

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,  
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR  
RULES."



"DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE."  
Gen'l Harrison.

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## Sister Matilda—A Tale of the Heart.

BY A. TYPO.

In the summer of 18—, the writer, accompanied by a friend, sauntered from his home in the city of New Orleans, and paid a visit to the far famed "Charity Hospital." It was a burning day in the month of July, and the fearful scourge, "yellow jack," ravaged with intense power the inhabitants of the city. The poor emigrants particularly, shared a large portion of the pestilence. In the home of the sick, we witnessed human agony in many heart-rending forms—the hollow groan of the strong struggling in the grasp of fever—the shrill shriek of women sinking beneath the cramps of cholera, or the sad moan of the consumptive, as he sank in death; these and many others too numerous to mention, meet the eyes of those who visit the house of suffering. And yet, go where you will throughout the vast building, where pestilence rages and death so often triumphs, you will see by the couch of the sufferers, watching, tending, and soothing by kind words of hope, and fortifying by christian precept, the black garb of those who are dedicated to God—the mild, placid and benevolent face of the "Sister of Charity." Among the number of Sisters who hovered over the bed of pain, and strove to soothe the pillow of disease, was one, who, though apparently young in years, was no novice in deeds of kindness; she was known in the hospital as "Sister Matilda."

Shortly after the above visit, I happened in the company of an old friend, and on recounting my visit to him, spoke in terms of eulogy of the deeds performed by the "Sisters," and particularly dwelt on Sister Matilda, who was so young and handsome, and yet who exhibited so much interest and self-sacrifice. My friend agreed with me, and informed me that he was well aware of her history, which was replete with interest, and in which he was himself a prominent actor. He solicited a recital, and after reaching his lodgings, he spoke as follows:

Five years ago I came from Cincinnati, which had long been my place of residence, to this city. As I came at the time principally on an excursion of pleasure, of course I visited many places of amusement, with which the city abounds in the winter months.

About one week after my arrival, I attended a large masquerade in the "palace" of a citizen, when a masquer, representing a young officer of the army, approached, and calling me by name, warmly clasped my hand. Although the voice was one well known, I was puzzled to identify the individual who thus familiarly addressed me. In my uncertainty, I marked—

"Your name is—"

"To you unknown."

"And yet, I surely know you."

"Then why not utter my name?"

"I am myself at fault. We have met before?"

"We have often."

"Where?"

"In places, like this, of mirth and festivity, we have interchanged many courtesies, and mixed often in the social circle, and you now recall my name and unravel the mystery?" replied the masquer.

I puzzled my brain, in vain, but could not on one of my many acquaintances to answer to his description. At last said: "Although I am confident I know you, I must request you to withdraw your mask, in order to enable me to solve the riddle."

"No, sir, that at present I must decline. I have cogent reasons for preserving a certain incognito in these halls of gaiety; but if you will accompany me to my lodgings, I will soon unravel the mystery, and acquaint you with facts that will surprise, not interest you. At present, permit me to attract your attention to that tall figure in the costume of a Turk—see, how strangely he leans and whispers to the handsomely attired Countess, who holds his arm. I came here to hold a strict surveillance on that couple; for that Turk is a villain of the darkest dye, creeping like a snake, and stealing, like a thief, to the heart of the victim. The Countess is the daughter of a reputable merchant, and listens confidently to the propositions of the gambler and fortune hunter, for such is this representative of the Turk. In three weeks he is to lead her to the altar, or so intends, but there is one watching his every movement who will foil him in his game."

"I presume you allude to yourself; but you not sooner disclose his character to your friends if such as you describe?"

"For reasons you shall know hereafter, but come, will you accompany me?"

Bewildered in a labyrinth of conjectures, as to who this youth could be, I made no hesitation in following him to the street, where, entering a cab, my companion gave the driver his directions, and soon found ourselves before a neat and comfortable cottage in the environs of the city. A masked guide unlocked the front door, and ushered me in—struck a light, and bade me scan a few gravings, until he should engage himself of his costume. I found myself in a small but elegant apartment, which took up a volume to whittle away a few moments of time, but my mind was much occupied with the one idea—

"Who could this young man be—to take in the sense of what I perceived. I had not, however, to ponder, or remain in suspense, for in a few minutes the inner door opened, and who should I behold, but a young and lovely girl, whom I had long

and favorably known in Cincinnati. Involuntarily, I arose to my feet with astonishment, and exclaimed:

"Matilda—"

"Even so," she replied. "In me behold the young officer who escorted you hither to night."

"And what am I to infer from this strange adventure?"

She appeared agitated, but did not reply.

"It has been some weeks since last we met—then you were the delight of your friends and the pride of your mother, afterwards I heard that you had suddenly left your mother's house, and fled, as rumor said, with a villain. Since you left her, your mother has died, and now I find the hitherto modest and retired maiden, unaccompanied, in the garb of a man, visiting a masquerade. You inhabit a retired but costly furnished cot. How? with whom? under what circumstances can my worst surmises be true? Do I find one I so highly esteemed, sunk into the paths of vice? But forgive me, I wrong you with such suspicions. 'You do,' she mildly replied. 'Although much to blame, there is much to excite your noble feelings. Listen, my friend, and then judge:

"Among the suitors for my hand, was one who appeared to be a cultivated and accomplished gentleman. His profuse liberality induced many to believe that he was the possessor of wealth, though few suspected that he was, in reality, a splendid fiend, devoid of one spark of honorable principle. Among the number of his dupes, who, then, can wonder, that an inexperienced girl should be numbered. Yet, so it was—the trap so artfully contrived secured its guiltless prey. Fondly I listened to the honied accents that fell from his pliant tongue—implicitly I confided my girlish heart to his keeping. I was warned by friends to shun his presence, but the admonition came too late—my heart had become deeply interested in this man. My sole parent besought me, also, with tears, to fly his presence, but what voice so winning, what traitor so commanding as love—first and new-born virgin love? Let it suffice to say, that lured by his specious wiles, I was induced to consent to a private marriage, as my mother had forbidden him the house. This marriage, I have lately learned, was but a fabulous farce, for the coercion got up. I fled with my lover, confiding my honor and happiness in his hands. Why repeat my fall, my degradation. You have pondered over the fate of Charlotte Temple—it is a tale of every day's occurrence—of man's perfidy and woman's fall."

At this part of her story, tears suffused her eyes, and covering her face with her hands she sobbed aloud. Had I been unmoved, my heart were of stone.

"But no," she cried energetically, "I will not now give way to this womanly weakness—no fount of tears can obliterate the well remembrances that crowd my brain." She paused a moment to dry her eyes and continued—

"We came to this city, he still renewing his protestations of fidelity. At my desertion, my venerated mother could not survive the blow; after bequeathing her ungrateful child her little property, she sank into the arms of death, praying with her last breath that God would pardon and protect her child. By degrees my betrayer grew cold in his attentions—his visits became less, and it was evident my presence was growing irksome to him. The fearful truth was forced on my unwilling heart. I awoke from my dream of hopeful love, to see the full extent of my fall—to feel that I was another victim to the consummate seducer's art."

It is now six weeks since he paid me a visit. He came to bid me farewell. Spoke of a contemplated union, with another—a girl surrounded by luxury and affluence—I heard him without exhibiting regret, and curled my lip in scorn, for I had tutored my heart before this a bitter lesson. He departed, and I was alone in the world. He thought that he would hear of me no more, that I should no longer trouble him—he had done, with me, but I have not done with him. His every movement is known to me. The Turk I pointed out to you to-night at the masquerade was Robert N—; his partner, his affianced and opulent bride. By anonymous letters, I have warned her of his character, but she, like me, would not heed the warning, accompanied as it was by mystery. This, my esteemed friend, is all I have to disclose; and it relieves a burdened heart of a weight of woe, thus to pour forth its sorrows in a friendly and a feeling ear."

Your career, Matilda, has been attended with heavy misfortune: from the goblet of life, you have quaffed some bitter draughts; yet, you should strive to bury the dark days that are passed, and look forward to a brighter future. You are yet young, and undiminished in beauty. Your experience of life has commenced at an early day. Like yours, many trusting hearts have been crushed by deceit and desertion; yet, believe me, there is a bright side to the picture of life—there are hearts in our sex who ever desire to extend sympathy and relief to the victims of man's perfidy; for there is no one sunk so low, but that they may rise from dishonor to respectability."

"Sir," she replied, "you have not been so truly deceived in where you placed most trust,

or you could not feel this to be true, for I feel here (placing her hand on her heart) a sense of unutterable misery, that never can disappear; I feel that the sunny days of joy can no more be mine, and the bright dreams of youthful hopes are shivered to atoms by the tornado of agony that has swept over the once happy Matilda."

Her voice trembled with intense emotion, and at witnessing the despair depicted in her youthful countenance—at hearing the desponding tones of her voice, I felt, unawares, a tear moistening my eyes. For a few moments we both remained silent. She had sunk into a profound reverie, and my feelings forbade me to interrupt her. But the night was wearing away, and I arose to take my leave.

"Matilda," I said, "it is late, you need repose. I will leave you to night and ponder your story; to-morrow I will see you again and advise you what course to adopt; but be assured, that I am sincerely interested in your fate, and that as far as in my power, will ever befriend and assist you."

Pensive and buried in a seeming torpor, she appeared not to note my words; and, having called her servant, I wended my steps to my hotel, my mind occupied with the sad recital I had heard from the wretched Matilda.

CHAPTER II.

The next day at 10 o'clock, I called at the residence of Matilda. She smiled at my approach—it was a smile replete with sadness—a sunny ripple that covered troubled waters beneath. There are some tears that move us to mirth, and some that cause tears to flow—such was the smile with which she greeted me.

The regard that I entertained for Matilda was based upon and dictated by her situation, and a friendship of 'and lang syne.' I looked upon her as a sister, and as one who needed at least one true friend at this crisis of her life.

"I have come Matilda," I exclaimed, "to learn your plans for the future, and to counsel and aid you in their execution, if they are compatible with what is just. Do not impute my solicitude as impertinent, as I am only actuated by a desire for your welfare."

"The unreserved candor with which, unasked, I have laid my sorrows before you, should convince you, my friend, what reliance I place on your honor."

"And is it not yet possible to effect a reconciliation between you and your betrayer—Could I not by expostulation induce him to render you, at least, justice—that he should give you his name, and remove the stigma that rests upon your fame?"

"Never," she hurriedly iterated; "for although I idolized this man, now I despise and detest him. No, if you wish to befriend me, aid me in my just revenge on the destroyer of my peace and fame; for, said she, with determined energy, "he shall not long triumph in his career of crime."

"In what manner do you propose to accomplish this?"

"As I find it impossible to prevent his proposed union with the present intended victim of his cupidity, unless I should expose myself, I have conceived a bold but not chemical project. In short, I wish to take his life with my own hands. Nay, do not start; I mean," (she said, with a significant sneer), "to murder honorably. I intend to disguise myself in the costume of your sex, and fasten a quarrel on him, thus forcing him into a duel, and I will so arrange it that he will not leave the ground alive."

The determined manner in which she spoke of this resolve gave me fully to understand that she was not to be turned aside by aught I could adduce, nevertheless I said:

"Matilda, have you reflected that a discovery of your sex should ensue, your disgrace will become public—that even were you to succeed in entrapping him in a deadly encounter, you may fall; or have you become weary of life, and intend that the terms of combat shall be death to each?"

"I have," she replied, "reflected on all you say, and although I admit that life has few charms to the fond woman, whose honest affections have been betrayed and trifled with, yet it is not my purpose to fall by his hands willingly."

"And do you suppose, if successful—if you take his life, that you can ever after be happy?"

"Why should I not," she said. "Does he not deserve to die; or should he be allowed to practice his deceptions to the misery of other hearts? His crime—the murder of the heart—is no capital offence in law, and yet it is a deed of darker turpitude than the destruction of the body; for those who exist in anguish, die a thousand deaths. The act on suddenly ceasing to live, causes but one pang—perhaps none—while one who is doomed to live on in hopeless wretchedness feels in the mind real horrors of death's frightful pangs?"

"What you observe," said I, "every day's experience justifies, and even where the law offers a penalty for this crime, the public scoff at the claimant for damages, as deeming her devoid of modesty and pride. Yet, surely, your alternative is a sad one; that the victim should be the avenger—that a tenderly nurtured and delicate girl should strike where before she embraced."

"Driven wild by the horrors of my situation," she replied, "I have become reckless of all feeling save that of retaliation."

"And how you have arranged to bring about this contemplated hostile meeting between yourself and betrayer?"

"I am well acquainted with the public resorts which he usually frequents; in one of these places, in the assumed disguise of your sex, with false hair and whiskers, green spectacles, and an impudent swagger, I will publicly insult him and provoke the challenge. I will refer to you, as my friend, whom I alone look upon to aid me in my emergency. You are to select pistols as the weapon; the distance sixteen paces; the place of meeting on the outskirts, near the Hospital, and the time of meeting 12 o'clock, by moonlight."

"By moonlight! a strange time for a duel; and besides, are you expert with, or can you handle the weapon at all?"

"For several weeks have I been practising with the pistol by night; and if you wish to behold my accuracy of aim, you have only to

step in the rear of my dwelling and witness the effect of my shots at sixteen paces."

"And you wish me to stand your second in this affair—this combat, so unnatural and abhorrent?"

"I wish your assistance in the furtherance of my plans of retribution; and, she added in an offended tone, "I deem them just."

"If you are bent on this purpose, permit me to enter the lists as the combatant; for it would be far more preferable than to look on and see a delicate girl exposed to the fatal bullet."

"I do not accept this. I have no right to ask you to jeopardize your life for me; nor would I quiet the lever that frets my heart. No, by my hand, alone, he falls."

"Then, Matilda, as you have implicitly relied on me in your exigency—as you have freely confided your situation to my honor—I were unworthy the name of man, did I balk you.—And although I disapprove of your projects, as rash and dangerous, yet I will bestow all the aid in my power to further your schemes. If, however, in this contest, you should fall—"

"Then, after I am buried," she interrupted me, "whisper the secret in his ears. Tell him the victim whom he murdered has gone to accuse him before his Maker; but bury the secret from all others in this scandalous loving world. On the contrary, should he die by your hand—"

"I wish to retire from the busy haunts of society and pass the remnant of my days in quiet seclusion."

Three days had elapsed since my last visit to Matilda. I had retired to my chamber in the St. Louis Hotel, after having dined, when I heard a tap at my door, and on opening it an individual of military air stalked consequentially into my presence.

"Do I have the honor to address Mr. C.—?"

I bowed acquiescence, and proffered a chair. With the greatest sang froid he threw his hat on the table and encircled himself in the seat.

"I have called on you, as directed by your friend, Mr. E—, to arrange a certain affair in behalf of Mr. Robert N—."

"I comprehend you, sir, perfectly—a challenge?"

"A challenge has passed and been accepted. It is for you to select weapons, distance and time."

"I therefore prefer the pistol; and the meeting to take place at 12 o'clock to-morrow night; the distance sixteen paces."

My visitor started with surprise.

"What do you mean, sir? Fighting in the dark with pistols is a strange mode."

"It will not be dark, sir. The moon will shine clear and bright, and our operations less liable of interruption."

"True, true," he replied; "well, be it so.—Each can have his surgeon on the ground.—Where shall the meeting take place?"

I named the spot, and cordially shaking my hand, he departed.

I hastened to Matilda and informed her of what had occurred. She appeared elated at the success of her projects and schemes. Her eyes emitted an unworldly lustre, and I imagined that she betrayed the germs of incipient insanity in her manner.

"Thanks, my warmest thanks, for your friendly aid. Now will I satiate the outraged feelings that have been weighing me down by inches, to the grave. Now will I bring to the dust the author of my wrongs—the heartless libertine, whose soul harbors no feeling of honor or virtue."

"Compose yourself Matilda; you need all your calmness, all your nerve, in the meeting of to-morrow night."

"Do not fear me," she replied; "I will not be found lacking when the moment of revenge arrives."

CHAPTER III.

It was a beautiful night. The moon shone with its richest effulgence, and a cool breeze was wafted from the Gulf over the city. At the appointed hour of twelve, Matilda, accompanied by a surgeon and myself, were at the specified rendezvous. Matilda was unusually silent, and the surgeon and myself conversed on various topics foreign to the melancholy business in hand. We had not long to await ere the belligerent party were on the ground. We silently saluted our antagonists, and Mr. W— and myself, as seconds, marked off the ground, and placed the combatants in their position.—Before placing the deadly weapons in their hands, Mr. W— asked me if there was no way to compromise the difficulty, and stated that an apology was all that Mr. N— required. I informed him that my principal would render no apology, and each awaited for the word to fire. As concerted, I gave the word:—"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

"They nodded assent."

"Make aim, take aim, fire! one, two, three!"

Both pistols went off simultaneously. Robert N— bounded in the air and fell at his length on the ground.

Matilda remained as motionless as a statue, with the discharged weapon by her side.

The surgeon ran up to ascertain the extent of injury sustained from the shot. The bullet had penetrated his side, about three inches from the heart—no blood flowed outwardly, and the wound was pronounced mortal, he could not live above an hour. The fallen man raised himself on his elbows, and appeared to be fully conscious of his situation. With much pain and difficulty he feebly articulated: "Why has this stranger fastened a quarrel on me and so fiercely hunted up my death?—let him approach and answer a dying man."

Matilda heard the request, and stepped quickly to his side.

"Listen to me, Robert N—," she said.—"There was a girl, young and happy, who was lured by your wiles to infamy and misery.—She loved you dearly, and you planted thorns of torture in her path; and not content with this act of atrocity, you contemplated a similar deception on another lady. To prevent the last, and principally to avenge the first, have I sought you out, and justly punished you."

"But who are you, that thus you thrust yourself as the champion of these women—Matilda has no brother, and Laura has not been wronged by me?"

"As you are dying, you shall know what hand felled you to the earth." She threw off a pair of spectacles and false whiskers, her long ringlets fell in profusion over her shoulders, and she rapidly exclaimed—

"Now, villain, do you recognize your victim?"

The dying man glared wildly upon her features for a moment—features two well remembered—a thousand thoughts flashed through his brain at once—with a dying effort he raised himself upright—staggered a few paces and said—

"This—is—this—is—indeed—death," and with a hollow groan breathed his last.

No sooner had this form become inanimate—no sooner was his death announced by the surgeon, than all the hauteur and revengeful feelings of the unfortunate girl had fled, and rushing precipitately to the side of the dead man, she frantically threw herself on his body and gave vent to the wildest lamentations.—The early and passionate love that had been smothered for a while, now burst forth with tenfold lustre, and we were constrained to force her from the body she had slain, and to which she clung with the energy of grief and despair.

For three weeks Matilda raved, a maniac. A delicious fever playing havoc with her youthful frame! But, contrary to the expectations of the physicians, her constitution triumphed over the malady, and she became convalescent. As soon as practicable she expressed a determination to join the society of the Sisters of Charity, and after a short time was admitted, devoting the remnant of her days to deeds of charity and kindness.

The duel never reached the ears of the police, and the story of "Sister Matilda" is only known to a few and I charge secrecy on your part, at least until she dies.

Sister Matilda died a few months ago, regretted by thousands who loved her, and I have the liberty to give her story, as it may benefit some who read and ponder.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE UNION.

But the constitution cannot be maintained, nor the Union preserved in opposition to public feeling, by the mere exertion of coercive powers confided to the general government. The foundations must be laid in the affections of the people; in the security it gives to life, liberty, character & fraternal attachments which the citizens of the several States bear to one another as members of one political family, mutually contributing to promote the happiness of each other. Hence, the citizens of every State should studiously avoid every thing calculated to wound the sensibility or offend the just pride of the people of the other States; and they should frown upon any proceedings within their own borders likely to disturb the tranquility of their political brethren in other portions of the Union. In a country so extensive as the United States, and with pursuits so varied, the internal regulations of the several States must frequently differ from one another in important principles; and this difference is unavoidably increased by the various principles upon which the American colonies were originally planted—principles which had taken deep root in the social relations before the revolution, and therefore of necessity influencing their policy since they became free and independent States.—But each State has the unquestionable right to regulate its own internal concerns, according to its own pleasure; and while it does not interfere with the rights of the Union, every State must be the sole judge of the measure proper to secure the safety of its citizens, and promote their happiness; and all efforts on the part of the people of the other States to cast odium upon their institutions, and all measures calculated to disturb their rights of property, or to put in jeopardy their peace and internal tranquility, are direct opposition to the spirit in which the Union was formed, and must endanger its safety.—Motives of philanthropy may be assigned for this unwarrantable interference; and weak men may persuade themselves for a moment that they are laboring in the cause of humanity, and asserting the rights of the human race; but every one upon sober reflection, will see that nothing but mischief can come from these improper assaults upon the feelings and rights of others. Rest assured that the men found busy in this work of discord, are not worthy of your confidence, and deserve your strongest reprobation.—Extract from the farewell address of General Jackson.

Disunion.—Who are in favor of disunion? All the crowned heads of Europe, all the Tories, Monarchists, Imperialists and Aristocrats, as well as all the enemies of liberty, and all the unbelievers in the capacity of man to govern himself in the Old World, are praying, and have been since our government was formed, for a dissolution, a secession among the States, as that would destroy the American Government, and with it perish all hopes of liberty.—When our government was first formed these classes all predicted that the States would divide, quarrel, secede and finally get into a civil war, which would terminate their career.

In our own country we have at the north the Abolitionists, who are in favor of disunion; and at the South, the Secessionists are in favor of disunion.

Are not these men here trying to do just what the enemies of republican governments in Europe most desire—that is, to break up this Union?—Mobile Advertiser.

"Father wants you to send him two yards of black broad cloth—he don't care what color it is, and when he kills his pig last week he will pay you what you owe him."

ANTI-SEPARATE SECESSION MEETING.

In the Charleston "Southern Standard" of Monday last we have, conspicuously published, the following notice:

"PUBLIC MEETING.—We, the undersigned, unite in a call for a Public Meeting, to be held in Charleston, at Hibernian Hall, to-morrow (Tuesday) evening, at 8 o'clock, to give expression to the views of those of our fellow-citizens who, in common with us, are in favor of co-operation for the purpose of resistance to the aggressions of the Federal Government, but who are opposed to the separate secession of South Carolina from the Union under existing circumstances."

To this notice are signed about eleven hundred names, comprising, we presume, individuals of the Revolutionary party who dissent from the project of Messrs. RRETT & Co. for separate secession of the State of South Carolina from the Union. The demonstration of so large a number of the leading citizens of Charleston against the scheme of separate secession seems to foretell the certain defeat of that scheme. We shall consider that result to be of comparatively small consequence, however, if the Disunion project in any shape be yet cherished by those who dissent from the scheme of the Separate Secessionists. But it will have some good effect, if it avert the immediate ruin and depopulation of Charleston, which will undoubtedly follow the secession of the State of South Carolina from the Union, take place when and how it may.

The remarks of the "Standard" upon the call for this meeting are as follows:—Nat. Int.

"The City Responds to the Country!—The notice which appears in our columns this morning will show our friends in the country that the question so often asked, 'When will the city speak?' is now answered. That large proportion of our citizens who favor co-operation for the purpose of resistance, and oppose separate State action under existing circumstances, will hold a meeting to-morrow night at the Hibernian Hall. We hazard nothing in saying that, in the materials of which it will be composed, the numbers who will be present, the strong and patriotic resolutions which will be presented, and the devotion to the State, exhibiting itself in a holy purpose to place her where her flag will be unsullied, while it floats proudly with those of her sister States, this meeting will be second to no other ever held in our city. All who believe in the benefit of co-operation and the mischief of secession will be present; and, while the object of the meeting of itself would command the presence of all who agree in the principles which will be there laid before the people of our State, as the platform on which we stand, it will be gratifying to them, at the same time, to do honor to those distinguished men, the Hon. A. P. Butler and the Hon. R. M. Barnwell, who will be present at the meeting, and take part in its deliberations."

From the Iowa City Republican.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

It is true the two great States of Ohio and Pennsylvania have spoken in favor of General Scott for the Presidency in 1852. But there appears to be no doubt but that Virginia is decidedly in favor of Millard Fillmore. And present appearances would indicate that the Empire State is rapidly coming up to his support.

We see no good reason why every Whig in the Union and every lover of his country may not give this exalted patriot and statesman his enthusiastic support.—His wisdom, his prudence, his foresight, and his unswerving integrity have robbed those who were pledged to oppose the Administration, right or wrong, to the bitter end, of their poisoned weapons, and converted them into friends and admirers.

Millard Fillmore is carrying out the true Whig doctrine of non-interference with the legislation of Congress. He throws the responsibility of making laws on the law-making power. From him we have heard of no dictation of Congress as to the character of the laws they should enact. No threatening of the exercise of the singly prerogative of the veto power if they should venture to adopt measures contrary to his wishes. He has confined his action to a strict discharge of his constitutional duties as the Executive of this great Republic. Congress has been fully informed by him of the condition of the country, with all its various interests, and of our foreign relations. That body has enacted such laws as the wisdom of its members dictated, and the President has given them a prompt and energetic execution. On this account both the friends and the enemies of the late Compromise measure can give him a hearty support, because he does not, and a Whig President cannot, divest Congress of its sovereignty as the legislative power of the country. The expediency of every measure is left with the people and their representatives; their constitutional duty is left to the Supreme Judiciary, where it rightfully belongs; their execution however devolves on the President. Nor have the obnoxious character of measures in the opinion of thousands of his countrymen, nor all the prejudices of education and association, caused him to swerve from the line of his duty. In short, he is a model President. He is carrying out that fundamental principle of the Whig party—that the Executive, Legislative and Judiciary department of the Government should remain, as far as possible, independent in their respective spheres, because their Union forms a Despotism.

DISCUSSION.—The following resolution was adopted a few days ago, at a meeting in Edgefield district, S. C.

Resolved, That this meeting feels no sympathy with any press or party in South Carolina which is opposed to a dissolution of the Union, or denies the right of secession.