The North Carolina Whig.

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

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Poetry.

"The Sine Qua Non."

That without which a thing is not, is Causa Sine Qua Non.

When Adam was stationed in Eden's fair bower,
The lord of the beast, the bird and the flower,
He exclaim'd tho' creation my sceptre may own,
To happiness still there's a *sine qua non*,
Oh! sine qua non, sine qua non,
To happiness still there's a sine qua non.

Then Deity pitied the creature he made,
And went in compassion a help-mate to aid;
From Adam, while sleeping, he pluck'd out a bone,
And formed of the rib the *sine qua non*,
Oh! sine qua non, &c.

Oh! then laugh'd the landscape and garden around
And man, blest with *beauty*, true happiness found;
What our shoemaker did all his children have done,
And woman is still the sweet *sine qua non*,
Oh! sine qua non, &c.

The person will hammer and stammer all day,
That life's joys are fleeting, and man is but clay;
Still, though not recorded in Mark, Luke nor John,
He *sticks to the text* of the *sine qua non*,
Oh! sine qua non, &c.

The lawyer who labors and sweats in his cause,
And puzzles his brain in expounding the laws,
Quits the forum with joy, and, without pen or con,
Finds a *precedent* for in the *sine qua non*,
Oh! sine qua non, &c.

The judges are thoughtful and learned and wise,
For nought save the docket have they any eyes,
But when business is over, they all hasten on
To finish the circuit with the *sine qua non*,
Oh! sine qua non, &c.

Oh! tell us, ye heirs of Hippocrates' skill,
Ye men of the mortar, the pestle and pill,
What drop can encrimson the cheek pale and wan,
Like the dew from the lips of the *sine qua non*,
Oh! sine qua non, &c.

The poet may sing of the charms of the lyre,
Of Helicon's fount and Promethean fire,
Though his music surpasses the Mantuan swan,
Yet what is it all to the *sine qua non*?
Oh! sine qua non, &c.

Then fill us a bumper—let's drink to the smile,
That sorrow, misfortune, and care can beguile;
In life's chequered path may we gaily move on,
But cheer'd by the love of the *sine qua non*,
Oh! sine qua non, sine qua non,
Ever cheer'd by the love of the sine qua non.

Miscellaneous.

CALLING THE ROLL!
OR
SMOKING 'EM OUT!

A NEW RECEIPT FOR CURING AN OLD TOPER.

BY PERFECT BRIQUE, ESQ.

It is a sad fact, that some men will drink—a sadder fact, that great numbers of these drinkers will get drunk, some of them being ready to plunge "over the bay" on the slightest provocation, as of being asked to drink. They are the hair triggers of the drinking world, and need only be rubbed against a brandy bottle to "go off."

One of these weak headed individuals was Jeff Wilson, a good hearted and hard handed mechanic, when sober, and an excellent husband and father; but he had that one great failing—he *would* drink, and it required only a slight quantity of "liquid damnation," as Beecher has it! for him to "keel up" just where he happened to be.

Worse than all, Jeff would lie down in a mud puddle, or under some body's horse shed, whenever he was constitutionally "tired," and, once down, it was almost an impossibility to move him. He has been known to deposit himself in a puddle of mud and water, at least six inches deep, and lie there half of a day or night, as the case might be, unless removed by downright force—the while swearing to his disturbers that he was on a "bed of *down*—so soft and *lush- us*!"

The particular bane of Jeff's existence was the "Half and Half tavern," situated within a mile of his cottage. Thither was Jeff accustomed to repair, after the day's labor was ended, and there he was sure to meet a lot of jolly fellows, all of his own feather, and right merrily was the "black-strap" and other "modified drinks" in requisition on such occasions—on one of which occured the events which we are about to record.

Jeff and his companions, with the exception of one black whiskered and reserved individual, had been indulging during one evening, and until all of them were pretty well pickled. Some of them had begun to see stars not laid down by any astronomer—others had retired to shady felicity under the large table—and still others were snoozing and half snoozing in their chairs, and endeavoring to instruct each other in various arts, sciences, and new discoveries, to say nothing of politics and spiritual rappers.

The silent gentleman in black had been claiming a great deal of Jeff's attention, and was finally accosted by him as follows:

"I say, old fellow, isn't it your treat?"

The stranger bowed—nodded to the landlord—and that worthy immediately proceeded to supply the requirements of the twain, and the few of those present who were not too oblivious to imbibe.

"Devilish fine," said Jeff, smacking his lips, after he had drank.

"Devilish!" echoed the stranger, in a hollow voice—"ho, ho!"

The room was instantly in total darkness; a rushing sound, and hasty steps were heard; the landlord was seized and borne rapidly from the room, as was attested by his cries of alarm—which, by the way, were soon hushed, and seemed to die away in the distance; and again was heard that "ho, ho!" of the gentleman in black.

"Spare me, Mr. Devil," exclaimed Jeff Wilson, and the form of his address was immediately adopted, with some variations, by each of those who were not oblivious to the proceedings.

A phosphorescent light, attended by a screeching sound, now passed down the wall, and a few glimmering rays were shed thro'out the room, enabling the rum 'uns to observe, that a huge pair of horns were visible on the head of the mysterious stranger, and that he was robed in all the black and terrible colors of a fiend.

"Men of liquor," said he, in a grum and hollow voice, as his bright glance rested on each of the culprits, passing like lightning from one to another—"where is Jeff Wilson?"

"Here," said Jeff, tremulously.

"And where is Tom Stoker, Bill Brownley, and James Danton?"

"Here—here—here!" came in three sepulchral responses—two of them, at least, from under the long table.

"And John Brown, Fred Wilkins and Peter Smith?"

There was quite an interval of silence, finally broken by a faint "here."

"Which of the three?" asked the gentleman in black.

"Peter Smith."

"Ah, Peter, you may rank yourself with those who have answered. As to those who are too dead drunk to know or care for my authority in this matter, I shall pass them over to the fiends without any delay. Attendant demons—ho!"

The house shook with a frightful and crashing sound—doors were burst open, and a number of dark looking forms sprang into the indistinctly lighted room.

"Seize the miserable wretches," said the controlling spirit, waving his hand here and there, "and convey them to the lowest depth of our domain!"

The room was cleared in a moment of all the topers, except the five who had answered to their names, and these began to become sober through the influence of terror. It is presumed that none of them were extraordinarily superstitious; but the liquor they had drank, in addition to the mystery by which they were surrounded, rendered them all at a loss what to think. The gruff voice of the mysterious stranger soon disturbed the painful silence that succeeded the disappearance of the "dead."

"My kingdom," said he, "has been so suddenly set up on earth, that you do not yet realize the change you have undergone—you do not seem to be aware that you are dead!"

Jeff gave an awful groan of despair, which was echoed by his companions, and each began to pinch himself, to discover whether he was a living being or not.

"Such tests," added the gentleman in black, "amount to nothing! Dead ye all are, and your punishment is about to begin. What, ho there!"

Again that terrible peal was heard, crashing stunningly on the senses of the listeners, and sounding very much like an old fashioned gong; then was heard a series of horrible sounds, commingling with shrieks and groans; and these in turn were appropriately succeeded by the smell of smoking, reeking *brimstone*—increasing with such rapidity that the whole room was soon impregnated therewith, and so effectually that the affrighted topers found it very difficult to breathe.

"Have mercy," roared Jeff. "Sure enough," he added, whispering to a companion, "that is the devil, and we are in his regions!"

Denser and denser became those suffocating fumes, but still the stranger sat there, in the middle of the room, as calmly as if he were in the loveliest place in the world. The apartment was fairly darkened by clouds of brimstone, and the victims were soon lost to each other, as far as the sense of seeing was concerned.

"One effort," thought Jeff, terribly excited and confused, but not without possessing a portion of his reason; "one effort, and I may throw off this horrible dream, incubus, reality, or whatever it is."

He suddenly rose to his feet, before the gentleman in black could prevent him, and darted towards one of the low front windows of the bar-room, opening on the street. With one tremendous bound, without pausing to think of the consequences, he plunged through sash, glass and all, making a hole full two feet square, and landing on his hands and knees, but without serious injury.

"Jeff's escaped," roared Smith, as he and his companions gazed towards the aperture that worthy had made, "and here goes Smith!"

One bound, and a second toper was sprawling in the mud beneath the window.

"And here goes another," cried Brown, imitating the movement of his predecessors, but seriously cutting his hand as he passed through the sash—"hurra!"

The two remaining topers were not long in following the example of their companions, and five disconsolate looking individuals were soon standing together, just without the door, where the mud was ancle deep, and engaged in congratulating themselves on their escape.

"Devilish lucky!" said Smith, after all the rest had returned a remark.

"Devilish," echoed a hollow voice from the battered window, and it instantly put the topers to flight.

They charged down the street *en masse*, and paused not until a full quarter of a mile was accomplished inside a "five minute" space.

"I say, boys," said Smith—"let's all go and take possession of my barn, as a place of safety. We can barricade it, and thus manage to keep the devil out!"

The proposition was accepted; the topers disappearing, rank and file, some fifteen minutes later, into Smith's barn.

And how the heroes fought and watched—how they transferred half of a hay mow to the floor, as a barricade against the "big doors"—how they slept, dreamed, talked, speculated, shivered and shook, we need not attempt to relate. It is enough to say, that early on the following morning, five haggard and wearied looking mortals crawled out of the hay, one after another, and disappeared in the direction of their respective homes.

It was some time afterwards, and when Jeff Wilson had thoroughly reformed, tho' the effects of his fright and the reflections consequent thereon, that he was informed by his wife, that she, with the assistance of several ladies similarly situated, had played the principal part in that little episode of *diableric*.

THE MAYOR'S COMPLAINT BOOK.—It is the custom of some of the Mayors at the North to keep complaint books, in which the people may enter complaints of nuisances they want abated. Apropos of one of these, the Spirit of the Times gives the following amusing story:

(*Scene*, Mayor's office, 10 A. M. Enter a bilious looking man dressed in a seedy coat and black whiskers.)

Saffron Gent.—Is the Mayor in?

Mayor B.—Yes, sir.

Gent.—Are you the Mayor?

Mayor (looking dignified.)—Sir, I have that honor.

Bilious citizen.—Have you a book in which people can leave their complaints?

Attentive dignitary.—Yes, sir; and at once proceeded to open a volume large enough for a *country umbrella*. The Mayor having seized a pen and dipped it in the ink, proceeded as follows: Will you put your complaint in the book, or do you wish me to do so?

Gamboge Subscriber.—Well, as I am a little in a hurry, you can put it in the book.

Interested functionary.—What is the complaint?

Sallow individual.—It is the—*liver complaint!*

It is sufficient to say that the ponderous volume was shut in a jiffy. The pen dropped, and when we caught a glimpse of his Honor at Hank's, a few moments after, he "confessed the corn," and put on his customary "smile."

"There he goes again," said Mrs. Partington in the Legislature, as a member stood up for the fifth time to speak on a question. "There he goes like a soda fountain, and just as fluidly as water. Now, Isaac, mind him, and see if you can't become a speaker of the house of reprehensibles sometimes. I declare!" continued she, as a new burst of eloquence reached her ear, "it does seem as if the mantlepiece of Daniel Webster had fell onto him, he is so bright."—*Boston Post.*

PUZZLE—Here is something worth studying over. We find it in an old paper—if any of our readers can solve it and feel the point; they are perfectly at liberty to do so:

I
F Y
O U O
W E F O
R Y O U R
P A P E
R P A
Y U
P

SOOT AND CHARCOAL.—Never permit the soot from your chimneys and stove pipes to be thrown away. The carbon contained in these substances produces the best effects when applied to vegetation. It is a valuable constituent in the compost heap, also. Pulverized charcoal is in itself a most valuable manure, and when mixed with gypsum, poudrette or guano, acts with energy. As a dressing for onions, soot and charcoal coal dust are unequalled.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

From the Wilmington Herald.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

If any thing could endear John A. Gilmer to the hearts of the people of North Carolina, it is his unselfish devotion to the best interest of the whole State. A liberal man, he has always encouraged, in private and in public, those enterprises, come from what quarter they might, which looked to the advancement of the honor and prosperity of the commonwealth. In this he was not fettered by party, or bound by the chains of sectional prejudice. He has always risen superior to these considerations. It was enough for him if the measure proposed promised in its future results assistance in the development of the agricultural, mineral and mechanical wealth of our common mother. If it did this, no warmer friend could it rally to its support than John A. Gilmer. He was ready, with cheering words and votes, to aid it on, to stand by it, until the passage of the measure through the ordinary modes of legislation.

We say it to Mr. Gilmer's praise, that his record on subjects like these, during his long legislative career, is a brilliant one; it affords evidences of a liberality and comprehensive idea of the whole scope of internal improvements, of which any man might be proud. While Mr. Bragg, his opponent, in common with the Democratic party, has been forced by the pressure of public opinion to change an attitude of direct hostility to schemes of this character into a lukewarm and negative support, Mr. Gilmer can proudly point to his *acts* and *votes* as illustrative of his position. These they are, and they cannot be misunderstood. The people should know and appreciate them.—They should know who it was that stood by them when doubt and opposition threatened them with defeat, who have borne the burden and heat of the day; and they should also know the eleventh hour men who came over reluctantly to their support only when opposition was found to be in a wretched minority; and they were running a Don Quixotte tilt in the very teeth of a universal popularity.

We have just read a speech on internal improvements, delivered in the Senate by Mr. Gilmer, in December, 1852, and have been so much pleased with the concluding passages, that we could not refrain from spreading them before our readers. We make no apology for the space they occupy, for they breathe the sentiments of a noble mind. We commend them to the calm consideration of men of all parties, and we would ask if he whom utter these eloquent words is not well fitted to be the Governor of this proud State:

Sir, the people of North Carolina are more intelligent than they are represented to be in our legislative halls; and, sir, the popular heart and instincts, educated or not, are oftener just and liberal than otherwise. For one I will trust the people; and if we would all do it—if we would pass this bill by common consent and go home and throw ourselves on the generosity and discrimination of the public, fighting for and upholding each other, we would overwhelm all opposition.

For one, sir, I would try it. I boast not of courage, but when conscious that I am right I know not what it is to fear. *I am willing to make this experiment—to sink or swim, live or die, politically in one great struggle to redeem South Carolina.*

And, sir, in this I would know no party. I would be willing to lay aside all party feelings—strong partizan as I am—to forget the names of Whig and Democrat—devoted Whig as I am—and coalescing, fraternizing with my brethern on the other side of this chamber, form a new party and devote myself to it—a party of North Carolinians—*a party devoted to the interests of our own State—to the interests of our people—to the honor and welfare of our children*—a party opposed to all parties—a party to rescue North Carolina from dishonor and poverty, and rags, and to clothe her in purple and soft raiment, and place her high before the world as worthy of its respect, and worthy of the affection and veneration and devotion of all her people.

And, Mr. Speaker, I can forget section in this also—sectional prejudice, that most baneful of all the feelings of the human heart, next to fanaticism; and like fanaticism, it springs from a good cause—it is a perverted virtue, a noble sentiment run mad. Its ravings have ever disturbed our legislative halls—it utters its wild and fierce curses on all our enterprises.

Sir, I love my home, the place where my fathers lived and where they lie buried, endeared as they are by a thousand tender recollections; and I am proud of my home, and of its people, and I will speak for them here and every where, and fight for them when they are assailed.

But, sir, for the very reason that I love my home. I love North Carolina in which my home is situated—North Carolina, the sovereign who guards and protects my home, and whose honor and shame are part of my own. When, therefore, a bill like the present is before us—when the true and paramount interests of that State are at stake, I know no section, no east, or west, but only NORTH CAROLINA, one and indivisible, my sovereign, and hopes of my children.

To unite the State and break down all prejudices of section—to bring the east and west together—is one object of this bill.—And, Mr. Speaker, if only this could be accomplished, it would be worth all our pains, and be the greatest achievement yet witnessed in these halls.

Even for this—for this alone, I would be willing to be sacrificed. Yes, sir, if I could but see sectional prejudice—that hateful tyrant—die, I would be willing to fall also, to rise no more as a politician.

But, if we could kill it and also redeem North Carolina,—if we can pass such a bill as this,—start North Carolina on a bright career of prosperity, glory and happiness, then, indeed, would I most cheerfully surrender all my hopes of preferment, if that surrender would purchase the result, and proudly die in triumph!

From the Asheville Spectator.

GUBERNATORIAL CANVASS.

Since our last, we have had the pleasure of hearing the discussion between Messrs. Gilmer and Bragg, both at Hendersonville and in this place. We took pretty full notes at both places, but we are unable, for the want of space, to write out the discussion as fully as we could desire. Our object will be to report only the substance of the speeches, without endeavoring to give the language.

Mr. Gilmer made the opening speech at Hendersonville. He commenced by speaking in glowing terms of our mountain country, its climate, and the richness and fertility of its soil, which, in all these respects, far surpassed his expectations. He said that if we could be placed in connection with the rest of the world by means of railroad facilities, millions of money expended by the seekers of health and pleasure, in regions less favored by nature, would be expended in this beautiful section of the country, and we would become a wealthy and prosperous people. He then challenged an examination of his Legislative record since 1846, when he first became a member of the Legislature; he declared, and was ready to prove by the record, that no project had ever been put on foot for the improvement of the State, East or West, that John A. Gilmer did not vote for—that he had voted for the French Board railroad charter, and was opposed to and voted against the restrictions calculated to embarrass the success of this road. The Democratic party, said Mr. Gilmer, had been an *anti*-Internal Improvement party, until, by the liberal policy of the Whigs, the State became an Internal Improvement State, and then, and not till then, did the Democrats advocate Improvement: then tried to appropriate all the credit to themselves, somewhat like the man, who, after his wife had killed the bear, came to the scene of the conflict and very *bravely* said, "now, wife ain't we brave!"

Mr. Gilmer then stated that while the State debt is being increased, and the people are becoming more oppressed, by taxation, it becomes our duty, as a prudent people, to look about and endeavor to devise ways and means to pay off and liquidate this public debt, and thus save the credit of the State, and relieve the people of taxation. He thought this, in a measure, at least, could be accomplished, in the first place, by making the State bonds payable at home instead of in N. York, as has been the case hitherto; and, secondly, by giving the *State*, as far as practicable, the benefits of Banking now principally derived by individuals—that the profits now made by individual bankers, if the State were to unite Banking with Internal Improvement, might be saved to the State, and thus lessen the burthens of taxation—that it is in the power of the State to realize what individuals realize—that what the State might realize, over and above six per cent., could be laid up as a sinking fund to finally liquidate the principal of the State's indebtedness. To show the great disadvantage of making the State bonds payable abroad, he stated that when they fell due, payment is to be made in gold and silver or their equivalent, the effect of which had a ruinous tendency. Suppose, said he, that the immense public debt of England had to be paid in other countries, or the debts of the States of N. York or Pennsylvania—why, the effect would be, that they would become insolvent, and would have to repudiate. Mr. Gilmer contended that if this policy (of which the foregoing is a mere outline) should add new encouragement to Internal Improvement, that our good old State would go on in a career of prosperity, imparting new life and vigor to it in every section. Mr. G. stated that he was no banker himself, but that he hoped he had common sense, and this was all that was necessary to understand and appreciate this question. He had challenged his competitor (Gov. Bragg) to come out and show his hand upon this question—that it was a question pregnant with importance, affecting the interests of the farmers and mechanics, the main stay, the bone and sinew of the State—that it was a question of State policy well worthy of the serious consideration of the Governor of the State, and who was again seeking to be elevated to that high and distinguished station. But no; he could not get him (the Gov.) to discuss it—that, instead of discussing subjects in which the people of the State were deeply and seriously interested, he preferred to devote his time to talking about "dark lanterns," "secrecy" and the "oaths" of the Know Nothings although these things had been done away with!"

Mr. Gilmer, on the subject of amending the Constitution so as to let all who vote at the Commons box vote also at the Senate box, was clear, conclusive, and satisfactory—showed great candor and honesty—also that he was a practical, sincere man. He admitted that he and his friends had been for effecting this by a Convention, as the safer and more republican plan, and one by which *law making* and *Constitution making* would be kept separate—the people keep their *own law, their own Constitution* in their own hands, and all contests and differences about the Constitution quieted and settled at once, for years to come. This he showed clearly. But he showed that the result of the struggle for the last eight years—some contending for one mode of amendment, and some for another, had resulted in a failure,—that those who favored the amendment by the Legislature had failed for the want of a two-thirds vote in the Senate—that he and others, who desired all who voted at the one box to vote also at the other, but who advocated the republican mode of a convention of the people, had for the same cause failed—that it was important that this question should be ended, and for this purpose he and his friends had tried to amend the bill, so that they could vote for it, and their votes be satisfactory to their constituents—the freeholders, their immediate constituents, would be satisfied—that if the convention men insisted on that mode nothing could be done, and if those who insisted on the legislative mode persisted, nothing could be done, without some compromise. He showed that by reason of the land being protected, those who were more interested in slave property, in the convention of 1835, very properly insisted that slave property should also be protected against unequal taxation by the assembly: that this was granted—and that now, slave property, by an express provision of *the Constitution itself*, was secured against unequal and excessive taxation—so is land by the provision that landholders alone elect the Senate. That if, in providing to let all vote for Senators, the bill had gone on and made a *Constitutional provision*, providing that the Assembly should not have power to tax the lands proportionally higher than the taxable white and slave polls—then *this Constitutional provision, providing for equality of taxation*, would have answered all the purposes of the Senate—and that this provision being added to the free suffrage bill, (which does not contain it,) he never could see any fair or reasonable objection with any who really wanted the measure to pass—that no voter, whether he owned land or not, could have any objection. He called attention to the 40th page of the following, to wit:

Mr. Ashe moved to amend the bill by adding the following as Section 2d, viz:

"Be it further enacted, (three-fifths of each House concurring) that the following be inserted as an additional amendment to the Constitution:" "That no tax shall be imposed and levied by the General Assembly on real estate, which shall exceed the proportion to the capitation tax of 6 cents on the hundred dollars value of land, to twenty cents on each poll."

"Those who voted in the affirmative, are Ashe, Cherry Christian, Davis Eaton, Eborn, Freeman, Gilmer, Graham, Haughton, Lane, McCleese, Mitchell, Morisey, Rayner, Thomas, of Davidson, Wiggins, Willey, and Winslow, of Pasquotank—16.

"Those who voted in the negative, are Biggs, Bower, Boyd, Brogden, Clark, *Coleman*, Cunningham, Drake, Faison, Fennell, Fisher, Fonville, Graves, Herring, Hoke, Jones, McDowell, Martin, Mills, Oldfield, Person, Sanders, Speight, Taylor, Thomas, of Jackson, Walker, Winder and Wood—29."

He went on in a clear and conclusive manner to show, that had this amendment been added, the bill would have had his vote, and nearly the whole Senate—that the amendment was proper and just—that it would have put land and slaves on the same footing as to paying and being liable to taxes, that they now are as the Constitution now stands—that the whole question would have been ended—that in the coming elections the freeholders, being satisfied, would have elected their Senators in favor of the bill, now their lands being provided for as the slaves are provided for. He showed that he was *practicably* and wisely the true friend of the measure, and was working properly to have the measure pass in such shape, not only that his constituents would be satisfied—*all parties—all voters*—and all material objections to its passing at the next session be moved out of the way.

Gov. Bragg, on being asked whether this amendment ought not to have been added and passed, would not answer, but asked Mr. Gilmer what he would do, if he had anything to say when it came up again at the next session. Mr. Gilmer said that was asking a good deal of him, in as much as the next Senate would be elected, and Gov. Bragg submit his message, and the mode passed or defeated before in any event he could say any more than he had said and done—but if it became his duty to say anything on this subject, he would exert himself to compromise and end this question—which could be done by the Senate's passing the bill in its present shape, with the pledge and understanding for the satisfaction of the freeholders, in all the districts, that the said amendment, securing equality as to the taxing power, should pass and be submitted as a new and distinct proposition, and if passed under such a compromise, it would at the next session also pass—and if they, the Senate, would not do this—then submit the present bill amended as proposed, and that would end it.

Mr. Gilmer then discussed, at length, the subject of Americanism. He said that Gov. Bragg studiously avoided discussing the *principles* of the American party; that his chief object seemed to be arouse the prejudices of the people against what really did not exist—that is, the secrecy and the obligations of the members, those having, long ago, been done away with—there being, at this time, nothing necessary to membership of the American party, save the approval of its *principles*. Mr. G. then stated, (what is a matter of history,) that the position occupied by the Disunionists, in the Nashville Convention, in 1850, was identical, in reference to the Missouri Compromise, with that occupied by the Black Republicans at this time.—That the proceedings of that Convention will show that they were then in favor of extension of the Missouri Compromise to the Pacific ocean as an *ultimatum*—that, if this were not done, they were for dissolving the Union. Now, said Mr. G., the Missouri restriction having been repealed, the Black Republicans insist upon the *restoration* of this restriction as an *ultimatum*. He also showed that the Democratic Convention of this State, in 1850, were in favor of abiding by the Missouri Compromise, by the adoption of the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the Compromise, known as the Missouri Compromise, was adopted in a spirit of mutual concession and conciliation; and though the South feels that it detracts from her constitutional rights, yet for their love of the Union, this Convention is willing to abide by it, and would cheerfully see all the distracting questions settled on this basis."

At that time, continued Mr. G., the Raleigh *Standard*, the organ of Gov. Bragg's party, denounced those who were for abiding by the Compromise of 1850, as "submissionists." He then read the pledge that was signed by Clay, Foote, Clemens, Stephens, Howell Cobb, and many other distinguished gentlemen, Whigs and Democrats, to the effect, that they would not support for President or Vice President, for Senator or Representative in Congress, or for member of a State Legislature, any man, *of whatever party*, who was not known to be opposed to the disturbance of the Compromise of 1850, or to the renewal, in any form, of agitation, either in or out of Congress, upon the subject of slavery. He spoke thus to show the inconsistency, not to say the hypocrisy, of the Democratic party, in relation to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

Mr. Gilmer next alluded to the course pursued by Mr. Fillmore as President; that this pure patriot, during the whole of his administration, did not appoint a single freesoiler to office, but, on the contrary, when he found one in office, he turned him out and placed in his stead a sound national man, in favor of the finality of the Compromise of 1850; that Mr. Fillmore not only signed the Fugitive Slave Law, but enforced it stringently during his term of office, threatening, when the law was about to be placed at defiance in the city of Boston, that the *law should be enforced*, or Boston would be reduced to ashes! He next showed, that Gen. Pierce, by a resolution adopted by the Baltimore Convention that nominated him in 1852, *was pledged* to resist the agitation of the slavery question either in or out of Congress. A similar resolution was adopted by the National Whig Convention of the same year. In consequence, said Mr. G., of the general acquiescence in the Compromise of '50, when Gen. Pierce became President on the 4th of March, 1853, the agitation of the slavery question had ceased and peace, quiet, and harmony reigned throughout the land. But how, inquired Mr. G., is it now? It was needless for him to answer this question. The country was known to be distracted by sectional excitement and controversy, and really in more imminent peril than previous to the adoption of the Compromise of 1850, notwithstanding Mr. Pierce's pledge that he would discountenance agitation either in Congress or out of it! Mr. Gilmer significantly stated in this connection that Mr. Fillmore was the son of a poor farmer, while Gen. Pierce was the son of a Governor. He then charged, and dared Gov. Bragg to deny it, that President Pierce, in the dispensation of patronage in the North, discriminated largely in favor of the abolition freesoil branch of his party—that he (Gen. Pierce) turned out Judge Bronson, as Collector in the city of New York, not because he was dishonest or inefficient, as an officer—for it was admitted that his qualifications were ample; but because he would not turn out [illegible] their places, men who were known to be freesoilers and abolitionists. Gov. Bragg did not attempt to deny this charge or excuse the act; but said nothing about it.—Mr. Gilmer then stated that if Mr. Fillmore, when President, had been guilty of such an act as this of President Pierce, he (Mr. G.) would have turned his back upon him and denounced him as he deserved, and he believed that all his old friends would have done the same thing. But a *Democratic* President can do such a thing with impunity, and his party friends in the South will defend him in the act!

Mr. Gilmer then referred to a report, in the *Standard*, of the discussion between himself and Thos. Settle, Jr., in Stokes county, in which he (Mr. G.) is charged with having said that he was in favor of the restoration of the Missouri Compromise. He pronounced this a gross misrepresentation. Mr. Gilmer here distinctly stated, that whatever might have been his views as to the propriety of disturbing the Compromise of 1820, yet, that act having been repealed, opposed as he was to sectional agitation, he was for abiding by and maintaining the Nebraska Kansas act in its integrity; although he thought that the Squatter Sovereignty principle it embraced was a bad one—that this principle some years ago had been denounced by Mr. Calhoun and other Southern rights men as even worse than the Wilmot Proviso.

Mr. Gilmer then discussed, with great ability, the question of foreignism; read the sentiments of Washington and Jackson, showing that those great men and pure patriots advocated the same doctrines now advocated by the American party. He maintained that if the evils of foreign influence were such as to excite the alarm of those men, when the number of immigrants annually was but a few thousand, how much greater are the evils now when the number annually spewed upon our shores is half a million! To show what Gen. Jackson thought of the evils of foreign influence, Mr. G. stated that his (Gen. J.'s) chief objection to the United States Bank was that foreigners held stock in it and thus controlled the finances of the country. He also read the sentiments of Mr. Buchanan, many years ago, when that distinguished statesman thought there was much danger to be apprehended from foreign influence.

Mr. Gilmer next spoke of the Janus-face character and double dealing of the Democratic party—that in regard to the touchstone of Democracy, the Nebraska-Kansas bill, it was supported by that party, both North and South, but for entirely different reasons—that, at the North, it was contended that it was favorable to the organization of free States and would exclude slavery from Nebraska and Kansas—that it was "a proposition in favor of freedom," and that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise opened the territory *South* of 36 deg. 30 min. to freedom; whereas, while the line continued to bind the faith of the country to abide by it, it was dedicated to slavery. This was the argument of *Northern* Nebraska Democrats, including President Pierce, and Mr. Douglas, the author of the bill. But *Southern* Democrats advocate it, because, they contend, it is a proposition in favor of slavery, and opens the territory *North* of 36 deg. 30 min to the "peculiar institution." Northern Democrats insist that the legitimate effect of the Nebraska act, recognizing, as it does, the principle of Squatter Sovereignty, is to prevent the admission of any more slave