, by leaving the people perfectly free to do as they please?"

Again, in a speech in the Senate, 13th March, 1850, he said that, if his measure had prevailed,

"The whole of the territory acquired from Mexico would at this moment have been dedicated to *freedom forever* by a constitutional provision."

I have given the testimony of Mr. Clingman as to what it was, and the promise of the Union as to what it would be if Mr. Pierce were elected, and of Mr. Douglas as to the purpose of its measures. I will now give the course of the President himself.

You will observe that I have shown the promise of the Union that the Free-soilers should be cared for. Well, soon after Mr. Pierce went into office, Mr. Bronson, Collector of the Customs at New York, an office of great responsibility and patronage was instructed to put a full share of Free-soilers into office, (just as the Union promised should be done,) but Mr. Bronson refused. And Mr. Pierce removed him, although he was a Democrat, and put Mr. Redfield in his place, who was an open Free-soiler. Upon that the Democratic party split, and has remained divided ever since. One side is called the Hards or National; the other Softs or Free-soil.—The Hards are led by Dickinson, Bronson, and others; the Softs by Van Buren, Redfield, and others. Now, which of the sides would you suppose the administration favors? *It sides with the Softs. That* is the administration party in New York. I quote from the National Democrat, the organ of the Hards. In its issue of April 12, 1856, speaking of the Softs, it says:

"Fortified by the *patronage of the government*, and stimulated by the outside feeling in high quarters, which classes them as Democrats, they are organized for new crusades against the Democratic party. That organization is the Soft—*the supporters in this State of the Administration*; entertaining now the same views upon the slavery question, which they held in 1844, and 1848," &c.

The same paper has an article headed "A word in season to Southern Democrats," from which I quote as follows:

"The National Democrats of New York refrained from opposing the administration of Mr. Pierce, until longer support of it would have degraded them; until it insisted upon pursuing a line of policy which it was foreseen, would result in building up anew the Free-soil party of 1848."

The same paper quotes from the Washington Sentinel, another National Democratic paper, as follows: (speaking of Mr. Pierce.)

"You are asked to his course in the New York controversy—his prostration of the true sound constitutional men of the North, and his vitalization of the Van Buren Free-Soilers met your approbation? Your answer is again in the negative; and yet here is the frightful record before you."

From that same paper, of its issue of April 19, 1856, I quote as follows:

"The time has therefore come when the question is to be laid before the National Democrats of other States in general convention, which shall be recognized as the Democracy of N. York? On the one hand the friends of Van Buren and Marcy present themselves, urging that *their recognition by this present administration* should be taken in bar of all investigation of antececents; on the other hand, the Hard or National Democrats have taken a solemn and serious appeal from the proscriptions of the administration and its *recognition of unwashed Abolitionists as better Democrats than themselves*; which appeal must come up at Cincinnati."

"When the separation of Hards and Softs occurred in 1853, after the preliminary session of the Syracuse Convention had been broken up by prize fighters and bullies, imported by the Soft leaders from New York city, *the administration at Washington*, influenced by Marcy, *took upon itself to declare the Free soilers* and not the Nationals, to be the *regular Democracy*."

Now, have I not shown you, not by what I say, but by the best Democratic authority, that in the great State of New York, as large as half a dozen small States, the administration party sides with the Free-soilers, and has prostrated the Nationals?

But you ask if the course of the administration in regard to Kansas ought not, with the South at least, to atone for any and all supposed errors? I answer, no. On the contrary, its course in regard to Kansas ought to meet with censure every-where, and especially at the South. And the witness I offer here is the President himself. These are the facts: Kansas and Nebraska are Territories of the United States.—Kansas is just west of Missouri, and Nebraska is just north of Kansas. Missouri is a slave State. Kansas has the same latitude, soil, and climate; and therefore inviting to slave owners. Nebraska is not suited to slave labor. In May, 1854, Congress organized a government for these Territories. It then became the duty of the President to appoint a Governor for each of them. He appointed a Governor for Kansas 29th June, 1854. The Governor of a Territory has almost entire power at first. Now, under these circumstances, what sort of a Governor ought the President to have appointed? It seems clear that if he wanted to preserve peace he ought to have given a Northern man to Nebraska, because that was North, and a Southern man to Kansas; or, at least, as that was middle ground, he ought to have selected a sound, conservative, able man, distinguished for his moderation and whose character would have been a guarantee of impartiality and justice, to all sections, and all interests. But instead of that, he sent a Southern man to Nebraska, and a Northern man and thorough Free-soiler to Kansas; and further, a man of no weight of character, and, if the President is to be believed, of dishonest purposes. But I will let the President speak for himself. In his Kansas message he says:

"The Governor of the Territory of Kansas, commissioned on June 29th, 1854, did not reach the designated seat of government until 7th ensuing October, and even then failed to make the first step in its legal organization, that of ordering the census, until so late a day that the election of the members of the Legislative Assembly did not take place until March 30, 1855, nor its meeting until July 2d, 1855. So that, for a year after the Territory was constituted by the Act of Congress, and the officers to be appointed by the Federal Executive had been commissioned, it was without a complete government, without any legislative authority, without local law, and of course, without the ordinary guarantees of peace and public order.

"In other respects, the Governor, instead of exercising constant vigilance, and putting forth all his energies to prevent or counteract the tendencies to illegality which are prone to exist in all imperfectly organized and newly appointed communities, allowed his attention to be diverted from official obligations by other objects, and himself set an example of the violation of law in the performance of acts which rendered it my duty in the sequel to remove him from office."

Now, are these things true? If they are not, why would the President say they are? Is it true that the Governor of Kansas would not go to his post until the next March; or a meeting of the members until July? Is it true that for twelve months the Territory was without laws, and in a state of anarchy? Is it true that during this time the Governor was neglecting his duties and engaged in disreputable practices? The President says so, and the President ought to know. Then, answer me this question, *Why did he not remove him?* Was ever such a state of things heard of before? Suppose, my fellow-citizens, that for twelve months the State of North Carolina were without laws and without a constabl[illegible]