

of the bill, and of course the law... I do not agree with my colleague that all the South ought to ask in relation to this territory is non-intervention. I maintain that if we have any right, whether that right be under the Constitution, or founded upon equity and justice, to carry slave property there, we have also, as a necessary consequence, a right to some legislation to protect and secure it. In a new and sparsely populated country the laws are, at best, imperfectly executed, and this peculiar kind of property requires something more than the rules of the common law, as applied to other property, to protect and secure it. Look at the statute books of the slave States. See the long list of police and criminal laws we have found it necessary to enact. Some enforced by severe penalties, some declaring certain interferences with the enjoyment of this kind of property to be felonious without the benefit of clergy. Are not these or some of these absolutely necessary? If not, then they are bloody and atrocious, and my colleague's own Carolina stands convicted before the world of unnecessarily taking the life of man, by enforcing the execution of such laws. I do not believe it. I maintain that such laws are proper and absolutely necessary. I maintain that slave property cannot be secure in the Territories, any more than in the States, without some such legislative enactments. And holding these opinions, I turn to the bill, and find that the obligations of judges, governors, and secretaries, in whom is vested all the legislative power, are expressly forbidden to pass any law "respecting slavery."

Mr. Speaker, I look upon the struggle now going on in the country as one purely for political power in the Senate of the United States. I cannot see how it can be one of honor, of morals, or of sectional or State interest in any other way than as the question of political power makes it so. It is alleged on the part of the North that they have conscientious scruples about extending the institution. Sir, the number of slaves is not increased; none are made slaves who were not before. I know it has been said by an honorable Senator from New York, (Mr. Dix,) that by well established laws, it is ascertained that the population of a country increases more rapidly, and in proportion, as it is extended within certain limits. No doubt of it. But it is because their comforts are increased, and their moral and social condition improved. In its application to slaves this rule does not hold good. The reason ceasing, the rule ceases also. The condition of the slave, moral or social, is the same. It is the will and heart of the master that makes his condition more or less tolerable, and the obligations which public opinion imposes upon him, are certainly as great and as strongly enforced in a country which has advanced in intelligence and refinement, as in one that is new and thinly settled. In connection with this subject there is a fact which speaks loudly for the humanity and kindness of the master, and the comfortable condition of the slave. There has been no importation of slaves since 1808. Besides the natural increase of the white population, there have been, during the whole existence of the Government, very large accessions to it from emigration, and yet the aggregate increase of slaves has been as great as that of the white population of the country. To go back to the subject, if it were true that the condition of the slave would be improved, it would seem to me to be an argument which appealed to the moral sense of the North, rather than against its extension.

I cannot see, sir, how the interest of the slave States is to be advanced, or the institution strengthened at home, by taking away their citizens and their slave property. I have always resisted this extension of territory, not only because I believed it to be contrary to the interests of the whole country, and in violation of the spirit of the Constitution, but also because, as a North Carolina, looking to the interest of my own State, and sincerely anxious to promote it, I had reasons that appealed most strongly to my feelings of State pride. I love North Carolina. I love her for her moral honesty. I love her political integrity. My destiny has been cast under the protection of her constitution. A portion of her citizens have taken me by the hand and honored me with their confidence before she had given the experience and information which might have emboldened me to seek it. Surely, sir, I could not have a true son of such a State if I could sacrifice or neglect

her interests. I never could consent, if there were not reasons presented to me, and of higher consideration to her, to add a new member to that tide of emigration which has been sweeping away her wealth and her population, and disowning her for years to be the nursery of the South-west. Such reasons, however, must, for the present, give way to a question of greater magnitude to the South and to North Carolina. I desire that this accession of political strength in the Senate and in this House, and in all the political questions which can come before people, shall be fairly apportioned. And, in order that the South may have her share in truth, and not in empty promises, I ask and insist upon the affirmative action of Congress. I am told by these Southern gentlemen, who supported the bill, that it is idle to expect that. It may be so. It may now be too late—too late for the South to escape the chains of political servitude already clanking in her ears. If the wishes, (as I believe them to exist,) of some gentlemen are to be carried out, it may be too late for the Constitution and the Union. If it be true that I am asking in vain, it is not on that account the less incumbent upon me to discharge my duty faithfully and fearlessly. I shall never cease to make the effort until the matter is adjusted. If it is true that it is now too late, a heavy responsibility rests somewhere. Not upon me, or the party to which I belong. "Thou canst not say I did it," is the consolatory reflection which is left to us. They are guilty who have instigated and supported the Executive in his reckless disregard of the Constitution, and his ambitious and selfish projects of personal aggrandizement. With their "aid and comfort" he has, under the false pretense that national honor was endangered, but in truth with the settled and determined purpose of illustrating his Administration by a vast extension of our limits, precipitated us into a war with a neighboring Republic. Our arms have overrun her territory, desolated her fields, laid her smiling cities in smoking ruins, and reddened her rivers with the blood of her citizens, until—

"It seemed as if their source had some mighty Gashed to its death."

The fruit of it all is this territory, which has brought such distraction to our councils and to our country. The "indemnity for the past" with Mexico, is threatening the "security for the future" at home. This crisis might have been foreseen. The history of the past was full of admonition. We have once before been in a similar situation. Once before the sky has lowered, the curtain atmosphere grown dark and heavy, and the deep muttering of the thunder broken upon our ears. A compromise brought us a clear sky, and the joy with which the first ray of hope was hailed throughout the whole country, told too well the deep sense of the danger we had escaped. We were not without warning. This crisis might have been avoided, and warned as we were by past experience, why was it voluntarily encountered? Sir, the answer to that question will be found in the blind folly or mad ambition of the President and his supporters; and happy, thrice happy, for our country will be the day which shall determine, at once, the existence of the Administration and the power of the party which supports it.

CAPTAIN BRAGG'S TESTIMONY.

At a dinner given to this brave and distinguished officer—as modest as he is brave—at the Astor House, New York, on Thursday, the Hon. Philip Hone, who presided, toasted him as Capt. Bragg, better known by that than any other name—A little more grape, Captain Bragg—and spoke at length of the brilliant service of the flying artillery at Buena Vista. The man who can read his response, as here reported by the Express, without emotion, (says the Newark Daily Advertiser,) is not worthy to be an American citizen.

Col. Bragg, modestly rising, and in some embarrassment, said it was well known that he was only a soldier, and that, therefore, no fitting speech could be expected from him in reply; for, whatever merit gentlemen chose to award him, or whatever reputation, if any he had undeservedly, the whole of it was due to the gallant General under whom he served, and to the soldiers in the service he commanded; nay, more, for the brilliancy of that service he was indebted to the training of the lamented Ringgold and Ridgely, from whose hands he had received the corps in that full efficiency that enabled it to immortalize itself on the perilous and bloody field of Buena Vista.

To the General-in-Chief his acknowledgments were especially due. He inspired the whole army with valor and confidence by his presence, not only at Buena Vista, but from the opening of the war on the Rio Grande. It is almost impossible for you, gentlemen, (he said,) to understand the character of that man as a commander of an army. There is a resolution, a firmness, a determination in his manner and in his purposes that go a great way in leading men to victory. It was never better illustrated than on the field of Palo Alto. He said to Major Brown, when he left him with his small force opposite Matamoros: "Maintain your position. I will not hope to be back, I shall try to be back, but I will be back on the 10th. Expect me, then, and maintain your position." Every body that knew him knew he would be back, if alive to come. The army returned to Point Isabel, as you know. On the 8th they fought at Palo Alto, and when night came on they bivouacked in the open field and amid the grass, with not a tent over their heads, the General himself wrapped in his blanket, and many, I can assure you, in not a

little doubt and gloom. Our little army did not feel sure that they could hold their lines three times their number, and their best troops in Mexico. We had not two or three muskets, or two or three swords, or two or three bayonets, and many of our men were without them. Many an eye did not close that night. Ringgold had been slain. A bloody day was before them, and many, if the day were not, were about to bite the dust. But nobody knew or would find out what Gen. Taylor intended to do.

There he lay, wrapped in his blanket, and sleeping, except when disturbed by officers asking for orders. Some were anxious to ascertain his intentions. His only answer was, "Tell the men to sleep; keep quiet; sleep is the main thing necessary." Two or three officers were particularly anxious to know whether he intended to go on or hold his position. But the only satisfaction that could be got was, "sleep." He disclosed to none of them his intentions. There was a prevailing opinion that it was too perilous a march to go on. But Gen. Taylor, toward morning, disturbed by some person demanding advice, replied: "Allow the men to rest; it is time enough to sunrise." Then, turning over in his blanket, he said to an officer near: "My mind is made up; my mind is made up." But nobody knew how his mind was made up, and yet those who know him know, if his mind was made up, it was no use to try to change it.

In the morning a council of war was summoned, there were eleven officers present, three only of whom advised advance. Mind, I cast no censure upon any one. A difference of opinion, under such circumstances, might have been expected. But they who knew the power of the light artillery, and had seen it play that day, had confidence that it could clear a way for the army back to Fort Brown. "Old Zack" (for that is the name we call him) replied, after the consultation had been held, we will advance in fifteen minutes; and forward they marched to Rosca de la Palma, the result of which you all know. Old Zack kept his word to Major Brown. But, alas, the brave and lamented major had received his death wound!

So at Buena Vista, the personal character of Gen. Taylor had a like influence on the army. When the War Department deemed it necessary, in order to form a column in Mexico via Vera Cruz, to take his regulars from him, he was sure that Santa Anna would attack him. "I am the weak point," he often said, "and I know he will attack me." But he determined to defend his position, and, in order the best way to defend it, to advance. Gen. Taylor, kept well informed of the approach of the enemy by Gen. Wool's scouts, moved on to Saltillo, then on to Agua Nueva. It was proposed, at one time, to meet the enemy in advance of Agua Nueva; but, ascertaining by his engineers that their position could be turned, he resolved to fall back to Buena Vista, as the enemy approached him. Buena Vista is a military position that any soldier's eye would have selected for a defense. To no particular person is the credit of its selection due; for it is said that even a woman picked it out as a place to repulse an enemy. Various officers have had the credit of the selection, but whatever particular credit is due is entirely due to the commander-in-chief who fought the battle. The Mexicans themselves had fought a battle there. Santa Anna knew the ground so well that he ordered his general (Minnon) to take and keep possession of it in order to attack our rear.

Gen. Minnon got into our rear as ordered; but when he reached Buena Vista he found us in possession of it. The 22d of February, 4,500 men, mostly raw troops, opposed to 20,000 of the enemy, was certainly not a very encouraging day. We did not feel quite so happy, or so well, as over this beautiful fable to-night. We thought of home, and of families and friends; and our chance of death was much better, we thought, than of ever seeing them again. For several days previous Gen. Taylor was constantly engaged in making his arrangements, and writing home. It is said, also, that he made his will. But he never shrank from his duty. "I may perish," was his thought, "but I will perish in maintaining the honor of my country! I have to run a great risk in assuming the responsibility of making this onward march; but it is the only course that will save my army. To stay in Monterey is to be sacrificed by the overwhelming force of the enemy. To save all, I must here risk all!"

The battle was fought; you know the result, but you never can know the influence that the presence of Gen. Taylor had upon the army. He alone, so it has seemed to me, could have inspired, by a presence, every soldier in the army as the volunteers were inspired. The confidence in him was complete. He had commanded volunteers before, and had been successful with them. He had never surrendered. He had never been whipped; and the idea got abroad that he never could be. When maneuvering my pieces toward the galleries, (I cite this as an example of that confidence,) I saw clouds of dust about two miles from me. I was painfully anxious. I thought Gen. Minnon had fallen upon our rear, and attacked our depots, and to meet him was my first thought. A man came galloping up through the dust into sight, screaming, "Old Zack is coming!" Every soldier gave involuntary utterance to his feelings. Old Zack came, and in fifteen minutes the tide of battle turned. Four thousand five hundred men repulsed twenty thousand; and to the influence of that presence, under God, I think I am alive here to due with you to-day.

A gentleman. How often did you discharge your pieces that day?

Col. Bragg. About 250 rounds to each gun.

Another gentleman. How near was the enemy to your pieces, at any one time?

Col. Bragg. Within fifty yards at one time.

Another. Where were Gen. Taylor?

Col. Bragg. Within fifty yards.

Col. Bragg closed his remarks with a saying: "Understand me, gentlemen, I am a soldier, and not a politician. I know Gen. Taylor only as a soldier and a man. I speak of him only as the Commander-in-chief of our army in Mexico. I have nothing to do with his politics or yours. It is the duty of a soldier cheerfully to obey whomever you put into power. I do not help speaking of my commander when thus treated, as I have been by you, for services under him. I have nothing to do with politics."

CORWIN UPON TAYLOR.

At a meeting of some two thousand of the Sovereign People, held in Green county, Ohio, on the 30th ultimo, after a round speech from Hon. John Woods, in favor of the Whig candidates for the highest offices in the General Government, Mr. Senator Corwin—Tom Corwin, as the people fondly call him—took the stand. After some preliminary remarks, he said that he found but one Whig candidate in the field for the Presidency; and believing Whig principles to be necessary for the prosperity of the country, he should be recreant to that country if he deserted those principles now for the sake of men. Is General Taylor a Whig? [Cries of "yes," loud and long, with a few faint "noes."] I am glad to hear those faint "noes." I am here to testify: listen to me five minutes and they say "no" if you can. What are Whig principles? Are the tariff, the currency, internal improvements—such questions of policy, which are mutable and liable to change with changing circumstances of the country—correct in-day and inexpedient to-morrow, perhaps—are these the principles of the party? These form the policy of the Whigs; but the principles upon which that party are founded are older than all these. Whig principles did not originate with Gen. Taylor. No. Look back for centuries, and across the water, and you will find that John Hampden was the first Whig, and laid down his life in defence of their principles. It was opposition to the *one-man power*. The King wanted his ship money, but John Hampden and the Whigs said he should not have it until voted by Parliament. This was the principle brought across the water by the Pilgrims; and our fathers in '76 declared that because the King withheld his consent from laws wholesome and necessary, they, as Whigs, would no longer consent to be governed by him. What is Gen. Taylor's position upon this question—this Whig principle? Is he not a Whig? Does he not say that the people by their representatives must make the laws, and he, if elected, will execute them? What do the Whigs want of a President? I suppose you want a President to set under the constitution; to recommend to Congress measures he may deem necessary; to recommend appointments to office; and to stop there, letting the law-making power created by the constitution do its duty within the boundaries marked out by that instrument. Is this so? Well it is the position occupied by General Taylor. Like you, my brother Whigs, I wanted to know, when Gen. Taylor became the candidate, his opinion; I wanted to know his pledges; I wanted to know his opinions upon vetoes; for, while the people rule, our Constitution and our Government are safe against corruption, money, and power; not even the powers of darkness can overthrow them. We have his opinions—we may think the Democrats for that their published falsehoods drew them out—and those opinions are such as the Whigs have entertained from the time of Hampden till the present day. But, says some brother Whig, Gen. Taylor is no politician—he never made any stump speeches! No; but he is equal to every emergency wherever placed; and the plain, honest-headed old soldier will not be found wanting in judgment even in the White House, where he takes up his residence on the 5th of next March.

From the Richmond Southerner.

THE LIE DIRECT.

We can hardly pick up a Southern Locofoco paper, that does not hold Gen. Cass as pledged to Veto the Wilmot Proviso, if elected President. Now we give the lie direct to this. There is no statement on record from under Mr. Cass's hand pledging to do any such thing. Why, therefore, is this palpable fraud attempted to be palmed off on the South? Every one who utters this statement knows that he has no proof for it. It is always accompanied, too, with the declaration, that while Mr. Cass will veto the Wilmot Proviso, General Taylor, a Southern man, will approve it. Mr. Ritchie of the Union, took to this game also—announcing that Mr. Cass would veto the Proviso, and General Taylor would approve it. The Democratic Wilmot provisos demanded that the "lie direct" should be given to it, or Cass would lose every Northern State, and Mr. Ritchie did retract and confessed that Cass had promised to do no such thing—that Mr. Cass had made no such pledge. What audacity, therefore, to lie, barefacedly lie, this way to the public! On the contrary, the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, says, that General Cass has written a letter to the Committee, at Washington, that he approves of the passage of the Oregon Bill, with the Wilmot Proviso attached, and the course of Mr. Polk. Does this look like pledging himself to Veto it? We denounce this conduct as base and fraudulent and unbecomingly inghimined and honorable men.

Now that justice may be done, let us

Another Scow Looser.—The Knoxville (Tenn.) Register says that Gen. Anderson, formerly a Democrat in U. S. Senate from Tennessee, made an eloquent speech in favor of Gen. Taylor at a Whig meeting recently held in Knoxville. Gen. Anderson avowed himself for Taylor last summer, and unlike some other Democrats, he adheres to his first choice.

Northwestern Virginia.—The Petersburg Intelligencer publishes a letter from Marion county, (Va.) which says: "I am gratified to have it in my power to say that his (Gen. Taylor's) vote will be overwhelming in Northwest Virginia; of the same feeling pervades other portions of the State that does this, Gen. Taylor will carry the State by an immense majority."

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.

By the Charleston Courier we learn that Judge F. H. Cone, who figured conspicuously in the late Baltimore Democratic Convention, from Georgia, basely assaulted at Atlanta, in western Georgia, the Hon. A. H. Stephens, with a knife. He stabbed him five times, and it is feared, has mangled the physically weak, but intellectually great and gallant Stephens. Judge Cone is a powerful man, and in the worst form in which Stephens may have believed, no one but a base and cowardly man would have thus attacked so weak and delicate a person as Mr. Stephens, and he murdered at that.

It is said that Mr. Stephens had been harassed and assailed in every possible way for his vote on the Compromise Bill. It is said that Judge Cone, so irritated Mr. Stephens, by urging him as being a traitor to the South, that he slapped him in the face, and then Cone gave him five it feared mortal stab—one in the abdomen, two in the ribs, (in one instance the knife breaking in the wound,) one in the shoulder, and the fifth in the hand (occasioned by Mr. S. seizing hold of the knife,) by which the thumb was nearly severed.

If men are to be charged with treason and all their best feelings outraged, because they differ in reflecting a common object, and because they resist such an outrage on their honor, they are to be murdered for it, we are coming to a fearful state of things. We admired the gallant Stephens, for the vote that has drawn his heart's blood. It is said great indignation existed against Cone. *Richmond Southerner.*

Arrival of the Steamer Europa.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.
[Telegraphed for the Baltimore Sun.]
New York, Sept. 14—11 a.m.

The royal mail steamer Europa arrived at her wharf this morning, at 8 o'clock, from Liverpool, from whence she sailed on the 2d instant, bringing seven days later intelligence than the Hibernia, after a passage of twelve days.

Ireland.—Ireland continues perfectly quiet, and was becoming more tranquil. Lord John Russell had made his tour for the purpose of a personal inspection as to the condition of the crops in Ireland, and as to fears entertained of another famine.

The special Commission will not commence its work as soon as has been expected, as the counsel for the prisoners are to receive an official intimation on the subject a fortnight before the day fixed for its opening. The Commission is to be held at Clonmel about three weeks hence.

Meagher and several other of the confederate leaders, now in the State prisons, are busily preparing themselves for their defence. Mr. Meagher is less active in consulting with his attorneys than his companions. He has been quite ill in Kilmaine, and is constantly visited by his brother, Mr. Meagher, Mr. P.

Wm. Smith O'Brien maintains his melancholy air to such persons as are permitted to see him. He complains bitterly of not being permitted to read the newspapers, which he declares to be one of his greatest privations. Mrs. O'Brien has taken up her residence at Golden Bridge Spitz, to which prison she has access at all hours of the day.

It is confidently stated that Mr. D'Arcy Magee, sub-editor of the Nation newspaper, has succeeded in making his escape to America, where he has been before, as editor of a Boston journal.

England.—Numerous arrests of leading Chartists continue to be made at Manchester and the adjoining towns. Five had already been tried and sentenced to fifteen months hard labor in jail. It turns out that Kirkdale did not assault the peace officers.

Dr. P. Murray McDowell, a leading Chartist, has been convicted of uttering treasonable language, and sentenced also to two years imprisonment.

Germany.—The German Assembly is discussing the constitution. The Hungarian troops have been defeated by the Serbian rebels with great slaughter. A serious riot had occurred at Vienna, occasioned by an attempt to reduce the wages of the female laborers. The contest between the laborers and the National Guards continued for three days. Six laborers were killed and sixty-one wounded, including two women. They had taken refuge on an island in the Danube.

Berlin, also, was the scene of a riot. The house of the President had been attacked with fragments of benches, railing and stones. Barricades were attempted, and several were killed and wounded.

The Austrian and Prussian Ministers had both introduced bills into the assembly to suppress public meetings.

A Candid Opinion.—The following, from the pen of the Editor of the Union, in May, 1846, before Gen. Taylor was thought of for the Presidency, will show the real opinion of Father Ritchie, and how little reliance is to be placed upon efforts from the same quarter to disparage the Old Hero:—"The Pen Heartily of the Sword."—"Nothing can be more happy, appropriate, modest, yet dignified, than the dispatches from Gen. Taylor. They are worthy of the man and of the occasion which has called them forth. We thoroughly agree with the compliment that the New Orleans Courier pays to the general order of Gen. Taylor's giving thanks to his troops for their bravery and good conduct."

"The American reader will remark with pride and pleasure the striking contrast it exhibits in the bold, tedious, extravagant, vain glorious productions of the Mexican General. The neatness of the style is admirable—not a word too much or in the wrong place—a good line keeping with the energy and decision with which his military operation are conducted."

Seaside Weekly Union of May 30, 1846.

A Shower-bath.—Col. Hamtramck, the late Colonel of the Virginia Regiment of Volunteers, was recently invited to a Democratic Festival at Charleston, a doublet with the object that his presence might enable the party to make some capital. The following is Col. H.'s reply; it is a perfect "sockdolager":—

Sherrinstown, Aug. 17, 1848.

Gentlemen: Your letter of this date has this moment been received, inviting me as the late Colonel of the Virginia Regiment, to a public festival, given by the Democratic party of Jefferson in connection with their brethren of the adjoining counties.

I thank you kindly, gentlemen, for the invitation, and, however gratified I may feel at the greetings and "welcome home" of my fellow citizens, I am constrained to decline your polite invitation, as the festival seems to have in view the defeat of our old Chief—whom the enemies of our country could never defeat, whilst the soldiers who served under him are complimented with an invitation to the meeting.

I am, gentlemen, respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN F. HAMTRAMCK.
Messrs. Butler, Washington, Davenport, Beall, and Opie, Committee.

HONEST GEORGE KREMER.

We were under the impression that this gentleman, who was famous in his day, had long since gone the way of all flesh. We find, however, that he is alive and active, not yet tired of the political world, and ready to do battle for Old Zack. This is a good sign; for George has always been renowned for his sagacity in finding which way the wind blows, and has never been caught on the weak side.

The Baltimore American says: "Honest George Kremer.—The Wiltonian of Friday states that the Hon. George Kremer was to address a Taylor meeting at Millifield, Union county, Pa., on Saturday. It was expected that there would be a large turn out. George is doing good service for the Whigs in the present campaign, which will enable that county to roll up a majority for Old Zack to the tune of some 12 or 1500!"

"Was Washington, or Jefferson, or Madison, ever held up in one section as for a certain measure, and in another section as against it?"

Raleigh Standard.

No, Mr. Holden, they never were, but Cass is held up as a foe to slavery in the North and a friend to it in the South. Neither did their friends ever issue two different lines of them—one suited to the non-slaveholding States, and one for the slaveholding States. But Cass's friends have done this abominable deed. Whether Cass winked at it we do not know, but his silence on the subject is evidence sufficient that he will do any thing to get into the Presidential chair. Deny this, who can.

Carolina Watchman.

Good reasons for voting for Gen. Cass.—One of Mr. Cass's stump speakers in the dark corner of Tennessee (where some green things vegetate,) a few days since discovered the true reasons why Gen. Cass should be President. "Why