

# The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 5.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., SEPTEMBER 2, 1856.

NUMBER 28.

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## TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be deferred 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 (10 lines of type, the stated type) for the first month; and 25 cents for each subsequent month. Court reports and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 33 1/2 per cent will be made from the regular price for advertisements by the month. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at \$1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time. Single lines one cent per line for each insertion.

## Poetry.



### DEATH OF THE CHILDREN.

"The present season will be marked among the years for the soil fertility which is bearing infants to their graves, as the wing of death might brush down dew from the earth to a morose flight. Happy in their parents who in their affliction can recall the past without the accusation of wrong upon their own part as the cause why their little ones are no longer with them. To weep, and only such, as these lines of Longfellow be any solace."

There is a flower, whose name is Death,  
And with a smile it kneels  
To the hoar-frost that lies on a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have thought that is fair?" said he;  
"Have I thought that the hoar-frost grows?"  
"The death of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He wept for the hoar-frost that lies on a breath,  
He found them in his sleeves.

"My Lord has need of these flowers gay?"  
The Reaper said, and smiled;  
"The hoar-frost of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child."

They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And some, upon their garments white,  
They sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave in tears and pain,  
The flowers she must all love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
"Two an angel visited the green earth  
And look the flowers away."

## Miscellaneous.

### THE BRAWLER & THE QUAKER. AN AMUSING STORY.

There lived in a certain neighborhood, not far distant from here, a roistering rowdy bully named Jimmy Blander.

Jim was "some" in a fight—a kind of pugilistic Napoleon. Many and bloody were the affairs he had in his lifetime, and he invariably came off first best. He not only considered himself invulnerable, but all the fighting characters in the surrounding country conceded it was no use fighting Jim, as he was considered to be a patent fighting machine, that could not be improved upon.

In Jim's neighborhood had settled quite a number of Quakers. From some cause or other, Jim hated the "shad bellies," as he called them, with entire heart; and he often declared that to whip one of these inefficient people would be the crowning glory of his life.

For years Jim waited for a pretext. One of Jim's chums overheard a young Quaker speak in disparaging terms of him. The report soon came to Jim's ears, not a little magnified.

Jim made desperate threats what he was going to do with Nathan, the meek follower of Peace, on sight, beside the various blundering and contentious he meant to inflict on Nathan's body; in his chaste language he meant to gouge out both of his eyes, and draw off both of his ears.

Nathan heard of Jim's threat, and very properly kept out of his way, hoping that time would mollify his anger. It seemed, however, that this much desired result did not take place.

One day Nathan was out riding, and passing through a long lane, when about midway, he espied Jim entering the other end. Nathan might have turned and fled, but his flesh rebelled at retreating.

"I will pursue my way peacefully," said the Quaker, "and I hope the better sense of the man of wrath will not permit him to molest me or allow him to do violence to my person."

Nathan's calculations as to the lamb-like qualities of his adversary were doomed to be disappointed.

"O, oh!" thought the bully, as he recognized Nathan. "I have him at last. Now I'll make mince-meat of shad-belly! I will whip and pickle him too!"

"Will thou please dismount from thy horse?" said Jim, seizing the bridle of Nathan's horse, and snatching his style; "my heart yearneth above all things to give thee

the biggest mauling that ever a man received."

"Friend James," replied Nathan, "you must not molest me, but let me go my way in peace. Thy better judgment will surely tell thee that thou cannot possibly be benefited by personally injuring me."

"Get down in a moment!" thundered Jim; "get down, you canting, lying, mischief-making hypocrite. I'll drag you down if you don't dismount."

"Friend James, I remonstrate against thy proceeding and against thy language," replied Nathan. "My religion teaches me to love my neighbor as myself, and I am no maker, nor a hypocrite; I am no coward, and a man of peace. I desire to pursue my way quietly; let me pass on."

"Get down," persisted Jim; "down with you, I want you! I want to beat some of your religion out of you; I must give you a flogging before I leave you. I think by the time I am through with you, you will pass for a tolerably honest man. I will teach you, in a short lesson, the importance of minding your own business, and the risk you run in slandering my neighbors."

"I will not dismount," said Nathan; "loosen thy hold from the bridle."

"You won't, won't you?" said Jim; then here goes."

And he made a desperate plunge to collar the Quaker.

Nathan was on his feet in an instant, on the opposite side of his horse.

The Quaker, although of much smaller proportions than his persecutor, was all sinew and muscle, and his well-knit form denoted activity and strength.

His wrath was evidently kindled.

"Friend James," he implored, "thy pertinacious persistence in persecuting me is exceedingly annoying; thou must desist, or peradventure I may so far forget myself as to do thee some bodily harm."

"By snakes!" said Jim, coming towards Nathan. "I believe there is fight enough in Broadbrim to make the affair interesting. I wish some of the boys were here to see the fun. Now," continued Jim, "friend Nathan, I am going to knock off the end of your nose."

Suited the action to the word, Jim, after various pugilistic gyrations with his fist, made a scientific blow at the nasal organ of our friend, but Tom Hyer could not more scientifically have warded it off.

Jim was evidently disconcerted at the ill success of his first attempt; he saw he had undertaken quite as much as he was likely to accomplish. He straightened himself out, however, and approached Nathan more cautiously.

The contest beguine again. Nathan stood his ground firmly, and skillfully warded off the shower of blows which Jim aimed at him.

"Friend James," said Nathan in the best of the contest, "this is mere child's play. It grieves me into resistance, but I must defend myself from bodily harm. I see there is but one way of bringing this scandalous affair to a close, and that is by my conquering thee; in order to do this, I will inflict a heavy blow between thy eyes, which will prostrate thee."

Following out this suggestion, Nathan struck Jim a tremendous blow on the forehead, which brought him senseless to the ground.

"Now," said Nathan, "I will teach thee a lesson, and I hope it will be a wholesome lesson, too. I will seat myself a-straddle of thy breast. I will place my knees upon thy arms, thus, so that thou cannot injure me when thou returnest to consciousness. I hope I may be the humble instrument of taming thy fierce and warlike nature, and making a better and peaceful man of thee."

As the Quaker concluded, Jim began to show some returning signs of life. The first impulse of him, when he fairly saw his position, was to turn Nathan off. He struggled desperately, but he was in a vice; his efforts were unavailing.

"Friend thou must keep still until I am done with thee," said Nathan. "I believe I am a humble instrument in the hands of Providence to chastise thee, and I trust when I am done with thee, thou wilt be a changed man. Friend James, dost thee not repent attacking me?"

"No," said Jim, with an oath; "let me up and I'll show you."

"I will not let thee up, thou impious wretch!" replied Nathan. "Darest thou profane the name of thy Maker? I will check thy respiration for a moment."

Nathan, as good as his word, clutched Jim by the throat. He compressed his grip—a gurgling sound could be heard—Jim's face became distorted—atremors ran through his frame. He was evidently undergoing a process of strangulation.

The Quaker relaxed his hold, but not until the choking process had sufficiently, as he thought, tamed the perverse spirit of Jim.

It took some moments for Jim to inhale sufficient air to address the Quaker.

"I kneed under," said Jim; "enough—let me up."

"Nay, thou hast not half enough," replied Nathan. "Thou art undergoing a

process of moral purification, and thou liest until I am done with thee. Thou hast profaned the name of thy Maker; confess, dost thou repent thy wickedness?"

"No, hanged if I do!" growled Jim.

"Thou perverse man," replied the Quaker, "must I use compulsory means? I will compress thy windpipe again, unless thou give me an answer in the affirmative; say quick, art thou sorry?"

"No—I—y—es!" shrieked Jim, in a gurgling tone, as the Quaker tightened his grip.

"Yes, I am sorry."

"Is thy sorrow Godly sorrow?" inquired Nathan.

Jim rather demurred giving an affirmative answer to this question, but a gentle squeeze admonished him that he had better yield.

"Yes," replied Jim, "my sorrow is a Godly sorrow."

"A Godly sorrow leadeth to repentance," replied Nathan; "we are progressing fully. Thou saidst just now that I was a canting, lying, cowardly, mischief-making hypocrite. Thou wronged me in asserting these things, and slandered my persuasion. Dost thou recall these assertions?"

"Yes," replied Jim, "I do; now let me go."

"I am not done with thee yet," said Nathan. "Thou hast been a disturber of the peace of this neighborhood time out of mind; thy hand has been raised against every man; thou art a brawler. Wilt thou promise me that in future thou wilt lead a more peaceful life—that thou wilt love thy neighbor as thyself?"

"Yes," answered Jim, hesitatingly, "all but the Quakers."

"Thou must make no exception," replied Nathan; "I insist upon an affirmative answer."

"I will not say yes to that; I will die first!"

A struggle now ensued between the two, but Jim had his match.

"Thou must yield, James; I insist on it," said Nathan, and he grasped Jim by the throat. "I will choke thee into submission; thou must answer affirmatively. Say after me, I promise to love my neighbor as myself, including the Quakers."

"I won't promise that; I'll be cursed if I do!" replied Jim.

"I will check thy respiration if thou don't. Wilt thou yield?"

"No, I won't; I'll be blasted if I do!" answered Jim.

"Thee had better give in; I will choke thee again if thou does not. See, my grip tightens," replied Nathan.

And Nathan did compress his grip, and the choking process again went on.

Jim's face first became distorted, then pale, and his eyes protruded from their sockets like a dying man's.

Nathan compressed his grip until Jim became entirely passive and relaxed his hold. Jim was slow in recovering his senses; when he did, he begged Nathan for mercy's sake to release him.

"When thou wilt make the promise I exact of thee, I will release thee, but no sooner," replied Nathan.

Jim said that he was powerless, and that the Quaker was resolute. He felt it was no use to persist in his stubbornness.

"I will give in; I'll promise to love my neighbor as myself," he replied.

"Including the Quakers?" inquired Nathan.

"Yes, including the Quakers," replied Jim.

"Thou mayest arise, then, friend James, and I trust the lesson thou hast learned today will make a more peaceable citizen of thee, and I hope a better man," answered Nathan.

Poor Jim was entirely humbled; he left the field with his spirits completely cowed.

Not long after this occurrence, the story became bruited about. He soon after left the scene of his many triumphs, and his late disastrous defeat, and emigrated to the West.

The last I heard of him he was preparing to make another move. Being pressed for his reasons why he again emigrated still farther West, he said a colony of Quakers were about moving into his neighborhood. He was under obligations to love them, but he was of opinion that distance would lend strength to his attachment.

It seems that California possesses hot springs like those of Iceland, which are called Geysers. They are found on the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada, not far from a lake called Washo. The water rises to the height of twenty-one feet, but the jets occur at intervals of five minutes, and when they fall back into the earth, produce a noise like thunder. The opening of the principal jet is about twelve inches, and is surrounded by a silicious formation. The heat of the water varies from 200 to 212 degrees.

A WITTY TOAST.—At a late freeman's supper at Burlington, Edw'd. Bradley gave the following toast:

"Ladies of '56, like the freeman's buck-et, well-kept, and like freemen, delighting in the exhibition of their hose."

From the New York Express.

### TO OUR SOUTHERN READERS.

Americans of the South—Whigs of the South—It is the Abolition cry at the North—that "Fillmore has no chance,"—and the Buchanan cry South,—and, believing these two cries, many honest patriotic men are duped. Now, if the fact were as stated, that is no reason why men should do wrong, or fail to do right,—but the fact cannot be so, unless made so,—by men being made the dupes of false cries.

This canvass presents many points of consideration, all of which are more thought from the very nature of man's positions. Fremont, a Southern-born, is brought up as an anti-Southern candidate; Buchanan, a Northern-born man, is brought up as the anti-Northern candidate,—that is, a candidate to carry out the Pierce policy in Kansas, and in the annexation of Cuba, &c., &c. The issue these two men present is a fatal one to the peace and prosperity of the Union, because it is sectional, and because it is certain to keep up sectional feuds and fights. If Buchanan is elected, there is nothing settled,—because, in every Northern State, there will be large majorities against him, when the Fillmore and Fremont vote is counted. These majorities will not be vanquished when Buchanan attempts to carry out the Cincinnati Policy that elects him,—but on the contrary, will be increased by it, magnified and prolonged. The North is not to be subdued any more than the South. Buchanan must either betray the Southern policy that elects him, or keep up just such feeling and agitation in the North as Pierce's policy has created. Under this agitation, Southern institutions cannot prosper or thrive, for they want peace, and their policy is peace, and they thrive best in peace—whereas agitation is the natural abolition element.

It is very easy for us Fillmore men in the North to throw every Northern vote, we think, in every Northern State, against Buchanan. We have but to coalesce with Abolition, and divide the Electoral Ticket;—and the thing is done. Pennsylvania, even, Buchanan's own State, can be carried against Buchanan by 30,000 majority. But we fight this battle upon principle, and considering Fremont unfit in person, and treacherous to the Union in political position,—we cannot, and will not, form coalitions, that may give him even apparent strength,—surely to insure a nominal victory. Buchanan is weak in all the Northern States,—as the successor of the Pierce policy, which even the South disowned in throwing Pierce over, and in taking up Buchanan,—and it is very easy to defeat him. In our own State of New York, he is not even a practical candidate, as yet,—only a candidate in theory. The battle here is really between Fillmore and Fremont,—and we show that we think so, daily, by directing all our fire upon Fremont, and ignoring even the existence of Buchanan. Hence, if Buchanan is to receive Northern votes, it is only by the division of the opposition, and whatever Electoral ticket he wins, will disclose him to be in the minority.

What, then, is the policy of the South? To cram down upon the North, Buchanan? To elect Buchanan by the Southern, with any such Northern votes, as accident gives him,—and thus to re-furnish material to the Northern fanatics for further agitation?—What gain to the South by this prolonged agitation? What to her institutions,—what to her Public Men or Public Interests,—to say nothing of the peril to the Union? It is not pretended in the South that Buchanan is a truer man to the Union than Fillmore,—and yet it is known and felt,—that the election of Fillmore will pacify the whole country,—and restore harmony as in 1850,—by settling all disputes upon a just and patriotic basis, against which no sound complaint can come from either section. It is not the triumph of either section that it is the triumph of patriotic American can desire,—but with justice to all,—an amnesty,—a pacification.

But "Fillmore has no chance,"—we are told,—and, therefore, between Fremont and Buchanan,—we take Buchanan. In reply to this, first,—there is no danger of Fremont's election. The thing is mathematically impossible. He starts with 15 Southern States dead against him, and in the 10 Northern States, he must carry about all of them, certainly Pennsylvania,—which it is not pretended even, that he has a chance of carrying against the friends of Fillmore there. Dispel then this illusion; that the contest is between Fremont and Buchanan,—for the practical contest, where that is approached is only between Fillmore and Buchanan. One or the other must certainly be President; Fremont never.

Now,—what right has any body South to say, Fillmore has no chance in the North? Have we not, within the two past years, twice carried this State for his friends? Is he less popular now than those friends?—Has he not even been the favorite of this State? Was he not even selected to be put on a ticket to carry this State? When Gen. Taylor was run, the programme was to run Abbot Lawrence with him,—but was not

Fillmore taken in his stead, on purpose to save this State? Are his friends inactive? Did the South ever see such a canvass as we are now only beginning to make? Were ever such Public Meetings heard of before, as we are having? Did the Labor and Industry of the workshops ever pour out, as they are now pouring out for Millard Fillmore? Was there ever a party so well, so thoroly, organized, as the American Party is in the State of New York,—so much of a unit, or marching so well in harmony towards almost certain victory? Here, in the Empire State, is the battle ground,—and we know it,—and, if we go for Fillmore, we believe, so goes the prize in the end.

Men, however, ought not to gamble, as it were, in politics,—especially when parties become geographical; but, without regard to results, do right. Is it right to elect Fillmore over Buchanan? Or, rather, is it not wrong, not thus to elect him?

What Fillmore's policy is, or is to be, we know from the records of 1850 and on,—but what Buchanan's is to be,—we know not, because his party, for the first time, have interpolated a foreign plank in their platform, which, under the inspiration of the Soules, may engulf this country with all the world. Buchanan is pledged to that policy. I am no more James Buchanan, he tells us, but the Cincinnati Platform! Thus, war abroad and continued discord at home are the promised fruits of such a coalition! Is it not wrong, then, thus to vote? Nay, is it not a crime,—and without any regard to Fillmore's chances, ought not every man to do right, knowing that God, in the end, will maintain the right?

It is a crime too,—to make this election sectional, geographical,—as the Fremont and Buchanan men are making it. Millard Fillmore alone removes the canvass from this danger of sectionalism. Fremont's strength is all North. Buchanan's practical strength is all South. Fillmore alone embodies the conservatism of the whole Union. Fillmore alone has the hands and hearts of the conservative men in all parts of the Union. It is a folly then to try to triumph over the North with Buchanan, or over the South, with Fremont.

Now, the Express is not a Journal that prophesies, or predicts,—as some other Journals often do. Do right without regard to results, has ever been our maxim, and our policy. Hence,—we have no predictions to make,—but we have a right to say,—the canvass, on the part of the Fillmore Party in the North, has scarcely begun. The history of Fremont, Fillmore's real combatant here, is not yet known to our farmers. They have heard of him only as a geographer,—but they have not heard of him yet,—as a Statesman, a soldier,—or as his principles. The first goal is already about gone off. The Northern people are not long dupes, and when duped they soon emancipate themselves from the dupe. The more time given us, the more we increase our strength. In the New England States we have not, as yet, fairly approached the people,—certainly not beyond the State of Connecticut,—but as we come before the public,—we rapidly dispel the Fremont delusion. The whole Fremont show is daily coming out,—and daily emancipating men from it. When the people are reached on the stump,—the frauds of the Fremont Press will soon vanish before a free discussion.

The most alarming element of this canvass, especially to the South, is the abandonment of the Democracy by the Germans, and to some extent by the Irish. The Americans do not court foreign votes, but accept them gratefully,—if given to American principles. The Democracy of the North, however, exists on, nay, breathes on its foreign vote. Take away its foreign vote,—and it is no where in the North, on an election day, especially in the villages, towns and cities. Now the German vote, to a great extent, is gone over to Fremont,—and this abandonment of this portion of the Northern Democracy, shows how little reliance the South can really place on the Northern Democratic Party. In the very first sectional contest,—the Foreign Democracy of the Democratic Party enlists in a sectional warfare against the South. The "Red" Germans and the "Black" Republicans are in close alliance against the South,—and all are equally the enemies of Fillmore. What is the duty of the Southern men, then, in such a crisis?—to keep up its alliance with such a Northern Democracy? Certainly not,—but, on the contrary, it is not its duty to ally itself with the constitutional conservatism of the North,—that great American Party which Millard Fillmore heads, and which he illustrated in his administration of the Government, when President.

Fillmore is no Northern man, with Southern principles, nor Southern man with Northern principles, but a sound national conservative man, of the school of Washington and Madison. Equity to the Union is his great characteristic, to the North as well as to the South. We do not offer him to the South as a Southern man, but as a Northern man, tried and true to all parts of the Union, and so satisfying and pacifying all parts of that Union. He was President not

of 15 slave States and 16 free States, but of 31 United States,—and he united all in 1850, and made all happy and content.—Elect him once more, and peace once more is returned to the country, and in less than six months the Kansas war will be hushed in that equity, which will satisfy all but extremes, North and South,—and Peace will once more be restored to the distracted States. But keep up this sectionalism of candidates or of men,—pledged, as Buchanan is, to reopen old wounds, and to make new ones,—and there will be peace no more,—nothing but that prolonged bitter war of words, which ever ends in the clash of arms.

### THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM AND MR. BUCHANAN.

The Democratic platform pledges the party against internal improvement by the General Government.

While in Congress, in 1837, Mr. Buchanan voted for an appropriation to extend the Cumberland Road. He is not entirely rid of the same ideas which dictated the vote on the Cumberland Road. The 12th of July, 1853, on the occasion of the visit of President Pierce and his Secretary of War, Mr. Davis, to Philadelphia, he made a speech at the Merchants' Hotel, in that city, in which in allusion to Mr. Davis' remarks touching the construction of a railroad to the Pacific, he said:

"He admitted that Col. Davis was a strict constructionist. He had never known but one man who could excel his friend from Mississippi in that, and that was a friend of his from old Virginia in olden times.—This gentleman was alarmingly ill, and was at the point of death, and all that troubled his conscience was, lest he might be buried in the Congressional burying ground at the public expense. He sent for a friend, and in prospect of eternity said, 'I would nearly as lief take my chance of being d—d as to entertain the idea that Congress without authority from the Constitution, should appropriate money to bury me.' [Laughter.]—That gentleman was more of a strict constructionist than his (Mr. B's) friend Davis; for the latter had got so far as to be willing to appropriate the public money to make a railroad to the Pacific, which which he himself entirely agreed."

So it appears that as late as 1853, Mr. Buchanan was willing to appropriate the public money for internal improvement purposes, to construct a great railroad to the Pacific. The platform is opposed to free trade. Mr. Buchanan has always been a supporter of the protective tariff of 1824, the bill of abominations in 1828, and the high tariff of 1842!—How a man with such antecedents as these can be supported by the democratic party as a friend of "progressive," or any other sound "free trade," we are at a loss to determine. It is true that he accepts the platform as he does the nomination, but since the party have always violated some of the pledges of their platform, is it to be expected that Mr. Buchanan after the canvass is over, should be elected President, will forget the well-settled principles of his life, maintained from 1824 down to the date of his acceptance of the nomination, and run off after the fine spun theories of the advocates of free trade?

### EXTRAORDINARY POLITICAL EVENT.

One of the most remarkable events of the age is the passage of the new Kansas bill by the U. S. Senate. It is a direct repeal of the main substance of the Kansas and Nebraska bill of 1854. It is not only a recognition, but a practical assertion of the right of Congress to legislate for the Territory, and even to repeal its legislation.—Moreover it is an express practical recognition of the Native American principle. It annuls the chief provisions of the boasted bill of '54; it sets at open defiance and wipes out an important resolution of the Cincinnati Democratic National Convention; and it flies directly and fiercely in the face of the loud preaching of the entire Democracy for the last two years.

Follow countrymen! look at this thing! The Democratic party of the nation staked itself upon the Kansas Nebraska bill. That bill was originally made a party measure by the Democracy in Congress, and when it became a law, the law was made a party measure by the Democracy everywhere.—The whole Democracy made the law a Democratic test. Not to support the law in all its provisions was treason to the party. The Cincinnati Convention declared the unconstitutionality of the interference of Congress in territorial legislation; and the party has endorsed the declaration. And yet now our Democratic Senate does away with the Nebraska law, legislates for the territories, repeals the legislation of the territory, and enacts that none but native and naturalized citizens shall vote in the territory. What the Democratic party one week ago boasted of as its great distinctive measure, is annihilated by its own hand. Here is a party catastrophe without the shadow of a parallel in party history. The Democratic party is suddenly transformed into a huge crab making back tracks as never mortal crab did before. The spectacle is a monstrous one.—Louisville Journal.

### ANOTHER LABORER IN THE FIELD.—

(The Blountville, Delaware county (New York) Mirror comes to us with the Fillmore and Donelson flag flying. This is a valuable accession. The Mirror has a wide circulation and influence.

From the Louisville Journal.

### AN IMPORTANT EXPOSURE.

The American nation knows that the Democratic party has always been endeavoring to make a vast amount of political capital out of the passage of the Compromise Measures of 1850. Although President Fillmore and his whole Cabinet went strongly for those measures and secured their passage, the Democratic champions have claimed for their own party the whole credit; and they have proclaimed, a thousand times over, that, but for the success of those measures, the Union would have been dissolved. The leaders of the Democratic party have all treated opposition to the Compromise Measures of 1850 as the rankest and most unadulterated treason, although Jeff Davis, and perhaps three or four other ultra Locoocofoe disunionists were in the opposition. And now for a farther startling exposure. We find the following in the Clarksville Chronicle of the 1st instant:

"In examining Buchanan's record, as made out by his friends, we have been surprised to find no evidence that he was in favor of the Compromise of 1850. We have it, from a source entirely reliable, that he was opposed to that measure, and if so, it gives a blacker hue to a record already black enough."

The charge here made against Mr. Buchanan is true. It is certainly true. We will state why we say so. In 1851, a squad of Democrats met together in Mississippi and nominated James Buchanan for President. Thereupon, Andrew Jackson Donelson, as editor of the Washington Union, wrote and published an article headed "Too Fast," in which he made mention of the Mississippi nomination and stated that Mr. Buchanan was in favor of the Compromise of 1850 while Mr. Davis was bitterly opposed to it. As soon as this article appeared in the Union, Mr. Buchanan, feverishly anxious that the Mississippi nomination should not fall through, wrote a letter to Major Donelson, saying that he was opposed to the compromise measures of 1850.—That letter is now in Major Donelson's possession, who says that he stands ready to publish it if any of the Democratic organs shall republish his article from the Union to show that Mr. Buchanan was in favor of the Compromise measures of 1850, or shall make the charge that Donelson said that Buchanan was in favor of those measures. The issue is thus squarely tendered. Let Mr. Buchanan accept it, or any friend of his that dares; and then, if Mr. Donelson fail to establish his position by the production of Mr. Buchanan's letter, the shame will be upon him, and the injury upon his party.

We hardly believed that Mr. Buchanan was actually opposed to the Compromise measures of 1850. We believed that he, like most of his party, was in favor of them, but if he was, the infamy of his letter, to Maj. Donelson in the following year was unutterable. In that case the letter shows, as strikingly as anything under Heaven could, the utterly unprincipled character of the man. If, after having been favorable to the Compromise measures of 1850, he declared himself opposed to them in order to place himself in the attitude of a person fit to go upon the same ticket with Jefferson Davis; then he is an unscrupulous and false and base man, capable of precluding anything for the sake of office, or even a chance of it. The great mass of the Democratic organs, as we said, have treated opposition to the Compromise measures of 1850 as treason to the country; they have proclaimed that nothing but the death of Gen. Taylor, who opposed those measures, saved the Republic; and now, if any of them dare face the facts, let it be shown whether their candidate was really opposed to the great measures of salvation in 1850, or whether he hypocritically and falsely pretended in 1851 to have been opposed to those measures, so as to get himself put upon a ticket for the Presidency, with Jeff. Davis for the Vice Presidency.

### AMERICA FOR AMERICANS.

A distinguished foreign born citizen, who is a gentleman of cultivation and refinement, called upon us a few days ago, on his way from one of the North Western States to New Orleans, and announced to us his determination to vote for Fillmore and Donelson, and his intention of advising his countrymen who constitute a large body in certain new States) to do the same thing. This gentleman further said to us, in substance:

"Sir, I have not failed to see plainly what the American party is aiming at, and I applaud all its objects. Every intelligent, liberty loving foreigner, who intends to make this country his home and the home of his children, should regard the American Party as a benefactor rather than an enemy; and every foreigner, who really and truly shares all allegiance to every foreign prince, potentate or power, is as much interested in the success of the party as the native born citizen himself."

"There are many foreigners, who come to this country from Europe, and especially from the North of Europe, whose political principles may be trusted, and whose intelligence, industry, and good habits, make them good citizens, but an overwhelming majority of the immigration to this country, and especially that from Ireland, part of Germany, and the South of Europe, made up of paupers and criminals, half savages, red Republicans and Papists, who do not and cannot understand Republican institutions, and in whose hands the elective franchise is dangerous to the welfare and perpetuity of the institutions."

"Sir,"—he continued—"I have passed much of my life in Roman Catholic countries, and I have found the common people there, always ignorant, degraded, and ground down under the heel of power. The power of the Pope—of the Cardinals—of