The North Carolina Whig.

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

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Poetry.

RACHEL.

The following is the address delivered by this *tragedienne* upon her farewell night in New York. Written by M. Regis de Trobriand, one of the editors of the Courrier des Etats Unis, translated by Bayard Taylor:

Land of the Future, which a faith sublime
Fills with rich interest, hail! tho' conquered time
Not yet for thee has harvested the Past,
Thy seed through far horizons now is cast,
And grander spaces open for thy hand;
Thy skies are blue, and green thy fruitful land.
Ages shall pass before thy youth shall see
Fulfilled the promise of thine infancy.

How many nations, in their ripest days,
Knew not that halo of success which plays
Around thy cradle, young America!
Strong, like the ancient Fallas, into day,
All armed; and even in thy natal hour
The world beheld thy lineage and thy power.

Sleep, sleep in peace, in still funereal shade,
Ye heroes, once for battle's shock arrayed,
Who for your land and Freedom fought of old!
Not vainly then your hands her flag unrolled;
Your sons have followed you—your native shore
Sees risen on the banner that ye bore
More stars of peace upon its azure field
Than e'er that hallowed war-cry yours could yield.

Ye victors, then returned to trench the soil,
And gave recruits to swell the ranks of Toil;
Peopled the wild, laid low the forest's gloom,
Sowed the rich soil, and made the waste to bloom,
And trampling strife and civil discord down,
Where reigned the desert, improvised the town!
Thus nobly toil, America! thy men;
Thy soldier thus becomes thy citizen.

It was but yesterday; and, now behold!
Around her sovereign realm two oceans rolled:
Rich, great and strong, with fearless heart and free,
She marches forward, shouting "Liberty!"

O shade of Washington, look from thy rest!
Behold how thine illustrious work is blest—
Thy toiling people recognize with pride,
And be thy glorious spirit still their guide!
Keep them united in their hive, that they
May mark with miracles each passing day!

When first the grandeurs which surround you gave
That growing charm which drew men o'er the wave,
They said to me: "Seek not yon distant strand,
Alien to thee the spirit of the land.
Their life is work: they ask for hands alone
And not for genius: strange to them the tone
Of grand Corneille, unknown his very name.
Go not!" they counselled me: and so—I came.

A trusting envoy, I have with me brought
My hopes, my cradle, my gods of thought;
The words of genius here my lips renew
And silence those whose tongues would slander you
Your answer here I read, and read with pride
Too frank and honest for my heart to hide
'Tis as I felt—all great things in the mind
Of a great people nobler greatness find.

No future, from the memory of to-day,
Shall dim the picture which I bear away—
Whose charm will follow, where my steps depart,
To guide my efforts and to cheer my heart:
And this the glory henceforth I pursue—
Since you adopt me, to be worthy you!

Miscellaneous.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY THEGN.

On one of those cold winter nights, when seated near a bright, cheerful fire, one loves to hear the wind howling and rushing with impotent fury against the well-closed shutters; when, our hearts expanding under the genial influence of the flame, we are most inclined to pity the poor creatures whom poverty and want expose to all the severity of the elements—on such a night old Doctor D—— and his family were enjoying the warmth of a crackling hearth. The elder members pleasantly discussing the various events of the day, while the children played noisily in a corner of the room.

The conversation had unconsciously turned upon politics.

"By-the-by," exclaimed Edward S——, the doctor's nephew, "I doubt whether Mr. M—— will carry the election for alderman of his ward. Chances are against him."

"I wish very much to see him chosen," said the doctor; "he is a high-toned gentleman, of great integrity, and strict moral principles, and in these degenerate times"—

"These are just the reasons for which he will be beaten," interrupted Edward; "for," added he, smiling at the look of surprise his words had called forth upon his uncle's face, "his principles are so strict, that I heard him yesterday refuse to enter the 'Gem Coffee House,' with some one who had proposed to 'treat' him, on the plea that he never drank anything but water. After he left, I heard a man say to a friend: 'I won't vote for M——: he was too proud to drink with me!' I do not pretend to justify this man, uncle," continued the nephew, observing a disdainful smile curl the old man's lip; "I think it a very foolish conclusion; but many view the matter as he did, and these will go against him: inasmuch as his opponent 'treats everybody,' as they say, and makes thereby a host of friends, or rather votes."

"It is shameful if his election is made to suffer on such accounts!" exclaimed the doctor indignantly; "for if ever a man showed a noble spirit in refusing to taste spirits, it is Henry M——! Listen to me," continued he, "and I will tell you why."

Here the good old man, as usual when about to tell a story, cleared his voice two or three times, walked up and down the room to collect his thoughts, and stirred the fire into a brighter blaze. The well-known signal drew from their corner all the children, who came clustering round him, always eager to hear of the scenes which the old man's profession had caused him to witness, and he told them the following tale, which I now relate, not in his own words, for he spoke too modestly of himself:

THE MOTHER'S DEATH BED.

It was the night of the 24th December, 18—; the cold was bitter, and the wind was moaning through the deserted streets, where all else was silence, save at intervals, the heavy club of the grumbling watchman resounded on the curb stones, and the hurried footsteps of some belated passer, told his eagerness to reach his home and join the happy circle in the mirth of Christmas eve.

Doctor D. was about to retire for the night, after the fatigue of a day well spent in administering to the sufferings of his fellow-men, when just as midnight struck at the old Cathedral clock, the door-bell was violently rung, as if by an impatient hand.

"There!" exclaimed the Doctor's wife, "it was written that you could not spend even Christmas eve at home! You must go exposing yourself to the sharp wind and"—

"Wife," interrupted the kind old man reprovingly, "how many are there who have *no* shelter from the storm this night! How, then, can I complain? The little I can do to relieve those who suffer, more than compensates me for the trouble it gives."

Another pull at the bell, the violence of which filled the whole house with echoes, interrupted this colloquy. Doctor D., now ready, left his wife wondering why people could not choose a more convenient hour for being ill, and descending the stairs, had soon opened the hall-door.

A woman, shuddering with cold and anxiety, stood before him. By the light of the gas lamp, which cast a trembling glare around, he saw with surprise and pity that she was very young; her features were handsome, but discolored by exposure; and under its long lashes a sunken eye, which told a sad tale of suffering and toil, looked a silent, imploring prayer at the old man.

A dark suspicion had crossed his mind at first * * * * but, as his eye fell upon the frail thin form of the young girl, barely wrapped in an old, thread-bare shawl, his heart smote him for the cruel thought.

"Oh! Doctor," she exclaimed, as she saw his look change to one of deep compassion, and her teeth chattered, and her trembling hands sought to hurry him away: "Oh! Doctor, come to my mother! She is dying! and none, none," she added bitterly, "near to comfort her!"

He stopped to hear no more; but first he desired to wrap his warm cloak around her. She would not let him.

"I am used to such weather," she said, "and have long since forgot to feel cold. But her limbs shook convulsively as she said it. "It would kill you, child," insisted the old man, "and then," continued he in a whisper, "who would nurse your mother?"

She made no more resistance: a flame of hope burst from her eyes, and the look which met the Doctor's gaze, made him forget his own warm room, the biting cold, the sudden gusts of wind that blew against his face, as they hurried across each street—he forgot all in the contemplation of this sublime example of filial love.

On the way he questioned the young girl about her mother's situation. She told him that for several months her mother had seemed ill. To all her daughter's entreaties to call in medical aid, she had given this answer: "My dear child, I am only weak from much sewing, but not ill. It will soon be over, and were I to consult a physician it would be useless expense, and you know our means could not spare it." And she had continued to sew and look worse every day, until that night on finishing a dress she had promised to get ready for Christmas morning, she had suddenly fainted and fallen to the ground. The daughter had with difficulty lifted her to the bed, and in the greatest alarm had come to Dr. D., for he had the reputation of a compassionate man.

To his questions as to what causes had led to so much toil on her mother's part, she kept a sad silence, in which the Doctor guessed there lay a fatal secret.

At last, after winding through the narrow, unpaved streets that mark the rear of New Orleans, she stopped before a dreary and tottering house, and eagerly pushing open the creaking door, she led the Doctor through a dark, narrow hall up a few groaning stairs, and turning suddenly to the right, they stood at the door of a small room, where want had long since been a resident. A flickering lamp threw but enough of fitful light to make the few objects it contained discernable. In the centre of the place stood or rather leaned an old mahogany table, which might have long before seen better days, around which were placed two or three half seatless chairs; a small, low bed in one corner, and a broken bureau in another, on which were some coarse crockery, completed the picture of desolation and penury, which seemed wishing to hide itself from the Doctor's eye as he softly crossed the threshold. He looked for the hearth; it seemed damp and cheerless.

A few black coals and some white ashes, which were playing with the wind as it howled down the chimney, was all he saw there. His eye rested on the table. A glossy silk dress, just finished, reflected the dim light in painful contrast to the dull black shawl which the young girl had just laid near it as she rushed to her mother's bedside.

A low moan, in sad harmony with all around, followed by a short, harsh cough, struck his ear. "I thought so," he muttered, "consumption has nearly completed its work."

"Henry," asked a low voice anxiously, "Henry, is it you?"

"No, mother, it is kind Dr. D, who has come to cure you."

"Doctor—he is too late. I am—going—Henry?" she called faintly, as her eyes rested upon the door. "Not there," she continued, with a despairing countenance, "I will die—without seeing him." She shivered, "'tis very cold."

The doctor felt a tear start to his eye, and taking his cloak, which the young girl had quitted, he stretched it over the torn blanket which covered the dying woman.—then drawing from his pocket a small case, which he always carried, he poured from a vial a few drops of liquid into a cup that contained some water, and raising the sick mother's head, presented the draught to her parched lips. She drank eagerly, while her teeth chattered against the edge of the cup, as nervously she clutched the doctor's arm. He laid her quietly down, and in a few minutes she had fallen into a calm sleep, interrupted ever and anon by the same dry cough he had heard on entering. Then, by a silent gesture, he called the sobbing girl to his side in the furthest part of the room.

"We must make a fire and warm the room a little," whispered he.

"There is not a stick of wood in the house," was the despairing answer.

The doctor felt as if a hand of iron was encircling his heart; he said no more; but, with as little noise as possible, took up one of the crippled chairs, and separated its shaky pieces. Then, by the aid of the lamp, he managed to kindle a flame, which mounting with a broad glare, exposed in an unearthly light the obscurest corners of that room of woe. They saw the woman, over whose pallid features seemed to play a ray of hope, as ever and anon, she muttered in her dream, the name of "Henry."

In another part of the city, one of the fashionable restaurants is brilliantly illuminated. Through the closed blinds a stream of light flows out into the dark street below, and shouts of mirth and the ringing of glasses betray the scene within. Enter with me, reader, and in a room hung with gorgeous tapestry, where the grate is heaped with crackling coals; where bright mirrors reflect the glare of the rich chandeliers; where round a table heaped with the remains of a choice supper, sparkling decanters and dusky green bottles are passing from hand to hand, you will see one in a thousand such sights as that room has seen.

There are eight of them; four men, all young, all belonging to the best families of the town. By the side of each sits a woman, whose flashy dress, coarse accent and excited manners, bespeak her position—the lowest of the low.

They have been to the opera, and this is not the end of their celebration of the *birth of Christ*. See them laughing, singing and drinking, as if earth had no cares for them, no duties, save in the pursuit of pleasure! Who could think that perhaps their wives, mothers, sisters were barely sheltered from the storm, while they forgot all, all, save pleasure and excitement! Still, so it was, at least, with one of the number. Yes, Henry M.'s share in the expenses of that night would have carried ease and comfort in his family for weeks; would have made less horrible the scene of his *mother's death bed!* He did not even know that she was ill: for months he had seen her but a few moments each day, and then either to tear from her the hard earnings of her needle, or when, with a soft look of reproof, she, night after night, guided his reeling steps into his own room. And see him here! the loudest in his mirth, the first to drain the fatal bowl.

It was just three hours after midnight, as they all rose to leave, for another, a worse destination; all but M., who had just succumbed beneath the influence of the extraordinary quantity of spirits he had taken.

"I knew he could not stand so much," exclaimed one of the young men at the sight; "George, you have won the bet!"

"Yes," answered George, delighted, "he bit the wrong man when he bet with me;" and amidst the jeers and laughter of the women, they led him out into the street, but as soon as the cold air struck him, the effect of the spirits were so potent that he could not stir.

"Oh, well! he can't come with us to-night," exclaimed one, "and we had better send him home in a cab."

"Yes," added one of the women, with a sneer, "and let his sister take care of him; our engagement don't go so far!"

Unheeding the oaths and threats of the infuriated Henry, who swore he was as sober as any of them, and "wouldn't go home till morning," they thrust him into one of the numerous cabs which always surround such places, and having given the destination to the driver, left him to his fate.

Let him ride through the same streets, where a few hours before his poor sister had led Doctor D.; and return we to the room where hovering death is slowly lowering on his prey.

The mother has just opened her now glassy eyes, and with her last remains of strength, after looking anxiously around the room, turns them despairingly towards the still closed door; The Doctor saw that she was dying fast; that no earthly power could make her live more than a few fleeting moments. "Alice," she coughed, and each word cost her a heart-rending effort; "Alice—he will not—come—even—to see—his mother—die." She ceased and seemed making a last effort to add something more; and in that instant no sound was heard save the mournful wind outside, and the shocking sobs of Alice, who was kneeling by her mother's side.

"Tell—him—I—blessed—him—with—" but the effort was too strong the last thread of life which had held the soul in that suffering frame was broken, and she died in the Doctor's arms.

One loud, wild shriek burst from the very heart of Alice, as her mother's head dropped heavily down—and then the door was suddenly thrown open and a man tottered over the threshold. His look was wild; he grasped the wall for support; that shriek had reached the bottom of his soul. For a moment his haggard gaze was fixed upon that death scene; a terrible struggle seemed taking place within him, and suddenly, with a deep moan rushed forward and fell kneeling by the side of Alice. He threw himself upon the lifeless body, and, as if to light its extinguishing spirit from the fire which burns within his own heart, he pressed her in his arms.

"Mother! mother!" he exclaimed, and sobs choked his utterance and his voice was hoarse. "Look upon your son once more! Forgive me mother! Dead! dead! and by me," he murmured, as the body dropped cold from his arms. Then throwing himself at Alice's feet, "Alice, forgive me, I will be a brother, for I was not a son!"

The weeping sister threw her arms around his neck; they mingled their sobs together and the mother's soul must have smiled on them as it mounted up to heaven.

Slowly and by degrees his grief became more calm, and when at last he pressed the doctor's hand, with silent thanks for his attention to the unconscious form before him, a fixed and stern resolve was stamped upon his features; he seemed to have made in his soul a solemn oath as he gazed upon the orphan sister. The fumes of wine had left no trace upon his mind as they vanished before the death-bed.

* * * * * *

"Thirteen years have passed since this event took place," continued Dr. D. "Henry is one of the most successful, yet honorable merchants of New Orleans, and Alice, a happy wife, instils in the minds of her children the holy words, 'Honor thy father and mother.'"

THE ADMINISTRATION LEVYING BLACK MAIL.

The Washington *Organ* charges the following outrageous conduct on the Administration. Notwithstanding the charge has been made and repeated and copied all over the country, no denial of it has been given. If true it is the climax of Executive misconduct and corruption, and will startle the American people.

"We have, on two former occasions, asserted the fact that the administration had issued a circular demanding of the subordinates in the Departments a contribution of $5 for the purpose of *bribing* persons in Maryland to vote the Tory Ticket. We have waited two days, and yet neither the major nor "the lesser" organ of the Administration in this city has dared to deny the truth of the allegation. We have abundant proof in our possession to substantiate every specification of the charge. We unhesitatingly reiterate it, and dare the administration, through either one of the miserable tools who were the willing instruments of its extortion and corruption, to deny it. We charge that the express purpose of this levy upon the clerks and passengers was to *bribe* American citizens in Maryland, and to induce them to vote to support an administration which possesses neither popularity nor principle sufficient to enlist the people in its favor. We charge the administration with exercising the power to extort money from the poor and needy messenger, and with appropriating the amount thus collected to *bribe* Americans. We charge the administration with exercising the power, patronage and influence of the General Government to control a local State election. They dare not deny one single allegation. We invoke then a judicial investigation. We denounce the administration for this shameful attempt to corrupt the electors of Maryland, and we are ready to prove that the tools of power have villainously extorted the means to do it from the hard-working employees of the government.

[*From the Lynchburg Virginian.*]

LEVYING BLACK MAIL—THE CHARGE ADMITTED.

We copied in the Virginian of Wednesday morning a charge from the *American Organ*, that the Administration had levied upon the clerks, messengers and employees of the Government a contribution for the purpose of *bribing* votes in Maryland at the recent election. Astounding as it may be, the truth of that charge is admitted in the *Union*, the organ of the Administration. See what it says:

"The know-nothing papers are excessively indignant, because a collection was raised in one of the Departments of this city for the purpose of assisting the Democratic cause in the city of Baltimore at the approaching election, and grave charges are hurled against one of the chiefs of the Department alluded to for his exertions in recommending these contributions. We confess that we see no grievous harm in all this matter."

"Commenting on this startling and disgraceful admission, the *Organ* remarks:

"It is no harm, says the *Union*, to demand of the employees of the government a contribution to bribe the Maryland electors. It is no harm for the administration, by its power and patronage, to endeavor to corrupt the electors in Maryland. It is no harm to defeat the will of the people of Maryland by bribery and corruption. It is no harm to purchase the re-election of Hon. Henry May. It is no harm to induce men to violate the constitution of their own State by offers of "Federal gold." The proof of *bribery* against any citizen of Maryland forever disfranchises him, yet the *Union* regards the attempt to induce one to commit the offence as harmless. We have been taught to believe that the accomplice of a criminal, or the abetter of a crime, was equally guilty with the criminal who had been tried, convicted, and consigned to a loathesome dungeon; but the *Union* sees "no grievous harm in this matter." But listen to the justification of this villainous conduct on the part of the administration:

"The administration of General Pierce is committed in the most decided and open manner to the principles which the fanatics in the Know Nothing lodges are assailing. The success of these principles is important to the perpetuity of our institutions."

Corruption and bribery, continues the *Organ*, are here justified on the ground, that some great principle was in danger. What principle? The success of the administration; but the *Union* admits it is devoid of principle in the previous paragraph, where it states frankly and distinctly that it has resorted to *bribery* and *corruption* for the purpose of success. Is there any principle or any cause which will justify bribery and corruption? The *Union* thinks the success of the principles which it advocates will and does justify any means to attain them. One of these principles is, that the heads of Departments have a perfect right, ay, it is their duty to coerce the subordinates to contribute a portion of their meagre earnings for the purpose of purchasing votes in Maryland. This is the great principle which is so essential to "perpetuate our institutions." This is the great principle to which the administration of President Pierce is committed in the most decided and open manner. And to secure its ascendency, a practical resort to it is an essential prerequisite. What a deliberate and premeditated avowal of Executive corruption!

It says further, that "they are important to the cause of law and order." Law and order, then, can only be preserved by a resort to bribery and corruption; a resort to crime, deep, damning crime, has, in the opinion, and according to the open frank declaration of the administration organ, become necessary to perpetuate "our institutions," and to preserve "law and order." In our judgment there is one other remedy, viz: to break down, destroy, blot out forever this rotten and corrupt administration, of which the *Union*, is the avowed champion, the conduct, and measures of which it attempts to sustain and defend, on the broad principle of crime, that "the end justifies the means."

"Not only does the *Union* admit the charge, but declares that:

"There is scarcely a town or a township in this wide Union in which men are not to be found of this character."

Of what character? Of the character of Peter G. Washington, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, whom the *Union* thus speaks:

"We, therefore, heartily commend Mr. Washington, of the Treasury Department, for his activity and energy in the contribution alluded to, and we hope the good example may be followed throughout the Union."

To what are we coming? The authorized exponent of the administration commends a high functionary for his "activity and energy" in devising plans to control a local State election, and for forcing the subordinates of the Treasury Department to contribute to a fund, for the avowed purpose of "aiding the Democratic cause in the city of Baltimore."

Executive oppression and extortion are commended by the administration & Peter G. Washington, the instrument and tool whose energies and activity have been devoted to this service is defended from "the indignant assaults of the Know Nothings," and flattered, and commended, and even held up to the whole country as a fit example for all honest men to follow.

Was ever such unmitigated Executive corruption—such perversion and prostitution of the power, influence and patronage of the Government before known, as the matter exhibited! How sadly have we degenerated since the days of *honest* and *patriotic* Presidents. When will the American people wake to a sense of their imperative duty, rise up in their might and majesty, and crush out a party the aim and object of whose existence is to secure and enjoy the *spoils;* and to obtain which such vile, contemptible and infamous tricks are resorted to, as that recorded above.

THE CINCINNATTI CONVENTION

It will be recollected that at the National Convention of the American party held at Philadelphia in June last, that a platform desired by the Southern members was adopted; and that thereupon delegates from some of the Northern States withdrew from the convention; and subsequently issued a call for a meeting to be held at Cincinnati, to take such counsel and action as circumstances might require.

This Convention met at the place designated on the 21st inst, when it appeared that the States of Ohio, Illinois, Vermont, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Michigan were represented by forty-three delegates. A chairman and secretaries were appointed, and the Convention proceeded to business.

The proceedings, so far from being of a free-soil character as charged would be the case, are just the reverse. The President in his address urged the Convention to make no sectional issues, but to endeavor to get the whole American party on a national platform. Mr Dawson of Indiana offered a resolution proposing to expunge the twelfth section of the Philadelphia platform, and substitute in its stead a declaration that slavery is not a national but a sectional issue, and must be settled as such by the States.

Mr. Gossler, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution recommending delegates of States represented to advocate, in place of the twelfth section, the resolution offered at the Philadelphia Grand Council, by Kenneth Rayner, of North Carolina, excluding slavery altogether from the platform.

Governor Johnson, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Spooner, of Ohio, also offered resolutions to get rid of the slavery issue.

Mr. Knapp, of Michigan, offered a resolution ignoring the famous twelfth section altogether, and declaring that it was not proper for the American party to trouble itself about sectional issues.

These resolutions were all referred to a Committee which has not yet reported. We are curious to learn the final action of this Convention, as it may be a political move of much significance and importance.

The Raleigh *Standard*, we presume will be gratified to learn that there were no delegates from North Carolina present in its deliberations.—*Wilmington Herald.*

The Governor of Georgia, in his message, recommends a return to annual sessions of the Legislature of that State, instead of biennial. A bill to the same effect has just been introduced into the Legislature of Alabama.

DR. BRECKENRIDGE ON SEWARD'S BUFFALO SPEECH.

Dr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, has written another scorching letter, reviewing with great power and severity the disunionist and treasonable doctrines inculcated by William H. Seward in his speech at Buffalo. This letter is published in full in the New York Times, but we have space only for some of its more pointed passages, which will give the reader a very clear idea of it as a whole. The arch-agitator provoked the letter in question from Mr. Breckenridge, by a somewhat taunting reference to the opinions expressed by the Rev. gentleman in the one he addressed some time ago to Senator Sumner. He, therefore, accepts the issue tendered him by Seward, in a spirit of chivalric defiance, as the following opening paragraph will show:—*Raleigh Register.*

"I will know (he says) whether you designed it as a peculiar distinction to me, or as a pungent reflection on Mr. Sumner, that you should have devoted a paragraph to me. If it was the latter—for which you may have decisive and characteristic reasons—the implied taunt for his prudent disdain towards one whom you judge worthy of being specially assailed is obvious enough. If it was the former, I accept it as a slight token of the only bond which ever existed between us—slight as that was—and turn it over to those classic halls in which both of us might have learned wisdom in our boyhood, at the feet of that great teacher, Elisphalet Nott. Sir, we are changed both since then. Nor could the sum of the grand result to which the struggle of nearly forty intervening years has brought us both, be more distinctly expressed, than by saying, that we stand face to face, you to traffic recklessly from the high places of the earth, with the peace, the union, and the glory of that country which has honored you so highly; I, to plead from the depths of retirement, for the renown, the advancement, and the happiness of that same country, at whose hands I never asked, never desired, a single token to distinguish me from the humblest of her sons. We have both deliberately chosen our career. I shall not shrink from any duty which mine may impose."

Upon the ostentatious titles, such as "The Contest and its Crisis"—"The Politics of Justice, Equality, and Freedom"—under which Seward heralded his speech to the world, Mr. B. comments in language of severe ridicule:

"A confused struggle for power (he says) between six or seven factions, on the arena of New York politics, scarcely deserves to be called *the crisis*, even of Politics, much less of Justice, Equality and Freedom; and while great latitude may be allowed to factions, in assuming such names as suit their fancy, an educated man in high position should set some limit to his pandering to that which is at once false and ignoble. Why, Sir, "Equality—Fraternity"—the legend of your friends, the old Jacobins, was briefer, more intense, and less turgid than yours; and no one, after reading your speech, can be sure that its being, thus far, more bloody, makes it less to your liking. Rhetoric has its decencies as well as statesmanship; and he who professes his inability to speak otherwise than "thoughtfully, sincerely, earnestly," ought to be the last to violate them all!"

In reply to the question put by Seward—where, either in ethics of Government or Christianity, authority could be found to hold three millions of men in bondage, to promote the welfare and secure the safety of twenty-five millions of other men—Mr. B. says:

"Is it so, that any conceivable ends of government, much less the grand and immediate ends of it truly held by the American people, demand that Slavery, as it exists amongst us, shall be abolished in defiance of the "safety," of the nation? Do you mean that? I so understood you. I so understood Mr. Sumner. That I understand to be treason against, if not under the Constitution; and, what is worse, treason against the country. And the end of it must be that the North must sweep your "great Republican Party" with the besom of destruction, or we must settle your ethics of government with the sword."

In reference to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which affords Seward and agitators of his stripe a pretext for the organization of a dangerous sectional party, Mr. Breckenridge holds the following language:

"It is no part of my business, Sir, to be a statesman, nor am I, except in the widest sense, even a politician. I am only a plain man who loves his whole country, and is ready to do his utmost for every part of it. In this spirit I deeply deplore the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and considered that act a great error of the Democratic Party—a still greater error of the South—as the event, I think, has proved. I did all a private person, situated as I was, seemed called on to attempt, to prevent the commission of that error. I foresaw and urged upon the distinguished member of Congress, whose constituent I was,—with all the consideration due to his great virtues and influence, and with all the earnestness allowed in an old and trusted kinsman who loved him like a son,—most of the evils which have followed, and which still hang over the country I did it in vain. His convictions did not accord with mine. If they had, I believe he could have defeated the act, if any one man could. Faithful to my convictions and to my whole country then, I am not less faithful to both now. And in this spirit I deliberately assert that, even if the repeal of the Missouri Compromise were ten thousand times worse than I ever supposed it to be—nay, than you make it out—it is as nothing in comparison with the principles you avow, and the ends you propose; nothing in the vastness of the evils which must result—the deliberate perfidy of the evils which are used—the atrocious wickedness of the objects which are sought. Why, Sir, would you have us believe that there is no difference between repealing an act of Congress and subverting the Government? No difference between permitting all the Territories to do as they think fit with regard to Slavery, and dissolving the Union on the Slave line? No difference between committing a great mistake as to the best method of securing the peace of the country and committing the very greatest political crimes in order to drive the country into civil war? No difference between an indiscreet attempt to equalize the rights of the two great sections of the Union upon the most difficult of all national questions, and a ferocious purpose to array those two great sections in deadly and endless hostility?—Ah! Mr. Seward, that is neither the logic, the rhetoric, the morality, nor the patriotism which was sought at our common *Alma Mater;* and your high position has been dearly won, if it has been reached, or must be maintained, by such men as these!"

Dr. Breckenridge, declaring that the rights of the South are wantonly and cruelly invaded by Seward and his followers, next proceeds to show that the South is not a contemptible minority—the "three hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders" arrayed against twenty-five millions of "free, non-slaveholding white men"—described by Mr. Seward. "If," he says,

"The slaveholding interest of this country were as insignificant as you pretend, the present condition of the public mind throughout the Republic would be not only the most inexplicable, but the most disgraceful phenomenon ever exhibited amongst a civilized people. The hucksters in the City of New York, compared with its whole population—the boatmen on your canals, contrasted with all the people of your State, would be incomparably more weighty and decisive elements with you than this handful of detestable, powerless tyrants, in the grasp of so many millions of freemen. Whatever may be the number of Slaveholders in America, this at least is obvious upon your showing that the dread of them has penetrated thirteen States so deeply, that they have dissolved all other political parties in order to form one great Republican party, by means of which to preserve, if possible, their own liberty,—a result so doubtful as apparently to fill you with the greatest anxiety. Whatever may be the proportion of slaveholders to non-slaveholders in the Slave States, it is past all doubt that in every one of them the great majority of the people are opposed to any disturbance of the institution, and that in the conflict with your great Republican party, they will be more unanimous and determined than the people of any Free State are, or ever were, upon any disputed question whatever. On the other hand, there is not, and there never was, the least desire in any Slave State to sacrifice or to put in jeopardy the safety or interest of any free State farther than any thing of that sort may be imagined to be inseparable from a fair participation by the Slave States in all the advantages resulting from the union of all the States under one common government. So far has it been otherwise, that numerous and powerful Free States exist upon territory conceded by slaveholding States, while not a foot of slave territory exists which was conceded by one of the Free States of this Union."

He next speaks of the influence by which he has been surrounded from his childhood, and proceeds to state what the views of Kentucky are on the question of slavery, and the causes which have prevented that State from unconditioning its slaves:

"Sir, I passed that childhood around the knees of the old officers and soldiers of the Revolution, who had won the independence of their country, and then conquered from the savage this fair and noble portion of it. I did not know then, that these were peculiar men, but I have learned that well enough since. The sons and daughters of these men were the playmates of my earliest years, as they have been the friends and companions of my subsequent life. I expect to mingle my dust with theirs; I hope their children and mine will lay me in an honored grave; and my children's children already stand before me side by side with theirs. I have differed often—sometimes fiercely—with these men; have differed with them about many aspects of this very question of domestic slavery. But, Sir, what is Slavery to me, compared with the lives, the fortunes, the honor, the safety of these men? What is the fate of a handful of poor Africans to me, compared with these men? And so we all feel. I tell you, Sir, it was mainly one turn of this deep, intense, hereditary feeling which prevented it again fifty years before that—and prevented it at first sixty-three years ago—from initiating a system of gradual emancipation. "We will not separate ourselves from the Slave States of the South. We will not forsake those who share a common peril with us." Such was their language; if not wise, surely most fatal. And, when the peril is now fearfully augmented, and when every just and manly heart revolts at the perfidy of the pretexts and the baseness of the methods resorted to, is there much reason to expect that these men will change their nature? Do you imagine that no stronger bond exists between these people than exists between the factions which revel in the vitals of your own great State? Since the world began, no bond exists save amongst God's ancient people, which bound every man to his fellow, every State to all the rest, and all the States to the nation whose liberties they had conquered, like the bond which pervades these fifteen Slave States. They will stand by every man and every party that stands by the Constitution. If it be possible, they will preserve our national institutions precisely as they received them from the hands of their fathers. If inexorable necessity obliges them to do it, they will baptise these institutions in the blood of traitors. At the last extremity, they will perish, sword in hand, but they will never submit to be dishonored or subjugated. They will never subvert the institutions of their country, nor will they permit you to do it, without a struggle worthy of their descent."

The foregoing extract contains the pith of Mr. Breckenridge's letter, which is distinguished throughout by unusual ability, and is both moderate in tone and candid in ar