

Advertisements in advance... Any person sending...

CHARLOTTE:

FRIDAY MORNING, August 17, 1855.

For President, IN 1856: HON. HENRY A. WISE, OF VIRGINIA.

The Result in North Carolina.

In the first District, P. T. Paine, Know-Nothing, defeated Dr. Shaw, dem., by about 300 majority.

In the second District, Thomas Ruffin, dem., is elected over Latham, K. N., by more than 3,000 majority.

In the third District, Mr. Winslow's majority over Reid, K. N., is 1,068.

The fourth District gives Branch, dem., a majority of 2,471.

In the fifth District, E. G. Rouse, Know-Nothing, is elected over John Kerr, by 3,000 majority.

In the sixth District, R. C. Puryear, K. N. whig, is elected over Seales, dem.

In the seventh District, Hon. B. Craig, dem., is elected over Stowe, K. N. Craig's majority is 2,640.

In the eighth District, Mr. Clingman is elected over Carmichael, K. N., by a majority of 1,495.

The end of Know-Nothingism.

We have now the full returns from our own State, and enough from Tennessee and Alabama to know that the secret order is worse beaten than the old Whig party ever was.

Nobody who knows our people, their bold independence of character, and love of freedom, will be surprised at the result. Sam, the "immoral," had to fight for every inch of ground south of the Potomac, and with such heavy odds it is not to be wondered at that he fell vanquished before a host that was conscious of its strength and proud of its principles.

Abolitionism, as we always believed it would, has killed it. Northern fanaticism seized it as a hobby to ride upon and rode it to death.

The Hisses and Wilsons of Massachusetts; the Littlejohns and Stebbinses of New York; the Campbells and Harrisones of Ohio; and the Rayners of N. C., gave an ineradicable taint of darkness to the organization, which could not be wiped out.

In the North Know Nothingism has become the handmaid of Seward and Van Buren free-soilism; and in the South, despite all the efforts of the circuit riders, it has been repudiated. It is dead as a political element everywhere. Appealing to the passions and prejudices of the fanatic and the hope of reward in the trading politician, its rise was sudden and its progress rapid. It went up like a meteor and threw its baneful glare over the political horizon for a season, and then sunk into the darkness.

From whence it sprung.

Unwept, unhonored, and unseemly.

What becomes of the Democrats who have united themselves to this organization, vainly hoping to see in it a great, patriotic and unsectional party, through which the Union might be preserved in its integrity, fanaticism quelled and agitation hushed? Will they remain members of this wretched concern, now its objects and aims are known and its impotence for good demonstrated? Do they not see one County Council after another in the Middle and Eastern States, ignoring or repudiating the only plank in the Philadelphia platform which ever made it tolerable to the Southern voter? Do they not see the Order prostituted to selfish and dangerous purposes? Do they not see that it has no strength unless allied to Abolitionism and Maine Lawism? And finally, have not Virginia, Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama furnished proofs that nothing can now be done for the salvation of the Union and our common country, except through the great National Democratic party?

We know not what feelings actuate other men, what resentments control, or what obligations bind them, but we are very blind and ignorant in the field of politics if this be not the moment for every Democrat who has strayed to return to his party standard, and in the bosom of that party renew the war against fraud, incapacity and perfidy, instead of hoping to do so in the shattered order and with the broken phalanx of Know Nothingism.

The National Democracy furnishes the only safe and true rallying point for the friends of the Union and the Constitution. Then let us bury all animosities, and taking the Constitution as our basis and the principles of Jefferson and the great leaders of the Republican party as our guide, at the South at least, present a united front. That is the only hope we have of staying the tide of Abolitionism that is making ready to engulf us.

What the Patriots Have Said.

Below we give the sayings of Patrick Henry, Clay, and Daniel Webster, upon the naturalization of Foreigners and religious freedom.

PATRICK HENRY ON EMIGRATION.—Encourage the husbandman, the mechanic, the merchant of the old world to come, and settle in this world of promise; make it the house of the skillful, the industrious, and the happy as well as the asylum of the distressed; fill up the measure of population as you can by the means which Heaven has placed in your power; and I venture to prophesy there are those living who will see this favored land among the most powerful on earth. Yes, sir! they will see her great in arts and arms, her golden harvests reaping over an immeasurable extent, her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now appear to rule the waves.

Frank Admission from a Know-Nothing Organ.

Prior to the late elections in Tennessee, Kentucky and North Carolina, the Buffalo New York Commercial, a leading Know-Nothing organ, made the following frank admission, which was not uttered in sincerity, but has the merit of being founded in truth:

"If Gentry is defeated in Tennessee, and the Democrats achieve a decided success in North Carolina, the American party will no longer have an existence as a national organization. Even if they win a signal victory in Kentucky on Monday next, it will avail them nothing, coming upon an overthrow in the other States just named."

The Albany Argus of the 9th instant has the following seasonable comments on the above:

"The Buffalo Commercial used the above language in an article concerning the elections in North Carolina and Tennessee, which appeared in that paper on the 2d inst. The contingency suggested has occurred. Gentry is defeated in Tennessee, and the Democrats have achieved a decided success in North Carolina—electing, in the latter State, five out of the eight members of Congress. The Buffalo Commercial is a Know-Nothing paper, and of course looks with anxiety upon the result of the summer elections. It very frankly states the importance of the struggle in Tennessee and North Carolina, and does not over-estimate the influence of a result adverse to Know Nothingism. Following upon the heels of a defeat in Virginia, the republic in the two former States take notice of things which, under other circumstances, we should pass by with indifference, and ward off the blow which the folly of some individuals amongst our countrymen suggests against the whole German American population.

The Platform of the Free Germans, which the Herald reveals now, is an exploded thing, which fact cannot be unknown; neither to it (the Herald) nor to the Louisville Journal. The perfidy of this last paper is to try to induce Anglo-Americans to believe that those principles laid down in that platform are those of the mass of the German population. We could as well try to make our countrymen believe, with as much and as little right that the principles of Garrison and Antislavery Brown are the expression of the opinions of the whole American people. The News points rightly out the small number of readers of those German papers which have made themselves the organs of those sectaries, and compares them with the large number of readers of such papers as the Staats Zeitung and others. It is a fact that the Staats Zeitung alone has more readers than all those papers which belong to the so-called radical party put together. It is to be remarked, as a proof of the sentiments of the German population that nearly all those papers which are not democratic and conservative organs enjoy a large circle of readers. The most resolute and talented paper of the abolitionist school have generally the least subscribers. The Pioneer, for example, has but a few hundred paying subscribers, while the Abend Zeitung, with much labor and great exertion to please its readers, has obtained but a tolerable circulation in the German reading houses. The mass of the German population belongs undoubtedly to the democratic party. Although some fraction of them hesitate sometimes in their opinions, they soon come back to this, their old flag. Even those who are always on the stand who politics are their hobby, when the election time is at hand to those who experience enables them to stand by their countrymen. It is easy for the German to understand the position of things in the South and North, and to see that abolitionism, nativism, and the mania of temperance proceed from the same source; they know that they have not to approach either Seylla, or Charibde for fear of being swallowed up by them, but that they have to fight the two infirmities of our speech. The German loves liberty not only for himself but for others; but he is not venturesome enough to risk the liberty which he has acquired at a great sacrifice, for a doubtful future. In fact what is the aim of those individuals and papers bearing every day of their liberality? In their restless endeavors there is nothing but a dead-end arrow against slavery, which cannot have any effect, for slavery cannot be abolished, even though all the Germans should act as a single man against it. They do not even know what might become of those they would make free instantaneously. All their doing are, in fact, merely high sounding words, which can, perhaps, seduce for a moment but cannot insure anything for the future.

All these are but opportunities for the Louisville Journal and the New York Herald to cultivate the Germans. These two papers both belong to the so-called National Know Nothing. Now that the Germans have recognized the free soil Know Nothing, and that the South, in general, is disposed to favor foreigners, it was the task of the above named papers to denounce the Germans as abolitionists to the South, and to indicate the danger which should result from allowing the right of voting to the Germans. But what is to be thought of a press which uses such means to attain its object.

BRITISH CLEMENCY.—John Bull is always scolding the rest of the world, but that gentleman must certainly forget the old maxim which teaches that charity begins at home. The masses are kept in ignorance; and the colonial subjects of that mighty dependency are oftentimes treated with a degree of cruelty which is utterly incompatible with its boasted freedom. An English traveler in India, in a letter to the London Times, states that as he was going up the Hoogley river, he heard screams on the river bank and on landing found they proceeded from a poor victim undergoing torture at the hands of the head of the police. He states that the torture is used all over India for the alleged purpose of bringing criminals to justice. He cites names and addresses facts, and closes his communication as follows: "I am perfectly sure of the truth of my statements, and enclose my name and address as a guaranty of my good faith."

TAKING A POSITION.—Joe Dovetail had a wife, a strong-minded wife. She looked upon Joe as a sort of necessary evil, treating him very much as the lady did her husband on the North river steamboat who ventured to object to some of her arrangements for travel, when she shut him up suddenly by telling him, in the hearing of a dozen passengers:

"Why, what is it to you? If I had known you were going to act so, I wouldn't have brought you along. But Joe and Mrs. Dovetail never traveled. They were always at home, though Joe was rarely seen there or elsewhere. She had long trained him to the habit of retiring under the bed when company called, and so familiar was he with that retreat, it was a question whether, in default of personal service, a warning to militia training would hold him unless left under the bed; as being his 'last usual place of abode.' During the stay of Mrs. Dovetail's friends, he occasionally thrust out his head like a turtle, but one glance of the loving eye of his spouse would send him under, with cold shivers running up his back. One day as she was hob-nobbing over the fire with a friend and a social glass, Joe thrust out his figure head, and defied the shakes and frowns of his wife till, growing valiant and desperate, he sang out:

"My dear, you may shake your head just as you please, but I tell you, as long as I have got the spurs of a man I will peep."

eloquent and true.

The London (England) Advertiser, speaking of the United States and Great Britain, uses the following language:

"Contemplate England, groaning with taxation and struggling in a sanguinary war; with her trade deranged, her populace discontented, her government the corrupt machine of an oligarchy, and her revenues squandered for she knows not what; and contrast her with America—the America that British cabinet ministers treat with so much indifference, whose statesmen are cultivating the arts of peace, and whose commerce is gathering a golden harvest to the nation. She it is that stands boldly forward to her civil greatness; she it is that presents presents a striking contrast to the military despotism of Europe; she it is that—with her thousand miles of unguarded coast; her unvalued cities, her menage navy—combines within herself the elements necessary to a great military nation. Peace reigns at her fireside; her throne is

Acceptance of Shannon.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.

Ex-Gov. Shannon has accepted the Governorship of Kansas, and will at once proceed to his post.

Alabama Election.

As far as heard from, there are 22 Democrats and 10 Know Nothings elected to the Senate, and 55 Democrats and 41 Know Nothings to the House four members to be heard from. The majority of Winston will probably be 11,000.

From the New Yorker Staats Zeitung, Aug. 1.

The Germans and the Herald.

The News has undertaken the worthy task to explain to the Anglo American public a new piece of perfidy on the part of the New York Herald.

The somewhat peculiar position of the German Americans in this country obliges us to take notice of things which, under other circumstances, we should pass by with indifference, and ward off the blow which the folly of some individuals amongst our countrymen suggests against the whole German American population.

The Platform of the Free Germans, which the Herald reveals now, is an exploded thing, which fact cannot be unknown; neither to it (the Herald) nor to the Louisville Journal. The perfidy of this last paper is to try to induce Anglo-Americans to believe that those principles laid down in that platform are those of the mass of the German population. We could as well try to make our countrymen believe, with as much and as little right that the principles of Garrison and Antislavery Brown are the expression of the opinions of the whole American people. The News points rightly out the small number of readers of those German papers which have made themselves the organs of those sectaries, and compares them with the large number of readers of such papers as the Staats Zeitung and others. It is a fact that the Staats Zeitung alone has more readers than all those papers which belong to the so-called radical party put together. It is to be remarked, as a proof of the sentiments of the German population that nearly all those papers which are not democratic and conservative organs enjoy a large circle of readers. The most resolute and talented paper of the abolitionist school have generally the least subscribers. The Pioneer, for example, has but a few hundred paying subscribers, while the Abend Zeitung, with much labor and great exertion to please its readers, has obtained but a tolerable circulation in the German reading houses. The mass of the German population belongs undoubtedly to the democratic party. Although some fraction of them hesitate sometimes in their opinions, they soon come back to this, their old flag. Even those who are always on the stand who politics are their hobby, when the election time is at hand to those who experience enables them to stand by their countrymen. It is easy for the German to understand the position of things in the South and North, and to see that abolitionism, nativism, and the mania of temperance proceed from the same source; they know that they have not to approach either Seylla, or Charibde for fear of being swallowed up by them, but that they have to fight the two infirmities of our speech. The German loves liberty not only for himself but for others; but he is not venturesome enough to risk the liberty which he has acquired at a great sacrifice, for a doubtful future. In fact what is the aim of those individuals and papers bearing every day of their liberality? In their restless endeavors there is nothing but a dead-end arrow against slavery, which cannot have any effect, for slavery cannot be abolished, even though all the Germans should act as a single man against it. They do not even know what might become of those they would make free instantaneously. All their doing are, in fact, merely high sounding words, which can, perhaps, seduce for a moment but cannot insure anything for the future.

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A Visit to the Home of Goethe.

There is nothing prepossessing in the external appearance of the "Athena of Germany." Till the new place was erected, Saxe Weimar had the scarcely had a single handsome building. The Ritter Strasse, the largest street within the city, is built better than a lane; and the streets which have been built in the neighborhood of the cemetery, are only handsome as compared with the meanness which preceded them. The theatre for the opening of which Schiller wrote his beautiful prologue to Wallenstein—is perfectly plain without, and I was told that the interior was equally simple; but there was no performance the night I was at Saxe Weimar, and when I called at the theatre in the morning neither money nor entreaties could procure me a moment's admission beyond the stage door. During the rehearsals it is strictly prohibited; and it was in this instance the more disappointing; as the piece they were reciting was the Wallenstein's Lager, and on the spot where the author had himself assisted at its first performance. To tread the same ground, and look upon the same objects, associates us more spiritually with the recollections of an eminent man than the sight of relics deposited in glass cases, or chambers that have been deserted or changed, and there are numberless recollections at Saxe Weimar which makes us forget its architectural poverty. The houses of Herder, Schiller, Wieland and Goethe, and the associations connected with them, give its streets a higher interest than if every building was a palace.

I spent an hour in the rooms still remaining as he left them and amongst the relics of Goethe, under the guidance of one of his friends and worshippers; for admirers is too feeble a term for those who have felt deeply the powers of his genius, or the influence of his prosaic acquaintance. There was nothing of splendour, nothing even of a scholar's luxuries. The handsome copy of Lord Byron, was carefully folded, as it had been by Goethe himself, in a silk pocket handkerchief, and placed with a few other volumes in a drawer; but the general air of his books had the plain air of actual service, and most of them had been the companions of his long life. They were arranged on shelves of unpainted wood, in a small chamber, adjoining his study, which was itself as plain as a workhouse, a few shelves and one or two cabinets of the simplest workmanship, were all I noticed. Near his desk was hung a plaster medallion, encircled by himself with an inscription in ink—Sacerdotes imperii superest ex nomine multum. It was a profile of Napoleon, had fallen from the wall and been broken into fragments on the day of the battle of Leipzig, almost at the moment it was lost. The coincidence seems to have made considerable impression upon the imagination of Goethe, who was present when it fell, and by whom the fragments had been reunited and carefully preserved.

Of his MSS. I was shown the original Gedichte Goethes von den Besten, written in the German character, in 1774; and "Eonice Romana," written in the Italian hand, and dated 1778. My companion told me that while sitting with him in 1816, the servant having neglected to supply them with wood, Goethe had told him to feed the stove with the manuscript "Eonice."

He managed, however, to collect and preserve it, and evidently felt proud at having saved a relic from the flames.

In one part of the room were materials for some of the experiments connected with his Farbenlehre; and in the cover of a letter, near one of his windows, were some fragments of colored silk, which had an interest of a different description when I had for what purpose they had been employed. It appears that his grandchild had been in the habit of visiting him in his study. It was too much for him to repeat her; and when he did not wish to be interrupted he placed her by his side, and offered some small new coin as a reward for interrupting one of the silk worms, an occupation that generally kept her quiet. I thought more of Goethe after hearing this trifling anecdote than after hearing even his "Faust." A mere trifling matter of talent must be little better than a M. philologist.

Adjoining the study was the poet's bedroom; a small narrow closet with a single window looking into the garden; much the same in size and appearance as I have seen occupied by a Franciscan friar in his convent. In a corner, the wall of which was striped with a piece of common black and green carpeting, stood his bed, small and uncurtained, and by its side the chair in which he died. A clock that had marked the hours of his birth and death was placed in an alcove, where were also his collection of minerals and a few of his books.

There were the private apartments, the retirements of the scholar and man of genius; but the principal suite of rooms had scarcely an interior interest. Here, deposited in glass presses, were the objects which had gratified his taste or awakened his recollections of the past. Antiquities and medals, the skull of Vandyke, bronzes, arms and all the antiquities that a poet or painter loves to possess. In one of them was a letter addressed to him by Sir Walter Scott, with his usual beauty of style and kindness of heart. Its commencement alone is a lesson to the vanity of impermanence that so often obtains itself upon the privacy of an eminent man. Venerable and much respected Sir, the words with which Scott—his equal in talent and fame—thinks it right to preface his homage to the genius of Goethe. How many of the small fry of literature have approached the author of "Waverley" himself with less reverence or fancied, in the abundance of their self-esteem than to have addressed any one as "venerable and much respected sir" would have been lessening of their own consideration. The contents of the letter I cannot pretend to remember, but I recollect, that its effect, as that of the most of his other writings, was to make me think better of myself, and much more of the man who had written it. There was a private letter in French, from the Duke of Wellington to the Duke of Saxe Weimar, introducing to him a son of Lord Mansfield; and a whole portfolio of dispatches (addressed to General Rapp) by the most distinguished of Napoleon's officers.

Then there was the volume which Goethe used to call his "Album" a collection of the portraits of his friends; and when I had looked over these more hastily than I could have wished, I had still to see a treasury of the rich offerings which, at various times, had been made to him by his countrymen and admirers. They were deposited, as from their value and interest they deserved to be, in an iron chest secured by many curiously constructed locks, and some of them were precious as works of art. There was a crown of laurels, the leaves of gold, the berries of emerald, sent from Frankfurt in 1819 or 1820; and worthy, for its beauty alone, to be placed among the regalia of an Emperor. It was accompanied by a detached leaf of the same workmanship, with an intimation that as a year had elapsed since the wreath was ordered, and as every year of his life added a fresh leaf to the laurels of Goethe, his admirers had felt that their offering would be incomplete without a type of the year that had passed. This was not the only present he had received from his native town; there was also a silver drinking cup which had been sent to him with some choice hock, and bore an inscription to the effect that

"the mind was invigorated by wine, and there would be no fire without fuel." Mr. Goethe would be of a different opinion.

A handsome seal of enameled gold, the offering of fifteen of the great poet's British admirers (including Scott, Moore, Carlyle, etc.) was engraved with his motto *Dane busti uter abne busti* which has more meaning (said one of my German friends) than the mere words import; it refers not exactly to "the spur that the clear spirit doth raise"

To scorn delights, and live laborious days; but to some inward impulse to "contend, though not heeding, progress;" or it might be rendered by the Latin *festina lente*. These are but a small part of the costly gifts which I might notice, were I writing a guide-book or a catalogue.

I have never appreciated the private life of a man of genius—and it has not always been as a stranger—without being as much struck by the discovery of his habits of unwearied application, the amount of his actual manual labor, as I had previously been by the splendor of his talents.

Goethe's correspondence alone, deposited in one of the closets of the book-room, filled two hundred and twenty-three MS. volumes; and, in the midst of his multifarious labors, he kept a diary, or *Tagebuch*, that would itself form an extensive work. The last of the volumes which contain it, commences January, 1831, with some observations on Scott's *Demonology*, and ends the 15th May, 1832, with a memorandum of his physician Professor Vogel's account of a recent excursion to Jena, with which Goethe expresses himself well pleased. On the 22nd he died.

The visit I have just attempted to describe was but the commencement of my literary pilgrimage through Weimar. There was still to be seen the houses of Schiller, of Wieland, and of Herder; and the places of their sepulchre.

To reach the last resting place of Schiller and Goethe, it was necessary to take a rather long walk to the *Gottesacker*, or cemetery; an establishment of modern date, where the arrangement for the prevention of premature interment is said to have been the model for those adopted at Frankfurt.

Near its centre rises a Doric chapel, surmounted by a cupola, which forms the mausoleum of the sovereigns of Saxe Weimar; their effigies remain being deposited in its vault. It was here the Grand Duke Carl desired that the bodies of his friends, the poets whom he had loved and admired, should be placed beside his own; but his wishes have been neglected or found incompatible with etiquette, for, though admitted to the same chamber of the dead, the remains of Goethe and of Schiller are placed in a separate vault, and at a very respectful distance from those of grand dukes and duchesses. This—to use the words of Heron Raumer, on a different occasion—is *feinlich und nicht niedrig*—a strong ode to the dead and living. It seems like carrying the formalities of a court into the solemnities of another world.

We returned through the park—one of the most beautiful in Germany, as it has always been described—and passed near the small white cottage that generally, for six or eight weeks, was the summer residence of Goethe, and is now occupied by him with pleasant remembrances in his possession, but is precisely the

Humble shed,  
Where roses breathe,  
And woodbines wreath;

Around the windows their tendrils spread;  
Which Moore describes as the abode of love—  
The dove took calls a dunghill; and those in smoky cities pent pause to look at in their evening walks, and envy.

From this I went with my companion to the Grand Ducal Library—a pile of about one hundred and thirty thousand volumes, not on this occasion, to see his books, but his relics. Here, again, was Goethe, in the last year of his life, seated at his desk, and there was a bust of Schiller, with a quotation from Goethe. There were also busts of Herder and of Wieland; a fine portrait of Charles V. as a youth (which Mr. Storer should