

# NORTH STATE WHIG.

*E. Pottigrew*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY

HENRY DIMOCK,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"BE JUST, AND FEAR NOT! LET ALL THE ENDS YOU AIM AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S AND TRUTH'S."

WASHINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1844.

VOLUME 2—NUMBER 11.

AT \$2 50 PER ANNUM,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

## PUBLISHED

Every Thursday morning,

At \$2 50 per annum, if paid within two months from the date of subscription; \$3, if paid during the subscription year; and \$3 50, if not paid during the year.

R. T. REA, Printer.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted, at sixty cents per square of sixteen lines, or less, for the first, and thirty cents for each succeeding insertion.

Court orders and Judicial Advertisements will be charged twenty five per cent. higher than the rates specified above; and nearly all advertisements, thirty three and a third per cent. lower.

Unpaid letters, addressed to the Editor on business connected with his paper, will not, in any case, be taken from the Post Office. From the Post Master General.—A postmaster may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself.

## NORTH STATE WHIG.

REPLY TO BISHOP IVES LETTER.

Washington, June 27, 1844.

Mr. Editor,  
I see by your paper of this morning, that a person styling himself Rector of St. Peter's Church, has furnished you for publication with a letter from another person whom he styles 'my Bishop' in reference to certain mis-statements of facts which I charged upon the latter, in a communication to you dated May 26th, as having been made by him, in his sermon on confirmation preached here during the late Episcopal convention. I must again throw myself upon your indulgence and that of your readers, while I proceed to notice this letter as it deserves, and to expose to this enlightened community the inconclusive reasoning, the unfairness and the sophistry with which it abounds. I shall not allow myself to be diverted from the point at issue, which I again state, that it may be distinctly before the minds of your readers: it is this; Did Mr. Wesley and Dr. Clarke defend the rite of confirmation as held and practiced by modern Churches, and did Dr. C. long after he became a Methodist Minister, go to a Bishop and beg him for Christ's sake to give him the blessing of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands? This is the question in debate. The Bishop affirms and I deny.

It will have been observed that Bishop Ives endeavored to cast suspicion on my report of the words used by him in his sermon by calling it a record of memory. It was no such thing. So far from depending on my memory for the words used, I took them down in writing at the time they were spoken, and as I stated in my former letter, I found them to agree with the recollection of a number of gentlemen whom I consulted, and who have again assured me that they are convinced of the accuracy of my report, both as to the idea and the language. Under these circumstances, I shall not recede from it, nor will I permit the Rev. gentleman to retreat under cover of his manuscript from the bold position he so confidently assumed. He must defend that position, or acknowledge, like a manly and candid disputant, that it is untenable. Nothing less than this will satisfy the public, who know very well that the question is not what does Bishop Ives himself say? 'No memory,' he tells us, 'can be as good as a manuscript.'—especially, I will add for him, when one gets into a difficulty; how convenient then to say, 'The following are the words, which the manuscript, from which I preached, says I used.' In the absence then of any positive disclaimer on the part of Bishop Ives, with his acknowledgement that his manuscript does not differ very materially from the report I have given, and under a just sense of my position before God, the church and this community, I re-affirm that he asserted that 'Dr. John Wesley and Adam Clarke defended as apostatical the rite of confirmation, and that Dr. C. long after he became a Methodist minister, went to a Bishop and begged him for Christ's sake to give him the blessing of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands'; and that these are very nearly the exact words used by the Bishop, not recorded from memory as he insinuates in the face of my assertion to the contrary, but written down at the time they were delivered.

We come now to the evidence adduced by him to sustain his assertion. As to Mr. Wesley's opinion, he quotes his comment on Hebrews VI. 2 v. where he says, 'when they believed they were to be baptized with the baptism [not of the Jews or of John] but of Christ. The next thing was to lay hands upon them that they might receive the Holy Ghost.' But does this prove a thing more than that Mr. Wesley believed, what no man ever doubted, that the Apostles had the power of conferring the Holy Ghost? Does

it have the remotest relation to the point at issue, or can it with any show of fairness or logic, be brought to sustain the assertion that John Wesley defended the modern rite of confirmation, and believed that Bishops or any other men are clothed with the awful power of the Apostles—even that of bestowing the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands? It is manifest that he is speaking of the usage of the Apostles, nor is there a particle of evidence in the whole passage, that he believed that the power of conferring the Holy Ghost was to be perpetuated in the rite of confirmation. And yet for this purpose is it quoted Such an edged dialectic could hardly be found in any of the writings of a simple Mr. Wesley, much less from one who has attained the higher distinction of D. D.; such miserable quibbling might be looked for from a sophist, not from a successor of the Apostles. But the Bishop tells us 'he has seen another passage in his Notes on the Acts which makes the laying on of hands the same as confirmation in the English Church.' I have searched these Notes and have been able to find no such passage. I defy Bishop Ives to produce it, or to bring one line from Wesley's numerous writings in proof that he defended confirmation as held by high churchmen. So far from this, he declared his belief that the keystone of the arch of High-churchism—was rotten and the very foundation of this doctrine of confirmation—was rotten and unsound. He believed that the Apostles were sui generis; that they had no successors in conferring the Holy Ghost, which was an extraordinary and temporary power. He declared that he knew the uninterrupted succession to be a fable which no man ever did or can prove; and it was his glory to preach a salvation not of forms and ceremonies, but of faith only. I cannot sufficiently express my indignation at this shameful attempt to pervert the opinions of this holy man, nor my abhorrence of the motives of proselytism which prompted it. nor shall I ever fail to expose and denounce both the one and the other, while I have a tongue to speak or a hand to write with.

In regard to Dr. Clarke, the Bishop refers to a letter of his to a lady who requests his opinion of confirmation. Nothing can be more evident than that the views of confirmation contained in this letter differ toto caelo from those of Bishop Ives, and consequently that it does not answer the purpose for which he has adduced it. For do we find Dr. C. maintaining with the Bishop that confirmation is the medium of imparting the spirit of God? No! at all! Hear his own language 'It is supposed to be a rite in which the moral burden is taken off the shoulders of sponsors, and transferred to those shoulders to which it properly belongs. Now as long as these opinions and feelings prevail in the minds of all parties I say in God's name let the rite duly administered, be humbly received.' Now, do these opinions and feelings, prevail as to confirmation, in the minds of High Churchmen and is this the only light in which Bishop Ives views it—as a mere relieving of sponsors and taking on one the vows of religion? Why then does he offer to confirm those who have had no sponsors? Why does he assert that as the 3000 on the day of Pentecost received the Holy Ghost by laying on of hands, so this is still an act forever the medium of conveying it? Certainly, he will not pretend that any such view of confirmation as this, is contained in the letter to Mrs. Wilkinson. With what face then can he adduce it to prove that Dr. C. approved and defended confirmation as held by High Churchmen?

Equally clear is it that this letter affords no ground for the assertion that Dr. C. long after he became a Methodist minister, went to a Bishop and begged him for Christ's sake &c. All whom I have consulted in regard to the correctness of my report of these words, agree that the Bishop laid peculiar stress upon the terms long after. Now what are the facts in the case? Dr. C. indeed informs us in this letter that he had received confirmation since he became a Methodist preacher, but his biography will show that the long after of Bishop Ives, only amounts to three months at farthest. He preached his first sermon June 19, 1782, though it does not appear that he had been clothed with any regular authority to preach, but believed himself called of God and was influenced in doing so by the private advice of a clergyman. In August following, he was received into Kingswood school, where he remained one month and six days, during which time, being about eighteen years of age, he was confirmed by the Bishop of Bristol. After his confirmation he left Kingswood and became an itinerant minister under Mr. Wesley's direction. These facts may be found at pages 73, 90, 91, of the 1st Vol. of his life, and fully sustain me in the position of my former letter.

\*This was the proposition the Bishop attempted to prove in his confirmation sermon.  
\*Rev. Mr. Brame to whom he was at that time a visitor.

er that Dr. C. instead of being confirmed long after he became a minister, received his rite before becoming an itinerant Methodist preacher.

As to Dr. Clarke's begging the Bishop for the Holy Ghost I refuted it sufficiently in my first communication, by quoting his language. He, like Mr. Wesley, did not believe that the Apostles had any successors in the power of conferring the Holy Spirit. Speaking of what is called the uninterrupted succession, he says: 'It does not exist; it never did exist; it is a silly fable invented by ecclesiastical tyrants and supported by clerical excohmbs'—a sentiment which I have already subscribed.

Respectfully & truly,  
Your obedient servant  
JOHN T. BRAME.

For the Whig.

## AMOS & THE CONVENTION.

In Baltimore sure, the true Simon Pure,  
Called Locos, late met in Convention;  
Traitor John ran, and Willy Fox, Van,  
Also Johnson and Cass I must mention.

And now I must say, the intent on that day,  
Was to get for the chair of our nation,  
One of their clan, and reject a good man,  
As good as can be found in creation.

No matter what way, 'twas Patriot Clay  
They intended to juggle by March;  
But the well sown seed of the whig creed  
Shall nobly defy all that's arch.

What do you think? All hands took a drink  
And came to the happy conclusion,  
That Johnson and Cass, they surely must pass—  
That in Traitor or Fox was delusion.

So one merry fellow—perhaps he was melo-  
dious—  
Said cunning brought men to the gallows;  
He made one long stride, 'Mr. chairman,' he cried,  
'I nominate Polk and George Dallas.

The Chairman was proud in this wisecrack  
crowd,  
And instantly cried aloud, 'bravo!'  
And so they went on in glorious nem. con.  
Counting Polk & Geo. Dallas as usual.

This ludicrous scene was quite unforeseen;  
No man in the nation expected the ticket;  
Yet Dallas and Polk enjoyed well the joke,  
Of ousting brave Clay by devices so wicked.

One word now to Amos—I pray you don't  
blame us—  
Though your censure is eulogy clear,  
You'll lie and you'll cheat in your dirty sheet,  
But at your foul tricks we don't care.

On the first of last May, we ran noble Clay,  
With good Theodore under his name;  
And you shall yet feel, if you're spared from  
the Deil,  
Our nation enjoying their fame.

Now one little hint—it's Gospel in print—  
Ingratitude is a great sin;  
Yet you are the man, in favor with Van,  
Who has taken the cursed draft in.

For I plainly say, that towards noble Clay,  
You have acted the part that was evil;  
Yet I will not say, though friendly to Clay,  
That I wish you to go to the D-v-l.

Though some have declared, you cannot be  
spared,  
As you've netted the part of an elf,  
Your fondness for sin, shews you're rotten  
within;  
Give you rope and you'll soon hang yourself.

Poor Creature! what next will be your pre-  
text?  
On the fourth day of March, forty-five,  
You'll surely cave in by your damnable sin,  
So sure as you now are alive.

I do not allude, nor am I so rude,  
To think you'll cave in with a spade;  
But I really hope, on that day you'll slope  
from diplomacy back to your trade.

A way, base miscreant! your own recreant  
Love for foul deeds you may blame;  
I may truly be said, and in print ever read,  
That self infamy caused Amos's fame.

## PETER PORCUPINE.

### NEW YORK.

The New York Tribune, whose Editor has recently attended a Convention in Western New York, gives an estimate—the result of comparison of views of members from every section of the State—of the probable vote of the State in the Fall, between Clay and Polk. Giving the Locos the benefit of any doubts, they set down the Whig majority at 20,000 certain—and probably 40,000. Col. Dick Johnson concedes a Whig majority of 25,000!

From a well-informed source, at Washington, we are advised that the three great States of N. York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, are certain for the Whigs by an immense majority; and in that city, it is generally believed that Polk will not receive a single electoral vote of any State in the Union—unless, perhaps, that of New Hampshire.

Richmond Whig.

WASHINGTON, June 8, 1844.

## COL. JAMES K. POLK.

To the Editor of the Baltimore Patriot:  
Considerable curiosity is manifested, on the part of the people, to know more than is yet known, generally, about the Jackson Van Buren candidate for the Presidency—Col. James K. Polk; not colonel because he ever fought under or with Gen. Jackson, or any other else, but as aid to a former Governor.

The Democratic Review, and other eulogists of Colonel Polk, try hard to make a hero of him by proclaiming that his ancestors were glorious fellows in the days of the Revolution. The celebrated Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. So some, say most of them were; but it is not too much to say, seeing the subject has been opened and merit attempted to be drawn from it for the new and curiously nominated candidate for the Presidency, that Ezekial Polk, the grandfather of Col. James K. Polk, was not of the number—very far from it! The least the friends of Col. Polk can say about that old matter the better. 'By gones are by gones.'

In his campaign with Gov. Cannon he produced many old documents to prove, as he exultingly proclaimed, the inconsistency of John Belle Bailey Peyton Judge White and others. On these occasions he would say, 'old documents are dangerous things!' and then contrast the course of those he was trading with his own course. He said he was where he always had been—he never changed never found it convenient to change! Well, he beat Gov. C. 2500 votes. But when he next ran for the same office, he found his competitor, 'Lean Jimmy,' opening a bunch of papers and proclaiming to the people, in Col. Polk's own thunder, that 'old documents were dangerous things!'—He there saw and heard read an old circular, which he issued, under his own name, when first a candidate for congress, in 1825, in which circular he boldly advocated the constitutionality of the General Government's making internal improvements in the States, if I recollect aright for I have seen and read the circular more than once, and maintained that a branch of the National Road ought to be extended through Memphis to New Orleans! He there says, too, his speeches in 1834 against the Sub-Treasury and in favor of Banks, contrasted with his subsequent speeches for the Sub-Treasury and against the Bank!—He found himself exhibited, also, as having voted in 1833 to levy a tax on Tea and Coffee, when there was no tax on those articles, and subsequently ridiculing and denouncing and slandering a Whig Congress for taxing Tea and Coffee, when in fact no tax of the kind had been levied! And at the conclusion of all this, and much more like it, the people were called upon to remember Col. Polk's oft-repeated boasts, that he never had changed—never found it convenient to change, but was where he always had been! 'Old documents are dangerous things!'

After Wise hissed that burning denunciation in Col. Polk's ear, in the lobby, as he was leaving the House for the Speaker's room—'You are the d-d petty tool of a tyrant—I mean that as an insult; pocket it,' a letter from this city—describing the scene, and exclaiming, General Jackson was so much vexed because Col. P. did not resent the gross insult in some way, by throwing his bundle of papers at Wise, if nothing else,—that he would not fulfil his intention of making the submissive Colonel his Secretary of War—was published in the Nashville papers. Balie Peyton also commented upon the same facts in his speeches in North Carolina and elsewhere. And such was the ridicule heaped upon Col. Polk in the matter that he deemed it meet, when next canvassing for Congress, to read to a portion of his constituents at Shelbyville, a part of a letter purporting to have been written by General Jackson, declaring that he was no coward, but behaved bravely and prudently in the affair with Wise! This at once subjected Col. Polk to the charge of having procured a certificate from Gen. Jackson of his bravery! and such was the handle made of it to the Colonel's prejudice, that Old Hickory, by the eternal, came out in the Nashville Union denying that he ever wrote any letter of the kind to Col. Polk!—Whereupon, Balie Peyton, before some ten thousand people assembled at Nashville, in 1840, stated the facts in the case, and asked, if there were any gentlemen from Shelbyville or Bedford county there present, who heard Col. Polk read at the time referred to, the said certificate from Gen. Jackson, that they would say so. Instantly some twenty or thirty voices in the crowd from Old Bedford's sterling yeomanry, sung out, 'I heard him read it; and so did I, &c. &c. The castigation which the gallant Peyton then gave the shuffling, skulking, trimming Polk will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to listen to it. Oh, it was terrible!

One inident more, and I will close this sketch. It is well remembered that Col. Bell and Col. Polk were considered as rivals whilst in Congress together. It is also well

remembered that Judge White was very popular in Tennessee, and in fact with the 'Democracy,' so called, every where. When in 1834-5, the effort to bring out Judge White for the Presidency, by the Tennessee delegation, Mr. Bell purposely, for sometime, kept in the background, in order to get Col. Polk committed; and he succeeded. The Colonel fully pledged himself to support the estimable Hugh Lawson White. But when he found out that Col. Bell would support him also, and that Gen. Jackson would not probably countenance the movement, he unscrupulously broke his pledge, and afterwards manifested his true feelings by voting against White in the very grave! By this course, he kept upon the sunny side of Gen. Jackson where he has basked as much as a man twice badly run down, could bask, ever since, and where he has now succeeded in getting Old Hickory to will his nomination for the Presidency; allow him to steal the thunder of John Tyler, on the Texas hobby, and consent to his being a third time beaten and far worse than ever before, for the poor hope of exclaiming Tennessee a proud State, that will glory in giving a majority of at least five thousand against him.

## POTOMAC.

### THE COUNTRY RISING.

Charleston, Kanawha county,  
Virginia, May 24, 1844.

Messrs. Gales and Seaton: For the purpose of doing all the service in any power in aid of the election of the nominees of the Whig National Convention, I have travelled through this Commonwealth, on my way home, on horseback, a distance of four hundred and twelve miles, and have now reached the western verge of the State, visited many towns and counties, mixed with all sorts of people, had access to the sources of information, found our friends every where in the highest spirits, full of hope and confidence.—The result is a settled conviction in my mind that Virginia will vote for Clay and Frelinghuysen. From all that I can learn, the Texian question will not interfere to their prejudice.

The people appear to understand the chief purpose of that movement, namely, to operate on the pending Presidential election. Before this meeting of the Convention, I travelled extensively in Pennsylvania, and have no hesitation in awarding the Keystone State to the Whig nominees. I have witnessed all the contests for power from the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and feel as confident of the election of our candidates as I do of my existence. I pray God to spare the life of Mr. Clay for the good of the country.

Yours truly,  
JOHNSTON,  
Of Piqua, Ohio, late Delegate from the  
Fourth Congressional District.

NOTE BY THE EDITORS.  
The writer of the above letter is the venerable citizen, long a faithful public servant, now a private citizen, who, in the seventieth year of his age, travelled from his distant residence in Ohio, all the way on horseback, to attend the late Whig National Convention at Baltimore.—Nat. Int.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.  
THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.

I noticed, a few days since some remarks in the Plebian, alluding to Theodore Frelinghuysen as an 'old Federalist,' and 'opposed to the war.' Mr. F. was quite a young man at the commencement of the War, and could not have been a very old Federalist. What his opinions were in relation to the expediency of the war, I know not; but this I do know that the same patriotic devotion to his country that led his father to shed his blood in her defence at Trenton and Monmouth animated the son, and induced him to raise, at great personal sacrifice and expense, a volunteer corps of Riflemen, composed chiefly of the heads of the most respectable families in Newark, who appointed him their first Captain. They equipped themselves at their own expense, passed resolutions tendering their services to the Governor of New Jersey, and expressed their readiness to go at a moment's warning wherever he might direct. Capt. Frelinghuysen commanded them during the whole war, and although not called upon to fight their country's battles, they were thoroughly drilled, disciplined and prepared for an emergency. On one occasion when an invasion was threatened, he called together his company and volunteered to go and repel it, but subsequent events rendered it unnecessary. At another time, when the City of New York was supposed to be in danger from its defenceless situation, Theodore Frelinghuysen was among the most active in inducing the citizens of Newark to come to its aid, and, with upwards of 900 able bodied men, with their spades and pickaxes, rendered most efficient service in throwing up the entrenchments on Brooklyn Heights and South Beachlyn.

These facts are communicated by one who has long known them, and can vouch for their truth.

## HOW THE WHIGS SHOULD ACT.

The nomination of Governor Polk, regarded by the whole Whig Party as such a desperate move, that many of them, no doubt, will be disposed to think the battle already won. We are inclined to that opinion ourselves, for we know not of a single State he can carry, with the exception of South Carolina. Most assuredly, he will not be able to touch bottom in his own State. When he undertook the fall campaign of 1843, against Mr. Jones, the latter staked his election on the popularity of Henry Clay. Henry Clay first lost the State, and then the election, exceeding in severity any that had ever been witnessed in Tennessee, the triumphant election of the Whig candidate, by a most overwhelming majority! It is not doubted, that were the battle to be fought over to-morrow, that majority would be increased by thousands. It is this man, utterly unable to carry his own State, that the Locofoco Convention has thought fit to present as a candidate, who can probably carry a majority of all the electoral Votes of this Union. The absurdity of this nomination is so apparent that we cannot refrain from laughing outright.

We would caution our Whig friends, however against placing too great reliance on the weakness of their adversary. We gave them a hint to that effect, yesterday. Too great security is dangerous at all times; and though we can imagine no case in which it could be indulged with greater safety than the present, we would yet have them to err, if they err at all, on the safe side.

It should be a matter of pride with all true Whigs, to give Mr. Clay as large a majority as possible in his native State. With proper exertions, they may calculate upon ten thousand in the fall—with extra exertion it is possible even to double that majority! All this however depends upon exertion. Let us fight to kill—to exterminate Locofocoism! A mere victory is not what we want. We want a triumph complete and over whelming triumph! One which shall leave the enemy no ground of hope. It is in our power to achieve it.

We hope the Whig Clubs will not relax their exertions, but continue the contest as if they were struggling for their very existence. Activity and energy should be the watch-words every where. It is in the power of the Whig party to raise the old Dominion to a pitch of glory, such as she has not enjoyed since the days of her long line of Presidents, and they 'must do it'—Rich Whig.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.  
AROUSE! AROUSE!!

Dedicated to the Newark Young Men's  
Clay and Frelinghuysen Club!  
Air—Lutson's Wild Hunt!

Hark! hark! to the shout that is pealing afloat  
Borne along on the breeze's swift pinions;  
Like the voice of the tempest it sweeps o'er  
• the plain,  
Arouse ye—arouse to the conflict, away,  
Onward—onward, to battle for Freedom  
and Clay!

It comes from the snow-crested hills of the  
North,  
And thunders along her green valleys;  
It comes from the bosom of honor and worth,  
The brave and true hearted rally.  
'Arouse ye,' &c.

It swells on the breast of the South's softer  
gales,  
Like the sound of the surge's commotion;  
It comes on the breeze that spread the white  
sails,  
And rides on the billows of ocean.  
'Arouse ye,' &c.

Responsive, the West bears it gallantly on,  
From prairie and river, its ringing,  
She is true to our chieftain—her noblest son,  
And in might to the contest is springing.  
The song swells aloft as she haste to the  
fray;  
'Onward, onward, to battle for Freedom  
and Clay.'

The young and the noble, at Liberty's call,  
Oppression's stern fetters are breaking,  
They rise in their glory from hamlet and hall,  
In strength from their slumbers awaking.  
Their watchword, 'our country,' they hasten  
away,  
And their leader to victory is Henry Clay.

On! on! to the rescue ye youthful and brave,  
For the cause that our fathers defended;  
And the spoiler shall find when our bright  
banners wave,  
That the days of their glory are ended.  
In triumph our eagle shall wing him on  
high,  
Proudly careering through the vaults of  
the sky.

Any man who acts honest and honorable  
through life, and treats every one as they  
treat him, must be truly possessed of a  
heart if he fails to resign the office.