The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 5. CHARLOTTE, N. C., DECEMBER 9, 1856. NUMBER 42.

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

SASH, DOOR & BLIND
FACTORY.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

HAVING associated ourselves together for the purpose of carrying on the

CARPENTER AND JOINER'S
BUSINESS

in all its branches, we take this method of informing the public that we are at all times ready to furnish Lumber at short notice, in a superior manner, all kinds of Lumber ripped and planed to order, our sash and Blind machines are in constant operation, which turn off Sash and Blinds in the most approved styles. A supply of Sash of previously sizes kept constantly on hand at reasonable prices.

☞ Orders from a distance for Sash or Blinds or any work in our line, will be promptly attended to.

We have on hand and expect to keep a supply of the best Lumber the country affords.

Our steam mill is on College street, East of the Methodist Church, where one of us can always be found.

☞ Our building is calculated to keep the work particularly attended to. We would invite the attention of the citizens of Charlotte to the advantages we have of doing work with dispatch and in a "By industry we thrive."

RUDISILL & WHISNANT.
May 27, 1856. 1tf

☞ Thankful for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon me by the citizens of Charlotte and the surrounding country heretofore, I ask a continuance of the same, feeling assured that no pains will be spared to please.

JONAS RUDISILL.

J. & E. B. Stowe,
MANUFACTURERS OF
COTTON GOODS & YARN,
Stowesville, Gaston county, N. C.,

HAVING opened a House for the sale of their Goods in Charlotte, desire to call the attention of Merchants to their House. Their terms are known, and a call from buyers is respectfully solicited.

They also keep a good supply of

GROCERIES,

and will endeavor to merit patronage.

JASPER STOWE.
E. B. STOWE.
Charlotte, April 4, 1856. 6tf

☞ Notice.

PERSONS Owing accounts at the Charlotte Book Store, for the year 1855, must call and settle the first opportunity.

LOWRIE & ENNISS.
April 8, 1856. 7tf

☞ New Establishment. ☜

THE undersigned having established himself permanently in Charlotte, intends carrying on the following branches of business, viz:

Silver Plating, Gun and Locksmithing, Bell Hanging; Silver, Brass and all kinds of Metal Work repaired; Composition Mill Inks and Bores of the most durable kind made, and warranted to be superior to any other kind for Mill and Factory purposes.

All of the above branches I warrant to turn out in a workmanlike style.

Coach makers at a distance that wish to have their work done I will give particular attention to dispatching it soon as possible.

Persons at a distance wishing Guns altered from flint to percussion or otherwise repolished, except blacking, will have them repaired and returned on the shortest time possible.

I would give any number of reference here if necessary, but I deem it unnecessary as I will do the work to speak for itself. So send on your work as soon as possible all.

☞ JOBBING will be rush.

Please give a call at my shop, opposite the Presbyterian Church.

JOHN M. MASON.
Charlotte March 18, 1856. 4tf

Encourage this Knocking.

THE undersigned begs leave to return his thanks to those who favored him with a call during the last year and he respectfully informs the public that he has removed to the Shop lately occupied by Messrs. George & Whisnant adjoining Mr. J. Rudisill's Planing Mills where he is prepared to execute all work in his line, as cheap and good as can be done in the State.

Turning, Cutting Screws, Repairing
BOILERS and ENGINES
of all descriptions, making and repairing
Mill Spindles, Wood Plaigers, Ploughs,
Ironing Wagons,
and in
HORSE-SHOEING, &c.

I will compete work with any one for neatness, ease and dispatch. Interfering shoes $1.25; common do. $1; C. or steel toes or steel plates $2.

☞ I have received on Air Furnace for melting Brass, which answers finely. The public can get Brass and Composition Castings by calling at the above establishment and furnishing pattern. Also Brass melted over at a reduced price, with neatness and dispatch.

☞ Old Copper and Brass wanted.

S. J. PERRY.
Jan. 8, 1856. 46tf

☞ Last Notice. ☜

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that all the Notes and Accounts of SPRATT & ALLISON, SPRATT, DANIEL & Co., and ALLISON & DANIEL, are transferred to the undersigned, for the benefit of the creditors of said firms respectively, and that the same in the hands of J. R. DANIEL for immediate collection. No longer indulgence cannot be given, as the debts must be paid.

JOHN ALLISON.
J. R. DANIEL.
Dec. 17, 1855. 46tf

Fair Notice.

THE Copartnership of MOORE & BYERLY has this day expired. All those indebted to the firm and wishing to save cost, are requested to come forward immediately and make settlement, as the Business of the firm must and shall be settled in a few days.

MOORE & BYERLY.
July 31, 1856. 24tf

Notice.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public generally, that he will continue the

Tinning Business

at the old stand, where all orders for work will be punctually attended to.

R. W. MOORE.
Aug. 1, 1856. 25tf

MANSION HOUSE,

SALISBURY, N. C.

THIS Establishment is conveniently situated to the New Court House and Rail Road Depot and every effort will be made by the proprietor to make all that may call on him comfortable while they stay.

☞ Remember the nearest Hotel to the Depot and Court House.

W. B. GRANT.
June 3, 1856. 13tf

☞ Notice. ☜

THE CHARLOTTE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY continues to take risks against loss by Fire on Houses, Goods, Produce, &c., at moderate rates.

☞ Office in Brawley's Building, upstairs.

DIRECTORS:
M. B. TAYLOR, *President.*
S. P. ALEXANDER, *Vice President.*
J. A. YOUNG,
J. H. WHITE,
J. H. CARSON,
C. OVERMAN,
A. C. STEELE,
J. H. WILSON, *Attorney.*
E. NYE HUTCHISON, *Secretary.*
Executive Committee.
Aug. 12, 1856. 25tf

Read This and Take Notice!

I, As SURVIVING PARTNER of SPRINGS & WILDINGTON, have to close up the business of said firm. I therefore notify persons indebted, either by Note or Book Account, none of Grant's Creek or Rocky River Store, that longer indulgence will not be given. As the largest number of said Notes and Accounts have now stood for some months, the shortest and quickest course will be resorted to for their collection. Call at the Grocery Store of Spring & McLean's, Charlotte, or at the Store in Rocky River, where the books now will be continued, and settle the same forthwith.

LEROY SPRINGS,
Surviving Partner.
Charlotte, Aug. 5, 1856. 23tf

THOMAS TROTTER & SON have just received from Philadelphia (and will be regularly receiving additions thereto) a choice stock of handsome and fashionable WATCHES from the most celebrated makers. Also, a rich assortment of

Fashionable Jewelry, Chains, &c.

All of which will be sold low for cash, or on short time to punctual dealers.

THOMAS TROTTER & SON.
Charlotte, June 17, 1856. tf

☞ Notice. ☜

IN CONSEQUENCE of having left by the fire which occurred in this place, on the morning of the 27th of May last, various Notes and claims against numerous persons in this and adjoining counties—which notes and claims, being the property of A. C. Steele, A. Bethune & Co., and others, which were placed in my hands for collecting. All persons, therefore, against whom any of such claims are still standing unsettled, are hereby warned, that unless they appear immediately and close up the same, by note or cash, I shall be compelled to file, forthwith, Bills in Equity there by subjecting such persons to additional and unnecessary costs.

S. W. DAVIS.
Charlotte, June 17, 1856. tf

Ho! for Kansas!

ROBERT SHAW takes this opportunity of informing the public generally, and all who intend going to Kansas in particular, that he intends to continue the

SADDLE & HARNESS
BUSINESS,

at his old stand, in Springs' Corner Building, where he intends to keep constantly on hand a supply of

SADDLES, HARNESS, BRIDLES, &C., OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

His friends are respectfully invited to call and supply themselves, as every article in his line will be offered on the most reasonable terms.

☞ REPAIRING done at the shortest notice and with neatness and dispatch.

February 19, 1855. tf

A. F. BREVARD,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
CONCORD, (CABARRUS CO.,) N. C.,

WILL attend to business committed to his care in Cabarrus and the adjoining counties.

February 9, 1856. 36tf

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

DR. B. M. COBB

WILL be pleased to receive Professional Calls in the departments of MEDICINE and SURGERY. Unless professionally absent, he may be found at his residence, Fort Mill Depot, York District S. C.

Feb. 19, 1856. 3tf

Mattresses

READY-MADE, of Shucks or Springs. Persons wishing different sizes and styles, will please call.

☞ All ORDERS promptly filled.

T. M. FARROW.
April 15, 1856. 8tf

BONDS *for the Debtors of Property,* FOR SALE HERE.

Poetry.

SUNLIGHT, MOONLIGHT, &c.

BY MISS HEWETSON, OF CHARLESTON.

See, where, fast sinking o'er the hills,
As with a golden halo round,
The setting sun with splendor fills
Those massy piles which lie around
His couch, in crimson glory drest,
Like drapery o'er a monarch's rest.

And now, eve's glowing star illumes
The chambers of the distant west,
And, scarce discerned, like waving plumes
That flash o'er many a warrior's crest,
There float along the upper air
Thin, fleecy clouds, so clear and fair.

How sweet to gaze upon their slight,
Transparent forms, changing so oft—
As e'en the Zephyr's gentlest flight
Scatters them with its pinions soft—
Scanning, as down the sky they go,
Like wreaths of gently driven snow.

And then to trace the fullorbid moon,
As struggling on her cloudy way,
She travels forth, now wrapped in gloom,
Now bursting forth with radiance gay—
Like some high, noble heart, whose pride
Still bears him on, though woes betide.

Miscellaneous.

From the American Union.

THE MAJOR'S PREDICAMENT!

OR

18 AND 81

BY "ALIQUIS"

Major Wilson was one of those creations of the Divinity, which, next to a beautiful woman, may be called the noblest work of God.

He was a *gentleman*. A gentleman in the truest and broadest sense of that term. A gentleman by education, as well as a gentleman by nature. Not a member of the "swell mob," with glossy hat, and fla-by vest; tremendous fob chain and execruciating neck tie; fine doeskin pants and shining boots, to make up the outside, and a corrupt, sensuous and degraded nature to form the inside, and stalk about in our midst courted and caressed.

No! He was none of those; he was to the fullest extent what I have called him—a gentleman.

And when I put him in the second place, and give to that other and better branch of the human family—a beautiful woman—the first place, I would not have you suppose that I intend lowering him by the position, secondary though it may appear.

I do not place him in opposition to what is too often termed a *lady*; to a mass of whalebone and cotton, rouge and chalk, furs and feathers, supercilliousness and arrogance.

I mention the name in conjunction with that of a true and noble *woman*; a beautiful outward form, illumined and governed by what is so often deplorably wanting—a mind.

But a truce to preliminaries say we. This is not an essay upon humanity, but "an o'er true-tale," and we will here leave artificial superstructure and New Orleans breastworks, for the more solid, genuine, and enduring person of the Major.

The Major was a bachelor. One of the knights of that glorious order, to which your humble servant, the writer, has the extreme happiness of belonging.

Par parenthese—I'm open to offers!

Why the Major was a bachelor, I cannot say. Perhaps he had been disappointed in early life—how many of us are!—perhaps his early favorite had died in the spring time of life—how many have thus withered!—perhaps he had trusted too confidently:

"Woman, that fond and fair deceiver,
How apt are striplings to believe her!"

Perhaps he loved quite too well—O! you wretch! Perhaps a thousand reasons, none of which are likely to be true.

Let us rest satisfied that he was an undoubted bachelor, a gentleman, and was rather uneasy in the presence of a female.

The Major was travelling westward, and in the course of his journeying he took passage on a steamer from Buffalo to Cleveland.

It was a clear moonlight night, and after possessing himself of a state-room key, the Major proceeded forward and prepared to enjoy himself by puffing the smoke of a choice Havana full in the face of pale and gentle *Luna*.

But on this particular evening, Lake Erie had commenced indulging herself in the manner in which she is sometimes prone to do after her lord and master Boreas has been giving her a slight *blowing up*.

She was beginning to roll about restlessly and to toss her beautiful arms on high, as though her anger was fast getting the better of her discretion.

After a time the Major himself began to roll. Perhaps it was from sympathy with the troubled waters, or it may have been from an inability to control his feelings at the thought that she should behave in such a manner, fully in view of her chaste sister the moon.

But his rolling was a hidden motion. It was that peculiar one which you, my reader, may have had as a companion to add zest to your trips o'er the bounding billow.

At length his feelings became almost unbearable, and he found that they must soon have utterance. But not there. No, not before so many spectators could he avow his allegiance and submission to the gentle but mighty persuasions of her, from whose heaving bosom the moonbeams started back, scattered and affrighted at the presumption which had urged them to the contract.

In the privacy of his own chamber must he pour forth that which was now drawing near to an unbearable torture.

He started for his state-room. First to one side he pitched, and then to another. He leaned against a pillar, and examined the number upon his key. It was 81.

"Where is eighty-one?" he asked of a passing steward.

"Further aft," was the reply.

He went on; he found it; he applied the key; it would not turn; he tried the door; it opened, and in he went.

The first thing which appeared was a wash-basin upon a chair. He rushed at it. His long pent up feelings began to burst forth.

Hark!

"Charles!"

He stopped short in his efforts.

"Charles!"

He turned around.

Slowly from the upper birth, arose a delicate female head, and a pair of the sweetest blue eyes looked upon him.

"Oh!" The prettiest little female scream came from her mouth.

In an instant the Major was standing bolt upright. What a predicament! A woman in his state-room! He was in a complete tremble! What should he say?

"Madam," he commenced.

"Sir—"

"I—"

"You—"

"Have—"

"Have—"

"Made—"

"Made—"

"A—"

"A—"

"Great mistake."

"Mistake!"

"This is—"

"I beg—"

"Not—"

"Your pardon—"

"Your room."

"For it and will withdraw."

Hastily the Major retreated—pulled to the door—and then from the stern of the boat poured forth his tribute.

The rest of the night he passed upon a sofa, nor was it till morning that he found that his own state-room had remained without an occupant, and that if he had not frightened an unfortunate female, he had at least frightened himself, and all because by an inversion of his number, when in his haste he had looked at it, he had mistaken 18 for 81.

OLDEST NEGRO YET.

We have at last got hold of a particularly old negro there have been countless cases of tolerably advanced blacks, but the case below which we copy from an exchange is said to be perfectly authentic and finishes the list. She ought to be shown around.

Some time ago I sent you an account of an old negro man who died in Charleston at the advanced age of 112 years. Since then I have seen a statement of a negro woman who died in Fauquier county, Va. aged 140. A friend who was formerly an officer in the United States Army, relates that when he was stationed at Pas Christian in Louisiana he was in the habit with his brother officers of visiting an aged negress who sold butter-milk. On one occasion the following conversation took place.

Old woman how old are you?

I dunno, Massa.

How long have you lived about here?

Oh, long time, long time, massa. She then went on to relate circumstances in connection with the history of the country which proved that she must have arrived at a very advanced age.

Well, cant you refer to any circumstances by which you may come at your age.

Well, massa I se had nineteen children and that gal. (pointing to an old woman) is the youngest; and I *knows* she is now *ninety*.

The old woman was quite a stire when our informant saw her last and attended to the sale of her butter-milk herself in preference to calling upon her 'gal,' whom he represented to be 'too good for nothing.'

SETTING HIM RIGHT.—'I stand,' said a Western stump orator, 'on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and pledged, be mine arm if I desert 'um!' 'You stand on nothing of the kind!' interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; 'you stand in my boots, that you never paid me for, and I want the money.'

From the Raleigh Register.

As there has been much misrepresentation in regard to Mr. Rayner's course in Philadelphia, and the character of his speeches there, in reference to the best means of uniting the friends of Mr. Fillmore in support of the same ticket of Electors—we publish the following from his speech at the Musical Fund Hall, being all that portion of the speech appertaining to that subject. Let candid and fair men read and judge for themselves, regardless of the clamor raised by Mr. R's enemies—and point out if they can, anything in the speech which the most ultra Southern American cannot endorse:

"Now I shall not attempt to escape some allusion to the present position of political affairs here. I have no concealment. Does any body doubt me as an American? (Cries of "No, no.") If you do, you may doubt the brother who was nurtured at the same breast as yourself. I have been baptized in obloquy and persecution: I have passed through a more fiery ordeal, perhaps, than any of you; for here in the large cities you are sustained by the sympathy and co-operation of your brethren. I was the first man who ever promulgated the doctrines of the American party south of the State of Maryland. (Great applause.) I am the last man on earth who would ever advise a brother American to strike his flag. (Loud cheers.) In the sincerity of my soul, I say to you in the language of the poet:

"Live the good and great in story,
If we fall, let's fall in glory."

(Great applause.)

But, gentlemen, we are *practical* men, as well as patriots. Where anything like a sacrifice of honor is involved—where anything like a dereliction of duty or principle is involved, I would say, "Never surrender!" But we cannot always control events. We must sometimes bow to the storm which we cannot breast. (A voice, "Never.") My friend says, "Never." I appreciate his devotion to the cause for which I would be willing to die with him and be wrapped in the same winding-sheet of our country's flag, if it were practicable in that way to do something for our common country. (Applause.)

My countrymen, God forbid that I should attempt to dictate to you, or even advise you. I am not competent to do so. I know that divisions exist among you, while I feel also confident that the same purpose animates all your hearts. Do not suppose for one moment that I am the representative of any clique or faction.

Unfortunately, I find that our friends here are in the same condition in which the Jews were, when besieged by the Roman general, Titus. Whilst the battering-rams of the Romans were bearing down their walls, and the firebrand of the heathen was consuming their temple, the historian tells us that that great people were engaged in intestine commotions, some advocating the claims of one, and some of another, to the high priesthood of that nation; and instead of the Romans devouring them, they devoured each other. God forbid that my brother Americans should devour each other, at a time when every heart and every hand should be enlisted in the same cause, of overthrowing the common enemy of us all. (Long continued applause.)

Who is that common enemy? (Voice, "The Democratic party.") Yes, that party have reviled us, abused us, persecuted us, and all only because we are determined to adhere to the Constitution of our country. Give Buchanan a lease of power for four years, and we must toil through persecution, submit to degradation, or cause the streets of our cities to run blood. But we will submit to degradation, provided we can see the end of our troubles. We are willing to go through a pilgrimage, not only of four years, but of ten, or twenty, or forty years, provided we can have an assurance that at last we shall reach the top of Pisgah, and see the Promised Land which our children are to inherit. God has not given to us poor, frail mortals the power, at all times of controling events. When we cannot control events, should we not, where no sacrifice of honor is involved, pursue the policy of Lysander, and where the lion's skin is too short, eke it out with the fox's (applause)—not where principle is involved—not where a surrender of our devotion to our country is at stake. No, never, never!

I know nothing of your straight-out ticket; I know nothing of your Union ticket; I know nothing of Fremont. I do know something of Fillmore; (great applause;) but I would not give my Americanism, and the hopes which I cherish of seeing Americanism installed as the policy of this nation, for all the Fillmores, or Fremonts, or Buchanans, that ever lived on the face of the earth.

St. Paul says, "If it offends my brother, I will eat no meat;" and if it offends my brothers here, I will not open my mouth.—Nobody can suspect me—(Voices: "certainly not.") Then I say, cant you combine the vote of this State, and beat Buchanan? [This question was responded to in the affirmative with the greatest enthusiasm. Repeated cheers were proposed for the straight ticket, but the responding voices were by no means numerous, and were mingled with hisses. Such was the universal excitement, that for some minutes the speaker was obliged to pause. He finally raised his voice above the subsiding storm, and said:]

Come, my friends, we are all brothers; we are all seeking the same end. Our object is the same. We are all struggling to reach the same haven of safety. The only difference of opinion is as to the proper means by which to accomplish our common end. Will not Americans learn prudence from the past? Misfortune should have taught us charity for each other. We have passed through the ordeal of persecution together; we have been subjected to the same difficulties, and the same oppression; we have been baptised (I may say) in the same stream of calumny. Then, in the name of God—in the name of our common country—in the name of Americanism—in the name of American nationality—in the name of religious freedom—in the name of the Union, I beseech you learn charity for the difference of opinion which prevails among you. (Applause.) Let brethren forbear with brethren. Let us recollect that it is not by vituperation, by the censure of our brethren that we can ever accomplish the great end of conquering a common enemy. My friends, how long are we to suffer? How long will it be before we shall learn that it is only by a union of counsels, a consecration of energy, a combination of purpose, that we can destroy the common enemy of every conservative man? (Great applause.)

I shall not attempt to advise you, for I am not competent to do it. You have information which I do not possess. You know all the under-currents of opinion which prevail here in your community, with which I am unacquainted; but will you allow an humble man to express his opinion to brethren whom he loves? May I do it? ("Yes, yes.") I am a Fillmore man—and nothing but a Fillmore man, and if I resided here, I would vote no ticket which had not the name of Millard Fillmore at its head, and I would advise no Fillmore man to vote a ticket with Fremont's name on it; but I would vote for that ticket which would make my votes tell at the polls. (Long continued applause.)

Now, let us look at this thing *practically*. (A voice: "that's right.") In reading history I have always admired the character of Oliver Cromwell. What was the great motive by which he was actuated in overthrowing the house of Stuart? It was unfailing devotion to principle. His motto was, "Put your trust in God—*and keep your powder dry.*" (Applause.) I admire the devotion to principle in every man who says that he does not intend to vote any but the straight ticket, for it shows that Americanism has such a lodgment in his heart, that he cannot bear even *seemingly* to compromise it. That is "putting your trust in God," but my friends is it "keeping your powder dry?" (Tremendous applause.) The enemy may steal into the camp while you are asleep, and may pour water upon your cartridges, so that when the day of battle shall come, you may shoot, but you will kill nobody. (Applause.) I want the vote of every American on Tuesday next to tell—Would to God that you could give the twenty seven electoral votes of Pennsylvania to Fillmore. Can you do it? (One or two very sanguine individuals replied "yes.") and a more general cry of "no, no.") Then vote the straight ticket, if that will give him the twenty-seven votes. But suppose it will not—(and I am not afraid it will not)—then the question is, had you better give Buchanan the twenty-seven votes, or give Fillmore eight, ten, twelve or twenty, as the case may be. I go for beating Buchanan.

Gentlemen, you do not know what we Americans suffer at the South. I am abused and reviled for standing up in defence of you. When I hear the whole North denounced as a set of abolitionists, whose purpose it is to interfere with the peculiar institutions of the South, I brand such charges as slanders on the Northern people. I tell them that the great mass of the Northern people are sound on this question, that they are opposed to slavery—as I should be, if I were a Northern man; (applause)—but that I do not believe that the great mass of the Northern people have any idea of interfering with the constitutional rights of the people of the South. I know that such men as Garrison and Forney have. I know that Garrison believes the Constitution to be a "league with hell," and would therefore destroy it if he could; and I know that Forney loves office so well that, even at the risk of snapping the Union, he will keep alive slavery agitation. But Garrison does not represent New England, and Forney does not represent you.

As much as I have been reviled for standing by you, I am so anxious to have Buchanan beaten, that were I residing here, if I could not give Fillmore the whole twenty-seven votes, I would give him all I could, by giving him the number to which he might be entitled by the numerical proportion of the votes at the ballot box. (Great applause.) Yes, if there is a brother American here, who feels in his "heart of hearts," that by voting that Union ticket, he would compromise his Americanism, I say to such an one, "do not vote that ticket. At the same time, candor compels me to say, that I differ in opinion with him. If I believed that that ticket was a fusion, or that it called upon any Fillmore man to vote for Fremont I would advise no one to vote it. I would not vote a ticket that had on it the name of Fremont, but I would vote a ticket with Fillmore's name upon it, and which would give him, (if not the twenty-seven electoral votes,) seven, or ten, or twenty, just as the numerical proportion of the votes might decide. (Applause.)

I appeal to every conservative, Union-loving man in this nation, who is disposed to give to the South all the constitutional privileges to which she is entitled, and who wishes to rebuke the Democratic party for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and for keeping up the eternal agitation of slavery. I appeal to you as a Southern man—as a slaveholder. I do not ask you to be pro-slavery men, to be the advocates of slavery, when I say to you that we, your brethren of the South, expect you to preserve our constitutional rights—and, God know, we ask nothing more—against fanatics, either North or South. Will you do it? ("Yes, yes!" and applause.)

My friends, the election is fast approaching. There is but little time for deliberation left. Is there no way by which the votes of the anti-Buchanan party can be concentrated on the same ticket? I would shed tears of blood—God knows I would—if I could be instrumental in preventing on all true Americans to combine. (Cheers.) I cannot tell you how to combine; but is it yet too late? If it is too late to do it through out the State, cannot you in Philadelphia do it? The Presidential election may depend upon the State of Pennsylvania, and the State of Pennsylvania may depend upon the city of Philadelphia. On the vote of the city of Philadelphia may depend not only our own rights, but the rights of our children and our children's children. I appeal to you my brother Americans, for I have no right to appeal to anybody else; I cannot address the Fremont party, for I have no affiliation with them; I cannot address the Buchanan party, for my object is to destroy them if possible. (Applause.) To my American brethren, then, I appeal, for God's sake, do not let the sun rise upon that wreck, which, I see divides you. Your object is the same—to rescue your common country.

Let me advise you who know nothing of your divisions—who belong neither to one clique or the other. I say with the deepest sincerity that I think all parties ought to have concentrated upon the Fillmore ticket. Mr. Fillmore is a Northern man. Your Southern brethren were willing to support him. He had guided the ship of State safely through the storm, and it was but reasonable to suppose that in time of difficulty he would again be found the same good pilot. But if we cannot get all others to unite on Mr. Fillmore, each of us must inquire, "What is my duty?" If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, shall not Mahomet go to the mountain; and if he will not go to the mountain, in Heaven's name, shall he not go half way? (Applause.)

I am fighting for the victory which we may obtain in this contest. And what an issue is now pending! We tread in the light of how for ten long years a great people of antiquity were engaged in the siege of Troy. What was the stake for which they contended? It was nothing more than a beautiful woman, who had been transferred to a prince of the royal line of Troy. What is the stake for which we contend? It is Constitutional Liberty—the right of the American people to govern their own country—the right of every citizen to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience.—The great issue is, whether the American flag shall wave in glory when we shall have gone to our graves, or whether it shall be trailed in dishonor—whether the "blackness of darkness," which would follow the dissolution of this Union, shall cover the land.

I do not tell you how to combine; but I urge you to resort to that mode, (if there is such a mode possible,) by which you can get together—by which your votes can be made effectual at the polls—by which Millard Fillmore can go before the House of Representatives with the strong moral power which a large Electoral vote will give him. (Great applause.)

That is the way in which we must view the question, as practical men. Yet so different are the constitutions of our nature, so different the sentiments which actuate us that I will not be guilty of such presumption, as to tell any man what particular course he should take. You know my opinions; if they are worth anything, receive them into your hearts, simply as the sentiments of a brother American; if they are worth nothing, let them pass as the idle wind.

In conclusion, I will only say that whether we be defeated, or whether we be victorious, the only reward I ask for in the labor in which I am engaged is, that you may recollect me as one who had at heart only the welfare of his country, and who endeavored to promote it by appealing to the associations of the past, and all the hopes of the future.

Mr. Rayner then closed amid a storm of applause, which continued for some time. The meeting then adjourned.

Mr R request those Editors in the State who are willing to do him justice, to publish the foregoing extract from his speech.

THE PORK MARKET.—The Louisville Journal of Tuesday last thus speaks of the pork business at that point:

"During the summer contracts were made at figures which cannot now be obtained. The heavy stocks of old provisions on hand in the West as well as the East, and the business at the European markets, which have done so much overstocked that purchases made heretofore the French Government last fall for the use of her army, have been sufficiently returned to meet a market in this country, have thrown a damper on prices. Last year the markets were almost bare of stock, with a war in Europe when the season commenced; this year they are over-stocked. Competition last year ran prices up to a high figure, and most of the operators suffered. Experience has taught them a lesson. Packers here, as well as at other points, are determined not to be allured again in that way. The prevailing rates at present are $5.50 a $5.75 net—the outside price is usually paid by packing houses to secure the sitting. The market is steady at these figures, as but few have yet come in."

A SAD SURPRISE PARTY.—The Albany Knickerbocker relates the following incident of a surprise party in that city:

The day before yesterday a very unpleasant incident occurred at one of these parties. A merchant who has heretofore held a respectable position in society, was selected by some friends to call on. It was a surprise party, indeed, to all concerned. They found the husband insensible from the effects of liquor, lying on the hall stairs and his wife with a bruised face and a black eye, bathing his temples with ice water. How many such scenes occur unknown to the world!

A MAGNIFICENT GIFT.—We learn from the Natchez Courier that David Hunt, Esq., of Mississippi, made a donation a few days since to Oakland College, in that State, of $50,000. This, together with $80,000 given by this gentleman to the same institution upon former occasions, makes his donations amount to $130,000. One of the conditions appended to the last gift is that unless Oakland College can be raised as an institution of polite education, to that end the donation shall go to the next best efforts for similar purposes in the South.

THE LARGEST DAY'S BUSINESS.—The N. O. Delta says, the sales of cotton in New Orleans market Saturday, according to our commercial record, reached over twenty thousand bales—the largest business of any one day this season. The demand is said to have been stimulated by the *Europa's* news, which, it seems, is much less unfavorable than was generally expected.