The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 5. CHARLOTTE, N. C., OCTOBER 14, 1856. NUMBER 34.

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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.

PAY THE PRINTER.

BY HENRY BRADY.

As honest men, attend and hear
The serious fact—the times are dear;
Who owes a bill, 'tis just as clear
As sleet-light in the winter,
That he should come without delay—
That's if he can—that bill to pay,
And ere he puts his purse away,
"Fork over" to the Printer.

The printer's check is seldom red,
The fine machinery of his head
Is working when you are in bed,
Your true and faithful "mentor,"
All day and night he wears his shoes
And brains to furnish you with news;
But men of conscience ne'er refuse
To pay the toiling Printer.

'Tis known, or ought to be, by all
His dues are scattered, and they're small,
And if not paid, he's bound to fall
In debt—for fuel, bread, rent, or
Perhaps his paper, then to square
Up with his help—a double care
Bows down his head—now is it fair
That you don't pay the Printer.

His wife and little prattlers, too,
Are now depending upon you;
And if you pay his score that's due,
Necessity can't stint her;
But if you don't, as knows the mole,
I'will turn your conscience out a hole!
And brand your forehead thus: "No soul!"
Of him who cheats the Printer.

The cat will mew between your feet,
The dogs will bite you on the street
And every urchin that you meet,
Will roar with voice of stentor,
"Look to your pockets—there he goes
The chap that wears the printer's clothes!
And proud, though everybody knows
The grub, he gnawed the Printer!"

Be simply just, and don't disgrace
Yourself, but beg the "Lord of grace,"
To throw that hardened sky "case,"
That honesty may enter;
Then done, man will with man act fair,
And all will have the "tin" to spare;
Then will the "editorial chair"
Support a well-paid Printer.

Miscellaneous.

SCANDAL!
A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

"Surely, Amelia, you are mistaken—it was not Ellen Merkle you saw with Col. Stapleton?"

"I wish I was mistaken, Emma; but it is impossible; I saw both as plainly as I do you."

"At eleven o'clock at night, in the graveyard, with Col. Stapleton! I will never visit her—I will never speak to her again if it is so."

"Indeed, Emma, you know I would not repeat a thing that was not true; Sally Ann saw them as well as myself. When we first saw them they were sitting down on a tombstone, and I'm sure he had his arm around her waist; then they got up and came down to the fence, right opposite the window, and he got over first, and then she clambered over after him. It was light as day, you know, last night; and as she stood by the fence, I saw her as plain as could be."

"Well, I always thought her a queer girl, and I noticed her intimacy with Col. Stapleton, but I never thought it would come to this. I wonder if she will be at Henry's on Thursday?"

"No! I told Anne this morning, and as she was going to Merkle's, she would not invite her, but go home and ask her mother what to do about it; and I saw her since, and she told me her mother said she must not invite Ellen, because every one was talking of her behavior at Russell's last night."

"Well, I am right glad of that; for if she was to be there, I would not go a step."

The friends separated, each intent upon circulating, with hypocritic regret and real satisfaction, the tale which was to blast the reputation of one of the fairest and best girls of the village of Greenhaven.

Ellen Merkle was the youngest daughter of a rich farmer. She had been carefully educated, and was not less remarkable for intelligence, than the unobtrusive, yet ever active virtues, that advanced her character, and the beauty that won her the admiration her meekness shunned.

What had she done to deserve the penalty with which detraction was about to visit her reputed improprieties? Nothing. She had received the attentions of Col. Stapleton, the unimportant and meaningless courtesies of the ball-room, upon several occasions, without a frown, and had ever danced three sets with him at Russell's party, although the gossips said he was a libertine. In manners, the Colonel was a gentleman; his conversation showed him to be a man of reading and reflection. He visited her father frequently, and that was all she knew of him, and more than most of the town—that is, the gossips of the place—knew. They said Col. Stapleton was a stranger, he dressed in the height of fashion, took long walks at night, was proud supercilious and overbearing; he was too attentive to the ladies; he had been seen walking with a female after dark on the outskirts of the village, and was, of course all that was evil; and for Ellen to dance with him, was a deadly sin in the eyes of all those who envied her the opportunity.

The scandal flew everywhere—one exclusion led to another, until Ellen stood alone, in a social parish, with whom no one dared to associate, under the penalty of sharing her fate.

In the mean time, Col. Stapleton had left the village, and, when the invidious tale reached her family, her simple denial was all that could be opposed to it; and who, beyond the walls of home, believed that? No one. She lingered on in wretchedness—hope had no smile for her, and affection no solace. Consumption, too, often the disease of despair, came in mercy and bore her to the grave.

A few years sped on, and except by the grief-strengthened memories of her family, Ellen Merkle was forgotten.

Col. Stapleton re-visited Greenhaven. He had been in Europe, and was ignorant equally of the tale which had wrought the destruction of Ellen's peace and of her death.

He called at her father's, and was received with mournful satisfaction. That Ellen's memory should be released from the imputation on it, and her innocence acknowledged by those whose busy whispers had withered up her heart, would be a sad pleasure to them, as it would justify their affection for her memory. An explanation was demanded. Col. Stapleton heard the story with astonishment, and denied it with warmth.

With Ellen Merkle, his acquaintance had been light, and, excepting at her father's house and two or three parties, he had never exchanged a word with her.

It was true that he was in the grave-yard one night with a female; he was passing by, when he heard some person within sobbing and moaning; he looked over the fence and saw a woman setting by a grave, weeping; it was late at night, and he crossed the fence and went to her, and, after considerable persuasion, induced her to go home.

It was a young girl with whom he was well acquainted, and who left the village with him a few days after, his wife, who had gone into the yard at that hour to see, for the last time, her mother's grave.

Their marriage had been private, as she had few acquaintances in the village, where she had resided but a short time.

These facts were gratefully received by the parents and family of Ellen, and the gossips were compelled to acknowledge that their story was the product of a resemblance in height and dress between Ellen Merkle and Mrs. Stapleton; that a reputation had been wrecked a respectable family covered with shame and bereaved by the sedulous propagation of a false tale of guilt and immodesty, the coinage of an idle and thoughtless girl.

LIFE AT THE SPRINGS.—A sickly-looking man accosted another visitor by remarking:

"You appear to be well, what do you visit this place for?"

"To enjoy myself. Are you ill?"

"O, terribly so."

"Then permit me to remark, as a friend, that even if you were in the most robust health, you eat altogether too much."

At this sickly looked indignant, but the next moment he cooled down and replied:

"I like your conversation very much; but what on earth is a man to do, who is here paying two dollars and a half a day?"

☞ A young and beautiful, but poor widow, was about to marry an old rich widower. Her friends wished to know what she was about to marry him for! She feelingly replied, "Pure love—I love the ground (meaning the farm probably,) on which he walks, and the very house in which he lives." There is platonic love for you. There is none of your school-girl foolishness in that.

☞ "Solomon, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her lover, the other day. "Yes, Sue," said slow Sol, excusing himself, "I have been for getting you these two years."

☞ A school boy, being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied, "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system—the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones slight!"

From the Wilmington Herald.

GOV. FLOYD—THE DUTY OF SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS.

As the canvass hastens to a close, it becomes more and more manifest that Mr. Buchanan's chances of success are every day more slim and uncertain. In the commencement of the campaign, there were very many men, good conservative men of all parties, who, honestly entertaining the opinion that Mr. Fillmore could not be elected, went over to the support of Mr. Buchanan, for the sole purpose of beating Fremont, and thus preventing the triumph of Black Republicanism. They felt that this was a matter of the first importance, that the welfare of the country depended on the defeat of the Republicans, and they broke loose from their party ties to effect this object.

We have on numerous occasions shown, or attempted to show, that by deserting Mr. Fillmore for Buchanan, they are in reality contributing to Fremont's election. And, that this is so, will become apparent to any one who chooses to examine it. It simply brings the contest down to sectional fight—the North for Fremont, the South for Buchanan;—176 electoral votes against 120.—We all know that he will not carry a single free State. What then, is the necessity for the south to unite on him. He could not be elected, even, if he got every Southern vote.

But, there is another consideration involved. Grant that Mr. Buchanan could be elected, still his success would not have the least tendency to allay sectional strife. On the contrary it would most likely aggravate and prolong it through the violence of his opponents; for certainly he is as much a Southern sectional candidate, as Fremont is a Northern sectional candidate. This is generally conceded. In either event, the success of Buchanan or the triumph of Fremont, agitation must and would follow, and we would reach a point which might embrace within its scope the evils of dissolution.

It may be that we err in judgment, but the path of duty seems to us plain. It leads to a union upon Mr. Fillmore. He can be easily elected, if the South will lend its aid. He can beat down Fremontism, and he alone. We believe that the people are beginning to realize this fact, and that before the election thousands of conservative men will rally to his support on this idea. Certainly the South—certainly the Southern Democracy—would prefer his election to that of Fremont, and if necessary, would follow the example of Governor FLOYD, of Virginia, who, in a recent speech at Merchants Exchange in New York, made this important and significant statement, which we commend to the earnest consideration of our friends the Democrats. Gov. FLOYD said:

"But I say this to you now—*such is the change in the aspect of political affairs*, that has fastened itself on my conscience since I came here to the North, that I—the head and front of offence against all who offend against democracy—I, who stand by it against all comers and all goers, in my small and insignificant way—I, as to whom there is not a man in the State of Virginia or in the South who would say that there is any ground of suspicion against his faith to the democratic party—I tell you here, now, that I am an elector of the State of Virginia, and going to be chosen—the world of oppression and obloquy could not prevent me—I tell, you, fellow-citizens, Fillmore men and republicans, *if you can show me that the candidate of the black republican party can only be beaten by my vote being cast for Mr. Fillmore, that I will give my vote to Mr. Fillmore, if the ground opens and swallows me.* (Great applause.) And I will tell you something more. Virginia, democratic Virginia, that never failed and never faltered—aye, and never tired since the British flag took its receding course across the waters of the Atlantic—*Virginia, too, will come up and stand at my back in that moment and in that vote.* That is all I have to say."

This statement of Gov. FLOYD's is unquestionably important. The Governor has been in New York long enough, as he says, to find out that there are bonds of union between the American party and the Democracy, and he has the manliness to avow his determination to vote for Mr. Fillmore for the sake of the country, and to pledge the vote of Virginia, old Democratic Virginia, also. He has come to this determination "by the change of aspect in political affairs, witnessed by him since he came North;" an admission full of importance and significance, because, if it does not express his belief of the utter impotency of Mr. Buchanan at the North, it expresses nothing. And, in this view of the case, it also expresses the duty of Southern Democrats to rally to the support of Mr. Fillmore, as the means of defeating Black Republicanism.

PRESIDENT MONROE died at the residence of his son-in-law in New York, in 1831, and was buried in a cemetery on the North side of Second street in that city. There is not even a headstone erected to his memory.—But upon a simple slab of marble, that lies flat, some two feet square upon the earth, and is almost covered with grass, is the following inscription: "James Monroe. Robert Tillotson. Vault No. 147." This is all there is to indicate the resting place of an Ex-President of the United States.

A RICH SCENE.

The following account of a discussion at Mossy Creek, Jefferson county Tenn., is taken from the Knoxville Whig. It was an American appointment, and the Democrats were as a matter of courtesy, permitted to take part. The Rev. Wm G. Brownlow, one of the speakers, says:

The agreement previously announced by us from the stand, was, that Col. Watkins would follow in a speech of similar length—that we would reply and that Maj. J. C. Ramsey, would conclude—all speaking one hour and a half, and for us there would be ample time, as speaking did not commence at eleven o'clock. Accordingly, Col. Cocke made his speech, and not only walked into the affections of Col. Watkins, but riddled the Cincinnati Platform, greatly to the satisfaction of a large and enthusiastic crowd of warm-hearted Fillmore men.

Col. Watkins arose and politely declined taking any part in the discussion, because he was not allowed to *conclude* the services! We thought this decidedly cool, not to say *insolent*, for an advocate of Democracy to attend an American appointment, and after being allowed *half* of the time allotted for speaking, to wish to say who should CLOSE the debate. We so informed him upon the stand, Whereupon; he backed square out, and Maj. Ramsey took the stand, and occupied it for one hour and a half.

Maj. Ramsey pitched into the Editor of this paper, and discussed *his merits* at length. He had previously learned that our audience was composed of *Baptist*, to a considerable extent, and he drew out, and held up our Book in reply to Graves' Iron Wheel—called attention to the many hard things we had said against that numerous and respectable denomination of Christians—exhibited what he styled obscene pictures, scandalizing pious Baptist Preachers—and asked the numerous Baptist votes present, if they would vote with their enemies!

We followed the Major in a speech of some length, replying to every issue he had made with us, in detail. We assured the audience, first, that we were not a candidate for the Presidency or Vice Presidency, and pledged ourself not to be, sooner than 1860! We acknowledged ourself to be the author of the Book exhibited—stated that it was the best reply we could give, as a Methodist, to the "Iron Wheel" by Mr. Graves—that it contained nothing we were at all ashamed of—and that we had no apologies to make. We proceeded to state, that the Americans of that vicinity, with a perfect knowledge of the existence of the Book exhibited by the gentleman, and of all we had ever said and done in the way of religious controversy, had invited us there to deliver a speech. It was very natural that Baptists, Presbyterians, and others, should act and vote with us in this contest as neither Fillmore or Donelson, Buchanan or Breckenridge, knew any thing about the religious controversies of Tennessee, and cared less! And although we differed with the members of the Baptist denomination present in regard to the mode of Baptism, and to some points of Doctrine, as well as some forms of Church Government, we agreed precisely, in our opposition to Maj. Ramsey, and his party, in their villainous associations with Foreign Catholics, and their great love for the Pope of Rome, and the dogmas of that corrupt Church! We were pleased to find the Major more devoted to the Baptist denomination this summer than he was last. Then, we were supporting a Baptist for Governor, while the Major was urging the claims of a Green County Infidel. But if Mr. Fillmore were to be held responsible for what he had said against the Baptists, we desired to hold Mr. Buchanan to a strict account for what Maj. Ramsey had said against the same Church, more recently. We were a member of the Convention which nominated Fillmore, and the gallant Major was in the Convention which nominated Buchanan. We called upon some Lady present to furnish the Major with a *Sun-Bonnet* to hide his face, while we made some startling disclosures! He declined receiving the Bonnet, and we proceeded.

This man Maj. Ramsey, fellow-citizens of the Baptist persuasion, recently said at a Circuit Court in Rutledge, some fifteen miles distant, at which he had been unsuccessful in defending some villainous Locofoco Sag Nicht, that he found at all the Courts in which he practiced, that these *God d—d low flung Baptist Preachers, were sticking themselves on the juries, and either convicting honest men, or acquitting rascals*, or words to this effect! Among those implicated by him, is the Rev. M. Milligan, who sometimes preaches here, and some of whose family are present here today!

This mode of crowding upon the Major, was more than he was willing to endure, and he rose up and stated that he had certainly never said such things—that he had no recollection of saying so, and that he demanded the proof. Well, we called up Wm. F. Anderson, Esq. an Attorney, a highly respectable gentleman, raised in that vicinity, and we established the truth of what we had charged, in all material respects, whereuron the crowd done their own stamping and clapping!

A FREMONT TICKET IN VIRGINIA!

There is no mistake this time. A Fremont electoral ticket exists in Virginia at last. Elsewhere, as a matter of news, we publish the proceedings of the Virginia Republican Convention, which met at Wheeling on the 18th of September. We take them from the Wellsburg Herald, which accompanies its publication of them with the following editorial remarks:

"It will be seen by reference to the proceedings of the Republican Convention recently held in Wheeling, that our esteemed fellow-townsman, Jos. Applegate, Esq., has been appointed one of the Electors. He represents the 1st District. As Governor Wise at one time 'thanked God there was no paper published in that district,' the Judge need not be afraid of his speeches being severely criticised by the press. If he only avoids using 'incendiary' language, he will get along finely.

"It will also be seen that Thos. J. Hewitt, and Richard Brennemon, Esqs., of Hancock county, are also on the electoral ticket. All the above named, have been heretofore prominent and influential members of the Democratic party. Two years since, Mr. Hewitt represented Hancock in the Legislature of Virginia."

There it is! Just as we expected! "All the above named have been heretofore prominent and influential members of the Democratic party!" And one of them was late a Democratic member of the Virginia Legislature! Angels and ministers of grace! what can the matter be? Oh! "Gizzard-Foot," beloved and devoted "Gizzard-Foot," do as you promised, and call forth your Accomac militia, and make for the Pan Handle. The enemy is at your door in the persons of "prominent and influential members of the Democratic party!" Brave Protector of the State, why sleep ye?—*Richmond Whig.*

THE "STANDARD" BEFORE AND AFTER THE WHIG CONVENTION.

BEFORE.

"We are gratified to find that these gentlemen (appointed by the Wake meeting,) are moved by the common Southern feeling, which disregards *all mere party considerations* in order to defeat Fremont, the sectional, abolition candidate; and we are bound to believe that *they will go to Baltimore* FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF UNITING ON THE STRONGEST CANDIDATE TO EFFECT THAT OBJECT. Who is that candidate? *Beyond all question, James Buchanan.*"

AFTER.

"*We are not surprised* at the result of the deliberations of this Convention. The great body of the delegates went to Baltimore—*not to unite on the strongest man to defeat the common enemy of the Constitution and the Union*—but to nominate the Know-Nothing candidate, Millard Fillmore. So far as this State is concerned, this is proved by the character of the delegates appointed; and the most abundant evidence is furnished by the action of the Convention itself, from first to last."

No comment needed. Let us all laugh!

MEMENTO OF THE REVOLUTION.—In making the excavations for the track of the Metropolitan Railroad on the Neck, Blackstone Square, one day of last week, the workmen struck upon a square flat stone, which they removed, and found that it covered a stout post firmly set in the earth.—In the immediate vicinity were several other posts of a similar sort, but only one with a square flat stone upon it. This discovery attracted some attention, and an elderly gentleman, who had been interested in looking after the progress of the work in this neighborhood, presently came along, and evincing no little emotion, declared that the post with the flat stone upon it was the identical one to which Gen. Washington tied his horse when the fortifications on the Neck after the British army had evacuated Boston. The other posts, in the ground near by, he said, formed a stockade, or outlaying defensive work, placed there by the British to interrupt any attack on their main fortifications, which were situated further in, near the intersection of Dover street. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of this old gentleman's narrative; he did not pretend to have seen Washington's horse tied there although he was a small boy at the time; but he well remembered the spot, the post, and the stone, and many a time had them pointed out to him in his boyhood.—The old gentleman was as sure of the entire accuracy of his story as he was of the fact of Washington's entrance into Boston, the memory of which sight still lingered in his recollection.—*Boston Courier 27th ult.*

MILWAUKIE, Sept. 25.

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER!—The fine steamer *Niagara* was burnt on lake Michigan yesterday (Wednesday) evening, near Fort Washington. By this terrible calamity one hundred lives are supposed to be lost, and among the number, it is believed, is the Hon. John B. Macy, of Wisconsin. The Captain and crew were all saved.

Many of the passengers were picked up by vessels. The names of several of the saved and lost are given, but none of them are from the South.

MELANCHOLY DEATH.—We are pained to record the death of Fincher Bobo, of Coahoma county, Miss., at Atlanta, Georgia, a few days since. The circumstances are mournful in the extreme. On his way home from Georgia, he got on the wrong train of cars at Atlanta, and after they had started, being informed of the fact, he jumped off upon the track behind. Both his legs were broken by the fall, and he was otherwise so mangled and wounded, that he had no power to move off the track, and was run over and crushed to death by the next train that came on.—*Memphis Eagle.*

SENATOR TOOMBS FOR DISUNION.

A correspondent of the Augusta Chronicle states that Senator Toombs, in a recent speech at Wilkes C. H., Georgia, informed his hearers that General Cass and other distinguished Northern Democrats had informed him that there was no hope for Buchanan's election. Mr. Toombs inferred from this that Fremont would be elected—in which event he counselled the immediate secession of the Southern States!

Mr. Toombs jumps at his conclusion too rapidly. It is true as Gen. Cass informed him that Mr. Buchanan will not be elected. But it by no means follows that Mr. Fremont will be. Millard Fillmore, the man of the people, who "knows no North, no South," and whose nomination for the Presidency Mr. Toombs himself advocated in 1852, will be somewhat formidable in the Presidential race. In the North he will receive thousands of Democratic votes. Why should he not in the South? Why should not Mr. Toombs vote for him? He left the Whig party in 1852 because Mr. Fillmore was not nominated for the Presidency. Now that he has been nominated for the Presidency by a National Whig Convention why should not Mr. Toombs support him, especially, when he considers that "Buchanan is out of the question!"

FACTS TO BE REMEMBERED.—Under this head we sometime ago stated that General Lane, the leader of the Freesoil cohorts in Kansas, was a Democrat—was a member of Congress from Indiana at the time of the Kansas Nebraska bill—was one of the "forty-four *sound Northern Democrats*" who voted for that bill. We hear that some Democrats even here in Richmond deny the truth of our statement concerning Lane. To any and all such we would say that we are willing to test the truth of the matter by making a small wager, the decision of the question to be left to any well-informed Democrat which they themselves may designate. Which one of the Locos referred to will accept it? One at a time or all together—it makes no difference with us.

The notorious Governor Reeder, who is now traversing the North, "shrieking for freedom," and collecting men and money to Abolitionize Kansas, was also a member of the 23d Congress, and was one of those "forty-four sound Northern Democrats," who voted for the Kansas bill. Perhaps a bet can be had on Reeder, also. Who speaks?—*Richmond Whig.*

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.—A friend, who was an eye-witness of the following incident, narrated it to us as an illustration of genuine love for humanity. The principal actor in the scene doubtless never expected that it would have attracted attention, or have been made the subject of a newspaper paragraph but it is so characteristic of true nobleness, that we produce it in the words of the narrator:

"In the year 1851, I chanced to be one of a party who were taking an evening ride in the suburbs of the City of Washington. On nearing one of the cemeteries, the attention of one of our party was arrested by a female, with three small children, seated near the closed gate. She seemed deeply affected, and her miserable apparel, and that of the little ones, told a tale of suffering which was truly distressing.

We had gone but a short distance, when the person, whose attention had been arrested by them, ordered the driver to turn, and drive to the place where they were seated.

Descending from the carriage, he approached the woman and inquired the cause of her sorrow. In a plain and simple style she told her story thus:

Two years before, her husband had left his home to find a better one in America. He had worked very hard, and had saved money enough to send for his family, and had a small home prepared to receive them.

That day they had arrived, but, alas not to meet the glad husband and father; for two days previous, he had fallen from a staging, where he was at work, and now, said she, pointing to the gate, he is in there.

I've come out with my little ones to see the grave, but it's too late. The gate is shut and we must come back to-morrow. The poor woman was quite overcome, and the children shrieked aloud at beholding their mother's grief.

Will you take a seat and ride home? said the gentleman. O thank you, thank you, sir, but I could not think of it. He insisted; and taking one of the forlorn little creatures in his arms, he placed it inside the carriage. The mother and remaining two children followed. Our friend took a seat beside the driver and ordered him to drive as the woman had directed. The little ones soon dried their tears, and entertained us by their innocent prattle, the youngest one often asking if we were going to take him to his father!

A half hour's drive brought us in front of a poor little hovel, which the woman said would be home if Jemmy was there.

Assisting the party out, our hero conducted them to the door; then drawing forth his card, he asked the woman's name. "Bridget Murphy," said she.

Writing it on the blank side, he handed it to her with a bank bill, saying, "when you need more, send that card to me;" then, bidding her a kind good-night, he took his seat, and we rode in silence to our respective lodgings.

That man was Millard Fillmore, the President of the United States."

From the Wilmington Herald.

DINNER TO MR. BROOKS—CANES, GOBLETS, &c.

The people of Abbeville District, S. C., a portion of the constituency of the Hon. Preston S. Brooks, gave him a public dinner on Friday last, and it is stated that the assemblage on the occasion was the largest and most enthusiastic ever met together to do honor to a Representative of that State. The number present was variously estimated from eight to fifteen thousand persons.

Gov. Adams, Senators Butler and Toombs, Hon. Mr. Orr, Col. Gladden, Judge Wardlaw, and other distinguished persons were present. There were ten thousand pounds of beef, pork and mutton, slaughtered and barbecued.

A golden goblet was presented Mr. Brooks by the people of Abbeville; a silver goblet on behalf of the citizens of Laurens, and a cane made from an orange branch on behalf of a citizen of Florida.

Addresses were made by Gen. McGowan, Mr. Brooks, Senators Butler and Toombs, and Gov. Adams. Mr. Brooks, of course made the speech of the occasion, and to it we will presently refer.

Senator Butler, speaking of the election of Fremont, said, "When Fremont is elected, we must rely upon what we have—a good State government. *Every governor in the South should call the Legislature of his State together*, and measures of conduct decided upon. If *they did not*, and submitted to the degradation, they would deserve *the fate of slaves. I should advise my Legislature to go at the top of the drum.* There is a great question to be settled, but whether I shall take the sword or the cartridge-box I do not know. [Applause.]

Hon. Preston S. Brooks received the testimonials presented to him with pride and pleasure—they should be preserved as heirlooms in his family, and gladden their hearts at the recollection of the occasion which gave them, when he had passed away. The act of caning Sumner had its origin in no feeling of selfishness. Every consideration of honor and manhood required him to act as he did. There was a great principle involved in and connected with the act. His State had been attacked, and he was bound by every consideration of honor to defend her. He spoke at some length on this point, and then entered upon a discussion of the institution of slavery—the problem of its utility—its morality and its perpetuity—and commented upon the various "compromises" which from time to time had been passed between the North and the South, every one of which he styled a stab under the fifth rib. He avowed himself in favor of a dissolution of the Union. He had been a disunionist from the time he could think. Said Mr. Brooks:

"Some say if Fremont is elected the South will submit. *I do not believe it.* But one State alone cannot break up the Union, and there is too much at stake to play the game lightly. We must have the co-operation of *the entire South.* Their moral aid is worth more than soldiers. For ourselves, I say, let South Carolina stand as an armed knight, with lance couched, and not a feather of her plume in motion.

"I have told you *we should dissolve the Union. It must be done.* The dead carcass must be cut from the living body; they cannot exist together. Some of our Southern friends will not come up to the mark until the pending Presidential election is decided; Buchanan must be elected or defeated before they will consent to act. I tell you I do not believe in any party which does not believe in slavery. The Democratic party are on our side in this contest, therefore I shall go for Buchanan, and shall do so honestly and perhaps zealously. *But I am by no means sure of his election.* I act in this on the same principle that a good-hearted physician gives medicine while his patient is dying. I shall continue to use Buchanan pills. If they cure, well enough; if not it cannot be helped. They do no harm, and it is our only chance. [Laughter.] I am obliged to go for Buchanan, for the only choice is between him, Fillmore, and Fremont. Mr Fillmore is a gentleman, and made *a good President*, and perhaps, if he is elected, may deceive his own party, and do better than we expect. *But we don't want to throw back the tide of disunion.* It is true, Mr. Fillmore is a Know-Nothing. I do not care much for that. If a man is true to the South, I will trust him, be he Know-Nothing or not. I cannot go for Fremont, even though he was, as some say, a native of South Carolina. Suppose he is—he has gone over to the enemy; his only recommendation to them is his treason to the South. Do not trust those who prove recreant to the teachings of childhood. It is not certain that he is a citizen of the United States. At any rate, he is, in the language of law, a *plus nullus*, or he is a Frenchman."

"Abolition is hydra headed. Elect Buchanan, and we will gain a truce, NOT A PEACE. If we were to settle the slavery question and the tariff question, their devilish nature would suggest another plea for agitation. But let us support Buchanan, as it is the best course we can pursue. *I am not comfortable of his election by any means.* Fremont may be elected. Suppose he should be. With eighty millions of dollars in his possession, and the army in his power, what must be the result! There are friends there whom I love dearly. Some of them differ with me on political questions; but I say to them their only hope is in themselves. If Fremont is elected President of the United States, the people must know the issue is upon them. Therefore it is necessary, in view of the fact that he may be elected, to take council from the