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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

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Mr. Melville's Address.

The following finished piece of patriotic eloquence was delivered by GANSEVOORT MELVILLE, Esq., in New York, at the great Democratic Jackson Festival, on the 15th ult.

FELLOW DEMOCRATS: We are not here to mouth high-sounding phrases—to prate of transcendental philosophy—in transcendental language and to defy "the mill boys of the slashes." Neither are we here to indulge in fulsome eulogy, and debate ourselves at the footstool of any man. Nor are we here to enter deep into a discussion of the principles and policy of the democratic party. This is not the fitting time for the elaborate consideration of the subject so grave and weighty. What, then, are we here for? Why, this gathering in of the democratic host? Wherefore are the beauty and the bravery of this fair city congregated here to-night? This is a jubilee. We come here to discharge a duty which is a pleasure. We are here to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of Andrew Jackson—[applause]—the man who has filled the measure of his country's glory. He who, in times not long passed, was our champion and our leader—he whose crest always danced in the hottest and thickest of the fight—he who swept on at the head of the democratic masses with a force as resistless as the surges of the sea. And we came here to celebrate the anniversary of his birthday, as he would have us celebrate it—to take each other by the hand—to look each other in the face—to cheer each other on—shoulder to shoulder, making common cause against a common enemy. [Cheers.] This is the way that the anniversary of his birthday should be celebrated. We are brethren, and we meet as brethren. The spirit which actuates us, one and all, is the spirit of union, harmony, concession. Everything for the cause—nothing for men. Our opponents, the whigs, held a great pow-wow here on the fourth day of this present March. It was a celebration—in anticipation—of the inauguration of Henry Clay. [Laughter.] Apprehensive that they will be deprived of the reality, they are determined not to do without the allusion. Their celebration will turn out to be very much like the dead apple—fair to the eye, but turning to ashes on the lips. They have enjoyed their shadow, but we have a word to say about the substance. Who ever before heard of a celebration in anticipation? There is not a farmer's wife in the country but who might have taught the magnates of the whig party here a lesson of practical wisdom, by simply referring to the old saw, that it is imprudent to count chickens before they are hatched. [Great laughter.] This celebration of theirs is pretty much the same thing as if some poor, hungry, starving loafer should, in a warm corner, close his eyes, shut his mouth, and eat a glorious good dinner—in imagination. [Continued laughter and cheers.] The whigs said one thing at their late meeting here, which cannot be passed over in silence. The orator of the evening declared that the women were with them. This sentiment was concurred in by a very high authority. A gentleman who in private life is estimable and respectable, and to whom I only refer in his public capacity. He distinguished himself on that occasion—calling to mind the fact that the devil can quote scripture; and feeling justified by the precedent, he quoted scripture too, [laughter]—for all most know who is referred to—the celebrated whig extravaganza singer, Mr. Jim-along Josey Hoxie. [Roars of laughter, and cries of "clear the way old Don Tucker."] Now with all due respect to such high authority, we meet this assertion boldly and plumply, and deny that the women are with them. On that point they are ready and desirous to join the issue whenever and wherever they choose. On that point they have thrown down the gauntlet. We take it up, and in behalf of our fair democratic countrymen, accept the challenge. Calling to witness the bright cecus of Venus and the blushes of young Aurora, we feel confident that we can produce more and prettier women than they can. [Tremendous cheering for several minutes.] When I learned that their orators had made that monstrous assertion, it caused me to reflect. What, thought I, the fairer, the better, and the gentler sex—that we all delight to honor—to whom we all owe so much—who they make a paradise of home—against us! If this be so, we might as well give it up first as last—for it would be decidedly a bad job. [Laughter.] But it is not so. [Cheers.] Every man of us, on that subject, can speak from his own observation. [Cheers.] As for myself, I come from a stock, the women as well as the men of which have, from the first organization of parties, manifested a preference for and sympathy with the democratic cause. [Loud cheers.] If any man wishes more proof than is derived from his own personal knowledge, let him look around him. These galleries will settle the question. [Tremendous applause, and nine cheers for the ladies.] The wild flowers of feminine delicacy, beauty and grace, that honor us with their presence here to-night, and whose exceeding loveliness might lure an anchorite from his cell, were never plucked from the prim and artificial garden of modern whiggery. [Shouts of laughter and tremendous applause.] Show me a woman who can sympathize with the magnificent mother of the Gracchi—who, when asked by the aristocratic dames of ancient Rome to exhibit her store of ornaments of gold and precious stones—answered,

that she had none of these, but at the same time produced her two glorious sons, exclaiming, "these are my jewels!" Show me a woman who can understand this and feel it—and that woman is at heart a democrat. [Cheers.] Remember the simple story of that sweet English girl, who was affianced to an officer on foreign service. It so chanced that he was desperately wounded in battle, losing one limb and the use of another, besides being terribly hacked and disfigured. The first use that he made of returning strength was to write to his affianced wife—she who was a part of his very being—informing her of the misfortune which had befallen him, and releasing her from her engagement. This was the first intelligence that she had received of the sad occurrence. It fell upon her with stunning force. Recovering from the shock with heaving bosom, and suffused eye, she sat her down and wrote: "If your feelings for me are unchanged, and you have body enough left to contain your soul, I will not be released from my engagement." That glorious girl, whose high-souled and self-sacrificing spirit dictated those words, well illustrated the hopeful, trusting, Christian nature of the democratic creed. [Great cheers, huzza—hurra—a-a-a.] Now, my fair countrywomen, with your permission, a word with you. I grant you that the whigs have the advantage of us plain-spoken democrats in scented hair, diamond rings, and white kid gloves—[roars of laughter]—in the language of compliment, and the affectation manner, and, most particularly, in their style of dressing. If one of these exquisite wished to express the idea contained in the home-spun adage, "There is no pick hot, and the devil to pay," he would say, "There is a pecuniary liability due to the old gentleman, and no bluminous matter, of the proper temperature, wherewith to liquidate the obligation." [Up- roarious laughter and applause, in which the ladies joined.] These flashing qualities do not answer the purpose. They do not rank in the list of firm-side virtues. They do not make home the holiest spot on earth, loved and prized as it ought to be. Such qualifications will not smooth the pillow for the aching head; will not pour balm into the wounded heart, and quicken the soul of sympathy. [Cheers.] It is most presumptuous in me, ladies, to proffer you advice, for I am so unfortunate as to be a bachelor. [A laugh.] But I may never have another opportunity—and, anyhow, I can't resist the temptation. So let me tell you, that if you wish your lovers, when transformed into husbands, to be all that you would wish them, kind, affectionate, reliable, of good habits, truth loving—husbands that will be the idols of your hearts, your protection, your glory and your pride—be sure and choose from among the democracy. [Thundering applause.] To sum up, in the words of an old lady of my acquaintance, who, I must confess, has strong political predilections. Says she to me, one day, "I always tell my daughters that they must never marry any body but democrats, because they always wear so well." [Laughter and great applause.] Intelligent, warmhearted, and right-feeling women, the world over, must always wish well to that great democratic party, whose watchword, and whose crowning glory is—"Equal and exact justice to all men." And I may add, "women too." [Tremendous cheering.] Now let us give a little of our attention to our friends, the whigs. They like to be noticed. It will not do to neglect them on this festive occasion. [Cheers.] Their modesty is only equalled by their merit. [Laughter.] They claim all the respectability, all the morality, all the decency. A party with such claims commends itself especially to our attention. We have all heard a good deal said about amalgamation. Did it ever occur to you that the whigs are practical amalgamationists? It is clearly so. Federalists, national republicans, anti-masons, and conservatives—all rallying under one banner, professing one set of principles, and uniting in the support of one man. If this is not practical political amalgamation, what is? The whigs naturally affect the composite order of architecture. The democracy prefer the Doric. The Doric is more in consonance with our principles. It scorns all superfluous ornament. It is strong, simple, severe, sublime. The whig party and whig principles call to my mind two things. The whig party—practical political amalgamation, and whig principles—Joseph's coat of many colors. [Laughter.] Their principles shift with every anticipated change in popular opinion. They change their names with a facility kindred to that of those ingenious gentry, who, when brought up to the bar of our police court charged with petty larceny, something of the sort, are always provided with half a dozen appellations—Jack Smith, alias Tom Brown, alias Jim Jenkins. [Cheers.] To do our opponents justice in speaking of them, they should always receive the benefit of full name and title. Federalists, alias national republicans, alias anti-masons, alias conservatives, alias native Americans, or adopted whigs, alias democratic whigs. [Great laughter and applause.] But this last cognomen is enough to make a horse laugh. Why, they might as well talk of a white black cat, or a tall short man, or anything else that is a contradiction in terms. If they do procure any suffrages by such petty shuffling as this, I am inclined to think that an indictment would lie against them for obtaining votes under false pretences. [Great laughter and applause.] Whig tactics are very peculiar, and there is a reason for it. They feel and know that, in sober earnest, they are the weaker party. And hence the manner in which they conduct their campaigns. [Cheers.] Did you ever see a man contending, physically, with one who is an overmatch for him? Now he strains, swells and tugs his hand on purpose. The strong man puts his hand on him, and it all over. Do you know the way they catch with a long stick, forked and sharpened, sallies out among the hills and rocks. Spying a rattlesnake, he watches his opportunity, and with a quick and sudden dart, catches with the forked end of the stick the head of the reptile, as it lies upon the ground, and pins it to the earth. The rattlesnake, no doubt very much surprised, squirms most unmercifully. But it does no good—he is despatched at leisure. So it is with the whigs. [Great cheering.] We have got their heads to the ground and all that they can do is to make a splutter, and a noise, and kick up a great dust. [Tremendous cheering—cries of "That's the talk!"—"Give it to 'em, old boy!"] The whigs are a Protean party. They change their principles and their names with a magical facility. An animal is their emblem. Their animal affinities are very strong—they can crawl, snort, snuff, grunt, bray and baa. Now let us make them whine, yelp, and squeal. [Cheers and shouts of "We will by blazes!"] I said that an animal

is their emblem—so it is. And what sort of an animal? Something that never learns—is it the ass? Something vicious—is it the mule? Something stupid and hiding its stupidity under the garb of seeming wisdom—is it the owl? Something blind and that works in the dark—is it the mole? Something thievish and nibbling in its propensities—is it the rat? No—none of these; but a nicely adjusted and fitting compound of them all—a coon! A fat, lazy, oily, thieving, cowardly, skulking coon—the hybrid emblem of a hybrid party. [Great laughter, tremendous cheering, and groans for some minutes.] The banner of the whigs is a coon skin. In the long night of the middle ages, when armed Europe sent forth her steel-clad barons, with their stout retainers, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the tenacious clutch of the Infidel—and alas, to redden the sands of Palestine with Christian gore—the banner that waved above the bold Crusader then, as he fought and bled, And died, the sword in his right hand, On the holiest spot of that blessed land, was the banner of the Holy Cross. [Cheers.] When the Bourbons desired to call to their aid the lance of imperial France, the Oriflamme was displayed, and the Gallic chivalry rallied round it to conquer or to die. [Cheers.] In more modern times, the tricolor of the revolution and the golden eagles of the empire have been carried in triumph into every capital on the continent. There is not a single banner that blows in which the meteor flag of England does not wave; and Blenheim families, Seringapatam, Alburna, Salamanca and Quebec, Acre, Aboukir, Waterloo and Trafalgar, are eloquent with its glories. We rally under a banner inferior to none of these—a flag loved at home and respected abroad—the star-spangled banner of our country. [Tremendous cheering.] It is familiar to the British soldier, for he saw it on the plains of Saratoga, in the lists at Yorktown, and upon the breast work at New Orleans. [Great cheering.] It is associated in the mind of the British sailor with the names of Hull, Porter and Decatur. It streamed from the mast-head of the Constitution, when the Guerriere struck. [Cheering.] True—these are the banners of nations—but this contemptible coon skin is the emblem and the banner of a party which aspires to control the destinies of a nation. [Groans and hisses.] And such a nation, too—a nation which doubles its population and quadruples its wealth every two and twenty years—the only free nation on the face of God's earth—a nation, the corner stone of whose greatness was laid by him, in speaking of whom all language fails and all utterance becomes palsied. Ransack the records of all time. Invoke the aid of the genius of the past. Who is his peer? He is unapproached in the intellectual symmetry and moral grandeur of his character. George Washington knows no peer—he has no parallel. [Loud and enthusiastic applause.] Let me call your attention to the startling fact that an indirect and most insidious attack has been lately made upon the memory of Washington. It was made from this very stand only eleven days ago, by one who stood here before the whole country as an acknowledged mouth piece of the whig party. The language of this whig orator was this: "He (Mr. Clay) has made his own character the character of the age, as Washington did in his time. Washington left the nation sober, orderly, high-principled and patriotic, but on the whole rather with negative qualities, but the man of our time (i. e. Mr. Clay) came to give the nation additional traits of a positive and active character. At the same time, while it yet retained all these Washington virtues, still more enterprising, bold, energetic, ardent, enthusiastic, aspiring, self-improving, and self-pride." An honest political adherent and admirer of Henry Clay should hang his head in shame to hear such language. And yet it was uttered in the presence of, and listened to with approbation by nearly 5000 whigs, and not one voice was raised against it. It has been extensively published in the whig press. Not one whig editor has passed strictures upon it. On the contrary "The Tribune," without reservation, pronounces the whole oblation of which the above is a part as "truthful" and "masterly." The Courier and Enquirer praises and regrets that it cannot publish it. The Express predicts that "when published it will be the text book of the campaign; the minnows of the whig press follow in the wake of these, their levitiations. Now this whig "text book" exalts Henry Clay at the expense and makes him the equal of George Washington—him who is degraded by a comparison with any man—whose fame should be dearer to us than our heart's blood—who is our father—for he is the father of our country. Not content with this attempted paricide, this accreted organ of the whig party further says: "Mr. Clay is not only American, but America itself, the Republic personified." This is nought but man-worship. It has no foundation in truth. It is the reckless and destructive spirit of ultra partizanship. It is a bowing of the knee to Baal. What reasonable and unprejudiced man would trust a party who, exasperated by defeat and mad with excessive lust of power, are now endeavoring to gain their end by making an idol of Clay and falling down before it. To hear their orators and their presses speaking of Henry Clay, one would suppose him to be more than man. I am no calumniator of Henry Clay; I seek not to detract from him his fair fame; I am willing and desirous to accord him his true position. I do not impugn his patriotism. I freely grant that he is persevering, energetic, eloquent and brave—endowed with an indescribable magic of manner, and pre-eminently fitted by nature to what he is engaged in. In his democratic youth, before he was flattered and caressed into the ranks of the advocates of special legislation, he stood up manfully against the re-charter of the U. S. Bank, and for Madison and the war. We honor him for it. We gratefully remember his exertions in behalf of the acknowledgment of the independence of Greece and the South American Republics. At the same time we must regret that he whose youth gave such glorious promise should, in the full maturity of his manhood, forsake the struggle of his fathers and go wandering after strange gods. It is beneath the dignity of the democratic party to war with any man. The democratic war not with Henry Clay, the man—but with Henry Clay, the representative of certain principles. The whig party and Henry Clay are one; they are thoroughly identified with the policy of the land distribution, a high tariff based upon the principle of protection, and a U. S. Bank. Mark how these three kindred measures mutually aid and assist each other. They dove tail together most admirably. Each ensures the necessity for, and the permanence of

the existence of all. Let them but be established and inveterated on the industry of the country, and an incubus will be placed on the moral-welfare and substantial prosperity of this great Republic, which will be most difficult to shake off, will have cost a bitter and protracted struggle. Elect Henry Clay President of the United States—give him a majority in both branches of Congress—let this system of policy go into effect, and a feverish, false, and vicious state of things will be engendered, and you will have epailed upon your posterity a burthen and a curse. [A voice—"No fear of that!"—loud cheers.] The question of a United States Bank, one main link in the triple chain, was settled long ago. We deem that Andrew Jackson had strangled that hydra headed monster, and sowed salt upon its grave. But lo! in 1840, the whigs came into power. And one of the first things that they did was to attempt to re-constitute an institution, the very name of which stunk and stinks in the nostrils of the community. Under the Congressional dictatorship of Henry Clay they passed a bill re-chartering the United States Bank. John Tyler vetoed it. For that act, at least, he deserves and should receive credit and gratitude. [Cheers.] Now, sanguine as the whigs always are before an election, and hugging to their bosoms the delusion that they will succeed in the great Presidential canvass of 1844, they are already quietly engaged in endeavoring to galvanize the old corpse again. The whig leaders here would mask their battery and avoid an issue upon the bank. They make it an issue in Tennessee, Kentucky, and the contiguous States. We will not permit this playing fast and loose. We will make it an issue here on the sea-board, and charge it home upon them. Turn to the position of our party previous to and after the general election of 1840. The spring elections in that year were sufficiently favorable. To all appearance the democracy were never stronger. The re-election of Martin Van Buren to the Presidential chair, which he had so worthily occupied, seemed certain. And yet not many weeks had passed before it was evident that the supremacy of our party and our principles was in danger. A union of the whigs, as it was called, for the sake of the union, brought about that mingling of parties and commingling of interests, which resulted in a combined league of the opponents of the democracy, and paved the way for the Harrisburg Convention. By that convention William Henry Harrison was nominated for the Presidency. Scott men, Clay men, and Webster men, federalists, whigs, conservatives, Anti-Masons, tariffists, bankites—all the scattered remnants of those various factions which had been time and again defeated by the democracy, rallied, united and swarmed about that coon skin and hard cider standard of which the available candidate, General Harrison, had been chosen bearer. The general campaign commenced—everything which could contribute to the delusion, and heighten the artificial excitement which had been evoked into existence, was called into requisition. The press vomited forth Ogle's lies. Their orators rattled the country. Prentiss, of Mississippi, Wilson, of New Hampshire, Preston, of South Carolina, Webster, Clay, and even Harrison himself, took the field. Nothing was left undone. On our part, we were not idle. We saw through and despised this contemptible stage trickery—this attempt to swindle the people out of their votes, and did not believe that it could succeed. In so believing we erred, as the result proved. The 15th of November arrived; the battle was fought; we were beaten; and forced to retire from the field; and retire we did, in good order—discomfited, but not dismayed. Although our strongest defences were a prey to the spoiler—although in the violence of that political hurricane, Tennessee, the home of our venerated Jackson, had succumbed beneath the shock. Our own brave State—the Empire State—had parted from her democratic moorings—though the key stone of the arch had given way, and the "star in the east" gone down. Even then, when 19 States out of the 26 had declared against us, and our candidate had been defeated by more than 140,000 votes—though the sun of our political heaven was shrouded from our longing view—through darkness, disaster, and desolation, we hoped, and toiled, and struggled on. [Great applause.] To any other party a defeat like that which we then suffered, would have been destruction—annihilation. But to us it was not so—it could not be so, and why? Why? Why is it that the democracy can be beaten but never subdued—vanquished but never conquered? Because that which is within us—because we strive for the true, and aim at the equal and the just. The very truths for which we contend, afford us a rallying point and a support in the hour of adversity. [Cheers.] In the canvass of 1840, the whigs systematically endeavored to blind the people to the true questions at issue. Letters were written to General Harrison inciting his views upon disputed questions of moment, and the line of policy which he would adopt if elected. The answer was, "Ask my committee." Success attained by fraud is in its very nature temporary. The whigs triumphed by fraud. They triumphed on such issues as these—coon skins, hard cider, log cabins, William Henry Harrison, two dollars a day and roast beef, or Martin Van Buren, six and a quarter cents a day and sheep's pluck. They triumphed; but their triumph was short lived and bitter. Firm, united, undismayed, standing on the immutable basis of their own principles, the untimely democracy rallied. In the elections of the following spring and summer, we recovered our foothold throughout the country. The granite columns of the young democracy charged upon the enemy, and they went down before it. [Tremendous applause.] Since then we have maintained our position. Why, then, should any man doubt our success in this coming conflict? Let us be organized, vigilant, determined. Let us fight the battle inch by inch. We must resume the offensive. We must carry the war into Africa. We must be true to ourselves, our candidate, and our cause. We must do our duty, our whole duty, and nothing but our duty. We must deserve success, and leave the event to Him who made us. If I read rightly the signs of the times, and do not greatly misunderstand the temper of the democracy, on the fourth Monday of May next, there will be a thorough organization, an earnest purpose, and deep-seated enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the land. That organization, earnestness, and enthusiasm will be centred on the nominee of the Baltimore Convention, whoever he may be. Here upon the anniversary of the birthday of the Hero of New Orleans, intent upon the preservation of our principles, and merging our preference for men, we pledge to the nominee of that convention an honest, earnest, and whole

souled support. [Great cheers.] Now, nine cheers for the nominee of the Baltimore Convention. [Nine deafening cheers, and "one more," were accordingly given.] Our local matters demand a passing notice. Our municipal election is approaching. All parties appreciate its great importance. At the late whig convention here, Horace Greely could not let his section of the party go home without a parting admonition as to the great importance of carrying the city in April. He desired the whigs to start their ball here—let them try it. If they wait to start their ball until they start it here, they never will start it at all. Turn we now to the new fangled and short-lived Native American party. Their name and style should be the Anti-American party—[tremendous cheering for some minutes]—because their principles are characterized by an ingratitude, a narrowness of view, a want of true patriotism, a bigoted, intolerant and persecuting spirit, which are any thing else but American. They lack vitality—they can be likened to an inverted pyramid, sure to topple over. Their whole scheme of action is comprised in an attempt to procure the essential modification or repeal of the present naturalization laws, combined with a war upon the foreign vote—the foreign vote! There is no foreign vote. [Great applause.] We will never recognize any distinction between the native and the adopted citizen—we are one and the same—Americans all. [Renewed cheers.] Let the safety and stability of our government be menaced to-morrow—I care not how, or by whom—by democratic treason or by foreign force—and I'll stake my soul's salvation that the naturalized citizens would be as true as steel. [Great applause.] Instead of being deficient in, they would brim over with patriotism. They would contribute their money and shed their blood—oh, how gladly and how willingly!—to keep the flag of freedom flying. [Deafening applause, and cries of "they do so before, and they'd do so again!"] Flag of the free hearts only bome, By angel hands to valor given, Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, And all the hues were born in heaven. Forever float that standard sheet! Where breathes the foe but falls before us, With Freedom's soil beneath our feet, And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

In speaking of Andrew Jackson I began. In speaking of Andrew Jackson I will end. He is the son of poor Irish parents, who driven from their native country by oppression, sought a refuge here. The father died about two years after his emigration, leaving three sons (of whom the infant, Andrew, was the youngest) to the care of a widowed mother. Her circumstances were straitened, but she kept her little household together. She lived for her children, and is now regarded her exceeding great reward. There are two leading traits in the Irish character, which should not pass unnoticed here. Their strong domestic affections, an unquenchable love of country. [Cheers.] Follow the Irish exile, driven forth by the sad condition of things at home—far, disguise it as you may, the true source of the poverty and wretchedness of the Irish people, lies in misgovernment and oppressive laws—the exile seeks a home and a country elsewhere; but wherever he may be, wander where he will, he never forgets the mother who watched over his infancy, the companions of his youth, and the land of his forefathers. Deprive him of every thing that renders life desirable—impair his health—strip him of his property—take friend and relative from his side—steep him to the very lips in the whelming flood of poverty—you may deprive him of all else, but you cannot wring from him his love of country. [Great cheers.] That pure and unselfish love will burn but with a brighter ray amid the atmosphere of penury and privation, and the death-damps of despair. Weaken his body by disease—stretch him on the couch of sickness and the bed of death—his thoughts are far away—the home of his childhood fits before his glaring vision—and even as the parting spirit wings its flight, still will his heart find an echo to the cry of Erin. Mourne, Erin go bragh. To resume. The war of the Revolution broke out, and those poor Irish boys joined the American party, Andrew being only 14 years old. The elder brother died in arms, fighting against the British, at the battle of Stono. The second was taken prisoner, treated as a rebel, thrown into a dungeon uncaired for, and with his wounds unaddressed. This brought on an inflammation of the brain. An exchange of prisoners took place, and he went home to die. This broke the mother's heart, and the grave closed on her whole land will rise up and call him blessed. The manhood and womanhood of this Republic will unite in the heartfelt and trusting prayer, that when he appears at the bar of Omnipotence, he will receive the salutation of "Well done, good and faithful servant." [Loud and continued cheering.] One word more, and I have done. I spoke but a short time since of the Baltimore Convention, and I spoke of its nominee; and now let me speak for the assembled democracy of this fair city, and say that whoever this nominee may be, we will give him our united, our undivided, our all-conquering support. Whether he be Lewis Cass, of Michigan—James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania—the old Kentucky war horse, Richard M. Johnson—John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina—or New York's favorite son, Martin Van Buren. The principles which Andrew Jackson advocated from his boyhood to his more than three score years and ten, are once more at stake. Let us, then, from this moment henceforth, Forgetting the feuds and the strife of past time, Counting coldness injustice, and silence a crime, Vow to go into this coming Presidential canvass with the stern resolve to do our duty—in the largest and widest sense of the term, and let the consequences take care of themselves. If we do this—if we fight this battle as it should be fought with honesty, abiding courage, and an enthusiasm tempered by a cool, calm energy, we will triumph. Do this, and even if we fail, we will have no cause for self-accusation. And whatever the result, we have one consolation vouchsafed to us and denied to our opponents; and that is, the son of Truth can never set—the mists of prejudice may arise and obscure its rays—the clouds of error intervene and hide its beams—the tempest of faction and party hate shut out its genial and life bestowing heat; but the mists will arise—the clouds will pass away—the tempest will roll on and be forgotten; while the sun, the brighter and the dearer for his temporary obscurity, will shine on as he shone of yore—to brighten, to gladden, to vivify and to bless. It is so in the physical world—so in the moral—so in the political. Truth can never die. And those political principles which we uphold—in which we live, and for which we are willing to die, will widen and deepen, extend and exist forever. [Loud and prolonged applause.] Mr. MELVILLE'S address was heard with the greatest attention, and was remarkably well received.