The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 5. CHARLOTTE, N. C., JULY 29, 1856. NUMBER 23.

THOMAS J. HOLTON,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.

THE NATION'S SONG.
Fillmore's going Home.

BY J. E. W.

TUNE—*Few Days.*

Come, cheer up boys and let us sing,
Few days, few days,
For Fillmore make the welkin ring,
Fillmore's going home;
His home will be Washington,
Few days, few days,
We'll send him there with Donelson,
Fillmore's going home.

Oh! the Locos now are sighing,
Few days, few days,
They see their's no use trying,
Fillmore's going home,

Our cause is brightening every day,
Few days, few days,
So "Buck" and Fremont clear the way,
Fillmore's going home;
"Old Buck" is but a quarter nag,
Few days, few days,
And the "Mustang" now begins to sag,
Fillmore's going home.

Oh! the Locos now, &c., &c.

Just see how blue the Locos look,
Few days, few days,
And their friends and their furlock,
Fillmore's going home;
Oh! how they tremble, quake and shake;
Few days, few days,
They know they're destined up salt river,
Fillmore's going home.

Oh! the Locos now, &c., &c.

We'll send the *woolly heads* there too,
Few days, few days,
Oh! what a mixed and motley crew,
Fillmore's going home;
Old Goddings will command the force,
Few days, few days,
With Greely and the "Woolley Horse,"
Fillmore's going home.

Oh! the Locos now, &c., &c.

On the voyage "Buck" will lead the way,
Few days, few days,
And pay the crew *ten cents a day,*
Fillmore's going home;
The fare will be "Grasshopper cakes,"
Few days, few days,
With roasted Bear meat and "Mule stakes,"
Fillmore's going home.

Oh! the Locos now, &c., &c.

Now let each honest heart rejoice,
Few days, few days,
That Fillmore is the Nation's choice,
Fillmore's going home;
Then let the millions join our song,
Few days, few days,
And swell the chorus loud and long,
Fillmore's going home.

Oh! the Locos now, &c., &c.

Miscellaneous.

THE CLERGYMAN'S FEE.

A MATRIMONIAL STORY.

A young clergyman sat in his study composing a sermon. It was a bright spring morning, and in order to concentrate his thoughts on the subject of his discourse he was writing, Mr. Burton was obliged to close the window blinds, and shut out the beauty of nature, which to him was most attractive. In an obscure light, his pen was beginning to move quite rapidly, when the wind blew his blinds open and sent his manuscript fluttering across the floor. The sunlight gushed in, and at the same time Mr. Burton's ideas blew out.

He turned his chair and looked out of the window. Beauty charmed his eye, and the music of singing birds fell on his ear. Nature at that moment appeared considerably more attractive than theology. The green leaves of the trees caused him to forget the leaves of his manuscript. The plumage of the birds made him disgusted with the grey goose quill. Yet Mr. Burton felt that he ought to labor that morning.

In casting about him to find an excuse for his idleness, he saw a chaise drive down the street, and stop at his door. A good looking, plainly dressed young man helped out a graceful pretty girl, and they mounted the steps together. Mr. Burton heard the door-bell ring, and presently a domestic came to inform him that a young gentleman and lady wished to see him on business.

"A marriage, I am sure," thought the clergyman, smiling.

He was not mistaken. The young man, in a frank, off-handed manner, told him that he had called for the purpose of being married to his companion; and the young girl's blushes told the same story.

"Very well," said Mr. Burton, "I am always ready to make young people happy. You love each other?"

"We would wait a day or two if we did not," replied the youth.

His companion blushed again.

"Have you witnesses?" asked the clergyman.

"We are not rich," answered the bridegroom, "and could not afford the expense of bringing any of our friends with us. If you think we had better have witnesses perhaps you will call in somebody."

"It will be well to do so," said the clergyman, smiling.

He called in a young brother and the housekeeper.

"We are in a sort of a hurry," said the bridegroom, as Mr. B. paused in the doorway to give some orders to a domestic. "I have got to go to mill this afternoon, and its a long drive home."

"Stand up here then and I will despatch you," said the clergyman, with a vain attempt at gravity.

"You, George Chambers, promise to take this woman to be your lawful wife?"

George nodded.

"To love her in sickness and health, to share with her joys and sorrows, your bed and board—do you promise?"

Another nod.

"And you, Mary, promise to take this man to be your husband?"

A nod and a blush from Mary.

"To love him—honor him?"

Another nod.

"And obey him—"

A doubtful look from Mary.

"In all things reasonable?" asked the clergyman; and she nodded. "And to make him a true and affectionate wife—will you promise?"

Mary gave a decisive nod. Mr. Burton added a few words, and pronounced them man and wife. Mary wiped her eyes and George drew a long breath. The clergyman then made out the certificate to which the witnesses put their names; and ended by giving them a few words of advice. At the same time George slipped something into his hand, done up in a piece of white paper. Afterwards the bride and bridegroom rode off in a chaise; the housekeeper went to the kitchen, laughing, the younger Burton returned to his book, and the clergyman to his sermon.

As the latter sat down to write, thinking all the time of the queer marriage ceremony he had just performed, he listlessly unfolded the bit of paper the bridegroom had placed in his hands. Perhaps the preacher was curious to know how much the odd man had felt able to pay for his marriage certificate. From the size of the piece, Mr. Burton judged that his fee must be something. It was larger than a half eagle—larger even than an eagle. Could it be a twenty dollar piece? The paper being folded and re-folded, it was some time before the clergyman could get at the coin. His curiosity by this time was considerably excited. At length he saw something very bright. The sun shone on it. It was a new red—cent! Mr. Burton was a little disappointed, but laughing at the ludicrous mistake, he locked the cent up in his desk, and devoted himself to his sermon during the remainder of the forenoon.

Six years had passed away. The successful clergyman was one evening surprised by a visit from a stranger. A well dressed, fine looking man lifted his hat bowed respectfully, and offered Mr. Burton his hand.

"Your memory is better than mine, if we have ever met before," replied the clergyman.

"My name is George Chamber."

Mr. Burton had forgotten that he had ever known such an individual.

"I think I can refresh your memory by mentioning an incident," said George.

"Do you remember marrying a couple six years ago, and receiving for your trouble the fee of one cent?"

Mr. Burton laughed, went to his desk, and took from a small drawer a little roll of paper. Unfolding this, he produced the copper in question.

"Yes, I remember all about it now."

"Well, sir, I am the man."

"I remember your countenance."

"You undoubtedly suppose I intended to insult you."

"No—I thought you were poor."

"So I was. I did not know that I could afford to give you any more. Marriage, you know, is a sort of lottery. Had I given you five or ten dollars, and got a poor wife in return, you must confess it would have been a miserable bargain. Well, sir, the wife you gave me is a prize. It has taken me six years to find out all her virtues, and now I have come to make you a suitable acknowledgment."

He placed a purse in the hands of the astonished minister, who hesitated to accept it.

"You need not scruple to accept it; thanks to my wife I am now a tolerably rich man."

The odd bridegroom took his departure. Mr. Burton examined the contents of the purse with lively curiosity; and he was not a little surprised and gratified to find that they consisted of ten half eagles, bright, shining—apparently just from the mint.

And that was the last the clergyman ever heard of the odd bridegroom.

HORRIBLE RAIDROAD ACCIDENT.

Collision with a Sunday School Excursion Train—39 Lives Lost, and 69 Wounded—A number of Bodies consumed by Fire—heart-rending scene, &c.

PHILADELPHIA, July 17.

A terrible accident occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad this morning to an excursion train containing the Sunday school of St. Michael's Church.

The excursion train contained 1100 children, parents and teachers. The trains came in collision at a curve near Fort Washington, with the down train; the latter was going very slowly. The excursion train was going very rapidly endeavoring to reach the stopping place. Both the locomotives were crushed and three cars of the excursion train, together with those that were consumed by fire. A number were crushed beneath the ruins so that extrication was impossible.

The total killed is 39 and the number wounded 69.

The scene of the disaster is 14 miles from the city, in the neighborhood of two curves, so that approaching trains cannot be seen 500 yards distant. When the locomotives came together they rose on end, the fire boxes of each nearly touching and fell over across the road. The fire being scattered about the wreck, the first excursion car soon caught fire, and the flames rapidly communicated to the two others piled up upon it. The most extraordinary efforts were made to extricate the unfortunate mutilated beings crushed amid the wreck, who were rending the air with their dying groans.

Many of these poor beings were still alive when the flames reached them, and thus suffered as it were a double death.

A number of physicians from the city and from Germantown were early in attendance, doing all within their power to aid the sufferers.

Two fire engines from Chesnut Hill came to the spot, and after working for several hours the fire was extinguished, and the human remains were removed. Nineteen burned bodies were removed to the blacksmith shop—three supposed to be females. Under another shed were placed eight bodies, so charred by the flames as to defy recognition.

An immense crowd was attracted to the spot from the surrounding sections of country; many friends of the excursionists walked from the city, and others proceeded thither in every description of vehicle, which were made use of in bringing the wounded and dead to the city.

William Vansawen, the conductor of the down train, driven to desperation by the calamity, committed suicide by swallowing arsenic.

William Lee, the engineer of the same train, has been arrested and committed for examination.

10 P. M.—All the remains of the victims have been gathered up and brought to the city. Twenty-seven bodies have not been recognized. They are mostly burned so as to defy recognition.

NORTHAMPTON COUNTY.

A correspondent of the Murfreesboro' Gazette says that the Americans in this county are wide awake, and are determined to do their whole duty in August and November next; that the masses of the party are fully aroused, and are enthusiastic for Fillmore, Donelson and Gilmer; and adds:

"On Saturday I attended the raising of a Fillmore, Donelson and Gilmer pole at Daniel's Store, by the honest voters of Board Tree precinct. (Board Tree precinct will give Gilmer one hundred votes, Bragg fourteen.) There were some forty or fifty Americans present (the honest tillers of the soil) to assist in raising the pole. They came fresh from their farms, and went to work like men who are determined to do good service in August; and soon the flag was floating to the breeze, upon which was inscribed in beautiful letters the names of Fillmore, Donelson and Gilmer, our gallant standard bearers in the approaching contest. When the flag went up three hearty cheers went up for Fillmore, Donelson and Gilmer, and in a manner which made the welkin ring. Thomas J. Garner, Esq., was called upon to make "a talk," who responded in some pertinent remarks, urging the claims of Fillmore, Donelson and Gilmer, at the conclusion of which three more hearty cheers were given for these gallant standard bearers of the American party.

"We expect to have a mass meeting at Daniel's Store on the 5th of August next, when we expect to have some talking, and, on the 7th, we expect to do some tall voting. These demonstrations of the honest masses show which way the tide is setting, and point to Fillmore as the next President of the United States. So mote it be."

A VERY CURIOUS CASE.—We clip the following from the Lowell News:

"About a year and a half ago a widow lady by the name of Smith, residing on Suffolk street, in this city, drank some water from a spring at sea-shore, and, as she supposed, swallowed a small eel. Since then she has been gradually getting out of health, and at length her illness became so severe and alarming that her life was thought to be in great danger. No medicine or physician could give her relief, till last week. Dr. Huntoon, being called in, gave her a portion that on Saturday morning relieved her of a live eel a foot in length. The eel has been preserved in spirits, and is decidedly an ugly-looking customer. The lady is greatly relieved, but thinks there is another of the 'varmints' left behind."

From our Correspondents.

WASHINGTON, July 16, 1856.

The recent excessively warm weather has caused many of our citizens, and the strangers who were in attendance upon the sessions of Congress to fly from the dust and heat of our streets, and to seek refreshment and repose amid the shady walks, cooling fountains and balmy breezes of the fashionable watering places. Saratoga, Newport, and Niagara, each have a large portion within their bounds, to say nothing of a dozen or two places of less note. And many, being detained by business, have rented summer residences in the neighborhood and spend their evenings in the enjoyment of those pleasures [illegible] during the day they are denied.

Every regular place of amusement in the city is closed, and were it not for a strange show of a dwarf woman or a fat pig, there would be nothing to attract the attention of those whose life consists in viewing the wondrous sights of nature and art. The Churches, though not closed, are but slimly attended, and it has been suggested that much good might be done by closing them, and sending their pastors as missionaries to the different fashionable resorts.

Of course there will be the usual number of marriages at the springs this season, and the usual amount of rich developments and repentance when the season has closed, and the parties discover how completely they have been fooled.

After a protracted debate the House on Monday refused to expel Hon. P. S. Brooks for his attack on Mr. Sumner. The vote on the adoption of the report of the committee recommending such action was yeas 121, nays 95—two-thirds not voting in favor thereof. Immediately upon the announcement of this vote Mr. Brooks addressed the House at considerable length, and was listened to with the most earnest attention, both by members and the crowded gallery. During these remarks he was interrupted by frequent applause in the galleries, which was only silenced by an appeal from Mr. Brooks himself—manifestations of applause or disapprobation from the gallery being contrary to the rules of the House, which he desired to see respected.

Mr. Brooks commenced by saying that Mr. Sumner had uttered a slander on his State and on a venerable relative, who at the time was absent. Whoever insulted South Carolina insulted him, and he stood ready at all times humbly and modestly as a son to perform his duty. He should have forfeited his self-respect and the good opinion of his countrymen if he had permitted the offence to pass unpunished. It was a personal affair, and in taking redress in his own hands, he meant no disrespect to the Senate or House. Nor did he mean any disrespect for Massachusetts. He was aware of the personal responsibility he incurred, and was prepared to meet it. He knew he was amenable to the laws which offered the same protection to every citizen, whether a member of Congress or in the private walks of life. Nor did he then believe he could be punished by a court of law and here by a majority of the House at the same time. If he had committed a breach of privilege he was answerable to the Senate, which body had no right to present him to the House for punishment. The question not only involved him and his friends, but the whole House.

If the consequences were confined to himself he would be prepared to meet them, here or elsewhere. Others, however, must not suffer for him. He had felt more for his friends (Edmunds and Keitt) than himself. They are kinsmen—each had proved "a friend who sticketh closer than a brother." When, he remarked, the people of the great North talk of me as a bad man, they will do me the justice to say that a blow from me at this time would be followed by revolution, as they know it.—[Applause, seemingly coming from the galleries.] But no act of mine shall favor revolution. I am not willing to see the Constitution annulled through me.

He would say to the House the axe uplifted over him may fall on them. He had only to say that he could not retain his seat, consistently with his self-respect and rights under the Constitution. During this very session, a member from Pennsylvania charged his colleague with an attempt at bribery. Where were the proceedings on that case? By passing over it in silence the House has declared that bribery is excusable, but a simple assault and battery not.

He spoke of Massachusetts as being in rebellion against the laws and Constitution of the United States whilst sitting in judgment on him and demanding his expulsion without a hearing. He had not been called to order, nor had he offended any officer; yet the vote taken to-day committed him to posterity as unworthy of a seat here, because of disorderly behaviour. He returned his thanks to his friends, specially to the good Northern Democrats and gentlemen who had the manhood to stand by him, not forgetting John Scott Harn, of Ohio. Some gentlemen, he believed, voted against him contrary to their wishes, but were operated upon by outside pressure, and he spoke in commendation of those who gave their votes without indulging in recrimination. He concluded by saying: "Mr. Speaker, I announce to you and the House that I am no longer a member of the Thirty-Fourth Congress." [Confusion, applause and hisses, during which Mr. Brooks withdrew.]

The resolution censuring Mr. Edmundson, of Virginia, for an alleged participation in this affair was rejected by a vote of 60 to 130, and that censuring Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, for a similar allegiance was adopted by a vote of 106 to [illegible]. To-day Mr. Keitt addressed the House at some length, and at the close of his remarks announced his resignation.

The jury in the case of Herbert, charged with the murder of Thomas Keating, after an absence of two and a half, were discharged yesterday, unable to agree. They stood seven equitable to fire for conviction. To-day a jury was empannelled, and a second trial will be had immediately.

COL. BENTON'S SPEECH AT ST. LOUIS.

We give below that portion of Col. Benton's recent speech at St. Louis which refers to the Cincinnati Convention and the domestic policy of the Administration:

Citizens: I appear before you in an unexpected character—that of candidate for the governorship of the State of Missouri. It was a place which I had not sought, but which I felt bound to accept in the present condition of the country—its peace greatly endangered both at home and abroad, and the services of all good citizens required to aid in preventing the double calamity of civil and foreign war. * * *

I went to Cincinnati to be near that Convention, the first one I ever approached.—I went to see how things were done, and to assist a little at a safe nomination. I found a garrison of office-holders inside of the Convention, and a besieging army of the same gentry on the outside of it. Packed delegates were there, sent to betray the people. Straw delegates were there, coming from the States which could give no democratic vote. Members of Congress were there, although forbid by their duties from being at such a place. A cohort of office-holders were there, political eunuchs in the Federal system, incapable of voting for the smallest Federal office, yet sent there by the administration to impose a President upon the people.

It was a scandalous collection, excluded by the constitution from being even electors of the President, and yet sent here to vote for the administration—and to vote upon the principle of the ox that knoweth his master's crib—upon the principle of the ass that knoweth the hand that feedeth him.—Bullies were there from the custom-house and the Five Points in New York—all with the approbation of the administration; for the office-holders would not be there (absent from their duties and drawing their pay) without the consent of their employers. It was a scandalous collection. The members of Congress were neglecting their legislative duties and doing what they had been interdicted from doing.

Thirty years ago the nomination of Presidential candidates was taken from Congress on account of the corruption which it engendered, and given to delegates, intending to be fresh from the people and to obey their will, and the nomination removed from Washington to Baltimore, to get out of the reach of President-making members. But these members followed to Baltimore, getting proxies from some delegate when they could get no appointment from the people; and to get rid of them—to get entirely from their reach—the Convention itself was removed from Baltimore to Cincinnati.

Vain effort to escape them. They followed on to Cincinnati. They broke up Congress to get to this forbidden place. Surely the new President will be very hard hearted if he does not remember them when he comes to the distribution of office. From Washington city came a new corps, never before put upon such service—the office-holders in the city, clerks in the departments—heads of bureaus—men who have no vote in any federal election—political hybrids, unable to act a man's part in any election, but sent to Cincinnati, as a life guard to support the administration.

* * * * *

Such was the composition of nearly one-half of the whole convention—custom-house officers, post-masters, salaried clerks, packed delegates, straw delegates political eunuchs, members of Congress, district attornies, federal marshals. The place in which they met, and which had been provided by a packed administration committee, was worthy of the meeting. It was a sort of den, approached by a long, narrow passage, barricaded by three doors, each door guarded by armed bullies, with orders to knock down any person that approached without a ticket from the committee, and a special order to be prepared with arms to repulse the Missouri delegation which came to vote for Buchanan—a repulse which they attempted, and got themselves knocked down and trampled under foot.

This den had no windows by which people could look in or see, or the light of the sun enter—only a row of glass, like a steamboat skylight, 35 feet above the floor. It was the nearest representation of the "black hole" in Calcutta, and like that hole, had well-nigh become notorious for a similar catastrophe. The little panes of glass above were hung on pivots, and turned flat to let in air. A rain came on, drove into the den; and to exclude it, the panes were turned up. "Smothering! smothering!" was the cry in the den; and the glass had to be turned up again. Over this place was a small box for spectators, its approach barricaded and guarded, and entrance only obtained upon tickets from the same packed committee, and to whom they gave tickets was seen the first votes which were given for Buchanan, and when each State that voted for him was hissed—even Virginia; and the hissing only stopped by a threat to clear the galleries. Such is the pass to which the nomination of President is now brought.

No President, seeking a second election, has ever been so repudiated before. Several, so seeking, have been defeated by their adversaries, but no one has been defeated by his own party. The elder Mr. Adams was defeated by the Democratic party, then called republican; the younger Mr. Adams was defeated by the same party; Mr. Van Buren was defeated by the Whigs.—But each of these gentlemen had the consolation of having preserved the respect and confidence of his own party. Not so with Mr. Pierce. He is repudiated by those who had exalted him. After four years' trial he is condemned and thrown away—the victim of his advisers. It is the most humiliating termination of a public career that ever was witnessed. His whole vote was some sixty—only five dozen out of nearly 300; and if from these are deducted the intrusive votes which ought not to be counted—those of the office-holders, packed delegates, the straw delegates, the members of Congress, and the complimentary votes which were begged for him to lessen the shame of the miserable defeat—if all these were deducted, as they ought to be, he would be left without a single vote; left to go out as he came in: with the unanimous consent of his party. What a fate for a man who came into office upon 27 States, with two-thirds of each House of Congress, and the united Democracy of the whole Union. After all, the result was due to the place where the Convention was held. If it had been in Baltimore, where the outside pressure would have been on the other side, the office-holders would have carried the day.

Let it not be forgotten that the place governed this nomination—the place convenient to the solid men of the country; but that cannot be relied upon to save future nominations. The old intriguers—the permanent professional President makers—will not be caught in such a place again. They will go where the farmers cannot come; and there is no safety except in the amendment of the Constitution, and giving to the people a direct vote for President. Already it is reported that they go next time to Charleston, S. C. where no Western farmers can get at them. If you ask how this can be known now? I answer, very well. Each Convention now appoints a committee of its own body, 31 in number, to sit from 4 years to 4 years and manage every thing. These Committees do the cheating in the recess of the Conventions.

Such a fall announces the most deplorable administration which our country has ever seen; and such is the fact. At home and abroad—in all its acts and policy, both foreign and domestic—flagrant misconduct has been the order of the day. The field of its bad acts is too large to admit of a full survey on an occasion like the present; I can only seize and present the most prominent, taking those which concern our home affairs first; the foreign afterwards; but, first, I must show who I mean by the administration, for it by no means consists of all whose names compose it.

In the first place, then, I do not mean Mr. Pierce, I leave him out entirely. He is a kind man, tender-hearted and will cry for any body's sorrows; but he has neither head nor nerve, and he is as helpless in the hands of his managers as a babe in the arms of its nurse. I have to give a signal instance of this helplessness which concerns yourselves as well as myself, and which admits of no question, because I was party to it, and know what I say. Mr. Pierce sent for me soon after his inauguration, desiring me to call upon him the next evening at eight o'clock. I went according to the request. He told me he wished to speak to me about the Missouri appointments, and know if they could not be put off for awhile? I answered yes—that they were all four years appointments, and to be out of themselves in the course of the spring and summer—that I despised the business of removing men who were doing their business well, and whose terms would soon expire; and had rather wait for the vacancy to come of itself. He replied that these were exactly his own sentiments, and it was readily agreed that the appointments should stand over until my return from Missouri, which would be in six weeks.

On this agreement, thus volunteered by himself, I left the city, and in two weeks was followed by a list of the appointments—and you know what kind of appointments they were—all made from my enemies, and to work in the election against me—a thing which they have faithfully done, and are still doing. Even the post office in my town was so filled as to render it impossible for me to use it, and drove me to the resource of sending my correspondence through Adams & Co. This is what happened between the President and myself, and is one of the innumerable instances to prove his nullity in his own administration. I did not get angry with him for it. I knew he was sincere at the time he spoke with me, and pitied his inability to keep his own word voluntarily given. I expressed no resentment because I knew they would not let him do as he wished; but self respect required me to avoid his house, and I have not been there since. Still, we meet handsomely when accident brings us together; sometimes meeting in evening rides, when the respective hats immediately rise high in the air; sometimes on foot, in an evening walk, when we rush to the salutation, and so pressingly that an observer might suppose it was a pair of old bosom friends—Damon and Pythias—just getting together again after a long and cruel separation.

In the next place, I do not mean Mr. Marcy. He leaves himself out by permitting others to dominate in his department, and by publicly agreeing to what he privately condemns. I leave out also the Secretaries of the Treasury, of the Interior, of the Navy, and the Postmaster General, and only condemn them for remaining in a Cabinet in which they are without influence, and sharing the odium of measures of which they have no part in the paternity. This brings me to the Secretary at War and the Attorney General, who, with an outside force of determined nullifiers, are the whole administration. But little need be said of the Secretary of War. He is a martinet, pelted up with West Point science, dogmatical and pragmatical, within his circle; but that circle is a narrow one, and he moves uncontrolled within it. He is an avowed secessionist.

Of the outside force of nullifiers still less remains to be said. They govern when they please, and always in the same style—by presenting a menacing front. Of all these the Attorney General is the master spirit. He is a man of talent, of learning, of industry—unscrupulous, double-sexed, double-gendered, and hermaphrodite in politics—with a hinge in his knee, which he often crooks, "that thrift may follow fawning." He governs by subserviency; and to him is deferred the master's place in Mr. Pierce's Cabinet. When I heard he was to come into the Cabinet, I set down Mr. Pierce as a doomed man, and foresaw the swift and full destruction which was to fall upon him. I had known Mr. Cushing as an abolitionist, voting against Arkansas because she was a Slave State, and backing Slade, of Vt., in the attempt to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. I had known him as a Whig, attacking the Democracy and all their measures; and as a Tylerite, auctioneering offices for Tyler as long as he had an office to go to the hammer. I could have no faith in an administration so led, and foretold its calamitous fate from the moment it was seen who was to be in it.

Now for their acts:

1. The violation of the Texas and Missouri Compromises. With the facts of this violation, its wicked and corrupt intent and the foul means of getting it done, and its disastrous and bloody consequences, you are all sufficiently acquainted, and I only name it to give it its place at the head and front of all the evil measures of this administration.

2. Prostitution of the whole appointing power to electioneering purposes. This was openly done from the first moment of its existence. Appointments were wholly made with a view to affect the elections, State and Federal, and to operate for or against particular men; and for this purpose unfit characters would be taken in preference to the best. You know how it was in this State, and as it was here, so it was everywhere. Nullifiers and free soilers, apostates and renegades, all were fish in their net. One single qualification was requisite, that of working in the elections; and the only preference seemed to be shown was in favor of those who had been most violent against the Union. On that principle an editor was taken and sent into Egypt—not into bondage, as better men have been sent there—but as Consul General of the United States, which editor had published a daily paper in Washington city for three years, wholly devoted to the separation of the slave from the free States.

3. Unfit appointments on foreign missions. This is a mortifying head of accusation against the present administration. Never were such men sent abroad to represent our country—men without a particle of the knowledge which diplomacy requires, and even without manners—without knowing how to behave in company—mere political demagogues, to reward them for services past, and services to come, at the Federal and State elections. They sent such abroad in order to give them indemnity for past services at the polls, and to enable them to come back and recommence their partisan labors. Formerly, the United States ministers were the pride of our country, and the admiration of the courts to which they were sent. Talented, educated, replete with knowledge, polished in manners, modest, virtuous, such were formerly our ministers abroad.

What a contrast are those we now send abroad. What a contrast to the Rufus Kings, the John Marshalls, the Albert Gallatins, the John Quincy Adamses, the Pinkneys, of South Carolina, and the Pinkney of Maryland, the Henry Clays, and the long list of splendid names which grace our diplomatic annals. Such appointments as this administration makes—I speak of the most, for there are a few exceptions—are not only a disgrace, but an injury to our country. They injure our natural reputation. They degrade us in the eyes of foreign nations. They injure the whole character of republican government. Many of them not only of bad manners, but bad morals.

Only think of that Dale Owen, who published a newspaper and wrote a book to abolish the institution of marriage, and to live together like the beasts of the field.—He is sent to a foreign Court for his election services, and must convey the idea, wherever he goes, that the United States is a whole nation of Mormons, returning to the state of forest animals. But if he must go, he has certainly gone to the right place.—They sent him to Naples, where his doctrine may meet with less abhorrence than in any other part of the civilized world. And all these missions are multiplied to the greatest possible extent. Sending these unfit men to places where they have nothing to do, even if they could do anything, merely to give them pay, and where many of them, by vulgarity and mis-conduct, are excluded from social intercourse, and confined to the privileges which the treaties secure them, and left to the low company which their manners and tastes require.

4. Extravagant expenditure is the characteristic of this administration. Never was such a prodigate waste of public money seen. 70 to 80,000,000 squandered per annum, and not a symptom of any abatement.—When Mr. Polk went out of office, which was after the acquisition of all our new territories, he computed the annual expenses of the government at 25 to 26,000,000; now it is three times that amount, and getting worse. Increase of offices and salaries—increase of army and navy—multiplication of useless agents to attend to the elections under the pretext of filling some office—waste of money building ships to rot, while refusing a dollar for the improvement of our great rivers; such are the devices to get rid of the public money.

Nearly a thousand dollars a man is now the average cost of every man in the army and navy, and the civil pension list of England proposed for their further support.—And both army and navy reduced as fast as possible, to the condition of government establishments—Presidential and not national institutions. All appointments are conducted on that principle; all dismissions and reductions are conducted on the same. Two hundred officers have lately been turned out of the navy by an open, scandalous and criminal perversion of law; and the same operation is desired to be performed on the army, the rule of dismission being to save partisans and favorites, and to turn out good officers, without regard to service or character, whose political affinities or connexions are not approved.

5. Violated pledges rise up in judgment against this administration. I do not mean the inaugural address, they are now made like pie crust—to be broken. I speak of public specific pledges, openly and solemnly and scandalously violated. There was the pledge to reduce unnecessary duties, and get rid of a corrupting surplus revenue. That pledge is violated, has been for four years, and still is. The enormous revenue is kept up to increase patronage, to purchase worthless land from Mexico, to corrupt presses, to reward partisans, to strengthen the government, to build up armies and navies, and to fight foreign nations; if they can succeed in picking quarrels with them.

Equally public was the pledge, and equal-