

From the "Taylor Anecdote Book"
How strange a "prescription" — A Western volunteer returned from Mexico, gave the following graphic account of the battle of Monterey to a crowd of eager listeners:
"Banner" said he, "you may talk about your yearnings and such; but I can tell you what we saw, and how we fought. Monterey is worth all the Fourth of July's that was ever knocked into one. That ain't nothin' in creation like it. Gettin' tight on brandy smashes makes a man feel pretty considerable elevated for a while — it's very inspirin' for a man of lively imagination — but if you want to feel taller than a shot-tower, bigger than a elephant, and stronger than a jackass — if you want to feel like you could pull up a tree by the roots, and sweep all nations into kingdom come with the brushy end — if you want to see further, hear better, holler louder, jump higher, and stop further and quicker, than you ever did in your life — all you've got to do is jest to take a head with Old Zack at those infernal Mexicans, and be ordered up to the pines of their lances and bayonets, like we was at Monterey."
"Did you see Bob?"
"Skinned, the thunder!" says he, "I didn't have no time to feel skinned. To be sure I felt a little skinned when I see we was to give to him, sure enough. Perhaps I did feel a little weak in the joints when I see the officers unbuttonin' their shirts and lars, and the men throwin' their marchin' right straight haversacks, as they was marchin' right straight up to their arks, when the greasers was waitin' for us, every devil with his gun pointed and his finger on the trigger. I knowed they was gwine to let us have it, and I felt monstrous uneasy till it cum. But when it did cum — when I heard the balls whistle round my head, and see the dust fly from the pavement when they struck — when the whole street was in a blaze of arms, and the men was droppin' round like ninjuses after a ten-strike — when the roarin' of the cannons, the rattlin' of the muskets, the spoolin' of the horses, and the shoutin' and groans of the men was all mixed up, so I couldn't tell one from 'other; I never thought of nothin' but gettin' at the cusses that was hid behind the walls and rubbish, in the houses, on the roofs, and in the cellars, givin' us particular goss."
"You didn't feel afraid none, then?" asked a little fellow, who had not shut his mouth or taken his eyes off the speaker for ten minutes.
"Fraid, the mischief! How could I? Was not Old Zack that, on his old milk oak prancin' around among the platoons and columns, givin' his orders like nothin' was the matter? Ah! boys, gine like his is ketchin' it, like the measles, and one look from Old Zack, when he's got his dander up, would make a woman fight like a wild-cat. He's the man to fight volunteers. There's no need of a standin' army when he's in command, for he'll make the greenest volunteers that ever shouldered a musket stand again the whole Mexican nation, led on by all the generalists they can muster. The boys know he don't never surrender, and they don't think of such a thing themselves."
A NOBLE HEART. — General Taylor, in the Florida war, was, by his men and officers in illness in that sickly climate, endeared himself to them even as much, if not more than by his gallantry in the field. During the dreadful summer of 1839, when the troops were more than decimated by the yellow and congestive fevers, he was ever to be found walking through the wards of the hospital, looking out with keen eye for the comforts of all soldiers and officers alike.
Poor Lieutenant Griffin, his favorite aid, died in the August of 1839. General Taylor stood by his side in his last agony, and when the suffering spirit of that noble officer left its tenement of clay, Taylor knelt down by the side of the deceased soldier, and burst into tears.
A NOBLE ACT. — General Taylor, in 1814-15, was a captain on board a major's vessel, and stationed with his company at Green Bay — at that time far beyond the limits of civilization. The paymaster received from the government the necessary funds, which, save a small amount, he exchanged for the bills of J. H. Platt & Co., bankers in the city of Cincinnati: this was a "business transaction" private account. The paymaster proceeded to Detroit, and there paid the soldiers in this Loco-Foco individual responsibility paper; he then proceeded to Mackinaw, and there paid the soldiers in like manner; lastly, he reached Green Bay. Here again the paymaster, with proper official solemnity, counted out to Captain Taylor the bills of J. H. Platt & Co., bankers, for the soldiers. "Old Zack," looking at the paper, said, "is this the stuff you intend to pay us with? The paymaster assured him it was the same he paid to the men at Detroit and Mackinaw, but he said, with a knowing wink, "I have United States Bank bills for your officers." — To this Captain Taylor replied, "Sir, my men can receive no money that I am unwilling to take myself — go back and get us good money."
GENERAL TAYLOR TRAVELLING. — When General Taylor was on his way to New Orleans, on one of our Mississippi river packers, just previous to his departure for Corpus Christi, a gentleman, a way-passer, came on board of the boat, and went to the clerk's office for the state-room. The clerk informed him that all were taken, and that he would have to content himself with an upper berth. The gentleman assented, and after seeing his name duly entered, he walked into the cabin when it struck him he would find the man who occupied the state-room, stepping into the clerk's office, he read — "Lower, Z. Taylor, Baton Rouge." "Is this Brigadier General Taylor of the United States Army?" said he to the clerk: "I ask, because I have some curiosity to know who is my room-mate, and, more particularly, if it is General Taylor." The clerk said that he was, and that he was the only traveller entered into conversation with the old veteran. Our friend was a planter, and old Zack appeared, by his conversation, to have beaten his sword into a ploughshare; for he talked about planting, and the crops, and the civil government of our country, and appeared to be as ignorant of our army as if he had never seen it. At a responsible bedtime, old Zack retired, and the traveller went into the state-room, and, to his surprise, found the broad mattress of the lower berth unoccupied — and looking, he discovered General Taylor sleeping in the upper berth. The young man, surprised, regretted what he conceived to be a mistake, and in the morning expressed his regrets at what had happened. "Pooh, pooh!" said the old General, laughing, "don't you know I am not the youngest, and more used to hard fare than you are?"
GENERAL TAYLOR'S SURRENDER. — During the battle of Buena Vista, Santa Anna, seeing that General Taylor's force was not well protected on the left flank, sent a large force of cavalry around to that point, and outflanking Taylor, succeeded in throwing two thousand men in his rear. But General Taylor immediately sent Captain Bragg, with his artillery, against this force, who succeeded in cutting them off from the main body. Lieutenant Crittenden was dispatched, with a flag of truce, to demand the immediate surrender of this force. The Mexican officer, pretending not to understand the character of his mission, insisted that he should be blindfolded, according to the rules of war, and thus had the lieutenant carried into the camp of Santa Anna himself. This was a ruse to get time to extricate the Mexican cavalry from their dangerous position, and pending this time they were all drawn off by a different road from that by which they had gained this position.
Lieutenant Crittenden was conducted blindfolded to the tent of the Mexican general-in-chief, which he found a long distance from the scene of action, and which he found the safest place he had been in during the whole day. He approached Santa Anna's tent, he was greeted with a most tremendous flourish of trumpets, which might have been taken for a mile off; but produced no very great terror in the mind of the Kentuckian. His blind was taken off, and he found himself in the presence of the famous Mexican chief, surrounded by a brilliant staff of aides, and surrounded by a brilliant staff of aides. Santa Anna apologized to the lieutenant for the act of his officers, in having him blindfolded, and that he was far from having any desire to conceal his situation, but was desirous of exhibiting to General Taylor the result of his command. To which the lieutenant (Santa Anna) immediately replied, "General Taylor has been appointed by the President acting Secretary of State during the absence of Mr. Buchanan."

From the Richmond Whig
THE ONE MAN POWER.
The boldest and most unwarrantable assumption ever made by the Democratic party, is that by which they make themselves the legal descendants of the Old Republican party of Virginia — the party of '98 — the men who resisted the alien and sedition laws — who stood by Madison and the Constitution in the Legislature — and cast their votes for Jefferson at the Polls. This monstrous perversion of truth has been insisted on with so much pertinacity by the Democratic leaders, who we understand its contrailists from their have ceased, almost, to notice it. The Whigs should upon all occasions pin their faith to what they are; the true Representatives of the Old Federal party, corrupted by twenty years of ill-employment.
We make these remarks as a prelude to the subjoined remarks of Mr. Rives, made at the Paquiere Springs, and reported by my neighbor of the Southern States Convention, as we have at the day, it appears that Mr. Jefferson could find no one man power; a term of itself expressing the "one man power." A definition more entirely accordant with the doctrines of those who now go under the name of Democrats, could not have been made, and one would almost be tempted to think that Jefferson was a prophet. But the truth is, that he did nothing more than describe what he saw. The Democrat, as he bears his portrait, is the Federalist of that day; he is the Democrat of the present.
We invite earnest attention to the extract:
From the Southern.
Mr. Rives said the original distinction of parties in this country, was founded mainly on this question of executive power, and he referred to various passages in Jefferson's writings to prove it. The party opposed to the undue enlargement of Executive power, and in favor of maintaining the Constitutional independence of the legislative department, were the Republicans. Those who were for concentrating the powers of the Government practically in the hands of the President, Mr. Jefferson designated, as will be seen in various parts of his published correspondence, by the appropriate and significant name of *monocrats*, or advocates of the *one man power*.
We have the same parties now, and strange to tell, those who call themselves Democrats, are advocates of the one man power. Their proper denomination, according to the highest Republican authority in our history, is *MONOCRATS*, and if we mean to call things by their right names, we must reform our party nomenclature, and henceforward the name of Democrat must be replaced by the more appropriate and descriptive one of *MONOCRAT*. Now, as in the infancy of our political institutions, the struggle is between *REPUBLICANS*, the true friends of popular Government according to the forms of our Constitution, on the one hand, and on the other, *MONOCRATS*, the enemies of the rights of Democracy, but by their doctrines and practices, subjecting everything to the will and authority of *ONE MAN*. The issue between these parties is emphatically joined in the Presidential contest now to be decided, and let every man, as he wishes to be a *REPUBLICAN* or *MONOCRAT*, make his choice.
And here, Mr. R. said, he would remind his old friends of the so-called Democratic party, for the name of whom he entertained a sincere affection and respect, that the term *Democrat*, as a party denomination, is of very modern and suspicious introduction among us of the "Old Dominion." He would defy any man to show him a passage in the writings of Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Madison, in which either of those great men applied to themselves or their political friends, the name of Democrats. They were *Republicans*, and so invariably called themselves and their political associates. The name of Democrat, to whatever extent it may have prevailed elsewhere, was never an acknowledged party designation among us of Virginia, at least till it was brought in as a part of the system of *clap trap* of *Van Burenism*, and with *Van Burenism*, of which all Virginians of every party are now heartily sick, let it go out. Those of us who are in heart and principle *Republicans*, may well be glad to know, by the honored name which our fathers were proud to bear.
*We are enabled by Mr. Rives to supply the following reference to Mr. Jefferson's writings in support of the statement made by him above.
In vol. 4th of his writings, page 450, speaking of the party division which arose upon the election of Jefferson, he says:
"Here then was the real ground of the opposition made to the course of the Administration. Its object was to preserve the Legislature pure and independent of the executive; to restrain the Administration to republican forms and principles, and not permit the Constitution to be construed into a monarchy, and to be warped in practice into all the principles and positions of their favorite English model." Nor was this an opposition of General Washington. He was true to the republican charge confided to him, etc."
Again, under date of 1st October, 1792, expressing his apprehensions of the tendency of General Hamilton's policy, he says:
"If the equilibrium of the three great bodies, Legislature, Executive and Judiciary could be preserved, if the Legislature could be kept independent, I should never fear the result of such a government, but I could not but be uneasy when I saw that the Executive had swallowed up the Legislative Branch." Vol. 4, page 470-1.
In a letter to Mr. Adams, the elder, 27th June, 1812, he says: — "We broke into two parties, each wishing to give the Government a different direction: the one to strengthen the most popular branch, the other the more aristocratic branch, and to extend their performance. Here you and I separated for the first time, and as we had been longer than many others on the public theatre and our names were therefore more familiar to our countrymen, the party which considered you as thinking with them placed your name at their head; the other, for the same reason, selected mine." Vol. 4, page 523.
In a letter to General Taylor, 4th Nov. 1823, speaking of the then existing distinction of parties in America, under the general names of Whig and Tory, which he applied to them by analogy, he says: — "The Tories are for strengthening the Executive and General Government; the Whigs cherish the representative branch, and the rights reserved by the States as the bulwark against consolidation, which would immediately generate monarchy." Vol. 4, page 355.
As specimens of the nomenclature of parties referred to by Mr. Rives as adopted by Mr. Jefferson, take the following:
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In a letter to Levi Lincoln, Esq. 11th July, 1801, he says, "The consolidation of our fellow citizens in general is the great object we ought to keep in view, and that being once obtained, while we associate with us in affairs, to a certain degree the federal sect of *Republicans*, we must stand up for all the means of influence the Essex Junta and all the means of influence, in every part of the Union." Vol. 3, page 471.
LACONIC. — A few mornings since, an employer observing one of his workmen staggering about his work, accosted him with:
"What is the matter, Sam?"
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A NEW TRANSLATION.
A boy at the Latin School, in reciting a lesson in the classics, the other day, gave the passage, "Pompaei clam ad nocte, Caesar pulchrum inter diem," the following bold and spirited rendering: "Pompaei came by night, Caesar by the daylight, and in the day time."

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GREAT MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA.
There was an immense Mass Meeting of the friends of Taylor and Fillmore, at the Chinese Museum, in Philadelphia, on Saturday evening last, for the purpose of ratifying the nomination recently made at Harrisburg of the Hon. W. F. Johnson, as the Whig and Taylor candidate for Governor. Col. Swift, the Mayor of the city, presiding. The inquirer says:
The friends of the good cause were there by thousands, and the spacious Saloon of the Museum never presented a more animated appearance. Citizens poured in from every quarter of the city and county, and the music, the banners, the devices, the lights, the speaking, the responses and the enthusiastic cheers, served at once to interest and excite. It was truly a heart-warm rally, a cordial movement of the masses. All present seemed to acquire new confidence in the cause and in the prospect. The accounts of the recent State Convention and the immense Mass Meeting at Harrisburg, were listened to with the deepest interest. Pennsylvania is evidently rousing herself for the struggle. Her freemen are alive to the great stake involved, and will exert themselves to the utmost to secure a noble triumph as well in October as November next.
The Meeting on Saturday night was, in fact, by far the largest that was ever held in Philadelphia by any political party since the Commencement of the Campaign. The speaking, too, was excellent, and the enthusiasm, whenever the name of "Old Zack" was mentioned, was truly refreshing.
The meeting was addressed by Joseph R. Chandler, Gov. Johnson, Ex-Gov. Pennington, of New Jersey, Z. Collins Lee, and the Hon. W. Cost Johnson, and by several others.
Senator Dayton, of N. J., Col. W. F. Haskell of Tennessee, and Senator Reverdy Johnson, of Md. who had been also expected, were detained away by unavoidable occurrences. The News says:
It was the great meeting of the campaign thus far. The Saloon was crowded in every part. The movement was cordial, unanimous and enthusiastic. The young men may well be proud of such a demonstration. Nothing superior in the way of numbers, zeal, interest and enthusiasm, is likely to take place before the seventh of November. Whenever the name of Taylor was mentioned, it elicited a volley of cheers. The friends of Old Zack are beginning to show themselves, not by dozens, and hundreds, but by thousands, and the puzzle will be, after the election, where all the votes come from. — Balt. Pat.
OHIO FOR TAYLOR.
A large portion of the human race are croakers and grumblers. Men are seldom content with their condition, and hence envy and happiness arise very much to the discomfort of themselves, and sometimes of their neighbors.
But there is one object about which we did suppose nobody would have the face to croak. That any one doubted that the popular vote of Ohio would be given for Taylor and Fillmore, in November next, we did not suppose, until within the past week. Such an individual, however, we did see, on — last, and the novelty of his position, you may well imagine struck us with some surprise, and excited feelings akin to merriment. Positively, from the hour the Philadelphia nominations were blazoned to the country, through the wonder-working telegraph, down to the present, we for one have not conceived it possible that Ohio could cast her votes for any body else than the nominees. To doubt, in this regard, is a sort of "treason" which was never suggested to our minds in November! What is the reason? There is a ground-swell of popularity possessed by Old Zack in this State, and in every other of this broad Union, which knows no sectional or party limits. It cannot and will not be grieved by your fine-spun theories, but is a matter of feeling. The gallant old hero of Florida and Mexico is understood and appreciated by the sovereign people, without distinction of party, as the only honest man and incorruptible patriot running for the office of President. He is the only candidate who takes the side of the People in all matters subject to Congressional legislation. He will veto nothing sanctioned by the People's Representatives, for which there is precedent in former legislation, unless it has been inconsiderately passed, or is in open defiance of the constitution. Not to sustain him, Ohio would act contrary to her well-established principles; would play the fratricide towards our Conservative Whig States; would sanction a great national wrong, and strike a death-blow at her own cherished interests. — *Nicola Gazette*.
COL. HAMTRACK AND THE LOCOS.
Any man who can read the following correspondence without laughing, must be a more complete master of his countenance, than Heracles himself. Verily, Colonel, you have, in a few words, nailed the Democratic Committee of Jefferson to their heart's content:
CHARLESTOWN, Aug. 17, 1848.
Col. J. F. Hamtramck — Dear Sir: — The Democratic party of Jefferson, in connexion with their brethren of the adjoining counties, intend holding a public festival this day. At a public meeting held some time since, it was unanimously resolved to invite the officers of our Regiment, in connexion with the Jefferson and Berkeley companies to be with us in obedience to said resolution, the undersigned a Committee appointed for that purpose, forwarded to yourself and other officers of the regiment, the above invitation by letter directed to Old Point Comfort. We have just learned that said invitation was not received. We hope you will find it convenient to be with us and partake of our hospitalities, as we know no one whom it would give us more pleasure to see, than the gallant Colonel of the "Crack Regiment of Mexico."
Your obedient servant,
R. HUME BUTCHER,
B. F. WASHINGTON,
BRAXTON DAVENPORT,
GEORGE B. BEALL,
H. L. OPIE,
Committee.
SHEPHERDSTOWN, 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 connexion 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. HAMTRACK
Messrs. Butcher, Washington, Davenport, Beall and Opie, Committee. — *Va. Free Press*.
CHICKEN TALK. — Old Chandler wakes in the morning, daps his fingers vociferates at the top of his voice, "women rule h-e-r-e." Immediately from a neighboring roost, another answers, "so they do h-e-r-e." This is no sooner uttered, than a third responds, "a considerable distance, and every h-e-r-e."
SOUL AND BODY. — A son of the Emerald Isle, who arrived at New York the other day, was asked to take a glass of grog, but declined, giving as a reason for his refusal, that he joined the Temperance Society in Cork, before he left Ireland. His friend retorted that was no consequence, as a pledge given in Ireland was not binding here. To this the son of the Emerald morality, indignantly retorted: "Do you suppose when I brought my body to America, I'd be after leaving my soul in Ireland?"

RALEIGH REGISTER.
"Our's are the plans of fair delightful peace,
"Unceasingly by party rage to live like brothers."
The People's Ticket!
FOR PRESIDENT,
Gen. ZACHARY TAYLOR,
OF LOUISIANA.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HON. MILLARD FILLMORE,
OF NEW YORK.
ELECTORAL TICKET.
District No. 1. Hon. KENNETH RAYNER.
2. Hon. EDWARD STANLEY.
3. HENRY W. MILLER, Esq.
4. Hon. W. H. WASHINGTON.
5. GEORGE DAVIS, Esq.
6. JOHN WINSLOW, Esq.
7. JOHN KERR, Esq.
8.
9. J. W. OSBORNE, Esq.
10. TODD R. CALDWELL, Esq.
11. JOHN BAXTER, Esq.
RALEIGH, N. C.
Wednesday, September 13.
TO THE RESCUE!
We have been a good deal mortified, and to have the question frequently propounded to us, in our Correspondence from abroad — "Is there no doubt of North Carolina?" We could only express our confident and decided belief that our State was as sound as any State in the Union, and her vote for Taylor as certain. But yet these repeated interrogatories necessarily have suggested the reflection — "What a burning, indelible and shame it will be, if we should, by apathy and neglect, lose the State, when we know we can, with proper exertions, swell up a majority of over five thousand votes." Many of the Loco-focos are affecting to give up the State; but they do so with the hope, by such strategy, of lulling us into inactivity. Where there is so much at stake, is there a Whig who can be beguiled to relax his efforts? Forbid it self-interest — forbid it patriotism! The Loco Focos will try their death for the spoils and die hard; but if every Whig will do his whole duty, we will give them a Waterloo — ay, a Buena Vista defeat.
Recollect then, gallant Whigs of North Carolina! ye who have fought so many battles and won so many victories! — your State stands as high now as any in the Union. Take care not to forfeit that reputation. Let the old North State echo back the shouts of "Liberty and the Constitution," which are pealing from thousands of determined freemen, who have sworn eternal hatred to Tyranny in whatever guise it may come. Let it never be said of her, as was said of that land, once the cradle of Liberty:
"The hearts within her valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Her sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave
Slaves — nay the bondsmen of a SLAVE!"
DISCUSSION AT FRANKLINTON.
We had hoped, that some one of our friends who were present, would have furnished us, by our today's issue, with an account of the discussion at Franklinton, on Saturday last, between Messrs. Kern and McRAE. We understand, however, that it was characterized, on either side, by marked ability and courtesy — and that both Gentlemen conducted the debate, in a manner creditable to themselves and gratifying to their friends.
"The Carolina Republican" is the title of a new Democratic Paper that has just been established at Lincolnton in this State.
We notice by the "Annual announcement of the Medical Department of the St. Louis University" that Dr. W. M. McPHERSON, formerly of Raleigh, has been appointed Professor of Clinical Medicine and Pathological Anatomy in that Institution.
Many of the distinguished Whigs of the South, and latterly Southern Whigs indiscriminately, have been opprobriously designated by Democratic Presses as Abolitionists. Let us teach those men who make such assertions, that while we detest and despise the machinations of Northern Fanatics, we are in fact something of Abolitionists, though not in the sense they insinuate — and let us do so by the abolition and demolition of their ruinous and destructive doctrines!
It is with the deepest regret, says the National Intelligencer, that we learn of a recontract having taken place at Atlanta, in Georgia, on Sunday last, in which it is feared the Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS was mortally wounded. We are not advised of the particulars of this lamentable occurrence. Mr. STEPHENS, we are told, was travelling in the railroad cars, and got out at the tavern in Atlanta to dine. Here he was met by Mr. KONE, late a circuit Judge in Georgia, who suddenly assaulted him with a dirk-knife, inflicting five severe wounds, two of which are in the breast, and one of them said to be mortal.
We are sure that every one who has had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. STEPHENS will receive this intelligence with profound sorrow. He was known to us only as a kind-hearted and most worthy gentleman, who, during his services in Congress, earned much credit for himself and his State by the ability with which he discharged the duties of a Representative.
THE COMET.
Encke's Comet has been seen at the Washington Observatory by Hubbard, will be visible to the naked eye some time in October.

ANOTHER LOCOFOCO GUN SPIKE!
It will be remembered that the last "Standard" contained a letter, purporting to have been written by Mr. FILLMORE, in the year 1839, in which view somewhat favorable to Abolitionism are avowed. In connection therewith, several suggestions present themselves for our consideration. In the first place, the degenerate conduct of the Loco Foco Press of late, has demonstrated that no language is too profane for their distortions of truth — no invention too gross for dissemination among the People. We right fully have to assume that this is a genuine document? Because Democratic papers have given it an extensive circulation? It would be contrary to the first principles of rational logic, to deduce such an inference from such deceptive and unscrupulous premises. We have decisive and lamentable evidence of their utter shameless and disingenuousness, in their slanderous attacks upon the fair name of our gallant Old Whig and Soldier, ZACHARY TAYLOR. The very impotence of their assaults has augmented their fury and increased their rage. A silly wight who engages in an encounter at pugilism with the air; the harmlessness of the blows but provokes their anger to a more unscrupulous pitch of violence and recklessness. It would be to solve folly, then, on the part of the Whigs, to acknowledge as authentic and accord credit accordingly to every assertion, evoked at the magic bidding of Democracy, like a shade of some departed one, from one who knows where, and whence one can conjecture. But, we do not intend, at present, to deny the genuineness of the letter. We are willing to admit, for the sake of concession, its veracity.
But, now, is it not really silly, exceedingly ridiculous — after the whole Democratic Representation in the North, with the exception of four, and every Democratic Senator to a man have voted for the Wilmot Proviso, and James K. Polk has signed it, for the "Standard" to talk about any man's soundness on the subject of slavery? Gen. Cass approves of Mr. Polk's course; because he has pledged himself, in accepting the nomination of that body of political mountebanks, the Baltimore Convention, to assume that gentleman's administration as the model for his own, in case he should be elected — which calamity, God forbid! Gen. Cass presents are Mr. Polk's; his friends are Mr. Polk's friends; he is, therefore, every way identified with Mr. Polk in this act. What has Millard Fillmore done — my sirs, what can he possibly do, more fatal to the interests of the South, than what your President has already done, and what you and Lewis Cass sanction? Yet, again, supposing that Mr. Fillmore ever entertained the opinions thus attributed to him, cannot his opinions undergo a change? Surely, you will not demur to such a position. You will not clothe yourselves in the panoply of a prerogative, to the selfish exclusion of others. If Gen. Cass, when former open acts and undisguised sentiments were bitterly hostile to slavery, may be allowed the privilege of changing those sentiments within the brief space of a single year — why, forsooth, may not Mr. Fillmore be permitted to do the same, within the much longer space of ten years? If one must question, why not the other? But the difference between the two, it seems, is very wide, according to Loco Foco compasses. Mr. Cass is a "marvellous proper man." Like that worthy individual, Aristippus, of whom Horace speaks, "omni ilium deo, et status et res." But Millard Fillmore is a vacillating, unstable, unreliable man! From the old stipendiary at Washington, who has long sat upon the best from the public crib, down to the smaller organs that grind in submissive harmony to his jeremiads — such is the song. Oh! consistency! consistency! thou art, in these degenerate days, a rare a virtue, that Angels would come down to gaze upon thee!
Since the above was written, we have received the "Mobile Advertiser" of the latest date, which contains the following satisfactory communication from Mr. FILLMORE to Gov. Gayle, of Alabama: His views are those of a liberal and intelligent Statesman — the opinions of a genuine Conservative. They will secure to Mr. Fillmore the entire confidence and respect of the South, and will convince the people, that he has been made the victim of one of the vilest and most atrocious systems of calumny and detraction, ever devised by unprincipled party hacks, for the injury or downfall of a dangerous opponent. And so the "Standard" is estopped from shouting Abolitionism longer! And so its labors have been fruitless — its labors vain! — Heu! Probi!
ANOTHER LOCOFOCO GUN SPIKE! — Important letter from Mr. FILLMORE. — We take peculiar pleasure in laying before the public the subjoined letter from Mr. Fillmore on the subject of Abolition, which has been furnished us by Gov. Gayle for publication. It will be found frank and explicit, and all that any Southern man could expect from a citizen of a free State. Indeed, it is perfectly sound — all that the South could ask — and stands indelibly with FILLMORE the charge of Abolitionism, which the Loco-foco press of the South have been endeavoring to fasten upon the distinguished and patriotic writer. There is not a prominent man of any party north of the Potomac who is freer from all taint or suspicion of Abolition, none who, in feeling or principle, is farther removed from fanaticism, none entertaining sounder or more conservative views, and none more ready to stand by the constitution and the rights of the South, guaranteed by the Constitution, than Millard Fillmore. Read, Southerners, read!
Gov. Gayle, in transmitting us the letter, writes as follows:
MOBILE, 30th August, 1848.
Dear Sir: — I will thank you to publish the enclosed letter in the Advertiser.
Before I left Washington, I saw that the Southern Democratic papers were asserting recklessly, and as I believed, without the slightest foundation, that Mr. Fillmore was an Abolitionist. I addressed him a letter on that subject and received the reply you sent me.
Though this charge is made with blindness in the South, I will venture to affirm that no respectable man of either party in the North, would endorse it. Upon this subject, no man is sounder than Mr. Fillmore, and as between him and Gen. Cass, an advantageous comparison could be made. Respectfully your obedient servant,
C. C. Langdon, Esq.