

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 4.

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THOMAS J. HOLTUN,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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Poetry.



AN APOSTROPHE TO MEMORY.
SWEETEST MEMORY! thy magic wand,
Around me now, now I see,
Revered by thy plastic, viewless hand,
The ideal scenes of infancy;
Infancy! best memory, that he'er knew
A thought less bright than thy own glow,
And dreamt not, on the stem where blossoms
Beneath their beauty grew a thorn.

Thou faithful link that bind'st me to the Past:
Thou mystic one in Fancy's train!
While "happiest" thy sweet pictures are my Past,
As yet we think the moderns are the best,
Nay, we, bring out to me the shadowy forms
Of boys that float in youth's bright days,
That bloom'd like lilies rainbow after storm,
And then as swiftly passed away.

Oh! I would not see the grass-grown knoll,
That spot where my sweet mother lay;
No, no—I would not have her face
To see where my mother's grave;
Alas! I cannot quell this rising tear,
Nor get myself my soul's own glow,
For thou hast borne me to my mother's grave,
Alas! where I would not have my tomb.

Let me behold my cherished fatherland;
Its peaceful shores of sunset joy;
Ah, let me see the modest, kindly hand,
Who lov'd and cherish'd me with a boy;
And oh! bring back the cherished old one,
Now slumbering in the silent dust,
The smile that to whom my heart leans
To indicate its love and trust!

Miscellaneous.

BETTER DAYS WILL DAWN.

"Mary, I'm discouraged."
"Nay, do not talk so, James."
"Yes, I'm discouraged. I've tried and tried to get ahead and have a few dollars laid by, but to no purpose; and here I am just recovering from a fever, completely prostrated in health, and out of money and business, too. Here is a cold winter coming on, rent coming due; fuel and provisions to be procured, with clothing for our children; to say nothing of ourselves, to be bought, and where is it all to come from?"

Mrs. Lane made no reply, but continued closely applying herself to her sewing. In fact she was perplexed to see how they were to get along. For a moment she gave way to despondency, but soon recovered her usual cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits, and like a brave-hearted woman, concluded to put the best foot forward and calmly meet the worst.

"It is of no use being discouraged," thought she, "if we are, we shall surely go overboard."

"Mary, I'm going out to seek work," said James one morning after he had recovered from his illness; "but I fear I shall fall in procuring it, for everything seems against us. How much money have you got by you?"

"Not a cent, James. I paid the last for a little tea and your breakfast."

"Heavens! I haven't a dollar in the world. What shall we do?"

"Trust to Providence, James," returned his wife; "for surely better days will yet dawn."

"I know you often say so, but I should esteem it a favor if you would specify the time when those days will be along."

"I can't exactly tell," replied his wife, "with a faint smile, 'but soon, I hope.'"

At noon James returned.

"Not an hour's work have I found," said he.

"Well, dearest, come in and get your dinner."

"Dinner! Where did you get such a dinner?" said James, as he entered the room, gazing in astonishment upon the good things that greeted his eyes. "Where did you get that chicken, and those nice vegetables, and—"

"Neighbor B. brought them in," returned Mrs. Lane. "He said that you desired a little assistance, you had been sick so long; and he has also been to our landlord and persuaded him to let the rent run along for us to three months, till we shall be better able to pay it."

"What looks encouraging?"

"Yes, James; and if we keep up good courage, and cheerfully struggle on, we shall yet see better times. Even the darkest night is always succeeded by the light of day."

James struggled on through the fall, here and there doing small jobs at his trade, which was that of a carpenter, but unable to procure steady work, as his business was that year very dull in the place; and in spite of every effort, he found himself, when the cold winter set in, out of money and out of employment.

Heavily did the wife struggle on through the long dreary months of that unusually severe winter, not a murmur escaping her lips; and she was ever hopeful and ever ready with a cheering word for her dejected husband, teaching him by her ex-

Communication.

From our Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, May 31, 1855.

Mr. Editor—While the veterans of the old dominion are echoing jubilee over their recent victory, and the disciples of "Samuel" are growing wise for future contests, let us leave rejoicing and mourning to them and amuse ourselves, if we can, by a drive through the country adjacent to this city. True, we might spend the time, and be much amused upon Chestnut, and its parallel and bisecting streets, but the season is one when nature invites us to repair to her green wood, to accept her gift of her sweet flowers, and enjoy the carol of her songsters, therefore we will to the woodland "away," and leave the fixtures of the city for another day. But, whilst we pass through and enjoy all these sweet gifts of spring, we will hold converse about other matters.

Then as Independence bell tells the hour of eight, on one of May's brightest mornings, we find ourselves seated in a buggy behind a "good stock" and by the side of an intelligent friend, full of soul, and inspired by the balmy breeze, devotes himself for the day to our amusement and entertainment.

At a dashing rate, we rattled over the round stone pavement on Chestnut to Broad street, threading our way through a current of vehicles of every style, size, and description, in a manner which often causes our rustic blood to stay its course on account of the instant crash of matter from which there is presented to us but little chance of escape. We learn directly that the "ribbons" are held by skillful hands, and that the mettle before us is understood, and submitting to our friend's merriment at our timidity, we remark upon the superior training of city horses, and settle ourselves as well as we can for conversation or a spring, as circumstances may admit or require.

Without either killing or being killed, we are in Broad street, from the name of which, you will understand we have more wheel room, and breathe with more freedom. This street is one hundred feet wide, being more than twice the width of any other street in the city, except Market, and is rapidly growing to the destiny indicated for it by the founder of this city, viz: that of the promenade street. It runs upon the summit of the dividing ridge between the Schuylkill and Delaware, and is at the entrance of Chestnut, about equal distance from each, say two miles, and is laid out and paved from the confluence of the rivers, due North, for the distance of nine miles. The space between the Delaware, is sufficient for any amount of commercial and mercantile business, where, for the sake of convenience, it will be located; and as it is now doing, to Broad and west of the Schuylkill, for residences. The La Pierre House, which is now the Hotel of the city, is upon Broad. I am now some three miles from our starting point, and relieved from the city's uproar, but we do not expect to get beyond its authority, as by an act of the last Legislature, the whole county was merged in its corporation, giving it a city area of one hundred and forty-four square miles.

The first object of interest which strikes the eye upon our route, is Girard College, where three hundred orphans of the State, are now receiving whatever education their capacities will warrant, at the expense of the earnings of the man whose name it bears, and by whose munificence it was erected. They are required by provision of the bequest, to receive proper moral training, but no Minister of the Gospel, of any denomination, is ever admitted within its walls. We will pass on, remarking that the ten acres of ground belonging to it, are enclosed by a stone wall of solid masonry, ten feet high, and that the massive marble College edifice rears its immense proportions from the centre, and is protected from the rear, by four smaller buildings, of the same material, which serve as dormitories.

The broad smoothly paved road, now but little obstructed with travel, gave us opportunity to test our capacity for speed, and if you have never sat behind a "two forty," and I don't believe you ever did, Mr. Editor, you know nothing about the excitement and exhilaration of spirit imparted by such rapid whizzing through the wind. The noble animals which bore us on, appeared to enjoy it as much as ourselves, and as they plunge onward, endeavoring to increase, and still increase their speed, the effect upon the spirit is very enjoyable, and described. This rapid travel soon brought us to the next point of interest upon our road side, which arrested our career not unlike its herald is hoisting down to man in the full-time of life. We found ourselves at the gate of the new city cemetery, containing some twenty acres upon the elevated bank of the Schuylkill. We drove into and through it; our thoughts were at once subdued to a harmony with the surrounding scene, and we viewed with admiration, the evidences of the regard of the living for the memory of the dead, and in the exhibition of elegant taste and cultivation, felt that we were reading the proofs of the high moral character of the community who were peopling the sacred spot. Standing here, we looked back upon the College which we had just passed, where manhood's training commenced, and along the broad road over which we had just flown with such rapid speed, leading directly to this closing scene of earth's career, and felt the striking similarity to the map of life. From this cemetery, we drove on to old Laurel Hill, which being also laid off with driving roads, we passed through. At the entrance, we were greeted by old Mortality and Sir Walter Scott, in stately array; the one exhibiting a picture of the plodding gate and the burden of life, and the other face of the other, showing that "dull care" found no room companion there. Here we found a maturity of cultivation and clusters of elegant monuments, which as yet, do not adorn the new one

OUR RELATIONS WITH SPAIN.

Speech of the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, in answer to a call for the papers in the Black Warrior and 23 Dec. 1854, as reported by the correspondent of the New York Tribune.

The Minister of State, Senor Latorre, then said:

Gentlemen: In ordinary circumstances there would be no inconvenience in presenting all the documents relative to the affair of the Black Warrior, because, in fact, it is settled; and I have the satisfaction to announce to the Cortes, that it has been settled in common and good accord between the two governments.

But the present circumstances in our relations which refer to the island of Cuba are not ordinary—gentlemen will understand without my saying it. Chance has disposed that, with the conclusion of this business, the beginning of two other questions has coincided, and although they may appear independent, they might nevertheless affect in some degree the documents which would be put upon the table. If the Cortes, in its patriotic zeal, would have the patience to await the conclusion of these two which ought not to be long delayed, then there would be no kind of inconvenience.

Nevertheless, the government will not oppose their presentation. The government has to give an account of its conduct in this affair, and if it should oppose the presentation of these documents, it would appear to show giving that account.

This consideration makes me not to insist; I leave it entirely to the patriotism of the deputies. There is another consideration also for suspending the examination of these documents, and it is that the conduct of the public officers at the Havana in this business is about to be submitted to a judgment; and it is never well that the weight of the Parliament, and of the debate which is excited here, should be launched into the cause which is prosecuted against individuals.

For the rest, in order that the Cortes may proceed with full knowledge, I have no difficulty in advancing some explanations. I shall speak very little of the El Dorado—that question is still pending, but I think it will be terminated soon and easily, and with a good termination; because if at first, the American government conceived some suspicion that the right of visit, repelle, etc., by that country, had been sought to be exercised on the part of Spanish officers, now, it ought to be completely understood. It is informed already of the instructions which our cruisers had received beforehand from the government, captain-general of Cuba, which prescribed that they should abstain from that class of requisitions, and should limit themselves to observe those vessels which might come towards the Havana, and to escort or follow the suspicious ones until they should enter the jurisdictional waters of our territory—a right unquestionable and unquestioned. Consequently, the whole question comes to be reduced to the appreciation of the fact, which may, indeed, be interesting to the officer of the Ferrolana, but which leaves the government well covered. The latter has not wished or intended to exercise the right of visit, which is what might have complicated the question.

The Senor Ordaz Avevilla has spoken to me of a peace policy and a war policy, and of a policy which, in truth, I have not well understood. This gentleman says that he is prepared to acquire the possession of Cuba without war and by legitimate means, and there are no legitimate means of acquiring it, far there is no other right than that of the Spanish nation, and that will never give a legitimate title to any one for its acquisition. For this would be alienation; and I have already said on other occasions that the Spanish nation would never alienate the island of Cuba, for its honor is concerned. [Applause by many deputies.] I do not, then, understand the so-called Ostend policy, or rather it is well understood, in giving it the intention which it really expresses; an intention which, happily, is far from that rightly attributed by Senor Ordaz Avevilla to the American people. The American people are great, noble and loyal, and cannot entertain these ideas of usurping the property of others. No, it does not entertain them; but in the American people, as everywhere else, there are ambitious men who show their private pretensions beneath the veil of public interest, of the interest of the people who they begin to serve.

Her Majesty's government, which has, as respects the American people, exactly the same opinion as Senor Ordaz Avevilla, which sympathizes with this people, and recognizes in them the same elements of sympathy, although somewhat clouded by those who act in the same name as Majesty's government, in this conviction, has proposed to follow the respect to the United States this policy of peace, as the gentleman styles it—this policy of justice, as I call it, for I find no greater foundation for maintaining good relations with other countries than justice—no other foundation for insuring the interests of this country than justice—no title better for being strong than to be just.

Well, gentlemen, when I took charge of the Ministry of State, I did so resolved to carry into all international relations this principle of strict morality, convinced, as I am, that that policy or that diplomacy which is called adroitness may sometimes puff up the self-love of persons, but in the end it neither deceives any body, nor are the great interests of the country thus assured. Among these relations with the American people, the question which was most interesting at the moment was that of the Black Warrior, for, although it has been said by those who are in opposition to the government that this affair was already forgotten, they are much mistaken.

At that time the government of the United States was represented in Madrid by a person who took good care that this question should not be forgotten; who not only renewed it very often, but who gave it all the characteristics of a question of national honor, or a question of independence, insinuating in a manner not to be misunderstood that the end might be a misunderstanding—one of the most serious misunderstandings that can exist between two na-

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Your paper of the 19th inst., contains an article of no little significance upon the present aspect of the political parties now struggling for supremacy in the Northern States of the Confederacy. It has attracted some attention from several of the newspapers in this State, and has been commented on by their editors according to their predilections or prejudices. As I take a deep interest in the welfare and peace of the Republic, and shall take my stand in the coming Congress upon none other than a National platform, permit me to notice a few of your remarks very briefly, and to correct some of the impressions they so decidedly indicate. It may be that you are mistaken in some of your views, but there is enough of truth in the general tenor of your conclusions to alarm the public mind, and seriously to demand of the American people the most solemn and careful reflection.

"Party organizations, patched up traces and shallow compromises, have all had their day, and all have fallen beneath the violence of a despatch fanaticism and the unshapable ambition of unprincipled politicians." It is very true that "section has been embittered against section," and that had men have brought the country almost to the verge of dissolution, in promoting their own selfish purposes, but I still have an abiding faith in the patriotism and intelligence of the people, and will not despair of the salvation of this glorious Union.

Of the Whig and Democratic parties, now in the "seer and yellow leaf," it is not necessary that I should say anything more than that you have very briefly, but correctly, written their history. With varying success, they have been the rulers of our destiny, and each has failed in securing for us the peace and tranquility we have so much desired. In both, corruption has done its work. They have "sown the wind," and are now reaping the fruits of that sowing in their own everlasting ruin. Webster's conservatism has fearfully shrank "beneath the intolerant fanaticism of a Seward," but it is not destroyed. The Whig party is beyond recovery, but Democratic principles are immortal. The Democratic party has been utterly broken up by abolition. Its nationality is gone, its platform destroyed. With President Pierce, its last pin will be knocked from under it, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, it will leave not a wreck behind." All hopes of national organization on the basis of either Whig or Democratic principles being futile, it becomes us all to inquire, if upon their ruin there may not be built up a truly national party, conservative, patriotic, American? Does such a party exist? You have answered for me, and I quote your language:

"Such was the state of the old parties, when, about a year ago, the Know-Nothing order first made its mark on the politics of the country. It pronounced the old parties effete and rotten. It proposed to bury the old issues which had divided the North and the South, and to erect upon their grave, a grand, comprehensive, national idea, which would override all sectional differences, and give peace and security to the Union. Sick as men were of the old parties, disgusted with their vain experiments, and lured by its peculiar principles, the new party gathered to its folds many adherents."

There do exist, then, "a new party"—the Know-Nothing Order; and I rejoice that you recognize its existence. You care not to question the antagonism which this party assumes to exist between the native and foreign born. You are willing to accept it as a fact, and a fact it is. "Yes," you ask, "what do we see?" "It" (the new party) "excludes the foreign element, because it is supposed to be radical, disturbing, and antagonistic to a stable nationality, and asserts that the native-born are the only true friends of order, conservatism, and the Union." I think you are mistaken here, for I have nowhere seen the assertion made, that *native* alone implies a man a true friend of order, conservatism, and the Union. Cause and effect are not always relative, nor does it uniformly follow that because a man is born upon our soil he cannot be a traitor. There are Americans in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, and their tongues should bluster in their mouths for the words they utter there. American demagogues are as bad as foreign intriguers, and God help the Union if its salvation is in their keeping.

"Again, you say, 'The elections of the North came on, and everywhere the fusion between the abolitionists and the new order carried the day.' Is this a fact, that the Know-Nothing success has only been achieved by their alliance with Free-soilers? It is a fact, that the great American Party can only triumph by an affiliation with American traitors? Is it a fact, that the new order has incorporated among its principles one word about slavery or free-soil? Is it a fact, that they, too, as a party, 'split upon the Constitution, and ignore the compact entered into by the Fathers of the Republic?' No! It is not so. New York speaks in tones not to be mistaken, and she will stick to her text through good and evil report; the 'Constitution and the Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.' I speak of the new party as a *national* organization, and in this view, I feel assured they will neither touch, nor give aid and comfort to the 'slavery question.' They are willing to let it alone.

But you point me to Massachusetts, in whose Legislature the Know-Nothing were, as you truly assert, 'omnipotent,' and you tell me that in a few short weeks, that 'Legislature has given to the world a record of fanaticism, disgusting rascality, and shame, which the most degenerate posterity will blush to peruse.' I admit it to be true. But there is even in that State some intelligence left, some patriotism, some genuine American feeling. The meeting of the citizens of Boston on the evening of the 21st, was a very large and enthusiastic one, and they passed, among others, this Resolution:

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